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Christian tactics of to-day. Are they any better in spirit than the old Inquisition? Are they not as brute[illegible] cruel, and as cowardly? Has Chris[illegible] this, that its young disciples must[illegible]o the name of lady and gentleman[illegible]hts of their neighbors?

I p[illegible]e young people will regret their actio[illegible]roughly understand its nature and [illegible]beying the commands of their minis[illegible]ed themselvs in a very unfortunate[illegible]e world. They hav done that for w[illegible]pecting Christian will condemn them[illegible]redit upon his religion. In the light of publicity and universal comment these young people will be ashamed of their discourtesy and will hereafter be wiser and sadder also. They hav simply disgraced themselvs, disgraced their cause, and hav certainly shown the meanest and most contemptible spirit of persecution. However, Goshen has the salt of the earth—a few good Liberals whom this experience of "Christian charity" will only stimulate to greater activity. Dr. North, C. J. Soutant, and others, among the best citizens of the place, are a noble company of Liberals, and this land of Goshen will yet develop out of its strata of barbarism and, no doubt, become a bright and shining light from its lofty seat of new and better things. I expect to return to Torrington and Winsted, in the vicinity, and giv other lectures, for all about that region there is thought, culture, and progress, and though Connecticut has been the home of "the Blue Laws" it is not altogether stratified into orthodox bigotry; but the many streams are flowing, and the soil is becoming enriched, and the summer's glory will eventually burst forth. I hav lost no heart or hope with this unpleasant experience of Christian behavior, for whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad, and verily this petty persecution shows a great deal of idiotic madness, which portends destruction.

The following letter from Samos Parsons givs good encouragement to the work from the land of gold:

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir:* I see you hav a great work laid out for the coming year. I hope our brother Freethinkers throughout the country will be liberal in their subscriptions in carrying on the work, especially since Colonel Ingersoll has made such a magnanimous offer. You can depend on me to do all that my means will warrant. I send you $20 now, and about next July will send you $20 more. I send you a list of names of such as should subscribe, and you can send them circulars. All honor to your leading men in New York who giv liberally. Sad to lose our good Elizur Wright. May success attend your efforts. I am with you.

Respectfully yours, SAMOS PARSONS.

Wm. Reynolds, of Utah, writes:

I hav been writing all over our territory for ideas as to how best to utilize your visit here. There is a splendid field for effort. I inclose to you a letter received from Idaho.

This is the letter:

DEAR MR. REYNOLDS: I see by the *Investigator* you hav put a man to work in Utah. I wish we had some one here, for we hav plenty of timber to work on. There are six subscribers to the *Investigator*, and some to THE TRUTH SEEKER, in this little burg, and all the churches hav failed as yet. I hav now almost completed building a hall which will be free for Liberals to speak in, and for a Liberal Sunday-school, when we get a leader to put it in order. The town has just built a school-house, and, as I gave the ground, I had it fixed so that no preacher could use it for the promulgation of his creed. We want a leader to make a grand success of our cause in this place. Yours truly, JAMES WARDWELL.

Dr. Edson Smith writes from Santa Ana League:

The Liberals of this place are by no means dead yet, though few in numbers, but strong in spirit, and rich in hope that truth will prevail. Please accept our hearty thanks for your efforts to advance the cause of Liberalism throughout our land. When you visit the coast do not fail to come and strengthen us, and set the people to thinking about the vital question of our prosperity. Inclosed please find $2.35 from the League, to be applied in aid of the lecturing fund. More to follow next month. D. EDSON SMITH,

Secretary of Santa Ana Liberal League.

From Texas we hav the following:

DEAR SIR: I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER that you desire to correspond with Liberal friends in regard to your proposed Western tour. I am glad to learn that you will visit our state, and take the liberty to send the names of Liberals in different places. Be sure not to leave us out at Norse, Texas, though we liv in the country. We will be able to "scare up" a few dollars for you. I shall consult friends at once.

Our state being generally a new field, missionary work for Liberalism is necessary in order to inspire people with sufficient moral courage to express their honest convictions, creating discussion, investigation, and public interest in our cause.

I am satisfied that you will find work enough here, and am confident that you will accomplish much for the permanent advancement of Liberalism in our state.

Fraternally yours, T. THEO. COLWICK.

I hope that all Liberal friends will follow the example of these good workers for our cause and do w[illegible] they can in their own neighborhood for the adva[illegible]ment of the movement. Please send to the secretary all the names and addresses of those who will be interested in the coming year's work. I cannot now decide just when I will begin my Western lecture tour, but I desire to be in correspondence with all friends, especially in Texas, Utah, and Californi[illegible]. I wish to make an extended tour and become personally acquainted with Liberals in all sections, for thus the ties of fellowship are strengthened. The more we know of each other the stronger we shall become, for instead of diversity there will be unity. There [illegible]o doubt that the coming year's work will d[illegible] to consolidate the working forces of Liberalism in America than that of any previous period. When this is accomplished the results will be a hundredfold increased in the political and social world.

I want to lecture at every possible place between New York and California, large or small, in a hall or in a private dwelling, and I hope that the Liberals everywhere will endeavor to hav this lecture tour of benefit to themselvs by making arrangements for some kind of a meeting.

On Sunday, December 27th, I had the pleasure of lecturing before the Friendship Liberal League of Philadelphia. Good audiences were present, and the addresses on "The Demands of Humanity," and "The American Secular Union," were well received. The Liberals of the city of Brotherly Love hav passed through many changes and struggles. The "brotherly love" is not altogether so manifest as it might be in this orthodox community. In spite of all, however, the society flourishes, and will continue so to do. Its president, Mr. Riley; its secretary, George Longford; Prof. Wm. Seymour, Mr. W. Borrow, Mrs. Emily J. Harker, and others, are too devoted to the cause to allow any difficulties to deter. The League is cordially in sympathy with the state and national mo[illegible]nt Preparations are being made for a grand [illegible]ebration on Jan 31st, Sunday evening, at [illegible]ldress will be delivered by Professor S[illegible]s will no doubt be a very successful [illegible]sor Seymour was also chosen as delegat[illegible] Convention to be held at Pittsburgh [illegible] It is hoped that this state Convention [illegible]upulse to the Liberalism of Pennslyva[illegible]d build up Secular societies. Such Con[illegible] be held in every state, and the local [illegible]rward. It is by this means that the national wo[illegible]can be most successfully advanced, and public intere[illegible] excited. Professor Seymour, the presider[illegible]tate League, is a most indefatigable worker[illegible]ficiently supported, will do valuable work. It [illegible]e a good thing to get him and Harry Hoover, [illegible]tsburgh, into the field for constant effort. This [illegible] do much for the organization of the now too [illegible]ely scattered elements of Secularism. There is need of at least two such workers in every state in the Union, and if they could be maintained in such service, the cause would be advanced as never before. It is only by constant instead of occasional effort that the success of Secular principles can be achieved. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The progress of the Sunday opening movement in this city is seen by the following from the New York *Times:*

Beyond a formal acknowledgment of the receipt of his communication making known the wishes of fifteen thousand taxpayers who desire that the Park museums shall be open to the public on Sundays, S. P. Putnam has heard nothing from the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or the American Museum of Natural History.

Referring to the matter yesterday, he said: "In view of the fact that the American Museum of Natural History has asked for an appropriation of $200,000 for the enlargement of its building, the labor organizations of the city are taking action, in the interest of the rights of labor, to protest against the appropriation of any more money for the support of these museums. The greater part of the burden of taxation falls upon the working people, and they should receive part of the benefits that are derived from the appropriations of public funds. As the case now exists they cannot receive any considerable benefit from the museums unless they are opened free of charge on Sundays. The workingmen desire the prosperity of the museums, and that they should be supported by the city, but only on the condition that they be open Sundays. Hundreds of signatures to the petition of the American Secular Union are received d[illegible] A petition has just been received from the pianomak[illegible]th nearly one thousand names. A petition has also been s[illegible]with the name of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, and many [illegible]bers of his congregation. The liberal clergymen, togethe[illegible]ch those of the Catholic and Episcopalian denominatio[illegible]generally, favor the Sunday opening movement, and hav[illegible]ed it from their pulpits. It is only a question of time as [illegible]eceiving hundreds of thousands of names to the petitio[illegible] It is hoped that the directors of the museums will take immediate action, and state whatever difficulties there may be to the opening on Sundays in order that these difficulties may be at once removed. It seems, however, to be the policy of the directors to delay action. There is no reason why the petition should not be immediately presented, and an answer given."

The *Times* editorially [illegible]ds:

It must be evident to the tr[illegible]ees of the public museums that public opinion will befo[illegible]long insist that those institutions shall be opened on Sundays. The only question remaining seems to be whether the trustees will yield gracefully to the wishes of a great majority of their fellow-citizens, or whether they will wait to be dragooned into consenting to the Sunday opening. The objection that some of the benefactors of the museums would object to the exhibition of their contributions on Sunday can be readily overcome at no great expense by furnishing a separate apartment for such contributions. The statue of the late William E. Dodge is one of the works that would appropriately decorate such a chamber. At present that statue stands out of doors where it can be seen all day, and no precautions hav been taken to shroud it from the public view on Sunday.

Lectures and Meetings.

LIBERALS in Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas, desirous of lectures during the winter and spring, can get terms and dates of E. C. Walker, by addressing him at Valley Falls, Kansas. He[illegible]t and a great variety of subjects.

[illegible] re-engaged for the month of [illegible]church of Alliance, Ohio. Par[illegible]ctures will address her there.

A Suggestion of Religious Despotism.

On Thursday morning I received a letter from Mr. S. R. Witherill, the leading merchant and one of the most influential and respected citizens of Jobstown:

JOBSTOWN, N. J., Dec. 22, 1885.

C. B. REYNOLDS, ESQ., *My Dear Sir:* Your lectures hav caused quite an excitement here; certain parties, prompted by sectarian hate, bigotry, and prejudice, hav used their influence with William Griswold, the superintendent of the Rancocas Stock Farm, owned by Pierre Lorillard, and induced him to issue orders to his foreman to hav all the men discharged who took any activ part at the lectures or became members of the Jobstown Liberal League.

Is it not the duty of the officers of the American Secular Union to inform Mr. Lorillard of the facts? If he is in favor of muzzling his men we would like to know it, and hav the union publish him to the world, and the Liberal lecturers call attention to his despicable tyranny and injustice at every place they lecture.

What we wish is to bring this matter before Mr. Pierre Lorillard, as we think if he knew he would be held responsible, he would, if not in favor of it, revoke the order at once. Hoping this may be set right, I remain, yours fraternally,

S. R. WITHERILL,
Secretary of Jobstown Secular Union.

Immediately on receipt of this letter, as chairman of the executiv committee of the American Secular Union, I hastened to the house of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, 389 Fifth avenue, New York. He was not at home, and I learned it was very uncertain when he would be there, as his time was much occupied at Jersey City, Jobstown, and other places. I then at once mailed copies of the following letter, one addressed to his residence in this city, and another to his place of business in Jersey City:

NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1885.

PIERRE LORILLARD, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* I respectfully call your attention to the following extract from a letter just received:

"JOBSTOWN, N. J., Dec. 22, 1885.

"C. B. REYNOLDS, ESQ., *My Dear Sir:* Your lectures hav caused quite an excitement here. Certain persons, prompted by sectarian hate, bigotry, and prejudice, hav used their influence with Wm. Griswold, the superintendent of the Rancocas stock farm, owned by Pierre Lorillard, and induced him to issue orders to his foreman to hav all the men discharged who took any activ part in the lectures, or became members of the Jobstown Liberal League.

"S. R. WITHERILL."

The objects of the Jobstown Liberal League are to afford better facilities for attaining scientific education and sociability, especially advocating and endeavoring to secure the "Nine Demands of Liberalism," thus insuring to all equal rights and privileges regardless of religious faith or the lack of it.

In behalf of liberty and justice the American Secular Union requests that you will immediately revoke the arbitrary and outrageous decree of your superintendent, Wm. Griswold.

Please notify me of your action in the matter. Relying on your prompt compliance, Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. B. REYNOLDS,
Chairman Ex. Com. Am. Secular Union.

December 29th Mr. Lorillard wrote me:

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com. American Secular Union, *Sir:* I consider your letter *impertinent*. I hav never issued such an order, directly or indirectly, and Mr. Griswold denies the statement.

There seems to be a misunderstanding in this matter somewhere, and I recommend the secretary of the Jobstown Union to find out where it lies. I will then, when we know the truth, take such action as is necessary. C. B. REYNOLDS.

Ben Wade and Bob Toombs.

This is the story of the quarrel between Senators Wade and Toombs as I heard it from the lips of the former in 1864:

Senator Toombs was a legislativ bully. He assailed Stephen A. Douglas one day in such an abusiv manner that Mrs. Douglas left the Senate gallery in tears. By and by Mr. Wade began to giv the Georgian bully some hard hits, going so far as to shake his fist in the face of Mr. Toombs, whose desk was close by, and saying, "Cowards, are we? Cowards!" By this time some began to expect a duel, and James Watson Webb, who had fought one in New York, waited upon Mr. Wade for the purpose of offering his services as second in case of a challenge. But not knowing much about the senator's fighting qualifications he asked him what he intended to do if challenged? "Do?" said Wade, "why, I intend to kill him." "Ah, indeed," said Webb, "then I suppose you can shoot." "Shoot? Why, of course I can, and Toombs knows it. Let him put a piece of paper of the size of a dollar over his heart, and if I don't hit it with a rifle, then I'm a coward. But Toombs won't challenge me, he knows he'll get killed."

For two or three days after that Toombs was busy all the time writing and franking documents, without ever looking up. At the end of the third day he yawned and stretched himself, and then casting a glance at Wade, he said, "I don't see the use of a man's making a damned fool of himself." BURR.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.

HON. W. H. HERNDON, for nearly twenty years law partner of Abraham Lincoln, writes as follows concerning Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking:" "It seems to me that he has exhausted the subject of Sabbath-breaking. The language of the book is plain, the ideas clean-cut, and the argument unanswerable. He has left nothing untouched for others to use on future occasions. The historic fact that he brings forward that the Christian world has adopted the old pagan day of the sun for its holy day is well timed and proves that no one day is more sacred than another. All days are sacred. God, the infinit energy, makes no pets."

An Extraordinary Book—IV.

ARE MOST OF THE LATIN AND GREEK CLASSICS, TOGETHER WITH ALL THE WRITINGS OF THE CHRISTIAN FATHERS, FORGERIES OF THE FOURTEENTH, FIFTEENTH, AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES?

The pretended heresies were developed after a designed order. The first heretics against the Trinity introduced either eight Æons, as Ptolemæus, or thirty, as Valentinus, or three hundred and sixty-five, as Basilides. Then Marcion and Manies were made to talk foolishly about God the Father; then Arius about the consubstantiality of the Word; Nestorius about the unity of Christ; Eutyches about the two natures of Christ; Sergius and Pyrrhus about a twofold will; the Iconoclasts about the worship of images; then whether an image of Christ could be called an image of God, and then began a disputation concerning the presence of Christ in the eucharist, a controversy about predestination, etc.

When I deny that the Arian, Pelagian, or any other heresy existed, I do not say that there were no heretics; but if there were those who held the sentiments ascribed to Pelagius and Arius, I say they were Atheists and simpletons. If anyone wants to propagate Atheism, he ought to do it ingeniously.

I venture to say that it is easier to prove the whole of the ancient writings supposititious (with the exceptions named) than any particular one; for their agreement among themselvs is far more apparent to the critical eye than the impiety of any one of them. The abolition of the writings falsely ascribed to the Fathers would be the extinction of all heresy.

Some may ask, How is it possible that the Atheism which you claim to hav discovered in these writings has escaped the notice of learned theologians in former times? I answer by a like inquiry: How happens it that in our own time, when there are so many no less clever scholars, and when much finer books are produced, and are more easily read and understood on account of the introduction of typography, yet the same forgery escapes the observation of these men? The fraud was not detected before our time because no one, without first reading those writings carefully and critically, could be made to believe that they were all suppositious and false. And until our time most of them were hidden away in libraries.

Enough has now been said, I trust, to enable the reader of this introduction (prolegomena) to see that the fabrications of so many works, dogmatical, historical (so-called), and ecclesiastical, intended, if possible to utterly destroy all religion. In my treatis on the ancient coins of the kingdoms of France I showed that this impious system was meditated and begun in the reign of Philip Augustus (1180–1223); that it was more fully developed under Philip the Fair (1285–1314), and Valesius (1328–1350), and that it then increased prodigiously and continued through a period of over 150 years.

Here ends this remarkable book, published in 1766 and little noticed by scholars. Being written in Latin, it has been almost a sealed book, for the task of reading such a work is seldom undertaken even by college professors of dead languages. And yet the principal part of college education is the pretended acquisition of ability to read Latin and Greek. Oh, what a delusion, especially if Hardouin is only half right, as we suspect he is! The learned and sensible historian, Buckle, could find but little use for the Latin authors, and considered them unprofitable reading. Hardouin would hav agreed with Buckle on that point, and could hav given him the best of all reasons for despising classical literature. If Hardouin is right, the principal use of Latin and Greek is to make college pedants.

In the summer of 1883 we proved in THE TRUTH SEEKER that the letters of Pliny to Trajan were forgeries; but because Tertullian refers to two of those letters we were compelled to date the forgery about the year 200, unless the passage in Tertullian should happen to be an interpolation, in which case the forgery of the letters might be assigned to the third or fourth century, because Eusebius quotes Tertullian on Pliny. But if Hardouin is right, then it follows that the Letters to Pliny were forged after the thirteenth century, about the time that the works of Tertullian and Eusebius were written.

But again, if Hardouin is right, all the hitherto pretended early testimonies to the existence of Christ and Christianity must be assigned to the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. That is to say, the two passages in Josephus concerning Christ were not interpolated in the time of Eusebius, who first quotes them; nor was the passage in Josephus concerning John the Baptist interpolated in the time of Origen, who first refers to it; nor was anything concerning Christ or Christianity written by Pliny or Tacitus in the second century, but the Letters of Pliny, as well as the Annals of Tacitus, were forged by Benedictine monks or other Catholic *savants* after the thirteenth century. In short, if Hardouin is right, historical Christianity is unsupported by any early contemporary record whatever, unless it be such as the Jews hav in the Talmud and Toldoth Jeshu, which unmistakably describe a Jesus stoned and hanged for sorcery a hundred years before the time of Pontius Pilate.

ANTICHRIST.

Miss Gardener's Address to the Clergy and Others.

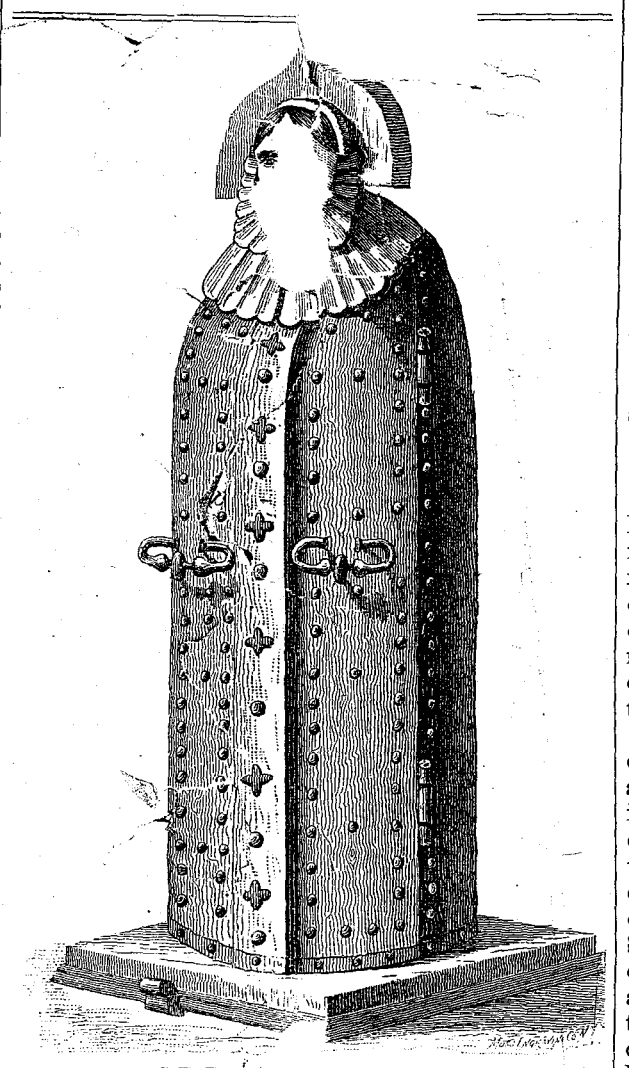
Up to the present time I hav tried to reply personally to each one who has favored me with a letter of thanks, criticism, or praise of the little book, "Men, Women, and Gods, and Other Lectures," just published, but I find that if I continue to do this I shall hav but little time for anything else.

The very unexpected welcome the little book has received prompts me to take this plan and means of replying to many who hav honored me by writing me personal letters. First, permit me to thank those who hav written letters of praise and gratitude, and to say that although I may be unable to reply in a private letter, I am not indifferent to these evidences of your interest, and am greatly helped in my work by such sympathy and encouragement. I hav also received most courteous letters from various clergymen who, disagreeing with me, desire to convert me either by mail or personal (private) interviews.

It is wholly impossible for me to grant these requests, since my time and strength are demanded in other work, but I will say here what I hav written to several of my clerical correspondents, and desire to say to them all:

Although I cannot enter into private correspondence with, nor grant personal interviews to, such a number of your body, I am ent[illegible]ng to respond in a public way to any strictu[illegible]y work which come under the following

1. On page 14 of t[illegible]he [illegible] to my book, Colonel Ingersoll says: "N[illegible]g can answer her arguments. T[illegible]re is [illegible]ll the priests



THE IRON [illegible]GIN (CLOSED).
[From the TRUTH [illegible]KER ANNUAL for 1886.]

in the world cannot [illegible]plain away her objections. There is no explanation. They should remain dumb unless they can show that the impossible is the p[illegible]able, that slavery is better than freedom, that po[illegible]amy is the friend of woman, that the innocent can justly suffer for the guilty, and that to persecute for opinion's sake is an act of love and worship."

Now, whenever any one of these gentlemen who wish to convert me will [illegible]ow that the colonel is wrong in this brief paragraph; whenever they will in print or in public refute the arguments to which he refers, and to which they object, I shall not be slow to respond to the same.

2. It must be argument, not personal abuse, and it must be conducted in a courteous manner and to

3. It must proceed upon the basis that I am honest, as earnest, and as virtuous in my motivs and intentions as they are in theirs.

Now, surely these gentlemen cannot object to these simple requirements, and since some of them are men whose names are preceded by a title and followed by several capital letters (ranging from D.D. to O.S.F.—which I, in my ignorance, guess at as meaning Order of St. Francis, but shall like to be corrected if I am wrong) they must believe that to answer the arguments themselvs is both [illegible] easy.

If they do not so believ[illegible]ight to occupy the positions [illegible] they do so believe it wi[illegible]

answer them *publicly*, since they hav been made publicly, and are already in the hands of *several thousand* people, who could not be reached by their eloquence if it were poured out on my devoted head in the privacy of my own parlor (or writing-desk).

Therefore, gentlemen, permit me to say to you all that which I hav already written to several of you personally—that I shall maintain that Colonel Ingersoll's paragraph, quoted above, expresses my own views and those of a great many other people, and will continue so to do so long as your efforts to refute it are only whispered to me behind a fan, or in the strict privacy of a letter marked "private and personal."

The arguments I hav given against the prevailing Christian dogmas and usages, which you uphold, are neither private nor personal, nor shall I allow them to take that phase. Life is too short for me to spend hours day after day in sustaining in private a publi argument which has never been (and, in my opinion never will be) refuted. And it would do no good to the thousands whom you are pleased to say will be led led astray by my position. You hav a magnificent opportunity to lead them back again by honest public letters, or lectures, or sermons, not by an afternoon's chat with me.

And, while I recognize the courtesy of your pressing requests (made, without exception, in the most gentlemanly terms) to permit you to meet me personally and refute my arguments, I feel compelled to say that, unless you are willing to show the courage of your convictions (*and the quality of your defense*) to the public, I fear they would hav no weight with me, and I should hav wasted your precious time as well as my own, which I should feel that I had no right to do, nor to allow you to do without this frank statement of the case.

Now, do not suppose that I hav the slightest objection to meeting the clergy personally and socially. Upon the contrary, many of my friends are clergymen—even bishops—but candor compels me to state that up to the present time not one of them has (either privately or otherwise) been able to answer either of the first two lectures in that little book, and as to the third one, no one of them, in my opinion, *will ever try* to answer it.

Time will show whether I am right in this.

In the meantime accept my thanks for your interest, and believe me, Sincerely, HELEN H. GARDENER.

The Gospels of Hate and of Love.

In his "Religion of Amity and the Religion of Enmity" Herbert Spencer says that primitiv humanity had but one religion, and the humanity of the remote future will hav but one. "The two," he declares, "are opposed; and we, who liv midway in the course of civilization, hav to believe in both—the religion of amity, and the religion of humanity." Of course, both are not called religions, but he speaks of things as he finds them rather than of names.

How true all this is! A code obtains which, six days in a week, sneers at honesty of expression as well as of execution, and on the other day moralizes upon the righteousness of candor and the need of truth in every-day life. To be in harmony with the world one must practice deceit and believe in its opposit; must preach sincerity and practice prevarication. Strife is right on Saturday and wrong on Sunday. Business duplicity and simulation, political cant and dissembling, circumvention, charlatanism, and empiricism blend harmoniously as the virtues of the sexanary existence, the other day being ostensibly devoted to the negation of the six-day polity. The latter condition is the outline of the religion of peace at a paradox, warring with strife. Thus one day in seven we try to make ourselvs believe that we believe in fidelity. It is a desperate struggle, in which conscience seeks existence as well as potency.

"This is the age of hypocrisy," declares a philosopher. So it seems. To be in harmony with environment one must be a numskull or a dissembler. To doubt is bad, but to giv expression to doubt is unpardonable.

Still worse is it to propagate, organize, and build. Iconoclasm is heresy; reconstruction is damnation. Not only is this true of the so-called Christian world, but of the Secular. Reformers, even, are lamentably lacking in liberality. So long has oppression swayed that liberty is still an almost unknown quality; it is not understood. It is interpreted to mean license for one and restriction for another. The Deist is shocked at the blasphemy of the Atheist. The Materialist [illegible]d Agnostic snub each other. Spiritualism and hypn[illegible]n draw their skirts close about them, and tread [illegible]ly by on the other side. Hylo-idealism sniffs impatiently at the priests and the mediums, and yet the novitiate sees them as a unit in essentials, and as vain fragments in non-essentials. The monogamist blanches with horror at polygamy and shuns the polygamist, and none of the three dare admit sympathy for or fellowship with the Freelover. The labor reformer fears politics, and the politician despises the reformer. The wage-worker hates the millionaire, and the latter sneers at the former and asks him what he is going to do about it; plans by the million are compromise, but not one for strict equation.

capitalist seeks to pauperize the laborer, and the laborer hopes to swap conditions. Neither seeks exact justice, and therefore they battle against the tempest. But to tell either side the truth is worse than heresy. Truth crushed to earth they fear not, but truth with radiant wing they evade.

Oh, what a world of misery there is in man's intolerance! "I am a social outcast, a Pariah," exclaimed Shelley. His family forbid the mention of his name, held no communication with him during the last five years of his life, his early friends had no sympathy with his writings, the press denounced him, and others remonstrated with him. And yet his crime appears to hav been his writings, which were, as Trelawny declares, "the pure outpourings of his inward mind." He was the victim of the religion of hate. It has cursed the world since the crucifixion on Calvary—aye, and long before. The rain falls on the just and the unjust; the glorious sun shines upon them all. Nature does not discriminate. Only in the exponents of the religion of enmity is found the concensus of the competent. We who liv in this age must either practice this religion or meet rebuffs and sneers at every corner, and eke out existence from hand to mouth. The gospel of peace and equity has but one chance in seven. And even then its inculcation is attempted only through precept.

They who can catch the glimmerings of the gospel of the future must either pose as martyrs, or accept as sacred and true the primitiv gospel of hate and strife. Conscience appeals for the religion of amity; policy dictates that of enmity. Here and there the warmth of love is faintly felt, and perhaps the glow of the seventh day will, in time, do for every-day affairs. But not yet. Patience, martyrdom, and work must long intervene. W. T. D.

Mr. Bradlaugh Says He Will Take His Seat.

From an Interview with a Sun Correspondent.

Having left the Atlas omnibus, which runs between Swiss Cottage and the city at Circus road, once a busy thoroughfare of St. John's Wood, I inquired at 20, a corner house, the ground floor of which is occupied by a music-seller, if Mr. Bradlaugh was at home. "Yes," replied a tidy maid.

I gave her my card, and was soon introduced into a large room with walls lined with books. Mr. Bradlaugh was sitting at a writing table with his back to an alarming fire. The lamp was lit and the curtains drawn, for the afternoon was dark and stormy. The fifth-time elected member of Northampton was hard at work, but on seeing me, and knowing I had come for the *Sun*, he got up and shook hands with a cheering welcome. Mr. Bradlaugh has been in America, and likes the Americans.

He was born in September, 1833. He is six feet high, with large shoulders. The hair is gray and brushed back. The eyes are small, but piercing, and the mouth large, with thin lips. The whole face and head make one think first of a bulldog, and next of a friar. He wears no beard or moustache, and looks blown, but not broken up. His voice is fine-toned, and his elocution incisiv. He impresses one as a man of unconquerable persistence, with his gameness sobered down by a great deal of Yankee shrewdness. He must hav been uncommonly strong. When a private in the Seventh Dragoon Guards he challenged one of the best boxers of the regiment, who was forever teasing him, and repeatedly knocked him down. Close to the desk where he was writing on my arrival the ex-trooper keeps as a relic of the past hard times an Arabic vocabulary, which, having been found among his scanty chattels by his fellow recruits when sailing to Dublin to join their corps, created such a fancy among them that they actually began to play at football with it.

Mr. Bradlaugh is a widower. He livs with his daughters, two tall, good-looking, and lettered persons, who share all the doctrins of the great Atheist agitator, and aid to blaze them forth in books and orations.

"Well, Mr. Bradlaugh," I began, "what do you think of the elections?"

"Well, sir," said he, "I don't think badly of them after all, and if they are not better Mr. Parnell is responsible for it. He is now Messrs. Parnell, Churchill & Co. This is not merely a most unholy alliance. It is a most foolish one, both for Ireland and England."

"Were you not surprised at seeing the long list of Conservativs elected by London and many of the big towns?"

"Not very. Mind, in most of the districts referred to the Tories had their strongholds. Yet we hav turned them out of not a few of them. Look at the desperate contests in the metropolis alone, at Finsbury, at South St. Pancras, Bermondsey, Southwark, all ending in our favor. Then consider this, that the Radicals had generally to fight it out single-handed. There is a break in the Liberal party. The Whigs are dead and gone, and Liberals do not all agree. Collect here in this room Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Goschen, and there is hardly any subject on which they would concord."

"But, then, don't you think this country is on the eve of a very serious crisis?"

"Yes, but not on the eve of an imminent one, as many believe. This, you likely know, is the land of compromise. There will still be many compromises before we reach the final goal."

"Then those are wrong who fear or desire a revolution?"

"To hav a revolution you must hav men to make it. Where are they?"

"To tell you the truth, I certainly had thought you would be one."

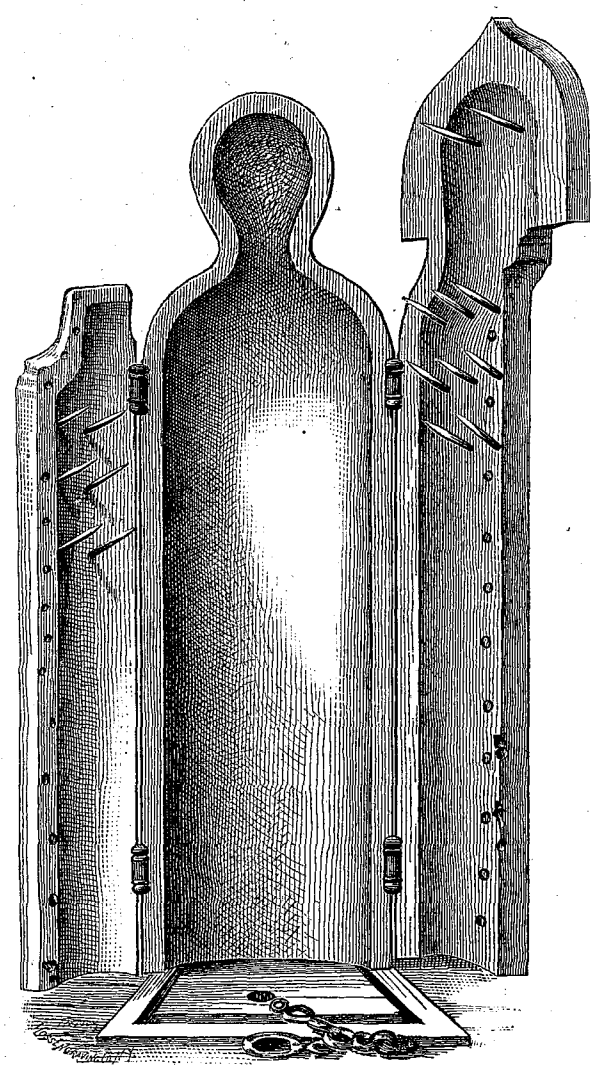
"I don't want to achieve a revolution only to be hanged. I would only start one that I would feel able to conduct to a successful issue and that would bring lasting good to the people."

"I hav often listened to you at the Hall of Science, at Trafalgar Square, at Hyde Park, and I had presumed that you and your auditors would carry everything before you."

"I believe if I had asked them to follow me anywhere, they would hav done so; but it would merely hav cost me my neck, which would hav helped nobody."

"But I thought you were a republican?"

"And so I am, but if in order to spring a republic in this country to-morrow I had only to place your visiting-card in the nearest letter-box, I would not do it, for I do not want to establish a republic in this country for one day, but forever."



THE IRON VIRGIN (OPEN).
[From the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.]

"You think that England will eventually become a republic?"

"Yes, undoubtedly; but when, I don't know—perhaps in ten years, perhaps in sixty."

"I do not quite see why the Radicals are so strong against the queen, considering that she does not seem to care much for the aristocracy, and mostly associates with her servants and such people."

"Did not your Southern planters think it useful to now and then go among their slaves?"

"What will be the effect of her majesty's death on the nation?"

"None; what does she do?"

"Will you follow Mr. Gladstone if he comes to office?"

"Of course. We differ, but I like him."

"Would you follow Mr. Chamberlain?"

After a little hesitation, "Yes," was the reply.

"Would you follow Lord Hartington?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer, and Mr. Bradlaugh added: "You must hav noticed that I answered your third query much quicker than your second. I must explain. Mr. Chamberlain would rush headlong against our opponents. Lord Hartington would cajole them. You are straightforward people on the other side of the Atlantic, and you will not, perhaps, under[illegible] this, but you get more here by cajole[illegible]ault."

[illegible] with the church?"

"Leave it alone for the present. Parsons hav been doing wonderful work for us lately. If I had laid out all the money needed to buy them off, I could not hav disestablished them at a faster rate. Besides, there are 21,000 of them, and it would be stiff labor to work them out at a stretch."

"Will you sit this time in the House?"

"I will."

"But then it might mean the use of strong measures, as you hav exhausted, I believe, all the legal means."

"Not at all. You are mistaken."

As I was taking leave of him, Mr. Bradlaugh, assuming a most solemn tone, quite in dissonance with the light one he had used, and raising himself to his full hight, said: "I am tired, fifty times more tired than I can say, sir, of the struggle, but I mean and tell you that somebody shall be made to pay for it before it is over. And mind, this is not confidential."

Notes From the Field.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: I hav at last got settled down to work in the self-appointed mission of canvassing Illinois in the interests of the Secular Union. And although I find it a difficult task, and one that poorly remunerates the laborer, yet I hav a large enough hope to believe that if we cast our bread upon the waters, we, or others who come after us, shall reap the harvest. Last week I visited several small towns not far from Chicago, and lectured to small audiences with good results. Our Liberal friend, C. E. Tetley, of Hegewich, invited us to visit that place and giv the nativs one or two Liberal lectures. We very cheerfully accepted the invitation, and on the 10th and 11th inst. explained some features of the Secular Union. It is a matter of regret that, among so many good Liberals as there are here, none of them take any of the Liberal papers. We hope that this may not be the case much longer.

We made the acquaintance of Peter Hill, Ernest Steller, H. Thedou, and J. Christ. The latter, I understand, makes no claims of relationship to the Nazarene. On the 13th and 14th I spoke at Carpentersville. We should doubtless hav had large crowds to hear us had it not been for the great snow storm that was on, blocking up the roads.

We were kindly entertained by Delos Dunton and family. Our next stopping-place was Algonquin, but as no hall could be had, we could not, of course, hold forth. Mr. Robert Phillips and family made us welcome for the day, and on parting assured us that the latch-string would always hang out for us.

At Dundee we were persuaded by William Smith, a kind gentleman and genuin Liberal, to stop over for a day or two and giv a talk in his parlor, which we very cheerfully did. We formed the acquaintance of several earnest Freethinkers, and as many more who made loud professions, but when the time came to act were not to be found.

Notwithstanding this, I predict that Dundee will hav a good Liberal society before many years. I am soon to start on a long trip over the state, stopping at the following places: Braidwood, Gardner, Dwight, Streator, Varna, Lacon, Minonk, Dana, Bloomington, Farmer City, Clinton, Decatur, Assumption, Pana, Shelbyville, Matoon, Kinmundy, Centralia, Tamaray, St. John's, Belleville, Carrolton, Whitehall, Franklin, Girard, Auburn, Petersburg. W. S. BELL.

Hard Upon Judge Benedict.

Those readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER who hav been interested in the account of "Persecution in Australia," and who hav any sense of humor whatever, cannot fail to see something grimly ludicrous in the situation. Just think of it! After Judge Benedict had made all sorts of effort to hav it appear that D. M. Bennett was "obscene;" after he had lent himself to the most outrageous perversion of justice ever known since the days of Pontius Pilate, and sacrificed every principle of integrity, and decency, and honesty for the sake of getting an Infidel into prison, here comes a little whiffet of a collector, away down in Australia, and insists that the printed report of the trial of D. M. Bennett is "obscene." It would be funny to know what Benedict thinks of this state of affairs, just as a matter of curious interest. Is this the reward that Benedict has earned, after sacrificing so much, after all his labor and pains, after his success in managing the trial all his own way, so that his victim had nothing to say about it whatever, now to be informed by a contemptible customs collector in a remote corner of the world that his trial, the work of his own hands, which he was at so much pains to fix right, is obscene? Well, well! What turn will the obscenity craze take next? ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Promis of 1886.

Now the New Year is upon us with its promises sublime,
And we ask what it will bring us down the corridors of time.
Is there life within its waters; is there healing on its wings?
And will wisdom and contentment come with other useful things?
Shall we don anew our armor, wipe the rust from off our blade,
And go forth to fresh achievement in the line of progress made?
Yea, these shall come from effort, and our joys be multiplied,
They are casual little blessings in the coming days descried.
But the brightest, gladdest promis of the happiest New Year
Is—A new TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is shortly to appear.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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SATURDAY, - - - JANUARY 2, 1886.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR RENEWALS, and we hope all will be prompt. If we are to print pictures this year, the subscription list must be lengthened. We will renew one old subscription for a year, and send THE TRUTH SEEKER to one new subscriber for a year, for $5. Will not everyone, in renewing, try to get a new subscriber?

And in renewing inclose 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

The Truth Seeker.

A Happy New Year to our friends, and many of them! May peace and prosperity "be and abide with you all now and forevermore!" as the ministers say.

THE TRUTH SEEKER makes its New Year's calls this year in a new dress. The old one was so badly worn that it had to be cast aside, though we can ill spare the money the new one cost.

In this number also we begin the publication of pictures. That on the first page is from the artist who on previous occasions has done such good service with his pencil. The Iron Virgin cuts are from photographs brought from Nuremberg by Mr. Charles Eckhart, and engraved for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. The picture on the last page is from a French book, "Gros-Jean et Son Curé," published by the "Libraire Anticléricale," of Paris. These pictures, with perhaps the exception of the Iron Virgin, need no comment. This Virgin is a relic of the Inquisition—of those times when the Christian church had full control of the world. At present she stands beneath the town hall of Nuremberg, Bavaria, in a vaulted chamber entirely dug out of the living rock, except the roof, which is formed of hewn stone. On the opposit wall, suspended by an iron hook, is a lamp, which, when lighted, shows the goodly proportions of "Our Lady." On the instant of touching a spring the image flings open its arms, which resemble the doors of a cupboard, and which, as may be seen, are stuck full on the inside with poniards, each about a foot in length. Some of these knives, it will be noticed, are so placed as to enter the eyes of those whom the image enfolded in its embrace; others are set so as to penetrate the ears and brain, and others to pierce the breast. The person upon whom all other means except reason had been exhausted, and who still refused to be a Catholic, would be led along the tortuous passage and ushered into this vault, where the first object to greet his eye, the pale light of the lamp falling upon it, would be the Iron Virgin. He was bidden to stand in front of the image. The spring was touched by the executioner, the Virgin flung open her arms, and the wretched victim was forced between them. Another spring was then touched, the Virgin closed upon her victim; a strong wooden beam, fastened at one end of the wall by a movable joint, the other against the doors of the iron image, was worked by a screw; and as the beam was pushed out, the spiky arms of the Virgin slowly but irresistibly closed upon the man, goring him with their poniards. When the unbeliever was silenced, if not convinced, it was not necessary that the executioner should put himself to the trouble of making the Virgin unclasp the mangled carcass of her victim; provision had been made for its quick and secret disposal. At the touching of a third spring the floor of the image slid aside, and the body of the victim dropped down the mouth of a perpendicular shaft in the rock. Looking down this pit, one can see at a great depth the shimmer of the water. A canal had been made to flow underneath the vault where stood the Iron Virgin, and when she had done her work upon those who were delivered over to her tender mercies, she let them fall with quick descent and sudden plunge into the canal underneath, where they floated to the Pegnitz, and from the Pegnitz to the Rhine, and by the Rhine to the ocean. It is by "arguments" such as these that the church was built up and established. The Iron Virgin is no longer a factor in polemics, but her prototype, the Virgin Mary, still bears rule with an influence not less fatal to the mind than the embrace of the iron woman in the torture-chamber of Nuremberg was to the body. The myth and the monument should go together. They should take their places in the museums, there to stand as a warning and an admonition against a revival or survival of the superstition and brutality in which mankind has sunk under the control of religion and ignorance.

We like the picture department. Through it we believe we can do a great amount of good. We think pictures also add to the attractivness of the paper, and, in conjunction with the able writers who freely giv their services to the cause, make THE TRUTH SEEKER one of the best journals on the continent, and worthy the support of every Freethinker. Of course we hav not reached perfection in this, the first number, nor hav we attained our ideal. Like almost everything else, the artistic work for Freethought must grow. Never before in this country, until THE TRUTH SEEKER began, has the artist's pencil supplemented the Freethought writer's pen, and we find that artists capable of aiding in this work are very few. But they will grow to it, and if we are supported by our friends, the fruits of their growth will be gathered for these columns. And right here we acknowledge with thanks the promis of $15 from Mr. Charles Eckhart and the payment of $1 by Mrs. Slenker toward the illustrations. This is pleasant indeed, and we hope others may be induced by their example to aid a little—at least to the extent of getting a new subscriber.

The articles in this number of THE TRUTH SEEKER are exceptionally good. What a magnificent tribute is that of Colonel Ingersoll to Elizur Wright—of tender greatness to heroic worth! The other communications are also of sterling merit. Everyone tells something new, or teaches some useful lesson. The "Letters from Friends" are various as the experiences of the writers, and each is the honest thought of an honest man or woman. Woman, too, is strongly defended and represented in this issue of the paper, and we are vain enough to think that in THE TRUTH SEEKER, of all journals, she finds her best friend.

Considering everything, we are satisfied that we begin 1886 in good style. We shall continue to improve as the means present.

The Catholics and Public Schools.

The people of the Argentine Republic hav recently had an issue forced upon them very similar to the issue just met by the French government. The population of the Argentine Republic is mostly Roman Catholic. Nunneries are the principal product of this religion in the country. Popular education is very poor, and but a few years ago only twenty-eight thousand out of a population of about two millions could write. Lately, however, the government has established normal schools and imported teachers, mostly ladies, from this country. A majority of these teachers are Protestants. This process of education has been going on for some years, under the constitution adopted in 1862, which guarantees freedom of the press, of religion, of association, of education, and equality before the law.

Last year the serpent appeared, and the serpent's religion was Roman Catholicism. A series of dispatches hav been received by the secretary of state of this country, which describe the fight now being waged in the Argentine Republic between the government and the church. As long ago as April, 1884, Dr. Clara, a Catholic ecclesiastic and acting bishop at Cordova, issued a pastoral letter prohibiting, among other things, the sending of Catholic children to schools where Protestant teachers were employed. The national government, considering it an act of disrespect and insubordination, took the matter up, and after the exchange of several notes between the minister of education, the governor of the province of Cordova, and Dr. Clara, refer[illegible] attorney-general for his opinion. The [illegible] long report giving a full re[illegible] the state and the church, givs the opinion that the government which confirmed church nominations could disciplin and dismiss. President Rocca accepted this opinion as sound doctrin, and issued a decree dismissing Dr. Clara. This was followed by a sharp discussion in the press and also in Congress, where a resolution was introduced calling for all the correspondence. Notwithstanding the decree, Dr. Clara refused to accept his dismissal, and continued to exercise the functions of his priestly office. He even issued a second pastoral, in which he asserted that it was his duty to obey instructions from Rome rather than the laws of the national government.

People are now divided into two parties, clerical and anti-clerical. Congress passed a bill, which had been introduced at a previous session, providing that in the schools of the national capital there should be no sectarian test or teaching. In the discussion of the budget of the minister of education and worship a hot debate took place on a section relating to the suppression of the seminaries for the education of priests, and Minister De Wild made it known that the president, by withholding supplies, was determined to press the question to the point of separation of church and state.

Dr. Maltera, the apostolic delegate, anathematized the normal school at Cordova, of which Miss Clara Armstrong, an American lady and a Protestant, was directress; and having been requested by Miss Armstrong to remove the anathema, consented on condition that she secure certain pledges from the minister of worship. This she attempted to do, but was sharply reprimanded by the minister, who told her that the government employed her to teach sciences, and that Dr. Maltera had no authority to interfere.

The minister called upon Dr. Maltera for an explanation of his interference with the laws and authorities of the country, and as the explanations were not made, the minister sent the apostolic delegate his passports and required him to leave the country within twenty-four hours. The order was complied with.

"It is quite probable," writes Mr. Osborn, our minister at Buenos Ayres, in his last dispatch, "that the president sent in a message asking Congress to approve a call for a convention to amend the Constitution in order to relieve the state from the church."

One of the early incidents of the struggle was a procession of more than one thousand ladies of the first families of Buenos Ayres, which marched to the Senate and presented a petition, signed exclusivly by women, praying for the rejection of a pending bill, already passed by the lower house, which prohibited the teaching of religious dogmas in common schools. A vote was immediately taken by "smart judgment," and the bill was rejected by one vote.

This account, condensed from Mr. Osborn's reports by the *Sun's* Washington correspondent, needs but little comment. It is but cumulativ testimony that the Catholic church is inimical to every government that is not subservient to the pope. The statement of Clara that he considered it his duty to obey instructions from Rome rather than the laws of the country, is conclusiv upon this. And Clara is but one instrument out of millions the pope uses. We are having in this country the same interference with our public schools, and upon Americans is bound to come sooner or later the struggle now going on in this South American republic. The Catholic church is the stronghold of treason, and she is undermining our state through her priests. Parochial schools are going up all over the country, in which children of Roman Catholic parents are being instructed in their duties to Rome before their country. It is only a few weeks since, at the dedication of a parochial school in St. Louis, for the completion of which nine hundred scholars had been waiting unschooled, the Romish orator said:

"The Catholic people of America are not here on tolerance, as many seem to suppose; they are here heirs to that freedom purchased by our fathers, and they are entitled to equal rights with all men, and if one of these rights is taken from us, all are in danger. The Catholics are robbed of their rights in this matter of schools, and I demand for them the total abolition of the school system (as it exists), and in its stead that the state pay to the church out of the school fund an amount commensurate with the number of her children, and proportionate to the whole amount collected for school purposes."

Up in New Hampshire, a puritanical state where Roman Catholics are ineligible to state offices, the priest of a city endeavored to hav himself elected to [illegible] school board, that he might run the schools. He

failed; and to be revenged he has built a parochial school almost in his own door-yard, and withdrawn all the Catholic scholars from the public schools. He proposes, through his power over the Irish and French voters, to force the city to giv him a per capita share of the school fund raised by taxation.

There are but few things in the world more certain than that Roman Catholicism will ruin this country if unopposed by true Secular methods.

Where Was God?

On Friday, Dec. 18th, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., twenty-three men and boys were imprisoned by a cave-in at the Nanticoke mine of the Susquehanna Coal Company. Within forty-eight hours the mine was filled with water and gas fumes.

These men and boys are all dead—either drowned or suffocated. There was no earthly help for them. All that man can do is to dig out the remains.

The little village of Nanticoke is made up of coal-miners and their families. It is impossible, say the dispatches to the daily press, to describe the consternation, the dismay, the agony, of the surviving friends of the dead miners. The whole population was out on the streets discussing in the wildest manner the situation, and exclamations of despair and cries of agony were heard on every street corner and in almost every household. Relativs of the unfortunate miners were in the wildest agony, and several were seized with convulsions.

Aloft, above the blue of the heavens, say the Christians, on a golden throne sits an omniscient and omnipotent God. Being omniscient, he knew of the cave-in. Being omnipotent, he had the power to save the men.

Why didn't he do it?

Agnosticism in a Chicago Court.

The oath question has come up in a practical shape in Illinois, and the Supreme Court of that state will be called upon to decide whether an Agnostic is a competent witness. On the 21st ult. Robert Hertel was being tried in Chicago. Mr. Eugene Prussing was an essential witness, and the prosecution would fail without his evidence. When he was called Hertel's counsel, Mr. Dikeman, interrogated him:

Mr. Dikeman: Do you believe in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures?

Mr. Prussing: No, sir.

Dikeman: Do you believe in the ever-living God?

Prussing: No, sir.

Mr. Dikeman then claimed that under the laws of Illinois Mr. Prussing was not a competent witness, and read the the statute, the constitution, and several rulings upon the question. The state's attorney and Judge Shepard were both taken by surprise, and the question was held under advisement.

The next morning Mr. Prussing, with an armful of law books, entered the court room. Judge Shepard said that he regretted that he had been unable to find authorities which fully satisfied his mind, and he would like to hear argument. Judge Shepard asked Mr. Prussing:

Do you believe in an overruling Providence, call it by whatever name you please, God or anything else, which makes a man accountable in a future existence for sins and crimes committed here?

Mr. Prussing: I hav no positiv belief in the existence of a God. My position is that I do not know whether God exists or not. I neither affirm nor deny that proposition.

Judge Shepard: Do you believe in a future state of existence?

Mr. Prussing: I neither affirm nor deny it. I simply do not know.

Judge Shepard: Do you believe in any future state of existence in which you may be punished for the sins or crimes committed in this world?

Prussing: I simply do not know anything about it.

Judge Longnecker, for the prosecution: Do you consider the oath required of you binding on your conscience?

Mr. Prussing: I do, most certainly.

Defendant's Counsel: What is the test by which you feel your conscience bound?

Mr. Prussing: Because the oath is prescribed by law and the statutes of the state. None other.

Counsel for the defendant argued against the competency of Mr. Prussing, reading copiously from the constitution of the state and decisions of various cases, and called particular attention to the fact that Mr. Prussing admitted that the only test of his responsibility was that he would not commit perjury, and thus lay himself liable or amenable to the state law.

Mr. Prussing made an argument on his own behalf. He asserted that the constitutions of Illinois of 1818 and 1848 guaranteed religious freedom. This was opposed by the common law. The Pilgrim fathers came to this country because they wished to be freed from the exaction of the common law. They wanted freedom to worship as they deemed best. The development of knowledge and science produced Atheists, and a form of affirmation was made to suit their cases. During the past fifty years there had arisen a large group who were called Agnostics. They did not know whether there was any God or not, but be there one or be there none, they would act in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences.

After showing that all the cases cited were decided under the constitution of 1848, which without doubt refused the testimony of those who did not believe in God, Mr. Prussing said:

"In 1868 Robert G. Ingersoll was the chief law officer of the state of Illinois—its attorney-general. He made the remark that if he was the sole witness of a most diabolical murder, the assassin would go unhung and unpunished, because under the laws of the state its attorney-general would not be competent as a witness because he did not believe in a God. The effect of this remark, and the wide discussion which followed, was seen in the constitution of 1870, and the blot was forever effaced from the statutes of the state. The Bill of Rights, in the constitution of 1870, says: 'And no person shall be denied any civil or political right, privilege, or capacity on account of his religious opinions.' In his capacity as a witness he was protected by the constitution."

Judge Shepard said the question was one of great importance, and should receive longer study. If the position of the defense was correct, a large number of people would be incapacitated as witnesses. He was inclined to the belief that the constitution of 1870 stepped in to aid this class of persons. He would decide that Prussing was competent to testify. The defense noted an exception, and the question will go to the Supreme Court of Illinois.

Good-Night and All Hail.

DEC. 31, 1885.

As voyagers, standing on the after-deck
Of ocean-ship at evening, see their wake
Lit up by setting sun, while crystals fleck
The rolling waves that into brilliants break;
So do we, gazing o'er the year just past,
Discern its tide made radiant with that sun
Whose beams are on the troubled billows cast
In kind word spoken and in good deeds done;
And, missing shadows in its golden light,
We say: Ah, glad Old Year, good-night, good-night.

JAN. 1, 1886.

And now 'tis morning; there is light ahead;
The sun new-risen sheds its rays again.
The dead shall chant the requiem of the dead,
The living sing forever life's refrain.
The old is gone, and, weeping, all the earth
Hath said "Farewell!" The newer day is here.
Let Captain Time with joy record the birth,
While all the voyagers to its name giv ear.
That name is PROGRESS. Let no mortal fail
To say: Ah, glad New Year, all hail, all hail!

Editorial Notes.

THE disappointment complained of in the following letter from one of our correspondents can possibly be allayed by Mr. Jamieson:

"DELAVAN, MINN., Dec. 10, 1885.

"MR. EDITOR: Last winter Mr. W. F. Jamieson delivered two courses of lectures in Delavan. Again, in the month of June, he gave lectures at Mapleton, Sterling, and Good Thunder. His lectures were well attended and well supported throughout. The Liberals were extremely well pleased with Mr. Jamieson, and he in turn appeared to enjoy his visit to this vicinity very much, remarking to a number, before leaving, that he was never better used by any people than by the Liberals of this section. Before leaving, Mr. Jamieson arranged a discussion with Elder Hill, an Adventist preacher, who preaches at Good Thunder. Everybody looked forward to the discussion with more than ordinary interest, as Elder Hill is quite an able debater, and of course no one doubted that Mr. Jamieson would make it lively for him. At the last moment Elder Hill received a letter from Mr. Jamieson saying that unless he would agree to charge an entrance fee he would decline the discussion.

"Now, Mr. Jamieson cannot but know that this was equivalent to declining the debate, for the Adventists never ask outsiders to help defray their expenses. Had Mr. Jamieson informed his Liberal friends that it would be necessary for them to bear his expenses, the amount could easily hav been raised and the appointment kept. Some of the Liberals declare that they would sooner hav paid the whole bill themselvs than hav had a backdown before the church people. By this strange conduct of Mr. Jamieson, the Freethinkers hav been made the laughing-stock of the community. Whenever an Infidel opens his mouth now, he is met with the taunting query, 'How about the great Infidel debate?' If this is the way we are to be used by our lecturers, what can we expect in the way of advance?

"Inclosed you will find a copy of the answer to Mr. Jamieson's backdown by Elder Hill, and published by the Mankato *Free Press*, which I hope you will find space to print along with what I hav written. By so doing you will greatly oblige many subscribers to your valuable paper.

"JAMES GEDDES."

Mr. Geddes writes rather harshly, but is not so severe as the minister, whose letter we hav no room to print. As Mr. Jamieson is a poor man, it can hardly be expected he can bear his expenses in these debates, and, allowing it all to be as Mr. Geddes says, Mr. Jamieson can only be blamed for not notifying the Freethinkers that he would hav to be remunerated. But let us hear Mr. Jamieson's side of the story.

IN protesting against the confiscation of Mormon property by the United States, "Monsignor X" in *Liberty* once more shows his hatred toward the Freethinkers by saying:

"Where are the so-called Liberal papers while this infamy is going on? From the newspapers, those professional public harlots, I expect nothing. But where are Wakeman, Palmer, Ingersoll, Underwood, and the rest? One man, Horace Seaver of the *Investigator*, has indeed spoken, and says substantially, 'Go for them, Grover!' Shame on you, Seaver, and all your hypocritical tribe! Your 'Freethought' is a lie from top to bottom."

If Mr. Appleton will take up his TRUTH SEEKER of December 19th, he will find a very energetic editorial protest against the confiscation—about the first protest in the country, and two weeks ahead of our Anarchistic antagonist. We strongly suspect, however, that no number of Freethought protests would induce Mr. Appleton to forego his fortnightly growl at Freethinkers.

IN one way this half-holiday reform may hav an important bearing upon the question of opening museums, etc., on Sunday. It is now argued that working people hav no opportunity to visit such places, and that the æsthetic and educational advantages to be derived from pictures and statuary can only be secured to them on Sunday. But if people of the working classes generally cease work on Saturday at noon, this argument will lose its force.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The *Tribune* is mistaken. As we hav before this pointed out, should all shops and stores close at 12 M. Saturdays, the time is not sufficient to enable the workmen to reach home, change their clothes, and visit the museums. The museums must be open on Sundays for the laborers to derive any benefit from them.

THE Boston correspondent of the *Evangelist* reports that a week or two since, Mayor Grace of this city wrote to Mayor O'Brien, of Boston, inquiring as to the advisability of opening the Metropolitan Museum of Arts and Natural History on the Sabbath; to which the Boston mayor, after proper inquiry, made answer that keeping open the Boston Museum of Fine Arts on Sunday had proved entirely satisfactory to the trustees, and explained that the Sunday attendance was chiefly from classes who could not leave their work on week days, parents and children attending together, and that the visitors were in general an orderly, quiet, and well behaved people.

"ONE of the nicest story-books for children that we hav seen," says the Fall River *Times*, "is entitled, 'The Story Hour,' by Miss Susan H. Wixon, of this city. We hav not had time to giv it careful examination, but a cursory glance satisfies us that it is one of the best books for the little folks that is in the market."

ACOORDING to the Liberal Club program, the Rev. Mr. Lloyd is to occupy the evening of Jan. 29th, and the birthday celebration of Thomas Paine will be deferred until the Sunday evening following. It would be more in consonance with eternal fitness if the dates of those two events were transposed.

THE Marquis of Lorne, Colonel Ingersoll, Millionaries Astor and Carnegie, an Irish member of Parliament elect, John Boyle O'Reilly, Cassius M. Clay, Sir John Macdonald, and Frank B. Sanborn hav articles in the January number of the *North American Review.*

W. H. BURR, of Washington, has in press a pamphlet with this title: "Bacon and Shakespere: Proof that William Shakspere could not write. The sonnets written by Francis Bacon to the Earl of Essex and his bride, A. D. 1590. Bacon identified as the concealed Poet Ignoto, A.D. 1589-1600."

THE late king of Burmah, the wicked and wily Theebaw, was a Sunday-school scholar, educated by a missionary of the Church of England, Dr. Marks, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and was at one time a promising pupil.

GEORGE PADDINGTON, of Fresno City, Cal., wants a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER of date of October 3d. Not having one to spare at the office, we giv his desire this publicity that some charitably disposed person may relieve him.

THE *Home Advocate*, of Mapleton, Iowa, announces itself as the champion of Freethought. No doubt the *Advocate* can do a great deal of good in its state, and we congratulate the editor on his adherence to liberty.

An Answer at Last.

From Liberty.

The New York TRUTH SEEKER makes an effort to answer "X's" editorial, "Institution-Ridden." Doubtless "X" will giv this effort due and satisfactory attention hereafter. Meantime I may remark THE TRUTH SEEKER'S statement that when the Anarchist proposes to imprision a thief without his consent, he proposes to set up an institution as really a government as any we now hav. Now, it seems to me that just the opposit is the truth, and that the Anarchist, in proposing to imprison the thief without his consent, is fighting precisely on the line of no-government. Why? Because in the case supposed the thief is the government.

Mr. Tucker is developing remarkable powers as a humorist. He cannot mean this as a serious argument. It must be a joke.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is sent free to any address upon application.

Letters from Friends.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 26, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find the name and address of a new subscriber to your valuable paper.

I am writing these lines on Thanksgiving day, and, taking a retrospectiv view of the past year, I fail to see that I hav anything to be particularly thankful for, unless it be the physical benefit I hav derived from following the advice laid down in that valuable little book, "Directions for Cleansing the Blood," by Prof. Nathaniel N. Pierce, a notice of which I first saw in THE TRUTH SEEKER. At that time I was suffering from a severely acute attack of sciatica, and was under the care of three well-known physicians, whose nostrums I swallowed and whose advice I was guided by in every way without obtaining any relief. I dispensed with their services, and after trying Professor Pierce's "Hot-water Cure" for about four weeks, I experienced decided relief, and at the expiration of about four months was entirely convalescent.

I am not writing with any idea of puffing Professor Pierce, but in the hope that it may chance to meet the eye of some other sufferer who, following my example, may experience the same relief that I hav. Wishing your paper every success, I remain, W. C. LYON.

BELLEVILLE, KAN., Nov. 22, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: We hav just had the pleasure of listening to a few lectures by that able and logical reasoner, Mr. J. L. Andrew. His subjects were, "Modern Infidelity," "Christianity and Modern Civilization," and "Liberty and Law." To say they were ably handled would scarcely do justice to the speaker. His logic is clear, forcible, unanswerable. No cant, ridicule, or bitter sarcasm escaped his lips, but a calm, convincing flood of arguments flowed so easily forth that the mind of the listener became fairly bewildered. He is surely doing much good, and is eminently capable of confounding the defenders of orthodoxy, and should, if possible, be kept constantly at work in the Liberal field.

His audiences, when here, were quite small, owing principally to shortness of time and imperfect circulation of notices of the meetings. We hope at no very distant day to again listen to Mr. Andrew while he is inspired by the presence of crowded houses. Yours, DR. H. PATRICK.

ALEXANDRIA, ONT., Dec. 14, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for my TRUTH SEEKER. If, in consequence of its being illustrated, it costs more, I will remit the balance. I hope it will be illustrated, and the more of the right kind of pictures the better. I don't care how much more it may cost, but am sorry to say I am not in a position to canvass. The locality is not favorable and my occupations are too great. Work, work, and work, in a busy office every moment of six days in the week, and I most always hav to put in a good day's work on the seventh to catch up, as my occupations are too much for one, and not quite enough to demand an assistant, and I am one of the kind of men that cannot bear neglect of duties.

The best I can do for your paper is to giv it away as soon as I hav read it. I hav a pretty good opportunity to do so, being in a railroad depot; besides, I often mail it to parties I imagin may thereby be induced to subscribe, but what the result is of my distributing my paper in these ways I never know. However, it is the best I can do. I do it with a good intention and some hopes it may do good to your paper in particular and to the cause of universal mental liberty in general. If the paper is illustrated I will hav still more confidence in its mission work, and will realize more pleasure in dispersing the papers. I attended part of the Albany Convention; sickness prevented me from attending all the meetings. You will probably remember me asking you if you were Mr. Macdonald, at the entrance of the hall, in the afternoon of the first day. I heard Mr. Palmer deliver his lecture, "The Aristocrat." It is certainly a very good lecture, but it would take a good many such lectures to wake up the people to the fact that the morals of the people are being led in the wrong direction, and that the treasures of the world are being amassed into the wrong chest. Consequently, though I considered the lecture very entertaining, I was hardly satisfied with its occupance of that valuable time. I do not grumble, but I think and hav feelings like all men, and I am disposed, if you will allow, to giv my fellow-readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER an idea of the impression I got at the Convention. I saw Mr. Mitchell, and bought his papers and read them. In my estimation the man or woman that finds any objectionable reading in Mr. Mitchell's paper is nothing short of a bigot. If such pretended Freethinkers as those who bitterly denounced Mitchell's paper are, as they claim, emancipated from slavish prejudice, I don't want to know or see anything like what they must hav been in the first place. But while I see no objectionable reading in Mr. Mitchell's *Reformer*, I consider it a dead failure, as it advocates some principles that cannot and will not be listened to for probably fifty or a hundred years to come. I believe Mr. Mitchell a very good man; in fact, I believe his only fault is being too good for this Christian community of strife, ambition, and selfishness, but under existing circumstances I don't like him as an editor, and furthermore I did not like to see him sell his paper there. It gave him a degraded appearance that brought discredit on him. While I see nothing bad in Mr. Mitchell's paper, I cannot help approving of Mr. Palmer's note in the press stating that it was not the organ of the association. I think such a notice was needed. Mr. Palmer, I consider a very able man, but I would as soon read his lecture as hear him deliver it. I was well pleased with Mrs. Krekel's speech. She is an able speaker, and I always like to hear an intelligent woman speak in public anyway. Dr. Brown entertained me very much. I don't call him an orator, but he is a genial, pleasant gentleman. I also took a great fancy to Mr. Wakeman. I did not hear him say much, but he looks to me to be the embodiment of goodness, honesty, and charity. I did not hear Colonel Ingersoll, but I heard Mr. Watts, and as I had heard Mr. Ingersoll many times before, I preferred to hear Mr. Watts, as I could not hear both. Mr. Watts is a great man, of great capacity and grand appearance. He lacks nothing of an accomplished lecturer—knowledge, spirit, voice, and manly stature. Like Colonel Ingersoll, he has it all. While I call the colonel the best orator I ever heard, I cannot say that Mr. Watts is inferior to him. The two are not alike, do not speak or look alike, but each in his way is equally a great man.

Those are all the speakers I heard. I was not in good health, and consequently not in very good spirits. It was probably owing to that that I was not very successful in introducing myself to friends with whom I had imagined myself very intimate, though I had never seen them in person. I recognized every one whose picture I had seen in the ANNUAL. I made myself known to three or four, among them Mr. Remsburg. They did not kick me, but, probably owing to the low state of my spirit at the time and my natural shyness, the *accolade* I received as far as I went, very soon suggested me to retire without further intrusion. My best success was with a gentleman whom I did not know by name, by sight, or by "picture."

On leaving the hall after the morning meeting, I wandered aimlessly about the city, until I got pretty tired of waiting for the afternoon meeting, and there was about two hours more to wait when I met this gentleman at the door of the hall where the afternoon meeting was to be, and somehow I engaged in conversation with him, and the remainder of the time passed very pleasantly. Whoever he was—I do not know his name—I found him very precise and moderate in conversation, but level-headed and very interesting, and an advocate of universal mental liberty.

Respectfully, CHAS. LAPERCHE.

MINNEAPOLIS, KAN., Dec. 18, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: We hav just had a course of lectures delivered by the successful lecturer John E. Remsburg. The scholarly arguments and pleasing style of this gentleman won him many admirers here. His arguments are logical, convincing, unanswerable; his style plain, pathetic, eloquent, and full of happy surprises. He is just the man for the work in which he is engaged. The Liberal world can justly feel proud of such an advocate of freedom. His lectures here were preeminently gratifying to Liberals, and we hav consummated arrangements to hav him here again at an early date.

Mr. Remsburg was to giv us lectures on the following dates, Dec. 14th, 16th, and 17th, but, owing to influences from which we could not emerge, we were cheated out of his lecture "Bible Morals," which was to hav been given on the 16th. The Opera House had been engaged by the county for a term of district court, but, upon the assurance of the judge that there would be no night session, we engaged the house for the respectiv dates above mentioned. On the 15th Mr. Remsburg delivered his lecture, "Sabbath-Breaking," to a large and appreciativ audience. Next morning the judge seemed to hav been informed the nature of the lectures he had given way too, and he at once expressed his disapproval of such arguments, saying "that they were intended to break down institutions under which we had lived peaceably for hundreds of years." This man, like many other dwarf-minded judges, delights to assume a haughty air of importance and "bull-headedness." He concluded to hold court on the night of the 16th, and all the angels of hell could not persuade him to keep his word of assurance to the contrary. We tried him, but all our appeals were in vain. He held his court, and our lecture for that night had to be omitted. Happily for us, the court docket was exhausted early next morning, and we became in full possession of the house, and had the lecture, "False Claims," on the 17th. The so-called judge was actuated in his course through malice aforethought, premeditated and pre-existing prejudices, which are the highest qualities of an orthodox judge. Such a prejudiced mind is placed into power in this district to mete out justice. A pretty spectacle, indeed, but such may be expected from those who are reared by orthodox creed. We hav a board of school directors here, also, of the same faith. We first thought to hav our lecture in a school-room of capacious size, which had for some weeks been used for Methodist revival powwows, but, upon inquiry, were informed that the school-room could not be had for such purposes—Infidel lectures. Our schools are orthodox, too. The Bible is a text-book in them, and the Lord's Prayer is required to be repeated every morning by the juvenil classes. This prayer is not only repeated by them, but they are required to place their hands together, poise them a-front, cast their eyes aloft, and assume a ghastly aspect, then in concert repeat the words, imitating as near as possible the facial expressions of a teacher standing before them in this awful attitude. And notwithstanding all these disgusting scenes in our public schools some Liberals think we are advancing.

Liberals should awaken from their conservativness, and take a bold and fearless stand for the right. Get up a club in every town, village, and hamlet. Employ lecturers, make the lectures free to the public, and thereby make the community better to liv in. For every lecturer we hav to-day there should be a hundred more. Giv steady work to a thousand lecturers, men and women, for ten years, and we will hav a happier and better people everywhere.

WARREN REED.

BURR OAK, MICH., Dec. 24, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Last week one of our local papers contained the following: "At a revival meeting of the Nashville (Barry county) Methodist Episcopal church, the other night, Leviticus McKinnis went violently insane, and, imagining that Rev. Mr. Grinnell was the devil, made a savage assault upon him, but was captured and confined before doing any serious damage."

It is safe to say that the reverend pulpit-pounder had been grossly slandering the devil up there at Nashville. Probably he had been giving the people large chunks of Genesis, and poor Leviticus went wild at the thought of Deuteronomy, and when he got his blood up, there was a hasty Exodus of large Numbers of that congregation. This crazy man deserves much sympathy. A heavy load of guilt rests on his parents. People who can in cold blood condemn one of their own progeny to wear the name of Leviticus in broad daylight, can never expect to hav anything better than a second-hand jewsharp to play on when they get up there near the great white throne.

But seriously, this Grinnell ought to be "captured and confined before doing any [more] serious damage."

If Leviticus ever recovers his wits, he ought to apologize to his Satanic majesty for declaring in public that he (old Nick) looks like a Methodist preacher.

About how many years is it likely that the queer old gentleman from "way down in Maine" will keep on whining about the Albany Convention affair that invested him with a little notoriety? In THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 19th, the queer old gentleman said he was "proud to say that he "sold a very grand poem, entitled, 'The Reign of Love and Freedom,'" etc. I imagin that a majority of THE TRUTH SEEKER readers are willing to take his word for what grandeur there may be in that poem, without hankering excessivly for the sight of a copy. But in the postscript to the queer old gentleman's letter, we get a little of his superlativly pure and only genuin Liberalism, the Liberalism of a "World's Reformer."

He says: "Why were the inspired pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER soiled with the account of that trickster and fraud, Truesdell?"

I am glad to know that the pages of your paper are not inspired, and I hav utterly failed to see where and when it has been proved that Truesdell is a trickster and fraud.

Begin with the New Year and giv us something new, Seward, and leave out the inspiration. We can get enough of that in the Bible. N. G. W.

ROCHESTER, N. H., Dec. 20, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: As yet I hav not read Remsburg's "Bible Morals" or "Sabbath-Breaking," therefore inclosed you will find amount for the same, as I would very much like to peruse them. Remsburg is a noble, brave warrior. How I should like to hav him go through New England on a lecturing tour; it would do an immense good. The large and better class are ready to listen to such a lecturer. Church going is an old, worn-out entertainment. We hav lots of churches, but as a rule very thinly attended; we hav four Protestant and two Catholic churches in Rochester, but when Colonel Ingersoll lectured to us last month we had more to hear him than all the Protestant churches combined can get out on Sunday. His subject was, "Myth and Miracle," and he handled it most grandly; the impression he left was so good that people even now are not done commenting upon it. One of the clergymen undertook to reply to it, and in regard to "Myth" agreed with the colonel; then he tackled "Miracle," but made a poor job of it. Well! what about illustrating our Bible? I am a little afraid that some of your readers do not realize what it will cost to do it; neither do I, but I do know that it will cost a goodly sum; but, however, if it can be done, I should be as glad as any one of your readers, and will hold myself in readiness to do my share as far as my circumstances will admit. Yours for truth and progress. E. J. Foss.

NORTHFIELD, MINN., Dec. 14, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: The closing of the old year and the dawning of the new reminds me of my duties, and one of my duties is to help your paper spread the light, that others may see the road that leads to a better and happier life to-day, "and to-day when to-morrow comes still."

The grand old TRUTH SEEKER has stood like the giant oak, immovable, unyielding to the storms and threatened destruction by its opponents, the enemy of truth, when it was yet but a mere twig in the battle of existence; when it was left as it were like a ship in mid-ocean without a rudder, the captain hurled behind the prison bars to swamp him and the paper, if it were possible; but stalwart men with earnest hearts stood at the helm until all was safe. And to-day THE TRUTH SEEKER stands a living monument with no fear or danger of being crushed for its bold defiance to assert its right to liv and proclaim its messages to the world. I feel like exclaiming, as did a reverend the other night at the dedication of the Young Men's Christian Association building, "I feel like congratulating myself that I am here." I feel like congratulating myself that I am on board THE TRUTH SEEKER on a life voyage.

The closing of this year reminds me, too, of the events that hav occured, the great changes that hav taken place in the death of so many of the great men. And our heroes, one by one they fall, like autumn leaves, to be numbered among the past. And how sudden was the exit of some, almost "in the twinkle of an eye!" Wonder if these are the "judgment day?" And yet the world moves on as though nothing had happened. But to our world much has happened, and more is missed, and 1885 will be long remembered by many as not a very "Happy New Year." But such is life; we know not what the morrow may bring forth.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 28th I read: "Shall we hav pictures? First page to be wholy devoted, with several others about half the size on different pages."

Why, Mr. Editor, what are you going to do with all the intellectual material that stamps upon the brain the pictures of knowledge of how to form character, of how to develop men and women into the religion of humanity, the production of our thinkers, the solid material from the brains and minds of our modern heroes? Will THE TRUTH SEEKER exchange

these for pictures? Surely if there is not room enough now to publish the transactions, lectures, etc., at conventions and congresses, how and where of pictures? I hav no war with illustrated papers, but can we afford the change in as valuable a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER?

These few remarks are no commands, nor even suggestions, only a few thoughts from one who hopes for the most good to your many readers. I am with you in all that is progressiv and elevating. S. J. LENONT.

TEXAS, MICH., Dec. 11, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to congratulate you on your success in maintaining free speech in the reliable old TRUTH SEEKER. Long may it liv to demonstrate to the world that a paper can be kept to the line of equal rights.

I take it for granted by all that whenever a person comes before the public orally, or by writing, they become public property, liable to be questioned or criticised as anyone may be moved to do.

Your issue of December 5, 1885, contains an article by Ella E. Gibson, headed, "Remarkable Seances in Barre, Mass." I agree with Sister Ella that if Mr. Truesdell did not perform the manifestations attributed to the spirits of the dead, as he said he did, he is a base liar and fraud, and a man that should and will be despised by all thinking people.

Now the question arises, Is the charge against Mr. Truesdell, of fraud, trickery, and slanderous insinuation, true or false? Let his own experience as a medium tell; let thousands of men and women, scattered over this country from Maine to California, who hav witnessed independent slate-writing, tell; yes, let Ella E. Gibson tell, if she will credit her own senses instead of Mr. Truesdell's assertions.

Mr. Truesdell may be as mean as he claims to be, and in fact I do not doubt it, but when he undertakes to create a sale for his book by throwing mud at Mrs. Simpson, of Chicago, and other reliable mediums whose character is above reproach, he shows a depth of depravity seldom witnessed in modern times.

I know that independent slate-writing is a fact, that the communications, showing intelligence, are written without the aid of any visible human hand; so does Mr. Truesdell know it; so does Ella E. Gibson know it. Now, what is the object of the article referred to? Simply this, to create a sale for Truesdell's book.

Sorry to accuse a woman of prostituting her pen to such low mud-slinging, but if she does she must suffer the just retribution of her own act.

I will add in conclusion that I am convinced by my own observation that mediumship does not depend on a truthful character. I hav no doubt that Mr. Truesdell is a medium, and so much the worse. L. S. BURDICK.

BLACKBORN MINING DISTRICT, IDAHO T., NOV. 21, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: If possible, allow me a little space in the grand TRUTH SEEKER. I am not very mad, but want to fight anyway. However, I do my fighting with the pen instead of the sword; nobody will be killed in this battle. In your issue of November 7th, I notice a very bigoted and fanatical—not to say "malicious"—article, replete with misrepresentations, written by E. T. Slight, of Watsonville, Cal. Said E. T. Slight attacks Mr. T. Winter, of Cincinnati. He (or she, as I know not the sex) asserts that Mr. Winter is "superstitious, dogmatic, and egotistic," and abuses him generally, simply because he is an outspoken, genuin Materialist. Now, in the light of the evidence, Mr. Winter is perfectly right in teaching Materialism, because there is no mind without matter, and every atom of matter is just that much evidence in favor of Materialism. Matter is certainly capable of correct and perfect reasoning, as is demonstrated by the human brain. The argument of Slight is slight indeed to any person that has read Mr. Winter's articles on Materialism. In fact, it is no argument whatever, but simply a repetition of misrepresentations and slander. Because said Slight cannot disprove the teachings of Materialism (and no one can as long as matter exists), he puts forward a list of abusiv epithets, and attacks the character of Mr. Winter by conparing him as similar to Guiteau, the Christian murderer. Among other things said by said Slight, is that "T. Winter is doing more to create bad feeling between Liberal Spiritualists [How Liberal?] and Materialists than an army of Jesuits." Now, E. T. Slight, you being a Spiritualist, you are most respectfully asked to speak for "Spiritualists" only, and not for the Materialists of whom you know nothing! You say that "you despise bogus scientists as much as you do bogus mediums," etc. Then by your own logic you either don't know what science means, or else you are obliged to despise yourself, for all science is based upon Materialism.

Spiritualism is the very hight of deception, and is no more in harmony with science than theology is in harmony with science. The fact is, science, or the teachings of nature, show that both Spiritualism and theology are as false as false can be. Both are lies, and won't stand the light of science. Neither can show any facts, but are upheld by the mere assertions of impostors. Why do you turn down the lights at your so-called seances? Is light fatal to spirits?

Are you afraid of the truth? You bewail, it seems, that T. Winter has no friends, save yourself. Are you right sure you are his friend? Your letter don't show it. Let me tell you to not let that trouble you, because, as you say, "he has no friends." He may hav more than you think, and far better ones, too, than the so-called Spiritualist who claims to be a friend. Anyway, a man who holds to nothing but demonstrated truth can very likely get along quite well without all the people in the world being his friends. He has nothing to fear, unless he is to believe some of the lies that Spiritualists practice in that circle where the lights are turned down. Mr. Winter, I think, values truth far more than friends; so don't be alarmed. The truth, and not "promoted falsehoods," is what the world needs now. The churches hav for three many centuries been dispensing the latter to its credulous dupes, and the effects we all see—a world of ignorance, fanaticism, superstition, deception, tyranny, and oppression, so much that I say, if there be a God, damn him for this injustice. I worship no such monster, nor hav I any love for such a fiend of unrighteousness. The devil cannot be worse, and my vote is for the latter if either. I wish to say to E. T. Slight that "slander and misrepresentation" like he givs to Mr. Winter will convert no Materialist to Spiritualism. It takes facts, and not slander nor abuse. You might as well try to make a Christian out of Colonel Ingersoll or put the world into a half-bushel. I shall make no attempt to defend Mr. Winter, for I think he has the truth on his side and can ably defend himself. E. T. Slight can no more prove that Materialism is false than he can destroy the universe or destroy even one single atom of matter in the universe. You may try, but so far as success is concerned, you might as well spend your time praying to God. Beware how you treat the matter of Materialism. There may be, and I think there is, far more and greater power in this so-called (by Spiritualists) "vile" matter than they ever dreamed of. You may claim that you hate and detest it, but I find that you Spiritualists, like the Christians, who say they too hav an immortal soul, find that none of you seem very willing to die. You send for the doctor when sick, and if you were to be put to death I am quite sure that you would do just as much kicking as any Materialist. Why is this thus? I ask of you brave (?) Spiritualists. It seems to me that you are all a fine sample of genuin hypocrits, no more, no less. You Spiritualists hold that mind is independent of matter, yet you are afraid of death. You remind me of the polygamous Mormons in Utah; they say that they hav perfect faith in the Lord; that he will protect them, has done so and will do so, yet when the United States marshal puts in his appearance hunting polygamists they show more faith in Uncle Sam than they do in the Lord, by getting away on the jump! Just so with another class that we will call a mongrel set of "fools, hypocrits, and impostors;" they claim different, of course, but their actions giv the lie to their profession. Yours for truth and true men and women, CHAS. F. BLACKBURN.

MERRILL, MICH., Dec. 7, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I would like the privilege of replying to J. D. Mallonee's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 28th. He says, "I accord to woman all the rights I claim for myself, and one more, the right to be protected—protected from the necessity of participating in the public affairs of the nation." Very well; let us see what rights he, as well as other men, claim for themselvs. They claim the right of ballot, whereby they can make all laws to govern woman as well as man; to levy all taxes upon the property of our country, whether owned by man or woman, and, just or unjust, they must be paid, or the property sold. They claim the exclusiv right to manage the family finances. If a woman wants a little money, she must go to her husband and ask him for it, and, in nine cases out of ten, gets a reply similar to this: "What do you want to do with money now? It was only a few days ago that I gave you fifty cents. Women are so extravagant!" I will illustrate by giving a little incident that occurred in my store a short time ago. A gentleman came in to do a little trading, buying several things, and then called for ten cents' worth of bird-seed, saying, "My wife must hav seed for her bird, if we go without everything else," while among his purchases was fifty cents' worth of tobacco. What a time there would be heard if the married women were spending as much each day for something as useless and degrading as our would-be lords and masters spend for tobacco and liquor! How would they like to ask their wives for each penny they had to spend? It matters not how hard a wife may work, how economical she may be, striving to make one dollar take the place of two; at work all the hours of evening while her husband, with his slippers on, is seated in a big chair, reading the news, smoking his pipe, and endeavoring to make himself comfortable. It all amounts to nothing. If the husband dies, the wife has the use of a third of the property accumulated. If the wife dies, the husband takes the whole of it. These are some of the rights that J. D. Mallonee accords to woman. He also says, "My wife has sufficient confidence in my ability not to demand the right to buy her individual coal or to ask to do her individual voting." This may be true. She possibly cares to do neither. But because Mrs. Mallonee does not care for the ballot is not just cause why other women who do care should be denied. If there is but one woman in this broad land of ours who wishes to vote, she should hav that right, and be protected in it the same as a man. You hav no right to deny her this privilege. The only excuse you hav for doing so is, "She is a woman." Then again, he says, "Why do you never talk of carrying a musket, serving in the militia, police force, etc.?" Now, I would like to ask Mr. Mallonee why he is not a policeman. There is no man who is compelled to join the police force; it is from choice. Could our sex abuse the ballot any more than two-thirds of the men do theirs? How many men are there who will sell their ballot for a glass of whisky or a few shillings in money? Could women do worse? It is plain to be seen from his letter that he is afraid of the intellect of woman, if she is allowed the ballot. Again, he says, "Strong-minded girls usually die old maids." There may be something in this, but how many women are there, scattered over this beautiful land, who would hav been far better off and much happier if they had never married, but had been strong-minded enough to hav been old maids, instead of having a husband to say to them, "I will tell you all it is best for you to know, and when I say go, you can go, but if I say stay, you must stay." J. D. Mallonee calls himself a Liberal, but how he can consistently do so and hang to the teachings of Paul, is hard to tell. Paul says: "Wives, submit yourselvs unto your husbands as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the church. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything" (Eph. v, 22, 23, 24). If a young girl is thrown out in the world with no source of maintenance, what hav the men in their kindly protection left for her to do to enable her to get the necessities of life with? Oh, she can work by the week; just see the wages she can get, from one to two dollars per week, and she only has to work from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night, or if she hav education enough she can teach school, but no matter how good a school she keeps, she must not expect to get as much pay as a man who does the same work. I made teaching my business when I was young, and it was admitted that I taught a better school than they had ever had taught by a man, but they said, "We can not pay you as much, for you are a woman," thus making it an offense to be a woman. In how many instances hav I known it to be the case, where a man had both boys and girls, for him to keep them in school until about sixteen years of age and then say, "This is learning enough for my girls, but the boys must go to college;" or they must learn a trade, or hav a profession, or go into business of some sort, but the girls are left with nothing to do but look out and marry well. If the father dies the bulk of his property is left to the boys. The girls do not need any; they must marry for theirs.

This is one great reason why there are so many unhappy marriages, and so many girls who take upon themselvs the duties of a wife when they are scarcely more than children. This is the reason why only "strong-minded girls are old maids." In my girlhood I belonged to the church and was a firm believer in the Bible (and of course did not believe in woman suffrage), but, thanks be to Spiritualism, I threw off the yoke of the church and Bible, and I think if J. D. Mallonee would throw Paul's teachings overboard it would make him a true Liberal. I am now a hardware merchant, doing all the business pertaining thereto, also looking after the welfare of my home and children, and I do not think it makes me any less a woman for so doing. I calculate I hav the same right to do this another woman has to sell millinery goods. I say let each and all, old and young, men and women, do as they wish, so long as they do not trample on the rights or liberties of another. MRS. F. B. HUNT.

CANTON, ILL., Dec. 8, 285.

MR. EDITOR: It was my intention in this article to answer Mr. Mallonee, whose article appeared in your paper of Nov. 14th; but my husband makes a practice of giving away his papers, and unfortunately disposed of the one I intended to keep. I can remember only two of his points: First, the contentment of his wife in being sole controler of home and domestic affairs. Now, I will concede that Mr. Mallonee is one who considers his wife an equal partner, and treats her in the best husbandly manner that she may *still* be content to giv him the sole control of governmental affairs. In other words, she becomes, through his kindness, a willing slave. Many of Africa's sons and daughters were just such slaves, and some of them, when their liberty papers were read to them, shed tears of deepest sorrow at leaving their old nasters. Kind masters were scarce in slavery times, but no more so than to-day. Mr. Mallonee is only an exceptiona case. All over this country vile haunts are kept, mostly by men—saloons, gambling dens, dens of harlotry, and dram shops—where the intemperate husband spends the hard earnings of his wife, which he takes from her by brute force, together with his own. Under these difficulties she must support her family, large or small, by bending over the wash-tub by day and the needle by night, while he may go to the ballot box and deposit a vote to continue this vile outrage. Then, the widow who owns a small house and lot—in town, perhaps, for there she can more readily find work—is taxed fifty per cent higher, according to the value of her property, than the lawyer and robber of the poor who livs in a brown-stone front.

But this is only the sympathetic side of the question. Men argue the incapacity of women to hold office because of their domestic alliances. Now, when women are teaching from district to state normal schools, and are not infrequently superintendents and principals of seminaries, teaching the opposit as well as their own sex, and yet the land is filled with good wives and mothers, while many women follow the various professions, is it not reasonable to suppose that only those with sufficient experience and proper freedom would accept the nomination for an office?

I believe Mr. Mallonee states that all strong-minded women are old maids; that is, they prefer celibacy and freedom to conjugal ties to become the slave of man, physically and sexually, for, once entering that state, they are debarred from every right that goes to make up human happiness, so that they may add as much more to that of their masters. His arguments go far to prove that woman should become the political equal of man, for if equality had been dealt out to them, they would undoubtedly hav been mothers to-day, and it is such mothers we want to raise the next generations. Strong-minded women are more essential than strong-minded men in raising future statesmen. Here Mr. Mallonee loses all sight of the science of physiological laws. It is plain that should man render to woman all her rights, he would still be in advance, having had so much experience, of which she has been deprived. And this change, through the laws which govern reproduction, would evolute much better young men, who would come into being without the instinct that some other person was superior to them, but would be ruled by conscience—that self-reliant monitor withiu of justice, reason, and common sense—equal with all others, and superior to none so far as rights are concerned. And husbands would take more interest in their wives than having a good meal ready on a cold day. He would not excuse himself by going to the club-room to talk politics, but would delight to share his leisure with his wife in discussing topics of vital importance to them and their posterity. MRS. JOHN W. ABBOTT,
or, MRS. FLORA A. ABBOTT.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Vision of the Future.

Once I dreamed that I flew out afar through the skies,
To the planet-fringed border of space,
Where the ages I saw with my far-seeing eyes
Roll over our own planet's face.

There was no sudden crash in the doings of men,
For they to the changes were blind;
But the nations went down and came upward again
Transforming the work of mankind.

As the cycles of time to eternity fled,
The laws and the codes of the world
Were flung to the past to remain with the dead,
Who were into oblivion hurled.

No longer the thief or the murderer played
On mortal's historical stage;
Religion and churches were silently laid
In the dust of a barbarous age.

Benevolence swaying the nations of earth,
War's billows no longer I saw.
The era of glory had taken its birth;
Golden Rule was religion and law.

Osceola Mills, Pa. WM. SCOTT.

Baby Lillian.

In the garden 'mid glory and bloom
Was the patter of Lillian's feet,
And a blossom or fruit was the same,
A something "Dest pity to eat."

Two years was her measure on earth,
But we listen with joy and surprise,
As she gathers the fruit to her hand,
"O-o—isn't it lovely?" she cries.

She saw the green globes as they hung,
And slowly, with patience, she learned
To wait for the ripening fruit,
'Till the colors in brilliancy burned.

'Mid the cherries or strawberries lost,
We search for her hither and yon,
When, with fingers and lips all aglow,
She cries, "All the ripe ones is gone."

And the rosy-cheeked apples were picked
By her fingers, so tiny and small
That both of her hands were employed
To encompass a single red ball.

She fancies the blaze of the stars,
For the shine was maturity's type,
And she startled us all by the quest,
"Can we eat up the stars when they's ripe?"

Ah, darling, we hope you may feast
Upon dainties celestial and rare,
And the glories of worlds beyond reach
Be as free to your touch as the air.

Who knows but in ages to come,
When no longer the mortal debars,
As an essence eternal, at last
You may gather the fruit of the stars?

ISAAC A. POOL.

The Hindoo New Year's Day.

I believe that all people who count their days and months celebrate the first day of the year as a holiday in some form or other. Some fill it with religious rites, as the Chinese; others with social observances, as the Americans, and others again do not forget to sanctify their business interests in the name of the gods, while social hospitalities are made to contribute to the same end by filling customers with good cheer. With the Hindoos the celebration of New Year's Day includes all these three forms, and a fourth, for that is the great day for offering prayers and gifts on behalf of the spirits of departed ancestors, at the same time that the future is looked after by keeping on good terms with the present. It is, in fact, observed as a connecting link between the past and the future. Everybody is expected to be at once devout, joyous, and hopeful on that day. The departed ghosts hav their offerings of rice and banana, the children rejoice in sweets, young folks go about making calls, and the business men open their books for the ensuing year. Another name for New Year's Day in the language of the Hindoos is the "Day of New Books."

This day comes off about the 15th of April of the Christian year. It is also the first day of the summer months of India. A set of ceremonies is performed and continued by the well-to-do throughout the first month, whose meaning is to show the ways and means of making charity to the neighbors and to the poor most useful and acceptable during the ensuing hot days. Water-pitchers made of earth or metal are consecrated with their covers filled with fruits, peas, and molasses, and are then distributed among the family grocer, barber, washwoman, and other dependants and poor neighbors. Those who can afford continue these gifts from time to time during the first month, with the addition of fans, umbrellas, and summer clothing. Benevolent people lay the foundation stones of charitable institutions, such as asylums and dispensaries, on the first day of the year with religious observances. Tanks for public use are also begun to be dug on the same day, and rich and poor plant trees by the highways to giv shade to the sun-burnt traveler. There is a summer practice in country districts of India, where shops and inns are rare, of supplying tired wayfarers with cold water and peas and molasses, free of charge. It is begun on New Year's Day. Small houses can be seen at intervals on the highways of travel, kept up at the cost of rich men, or by some old couple who wish to secure happiness in the life hereafter by spending their last days and small savings in relieving the sufferings of summer travelers. The host in one of these houses invites the wearied passer-by and offers him the cooling refreshment and rest for his tired limbs. Large tubs full of water are kept outside near the door for the use of cattle and passing animals.

Young married ladies without children, and not burdened with the cares of the household, hav a peculiar summer hospitality of their own, confined to their own class. Each lady invites another of about her own age to be her visiting guest every afternoon of the month, beginning from New Year's Day. When the guest arrives, the hostess performs the toilet for her, perfumes her dress and hair with scents, and finally treats her to sweetmeats and fruits. At the end of the month she presents her guest with a new dress and a small sum of money. As the Hindoo female dress is made of only one piece of cloth, it does not cost more than a small fraction of the price of an ordinary American lady's dress, and thus all young Hindoo women in moderate circumstances can enjoy this luxurious method of cultivating friendship. The hostess, in the supposed instance, is herself the guest of another young friend, whom she visits either before or after she attends to her own, while her guest of the present year may be her hostess of the next. So it is all made up even.

Little unmarried girls also learn in the first day and month of the year to keep themselvs busy with thoughts upon a very important affair. Marriage is the great idea about girls that troubles the heads of their parents, as it fills their own minds so soon as they begin to think. Every Hindoo girl must be married, though widows are not alowed to marry again—thus every woman being given one chance. There are lots of widows in India who may never remarry, but no old maids; and a Hindoo girl is as much afraid of being left a widow as an American girl of growing up to be a spinster. Little girls, therefore, try to appease the cruel god of death, Pluto, so that he may not carry off their would-be husbands, by the ceremony of the *Jama-pooker*, or death's tank (*Jama* meaning the god of death, Pluto). It is performed in this way: A little tank, about six inches or one foot square, is dug in the courtyard of the house. It is filled with fresh, cold water every morning. Fish and crocodiles made of clay are sunk in it, while the newest flowers cover its body and sides. In the center is placed a clay image of Pluto. The worshiper gets up in the morning before sunrise, washes herself clean, and puts on a newly-washed cloth. She then sits by the side of the tank, with her face toward the rising sun, and begins pouring cold water on the clay god, thus to cool his ever-angry head. After the bath the god receives an offering of eatables and flowers, while the devotee says the following prayer:

"I pray thee, O Pluto,
Don't make me a widow.
I'll marry but once,
But will not hav a dunce.
May I dine on cake and cream,
And ever liv in a golden dream."

But the most important ceremony of the Hindoo New Year's Day comes off in the evening in the shops of the tradespeople, the ceremony from which, as I hav mentioned before, the day has received the second name of the "Day of New Books." There is no business during the day, but in the evening all the shops, newly repaired and cleaned whenever means permit, are illuminated and made to wear a festiv show. A rich feast of sweets and fruits is spread in the inside, while music tempts the guests—the customers of the shop—to come in and partake of the good cheer. But things in this world are seldom so pleasant as they at first seem. At the entrance to the shop, behind the counter, sits the book-keeper, or the master himself, with his new ledger opened, a new pen in his hand, and a new ink-bottle filled with the newest ink. There he is, ready to make entries of all receipts from his guests in payment of debts of the past year. It is considered both mean and inauspicious for a guest not to deposit at least one silver piece. Those who are not indebted put in something as an advance for their future custom, but usually everywhere there are more debtors than creditors. Practically, this custom is a means of collecting debts by bribing one's customers with social hospitality, and, as a rule, most people do not grudge paying off a portion of their accounts in a way that makes it least felt. Once, however, the entry-money, so to call it, has been paid, the guest may make himself completely easy with his surroundings and enjoy to his fill. Those who cannot make up the deposit-money hav to send in excuses of "hot weather," or "exhaustion from making calls," etc., for it would seem so mean to stay away from a trader's hospitality for fear of being obliged to pay a just debt, often in not more than only a fraction. Indeed, very few are found delinquent, and the plan on the whole works very well. The practical Yankee might on this point take a lesson from the Hindoo, who is generally thought to be given up altogether to mere meditation.

Such is New Year's Day in India, beginning with the worship of dead forefathers and ending with making ready for the next day's business. The first thing a devout shopkeeper does every morning after the opening of his new books is to credit a small sum to the name of his patron deity. The total amount is collected at the end of the year, and scrupulously spent in charitable offerings in the deity's name. AMRITA LAL ROY.

Don't Meddle with Firearms.

We often read of accidents happening to children who play with guns and pistols, and sometimes those who do are maimed for life or killed outright. The best plan for children is to avoid touching a gun or pistol, for they are liable to be discharged in handling, and the mischief they do can never be undone. We are led to these remarks by a recent letter from one who has occasionally furnished interesting matter for the Children's Corner.

He writes: "About a month ago, little Howard [his grandson] importuned his papa to let him go with two of their neighbors gunning. When about to return home, and ten miles away, Mr. P——'s gun exploded, and the contents entered the dear little boy's knee, destroying the joint, breaking the kneepan, splitting the lower bones, and tearing off the flesh in strips. When they reached home the surgeons were summoned, and a telegram sent to Howard's uncle, who is also a physician and surgeon. When he arrived, he, as well as the others, saw at once what was to be done, and the limb was amputated above the knee. The dear little man stood it bravely, but the long ride, the terrible nature of the accident, and long delay, left him very weak and exhausted. Little Howard's chances for living or dying were then about equal. When the operation was over, and the little sufferer placed safely in bed, then his friends broke down, and wept as if their hearts would break. When his auntie saw him the first time after the amputation, he held out his little hand and said, 'Well, Aunt M——, this is pretty bad for a fellow to go through life with one leg.' He said it would make no difference so long as he was in bed covered up, but when he got well he was afraid the boys might laugh at him." But we are sure no sensible, true-hearted boy would laugh at such a misfortune. The boys will be sorry, and try to be gentle, and careful not to injure dear little Howard in playing their boyish games. We are all so sorry for this trouble that has come upon him so early in life, but we are glad his life is spared, and we trust he will yet be a great blessing to his friends and the world. We assure Howard he has all our sympathy, and we hope he will hav good courage, and bear his trials bravely, like a dear good boy that he is.

Of course Howard was not to blame for the accident, for it might hav injured one of the men had either been in the way when the gun exploded. But some boys get injured by the careless use of guns and pistols, and we never like to see one in the hands of an inexperienced person. They are dangerous, and the best way is to let them severely alone.

S. H. W.

Our Puzzle-Box.

1.—MATHEMATICS.

A cask has two spigots, one exhausting at the rate of one gallon per hour, the other one quart per hour. When one-fifth of the water is exhausted, the small spigot has been turned on three times as long as the large one, but in ten minutes more the large one has been turned on half as long as the small one. How long would it take to empty the cask, both being turned on at once? WM. SCOTT.

2.—MATHEMATICS.

Write in figures thirteen thousand twelve hundred and eleven. WM. SCOTT.

3.—SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

All matter, when in motion, stays so until it comes in contact with other matter. Now, if an iron ball were suspended in a vacuum by means of a magnet, *i. e.*, if it were so arranged that the power of the magnet would counteract the power of gravitation, and if the ball were put in motion on its axis, would it ever stop? If so, what would stop it? WM. SCOTT.

4.—RIDDLE.

Please solve my riddle, puzzlers smart,
And giv Miss Wixon strange delight;
Something she loves with all her heart,
And hates the same with all her might.

ISAAC A. POOL.

5.—PI.

Ader ot eb uert ginthon nac eden a eil
A fluat chiwh sened ti smot worgs owt bertyhe.

G. W. WILLIAMS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, DEC. 19, 1885.

1. A. $35; B. $25.

2. Behead, headdress, Dresden, deny, icy, season, sunset, settee, teaspoon, spoonbill, bilbo, boasting, stinking.

3. Fire-arms.

Solvers of puzzles two weeks ago whose names came too late for insertion last week: I. A. Pool, G. H. Scheel. Solvers last week: G. W. Williams, Kate Brandon.

The "Jasper Nodule" prize puzzle offered by I. A. Pool has been correctly solved by Etta Phillips.

SOLUTION: A Toll-gate. Atoll. Poll. Gate (obs.) for goat. Agate, the gem, and a kind of type. A, the negativ or Greek privativ, as well as indefinit article.

Correspondence.

FIDELITY, MO., Dec. 12, 1885.

MISS WIXON, *Dear Friend:* I seat myself this morning to write you a few lines to rectify my mistake in my other letter I wrote. Ma says that all little folks make mistakes more or less, and sometimes more than less, and I am no exception to the rule. My birthday has passed since I wrote to you; I was eleven years old. I go to school. I study reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and spelling, and I am as far advanced as any of my age and size. We hav a literary here every Friday night. I received my calendar in good time and order, and was well pleased with it, but I could not understand it, and I got my teacher to look over it, and he can understand it and he said he would explain it to me. Nothing more at present, only I remain your friend, as ever, VICTORIA GRUBB.

[All are liable to mistakes, and Victoria's are not serious ones. We are pleased to reckon her with our good girls.—ED. C. C.]

NEW BRAUNFELS, TEX., Dec., 1885.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Be not angry with J. Jones or with me. *Love is for all living the highest happiness and also the cheapest delight.*

The poor and rich, the sick and sound,
Can hav a feeling heart,
For young and old there is no bound
To love the good on earth.

I hope you may find this, if not in a dictionary, nevertheless right and able to be answered in your honorable "Corner."

Forever yours truly,
EPISCOPUS INFIDELIS.

[Now, J. Jones, we hope you are satisfied. The above is a very wise, good, and true answer to your question; "If love is not a puzzle, what is it?"—ED. C. C.]

MARY B.-F.—Your poem was received too late for Christmas week.—ED. C. C.

MONTGOMERY, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1885.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Friend:* We take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and find much pleasure and profit in reading its many pages, especially in the Children's Corner, which affords us much amusement on Sunday evenings.

Although we are not exactly children, we are all (four males) Freethinkers, and the only outspoken ones in this vicinity. There are others, but silent ones. Still, our cause is advancing.

Yours, respectfully, WM. S. GALLOWAY.

[It is brave to be steadfast to principle in the midst of opposing influences, but it pays in the end to be true.—ED. C. C.]

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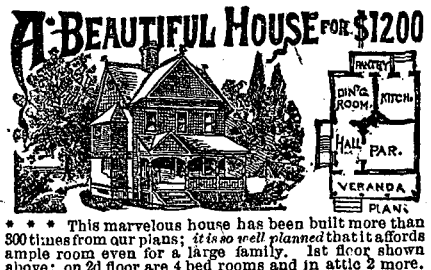
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Why cannot I know my ending,
Or is there an end at all?
I'm puzzled to know the wherefore,
The span of life's so small.

When I trace my first beginning
I'm puzzled the worst of all,
For I seem to hav lived forever,
A beginning I cannot recall.

I go back to my first recollections
To discover a fragment of truth,
But that period of life is silent;
Life's riddle begins in youth.

Were it wise, then, to seek the unknowable,
Or grapple with the winds that blow,
Or examin the world in detail,
To learn something I ne'er can know?

Could I grasp the whole of creation,
Or toy with the stars above,
I should only hav this revelation:
That the essence of life is love.

Mr. Watts and the Nine Demands.

I hav several times of late been called upon to explain to a hostil audience the meaning, purpose, and bearings of the Nine Demands. I hav never felt that I did it well, nor that I met clearly many of the mental objections raised by my hearers. I confess that I hav never heard them explained to my own satisfaction. I do not wish to be understood, when I say this, as meaning that I do not see their justice and understand their necessity; but this is as a person who is *on that side*. Now, I always try to see every subject from the *other* side, and to present it in such a way as to carry conviction to *myself* if I *were* on the orthodox side.

Now, from this outlook I say I confess that I hav never yet heard or read what wholly satisfied me as a fair, full, and happy presentation of the claims of these Demands to general recognition and acceptance. In other words, I hav not yet seen them in what I believe to be their best clothes and their fairest face. This being the case, I hav read quite closely all that I hav seen upon this subject in the hope that each time I would find just what I wanted and so be able myself to deal more successfully with the subjects hereafter. Therefore was I much pleased yesterday when, with the compliments of Mr. Charles Watts, I received in my mail two little pamphlets, one of which was on this subject.

I hav this moment read it, and while it comes nearer than anything else I hav yet read upon the subject to meeting my necessities, I am only fair to my own mental obtuseness when I say that I *still* feel that their very *best* clothes hav not yet been put upon all of those nine infants.

Several of them look better to me than they ever did before, for which I most heartily thank Mr. Watts, but I am still laboring under the belief that if I were a "Christian legislator" I would not be hit very hard by the charms of the others.

In other words, I hav not seen these Demands clothed and illustrated in what I should call a "taking" way, if one chanced to be by education or prejudice on the side opposed to them.

I do not say that this may not hav been done, I only say that I hav not had the pleasure of seeing or hearing it, and my own ingenuity in this direction impresses me as particularly lame.

The eighth Demand impresses me as one susceptible of many and apt illustrations, and yet it comes out, even in Mr. Watts's paper (as it seems to me), always a little wanting in forcefulness, and aptness, and amplitude of illustration from a Christian's outlook.

I trust that Mr. Watts, and other able writers upon this subject, will not infer that I intend any adverse criticism upon their work. Upon the contrary, I am peculiarly pleased with Mr. Watts's success in this particular work, but I am simply stating my own difficulty, and my own desire to see something yet a little fuller, plainer, more striking, if you please, upon one or two points.

I was a trifle amused by one point in Mr. Watts's work. After a very beautiful, forceful, and direct exposition and explanation of the position accorded to women by all *real* Liberals; after showing that no one who understands the first principles of justice could ask for himself rights and privileges which he is unwilling to allow to women, he unwittingly shows that the old "Adam" is still contending for lodgment in his soul, or rather that he *has* lodgment there all unknown to his antagonistic host.

I am sure that Mr. Watts does not even know this himself, and it is for that very reason that I take the liberty to mention it right here to show him (and others) how deeply rooted is masculin egotism, and how all unconsciously do the freest of men forget that woman is an object of serious and equal consideration at all.

It is just this little paragraph to which I refer. "In this country caste is abolished and political emancipation achieved. In the eyes of the law every man is equal to his fellow-man; *every honest person* [the italics are mine] has a voice in the government *and a share in making the laws by which he is governed*."

Now, I don't believe that Mr. Watts can intend us to believe that there are no "honest" women in America, so I judge that it is his opinion (in common with the church dictum and legal records) that she is not a *person* at all; or else it is simply the force of masculin egotism which has to be waked up every morning afresh to the startling fact that man is not *all* of humanity, and that, after all, most likely women *are* folks; that "political emancipation has been achieved" by only one-half of the citizens of America, and caste does still cut a rather lively figure in a society where one-half forgets that the other half are persons at all, fully twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four.

The other hour is occupied in telling woman that she is an angel. HELEN H. GARDENER.

Book Notices.

SABBATH-BREAKING. By John E. Remsburg. New York: The Truth Seeker Company. Price 25 cents.

When anything written by John E. Remsburg comes before my vision I always anticipate a treat, and am never disappointed when I lay his work down.

"Sabbath-Breaking" is like everything that I hav seen from its author's pen, clear cut, incisiv, full of sound logic, and comprehensiv to the very core of the subject treated. It is *the best* thing I hav ever read on the Sunday or Sabbath question. And as we all wish to be posted on this matter, the way to do that is to read the evidence as prepared by competent authors, and this work of Mr. Remsburg's contains the gist of the whole Sabbath affair from the beginning to the present time.

Every man, woman, and child should read this little volume, and gain new inspiration from its eighty-three pages to work for the emancipation of Sunday from all superstitions and frauds, until it becomes, in the grandest sense, the *people's* day, "the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

SUSAN H. WIXON.

Upon my return here some days ago from a little lecture trip (which has been duly reported to you, I see, in your letter department) I found in my mail a copy of "Sabbath-Breaking," with the compliments of Mr. Remsburg.

I had not read it before, although I had seen so many notices of it, and although I always knew that whatever Mr. Remsburg writes well repays the reader for the time and money expended upon it.

His writings impress me as peculiarly fitted for use in pioneer work.

They are simple, direct, clear, forcible, and dignified, without being "heavy."

They bring much needed information within the range of the many on a plane easily understood and remembered. Mr. Remsburg makes no effort to display his own learning at the expense of simplicity and clearness.

Profound works are all very well *for the profound*, but upon these subjects that class of readers are few, and they already know the facts in the case, while "the million" neither know *nor will they ever learn* from "solid" or philosophical writings.

I believe that I do not say too much when I say that most of the people whom I meet socially are, at least, of average intelligence and mental power, yet not one in fifty of them could be induced to read Darwin, Haeckel, or Frederic Harrison, and that one *already knows* the false claims and impositions of the church.

Therefore it is most important to make use of the more easily assimilated mental food offered by such writers as Mr. Remsburg.

A mistake is very often made in thinking that dull or heavy works show a greater degree of scholarship, just as stupidity frequently passes for dignity, or silence for wisdom.

There are Liberals who, proceeding upon this basis, say "Ingersoll is superficial," because he is humorous, and because he does not lie awake nights trying to drag in an "authority" from ancient literature.

They do not appear to discover that while they are laboring to impress the world by their scholarship and profundity he has laughed the whole matter out of court and left them neither client, council, nor case.

They do not appear to realize that while they dig and build and plan and construct essays of the hypercritical type to prove to an already convinced audience (or else to no audience at all) the philosophical inconsistencies of transubstantiation, he has lightly shot the prop out from under it with a little arrow of wit or ridicule in the presence of an audience so large and so busy that it has never even heard of his learned critic. It is all very well (and no one recognizes it more than I) for those who can do only the heavy work to keep at it. Let them boom away with their great hundred-pound balls once an hour if it is their pleasure and inclination so to do. If they hit a man fairly there is no doubt that he will be pulverized, but in the mean time the Gatling gun and the flying artillery hav brought down several thousand who, if not mashed quite so flat, are sufficiently disabled for all practical purposes, after all. I heard a young man say, only the other day, that he "simply could not wade through Spencer." "Hav you read Ingersoll?" I asked. "Well, I should think so, and I don't see any use in fooling with those dry, old fellows a year or two to get what he givs in one lecture," said he.

So with Mr. Remsburg's works. He has brought what it would take a vast deal of "digging" to obtain into the small compass of his little pamphlets and dressed it up in simple language and in a style easily grasped by his readers or his audience.

In my opinion no better missionary tracts can be sent out by the benevolently inclined than Mr. Remsburg's pamphlets. H. H. G.

I hav received from the Truth Seeker Company a pamphlet of something over eighty pages, bearing the title, "Sabbath-Breaking." I would like to say to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that the whole subject is so thoroughly disposed of by the author that nothing remains to be said. The Jewish Sabbath, with its exactions; the Christian Sabbath, its origin; the character of Constantine, its founder, and the Puritan Sabbath, with all the enormities and cruelties practiced upon such persons who hav failed to keep the day as the bigots who hav been in power hav required—all this and much more is in this little book. If I were young enough for the task, I would like to go before the New York legislature armed with this little book of indisputable facts and unanswerable arguments, and if there were not a majority of Christian ministers members of that body, I should hope to so act upon it that it would set about abrogating the Sunday laws, so that all citizens could use the time of Sunday as best suited his or her inclination. The price of the pamphlet is 25 cents. Its worth as a campaign document is not to be measured in money.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

Syracuse, Dec. 13, 1885.

ST. MATTHEW BEFORE THE COURT.

By some circumstance the report of the trial of this famous saint got mislaid since last summer, when it was received by me, and has only just come to light.

I took it up to glance over its pages, and instead, read it thoroughly, to the end, interested with the method of treating an old story, admiring the ability and ingenuity of the prosecuting attorney, Secularist, and laughing till I shook myself at his grim satire and complete winding up of the poor prisoner, St. Matthew, who is certainly found guilty of forgery, but as he turned state's evidence and told all about the wicked transaction, he is allowed to go free.

Matthew is "hauled over the coals" in the court, in a very clever manner, and the whole trial is well worth reading.

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S. H. W.

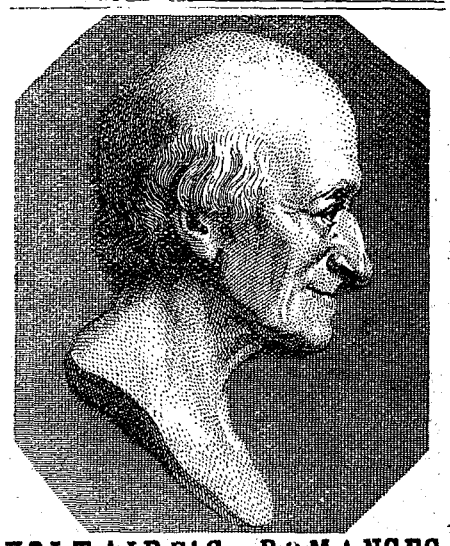
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One of the leading signs of the times is the great attention which is given to social problems, and the number of persons seeking for a remedy for the evils with which society is now afflicted. The author of this work thinks he has found it in Rational Communism.

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Referring to the last-mentioned work, the author, though he makes no claim to great learning and scholarship, is evidently a man of superior intellectual strength—one who has had an activ experience in the "struggle for existence" and found his "fitness" to survive by surviving. He is gifted with a good heart, we think, a lively imagination, and power to transfer his fancies into living, stirring words. He presents the reader with a matter-of-fact and truthful description of the present republic under our every-fellow-for-himself system, which he denominates one of "spoilation," and then givs a fancy picture of what he imagins the future republic will be under a co-operativ community system which he thinks will follow. We hav grave doubts as to the possibility of his "vision" ever coming to pass, and we hav still graver doubts as to whether, were it to ever come to pass, it would bring about that moral and social improvement which he predicts. Having thus expressed our doubts on these points, we take pleasure in assuring our readers that the moral tone of the work is unobjectionable, and the most partisan opponent of the theories advanced therein can not fail to find it a very entertaining and instructiv work.—*Independent Pulpit.*



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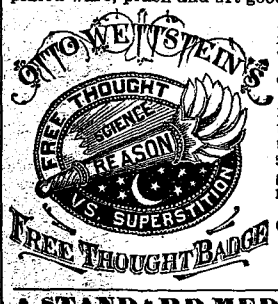
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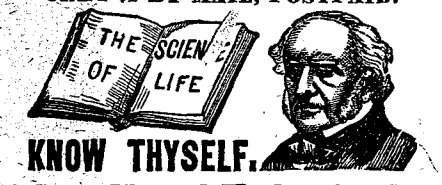


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News of the Week.

THE pope is seriously ill of kidney disease.

THE population of Chicago is now placed at 750,000.

THERE is to be a crematory built in the Père la Chaise Cemetery at Paris.

THE number of deaths from small-pox in Montreal during the late epidemic was over three thousand.

THE Newark, N. J. children sent to Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur for hydrophobia are progressing favorably.

ABOUT $112,000 is now the grand total of the Grant monument fund. The sum of $500 has lately been received from China.

THE architect of Mrs. A. T. Stewart's cathedral at Garden City, L. I., has been obliged to bring suit to recover pay for his services.

A BIG amount of money is being subscribed in this country for the benefit of Parnell, the Irish politician, lately returned to the English Parliament.

THERE were but twenty arrests in this city on the 27th for violation of the Sunday excise law. The facilities for getting a drink, however, were never better.

THIS is the London *Times'* recipe for solving the Irish problem: "Expel the Parnellites from the House of Commons, and establish martial law in Ireland."

AUGUST SPIES, the prominent Chicago Freethinker and Socialist, last Monday addressed an audience of Congregational ministers of that city on the aims of Socialism.

PASTOR DOWNS, of Boston, has begun legal proceedings to regain possession of the Bowdoin Baptist church, from whese pulpit he has been expelled for immorality.

POPE LEO is said to hav an income of $1,500,000 annually, and it is stated on the authority of Monsignor Capel that the pope's personal expenses are limited to $2.50 a day.

SILAS E. CHEEK, a prominent real estate agent at Clinton, Mo., has fled to Canada, being a defaulter for over $10,000. He left this note: "I am a thief, scoundrel, knave, and liar."

THE Rev. Howard Crosby has written a letter to *John Swinton's Paper* recommending legal limitations of individual wealth. He should write another recommending equal taxation of all wealth.

A RATHER repulsiv novelty is shown in a London theater, and is called "A Dance in Sheol." Those who hav seen it say it ought not to be performed anywhere outside the place from which it derives its name.

CHRISTMAS falling on Friday, Catholics were allowed to eat meat on that day without imperiling the salvation of their souls. This comes about through a special dispensation of the pope, which does not apply to New Year's day.

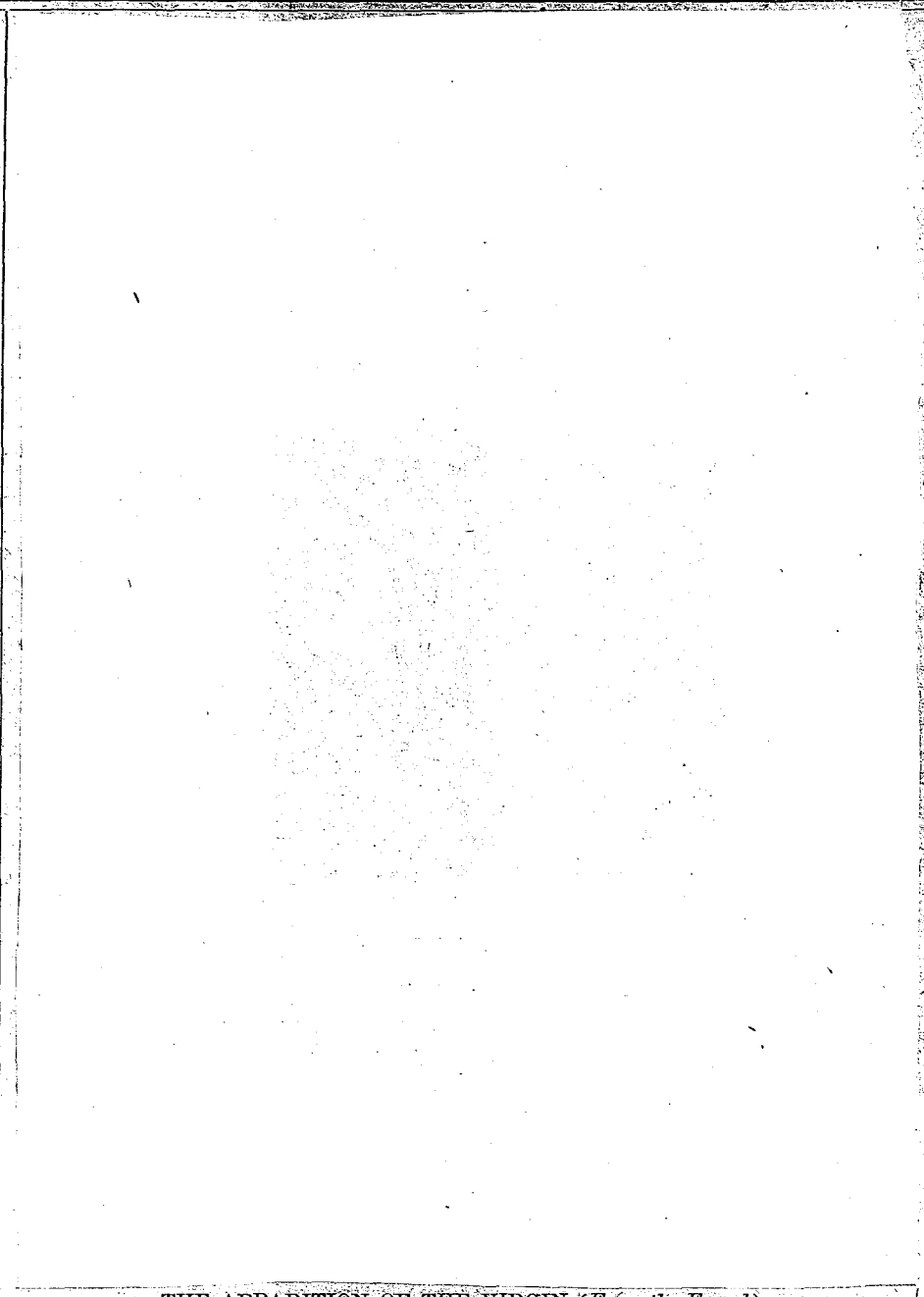
AN unruly lot of Christians caused a riot in Detroit, Mich., last Saturday. They were the congregation of a Catholic church. The police had difficulty in suppressing the disturbance, and the militia were held in readiness to assist.

NEW ENGLAND societies in various places hav recently met to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, now happily deceased. The societies hold their celebrations on diverse dates, as they cannot agree exactly as to when the Pilgrims landed.

IT was a sad case, that of the Rev. John R. Elmore, a Baptist minister residing near Clayton, Ia. Two months ago he was expelled from his pulpit for bigamy, and the night before Christmas he went to his neighbor's fishpond, cut a hole in the ice, and drowned himself.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company sent out its linemen on Christmas morning, and they cut six miles of the wires of the United Lines Telegraph Company. Arrests will be made when the offenders are discovered. The trouble is over the question who owns the poles.

THE Dutch Reformed ministers who listened to John Swinton last week on the labor problem held another meeting on the 28th to discuss what he had told them. The most of them agreed that Mr. Swinton did not represent the "best class" of Socialists, to which the religious Mr. Henry George belongs. It was the duty of ministers, they thought, to take advantage of the present agitation and pour into the bleeding wounds the healing truths of the gospel.



THE APPARITION OF THE VIRGIN (*From the French*).
A supernatural appearance which takes place whenever the priests are short of cash.

Odds and Ends

"I WOULDN'T worry about the cholera, dear," said a lady to her husband; it isn't at all likely it will reach this country." "I don't know about that," he replied, nervously; "it might reach us any moment, and we might hav a frightful time. I—I think I had better pay the back pew rent anyway."

THE Rev. Dr. Duryea is in favor of Sunday newspapers. He says: "If people won't go to church, they must do something, and a good newspaper is better than a bad book." Still, if the fishing is good, a man can worry through the day very nicely without a book or newspaper. We don't suppose the reverend gentleman ever thought of that.

MRS. COLONEL YERGER recently called on Rev. Surplus Eel. "Parson, I want you to come right off to my sick husband. He has got the smallpox." "Why don't you go to your family pastor? You don't belong to my congregation," replied Parson Eel. "You see, Parson Eel, my own pastor is a very good man, and it would be a pity for him to die, so I thought I'd come for you. You never would be missed; you never would be missed, Parson Surplus Eel.

WE are gratified to learn that Mr. Hormusjee Edulgee Kotwai, of Bombay, has been presented with a silver medal by Mr. Shapurgee Sorabjee Bengalee, and a revolver by Mr. Khan Bhahrdur Dadhabboy Pudumjee, in honor of having killed his one hundredth tiger. It seems rather odd, though, that his daring achievement was not also recognized by some trifle from our old friend Bohdugger Munkyrench Jujupahste Bhoy Sorghumgee Humdrum Bojum. He must hav been out of town.

IN a certain small town the members of the various religious sects were very tolerant toward each other. The clergymen, in particular, were very friendly. On the occasion of the Jewish rabbi's silver wedding, he invited the Protestant clergyman and also the Roman Catholic priest. When the reverend clergymen were enjoying the good cheer set before them, the priest said to the rabbi: "I know that you are a very liberal-minded gentleman, but could you bring yourself to eat pork?" "Certainly I could relish some ham, at least on one occasion." "And that would be?" "At the marriage dinner of your reverence."

DERE'S a mighty lot o' people w'ats got heaps o' common sense,
Dat ain't alluz perticular about dere mood and tense;
You passes lots of pretty girls dat's hid behind a veil,
And dere's piles of 'sponsibility rests on an iron rail.
'Taint the bigges' slickes' hoss dat makes the quickes' time;
'Taint alluz from de riches' man the poor one gits de dime.
It's a mighty slender policy to go far out to sea
In a boat w'at's rotten to de core, to show how brave you be.
Too big a crop ob apples is a-gwine to bust de limb;
An' de gal's lips allus tast' best w'en de light is kinder dim.

SCIPTURE DANGEROUS TO FOLLOW.

"And what did the preacher say to-day, Hiram?" said Mrs Sparks to her husband, as he came home from the Christmas service.

"He said that every man should love his neighbor——"

"Love his neighbor!" shrieked the wife.

"That's what I said, Emily, and it's what he said."

"You can't get me to believe a word of that, Hiram Sparks. The preacher never said any such thing, for he knows as well as I do that our neighbor is a grass widow, and he knows me well enough to know that you wouldn't be able to get to church for a month after trying on that little game while I'm around. A nice man he is, I must confess, to be giving such advice as that to an old codger like you."

THE DEACON OF THE FOLD.

A bashful man was Benny Jones,
Who had such winning ways
That folks were never weary while
Their words were in his praise.

He was never known to chuckle; no,
Not even when a child;
And was known to all his neighbors as
The man who never smiled.

He had no naughty longings for
The wicked ways of youth,
And his candor was a lesson
To the enemies of truth.

He was so very zealous in
His piety, we're told,
That the vestrymen appointed him
The deacon of the fold.

The ladies fairly petted him,
He led in all the psalms,
And the parson looked upon him
As a shepherd 'mong his lambs.

But ah, the wily serpent came,
With sweet, deceptiv tongue,
And left two Bibles lonely in
The class where Benny sung.

For one Sunday morning early
'Twas reported by a few
That the parson's wife was missing
And the parson's money, too.

And as Ben was minus also,
'Twas conjectured at the time
Both had sailed in search of converts
To some less enlightened clime.

That deaconship is vacant now—
It has been so of late—
And this is what old Parson Brown
Has written on his gate:

"My brethren, shun the Evil One,
Keep clear of all his wiles,
And on an equal footing hold
The man who never smiles."

Gems of Thought.

HAD John Knox's religion been of a milder and more genial character than that taught by John Calvin, or had he no religion at all, he would doubtless hav had more humanity and hav been a better man.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IT is not too much to say that, at this day, any philosophy which sets out with the premis that any one of the historical religions is absolute truth fails to meet the demand of the times. To ignore those results of modern historical research which show that all religions are of one family and origin, and hav been subject alike to natural conditions of development, and that each and all of them are limited and provincial in character, is to manifest not only an incapacity to solve the religious problem of our age, but even a failure to see what the real religious problem of the age is. When Mr. Alcott said, in his closing address at the Concord School of Philosophy, that "it is safe for young people to go to the Concord School without imbibing any 'heresies,'" he unconsciously declared the fatal limitations of the school on the side of religious philosophy. The robust minds among the young men and young women of our age are not afraid of "heresies;" they hav already largely imbibed them and they will justly be suspicious of the thoroughness of any school which promises to fence them in a "safe" place where heresies cannot come.—*W. J. Potter.*

THE ancient Platonists, you know, were the most religious and devout of all the pagan philosophers; yet many of them, particularly Plotinus (205-270 A.D.), expressly declare that intellect or understanding is not to be ascribed to the deity, and that our most perfect worship of him consists, not in acts of veneration, reverence, gratitude, or love, but in a certain mysterious self-annihilation or total extinction of all our faculties. These ideas are perhaps too far stretched; but still it must be acknowledged that, by representing the deity as so intelligible and comprehensible, and so similar to a human mind, we are guilty of the grossest and most narrow partiality and make ourselvs the model of the whole universe.—*Hume's Dialogs on Natural Religion.*

THERE never was, I fancy, an organization less susceptible to fears or superstitions than Scott's own. When a friend jokingly urged him, within a few months of his death, not to leave Rome on a Friday, as it was a day of bad omen for beginning a journey, he replied, laughing, "Superstition is very picturesque, and I make it at times stand me in good stead, but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience." Basil Hall reports Scott's having told him, on the last evening of 1824, when they were talking over this subject, that, having once arrived at a country inn, he was told there was no bed for him. "No place to lie down at all?" said he. "No," said the people of the house, "none except a room in which there is a corpse lying." "Well," said he, "did the person die of any contagious disorder?" "Oh, no, not at all," said they. "Well, then," continued he, "let me hav the other bed." "So," said Sir Walter, "I laid me down and never had a better night's sleep in my life."—*Hutton's Scott.*

A SILLY mouse, thinking each thing a cat,
Fell into a helpless worriment thereat;

But, noticed by a wizard living near,
Was turned into a cat to end its fear.

No sooner was the transformation done,
Than dreadful terror of a dog begun.

Now, when the wizard saw this latest throe,
"Here, be a dog," said he, "and end your woe."

But though a dog its soul had no release,
For fear some tiger might disturb its peace.

Into a tiger next the beast was made;
And still 'twas pitiful and sore afraid,

Because the huntsman might, some ill-starred day,
Happen along and take its life away.

"Then," said the wizard, turning to his house,
"You hav a mouse's heart—now be a mouse."

'Tis so with men; no earthly help or dower
Can add one atom to their earthly power:

Them from their smallness nothing can arouse—
No art can make a lion from a mouse.

—*Joel Benton.*

"IF heaven is our home," asked Calvin, "what is the earth but a place of exile? Only because God has placed us in this world and appointed us our functions therein, must it also be our endeavor to fulfil the same; it is solely the divine command which imparts a true value to our earthly vocations, which are of themselvs devoid of value." This is clearly a miserable compromise; if our earthly occupations are valueless in themselvs, this value cannot be imparted to them from without; but if they do possess such value, it can consist in nothing but the moral relations which are implied by them. Man's earthly existence bears its own law, its rule of guidance, its aims and ends included in itself.—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

SUPERSTITION, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed; and as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances. There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, where men think to do best if they go farthest from the superstition formerly received; therefore care would be had (as it fareth in all things) the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done where the people hear the reformer.—*Bacon's Essays.*

A REVELATION is only a revelation to the individual to whom (if such a thing be possible) it is made. His account of it to another is not revelation; and whoever puts faith in that account puts it in the man from whom the account comes; and that man may be deceived or he may hav dreamed it; or he may be an impostor and may lie. There is no possible criterion whereby to judge of the truth of what he tells; for even the morality of it would be no proof of revelation.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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UNCLE SAM IN DISTRESS.

CHORUS OF TRUMPETERS FOR REVENUE ONLY: "God, our country, and an appropriation."

Notes and Clippings.

IN Hartford, Conn., Sunday newspapers cannot be sold on the streets after 10 A.M.

THIS week is appointed by the Evangelical Alliance as a week of prayer. We shall wait patiently for the results.

THE trustees of Parson Newman's old church on Madison avenue are anxious to sell the edifice, being deeply in debt. They say the building would make a good theater.

JESUS CHRIST was born nearly nineteen hundred years ago in a world full of violence, hypocrisy, wrong, and suffering Alas! it is very much the same world now.—*John Swinton.*

THE grinding of the crown glass disk of the immense lens of Lick Observatory at San José, California, is well under way at Cambridge, Mass. Yet a whole year's work remains to be done before it can be finished.

JUDGE CULLEN of the Supreme Court has just decided, in the suit of Holland against Smyth, that money left to be spent for prayers after a person's death is a valid bequest. As long as we hav laws by which the dead can control the living, Judge Cullen's decision is sound.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, a Presbyterian preacher of Harrisburg, Pa., has been asked to resign. He is accused of plagiarism, having preached one of Talmage's sermons instead of his own. They must hav customs in Harrisburg different from those of Brooklyn, where Talmage preached the sermon originally and was not molested.

THE faith-cure humbug is rampant in Sweden. A fellow-named Boltzin is its prophet. The Stockholm police were compelled recently to interfere to prevent the overcrowding of his "Hotel Zion." In Narkoeping a hotel-keeper advertised rooms where one might "be alone with God" at a low price, including service and cure with board.

THE pope has just given $100,000 to the College of the Propaganda, which is equivalent to his taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another. This $100,000 is the proceeds of the pope's personal presents. As Brother Joachim has been pope but a few years, this shows that presents flow to the Vatican with considerable celerity.

MR. LABOUCHERE, editor of London *Truth*, seems not to appreciate as some people do the English ecclesiastic Canon Farrar, who has lately visited America and carried away a pocketful of dollars. He says of the canon that he "often talks and writes nonsense and twaddle, and during his tour in the United States he seems to hav surpassed himself."

A BAPTIST paper recommends to sleepless preachers the delivery of two sermons on each Sunday as a soporific. One afflicted subscriber replies that his pastor has tried this, but that the soporific influence was shed rather on the hearers than on the sermonizer. He adds that if the preacher knew how mad the people were at him for preaching such sermons he would stay awake all night.

THIS is the latest report of progress of Christian missionary work among the heathens: "LONDON, JAN. 1st.—The king of Mombasa, in Central Africa, has seized Bishop Huntington, who has been engaged in missionary service, and will probably put him to death. No reason is given for the act." Mombasa is not in Central Africa; it is on the cast coast, but this should not detract from the accuracy of the report, or deter us from sending more missionaries to Africa to preach to the monkeys.

OCCASIONAL churchgoer (to minister): "That was good advice you gave this morning, Mr. Goodman, about laying up treasures where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through nor steal." Minister (earnestly): "It was, indeed, sir, and I trust you will profit by it." Occasional churchgoer: "I intend to. Every cent I can raise goes into land. Moth and rust can't hurt land, and no thief can steal it."

CHARLES RANSOM, a notorious New York gambler, died recently. In the *World's* obituary notice the following surprising statement is found: "It is said that the Rev. John P. Newman, known principally as General Grant's pastor, was an intimate friend of the gentle-mannered gambler." It would be interesting to the student of morals to know if either of these two men was influenced for evil by contact with the other, and if so, which.

THE certificate of incorporation of the Institute of Social Science has been filed in the county clerk's office. Its object is to promote the investigation, elucidation, propagation, and practice of social science in all its branches by lectures, discussions, essays, books, and institutions, and such other methods as the institute may determin. The corporators are Parke Godwin, Alexander S. Webb, Joseph H. Rylance, John C. Zachos, Graham McAdam, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, and Justus O. Woods.

THE bill making it legal to marry a deceased wife's sister will be again presented to the coming British Parliament. This bill has been urged for a long time by widowers having eligible sisters-in-law, whom they made the mistake of not marrying in the first place.

THE latest grievance in Boston is the disposition of the grocery-keepers to keep their places open on Sundays. This is corrupting the average head of the average Boston family, who now neglects to lay in his provender on Saturday, and goes about buying the necessaries of life on Sunday.

AT a late meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of New York, a resolution was introduced to be acted upon next year, which urges: "The imperativ duty of opposing the attitude of indifference to religion which appears in our public school manuals and in the educational work of our reformatories, and at the same time of using all proper means to secure the incorporation with the course of state and national instruction of the following religious truths as a basis of national morality, viz: (1) The existence of a personal God. (2) The responsibility of every one to God. (3) The deathlessness of the human soul as made in the image of God, after the power of an endless life. (4) The reality of a future spiritual state in which every soul shall giv account for itself before God, and shall reap that which it has sown." It has since been proposed to add a fifth subject for teaching, viz: (5) The Decalog, interpreted both by the Sermon on the Mount, and by the life and example of Christ, as the standard of morality." The Presbyterians will find it much easier to put these teachings in the schoolbooks than to make the scholars believe them.

Communications.

The Two Isms.

Apart from the numerous minor isms now existing throughout the Christian world, the two principal ones are Catholicism and Protestantism. These constitute the religious faith of Western Christendom, and are regarded by their respectiv adherents as being unequaled in grandeur and unsurpassed in potency for good. In many respects the two isms differ from each other, but in their opposition to Secular philosophy there is really very little difference between them. The antagonistic lines that separate the consistent Catholic from the sincere Protestant present a strong refutation of the alleged harmony of the Christian faith, while the history of each of their systems is pregnant with facts showing how adverse both are to the development of personal independence and mental freedom. It would be sad, indeed, to think it even possible for the dark nightmare of Rome to again overshadow the nation. Its record has been one of relentless fanaticism, leaving behind it marks of woe, misery, and intellectual prostration wherever it has had full opportunity to exert its power. It would also be despairing to many of us to believe that Protestant inconsistency and assumption would remain permanently in our midst. Contemplating the present condition of Christendom, how largely it is permeated with skepticism, the power of science, and the influence of secular literature, it requires but little prophetic insight to see that the time is not far distant when reason and justice will triumph over traditional belief and theological domination.

There is a striking difference between the two isms in the relativ devotion of the adherents to their respectiv faiths. The devotion of the Catholic is far more intense than that of the Protestant. Entering a Catholic church at the celebration of high mass, the visitor is forcibly struck with the reality of the belief of the superstitious worshiper. This unaffected devotion goes on accumulating from the moment of the entrance of the celebrant priest, sprinkling the devotees with "holy water," until the solemn moment when the casket in the altar is opened and the supposed body and blood of the son of the Virgin are elevated. True the devotion does not long continue, neither is the influence, as a rule, very lasting, for frequently an hour after the congregation is dispersed the devotee who had so recently taken the sacrament at the mass, and confessed his sins, will at once open a new account by entering into a fight with the first person who shall dare to offend him. In southern climes it is quite usual for dark-eyed Spanish and Roman ladies to confess and attend mass in the morning, and in the afternoon to engage in very questionable flirtations in the Prado at Madrid or the Corso at Rome. Still, the ceremony is real so long as it lasts, and the same fervor and devotion will be again exhibited at night, when the votary kneels before the shrine or picture of his or her particular saint.

In Protestant worship there is nothing to equal this consistent and heartfelt reverence. The nearest approach to it in our midst to-day is the fanatical evolutions of the members of the Salvation Army, who are always taxing their lungs at the expense of their reason. For a true sample of Protestant worship we must attend the various churches and chapels, where the proceedings would lead us to suppose that we were either in a theater, a mechanics' institute, or at the meeting of the shareholders of a railway company, who were filled with gloom at the prospect of little or no dividends. Their religion is like their Sunday clothes; it is put on on Sabbath morning only to be taken off in the evening. It is a thing of fashion and convenience, consulted on one day and ignored on six. With the Catholic it is different. When he *is* religious he is *all* religious. His whole being is wrapt up in his faith and all else is forgotten.

A most objectionable feature common to both isms is that of persecution. But even here there is a difference favorable to Catholic consistency. By its own principles the Catholic church is intolerant of independent opinion, and, therefore, a persecuting church. Protestant and Catholic accept the Bible as an inspired and authoritativ rule of faith and life. They differ, however, in this: The Catholic alleges that it is not the only rule, and the Protestant asserts that it is. The former avows that the church is inspired and authoritativ, while the latter positivly denies this. The Catholic church claims infallibility, and acts logically and consistently from this unfortunate premis. It holds the right to close the mouths of all heretics who deny its authority or dispute its cardinal tenets. It has no faith in liberty of speech and individual judgment. Of course, there are some semi-Catholics living in partially free countries, such as America and England, who are slightly contaminated with "heresy," and who cannot accept their faith in this undiluted form. But take real Catholics in Rome and Spain, and there the orthodox principle is carried out in its most consistent form. Protestants, while deploring this Catholic persecution, boast of their "right of private judgment," and yet they are continually violating its very principle. With them private judgment means orthodox Protestant judgment. Their conduct in this particular has been thus aptly described in a poem, entitled "The Dogmatist's Creed:"

Believe as I believe—no more, no less;
That I am right, and no one else, confess;
Feel as I feel; think only as I think;
Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink;
Look as I look; do always as I do.
And then, and only then,
Will I fellowship with you.

That I am right, and always right, I know,
Because my own convictions tell me so;
And to be right is simply this: To be
Entirely, in all respects, like me.
To deviate a hair's breadth, or begin
To question and to doubt,
Or hesitate, is sin.

I reverence the Bible, if it be
Translated first, and then explained—by me.
By churchly laws and customs I abide,
If they with my opinions coincide.
All creeds and doctrins I concede divine,
Excepting those, of course,
Which disagree with mine.

Let sink the drowning, if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out to him;
Let starve the hungry, if he will not eat
My kind and quantity of bread and meat;
Let freeze the naked, if he will not be
Clothed in such garments
As are cut for me.

'Twere better that the sick should die than liv,
Unless they take the medicin I giv;
'Twere better sinners perish than refuse
To be conformed to my peculiar views;
'Twere better that the world stand still than move
In any other way
Than that which I approve.

Another objectionable feature of the two isms is that of priestcraft. This is an evil which is supposed by Protestants to belong almost exclusivly to Catholicism. But unfortunately it is also a Protestant institution. Glancing at the various congregations of the lesser towns or cities, how many of the members thereof are there who think for themselvs or who are free from the influence of their ministers? They believe what they hear, not because they hav reasoned thereon to test its truth, but because the local clergy uttered it. A skeptical clergyman will, as a rule, make a skeptical congregation, and a bigoted minister will beget bigoted followers. Protestants are, in fact, as much abject slaves to the Bible as Catholics are to the priests. With most of them, if they are consistent, the "inspired book" is a master whose truth they dare not question. If it can be proved that the Bible teaches a particular doctrin or principle, no matter how absurd the one and how illogical the other, the orthodox believers dare not reject it.

Protestantism, it is true, has one advantage—its followers are more easily converted from their faith than are those who believe in Catholicism. The religion of the "Reformed Church" sits but lightly upon its professors. The more a man's belief is combined with sincerity, the more difficult it is to convince him of his error. Hence Secularism gets fewer converts from the Catholic than it does from the Protestant church. The faith of most of the Protestant sects is so inconsistent that to some it is too contracted and to others it is too plastic. About two hundred years ago John Dryden, the poet, wrote the following lines in reference to the Protestant clergymen:

Your church's substance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure still.

And again he says:

The church her old foundations has removed,
And built new doctrins on unstable sands.

These lines describe admirably the respectiv parties of the High Church and the Low Church, which exist far more extensivly in the old country than they do in America. They hav indeed "changed the substance" of belief while they seek to retain their "former figure." What a curious and "happy family" the Protestant church presents, with its many sects differing from each other as to what should be included or excluded in the term Christianity! There is no such diversity to be found in the Catholic church. She is united although her members are far more numerous than those of her offshoot.

At the present time the conflict between Protestantism and Catholicism is raging as furiously inside as it is outside of the church. Between Freethought and Roman Catholicism there is no logical position; it must be either science or faith. The Ritualistic movement in England is a fruitless attempt to blend a little of each. An anonymous poet has thus stated the Ritualist's case:

What is a Ritualist? Ah! there we find
A question, but no answer to our mind.
He is no Papist; to the creed and name
Of Anglican divine he puts his claim.
And yet no Protestant; his acts deny
The faith to which such name we should apply.
"To be or not to be?" he seems to ask
(And finds the problem no easy task)
Whether 'tis better to espouse the cause
Of Rome, or bow to orthodoxy's laws.
Perplexed, he gazes where a gulf divides
Two different and antagonistic sides.
Firm to the one his principles prevail,
His wishes follow the opposing scale;
He'd be a Papist, but the mighty force
Of duty stern forbids so bold a course;
In short, between the two he makes his way
Like the proverbial ass amid the hay.

Knowing the nature of the two isms, we, as Secularists, should strive to avoid the influence of both. Standing upon an impartial pedestal, we can discover some rays of hope from the fierce war going on between these two theological gladiators. Protestantism, as a state-protected religion, is doomed in England, and as a specially favored religion its death knell will shortly be tolled on American soil. It may struggle for its life, and possibly for a time it may survive, but its state-favored injustice will be of short duration. The day is close at hand when the church will hav to exist, if at all, upon its own resources, without being exempted from its just and fair share of the taxation of the country.

Although, perhaps, the day is far distant when the power of Rome will entirely cease, indications are not wanting of her falling off. Thousands of Catholics are every year emigrating to this Western Continent, where, under the influence of freedom, the chains of the church are being loosened. As the present generation dies out, it will, in all probability, be replaced by a population born on American soil, where the old Catholic ideas will be unable to thrive. Protestantism is dying of its internal inconsistency, while Catholicism is losing ground through its external consistency. Thus the power of theology is declining; those who rely upon reason find refuge in Freethought, and those who rest upon faith shelter themselvs in the shade of Catholicism.

Amid these changes and this decay the principles of the American Secular Union maintain a dignified and progressiv course. In France, Germany, England, India, and the United States, Liberal principles are gaining noble triumphs on every hand. In France the priests hav lost much of their power and influence over the intelligent portion of the masses. The literature of Germany indicates the growth of skepticism in that country of mental freedom, while from India we hear of the rapid growth of Freethought views. The colleges of Calcutta and Bombay are, by a course of Secular training, educating the Parsees and Bengalees out of their old notions of supernatural dependence. In England the school board has taken the place of the church, and theology has had to yield to the claims of science. Thus while the Freethought ship sails majestically into the haven of safety, the Christian bark is at sea, being tossed to and fro with the waves of discord and doubt. The craft is composed of too flimsy material to enable it to withstand the shocks of nineteenth-century civilization. Already the orthodox vessel is divided; ere long it will float down the stream of time into the harbor of worn-out dogmas; and there, in its inactivity, surrounded by folly and superstition, it will remain as a monument of intellectual weakness and misguided devotion, while throughout the land will be heard the voice of truth proclaiming the victory of a progressiv philosophy over theological restriction and priestly usurpation. CHARLES WATTS.

Father Hardouin

The statement that Father Hardouin's book, "Ad Censuram Scriptorum Veterum Prolegomena," has been little noticed by scholars may seem to some incorrect, but it is nevertheless true. The Parlement de Paris, in 1708, suppressed his book, entitled "Chronologiæ ex Nummis Antiquis," etc. This work was duly assailed by contemporary critics. The author of "Tacitus and Bracciolini," 1878, says:

"But wedded to his opinions, and stubborn in the maintenance of them, Hardouin reproduced the least reprehensible (?) in his 'Ad Censuram Scriptorum Veterum Prolegomena.' From the manner in which he has been replied to by scholars all over Europe, especially in Holland, France, and Germany, conspicuous among whom for pith of argument stand Basnage, Leclerc, Lacroze, Ittig, and Bierling, nobody at the present day considers that what he said about the monuments of antiquity is worthy of the slightest attention, though everybody acknowledges his wonderful memory, sagacity, ingenuity, and mastery of all kinds of literature, especially history and chronology, and above all theology, of which he was a professor."

Now, let the reader mark the fact that the five scholars above named all died between 1710 and 1739, and therefore knew nothing of Hardouin's posthumous work, "Ad Censuram," which was not published until 1766. And if in this last work he reproduced his "least reprehensible opinions" what must hav been the character of those expressed in his earlier work? The fact is, every article that we hav seen about Hardouin is full of error, showing how little the writers knew of his real opinions. They all say that Cicero was one of the four Latin authors admitted by Hardouin to be genuin. He did name Cicero at the outset, but in his last work he substitutes Plautus for Cicero. They all say that the wholesale fabrication of ancient writings was all assigned by Hardouin to

the thirteenth century. In his posthumous work he repeatedly says that the fabrication was begun after the thirteenth century and continued on into the sixteenth.

It is never safe to judge an author by what the reviewers say. Hardouin was undoubtedly right in part; the only question is how extensiv was the literary forgery? Similar frauds are continually being perpetrated in our time, and many of them are successful. In ancient times and before the revival of learning the chance of detection and exposure was far less.

ANTICHRIST.

The Devil.

In a local paper I read a poem evidently the result of an irresistibly poetic mind. The poem, which is entitled, "The Devil," challenges any one to account for the evils in the world, if there is no devil.

That such thoughts should receive poetic form is a disgrace to any age, and a "scandalous outrage" to the nineteenth century.

Should it be impossible to account for the evil without the supposition of a devil? Let us see:

In the first place, look at the origin of the Biblical devil. He came directly from heaven, the eternal abode of purity and virtue—a bright, beautiful heaven, inhabited by beings entirely pure and holy—a place in which God is the center and "all in all;" where all were made by one perfect, omniscient, omnipotent God, who could not misconceive or make mistakes. Those beings he had placed about him in his glorions, incorruptible abode were likewise perfect—not a shadow of difference in their composition—all created to glorify and make "comfortable" the palace of their matchless maker.

In such a place, and without predisposition to sin, how could those angels fall? That they should fall must either be admitted as an impossibility, or that "heaven of purity" could not hav been so free from sin or temptation as one might suppose.

If neither sin nor the elements of sin existed before the fall of the angels, it must hav been their chief that created it. Yet the Bible states that "all things were made by God, and without God nothing was made that was made."

Therefore, if sin did not exist before the fall of the angels, God is not the only creator of all things "that were made."

But perhaps sin was not made—only a conception of the intellect. How astonished God must hav been upon discovering that one of his creatures had conceived a new idea!—one of which he himself previously had been ignorant! For, if the fall of the angels was the origin of sin, as orthodoxy claims, and if nothing existed that could become sin, it must hav been an entirely new idea to God. If it were not, God, who first had the idea, must "accidentally" hav transplanted it into the prince of devils, showing an imperfection in his character. Never could he hav *intended* that sin should come into the world. And if sin was primarily in God's thoughts, we hav it directly from him.

The above scriptural quotation seems to make two grand classes of all things—that of things "made," and that of things "not made." If sin, which is an abstract quality as much as virtue, belongs to the class "not made," then virtue also evidently belongs to that class. It makes no difference, therefore, how sin came into existence; if the devil originated it, he stands beside God as an originator of something of that which exists—hence, rightfully shares with God the honor which the majority of men seem to confer upon him.

God is eternal; God is virtue—virtue, accordingly, is eternal. No one denies that. God is omniscient; from all eternity, therefore, he must hav had the idea of sin, or he were not omniscient. Sin could not hav come to the world without a precursory idea of it. It must consequently hav been a sin in Alpha to hav had such an idea; and, if omniscient, God must be charged with the sin of transplanting the idea of sin.

From these arguments it appears, first, that it would be impossible for the angels, under the described circumstances, to fall, and that the supposition of a devil is simply preposterous; secondly, that if the angels really fell, the kingdom of heaven must hav been less pure than supposed; thirdly, that if we should concede the possibility of such a fall without preëxisting causes we must attribute to the devil a power of origination which God alone is said to possess; fourthly, that God was either not omniscient or he was the first one having the idea of sin; and, if to the devil is not to be attributed such creativ power, sin came, through the thought, from Good—a horrible supposition!

These incongruities are evidence of how unreliable is the Biblical account of the origin and cause of the evils in the world. Now it remains to giv a more rational explanation.

We know that almost everything in existence has an opposit. So of animals, plants, electricity, etc. Cold is a negativ opposit of heat. Where there is no heat, cold predominates. If there were no cold, there were no need of sun or fire, except to giv light. Death is the opposit of life. In the beginning everything upon earth was lifeless. Then life with its power came and made earth beautiful. Darkness is the opposit of light. Without darkness and cold the sun and other luminaries would be without a mission. Thus evil is the negativ opposit of good. Where the beneficent sun of goodness does not shine, the horrible darkness of evil predominates. But where Goodness, with her precious, smiling countenance, makes her appearance there evil must shrink away. Probably I shall scare people out of their wits by stating that there are things which God neither *has* made nor *can* make or annihilate. One of these is space. God could fill it up, mayhap, but space would after all be there. God is eternal; he must hav had somewhere to stay; space is therefore eternal. Another thing which God neither has made nor can annihilate, I suppose, is himself.

Darkness, I venture to believe, is eternal and has no originator. It is passiv; at the approach of light, darkness must retreat. God existed in space. It was cold and dark. He possessed light and heat. Space was cold, dark, and comfortless (evil). God possessed light, heat, and goodness. He said, "Let it be light, warm, and good;" and so it was—not everywhere, to be sure, but in parts of the universe. Darkness, cold, and evil are relativs. A man habitually in the cold and dark becomes cold, dark, evil. Light, heat, and goodness are relativs; light and heat are the parents; goodness, the son or daughter. A faithful associate of the parents gets the son or daughter—becomes good, if all other things are favorable.

But sun-heat and sun-light alone are insufficient. Our nature is such that we need spiritual heat and spiritual light, in order to be of any account. Falsehood and ignorance are spiritual darkness. If there is darkness anywhere, there will soon be cold and evil. Truth and intelligence are spiritual light, spiritual sunshine. Where there is sunshine, it will soon be warm and—good.

It is certainly not to be wondered at that there is so much evil in the world, considering that, for centuries, each successiv generation, if instructed at all, has been instructed in doctrins which, though cleverly adjusted and put together, rest upon a false basis; and it is not necessary, but unreasonable, to suppose that a devil must exist on account of the evil. The human race is advancing. The spiritual forces, intelligence and truth, hav long since begun their invasion of the territory formerly and yet in great part occupied by their negativ opposits. But falsehood and ignorance, darkness and cold, are as yet in the majority; therefore it often looks so hellishly dark. However, it is breaking of day. Darkness is compelled to retreat farther and farther, and when it grows warmer, evil must take its departure. When we shall hav arrived at a point of intellectual and moral development where people will attend schools, not merely to get fat offices and days of ease, but to find out their own personal worth, and be able, in new settlements or neighborhoods, to establish societies that will keep pace with the advancement of older places, and not complain because fortune did not lift them to the hights of glory; when people learn to see the question of Christianity squarely in the face; when they shall be able to discriminate between the true and the false in the book claiming inspiration for its origin; when their eyes shall be opened and they be permitted to see how shamefully they hav been deceived by their own credulity; when a thorough knowledge of the laws of nature shall be their inheritance, and they become as wise as intelligent—then darkness will disappear and evil will shrivel and wither away, and it will become warm, and the beneficent and genial smile of goodness will beam forth from every nook and corner, and trees and flowers, and waters and meadows, and the rugged mountains and deep valleys, will smile and sing ringing songs of honor to the all-wise and perfect god of goodness.

SAMUEL GARBORG.

Comte's Positiv Philosophy.

The third stage, the positiv or real, in which the mind confines its search to the marks of relations; traces facts to more general facts, whereof they are but particular cases; these to others more general still, so that its perfection, toward which it tends incessantly (although quite probably it will never reach it), would consist in the power to represent the different observable phenomena as particular cases under a single general fact, like that of gravitation, for example.

The positiv or real explanation of facts has substituted itself step by step for the theological and metaphysical as the progress of inquiry brought to light an increasing number of the invariable laws of phenomena.

Comte was the first who ever attempted the complete systematization of the positiv or real mode of thought, and the scientific extension of it to all objects of human knowledge, and in doing this he has displayed a quantity and quality of mental power, and achieved an amount of success, which is simply marvelous.

The generalization which belongs to Comte, and in which he has not been at all anticipated, is that every distinct class of human conceptions passes necessarily through all these stages, beginning with the theological and proceeding through the metaphysical to the positiv or real, the metaphysical being a mere state of transition, but an indispensable one, from the theological mode of thought to the positiv or real, which is destined finally to prevail, by the universal recognition that all phenomena without exception are governed by invariable laws, with which no volitions, either natural or supernatural, interfere.

When men believe that if you wish for something on seeing a piebald horse, the wish will be realized; when they believe that if thirteen people sit down together at dinner, one will die before the year is out; when they believe that if anyone be bitten by a dog, he will suffer hydrophobia should the dog be afterward attacked by that disease; when they believe that a peculiar conjunction of the stars will rule their destinies—in all these and similar instances people's minds are in the theological stage; they conceive nature as indefinitly variable. History is crowded with examples of this conception. In poetry, in literature, in daily life, we constantly find traces of this primitiv spontaneous mode of conceiving of things.

To take an illustration, in the camp of Agamemnon an epidemic breaks out, the men die by scores; but as the dreadful arrows of death are invisible, a terrified army attributes the pestilence to the anger of offended Apollo, who avenges an insult to his priest by the "clanging of the silver bow." This explanation, so absurd in our age, was acceptable to the facil acquiescence of that epoch, and expiatory peace offerings were made to the offended deity in a case where modern science with its sanitary commission would hav seen bad drainage or imperfect ventilation.

But to prove that the theological stage is not thoroughly and universally passed, we need only refer to the monstrous illustrations of our own days, when learned men, the teachers of our own people, gravely attributed the cholera to God's anger at England's endowment of the Maynooth Roman Catholic College.

There was a church in Sienna which had often been injured by lightning. A conductor was set up in defiance of the "religious world," wherein it was regarded as the "heretical stake." A storm arose, the lightning struck the tower, crowds flocked to see if the church was spared, and lo! the very spiderwebs upon it were unbroken. Here we see science correcting the mischievous prejudices of theology.

The same tendency to look beyond the fact for an explanation of the fact, to imagin an agency superadded to the phenomena, is visible in the metaphysical period.

The notion of invariableness is admitted, and to explain it some "entity" or "principle" is imagined. Thus Kepler imagined the regularity of planetary movements was owing to the planets being endowed with minds capable of making observations on the sun's apparent diameter, in order to regulate their motions so as to describe areas proportioned to their times

When men put up prayers for rain in fine weather they are acting upon the theological conception that these phenomena are not the resultant of invariable laws, but of some variable will.

The clergyman refusing to pray for rain "while the wind is in this quarter" naïvely rebukes the impropriety of the request.

In the final and positiv stage men accept nature as she presents herself, without seeking beyond the facts for fantastical entities. It was formerly believed that basilisks existed in cellars which had been long closed; they were invisible, but their look killed whoever it fell upon. Since it has become more generally known that fermentation is produced by noxious air, whose weight causes it to accumulate in low places, we recognize the destructiv agent, and drive it away by means of fresh air. There you hav an example of the two conceptions, metaphysical and positiv; the one seeking its explanations in an unknown entity, basilisk; the other, in known laws of nature's processes.

History shows us the gradual dispersion of superstitions and fantastic creeds before the light of certainty which science carries everywhere. In the positiv stage the invariableness of phenomena under similar conditions is recognized as the sum total of human investigations. Beyond the laws which regulate phenomena it is idle to endeavor to penetrate. So completely are men in the theological and metaphysical stages with respect to the science of society that, ignoring all laws and conditions of growth and development, they almost universally believe in the absurd notion of a political change being wrought by an alteration in the government, or by the adoption of some scheme or constitution.

For example, they believe that all that is necessary to make society republican is to adopt republican forms, not seeing that when these forms of government are given to a nation, instead of growing out of the national tendencies and ideas, they are merely new names given to old realities.

The belief is a remant of the old theological mechanical conception, which supposes man to be external to the social organism instead of being an in-

tegral portion of it. We must replace this mechanical by a dynamical conception, and understand that the social organism has its laws of growth and development like the human organism.

Toronto, Dec. 26, 1885. R. B. BUTLAND.

Victor Hugo and the Bishop.

An article in the London *Freethinker* says that in 1878 the centenary of Voltaire's death was celebrated in Paris, and Victor Hugo delivered the splendid oration* which we hav published. The bishop of Orleans addressed a remonstrance to Victor Hugo on the occasion. The following letter of Victor Hugo's to the bishop will show the kind of sympathy this great republican had for leading churchmen:

MONSIEUR: You are guilty of imprudence. You remind those who might hav forgotten it, that I was brought up by a churchman, and that if my life began in prejudice and terror, it was the priest's fault, not mine. That sort of education is so fatal that at nearly forty years of age, as you point out, I was still under its influence. All that has been said before. I don't dwell on it. I hav a certain contempt for mere futilities. You insult Voltaire, and you do me the honor to revile me. That is your affair. You and I are two men, better or worse; the future will decide between us. The moral sense is so imperfectly developed in you that you reproach me with the very act which does me honor. You undertake to read me a lesson. By what right? Who are you? Let us come to the point. Let us see what a thing your conscience is, and what mine is. A single comparison will suffice. France has lately passed through an ordeal. France was free. One night a man treacherously seized her, overthrew her, and gagged her. He began his reign—since reign it was—by perjury, ambush, and massacre. He prolonged it by oppression, by tyranny, by despotism, by an indescribable parody on religion and justice. He was at once a monster and a pigmy. For him were sung the "Te Deum," the "Magnificat," the "Salvum Fac," the "Gloria Tibi," and the rest. Who sang them? Ask yourself. The law abandoned the people to him, the church surrendered to him the almighty justice; honor, country gave way before that man. He trampled under foot his oath, equity, good faith, the glory of the flag, the dignity of man, the liberty of the citizen; that man's prosperity perplexed the conscience of mankind. This lasted nineteen years. During that time you were in a palace; I was in exile. Sir, I pity you.

VICTOR HUGO.

*This oration is for sale at the TRUTH SEEKER office, with the original French and the English (translated by James Parton) on opposit pages. The price of the pamphlet is 10 cents.

Sweeping Reform Demanded.

Of God above or man below
What can we reason but from what we know?

We know that all the corporations and all the employers of labor wish to get, and screw hard to get, it as cheap as they can. To what a figure would they crush it down no man can tell, if the labor unions, under all their various forms and in all their various localities, didn't unite to stand in their way. Their theory is this: "We screw down ten cents a day on, say, five thousand coal-miners, or other workers. It will not be much to each man, and it will be $500 a day to the company. That will count up to $150,000 a year, and will be a great help to the dividends." They tried it on the railroad hands some years ago, resulting in the heroic revolt which, through blood and flame, took possession of the Pittsburgh fortifications. The corporation counted up a loss of four millions, and modestly called upon the city and county to pay their loss. Those resisted, and a trial in the courts ensued, which disclosed an amount of rottenness in the legislature of Pennsylvania and in the press of Pennsylvania, never before dragged out to public view. Ten cents a line for harmless little paragraphs, $100 to $200 for leading articles—measured by circulation and "influence"—such was the sweeping sale of the press—all the press, or was there some of it not worth buying? The tariff for "honorable" legislators did not vary much—$100 for a silent vote, for a speech and a vote $200, were the ruling figures. The theory of the railroad rogues was, "We run no risk in screwing down wages. If our men should rise and wreck things, the state will hav to make our loss good." Such was and such is the orthodox creed of indeed all the corporations of whatever kind.

Before the great famin swept out of Ireland three millions of the population, a sober, steady day laborer would be very glad indeed if he could get eight pence a day, one dollar for a whole week's wages, year in and year out. He never got more than tenpence a day, which would bring the week up to a dollar and a quarter. But that was rare and uncertain, and there were frequent days in which he could get no work and no wages at all. It grew a little better when the landlord famin killed off the laborers in 1848. I say "the landlord famin," because the grain crops and the beef, the butter, bacon, fowls, eggs, everything but potatoes, was a good crop as usual. But all those things had to be sold—were seized at the point of the bayonet—to feed the debauch of the scoundrels who called themselvs "lords of the soil." The same scoundrels that are now sticking themselvs into the soil of America.

A double hunger afflicts the corporations. One to devour all the natural wealth of the country, the other to digest it by cheap labor. A few falsehoods and a "divide" in Washington has given them the natural wealth. And their hunger for cheap labor had been partially allayed before now only for the front presented by the labor organizations. I say "partially allayed," for it can only be satiated by the millions ready to pour in as soon as sent for from the celestial millions of ten cent laborers on the other side of the Pacific.

If the lands and the mines are legally plundered from us, what is to prevent this consummation? Nothing, for certain. The money—the educated force—whether in pulpit, press, or platform, will be on one side, a disjointed and dynamitical discontent on the other. A scene not only *may*, but logically *must*, ensue before which our civil war will pale into an unseen silence. Nothing to prevent it only a resumption of our lands, our waters, and our minerals.

THOS. AINGE DEVYR.

Converting the Hebrews.

The Hebrew Christian Mission of this city filed articles of incorporation week before last. The trustees are well-known Christian ministers, one of whom says that the mission is only a sort of trusteeship for the church of the Rev. Jacob Freshman, the converted Jew.

This Mr. Freshman is the gentleman challenged in these columns some few weeks since by Mr. Benjamin, another Hebrew gentleman, to prove his new faith. Mr. Benjamin is still of the Jewish faith, though liberal and broad in his thought. He is intensely disgusted with Mr. Freshman for his apostasy, and has sent us the following letter to supplement his challenge:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* That Rev. Freshman should fail to take up the gauntlet and come up to the scratch of my religious challenge is natural enough, for the very name of your paper is enough to nauseate him, as "truth" to him is repulsiv. Besides, since the challenge would add nothing to benefit himself, it lost all the charms for him. As for the glory of the thing, his only glorification is in Christ for so many dollars and cents.

In order not to be looked upon by your many readers as the ancient St. Paul before his conversion, I will state that I look upon Christ as a great reformer and benefactor of humanity, when not allied to bigotry. My sole antagonism to ignorance and want of principle, actuated by the love and respect I bear toward true and pure Christianity, prompts me to guard it against the wolves in sheep's clothes like Freshman & Co., who stick like leeches to the purses of their dupes. This convert fraternity history points out to us as leeches sucking the life-blood of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of innocent Jews during the Middle Ages.

The disgraceful and falsifying blood accusation could be also traced and placed at the feet of the converts who, because of their external Jewish appearance, mingled unsuspiciously in the synagogs, where they slipped in a bottle of blood in the ark, then swore before the authorities, and aroused the fury of the mob, that the bottle with its contents in the ark belonged to Christian children. As to the result in consequence, one only need look at the European cemeteries, including my nativ country, dark Russia, where rows of graves are assigned to those martyrs.

Again, in this glorious country of the brave, whose soil is too sacred to serve as a receptacle for the perjured blood-accusation statements, the Freshman clique is hired by Christianity as walking advertisments to proclaim the following good tidings: A man commiting a cold-blooded murder, and after administering the sacrament to him on the scaffold, his blood-stained soul is eagerly sought after by winged angels, who tenderly carry it to the celestial abode, there to join its spiritual fellow-murderers, already regaled with their wings and harps. If the murderer happens to hail from the sunny land of the Alps he joins the Italian Colony, who, through the free use of the stilletto while on earth, are swarming over the heavenly avenues as over the streets of Mulberry and Crosby. All these, with the mark of the noose yet on their necks, are playing and dancing to the tunes of their agonized victims, who, previous to being murdered, might hav participated in the reading of Secular literature like THE TRUTH SEEKER and Sunday papers, but now are weeping and gnashing their teeth while being roasted, broiled, or fried in sheol!

Like specialties prevailing with the secular merchant, so does the religious soul-trader Freshman boast of his specialty, encouraging his dupes that the Jew—even of the Montefiore type, whose prolonged life of charity, endeavoring to alleviate suffering humanity, irrespectiv of race or color, even remembering those outside of his pale in his will—the hireling, ignorant Freshman seals the doom of the Jew by assigning him to the darkest and hottest cell in sheol, for no other crime than that the Jew, as a rule, is a loving husband and father, maintaining stately buildings of love and humanity for the sick, orphan, aged, and infirm, incurable, etc., yet never signs pledges nor enlists in Salvation Armies. Above all, since the Jew never died on the scaffold, he naturally failed to receive the sacrament. This is beyond the endurance of the ignorant Saint Freshman, who slams the gates of heaven in the face of the unchristianized Jew, thus excluding him from the sacred concert performed by a powerful orchestra of harps and hand-organs in the the heavenly Murderers' Row.

The most unpardonable crime the counterfeit Christian Freshman attributes to the Jew is that his clear head makes him close-fisted toward the conversionists. Thus, according to the gospel of Saint Freshman, he administers the rebuke uttered by St. Matthew, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink."

If such a clique as Freshman & Co. are made to represent Christianity, is it to be wondered at, the timidity it displays? Why, the greatest acrobatic Brooklyn divine religiously advocates the arrest of a great thinker for permitting his mind to dictate to his mouth. But the Brooklynite spiritual clown forgets that the body, but not the mind, could be arrested.

As the present subject with me is almost inexhaustible, I will not further obtrude myself on your numerous intelligent readers.

A. BENJAMIN.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is sent free to any address upon application.

The American Secular Union.

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News and Notes.

The question, Shall the Central Park Museums be open on Sunday? now engages the public mind. Morris K. Jesup, president of the Museum of Natural History, has written a pamphlet to show why they should not be opened, and I hav written the following, which, I think, shows wherein Mr. Jesup's argument is weak. It was printed in the New York *Times* last Sunday:

The recent agitation among all classes of taxpayers, and especially the laboring elements, advocating the opening of the Park museums on Sundays, caused Mr. Morris K. Jesup, president of the American Museum of Natural History, and Mr. Daniel Huntington, vice-president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to combine their views on the subject in the shape of a printed pamphlet, written by Mr. Jesup, the substance of which was contained in his statement made before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment at Mayor Grace's office. Their views are not acceptable to those who advocate the opening of the museums on Sundays, and when in February next the museum trustees meet, a lively time will occur. Mr. S. P. Putnam, who is the conspicuous champion of the trade assemblies and the American Labor [Secular] Union in this cause, said yesterday:

"Morris K. Jesup, in his pamphlet just published, makes the following objections:

"*First*—Sunday opening would be a violation of contract, to which I say: The contract reads as follows: 'That the exhibition halls of said building shall on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week and all legal and public holidays, except Sunday, be kept open and accessible to the public free of charge from 9 o'clock A.M. until half an hour before sunset, etc.' The contract does not call for the opening of the museums on Sundays, neither does it forbid the opening. It simply leaves the matter with the directors. There is no legal obstacle whatsoever to Sunday opening. There is no contract to the contrary. According to the contract the directors are not obliged to open the museums on Sundays; neither are they obliged to keep them shut. Evidently the difficulty is not in the law, but in the will of the directors.

"*Second*—Mr. Jesup affirms that the working people do not desire a Sunday opening. To sustain this position he quotes largely from English politicians and newspapers. He has not quoted the views of an American newspaper or representativ workingman. It is not to be supposed that this question, which concerns New York city, is to be settled by what certain politicians and newspapers and some working people on the other side of the water say. The American people can decide the matter for themselvs. As a matter of fact, the working people of New York city, by resolution and petition, hav expressed a very strong desire for Sunday opening. Mr. Jesup shows the weakness of his case by quoting only from what some English workingmen hav declared. In England there is a union of church and state. In America there is not. The circumstances are different. Some English working people, no doubt, favor a union of church and state, but does it follow that American workingmen are of the same mind? Let the workingmen of America speak for themselvs, and they will do so if Mr. Jesup will giv an opportunity for the presentation of petitions and resolutions.

"*Third*—Mr. Jesup says that Sunday opening will make Sunday a working day. It will do nothing of the kind. It will make it a better holiday. Mr. Jesup wants a 'rest day,' whatever that may be. The choice, however, is not between a 'rest day'—that is, a religious holy day—and a working day; but between a 'rest day' with the 'rest' enforced by law and a holiday with the privilege of spending it as the people please. Sunday should be a holiday, a day of recreation, not a day when all paths but that to the church-door and saloon are shut, but a day when all paths but that to unnecessary labor are open. So far as possible, it should be a universal holiday for the good of humanity. In no way will the Sunday opening make of Sunday a day of labor. The more instrumentalities there are for Sunday amusement and recreation of an innocent character the much less likely is it ever to become a working day.

"*Fourth*—Mr. Jesup says that Sunday opening will weaken the motiv for the Saturday half-holiday. By no means. The motiv for both is the same. The true humanitarian believes in shortening as far as possible the hours of labor. There is no conflict between the Saturday half-holiday and the Sunday holiday. What makes for the one makes for the other. The reason for both is identical. Perhaps some clergymen are in favor of the Saturday half-holiday in order to keep intact the ecclesiastical Sabbath. They use the Saturday half-holiday as a sort of bribe to the working people to let the gloomy orthodox Sunday remain. If this strategy fails, of course the motiv for the Saturday half-holiday will be weakened. I do not see any other way for it to be weakened by the Sunday opening. The more cheerful Sunday is made the better chance there is for Saturday. The museums would not be available to the working people on a Saturday half-holiday. The hours of labor close at 1 o'clock. The museums close half an honr before sunset. Certainly this in winter weather would leave but little or no time to go home, dress, and reach the Park, and, when it might be reached, less than an hour to inspect the museums. The working people should hav a whole day like Sunday to reap the benefit of seeing the museums satisfactorily.

"*Fifth*—Mr. Jesup says that the Sunday opening makes an additional expense. This is a very little difficulty. If the directors will open on Sunday they will find ample support both from the public treasury and by private contributions. The force of this objection is entirely lost from the fact that Mr. Crimmins offered to pay the whole additional expense, and the offer was refused. Mr. Jesup's difficulties are all assumed. There is no legal obstacle. The people desire the Sunday opening. It will make Sunday a better day. It will help the Saturday half holiday, and the expense can be easily met. The real difficulty is with the directors themselvs.

They do not want to open the museums on Sunday, and therefore they seek for reasons not to open; but the reasons in favor of opening are simply overwhelming. What I want to know is, will the directors giv an opportunity for these reasons to be presented, or do they purpose to ignore the expression in favor of Sunday opening by the citizens of New York?"

Mr. Putnam has the hearty support of the trades' assemblies in support of his efforts.

In regard to the above the *Times* editorially remarks:

We do not see how any impartial person can fail to agree that Mr. Putnam has the better of the argument. The reasons put forward in the pamphlet to which he replies are not strong from the point of view of public policy. If the contract under which the museums are now managed forbids a Sunday opening, a new contract can be made. Whether or not the working people, meaning the people to whom Sunday is the only day of leisure, desire the opening of the museums is a question upon which it is quite idle to speculate. It can be settled only by experiment. If, after the museums had been opened on Sunday long enough for the fact of the opening to be generally known, the attendance did not equal the attendance on week days, it might fairly be said that the people who could not go on week days would not go on Sunday. The additional Sunday labor caused by the opening of the museums would be so trifling, in its relation to the community at large, that it is not worth considering. It would amount to a fraction only of the labor now employed on Sunday in any line of horse-cars. The objection upon the score of expense seems to be disposed of by the offer of a single citizen to defray the whole cost of trying the experiment of Sunday openings.

These are the chief reasons given by Mr. Jesup and Mr. Huntington for objecting to open the museums on Sunday. They are so inadequate that Mr. Putnam's conjecture that they are pretexts is not unwarrantable. The real reason we may assume to be a conscientious objection to "secularizing the Sabbath." This objection justifies any person who entertains it not only in observing his Sunday in the manner which he believes to be commanded of him, but in refusing to be an activly consenting party to the observance of it in other ways by other persons. If officers of the museums should hold it to be their duty to resign rather than to acquiesce in the Sunday opening, they would be within their rights, just as they would be within their rights in resigning from the directorship of a horse railroad company that ran its cars on Sunday, or of a club that opened its doors to its members on that day. They would transcend their rights only when they attempted to impose their own views upon people who differed with them. When the existing Sunday laws were enacted the whole community held the same view about the observance of Sunday that is held by those who now oppose the opening of museums and libraries on Sunday. The opposition can not be justified except upon the ground that that view is not only the true one, but that it ought to be enforced upon those who dissent from it as well as upon those who agree with it. This is a ground that comparativly few people will now be ready to take. Those who do take it are bound by it, it seems to us, to oppose a great number of practices in which they now acquiesce.

After receiving several thousand names to a petition, some of the directors state such a general petition will do no good, but that they might pay attention to one signed by "heads of families," or by those who "helped to found the museums." This is a strange way of dealing with a question in which all citizens are interested, and in whose decision all should hav a voice. The most prominent men in the city hav signed the petition. Is not this enough? It is evident that the directors do allow their religious opinions to influence, and having conscientious scruples against Sunday opening, they mean to prevent it by all sorts of delay and the multiplication of difficulties. The discussion has now spread beyond the bounds of New York city, and the whole country is becoming interested in the progress of the agitation. The following is from the Philadelphia *Press*:

They hav very little public spirit in New York, and they rise superior to local pride on the idiotic theory that it is provincial. But they hav something that is either a real public opinion or a very fair substitute therefor. For years now this public opinion has demanded the opening of the museums and picture galleries on Sunday, and especially the opening of the Central Park Metropolitan Museum of Art on that day. For years the trustees of this institution hav opposed the notion, and against their fiat the appeals of the press and the public in general hav been as powerless as were the prosecutors of General Di Cesnola. Recently the president and vice-president made public a statement of their reasons for preferring to keep the museum closed. These are in turn answered by Mr. S. P. Putnam. There are various questions of detail, none of which amount to much, as they could readily be arranged if the trustees would consent to try the experiment demanded. This they will not do simply and solely because they believe Sunday is becoming more and more a day of diversion rather than devotion, and, disapproving this, they propose to stand in the breach as long as possible. Their consciences, which will not let them yield, probably prevent them from resigning and making room for directors who hav some idea of the functions of a museum and do not consider it a light and trivial place in which the Sunday that many now spend in the parks or in gin-mills or dance-halls would be frittered away. In Philadelphia we do not believe public piety has suffered since the Academy was opened on Sunday.

The discussion of the Nine Demands is becoming more general every year. They cannot be ignored. The decision of the Supreme Court of Iowa, the case of Mr. Prussing in the Chicago courts, the opening of the museums, etc., show how impossible it is to escape these advancing issues. There will be no cessation until these Nine Demands are acceded to, and if the friends of progress will only make good use of the opportunities daily opening for discussion and work, the total triumph of the principles of Secularization is only the question of a few years. We hav compelled the orthodox to a defense. This is the first step to victory. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Religious Persecution at Jobstown, N. J.

The following letter tells its own story:

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1886.

PIERRE LORILLARD, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* I gladly apologize for seeming to entertain the thought that you could be guilty of such despicable tyranny as to persecute any one on account of his honest convictions, no matter how much they might differ from your own.

Your sense of justice will prompt you at once to recall the expression "impertinent," in regard to my letter to you, when you learn that William Griswold says: "I did not write any order to hav men discharged; the foreman who did it, did it on his own responsibility."

I hav just received the affidavit of one of your employees (duly sworn before Wm. C. Curtis, justice of the peace, Burlington, N. J., Dec. 29th, 1885), "Who, on his oath, saith that one John G. Gardiner at that time in the employ of P. Lorillard as foreman in the said Lorillard's garden, did come to him on or about the 21st day of December, 1885. The said John G. Gardiner told him that *he had orders* to discharge all persons that joined Jobstown Secular Union."

This proves my letter, instead of being impertinent, was alike very pertinent and necessary, since such an order having been issued by those you had placed in authority, you alone had power to revoke it.

The American Secular Union appeals to your sense of liberty and justice, and requests you to immediately revoke the arbitrary and outrageous decree *to discharge all your employees who take part in, or join the Jobstown Secular Union*, or any orders to that effect, issued by your foreman Gardiner, or any other person.

Hav the kindness to promptly notify me of your action in the matter. Respectfully yours, C. B. REYNOLDS,
Chairman Ex. Com. Am. Secular Union.

It is clearly proven that the religious bigots did induce the issuing of orders that the employees of Pierre Lorillard, who dared to participate in the exercises of the science school, or join the Jobstown Secular Union, should be discharged. This attempt at terrorism was all the more infamous since it was unauthorized. To the laboring man with a family of little ones, or with an aged and infirm mother, or little orphaned brothers and sisters dependent on him, there can be no more terrible threat than loss of employment in the midst of winter, for it means suffering, privation, and misery to his loved ones.

Such a scheme of terrorism is worthy of the atrocious cruelty that invented the horrible implements of torture used by those devout daughters of the church—Bloody Queen Mary, and her most Protestant Christian sister, Queen Elizabeth.

Some of the Jobstown Christians seem to be actuated by the same spirit as the Pilgrim Fathers, who, themselvs fugitivs from Protestant persecution, as soon as they gained the power, hung the Quakers, and whipped the Baptists at the cart-tail, for daring to differ with them on points of Bible faith.

It would seem incredible that Baptists, who hav so denounced their fellow-Christians of different faiths for persecuting Baptists, should themselvs take the initiativ in persecuting men and women for desiring to attain scientific knowledge.

But we find all devotees of the Bible, no matter what their sect of denomination, become inoculated with the like persecuting spirit, and, whenever they hav the power, are prompt to exercise it. Read Deut. xiii, 6–10; Gal. i, 9; John xv, 6; Gal i, 8; 1 Cor. v, 5.

The Christians of Jobstown had no cause of offense against the Secular Union, for it was only just organized; their excitement and ire was not because in my lectures I had spoken harshly. It is admitted I spoke in the kindest, most considerate, and gentle manner. I made no assertions, no denunciations, but simply read texts from the Bible designed to prove that. Saturday, the seventh day, was enjoined on all God's true people to the end of time; that the observance of the seventh day was the sign between him and his people; that God declared "his covenant he would not break nor alter the thing that had gone out of his lips;" that Christ declared "Till heaven and earth passed, not the dotting of an *i* or the crossing of a *t* should be changed in the law of ten commandments;" that the spirit of God commanded James to write, "Whoso offends in one point is guilty of all;" that obedience was the great test, the only true worship, and that Paul declared, "Whose servants ye are to obey, his servants ye are whom ye obey;" that there was no authority for Sunday observance except that of the pope and the holy Roman Catholic church, and therefore obedience of Sunday keeping was exalting the pope above God.

Several Christians admitted they had been deceived in regard to what the Bible taught on this subject. Hence the ire of the bigots. They could not justify the dogma of their creed, but they could attempt terrorism, and could persecute those they could not convince.

On the Sunday evening I refuted the assertion that Secularism destroyed all virtue, order, and society, and encouraged crime. I showed Secularists were not responsible for Nothingarians; that the one great principle of Secularism was justice; its motto—its first principle and desire—was to secure to all equal rights and liberty, regardless of religious faith or the lack of it; to learn what is right and do it; secure our happiness by promoting the happiness of others.

I refuted the assertion that Infidels were very ignorant of the Bible and the character of God therein portrayed; read the text showing the cruel, revengeful, vindictiv character of God, as given in the Bible, and appealed to the Christians if there was not some mistake of the translators, for not one present would or could adore such a being as the Bible described God to be. I read to them part of Matthew xxvi, where Jesus himself declares the genuin Secularist shall hav glad welcome into heaven, for the question would not be, "Did you believe right?" but "Did you liv right?"

Among Liberals, I am aware I present the hard facts in all their appalling hideousness, but in new fields I yield to none in care while endeavoring to awake to thought, to avoid arousing ire or prejudice. Could they hav refuted my argument, explained away the damaging effect of the texts quoted; could they hav satisfactorily answered the questions of awakened minds among them, they had not resorted to forged orders and attempts at terrorism and persecution.

This is not a mere local question, but a matter of vital import to every lover of right and liberty in the United States. If such terrorism is exercised on these employees unrebuked, how long ere every bigoted employer will dictate to all in his employ what religion they shall believe, what church they shall attend, what priest or parson they shall support, what faith their children shall be educated in?

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

I am glad Mr. P. Lorillard denies ever having authorized such an infamous order and resents the mere imputation of a possibility that he would sanction such infamous tyranny, and I rejoice that the matter assumed such shape as to render necessary the publication of all the facts, for now the heretofore most lukewarm Liberal cannot be longer blind to the necessity of union and efficient organization as the best means of protecting and defending the right to religious liberty and to effectually resist the encroachment of the bigoted, pliant tools of the church to coerce obedience to her insolent dictation. I hope the prompt and public disavowal by Mr. Pierre Lorillard of any such order as that the church devotees induced his foreman to issue may put an end to all trouble and anxiety on the part of his employees at Jobstown, and that the Jobstown Secular Union will fulfil its glorious mission of eradicating superstition, inspire the study of science, and induce all to love and practice justice. C. B. REYNOLDS.

What a Yarn!

From the Oshkosh, Wis., Daily Northwestern.

At the Congregational church on Sunday morning Professor Towle, in alluding to the efficacy of prayer, told how, in a time of great drouth in the state of Ohio, President Finney of Oberlin College prayed for rain, and prayed so effectivly that before the service was half over rain descended in torrents, although when service commenced the sky was clear and cloudless.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL will giv a course of Freethought lectures at Atlanta, Ill., Jan. 15th, 16th, and 17th.

C. B. REYNOLDS left New York last Monday night for Ballston Spa., N. Y., the home of Mr. William Thorpe, who became a Freethinker by his steps being (providentially?) directed to where a page of THE TRUTH SEEKER was lying in the street. From Ballston Spa Mr. Reynolds goes to Troy, and opens Saturday evening, the 9th, with his stereopticon exhibition.

ON Christmas Day, near Winfield, Kan., J. E. Remsburg experienced his fifth railroad wreck. He escaped unharmed, and, though delayed ten hours, reached Weir City in time to fill his engagement. Saturday evening he lectured on "Sabbath-Breaking," and on Sunday the Weir City band tendered him their services, preceding his evening lecture with an hour's concert. The parsons there feel that something should be done to stem this tide of Sabbath desecration.

LAST Sunday morning the Society of Humanists, or the Positivist Prolectaires of New York, as they variously style themselvs, met at 97 Market street in one of the few remaining Dutch edifices along the East river front. The meeting was held in a loft littered by the implements and appliances of the painter's art, and was composed of a group of mechanics engaged in the study of the writings of Auguste Comte, the founder of the Religion of Humanity. Mr. McCulloch, a sturdy-looking Highlander, read one of Mr. Frederic Harrison's Positivist prayers. The president of the society, Hugh McGregor, standing at a table adorned by a fine portrait of the deceased Henry Evans—the first Positivist workingman in New York—delivered an animated address on the subject of the previous Sunday's reading: "The objectiv basis of Positivism, or the order of the external world as revealed by science." The audience then commenced the reading of a chapter of the "General View of Positivism," each person in turn reading a paragraph. The book was now in the hands of a youth of eighteen, and now in the hands of a man of eighty years; now in the hands of an American, and next in the hands of a Russian, or an Englishman, or Swede, or a Frenchman. Among the audience was Mr. Claude Rodd, of the London Positivist Society, who delivered a prayer, and Mr. Gottfried Brandt, of the Stockholm, Sweden, group. "This meeting," said President McGregor, "I regard as one of the most remarkable evidences of the mighty forces that are fast crushing out the last remnant of an obsolete and effete theology."

Communications.

Conscience is Sick.—The Disease and the Remedy.

There is much complaint that people are not so conscientious in the civilized world as they ought to be so late in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. I believe this complaint is well-founded, and, recognizing the truth of the adage, "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," will venture a few suggestions that hav occurred to me in explanation.

Within the past twenty years I hav heard many men and women, of full average intelligence, and members of high standing in Christian churches, say, in effect, that if it were not for the trinity of fear of hell, hope of heaven, and the love or fear of a God who will everlastingly punish or reward, they believed they should be terribly wicked, and would hav no motiv to be good. In the mean time I hav been making inquiries, as opportunity offered, of Christians and outsiders who professed to believe in the Christian religion, and expect to procure tickets to heaven before the last train starts; and I conclude from their testimony that such fear, hope, and love constitute the main part of the motivs of average people to do right and abstain from doing wrong. In the mean time I hav also been a frequent and attentiv listener to orthodox sermons, and am sure that I am fully within bounds in saying that in them, on an average, fear of hell and hope of heaven, as incentivs to do good and abstain from evil, hav been urged in the ratio of ninety per cent against the field. And it must be conceded by all investigators that in the past Christian teachers and believers relied less upon, and had a dimmer conception of, any other motivs to good conduct than they do now.

With all deference to whom it may offend, I feel it my duty to say that we might as well expect to grow fat on pigs by feeding them sand and saleratus, as to grow a healthy conscience on any such a diet.

And as, during the last two thousand years, conscience appears to hav been fed on little else, it is a wonder that it is not even smaller, weaker, and leaner than it is. Indeed, to me, it seems wonderful that there is now even so much of a trace of conscience left as there is said to be of the *tail* of the lower animal from which, according to the Darwin theory, man is supposed to hav developed, since it is a demonstrated fact that long disuse of any function, faculty, or member of mind of body will utterly destroy and eliminate it. Therefore the practice of doing good, or abstaining from evil, from any other motiv than the natural consequences of such actions, must prove the death-warrant of conscience, and will, in time, cause the species to become extinct. There would certainly be no serious difficulty in hiring *criminals* by the regiment to be *good*, *i.e.*, to observe all doctrinal or biblically prescribed formalities of goodness, so long as their employer should pay them satisfactorily, especially if at the same time they were made to believe that so soon as they quit the good work they would be broiled in hell forever. But, in the nature of things this mode of inducing or forcing virtue would make only hypocrits. It could not in the least improve conscience. It would not even be likely to induce a particle more of skin-deep goodness than was thought necessary to secure the pay. And if the contract permitted them to put off the work until *they* were ready to commence it without affecting their pay, these employés would be apt to continue their deviltry as long as possible, for what to them, from force of habit, had come to be the fun of the thing.

But how shall we make conscientious men and women by any other method? What is there to build upon? Now, and as I think all can understand, there are some sounds and combinations of sounds that are agreeable to a healthy though uncultivated ear, and others that are disagreeable. Follow the hint given by this fact, and gradually introduce variations with prudence and judgment, and this ear, or those of the successors of its possessor, through the law of hereditary transmission, will, in time, as surely be brought to the highest stage of musical culture, along an ever-widening path of pleasure, as effect follows cause.

So with conscience—which is but another name for that faculty or quality of mind which, when properly educated and blended with the *other* faculties, also healthy and harmoniously developed, and all up to concert-pitch and in perfect tune, points out the best and most pleasant way of life, not only for the individual performer, but the way which, if he follows it, will confer the greatest benefit on all his influence reaches. And as to the lowest savage there are sounds that please, and sounds that displease, and hence some foundation to build a perception and love of and skill in music upon; so there is always some foundation to build a perception and love of good, or hatred of evil, upon. At first, the savage or child—which is but a savage—may be able only to distinguish good and evil actions as they are immediately productiv of bodily pleasure or pain to himself alone. Then, very gradually, as the reasoning powers are developed, he may comprehend the fact that some actions which giv him immediate pleasure or pain are always followed by secondary opposit consequences, far overbalancing the first effect; as in case of his gorging on palatable but unhealthy food, or having a diseased limb amputated. Here is a starting-point. A little farther on, if he is kept in the road, he will be able to look still farther and perceive that an action, or word, or law that at first and in itself givs only unalloyed pleasure to him, may, by its reflex or remote effects through other persons, always cause him great pain or disadvantage; as in case of a priest or ruler who should attempt to take *all* that his subjects raised instead of a tithe, whereby, whether he starved his subjects or caused them to rebel and kick him out of office, he would soon find himself deprived of his robes and compelled to root or die. Still farther on—much farther—I think he would clearly see that anything tending in the slightest degree to really improve the condition of the meanest and most remote individual of his race, would tend to increase his own and every one's safety, welfare, and happiness, and *vice versa*. And, then, he would naturally govern his conduct accordingly. And is not such a state of conscientious development attainable without fear of hell, hope of heaven, or love or fear of a "God of vengeance who will *repay?*" Ask "heathen" Marcus Aurelius, who seems not to hav been actuated by any such motivs. He said: "One man when he has done a service to another is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still, in his own mind, he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third, in a manner, does not know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes and seeks for nothing more after it has once produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has caught the game, a bee when it has made its honey, so a *man* when he has done a good act, does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another good act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season.

"Must a *man*, then, be one of these who in a manner acts thus without observing it? Yes." And again he asks, "What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Art thou not content that thou has done something *conformable to thy nature*, and dost thou seek to be *paid* for it, just as if the eye demanded recompense for seeing, or the cultivated ear for hearing sweet music?" This is a fairly developed blossom of a conscience reared upon its natural mother's milk—*i.e.*, attention to the laws of cause and effect. And here is a blossom of what I will call a conscience formed by the machine method—the heaven and hell forcing method, and one of the best thoroughbreds. It is in the language of the late "eminent divine," Jonathan Edwards—*i.e.*, "The damned shall be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the lamb, so will they be tormented in the presence of the glorified saints. Hereby the saints will be more sensible how great their salvation is. *The view of the misery of the damned will double the ardor of the love and gratitude of the saints*" [machine-made saints] *in heaven!*" And here is this machine-made saint's (Edwards's) conception of the punishment for the slightest unpardoned fault of wife, or child, or mother, which his ideal God, that he thought worthy of love and worship, will inflict, and the view of which punishment over the heavenly walls will, in his opinion, double the ardor of the love and gratitude of all machine-made saints in heaven, *i.e.*: "The world will probably be converted into a great lake or liquid globe of fire, in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, which shall always be in tempest, in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day or night, vast waves or billows of fire continually rolling over their heads, of which they shall ever be full of a quick sense within and without; their heads, their eyes, their tongues, their hands, their feet, their loins, and their vitals shall forever be full of glowimelting fire, enough to melt the very rocks and elements. Also they shall be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel torments, not for ten millions of ages, but for *ever and ever*, without *any end at all!*" Does not the contemplation of such a conscience as is here unavoidably implied, and of which there are now thousands of copies in Christendom, constrain the most hardened to exclaim, "O thou comparativly kind, considerate, and merciful devil, who (according to the myth) had pity and compassion on our race, and put it on the way of knowledge when thou sawest God would keep it ignorant, and who thus gave us all that is or can be worth having in life, death, or immortality, what do you think of the conscience of a God who would thus punish his helpless children for a sin of their first parents, or of that of any he might favor, who would hav 'the ardor of their love and gratitude thus doubled?'" Does any one want a conscience that would not scorn and even *defy* them both? I certainly do not. And I am sure that any blossom less lovely than that suggested in the quotation from Marcus Aurelius is not a mature thoroughbred of its kind. I believe that any one less repulsiv and horrible than that suggested by the quotation from Jonathan Edwards (and which might easily be matched by quotations from the most popular preachers of the day) is immature, a hybrid, or of a different species altogether, mistaken for the genuin machine-made conscience, for such a conscience is the natural offspring of that method.

But, after all, genuin conscience is but con(with) science (with science), always with it, always a part of it, so that neither can exist—at least, in a high degree—without the other. The eminent scientist, Professor Riley, has lately declared that "science, no matter in what fine-sounding names we clothe her, or how high above the average understanding we stilt her, is, after all, but common sense employed in discovering the hidden secrets of the universe and turning them to man's wants."

Is not this an apt, common-sense definition of science? And is it not equally applicable to conscience? And does it not follow that conscience and science—*i.e.*, knowledge—if different at all, are yet the same, as is said to be the case with the persons of the trinity? And is it not almost demonstrated that as knowledge approaches completeness, it must necessarily tend to blend, culminate, lose, and in a manner forget itself in some such conscience or character as was suggested by Marcus Aurelius in the quotation above? If so, then the chief end of man should be, not to glorify any God—not a perfect God, for he could not need, desire, or even tolerate it, as he would be rendered positivly imperfect by it, as a perfect house would be rendered imperfect by any addition, or as a perfect man would be annoyed by the continual fawning of a pup. And certainly we should not worship or glorify a cruel, whimsical, capricious, jealous, exacting, incapable God, that had been outgeneraled and beaten all along the line every day since the dawn of creation (by a "poor devil"), for such would be only worthy of contempt or pity. But then man's chief and sole end and aim should be to get knowledge and understanding, to the end that he, his neighbors, his country, his race, and all things and beings affected by him, here and everywhere, now and forever, might derive from his existence the most and highest happiness and benefit such existence were capable of conferring. So long as a nation shall depend upon imported music-boxes, to be wound only when there is company for music, that nation will not develop musicians. No more, in my judgment, can a nation develop conscientious citizens so long as, and to the extent that, it depends upon an unnatural imported machine-method of inducing conscientious actions. We hav long been encouraging the development of musical talent by natural methods. As one result we hav musicians who are cheap at thousands of dollars per night.

We hav long been discouraging the development of conscience, by the only methods capable of developing it, and as one result, a man of more than fifty per cent of Marcus Aurelius's ideal would starve or be in the poor-house in any average community in less than a month in Christendom, and a character like Christ's would, in less than twenty-four hours, be "knocked out," left naked in the street, put in jail, or crucified, according as it were his day for turning his other cheek, giving his cloak also, raiding the stock exchange, reproving the scribes and Pharisees, or getting up a corner on mess-pork by bedeviling the farmers' hogs with devils, which, it would seem, might better hav been utilized in killing wolves, bears, and snakes. But Jonathan Edwards—what of him? I believe he would still draw as well as ever; or, at least, in the full proportion that machine-made conscience has not been hybridized by the pollen of common sense—or, I should say, as yet un-common sense. Sam Jones draws, also Spurgeon, Moody, *et al*, who giv the Jonathan Edwards style of hell straight and from the word Go.

Then let the light be turned on, for it is not only the panacea for dwarfed and perverted conscience, but it is the universal and only panacea for all the ills the children of men and women are heirs to—not the dim, one-sided light from the dark lanterns of any creeds or ologies, which seek to, and can only, perpetuate their existence by illuminating their own narrow points while keeping all else in outer darkness—but the broad, unobstructed light of nature. As such light prevails, all narrow creeds and ologies, all superstitions, will die or hunt their holes as do the owls and bats, that thrive only in the darkness, when the morning dawns. Then peace, good will, and universal welfare will take their place and prevail. "Get wisdom and get understanding."*

Pitt, O. CYRUS SEARS.

*I do not know, nor do I care, what idea Solomon wished to convey by the use of these words. But the idea I wish to convey is that wisdom may be regarded as the tools of the mind, and understanding as the ability to use these tools to best advantage. For, as one may hav the finest set of mechanical tools without the ability to make a decent bootjack with all of them, so he may hav vast stores of wisdom, *i. e.*, know a multitude of facts, fancies, mathematics, philosophies, languages, etc., etc., without the ability to do himself or anyone a bootjack's worth of good with all of them, and be likely to cut his own fingers, or split some friend's head, whenever he tries to use them; while some "uneducated boor who never went to school" is actually revolutionizing things with a few rusty tools or ideas he has picked up by the wayside, but which he has learned how, and when, and where use to best advantage.

Liberal Leaves.

Will a few suggestions on the best way to spread our Freethought principles be in order?

What are we doing to reach the young? Hav we done our whole duty toward the children, and the young men and young women?

Since I hav been in the lecture-field I hav seen a generation file past me. When I began "preaching the gospel" of Liberalism men and women who are twenty-five years old now were babes then, and I am not as old as Methuselah was. Where are those babes to-day? With the exception of death's share, the bulk of them bow the knee at superstition's shrine —the cross of Christ. A few hundred thousand hav dropped out of the procession of millions who carry on their shoulders the Christian church. Are there one million activ Antichristians in America? I do not know. If there are even one hundred thousand men and women who do not fear the church's epithet, "Infidel," but rather proudly wear it, what are they doing to make their work effectiv? How meager our effort to save the children from Christian superstition! We lecture to full-grown men and women, whose plaudits over our radical utterances "make the welkin ring," while the wise-as-serpent, crafty Christians empty the cradle to fill the church. We talk about our "Radicalism." We are not Radical enough yet, if Radicalism means going to the "root of things," and it does. We need to reach out for the children. Let us take the children for Freethought and we will take the world. How shall it be done?

For nearly ten years we hav had a national organization. Through it we hav "demanded" that there should be no religious exercises in the public schools. We may hav accomplished something in this direction —a little, a very little. The pious teacher still shuts the belated children out in the cold while he "addresses the throne." Here and there is an "ungodly" but moral neighborhood where Liberals hav been numerous and aggressiv enough to make their demand for secular teaching felt.

Had we not better concentrate our forces upon one demand at a time? Is this not as urgent as any of the Nine? Let us secularize the common school. Our lecturers cannot do this work. They can help. The Liberal *people* must do it without depending upon any class or organization. It is no small job that is before us. To abolish religious exercises from the common schools is a herculean task. We should get an adequate conception of the work which is before us, and then labor for its accomplishment. This will be a good test of our real strength.

Now we come to the nub of my story—the "ways and means."

Liberal lecturers are abundantly able to hew out their own pathway through any orthodox wilderness, without taking one dollar from the National Secular Union. Instead of receiving pay from the Secular Union, every lecturer, I believe, will take genuin pleasure in soliciting funds for its treasury as soon as I state my proposition, which is this:

Let the funds belonging to the American Secular Union be devoted entirely to the printing and circulation of Liberal leaves. Let them be strewn like leaves of the forest, all over the country. Let the lecturers co-operate in this work by distributing "leaves" at all their public meetings; this labor on their part to be *free*.

Let us spread them so fast and so continuously that the "tracts" of the American Tract Society will be covered out of sight.

My suggestion is that leaves should not exceed eight small pages—from two pages to eight. Avoid prolixity, aim at brevity. Doubtless this matter will be in the hands of a publication committee.

It seems to me that the first work to be done should be for the children—free the free schools from Bible reading and other religious exercises. Let this be effected by the free circulation of Liberal leaves among the *children themselvs*, as well as their parents. The leaves should be matter-of-fact, sensible appeals to the reason of child and adult.

The committee of publication should call to their aid, as writers, the best among scientists and Freethinkers generally. Our Freethought women are fitted by nature and education to assume the initiativ in this practical work—Susan H. Wixon, Elmina D. Slenker, Dr. J. H. Severance, Helen H. Gardener, and others.

The cream of our Liberal literature can be culled from the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Boston *Investigator*, *Banner of Light*, and other Antichristian publications.

Let our purpose be openly avowed. Hav the children and all mankind understand our object from the start, which is to purge the common schools from religious exercises, and the school books from theological clauses. Then, when Secular schools will be an accomplished fact, the church will not say of the reform, "See what the church has done!"

I am "on the wing" in the lecture work, but shall be pleased to hear from Liberals. I may be addressed at Lake City, Minn., from which point my mail is forwarded to me. "Let us reason together."

W. F. JAMIESON.

The Situation.

Taking a general view of the influences at work directing and molding the opinions of men, and which are to result in benefit or damage to humanity, we find that of priestcraft. When they do not dictate personally, they manage to make agents of government officials, hence we hav in this country the president issuing under the seal of the government a proclamation pertaining to religious rites and ceremonies, thereby not only misrepresenting republican principles, but contemning that unbiased suffrage power which elevated him to the highest office within its gift. Taking the key from the president, state and municipal officers are in turn found playing into the hands of priestcraft with the implicit understanding that a good word will flow out from the pulpit, and, through a miseducated class, redound to the benefit of the politician. While this ball of self-aggrandizement is being tossed back and forth high above the people, they are admonished to view the exhibition with uncovered heads, in humility and admiration. The human race, if they would know it, hav no interest in common with the office of priestcraft. When a beast of burden carries a man there is compensation, for the man feeds, shelters, and cares for the comfort of the beast, but in the former case man clothes, feeds, shelters, and reverences the priest, and receives practically nothing in return.

The governments of both England and Italy are acting agents of priestcraft, and hav agreed, says the *North German Gazette*, upon joint action to reconquer the Soudan. If this attempted subjugation of the Soudan is not practically in the interest of Christian priestcraft, why do the minions of Catholic Rome join the hosts of Protestant England? Joint action in this particular case is considered advisable as a matter of policy. Christian priests' jealousy of mohammedan priests' success has reached a point where it can bury the hatchet of sectarian war long enough to jointly wreak vengeance upon so powerful a religious rival. There must hav been a tacit understanding with the French government that Catholic and Protestant priestcraft was to extend its influence by the subjugation of Anam, for we heard no protest against the inhuman butchery of the Chinese on their own soil from either church. But when it became apparent that the barbarous and inexcusable invasion of a neighboring country was having a contrary effect, we get the following from official sources at Rome: "Up to November 1st, in the vicarate of Cochin, since France commenced war, nine missionaries, seven nativ priests, sixty catechists, two hundred and seventy members of religious orders, and twenty-four thousand Christians hav been massacred; two hundred parishes, eleven orphan asylums, and ten convents destroyed, and two hundred and twenty-five churches burnt." From the above we conclude that God's patent cultivator, the Christian religion, has struck a snag both in China and Egypt. W. W. JUDSON.

Kansas City, Mo.

What is Money?

The advocates of unlimited silver money, like the paper inflationists, think that by adding to the amount of the currency you increase the wealth of the country. They cannot see that the currency of a country is merely the representativ of its wealth. If you double the amount of currency, either with paper or cheap silver or any other metal, you merely double the amount necessary to represent a certain amount of real wealth. Your currency only represents half as much; the real wealth—the product of the soil and necessities of life—is not changed in value. It is the representativ that is changed, and it takes two dollars instead of one to buy the same article.

And if you inflate the currency with silver and legislate to make it of equal value with gold, you giv the foreign merchant the chance of selling his goods at the inflated price and taking his pay in gold or its equivalent, thus practically reducing the tariff on his goods to the amount of the difference in the price of silver and gold in his country. We put on a tariff that shuts ourselvs out of foreign markets and then use a cheap currency that admits foreign goods practically with but little duty, and this we call statesmanship.

Some argue that we always hav had a silver currency, and why not hav it now, when silver is plenty and cheap? Do they know how small an amount of silver dollars were made since the government was founded, until the last few years? We always had a silver currency for small change, and it is a necessity, but even it was usually Mexican picayunes, bits, and quarters, and they were not legal tender for anything over five dollars, I believe. Some men talk about raising silver to par with gold and keeping it there. They might as well try to stop the Mississippi river, with the mines continually increasing the amount, as they are sure to do, and while it is used as money standard it will inevitably drive the gold out of the country and leave us nothing but a continually expanding currency for ourselvs, which in any dealings with other countries where they hav a staple currency would not be worth fifty cents on the dollar.

J. D.

Mental and Moral Attitude.

I am sometimes at a loss to understand why professed Liberals exhibit such petulance of spirit because others will persist in believing certain things that they deem dangerous and superstitious.

I am led to these remarks through reading "Letters from Friends," and observing how much of this petulance is manifested against Spiritualism, which one writer recently affirms is "the greatest humbug of the age," and which, Materialists will continue to declare, unfits its believers in a great measure for attending to the more important duties of the hour.

As an outspoken Spiritualist on all occasions that are necessary, I wish first to thank all honest Materialists heartily for the good service they hav rendered us in compelling us, in a certain sense, to sift the chaff from the wheat. Having done this, and having sought at all times to be just to every honest phase of thought, as well as to intelligently inform myself regarding the mental positions of the different Liberal schools, my main purpose is always to accept the truth, as I understand it, and to defend it according to the measure of my abilities.

While others, honestly, without doubt, come to a different conclusion, after an experience of over thirty years in the study, examination, and observation of the labors of Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and after reading extensivly the writings and objections of its opposers, my convictions are unchanged that it has been the grandest liberator of the century; that it has done more than any other reform to cripple orthodoxy, liberate woman, and make respectable the teachings of an Ingersoll, in less than half a century; more than Materialism, and science, and the more Liberal forms of Christianity did in two hundred years. Even now, it is this school in the main, or those who believe in more than "one world at a time," that has the courage to face the question of physiological reform, and who dare to hunt down the sham practices and pleas of popular purity, which, in the name of law, makes the present marriage system a means of enslaving woman and ministering to the baser instincts of man.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Tested by this rule, none are superior to the Spiritualists, and as a class, I think none equal in attending to the duties of the hour. Such is my experience with Spiritualistic families; and why not? They realize that we are as much spirits now as ever; that heaven is a condition, not a locality; that we are surrounded with angels in and out of the form, and that the great object of existence is the growth and grandeur of each individual soul into a noble, generous, and just individuality.

While I know that there is a large host of noble workers who esteem all such opinions weak and useless, I also know that vastly the larger per cent of the world's great reformers hav been persons of kindred spiritual sympathies and tendencies.

As I look over my list of personal friends and acquaintances, with whom I hav mingled and labored for forty-five years, there is this consciousness, that the Quakers or Friends, including the Shakers and the Spiritualists, hav been the most thorough workers for human deliverance.

Among the names I most delight to honor are Lucretia Mott, Amy Post, Mrs. Severance, L. Maria Child; Susan B. Anthony, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Phillips, Parker, Pillsbury, Bennett, and a great host of others, not forgetting the beloved Whittier—all never-tiring toilers for human redemption, and all having at least, or more than, a conviction that continued life and usefulness, after we hav cast off the earthly tabernacle, is one of the conditions of nature.

If asked for my reasons for thus believing, my reply is this, that what we hav observed and witnessed of the phenomena at our home and at other places, as well as what we hav gathered from reading and social intercourse, has been of that nature that Truesdell's "Bottom Facts," and the asseverations of Materialism do not affect. Evidence that came through the mediumship of wife and myself, where trickery and deceit were out of the question, prevents us from doubting continued progressiv life when we pass the bound of our earthly careers.

A mere statement of any particular class or phase of the phenomena would serve no good purpose as a means of convincing those who oppose us; for it is so easy, like Thomas Winter, to call it all bosh, all ghostly nonsense, or, like the charitable Liberal who of late says it is the "greatest humbug of the age." Suffice it to say, it is true to us, and a source of continued joy and peace. The dear mother who left the farm in 1846 does not seem afar off; she seems ever near, and under the inspiring influence of her deathless affection I meet, the more hopefully, whatever the present hath in store, or calleth upon me to perform. My highest ambition is to see the reign of justice triumphant, where men will no longer, animated by their littleness, deny to woman all they claim for themselvs, and where reformers will not, through moral cowardice, and in obedience to the dictum of Mrs. Grundy, put off any longer the discussion and agitation of any and every question that has for its object the well-being of our race.

Lockport, Ill. GEORGE LYNN.

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Mr. Jesup and the Museums.

The pressure upon the directors of the two museums in Central Park to open their doors upon Sundays has induced Mr. Morris K. Jesup, president of the American Museum of National History, to publish a pamphlet upon "The Museums in the Park. Should They Be Opened on Sunday?" Mr. Jesup's argument is also adopted by the managers of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, so that the public now has before it all that the managers of both museums can say against Sunday opening.

The arguments of Mr. Jesup are very weak, and he could hav saved himself much trouble by giving the real reason why he and his colleagues object to Sunday opening by simply writing, "We do not want to open the museums." That would cover all the ground. However, since he has not been honest enough to do this, we will note the main points of his ostensible reasons. The first is:

"1. Good faith in carrying out the contract between the city and the museums, under which the museums are conducted, seems to forbid their being opened on Sunday."

To sustain this he quotes from the contract with the city the article governing the opening of the museums:

"That the exhibition halls of said building shall, on *Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week, and on all legal and public holidays, except Sundays*, be kept open and accessible to the public, free of charge, from nine o'clock A.M. until half an hour before sunset, under such rules and regulations as the party of the second part shall, from time to time, prescribe; but on the remaining days of the week the same shall be open only for exhibition to such persons, upon such terms as the said party of the second part shall from time to time direct. But all the professors and teachers of public schools of the city of New York, or other institutions of learning in said city, in which instruction is given free of charge, shall be admitted to all advantages afforded by said party of the second part, through its museum, library, apparatus, and collections, or otherwise, for study, research, and investigation, free of any charge therefor, and to the same extent and on the same terms and conditions as any other persons are admitted to such advantages aforesaid."

Mr. Jesup construes this to mean that the museums *shall not* be opened on Sunday. Any unprejudiced person, however, can see that the city only says to the managers: "You *shall* keep them open on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and public holidays, but you *need* not on Sundays." Evidently the drawers of the contract regarded Sunday as a public holiday, and on account of its frequency absolved the managers from keeping open the museums on that day. The *exception* cannot be tortured into a *prohibition*. But if it could, it is very easy to amend the contract.

The next argument of Mr. Jesup is the expense. He claims that the museums are mainly supported by private subscriptions, and the subscribers will not contribute if the buildings are opened Sundays.

This expense account seems slightly mixed. Time and again the directors hav said that the city contributes about $12,000 annually to each of the museums. Inasmuch as the annual appropriation is $15,000 for each museum, we do not see any sufficient reason for stating the amount at $12,000. Again, turning to the *City Record*, the official journal of the municipality, we find that the employees of the museum are on the city pay-roll. On page 7 of the supplement to the *Record* of December 29, 1885, the comptroller reports that, under the New York city consolidation act of 1882, he has paid as follows:

July 3	Pay-roll, Laborers, etc., for two weeks ending June 27, 1885	$3.95
27	Pay-roll, Employees, Metropolitan Museum of Art, June, 1885	1,711.74
Aug. 5	Pay-roll Employees, American Museum of Natural History, June, 1885	1,613.30
14	Pay-roll, Laborers, etc., for two weeks ending August 8, 1885	5.78
15	Pay-roll, Employees, Metropolitan Museum of Art, July, 1885	1,691.74
19	Pay-roll, Employees, American Museum of Natural History, July, 1885.	1,821.60
Sept. 14	Pay-roll, Employees, Metropolitan Museum of Art; August, 1885	1,641.74
22	Pay-roll, Laborers, etc., for two weeks ending September 11, 1885	29.59
26	Pay-roll, Employees, American Museum of Natural History, Aug., 1885.	1,821.60
	Total	$10,341.04

Here is over ten thousand dollars paid within three months by the city. At the same rate the city would pay over forty thousand per year to the support of these institutions. We must confess that we do not understand the fiscal relations of these museums and the city.

Mr. Jesup's third argument is that "it is not for the interest of the people, especially of the workingmen, to open the museums on Sunday."

Of course Mr. Jesup knows better than the workingmen themselvs what is good for them, but we really wish he would let them speak for themselvs. The Central Labor Union of this city, which represents over 25,000 workingmen, hav passed a resolution asking for the opening, and several smaller unions hav followed suit. One of the many petitions which will be presented to Mr. Jesup and his fellow-directors, if he will allow the opportunity, is signed by one thousand workmen in the piano trade alone. Either these thousands of laborers err, or Mr. Jesup is mistaken about what is good for workingmen.

For his fourth argument, Mr. Jesup says the Englise people do not open their museums on Sunday. To strengthen whatever argument there may be in this he cites several pages of English opinions as to the beneficent influence of the "divine" Lord's day. This is bosh. Whether the working people of England wish their museums opened or not on Sundays is no concern of Americans. American working people do wish their museums opened, and it is their right to hav them opened. If a closed English museum is an argument against opening ours, then an open museum in Boston is an argument for opening. But what do we care what the English clergy think?

One reason heretofore given by Mr. Jesup we do not find in this pamphlet. It is that donations hav been made to the museums with the stipulation that the museums should not be opened on Sunday. On this point he contents himself with saying:

"I hav been looking over the names of those who hav given [to the museums] this large sum of money, exclusiv of the city. I hav no right to speak of them, or of their religious belief, but from what I know of their views, I am persuaded that the very large majority of these subscriptions hav come from those who desire to see the Lord's day observed and protected."

From this we are led to believe that Mr. Jesup's previous statements were in the nature of general observations and not exact facts. And from his pamphlet the general reader will certainly conclude, with us, that the only obstacle to opening the museums on Sundays is the lack of inclination on the part of Mr. Jesup and his fellow-directors.

Generous New York!

The comptroller's report of the money spent in the city of New York for the quarter ending September 30, 1885, makes a huge paper of sixty-six finely printed pages. It is interesting reading for tax payers, and not the least interesting portion is that relating to the support of asylums, reformatories, and charitable institutions. We condense:

Children's Fold.	
For maintenance of children during quarter ending June, 30, 1885	$3,997.43
Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity.	
For maintenance of children during June and July, 1885	41,152.14
Hebrew Benevolent Society.	
For care of children for quarter ending June, 1885, and amount omitted by mistake during the year 1884	11,624.44
Deaf Mute Institution.	
For support of pupils for quarter ending June 30, 1885	3,110.42
Institution for the Blind.	
For support of pupils for quarter ending June 30, 1885	1,800.00
Institution for Deaf and Dumb.	
For support of pupils from April 1 to July 1, 1885	3,133.23
New York Juvenile Asylum.	
For support of children for May, June, July, and August	33,979.80
New York Infant Asylum.	
For maintenance of inmates for June, July, and August	19,277.12
New York Catholic Protectory.	
For maintenance of children June, and July, 1885	37,542.58
Nursery and Child's Hospital.	
For support of inmates during May, June, and July, 1885	25,562.89
Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy.	
For support of inmates	244.41
Roman Catholic House of the Good Shepherd.	
For support of inmates for quarter ending June 30, 1885	403.23
Shepherd's Fold (Protestant Episcopal).	
On account of appropriation for the year	1,250.00
St. Joseph's Institution.	
For support of inmates for quarter ending June 30, 1885	3,970.35
Five Points House of Industry (Protestant).	
For support of inmates for quarter ending June 30, 1885	2,592.88
Association for Befriending Children and Girls.	
For the four months ending August 31, 1885	3,361.01
Total	$193, 001.93

This total is a very respectable sum to be given private religious institutions for the support of inmates who could be cared for much cheaper, if not better, in places provided by the state. But so long as there are votes to be had by appropriating the city's money to "charitable" institutions we suppose the practice will be continued.

The only way to reform it is to change the laws of the state.

Happy.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Independent*, has hit upon an easy plan for preparing editorial New Year greetings. On the first day of January, as everyone knows, the correct thing to say upon meeting a friend is, "Happy New Year!" "It is right and manly," concedes our religious contemporary, "to desire happiness." But if the world is to be truly good and happy, the heavenly father must be consulted. Having got thus far on his manuscript, the editor opens the Concordance at his elbow, turns the pages by *Hab*, *Ham*, etc., until he reaches *Happy*. Then his real labor begins, and he gets the Bible and copies:

"*Happy* is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.

"*Happy* is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding.

"He that hath mercy on the poor, *happy* is he.

"Behold, *happy* is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise thou not the chastening of the almighty.

"But, and if ye suffer for righteousness's sake, *happy* are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.

"If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, *happy* are ye: for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.

"*Happy* is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, *happy* is he.

"*Happy* is the man that feareth always.

"Behold, we count them *happy* which endure.

"He that keepeth the law, *happy* is he.

"If ye know these things, *happy* are ye if ye do them,

"*Happy* is that people whose God is the Lord."

The labor of underscoring all this, that the compositor may put it in italics, exhausts the editor, and he

closes his leader, thereby shortening it to the comprehension, and no doubt to the happiness, of the reader, who can spend the remainder of the day in reading a poem, specially cabled to the *Independent*, which appeared two years ago in the *Youth's Companion*, published in Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

A New Cure for Hydrophobia.

A clerical correspondent has sent to the *Freeman's Journal* (what a name for a Catholic paper!) what that paper calls a "valuable suggestion" concerning hydrophobia. Whether there be a natural remedy or not, he says, there is a supernatural remedy, well known in Holland and Belgium. "It is the intercession of St. Hubert!"

Saint Hubert, the correspondent explains, was bishop of Maestricht in the eighth century, and the faithful of Belgium and Holland possess unwavering faith in his intercession. In the Ardennes, he says, there is a place of pilgrimage dedicated to Mr. Hubert, called "Lille St. Hubert." A stole of the saint is kept here, "out of which threads are continually drawn, but which, it is said, never grows less in size." Certain obligations are imposed on the pilgrims, the fulfilment of which guards them against the danger of hydrophobia. It is well, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* quotes commendingly from his correspondent, that this special devotion to St. Hubert should be made known. "St. Hubert is a much more real person than M. Pasteur. But to many M. Pasteur, of whom we now hear so much, is very real, while St. Hubert is vague. We hav a thousand times more faith in St. Hubert's intercession than in M. Pasteur's inoculation, unphilosophical as this assertion may seem to those scientists who, blind themselvs, are wholly led by half-blind senses."

These words hav the real old genuin Roman Catholic ring. The papists hav a cast-iron creed, a part of which is the belief in saints and the efficacy of their intercession with Mary, who influences her son, who in turn prevails with his supposed father. They are faithful to their creed in all its subtleties, dogmas, and absurdities. Though we may reasonably doubt whether the educated editor of the *Freeman's Journal* believes in the nonsense of his correspondent, we may be positivly certain that the majority of his readers do. And we may be just as sure that the editor and his priestly colleagues will use the superstitious faith of the Catholic populace to further the purposes of Rome as we are that St. Hubert's stole cannot hav thousands of unreplaced threads drawn from it without diminishing the original size of the stole.

If this tale came from the South of France, where the wooden-shod and leather-headed peasantry believe all the tales of apparitions of the Virgin and holy water cures the priests choose to tell them, it would be hardly worthy of notice. But it does not. It is told by an American priest to the American editor of a paper published in America for American readers. It is true the claims of these people to be Americans may rest on naturalization papers, but all the same they are here to stay, and they hav a vast influence in American affairs. To what depths of superstition they are sunk, then, cannot be a matter of no consequence to patriotic people. It is a matter of immense consequence.

When the archbishop of Montreal told his followers that the small-pox epidemic was a curse sent by God to punish them for holding an ice-carnival, and gave as the remedy more frequent and fervent prayers to the saints, it was thought that "his grace's" asininity could not be paralleled. But it has been; and the archbishop of Montreal and the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* (which, by the way, is one of the foremost Catholic papers of the country) must be harnessed together. And if the teachers hav such long ears, to what length must not the auricular appendages of the scholars reach!

Editorial Notes.

ITHACA, N. Y., has about 10,000 inhabitants, and a very liberal estimate finds only half of them at church on Sundays. The Rev. J. F. Clymer, Methodist, of the place, says there are five reasons why this is so: 1. Poverty; 2. Pride; 3. Absorption in business; 4. A spirit of retaliation; 5. Infidelity. Regarding this last Mr. Clymer said: "Human learning is thrusting the dagger of skepticism into the heart of the ministers. Many of the educated classes are casting the shadow of doubt on the divine origin of Christianity. Their influence is felt through the press, the popular lecture, our schools, colleges, and in the higher forms of social life." To clinch his argument on this point Mr. Clymer told the following story: "A lad of fourteen years, when questioned by a minister as to his faith in the Bible and in God, very haughtily replied: 'The scientific difficulties in the book of Genesis make it impossible to believe that the Bible was true.'" While we may sympathize with the minister, who knows less than a fourteen-year-old school-boy, we really cannot blame the people of Ithaca for remaining away from religious services presided over by dunces.

THE Rev. Kristofer Janson, who distinguished himself by preaching the first gentlemanly sermon about Colonel Ingersoll that ever was delivered in a pulpit, sends to the *Old Curiosity Shop* the following stories: "A farmer down in Iowa writes to me: 'The minister of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod tried recently to impress upon me that a man could very well be a Christian if he drank himself drunk sometimes. That the farmers here practice this, his good counsel, you may see from what one of them said when I spoke of calling you down for a lecture: "No, I prefer to go to a saloon and drink up those cents rather than to throw them off to this Kristofer Janson."' Another acquaintance of mine told me that he knew a farmer who wanted to be considered very religious, and who condemned all music as a sin. This farmer went to town and visited all the saloons, so that his comrade scarcely could get him home to the hotel. Coming there, he escaped without his boots, mingled in a quarrel, and was brought once more to the hotel after having obtained a sound thrashing. When his comrade the day after upbraided him for his behavior, he only answered, 'Yes, all of us sin, but it is still a comfort that we hav our faith left.' A lady of Minneapolis has told me that every time she engages servant girls she asks them if they belong to any orthodox society, and if they answer in the affirmativ she dismisses them at once, because she has had very sad experiences. A servant girl had stolen from her, and when she said to her that such an act was not in accordance with her Christian confession, the servant girl answered: 'If we never should sin, of what use then was Jesus Christ to us? He has atoned for all our sins.' This old faith must be very commodious."

THE American miners, writes Frank Wilkeson, are a bold, honest, hospitable race. They despise all sorts of meanness. They regard cowardice as a sin, and their saying, that the Lord hates a coward, is their faith. The larger portion of these men do not believe in a hereafter. They believe that men should not shirk danger; that they should not lie or steal; and that comrades should stand by one another to the death, and that the weak should not be oppressed. They also believe that American miners, well armed and decently mounted, can go anywhere and accomplish anything. Lands inhabited by hostil Indians are not sacred to these men. If they hav reason to believe that mineral lies in territory claimed by the Sioux, or Crows, or Apaches, they go there to see if the report is true. No danger deters them. No probability of death causes them to hesitate. They instantly decide that the possible reward they may secure is worth risking their lives for. These are the men who hav discovered the mineral wealth of the West. These are the men who hav explored the rolling, storm-tossed sea of wooded hills that extended from the northern Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast. They hav found whatever is of value in the far West. Their ranks are constantly recruited by additions from Western agriculturists. The ranks of the hunters of timid, inoffensiv Chinese are not recruited from the American miners. There was not an American-born miner in the cowardly mob that attacked and murdered the Chinese miners in Wyoming. I hav been informed, on good authority, that there was not an American miner in any of the mobs that attacked the Chinese miners in Washington territory.

THE publication day of the *Labor Union*, Grand Rapids, Mich., this year fell on Christmas day, and the editor wrote a little sermon: "All the world over to-day, wherever Christians are found, on land and sea, among rich and poor, this festival is welcomed and enjoyed as is no other in the whole year. And yet, viewed from a purely human standpoint, no other single event in the world's history has been the precursor of so much misery to mankind as the birth of that little child in the obscure village of Bethlehem. Announced ages before as the coming restorer of freedom and prosperity to his people, heralded as bringing to mankind peace and good will—the result was a flat and fearful failure. His own people, unable to understand him, refused to believe in him and at last judicially murdered him. The church subsequently founded in his name and professing to practice and inculcate his doctrins hastened to ally itself with the then greatest tyrant and meanest murderer in all the world, the Emperor Constantine; and as they had been persecuted and oppressed, the Christians became in turn persecutors and oppressors. And it seemed that almost simultaneously with the advent of the new religion what civilization and 'good will' there was on earth took fright and fled away, and left that long nightmare of centuries known in books as the Dark Ages. As that era of gloom and despair slowly passed away, a feverish activity took its place, and the church of Christ directed that activity into those gigantic forays of slaughter and pillage called the Crusades."

IT appears, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that there are still some Christians in the Russian empire who retain one characteristically pagan custom of their forefathers—the sacrifice of beasts as a part of public worship. Not long ago the *St. Petersburg Zeitung* stated that this practice was in use on certain occasions at Wyborg, in Northern Finland, among the Karates, who are devoted adherents to the orthodox church. The *Sviet* now states that the same ritual survives among the orthodox islanders of Mantschinschart, about twenty-five versts from the Monastery of Walaam, where there is a chapel dedicated to the Prophet Elias. Several times every year three oxen, and sometimes more, are brought by Christian pilgrims to the chapel, in the front of which they are solemnly slaughtered amid the ringing of bells. The dead beasts, however, are not now burnt, as they formerly were, but are boiled, and the pilgrims, together with the villagers, make a hearty dinner out of the sacred flesh.

A RUSSIAN artist, M. Vereschagens, has painted, and exhibited by means of photographic copies all through Austria and Hungary, two pictures, entitled respectivly "The Resurrection" and "The Holy Family." In these compositions Christ is depicted as a merely human and historical person. They are very realistic, and their intent is to show that Christ accomplished his miracles by trickery and without superhuman power. The pictures hav terrribly shocked the church dignitaries, and an expiatory mass has been celebrated in the Stephankirche in Vienna to ward off the evils that the exhibition of these pictures would otherwise bring. In Hungary Cardinal Haynald, archbishop of Calocza and Bacs, and the leading members of the Magyar nobility hav given notice that they will withdraw their patronage from any institution in Buda Pesth which exhibits Vereschagens's pictures. The imperial government at Vienna has taken up the question, and, as a test case, has ordered the prosecution of the Russian artist's Vienna agent for selling photographic copies of the objectionable pictures. If we can obtain a copy of these pictures, our readers shall hav an opportunity of seeing what shocks the good Christians of Europe. We fancy they can bear the sight without fainting.

A VERY good illustration of the injustice of exempting churches from taxation is the riots that hav been intermittently going on for some weeks in the Polish congregation at Detroit, Mich. The bishop dismissed the pastor for immorality and financial dishonesty, but the pastor would not be dismissed, and instigated his parishioners to violently oppose any change. Scores of people hav been severely wounded in the riots, and one man was shot dead. It has been necessary to station some scores of policemen around the church and the bishop's residence. The church's property is protected at an expense to the city of several thousands of dollars, but not one cent of public revenue is ever derived from the church. We fail to see how pecuniary injustice can extend much further than this.

LAWYER EDWARD W. CHAMBERLAIN reports that Mr. Burnham Wardwell is at the Putnam House, Fourth avenue, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets. He is still suffering from the terrible starving and freezing inflicted upon him in Dedham jail, Mass., and during the whole of last week was confined to his bed. His many friends, however, says Mr. Chamberlain, will be gratified to know that he is surrounded by sympathetic people, who are doing all that kindness and humanity can do to mitigate his sufferings, and if there is any virtue in good nursing, the noble old man will soon again be in the field to continue his battle against cruelty and inhumanity in the treatment of prisoners, paupers, and the insane.

THE police justices of this city held their annual meeting last week to talk over the subject of crime in the metropolis. It appears by their discussion that the police justices contemplate with a good deal of uneasiness the recognized fact that crime does not lessen in the midst of large and increasing communities, New York being no exception to the general rule, and they are at a loss to account for it. But if they were philosophers, as well as magistrates, they would find the solution much easier. Statistics prove that crime, with the exception of ministerial slips, is the direct result of hard times. Preachers, however, commit crimes because a great many of them are hard cases.

MOODY is a literal interpreter of the Bible. In one of his sermons in Brooklyn some time since he gave his audience this bit of cultured rhetoric. It is exactly orthodox in the importance it attaches to belief: "That thief on the cross—he wasn't saved by works, was he? He had a spike through both hands; he couldn't work for salvation. And a nail through both feet; he could not walk to Christ for salvation, even if it was to be had that way. But there was no spike through his heart; he could *believe*."

THE *Industrial Appeal*, of Ottumwa, Ia., says: "The *Appeal* is a paper that goes to the homes of all classes of readers. The liberal-minded Christian and the Freethinker both fill up on our excellent mental nourishment. To the latter class we recommend the New York TRUTH SEEKER as a paper that will satisfy the most liberal-minded truth seekers of these very progressiv times."

"YOU, gentlemen, hav been preaching for years," said August Spies, the Socialistic agitator, to a lot of Chicago ministers, the other day, "and, except in a few individual cases, what hav you accomplished? Nothing that I can see. There is as much suffering and as much stealing as there ever was."

LAST "Hospital Sunday" the contribution of the Episcopal church of the Nativity amounted to the magnificent sum of three dollars. The Episcopalians claim exemption from taxation on the ground that churches are charitable institutions!

FREETHINKERS throughout the state who hav circulated petitions to the legislature for the taxation of church property are requested to forward them to us at once that they may be put in shape to present to the new legislature.

HIGH license has decreased the number of saloons in Chicago from 13,000 to 9,000, and added nearly $1,300,000 to the revenues of the city. This is a strong argument in favor of high license.

THOSE of our subscribers in the city who hav petitions for the opening of the museums on Sunday are requested to send them at once to this office.

Letters from Friends.

ELMOS, TEXAS, Dec. 23, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to pay my subscription for the year 1886. I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. I think it the best paper I ever read, though it is all I can do to pay for it on account of poverty. But it is doing good in this country. I send each number out on missionary work, and it does its work well wherever it is read. Free-thought advances slowly here, but, I think, surely. I remain

Yours, etc., HENRY MOODY.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Dec. 21, 285.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $1 from Mr. Slenker for Campaign Fund, and $5 for myself, $4 of which you will place to my credit on account, and $1 for helping to illustrate THE TRUTH SEEKER. I wish I could giv more toward this good work of picture-making, but I hav too many calls upon my slim funds. I spend very few dollars for my own special benefit; it nearly all goes to the public, one way and another, as well as my spare time and brain-work. Affectionately, ELMINA.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec. 24, 285.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 on THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year to a new subscriber, and on account for same. Hope you will alter your plan of make-up, and giv a table of contents of subjects in each number. It will save considerable time in finding items of importance to many readers, and we will do all we can to increase the circulation. This is the only thing that we think the paper now lacks, and hope it will be illustrated. This is the fifty-eighth person we hav induced to subscribe in our twelve years.

Wishing you a prosperous New Year, JOS. F. DUNN.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Dec. 28, 285.

BROS. SOMERBY AND MACDONALD: Please find inclosed $3 for subscription to your valuable paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, for 286. Mrs. Thorpe and myself could not keep house without it, hence it will be a welcome visitor as long as I am able to pay for it. I hav been trying to get a few more names, but it seems to me that there are too many gods in Ballston. After Brother Reynolds has been here there may not be quite so many. I hope not. We are doing all we can for mental liberty. Hoping you all had a merry Christmas and will hav a happy New Year, and that THE TRUTH SEEKER may liv long and be powerful in doing much good in the cause we love, Yours in the cause of humanity,

WM. THORPE.

BURLINGTON JUNCTION, MO., Dec. 17, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: As my time expires the 1st of January, 1886, I hasten to renew, and send you one new solid subscriber. Inclosed find $5, which place to our credit.

Professor Jamieson has been with us this fall, and after delivering five or six lectures, met Elder Grubbs, a Campbellite, of Kentucky, in a six-session debate, and if ever a man got a good "grubbing," the elder got it. Mr. Jamieson is shaking the dry bones of orthodoxy all over Northwest Missouri worse than Joshua's rams' horns ever shook the walls of Jericho, and it is quite common to hear the old devilish spirit of persecuting Christianity crop out in such words as, "He ought not to be allowed to speak such sentiments," or, "He ought to be burnt at the stake," and many other expressions that only intolerance could suggest.

Although there are no organizations in this part of the state, the Agnostic element is very large, and lecturers draw good houses. The only drawback is that the many wait for the few to do all the financial part of the work.

I take great pains to leave my Liberal papers where they will be found by orthodox friends, and if it is thought that I don't notice it, the papers generally somehow walk away and are read. One of the most eager persons to read THE TRUTH SEEKER is a Covenanter God-in-the-Constitution minister, who has of late abandoned his eternal-punishment-predestination-foreordination and infant-damnation theory, and is fast approaching the light of Liberalism. Every subscriber should circulate his papers where they would do the most good, and induce everyone to read. As to illustrating THE TRUTH SEEKER, I would say that I am more in favor of increasing the circulation, so that the price could be lowered and brought within the reach of the many poor.

Yours fraternally, Geo. W. MAY.

EAST RODMAN, N. Y., Dec. 24, 285.

MR. EDITOR: One more paper and the time for which I hav paid is up, but I hav not the money to remit just now, and will hav to ask you to continue sending it (if you think you can trust me), and I will send the amount just as soon as I can spare the money, or until I can sell my hops.

Farmers are hard up; most farm produce depends upon foreign demand to establish our prices. They (foreign countries) hav stimulated production in their provinces of such products as they most need, until they are not compelled to buy nearly as much of this country (which has put on a tax sufficient to boycott their goods) and what they do buy is at lower prices. I think that prices will be lower next year than this, for the reason given above; I may be mistaken, I hope so at any rate.

The manufacturer's cry of "protection for the laborers" puts me in mind of Patrick Henry's speech in which he says: "Yes, such protection as wolves giv to lambs, covering and devouring them."

Quite a portion of the Democrat party started out a couple of years ago to revise the tariff and check the robbing of the masses for the especial benefit of the wealthy few, but I guess they sold out to the few; it looks so, to say the least.

Protectionists say that "high tariff builds up the manufactures and givs employment to countless laborers here," but when they hav got them built, and the natural law of supply and demand comes in to reduce prices and giv the people the benefit of their competition, they shut down from a third to one-half of the time, that their goods may be consumed at the protection prices. Now when are we (consumers) to get the benefit of this "building up of home manufactures?" It is very much like building competing lines of railroad, and after they are done the people begin to look for the great benefits they hav been told would arise from the competition. They (the railroads) pool their earnings and continue their exorbitant rates, and we are left out in the cold to whistle for the benefits, and we can whistle until the Methodist's hades freezes over, and we can walk over on the ice for all they care. The laborers are thrown out of employment and suffer for the necessities of life, or are reduced in pay until they are just as bad off, and if they strike, they, the manufacturers, will import laborers from other countries, which show just how much they sympathize with the laborer. Bosh! it is all moonshine.

How much money can I make out of protection? that is all there is of it. Well, there is more sense in the Catholic movement toward accomplishing their ends by the means they employ than there is in the protectionist's method of benefiting the country, and they will succeed long before the former gets his eyes open to the facts in the case. They (the Catholics) hav withdrawn their children from the common schools here and established a parochial one, whatever that is. Then they got up a fair and raised money enough to support it, the prominent business men of town aiding, that they may not be boycotted by them, and shelling out liberally that they may be patronized by them and considered very generous and almost a Catholic. And not a warning voice from the press of Watertown. Buildings hav been erected by the town sufficiently commodious and equipped to accommodate all of its children, but now they need not be so large or as many teachers employed.

The free school system has received a blow that will impair its usefulness; but then, the Bible had a place in every one and Protestant teachers to expound its meaning. There is not much difference between them, only the Catholics are better organized and can succeed in imparting more superstition to the pound than the Protestants can.

Now, about those pictures I should say, if money comes in sufficiently, put in a picture once in a while, and whenever able send out "missionary tracts" to those who will scatter them broadcast over this church-ridden country. There are many who do not know anything but what their good shepherd tells them, and we know that they are honorable men and wouldn't lie.

Heywood and Mitchell knew that their course at the state Convention would not meet with favor from a great majority of the Convention, and then to take the course they did shows them in no enviable light. As high-minded and noble men they stepped down and out in the estimation of a great majority of the Liberals of the country. Let them go. If they will issue a call for a convention and promulgate their mental idiosyncrasies as the prominent object of said convention, they could judge of their popularity by the numbers present, and then, perhaps, they could see themselvs as others see them. Hold a convention, please do, gentlemen, and not make a stink wherever you go, and you will be credited as more honorable, if your ideas do not meet with an overwhelming success. M. E. ROSE.

LEXINGTON, KY., Dec. 3, 285.

MR. EDITOR: At present we are having a refreshing season. For the past three weeks the community has been burdened with one of those old-fashioned hell-fire Methodist revival meetings. These meetings are presided over by one Rev. H. C. Morrison. To insure good houses he was advertised far and near as the eloquent "boy preacher." Right here it might be well to remark that "boy preachers" are becoming quite fashionable. Morrison is the third "boy" that has been developed during the past two or three years. But one, to judge from his looks, is bound to acknowledge that he is rather an old boy, for, to all outward appearance, he is a youth of at least thirty-five or forty years. This boy makes no pretension to education. He knows nothing, he says, about geography, arithmetic, history, or grammar. In fact, the only thing the "boy" does know is theology, and very little of that, if we are to judge from his alleged sermons. And thus does the old saying hold true, that the Lord always chooses the "weak vessels of the earth to confound the mighty." The "boy's" conversion, to say the least, was something remarkable, if not miraculous. Being originally a farm hand, or, as he himself puts it, a "plow-boy," the Lord suddenly and without warning called him to the ministry while working in the fields one day. This is rather a weak story, but I suppose we shall hav to accept it, considering that it is inspired like all other pulpit lies. If I were a profane worldling, I would say that the "boy" had the almighty dollar in view at the time of his "call," and that his "conversion" is simply a business affair, or, to put it more properly, a change of business.

Monday evening, Nov. 30th, was set apart for men only, ladies, of course, being excluded. Several Liberals attended, though out of curiosity only. The "boy" opened fire by saying he had no desire to frighten men into the church, but if they did not accept the savior (and he might hav added, the devil, too, for if you accept the "son," you are bound to accept his brother also), they would surely go to hell, and there burn in everlasting fire. Horrible news for the sinners! But none died from fright. "Some people," went on the "boy," "ask why we don't preach something new. My friends, there's nothing new to preach. It's the same old gospel. God's plan of salvation remains just the same, and so does hell; and you men who refuse the savior will find that my words are true when you land in hell." A friend, Mr. Charles C. Moore, formerly a preacher, but now an outspoken Freethinker, and editor of the *Daily Observer* at this place, remarked that it was something strange why ministers will persist in preaching an angry God and an endless hell. "Such ministers," he said, "must be bad, wicked men at heart." Brother Moore's statement is true, but it is easily explained. The devil is just as essential to the Christian scheme of salvation as Christ is himself. If there was no devil, there would be no sin, and consequently no use for the priest. If the devil must go, so must Christ; and if Christ must go, so must his gospel and the priest who fattens on that gospel. Remove the devil and his lake of fire, and you remove the priest. It is utterly impossible for the latter to do business without Beelzebub and his brimstone pit. You had just as well talk about life existing independent of the sun as talk about the sky-pilot preaching the gospel independent of his Satanic majesty. They are "pards" in the "divine plan," and inseparable.

Some time ago some one C. Fannie Allyn, I believe, suggested that Miss Susan H. Wixon write a story for THE TRUTH SEEKER columns. It was a good suggestion, for, with her well-known reputation as an authoress, the brilliant and gifted editress of the Children's Corner could write a story acceptable to all classes of readers. And I feel safe in saying that there is no one, not even a Christian, who would not read a story from the pen of this accomplished writer and kind-hearted lady. Her high literary attainments, her intellectuality, and her attractivness as a writer and novelist, together with her thorough understanding of human nature, unquestionably (I was going to say, imperativly) demand that she favor us with a romance. If her duties as editor of the Children's Corner will permit, by all means let us hav a serial from her gifted pen. Yours, for the story,

D. B. COZINE.

TORONTO, Dec. 19, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: On Thursday evening last Mr. Charles Watts lectured on "English Politics and their Effect upon Ireland," in Temperance Hall in this city. The audience was small, but a more appreciativ one it would be difficult to find. The lecture was a carefully studied chapter of historical incidents, clear and perfectly lucid in depicting the effect of English misrule of the past on the present and future of what Mr. Watts eloquently described as the warm-hearted and impressionable people of Ireland. Any attempt of mine to describe the lecture would but do Mr. Watts an injustice; therefore, I will content myself by saying that of the many discourses it has been my good fortune to listen to by Mr. Watts this lecture named above by far transcends anything I ever heard upon the subject named. I am not alone in giving this unqualified approval; the audience returned an upstanding and unanimous vote of thanks, and before leaving the hall Mr. Watts was enthusiastically requested to repeat his lecture in the same place at an early date, due notice of which is to be given. A large committee was at once formed for the purpose of making arrangements for what promises to be one of the largest mass meetings ever held in the city of Toronto on the subject named. Yours sincerely, J. ICK EVANS.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 28, 1885.

TO HIRAM VAN PELT, Cleveland, O.: As you wish to be enlightened on the subject of hair-snakes, and as I hav not seen any reply to your letter of October 12th, I hav concluded to grant your request.

If you had examined those hairs with a microscope, you would hav discovered that there was no new creation or evolution about them, but that they were covered with the slime of the dirty and stagnant water, and that millions of little animalculæ had attached themselvs to the hair and carried it along, which gave it the appearance of life. The flesh which you thought you were stripping off the hair-snake was only the slime and dirt of the water and millions of these animalculæ, with which the stagnant water is filled where the hair-snake is found. Yours respectfully, C. D. WALLACE.

LAKE BREEZE, O., Nov. 19, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I want to get the papers containing an account of the Albany Convention and also the Cleveland Convention. I hav seen a copy or two of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and like it first-rate, all but the spelling. I don't think you can bring the general public up to your standard. You may be able to change their religious views, but you can't their spelling. Don't undertake too much at one time. It distresses me to read misspelled words if I *know* they are misspelled. It may be foolish, but I can't help it. Inclosed please find 25 cents, for which please send me your ANNUAL for 1885. Yours respectfully, WALT ROOT.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Dec. 27, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: It seems to me that Mr. Watson and some others take a wrong view of the rights of others at conventions of the League, or American Secular Union. They seem to think because we claim to be Freethinkers (although we publish to the world the Nine Demands that we are working for) that everybody, the advocates of every ism, hav a right to take up the time of our conventions to air their own peculiar doctrins on any and all subjects. This seems to me to be very unreasonable after the officers of the Secular Union hav spent money and time to advertise a meeting of the Union to advance our own ideas; after delegates hav spent money to attend, and taken two or three days to try and advance the cause we are organized for. A crowd of cranks of all kinds might take up the time of the convention, and the business for which it was called could not be attended to at all. Mr. Watson complains that the time of the Cleveland Convention was taken up with the program, and when anyone attempted to break in upon it they were sneered at by some and laughed at by others. And why should they not be? What right has anyone to break in on a convention of any kind to discuss matters entirely foreign to the object of the convention? Besides, the truth of the matter is that no one not properly sent as a delegate to represent some branch

of the League, or Union, has any right to speak without asking leave of the delegates present. "Listening to twaddle," may be very well occasionally, but at a convention of that kind is not the place. If Freelovists, Spiritualists, and organizations of any other isms want to air their views, let them hav conventions every week if they want to, but I do not see that they hav any right to force their ideas on the Secular Union. J. DOWNES.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 29, 285.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to say to Mr. Mallonee, through your paper, that it will be well for him to go to a woman's school and learn what the law is in regard to woman's property rights before he makes another statement so entirely false as that in his open letter to me of December 26th. He says, "In all the states the laws are in favor of the wife;" that the husband is obliged to support her to the best of his ability, and when he dies she is his heir for life. This is totally false; there hav been many changes in the laws of several of the states in the past twenty or thirty years in regard to the rights of a wife or widow, but they need a good deal of doctoring yet, and let my friend be assured that there are women enough at work to bring about further changes in the near future, as they worked in the past and succeeded, even though good men like our friend in Cleveland declared them "out of their sphere," and, more dreadful still, threaten them with old maidism, and pronounce them Freelovers. I wish he, Mr. Mallonee, had defined Freelove; I am sure as I understand the definition, he himself advocates it, where he says: "Any man or woman who needs law in the family, that is, man-made laws, had better draw out of the contest; they are not Liberals, they never will be, and the sooner they join a church the better for the cause of liberty." Now, for the life of me, I do not see why our correspondent is not, according to his own showing, a full-fledged Freelover—but he is a man, and it may not hurt a man to be called what is by some people considered a wicked name; I mean people who hav not seen this last definition. Mr. Mallonee thinks if "our girls were taught that a true wife and a true mother were the highest type of womanhood, there would be fewer unmarried women seeking employment."

There hav been for several years past a great many married men seeking employment. Would teaching them that the highest attainment for man is to be true husbands and fathers giv them employment? Perhaps it would be well to begin your teaching with your own sex. But to be serious, my brother, 'tis too late in the nineteenth century to call the "woman's rights reform" "twaddle," or to seek to circumscribe the sphere of woman. She was permitted to learn the alphabet, she has found out her capabilities, she believes fully in the right to a voice in the laws that govern her, she knows the power that money givs, she knows how, and is willing to earn it for herself; all she asks is "equal rights and fair play," and Mr. Mallonee is almost the only one of the professed Freethinkers who writes himself in opposition. Our late ex-president, good and true Elizur Wright, used to say the woman's rights reform was the reform of reforms. My article is long enough; if Mr. Mallonee finds it difficult to see the laws that I complain of, I will help him to find them in some future time. Faithfully, LUOY N. COLMAN.

LOUDONVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Our TRUTH SEEKER came to-day, and to-night, after reading the tale of "Roger the Cat" to my little daughter (omitting to read the expression "O Lord") I settled down for a good hour of steady reading, which I hav enjoyed immensely, and now I feel just like "speaking out in meetin'."

I am anxious for information. Mr. Mallonee says in his letter to Mrs. Colman: "A woman without a dime marries a man worth a million. Immediately he becomes responsible for all her debts. He is compelled to support her to the best of his ability, and when he dies she is his heir for life." Yes, she is heir for life to the amount of *one-third* only of his possession should he die without having made a will. Is not that the "law of the land?"

I remember reading of a case where a woman toiled many years with her husband to obtain a home of their own. Finally they succeeded, but had enjoyed it but a few years when the husband died one day, struck down without warning, and without having made his will. They had no children, and the law gave her only one-third of his possessions, and, as his nearest relativs claimed the other two-thirds, the poor woman was compelled to "move out," and see the home she had toiled for sold. Now I want to know, Mr. Editor, if that could really happen. Is that the law? If so, please inform Mr. Mallonee that we hav found one law which does not favor women.

What fallacy! Well, pray, Mr. Mallonee will you—can you explain to me why it is that, as a rule, a man can almost invariably command twice the salary that a woman does for the same work?

Oh, pshaw! that sounds like real orthodox cant: "If more of the girls of America were taught that a true wife, a true mother, were the highest types of womanhood, there would be fewer unmarried women seeking employment.

Let me tell you, sir, the *real fact* of the case is that if there were only more male children born and raised, there "would be fewer unmarried women seeking employment." What is a poor woman to do if she has lost father and brother, and no man has asked her to be a wife and a mother. The land is full of "true wives and mothers" who are toiling daily for "daily bread" for the little mouths, and whose hard earnings go many times into the saloon-keeper's till, while the *true husband and true father* (?) has ever ready a sneer for "an old maid."

Had we more true fathers and true husbands we should hav fewer aching hearts among the living and fewer broken hearts hidden under the sod.

A woman who owns her thousands or millions, be she single or married, must pay taxes the same as a man, yet can hav no voice in framing the laws of her land nor in choosing the men who shall.

Evidently Mr. Mallonee is a *true husband* with a "true wife," who has made him "her god and her king," therefore he has not realized the truth of the saying that "one half the world does not know how the other half livs."

"A lot of twaddle about 'slaves to man,' 'woman's wrongs,' and other nonsense," may probably unfit her for the duties of life, but the idea that she has a right to vote for the men (or women) who are to make the laws by which she is to be governed never unfitted any sensible woman for the duties of life. There's "twaddle" and *twaddle*, you know.

I am a Freethinker, but not a Freelover, and hav not the slightest sympathy with their views, believing in marriage and home as a grand and sacred institution. Like many others, I hav been interested in the discussions of the "Albany arrest." Mr. Palmer has my hearty approval of the course he has pursued. He is evidently a person of refinement. The Freelove element has done so much to retard our progress. Knowing their views on certain matters are so distasteful, they will, forgetting all the "little niceties" of life, crowd in and make trouble. I always feel so indignant when I think of Mr. Bennett's imprisonment! It brings to mind the picture of the grinning ape, using the poor cat's paw to draw the chestnuts out of the coals.

Yet I hav no doubt there are some among them pure and conscientious in their views, but it's like Mormonism, where a man, a good Mormon too, clings to his one wife and takes no other. Some people do not always practice what they preach, you hav probably observed.

My best wishes for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I wish you a Happy New Year, you and all the office.

Sincerely, WINEFORD V. ASPINWALL.

CALISTOGA, CAL., Dec. 30, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: In answer to Mr. Mallonee I should say, barring that particular resolution at the Convention, I think you are wrong. First of all, if women are citizens, the suffrage is their right. Second, they are our peers by nature if not by opportunity, and are entitled by nature to equal rights, opportunities, etc., whether they care to avail themselvs of them or not.

If Mrs. Mallonee is content to hav you represent her, that is her business. But many women prefer to represent themselvs. Many hav been badly treated by their male representativs, and for anyone to yield a part of her rights or freedom irretrievably, is to enslave herself to that extent. If she has the right to think for herself, naturally the right to act should go with it, else she is fettered, and many useful thoughts and impressions are "born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

The confidence and sweet assurance that my husband will watch over my political and legal rights is often lost. Husband dies or gets drunk; brothers and fathers are dead, drunk, or hav wives and other daughters to represent. And you know how well they do it. Of course, women suffragists talk about the right to cast a ballot. That is because they are denied that right. And if that right granted necessitates their carrying arms, their husbands, brothers, fathers, and lovers will hav a golden opportunity to show their chivalry. I would grant the ladies the right to vote, and claim the right of protection if I needed it. Has it really proved a failure wherever tried? And if it has, that is no valid reason, for self-government often failed before our American attempt. I say attempt, because it is only partial yet,

The probability, or certainty if you will, that orthodoxy will use the new element to outflank Secularism is not a question of right but expediency; and to my mind it is the only good leg the opposition has to stand on.

The idea that women might become mental duplicates of men does not strike me as very bad. Would not the effect be a little reversed, too?

Still, the greatest liberty consistent with the good of others can be met in no other way. To vote or take part in the government of the country will not destroy any natural function of their bodies; it will not change their sex. And why they should be less useful, less thoughtful, or less lovable, I do not comprehend. I know that men claim that they will cease to be virtuous, affectionate, womanly, etc. But I cannot view it that way.

"Strong-minded girls usually die old maids." Are you sure? Well, maybe they get as much pleasure out of life that way as if marrred. You might find double the number of weak-minded ones anxious to be free, if that is any argument.

I am willing to trust the women, nature, and freedom, and fight for them if necessary. J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

NEW GLASGOW, VA., Dec. 20, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Although but a new reader of your valuable paper, I would like to make one or two suggestions through your columns, and trust that, if not acted on, they will at least be received as sincere. First, I would thank you for the good work you are doing in publishing such works as "Rational Communism," which is so able a work that I fancy it is written by Lyman Abbott, and if you would publish a few extracts from it (such as chapter IX. and X.) it would hav a much larger sale, for anyone reading that much would wish for more. Another point is the disposition to quarrel, among Liberals, on unimportant points. This is wrong, and can only lead to the hindering of our cause. It is bad enough for religious people to spend time, money, and brains fighting over some dogma or creed, without having our (at present) small force wrangling among ourselvs, and we should apply to those who advance what we think wrong ideas on love or other conduct the rule we want all others to apply on religious subjects—will it stand the test of common sense? If not, and your opponent thinks it will, why, drop the matter at once. The last thing I wish to mention is the subject of illustrating your paper. Don't. The illustrations will cost more than the same space in reading matter, and though they may attract some, I fear they will not convince any. For years I hav been a subscriber to the New York *Sun*, but I fancy there are many like myself who had much rather hav it without illustrations. For instance, its story "Snow-Bound at Eagle's." We all know what a coach looks like, how men on horseback appear, or how a girl would look sitting on a bed, etc., etc. Where is the mental benefit derived from the above? J. WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

MILWAUKEE, OR., Dec. 17, 285.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of December 5th appeareth John Hindman, "Surveyor and Civil Engineer," and offers two years' subscription to your paper to anyone "who will prove, by geometrical calculation, that the sun is over twelve thousand miles from the earth." I take it for granted that Mr. Hindman, being a civil engineer, knows approximately how much a degree measures on the surface of the earth. He knows, for instance, that in going north the north star will appear to rise about one degree for every 70 miles, and consequently that the computation of the earth's diameter at about 8,000 miles is nearly correct. Now, let him place himself in northern Mexico, or some point 23 degrees north latitude, where in the long days of summer the sun at noon will be directly overhead; then, if the sun is only 12,000 miles from the center of the earth he will be at noon only 8,000 miles, or one diameter of the earth, away. Hence the apparent diameter of the sun would be one and one-half as great at noon as at sun-rise. As there is no perceptible difference, the sun is not only more, but immensely more, than 12,000 miles away. *Q. E. D.*

Again, a circle with a radius of 12,000 miles has a diameter of 24,000 and a circumference of 75,000 miles. If the sun is only 12,000 miles from the earth and covers only about 30 minutes, or half a degree, or one 720th of a circumference of 75,000 miles, his diameter is only about 104 miles, instead of 800,000 miles, as astronomers compute! But the shadow of the moon in an eclipse sometimes comes to a point before it gets to the earth, showing that the sun is larger than the moon, but in a total eclipse the moon's shadow is sometimes 180 miles across. But the moon's shadow being a cone, the moon itself is much more than 180 miles in diameter. The moon covers about half a degree, or a 720th of its orbit. Hence we hav 720x180=129,600 miles for the circumference of the moon's orbit. The radius of that, or the distance of the moon, would be at least 21,600 miles. But the moon passes between the earth and the sun, hence the sun is still farther away, and therefore more than 12,000 miles. *Q. E. D.*

If the moon, which is nearer than the sun, was only 104 miles in diameter, one would only hav to go 104 miles on the surface of the earth to giv the moon a change of position among the stars of half a degree, or her apparent diameter, instead of over 2,000 miles, as is now the case.

Venus passes around the sun in an orbit inside that of the earth. When she is between us and the sun she is frequently hidden by the moon. Hence when the earth and moon and sun are in a line there is more than half the diameter of Venus's orbit between the sun and moon. But Venus is sometimes 47 degrees from the sun. Hence Venus must be more than two-thirds as far from the sun as the earth. Hence if you add Venus's distance to the moon's, you will hav the sun over 36,000 miles from the earth. This is no attempt to compute the distance of the sun, but to show friend Hindman that the solar system is no such little orrery as he supposes. If the sun were the distance and size he supposes, it would be no wonder that God occupied nearly six days in making this big earth, and only a part of one day in making the sun, moon, and stars, and setting them in the firmament. It would not take much of a god to stop such a little billiard ball as that for Joshua to finish his fight, or to set it back twelve degrees to illuminate Hezekiah's boil while they cured it by applying grape juice. Astronomy is no guess-work. Let friend Hindman study Proctor, beginning with the little problems, and he will find no ground for disputing the big ones. D. PRIESTLEY.

CUSSETA, GA., Dec. 18, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I see my subscription has about run out. Please giv me credit for the inclosed amount. I am sorry to see so much division among Liberals. Some of them remind me of the Hardshell Babtists down here: they strike at every thing that comes within reach, especially whisky and Spiritualism. The Constitution and laws of the United States giv men the right to make and sell whisky, and then tax it ninety cents per gallon, and the state of Georgia can confiscate it. If that is not robbery between the two governments, I don't know what it is. We hav fought for state sovereignty and lost, then we took an oath to support the Constitution and laws of the United States. Now if the states can over-ride the Constitution and laws of the United States, what guarantee of protection hav we for anything? I lost $20,000 by that foolish attempt at state rights in 1865.

I was in hopes never to see it tried again. The Methodists here, and a good many others, claim that Prohibitionists are led by Providence. Well, Providence is a dangerous leader; he led Booth, Freeman, Guitean, and all those prowling hypocrits that liv off the labor of other people.

I hope in the future we may be more agreed. Churches here are anything but prosperous; numbers of them are abandoned. The gain of the Baptist the last year is only two per cent; Methodist no better; the others all dying out. One of the judges of the Supreme Court of Georgia is as strong a Materialist as I ever saw. He says religion will do for women and negroes, but not for white men. Lawyers are almost universally Infidel; so are the doctors.

Hoping you may hav a Merry Christmas and prosperous journey through life, I remain, W. F. MOULDER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Beauty.

I've seen the form of faultless mold,
By artless elegance controled
In every movement made;
In charms so rich fair Venus' art
Could scarce one absent grace impart,
With all her skill arrayed.

I've seen bright eyes, whose gentle beam
An angel's brow might well beseem,
So mild their witching gaze;
Soft cheeks I've seen of fairer hue
Than Eden's brightest rose e'er drew
From morning's purest rays.

Not graceful form, nor starry eye,
Nor rosy cheek of loveliest dye,
All cast in beauty's mold,
Hath such rare power to touch my breast
As (on some calm, sweet mien impressed)
The beauty of the soul.

Rude Time the casket may devour,
But far beyond his ruthless power
Its fadeless gem endures;
So age may bend the fairest form,
And mar each bright external charm,
Soul-charms age but matures.

S. BREWER.

Biographical.

HYPATIA.

Alexandria was, as is well-known, at one time the great seat of learning, the intellectual capital of the whole world. It will always be celebrated as the birth-place of some of the noblest and greatest of mankind. In Alexandria was born in the year 370 Hypatia, daughter of Theon, the famous mathematician of that period. He educated his daughter in mathematics and philosophy, taking great pains with her training. Little is known of her mother, but we infer that she must hav been a woman of noble qualities to be the parent of such a daughter as Hypathia, who was of that high order of intellect which absorbs knowledge readily, grasping and retaining all that came in her way.

She was sent to Athens in her early days and studied under the Neo-Platonist Plutarch, who taught philosophy and expounded the ancient oracles of Chaldea.

Under his instruction and guidance she examined theurgy, the supposed art of communicating with the gods.

Finishing her course of study, she returned to Alexandria, a lovely, highly-educated, and most accomplished woman.

She was one of the most beautiful of her sex, witty, eloquent, and possessing the most pleasing, gentle, and attractiv manners. With all her wit, beauty, and eloquence, she was neither vain, haughty, nor self-conceited.

She became a teacher, reopening the school of Plotinus, and soon became surrounded by a class of students, eager to learn of one so gifted and learned in the sciences.

She was called the "Mistress of Philosophy," and became the literary belle of Alexandria. Undoubtedly, she was the best educated woman of her time, and drew around her the *savants* and wise men of the city and surrounding country, among them the wise and learned Orestes, governor of Alexandria, who often consulted with her and deferred to her opinions in state matters.

Naturally, a woman of her beauty and rare abilities had many admirers, and many lovers sought her hand in marriage. But she turned from them all and resolved to devote her time and talents to teaching philosophy and mathematics.

It was unusual for a woman to teach in those days, and, as she did not accept the teachings of Christianity, she provoked the animosity of those Christians who were then in power. They declared she rebelled against the authority of St. Paul; as she did, for Paul had said a woman should not teach, but should sit in silence and subjection. Because Hypatia disregarded this edict and was a a pagan in religion, she became an object of spite to the bigots of the church. Not content with ridiculing her and applying to her the most opprobrious and false epithets, they resolved to put her to death, because she taught among other things that monasticism was silly and ridiculous.

Hypatia, notwithstanding the threats made against her person, pursued the even tenor of her way, studying and teaching every day.

Cyril, who at that time bishop of Alexandria, instructed his followers to silence the famous teacher, and told them what to do to carry out a most diabolical plan.

One day as she was returning from the academy where she taught she was seized by a party of monks, dragged from her carriage, and stripped naked in the public streets. They then forcibly carried her fainting form into a church, which was called Cæsareum, and there murdered her, scraping the flesh from her bones with sharp shells. After this was done they took her bones to a place called Cinaron and burnt them.

It was as if Philosophy was struck dumb at the martyrdom of this lovely and eloquent expounder of its doctrins. Literature was mangled with her sweet and attractiv person, and lay prostrate through that night of woe and despair very appropriately called the "Dark Ages." The indignation of her followers was so great at this cruel and most dastardly treatment of Hypatia that Christianity afterward changed the story of her horrible death to make it appear that she perished in the cause of religion! And in the Catholic church to-day she is numbered among the saints, known to followers of that religion as Saint Catharine of Alexandria!

Her martyrdom occurred in the year 415, and is among the cruelest and wickedest events that mark the history of the Christian religion in its early days. Of her writings—and it is believed she wrote many treatises on philosophic subjects—only an astronomical table is preserved.

She was a brave, pure, true woman, more than ordinarily gifted and eloquent, the most intellectual and attractiv champion of Freethought in the fifth century. Let us, while we lament her tragic and untimely end, emulate her virtues and gather inspiration from her courage and truthfulness, nor ever forget to honor Hypatia, the philosopher and Freethinker of Alexandria. S. H. W.

Wonders of the Ocean.

PEARLS.

Pearls, those beautiful, solidified drops of dew, are products of the ocean, the secretions of the pearl oyster. This animal is unlike the oyster we use for food. Its shell is lined with a white, silky, iridescent substance called nacre.

Pearls are formed from the same material, only, in place of being deposited upon the valves in layers, it is gathered together and condensed in small globules which develop themselvs on the insides of the shells, or in the fleshy part of the mollusks.

Generally there is some little particle of a foreign substance which serves as a nucleus to the concretions. It may be the egg of a fish, or a fine grain of sand around which is deposited in layers the highly-prized gem.

The Chinese, and other Eastern people, turn this fact to account, and introduce into the inside of the body of the oyster a round grain of sand, glass, or metal, which in time yields a pearl. Whole chaplets are sometimes produced by inserting grains of quartz connected by a thread.

These are used by religious persons to count their prayers. My dear children, is it not one vast pity that so many lovely things of earth, sea, and sky should be made emblems and instruments of superstition? Imagin yourselvs with a string of beads in your hands; you are hungry, you go to your father and ask for food, you slip a bead down on your string; you ask again, then slip another bead; he pays no attention; you ask many times, earnestly, pleadingly, slipping a bead through your fingers every time, till the whole number of forty or fifty beads hav passed along the string; your father has paid no attention whatever to you. He is certainly very unkind. Every good, sensible person will say so. Yet we are told that God, to whom these people pray, counting their beads over and over, is a kind father, but he acts just like the cruel father whom you hav asked for bread. I hope no children who read our good Liberal, common-sense papers will ever tease God for things they can get by their own endeavor, and, indeed, for no other things; it is lost time and wasted force.

If you remember this, and act accordingly, it will be as a valuable pearl of wisdom to you.

Coming back to our sea pearls, I must tell you how they are obtained from the depths of the ocean. The oyster is procured by diving. The divers divide themselvs into groups of five men each, who labor and rest alternately. They dive down from forty to sixty feet, often further, and remain down from thirty to eighty seconds. Each man has a stone fastened to one foot to make him descend rapidly. Having reached the bottom he throws himself on his face and gathers all the oysters within his reach, then pulls a cord attached to his person as a signal to the men above, who quickly draw him to the surface.

A good diver will go down fifteen or twenty times in succession. The labor is extremely severe; sometimes as the diver comes above the water blood will issue from his ears, nose, and mouth; he is also in danger of being devoured by sharks, which lie in wait near the diving-places.

At noonday a gun is fired from the shore as a signal for all the boats to come in, so all the oysters may be searched for pearls; this must be done before night sets in, in order to prevent robbery. Yet, with all care and watching, a diver will sometimes find a valuable pearl and swallow it in a "jiffy" when no one sees him. Of course, it is indigestible, and passes through the alimentary canal, and is again found by the cunning thief.

After the pearls are taken from the shells they are sold by weight; those taken from the bodies of the oysters are the purest, and are termed paragons, or virgin pearls. In cleansing them they are placed in sacks with powdered nacre, and worked to polish them. They are then passed through a series of sieves, in order to sort them according to size.

The shah of Persia has, perhaps, the richest pearl in the world; it is valued at $900,000.

Denver, Col. MRS. BUCKNER-JOHNSON.

About the Moon and Earth.

Professor Ball, the astronomer, tells us that the ocean tides, which are caused by the moon's attraction, operate as a brake upon the rotation of the earth on its axis. The moon is very slowly receding from the earth, and as the earth's daily revolution is being continually retarded, the days are growing longer in the average. The matter is not likely soon to become a factor in determining the time or wages for a day's work, since the day only lengthens about one second every thousand years. The change, however, is constant, and will go on until the earth ceases entirely to revolve. Some fifty million years ago the moon was so close to the earth as almost to touch it, and spun around the earth every three hours. It is one of the gratifying facts that while many of these calculations can be made with great exactness, the circumstances are such that an error of a few thousand centuries is of no particular consequence.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—A PALINDROMIC SQUARE.

A professor of Hebrew, and Latin, and Greek,
A nativ of Friesland, for the *first* you must seek.
The Bible translation in Dutch he compared
With other translations and "original word,"
Wherein he so forcibly showed the great gain
Of using the Hebrew and Greek to explain,
That thereafter a knowledge thereof was required
By some synods of those who to pulpits aspired.
No Moodys, or Joneses, or Jaspers they sent
To explain what the great Jewish "Jabberwock" meant.
Had these synods for *natural sciences* held
The Cooks and the Talmages, too, were expelled.
Contemporaneous with Bruno divine
He died in the Era of Man twenty-nine.
Anything very *minute* is the second,
A *small man* or *creature*, a *dwarf*, Milton reckoned;
'Tis only *a drop* of the limitless tide;
To *animalculæ* and such things applied.
'Tis a *small kind of type*, or yet, if you wish,
We'll call it a *minnow*, a very small fish.
Yet a *second*, my *first* you must never suppose,
For he had outgrown his small clerical clothes.
A genus of tropical plants is the third;
A sour-sop, perhaps, is a more common word.
The *fourth*, and the *second*, the *last* and the *first*,
By *pairs* are the same, *each the same, too, reversed.*
No matter which side of the square is below,
To the left or the right, down or up you may go.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—RIDDLE.

What root is stronger than oxen?

I. A. POOL.

3.—MATHEMATICAL.

A's money, *plus* four-fifths of itself, equals B's. What per cent must B lose to hav the same as A?

WM. SCOTT.

4.—MATHEMATICAL.

$1,200, placed at compound interest for the term of five years, amounts to $3,000. What is the rate per cent?

G. W. WILLIAMS.
Aledo, Ill.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, DEC. 26, 1885.

2.—19.39x.

3.—"Every honest miller has a golden thumb."

4.—A hog's head.

SOLVERS.—Alex. Calder, Kate Branton, O. F. Whipple.

Chat with Puzzlers.

LENNA G. ATWOOD.—You solved the problem correctly. We would be pleased to hav a longer letter from you for our correspondence column.

J. K. P. B.—We are glad to hear from you again. We all miss you when you are not in the Puzzle Box. The absence of one of our best puzzlers is explained by the fact that he has turned astrologer! We shall expect our horoscope will be cast without delay.

EPISCOPUS.—*Seven* is the "lucky number," and Pauline is right—the girls do hav the hardest lot. We are overrun with communications and puzzles, and all are welcome, but some must wait. In the mean time, let no one get "miffed," or get "hoppin' mad" at trifles. We never will hit anybody's "crazybone" or tread on literary corns if we can help it.—ED. C. C.

Correspondence.

ONT., Dec. 5, 1885.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My father and mother read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and they hav four little Infidels that read the Children's Corner, of which I am the eldest except one. I never see any letters in the Corner from southern California, so I thought I would write you one if you think it is good enough to print. We came down from Dakota two years ago because my father was sick. Father and I and a little brother came around the Southern route. We were ten days on the cars. We saw lots of Indians and cowboys, and I went up to the fort at Yuma. We saw big herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. We had lots of fun. My mother and sister and eldest brother came by the Northern Pacific three months after we did. This is a very nice country. We can get fruit every month in the year. We hav oranges ripe now, but we miss the snow and ice. We never hav any here, so we missed the fun of skating and sleigh-riding downhill, but we get lots of other things to make up for it. We all go to school now. The school is kept in one room of the Methodist College. The teacher used to march us all into the chapel for reading and prayer. My father stopped us and she did not go in any more and got awful mad. We play at noon a game of ball and hav a good time now. I must close, and if this is any good I will try again some time. I am only twelve years old, and never tried to write one like this before. I don't know whether you can read it or not.

LUTHER JOHNS.

[A very good letter, Luther. Let us hear from you again.—ED. C. C.]

OAK POINT, W. T., Dec. 21, 1885.

DEAR MISS WIXON: If you are not too much annoyed with letters from young misses like myself, I thought perhaps you would like to hear from some one out here. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last six years, and we all like it very much. I am ten years old, and go to the district school in summer, and in winter we hav a teacher at home. This last summer we had a lady teacher, and a very religious one, too. My sister and I hav always taken pieces out of THE TRUTH SEEKER to speak in school on Fridays, and on one occasion this lady told us to hav some good pieces, for she expected visitors. My sister spoke "Mr. Tubbs's Christmas," and I spoke the "Young Inquirer," both pieces taken out of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. The lady was so shocked that she afterward would allow us to speak only such pieces as she gave us.

Dear Miss Wixon, we are having a very pleasant winter out here. We hav flowers in bloom in our garden, and plenty of wild flowers all around us, and only three days before Christmas. I wish you and all connected with THE TRUTH SEEKER, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Very respectfully, from your little friend, LIZZIE LAWSON.

[We are never annoyed by letters from our friends. We are always pleased to hear from them, especially when they are as interesting as the above. Lizzie's teacher probably has not had the advantage of reading so excellent a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER, or she would not be so bigoted. We are sorry for her and hope that time will set her right. We thank you, Lizzie, for your kind wishes, and trust there are many happy years before you and all our friends and readers.—ED. C. C.]

FLORENCE, WIS., Dec. 8, 1885.

DEAR MISS WIXON: When papa brings home THE TRUTH SEEKER I am always glad to look over the Children's Corner. I am only nine years old. I am in the fourth reader at school. I love my teacher very much, and think you must hav been a teacher some time, as you like the children so much. Some of the puzzles I can make out with papa's help. I write letters to my grandmas and cousins, and uncle; some are in Colorado and some are in Ohio. I guess you will get tired reading such a long letter, so I will close.

From your little friend, OLA MARSH.

[You are right, Ola dear, in thinking we hav been a school teacher, and we are still teaching a large school in the Children's Corner, and Ola is one among our bright little scholars.—ED. C. C.]

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FOR 1886.

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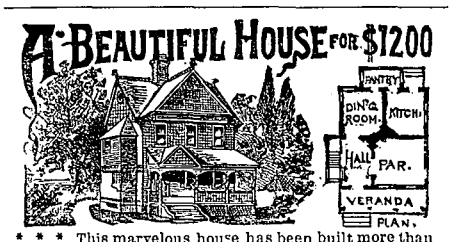
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Death, and fear, and misery,
Instinct, thought, and human brain,
Spirit, heaven, or future pain;
God, or law-evolving Chance,
Design, or atoms' whirling dance,
What we guess, and what we know,
Whence we came, and whither we go,
Skiey worlds, and monads small—
Riddles one, and riddles all.

In our hands one only clue,
What seems right to bravely do.
Revealed shall all riddles be
Only to Sincerity. J. WM. LLOYD.

Keep Moving.

The swallow feeds on tireless wings;
"Honey costs work," the worker sings;
No good comes save what effort brings—
Keep moving.

Slowblood mopes through life's monotone,
Nor sees his path with pearls bestrewn.
These gems alertness gets alone—
Keep moving.

In youth's unrest, its grief and glee,
Tentativ evolution see,
Building the man that is to be—
Keep moving.

The rivers seaward ever flow,
Singing and shining as they go;
Still pools are pestilential, so—
Keep moving.

The earth hath its diurnal whirl,
The moon is night's revolving pearl,
The outer orbs a stellar swirl—
Keep moving.

The winds from many quarters blow,
The clouds float o'er us fleet or slow,
The tides incessant ebb and flow—
Keep moving.

Wouldst fain see superstition die?
Nail priestcraft's sanctimonious lie?
See knowledge beam from freedom's eye?
Keep moving.

Dost long for lucre, power, or fame?
(A gilded life, a sounding name?)
A lover, love?—whate'er thy game—
Keep moving.

Brooklyn. JAMES P. KENYON.

Book Notices.

SOCIAL WEALTH: The Sole Factors and Exact Ratios in its Acquirement and Apportionment. By J. K. Ingalls. New York: The Truth Seeker Company. Price $1.

We hav received from the TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton Place, New York city, a book of 320 pages, showing the cause of poverty and wealth: "The Sole Factors and Exact Ratios in its Acquirement and Apportionment," by J. K. Ingalls. It shows how nations hav fought, the stronger oppressing the weaker, and appropriating their wealth; the tendency of our own country to the same barbaric action, on account of the extravagant growth of wealth and the increase of poverty. No action of our government to equalize the toiling multitude with those who toil not, by giving them a fair proportion of the land of our country. It is a work that Congressmen and legislators should read and apply the remedy for those they profess to represent, and avert the impending crisis of desolating wars. It is a book that all who can should read, and particularly the very wealthy of our country, who are in the greatest danger should an outbreak of the masses occur. Almighty Nature proclaims the equality of man, and they who trample upon her laws must suffer the penalty of her omnipotent tribunal. If the wealthy bring on their own destruction, then there is no power on earth to prevent it. No law will prevent a sweeping tornado in its course.—*Liberal.*

In this fresh contribution to the ever increasing volume of literature on economic questions, the author endeavors to show that land and labor are the only factors in production, and hav no exchangeable ratio to their own products; that labor, divorced from, or disinherited, of the land, is only an abstraction without productiv power, and that land without the application of labor is unproductiv of economic values; that the whole device of income without work is fraudulent, and that all exchanges which involve pure profit, rent and interest, to the extent that they involve them, are no economic exchanges whatever, but the fraudulent or hazardous obtaining of something for nothing. Mr. Ingalls asserts that "we are living under a system of capitalistic aggrandizement, or commercial monarchism, which has no parallel in the history of our race." He believes, however, that there is a principle of law which will giv an equitable share of the products of industry to each who shares the labor, and that to discover and record this law is the true province of the legislator.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

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Miss Gardener is a young lady who has a mission, and this mission is to help women to lift themselvs up from the position of dependence in which they now are, and the first step she takes to advance that work is to show the fallacy of Bible teachings as regards women, and the dependent position which they must forcibly occupy so long as they permit these teachings to control their conduct and to regulate their social status. In pursuance of her object she has delivered several lectures, which are reprinted in the work before us. These lectures rank far above the average and will take place among the best. They are not only logical, practical, and sprightly, being enlivened by a keen wit and much latent humor, but there is an earnestness in them that makes itself felt in every word, and sends them home to the hearts of the hearers.

One feature specially pleases us. Miss Gardener does not abuse the men for women's position and beg for better treatment. She calls upon the women to dare to think and act for themselvs, and to gain the place which rightly belongs to them. She recognizes, if not in so many words, yet by the whole tenor of her arguments, that this world is a place of conflict, where each must bear his part—in thinking as well as working—but she indignantly throws off the fetters which the Christian religion has twined around her, and which forbid women to act and to think as their intelligence and their desires would prompt.

While the matter in these lectures is all good, we feel that it is specially good as coming from a woman, for it is a sign that the good work is progressing and that the seed is bearing its fruits. It is indeed progress that a young, refined, handsome woman should dare to mount the rostrum and address large audiences in behalf of her sex and to impeach before the bar of reason the false teachings which hav been so effectual in keeping women in their position of industrial, political, and social dependence, and it is the more encouraging that, instead of being frowned upon and discouraged, Miss Gardener should be welcomed by large audiences, her lectures commented favorably upon by the leading papers, and reprinted in the handsome form presented in the book before us.

We hope and believe that the book will meet with a large sale. It contains a handsome picture of the gifted lecturer, and is such a book as all thinking women ought to own and feel proud of as containing an earnest defense of their rights by one of their own number.—*The Sociologist.*

"Men, Women, and Gods" is the title of a recent work by Helen H. Gardener, who will be recalled as having lectured in this city some time ago. It has an introduction written by Robert G. Ingersoll, and is dedicated to Mrs. Ingersoll, to whom the author refers as "the brave, happy wife of America's greatest orator and woman's truest friend." Miss Gardener, we believe, is in some sense a protégé of Ingersoll, who "backs her up" in her views of things. The book consists of three lectures, in which the author ventilates her opinions of the Bible, and of the treatment and condition of women as related in that volume, and through the various records of the world's history. Colonel Ingersoll declares that the writer of the book has "read the Bible with open eyes," with vision unclouded by the mist of sentimentality, and has had the courage to tell the result of her investigations, and that no human being can answer her arguments. It certainly is a red-hot book. It contains a picture of the author and her autograph. Published by The Truth Seeker Company, New York.—*Syracuse Herald.*

"Men, Women, and Gods, and Other Lectures," by Helen Gardener, with an Introduction by Col. R. G. Ingersoll. Well, well! This is quite superb! Every woman who is tired of slavery, and thinks the orthodox Bible is humiliating her too much, to require her to "ask her husband at home" on matters wherein she is better posted than he is, should hav this book. The author handles the clergy and the system of Christianity with a master hand, and has the faculty of getting at the point by short cuts—just like a woman. She tells of a clergyman who was giving his "reason for opposing medical or scientific training of any sort for women." He said: "Her whole energy and force of action (outside of the family) must be expended on religion. If she were allowed other fields of action or thought, her energy, like that of a man, would be withdrawn from and fatally cripple the church." Which the author meets in those few strong words: "To me, however, it seems that any organization that finds it necessary to cripple its adherents in order to keep them, has a screw loose somewhere,"

This book would be a splendid present to prepare for Christmas time. It would be a splendid missionary performance for a few ladies to unite and make a present to their preachers in cases where they will be able to appreciate it. For gentlemen no more useful, captivating, and elevating selection could be made for a Christmas present to ladies than this. The paper, the printing, the whole get up of the book, including the portrait of the author, is splendid.—*Nonconformist.*

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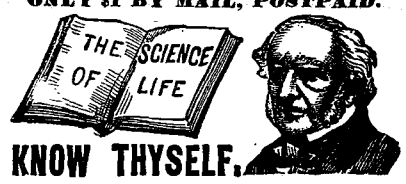
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Gems of Thought.

How much lighter load the people of England would hav to carry to-day; how much better off might be her poorer classes, had she not spent the thousands of millions in war that she has, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands that hav laid down their lives for glory! True, she would hav fewer colonies than she has now; her dominions would not extend all around the globe; but it is very probable that her people would be happier. —*D. M. Bennett.*

THE deity is known to us only by his production, and is a single being in the universe, not comprehended under any species or genus, from whose experienced attributes or qualities we can, by analogy, infer any attribute or quality in him. As the universe shows wisdom and goodness, we infer wisdom and goodness. As it shows a particular degree of these perfections, we infer a particular degree of them, precisely adapted to the effect which we examin. But further attributes, or further degrees of the same attributes, we can never be authorized to infer or suppose, by any rules of just reasoning. Now, without some such license of supposition, it is impossible for us to argue from the cause, or infer any alteration in the effect, beyond what has immediately fallen under our observation.—*Hume's Essays.*

THE manner in which a nation in the aggregate treats animals, is one chief measure of its real civilization. The Latin races, as we know, come forth badly from this examination; we Germans, not half well enough. Buddhism has done more in this direction than Christianity, and Schopenhauer more than all ancient and modern philosophers together. The warm sympathy with sentient nature which pervades all the writings of Schopenhauer, is one of the most pleasing aspects of his thoroughly intellectual, yet often unhealthy and unprofitable, philosophy.—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
Those grand with polished manners and fine sense,
The man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path
(A necessary act incurs no blame),
But he that has *humanity*, forewarned,
Will step aside and let the reptil liv;
For they are as free to liv and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to make them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.
—*Cowper.*

THE question is not concerning the being, but the nature of God. This I affirm, from the infirmities of the human understanding, to be altogether incomprehensible and unknown to us. The essence of that supreme mind, his attributes, the manner of his existence, the very nature of his duration; these and every particular, which regards so divine a being, are mysterious to men. Finite, weak, and blind creatures, we ought to humble ourselvs in his august presence; and, conscious of our frailties, adore in silence his infinit perfections. They are covered in a deep cloud from human curiosity. It is profaneness to attempt penetrating through these sacred obscurities; and next to impiety of denying his existence is the temerity of prying into his nature and essence, decrees and attributes.—*Hume's Dialogs on Natural Religion.*

THE doctrin of demonism led to the witchcraft horrors, and cost the lives of untold thousands of innocent human beings during a period that has been justly called the age of insanity. During the twelve centuries, from the first Council of Nice to the dawn of Western rationalism, a sane inhabitant of Christian Europe must hav felt like a philosopher caged in a lunatic asylum, and subjected to the control of a brainless and heartless keeper. . . The god of nature bears witness against the God of Galilee. To all who hav eyes to see and ears to hear, skepticism has become a religious duty. It was once blasphemous to deny the trinitarian dogma, it is now blasphemous to defend it. The slanderer of nature has ceased to be our God. The men who were killed for "heresies" against the Christian creed hav become martyrs of a higher religion.—*Felix L. Oswald.*

TO-DAY I hav got out of all trouble, or rather I hav cast out all trouble, for it was not outside, but within, and in my opinion. Take away thy opinion and then there is taken away the complaint, "I hav been harmed." Take away the complaint, "I hav been harmed," and the harm has been taken away. Begin the morning by saying to thyself: "I shall meet the busybody, the ungratful, the arrogant, the deceitful, the envious, the unsocial—all things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good,"—*Antoninus*

Odds and Ends.

AMBITION, my son, says the paternal editor of the Boston *Transcript*, is what other people hav; it is a very bad element in anybody's composition. Never be ambitious, my son, but simply show an honest and praiseworthy desire to excel. Of course you see the difference, and will act accordingly.

SOME person who deserves to be hanged has written the following reasons why women are called ducks: Because they are not all tame. Because there is a good deal of sport to be got out of the wild ones. Because they may be captured. Because they may be sold. Because, as proved by the results of public examinations, they may be plucked. Because, as we can see in the illustrated newspapers, they may be drawn. Because they may be beautifully done, a good deal of butter being usually employed in the process. Because they are often well basted. Because they are always dressed in some fashion for dinner. Because they hav long bills. Because there are always plenty of them in the market.

GOING TO CHURCH.—A DOMESTIC FARCE IN ONE SCENE.

Dramatis Personæ.—The Juggins family, consisting of A. Juggins, senior, ditto junior, Mrs. Juggins, Emma, Rose, and Florrie.

Scene, a parlor; time, Sunday evening at 6:30. Family discovered conversing.

MR. J.: "Well, my dears, it is half-past six, we must see about being off to church. I suppose you are all going as usual?"

J. Jr.: "Oh, I can't go to-night; I hav promised to meet Tottie at seven o'clock, and I wouldn't disappoint her for the world." (*Fastens his masher collar, at the imminent peril of cutting his throat, and exit hastily.*)

MR. J.: "Well, Augustus has gone after that barmaid of his; but I suppose we can make up a party to do the respectable thing at St. Cucumber's. (*To wife*) Are you going, my dear?"

MRS. J.: "I hav a beastly headache, and that horrid organ always makes it worse. I'll stop at home to-night."

MR. J.: "Another deserter! Well, what do you girls say?"

ROSE: "I'm sure I sha'n't go. My dress is a shabby old thing, and my bonnet is not fit to go out in. Last Sunday Mrs. Pieces wore a new threeply bombazin jacket, and had a Guinevere hat trimmed with green baize ruching. She put on airs because I hav worn the same old bonnet for two months, and I nearly died with vexation as I sat next to her. I'm not going to church to look a fright, and St. Cucumber's must worry along without me till you let me hav a new dress and a hat like Mrs. Pieces'. So there!" (*Tears ad lib.*)

MR. J.: "Well, I will see about the finery. But you will go, Florrie, won't you?"

FLORRIE: "I can't to-night, papa. I hav promised to accompany Jenny Jumper to hear the Rev. Silas Windbag, the Roaring Devil-smasher of the Alleghanies. I wouldn't miss him for anything. He is over here on a preaching tour, and is such a dear man! He preaches in a tent, and when he gets excited he makes the roof flap. Jenny heard him last Sunday, and she says he gave her a cold chill fourteen times in the hour. I *must* go, and I *shall*."

MR. J.: "All right, trot away. He'll be smashing devils somewhere else next week, and then perhaps the old shop and old Mr. Snuffleton will be good enough for you. Well, Emma, you and I must go together."

EMMA: "O yes, papa, I will go with pleasure. The Rev. Emanuel Duck is to preach to-night, and I am dying to hear him again. He is a perfect pet of a man, and has such lovely white teeth! I never enjoyed a sermon so much as the one he preached last Sunday, on—on—I forget what it was on; but his dear blue eyes were fixed on me all the time, and his sweet tenor voice went straight to my soul. I shall be ready in half a minute!"

MR. J.: "What! Is that clerical masher, Duck, going to preach to-night? That simpering, oily, painted tailor's dummy going to hold forth? He's only put up to catch the silly girls; his sermons are simply bosh and water. If old Snuffleton—who does, at least, send you quietly to sleep—intends to sail his ship with Captain Duck at the helm, here's one of his crew who takes a leap overboard! 'Dear blue eyes!' indeed! (*Sarcastically.*) Never heard of any flighty fool of a girl who wants to be Mrs. Emanuel Duck, hav you?"

EMMA (*indignantly*): I didn't expect you would insult the curate and your daughter! It's too bad. (*Tears ad lib., as before.*)

MR. J.: "What! another grand display of fountains? Well, I'm off to the Pig and Whistle to hav a chat on politics with old Jawkins. Shan't be in till eleven!" (*Exit and curtain.*)

NOTE.—The Established church of England is the bulwark of our glorious British constitution.—*G. S. in London Freethinker.*

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News of the Week.

THE Grant monument fund is more than $115,000.

THE Co-operativ Wholesale Society's establishment in Whitechapel, London, has been burnt. Loss, £60,000.

TYPHUS fever is prevalent in the Albany penitentiary. Eleven deaths hav occurred, and there are now sixty patients.

BLAINE'S book, "Twenty Years of Congress," is practically complete, and the second volume is announced for the latter part of this month.

THERE were in this city last year 30,038 births; 35,696 deaths; 11,716 marriages; 159 foundlings; 74,372 arrests, 54,883 of whom were women; and 281,170 immigrants arrived.

ON account of the prevalent hydrophobia care, the municipal authorities of New York hav established a dog-pound, and policemen are instructed to kill or capture all unmuzzled dogs.

FREDERICK FISHEL, of this city, stole $75,000 from his employers, spent it on a woman and on cards and the races, and ran away to Canada. He is now a prisoner at the police central office.

THE proposition is up to divide the territory of Dakota and make the southern half a state. Dakotians are greatly excited over the matter, and many of them are at Washington to look after their interests.

THE total number of business failures in the United States in 1885 was 10,637 against 10,968 in 1884. The amount of money involved in the failures for 1885 was little more than one-half that of the previous year.

EFFORTS are still being made to recover the bodies of the twenty-six miners who were imprisoned and suffocated by the recent accident at the Nanticoke, Pa., coal mine. It is expected that a month will be required to reach the bodies.

THE Rev. Dr. George R. Bristor, whose sixteen-year-old servant, Ida Downs, accuses him of criminally assaulting her, received three persons into the Spring Valley Methodist church last Sunday, and administered the communion service.

THE New Year struck New York amid great noise made by innumerable horns, whistles, and bells. The old habits of making calls and filling up with exhilarating fluids was widely observed. On January 2d the streets were thronged with ladies making calls on one another.

GOVERNOR HILL of New York was inaugurated on New Year's Day. The ceremonies of the occasion were conducted with a "Jeffersonian simplicity" which excelled in magnificence and ornate display those attending the inauguration of any of the forty-seven previous governors of New York.

THE Rev. Mr. Gray, of Millerton, and Miss Rachel Nicolson, of Fox Harbor, N. S., came to New York and put up at a hotel last Friday night. Saturday morning the woman was unconscious from inhaling gas, and it is supposed that she blew her light out instead of turning it off. She is recovering, and Mr. Gray says he will marry her as soon as she is well enough.

THE children who went from Newark, N. J., to Chemist Pasteur at Paris to be inoculated for hydrophobia are now on their way home. M. Pasteur thinks they are out of danger. There is to be a Pastcur institute in America where the great chemist's researches may be laid before physicians here. Articles of incorporation of such an institute hav already been signed.

THIRTY-EIGHT men hav lost their lives in constructing the new Croton aqueduct in Westchester county, this state, commenced last year. The grand jury fail to find evidence of any criminal carelessness on the part of those in charge of the work. It is said that in the construction of the Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts the loss of life was sixty-eight men to the mile.

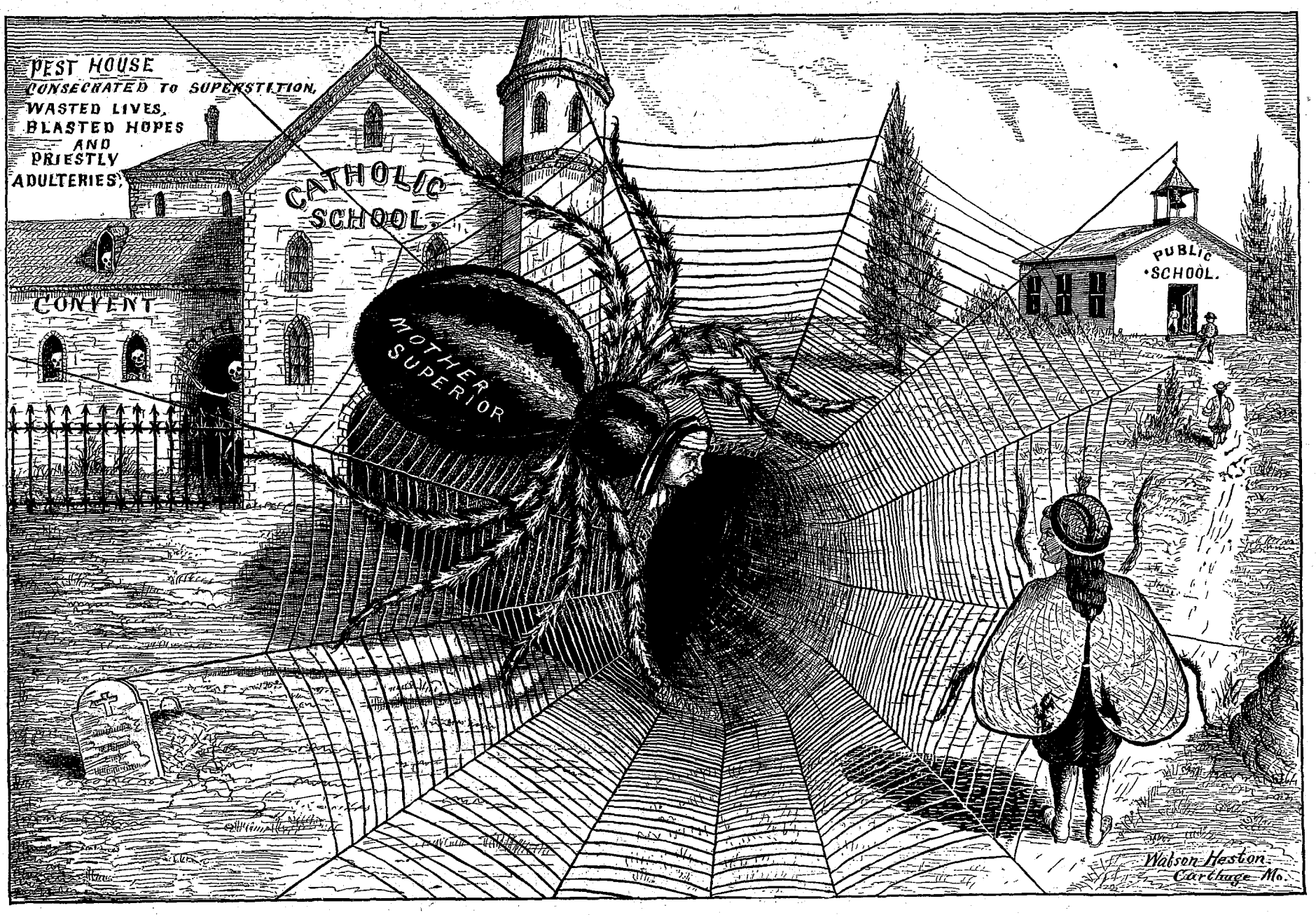
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND in a recent letter to a New York man says: "I don't think there ever was a time when newspaper lying was so general and so mean as at present, and there never was a country under the sun where it flourished as it does in this. The falsehoods daily spread before the people in our newspapers, while they are proofs of the mental ingenuity of those engaged in newspaper work, are insults to the American love for decency and fair play of which we boast."

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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"THE SPIDER AND THE FLY"

Notes and Clippings.

THE Philadelphia Academy of Science has just received a bequest of over $51,000, yielding a present income of $1,500.

MISS JANE BANCROFT, Ph.D., has resigned a professorship in the Woman's College of Evanston, Ill., to accept the Chair of History in Bryn Mawr College.

MORE people die in one year from trichiniasis than in twenty years from hydrophobia. Yet the owners of hogs pay no tax, buy no muzzles, and hav no hogs shot down.

A LOUISVILLE man who has no late night-work away from home calls for a tax of $100 on pistols. The *Courier-Journal* thinks a better scheme would be to raise the price of whisky to $100 a drink.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that while there may be reason to think that small-pox has been sent upon Canada as a punishment for her sins, it is very difficult to believe that she is so desperately wicked that she should be required at the same time to endure a series of lectures by Joseph Cook.

THE treasury department has denied the application of the Rev. Ladislaus Grabowski, of Polonia, Wis., made to the president, for the free entry of a confessional and other articles imported at New York for the use of his church. The articles in question consist mainly of tulle in the piece, embroidered with metal, chandeliers with lustred crystals or glass, and finished materials for the construction of confessionals. It is held that these articles are not embraced in any of the provisions of the free list exempting regalia, statuary, etc., imported for religious societies, from payment of duty.

CHAPLAIN BASS, of the penitentiary in Brooklyn, says that twenty years ago only five per cent of the prisoners had previously been Sunday-school pupils, but that now seventy-five per cent of actual and suspected criminals hav been such. Another minister, Mr. Crafts, givs an account of an inebriate asylum where the per cent is eighty; and another of fallen women, where all hav been in Sunday-schools.

IN the investigation being made of the conduct of the excise commissioners of New York city in licensing immoral resorts, Mr. R. A. Giborn, a wine-dealer who supplies liquors to the Haymarket, one of the most infamous of the city's dives, answered thus a question as to whether the women he had seen in frequent visits there appeared to be reputable: "In my judgment, as a good Christian, I ought not to say anything about the character of women of whom I know nothing."

THE Congo Free State has entered the postal union. A list of postal rates ranging from five to fifty centimes has now been adopted, and five different postage stamps issued, all bearing the profile of King Leopold and the words, "Etat Independent du Congo." The business of the new state is transacted in Brussels by four ministers, who preside over the departments of justice, finance, foreign affairs, and commerce, and the interior and police. The state is divided into four administrativ districts, each having a governor, and all being under the charge of Col. De Winton, the administrator-general. The four governors hav had several years' experience on the Congo, and were among the most trusted and enthusiastic of Stanley's lieutenants.

A DREADFUL famin prevails in Eagle Island, Ireland. Last year's potato crop was the most scanty known for many years, and of the few potatoes gathered one-half were diseased. Many hav implored the Dublin Castle authorities to assist these poor people to earn a living by building certain much-needed public works. The only reply of the officials was: "The poorhouse is open." This reply is as absurd as it is brutal. The nearest poorhouse is thirty miles distant from there, and if crowded to the roof could not hold one-sixth of the people who are now facing starvation.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Church Standard* writes on Dr. Farrar's sermon in Trinity church, saying: "I would like to strip off mere verbiage and ingenious alliteration, and ask what Canon Farrar meant when he said that God is 'not coffined in ancient creeds.' If the English language means anything, these words express contempt for the ancient creeds. If such works had been uttered by Robert Ingersoll, I should not hav been in the least surprised, as he has never professed to believe in the ancient creeds. As a churchman I believe in no other God except the God set forth by the Catholic church in the ancient creeds. And yet, according to Canon Farrar's rhetoric, my deity is not a living God; for a coffin incloses only the dead, whether gods or men. I ask you, Mr. Editor, in all sincerity, what do you think of such an expression concerning the creeds of the church from one who professes to be a priest of the church?"

THE *Evangelist* says: "When we are saying to ourselvs, Peace and safety, we are in the greatest danger; for another cloud rises and darkens the land. It is the shadow of Nihilism—not Russian Nihilism, which aims only at the overthrow of political institutions, but something far more destructiv, as it aims at the overthrow of our religious faith. A generation ago much was said of the danger of German Rationalism, as in the generation before much had been said of the danger of French Infidelity. But America has produced a form of unbelief that throws these into the shade—a skepticism which strikes at faith even in God the father almighty, and in life everlasting. It is cold-blooded Atheism which stalks abroad in this land of the Pilgrim fathers."

"BUSINESS," says M. J. Savage, "has done more to make the world truthful than all the instituted religions of the past put together. It is feared that religion has not been very potent in this direction. The one thing that was needed to giv mankind a sense of brotherhood was that races should know each other; and the one thing that has helped on this mutual acquaintance more than all else is commerce. The world's business, then, has done more for philanthropy, for justice, for deliverance from oppression, than all other agencies combined. Through a large part of human history the intensely religious ages hav not been distinguished for social purity, for truth-telling, for honesty, for kindness, or for justice. And in no great commercial city of Europe or America is a business man trusted any sooner to-day because he is a church-member or is prominent in any religious movement."

Communications.

"The Catholic Church the Mainstay of American Institutions."

Monsignor Capel recently delivered a lecture on this subject in California, in the course of which he said:

There are, at the lowest calculation, from eight to twelve millions of Catholics in the land who are as true to American principles as the needle is to the pole, and who are daily increasing in number and in influence, and to say that the teaching of the Catholic church to such people is dangerous to the American republic is a declaration so false that he who makes it should be branded as a public enemy, a disturber of that peace which should be the bond of union in American society.

Is the lecturer simple enough to believe that Americans hav forgotten the past history of the Catholic church, of her Inquisitions, her *autos-da-fé*, her wholesale murder of those who disbelieved in her pernicious doctrins? Does he forget that his church teaches it as a paramount duty of her supporters that they must yield implicit obedience to a foreign potentate, the pope, and that wherever the church has obtained a footing it has invariably bred dissension, disruption, and disunion, and has never been at ease until those governments were totally overthrown and the cross—that emblem of superstition and cruelty, along with disease and moral death—substituted in their places? Again, he says:

The teachings of the millions of Catholics in America—so far from being dangerous to the integrity of American institutions, or their preservation—is the firmest chain that can link American citizens together, and thus the Catholic church becomes at once the strongest mainstay of the American republic. The enemies of the church and the American autonomy are constantly crying out that Catholicity is a foreign religion for the reason that Catholics render obedience to the pope. But who can tell the world what religion is peculiarly American in its invention?

Spiritualism is about the only form of religious frenzy which America has developed thus far—Episcopalianism, Methodism, and all other isms having been imported into this country from England or some other portion of Europe; hence all forms of religion are alike foreign, and thus the charge against Catholicism—as being alone foreign—is as false as it is fraudulent.

Does Capel forget that Pope Gregory VII., otherwise known as Hildebrand, who came into power by poisoning his predecessor Alexander (1073), and who died in exile for his many crimes (1085), had drawn up in the year 1075 a declaration of papal rights which hav been enforced with vigor by the succeeding popes (as long as they had the power) and hav been submitted to by papists as ordinances from God? There are twenty-seven of them, and perfect beauties at that. Space will not permit mention of them all, but I will select just a few directly bearing on the subject under discussion: 2. The title universal belongs to the Roman pontiff alone. 7. The pope has power, according to circumstances, to make new laws, to create new churches, to transform a chapter into an abbey, to divide a rich bishopric into two, and to unite two poor bishoprics. 8. He alone has the right to assume the attributes of empire. 12. He has a right to depose emperors (and presidents also, I suppose). 16. No council can call itself general without the order of the pope. 17. No chapter, no book, can be reputed canonical without his authority. 19. He cannot be judged by anybody. 22. The Roman church is never wrong, and never falls into error. 27. The pope can release the subjects of bad princes from all oaths of allegiance (of course all princes who were not papists were bad).

These absurd, wild, extravagant, and wicked pretensions were acquiesced in and submitted to by the court of Rome, and are to this day contended for, and would be enforced, in this country, had that detestable monster, the papal church, the power to do so. Neither Spiritualism, Materialism, nor any other ism, originated in this country, but be it said to the honor of the supporters of all except Catholicism that their belief does not exact allegiance to a foreign spiritual prince, as Romanism does. A Romanist cannot be true to his teachings and be a devoted citizen of this country—an utter impossibility. He further said:

Our blessed redeemer cannot be called a foreigner in any portion of the world formed out of nothing by the hand of God. Nor can the religion he formed be called foreign, except by those fanatics who are ignorant of her teachings and her history. The twelve apostles were not looked upon as foreigners by the nativs of the lands they visited, nor was the Catholic church which they represented thus rebuked by the peoples among whom they were called to preach God's truth. The church was commanded to teach "all nations," hence her home is in all lands, as she represents God's kingdom in every clime comprised within the entire universe. Long before the caravel of Columbus touched the shores of America, and long before Protestantism was known in the world, republics had existed in Europe, and were never menaced in their principles or disturbed in their progress by the presence of the Catholic church in their midst. The church of God is consonant with all kinds of governments; she can exist under monarchy or republicanism, and so long as she can exercise her religious mission she heeds not what form of civil organism surrounds her. In the opinion of the speaker, the best forms of government were a limited monarchy and a republic, with a preference for the latter; but popes and priests hav nought to do with any form of government, so long as such civil rule is not antagonistic to the divine law

As the Catholic church was not founded until after the year 324 A.D., it is rather presumptuous for Capel to claim that the apostles represented it in their travels. Can Capel inform us the name and location of any European republic that existed during the period that Romanism held sway? History does not record the fact. It must hav been in the wilds of Asia or Africa, where the blighting influence of popery could never reach them. How can the church of God be consonant with all kinds of governments, when heretical rulers (all outside of popery) are denounced with the bitterest hatred by that very church? That church has manufactured "divine law" to suit its own convenience. Is the man forgetful, ignorant of history, or a falsifier? He continues thus:

The moment an American Catholic child reaches the age of reason, it is taught by the church that it has certain duties to perform toward God, its neighbor, and its country. It is told that it must love God, be just to its neighbor, and be true to its nativ land. In this way Catholic children are molded into model American citizens, possessing that individualism which is so characteristic a feature of the citizens of this country. Moreover, the church inculcates the value of virtue and morality into the breast of every child educated under her supervision. She teaches that the family is the fundamental basis of the strength and perpetuity of any government, no matter by what name they may be designated. The family was founded by Almighty God, and "what he had joined together let no man put asunder." Such is the teaching of the church, and in thus instilling into the minds of the youth of America a love of God, a friendship for their fellow-citizens, and a patriotic ardor for American principles, the Catholic church proves herself the mainstay of American institutions.

From the moment the child of a Romanist mother is born into the world, the offices of the priest are called into action—aye! long before that; the mother is "churched" and is well-versed into the "patent morality" of Romanism. The abuses and crimes of the confessional are vivid in her memory; and as a natural consequence become interwoven with the very existence of the embryotic child. Those are the seeds of that "virtue and morality" of which this traveling falsifier speaks so glowingly. Where can children be found that are more disrespectful to their parents, more lawless in their acts, more criminal than the children of Romanists, taken as a whole? In support of Capel's declaration that the church is the champion of virtue and morality, I will make a few extracts from the "Sacred Roman Chancery," in which is contained the exact sums to be levied for the pardon of each particular sin. As long as pardons are in the market, so long will crime be rampant:

Robbing a church	$2.25	Priest to keep a concubine	2.25
Simony	2.25	Ravishing a virgin.....	2.00
Perjury, forgery, lying.	2.00	Murder of father, mother, sister, brother, or wife	2.00
Robbery	3.00		
Burning a house.....	2.75		
Eating meat in Lent....	2.75		
Killing a layman.....	1.75	Nun, for frequent fornication in or out of nunnery.....	5.00
Striking a priest.....	2.75		
Procuring abortion.....	1.50		
Dead men excommunicated.....	3.00	Marrying on forbidden days.....	10.00

All incests, rapes, adulteries, and fornications committed by a priest with his relations, nuns, married women, virgins, and concubines, with the joint pardon of all crimes together, $12.

The above are selected from Hawee's "Church History," Smith's "Errors of the Church of Rome," Watson's "Theological Tracts," and Moshiem's "Ecclesiastical History." It is somewhat strange that the priests should deny that indulgences are granted, and yet print a book with all the rules, regulations, grades of crime, and prices attached thereto, for the guidance of those priests.

Passing over his frivolous remarks about divorce, family ties, etc., I come to where he says:

The Infidel element of our day has transferred the power which comes from God to the people. But we must not be deceived by the specious assertions of such transposers of truth. Every man—from the president to the humblest—derives whatever power he possesses, in the family or the nation, from almighty God, and to him must he render an account of his stewardship. There were fully forty thousand Catholics in America during its struggle for independence, and to a man they were found on the side of American liberty. Catholic France, Ireland, and Poland sent their sons to help in the holy cause of this nation's freedom. Washington, the father of his country, had so high an opinion of Catholic aid and valor in that memorable struggle that he highly eulogized the Catholic element for its assistance, both by land and sea, in the cause of liberty and right. And even at this day the Catholic element is most prominent in the military defenders of this country. At every military post Catholics are found who are ready to imperil their lives in defense of liberty's flag against any foeman, whether foreign or domestic.

His assertions about man getting his power from God is mere balderdash and not worth noticing. He prates about the Romanists' services during the war of Independence, and their present loyalty to the United States government. A military life is an easy and a lazy life in time of peace, and that is why so many of the "faithful" are found there. Again, many of them hav no trades (except praying and preying), and thus enlist in the army. Their services in the Revolutionary wars was more the result of hatred to England than of patriotism for the United States. I suppose it was patriotism which brought them over here to fight for King George III. in 1776 to '83. During the Civil War the South furnished as many Romanists, in proportion to its population, to fight against and destroy the government, as the North did to uphold it. And as for loyalty and citizenship, many of them only acknowledge it and claim protection of the United States government when their lives are in danger as a forfeit of outraged law in foreign countries. The talk about Romanists being loyal is a glaring falsehood. Americans are not so foolish or blind as to believe Capel's glowing lies. Washington warned his countrymen to "beware of foreign influences and powers." Let us follow Capel further. He says:

The Catholic church impregnates the mind of every child in her schools with a love for virtue and hatred of vice. The old republics of Rome fell through the vicious customs of their citizens, and if we in America are not careful, history will repeat itself in our downfall, just as it did in the dissolu- of other governments even in modern days. Ill-gotten wealth, unlimited luxury, and unbridled sensuality are the worst foes af Christian governments in these times, and the countries that are honey-combed by such vices are on the verge of that precipice down which other nations as great as ours hav fallen. The Catholic church, therefore, again proves herself the truest friend of this republic by constantly raising her voice in the school-room, the pulpit, the press, and on the platform, teaching the youth and the adult alike the grand lessons of Christian virtue, true patriotism and morality, by which alone mankind can transmit to posterity the civil power of Christian government. For performing this grand duty the church is assailed by bigots, and traduced by thinly-disguised traitors.

Let us examin and see how much virtue is taught by the papal church. Infanticide is justified by the holy fathers (in order to hide their own crimes). Seventy-two theologians of the Jesuits hav taught regicide. Thirty-seven theologians of the Romish faith hav taught the right to murder. "A priest who commits adultery is not criminal in killing the husband who assails him" (Rev. Father Jesuit Henrique's "Moral Theology," vol. i, book 4). Seventy-five theologians hav taught theft. I could quote many more "holy teachings," but it is not necessary. Capel talks of ill-gotten wealth, etc. How does the humble follower of the meek and lowly lamb of God afford to pay ten dollars per day for accommodations in the Palace Hotel at San Francisco? If he is desirous of finding "unbridled sensuality," he can find oceans of it in the convents. A nation that is honeycombed with Romanism will soon be honeycombed with crime. Look at Ireland, Spain, Italy, and Russia—Greek church. When the truth is told about her past and present crimes the cry is raised of "bigots and thinly-disguised traitors." But I care not. Romanism must be destroyed or it will destroy our government, the object it is stealthily aiming at. He ended his "talking-machine speech" by denying that the church took any part or interest in politics, but that her whole aim was to build up virtue, morality, and honesty, and repeating the false claim that "the Catholic Church was the mainstay of American institutions." (The Fifteenth Amendment, also, I suppose.) Safeguard of morality in the United States forsooth! When did you find it out, Capel? Romanism is the great and secret enemy of human liberty.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

Radicalism and Negation.

With much interest hav I read "A. B. B.'s" late article on "Constructiv Liberalism." Without the initials, I should hav known its author by his peculiar pungent style. Our age has but one Arthur B. Bradford, whom I knew near twenty years ago, as he and I were associated on the *Christian Leader*, in the Free Church, battling against "the sum of all villainies." The brains which kind nature has given us, and a sincere love of and diligent search after truth, hav most happily brought us together on a firmer ground than when we thus stood in the Free Presbyterian church. Then it was on assumptions, now on science.

While his article clearly shows the mountain we hav to remove and the means essential to effect it, his faith in its being done, I fear, is too nearly of the mustard-seed kind. Negativs are easier than affirmativs, and on the whole of more importance. The old Jewish Decalog has at least eight negativs to two affirmativs; thou shalt not, rather than thou shalt. With this Mr. Bradford agrees. The blows that bring down are better and easier than those that build up. Were it possible for Samson to hav pulled down the pillars and the mighty temple, crushing the thousands under it, the work was probably of more value to his kind than that of building it up. The thousand million dollars in slaves, cursed and cursing the heart and the life out of our republic, as Mr. Bradrord finely says, was destroyed in a moment by a dash of Mr. Lincoln's pen. So is the dash of a thousand pens—Mr. Bradford's not the least—destroying the curse of superstition and emancipating human minds. Not only are the shackles of priestcraft breaking from the minds of our countrymen, but in England, France, and yet faster, in Germany. The rays of science from Berlin are dissipating the gloom of superstition rapidly, and happily education means liberty. The twain are so joined together that no man may put them asunder. Our free schools are freeing minds. Our text books on geography, astronomy, and geology are imbibing the nebular theory- Geology *versus* Genesis

is bound to win. Before Mr. Bradford shall take his last sleep, we hav reason to hope that evolution will be taught in our schools, as Woodrow had to teach it to his Christian students. Truth is mighty and will prevail, and even when crushed to earth it will rise again so much the mightier.

All we need do is to learn it, proclaim it, and, if need be, suffer for its sake. Our war is far nobler and our victory surer than the many waged with carnal weapons. The Bible is too full of absurdities to stand for a moment before common sense, honest investigation. Hence, with our downward strokes, let us "lay on, McDuff, and damned be him who first cries, Hold, enough."

Assumptions and credulity, which mean a want of common sense, make up Bible religion. These are nearer nothing than something. At best they are no more than untempered mortar, ready to fall off faster than the time taken to put them on. They are too thin to do much harm, or to be in any wise formidable. The Bible dogmas never hav been nor ever can be more than half believed. They are quite too light to gravitate any dangerous distance into the mind. Not one Catholic in ten thousand really believes the wafer to be the body of Christ, or the wine his blood. Freeman, of Pocasset, tried hard to believe in the Abraham and Isaac story, in the resurrection of his murdered little daughter, but all in vain. If he effected a partial, superficial belief, it all went off, as she did not, could not, come to life. His terrible experiment has done more to make Infidels than our articles, since the tragedy has reached the religious mind, beyond our writings or even Ingersoll's lectures. As hydrophobia dreads water, so this sickly faith of Christians dreads common sense discussion, and well it may, since in our age of investigation it cannot wholly escape it. The refuge at the horns of the altar is playing out. As a confirmation of the position that errors cannot be believed as truth, let anyone try his own mind. For thirty years I tried, for instance, to believe in bodily resurrection, and yet never effected it. Seeing that in less than a century after death the body goes into vegetables, and as they are eaten into other animals, it is impossible not to perceive that no body is left on which Gabriel's horn can act. Were it possible for Joshua to prostrate the walls of Jericho, it is possible for him to hav prostrated them had there been none. Let the old slaughtering savage general come forth and try his horns, if they may be resurrected, on wall-less Jericho, and the failure will make him, as he ought to be, the butt of ridicule. In view of all this, and thousands of other patent facts, we may well take heart. Notwithstanding the eighty thousand educated and salaried priests in the devil's service, Mr. Bradford's earthquakes of science are sure to sink them. Indeed, no more than a little surface tremor is needed to frighten and put them to flight. Webster compared Calhoun, struggling in his slough of nullification, to a steed sunk in the morass, where every effort at extrication but sunk him the deeper. So of clergymen; let them try, and try, and try again, that much deeper in the slough of error and fraud must they sink. Not so much our noble Lincoln as our ignoble Davis freed our millions of slaves. The Confederate fire-eating effort, this silly man at its head, unshackled the oppressed slaves quite sooner than had the peaceable administration of Mr. Lincoln had the South kept its peace. Then let us duly appreciate every effort for truth and freedom, freely giv to sustain our journals, redouble our diligence, and defy a second edition of the Spanish Inquisition. W. Perkins.

Ocala, Fla.

Roman Catholic Mummery.

On a recent Sunday morning a man wearing a Wettstein Freethought badge pin was walking along East Eleventh street. As he came opposit the door of St. Ann's Catholic church, the rain began to fall, and he went in to get out of the wet. He was obliged to buy a ticket before entering, at an expense of fifteen cents. Young women who looked as if the fifteen cents was all the money they had or were capable of earning paid the same. It is a mistake to say that salvation in free.

St. Ann's church, architecturally, is somewhere between a jail and a theater. Its interior is about as cheerful as a grave. The ticket bought at the door landed the visitor in a seat well forward. Here, watching the rest as they came in, he discovered that he had omitted a ceremony which seemed an important feature of the program. This was kneeling at the door of the pew and saluting the altar before entering—a performance which goes under the term genuflexion. The visitor had neglected to genuflex. The thing is done becomingly or not according to the gracefulness of the devotee; the young fellow who got into the slip with the writer dropped upon his knees with a tough swagger, and made a motion toward the altar as though about to say, "Well, here's lookin' at yees." In each pew is a low bench running the whole length of the pew. It is so arranged that the worshiper can slide from his seat of knowledge to his knees with a very slight effort.

The altar, at the further end of the church, resembled an enlarged soda fountain. Above the altar gaslights were burning at the end of long taper-shaped things made in imitation of candles. Over and back of these a picture of a naked man nailed to a cross added its cheering influence to the scene, and still further up a stained-glass window displayed three likenesses that might pass for the king, queen, and jack in a eucher deck.

Soon the stage around the altar began to be peopled with absurdly and fantastically dressed persons. There were boys in red robes, young men in Mother Hubbards, and a lusty priest habited in an embroidered curiosity that, hanging from his shoulders fore and aft, made him look like one of those traveling advertisers who walk the streets sandwiched between two signs. These individuals all appeared suspicious of the altar's intentions toward them. They acted as if they were afraid of it, and, whenever passing the arrangement, they kept an eye on it as if the thing were liable to jump at them. The boys got upon the stage by entering a side door of the auditorium and marching up a short flight of steps where the leading musician usually sits. The priest came on from the flies.

When the congregation had all arrived and done their *devoirs* toward the altar, there were perhaps three hundred people present, two hundred and fifty of whom were women. The music which opened the services was good. Instead of reading the Bible the priest gave out some Latin extracts from a large book. His words were delivered with an abominable nasal drawl, called intoning, which was most offensiv to the ear. This driveling exercise was interspersed with music and a quantity of ridiculous mummery incapable of description. A second curiosity, in the form of a priest older and fatter than the first, read announcements, marriage banns, if that is what they are called; and the names of persons who needed praying for. To these he added a tedious sermon consisting of remarks on the worthlessness of this world, the glory of the next in case you got into the right berth—otherwise it would be hot—and the duty of supporting the Catholic church. To this end a collection was immediately taken up. The visitor felt that the fifteen cents he had paid at the door was ample remuneration considering the quality of the entertainment, and he therefore refrained from putting any money into the box which the usher held out to him on the end of a stick.

In the place of a benediction the priest dismissed the congregation by maneuvering his fingers across his front, following the lines of an imaginary cross.

All along through the service, barring the sermon, which lasted an hour, the audience knelt and arose by turns; the women slipped their beads along the string, and all did the best they could to wallow in the dust. The man with the badge pin appeared to be the only spectator; the rest performed, and it gave him a shaky sensation to watch them. He felt somewhat like a man who has a watch which he knows is right, but which disagrees with the timepieces of all his neighbors. The Catholics are yet in the middle of the slough of superstition. If any one doubts this, let him attend a Catholic service. Idolatry, paganism, religious abasement, could not sink lower. If Jesus Christ had run across one of these religious insane asylums in his day, he would hav cleared the house with a club.

Where Are Your Gods and Ghosts?

Friends, every now and then we read of some terrible scene of human woe and misery, something so utterly heart-rending and horrible that we are sick unto death to think of "man's inhumanity to man;" and we wonder how it is possible for anyone to be so callous, cruel, and brutal—yet no! brutes often shame such deeds as men damn themselvs in doing!

When I read the terrible sufferings of the small-pox patients in St. Roche's Hospital, my first thought was, And all this was done under the guard and guidance of the mother superior and the nuns, who hav for ages, in all climes and countries, been called so merciful, tender, and unselfish in caring for the sick and suffering! Verily, thieves, robbers, and outcasts, would hav shown more mercy than these Catholics hav done.

The *Sun* says "the fault is due in no respect to the sisters," and then tells us that when an attendant brought a few ragged blankets for additional covering "the nuns were not to know of it, or they would raise hell with him." And one poor demented patient was even put in the wood-shed to be out of the way, and this was ordered by the lady superior. She must indeed be a strange "lady," and what must the others be if she is "superior?"

If thousands of dollars are freely given to send relief to the sufferers who voluntarily seek the North Pole, why should only eight dollars a month be paid to women to nurse the victims of a terrible disease like small-pox? And is it not enough to suffer from the disease itself without being fed upon unpalatable food, having no care or medicin, and last and worst, not one drop of water for days, till insanity set in, and death came to end it all?

Think of these things, my friends, and ask yourselvs what your gods were doing that they lifted no finger to help, that they inspired no benevolent ones to send food, money, and medicin. Were they counting hairs and feeding sparrows? And the guardian spirits we hear so much of? Why did they not "materialize" food, drink, and medicin, blankets, and nurses? If one of these sufferers who asked "for God's sake" for water had been your child, your wife, your mother, your heart's darling, and your spirit had been witness to the terrible pangs of thirst, would you not hav ministered unto them? Would you hav waited for a medium and a dark closet?

I tell you, my friends, one such a narrativ as this of St. Roche's Hospital is enough to kill all belief in gods and ghosts in all reasoning minds. Garfield's death in the face of millions of prayers made many an Atheist, and this case of St. Roche's Hospital will make many more of them. The poor priest-ridden people will learn that they themselvs must become gods; and if they want happiness and heaven, they must work for them here and now; work for the highest good of all; must become themselvs what they admire and adore in their gods. "Blessed are the merciful;" but the gods they adore must be merciful *men*, and not the heartless gods—wretches—who can allow and witness such hospital horrors. Oh, how long it takes to mold a race into humanity, love, and kindness!

Long, long, long a-growing,
The fruit of all the Old
Ripening to-day in thee.—*Whitman.*

Snowville, Va. Elmina Drake Slenker.

Religious Agitation.

We of the Secular Union are charged by our enemies with doing nothing for Secularization. Here is an editorial which happened to appear in the Detroit *Evening News* during my recent stay in that city. The writer, Mr. Judson Grennell, is also one of the leading contributors to the *Labor Leaf*, and is one of the most logical, concise, and clear writers on all social problems to be found in Michigan. The Rev. Z. Grennell, his brother, is the high-salaried pastor of one of the most fashionable churches in that city. Don't think he pays much pew rent in his brother's church. He says:

The agitation for a religious revival all over the country as well as in Detroit will doubtless be followed by an agitation on the part of Freethinkers against the church. When the reaction from the excitement produced by what is termed "a spiritual awakening" comes, which awakening is too often nothing but a passing excitement instead of a change of heart—a breaking away from evil practices and the leading of the converts' thoughts and desires into new channels—the enemies of the church will reap *their* harvest. Physical depression will succeed physical exaltation, and in the place of faith will arise doubts, so that after the religious will come the irreligious revival, and instead of only three hundred Liberal Leagues in the country there will probably be five hundred or one thousand.

For the hold Liberals, Freethinkers, Atheists, Infidels, or whatever they may call themselvs, hav on the public, the churches are in a measure to blame. They hav taken advantage of their numbers and influence to perpetrate a wrong on the community in general, and on those who happen to think differently from them as regards religious beliefs in particular. This wrong is the exemption of church property from taxation, which is a semi-official way of uniting church and state.

Ever since the National Liberal League came into existence, nearly ten years ago, through the attempt of the National Reform Association to "put God into the Constitution of the United States," there has been a steady growth of societies formed to fight the church. Prof. Francis E. Abbot, now, or until recently, of Harvard University, was in 1872 the editor of a paper in Toledo called the *Index*, and he formulated Nine Demands which hav generally been accepted as the platform of the Liberals. The first plank reads: "That churches and all other ecclesiastical property be no longer exempt from taxation," and on this, more than on all the other eight combined, hav the Liberals been able to rally the greatest number of adherents. Other demands are that ministers be no longer employed in a spiritual capacity by the civil or military authorities; that appropriations for sectarian institutions, whether of a religious or educational character, cease; and that "our entire political system be founded and administered on a purely secular basis." In short, they call for the complete separation of church and state, and they proclaim that until this is done they will unceasingly endeavor to overthrow the church by attacking both its government and its dogmas.

As proof that there is a union between church and state in the United States, Freethinkers point to the fact that the government appoints Christian ministers and pays them out of the public purse to offer prayers in legislativ halls; that it salaries men to teach the Christian religion to soldiers and sailors; that it bestows upon religious institutions millions of the public money; that it causes the Bible to be read in the public schools; and that it sets aside one day as a particularly holy one, in obedience to the demands of the church. Whether these constitute a union of church and state, it is unnecessary to argue. Suffice it to say they do not constitute such a union as the public generally hav in mind when speaking of a state religion. But it is a fact that the exemption from taxation of over $700,000,000 of church property in the United States is a wrong that needs righting in the interest of the churches themselvs.

Perhaps if our churches would, in the matter of taxation, acknowledge the correctness of the position taken by their enemies; and consent to pay their share of the burdens of government, they would be more successful in winning souls to Christ and in filling their houses of worship with seekers after truth. At least they would wrest from the Freethinkers one of their most effectiv weapons. The strength of a chain is shown by its weakest link. The vulnerability of a ship of war is regulated by the part that is most liable to present to the enemy the best chance of penetrating it. So it is with the churches. One of their weak spots is their freedom from taxation, whereby injustice is done, and most of their efforts in behalf of public morality are made abortiv.

E. A. Stevens.

The American Secular Union.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged,	$1,697.07
Mechanicsburg Secular Union charter fee,	5.00
R. G. Ingersoll ($150 previously acknowledged)	200.00
A friend,	1.00
Sophie Newkirk,	1.00
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Zenas Kent,	1.00
Total,	$1,946.57
Less $150 previously acknowledged as Mr. Ingersoll's pledge,	150.00
Total pledged and paid,	1,796.57

News and Notes.

The immediate duty of every Freethinker in New York is indicated by the following from R. B. Jackson, of Long Island. Push with all possible rapidity the petitions for church taxation, etc., in order that action may be taken this winter before the Senate and Assembly at Albany. Co-operate in every county. Will the Liberals of Long Island please communicate with Mr. Jackson, so that by joining forces more work can be accomplished? As fast as signatures are received, forward to the TRUTH SEEKER office, or to J. J. McCabe, corresponding secretary of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, 35 Van Woert street, Albany, N. Y. An effort will at once be made for the introduction of a bill to carry out the measures asked for by the petition.

SEAFORD, QUEEN'S Co., N. Y., Dec. 29, 1885.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir:* In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 5th you say to the Freethinkers of the state, "Push the petitions for church taxation, etc., rapidly." I hope our friends throughout the state are acting on the suggestion. If anyone will take an activ part in circulating the petitions, he will soon become convinced of the urgent necessity for prompt and vigorous action. If I mistake not, they will discover that nearly the whole power and influence of the churches are used to oppose our just demands.

We are circulating the petitions in this neighborhood, and although the influence of the one (Methodist) church in this place is against us, we are meeting with very good success. I hav confined my efforts so far to this (first) election district of this town (Hempstead). I think I could perhaps help Mr. Carman in his district (the second). At any rate, I am willing to try if he wishes me to. In the adjoining town of Oyster Bay I can perhaps aid in the work. If you know of any person or persons in that town who are engaged in circulating the petitions, will you be so kind as to open the way for me to communicate with them and ascertain if I can assist in any way? Yours respectfully, R. B. JACKSON.

The following address from J. J. McCabe, corresponding secretary of the New York state Freethinkers' Association, contains good words, not simply for the Liberals of New York state, but for those of every state in the union. Harmonious action is the need of the hour. With my whole heart I would emphasize this address. Let Liberals in every place come together, if only a few in number, and work for the common end. In all the history of American Liberalism there never was a better opportunity for united and successful effort.

NEW YORK STATE FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION.
ALBANY, N. Y., November, 1885.

DEAR FRIEND: This year will be memorable in the annals of Freethought in this country. The well-paid propagators of superstition, falsehood, hypocrisy, and religious cant hav determined that the office of the theological impostor shall continue to be respected by mental slaves and feared by those who hav been liberated from the bondage of priestly tyranny.

It is the duty of those who hav been awakened from the hideous nightmare of superstitious fear, with its devils, vindictiv gods, and slimy assassins of manly honesty and honor, to do what they can to eradicate superstitious fear from the minds of all men, women, and children with whom we come in contact. In order to giv force and vitality to the cause of mental libery, Freethinkers in every locality should try to organize societies, no matter how small the number at the start. Notify those whom you know to be Liberal or opposed to theological dogmas. Either act yourself or select some other person to act as president. Hav some one to act as secretary. Call your society by whatever name you choose, but if agreeable to a majority, call it the Secular society of your locality. If you hav no rent to pay for the place where you meet there is no use of charging members for initiation or dues. Let each member of your society do what he or she can in the matter of enrolling members of your town or county organization. If the number in any one locality is too small to make it an object to meet once a week, try to meet at least once in each month. After you hav organized your society please inform me by letter and I will try to send reading matter for distribution. In the mean time do all you can to encourage our people to support the editors and publishers of those newspapers and magazines that indorse and support the National Secular Union.

"In union there is strength." Divided and fragmentary efforts, if continued, will keep Freethinkers in the same position they hav always occupied, namely, that of an unorganized band of skirmishers.

The resolutions adopted at the last state Convention hav struck the priestly orders with terror. They now see that the work of aggression has commenced. The changing of the name of the National Liberal League to that of the American Secular Union has put the great questions in which we are interested in proper shape. We are taxed to support $800,000,000 dollars of church property. We are taxed to support sectarian education in schools, asylums, juvenil reformatories, and penal institutions. Therefore we should welcome, cheer, and strengthen the hands of the apostles of Secularism. Out of the sixty million inhabitants of the United States, thirty-five millions are not connected with any religious organization. The majority of these are Liberals, Freethinkers, and Secularists. They are not interested in the welfare of any church. The scientists of the country are with us in heart, and are only waiting for the rise of the Secular tide to enter the field against priestcraft.

If man or woman ever had a glorious cause in which to labor and make sacrifices, it is the cause of Secularism. It is written that Jesus said that he did not come to bring peace into the world but a sword; to put the parents against their children and the husband against the wife. Now, if Christianity has been conducted on this principle for 1,800 years—and we all know by personal experience that it has—are we who are in possession of the truth going to allow the propagators of a barbarous superstition to ride over us rough-shod? I hope not. Therefore let all Freethinkers labor enthusiastically to organize societies; repel cheeky and ignorant sectarian pretensions with rational arguments, kind acts, and good behavior. Allow no priests or ministers to baptize your children or to pray or preach over your dead.

In any locality where the number of Freethinkers is small, weekly meetings could be held at the homes of the members of the society, changing about from one place to another. In any town where there is a hall that can be occupied for such purposes, Liberal speakers should be invited occasionally.

The petition for the taxation of church property should obtain as many signatures as possible. Any person who wants these petitions will please write to the undersigned.

Again let me say to you, do what you can to help the cause of mental liberty, justice, and universal brotherhood.

Yours truly, J. J. MCCABE, Corr. Sec.

I would call attention to the following important communication from W. S. Wood, of Wisconsin, an old and reliable worker in the ranks of Freethought. The facts which he relates of the action of the ecclesiastical forces should arouse Liberals to vigilance. The evidence is multiplying that there is a wide and determined effort to capture the instrumentalities of education for the benefit of the church and theology:

SHAWANO, WIS., Oct. 7, 1885.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, ESQ., Sec. National Liberal League, *My Dear Sir:* There is a matter of importance that I wish to call your attention to for consideration at the meeting of the League (not to add to the Nine Demands), which might be covered by a resolution, perhaps, so as to get the subject prominently before the people. It is the liberal and scandalous way in which our government is farming out the Indian children—the wards of the nation—to the different sects to be stuffed with catechism, bigotry, myths, and superstition at the public expense, under the disguise of being "educated" at sectarian schools.

I refer now more particularly to that most bigoted and despotic of all the sects in denying the right of private judgment—the Catholic church—because I happen to be near where the tyrannical rule of that church is put into practice under my observation. Instance: The Green Bay Agency of the Menominee and other tribes of Indians is located near here, in this county, upon an Indian reservation, including also the Oneida tribe in Brown county. The tribe in this county for some twenty years hav been under the "missionary" influence of Catholic priests, who never exhibited any special interest in their "education" until some two years ago when the government instructed its agent to erect a large building at an expense of ten or twelve thousand dollars, as a public school for the education of the youth of the agency. As soon as the priests found they could not control the school they began the erection of a large school-building of their own, and pushed it with such vigor as to complete it before the government did its building. The government school was to clothe and feed and lodge as well as to educate. The pupils of its school and the Indian youth were delighted at the prospect.

But, Lo and behold! when the school was ready to open, the priests had forbid them to attend it on penalty of losing their souls in hell, and had also exerted such influence upon the parents as to make them prevent their children from attending any but the Catholic school. Thus the good intentions of the government was defeated by the priests whom it permits to stay among the tribe, and fill them with prejudice and hatred toward public schools, which they represent as Godless cesspools of infamy, and unfit places for the education and advancement of their children. The government was virtually booted off the reservation, and the agent had to go to other tribes not under Romish influences to find students to occupy its building—except in cases of some half-dozen which hav since been taken away through the influence of the priests.

A few months ago a new agent, whose appointment was asked for by Mrs. General Sherman, of St. Louis, on the ground that he was a Roman Catholic, has been appointed, and the superintendency of the public school has since been placed in the hands of a Catholic. It was formerly in the hands of a friend of our public schools.

But to cap the climax, in the political scramble for Catholic votes and influence, the government has placed the Catholic school also under the public patronage, and is paying it between ten and twelve thousand dollars a year to be taught what the church dictates, among which is enmity to public schools, to say nothing of the catechisms, infallibility of the pope at Rome, and the way to count beads.

It was over two years ago that I saw a boast in Catholic papers that the church was getting over $100,000 a year to "educate" Indian children, and since then hav seen scores of notices where the government had placed Indian children by the scores and fifties in the Catholic schools in the Western states and territories, and appropriated large sums for their pretended "education." The church maintains a "Catholic bureau" at Washington to negotiate in these matters, and bring the influence of the church to bear on corrupt politicians to effect its object.

What right has the government to use the public money to promote religious bigotry, and teach sectarianism of the Catholic or any other stripe? I venture to say that the Catholic church, for purely sectarian purposes—or perhaps any other sect—will undertake the education of the entire youth of this country if the government will foot the bill with the people's taxes.

I am decidedly in favor of educating the Indian youth of all tribes, as the best means of progress and development—educating in what will be useful in making them intelligent citizens, in the arts of industry and usefulness, the whole scope of secular education, but not in farming them out to be crammed with theology and priestcraft, which has only been the cause of oppression, war, and persecution in all past history.

Government can educate the Indian youth as cheaply as and better than it can hire it done. Then let this infamous work be stopped. Let the country be waked up to the danger of enlisting more of the ignorant classes to strengthen the effort being made for the union of "church and state." The scramble of the last administration to capture the Catholic vote is only equaled by the present one to recapture that which was lost in the appointments because they are Catholic. It is high time the people's attention was called to this thing which the corrupt and unprincipled political office-seekers after power are doing on every hand. And there is no more fitting agency to do it than the Liberals of the country, who ought to be above party and mere political scramble when the civil and religious liberties of the country are thus threatened.

When a political party, as in the case of the Democratic party of Iowa and Ohio, as it has done this year, dares to nominate a candidate for governor who is in favor of taxing church property, the Catholic church takes a hand in politics in a most lively way. This is manifest in the *Catholic Citizen* of this state, which is a strong Democratic paper, and circulates largely in both the above states. It advises all Catholics to vote against and defeat these Democratic candidates for governor.

I hav long been of the opinion that the Liberalists will never make their influence felt and useful until they organize as a voting party or become more independent of party politics than they are now, in seeking the nomination and then the support of known Liberals.

But to return to the purpose of this letter—the subject of government support of sectarian education of the wards of the nation. Let Liberals everywhere, especially in the territories, watch the extent of the practice, and report through THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the country will be surprised to learn how the people's money is being used by their chosen agents to get and retain power by corrupting the very sources of our safety.

In haste, very truly yours, W. S. WOOD.

The above letters show the interest and enthusiasm there are for the cause for which the American Secular Union is organized. The question simply is, Shall we be united among ourselvs? Any professed Liberal who labors to create discord is worthy only of the utmost condemnation. He is doing more injury than it is possible for any Christian to accomplish. The Christians are our open enemies, and we know how to meet them and their efforts. But he who, under the guise of Freethought, seeks to distract our forces, confuse the minds of the people, and bring up false issues, should receive the condemnation of everyone who desires the progress of Secularism. There are ways by which honest and fair criticism can be expressed, and by which wrong can be righted, without an indiscriminate and calumnious attack. He who lends himself to any such method of redress is the ally of the church. He is the "cat's-paw" of the Christian. He covers himself with infamy. The action of the American Secular Union is open as the day. There is no concealment. To every proper tribunal there will be a strict and fair reckoning of accounts. The thing to be settled, the important thing for Liberals, is this: Are there enough honorable, generous-minded, just, and earnest men and women in this country to maintain a strong, united, and victorious organization? Or is the body of Liberals in this country to be distracted, like so many theological parties, with petty quarrels? I myself hav faith to believe that the good and noble will triumph—that the spirit of harmony will prevail. Never was there a brighter prospect than now for the union of Liberals. I hope that every man and woman who realizes the greatness of the interests at stake will rally and do the very best work he or she can do for the common cause. The attacks made upon the Union should only influence its friends to be more devoted and more determined to see that its platform shall become the law of American politics. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Albany Secular Society.

At the annual election of this society, held January 3, 1886, the following officers were elected: J. J. McCabe, president; Mrs. H. A. Iliohan, first vice-president; W. Dickson, second vice-president; C. Herbert Luck, corresponding secretary; J. J. Jansen, financial secretary; C. L. Edinger, treasurer; Thomas Dugan, custodian. C. HERBERT LUCK, Sec'y.

The Division in the Philadelphia Union.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Dear Sir:* Within the last few weeks we hav had some hard battles to fight with certain members who had openly avowed they would "rule or ruin." These members were bitterly opposed to paid lecturers in the first place, and in the second place would ignore all allegiance to the American Secular Union and the Nine Demands of Liberalism, declaring as far back as August last that if lecturers were paid from the treasury of the League they would not pay their dues. The above declaration they faithfully kept until, according to our by-laws, they were dropped from the roll of membership, and excluded from a voice in the business meetings of the League by a majority vote of the members present in good standing. This resulted in several of the friends of the disturbers resigning from the League, and, having in their possession the new charter purchased by the League for the purpose of holding property under the laws of the state of Pennsylvania, they went secretly, through the following week, and formally organized themselvs into a legal organization, rented the hall over the heads of the old organization, and even declared Friendship Liberal League No. 257 dissolved. But the founders of No. 257, who think more of honor than of law, determined to sustain the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and maintain their allegiance to the American Secular Union. Hence they went and secured another hall, took the treasury with them, and in loyalty to the great body of Liberals throughout the country, hav been doing since what little they can to spread the Gospel of Humanity by engaging the officers of the American Secular Union to present before the citizens of our great city the objects and aims of Secularism. On December 13th ult. we had with us Brother Reynolds, chairman of the American Secular Union, who gave us two excellent addresses. In the afternoon he lectured on the "Defense of the Devil," which lecture was received by his hearers with overwhelming appreciation. In the evening his subject was, "The Nine Demands of Liberalism," which also gave great satisfaction and won for the speaker a triumph over the prejudices that had been implanted in the minds of some of his hearers through the influence of those who were opposed to the platform of the Union and its officers. On the 27th ult. we were favored again with the gentle, though logical and zealous, efforts of Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union, who lectured to a large and appreciativ audience in the afternoon upon the "Demands of Humanity," and in the evening upon the "Aims and Objects of the American Secular Union." His subjects were handled in a very masterly manner, and all who listened to the discourses not only expressed great satisfaction, but also a desire to know more of Secularism through the same channel. And now let me close my remarks by stating that on the 31st of Jan., 1886, we shall hold our Paine celebration at our new hall, Broad and Woods streets, when we hope to hav a feast both for the body and mind, consisting of addresses, recitations, music, vocal and instrumental, also a supper for the hungry, and hope that in the future we may realize for Liberalism what we now desire, viz., harmony and prosperity. Yours for truth and freedom,

Philadelphia, Pa. Prof. W. Seymour.

The Liberal Club.

"Oratory is simplicity," began Dr. P. P. Field, of Boston, in his address upon "The Physiology of the Voice, and the Delsarte Philosophy of Expression," before the Manhattan Liberal Club on Friday evening January 8th.

The evening was a cold one, but not cold enough to prevent a large audience from being in attendance.

"The man with the badge-pin" was not there, so "An Occasional" had to do the duty of reporting the deliberations of the club.

President Wakeman first announced an unusual amount of good literature on the table, particularly two numbers of The Truth Seeker, one of which contained a tribute of respect to Honorable Elizur Wright, from Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and also an article "by your humble servant" upon the question, "Is it Safe to Emancipate Women?" Mr. Wakeman characterized that number, as many others had already done, as one of the best ever published, which was saying much considering it was The Truth Seeker he was speaking of. "There were also," he said, "four petitions upon the table to be signed by those who had not already done so; one for the taxation of the churches; one for opening museums on Sunday; one for the repeal of the Comstock Bills [not laws]; one for enfranchisement of women."

Dr. Field went on with his address. His exposition of the philosophy showed that Delsarte had in the domain of expression, including that of voice, attitude, and gesture, made the same discoveries that Mr. Andrews has in regard to the universe as a whole, or as far as we know it, and of each and every domain of the universe, viz., that there is a fundamental threefold distribution to be made. Other philosophers, Delsarte included, discover the fact in different domains of this threefold distribution, while Mr. Andrews goes further and shows that it is an inherent law of nature that it should be so, and that nothing can exist upon any other plan.

The full significance of this may not be apparent to the superficial observer, or to anyone until he undertakes to solve some one of the many problems facing the community to-day. Then he may realize their importance. Ask one, for instance, how he can reconcile the Anarchist and the Socialist, for reconciled they must be in order to hav a harmonious society, and I think he will giv it up as an unsolvable conundrum, unless he understands these inherent principles of all being, and that society must be constructed upon the same basis, and upon the right balance of these principles in actual working. Then he will see that the state Socialist will hav to recognize the principle of freedom or individuality, and consequently the individual and the free play of the individual cannot be ignored, and the Anarchist will hav to recognize that the principle of order or government, or superiorities, etc., etc., cannot be ignored.

Dr. Field's address, illustrated as it was with charts, was extremely interesting, as was evidenced by the interest of the audience.

Instead of the usual discussion following, various persons read passages furnished them by Dr. Field to allow opportunity for analysis and criticism of voices, and faults and failings of voices. Dr. Field said he found not one bad voice, and many good ones, which leads one to ask if Liberal thought has any effect upon the voice. He said also that all the voices might be improved by proper culture, and for this purpose he proposed to form a class especially for Liberals.

But the most notable event of the evening was the complete conversion of Mr. Wakeman to the idea of the normal aud legitimate necessity of culture in elocution, and his open confession thereof. "Hitherto," he said, "he had considered elocution and the teaching thereof a fraud and hypocrisy, because it had no foundation, but Dr. Field had shown a *scientific basis* for his system, therefore he indorsed it." Afterward he was heard to say that he hoped to get his daughter into the school. Altogether, the Liberal Clubees had reason to be well satisfied with the evening.

A Brand-new Miracle.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I send you an account of a miracle which I clip from one of our St. John's papers. It has one advantage over the miracles of old, for we know something about the man.

He is a man of God, full of faith and prayer, and if God answers prayer there is no reason why an Almighty God could not cast out of a man a quart or two of cabbage as easily as he cast out a legion of devils eighteen hundred years ago. Jonah prayed, and was cast out of a four-inch hole onto dry land, and yet there are some who will not believe this little cabbage miracle, because it is not in the Bible! It is not treating Mr. Welch fairly, for he has the credit of having performed another miracle six months ago. He commanded a sick woman to arise, and she "arised." M. Babcock.

THE MIRACLE.

From the Mason, Mich., News.

A gentleman from Holt was in this office within the past week and gave us the following account of a miracle said to hav been performed in Delhi by Rev. Mr. Welch, leader of the praying band that has recently conducted so successful a series of revival meetings there. Mr. Welch, according to the gentleman's narrativ of the occurrence, was dining at the home of a German family near Holt. Among the other delicacies on the table was a copious supply of sauerkraut. When Mr. Welch was asked to partake of this he replied that it was a dish of which he was especially fond, but that the Lord had forbidden him to eat it, and he dared not disobey. But after smelling the fragrance of the kraut and feeling a strong temptation to partake of it, he finally decided to ask divine permission to indulge for this once. So, leaving the table, he prayed long and earnestly to be allowed to eat of the kraut for which his soul so strongly yearned. At last he arose with the assurance that his request was granted, and that he might eat. After that the kraut was not refused, but Mr. Welch partook to his heart's desire.

That evening, when he came to conduct his revival service, the reverend gentleman was smitten with sore gastronomical distress. Something in his stomach hung heavy as lead. He had no doubt what it was; it was the sauerkraut which he had wickedly asked to eat, although conscious when he proffered his request that it was forbidden him. Now, in punishment of his indirect disobedience, it was lying in his stomach an indigestible mass. His pain was so great that he could not well conduct the meeting, so he prayed again that the kraut might be removed from his stomach to that of a young man in the audience, who, in the successful conduct of the meeting, was willing to carry the clergyman's load. Our informant assures us that in answer to Mr. Welch's prayer, his stomach was relieved entirely, but that the young man at once became exceedingly ill, and after experiencing exceptional pains and sickness in his stomach, went out of the church and threw up a large amount of sauerkraut. The miraculous part of the occurrence became most apparent when the young man confessed that he had eaten no kraut within six months, and that his stomach was entirely at ease until Mr. Welch's pains commenced to disappear. How the pickled cabbage could hav appeared in his stomach except through the intervention of some supernatural agency, is the problem.

The gentleman who related the above is an old resident of Delhi, and a gentleman of undoubted veracity and candor. He did not giv the story for publication, but as one of the remarkable incidents in connection with the remarkable meetings which Mr. Welch has conducted.

Lectures and Meetings.

C. W. Stewart writes: "When I took up your New Year's number the first thing that greeted my eyes was your superb cartoon representing the danger that threatens Liberty. This gratified me, for it givs evidence that The Truth Seeker has enlisted the potent element of art in the cause of mental freedom. Next came Colonel Ingersoll's splendid tribute to Elizur Wright, which will find an echo in the heart of every true Liberal. Then came T. B. Wakeman's unanswerable argument on the suffrage question, which thoroughly disposes of every objection to that movement. And so on to the very last page. I found the entire number filled with matter that makes it worth a whole year's subscription, and I felt very much as a preacher is supposed to feel during a successful revival. I wanted to shout, 'Glory!' Never in the history of Freethought has there been such a demand for work. I hav already received more calls than I can possibly fill during the remainder of the season, and all the speakers seem to be equally busy. My third month with the society of Ottumwa will close January 31st. Preparations are now being made to celebrate the Paine anniversary in an appropriate manner. It is grand to liv in this age and breathe the air of liberty, and realize that the noble souls who toiled for the just and true did not labor in vain."

J. E. Remsburg's recent tour through Kansas appears to hav been one continual ovation. Immense audiences greeted him nearly everywhere, many going from ten to fifty miles to hear him. At several places the bands volunteered their services. Referring to his Concordia speech in opposition to the Bible in the public schools, the *Kansas Blade* says: "The lecture delivered by Mr. John E. Remsburg at the Opera House, Monday evening, was just what every person who knows him expected it would be—a forcible presentation of the objections Liberals hav to the Bible in the schools. . . The lecture was pronounced by many persons who were not supposed to be Freethinkers a masterly argument against the Christian claim, while Liberals regard it unanswerable." Of his lectures at Minneapolis, the Minneapolis *Democrat* says: "Mr. Remsburg's lecture Tuesday evening was well attended. The large audience last [Thursday] night is the best commentary upon his eloquence and merit as a speaker." At Newton Mr. Remsburg gave a course of lectures. In addition to a lengthy synopsis of the first lecture of the course, "Sabbath-Breaking," the *Daily Republican* of that city contained the following: "Professor Remsburg's lecture at Music Hall last evening was well attended, considering the inclement weather. The audience was composed of the thinking, reasoning people of the community. Mr. Remsburg's subject was 'Sabbath-Breaking,' on which he discoursed eloquently for an hour, bringing some powerful arguments and undisputed authority to bear in support of his claims." On each of the following evenings the Opera House was packed with an audience numbering nearly one thousand. At the close of his engagement here Mr. Remsburg was waited upon by a delegation comprising some of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Newton, who wished to secure his services for a year. As an inducement they offered to pay him a salary equal to the highest salary paid by the churches of that city for a minister.

Giv the Museums Equal Rights with the Saloon.

Of the "Sunday question" the *Church Standard* says it is "not easily settled on any basis that requires the recognition of Sunday as any other than a weekly holiday recognized by law. That it is to be in any sense a holy day, which the civil authorities are called upon to recognize in even the most limited form, is the cause of much of the confusion in the minds of many persons, whose religious instincts are undoubtedly much offended by the idea of what they regard as a desecration of the Sabbath." And after saying, "Abstractedly we should regret as much as they anything that would tend to destroy that reverence for a sacred thing which even as yet clings to Sunday in the minds of many who hav lost most other sense of such kinds of obligation," it asks: "Is it well to insist on the keeping up for a time by the arm of the law a state of things that must pass away whenever the direct question comes up for settlement, Why is Sunday to be observed? Is it wise for those who hav religious scruples to insist there shall be no yielding in this matter to the not altogether unreasonable requirement that one part of the provision made by law, and made at the expense of the whole community for their instruction, or their amusement, or their benefit, shall be free to all upon that one day upon which the greatest number can avail themselvs of it? When so many and such objectionable places are open on Sunday, and the civil authority is either powerless, or unable, or unwilling, to close them, it may be doubted whether one that is not at all objectionable might not better be opened."

Some time ago we printed a list of amounts asked for from this city by the managers of the different asylums, reformatories, and charitable institutions for the current year. The total was $1,094,002.90. Our accommodating board of estimate and apportionment in their final estimate hav raised this to $1,205,073.50. The tax-paying public is not informed for what purpose this extra $111,070.60 is to be used. It seems that our municipal government think the people of New York will stand the most reckless extravagance. New York is the most extensivly taxed city in the world. Paris taxation is $5.40 per capita; Berlin, $7.35; London, $7.40; Brooklyn, whose people are complaining loudly, pays only $10.88; but New York citizens pay between $30 and $36 per capita. The general extravagance of our rulers is shameful and this particular item for religious grist-mills outrageous. Think of every man, woman, and child in the city being compelled to annually contribute a dollar to support a lot of religious harpies who make a business of charity!

Communications.

Faith and Morality as Factors in Salvation.

The meaning ot the term *Faith*, as used in this article, is belief and trust; that of *Morality*, good conduct in this life.

The elementary principle of all the religious teaching of the Bible, and the various churches based on it, is faith. This faith is the child of education, and has not any *necessary* connection with moral virtue. Fanatic assassins and sensual idolaters hav often displayed a faith unsurpassed by any Christian saint. An equally vehement faith has, in many instances, inflamed the persecutor with zeal and armed the martyr with endurance. Saul, the Hebrew zealot, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against the infant Christian church, was imbued with a faith as strong as that of Paul the Apostle. He would hav suffered for the Jewish law and traditions as much as he afterward suffered for the sake of Christ. Some of the most eminent Bible saints, whose pious and godly lives are emphatically indorsed by the God revealed in the Bible in terms of the highest commendation, according to the statements of the same book, were men of the grossest habitual vice, with scarcely a redeeming moral trait in their character. This is a very strong assertion, but it is thoughtfully made, and its proof is at hand.

For our edification and spiritual comfort, let us carefully examin the Bible account of the life of the godly David, to the spotless purity of whose life an all-wise and all-good God gave this explicit testimony, saying, "I hav found David, the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will" (1 Sam, xiii, 14, and Acts xiii, 22). After David's death, we are informed that God himself, by the mouth of the prophet Abijah, pronounced this glowing eulogy on the perfect life of his servant David: "Who kept my commandments, and who followed me with *all his heart to do only that which was right in mine eyes*" (1 Kings xiv, 8). And again, to silence every possible objection to the holy purity of this man whom God specially delights to honor, we are told in 1 Kings, xv, 5, that "David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, *and turned not aside from anything that he commanded him all the days of his life*, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite." In accordance with this exception, I will not charge David with this sin in the following brief review of some of the most prominent actions of his pious life, as depicted in the inspired pages of God's most holy word. (Chiefly condensed from Bradlaugh's Life of David).

While this pious man was living in exile through fear of Saul, there gathered around him four hundred people, composed of such as were in distress, discontented, and in debt (1 Sam. xxii, 2). Captain of these men, he and they led a wandering life, and sometimes exacted a kind of blackmail from persons of property. For permitting Nabal's possessions to escape unrobbed the upright David demanded compensation. As Nabal did not comply with this unjust demand, David resolved to murder him and all his household for their wicked reluctance to quietly submit to his extortions. Before David did this, Nabal's wife saw David and compromised the matter with him. He accepted her person, and ten days afterward poor Nabal was found dead in his bed (1 Sam. xxv). Shortly afterward David, now at the head of six hundred brigands, went and lived during sixteen months under the protection of Achish, king of Gath. While residing there, this holy man robbed the inhabitants of neighboring places, killing the unfortunate people, and leaving neither man nor woman alive to inform Achish of his depredations. And as he always walked in God's ways, to whom lying lips are said to be an abomination, he lied to the king to hide his base actions (1 Sam. xxvii). Still his conduct must hav redounded to the glory of God, whose ways are not as ours. Shortly after this the Philistines went to war with the Israelites, and the unpatriotic David offered King Achish the help of himself and his band of men to make war on the people of his own country; but the Philistines had the honor to reject the traitor's aid, and thus save David from the consummation of his base offer (1 Sam. xxviii, 12; xxix). When he became king over all Israel, we are told that he captured the stronghold of Zion, and on that day proclaimed that "whosoever getteth up to the gutter, and smiteth the lame and the blind, that are hated of David's soul, he shall be chief and captain" (2 Sam. v, 8). Joab goes up first, to smite the lame and the blind, and becomes chief, by odious "merit raised to that bad eminence" (1 Chron. xi, 6). And God is represented as being well pleased with this inhuman conduct of the brutal monster David, who for the barbarous murder of these poor helpless persons rewarded Joab with the leadership of the armies of God's favorit people. David himself seems to hav been quite vain of his physical perfections. This we are led to infer from the fact that, on the occasion of a wonderful religious revival, he slipped off most of his clothing and returned to the primitiv fashion of Eden as closely as the degenerate custom of his time permitted. In this condition he danced and shouted before the admiring gaze of his subjects. He seemed specially delighted to make what in this Infidel age of the world would be called an indecent exposure of his godly person in full view of the young women of the congregation. Michal, probably the most modest of his many wives, saw him go through this little performance, and, in that tone of cutting sarcasm which offended wives know so well how to use, said, "How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself" (2 Sam. vi, 20). The Lord seems to hav been highly pleased with David's conduct on this occasion, and punished Michal for her reproof of David by inflicting upon her the then dreaded curse of childlessness (2 Sam. vi, 13, 23) (Kelso). This exemplary man, after God's own heart, whose holiness should mantle the cheek of Infidelity with the burning blush of shame, according to Psalms xxxviii, contracted a disease that made him roar and left neither soundness in his flesh nor rest in his bones. But to the honor of this chosen vessel of grace be it told that in this severe affliction he remained so divinely saturated with Bible piety that he was still able to triumph over his light afflictions, which in the end worked for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. From the depths of his misery he rejoicingly exclaims: "In thee, O Lord, do I hope!" Certainly; why should you not hope in the Lord? You need not despair, holy David. By faith take a dip in the cleansing blood of the "lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. xiii, 8). This will be your passport through God's great bankrupt court of salvation, and you will come out as good as any new-born Methodist saint, ready to join in singing the heavenly song:

> I will steal, I will rob, and I'll murder,
> Or do any dark deed that I will,
> Just ceasing in time to be sorry,
> And Jesus will settle the bill!

And there will be abundance of joy in the Jewish-Christian heaven, "more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance" (Luke xvi, 7–10).

We are told that David repented and was forgiven for having committed the crimes of murder and adultery in the case of Uriah and his wife, and that the good God, who is all-just, killed an innocent child which had no part or share in its father's dreadful crimes, and never chose that it should be born from the womb of Uriah's wife (2 Sam. xii, 14, 15). After this, David became more cruel and merciless than before, for we are informed that he now sawed people with saws, cut them with harrows and axes, and made them pass through brick kilns (2 Sam. xii, 31). David had sworn to Saul that he would not cut off his seed, *i. e.*, he would not destroy Saul's family (1 Sam. xxiv, 16–22). But he now took two of Saul's sons, and five of Saul's grandsons, and gave them up to the Gibeonites, who hung them. In this way the godly David kept his sworn promis to Saul (2 Sam. xxi, 4–9). The anger of the Lord being kindled against Israel, and he, wishing some excuse to punish the descendants of Jacob, moved David to number his people (2 Sam. xxiv, 1). In the account of the census which David caused to be taken, there is a trivial disagreement to the extent of 270,000 soldiers between 2 Sam. xxiv, 9, and 1 Chron. xxi, 5. But my Christian friends must not let either common sense or such a slight inaccuracy as this stand between them and heaven. David, it seems, did wrong in numbering his people, though we are never told in the account given us of his life that he did wrong in robbing and murdering their neighbors, or in pillaging peaceable people. The king having done wrong, an all-merciful God brought a pestilence on the people and killed 70,000 of them for an offense which their ruler had committed and in which they had no share (2 Sam. xxiv, 15).

David at last grows old and weak, and his death hour comes. Oh! as the hart panteth for the water brooks, so panteth the Christian heart for the precious consolation of the dying words of the Psalmist. What pious instruction shall we not derive from the death-bed scene of him "who found favor before God" (Acts, vii, 45–46; "obtained a good report through faith" (Heb. xi, 32, 39), and was indorsed by Paul as having been a "man after God's own heart" (Acts, xiii, 22). Listen to the last words of Judah's expiring monarch. Let my Methodist friends who, in their pious zeal, regard an Infidel as "below the brute," and who hav heard their ministers retail the pious frauds and forgeries perpetrated with reference to the death-beds and dying words of the great, the generous, the witty Voltaire, who laughed superstition into fits; the manly, self-denying, incorruptible Thomas Paine, who regarded the world as his country, and whose religion was "to do good"—come with me to the death-couch of the special favorit of God. Bathsheba's son, Solomon, stands by his side. What does the dying David say? Does he talk of cherubs, angels, and heavenly choirs? Nay, none of these things pass his lips. Does he make a confession of his crime-stained life, and beg his son to be a better king, a truer man, a more honest citizen, a wiser father? Nay, not so. No word of sorrow, no sigh of regret, no expression of remorse, escapes his lips. What does the dying David say?—this red-handed robber, whose life has been extolled and guarded by "our father which art in heaven;" this perjured king, whose dying lips hav found favor in the sight of God, and who, when he dies, is safe for heaven. Does David repent? Nay, like the ravenous tiger or wolf, which, once tasting blood, is made more eager for the prey, he yearns for blood; he dies, and with his dying breath begs his son to bring the gray hairs of two old men—one of whom he had sworn not to kill—down to the grave with blood. Yet this is the life and death of God's anointed king, the chief of God's chosen people (1 Kings ii, 1, 10).

While David is spoken of by Deity as obeying all the statutes and keeping all the commandments of God, we are astonished to find that murder, theft, lying, licentiousness, treachery, and perjury are among the crimes that may be laid to his charge. David was a liar, God is a God of truth; David was cruel and merciless, God is merciful and long-suffering; David was a thief, God says "Thou shalt not steal;" David was a murderer, God says, "Thou shalt do no murder;" David accepted the person of Nabal's wife, God says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." Yet, notwithstanding all these things, the Bible assures us that David was "a man after God's own heart."

Had this saintly man any redeeming moral traits in his character? Was he a good citizen? If so, the Bible is silent about every action that would justly entitle him to such an appellation, and instead has given us the record of his attempted extortion in the case of Nabal, and has furnished us with a notice of his horde of followers—outlawed, discontented, and in debt. Was he even grateful to those who aided him in his hour of need? Nay; like the torpid serpent which, half frozen by the wayside, is warmed into new life in the traveler's bosom, and then treacherously stabs him with its poisoned fangs, so David robbed and murdered the friends and allies of the king of Gath, who had given him refuge from the pursuit of Saul. Does his patriotism outshine his many vices? Not even this. David was a heartless traitor, who volunteered to serve against his own countrymen, and would hav done so had not the Philistines rejected the traitor's aid. Was he a good king? His crimes brought a plague and pestilence on his subjects, and his reign is a continued succession of wars, revolts, assassinations, plots and counterplots, while his whole life is a dark blot on the page of human history.

While Christian apologists make no direct attempt to justify David's general conduct, because none can be made, they yet, in palliation of it, sometimes charge Infidels with putting an unfair interpretation and coloring on several of the scriptural passages relating to him. This charge is emphatically denied. It is the Christians themselvs whom necessity has driven to do this, in order to gloss over and hide in some small degree the odiously bad character of the sweet and pious singer of Israel. All that has been done in this article has only brought forward his robbing, murdering, lying, cruel, licentious, unpatriotic, and perjured traits of character as the Bible itself has painted them, and contrasted them with other statements of the same book respecting him and some of the leading principles of social morality—two classes of statements so utterly opposed to each other as to render it impossible for any truthful being to reconcile them. Consequently, to claim divine inspiration for the contradictory book which contains them is a gross libel on all truth and justice. All exalted and noble conceptions of right conduct unanimously swear that David was not a man after the heart of any just being, and that the book which asserts that he was a good man, as the Bible does, originated in barbarism, and has not even a civilized man for its author.

In this brief review of the life of the man after God's own heart, it has been shown that the New Testament indorses the statements of the Old regarding his holy character. Now it is a well known fact that in the great school of life, where all are scholars, Example has always been the great teacher of the unreasoning multitude which form the bulk of its students. In her commanding presence, rational precepts, however wise and good, stand neglected in the shade, unknown or forgotten. Scorning reason, she says to one, "Go," and he goeth; to another, "Come," and he cometh, and to her obedient servants, "Do these things," and they are done. Hence, when the borrowed deity of the Christians and the book which they devoutly believe was inspired by him, condescend to honor, praise, and magnify the character of a man like David as a life-long incarnation of every virtue pleasing to God (save in one instance), is it any wonder that so many church members are so woefully deficient in the practice of justice, mercy, and truth, and nearly every other virtue which adorns and ennobles human life? In this sad state of things, reason, honesty, truth, and charity are at a heavy discount, and blind faith and hypocrisy at a high premium in the stock market of the Christian church. Wherever she possesses a command-

ing influence, the religious bigot, animated with a holy fever of blind zeal for the glory of God, slams the door of every office of trust, honor, or emolument at his disposal in the face of men of known and acknowledged moral worth and intellectual ability, because they are honest enough to say that they hav ceased to believe in the inspiration and healthy moral influence of a book which sanctions with the highest praise the character of such a man as David, whose whole life, though crowned with faith, was pre-eminent in wickedness and worthy only of being held in everlasting shame and contempt. "From pulpit and press, from tongue and pen, still flows the venom of the church's enmity against all independence of thought and expression which do not coincide with her irrational creeds and dogmas." If she only had her former power she would compel the honest men who denounce her shams to wear the bandage of faith over their eyes, take a sectarian bit in their mouth, bow the abject knee in the superstitious dust of a by-gone age, let priestcraft mount their servil backs and drive them with the lash of starvation in this world, and threats of hell in the next, into some one or more of the popular churches of the day. Is it any wonder that patient merit in many instances is compelled to bear the kicks and spurns of holy ignorance and sanctified hypocrisy—that, reduced to rags and penury, it is often left uncared for to perish by the wayside, while the Christian priest and Levite, dressed in the finest clothing, and faring sumptuously every day, scornfully pass by on the other side?

Christianity has occupied the throne of power and influence for over eighteen hundred years, and the net results of her work in all these centuries is organized hypocrisy on one hand, and blind belief on the other. Is it any wonder, then, that ignorance and church bigotry, acting on the said Christian princi that "the end justifies the means," still lead men, Paul (Rom. iii, 7), to lie for the glory of God, a like him (God), be known by their "breach promis" among their neighbors (see Num. xiv, 34)? When we consider the evil and widespread influence of the bad examples of celebrated Bible saints such as Lot, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and David—all eminent for faith and wickedness—we are no in the least surprised that so many believers grace our penitentiaries and prisons, or, according to their own dying confessions and their attending minister's assurance, swing from the gallows into that heavenly land of pure delight where it is alleged that sin and evil had their birth, and Bible saints immortal reign. For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

"To illustrate what Christianity teaches regarding the relativ value of good works and faith as factors in salvation, we will take the case of a man who is peaceable, law-abiding, a kind father, a good neighbor, and charitable to the poor and suffering, every way a good citizen in the community in which he livs. He endeavors in all his transactions to do justly and love mercy. But this individual is not a religious man in the church sense of the word. He has never experienced what it calls 'a change of heart,' possibly he is skeptical as to the inspiration of the Bible, or even a future life. During a dark night, on his way home, where a fond wife and prattling babes are eagerly watching for his coming, a brute, in the shape of a man, with bloodthirsty instincts, and for the sake of a few dollars, knocks him down with a club and leaves him on the highway a corpse. The villain is arrested, tried by a jury of twelve honest men, found guilty, and sentenced by the judge to forfeit his life. During the interval between his sentence and the day of his execution he is visited by the clergy, repents, accepts Christ as his savior, professes religion, receives the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper, and declares himself accepted of God.

"He ascends the gallows steps with a firm tread, the New Testament in his hand, prays fervently, and just before the fatal drop falls assures the gaping crowd that he has found peace in Jesus, that his sins hav been forgiven, and that within a few moments he will be with his maker in heaven. According to strait-jacket Bible Christianity, the soul of the murdered man has gone to perdition, there to suffer the everlasting punishment declared against unbelief; the other man's soul to heaven, to spend eternity in praising the Lord of hosts and feasting his eyes on the never-ending miseries of the unfortunate victim of his crime. This revolting doctrin givs the premium of everlasting happiness to a man whose whole life, except the last few hours, was spent in infamy and crime, and punishes him whose whole life was a model of virtuous conduct in the endless torments of hell. Virtue passes for nothing, and vice, at last crowned with faith, gets the sugarplums. The Bible and the Christian call the God, whom they represent as acting in this manner, a just God; but he could not be called a just man who would undertake to follow his example. No wonder that there is so much wickedness in the Christian world, that believes in a God having such a character, and that it is his precept which commands them 'to be perfect even as their father in heaven is perfect' (Matt. v. 48)" (Common Sense).

And now one word in conclusion. The writer desires to be regarded as having no warfare with men, but only with principles which he believes to be pernicious. Hating rheumatism, he has nothing but sympathy for the unfortunate person who has it. He believes that the relation of people to each other is as men, and to everyone who is willing to allow others every liberty and right which he claims for himself the writer extends the hand of fellowship and good will. A. DILWORTH.

Cedar Hill, Tex.

The Sum of All Folly.

If we could get all our goods by wishing for them, would it not be better than by toiling and spending money? If foreign ships brought all kinds of manufactures here and gave them away, who would object? No sane person, surely. Now, because foreign ships come here and offer half their goods for nothing (or all of them so cheap that it amounts to the same thing), a certain few object, and put such a heavy fine or tax on their imported goods as to keep them from coming here. The same wicked selfishness that has upheld persecution, tyranny, slavery, war, despotism, now upholds the tax on trade and decries cheap imports. If slavery was "the sum of villainies," our tariff is the sum of all stupidities.

A sample of the execrable hypocrisy of protection is seen in the silk business. "American industry is not to be allowed to compete with foreign pauper labor." No! no! A heavy tariff is put on imported silk manufactures, so that a few thousand persons in silk factories, not over ten thousand in all, and mostly children and girls, may get big wages ostensibly, but in reality to favor a half-dozen employers. *They* are American laborers, and theirs is an industry *par excellence*. They must be protected, and more joy is made over their paltry product ten thousand times than over all the results of agriculture itself, whereas in fact the hens of any half-dozen counties surpass it. But the poor creatures who try to produce the raw silk here are left to compete with Chinese and Italians, in their foreign homes, who work for ten to twenty cents per day. Get into a factory and work up the raw material, and you become an industry and are to be protected; but go out and toil to create the wealth out of which the manufacture exists, and you are a nonentity, except for taxation.

There is something so unutterably foolish in the belief that wages are higher because employers make higher profit, that one knows not how to expose it. But, says a large manufacturer to me, we don't pretend to pay more wages because we make more profit. The point is just this—if you don't protect us we can't pay at all, or can only offer so little wages that our workmen will leave us and go at farming.

And that is just the truth. Your occupation is no business at all. It is beggary, alms, and extortion. Good heavens! To believe that a vast number of people can do prosperously what no *one* can do without ruin. One man can not neglect his proper business to make his own shoes, wagons, harness, etc. But several millions can despise the opportunities that are all around and under foot; can waste millions' worth of raw material, the product of their own hard toil or of countless ages of nature's storing, and can violently displace, pervert, or prevent the natural evolution of labor by vast numbers of their citizens—all to make a little silk and keep a dozen steel rail mills going, and a few hundred woollen factories and some thousand or two of other mills, foundries, etc.

The waste and neglect of raw material in the West and South is something stupendous, all because manufacturing is invited or forced into departments that are unnatural to our present development. Manufactures should develop naturally, just as the flour mill follows upon the thresher. Natural home demand is the parent of manufactures, not a demand forced by embargo on ports and a robber tax. Hostil states blockade each other's ports to ruin or distress the foe. A robber congress has put an embargo on our ports, and punishes the smuggler as the belligerent punishes the blockade runner. Were we of the West under another flag, how long would we tolerate a tariff by the nation owning the ports that compels our products—the exports—to pay it?

Although we are near sixty millions of people, we are not as great a nation as we were in 1860 with thirty millions. We are not so compactly settled as we were in 1850. Since 1865 the whole continent has been opened up by railways, and we are relativly a more dispersed, thinly-settled nation. In 1875 lands had fallen lower than for many years, owing to the countless millions of acres opened up by transcontinental railways and by the homestead laws. We were more crowded in 1860, and our manufactures had increased in less than ten years some eighteen thousand in number, and the investment one hundred per cent. From 1870 to 1880 we added less than eighteen hundred to the number, and only thirty-five per cent invested capital. From 1850 to 1860 was our free trade era. Then the agricultural implement business originated, created its own market by experiments in the fields, and grew to enormous proportions. In our then comparativly compact older settled conditions the word tramp was as unknown as the thing; the tramp was the creature, in England, of her corn laws, and filled her highways by armies in 1816–48

I hav stated solid facts. Abolish this tariff, and there will no more be heard of strikes, labor riots, Communism, Socialism, or tramps, until our lands are settled up, and some other bad laws are felt.

HOLT.

Freethought and Aristocracy.

It is well known that popular opinion sustaining capital against wages; aristocracy against the masses and the reforms they attempt; church policy with its ostracizing power in society; municipality and court against civil and moral justice, Freethought and free speech, and that this opinion is what sustains the demoralized democracy in favoring all these oppressions. Need it be plainer stated that this popularity is the executiv despotism of to-day? Then, how paradoxical the motiv, how fatal the effort to advance a counter movement by its standard of honor? Simply bowing to its authority, and laying our cause at its feet. Freethought allowed to all cannot affiliate with aristocracy, save on the hypothesis that the masses freely think out the condition, and chose the slavery of obedience to a clan of rulers. That state not anticipated, leaves the phrase, "Aristocracy of Freethought" a silly solecism, an ironical test of the people's logical ability. But the finest scholarship and best skill in using language cannot devise a form of sophistry and paint it to mystify the mockery, or puzzle an average reasoner. It is well that existing ideas find open airing and honest criticism, all without personal pique. Liberals who are sure that they know should in kindness say that flattering flourishes, as of triumphal pride, appear insincere in our case, are unadapted to present needs; and wasted time, energy or means, are suicidal in all applicable senses. Let us glance a moment at the plausible feature in the aristocratic proposition. Merit and service are qualifying tests. Deciding arbiters are implied—various minds will be authorized. Doubtless the author of the idea, with ability to prove his generosity and win good regards, will be considered soundly competent. S. Mitchell, with a life of meritorious labor and benign service in many reforms, will be named prince of the compact. Ezra and Angela Heywood, having shown what the deep, blighting wrongs and cruelties of this vicious age are, and what measures will abolish and regulate blessings equally—having well served the nation by defending themselvs through dire persecution, and in that defense spared others the pain of similar injustice—having thus merited public and personal thanks, will be by acclamation pronounced king and queen of the nobility. But they will decline the vain proffer, saying, Away with the signs of caste and coercion, we are citizens of a fraternal republic. No test can apply but the old one of inherited vampirism. Goodness and greatness love level plains where they can cheer the depressed and inspire the low; they abhor a gulf between them and the unfortunate. If by serving justice we ever merit and achieve a real republic, it seems likely that seekers for delectable positions will somewhere consort with the like-minded, and that those who hav severed the roots of the tyrannic upas till they hav freed a country, will accept the name radicals.

The secretary of the national department says, "Committees and papers, not conventions, are places to discuss secular affairs." Search in that plan for good features is haply successful. I educe this: Expensiv conventions are useless; each state will call a meeting when and only when seen useful, and for such purpose as can serve the cause. Auxiliaries will make corresponding secretaries, and these, in a state or section, will constitute a council to consult together by advice of their business committees, and see to activ efforts in that section. Ten thousand dollars can pay twenty supervising organizers for as many states. These will co-operate with councils. Papers will inform all states what each state is doing—if THE TRUTH SEEKER overflows, its counterpart, the *Truth Teller*, should be opened; for we, whose hearts are breaking in love for our ravished country, must speak. The warning of our veteran Pillsbury, is pertinent; implied duties appeal for attention. If this widely settled incubus be not changed to invigoration, not only pens of fire, but words of flame and hands of steel, will be the call. M. E. TILLOTSON.

Golden Comfort.

With the new generation the Christian church has not the influence that could be wished. One thing in our favor is that it is fashionable to go to church nowadays. All the very rich people in New York—the Astors, Vanderbilts, and Goulds—go to church regularly.—*Rev. Dr. Haines.*

Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander.

From John Swinton's Paper.

If the president is to be empowered to appoint trustees for the Mormon church, Senator Edmunds, how about trustees for other churches?

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1886.

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Persecuting the Mormons.

Mr. Powers, one of the federal judges of Utah, has begun the crusade against Mormonism. He refuses to naturalize a Mormon alien on the ground of his belief as a Mormon.

In answer to questions by Judge Powers, the applicant for naturalization papers stated that he was attached to the principles and laws of this country; that he proposed to obey these laws, those relating to polygamy and cohabitation included; that he believed it right for a man to hav living and undivorced more than one wife; and that this belief would prevent him from rendering a verdict of guilty in a polygamy case, if he was called as a juror in such a case, even if the proof should show the prisoner guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

Upon this last statement that he would not, as a juror, convict for polygamy, Judge Powers refused the alien his papers. The qualifications for naturalization are that it shall appear to the court that, "during the preceding five years, the applicant has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same." It is not possible to stretch this language to cover belief. The United States district attorney prosecuting a man for polygamous living might object to such a juror as this alien, on the same ground that prosecuting attorneys now object to a juror who is opposed to capital punishment when trying a murder case, but a judge can not constitutionally refuse naturalization papers to such a man with any more justice than he could to the man opposed to capital punishment.

We think it would hav been well for Judge Powers to hav waited for Congress to authorize him to exclude a man from citizenship because of his belief, and not enter upon a little one-horse Christian crusade of his own. And we think that Congress will also do well to obey the first article of the amendments to the United States Constitution, which prohibits Congress from making an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

But this is not all, nor is it the worst. The Senate has passed the Edmunds bill to take the management of the temporal affairs of the Mormon church out of the hands of the church trustees and invest it in a board of trustees appointed by the president, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." The Mormon church is incorporated under territorial laws and its business is conducted by thirteen trustees. Senator Edmunds proposes to appoint fourteen additional trustees, presumably from the Christian church, certainly inimical to Mormonism. These fourteen trustees are to report every year to the Interior department. It will be seen that the government's trustees would control the organization by outvoting the church trustees on every question. The thirteen church trustees would of course hav no power by the side of the fourteen trustees representing the government at Washington. This is to be done because some of the members of the church hav violated a law of Congress concerning marriages, and because the church has sanctioned the marriages which are forbidden by law.

In the debate upon this bill some remarkable words of bigotry were spoken. Mr. Morgan addressed the Senate in support of an amendment offered by him providing for the disposal of the property of the Mormon church according to the rules and principles of the common law, as in the case of the dissolution of a corporation. He felt, he said, that we ought to strike the Mormon church organization out of existence. It was as a shrewd temporal organization that it had gained so much power. Its emigrant arrangements, its tithing capacity, its money power, and generally its organizing vigor had been the wonder of our time. Instead of appointing trustees for the management of these temporal matters, Congress should cut up the organization root and branch. Mr. Maxey supported the bill, he said, because he held that Mormonism was a mere cover for licentiousness. He thought the judiciary committee had discriminated with great skill between religious liberty and secular license. Mr. Edmunds said that the trustees appointed by the president were to see that the church money, which is enormous, should not be applied to the propagation of polygamy. But in the face of the words of the bill Mr. Edmunds's statement is dishonest. The sections of the bill applying are:

"*Tenth*—Authorizing fourteen trustees to be appointed by the president, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to take possession and control of the property and affairs of the corporation of the Mormon church and wind up its affairs.

"*Eleventh*—Authorizing the attorney-general to sue for and escheat to the government all property of the Mormon church corporation in excess of $50,000 of value in real property, except buildings used exclusivly for purposes of religious worship, and devoting the funds realized to common school purposes.

"*Twelfth*—Disincorporating the Mormon 'Perpetual Emigration Fund Society,' winding up its affairs and devoting its funds to common school purposes."

There was but little opposition to the bill. Mr. Call said he did not believe that Congress had the right to destroy the religious establishment of the Mormons. The practice of polygamy did not authorize us to violate the Constitution of the United States by legislating in regard to an establishment of religion or take private property for public use. Referring to Mr. Edmunds's point that it was not the religious but the temporal concerns of the church that were to be administered by the trustees provided by the bill, Mr. Call inquired what would be thought of Congress if it should undertake to administer, by trustees or otherwise, the property and temporal affairs of, for example, the Roman Catholic Church. He read from early Puritan laws to show that in the seventeenth century the Quakers were denominated a "damnable sect," and that all the persons who encouraged their entry in the colonies were subject to a fine of £100, as well as imprisonment. Mr. Teller said he was as anxious as any man to see polygamy extirpated but wanted to see it done under the form and under the color of law. Polygamy was a crime, but not a greater crime than murder, not a greater crime than rape. Mr. Teller was willing to "put the knife in," but wanted to do it in a manner authorized by our Constitution and laws. He believed the old law had enough authority in it to enable the government to complete the end in view in this matter, but for fifteen years the government had made practically no effort to enforce the old law. He regarded Joseph Smith as an arrant knave, and his system as an odious oligarchy and despotism that must be wiped out. But if we could justify the transgression of law in this instance we could in others. Mr. Call said we owed our liberties to fredom of speech and worship. We were departing from that ground when we passed such a bill as that under consideration. The Mormon has as much right to proclaim his faith as "the distinguished man who denies the divinity of Christ."

When the debate closed the bill passed by the following vote, and it now goes to the house for action thereon:

"YEAS.—Messrs. Allison (rep.), of Ia.; Beck (dem.), of Ky.; Berry (dem.), of Ark.; Chace (rep.), of R. I.; Cockrell (dem.), of Mo.; Coke (dem.), of Texas; Colquitt (dem.), of Ga.; Conger (rep.), of Mich.; Cullom (rep.), of Ill.; Dawes (rep.), of Mass.; Dolph (rep.), of Ore.; Edmunds (rep.), of Vt.; Eustis (dem.), of La.; Evarts (rep.), of N. Y.; Frye (rep.), of Me.; George (dem.), of Miss.; Harris (dem.), of Tenn.; Harrison (rep.), of Ind.; Hawley (rep.), of Conn.; Ingalls (rep.), of Kan.; Jackson (dem.), of Tenn.; Logan (rep.), of Ill.; McMillan (rep.), of Minn.; Manderson (rep.), of Neb.; Maxey (dem.), of Texas; Mitchell (rep.), of Pa.; Morrill (rep.), of Vt.; Palmer (rep.), of Mich.; Payne (dem.), of Ohio; Platt (rep.), of Conn.; Pugh (dem.), of Ala.; Sawyer (rep.), of Wis.; Sherman (rep.), of Ohio; Spooner (rep.), of Wis.; Van Wyck (rep.), of Neb.; Walthall (dem.), of Miss.; Wilson (rep.), of Ia., and Wilson (dem.), of Md. Republicans, 24; Democrats, 14. Total, 38.

NAYS.—Blair (rep.), of N. H.; Call (dem.), of Fla.; Gibson (dem.), of La.; Hampton (dem.), of S. C.; Hoar (rep.), of Mass.; Morgan (dem.), of Ala., and Vance (dem.), of N. C. Republicans, 2; Democrats, 5. Total, 7.

If the house shall concur in this measure and the president shall sign the bill, the United States government will be fully embarked in the religious business, with a church organization on its hands, and next we shall be having Congress passing laws as to what a man may believe. The Constitution is not of a straw's weight with the Christian bigots who see in the rival religion nothing but evil.

Mormonism is an imposition. There is no doubt about that. But so is Christianity and so are all other supernatural religions. A great many thousands of people, however, cherish Mormonism as sincerely, and believe in it as devoutly, as a great many thousands cherish and believe in Christianity. The Constitution of our country was framed to protect all alike, and throw the strong arm of the law around all beliefs, allowing everyone to exercise and support his own preferred religion, be it Christianity, Mormonism, or Mohammedanism. Congress has no more right to usurp the control of the Mormon property than it has to confiscate the Broadway building of the Methodist Book Concern.

Polygamy is immoral. That is unquestionable. But it ill becomes those Senators who keep mistresses to rave about immorality. There is a command in the book these Christians-for-votes-only profess to revere that the beam in thine own eye shall be removed before much fuss shall be made about the mote in the neighbor's. In New York fornication is no crime, and a man may hav forty practical wives if he can support them, and thirty-nine hav had no ceremony performed over them. Hundreds and thousands of the business men of this city—church-members, too—cohabit with more than one woman. Why not appoint trustees for the property of all the churches whose members are guilty of adultery, if that immorality is sufficient excuse for Congressional interference? Senator Edmunds's bill provides that "the lawful wife of a man charged with the crime of polygamy may be compelled to testify against her husband as to all matters except confidential communications made by him to her." Put the lawful wives of thousands of New York city's or Washington's solid men on the stand, compel them to testify to all they know except the confidential communications of their husbands, and a state of affairs would be revealed beside which the polygamous trials of Utah would be insignificant. Why should sexual promiscuity be a crime in Utah and not in New York?

As to the property question, there was not a word said in the senatorial debate about the danger to the country of allowing the Mormon hierarchy to continue to control their own revenues that will not apply with tenfold more force to the Roman Catholic

hierarchy, and with equal force to the Methodist. The revenues of these two churches are simply enormous. They control millions upon millions of property, and thousands upon thousands of voters. Already they manage the temporal affairs of such communities as they hav a majority of voters in, precisely as the Mormon church influenced the affairs of Utah. Let Congress, if it shall determin to violate the Constitution, and set up gospel-shops, take hold of the enormous abuse of wealth and power perpetrated in every large city by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. It is cowardly to pitch into only one sect just because it is not the prevailing sect, and is powerless before the mighty American nation.

Is He Owned by the Church?

Governor Hill, in his message to the New York legislature, devotes two paragraphs to "religious liberty:"

"I reiterate the recommendation contained in my previous annual message in favor of such wise and judicious legislation as may be necessary to effectually and impartially enforce that provision of the Constitution which declares that 'the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this state to all mankind.'

"The duty of the legislature to enforce this constitutional guarantee of religious liberty by appropriate legislation, whereby all just complaints which hav arisen in regard to its violation in some of the penal and charitable institutions of our state may be effectually remedied, is clear, and admits of no discussion. It is to be hoped that such proper action may be taken as, upon a thorough investigation of the subject, may seem to be justly demanded."

This is a recommendation in favor of the passage of the Freedom of Worship bill. Mr. Hill was the favored gubernatorial candidate of Tammany Hall. Tammany Hall is a thoroughly Roman Catholic institution. An interesting question is, Was Governor Hill's aid to pass this bill one of the conditions of Tammany's support.

What Americans May Expect.

M. Goblet, the minister of public instruction and ecclesiastical affairs of France, is in favor of the state voting stipends to the priests, because they then are public officials and can be disciplined. The advantage of this position was demonstrated recently.

During the late elections for members of the Chamber of Deputies, a horde of Roman Catholic priests dictated to their parishioners how they should vote. The matter coming to the notice of M. Goblet, the pay of thirty-nine priests was stopped. The bishop of Pamiers thereupon began a sharp correspondence with the minister. The bishop maintained the right of priests to interfere in politics, and said that the state was making systematic attacks upon the church which could not be submissivly received by the clergy. M. Goblet remained unmoved. The pope then protested to the French government against the action of M. Goblet, as an infringement of the provisions of the Concordat. December 15th the matter was brought before the Chamber of Deputies by M. Goblet, who stated that he would uphold the church, but he would exact from the clergy the same obedience that was exacted from other state-paid officials. M. Goblet's course was approved by a vote of 331 to 167. It was resolved thereupon that M. Goblet's speech and the result of the vote should be printed and placarded throughout the country.

The *Evening Post* of this city has obtained a copy of the catechism for the instruction of Roman Catholics in France, called, "The Voter's Duty," from which it translates the following:

"Q. Is it, then, a serious fault to vote wrong? A. Would you dare to think that it is not a fault to vote wrong? Without wrong voting at the elections should we hav witnessed the expulsion of the religious orders? Should we be under the yoke of compulsory and godless schools? Should we witness the subjection of the judges to the will of an impious government, of a ministry of Freemasons?

"Q. Is an elector, then, bound to confess his having voted wrong? A. Certainly, since it is a grave fault. He is bound to confess, to repent, to correct himself, and to repair as far as he can the sad consequences of his offense.

"Q. Some say that the priests go out of their province in speaking of the elections in their teaching. Is this true, and in accord with Catholic doctrin? A. Since it is a rigorous duty of conscience to vote right, a duty of which each elector owes an account to the supreme judge, the priests hav the right, and it is their duty, to recommend the voters to vote according to their conscience purified by religion, for candidates who giv guarantees that they will defend right principles, and not vote bad laws. The provincial council of Turin recommends the priests to instruct their parishioners on the obligation of voting and voting right."

In publishing this the *Post* says: "What this French experience illustrates and enforces is the danger of all connection between the church and the state—the danger, that is, of any state of things in which the clergy hav anything to hope or fear from legislation. As long as they hold anything either in the way of power, privilege, or emolument, which the legislature has bestowed or can take away, and are compelled to defend themselvs from attack with every weapon within their reach, the more pious and zealous they are, the more fiercely and bitterly they will fight."

We agree with the *Post*, rather than with M. Goblet. If by constitution and perpetual prohibition the church can never obtain a penny from the state, the motiv for interfering in politics will hav been removed. Dollars and cents and power are at the bottom of all ecclesiastical machinations.

A Word to Our Disputatious Correspondents.

The following from our esteemed friend, J. W. Truesdell, explains itself:

"SYRACUSE, Dec. 31, 1885.

"EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your issue of the 19th inst. Mr. Seward Mitchell, after thoroughly ventilating his own peculiar views on various subjects, and demanding the same rights for others, closes his strange letter as follows:

"'P.S.—Why were the inspired pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER soiled with the account of that trickster and fraud, Truesdell? I was disgusted with every word. A person who will pen and send to such a grand paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER such a villainous affair as that is no true friend of any good cause.'

"The above quotation calls for a reply from the editor, but as you hav thus far paid no attention to it, with your permission I will respond.

"I fully agree with Mr. Mitchell in his high estimation of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Its pages are indeed inspired, for the very reason, in my humble judgment, that the editor is liberal enough to giv the public all sides of all subjects, when they are presented to him in a clean and courteous manner; but when Mr. Mitchell declares that the inspired pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER are 'soiled' by the *true* statements referred to, or by any report emanating from the gifted pen of so refined a lady as Ella E. Gibson, his words betray more animosity than honest opinion.

"Mr. Mitchell has the undisputed right to believe, as he expresses himself in an autograph letter before me, that 'Spiritualism false is far better to humanity than Materialism true.' He has also the right to think that any person who does not subscribe to the above sentiment is a 'detestable fraud,' and that he is, himself, a true Liberal and a truth seeker (!).

"He has an undoubted right to think of Miss Gibson as he likes, but when he became rash enough to write her the following postal card, to say the least, he exhibited exceeding bad taste. Here is the card, *verbatim ad literatim:*

"'*Not private.* ELLA E. GIBSON: As I read your communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER about that *detestable fraud*, Truesdell, my whole being burnt with *deep indignation*. It is a *shame* to fill the grand inspired pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER with such *abominable stuff*. I would cut the *accursed* thing out if I could without spoiling the paper. I hav not one *particle* of faith in the honesty of Truesdell or the writers in THE TRUTH SEEKER. *Indignantly*, SEWARD MITCHELL.

"'NEWPORT, MAINE.'

"Æsop's wolf, as he washed his carcass in the brook that flowed from himself down to the lamb, appeared as harmless and innocent as a dove, but when he boldly charged the lamb with 'soiling' the water and making the stream unfit for his royal (!) use, the true character of the brute was at once revealed.

"Mr. Mitchell has the right to believe in absolute freedom for himself in all things, including 'Freelove;' he may even go so far as to think that a free parlor entertainment consisting of a few feats in legerdemain, and the explanation thereof, is a 'villainous affair,' and the reporter of the same 'is no true friend of any good cause,' but when he publicly expresses these strange and inconsistent views through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, it ill becomes him at the same time to charge any other person with 'soiling its inspired pages.' JOHN W. TRUESDELL."

We regret that we allowed Mr. Mitchell to use in these columns the words objected to by Mr. Truesdell. They are not true, and they are harsh and discourteous. The controversy between Materialists and Spiritualists has been gradually growing warmer and warmer, and we were scarcely aware of how really hot it had become until the limit was overstepped by Mr. Mitchell.

We hardly think it necessary to say that we believe in free discussion of all subjects, for we hav shown our faith by our works in printing the hundreds of conflicting communications that reach us every year. And we propose to continue the same course. We do not care to what conclusion a writer may arrive. The idea with which manuscripts sent to us are judged is, Has the writer something to say? does he know how to say it? and will it interest the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER? We never allow our own opinion of the truth or falsity of the argument to determin what shall be printed. This feeling induces us to allow the largest possible latitude to our correspondents, and in this case has caused us to do an injustice to two worthy individuals. To prevent a recurrence of this, we warn our disputatious friends to be in the future more careful of their language. Take pattern after our law-makers at Washington, who in their speeches manage to convey to the public the opinion that their opponents exist only because the sheriff has failed to perform his duty, but never transcend the usages of debate. As Speaker of a very large house, we shall send the sergeant-at-arms after the next debater who uses unparliamentary language.

A New Messiah.

Those who hav been earnestly looking for the coming of the messiah will be pleased to learn that he has arrived. Naturally enough, he has communicated with THE TRUTH SEEKER. His name is Lewis the Light, and this is his invitation. The perspicuity of it will be at once remarked:

"Oh, come to your savior, come,
Away from the bug he calls hum.
Behold, he stands, with outstretched hands—
Lumpty tum, tootlee tum tum."

Like his predecessors, Lewis has not been accepted by the religious world with that avidity which his divine mission, it would seem, should warrant. Wishing the editor of this paper a Merry Christmas, he writes:

"Dec. 22, 1885.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I've just been crucified by the damned hypocrits at a Christmas festival, Calvary Presbyterian church—crucified by rejection, as Jesus prophesied I should on Calvary, and sealed the testimony with his blood to save me. Do you tumble?

"The end is not yet. Now, why in hell don't you fellows hurry up and fire Me as a red-hot shot into the churches and say, 'Take your damned messiah; we don't want Him?' And as I swear, 'Surely I come quickly,' so will I bounce the wolves, hirelings, and robbers, to whom I only said, 'Occupy till I come.' Now git! "LEWIS THE LIGHT,
"The 2-edged Sword."

Passing over the profanity of the above, with a shudder of several distinct shuds, we hav to confess to ignorance as to the present whereabouts of this new savior, as his letter givs no information on that subject. In this regard we resemble the wise men from the east. That Lewis recognizes the fact may be seen by his query, "Do you tumble?" It will be recalled that our prototypes desired to fall down and worship.

The gospel according to Lewis the Light comes in the form of a diminutiv pamphlet bearing the title, "Bible and Hymns," dedicated to the All in All that may gather together in One. The Hymns are rather inferior to the Bible. Here are a few lines of one of them, called, "Paradise Regained:"

"My love she livs that I feel and see,
Hark to the trumpet call!
She whispers that she will be true to me,
Over the garden wall!"

The "Bible and Hymns" is accompanied by this note:

"I send you My messianic Bible. Please review tenderly, for she is a sweet young thing. Don't frighten her with rough vulgarity. Nothing stronger than hades and whisky should be used in this pious era. THE BRIDEGROOM.

"N.B.—She is not copyrighted."

The career of our messiah, we learn, has not been altogether different from that of the Galilean, as he has been arrested. His antecedents are also similar, since his father was a Jew and carpenter, and he is a carpenter also. Let not Lewis be discouraged. Some 1886 years ago a man was born in Palestine who made claims similar to his own. He was abused then, but to-day he has a large and distinguished circle of admirers.

Editorial Notes.

E. C. WALKER has resumed the junior editorship of *Lucifer*. Mr. Walker is an interesting, and, on subjects where his premises are correct, a logical, writer.

THE *Independent* says: "If one week of prayer has not sufficiently humbled and quieted down our impatience," then "let the week go on indefinitly until we get news from heaven." It occurs to us that if our religious contemporary keeps the world on its knees till that time it ought to purchase an extraordinary number of very soft cushions.

THE *World* unkindly calls Mr. Jesup's argument against opening the museums on Sunday a labored essay, and retorts to his statement that if the museums are opened poor people will be compelled to work by ironically observing that if these poor people "are paid for their labor we presume that will be some consolation." The *World* is right. There are thousands upon thousands of people in this city who would be glad to work on Sunday if they could get paid for it.

Letters from Friends.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 31, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I hav looked over the last TRUTH SEEKER with pleasure. You hav made a great improvement. The new dress is beautiful, and the illustrations superb.

Yours ever, P. ECKLER.

FALL RIVER, MASS., Jan. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER in its new dress and pictorial embellishments is admirable. Pictures convey many lessons that we learn by a glance, as it were. They often make a deeper impression than the printed word, and you hav made a great hit by introducing them into THE TRUTH SEEKER, for not only will they be of use to the grown reader, but children who cannot understand the thoughtful essays of older minds will readily grasp the meaning of "Liberty in Peril," "Apparition of the Virgin," and other representations, or these can be explained to the youthful observer, and thus great facts may be implanted upon the brain, never to be effaced. The greatest foe to American liberty is Roman Catholicism. The people, in their indifference, sleep above a powder magazine, liable to explode sooner or later, when Catholicism will show itself in all its hideous array. I trust they may awake before it will be everlastingly too late. I thank you for your friendliness to woman. All our Liberal papers, I believe, notably the *Investigator*, are favorable to woman's advancement. SUSAN H. WIXON.

AYER, MASS., Jan. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me "Men, Women, and Gods," the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and "The Story Hour."

To the picture enterprise I donate $1. Your artist givs us very spirited pictures of the past, present, and prospectiv. It seems to be the problem of the present or not far distant future to decide which shall cover our national banner—the stripes, the symbol of the past, or the stars, the symbol of the future. In the past church and state gave stripes, heavy stripes, and not a single star of hope. Now our flag displays both. Which shall prevail? This is the question of the hour. How gladly would the church party hav the eagle—the ensign of liberty—fold its wings and like the owl perch upon the dead tree of freedom, prophetic of perpetual night; death to every aspiration that beats in the human breast. They would roll the world into the past again, and hedge about the path that leads to heaven. Don't forget the price of liberty. Yours ever for freedom, E. MYRICK.

NEW BRAUNFELS, TEX., Dec. 5, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I hav the honor herewith to pay you $7. You may count $3 my further subscription for 1886, $1 my annual duty as member of the American Secular Union, and $3 from a new subscriber.

I like THE TRUTH SEEKER, because it has room for every honest opinion, and defends the truth as far as possible. Dr. York, now in Australia, givs in No. 47 a very clear and interesting declaration of his opinion about Spiritualism.

In regard to our government, I may ask, Is it not a shame that the government of the richest people on earth circulates a depreciated silver dollar? Is it not twice a shame that the same dare write on this swindle dollar, "In God we trust?" O ye proud Americans, how are ye nevertheless so despicable? Ye cheat yourselvs and others willingly, and permit your government to adore an official god of which your sworn Constitution knows nothing very explicit! Are your first officers, so doing, not counterfeiters and swindlers, or only fools and cranks? Away with them.

"Eid und Treue und Gewissen werden wie Papier zerrissen!" Yours truly, WM. HILLERT.

RICHBURG, N. Y., Dec. 29, 285.

MR. EDITOR: I see it is time for renewals, so I inclose money-order for myself and three new subscribers, which please send to the inclosed addresses. I hope you will receive support enough to warrant illustrating the paper. Please send me a copy of "Age of Reason and Examination of Prophecies," which, I think, stands without a peer as a missionary document. Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER success, I remain

Yours, for universal mental liberty, R. P. BARTON.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Jan. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We are pleased ever so well with illustrations in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope to hav plenty of them. They impress all who see them. People will look at a picture who will not take the trouble to read. The reading of the frontispiece of the last TRUTH SEEKER is emphatic. I hope we shall hav many such. I am telling all my correspondents to help about the pictures. ELMINA.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Dec. 21, E.M. 285.

"General Lew Wallace, author of 'Ben Hur,' then an unbeliever, was riding with Colonel Robert Ingersoll, the notorious Infidel. In course of the conversation, Ingersoll said to the general, 'If you want to hav no doubt as to the falseness of the Bible, take it and read it with care.' Acting upon this suggestion, he did so; the wonderful truths were all-convincing, and he was speedily converted to God and gave the world the book which has so stirred the students of literature of the day, 'Ben Hur.'"—*The Living Church*, Chicago, Dec. 5, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Cannot the veriest simpleton read the Christian lie upon the face of this uninteresting tale? If Wallace was an unbeliever, why should his friend Ingersoll advise him to waste his time in poring over the filthy pages of the Bible in order to become one? Would he not hav known that his friend had read its contradictory and obscene passages before in order to hav become an unbeliever? And if Wallace had sense enough to write anything about "Ben Hur," Ben Bolt, or even Ben Butler, would he not hav become desperately enraged at this insult from Ingersoll? Alas for the champions of superstition! They must now resort to the foulest of falsehood in order to score a point.

"And even editors they hav been kenned,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' scripture."

O shades of Paine, Washington, and Jefferson, look down with scorn and contempt upon these false friends of humanity, vampires of society, enemies of civilization, the editors of the Christian press!

Find inclosed twenty-five cents for "Bible Morals." If I had a dollar, I would hav six copies. I believe I could sell them here. NELSON HUNT.

MILWAUKEE, ORE., Dec. 15, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed another greenback, which squares up arrearages to Jan. 4, 1886. By that time I probably may make a new discovery, and shall want to write again. My discovery this time, made within the last two years, is the true cause of that horrible disease, consumption. It is the poison from copper extracted by acids; so don't boil your cider in copper kettles, nor make your sauces therein. And another thing—the cure of small-pox. Take common unslaked lime, put a pailful of it into a half barrel; add to it two pails of water; stir it up, then let it settle till the water is clear. Let the patient use this lime water freely as a drink, also wash in it. By doing as this directs the patient will never pit nor be confined to his bed. The Castillion Indians knew this method of treatment, and used it, to my certain knowledge, fifty years ago. E. W. CRESSEY.

SOUTH LOWELL, ALA., Dec. 20, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I am a Spiritualist, and I take THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am glad you do the editorial work, for it suits me. I take your paper because I can read two sides of many questions—Materialism and Spiritualism, Prohibition and Non-Prohibition, Greenbackism and the banks in opposition, labor and its opposit, tariff and less tariff, etc., etc. And not the least is the light you giv on Romanism and its attempted control in this country.

But the principal reason why I take your paper is because you prove the great difference there is in the causes that improve man's condition between church and science, or belief and knowledge. While church and belief command and dictate, science and knowledge call and prove. The church makes faith the ultimate; science uses reason, both inductivly and deductivly, and knows as the ultimate.

We hav extremists in both classes, but in the class of science they are the surface students, who conclude before solving the problem. We should use the known in going near truth. We hav not made all the discoveries that can be known in any branch of science, and we should be tolerant of others' ideas and charitable to the surface student. The better we understand material science, the easier it will be to learn dynamic science. All truths must be connected. It should be our aim to keep the chain whole; then we can retrace our steps and not get lost.

I like J. D. Shaw's address in particular. Ingersoll is always good. Many others giv me much thought.

If laborers could be employed at good wages, and the evil habits among them banished, knowledge would increase. And this is what THE TRUTH SEEKER is trying to do. I hope to be of use to you in this work. DR. J. K. DEARTH.

URBANA, KAN., Dec. 28, 285.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose that a great many of our Liberal friends think that the sunflower state of Kansas is asleep, or that the howl and clamor of Methodist revivals hav so enveloped her that our voices cannot be heard. Now, we are neither asleep nor Methodistically inclined. Although you hav seldom heard from us, we hav been at work with the little strength that we hav. A little over a year ago nine persons of this vicinity banded themselvs together for the purpose of carrying on the work of Liberal reform. That little band, the first Liberal League of Neosho county, now numbers twenty members. That number we hope to double before the year 286 has run its course. In this short time the League has done good work. It has checked the previously rapid spread of superstition which threatened to ingulf the minds of young and old. Its position now is such that it commands respect, and the name "Infidel" has lost its horrors. The League very much desires to hear from all Liberal organizations of Kansas as a matter of mutual development and co-operation for more effectiv work. You will hear more of us. Yours, for humanity, MAURICE D. LEAHY,
Sec. First Lib. League of Neosho Co.

UNION CITY, MICH., Dec. 30, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: My subscription having nearly expired, and having come to the conclusion that I cannot yet afford to drop your paper, the best Liberal journal with which I am acquainted, and the best, perhaps, in the world, please find inclosed $1.50 to pay for it six months longer. For five years I hav been a constant and interested reader of your valuable paper, and can say that I heartily indorse the principles upon which it is conducted, also the doctrins and measures it advocates. Some five years ago I was led, through the instrumentality of lectures and your paper, up out of the mysticisms and absurdities of orthodoxy into the paths of light, truth, and reason, in which paths your noble paper has constantly encouraged, strengthened, and confirmed me, so that now I hav not the least desire or intention to return, like the sow, to wallow in the mire.

Within the last five or six years we hav been favored with several good lectures. Messrs. Underwood, Jamieson, Watts, Chainey, and Remsburg all hav held forth in this city, with good results.

And now may your grand paper cease not its effectiv blows until every vestige of the effects of priestcraft has been swept from the universe and all humanity possessed of mental freedom and Rationalism. M. BURLINGAME.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me a little space in your columns. I do not trouble you very often. In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 28th your correspondent, in answering my question, takes a stand decidedly against woman suffrage, which places him in a very peculiar position. When he opened his speech at the Convention by saying, "The just right to govern comes from the consent of the governed," and afterward opposed a resolution favoring woman suffrage, I had hoped he only opposed it as a plank in the American Secular Union, but in his letter he informs us that he is opposed to it *in toto*. Now, a man sailing under that motto in his speech, who turns around and contradicts himself by expecting one-half of the population to be governed *without* their consent, ought to hav the mantle of charity to cover him for a few minutes at least. He overlooks his own inconsistent position by asking me or anyone else to giv a logical reason why that resolution should hav passed. Although that is not really the question at issue, I will giv my reason; and it is this: The American Secular Union believes in impartial justice to all, and in refusing justice to their wives and mothers and daughters of the land, would place itself in the same position as your correspondent, inconsistent with its aims and work. And if such intellects as Messrs. Ingersoll, Watts, Putnam, Palmer, Mrs. Krekel and others found it proper to hav this resolution adopted, I, for one, will not find fault with it, for we know in whom we hav put our trust.

We find ourselvs classed with Freelovers and Anarchists. But it is evident in your correspondent's case that prejudice commits a multitude of sins toward the woman suffragists. As far as I know them, they believe in the sacredness of home, and the love of one man and of one woman. We are also informed that your correspondent carries the pocket-book, although he givs the wife the perfect right to be mistress of the house. I hav always had the humble opinion that the one who carried the cash was in full possession. His wife, he says, has no desire toward the ballot-box—which shows good sense, having your correspondent for husband; she would perhaps be a duplicate in case she did vote. I hav often heard that opposing husbands hav wives that do not care for the ballot, but on interviewing the wives, we find a different conclusion if the husband is not present. He also says: "Your woman suffragists are always talking about the right to cast a ballot. Why not talk about carrying the musket, serving in the militia, or be in the police force?" In this question the gentleman givs us a view of his true inwardness, so to speak, namely, that he believes in *physical* force instead of intellectual, in club rule instead of the torch of reason on Mr. Wettstein's badge. We generally find the ignorant believe in a government based on the club, but the Liberal-minded, the intellectually strong, and the strong-minded women want to see reason enthroned.

And when the club is ushered out, and reason ushered in, the world will be fit to liv in. As Mr. Wakeman says in his "Scientific Gospel:" "As the era of wars, revolution, and conquest will hav passed away under the Republic of Man, every people will become industrial instead of military." That is where all Liberals should work for. Has he served in our late war, carried a musket, and been on the police force? Or did he not smell any more gunpowder than I did? And does he vote all the same? Has he ever seen prison-birds that left their striped suits behind them a few days before election march to the ballot-box and cast a vote for the rulers of his wife and mother? Has he ever imagined himself in our position on election-day, when these restored citizens, some of their hands stained with the blood of their victims, go to the ballot-box and vote for law-makers to govern women's property as well as men's, denying the law-abiding women of the nation a voice or an opportunity to call a halt? Is there a woman who does not feel the insult that all these law-breakers are exalted above them and say by their ballot who shall rule over them? In the state of New York over 130 of these men cast ballots at the last election. Can anyone see and hear all these things without feeling that a great injustice is done to the women of the land? Let us look at it with an unprejudiced mind, if possible, and we shall see no evil results in granting justice, but a great evil in refusing it, to law-abiding citizens.

We are always talking of the ballot, he says. That is true, because that unlocks the door to the inner chamber where all these unjust laws are made, and is the key to the science of government, in which all sensible beings should be interested, in order to remove the laws that exalt the murderer and thief above the true and loving wife and mother. Yes, I believe and talk about the ballot, and for good reasons. When we walk about in the world with our eyes open we cannot help seeing all these things. But then he says strong-minded girls generally die old maids. Has he ever met a strong-minded girl? I hope not—that they hav all been weak-minded.

What would become of the Liberal work if strong-minded girls should all marry? Suppose our Miss Susan Wixon had been swallowed (Jonah-like) by some individual, and become a duplicate, instead of this beautiful writer and intellectual woman, who takes such interest in other people's children, to write beautiful books for them, and conducts the Children's Corner in such an able manner. What a loss it would hav been to the Liberal cause! And that other unmarried angel (as Beecher calls them), Miss Ella Gibson, of Barre, who will ever regret that she spent her whole life in working for her fellow-beings, to lift up to a higher plane of usefulness the ignorant and wronged in this world of ours, who is is still engaged in that work of emancipating the intellect and making everyone do their own thinking, and work for better conditions and the universal brotherhood of man? Is, in your

correspondent's mind, marriage the only calling of girls? Oh, what a mistake! when we look on those sisters who work out the salvation of so many who are not so fortunate as to hav the brains to do it with. How many are there living in double wretchedness who would choose single blessedness, if possible! Has the gentleman never heard of people being unequally yoked together? Or does he believe that only marriage is bliss? I think a strong-minded girl often meets a weak-minded man, and for that reason prefers to be single. If people talk carelessly and act without forethought upon this important and sacred question, it is an easy thing to marry in haste. But if they look upon it as for a lifetime, and the happiness of two beings included, and the well-being of their offspring considered, it takes a well-balanced mind to ponder over it, before rushing into wedlock. All will rise up and call them blessed, these workers in the field, Miss Gibson and Miss Wixon. Does any person call that an argument —"that strong-minded girls die old maids?"

I will close by wishing the American Secular Union a long life, also all unmarried angels, and THE TRUTH SEEKER and your correspondent especially.

Respectfully, MRS. HENRICA ILIOHAN.

PIKE, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1885.

DIED.—Thursday, Nov. 26th, at his residence in Eagle, Wyoming county, N. Y., Richard Slusser, aged 82 years and 26 days.

Another veteran from the ranks of truth—

Yet he battled for the right,
While he lived, with all his might,
And his mind went ever seeking after truth.
Many years before his death
He had breathed a freeman's breath,
After slaying all the doctrins of his youth.

The deceased had for many years been a subscriber to this paper. He was a deep thinker, and at the advanced age of eighty-two his mentality seemed unimpaired. He was a generous friend to the unfortunate, and in the community where he was known his word was considered as good as a bond. He raised a family of six children, three girls and three boys, all of whom are Liberals, and five of whom survive him.

A DAUGHTER.

WEIR CITY, KAN., Dec. 30, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I first saw Mr. Remsburg at Bismarck Grove Convention in Kansas, in September, 1880. He was a quiet, unassuming man, and was selling his first book, on Thomas Paine. I was favorably impressed with his spirit and manhood. Hearing that he was to be at Weir City, nine miles from me, I induced four of my friends and neighbors to take a team and go over with me to hear Mr. Remsburg. For myself, I went, not so much to learn his thoughts on "Bible Morals"—that was the subject—as to compare his matter and manner with his organism. He has a good physical as well as mental organism; an organism solid, firm, persistent, of good, enduring, wearing material; good heart and lungs; good digestion, and which seems to hav been comparativly well used. His perception is immense; his store-house of facts and history capacious and full. His chain of logic and his conclusions and results are based upon facts, which he givs in great abundance and order, and are therefore irrefutable. In a quiet, unassuming manner he introduces his hearers at once to his subject, and givs them facts, history, and rational deductions therefrom. His voice and tones are pleasant, his enunciation and expression clear and distinct, his description easy and plain, his language precise and comprehensiv, and there is no redundancy of words, no flourish of manner or gesture for effect, and yet the effect is produced. When by his memory he caused the panorama of past history to pass before the mental vision of his hearers, and they saw in all their horrid reality the vices, the crimes, the tortures, the murders, and damnable deeds of both Protestant and Catholic persecution; when he with impressiv words held up to his hearers the millions of men and women writhing in the agonies of torture and death at the hands of their relentless Christian enemies, it was enough to arouse the humanity and moral indignation of everyone who had a spark of manhood and sympathy. Ah! thought I, how little do the great mass of both Protestant and Catholic dupes and devotees know of the past inhuman and infernal deeds of religious fanaticism, bigotry, and superstition, as the result of godism, priestcraft, and kingcraft!

I cannot too highly recommend Mr. Remsburg to the patronage and employment of the Liberal and humane public.

J. H. COOK.

JANESVILLE, WIS., Dec. 30, 285.

MR. EDITOR: In a late TRUTH SEEKER is a letter from Ella Gibson, in which she claims to hav been convinced through the trick performances of Mr. John Truesdell that the greater share, if not all, of spiritual manifestations are tricks of fraudulent mediums. Now, then, I hav no wish to discuss this question further than to ask these fraud-hunters to explain the phenomena frequently occurring in private families through the mediumship of children too young to understand the arts of conjurors or counterfeiters. In many intelligent families these child-mediums are found, of whom the public knows nothing, through whose organisms are given convincing tests of spirit identity.

For years I knew intimately a young girl who was the embodiment of simple, childlike honesty, and who was a medium from babyhood up to the time of her death, which occurred at the age of twenty-three. Scores of intelligent men and women, among them reverends or ex-reverends, as well as students and skeptics, were convinced of a future life by spirit tests given through this girl medium. I lived neighbor to her for several years, and was a frequent witness of the phenomena given through her mediumship. She was so perfect an instrument that, without a moment's preparation, in the midst of work or play, she would be controled by some power outside and beyond her own volition and intelligence. Fraud was out of the question in her case. What power, then, was it that acted upon or through this young girl? Will Truesdell & Co. please answer?

Foolish question to ask of those who are not truth seekers but fraud-hunters, and the sad part of it for themselvs is that so long as they act from that motiv they will find what they seek, upon the general principle that "like attracts like." The brightest and best things of this life are often counterfeited, whether they be material scrip and coin or the manifestations of spirit forces, which are the vitalizing forces of all that is genuin in human life and expression.

Yours for truth, MRS. ELVIRA WHEELOCK.

MT. VERNON, IND., Dec. 24, E.M., 285.

MR. EDITOR: Arthur C. Everett, late of the *Labor Advocate*, has just started a new form of his old paper in this city. It is now the *Rights of Man*. Nearly all of the Freethinkers of this county are weak. They hav never been organized, hav had no disciplin, and hav seen no service. Those most willing to make sacrifices for the cause are our poverty-stricken wage-workers. Mr. Everett is one of the most heroic and unflinching workers in our ranks. His labors hav been met with opposition, persecution, and threats. To-day I suggested to him to make his paper a little milder; to educate his home readers by easy stages up to his standard. He intimated that if they could not swallow full-fledged Infidelity, he would never serve them with a hybrid compromise. Said he: "If I hav to run a policy paper I will stop right where I am." His answer had the right ring. I respected him more than I did the instant before he uttered it. Thousands of Liberals may read these lines. I hope all of you who can will favor him with a yearly subscription. Do this much for the *Rights of Man*, for a cripple, and for humanity. His address is lock-drawer N, Mt. Vernon, Indiana.

CHAS. O. ROWE.

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411 PINE ST., EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Dec. 14, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I much envy the faculty for saying much in a few words possessed by my courteous opponent, L. Joy, but fear I cannot emulate it, because more words are needed to giv reasons than to make assertions. Mr. Joy says that government should be credited with the good parts of civilization because, with few exceptions, it is in harmony with them. If this were true it would leave the question open, which was effect, and which cause? But I deny that it is true. One of the good parts of civilization is productiv industry. In Europe, at this moment, full three million men in the best part of their lives are kept by the government from productiv industry that they may collect taxes and kill each other. Surely, this is a pretty large exception. But to the soldiers you must add all whose labor is consumed by the army, all the lawyers, judges, policemen, excisemen, landlords, etc., in order to see how far the government is from being in harmony with this good part of civilization; which should be credited, not to it, but to the needs and intelligence of individuals. Peace is a good feature of civilization, but a very limited knowledge of history is enough to teach us that almost all wars (I should say all of them) spring from the ambition of kings and politicians, and not from any bad feeling between the populations who had to fight. Peace, therefore, so far as it prevails, is not to be credited to government, but to production and trade, on which, as above stated, the military or governing class hav always been a heavy drag. Freethought is a good feature of civilization, but all governments, our own included, support some system or systems of superstition; and all systems of superstition not persecuted by some other which happens to be more in favor, hav been most loyal champions of government. The freedom and equality of the female sex is a good feature of civilization. But though Mr. Joy doesn't see it, it seems absurd to repeat that the only way woman's freedom was ever promoted is by making her more free, and that the only way to make it complete is to make her free entirely. This is so bald a truism to me that if Mr. Joy thinks it a paradox, I should suggest that he devote a few paragraphs to explaining his theory of logic before he applies it any further. Mr. Joy says that those evils which exist in spite of law are not in harmony with government as a rule. Again I differ with him. Petty theft is one of those evils which law proposes to correct. But I suspect if law would stop encouraging big steals, small ones would stop themselvs. Adultery and prostitution are contrary to law, but the abolition of legal marriage would stop them both, and nothing else will. Murder is contrary to law, but to stop it effectually abolish law, and giv us the freedom of Wyoming or Arizona, where murder does not mean some expense and inconvenience, but the next tree. Sneaking out of debt is an evil the law proposes to prevent, but the only debts people always pay promptly are those which the law will not enable them to collect by suit. Mr. Joy says that the origin of law is in social usage, but he neglects to observe that social, like legal, tyranny is the work of a few officious, pragmatical individuals. He seems to feel keenly the despotism of Mrs. Grundy. Did it ever occur to him to ascertain who the local Mrs. Grundy is? As our statutes can be traced to scurvy politicians whose only talent was that of bamboozling people, so the edicts of that Vehme which ostracizes individuals in any town or village emanate from other individuals for whom no one has any personal respect, and whose power consists solely in a knack of insinuation. We need a wholesome spirit of rebellion against these self-constituted tyrants, for, like the ghosts one sees on a dark road at night, they are formidable only to fear and superstition, and will turn into harmless hitching-posts if one goes boldly up to them. I am sorry Mr. Joy should praise me for saying nothing about "legal robbers" or dynamite. Our bosses are legal robbers, and dynamite (judiciously used) is a very good "prescription" for the lawyers' itch.

C. L. JAMES.

New Publications.

The annual issuc of the "Amerikanischer Turner-Kalender" is out for 1886, printed in German as she is wrote. The Freidenker Publishing Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., are responsible for it.

Progress is a monthly Freethought magazine, published at 28 Stonecutter-street, London, Eng.; G. W. Foote, editor. Each number contains able articles on religious and scientific subjects. The subscription price is $1.50.

The *Kansas Blade*, the official paper of Cloud county, has issued an almanac for 1886 containing many illustrations of a miscellaneous nature, and advertisments telling the wayfarer where to go to get anything he wants that he doesn't see. Also a calendar and remarks on different subjects. It is given away, we believe, to subscribers for the *Blade*.

Charles A. Watts's "Agnostic Annual" for 1886 sustains the reputation for ability established by its predecessors. Particulars as to its contents and price may be obtained from the advertisment. We like to encourage the publication of Freethought annuals, and believe that the best encouragement is a good example which givs others a goal of excellence to strive for. That is one reason, among others, why the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is published. Price 25 cents.

Farmer Isaac W. Griscom, of Woodbury, N. J., has embodied his "View of a Protectiv Tariff" in a substantial pamphlet of fifty pages which he sells for thirty-five cents. Although a farmer, he has thought about things, and knows how to express himself in plain English, but does not lay claim to ornateness of style. He is a free trader, and if there were not so many strong arguments on the other side his book would be a clincher. Send to Farmer Griscom for it.

Mr. Owen E. Longsdorf is one of those persons who in some way or another get into what Mr. Mantilini would term a "demd state." He calls it the Dim Region of Dreams, and says if there is any place in all the wide universe more delightful he knows it not. Mr. Longsdorf has evidently never attended a meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, but he should liv in hope. We are led to make these observations by the appearance of a book from this gentleman's pen entitled "Ziita Kii." He wrote it while in one of his states. Those having a curiosity to read "Ziita Kii" should send one dollar to the author, 12 Louisa st., Williamsport, Pa. The book looks well.

On the fly-leaf of a book entitled "The Spirit of the New Testament," dedicated "to my other soul, from whose immortal love the persecutions of earth hav failed to separate me," we find this inscription printed: "The Eternal Soul, 'In the beginning, God.'—The Emanation, 'The Spirit of God moved upon the Face of the Deep.'—The Materialization, 'Man from the Dust of the Earth.'—The Unfoldment, 'The Kingdom of God is within you.'—The Perfect Conception, 'Behold, a Virgin shall conceive.'—The Revelation, 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's Head.'—The Regeneration, 'The Two shall be One.'—The Sublimation, 'The last Enemy that shall be destroyed is Death.'" Boston Mass., Cupples, Upham & Co. Price $1.25.

AN elegant pamphlet is one entitled, "In Memoriam: William Wagner," being Judge R. B. Westbrook's memorial address at the opening of the spring course of lectures of the Wagner Free Institute of Science in Philadelphia, 1885. Professor Wagner was a liberal-minded German, a friend of Girard, and a man who by his religious views received the name of "Infidel." If there is a creator he could lay his hand to no better work than creating more Infidels like Professor Wagner. The Wagner Free Institute of Science was inaugurated May, 21, 1855, and dedicated to the advancement of Natural Science. The entire benefaction is estimated at half a million dollars. The founder provided that there should be no religious tests among those who were to share his bounty, and cautioned his trustees against the introduction of "religious brawlers" in its direction. He was a Deist. Judge Westbrook's Memorial Address does credit to himself and honor to his subject.

WE are always pleased to receive books for review from Messrs. Fowler & Wells, because they are usually accompanied by printed notices of themselvs more comprehensiv and impartial than we could write without first reading the book. The notice does not involve extra expense. The latest volume from that firm is entitled "A Lucky Waif: A Story for Mothers, of Home and School Life." Ellen E. Kenyon is the author. The review which accompanies it says: "This work, with its graphic pictures of home and school life, is full of suggestion for mothers and other home educators who feel the grave responsibility of their relation to the little people intrusted to their keeping. Written in the form of an attractiv story, it follows its principal actors from childhood to maturity; and as their budding characters develop under the pen of the author, we are led to observe the effects of good and bad culture upon minds of considerable natural diversity." Printed in the best style. Price $1.

"American Money" is the title of the latest effort of Mr. John George Hertwig, whose address is post-office box 706, Washington, D. C. It is a well-gotten-up pamphlet of 23 pages. Price, 15 cents. We cannot do better than to copy a portion of the notice of the book kindly furnished us by the author. He says: "The author is of the opinion that the United States notes should be redeemed by correct silver dollars and retired, but that for deposits, made with the government by the people of such correct silver dollars, silver certificates, and for deposits of gold coin, made with the government by the people, gold certificates should be issued by the government to the people, as a circulating medium in the denominations of the present United States notes, according to the option of the depositors of the gold and silver coin. He thinks that, for the purposes of saving and accumulation, the American people should hav in their possession as much gold coin and as many correct silver dollars as possible, and that, for the purposes of trade and commerce, they should hav an amply sufficient paper currency, consisting of gold and silver certificates, redeemable on demand in the respectiv coin, deposited for the same with the government."

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Children.

How shall I find the words to tell
The thoughts that in my mind are posing,
That poesy with its magic spell
Half hides, and yet is half disclosing?
They seem to come in troops as gay
As do the little lads and lasses,
When at the merriest hours of play
Joy-freighted every moment passes,
Whose sunny smiles are followed after
With frequent ring of merry laughter.

As poesy paints the charming scene
Of childlike innocence and beauty,
We pray that nought may intervene
To mar the claims of love and duty;
That children all may learn to know
Their true relations to each other—
That none there is too poor or low
But is some sister or a brother;
That foulest rags may be but hiding
The white souls underneath abiding.

Who seeks to warp the youthful mind
With superstitious, baleful teaching,
Obstructs the paths the soul should find
In its aspiring, upward reaching.
Who say our loved ones are depraved,
That God in his divine endeavor
Decreed who should be lost or saved,
To dwell in hell or heaven forever,
Prove they are dupes to a delusion,
Outwrought from errors in profusion.

Earth's little ones are pure and fair,
Needing our constant, careful training,
And yet our better angels are,
And ever thus through life remaining.
Their innocence and beauty keep
Our hearts aglow with pure emotion,
Teaching who sow true love shall reap
The harvest wealth of true devotion;
'Tis thus the children are our teachers,
And better far than credal preachers.

They are the source of untold joys
In nature's lavish, generous measure,
Proving all noble girls and boys
A mine of never-failing treasure;
These fill our cups of human bliss
And keep our wayward feet from straying,
Tempting with many a honeyed kiss,
That on their young, sweet lips are playing,
And through the clouds of life's repining
We find this cheery, silver lining.

So thus, dear children, you can see
The place you hold in love's dominion,
With what you are, and what may be
In every true soul's just opinion;
And as the passing years unfold
To each the duties that are waiting,
Keep warm the heart, bar out the cold
That falsehood brings through its misstating;
Then will your lives grow braver, better,
In truth, in spirit, and in letter.

Lockport, Ill., Nov. 17, 285. GEORGE LYNN.

A Sea-side Hermit.

His name was crab—H. Crab—and he lived in a snug little cabin at the foot of a big rock on the border of a bay; and the name of the rock was Jumbo. Mr. Crab was the funniest old hermit that ever you saw. He used to sit in front of his house, like any old man basking in the sunlight on his own doorstep, and there he would sit for hours watching for sea-spiders and little baby fishes that every day the rising and receding tide brought to his door for food.

"It is better to be born lucky than rich," he would probably think, if he thought at all, as he swallowed his dinner, and then with a whisk of the broom which was attached to to his body he would sweep the sand from his one-roomed house, and crawl inside for an afternoon nap.

He was such a curious-looking fellow, was H. Crab. When he was inside of his house you would never know he was there at all, and he would dodge inside as often as his quick eye detected anyone approaching. And when he went abroad his house went also.

It was so funny to see him traveling, and he could move quite rapidly on his six stout legs, and rattled along on the pebbly beach like a horse-car on Broadway. When, one day, Mr. Crab saw us, half a dozen girls and two boys, coming along innocently enough, what did he do but jump back into his mansion as quick as a wink, and bar the entrance with his biggest big claw? But Isabel Johnson had clapped her eyes upon him, and she exclaimed:

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Do look, look, look!" and snatching Mr. Crab, we all gathered around her to examin the newly-found specimen.

"What do you suppose made the thing creep into such an old shell as that?" said Johnny Skinner.

"Why, 'tis a hermit crab; don't you know anything, John Skinner?" and little Sally Downs assumed an air of importance because she knew something that some of the others did not.

"Come out here; we want to see you," said Tom Beers, poking at the crab with a stick.

"He never will come out that way, I can tell you. Sixty horses could not draw him out unless he had a mind to come of his own accord," declared Sally.

"Put him in a dish of water and he'll run out quickly enough," said Nina Marsden. "I've seen hermits like that before."

So they picked up an oyster-shell and put the queer little creature in it, and then dipped up some water, and Mr. Hermit Crab immediately began to swim about, he and his dwelling-house, but when one touched him, in he went instantly, barring the doorway with his claw.

"Now, you see," said Sally, "his long tail is very soft and delicate, and, without some protection, the young eels and minnows darting around here would snap off that dear little tail in no time. I suppose his mamma told him to get one of these cunning winkle-shells and liv in it, and then he would not get hurt, you know. There is something fixed on purpose on the end of his tail, by which he fastens himself to his shelly house, and when he grows too big for the shell he gets out of it and into another bigger one. It is because he livs in a shell house by himself that he is called a hermit."

The children carried their hermit home and placed him in the oyster-shell, well supplied with water, on the red seat on the piazza, and went off to pick berries. When they returned, what do you think?—there was Polly, the parrot, who had opened the door of her cage and walked out to view the new specimen, quietly engaged in chewing it up!

"Now, isn't that too bad?" they all exclaimed. "Polly, you're an old fraud!"

Polly laughed immoderately. "Ha, ha, ha! Mince pie good!—goody, goody, goody!" said she. "Polly wants pie—more pie! more pie!" and thus she went on laughing and chattering.

"I should call it crab pie," remarked Isabel, "and you've eaten it, Polly, house and all."

"She does not care anything about hermits, or, in fact, about any of the wonders of the sea or land, while to us it is all so entertaining and interesting. But never mind! perhaps we shall find another hermit by the sea some time." And Sally tried to appear patient and unconcerned, as they all walked off together down the plank walk that led to the village.

S. H. W.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CHARADE.

Add a betrothal to a cup of tea;
'Twill giv you something quite too sweet for me.
I. A. POOL.

2.—ENIGMA.

In win, not in loose;
In plan, not in roose,
In go, not in come;
In wine, not in rum;
In rose, not in pink;
In skate, not in rink;
In old, not in new;
In lamb, not in ewe;
And all combined, plus final l,
A friend of mankind's name will spell.
A. GILE. W.

3.—PRIZE RHOMBOID.

Dedicated to Wm. J. Burns.

Read across.—1. A blanket.
2. A marine chætopod worm.
3. An article of dress.
4. A noted Roman theologian.
5. An animal.
6. A scraper.

Read down.—A letter, a prefix, a color, a name of certain plants, Spanish weights, each, a tract of land, to trend flax for use, having a cord-like appearance, a prefix, a letter.

"Puzzledom in a Nutshell" for first *correct* solution. H. E. JUERGENS.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

4.—JOHN BROWN'S TEN LITTLE INJUNS.—A NUMERICAL POSY.

Whoop! John Brown he had a little Injun!
One, two, three, four, five little Injuns,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten little Injuns—
Ten little Injun boys!
The *one, two, three*, he said was the *last;*
With his *four, five, six*, he heard a blast;
By the *five, six, seven*, he held them fast;
Seven, eight, nine, little *men*, at last—
Ten little Injun boys!

Ten, one, two—just *half a score;*
Ten, eight, nine—but *ten*, no more;
Ten, four, two—ten as before;
Thus by *tens* we count them o'er—
Ten little Injun boys!

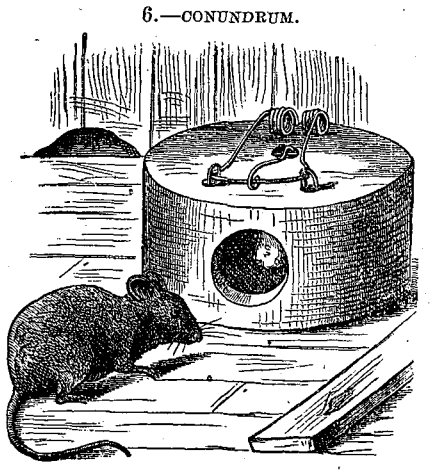
Six, four, three, seven, eight, nine—these
Are the *aborigines;*
Now by *each deed of kindness* shown,
By every *sign to friendship* known,
Joining hands and *circling round,*
Ten dear men indeed are found.
Ten little Injun boys!

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

5.—A FLOCK OF BIRDS.

In the following sentences are concealed the names of thirteen birds: 1. Has Winifred started to town? 2. The widow rents the farm upon which she livs. 3. We aver this to be a fact. 4. What will you read, dear? O, "Bingen on the Rhine." 5. If you can use a scalpel I can. 6. Let him come before us and pipe right merrily. 7. He took the rope with him. 8. Caspar rowed him across the bay. 9. Years ago I saw her on the stage. 10. Sleep, love! rest peacefully. 11. News from the Merrimac, awful news. 12. He is still smarting under the lash. G. W. WILLIAMS.

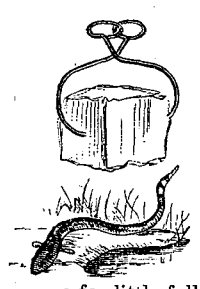
6.—CONUNDRUM.



Why is this mouse like a storm that is at its hight?

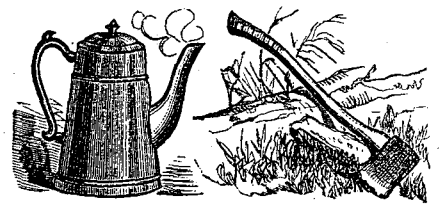
7.—WORD SQUARE.





Easy one for little folks.

8.—CONUNDRUM.



Here's a well-known beverage,
And here's a well-known tool;
Each is prepared for human use
By following the same rule.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 2, 1886.

1.—70 hours. 2.—14,211. 4.—Children's Corner—Children Scorner. 5.—Dare to be true—nothing can need a lie; a fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

[PARKHURST, New York city. The "catch" you refer to represents *Maiden Vane*, and it is said *nothing* is *made in vain*. See?—SUE BRINEGAR. You will hav to try again as well as Ruth.—ED. C. C.]

Correspondence.

CALISTOGA, CAL., Dec. 25, 285.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As you published my other letter, I'm encouraged to try again. I liv at the head of Napa Valley, at the foot of old Mt. St. Helena, which is 4,400 feet high. There is good evidence of its having been a volcano.

Our place is chiefly adapted to the growing of fruit. We hav almost every variety, from the apple to the fig.

We hav had little frost so far this winter. There are green tomatoes on the vines in the garden, the Madeira vine is still green, and the roses are still in bloom. You see by this that our winters are very mild. But, so far, this winter has been the wettest one we hav had since we hav been in California. My little brother Lewis has a rain-gage, and up to date we hav had 2 1-4 inches of rain.

The scenery here is very picturesque. I wish you could see the great blue mountains east of us and the green hills at the foot of them. The Petrified Forest is seven miles from here; the Great Geysers, twenty-six miles; and the Hot Sulphur Springs, two and one-half miles. I've been to the Forest and Springs, but never was to the Geysers.

I wish very much to hear Colonel Ingersoll lecture. He lectured at Napa City a year ago last November, but I could not go then. I'm sorry he does not come every year.

Miss Wixon, I want to offer a suggestion for your consideration relating to the Puzzle department. A prize is sometimes offered for the *first* solution of a puzzle that reaches you. Those near headquarters get their papers earlier than those at a distance, and being as apt at solutiou, perhaps, and so much nearer you, their answers can reach you first, even though they may hav been obtained later.

I think those at a distance hav less opportunity to compete for prizes on that account. I am not expert at solving problems, still, I hav noticed some prizes that I would hav been pleased to compete for, but for the fact that we get our paper so late, and then the answer would be much later reaching you.

Please do not consider this in the light of a complaint, but as a friendly suggestion.

I will close by wishing you a Happy New Year. Yours truly,

A. LILE WEYBRIGHT.

P.S.—I will send you two puzzles, one from my brother and one from myself.

A. W.

[Thanks for your interesting letter. We are always glad of suggestions, and should more prizes be offered in the Corner, we will see that ample time is allotted, that all may hav a chance of trying. The ferns you sent are suggestiv of green fields and a green climate. We thank you for them and for puzzles.—ED. C. C.]

MILFORD, MASS., Dec. 30, 1885.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER two years, and this is the first time I hav written to you. I am ten years of age, but many people say I am very small for ten years. I tell them if they had to make my dresses a half inch or an inch longer every month they would not think so.

I had ten Christmas presents, and gave only three. I gave mamma a nice pocketbook and a pincushion. Papa had a linen handkerchief.

I go to the Park Grammar School, in No. 3, which is next to the lowest room.

I think the answer to the conundrum is "hog's head." Your constant reader,

GRACIE FAIRBANKS.

P.S.—If you don't like the writing please tell me so if it is printed. G. A. F.

[Why, Gracie dear, the writing is very good for a girl of ten, and we would like to see it often.—ED. C. C.]

CALISTOGA, CAL., Dec. 25, 285.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am not a little girl, nor a big girl; in fact, I'm no girl at all—I'm a boy, and a big boy at that. Maybe I've no business in the Children's Corner, but having been a child, and being fond of children, and pleased when they are enjoying themselvs, I came in this evening to say "howdy" to all the TRUTH SEEKER children and yourself. I am glad they hav such a genial editor for their Corner, and also glad there are more children coming into it. I think if they become well acquainted with its contents they will be better prepared for a pleasant and useful life.

Good food for the mind is much like good food for the stomach, that is, it makes it strong, healthful, and useful.

Having said so much, I will bow myself out, with the hope that, if I'm not too big, you will let come in to see again.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year, I am, etc., UNCLE JOHN.

N.B.—Should these items be of use to you use them and welcome; otherwise allow them to ornament the waste basket. I do not want to intrude. J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

[No intrusion. We are all children together, big and little, and all are welcome in the Corner. Thanks for your interest and kind words. Come again.—ED. C. C.]

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They're constant and kind—these strong-minded girls.

They "buy their own coal" and get their own living,
No one to them need be constantly giving;
Since they know how to work, to think, and to plan,
Equally as well as the "muscular man"
Who walks with a cane, and a gay mustach twirls;
These smart, energetic, strong-minded girls.

They teach by example, by precepts of grace,
How grandly to occupy each his own place;
While for weak-brained women and men of no sense,
They oft are a shield—a tower of defense.
Oh, their worth is far more than diamonds and pearls.
Our brave-hearted ones—our strong-minded girls!

Without them the world would a sorry place be.
Its slaves would hav never a thought to be free;
On the seas of life they would lazily float,
With no wish to act, to speak, or to "vote."
In this changing world, with its swift-rushing swirls,
They're the treasures of life—our strong-minded girls.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

The Lay of the Revivalist.

I'm the great revival preacher, every one has heard of me,
I'm the world-renowned exhorter from the wilds of Tennessee;
And whenever I am mentioned, giv my name the proper twist,
This is Reverend Giascutis, styled the Boy Revivalist.
True, I am a boy no longer, for my hair is turning gray,
But there's money in the notion, so don't giv the snap away.
I hav always been a Christian, and when I was but a lad,
Though I lied and stole and cheated, and did other things as bad,
I believed in God and Satan, serving both of them on shares,
Going regular to meeting, where I often rose for prayers;
And there's nothing so disgusting as an Infidel to me,
For, the fear of hell denied us, where would all the sinners be?
I'd a wife when I was younger, but I left her in the lurch,
For she was an unbeliever, and would never go to church.
"Be not yoked with unbelievers," is amongst the scripture's charms,
So I turned her from my doorway with a baby in her arms.
Now, they say, she sells her virtue—sins to buy my youngster bread;
And but for the love she bears him she were numbered with the dead.
Maybe it had better be so, but I pray she may be spared
To accept the blessed gospel and not perish unprepared.
Yes, it goes against the doctrin that we ministers profess,
Though 'twould prove to be quite common if the truth were known, I guess;
But I've dropped the marriage racket, finding this is better sense:
Take a wife where'er you tarry and you'll thus avoid offense.
Once, before I went to preaching, I had taught a Sunday-school,
Scattering saving grace around according to the gospel rule;
Soon my piety was noted, which no other's could surpass,
And they made me superintendent of the women's Bible class.
Everybody in the parish had in me such confidence,
That in taking up collection I would gather in the pence;
And the same I did sequestrate, and I almost blush to tell,
When I left that place the people missed the deacon's wife as well.
But I soon grew weary of her; rather, she got tired of me,
So she went back to the deacon, and 'tis said they both agree
That Christianity's a humbug, and they'll never more part
In the spreading of the gospel—may God grant them change of heart.
I am wheat and they are tares gone to swell the devil's grist,
I'm the Reverend Giascutis, styled the Boy Revivalist.
There is nothing hits me closer than a woman who's aggrieved
With the conduct of her husband, and who thinks she is deceived;
She is misery embodied, I am balm personified,
And my style of consolation never fails where it is tried.
But I wander from my subject, I am bound for realms of bliss,
There is but one way to get there, and that single way is this:
Who believes not, he shall perish; who has faith, he shall be saved;
Human hearts are desperate wicked, we are totally depraved.
Who can doubt that blessed doctrin? surely none with common sense,
Pleading at the court of conscience, here's myself in evidence.

DUFF.

Obituary.

At his residence, in Troy, N. Y., on Sunday, Dec. 27, 1885, died William H. Peck, aged sixty-eight years. The funeral occurred Wednesday, the 30th. At the request of Mr. Peck, no minister presided at the service. Daniel E. Ryan, of this city, one of Mr, Peck's closest friends, paid the last tribute to the dead. The following is a synopsis of what he said, and a short sketch of Mr. Peck's life:

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all the world." These were the last words and this the splendid sentiment that inspired the pen of him around whose mortal remains we are assembled to pay his memory the tribute of our love and respect. With this kindly greeting to us all as a final adieu, to show us that his heart beat responsiv to our own in thoughtful love, he lay down to rest and passed as peacefully into eternal mortal sleep as ever blessed the happy innocence of childhood. His last message was also, as it proves, a signal to us that the end was near at hand, and to draw our hearts nearer to his own. It now becomes our duty in the presence of what we are taught is death, to sum up his life's work, and passing final judgment, place the verdict on his loving heart, now still forever.

To us who may fortunately be Liberals, dissolution, not death, may come as a calamity, as it does to other mortals; but never as a punishment from an angered God, and always as a visitation from nature, that demands the return of all that springs from her bosom, that in its proper harvest she may treasure the seeds for a new and more perfect life.

In casting the balance, has the life of our loved friend come to a ripened harvest?

These are the facts jotted down some years ago by his direction, when he realized that his illness would result fatally, and probably in the near future. On that occasion he said it was and would be his last wish that I should conduct his funeral services, and that no Christian minister was to be permitted to do so under any circumstances. It is my sad and yet my pleasant duty to now fulfil this obligation, feeling that there are many here who could render larger justice from longer acquaintance, but the sentiments I will utter spring from my heart in a spirit of genuin love for the man and faith in his superior manhood and principles.

We now pass to the facts of his life and their value to humanity:

William H. Peck was born at Salisbury, Conn., Sept. 15, 1817, and settled in Troy 1830; was reared in the orthodox church of belief, and his mind became interested early in religious matters. He became a convert to Universalism at the age of sixteen years, through reading a sermon by the Rev. Thos. Whittemore, of Boston, on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. As a result of his study and interest, he was duly admitted a preacher by the Hudson River Association of Universalists and contributed a number of pages to their papers.

Mr. Peck was personally well acquainted with all the patriarchs of that belief from Clement Le Febere, Hosea Ballou, Thos. Whittemore, to E. H. Chapin, but felt constrained, and aimed for larger mental and religious liberty.

A copy of the Boston *Investigator* containing a critical notice on a book by the Rev. John Prince entitled, "A Lecture on the Bible," fell under his attention about this time and, becoming possessed of the book, he became an open Liberal, and ever since he has been activly identified with the Freethought movement. In that relation he numbered among his friends the leading men and women advocates known as Liberal editors, lecturers, and orators, and his activ sympathy was so well known and understood that he was, in a quiet and unobtrusiv way, known as a patriarch among the Liberals.

The late D. M. Bennett, proprietor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, sought him first of all on visiting New York with the idea of founding that great journal, and his sympathetic spirit no doubt fortified Mr. Bennett's aims and hopes to push ahead.

He became identified with the practice of medicin just previous to 1848 and was known in northeast and central New York and northwest Vermont as Dr. Peck. During 1848, in partnership with Dr. J. C. Kelly, he practiced medicin in Boston at 54 Tremont street.

About this time psychology assumed a generally absorbing interest to the public, and, leaving medicin, he took up with the idea and traveled extensivly as a lecturer and operator.

During this period an interesting episode was a discussion on psychology he held at Bristol, Vt., with the Rev. Elder Morgan, in the Baptist church of that town on a night when the temperature was twenty degrees below zero.

Plenty of people came from a distance of thirty miles in wagons to hear it, and excitement ran high on the subject. Subsequently at a lecture in Vergennes, Vt., he was interrogated as to the "Rochester Knockings," and expressed faith in their being facts, and in accord with nature. In 1852, at Troy, he called a meeting to discuss Spiritualism, which was held in the old Bethel church, Gen. Veile being chairman. The meetings excited general interest, and were continued for three weeks with much success.

Following this he went to New York and became activly connected with the public press as a writer, but finally went into the produce commission business permanently. While connected with the press he aided to form an anti-Sunday League and was one of its founders. Its object was to write up the matter through the papers, journals, etc., and to spread Liberal ideas through pamphlets. He furnished a series of articles thoroughly exhaustiv of the subject, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Spring, and published in the New York *Sunday Despatch*, and many other papers.

He was the last of nine kindred spirits who made a compact to successivly attend each others' funeral. The last one to depart previous to Mr. Peck was the Rev. C. Chauncy Burr, a famous Universalist preacher. They were life-long friends and congenial companions.

Having stated the facts as he gave them to me, it is for me to bear living witness to the good work of his life, and with you, his old time friends and relations, to lay our verdict of Nobly done! on his loving heart, and thus secure his life and the manner of his death from all possibility of Christian calumny or misstatement. To us Liberals or Infidels the treasures of such a man's life we must lay up here on this earth, for it is just the living of such a life that helps to broaden this world into a comparativ heaven. He was in all things an honest man. He did not believe or disbelieve in God; his loving nature prompted him to hope for a spiritual future, but he had no convictions on the matter. He had no faith in Christ except as a mythical personage, but said that if he existed as stated in scripture, he was a true reformer, and as a man met the fate that the church always metes out to those who attempt to fight its intolerance—martyrdom. In fact, he regarded Christ as the grandest Infidel that ever lived. He passed as truly to mortal death as he lived, a child of nature, believing to the last that natural laws only redeem everything.

Dear friends, these are the main facts of his life. If you think that in his humble sphere his work was of limited effect, you are mistaken. He, in his early days, with a few other noble men and women, was a pioneer in an almost limitless forest of bigotry, surrounded by the giant oaks of superstition, intolerance, persecution, and social ostracism. It is the work of the brave few like him that hav felled these monsters and left the "clearing" almost free for the multitudes like us, who hav felt little of the fray, and enjoy much of the blessings that bring us just within the bounds of perfect liberty.

The good life of such men as Mr. Peck shames Christians into the fear of being illiberal, and it turns the gaze of malice and the finger of scorn from the honest, upright Freethinker into the mirror of nature.

With this tribute I speak for wife, children, friends and acquaintances—for humanity and and myself.

Farewell, dear friend! Thine be an honored, eternal rest. We say with thee, as thou didst to us, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year *to all the world!*"

At the grave Mr. Ryan said:

"O mighty spirit of the great universe! witness that we herewith consign lovingly to the bosom from which he sprang the mortal remains of our brother. He is thine—in the order of nature we return him to thee. I in the name of mother, of father, of brother, son, daughters, and friends return him to thy last embrace. Adieu, sweet-hearted friend, a last farewell."

Book Notices.

SOCIAL WEALTH: The Sole Factors and Exact Ratios in its Acquirement and Apportionment. By J. K. Ingalls. New York: The Truth Seeker Company. Price $1.

This book is a work on political economy, and is really an inquiry into the causes of poverty and want, and into the defects of our social institutions which permit some men to accumulate such large fortunes from the labor of the lower classes.

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While Mr. Ingalls passes in review all the social factors, and is opposed to profit, rent, and interest, he finds the greater social evil in unlimited land ownership, and favors leaving "occupancy and use" as the only title to land. He is too wise a man to urge it as a patent remedy, and especially does not dwell upon the many practical difficulties which such a system would create if put in effectiv force, no more than he tries to show where the incentiv to accumulation of the capital necessary for production would be found if rent, profit, and interest were abolished; but he mainly aims to educate, and there are many true hits at existing fallacies found all through his book. It is a book for thinkers, containing many truths which we had never seen stated in print before.

To ourselvs, who look upon all social institutions as a growth; who believe that justice and natural rights hav no hand in shaping the laws of men, but that they are shaped by the necessities of civilization; who believe that while rent, profit, and interest are really as unjust as Mr. Ingalls represents them, they are a necessity of progress and will endure as long as progress requires it, we see in this book another of the many signs of the times that unlimited land ownership has had its day and that, as civilization can be better advanced by a more equitable distribution of the soil, the public mind is being slowly prepared to a change in the system of land tenure.

We earnestly recommend "Social Wealth" to all persons interested in social problems. They will find therein the thoughts of a man whose opinions are worth having, and whether they agree with him or not, they will find that his arguments are entitled to respect, and that knowledge can be gathered from them.

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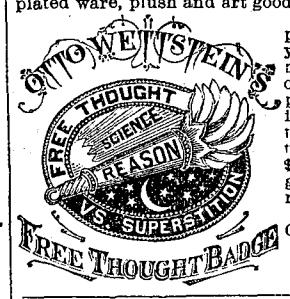
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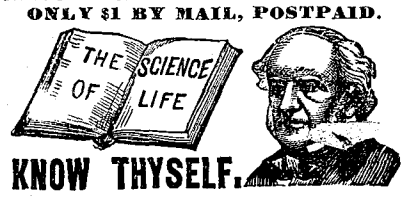
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News of the Week.

THE usual daily report of arrests of Nihilists in Russia continues.

THE mayor of Des Moines, Iowa, has ordered the closing of every saloon in the place.

HYDROPHOBIA, with proposed remedies, prominent among which is the discovery of M. Pasteur, forms the talk of the hour.

IN Germany police measures for the repression of Socialists are approaching in severity and cruelty those of Russia against the Nihilists.

AT San Salvador, Bahama Islands, several hundred young girls are infected with an epidemic of religious hallucination, seeing holy visions, and falling in hysterics.

THE long-expected winter cold came on the 9th inst., accompanied by a storm that produced great damage throughout the country and wrecked many vessels on the coast, with great loss of life.

AFTER a close fight for the mayoralty of Toronto, Can., between the Prohibitionists and liquor-dealers' party, the candidate of the former has been elected. Many women electioneered for him.

A DISPATCH from Washington says: "The great mass of matter presented to Congress now comes from jobbers. Their claims and schemes hav just as much time accorded to them as honest measures of national importance."

PARNELL has gained strong support in the present Parliament, and, while once despised, insulted, and denounced, is now eagerly sought and propitiated. Home rule for Ireland, it is now conceded by all, will soon be obtained.

THE Gibbs Investigating Committee, an able body which has been for some time examining into the abuses of the New York city government, and devising remedies therefor, has prepared a number of radical reform bills to be submitted to the legislature.

So many of the "pillars" of the Presbyterian Brick church, on Fifth avenue, this city, derive their incomes from the liquor traffic that the pastor was obliged to address them on the subject on Sunday the 12th, urging them to abandon such business.

ANOTHER visitation of Providence. On the 11th ult., in New York city, Mr. James S. Noyes was killed by falling through an elevator shaft of the Park Bank building, while on his way to the fourth story to pay his subscription to the *Christian at Work*.

THE legislators of N. Y. state are now endeavoring to find some method of supplying work for convicts other than the old contract system. All recognize that the convicts cannot be kept idle without extravagant expense to the state, and cruelty to themselvs.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S indignant denunciation of newspaper lying is now learned to hav been occasioned by the circulation of a slander, absolutely baseless and invented, setting forth in detail the contents of two disgraceful letters claimed to hav passed between him and Mr. Jos. Keppler, of this city.

LAND-AGENTS advertising extensivly in Northern papers and making extravagant representations of the advantages of Florida land are denounced by recent writers in New York papers, who charge that they are swindlers, and their lands, both in Florida and throughout the South, barren and worthless.

THE Rev. Dr. Bristor, of Spring Valley, N. Y., is on trial for seducing sixteen-year-old Ida Downs. When she attempted to reveal it he beat her and threatened to hav her sent to jail. In reproaching him with the deed she said, "Dr. Bristor, God was watching you." "Yes," replied he, "that's all right."

ON Dec. 31st the engineers of the New York city Elevated Railroad Company presented to their superintendent a petition asking respectfully for a reduction of their hours of labor in accordance with a former promis. The superintendent promised to consider the matter, sent around a petition to the engineers for signatures of those "loyal" to the road, and securing none, on the 6th ult. closed the Second and Ninth avenue lines. The public were greatly incensed over the stoppage of these lines, Railroad Commissioner O'Donnell claiming that it violated the company's charter, and the alarmed corporation immediately reinstated the men and started their trains again.



THE MANEUVERS OF THE LAST HOUR.

"How the Old Thing Works" for the benefit of the church.

Odds and Ends.

CANON FARRAR came to this country for a rest, and took away twenty-five thousand dollars. He will take the rest on his next visit.

THERE may be sermons in stone, as Shakspere says, and there may not be, but judging from some big salaries paid some big preachers there is no doubt about there being "rock" in sermons.

AN eminent statistician has calculated that a man spends nine dollars per annum more than a woman. This may be accounted for on the ground that a man generally has to buy his wife's clothes as well as his own.

"JUST borrowed $900 on my note," said young Hardup, "and I feel like a great man's monument." "How's that?" said his friend, "'cause somebody else has to pay for it?" "Oh, no; not exactly that; but I've got such a good start on paper."

ONE of the stockholders in a New York brewing company asked the president: "Don't you think the advance in hops will hav some effect on our stock?" "Humbug! The little amount of hops we put in our beer is not going to affect the shares of stock."

"WHAT did you do the first time you got into a battle?" said a young lady to an old soldier. "Of course you didn't run!" "Oh, no, I didn't run, miss; not at all. But if I had been going for a doctor, and you had seen me, you would hav thought somebody was awful sick."

NICE young man (lecturing to a Sunday-school): "Now, is there any little boy or little girl, who would like to ask any questions? Well, little boy, I see your hand; you needn't snap your fingers. What question would you like to ask?" Small boy: "How much longer is this jawin' goin' to last?"—*Chicago Rambler*.

MR. AUGUR (to Miss Societe, as he calls her attention to a young lady near by): "There is evident enjoyment. Miss Couleur appears charmed with young Ultradude, does she not?" Miss Societe (smiling brightly): "Oh, one cannot tell anything by a woman's expression. She knows how to look amiable when she's being dreadfully bored."

No novelty to her.—"Here is a curious case, ma'am," said the superintendent of the insane asylum. "This man imagins he is the motiv power that runs the world. He's perfectly harmless, though, but he thinks the world wouldn't move without him. Very queer notion, isn't it?" "I don't know about that; my husband has got just the same notion in his head."

NO NEED OF IT.

The maid expects
Her beau to-night,
And fills the stove
With anthracite,
Because the air
Is raw and damp,
But quite forgets
To fill the lamp.

"YES," said Mrs. Bennington, "my son, George, is getting to be quite an artist." "Does he affect any particular school of art?" asked the visitor. "He paints religious pictures mostly, I think. Isn't it a Madonna that George is painting now, Mr. Bennington?" asked the old lady, turning to her husband. "Yes," said the old man, "it's a Madonna—a prima donna."

Now the maiden and the youth,
Love to sit and spoon, forsooth,
By the fireside where brightly burns the log, log, log.
While her father, raging wroth,
Thinks how soon a piece of cloth
Will be taken from his trousers by the dog, dog, dog.

MAMMA (reading): "And Daniel was cast into the the lions' den; but they did not harm him for——" Little Billy (bursting into tears): "Oh, ooo! I thought the lions were going to eat him." Mamma: "But the naughty lions did not eat good Daniel, my own tender-hearted little lamb." Little Billy (angrily): "But I wanted the lions to eat Daniel; I hate Daniel; besides, it would hav been more exciting."—*Life*.

MINISTER: "Johnny, your mother says that she gave you ten cents one day last week to buy candy with, and that you kept it until Sunday, and put it in the plate at church." Johnny: "Yes, sir." Minister: "You acted the part of a very good boy. Now, can you tell me what good thoughts prompted you to giv the money to the church, instead of buying candy with it?" Johnny: "Yes, sir; 'cause I couldn't spend it in candy, as it had a hole in it."

AT the revival; Preacher: "Young men should never go to a place where they would not take their sisters. Is there a Christian young man in the audience who thinks he may safely break this wise rule?" Young man under the gallery stands up. Preacher: "And what is the place, my young friend, which you think yourself justified in visiting, and yet to which you would not think of taking your sister?" Young man: "The barber-shop, sir."

"YES, sir," said the druggist, "this Sunday law is one that cannot be too strictly enforced. It is a blot on the fair fame of American institutions that drinks should be sold indiscriminately on the Sabbath, and that saloon-keepers should be allowed to keep open their doors. John, I think it will be your turn to tend store next Sunday. Put the soda-water sign out as prominently as you can. We wouldn't do enough business on Sunday to pay expenses, if it wasn't for that soda-fountain."

ONE of Brown's little nieces' holiday books is a scripture picture-book. Her mamma was explaining to her an engraving, representing the three Eastern monarchs bowing down before the manger at which two long-eared beasts of burden were quietly feeding. "Good draw, wasn't it?" said Brown. "Good draw? What do you mean?" said his indignant sister-in-law. "Why, yes," replied the unconscious innocent, "three kings to a pair of jacks; pretty good, I call it." And he walked away, humming softly.

Gems of Thought.

I PRAY thee, then, wear not one mood alone,
That what thou sayst is right, and nought but that,
For he who thinks that he alone is wise,
His mind and speech above what others boast,
Such men when searched are mostly empty found;
But for a man to learn, though he be wise,
Yea, to learn much and know the time to yield,
Brings no disgrace.
—*Plumptre's Sophocles's Antigones.*

FOR law, alike as a profession and an instrument of mental disciplin, Burke had always the profound respect that it so amply deserves, though he saw that it was not without drawbacks of its own. "The law," he said, in his fine description of George Granville, in words that all who think about schemes of education ought to ponder, "is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberate the mind exactly in the same proportion.—*John Morley's Burke.*

EVER remember that thou art human, not merely a natural production; ever remember that all others are human also, and, with all individual differences, the same as thou, having the same needs and the same claims as thyself. This is the sum and substance of morality.—*Strauss.*

To expect that twelve men, taken by lot out of a promiscuous multitude, should agree in their opinion upon points confessedly dubious, and upon which oftentimes the wisest judgments might be holden in suspense; or to suppose that any real *unanimity* or change of opinion in the dissenting jurors could be procured by confining them until they all consented to the same verdict, bespeaks more of the conceit of a barbarous age than of the policy which could dictate such an institution as that of juries.—*Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy.*

IN every point of view in which those things called "miracles" can be placed and considered, the reality of them is improbable, and their existence unnecessary. They would not answer any useful purposes, even if they were true, for it is more difficult to obtain belief in a miracle than in a principle evidently moral without any miracle. Moral principle speaks universally for itself. Miracles could be but a thing of the moment, and seen by but a few. After this it requires a transfer of faith from God to man to believe a miracle upon man's report. Instead, therefore, of admitting the recitals of miracles as evidence of any system of religion being true, they ought to be considered as symptoms of its being fabulous. It is necessary to the full and upright character of truth that it reject the *crutch*, and it is consistent with the character of fable to seek the aid that truth rejects.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

I NEVER could discern in Shelley any more than two fixed principles. The first was a strong, irrepressible love of liberty; of liberty in the abstract, and somewhat after the pattern of the ancient republics, without reference to the English constitution, respecting which he knew little, heeding it not at all. The second was an equally ardent love of toleration for all opinions, but more especially of religious opinions; or toleration complete, entire, universal, and unlimited, and as a deduction and corollary from which latter principle he felt an intense abhorrence of persecution of every kind, public or private.—*Hogg's Life of Shelley.*

No matter to what end the soul may exist after death, exist it must, because it cannot die. Man's body is material, extended, and composit—susceptible in consequence of dissolution and destruction. But the soul is immaterial and simple—exempt, therefore, from dissolution and death. This was the ancient pyschology, already exploded by Kant. All these alleged properties of the soul, whence its immortality is deduced, are most arbitrarily attributed to it. We hav learned from closer observations in the domain of physiology and psychology that the body and soul, even if we continue to distinguish between them as two separate essences, are nevertheless so nearly united, the so-called soul so entirely conditioned by the nature and circumstances of its material organ, the brain, that its continuance is unimaginable without it. The so-called spiritual functions develop, grow, and gain strength along with the body, especially with their distinctiv organ, the brain; decline in sympathy with it in old age, and suffer corresponding disorders in case of cerebral affections—in such wise, moreover, that the derangement of certain mental functions corresponds to that of certain parts of the brain. But a thing so clearly and completely bound to a physical organism can as little exist after the latter's destruction as the center of a circle after the dissolution of the circumference.—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

THE study of theology, as it stands in Christian churches, is the study of nothing; it is founded on nothing; it rests on no principle; it proceeds by no authorities, it has no data; it can demonstrate nothing; and it admits no conclusion. Not anything can be studied as a scheme without our being in possession of the principles upon which it is founded, and as this is not the case with Christian theology, it is simply the study of nothing.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

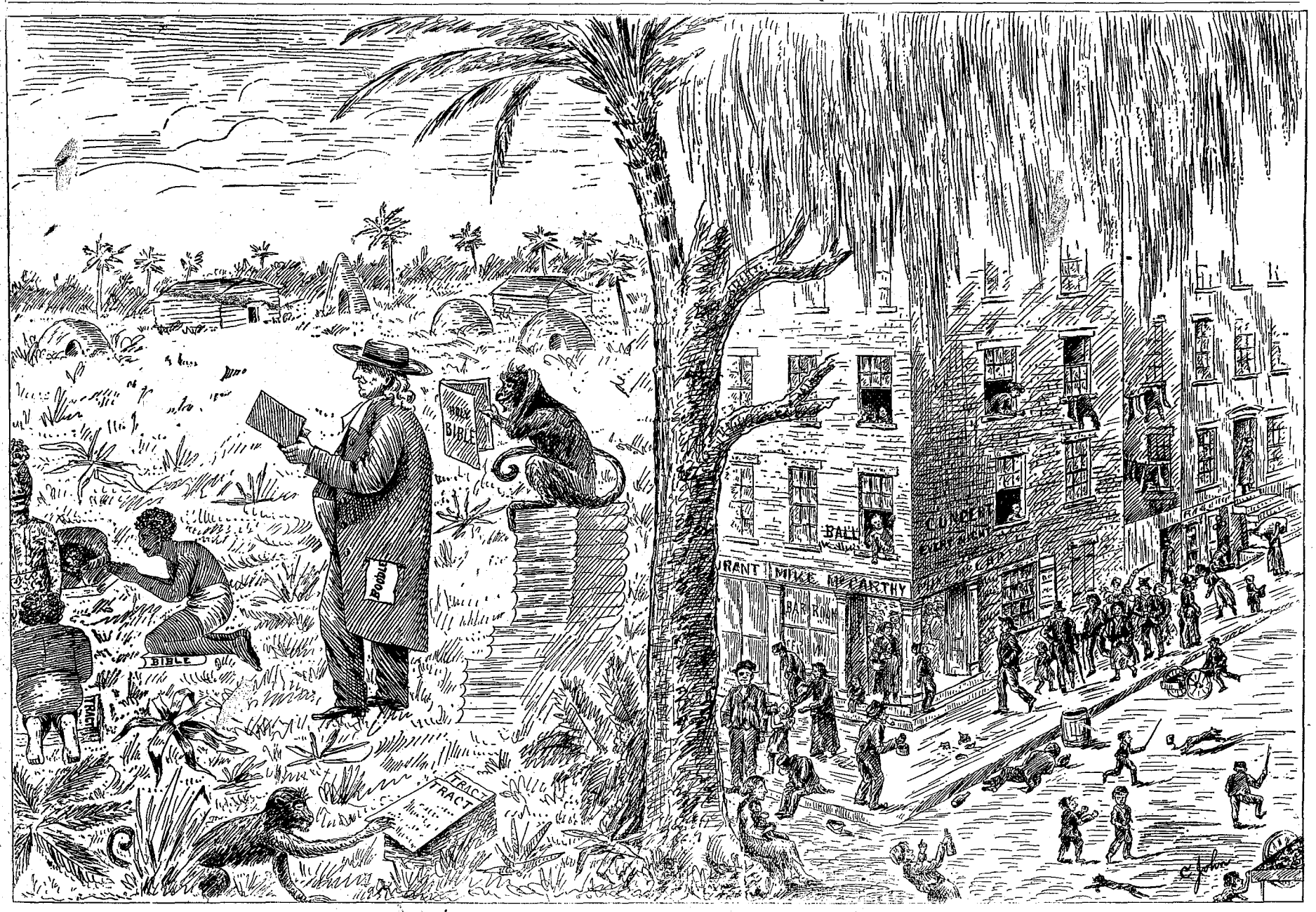
IF observation, experience, and history teach anything clearly and unmistakably, it is that the strongest and most intense faith in religious dogmas may coexist with the grossest immorality. We see it exemplified in the lives of men to-day. It has been so in the past. "A wager might be laid," says Mommsen in his "History of Rome," "that the more base any woman was, the more piously she worshiped Isis." The Corinth of antiquity was as full of religion as of vice. The Byzantine empire under Christianity existed nearly eleven centuries. Faith abounded and Materialism was unknown. Yet of that empire Lecky says: "The universal verdict of history is that it constitutes, without a single exception, the most thoroughly base and despicable form that civilization has yet assumed."—*Underwood's Essays and Lectures.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE FOOLISHNESS OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

The Methodist Foreign Mission has collected and spent over $19,000,000 in sixty-six years.—*Rev. J. M. Buckley.*

Eight hundred starving paupers found within the limits of four blocks in an east side street in New York.

Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. Mr. Jardine, of Kansas City, Mo., having been exposed as a man of most corrupt morals, committed suicide last week by taking chloroform.

AMERICANS are sending money to Ireland, and Ireland sends it to the pope. It would be worth something to know which takes the most money out of Ireland, the landlords or the church.

IT is reported that the editor of the new edition of Webster's Dictionary, President Porter of Yale, has decided to admit "bulldozing," "boycott," and "dude" into its precincts, but is hesitating about "mugwump."

THIS is not a religious century, says Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, but it certainly is a philanthropic one. After that utterance his further statement that philanthropy is the soul of religion fell rather flat upon the congregation.

"WHAT do they do when they install a minister?" inquired a small boy. "Do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "Not a bit," said the father, "they harness him to the church and expect him to draw it alone."—*St. Paul Globe.*

NOSTRADMUS, the French astrologer, prophesied that the world would come to an end whenever the feast of St. George should fall on Good Friday, the Feast of Mark on Easter, and Corpus Christi day on St. John's day. Such is the case this year. Those who are in arrears, and who do not relish the thought of going to heaven in debt, should waste no time in settling up.

"HAV you ever seen Mr. Sullivan on the stage?" asked a Boston lady of Young Knickerbocker. "No, I hav not," he replied, "I never admired a slugging exhibition." Slugging exhibition!" exclaimed the Boston girl. "Mr. Sullivan is posing as a Greek god."

THE editor of the Fargo, Dak., *Argus* says: "We can accommodate ten thousand girls with husbands in Dakota on ninety days' notice. We hav published two thousand letters from as many young women, and made as many matches." Young woman, go West.

DR. BRISTOR, the Spring Valley, N. J., pastor who is under bail charged with assaulting a young girl, did not preach last Sunday. His church has failed to take advantage of the immense service his notoriety would enable him to do the cause of religion, and has suspended him.

To the list of funny typographical errors is just added the announcement of the *Brooklyn Union* that "at Worcester, Mass., a creation society has just been organized, with a list of officers whose names are significant of wealth and intelligence." The *Union* meant to say "cremation."

WE should judge by this that the *Industrial Appeal*, of Ottumwa, Ia., is not getting its full share of financial support: "After this number of the *Appeal* there will be no issue for two weeks. We will remain in our office during the holidays, ready to receive money due on subscription. Anyone paying us a dollar or more during the next two weeks will, if he dies before the editor of the *Appeal*, be entitled to, and receive, at least half a column obituary notice. Those who are ambitious for posthumous fame will take notice of this. Now, all those that hav confidence in our abilities as a eulogist, or our accomplishments as an ingenious or unscrupulous romancer, will come in and pay up."

THE *Daily News*, of Danville, Ill., reports that four people in Blount township hav lost their reason through the effects of a revival and subsequent assiduous reading of the Bible. If this case is reported to the United States Senate perhaps that august body will appoint trustees for the Blount township church.

"WE hav seen of late years," says the Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, of New York, "an entire change of front in the army of unbelief. The point now attacked is not so much any one of the doctrins of revelation, as whether there is any revealer; not so much any one of the difficulties connected with the administration of God, as whether God, in any personal sense, exists at all."

PROF. J. D. DANA, the geologist of Yale, is delivering lectures on evolution and Genesis in the Peabody museum at New Haven, Conn. In his first lecture he claimed that the story of creation told in Genesis was all the information we hav on the subject, and that that story was true because it was inspired; otherwise it would not be found in the Bible, which he holds in the "word of God!"

"IN six days," said Deacon Buerag, addressing the Sunday-school, "God made the earth. Now, dear children, what did he do the seventh day?" No answer. "I will ask you, Johnny Sharpe," continued the deacon, pleasantly. "After working six days of the week, what do people do on Sunday?" "Pleathe, thir, replied Johnny Sharpe, promptly, "they mostly lay street railroath.'

THE *Lancet* hopes against hope that boys who smoke will draw a lesson from the case of a twelve-year-old lad in London, who died in consequence of smoking a pennyworth of double twist. "We may at least," says the venerable editor, "advise every sensible boy to regard tobacco as a poison."

THE Norristown *Herald* has noticed that "the clergy are much more forcibly reminded of the 'uncertainty of life' when a millionaire dies suddenly than when a poor man drops dead." To which it may be added that according to the same clergy the Christian virtues shine much more conspicuously in the career of him who has donated the most liberally toward their support.

ABOUT as tall a story as imaginativ newspaper reporters usually start upon its rounds is the one from Wake county, North Carolina. The story runs that John B. Sturdivant, a sixteen-year-old youth, has been called to preach the gospel. The boy is subject to fits. His father says that one night, while four strong men were endeavoring to hold him, he shook them off, sat down at the organ, and played sweetly, something he never did before. At the close of the tune he made a profession of religion. A week ago the boy announced that God had deprived him of sight in order to convince the people of his divine mission. He would, he said, hav his vision restored on Friday. This, according to the dispatch to the *Herald*, was done. The boy now has hundreds of believers. This is certainly a very able piece of work on the part of the reporters, and their great foresight in locating the occurrence in an inacessible portion of North Carolina stamps them as men of genius.

Communications.

Letters to a Catholic Friend.

I.

FRIEND D. C.: Some months ago, when my Aztec articles appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, you wrote me claiming that *all* my authorities were either garbled or false; that I had gone out of my way to insult your religion, and also intimated charges which our early friendship should never hav allowed you to entertain. On its receipt, I wrote taking exception to your position, and accepting your invitation to a discussion through the public press, knowing that, as a representativ Catholic, you would express the views of the intelligent laity, and the only condition I made was that we should agree "that a belief never changes a fact." After over four months of correspondence you suddenly, and without any satisfactory reason, changed front and declined the controversy, on the ground that you could not persuade any Catholic paper to publish it, and you did not care to hav your name appear in an Infidel sheet. Your very Christian objection, when crystallized, means that an Infidel would be honored by seeing his name appear in a Catholic paper, and a Catholic would be disgraced by writing for an Infidel paper, even if in so doing he were defending his religion. I will not take exception to this position, but really I was in hopes that a controversy on these subjects would be of more service to the readers of your papers than the latest news from Ireland, boycottings, murders, etc., with which they are usually filled. Neither is it my purpose to ask what is the *real* reason for this change of base, but I will content myself with intimating that the mildness of your last letter, in contradistinction to the violence of the first, might suggest a slight attack of fear, for it is hardly presumable that you hav allowed your ghostly adviser to deter you from defending in public what you advocate in private.

I regret also that all those authorities whom you proposed to quote should remain hidden and unknown to fame in the recesses of your library, and that the series of "undisputed facts" you said you would present should not be given to your co-religionists, and thus strengthen them where they are so lamentably weak.

I hardly know, my friend, what your clique will do now that you, their champion, hav taken water; but, as this is not a personal quarrel, and I recognize the power behind the throne, by permission of Brother Macdonald I will answer you through his columns. See that those interested with you receive a copy, and lest your good name should suffer, only use your initials.

One of my remarks to which you take exception is "that, surrounded by the mists and myths of Christianity, there is not a scintilla of historical evidence to prove that Jesus Christ ever lived," and you proposed quoting the testimony of the early writers, which you claim should be satisfactory to any reasonable man. If I had had the power to force you into a position, this would hav been the one, for it was by reading these worthies that I first had my eyes opened to the true status of your church. Yours is the course always taken by theologians, because they think that no one will take the trouble to wade through the interminable arguments and vapid reasonings of these early saints.

When the question, "What is the source of faith?" was put to the assembled wisdom at Trent, the answer, "Scripture and tradition," met with almost unanimous approval, and your historians even go further, and rely almost entirely on tradition.

"Tradition is the foundation of the scriptures," says Cardinal Baronius, "and surpasses them in this, to wit: that the scriptures cannot subsist unless fortified by tradition, whereas tradition has sufficient force without scripture." "We shall endeavor to prove," says Bellarmine, "that the scriptures without the traditions are neither sufficient nor simply necessary." Coster remarks that "the excellence of the non-written word far surpasses that of the scriptures;" and Lindanus goes still further, for he says: "Scripture is a nose of wax, a dead letter, and that kills; a very husk without a kernel; a leaden rule; a school for heretics; a forest that serves as a refuge for robbers."

So, as far as Catholic authority is concerned, you are abundantly fortified in your position; therefore, without further parley, let us examin the teachings and personal experiences of these early writers whom you value more than those inspired ones selected by your God in person. As you are a lawyer, I lay down as a proposition that we can hav no surer guide than the law of our country, and quote the decision of Judge Wallace, of the United States Circuit Court, in the Bell Telephone case. In reviewing the testimony of Drawbaugh, the judge says: "Where a witness falsifies a fact in respect to which he cannot be presumed liable to be mistaken, courts are bound upon principles of law, morality, and justice to apply the maxim, *falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*."

Therefore, when a man advocates what is manifestly false, the presumed sanctity of his character does not prevent his being considered unreliable; and if it would not be fair to apply the above rule, on the ground that he may in perfect honesty advance as a fact that which appeals to him as such, and yet be mistaken, it would be equally unfair to claim that if, in a number of facts attested to by him and his witnesses, common sense and a knowledge of natural laws should decide he was mistaken in the great majority, he is of necessity correct in the small balance, simply because it is impossible for him to be mistaken in every statement.

I deny that the crudeness of the age and ignorance of the writers are sufficient excuse for the uttering of a palpable falsehood, as your commentators claim; for the attestation of a fact requires no learning; simply ordinary comprehension joined to a love of truth. Therefore, I hold that the truthfulness of a writer's assertions concerning a marvelous occurrence depends on the evidence adduced, both in regard to the probability of its having happened and the credibility of the attesting witnesses; and that the credulity of the acceptor guarantees neither the probability of the occurrence nor the truthfulness of the writer and his witnesses.

The first testimony is from Clement, called your second pope. He represents himself as a Roman citizen seriously perplexed by pondering on the mysteries of life. He heard of some one in Judea preaching of the kingdom of God, and set out to make his acquaintance. Adverse winds drove him to Cesarea, where he met Peter, who was about to hold a controversy with Simon Magus, which resulted in the conversion of ten thousand, but particularly of two, called Niceta and Aquila. Then Clement confided his private history to Peter. In his youth his mother, being warned in a vision (he does not say of what, or how he became acquainted with it), sailed away from Rome without acquainting anybody with her reason, taking his infant twin brothers with her. His father went in search of them, and he (Clement) had never heard from any of them since that day. Shortly afterwards he and Peter visited an island, where they found a beggar woman, who proved to be his mother, and, wonderful to relate, Niceta and Aquila turn up as the long-lost infant twins. One day, while walking on the sea-shore, they met another old beggar, who turned out to be the father. The family became Christians, and after Peter was hung up by the heels, Clement became pope. This gentleman claimed that "Judaism and Christianity are substantially the same;" that it was immaterial whether one received Moses or Christ; that the prophet was twice born—first as Adam, and then as Jesus; but "that he only revealed himself to holy men and inspired them."

A few years ago there was a discussion in regard to your first pope, Peter, and it was held that he had never been in Rome, and that the story of his martyrdom was a pious fraud. As your pope claims to be his direct descendant, the Jesuits were instructed to defend the papal claims. It was shown that tradition placed his death in A.D. 66. According to the Acts, he was either in Jerusalem, Cesarea, or Antioch, till 52. Paul, writing to the Romans in 57, does not mention him, though he salutes by name twenty-seven members of that church. In 62 Paul wrote to the churches of Philippi, Ephesus, and Colosse, and although entering into details, he does not mention Peter; and in 66, the year of his martyrdom, in writing to Timothy from Rome, he speaks of his peculiar position, sufferings, etc., and says all men forsook me, except Onesiphorus—not one word of Peter.

The Jesuits were so completely cornered, they were obliged to confess that their mainstay was the "Recognitions," by Clement, and argued that if they could prove that Peter had been in Rome *only one day*, the apostolic succession would be assured. I became so disgusted with the fall from a pontificate of twenty-five years to a few hours that the discussion had no further charms, and I ceased following it.

St. Ignatius was arrested in Syria, and sent to Rome to be cast to the wild beasts "on account of his testimony to Christ; and being carried through Asia, under a *most rigid custody*, he fortified the different churches in the cities where he tarried. He exhorted them to adhere firmly to the traditions of the apostles, which, for the sake of greater security, he deemed it necessary to attest by committing it to writing." The "Acts of Martyrdom" credit him with having suffered Dec. 20, A.D. 116, and that, when a child, Jesus held him in his arms. His three epistles are in high repute in your church, but I question their authenticity on the following ground: That an old man of ninety years, carried through Asia under the most rigid custody, would hav neither time, ability, nor disposition to write them.

St. Polycarp was an early martyr. Only one of his epistles is extant, and though he testifies to having heard parties say that they had heard other parties say they had seen Jesus, yet his testimony is inadmissible from a Catholic standpoint, as he states, "By grace we are saved, not by works." While making him a saint, you repudiate his teaching, and if the papal anathema be retroactiv, it is very questionable if this early martyr be in the company of the blessed. Papias was a disciple of Polycarp. He says that Matthew made a collection of Christ's sayings and doings in the Hebrew, and everyone translated it as he was able. He gave it as the direct teaching of Polycarp, received from St. John himself, that Jesus did not die till he was over fifty years old. All the fathers who came after him, except Irenæus, claim he forged this testimony; that, being hard-pressed by the Valentinians, who asserted the ministry of Jesus to hav lasted only one year, he had manufactured it, and given St. John as his authority. Even Eusebius admits that he was "a weak and silly man, whose writings consist of strange parables and doctrins and fabulous stories." Most people will agree with Eusebius when they read of the number of dead restored to life, and how the saints could drink poison without harm. Your church calls his epistle a "treasure held in earthen vessels."

Next comes Justin Martyr, the great apologist. He claimed for himself "the gift of expounding the scriptures, granted by special grace of God." There seems to be no evidence other than his simple word to prove this assertion, for, feeling bound to accept it as true, your commentators are exercised over his many arguments, but particularly that on the "Mystery of the Cross." In his expoundings he derives Satan from *Sata*, an apostate, and *nas*, a serpent, but his admirers say that, as he never claimed to be a philologist, his mistake is thus accounted for. Martyr taught that when God created the world, he committed it to the care of angels, who fell in love with the daughters of earth, and by them had children called Demons. In regard to the Septuagint version of the Bible, he says that seventy men were shut up in separate cells by King Ptolemy, and were obliged to translate the book without having access to one another. These seventy translations, when finished, agreed *verbatim et literatim*. He avers that he saw the cells in which the men were confined, and, after calling God as witness to the truth of his story, adds the following piece of historical information: That it was Herod, king of the Jews, who sent these seventy men to Ptolemy. As Ptolemy had died three hundred years before Herod was born, your theologians always skip that passage. Martyr was also the foundation of what is known as the "devil theory." He gravely assures us that the devil, having gained an imperfect knowledge of the prophecies in regard to the advent of the messiah, contrived an *exact resemblance* between the myths, Bacchus, Hercules, and Esculapius and Jesus, so that when Jesus did come, the people refused to accept him.

"Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," are the words of a celebrated Catholic commentator, addressed to the critics of the early fathers, when they came to the writings of Irenæus. "He is the *terminus a quo* of theological controversies," adds another. "In his writings he makes it clear that he stood in immediate relations to the apostles," remarks a third. "The preciousness of his writings bears no proportion to their bulk." "Behold the light of the Western world!" Well, allow me to giv you a quotation from this *terminus a quo*. In describing the origin of God, he says: "First of all the First-Father was united in conjunction with his Thought; then the only Begotten, that is, Intelligence, with Truth; then word with life, and man with church. These Eons being sent forth for the glory of the father, and desiring of their own accord to honor the father, sent forth emissions by conjunction. Word and life, beside man and church, sent forth ten other Eons, whose names are: The Deep and Mingling, the Undecaying and Union, the Self-existent and Pleasure, the Immovable and Blending, the Only-Begotten and Happiness." I hav no comment to make, but the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will await explanations. His prophecies are more understandable, but just as correct as his theology. He says: "The day of the Lord is as a thousand years, and in six days created things were finished; it is evident, therefore, that the world will come to an end in six thousand years." He then describes the millennium, giving as his authority St. John and "special revelation:" "The days will come in which there will grow vinyards, each having ten thousand vine stocks, each stock having ten thousand branches, each branch ten thousand shoots, each shoot ten thousand bunches, each bunch ten thousand grapes, and each grape squeezed shall yield twenty-five measures of wine; and when any of the saints go to pluck a bunch another bunch shall cry out, 'I am better; take me and bless the Lord through me.'" And thus he speaks of every vegetable, grain, and fruit. He also avers to the truth of the Septuagint story, advocates several books since decided apocryphal by your church, and repeats the legend of the angels mixing with the daughters of men. His style of reasoning "Why animals were divided into clean and unclean;" "Why the gospels should be four, no more, no less," and on the "Law of Moses," would not commend itself to one of our schoolboys, and is a sad commentary on the sanity of the writers of "the purest age of the world." His veracity as an eye-witness may be very reasonably called into

question when we read in his description of the martyrdom of Polycarp that the flames refused to burn him and formed an arch over his head, and the executioner then thrust a sword into his side, whereupon a dove flew out of his body, and so much blood came that the fire was extinguished and the air was filled with sweet-scented perfumes. In speaking of this romancer, one of your commentators says: "One firm abutment rests upon the apostle John, the other, as secure, rests upon the well-known Irenæus." Can't you do better in abutments than this?

Tertullian was an outspoken advocate of your theory, and his attestation of miracles is commented on as "simply an excess of zeal." He states that God appeared to a certain sister and gave her the exact length and width of the veil she should wear, and from the frequency of the visits of God to various saints in Africa, one would imagin that the Godhead was on very intimate and social terms with all the African tribes. His argument "Why the number of the apostles was exactly twelve," shows that the mantle of the earlier writers fell on worthy shoulders. His testimony in regard to the existence of Jesus will, no doubt, commend itself to your intelligence. "I find no other means to prove myself to be impudent with success, and happily a fool," says he, "than by my contempt of shame; as, for instance, I maintain that the son of God was born. Why am I not ashamed of maintaining such a thing? Why! but because it is itself a shameful thing? I maintain that the son of God died. Well, that is wholly credible, because it is monstrously absurd. I maintain that, after having been buried, he rose again, and that I take to be absolutely true, because it is manifestly impossible." His idea of the trinity differs somewhat from yours, for in his article against Praxeas he says: "They are three, not in condition but in degree; not in substance but in form; not in power but in aspect." This enthusiastic African is frequently quoted by your theologians, and Neander says of him: "Tertullian's mind had acuteness, depth, and dialectic dexterity." In after life he became a follower of Montanus, and loudly proclaimed that this gentleman was the Holy Ghost. He thus just escaped being read into your list of saints and martyrs.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

The Revised Bible.

From the Boston Herald.

That the ecclesiastical committees in Europe and America, who hav for a number of years past been employed in producing a revised edition of the Old and New Testaments, embody a large amount of trained intellectual force cannot be denied. They are doubtless naturally good and strong men, whose minds hav been warped by bad training.

Supposing there exists in or behind the universe a supreme personal intelligence, by whom these testaments were originally given as a revelation of his rights and our duties to him and other persons, the revision at this late day was not only a waste of energy and precious time, but a presumptuous, if not blasphemous, folly. It intimated that the divine author undertook what he was incompetent to perform, that the book, as a revelation, was a failure. It only revealed the maker quarreling with his own work. It belittled the infinit.

Supposing the Bible simply a human production, like the Iliad of Homer or the plays of Shakspere, manifestly it needs revision more than either of those works—weeding out much that is tedious, pueril, immoral, and unreasonable from what is wise, good, and beautiful. And especially it needs so revising that no statement of any important fact in one place shall be flatly contradicted in another; as, for example, the statement in the 24th chapter of Exodus, 9tb and 10th verses, that Moses, Aaron, Nahab, Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel saw the God of Israel—feet and all—is flatly contradicted in the first chapter of St. John's gospel, 18th verse; and the immorality of St. Paul is flatly contradicted by the author of the book of Ecclesiastes.

But hardly a word of correction in this respect has been made; no light has been added; no absurdity has been retracted; no example or justification of tyranny or cruelty has been expunged. "Hell" has been changed to "sheol" or "hades" in many places, but in at least two it is left as it was. Its locality, whether geographical, geological, or astronomical, is as doubtful as ever. In the revised text men still liv more than nine hundred years before they die. Noah, at the age of six hundred, embarks in a three-story barn, 450 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 45 feet high, and takes with him his wife (who must hav been at least one hundred years old), his three sons and their wives, a pair of every species of unclean beasts on earth and seven pairs of the clean, to say nothing of fowls and creeping things—six healthy persons, besides the old folks, to take care of a menagerie many times larger than Barnum's for a rather tempestuous voyage of more than forty days and forty nights. What a time they must hav had of it, especially with the creeping things! Shade of Munchausen, what a credulity it must take to swallow it—even as an allegory! The interpreters feel obliged to resort to the miraculous to help it out. It would seem to common sense that Jehovah would hav glorified himself more by saving his friend Noah and his family, with the lions, tigers, and hyenas, from drowning by a whole-cloth miracle, than by obliging the old man to commit such a blunder in the art of navigation! The "New Church" insists that the whole thing has a "spiritual sense." It surely has no other.

As the book of Genesis was not canonized, and probably not written, till after the Jews "hanged their harps on the willows" of Babylon, the remnants of the ark had perished before they could be looked for, so that theology is destitute of that sort of evidence which geology is able to present. Nevertheless, the revisers, taking it for either credible history, or useful, pertinent, and intelligible allegory, may well leave the story of Jonah unrevised. They make the poor fellow, who rebelliously declined to prophesy against Nineveh, pray out of the fish's belly in good Hebrew poetry, which they translate thus:

> I called by reason of my affliction unto the Lord,
> And he answered me;
> Out of the belly of hell cried I,
> And thou heardest my voice.

This is the plainest scriptural localization of the much-dreaded place, and it is to be feared that many unfortunate mariners and some less worthy European tourists hav gone thither—not long to stay, I trust.

As to the text, Exodus xxii, 18, which did duty in Salem, Mass, less than two hundred years ago, the revisers hav expended energy enough on that to make it read: "Thou shalt not suffer a sorceress to liv." This is possibly a slight improvement, for the English word sorceress seems to include the vice of gambling along with that of pretending intercourse with evil spirits. But why should the death sentence be leveled only at females, while male gamblers are so much more abundant? The revision is out of date, any way, for sorceresses, if anyone knows who they are, almost the world over, are not now put to death. Since the death of Rev. Cotton Mather and the discontinuance of the holy Inquisition, the plan of reforming this world and peopling the next, based on this text, has fallen much into decay. Those higher authorities hav dwindled into personalities no larger than Anthony Comstock, and, if possible, the still smaller one, a Methodist minister who became secretary of the United States interior department. If the God who gave this commandment, so revised and enlarged, shall get into the Constitution, the question will arise with these pious servants of his, whether there is any reason in the holy scriptures why they should not, at the public expense, kill all the members of the stock exchanges?

The revision of the Bible, so as to giv it the exact sense of its various discordant writers, if it could possibly be done, was not worth doing. It required more than human inspiration to do it, and intelligent men hav ceased to believe in inspiration, human or divine. We Americans know nothing against the linguistic abilities of the American scholars headed by Drs. Schaff and Day, but cannot believe them specially inspired by anything like supreme intelligence, or, indeed, by any such degree of intelligence as would be competent to rule that very small speck of the universe which lies within the vision of ordinary mortals, and still less do we believe in such inspiration for the revising board which met in Jerusalem chambers, Westminster Abbey. The American company for the revision of the Old Testament has shown its superiority to the British by appending to the work of the latter fourteen pages suggesting more than five hundred readings which it prefers to theirs, and some of them in better taste. A work worthy to be called a revision has not been done, nor attempted.

The new book is but the confession of the fact. The changes are trivial. It is better so. For, notwithstanding the fact that many parts of the book are not fit to be read in schools or public assemblies, it is worth having in libraries, just as it has been ever since the days of pious King James. It is one of a series of writings reaching back almost to the invention of alphabets, which, though by no means strictly historical, illustrates early history, and the way in which traditions, crude, magnified, and distorted, were made to answer some of the purposes of history. They show us perhaps more vividly than real history, had it been possible to write it, could hav done, how the human race outgrew its cannibalism and made paradises out of the dismalest jungles, showing that it can and will yet make a heaven upon earth preferable to what the canonized prophets described in their new Jerusalem.

And then for the Bible poetry, it is still more precious and valuable, for some of it is among the grandest ever produced, because in the upward struggle in the human mind the imagination always goes foremost. The bad morals and senseless miracles, though sandwiched in a barbarous fashion among the best maxims, apothegms, and proverbs of all ages, unless made a part of juvenil education as so much divine instruction, need not corrupt the young. The barbarous origin of the book being known, the wisdom it contains will be prized by force of contrast.

Its worst faults are condoned by the most religiously orthodox, because they assume that the creator of the universe was its author—assume it in spite of his setting in that book the worst possible example for moral beings to follow. If Judge Harlan had applied to many books of the Bible the criticism which he did to the "Leaves of Grass," he would hav purified his department from every officer who had subscribed to a Bible society or taught in a Sunday-school. He consigned to poverty and the peril of starvation a man of genius whom he acknowledged to be a competent and honest officer, for writing a book which makes the creator a kind father to all his children instead of a merciless tyrant to most of them. He violated, in the most flagrant possible manner, that clause of our national Constitution which distinguishes us from all the considerable nations of the earth, and the worst of it is that in doing it he had the approbation and support—not of any such person as Jesus Christ, I gratefully concede—but of the so-called Christian churches of the United States.

As a purely human book the revisers hav left the Bible almost precisely as they found it. It is not damaged by making it appear better than it was, except in a very few matters of literary taste. About all they hav ventured to do is to remove from the text—and in one case out of five or six they hav left it in the margin—an expression abhorrent to the taste of that fastidious lady, Mrs. Grundy, in fact, a word generally considered vulgar, though still retained in Webster unabridged, and in two places (2 Kings xviii, 27, and Isa. xxxvi, 12) they hav substituted for it a word which does not convey the sense, while leaving in the same verse another word equally vulgar, and, under the circumstances, more disgusting.

I appeal to all thinking men and women, and especially to the consciences of the revisers themselvs, whether, considering the pressing wants of mankind for more knowledge of the nature of things, more justice, more kindness, and less strife of classes, this is not a waste of mental energy, scholarship, and inventiv faculty. Would not the invention of an improved soap or a better washing-machine do more for the happiness of the average family than the whole of this Bible revision will ever do—seeing that its chief improvement is the substitution of the phrase "man child" for that by which the Hebrews distinguished between the sexes—unless, forsooth, the revision is to result in exploding the Bible theology?

We are asked by those whose palpable interest it is to check the progress of Freethought, and keep mankind the dupes of an absurd religious theory, "If you set aside the Bible and its divine inspiration, what will you put in its place?" This question, addressed to the unthinking, is by far their strongest plea. It comes too late. The Bible, as an authoritativ and infallible guide of human conduct—and in no other sense is it proposed to displace it—has already been set aside. Science, witty inventions, and better books, to say nothing of the dissensions of its advocates and interpreters, practically did it more than fifty years ago. Salvation armies cannot replace it. Millions of money may restore the sight of it—the outside of the volume—in every hotel, rail-car, steamer, and log cabin, but not much awe of it. There is in its place more knowledge of the universe, more reverence for its order, movements, and laws, more worship of the infinit beauty of its endless revolving and progressiv life, than the Bible ever revealed or produced, and better rules for the conduct of human beings than were ever condensed into commandments by the imaginary God who ordered Abraham to make burnt sacrifice of Isaac, and Moses to kill the worshipers of the golden calf.

There is beginning and perceptibly advancing in this life a better salvation than that invented for the unknowable next, by the ingenious and fanatical Paul, out of the costly ritual of the Jewish priesthood, and the mythical sufferings and resurrection of the man of Nazareth. Were this not so no revision of King James's text would hav been attempted. It indicates the expiring throes of priesthoods as governing powers in this world. The time has come for every sane human being to be his or her own priest—the time for all priests to make themselvs as useful as possible to other people—the time for humanity to take the place of religion, and all the religions to accord, what Protestant Christians never did, the right of private judgment—for men to be never enemies, but brothers. Freethought, free trade, self-government, universal co-operation—working inversely as the square of the distance, to be sure—justice, and human kindness, are the destiny of the future, and, instead of destroying social organization and introducing universal brigandage, will finally make the cosmopolitan state itself better without a church than the Christian or any other church has ever been.

September, 1885. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

This is Not the Way Christ Dealt with Money Changers

A little while ago the Episcopalians were tackling the wicked men of Wall street, and now the Methodists hav set up a "mission" for the conversion of the same moneyed sinners. Dr. Pentecost, the ring-master of the circus, uses the meetings to "refute the arguments of Infidels against the Bible." We sympathize with the business men of Wall street.

The Liberal Club.

It was with more than usually bright anticipations of pleasure that the man with a badge-pin took his way toward 220 East Fifteenth street, where was to be held the 395th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. Some little time had elapsed since he had last attended, but all the old familiar forms were there, large as life, and several degrees more natural. Treasurer Morris greeted him cordially as he assimilated the visitor's bright and shining quarter. Mr. Putnam was writing his name on the back of some tickets to the approaching Paine celebration, and said he was glad the man with the decoration had come, because the lecture would be a fine one. The lady secretary made everyone buy a TRUTH SEEKER or a ticket to either the Sunday night dance for the benefit of the workingman's free library, at 141 Eighth street, or the Paine Festival. Only a few escaped this levy.

President Wakeman read the usual notices of meetings to be held elsewhere, and passed such remarks about them as he deemed appropriate. Among other things, the intelligence was given out that Professor George Vaughan, of Virginia, would lecture somewhere or other on "Practical Communism by a Practical Communist." It would undoubtedly be comparativly a treat to those who failed to hear it. N.B.—Mr. Wakeman did not say this. It is thrown in by the writer. It is understood that the remarks about Professor Vaughan which hav appeared in these reports are the cause of his absenting himself from the Club; from which it is to be seen that the humblest writer may not exercise his pen in vain.

An audience was present that filled all the seats except one beside a nice-looking young lady, and the reporter appropriated this one without delay. But he shortly wished himself out of it, for his neighbor watched him so closely as he made his pothooks that it broke him up, and at this writing he finds it difficult to read his notes. The responsibility for any inadvertence will therefore be readily adjusted.

Professor Gunning, of Cambridge, was introduced as the lecturer of the evening. Mr. Gunning is a typical scientist, and resembles Professor Tyndall in appearance. His voice is full and pleasing, and he is as familiar with his subject, seemingly, as it could be possible for a lecturer to become with anything so complex as "The Origin of Man as Disclosed by Science." A black cloth was arranged upon a frame attached to the piano, and the speaker began by drawing on this an outline of a primitiv brain, and adding to it until it represented the brain of man. Then the professor made a picture of a manlike ape and introduced him to the audience. This creature was found on the west coast of Africa. The next step higher was illustrated in the nativs of the south coast of Africa. The one was almost a physical duplicate of the other. The ape lacked the power of speech, but the "glick-gluck" of the gorrilla was the root of the language of the Hottentot. The opponents of evolution had contested the relationship of the man and ape, and had abandoned one point of defense after another, until finally the hippocampus in the brain of the human became their last resort. Professor Huxley had discovered this characteristic in the head of a monkey, and the last ground for disputing the kinship had vanished.

The speaker alluded to the muscles lying near the surface of the bodies of animals by which they could twitch their skin to drive away flies. Human beings hav vestiges of these muscles beneath their skin, but they hav gone out of use because the body is protected by clothing. They are still functional in the unclothed face. Everyone has employed them to scare flies off his forehead. We also hav dormant muscles once used to move the ears; but when manlike animals became lords of the forest and had no further need to turn their ears to detect the approach of an enemy, fearing none, these muscles became useless. A link between the bird and the fish is the nictitating or winking curtain which the shark draws over his eye, not being able to close that organ otherwise. Birds hav this nictitating curtain, or thin film-like web. So has the opossum. The next order above the opossum is the half ape, then the higher ape, then the manlike ape. In these latter the curtain gradually disappears, until, in the corner of the human eye, only a vestige of it is discernible. The man-like ape will imitate nearly all the acts of man. It will smoke like him, be sick after the first trial; and, like him, it will get drunk, but shows its superiority by not delivering a temperance lecture the next day. In some of the wild races of men the pliable prehensil foot is still retained; also the "climbing muscle," both relics of arborial life. It is not claimed that man is the offspring of the ape; only that man and the manlike ape spring from one ancestral body.

Professor Gunning dwelt at some length on the unity and similar characteristics of all organic things, and said, as an illustration, that an anesthetic produced the same slumber in the simple protoplasm or yeast bleb that it did in the brain of a human being. The lecturer closed with the expression of some tentativ views on the soul, in the present and future existence of which he is a believer. The president then said the floor was open, and admonished those present to let not the time run to waste.

Mr. Putnam improved the opening to suggest a remuneration for the speaker, and fifteen dollars was the result of the collection immediately instituted.

Dr. Atkinson followed. He complimented the performance of Mr. Gunning, and then passed to some general remarks. The reporter watched attentivly to catch the central thought, but failed to grasp it before the doctor made his obeisance and sat down.

Mr. Rosenbourgh arose to discuss the problem of the human soul. If man had a soul, so had the manlike ape. Otherwise it was a thing with which man had invested himself. To this latter view Mr. Rosenbourgh strongly inclined. He believed it was invented by priests and rulers to gain control over their subjects by threatening or alluring them with future punishments and rewards.

Dr. Gunn was solicited to speak, but he declined on the ground that at the next meeting he was going to talk all the evening.

Vice-president Dr. Foote, Jr., addressed himself to the question of rudimentary organs, drawing an outline sketch of the appendix vermiformis, which is a small sack opening out of the large intestin. In this sack some hard substance was liable to lodge and produce peritonitis. The object or utility of the appendix vermiformis had never been made clear by the researches of science. The doctor showed further that the ear-moving muscles were still functional in some cases. He presented his left ear to the audience and flapped it slightly without apparent fatigue.

Dr. P. P. Field, the apostle of the Delsarte philosophy of expression, spoke of the necessity of physical culture. The difference between man and brute lay in the fact that man had a straight and upright spine, which no beast possessed. Speaking of the long arms of apes, the doctor closed his hands and touched his clenched fists to the floor without bending the knees. This came from suppleness of the muscles of the back, which should be cultivated.

Mrs. Emertz here arose to inquire whether the doctors were to hav a monopoly of that platform. "Dese chendlemans forgots somedings," said the lady in a charming dialect, and with a clear and comprehensiv misunderstanding of the subject; "off dot corilla hass vunst broduzed a man, vy don'd he him agen braduze vunst more, aind it?"

Madam Delescluze supported the position of the previous speaker. She renounced all relationship with the gentleman whose likeness Professor Gunning had drawn on the chart. The descent of man from the ape was not yet proved, and she demanded the benefit of the doubt. Hoping for better things, we should cling to that hope with desperation.

Mrs. Leonard was not ashamed to acknowledge kinship with her grandfather. "I like to watch the monkeys in the Park," she said; "and I discover characteristics in them which I hav myself." About the soul, Mrs. Leonard continued, we should trouble ourselvs but little, but the body should be cultivated. Humanity, she believed, was capable of rising to great achievements, even to the overcoming of death.

Mr. Wakeman, at the request of Professor Gunning, closed the discussion. He held that the conclusions of the lecturer were indisputable. We were just beginning to realize the possibilities of humanity and to work in the direction of a heaven on earth. It should be remembered that the soul had been spoken of and dealt with by Mr. Gunning only tentativly, not scientifically. The hope that must be clung to with desperation could not tell a very flattering tale. Science must giv the final verdict.

Madam Delescluze: "You forget that science deals with the material, not with the essence."

Mr. Wakeman: "Produce the essence and science will deal with it."

The Masonic society which holds meetings in the hall over that occupied by the club here began, apparently, the initiation of a member, the noise created by the goat making further discussion impracticable, and as the hour was late the audience were dismissed.

Lectures at the club for the rest of the month will be as follows: Jan. 22d, "The Truth about Alcohol Out of and In the Human System," by R. A. Gunn, M.D. January 29th, the Paine celebration takes place, and an elaborate program has been prepared for the occasion.

Profitable Charity.

Verily the church hath a long head. The constitution of New York State having ruled out any special appropriations to sectarian institutions, the Catholic Protectory and Juvenil Asylum (Protestant) arranges with the liberal dispenser of the public funds to take care of unfortunate children at the rate of $110 per year, and according to THE TRUTH SEEKER list of apportionments for charitable institutions, the Protectory will make provision for 2,200 and require an appropriation of $242,000. It would be interesting to know how much actual profit there is in this "charitable" business. We may arrive at some idea of this from the thirty-third annual report of the Children's Aid Society, from which we learn that that society has cared for over 13,000 children at an average of only $37.90. If the children of the various lodging houses of the Aid Society cost only about $40 per year, either they must be kept on very short rations, or in order to spend $110 on the children of the Protectory the latter must liv high and be fed on the fat of the land. It is, however, more probable that this is a profitable business which is being worked for all it is worth in the name of charity, sweet charity. Of the $242,000 given the Catholic Protectory, it may be assumed, or at least inferred, that one-half is clear profit, the actual disposition of which it would be difficult to discover, and the same is to be said of the $104,000 allotted to the New York Juvenil Asylum—a Protestant institution and business competitor of the Protectory.

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

Cost the Limit of Price (?).

While generally approving the views of Mr. Lloyd in a late TRUTH SEEKER, I protest, if you allow, against mixing up with Anarchism this equalitarian and arbitrary ruling, incompatible with the free range of personal contracts. The proper sphere of cost limitation is the protectiv union store, where it is provided for by the joint stock partnership of the associated customers. There it is definitly based upon the cost of purchased goods, and substitutes a definit salary for the speculativ profits of the merchant, no longer an intermediary owner. Warren, without the support of a stockholding company, illustrated the feasibility of this method, whose success at Rochdale has given it a great run in England and also on the continent of Europe. No doubt sensible Anarchists may adopt this commercial method, and may develop from it the feature of a labor and produce exchange currency independent of specie or government money. For this it is only necessary that the stock company should embrace a sufficient number and variety of producers to substitute exchange for importation and reduce outside purchases to an insignificant figure, or else export as well as import. Between such organization of the cost limit in commerce, and its affirmation as an ethical principle in all contracts for mutual service, there is an important difference. Anarchism cannot take for granted that Anarchists will choose to forego natural advantages of faculty, strength, skill, and judgment, and adopt in exchange of services the time table level of hour for hour. Whether from a generous carelessness, or from religious principle, some persons of superior faculty may be satisfied with their recognition by honors, without profits, and the spontaneous evolution of this type of character will be more frequent in proportion as the means of livelihood are facilitated by the abolition of monopoly and extortion. Also in proportion as wealth is socialized by architecture, public gardens, galleries of art, libraries, games, music, and the drama, the motivs for private advantage in the exercise of talents are lessened.. Anarchists may contemplate such equalitarian tendencies with complacency, but Anarchism does not prescribe them.

Anarchism opposes arbitrary government, class privilege, the monopolies of the means of subsistence by use of the soil and of machinery. These iniquities abated, we remain in presence of very unequal faculties directed toward the acquisition of property, and whose more liberal education concerns the future of society.

Let us scrutinize the economic value of the cost measure in exchange of services or products. It assumes that labor is the basic factor, but this labor cost is a highly variable element of price. Skill lessens it, and judgment in the use of faculties, as well as invention, may in great measure obviate the cost of labor. Now, as skill and judgment are always most desired, and as from their comparativ rarity they are less subject to reductiv competition than simple labor, they may please to demand and obtain more than compliments and honors. Skill is judgment in the details of execution giving either a greater quantity or a better quality of product with the same or less labor cost at the time. This skill may be either a natural endowment or the result of previous persevering and laborious disciplin. Persons equally skilled in presence of a given work are very unequal then in the labor cost antecedent.

Strength is analogous to skill, and its differences between men baffle all attempts to appreciate cost by effort in the most ordinary physical labors. What is hard to one is easy to another, and averages must be arbitrary in their bearings on the individual. Price results from the comparison of desires between the bargainers, as is sensible in transactions by barter. The basis of price is demand. Demand proceeds from the purchaser; it is constituted by his desire for an object, modified by his means of payment. But as, with the same demand and means, there may be choice among offers of service, their competition reduces price. We trace this back to the producer's desire for other values which he may acquire with the price received. When these are necessaries, his offer of labor-cost is limited only by life, and the

cheapest-liver will be employed. This is the Chinese and "contract labor" issue.

Marx, although not speculating upon the continuance of the wage labor system under capitalism, yet seems to hav written under its influence when he calculates the hour rates of payment in divers occupations by the relativ averages of life in each. But is it to be supposed that with free access to the soil and wholesome farm work, workmen would be found enlisting for consumption by breathing steel dust, or for paralysis and *colica pictonum* by working in white lead?

What will Rothschild's quicksilver mines be worth to him without the privileged monopoly that he derives from government, and the other monopolies that push labor into his hades? Such industries must either be abandoned, or hygienic methods devised.

For the services of science and art, compensation by the hour is simply absurd, and as intellectual labor is favorable to longevity, so upon this plan the Humboldts, Agassizes, and Darwins ought to be rated lower than the average mechanic.

It is felt that such systems are only viable in little corners, and that a country adopting them would soon be deserted by its talent and enterprise. They bear the stamp of petty despotism, and if feasible in exchanges of factory labor, this is because of a disciplin like the equality of drilled soldiers, which, though congenial with state Socialist ideas, is antipodal to Anarchism. The system of exchanges by equal hours of work supposes a continual preoccupation with bookkeeping, as well as conscientiousness and reliance on the conscientiousness of others—an industrial world going by clock-work, the apotheosis of mediocrity over the grave of ambition; speculation of closet philosophy which the passions will explode.

EDGEWORTH.

The Chicago Union.

The Chicago Liberal League met on Friday evening, January 8th, and reorganized under the name of Secular Union. Although it had adopted the name of Secular Union since the last Convention held at Cleveland, it had never until now been organized under that name. A new election of officers took place, the following persons being elected: Mr. Chas. Orchardson, president; Mrs. A. M. Freeman. first vice-president; Mr. L. H. Sawyer, second vice-president; Mr. C. A. Fraenkle, third vice-president; Mrs. Ella LePage, secretary; Mr. A. M. Freeman, financial secretary; Mr. E. A. Stevens, treasurer. The Union here is upon a much better basis than ever before. The attendance at our meetings is increasing, and in time we expect to be recognized among the best in the land. Last Sunday evening we had a lecture from Mrs. A. M. Freeman on, "Things I Can't Understand," which was a very able and eloquent appeal to the judgment and common sense of those present How any man or woman can listen to the absurd stories of the Bible as shown up by the lecturer, and go away unconvinced of the absurdities of their religion, is more than I can understand. The attendance at Mrs. Freeman's lecture was large, considering the very cold weather, as it was the coldest night we hav had this winter.

On Paine's anniversary, we are to hav an entertainment and dance. The oration of the evening is to be delivered by Mrs. A. M. Freeman, and we hav some very fine talent selected for our music and recitations. We are working hard to make this a grand success, and all indications are that we will do so.

ELLA LE PAGE, Secretary.

Chicago, Jan. 12, 1886.

A Reminiscence of Elizur Wright.

In 1846 a few of the old Liberty party refused to "fuse" with the Free Soilers and Barn-Burners, and met in national convention at Buffalo in June of that year. Our leaders were Gerrit Smith, Elizur Wright, George Bradburn, Beriah Green, William Goodell, and Frederick Douglass. We not only adhered to Abolitionism, but went in for free trade, land reform, woman suffrage, etc., etc.

By the way, this was the first convention, so far as I am aware, to put forth in its platform (penned by Gerrit Smith) the doctrin of woman suffrage. This it did in terms square, bold, and unequivocal. And in that little band of stern radicals there was not a dissenting voice. The "Woman's Convention," which has had the honor of being the first to announce woman suffrage, met the same year, but not till several weeks later.

We nominated Gerrit Smith for president. After the nomination Elizur Wright gave us the following impromptu:

Smiths hav wrought since time began,
Sometimes forging chains for man;
Ours who now the anvil smites,
Cuts the chains from human rights.
We will blow for him to strike,
For he treats all chains alike;
Severed by his trusty hand,
Fall they both from limb and land.

FRANCIS BARRY.

Kent, Ohio.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$1,796.57
Dallas (Texas) Secular Society (charter fee, per George Cretien)	5.00
Jas. Wardwell	1.00
Louisa A. Tourley	1.00
C. F. De Mott	1.00
Mrs. C. F. De Mott	1.00
Henry H. Geer	1.00
Joseph Carman	1.00
Mrs. Joseph Carman	1.00
Total	$1,808.57

Grand Paine Celebration,

Friday evening, Jan. 29th,
At German Masonic Hall, No. 220 East 15th street.
Address by T. B. WAKEMAN:
"THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL DREAMS OF THOMAS PAINE."
To be followed by a
Brilliant Musical and Dramatic Entertainment, in which the following will take part, already well known in Liberal circles:

Joseph Frankel, Gustave Frankel, Mrs. L. McCune, Mrs. Fannie Cummings, Frank Fitch, the Krahmer brothers, Miss Annie Lenont, Madam Delescluze, Prof. P. P. Field, and others.

The admission will be 25 cents. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the American Secular Union. Every New York Liberal should take special interest in this celebration, both to honor the memory of

THOMAS PAINE

and raise funds for the carrying on the work of the Union, especially to enable it to push the movement for the opening of the museums on Sunday, which is gaining great force, and will no doubt result in a noble triumph for Secular principles. So it is earnestly requested not only that every Liberal man and woman come, but make an effort to hav others come, so that a large number may be present and a great impulse received for the work of Liberalism.

All friends will be interested in the following news from Nova Scotia, from one of the members of the Union who on the frontier line keeps the battle going. He shows how much is yet to be done, and what great promis there is for the future:

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., Jan. 5, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND PUTNAM: Your letter of Dec. 3d was received in due time. I cannot say that Freethought is making much progress in this vicinity. This portion of Nova Scotia is very orthodox, and there are but few Liberals. I know of only two or three outspoken ones in all Eastern Nova Scotia, and I am well acquainted in every part of it. I know quite a number who are secretly with us, but who, owing to the state of society, hav not the courage to say so. I am often surprised, when I am talking to persons who are thought to be good Cristians, to hav them tell me that they hav their doubts, and that they cannot believe that God did the dreadful things charged against him in the Bible. I think if we can only make Liberalism fashionable, that we shall be surprised at the number who are with us.

I attended the Congress at Cleveland, and listened to a number of addresses and Colonel Ingersoll's lecture. I think he is one of the grandest men living. I hav read all his published works. Long may he liv to champion the noble cause! I think Mr. Shaw's address was splendid, and think it should be published in pamphlet form and widely distributed. I should like a quantity of them to distribute. If you hav anything that I can do to help along the good work, don't hesitate to command me, for, remember, I am not afraid. I would send some cash for literature to distribute, but I am a subscriber to the Boston *Investigator* and I circulate a good many back numbers of that paper, and that takes all the cash I hav to spare just now. I feel much interested in your present work of getting the museums, etc., open on Sunday, and wish you success. They certainly can't keep it off much longer. I hav many a battle with the Christians here, and yet I can't trace the loss of a cent in my business or a single social slight to my advocacy of Freethought. I may be exceptionally fortunate, but such is my experience, and my views are well known to all with whom I come in contact. I get THE TRUTH SEEKER regularly. Wishing you and yours a happy and prosperous New Year, and success to Liberalism,

Yours very truly, F. M. BORDEN.

Friend Reynolds, in Utah, also sends messages from another field of progress. Evidently the western branch of Liberalism has plenty of life in spite of all the difficulties that surround it—perhaps because of those very difficulties which exist in a new country it has more of the spirit of go-ahead. I hope the tremendous fervor of the West will pulse through and break up into new forms the too much stratified life of the East.

Charles F. Blackburn, of Kaysville, Utah, writes:

A few days ago I took one hundred copies of *Investigator* and THE TRUTH SEEKER and distributed them to quite a number of the "Saints." It remains to be seen whether the "Holy Ghost" or the papers will beat in the case. I hav strong faith in the papers.

Geo. C. Viele, of Fillmore, Utah, writes:

FRIEND REYNOLDS: I called a business meeting of the Union here for the purpose of laying before it the matter of Mr. Putnam's tour. We came to this conclusion, that there are not more than four or five of us to do anything; therefore, we cannot pledge any money, but would see that Mr. Putnam was received at R. R. terminus and conveyed here and lodged free of charge while among us; and further we would find a hall for him in which to speak, and see that his coming was advertised properly. Beyond this we will do all we can, and we would like to hav Mr. Putnam with us. But little may seem to be accomplished at the time, still that little may make a ripple on the water that will touch some distant shore, or rouse some drowsy sentinel. There never was, in my estimation, a time when there was such urgent need of light in these valleys as just now; and a judicious outlay would undoubtedly bring a rich reward. I think we could make Utah one of the most Liberal places in the Union. The Nine Demands do not interfere with any man's religious rights. They proclaim equal liberty to all; special privileges to none. It givs one a chance to form any theory he please, so he does not practice that which infringes the liberty of his neighbor.

There are many hundreds of places like Fillmore where there are a few Liberals who would like to hear a lecture from those who represent the Freethought of the country, but who cannot pledge anything above expenses for such a lecture. It is to such places that the secretary desires mainly to go in order to unfold the material so that a larger work may come in the future. For this purpose we hav the campaign fund so that by a combination of all the Liberals of the land these weak places may be built up to strength and progress. Where Liberals are sufficiently prosperous to guarantee a fair remuneration to lecturer, they can secure the services of such lecturers as Remsburg, Reynolds, Burnham, Bell, Jamieson, Watts, Prof. Gunning, Helen H. Gardener, and Mrs. Krekle, who must, in almost every case, receive something above the expenses. When this cannot be done with justice to all, let the few but earnest Liberals who are willing to do what they can apply to the secretary of the Union, who will do all in his power to traverse these pioneer fields through the opportunity offered by national co-operation.

A. Larsen, of Deweyville, writes:

I had almost hoped that Mr. Putnam might be with us this month in order that we might hold our Convention on the 29th, the anniversary of the birthday of the noble hero, Thomas Paine. But we will not stop agitating, and sometime during the winter we must hold the meeting.

W. O. Williams, of Taache City, writes:

I hav called on some Liberals, and spoken to them about organization. I hav promises from two Liberals to aid in the matter. I am told that there are other Liberals in the neighborhood, and I will hunt them up. We may be able to organize here this year, for I find the interest in Liberalism increasing.

R. Clawson, of Ephraim, writes:

FRIEND REYNOLDS: Your letter of the 31st is before me. I must say that it givs me renewed hope and determination to strike for freedom when I read your letters in connection with encouraging words from other friends. I hav been doing what little I can to spread Liberal ideas, and circulate Freethought papers and pamphlets. I hav gained some ground, and some good and true friends, and a host of fanatical enemies. However, the prospect for the future is bright. There are a good many Freethinkers in this county. What is wanted is some interesting speaker to stir us to activity. I hope that Mr. Putnam will come. I want him to deliver lectures all through this county. He will be appreciated by the majority of the people.

Robert Wilson writes from Ogden:

Liberal friends here will make arrangements for Mr. Putnam's lecture. We must giv it as large an advertisment as possible, so that its influence may be felt. Yes, we need organization in this territory, but to accomplish that we must hav assistance, and a united force.

With such calls as these, and a wide field, the secretary must go to Utah, and this he will do as soon as he has delivered his ammunition to the directors of the museums and the legislature at Albany. Then for the boundless West with all its glorious possibilities. The world is a-making there, and we must put in the element that shall constitute it the grandest cosmos in the history of the world.

The Hornellsville Secular Society has organized with the following officers: Louis Bieger, pres.; Chas. J. Patten, 1st vice-pres.; Carl S. Hendershott, 2d vice-pres.; Chas. Couderman, sec.; Stephen Caston, assist.-sec; Geo. Couderman, treas. Charles Couderman writes that the organization is progressing finely.

The Dallas Secular Society has organized with the following officers: President, J. C. Hart; vice-president, R. Edmonds; sec. and treas., George Critien; executiv committee, J. Jackson, R. R. Herned, R. Edmonds.

The secretary writes: "We meet every Sunday at 3 P.M. The majority of those who attend the meetings are quite interested in the movement."

So far this year there are 100 annual members, 10 new life members, and 3 new societies. This shows that success is bound to come, and the record for this year will no doubt be better than that of any previous year. The world moves, and the American Secular Union moves with it.

Prof. W. D. Gunning lectured last Friday evening before the Liberal Club to a large and delighted audience. He is one of the most interesting and best-equipped speakers on the Liberal platform. He is a thorough-going radical thinker, one of the foremost scientific students in the country. His language is felicitous and full of meaning. He givs light and color to dry scientific data. Every Liberal organization in the country should secure his services upon the platform, both for their own benefit and for the noble presentation of truth, as we understand it, to the general public.

I lectured on Sunday evening before the New York Spiritualist Association on "The Demands of Humanity." Dr. Gunn and Burnham Wardwell followed with interesting addresses, in which the wants and social needs of man to-day were eloquently emphasized.

The Central Labor Union, backed by 50,000 working people of the city, hav forwarded to the American Secular Union a series of resolutions to be presented to the directors for the opening of the museums on Sunday. The working people realize where truth and justice are, and will be our allies to the end.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Communications.

The Religion of Humanity.

The first New York celebration of the "Festival of Humanity" was held under the auspices of the Society of Humanists on Friday evening, Jan. 1, 1886, at the establishment of M. Van den Nyden, 102 West Eleventh street, New York city. The dining room was most artistically decorated. Between seventy and eighty persons sat down to a substantial repast, and when the cloth was removed, toasts were responded to by Mr. Claude Rodd, Edward King, and others. The president, Hugh McGregor, in response to the toast of the London Positivist Society, read the following address written specially for the occasion by Mr. Frederic Harrison:

NEWTON HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND,
Newton, year 97, Dec. 16, 1885.

I.

It was with no small pleasure that the Positivist Society of London heard of the intention of their Positivist brothers in New York to meet at the opening of a new year, that they might commemorate the onward march of humanity, confirm their hopes and their belief, and kindle anew the sense of sympathy and brotherhood. A faith in the power and destinies of our common humanity would be a truly ridiculous affectation if it were consciously confined to one corner of the civilized world, or to one country, or race, or class of men. It is not so with us. The living spirit of humanity kindles in all to whom it comes a natural and instinctiv feeling of our human brotherhood, in the glow of which all kinds of divisions, limitations, exclusions, antipathies, fade away. Humanity creates a brotherhood purer, deeper, and stronger than ever was yet dreamed in any religion, in any patriotism, in any community. For, alone of all the harmonizing forces, humanity repudiates all kinds of exclusion, of race, of country, of class, of sect. The theologies, and Christendoms, and Godhoods of old time hav taught men many good things, and hav inspired many noble deeds; so too hav patriotism and Socialism, and many another form of generous fraternity and equality. But they hav all taught men as well to hate and attack all those who refused to stand within their fold. Christians burn with hostility to the Infidel; Deists despise the heathen; patriots curse the enemies of their country; Socialists preach the extermination of the rich; and the brotherhood of man in the mouths of Anarchists too often means the slaughter of their own fathers' sons. Even the republic, that name of the activ commonwealth sacred in the eyes of all Positivists after humanity itself, too often requires a rooted hostility to other types of society. Humanity alone is able to embrace all human good or force, to unite all men, and to fuse all classes, all sects, and all peoples. Humanity is far more than the brotherhood of man, for it reminds us of all the human races in the past, as well as in the future. It is coextensiv with the planet itself, and coeval with civilization in the sum.

Hence it is a comfort and an inspiration to all of us who seek to renew our lives by the light of trust in humanity to feel that in so many countries and cities there are gatherings of men and women, meeting on the same day, with so many languages, and with past history so different, but all converging to one idea, and filled by the same hopes. In London we meet at several places; in Manchester, in Liverpool, in Birmingham, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in Leicester, and in many other spots; so too in France—in Paris, in Hâvre, in Rouen, in Bordeaux, in Lyons, in Marseilles; in Holland; also in Denmark, in Sweden, in Hungary. So, too, in Russia our devoted friend, Mr. Frey, is carrying on his courageous teaching. Across the Atlantic, in the Eastern and in the far Western states and territories, and in Canada, the same spirit is at work; and in sundry places in India, in China, and in Japan.

We meet to fill our minds with the immensity of humanity amongst living men, and also with the permanence of humanity, since the days of the rude men—men who lived in caves and fought bears and mammoths; and with the boundless future of humanity, when all these miserable distinctions of church, sect, class, nationality, association, and party shall be enlarged into the supreme brotherhood of Humanity; when the color of the skin, or the function in the public work of industry, or the dross of gold or land-wealth, or the language spoken, or the area of our city or state, or the faith that we acknowledge, shall no longer separate man from man, but all men shall be equally children of our mother Humanity, and classed only by the value of their service given to Humanity.

II.

In the accounts we hav received in London of the formation of the Positivist group in New York, nothing has given us greater satisfaction than to see that it is entirely spontaneous, free, and self-formed. In our eyes all healthy Positivism is essentially spontaneous and free. It is the only really spontaneous religion now extant. It is not and cannot be a faith or superstitious dogma, imposed by authority from without, and accepted or submitted to in blind trust that good will come out of obedient discipleship. All modern religions are so taught and propagated. And most modern systems of political or social regeneration are imposed from without by eager and powerful natures acting on weaker ones, in blind trust, or with, at best, belief in a doctrin that is very simple and easily grasped, right or wrong.

Positivism, by its nature, is nothing of the kind. It means the acceptance, upon conviction, of positiv truths, all at any time capable of demonstration. "Positivism" is a French word meaning the "habit of trusting to what has been and can be *proved*." Positivism, to translate it freely, means "the scientific faith; the habit of resting our lives and our beliefs on solid, provable certainties that we can understand and teach to others." Hence it excludes all *blind* trust in authority, and all cut-and-dried formulas. No man can be a real Positivist unless he is convinced of certain scientific truths; and as these truths are numerous and lie in many different spheres, partly intellectual, partly moral, partly practical, and belong to philosophy, to politics, and to personal duty and conduct, no man can be a convinced Positivist all of a sudden by such an inspiration or emotion as what is called "conversion" in religious communities, and sometimes in Socialist communities. Positivism does not jump down a man's throat or flash into his brain in a minute. It is a habit of mind, a frame of heart, a type of character, slowly formed by reflection, practice, and experience. The Christian missionary is fond of converting a whole meeting in a sermon or two. The converted believer cries out (often in a state of mere excitement), "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!" and he would find it very difficult to put in rational words what he believed, or what he ought to do in consequence of his belief. The whole thing is a rather hysterical spasm, and thus it is that after a few loud sermons and some louder and noisier hymns, and often drums, whole crowds of people, bad, good, and indifferent, are said to be converted in a week. Some of the political and Socialist propagandists act in a similarly spasmodic way. Now, Positivism, being in its terms "scientific conviction," and practical purpose of living a definit life to a given end, does not seek to convert in this way. Conviction must ripen slowly, and character, to be efficient, must be formed by effort and practice. And a humane heart and spirit must come by a long habit of humane sympathy in act, word, and thought. A true Positivist would rather say: "Humanity, I believe, after examination; and what I do not understand I do not believe, but I will try to understand by further inquiry, and in the mean time I will try to act up to what I do understand." That seems to me more the key-note of a Positivist prayer, meaning by prayer, "The inward resolution to act outwardly up to our highest ideal of right."

We never seek to hasten a Positivist conviction. It would not be conviction if we did. Most of our most zealous brothers hav deliberately occupied themselvs for years in reflection and in satisfying their minds. Nor do we care if we only number here and, there a few hundreds. Those few hundreds, if they hav conviction and energy, will impress their belief on others by thousands and thousands. We are not in a hurry, and wish to avoid all pressure on others. We do not seek to disturb any man's sincere religious belief if he is comfortable in it, and it enables him to liv a right life. We do not think that those who are not Positivists are going to hell, or are in a bad way, or are not doing their duty to humanity in honest ways as useful citizens. All honest men are servants to humanity, all are children of humanity, and all are promoting the ultimate triumph of humanity, whether they know it or not, and whether they cling to one of the old beliefs or not. After all, the simple spirit of the gospel is a part of the Religion of Humanity, and so is the sympathetic spirit of Socialism. Both Evangelicals and Socialists would be better and stronger men, I think, if they gave up the cruder and narrower dogmas that separate them from their fellows, and if they could recognize the larger truths and inspirations of humanity. But in the mean time, though they cling to a narrower platform, we can recognize the good in them. Positivism, in fact, is the most free, the most sure, the most spontaneous, and most humane form of all belief, because its true dominant ideas are *scientific certainty* and *humanity as a whole*, and these two ideas exclude all superstition, coercion, dogmatism on the one side, and all sectarianism and sectional prejudice on the other.

III.

But, when we speak of conviction and scientific certainty, we assuredly do not mean that Positivism can only admit learned persons, or that it is merely a new kind of philosophy. On the contrary it is essentially a moral and social regeneration, based on philosophical certainties, and leading to political and practical reforms. But the philosophy is merely in its doctrinal basis, and the political reforms are in its future hopes and ideals. On the one hand, it does not mean that all Positivists must be philosophers, nor that all regeneration must lie in political reforms. The center and essence of Positivism lies in a humane life of sympathy and practical duty—in the spirit of its cardinal precept, "Life for others." "Liv for others" is the core of the Religion of Humanity, and everyone with a good heart and manly character can act up to this without being a philosopher, without being learned, or rich, or powerful. The most hardly-worked toiler, the most ignorant. the most unhappy, can act up to this, do their duty, and feel happier and nobler by doing it. We, most of us, however hard or lonely be our lot, hav homes, family, friends, comrades. We hav parents, sisters, brothers, wives, children, companions, fellow-citizens. We can, most of us, help our own family, do our duty in our own homes, improve our own knowledge, bring up our own offspring, influence our own neighbors, animate our fellows, work for a great cause, and feel the nobler for a great ideal by trying to know humanity better, to liv more vividly the lives of servants of humanity, and by sustaining our purposes by the hope of humanity. If we do this honestly, unflinchingly, and intelligently, then we are good Positivists, and none can be better.

But, although Positivism has a central essential precept, Liv for others, and a central dominant ideal, Humanity, it is not to be supposed that this is all, and that it stops there. This is enough for those whose lot is at present so hemmed about by hard necessity that they can get at no more. But it is only enough, whilst others are working to get at more, and to make Positivism a reality as a whole. Positivism is not to be reduced, like the gospel of Christ, or the Sermon on the Mount, to a simple precept such as "Love and fear God, and do unto your neighbor as you would be done by." Positivism in saying, "Liv for others," has expanded all this into a set of solid and practical precepts adapted to our life at home, in public, in industry, in education, in politics—showing what we ought to do and why we ought to do it, in our conduct toward our parents, wives and husbands, children, friends, and the public. It has shown what we ought to learn, wherein and how to learn it, how and in what spirit we ought to work, what the state ought to do for us, and what we ought to do for the state. Altogether, it has offered a complete practical sketch of the best type of home, of education, of work-shop, of farm, of school, of church, of health, of republic, of club, of government, of senate and representation, of municipality and city. It givs a type of the way in which citizens may liv a healthy, moral, industrious, useful, religious, social, and patriotic life. All this is not imposed by authority of any pope, priest, king, or dictator, but a free scheme of life to be accepted on conviction, resting on evidence, argument, and proof. No man is asked to adopt it, unless or until it satisfies his reason and his sympathies. Nor is it contended, as we contend in Newton Hall, that all this mass of educational, social, political, and moral precept has to be formally acknowledged as binding before any man can be reckoned a real Positivist. That is not how we read Auguste Comte, or teach his reading to others. We say, here are the types of life he recommends, and here are the reasons on which he recommends them. You can adopt them as far as you are honestly persuaded, or can follow his reasoning. If that reasoning does not convince you, do not pretend that it does. But the scheme holds together all of a piece, that you cannot pick out here and there bits that you like, that it all rests on a mass of ideas in history, science, and philosophy to which you probably never gave a thought in your life. Wait, ponder, inquire, and compare, mindful always that a regeneration of human life and thought was not designed by Auguste Comte exactly according to the point of view of American citizens in the year 1886; that there were tens of thousands of years of human life before 1886, and millions and millions of keen, earnest, brave souls who lived neither in America nor in Europe.

We do not ask a convinced Positivist to acccept all that may be found in the mass of Comte's writings. That we think would be treason against Positivism and scientific proof. It will be enough if a convinced Positivist intelligently accepts the great Positivist precepts with all that they imply. In the moral and essential sphere, "Liv for others," liv in activ employment of your social faculties and instincts. In the intellectual world, rest in "Order and progress;" that is, rest in demonstrativ knowledge and in view of human improvement. In the political and social sphere, "Liv without concealment;" *i. e.*, make your life a pattern to your neighbor, and seek to guide him through his reason, and never to effect a good end by secrecy, fraud, or conspiracy.

In behalf of our London Society of Newton Hall, I offer you a brotherly welcome in your young movement, and wish you a good work of it in the name of Humanity. FREDERIC HARRISON,
President Positivist Com. of London.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is sent free to any address upon application.

The Bruno Statue.

The opening of the year is the proper time for a further report in regard to the Bruno statue at Rome. The subscriptions received will be found below, amounting to a total of $251.88 on the second instalment, which, with the first instalment of $200 (forwarded), makes $451.88. This leaves $548.12 to be subscribed before the $1,000 promised from America is made up.

As to the nature and progress of the undertaking at Rome, an accident has enabled me to lay before the public very satisfactory information. The accident was the loss of a letter to me from the committee at Rome. This led me, about two months ago, to write to our fellow-citizen, Daniel G. Thompson, Esq., well-known in our city as a lawyer, and to our scholars as the author of a very able work on *Psychology*, and other books, and who was then at Florence on his way to Rome. I requested him to make thorough inquiry as to this whole undertaking, and particularly as to the four points which are covered by his report. We could not hav had a more competent or a more devoted inquirer. He was afforded every facility by Judge Stallo, our minister to Italy; by many well-known citizens of Rome, and especially by the committee itself, and he writes as follows:

ROME, Dec. 20, 1885.

I met with Dr. Giovanni Amici, the secretary, and about a dozen other members of the working committee, with whom I had a very pleasant interview. They showed me the books, with the amount you sent credited, and informed me that a letter had been sent to you acknowledging the receipt, and answering your inquiries. I gather the following as the results of my attention to the subject:

1. The local members of the International Honorary Committee are men of high character and position. The list includes some of the very best men in Rome. How far they are giving personal attention to the scheme I do not know. The work is mainly done by the Committee Universal Central, consisting of students. These young men I met and was much pleased with their appearance. I presume they consult with the members of the Honorary Committee, and act under the advice of the latter. Of course these students hav their careers yet before them, but they are all men of respectable standing.

2. No application has been made to the authorities for permission to erect the monument. The explanation of this which was given to us by the committee is that they hav no apprehension of a refusal, but they desire to wait until enough is subscribed to substantially insure the success of the enterprise before applying for the requsit leave. Already they hav on their books about 9,000 francs, and they expect to need from 25,000 to 30,000. It is the opinion here that no difficulty whatever will be experienced in getting the consent of the municipality to the use of the Campo de Fiori for this purpose.

3. The time of commencement and completion is thus as yet left indefinit. It will depend upon the success of the subscription. This insured, there is little doubt of the work being pressed by the committee, whose members seem very enthusiastic.

4. The Campo de Fiori is for Rome a more than usually large public square entirely inclosed with building. It is *in a very good part* of one of the *poorer quarters* of the town. There are some fine buildings not far off, but none immediately upon the square. It might perhaps be compared to Tompkins Square in New York, although there is no park and the square is much smaller; but I mean as to relativ character of the surroundings. There is one line of omnibuses passing, though no tramways, but many other vehicles of all sorts constantly. It is used for a vegetable market on one side. There is a fountain near the center, but no other embellishment. The Bruno monument will look well there. The square is large enough to giv a good effect.

I believe this covers the points respecting which you wished for information. I see no reason for abating any effort you may be putting forth, or for doubting that the scheme will go through.

I encouraged the committee all I could by words and also by a small subscription. Judge Stallo, too, said he thought he should send them something.

The address of the committee seems to hav been changed to No. 119 Governo Vecchio. They hav a room at the latter place.

I leave Rome in a day or two, but if I can serve you further in this or anything else, I am always yours to command.

Sincerely yours, DANIEL G. THOMPSON.

T. B. Wakeman, Esq.

The letter of the committee referred to by Mr. Thompson was received by me a few days before his came to hand. The information it givs is so similar to his report that it is only proper to add a few additional items:

1. They assure us that the municipality has been thoroughly sounded on the subject, and that there is no doubt that the site for the statue will be formally granted just as soon as the fund collected is large enough to insure its erection. When this grant is made, the statue passes under the protection and guarantee of the city, and its safety and permanence are secured ever after. The plan of having a corporate society to own the site and statue is not practicable under Italian law.

2. The idea that the papacy could at any time or in any way prevent the erection of this statue, or cause the removal, is scouted as absurd. (Such a result, it seems, might occur in America, but not now in Rome.)

3. The work has been laid out and the design much improved by the artist, owing largely to the enlarged contribution promised from America, for which the committee express their warmest gratitude.

4. The time of the erection depends upon the increase of the subscription. They still hope to lay the corner-stone this winter, and to hav the inauguration on the anniversary of Bruno's execution, Feb. 16, 1887, at which event they hope and expect America to take part.

So much for Italy. In this country we hav made but little progress with the subscription during the last three months. The amounts should be increased much more rapidly. They will be at once deposited so as to be perfectly safe, and will be reported at Rome so as to count as a part of the subscription on the strength of which the grant of the site is to be obtained. As soon as the grant is made the amount will be forwarded. The money will in this way at once urge on and secure the purpose for which it is given, without being beyond control, until the grant of the site is actually secured.

Two events remain to be mentioned: the sudden death of Hon. Elizur Wright, who was a member of our committee, one of our most liberal contributors, and one of the most earnest promoters of our undertaking. Even the busy world stopped a moment to add its tribute of respect to the works and memory of this good and glorious old man. But to those who had become accustomed for years to look to him for help and cheer in every word and work for liberty, at home or abroad, the loss is irreparable. He had been so long with us that we had forgotten to expect his death. He had already joined the immortals by his deeds before death came to make his immortality secure. His spirit will liv with and work for us in our efforts to make liberty a reality by reversing the sentence of Bruno and placing his statue in the Eternal City!

We hope that Mr. Walter C. Wright, in every sense the son of his father, will take his place on our committee.

The other untoward event we hav to note is the unfortunate illness which has prevented Col. R. G. Ingersoll from giving his lecture upon Bruno and from using his voice in public lectures at all of late. That this disability is temporary all friends of liberty will rejoice to hear. But we cannot ask him to lecture on Bruno, as he has promised to do, when he is unable to keep his own engagements.

Prof. Thomas Davidson has engaged to lecture for the fund in Brooklyn, and may in Boston and elsewhere if sufficient results are assured. He may be addressed at Orange, N. J., and his lecture on Bruno will be an event never to be forgotten in the life of anyone who is privileged to hear it.

The result is this: If we wish the Bruno monument erected over the place of his execution we must go right on putting up the money, and it will be done! The friends of liberty in Europe and America must do it. Let those who hav contributed, or hav not, lay the matter before their friends and send forward their subscriptions to me as early as possible. They will be reported at Rome so as to obtain the grant of the site, and be forwarded as soon as the grant is made.

T. B. WAKEMAN,
Authorized Agent, 93 Nassau st., New York.

New York, Jan. 4, 1886, Era of Man 286.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

S. R. Urbino	$5.00
W. H. Kouther	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Swan	1.00
S. P. Putnam	2.00
Owen T. Davies	1.00
W. H. Blow	1.00
Hussels & Brown	1.00
L. Lamb	2.00
R. Rowland	1.00
J. Guger	1.00
E. Puvene	1.00
J. Guilley	1.00
G. Rammelhaup	1.00
C. Brown	1.00
C. Thompson	1.00
M. Davis	1.00
R. Williams	1.00
W. Stevens	2.00
W. Roberts	2.00
	27.00
Previously acknowledged in THE TRUTH SEEKER	28.45
John P. Roe, of Cleveland,	5.00
Heretofore acknowledged on second instalment	191.43
Total	$251.88

The Great First Cause.

A friend says, "Why not call the first great cause, God?" To this query there are many objections. First, there is no single cause that is first or last. Where there is no beginning there can be no first; matter, being eternal "with all its powers and potency, cannot possibly hav any first, middle, or end."

The whole universe of matter, of suns, stars, and planets, seems to be composed of the same elements. And every atom of matter is instinct with life and energy.

Behind the atoms there is no one "great first cause," because there is no behind to that which has no beginning. We all hav a desire to know the beginning and the end. The science of teleology, of final causes, has a charm for the thinker, but it is impossible to search out what has no existence, and therefore the first cause and last cause are names that hav no meaning (as regards the vast whole). They are also almost meaningless when used in connection with single identities; for causes are so linked and combined that no one cause ever acts alone. No energy is created or lost; it is only transmuted or changed. All is conserved, and so, where nothing is created or lost, there is no need for a God.

The word god has millions of meanings. A friend was looking over my album one day and saw the photograph of an old man. He suddenly exclaimed, "That picture represents God as I always see him in my mind—even to his very dress."

Nearly all who believe in a God make him anthropomorphic, and indeed it is impossible to think of a "Superior Being" and hav him aught but human. All gods that are not beings are baseless shadows of nothingness.

To love and worship we need a being, and one of feelings like our own. Each man's god is only a superior image of his own best self.

This is why I want the very name erased from existence, and only matter left as the cause of all that is.

We do not want the "Unknowable," the "All-Being," the "Omnipresent Power," "The Deity," "The Infinit Person," or any other "Intelligent Designer." These are all mere names of some "being" that we repudiate. We want only matter and its evolutions.

We want what is, and not what dreamers fancy may be. It takes no God behind each atom or life-cell to form living organized existences.

The living energy and life in matter is all-sufficient for everything that is or will be. On our little earth progress seems to be the rule, and day by day human nature is improving—growing more kind, intelligent, tender, and humane.

As the love of cruelty dies out, wars and punishment will cease, and love and fraternity will grow and increase till men and women will be better than any God ever conceived of by the grandest mind yet evolved from the elements. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Watch Them.

Several years ago, some time in 1865 or thereabout, all books and small packages were carried by express companies. The companies reaped millions, and exacted without limit or conscience. They charged for carrying a Missouri Report, one volume, from St. Louis to this village three dollars. This was the last straw that broke the ass's back. Consequence was row, newspaper controversy. Express agent from Iowa came down to see Missouri man whose hog and hominy rations had made him dyspeptic and quarrelsome. Perhaps also he was not "trooly loil." Anyhow, agent assured man 'twas "all right, charges regular and customary." Man "cussed." Agent laughed at him. That laughter suggested an idea, and the man told the agent his "company should suffer for it." This put agent into such ecstasy that he returned to Iowa roaring and laughing all the way, first having requested man to inform him when "the sufferings would begin."

It happened the man had a few friends in Congress. Among others was his good old friend, Daniel S. Norton, senator for Minnesota, and a true man of the people. He wrote to Mr. Norton and asked him to get up a bill to permit the people to send books, packages, etc., of a few pounds weight, by mail. Mr. Norton pushed through a bill, just as Congress adjourned, to allow several pounds to pass through the mail far a sum ridiculously low. The result was, the mails were burdened, and express companies lost millions. Man wrote to agent and asked if the company's "sufferings had begun." Postmaster Cresswell was besieged by the express companies to hav bill repealed. He used all his efforts to hav it done, but instead of repeal it was modified. The people had a taste of this great blessing. For this one act the memory of the Hon. Daniel S. Norton deserves to be held in sacred remembrance by all people. Let it never be forgotten. But now, to-day, the express companies, through one of their hired agents in high place, are working to deprive us of this great blessing. He has asked Congress to repeal a beneficent act because it does not pay as yet. It don't pay because not one in a hundred knows of the privilege. If anything, the rate should be lowered.

The express companies which rob the railways of their legitimate business would deprive the people of this great privilege of sending packages of books and merchandise, etc., by mail.

It does not look well for our Democratic party that no sooner is it in power than one of its highest officials abuses his trust to plead in the interest of one of the most grasping, heartless of corporations. Not a word has he for the welfare of the people under the act. "It don't pay." No! It don't pay the express companies.

Now, Mr. Editor, and you, ye grand old audience of truth seekers—many tens of thousands ye are—I appeal to you. Watch this game! Write to your Congressmen and Senators. You can do as much as "any other man!" That is what your Senators and representativs are there for. Unless you do so, be sure the privilege will be taken from you. Already a disposition is shown in Congress to table and swamp every motion for the benefit of the poor women and children of our country, for those who are by four-fifths majority the masses. HOLT.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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THE
TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL
AND
FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC.
1886.

Containing, besides the 1886 Calendar, an Article on the Progress of Freethought in the United States during 1885; statistics of money paid to the churches from state treasuries, etc.; a splendid story by James Payne, entitled, "The Curate of Churnside;" a true statement of the facts concerning Voltaire's death, etc., etc.; also

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Portraits of all the great English Freethinkers and scientists; pictures of Girard College, the Lick Observatory, the Waco, Texas, Freethought Hall, Paine Memorial, Mr. Reynolds's Tent, etc.

PRICE, - - - - - 25 CENTS.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR RENEWALS, and we hope all will be prompt. If we are to print pictures this year, the subscription list must be lengthened. That those inclined to help add to the list may find it no hard matter, we make the following low terms:

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Trinity Church's Pest Holes.

The Constitution Club met on the evening of January 6th to hear the report of a committee appointed last November to "examin into the condition of the tenement houses of New York city." Dr. R. A. Gunn is chairman of the committee. He had, he said, made some notes of his explorations, which he would read:

"I hav been practicing," he said, "in this city for over ten years, and hav become thoroughly acquainted with the tenement house question. What I am going to tell you now is not, however, what I hav seen in past years, but what has come under my eyes in the past four weeks. In the first place, the law requiring the name of the owner or agent of the property to be posted in the hallway of each tenement house is, so far as I hav seen, never complied with. For this reason it is generally very difficult to find who is responsible for the terrible state of many buildings.

"I hav learned, however, that Trinity church is the owner of the worst tenement houses in the city. Trinity church has the universal reputation, I find, among the wretched people who are forced to liv in such places, of being the hardest and the meanest landlord in New York. The policy of the Trinity church corporation is to never make repairs on a tenement house they own, but to let it actually fall to pieces, until no one, however wretched, can liv in it. Then the corporation tears it down and builds a store or warehouse or a comparativly expensiv flat house. But it never spends its money to improve the condition of the poor. I may seem to be making sweeping accusations, but I know whereof I speak. Let anyone who wishes to verify my statements go, for example, to the building No. 34 Laight street, which is owned by Trinity church. The building runs through to Vestry street, and is inhabited by two hundred people. On the ground floor, on the Laight street side, is a liquor store, although Trinity church professes never to rent it to liquor-dealers. The building is in the most terrible condition imaginable. The floors of the halls are covered with filth from overflowed sinks and closets. The halls are so dark that it is almost impossible to see one's hand before one's face. The stairways are broken. The skylights on the top floor are kept fastened, and how any human being can liv in such a den it is difficult to imagin.

"No. 63 Watts street is another tenement house owned by Trinity, and rented to its occupants directly from Trinity's office. My attention was called to it by an outbreak of scarlet fever some months ago. The father of the sick children went to Trinity's office and complained of the defectiv plumbing. He was told that if he didn't like it he could get out. The cellar, gentlemen, was filled a foot deep with sewage that had leaked from the broken sewer pipes. The floors of the halls were so covered with filth from the same source that it deadened the sound of one's footsteps. The board of health was notified and was forced to order Trinity to make some repairs, as scarlet fever was a contagious disease.

"It has, however, been my experience," contiuued the doctor parenthetically, "that the board of health is an expensiv and useless institution. Time after time I hav notified them of glaring nuisances, and in almost every case my complaints hav been treated with supreme indifference. The great majority of my colleagues throughout the city will agree with me that this has also been their experience as far as the board of health is concerned. But to return to the tenement house question. On King street, between Varick and Hudson, is a whole row of wretched tenements owned by Trinity church. They are in the most deplorable condition, and their wretched occupants said that it would do no good to ask that anything be done, for they had asked in vain over and over again. At No. 522 Washington street is another specimen tenement which Trinity owns. Its condition is almost as bad as the rest of which I hav spoken."

Trinity church, it will be remembered, is the corporation which holds some $15,000,000 worth of property, $9,000,000 of which pays no taxes. The corporation derives an income of some $400,000 per annum from its holdings, most of which is paid by the tenement houses. The policy of the directors is to receive all and giv nothing. A few years ago about all of the houses owned by Trinity were let for gin-mills and infamous houses, but of late years the corporation has claimed that none of its property was occupied by other than reputable people. The investigations of Dr. Gunn—who, by the way, has for many years been a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER—conclusivly prove that in making this claim the secretary of the corporation has been wilfully mistaken.

A friend givs us the further information that during the recent cold snap in this city a tenant of one of these wretched Trinity church dens was ejected for non-payment of thirty dollars rent, and his family and his few household goods placed upon the sidewalk. This was done under the personal inspection of one of the directors of the corporation. In another house owned by Trinity, the stairways were in such a rotten condition that a woman fell through, bruising her leg and causing an abscess to form upon her thigh. Since then, our friend, a member of the Constitution Club, says the corporation has expended a few dollars in repairing the stairway. How many more of such cases will come to the light through the investigations of the club is, of course, not known, but it is believed there will be many.

The barbarity of this Christian association controling such an immense amount of property is revolting. The Constitution Club will hav earned the heartiest thanks of all decent people if it can force these followers of the "meek and lowly Jesus" to pay some attention to the commonest requirements of civilization.

Bradlaugh in Parliament.

A despatch from London, dated the 13th inst., describes the swearing in of members of the new English Parliament. We clip that portion relating to the taking of the oath by Charles Bradlaugh:

"There was a crush of members offering themselvs to take the oath on the meeting of the House of Commons to-day. They were sworn in in batches. Among the crowd was Mr. Bradlaugh, who cordially shook hands with the speaker. Mr. Peel, before the swearing in of members began, said it was his duty to inform the house that he had received a letter from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer and Conservativ leader of the House of Commons, regarding Mr. Bradlaugh, and giving a historical retrospect of the latter's case, which, Mr. Peel said, need not be read. The latter also said that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach thought that Mr. Bradlaugh should not be allowed to take the oath without the house being afforded a chance of expressing an opinion on the subject. He believed that the house, when fully constituted, would decline to sanction the administering of the oath to Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Peel said that he was unable to recognize anything done by a previous Parliament in regard to the case of Mr. Bradlaugh, and he (the speaker) was powerless to prevent him from taking the oath. He could take the oath and take the risks of the law if any were involved. Mr. Bradlaugh stalked the floor of the house in a defiant manner, kissed the Bible unctuously, shook hands with the speaker smilingly, and drove away directly after being sworn in. He was heartily cheered as he departed from the building by a large crowd of his supporters who were gathered outside. There is a growing desire among the Conservativs not to exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from the House of Commons. It is believed that the government will not insist upon excluding him unless urged to do so."

In a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Bradlaugh says: "I hav always believed the Parliamentary oath to be fully, completely, and unreservedly binding upon my conscience."

As a lawyer winning his case we must congratulate Mr. Bradlaugh upon his success. From the standpoint of a Freethinker we do not precisely understand his position in this last statement.

The Museums Again.

The Christian papers and preachers of this city hav suddenly awakened to an intense interest in the workingman. They all want him to hav a Saturday half-holiday, so he can visit the museums and feast his eyes on the treasures contained therein. This interest is commendable, but suspicious. The suspicious part is that every time they urge the Saturday half-holiday they denounce the movement for the Sunday opening of the museums.

The latest examples of this suspicious interest in the horny-handed laborer are the *Christian Advocate* and the *Independent*—both able journals in their way, but monstrously unfair toward opponents. Three ways of opposing the Sunday opening of the museums hav been developed during the past two months. The first is to abuse the American Secular Union. The second is to quote from English authorities that workingmen do not want the museums opened. The third is to say that as the museums are partially supported by private donations, the donors should be allowed to control the museums.

The *Christian Advocate* dwells upon the first two of these so-called arguments. Mr. Buckley opposes the Sunday opening because Mr. Samuel P. Putnam is urging it. He dislikes Mr. Putnam because back of him is the American Secular Union, with Robert G. Ingersoll as president, and back of the Union are the Infidels of the country.

To this, of course, there is but one reply. It is true. But if the Infidels are the only advocates of a public benefit, so much the better for the Infidels, and so much the worse for the Christians. It is, however, history repeating itself.

The *Advocate's* second point, quoted from Mr. Jesup's pamphlet, that the English people do not open their museums on Sundays, is entirely irrelevant, and scarcely worth noticing. In England church and state are directly united, and the church largely controls the will of the people. To say the English people do not want the museums opened on Sundays is to say that the church does not want them. We in this country do not want, and do not care for, the opinions of the English clergy. But that Mr. Jesup may be entirely wrong, and that the English people really do desire to hav the museums opened, is not impossible. We copy this from the London *Truth*:

"The Manchester Art Gallery was last Sunday thrown open to the public free of charge, and over twelve thousand artisans availed themselvs of the opportunity of visiting it. These numbers speak for themselvs, and prove strongly that the working classes are only too glad to improve their minds when the chance is given them on a day on which they hav a few hours to call their own. And here is another proof that the privilege was not in any way abused. All the catalogs which were lent were returned at the door with one single exception, and that was sent back by post on the next day."

The *Independent* bears down upon the dollars and cents side of the question. Taking Mr. Jesup's pamphlet as authority, it thus states the case:

"The collections on exhibition in both the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural History hav been made by private gentlemen, at their own expense. By agreement with the city, and for the benefit of the city, the city provides a place for their exhibition—good buildings and good location. The city also appropriates fifteen thousand dollars a year, exactly, to the support of the museums. This is used in part for salaries, and in part to keep the buildings in repair. Less than half the expense of equipping the museums is paid by the city. Thus the Museum of Natural History has received during its existence, omitting value of public land on which it stands and building, a total sum of $430,838.18. Of this $110,722.99, or a little more than one-quarter, has come from the city. The rest has come from generous private patrons. It costs twenty-five thousand dollars a year for the current expenses of this museum, and of this ten thousand dollars has to be paid by members and trustees.

. The city has not organized the museums, has not provided the objects on exhibition, and pays but three-fifths of the expense of keeping them open."

A more misleading, not to say dishonest, statement could scarcely be made. The most protuberant evasion of the truth is the little parenthetical sentence, "omitting value of the public land on which it stands and building," and the more decided insinuation that both museums cost the city but $30,000 per year.

In the first place, the buildings for the museums hav cost the city an enormous sum. *New York is now paying interest on* **$958,000.00** *worth of bonds, representing money given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Museum of Natural History.* We do not know precisely how this has been divided between the two, but as the Metropolitan Museum received one year $162,500.00 for enlarging the building, it is presumable that the Natural History Museum has received that much less than the Metropolitan. Taking the $162,500.00 from the $958,000.00 given to both leaves $795,500.00 divided between them—if the division has been fair. This would giv Mr. Jesup's institution $397,750.00. Add to this the $110,722.99 which he acknowledges having received from the city up to January 1, 1885, and we hav $508,472.99 against $320,115.19 received from all other sources. It will be seen, therefore, that instead of the city having paid but a little more than one-quarter of the expense of Mr. Jesup's museum it has paid nearly two-thirds of the total expense of building and running the museum.

The other point in the *Independent's* editorial is that it costs $25,000 per year each to run the museums, of which the city pays only $15,000 to each. Again is the statement misleading. Allowing that it costs $50,000 per year to maintain both institutions, we affirm that the city spends more than four times as much upon the museums as do the "generous private patrons." The trustees and the "generous private patrons" contribute about $20,000 annually to the support of the institutions. The same institutions cost the municipality of New York $84,530.00 annually. The stock of these institutions is in three issues, as follows:

	Principal.	Interest.
At 4 per cent,.....	$2,000.00	$80.00
" 5 " "	291,000.00	14,550.00
" 6 " "	665,000.00	39,900.00
Total, ...	$958,000.00	$54,530.00

Add to the interest on the stock of these museums the $30,000 given to them annually, and we hav $84,530.00 as the annual cost to the city of the institutions which, according to the Christian president of the American Museum of Natural History, and his Christian echoes in the city, are chiefly provided for by "generous private patrons." O Humbug, what a snug nestling-place thou findest in the church!

And now, in addition, comes Mr. Jesup asking for $200,000.00 more for his museum. We are afraid this straw will break the camel's back. Already the museums cost the tax-payers $84,530.00 per year, and they get no good from them, because the doors are locked on the only day the most workers can spare the time to visit Central Park, but Mr. Jesup modestly asks them to take on the extra burden of $12,000.00, annual interest on another issue of stock of $200,000.00! But before recommending this grant we recommend our Board of Estimate and Apportionment to carefully read these resolutions from the *Boycotter*, a journal representing the Central Labor Union, an organization numbering from thirty to forty thousand workingmen:

"WHEREAS, Expenditures for the use of museums, libraries, and other institutions which are not open on Sunday, are not for the benefit of the working people, inasmuch as they cannot enjoy these institutions unless they are open to the public on that day:

"*Resolved*, That we protest against the granting of any more sums of money from the public treasury for the support of the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art while they are closed on Sunday, and taxpayers are deprived of the benefit of the funds thus appropriated.

"*Resolved*, That, as workingmen, we especially protest against the appropriation of $200,000 for the enlargement of the American Museum of Matural History, except on the condition that it is open on Sunday.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be sent to the board of estimate and apportionment as a protest against such expenditures, where the rights and enjoyments of the working people, who bear the greater part of the burden of taxation, are not considered."

We recommend, also, that the arrogant officials of the museums pay a little more heed to the expressed wishes of the people of this city, or what the city is now doing for the institutions under their management may be undone. If the trustees do not grant the secretary of the American Secular Union a hearing upon the petitions now in his hands, or if they point-blank refuse to open the museums, it seems to us that public sentiment will compel the politicians to refuse any further aid from the city. If the present movement shall hav no beneficent fruition, another and another will be organized. When the people thoroughly understand their wrongs, they are very apt to see them righted.

Editorial Notes.

THE editor of the *Journalist*, in "giving valuable space to what the Ministerial Union, a Philadelphia coterie of evangelical imbecils, has lately voted to remark about Sunday newspapers," observes: "The truth in a nutshell is, that the world moves. Its news must be gathered and printed at least once, sometimes twice, and occasionally three or four times, a day. Prejudice and theological batteries cannot unlimber the press, truth's mightiest engin. Doctors of divinity well know, but hate to confess, that the progressiv American editor is a more influential teacher to-day than any of the surpliced cranks who disgrace the pulpit and mire religion by hypocritical acts and words. Striving against the inevitable, they blindly aim to prevent Freethought, and would dictate to men and women of culture what brain nourishment is required, and when it ought to be taken. Out upon such cant and Phariseeism! The accepted and acceptable newspaper of this era is a daily. Its has no vacations. Its calendar is an unbroken year. Holidays it ignores (save to report their haps and mishaps), and the Sabbath is only one day of seven in a week of events which the people expect to hav published. As the Ministerial Union is lagging so far behind the age, I summarily jerk it before the bar of public opinion." We are afraid Mr. Forman will injure the sensibilities of some of the clergy by these rather frank remarks.

LAST summer several murders were committed in Texas in a very mysterious manner. This winter two other crimes of of the same nature hav followed. The authorities hav been unable to trace the murderers, whose work was performed in a peculiarly cruel way. One woman had a sharp instrument driven into her ear, penetrating the brain. A servant-girl was brained with a hatchet. Others were put to death in various fiendish ways. Last week, the authorities of Austin were convinced, they found the murderer in the person of a Mexican who is crazed by religion. He is, he says, controled by the Almighty, who moves him and directs his actions, and one of the directions is to go out at night and draw blood. Probably he has been a Roman Catholic, and believing that the ancient bloody work of this church was the Lord's doings, is trying to emulate the pious examples of numerous churchmen.

THE Whitminster Secular School, founded by Mr. Glegg Bullock, a wealthy English gentleman, and under the supervision of the editor of the *Secular Review*, is in a very flourishing condition. T. Evan-Jacob, the principal, writes to the *Review* that the merits of the school are being widely recognized, Professor Huxley being among those commending the institution. "We are," says Mr. Evan-Jacob, "a godless, prayerless crew," but every day's work of the school is commenced with this exhortation: "Be good, be honorable, be true, and let your speech be pure." If the boys follow out this exhortation, there can be no fear for their future. They will be of much greater worth to the world than the goody-goody young hypocrits graduated from theological seminaries.

THE publishers of the *Popular Science Monthly* hav notified us that General John Newton, chief of engineers, United States army, originator of the plan and director of the work, has prepared a complete account of the operations for the removal of the obstructions at Hell Gate, from their beginning to the explosion of Flood Rock, in October last, which will appear with full and new illustrations as the leading article in the February number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

THE Denison, Tex., *Sunday Gazetteer* acknowledges having received from this office a "valuable little work entitled 'Social Wealth,' written by J. K. Ingalls." The editor has read it and "finds it brimful of information," and proposes to review it extensivly in his subsequent issue. As the *Sunday Gazetteer* is edited by men whose good opinion is worth having, this will encourage Mr. Ingalls.

THE government of Russia is very loyal to Greek Catholicism, and forbids dissenters to print within the realm any books upholding their religious ideas. But, not practicing the precept of Jesus to turn the other cheek when smitten on one, the dissenters hav established a large printing-house in Roumania, from which vantage-point they are flooding Russia with pamphlets.

A CLERGYMAN in Massachusetts is said to hav unexpectedly become heir to half a million of dollars. The *Independent* hopes that he will keep right on preaching the gospel of Christ, and doing all he can to save sinners, but THE TRUTH SEEKER will wager ducats that he won't. Clergymen care very little for sinners when their own bread and butter is secure.

THE *Christian at Work* thinks that the Christian who asked for the enforcement of the old Maryland statute that punishes by boring with a red-hot iron a hole through the tongue of the blasphemer, when Colonel Ingersoll first lectured in Washington, was "over-zealous." A trifle, we should say!

THE last allocution of Mr. Joachim, otherwise professional pope Leo XIII., meets with disfavor at the German capital. The German rulers think that the deference shown Mr. Joachim in asking him to arbitrate in the dispute over the Caroline Islands has puffed him up with vain conceit.

THE Congregational clergymen of Connecticut are endeavoring to suppress Sunday newspapers. So far they hav met with no success. But suppose the Sunday newspapers should set out to suppress the Congregational clergymen? It wouldn't take long for them to do it.

A RELIGIOUS journal broadly insinuates that in their missionary efforts the various denominations care more for denominational triumphs than for spreading the gospel—"more for the sect than for the sinner." No doubt, no doubt; 'tis human nature.

THE Rev. A. T. Pierson estimates the cost of each convert to Christianity in "heathen" countries at $80, "while the average cost of each convert in Christian lands exceeds $560." We think he has put the price of the heathen too low.

THE Rev. Mr. Downs's latest aphorism is that "The moment a man becomes a Christian he is exposed to fire." Let's see: Mr. Downs began to be fired at when he committed adultery.

FOR the first time since the Reformation Scotland has returned a Catholic to Parliament. It is believed that John Knox turned over in his grave when he heard of it.

THE death of Vanderbilt, says John Swinton, will not materially lessen the price of members of the legislature in open market at Albany.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL gave four lectures at Atlanta, Illinois, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th inst., and another of five lectures at Minier on the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 24th. Letters will reach him addressed to 302 State street, Chicago, Ill., care of F. F. Follet.

OWING to the severe blizzard which swept the Missouri valley during the first days of January, E. C. Walker was delayed in opening the midwinter campaign, but finally got off on the 11th inst., and is now at work in central Kansas, and is ready to fill lecture engagements anywhere in the state. Address him at Valley Falls, Kansas.

J. E. REMSBURG is still at work in Kansas. His program for January is as follows: Republic City, 9th, 10th, and 11th; Lincoln Center, 13th, 14th, and 15th; Minneapolis, 16th, 17th, and 18th; Niles, (Sunday afternoon) 17th; Delphos, 19th and 20th; Enterprise, 21st; Newton, 22d; Halstead, 23d and 24th; Council Grove, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. Mr. Remsburg will come East again about the first of February. His engagements extend up to April, and he can accept no more calls at present.

THE Liberals of Linesville, Pa., and vicinity will hold a four days' meeting in that place, beginning Saturday evening Jan. 23d. The object of this convention is to advance Freethought and present the Nine Demands to the people. The convention will close on Tuesday night the 26th with a ball and supper. Among the speakers will be Chas. Watts, W. F. Peck (speaker and singer), Harry Hoover, Rev. J. B. Frost (Unitarian), O. P. Kellogg, and others. The Linesville Liberal League extend a cordial invitation to Liberals everywhere to be present and help giv the meeting emphasis. People from abroad will be entertained free as far as possible.

W. F. JAMIESON abandons his Texas trip in expectation of a debate at Omaha, Nebraska, and to giv the Minnesota Adventists their fill of debate. He proposes twelve nights' debate with Elder Hill, if the Adventists and Freethinkers can arrange the preliminaries. Jamieson has just closed his lecture engagement in Dexter City, Mo., and says he found a royal band of Liberals there. The bitterly cold weather militated, however, against a large attendance. Seven lectures were given instead of the five as announced. He will remain another month in Missouri, and invites Liberals of Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska who want lectures to write him at once at Joplin, Mo.

R. B. BUTLAND, of Toronto, writes: "Charles Watts has been handling the Irish question, home rule, etc., to the great satisfaction of the Toronto public as expressed in the daily press, and since he cannot induce the Christian preachers to come forth from their hiding-places in the cowards' castles, the pulpits, and meet him face to face on the public platform, he has taken occasion to answer the sermon of a popular divine in the Temperance Hall to a large audience, and with crushing effect. On Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 25th and 26th, Mr. Watts speaks at Linesville, Pa.; Sundays, Jan. 31st and Feb. 7th, at Pittsburgh; Sundays, 14th and 21st, at Chicago. Friends in the West requiring Mr. Watts's services should send applications *at once* to his permanent address, 82 Berkeley street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, or to the TRUTH SEEKER office.

Mr. Parton and the Sabbath Question.

James Parton thus commends Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking:"

"Excellent, bold, direct, unanswerable. I mean this compact little book upon 'Sabbath-Breaking.' Break, break, break!—oh, break it all to pieces!

"I feel more and more, as I hav felt for forty years, that our evangelical Sabbatarian religion is the most pernicious influence human nature was ever subjected to since its evolution. It is a blighting curse upon men, women, children, and nations. It bars our road to true greatness as it has Holland's and England's. He is the true patriot who wars upon it."

Letters from Friends.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Friday, the 8th, at 11 P.M., I left New York for Troy. In this case it was a cold night when New York was left. The air was full of grit that came sweeping down the street like a sand-blast, polishing the sidewalks and pavements, and filtering assiduously into the ears of the pedestrians. I was going to Troy to help Mr. Reynolds run his stereopticon, and having got a check put on the big trunk marked "C. B. Reynolds, Illuminated Paintings," I climbed into a car. It was a sleeping car prepared to be occupied in that capacity. On account of the size of the berth I removed my shoes before entering it. A young woman came along and popped hastily into the berth opposit mine and some two and a half feet distant. Soon I hear sounds of a struggle. Is it the blizzard toying with the roofs of houses and tops of chimneys? It is not. It is the young woman trying to get out of her clothes in preparation for sleep. The struggle continues till far toward morning. It is no small athletic feat for a man to shed his duds in one of these railroad berths; what it must be for a woman is more a matter of speculation than of certainty.

Arriving at Troy Saturday morning, I expected to meet Mr. Reynolds at the depot. He was not there, but the storm was, and the snow blew through the long building as though the structure were the nozzle of a big bellows filled with flour. I waited in the depot for an hour, amusing myself by looking out upon the scene of desolation which the streets of Troy presented. At the end of that time I chartered a vehicle on runners, navigated by a somewhat mercenary Trojan, and drawn by a pair of Trojan horses that would hav caused the priest Laokoon considerable deeper misgivings than those he experienced at the sight of their great prototype. This vehicle took me to where Robert Wade livs on Tenth street; then it took Mr. Wade and myself to where Professor Nelke was shoveling snow off the sidewalk. The professor explained that he was fond of shoveling snow, and as it did not come in the summer he took advantage of the winter months to gratify his desire for that kind of recreation. Professor Nelke told us that Mr. Reynolds was boarding with the estimable Mrs. Simmons, who keeps an establishment for hungry people on Fulton street. We repaired to Fulton street. A nymph from the Emerald Isle said Mr. Reynolds had gone to the depot, and there we cornered him. He was accompanied by his son Clinton, a strapping youth of seventeen. The ex-reverend expressed no contrition for not having been at the train two hours before. I fear that his fifteen years in the ministry had the effect to indurate him.

All through that day the storm raged. We got our paraphernalia conveyed to the Spiritual Parlors on Broadway—a hall occupied by the Liberals and Spiritualists; spread our screen, and trimmed the stereopticon to bear on it, manufactured the gas necessary for the illumination, and then, when evening came, we waited for the crowd to rush in. I may say here that the crowd failed to rush our way. Mr. Reynolds had expended about twenty dollars in advertising the exhibition, and all the papers had given him good notices. He had also distributed a few free tickets. We were announced to begin at 7:30. At ten minutes before eight one man came timidly in on a complimentary ticket. Three more followed, each bearing a complimentary ticket. Then four other men came and paid a quarter apiece, and a boy deposited ten cents with the treasurer. This was our audience—small but intelligent, and critical to a high degree. The Liberals of Troy were not represented that evening, and but two Spiritualists materialized. As Professor Nelke would remark: "Er kam in sein Eigenthum, und die Seinen nahmen ihn nicht auf;" which being interpreted means that he came to his own and his own received him not. At eight o'clock sharp we darkened the hall, and turned on the pictures. Mr. Reynolds described them briefly, and the audience looked on. There was no chance to find fault with either the views or the lecture.

The door receipts were $1.10.

When Mr. Reynolds went back to Mrs. Simmons's that night it cannot be said that he was in the exalted mental state to which the sudden acquisition of wealth sometimes raises a man. Still he was not discouraged.

The next day he addressed the Secularists in the same hall. His subject was that old serpent which is Satan and the devil. It is a powerful lecture, and I enjoyed it very much. Wherever Mr. Reynolds goes he carries a banner with "SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRUTH SEEKER" painted on it in big letters. He had this nailed up beside him on the platform, and prefaced his remarks by calling attention to it. The result was several subscribers. I met here a number of people whom I was glad to make the acquaintance of. Among them were Mr. Hiram Wilbur, who presides at the meetings, Mr. Morrissey, Mr. Edgar Brown, Mr. Jeffers, Mr. Wattenburg, and others. These are subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER. They inquired with solicitude for the man with the badge-pin. The opinion was expressed that a meeting of the Liberal Club was worth going a long way to attend. This opinion I did my best to confirm.

The address of Mr. Reynolds was cordially received. Nothing was heard but expressions of delight, and I cheered myself with the thought that the lecture would repair the disaster of the night before. You can therefore imagin that a cold chill struck me when a member arose to "move you, Mr. President, that in default of other remuneration, a vote of thanks be tendered the speaker for the admirable address to which we hav listened." The motion prevailed, but Professor Nelke wouldn't hav it; so he opened a subscription list, and a comfortable sum was shortly subscribed.

In the evening Mr. Reynolds went to Albany with Mr. Wade, and addressed the Secularists there both to their satisfaction and his own.

The weather continued terribly cold. The air was sharp enough to cut hair with, and breathing it was like drawing a wire through the lungs. The snow had put a high collar on all Troy, and the inhabitants of the city of shirts were happy. Monday evening we had over a hundred beautiful views ready to exhibit. A dozen people were present, enjoyed the entertainment, and went away delighted, promising to come again and bring their friends. Total receipts, $3.50.

At this juncture affairs began to wear a serious and frowning aspect. The receipts did not pay for the gas required to illuminate the paintings. Expenses were accumulating with a dogged persistency with which it was impossible to inoculate the receipts; and, worse than all, here was one of the best shows possible on earth going along with nobody to look at it. Mr. Reynolds was not discouraged, but he said he believed the people of Troy had no desire to be either amused or instructed. The proposed prize fight between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan had the public eye, and nothing would be permitted to intervene. It was certain, too, that "Spiritual Parlors" was not a favorable place for the materialization of audiences.

Tuesday our lecturer was struck with the thought that perhaps the inhabitants of Coxsackie might relish a stereopticon entertainment, and away to Coxsackie he went. As he passed out the door he casually observed that he might not return until the next day, in which case he would expect me to "do the cackling." The subject for that evening was "Japan, China, and Italy." Now, as you know, I was born in America, and hav not paid particular attention to the study of oriental customs, habits, and scenery. Besides, I am not an orator, as Brutus is, and possess none of those arts which, in conjunction with gall, secure the attention of an audience.

The afternoon wore away and Reynolds didn't come. I made a hasty list of about one hundred views, and arranged them beside the stereopticon. At eight o'clock Reynolds still tarried, and we had a larger audience than we had seen before. Fifteen minutes past eight, and the void remains unfilled. With a large effort I gathered myself up, resuscitated my vocal organs from somewhere in the region of my boots, and broke ground by explaining why Mr. Reynolds was not there. Then I lowered the gas and dodged behind the screen where the stereopticon was and passed in the views. The first one had a picture of a nest with some open-mouthed young birds in it. Those, I took it, represented the audience. Next I gave them a picture of D. M. Bennett, and explained about his going around the world and obtaining these views. The third picture gave us a scene in Japan. In this Land of the Rising Sun I got lost, tangled up in its jungles, buried under an eruption of its volcanoes, and its people looked contemptuously at me out of their oblique eyes. We wandered around Yokohama, Kioto, Nagasaki, Kobé, and other cities. From Japan we skipped across the sea to China, loafed around among the temples and tombs there, and then slid off to Italy. Scenes here became more familiar—the leaning tower of Pisa, views of Venice, the Rialto where Antonio guyed Shylock; St. Peter's at Rome, the Forum, the Coliseum, the amphitheater, and all the other interesting structures that went to ruin before my day. Likewise I gave them Pompeii—which word perhaps I did not pronounce right; and colonnades and temples beyond number. A fact which I did not divulge to my audience was that the views were as novel to me as they could possibly be to any one else, that being the first time I had ever seen them. How the persons present enjoyed the entertainment I had no means of knowing beyond an occasional furtiv snicker when something of a less depressing nature than usual was said.

At the close one lady said it was real nice, and another said the entertainment was pretty good, but that it would probably hav been a great deal better if Mr. Reynolds had been there.

Wednesday morning the wanderer returned. Nothing of a very attractiv nature had been held out to allure him into any of the propinquous towns, and he concluded to stay in Troy. I left him and his boy Wednesday afternoon preparing for a matinée. Clint has had no experience in running the instrument, but he worked last fall with a threshing-machine, and it is said he can feed as fast any two men can cut bands; hence I infer he will hav no difficulty with the stereopticon. Before I got out of Troy I consulted perhaps a half dozen nativs to find out why they were so apathetic toward so good an entertainment. The verdict unanimously condemned the hall as being inaccessible, and in addition there is, as a reporter of the *Telegram* said, a strong prejudice here against Spiritualism. The town is full of the Holy Ghost. The "Spiritual Parlors" are enough to kill any entertainment held in them. If the public had known how few of the Spiritualists showed up at our exhibitions, they might hav buried their prejudice. Professor Nelke, however, a Spiritualist, worked for us, as I may say, like a Trojan, and left nothing undone that he could do. But prejudice against the hall, coupled with inaccessibility, did its perfect work, and the public wouldn't come. Mr. Reynolds may yet return, like Mazeppa, and bring their houses down every night.

These pictures should be shown all over the country. They make a most instructiv evening's entertainment, and Mr. Reynolds is a lively and interesting talker. My experience in Troy has confirmed my previous estimate of him—that he has come into Liberalism to stay. There may be honester and earnester men in the work than he, but I hav never seen them, and, owing to the precariousness of our earthly tenure, I don't expect I ever shall.

My trip to Troy has been worth something to me, if it has not materially boomed the cause. A thousand incidents occurred that will furnish food for cheerful reflection. Besides, I met with the Freethinkers there, and I giv you my word they are people worth knowing. It is encouraging, for instance, to meet a man like Mr. Hiram Wilbur. He has been a Freethinker for fifty years, and he finds the idea of mental liberty as fresh and inspiring now as ever. The Liberals at Troy hav a pleasant meeting-place, when you get to it, and hav considerable home talent. There seems to be no reason why the Secular Society of Troy should not grow. There is certainly room enough, and, I should say, sufficient necessity.

Anyway, I took home with me from Troy a subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and orders for several ANNUALS, besides bringing a mind stored with large and silver-plated chunks of experience.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

VINELAND, N. J., Jan. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find one dollar, for which please continue my TRUTH SEEKER. And while I hav my pen in hand I wish to say a few words on Mr. Wakeman's review of "Rational Communism." The two last paragraphs of that review are in my opinion untrue and unjust to Herbert Spencer, and misleading to some of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I consider the philosophy of Herbert Spencer far in advance of the teachings of any one of this or any other age, and for anyone to say that the sociological teachings of Mr. Spencer are worthy only of contempt is misleading to those not acquainted with the writings of Mr. Spencer, and a reckless assertion to those who are. If "A Capitalist," or Mr. Wakeman, attempts to build a square society from unsquare men they will find that Mr. Spencer's teachings are worthy of some respect.

P. ROTHWELL.

BARRE, MASS., Jan. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In answer to L. S. Burdick in to-day's issue—for I wish to be prompt and brief—let me say:

First, I will "tell," as he requests, again, as I hav done already, in Dec. 5th in those "Remarkable Seances," that I did not take "Mr. Truesdell's assertions," but the evidence of my "own senses instead." Seeing is knowing, is it not?

Second, It is all right for L. S. Burdick to speak for himself and assert: "I know that independent slate-writing is a fact," if he does know, but what right has he to affirm, "So does Mr. Truesdell know it; so does Ella E. Gibson know it?" I know that Ella E. Gibson does not know it, notwithstanding the positiv assertion of L. S. Burdick to the contrary.

And, *Third*, I know further that she is willing to "suffer the just retribution of her own act," in "prostituting her pen to such low mud-slinging (?)," as he terms it.

Fourth, "Now, what is the object of the article referred to? Simply this, to create a sale for Truesdell's book." Indeed! Mr. Truesdell is not a dead-beat, dependent on the sale of "Bottom Facts" for a living. He could giv away every copy and never feel the loss. My object in having the seances was to satisfy myself; in publishing them, to enlighten others, as I stated in the article.

Yours composedly,

ELLA E. GIBSON.

P.S.—Thanks to N. G. W., of Burr Oak, Mich., for his very sensible article in to-day's issue.

E. E. G.

ST. CATHERINE'S, MO., Dec. 30, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I need not say to you that I admire THE TRUTH SEEKER. In looking over your subscription list you will find that I hav been a subscriber from the first number published in Paris, Ill., never having missed but one number in that time, and hope I may never miss another one while I liv, which may not be long. When my subscription fails to come to time you may make up your mind that is the last of the Mohican. For forty years I hav been what is termed an Infidel, never trying to conceal it, especially from preachers, who claim to know something about the Bible.

The average Christian knows but little of what is in the Bible. When the brothers talk to me about sinning against God I say to them, "I know nothing about your God; there may be one and there may be a thousand; I hav no evidence of any; but if there is a personal God and I hav ever sinned against him, and if I know just how I hav done it, I will try and make all reparation in my power to undo what I hav done." In looking over my past life I think of but one thing that I did derogatory to his character. That was in my younger days, when I accused him of being the author of the Bible. But my early education ought to be a good excuse for me.

W. E. CRANDALL.

LOWELL, MASS., Jan. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 for two years' subscription. I am very glad that you hav decided to illustrate your papaper, and hope its circulation may be greatly increased thereby. I will recommend it to all Liberal friends with whom I meet, and do the best I can to get some of them to subscribe.

Yours respectfully,

N. D. BURNHAM.

LA CRESCENT, MINN., Dec. 30, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I received a couple of copies of your paper a few days since and must say that I appreciate it very much. The biography of the late Elizur Wright, who spent the best efforts of his life in the interest of four millions of human beings as against the tyranny of masters, is good. It will bring to the minds of many who are prejudiced by the belief that the ranks of Freethought are destitute of prominent men, that one of the most conspicuous leaders in the strife for emancipation was a Liberal, who with Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips form a trio of Liberals who shed more light upon the horrors of slavery than all the sermons thundered from the oracles of superstition; who originated and supported the grand theme of emancipation which orthodoxy never dreamed of; who labored away the better years of their lives in the interest of a cause which they believed both just and noble. This is just your mission—but on a larger scale—sixty millions against four millions. Yes, Mr. Editor, you hav entered upon the work of liberating sixty millions of human beings from the wretched confines of intellectual

slavery—from the disease of superstition—from the seeming hereditary creeds of Christendom. Work on, and may you be heartily supported by your followers. A. D. CAMPBELL.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 22, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: I think it would be useful for a great many Freethinkers, and the Freethought propaganda, if adherents of Freethought could meet with as much material advantage and welfare as possible, and if every Freethinker could be informed as to the best place to secure a situation, to do his trading, or to find social enjoyment. In order to carry out such a plan it would be necessary, for instance, to establish colonies of Freethinkers, and to strengthen the colonies already existing; to provide Freethinkers with as many vacant places as possible; to protect inventors, authors, artists, if they are Freethinkers. I think it would be the best to establish an international agency for that purpose, which could be kept up by small fees.

To any gentleman or lady who would like to join me in such an undertaking I shall be glad to giv information.

I am at home from 11–12 A.M., from 4–6 and 8–9 P.M.

DR. BARAU, 162 Union street, Brooklyn.

The other Freethought papers are requested to copy.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, Dec. 12, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: It is a hard matter to sell any of our Freethought publications here, for the people are so bound by prejudice, and so full of superstition, there seems to be no room in their hearts for anything of a pure and truthful nature. But whenever I get a chance to sell any of the little books bought of you I do so, and then send and replace them. I spoke to one merchant here about keeping and selling Freethought publications, but he declined. I think the trouble is that our merchants are afraid to hav our reading matter in their stores; they doubtless think they would lose many of their customers thereby, and most likely this Freethought business has got to be too strong food for them as well as the most of their customers. With the exception of a very few, the people here decline to assist me in the spread of Freethought—they fear the power of these Christian organizations. Still there is an element of Freethought here, and even now it has its effect on the community. I don't expect the Christian to like me so long as I pick at his idols, yet I intend to treat all civilly and kindly; show them the better way when they desire to investigate. But there are some people who know all there is necessary for them to know; it is embraced in their creed, and they want no more. They claim to get truth from the right source and to know that their church is the only true one, and that God acknowledges it as his own, and they all do, so far as I know.

I send a bill of what is wanting this time, and $4.15 to pay for it. Respectfully, LUKE WM. GALLUP.

EUREKA, CAL., Dec. 17, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Being unemployed this winter, and a friend having loaned me several numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav enjoyed a literary feast such as seldom falls to the lot of a poor wage-worker. It contains so many logical and convincing proofs of the utter falsity of Christian dogmas that had I not lost faith in them years ago I certainly should do so now. Among other things I hav been specially interested in the conclusions arrived at by Materialists and Spiritualists, both having very able advocates. I long since evolved in my mind a theory that differs from them both, which may interest some of your readers, and, to those who think me wrong, induce them to set me right. Regarding the words mind, soul, or spirit as synonymous, definitions to the contrary notwithstanding, I hav and do still believe in a nature mind. The Materialist describes it as inherent force or motion, the Spiritist calls it spirit, but I call it an activ intelligent principle that permeates everything, like electricity. And though it may lie dormant like a person in a trance, or like the vegetable kingdom in winter, for a long period of time, yet it does recur and spring into activity from time to time. To illustrate, when a person sleeps he loses consciousness (that is to say, it lies dormant), but it cannot be said that his consciousness is dead or annihilated. If nature does not think, how then was it possible for her to evolve laws and eternally enforce them so as to bring forth such a vast multitude of diversified objects—as grasses, trees, flowers, fruits, etc., with their innumerable variety of shapes, colors, shades, and tints in the vegetable kingdom, not to mention the animal and mineral kingdoms? And here let me say it seems a mistake, to me, to speak of only three kingdoms. Would it not be more proper to say the feathered kingdom, the finny kingdom, and the insect kingdom, instead of saying the feathered tribe, and so on? But, to resume the subject, I ask is it possible that nature could do these things without intelligent design? I also believe that inasmuch as it takes so many drops to make the ocean, and so many atoms to compose the earth, so our minds are individual elements of nature's intellectual consciousness, and our bodies a combination of elements of matter that, in the event of death (change), separate and mingle with other elements, and form other objects. And how do we know that nature, in secreting seed in the animal organism, does not also secrete the intelligence (mind) of those who hav lived on earth heretofore, and thus liv in this life again, only under different circumstances, and occupying a different tenement (body)? Again, those forms of matter which manifest difference of race may attract those intelligences which will exhibit sympathetic traits of feeling common to both, and I conceive it possible that our individual minds can unite with vapory substances, and appear visible to our sight under certain conditions, although the conditions at present required are crude and perplexing. Yet more intelligent conditions may, in time, be discovered, just as machinery and improved implements hav supplanted the rude implements and crude methods of past ages. Perhaps learned and scientific men may consider my idea inconsistent and foolish, and may, like several men I hav known, prefer a knave to a fool, though I think that amounts to offering a premium on deceit, trickery, and theft. A fool is often a simple-minded, honest man, but a knave never. The above are the characteristics of a knave, and he will always practice them when an opportunity offers. We should pity a fool, but despise a knave. So I hope those who consider me a fool will act accordingly.

I will now write a few lines about the land question. I think Henry George's book, "Progress and Poverty," is a masterpiece, and, leaving out his religious views, only lacks execution. Mr. Malcolm has also written some sensible letters on the subject, and you said it is something to be hoped for but not realized, but I don't see why. All newly discovered truths are repelled by the masses because of their prejudices, but by persistent effort in teaching them they gradually relax their intolerance, and appreciate their benign influence. I think it the duty of those who hav means, leisure, and the cause of humanity at heart, to try and educate and stimulate the people with the fire of patriotism for their own mental, social, and political freedom, and that of every individual in the United States. The Secular Union hav a heavy burden, and they are wrestling with it vigorously. But I do wish it would not break their backs to carry two more straws, *i.e.*, woman suffrage, and non-vested rights in land. Alas! the people are in a state of apathy, and those who are said to be the servants of the people hav usurped the sovereign power of the people, and wield it to the misery, degradation, and premature death of the laboring classes. H. DELMAR.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., Dec. 26, 285.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 19th inst. makes very sensible remarks upon the "Suppression of Mormonism." One sentence in the final paragraph, however, contains the *germ* of what is more dangerous to free institutions than would be a score of Salt Lake cities. The sentence in question asserts that "Congress may deal with the inhabitants of Utah as citizens, or, if they break the laws, as criminals." Will THE TRUTH SEEKER point out the source from which Congress gets authority to meddle with inhabitants anywhere except in the District of Columbia? "But Congress has always legislated for the territory." So it has. Thomas Paine says that wrongs contemplated for a long time assume a superficial appearance of being right, and the Constitution says that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectivly, or to the people. Congress shall hav power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." The inhabitants are not property, and social affairs are not property.

If Congress may make laws without Constitutional sanction for one purpose, or upon one pretext, then "Good-bye Mary Ann." No one can tell to what extent the usurpation may be pushed. JOHN F. WATKINS.

DEXTER, ME., Jan. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2 on my subscription. When I am in arrears please let me know. I cannot dispense with your able paper. You hav so many able men writing for your paper it is very interesting to me. I hav taken great pleasure in reading Colonel Ingersoll's lectures. Every word is to the point; not a word lost. What a tribute to Elizur Wright! I should like to get some new subscribers for your paper. I liv in a town of about three thousand inhabitants, with six churches. You can easily judge how I am surrounded by humbug and superstition. I am now over seventy years of age, and by observation and experience I fully indorse the sentiments of your paper. They are my views exactly. S. M. INGALLS.

BRUNSWICK, MO., Jan. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1 for "Infidel Text Book" and the "Besant and Hatchard Debate."

Why don't your lecturers make their passage east and west from St. Louis to Jefferson City and up on the north side of the Missouri river to Kansas city some time, for *God knows if he knows anything* about it, this north side has as much need of the Gospel of Humanity as any place on the patron that I hav ever seen. On that route to Kansas are Jefferson, Moberly, Salisbury, Keetsville, Brunswick, Carlton, Kansas City, etc.

And of Brunswick I can say, of my own knowing, they hav never had a Liberal lecture here. There are a number of still Liberals here. Our mayor and the editor of our local paper, the *Brunswicker*, are certainly Liberals, together with a number of others, but Mother Grundy is supreme here. A revivalist by the name of Misanhamer left Brunswick a few days ago after having administered the Holy Ghost to 305 of this community. Come over into Macedonia and help us. If there is any balm in Gilead let there be a physician that knows how to apply it.

Please say to Brother Reynolds that I hope he may come next summer to Brunswick with his Tent. I hav not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but think he in part is responsible for making my daughter follow the law instead of the gospel, but I will forgiv him, with all my heart, if he will come here with his Tent next summer. His board will be free with me as long as he will stay, up to three years, and I will do all I can to help in the cause. WM. TYLER.

BALLSTON SPA., N. Y., Jan. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. C. B. Reynolds gave two lectures in this place January 5th and 6th. They were entitled, "Bible Sabbath" and "Honest Answers to Christian Lamentations." Only a few were present, but they were thinkers. Brother Reynolds has sown seed that will take deep root, and if he comes here next summer with the Tent he will find plenty of hearers, as there are many people who now wish they had heard him. One reason why they did not is that all the God-houses in town were having a week of prayer, but I am expecting to hear from him soon, and then I will try to fix a date that will not conflict with the Lord's anointed. Hoping we shall hav the pleasure of hearing Brother Remsburg, and that you and THE TRUTH SEEKER family may enjoy a happy New Year, I am as ever,

Yours in the cause of Humanity, WM. THORPE.

WOODSTOCK, VT., Jan. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send you an order for ten dollars, to be applied to the Campaign Fund. Yours, etc.,

JOHN D. POWERS.

P.S.—A second thought: I send two dollars for the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER. J. D. P.

MONONGAHELA CITY, PA., Jan. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: On Monday evening, December 28th, Prof. W. F. Peck delivered his famous lecture in Jr. O. A. M. Hall on "Evolution *versus* Creation." The attendance was small, but well pleased, and should Professor Peck visit this town again a large attendance will greet him.

R. F. HILL.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1, according to promis, for pictorial department.

I had intended making some reply to Miss H. Gardener, on her sex being omitted, or excluded, as she terms it, in the Nine Demands. I thought the whole human race came under one head, but I do not think I should be able to cope with her, and do not wish to provoke argument.

Your last picture is pretty hard on the blowers.

RUFUS W. MIDDLETON.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., Jan. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find 75 cents, for which send me THE TRUTH SEEKER, on trial, for three months.

It was not until quite recently that I knew of the publication of so valuable a journal as THE TRUTH SEEKER, my friend A. L. Frisbie, one of your subscribers here, being the first to call my attention to it, he kindly loaning me a copy to read. And I wish to say that in Mr. Frisbie you hav a stanch advocate of Freethought, a tried and true man, who dares think, speak, and act, regardless of the clergy and of public opinion. If we had more men like him it would not require many years to revolutionize the religious world. Unfortunately, however, Brattleboro, although the oldest settled town in the state, and with a population of six thousand, is very conservativ, there being nine churches within its limits. These are also supplemented by a branch of the Salvation Army from Brooklyn, N. Y., and a Young Men's Christian Association. But what a travesty on religion is this army of bummers and chronic deadbeats! How proud the sanctified devotees of Christianity must feel of such an attachment! Slang, cast-iron cheek, and the holy Bible seem to be their stock in trade. They lie in wait for the weak-minded, and hav succeeded in capturing a few imbecils, but it is rather up-hill work for them, and sooner or later they will hav to "move on." They implore everyone to put his trust in God, but when they first struck this place they immediately sought the protection of the police, showing how little confidence they had in the almighty themselvs. A Swede, two niggers, a variety actor, and several fallen women hav joined this religious show, and they make night and day hideous with their incessant howling and baboonish conduct. One woman sent her daughter away from home to prevent her from joining the army, and then became a member herself. Last week they were unceremoniously fired out of several billiard saloons which they visited, but that had no perceptible effect on them, for they were just as defiant and persistent afterward in their efforts to intrude themselvs where they had been kicked out as though nothing had happened to them. Talk about gall—if you want the genuin thing, join the Salvation Army.

A few Sundays since, the Baptist divine, Rev. F. S. Tower, informed his congregation that the number of Freethinkers was decreasing. He also said that they were trying to overthrow the church and government, all of which his credulous dupes swallowed whole, as they would a sugar-coated pill. Was one of these "public charges" ever known to tell the truth, anyhow? If Mr. Tower will take pains to instruct himself in regard to Freethought statistics, he will probably be somewhat surprised to learn that there is considerable activity among Freethinkers yet, and that instead of their numbers decreasing, they are *increasing*, and, further, that it is the Catholic and Protestant churches combined that are trying to destroy this government by attacking the Constitution of the United States, and not Freethinkers, as this quibbling, canting, indigent church mendicant very well knows, if he knows anything. Let this reverend prevaricator and falsifier of Freethinkers post himself in regard to the same before attempting to tell others that which he knows to be a *lie*. The world to-day is groaning under the curse and burden of an army of just such men as this dominie, and always will, until it refuses to longer support them in their fruitless endeavors to Christianize the world. S. H. FARR.

WE regret to hear that Mr. Charles Watts has been confined to his bed for some time with sickness which at one time assumed a rather serious aspect. The illness was brought on through a chill caught in the Canadian provinces. Several lecturing engagements had to be canceled. Fortunately Mr. Watts has quite recovered, and is about to start upon his tour in the States. Friends West requiring lectures should communicate with Mr. Watts at 82 Berkeley street, Toronto, Ont., Canada. All his letters will be forwarded to him without delay.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Private's Glory.

Sweet little major, he mounts my knee,
And the tender blue eyes look at me;
"Tell me, popsie, just once more,
What did you do when you went to war?"

And then I tell of the autumn day
When the Forty-seventh marched away;
How Cromwell died at Jackson town,
And Miles on Corinth field went down.

"But how many rebels, tell me true,
Did you kill, then, and the whole war through?"
And I tell him then, with eager zest,
How Jo. Reed blew up a limber chest.

But the major sticks to his question still,
"How many rebels did you kill?"
So I told him how, near the set of sun,
The charge was made and the battle won;

And how, the day McClure was shot,
When Vicksburg's fight was fierce and hot,
Brave Sam Law took C Company in
Through flame and smoke and the batteries' din;

How over our heads the battle broke
With screaming shell and sabre stroke,
And he wanted to know, the little elf,
"But how many men did you kill yourself?"

'Say, tell me, popsie, say you will—
How many rebels did you kill?"
So I told him the truth as near as might be—
As many of them as they did of me.

—*R. J. Burdette.*

New Year Resolutions.

There were three little folks, long ago,
Who solemnly sat in a row,
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution.

"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys,"
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake,"
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution.

The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved, that I will——"
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion.

Quite a Story.

Once there was a man whose name was Phipps—William Phipps. He was born of poor parents away up in the state of Maine, in the year 1651. The family was large, William being one of twenty-six children, twenty-one of them boys. He used to tend the sheep when a lad, and also do little chores about the farm where he lived with his father. At eighteen he learned the trade of ship-building and at twenty-two he went to Boston, and it was then he learned to read and write, and, with the exception of some arithmetic, this was about all the book education he received. But he had a good deal of nativ talent and shrewdness. It was about this time he married a widow with some means, which she used to set him up in business. But he did not seem to succeed very well and failed.

"I guess I can go to sea," he said, and he took what little money he could scrape together and bought a vessel. Some one had whispered in his ear that there were vast treasures hidden underneath the big foaming billows, and that recently a noble Spanish bark had been lost on the Bahama coast, and solid gold and silver bars had gone to the bottom with her. He made up his mind to go and search for the buried treasure. With a stout heart and brave purpose he started on his self-imposed mission. But he was doomed to disappointment. He lost his vessel and never found the treasure.

Some old sailors spun a long yarn about a ship that had been wrecked fifty years before, away on another coast, and she was said to be more weighted with gold and silver than the one he had been in search of.

Most of the people thought it was only an idle tale, a made-up, fairy-like story, but Captain Phipps believed it to be true. And what did he do but go to England, march boldly up to King James, and, telling him the story of the sunken treasure-ship, ask him to let him hav a craft to go and get the buried gold and silver?

The king listened, and finally let him take a vessel called the Rose Algier, in which to go and bring back the great bags of gold that Phipps was so confident was to be had for the going where it was. He set sail with bright hopes, and was gone two years and did not find a thing. The crew became discouraged and told him he had better turn pirate—that he could find plenty of treasures on top of the water, and that he would never find any under it. But Captain Phipps had no intention of turning pirate and hoisting the black flag, and, as his men were so uneasy, he sailed back to England with them.

He was not discouraged, however, and wished to try his luck again, but the king would not furnish him with another vessel. The duke of Albemarle then came forward and said that he himself would bear the expense of another trip. So away went Captain Phipps once more in search of buried treasure.

Arriving at the spot where he believed the sunken ship lay, he sent down a diver to see what he could find. Up he came panting, with a handful of seaweed, and declaring that he had touched a Spanish gun.

"Go back and try again!" said Captain Phipps. Down, deep down under the waters went the diver, and the next time he came up he brought a silver bar.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" said the gallant captain. "We hav found the long-sought treasure, and our fortunes now are made."

Down went the divers again and again, and every time they came up they brought treasures of all kinds—silver pitchers, silver baskets, a solid silver table, great boxes full of silver and gold coins, bags of gold, caskets of gems, and a cross of solid gold set with rare and costly jewels.

When he sailed back to England you can imagin how proud and happy he was with his ship-load of treasures. The duke of Albemarle received him with open arms, and when the treasure was counted it was found to be worth more than three hundred thousand pounds—some assert that its value was really much more than two millions of dollars.

For his share, Captain Phipps received a hundred thousand dollars, was made a knight, and appointed high sheriff of New England.

Sir William Phipps returned therefore with great honor to his nativ land, and became afterward governor of Massachusetts.

He was very pious and belonged to the North church in Boston, where Cotton Mather was minister. He believed in witchcraft, but his last act while he was governor was to issue a general pardon to all who had been accused and convicted of that curious offense. He died in England in 1694 at the age of forty-four.

He had a great deal of Puritanic zeal, but was not more superstitious than the people of his time. He was a man of good intentions and great perseverance. The history of his life reads like a romance, and it verifies the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

The Wonders of an Egg.

Everyone who eats an egg eats a sermon and a miracle. Inside of that smooth, symmetrical, beautiful shell lurks a question which has been the Troy town for all the philosophers and scientists since Adam. Armed with the engins of war—the microscope, the scales, the offensiv weapons of chemistry, and reason—they hav probed, and weighed, and experimented, and still the question is unsolved, the citadel unsacked. Professor Bokorny can tell you that albumen is composed of so many molecules of carbon, and nitrogen, and hydrogen, and can persuade you of the difference between activ and passiv albumen, and can show by wonderfully delicate experiments what the aldehydes hav to do in the separation of gold from his complicated solutions; but he can't tell you why from one egg comes a "little rid hin," and from another a bantam.

You leave your silver spoon an hour in your egg cup and it is coated with a compound of sulphur. Why is that sulphur there? Wonderful that evolution should provide for the bones of the future hen. There is phosphorus also in that litttle microcosm, and the oxygen of the air, passing through the shell, unites with it, and the acid dissolves the shell, thus making good, strong bones for the chick, and at the same time thinning the prison walls. Chemists know a good deal now about albumen, and if they cannot tell us why life differentiates itself therein and thereby, they can tell you how not to spoil your breakfast by overdoing your egg.

The Size and Power of the Sun.

The sun is the life of us all. It keeps the world going. All terrestrial energy is but solar energy at second-hand. I will not discuss the distance of the sun, its dimensions, etc., and the methods of ascertaining them, although I might make a very interesting lecture from that point of view, but I will begin at once by stating a few facts, which are essential to an understanding of the sun's constitution. In the first place, then, the size of the sun is something enormous—absolutely beyond our power of conception. It is a great ball about 860,000 miles in diameter, or 110 times the diameter of the earth. Perhaps that means nothing to you; but just for a moment imagin yourself at the center of the sun, if it were possible for you to liv there. Suppose the earth were placed in the center of the sun, where would the moon come? Why, it would be only a little more than half way to the solar surface. If the earth were at the center of the sun, the moon would circle around the earth about half-way from the center of the sun to its surface. The radius of the sun is about 430,000 miles, and the distance of the moon from the earth is only 240,000 miles; so that if we lived in the center of the sun its shell would make an admirable sky for all the lunar motions. Next, the sun is about a million and a quarter times the bulk of the earth. Take 1,300,000 earths and roll them into one ball, and it would make a sphere about the size of the sun; but the sun is not correspondingly massiv, for it is only about 230,000 times as heavy as the earth. It follows, of course, that it is not so dense as the earth; it is only about one-quarter as dense, or a little more than the density of water. A bushel of sun would weigh only about a quarter as much as an average bushel of the earth. The sun, therefore, cannot well be a solid substance, It is not a ball of rock like the earth, but probably a great bubble—a mass of gases surrounded by a shell of cloud. Its power of attracting bodies is very great, of course, because its mass is so enormous. On the surface of the sun a body would weigh nearly twenty-eight times as much as on the earth, so that if I were on the surface of the sun I would be crushed. I could hardly lift my hand to my head, for the force of gravity would be twenty-eight times as strong as it is here, and it would increase the weight so that a pound here would weigh twenty-eight pounds there. Of course, you will see at once that this is a very important fact, as bearing on the constitution of the sun.—*From a Lecture by Prof. C. A. Young.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

If a person who was born blind, and who had known the shape of objects only by the sense of touch, should be restored to sight, could he tell a sphere from a cube without touching it? WM. SCOTT.

2.—CHARADE.

In possession, I register *one;*
By permission, my *second* is done;
With *the two* I am one for a meal,
Either swine-flesh, or mutton, or veal.
ISAAC A. POOL.

3.—ANAGRAM.

"Though Barbarism jeers Benk bangs."
West Union, O. J. F. BECK.

4.—MATHEMATICS.

There is a square field such that the number of rods around it are equal to the number of acres within it. How many acres does it contain? G. W. WILLIAMS.

5.—A SHARP-SHOOTER'S INVOLVED CHARADE.

Make a mark a *mile* wide,
Half a mile to each side,
And *fire in—the center*—precise;
Only fire in *reverse,*
And *the whole* will rehearse
And the *name of your gun* it supplies;
Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 9, 1886.

1.—A M A M A
M I N I M
A N O N A
M I N I M
A M A M A

2.—An onion—It draws tears (steers). 3.—44 4-9 per cent. 4.—20 1-2 per cent.

SOLVERS.—Joseph F. Levy, G. W. Williams, W. R. King.

[I. A. Pool will please accept our thanks for box of valuable geological specimens. Also our thanks are due E. W. Phillips for elegant paper-cutter and ink-eraser.—ED. C. C.]

Another Prize.

A copy of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" is offered for the best poem contributed to the Children's Corner within a month of this date.

Correspondence.

LEIGHTON, ALA., Dec. 18, 1885.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought that I would write to you again, as I saw my other letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like to read the Children's Corner. I think it is very interesting. Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since I could read, and how long before I can't remember, and I hope he will keep on taking it. I havn't been going to school very regularly this fall because I had the whooping-cough, but I clerk in the store, for the fall here is the busiest time. Papa thinks I am great help to him.

If you hav got time, please accept this invitation: I will now invite you to come and see us. But the most attention we can giv you will be to show you the negroes. We can show you more negroes in a week than you ever saw, and more religion to the square inch than you ever heard of. They (the colored people) are very religious. If you come, I will hav them sing religious songs for you. Here is a part of one on a piece of paper. This is all for this time. I hope I hav written this so you can read it. From your friend,

LIBBIE A. TRAUTMAN.

P.S.—If I were there I could sing it better than I can write it.

A NEGRO SONG.

"Some go to church
Dressed so fine,
Dey ain't got Jesus
In day mind.

CHORUS.

"Heah Gabil blow
In dat morn.

"In dat mornin'
Bright and fair,
In dat mornin'
Bright and fair,
Gwine to hitch
Up my wings and try de air.

CHORUS.

"Heah Gabil blow
In dat morn."

[Libbie's letter shows her to be bright and intelligent, liberal-minded and useful. THE TRUTH SEEKER and all our Liberal papers are educators, and we are glad for those who hav the privilege of reading them. We should like dearly to visit Libbie some time, and hope we may in the future hav that pleasure; and we shall certainly enjoy hearing the negroes chant their weird melodies.—ED. C. C.]

BEEBE, MICH., Jan. 4, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I see so many little correspondents in the Children's Corner I thought I would write too. I am eleven years old. I hav two brothers and two sisters. The oldest and youngest are boys; the youngest is twenty months old, and can talk everything. I wish you could see him; we think he is awful sweet. Papa got the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1885. It is very nice, and we admire the pictures very much. And when Reynolds was at Ithaca he got Remsburg's "Bible Morals" and "False Claims." Papa and mamma went to hear Mr. Reynolds lecture; they said he lectured very nicely. I hope my letter will be printed. I will try and do better next time. GRACE G. PEET.

[We are glad to read such a good letter as the above. Grace is having the advantage of healthy reading matter, and we trust and believe she will grow up to be a truly noble young lady. We hope she will write again. Thanks for the motto card.—ED. C. C.]

PIPESTON, MINN., Jan. 5, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I see so many little correspondents in the Children's Corner, I thought I would write too. I liv on a farm near the Pipestone quarry. The Indians come here every summer and dig pipestone, and make their pipes and trinkets.

Pa takes your paper, and four other Liberal papers. My pa writes poetry sometimes; he wrote a legend of the Pipestone quarry. I think it is nice.

I am ten years old, and this is my first letter. If you think it is worth publishing I will try and write again. Your friend,

EVA WHITEHEAD.

[It is a nice letter for the first one. We shall be glad to hear from Eva again.—ED. C. C.]

PIPESTONE, MINN., Jan. 6, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am visiting with my Aunt Eva, and she wrote a letter, so I thought I would write a little. I am six years old, and go to school every day. I liv a half-mile from the school-house. I liv in Pipestone. Pa does not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I hav seen the Children's Corner, and think it is nice, and thought I would like to hav my name in the paper, too. I don't want to make my letter too long. Yours with love,

EDITH WHITEHEAD.

[We hope to hear again from Edith. Next time write about your pets and playmates, the school and your lessons.—ED. C. C.]

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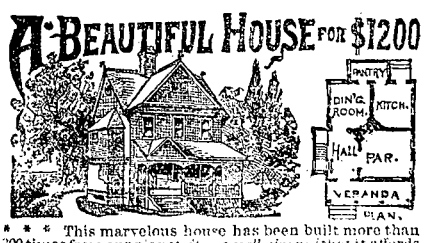
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Poetry.

Excelsior.

The subjoined poem appeared recently in the Halifax *Chronicle*. It is by an eminent Nova Scotian Freethinker, who, though self-taught, is familiar with Greek and Hebrew, and can converse in several modern languages. Although at present employed in the comparativly obscure, though honorable and useful, vocation of a country school teacher, it is to be hoped the world of letters will yet hear more of this accomplished writer and brilliant conversationalist.—R. J. MOFFAT.

Mit Jedem Schritt wird weiter
Die rasche Lebensbahn,
Und heiter, immer heiter
Steigt unser Blick hinan.—*Goethe.*

The age of the gods is past,
The reign of man is begun,
And the specters are vanishing fast
'Neath the still ascending sun.

The apostles of fear and of force,
Though armed with celestial right,
Hav finished the shameless course,
Hav lost the unnatural fight.

Opinions, once rooted as deep,
And overshadowing all,
Hav felt the morn breezes sweep
And are swaying to their fall.

Old power, once held to be firm
As the everlasting hills,
Is reluctantly nearing its term
As the popular mandate wills.

Less bitter the sectary's strife,
More wholesome the social breath,
As the growing hope in life
Is supplanting the hope in death.

No tyrant's mock thunder e'er stilled
The watchword by Liberty given;
But her mission will not be fulfilled
Till the last ancient fetter is riven;

Till not one heart that has bled
Shall longer be trampled down
And not one human head
Shall put itself up for a crown.

Cape Island. —*M. H. Nickerson.*

A Mountain Out of a Molehill.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I notice that I am accused of "backing down" from a debate with Elder Hill. Well, if my unwillingness to bear all my own expenses for a journey of several hundred miles, and receive no compensation for time devoted to such work, is a "back-down," so be it.

THE TRUTH SEEKER says: "Allowing it to be as Mr. Geddes says, Mr. Jamieson can only be blamed for not notifying the Freethinkers that he would hav to be remunerated. But let us hear Mr. Jamieson's side of the story."

Well and truly stated. I would hav been to blame if I had not notified the Freethinkers that I would hav to be remunerated. *That is just what I did do.* I offered to come and hold the debate for less than I receive for a course of lectures occupying the same length of time. In other words, I was willing to contribute $10 for the sake of having the debate with the Adventist. Indeed, I hav not been able to coax an Adventist into debate for the past eight years, and only one since I debated with Elder Miles Grant in Salem, Mass., in 1874.

I stated to Mr. G. W. Rima, a stanch Liberal, what I could do, and suggested that an admission fee would probably defray the expenses of the debate. It was understood among the Liberals generally, in that part of the country, that I could not come and debate for nothing any more than I could travel over the United States and lecture for nothing. Nor did the Liberals expect me to do it. During the summer, fearing that the Adventists might seek to avoid the debate, I wrote several times inquiring about the prospects of a war of words. I wrote to the elder also, and to this day not a line in reply hav I received from him. Mr. Rima wrote me, stating that the Adventists refused to allow an admission fee to be charged, although they were to receive one-half. He then said to them that if they would hold the debate at Sterling Center instead of Good Thunder the Liberals, who are quite numerous at Sterling Center, would bear the expenses by subscription. As the two places are but twelve miles apart, I believe, there was no valid objection to the change if they were as anxious for the debate as they try to make people believe.

Up to the matter of admission fee, we agreed to everything they required. They refused to agree to anything we wanted. We asked nothing of them which Christians, really desirous of debating, hav not again and again consented to. I wanted to meet them then, while I was on the ground. They put it off four months, and then objected to every plan we could devise to bring about the debate. I could obtain not one word from my would-be opponent until the time appointed expired, when he develops an astonishing eagerness for the fray, and publishes far and near his wonderful victory in a battle which did not come off. I hav had several Christians fail to meet me according to agreement, two this very season; one of them last week telegraphing me that he could not debate with me. I never thought of "rushing into print" over it.

Hereafter I will insist that Christian controversialists comply with the usual order and rules of debate. It is difficult to get any of them to agree to a complete arrangement beforehand.

Now, what will be thought of our Christian valiants when I tell your readers that my Liberal friends hav been trying their best to bring them to toe the mark? Under date of December 25th, friend Rima writes: "I was in conversation with an Adventist who said he 'was very, very sorry that the debate had fallen through, we were so anxious to show the frailty of one side and the genuinness of the other.' Now, professor, mark the change of the falsifiers. I remarked if they would but grant us one desire we would meet them without fail. I would sign an agreement under a forfeit. I explained why we wanted it moved to Sterling Center. Well, he did not know whether Elder Hill would care to debate now since he had been fooled once. He hardly thought they would accept the proposition. Ah! I said, you are not so anxious, after all, to hav the prophecies analyzed, and this Jesus Christ business debated.

I am yours fraternally,
"G. W. RIMA."

Now I come to Mr. Geddes, an earnest Liberal and a good man; but in this instance he renders judgment against me without waiting to hear the other side of the question, or rather listened to the other side, but not to our side. Liberals usually want to hear both sides before they decide. He says: "Had Mr. Jamieson informed his Liberal friends that it would be necessary for them to bear his expenses, the amount could easily hav been raised and the appointment kept."

Mr. Rima, who had the business management of my series of lectures last June, knows just what was expected. What Mr. Geddes thinks I ought to hav done I did do. In the whole transaction I left not a single prop on which to rest a single objection by Freethinker or Christian, friend or foe. Mr. Rima, who had the matter in charge, did his best to bring on the debate.

Mr. Geddes says "the amount could easily hav been raised." Yes, if the debate could hav been held at Sterling Center, or perhaps at Delavan, or Mapleton, or Mankato, or any other point where Liberals are numerous enough to pay a lecturer for his time. At Good Thunder there are but few Liberals. Knowing this, and knowing that there was but one chance left for them to avoid a debate, the Adventists greedily seized upon it for the sole purpose, it would seem, of blowing their horn.

Mr. Geddes says: "Some of the Liberals declare that they would sooner hav paid the whole bill themselvs than hav a back-down before the church people."

It is a pity those Liberals were not sooner discovered. I know Mr. Rima as one of the most fearless of Freethinkers and an excellent business man. In a business capacity he travels many miles almost every day. Yet he never met with any Liberals "willing to pay the whole bill themselvs."

I regret that my old friend, Geddes, has allowed himself to be deceived by the Adventists. Their aim has been to make it appear to the community that the Infidels dare not meet them. There is not one word of truth in it. Everywhere I go I challenge the clergy to meet me in debate; invite them to occupy half the time during my course of lectures even. Do you suppose they accept? Not once in a score of towns. They either hold opposition meetings (as they are doing at this very time in Dexter, Mo.), or else wait until I am away filling other engagements, when they roar in their pulpits and tear Infidelity to tatters. Is it reasonable to expect that a lecturer can then travel half-way across a continent, at his own expense, to debate with some obscure preacher who probably has never been heard of outside of his own county? I am always ready to debate whenever and wherever arrangements can be made. I hav just closed a twelve sessions' debate, two hours each, in Maitland, Mo., with one of the biggest guns of the Campbellites, Dr. D. R. Dungan, of Des Moines, Iowa. Some of the more sanguin Christians were so sure that the Lord and victory were on their side that they prophesied that Jamieson would not appear after the first day's battle. I managed to be on hand through the entire twelve sessions. It is as impossible to stop Christians from boasting as roosters from crowing. The Christians sent six hundred miles, to Lexington, Ky., for the president of a college, Prof. I. B. Grubbs, to meet me at Burlington Junction, Mo. We debated six nights. I met Rev. J. W. Damon at Savannah, Mo., four nights. These encounters hav all taken place within a few weeks. I mention them to show how terribly frightened I am when a Christian Goliath unsheaths his controversial sword. The public love debate; but no better than I do. At the one just held in Maitland the church was packed after the first session; nine out of ten, Christians. People were in their seats sometimes two hours before the advertised time. No better opportunity can a Freethinker hav for showing the weakness of the Bible and the Christian religion. If the Christian yearns to expose the frailty of Infidelity, we are willing that he should hav the chance.

Afer all the Adventist flourish of trumpets, I am satisfied that all the Freethinkers can neither coax, drag, nor drive them into debate. I know them of old. With them it is "all cry and no wool," with very few exception. Elder Hill may be one of the exceptions. We will see. I hav never in all my travels found Christians so eager for debate as they appear to be. I hope it is not all seeming.

I therefore say to my Liberal friends in Delavan, Sterling Center, Good Thunder, and Mapleton that, as there are Liberals found who are willing to defray the expenses of a debate, and throw the doors open to the public, I will meet Elder Hill in a debate of twelve nights. We do not want a mere skirmish of five or six hours.

1. I accept the elder's question, "Is the Bible a Divine Revelation?"

2. The usual rule of half-hour speeches each evening, two-hour sessions, affirmativ opening, negativ closing, to be adopted. This brings the disputants into close quarters.

3. To prevent dodging or evasion on the part of either disputant, I submit this rule, laid down by a Methodist clergyman in his debate with me: "Any categorical question asked by either disputant must be answered by his opponent on the spot without equivocation." I will abide by that rule. Let us see which of us avoids the conflict.

4. Each disputant shall select his own moderator, they two to choose a third party, who shall preside as chairman of the debate.

5. The moderators shall preserve order, suppress undue manifestations of applause, and decide points of order when appealed to by either disputant.

I appoint, as my moderator, Mr. G. W. Rima, of Sterling Center, Minn.

If my opponent chooses, I will accept the affirmativ, or laboring oar, for the first six nights, or the last six, on this form of the question: The Bible is of human origin, and its teachings are immoral.

I will affirm that during one-half the debate, my opponent to affirm his proposition the other half.

To my Liberal friends I say, I will come and hold the debate for less than half price. For a debate of eight sessions I receive $100 and traveling expenses. I will hold a debate of twelve sessions for $75, and bear my own traveling expenses.

The debate ought to be held in a large place. But I leave that with the Liberals and Christians to decide.

If Elder Hill and his friends refuse to meet us on these just terms, I throw the challenge down to any other denomination.

I would be glad to hav THE TRUTH SEEKER print the elder's letter, and then I would like to hav the privilege of answering it. Christians expect more favors from Infidels than Christians are willing to grant. Can't we afford it? I havn't seen his letter. Let us hav it. It is doubtless an invaluable addition to classical literature. W. F. JAMIESON.

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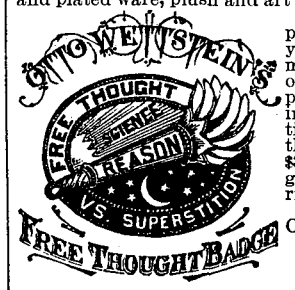
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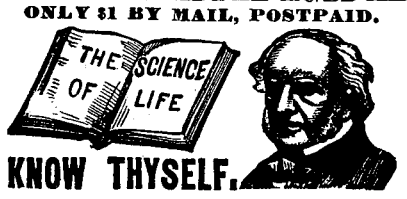


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Gems of Thought.

THE Christians surely hav very few stones to throw at the Mohammedans on the score of massacres and persecutions.—*D. M. Bennett.*

EVER remember that thou and everything thou beholdest within and around thee, all that befalls thee and others, is no disjointed fragment, no wild chaos of atoms or casualties, but that it all springs according to eternal laws from the one primeval source of all life, all reason, and all good. This is the essence all religion.—*Strauss.*

If everything that happens is God's will,
Both good and ill,
Then say wherein
Rests man's responsibility? Though sin
Go hand in hand with him through ways of shame,
Is man to blame?

If everything that happens is God's will,
Both good and ill,
What credit hath
That man who ever shuns the evil path,
And treads with feet that do not hesitate
The true and straight?

Do the things external which fall upon thee distract thee? Giv thyself time to learn something new and good, and cease to be whirled around. How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks, but only to what he himself does, that it may be just and pure!—*Antoninus.*

COSMO, duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if their wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," said he, "that we are commanded to forgiv our enemies; but you shall never read that we are commanded to forgiv our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better turn: "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" and so of friends in a proportion. —*Bacon's Essays.*

ALL things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. . . Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven. Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, hav we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."—*Jesus.*

BURKE thought about life as a whole, with all its infirmities and all its pomps. With none of the mental exclusivness of the moralist by profession, he fills every page with solemn reference and meaning; with none of the mechanical bustle of the common politician, he is everywhere conscious of the mastery of laws, institutions, and government over the character and happiness of men. Besides thus diffusing a strong light over the awful tides of human circumstance, Burke has the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things, and in making their lives at once rich and austere. Such a part in a literature is indeed high. We feel no emotion of revolt when Mackintosh speaks of Shakspere and Burke in the same breath as being both of them above mere talent. And we do not dissent when Macaulay, after reading Burke's works over again, exclaims: "How admirable! The greatest man since Milton!"—*John Morley's Burke.*

THERE is no method of reasoning more common, and yet none more blamable, than, in philosophical disputes, to endeavor the refutation of any hypothesis by a pretense of its dangerous consequences to religion and morality. When any opinion leads to absurdities, it is certainly false; but it is not certain that an opinion is false because it is of dangerous consequence. Such topics, therefore, ought entirely to be forborne, as serving nothing to the discovery of truth, but only to make the person of an antagonist odious.—*Hume on Liberty and Necessity.*

Odds and Ends.

ON the face of it, it would appear to be somewhat personal on the part of a California preacher to mention the purchase of a mule by a brother minister as a "remarkable instance of self-possession."

THE editor of a Rockbridge, Va., newspaper is also a preacher. When a form is pied, or a compositor makes a little error which takes a column of the paper to explain, he goes upstairs and delivers a sermon in the composing-room. Don't mention it. But although distended by a big moral, the story is a lie.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, looking up from her book, "what does transatlantic mean?" "Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me; you made me forget my count." "Does trans always mean across?" "If you don't stop bothering me with questions you'll go to bed." "Then does transparent mean a cross parent?" Ten minutes later she was resting in her little couch.

TEN LITTLE BIGOTS.

[The appended verse is republished by request of an esteemed reader.]

Ten little Bigots chalked out a line,
One couldn't toe it, then there were nine.

Nine little Bigots full of zeal and hate,
One asked time to think, then there were eight.

Eight little Bigots fencing roads to heaven,
One cut across the roads, then there were seven.

Seven little Bigots, at each other shying bricks,
One's pet creed was smashed, then there were six.

Six little Bigots fighting who should drive,
One got down and walked, then there were five.

Five little Bigots wrangling more and more,
One heard of Darwin, then there were four.

Four little Bigots still could not agree,
One kicked his catechism, then there were three.

Three little Bigots, madder yet they grew,
One cried, "Damn it all!" then there were two.

Two little Bigots, each with loaded gun,
Aimed one at the other, left was only one.

One little Bigot, crowing all alone,
Tackled Bob Ingersoll then there were none.

THE GREAT REVIVAL SCHEME.

"Dis heah is er great 'vival dat we'se got on han', Brother Marcus," said Parson Hickney, addressing a co-laborer in a great cause.

"Yas, indeed; yas, indeed. It do me er heep er good ter see all dese ole sinners 'fessin' de Lawd, sho's yer born'd it do."

"Me, too, Brudder Marcus. It do 'pear like de day o' de penycost hab come at de las', an' I thanks de Lawd fur it. Start up er nuder hime, dar," he added, turning to the congregation. "Yas, Brudder Marcus, we'se gwine ter git our 'ward fur all dis good work we'se doin'. Say, deah brudder, whut does de c'leckshuns ermount ter dis ebenin'?"

"Ten dollars an' er quarter."

"I thanks de Lawd fur dat, too. Say, Brudder Marcus, we ain' gwine ter steal dat money, is we?"

"No, indeed."

"Jes' gwine ter 'joy ourse'fs er leetle arter sarvices, ain' we?"

"Dat's all."

"Dar's plenty red plan'ation liker down de street, ain' dar?"

"Plenty o' hit."

"Gwine ter git some, ain' we?"

"'Deed we is."

"Fine 'vival dis, Brudder Marcus."

"Monstrous."

"An' we'se thankful."

"We is dat."

"Wall, let 'em sing er nuder hime an' den we'll go. Sing er nuder hime, please. Brudder Jake, please start de chune an' de Lawd'll jine in arter er while."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A PERSON of inelegant Leisure, who had deservedly gained the Reputation of being the Laziest man in all the Town, became such a Nuisance to his neighbors that they determined to bury him unless he would undertake to Do Something for himself. As he resolutely refused to make an Effort, they placed him in a coffin and bore him toward the Graveyard at the Head of a Procession. A benevolent Farmer, unwilling to see a Fellow-Creature buried alive, stopped the procession and offered to giv the poor unfortunate a Bushel of Corn if he might be allowed to liv. When this generous offer was repeated to the would-be Corpse, he partly raised his Head out of the Coffin and languidly inquired, "Is it shelled?" The benevolent Farmer was obliged to admit that it was not shelled. "Then," replied the Person of Inelegant Leisure, "let the Funeral go on."

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News of the Week.

THERE is great suffering in Ireland from famin.

LAST week sleighing was good in and around New York.

ABOUT $115,000 has been subscribed to the Grant monument fund.

THE health of Pope Leo is in a bad way He has trouble with his kidneys.

THE New York cigar-makers are on strike, and a general lock-out is looked for.

ADDED to its small-pox epidemic, Montreal, Can., has just had a half-million dollar fire.

J. E. MUNSON, a stenographer, has invented and patented a machine for setting type by electricity.

ALMOST a water famin was caused at Cleveland, O., last week by slush clogging the supply shaft.

A MINE at Almy, Wyo. Ter., exploded from fire damp last Saturday, and thirteen men were kiled.

A TYPE-SETTING tournament just held at Chicago was won by Barnes, of New York, Champion McCann taking second place.

HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, the distinguished Shaksperian scholar, died at Cambridge last Sunday. He was seventy-two years old.

THE Newark children who were bitten by a mad dog, and who were sent to M. Pasteur at Paris to be treated, hav returned in excellent health.

JOE COOK spoke to the American Temperance Union at Chickering Hall last Sunday. He said America was the drunkest people on the planet.

THE value of taxable real estate in New York city, as estimated by the tax commissioners, is $1,206,112,404. This is an increase of nearly $38,000,000 over last year.

MISS KATHARINE BAYARD, eldest daughter of T. F. Bayard, United States secretary of state, was found dead in her bed last Saturday. The cause of her death is unknown.

WE stop the press to announce that the Rev. James C. Clarke, Methodist, of Hazleton, Pa., has been acquitted by a church committee of the charge of stealing eggs.

A NEW telephone company, having head quarters in Chicago and capital of $10,000,000, will prosecute the claims of Professor Gray to priority in the invention of the Bell telephone.

PROF. O. S. FOWLER, the phrenologist, was arrested in Buffalo, N. Y., last week for illegally practicing medicin. Mr. Fowler is 76 years of age, and belongs to the well-known firm of Fowler & Wells.

UNDER the head, "Two Infidels," the New York *Sun* of the 15th says: "Colonel Robert Ingersoll and the Rev. H. W. Beecher were unanimously elected members of the Thirteen Club on Wednesday evening."

THE dynamiters of Chicago are endeavoring to get up a scare by announcing their preparation for blowing up the Illinois militia, but the world at large does not enthuse, and moves on with its accustomed indifference.

THE people of Baltimore desire a delivery of their mails on Sunday, and efforts hav been made to procure it, but without effect. Postmaster General Vilas refuses the petition out of respect to the alleged moral sense of the community.

A MONUMENT to John C. Calhoun is projected at Charleston, S. C. It is to be 33 feet high and 30 feet square at the base. Calhoun (1782-1850), it will be remembered, was a nativ of South Carolina. He was twice vice-president, and a statesman of eminent attainments.

THE preliminary investigation into the case of the Rev. Dr. I. C. Pershing, president of the Pittsburgh M. E. Female College, began on Tuesday, and will continue a week or perhaps longer. The trial will be of interest to all Methodists in the country. The charges are embraced under the general head of conduct not in accordance with the rules of the church.

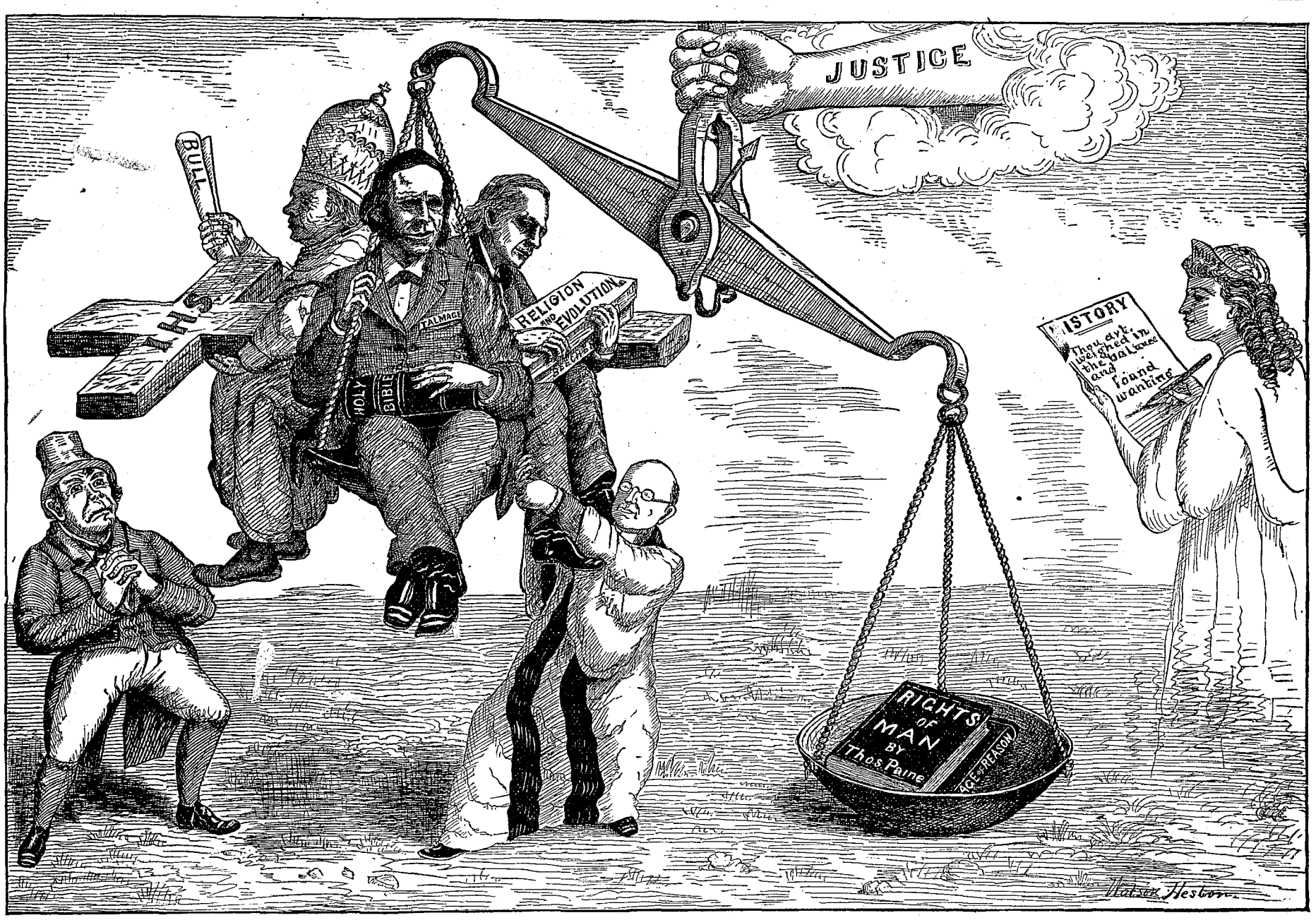
ST. MARY'S Catholic church at Fort Wayne, Iowa, is a wreck. On Jan. 13th a steam boiler in the building exploded, and a loss of $65,000 was the result, when a little watchfulness on the part of the Catholic god might hav saved the whole business. The lamentable feature of the affair is that one of the doors fell upon a thirteen-year-old school girl, killing her instantly.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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THE JUDGMENT OF HISTORY.

Notes and Clippings.

AN experienced vocalist has, it is said, during fourteen years cured any number of cases of obstinate cough by prescribing the free use of raw oysters as a diet. The remedy is easily tried.

THE vicar of Masham, England, thus concluded a sermon to his flock: "And now, friends, which is it to be—Salisbury, Churchill, and heaven, or Gladstone, Chamberlain, and hell?"

GIN FUN, a San Francisco laundryman, has joined the Anti-Coolie League, and posts over the door of his washee-house the sign: "The Chinese must go. None but Melican man employed here."

"Now, sir, you are better," said a Boston faith doctor to a patient he had been treating; "tell me just how you feel." "Well, sir," replied the victim, "I feel like a damned fool; how much is your bill?"

"The announcement that Bradlaugh was cheered on going to the House of Commons indicates," says the New York *Times*, "that the British mob has a keener sense than British society of what fair play requires. It had already been explained that Lord Salisbury's government did not intend to oppose the admission of Bradlaugh. But the confession that Bradlaugh is entitled to sit is a confession that he was entitled to sit in the last Parliament. That confession, in turn, is a confession that he has been the victim of a series of outrageous and scandalous persecutions which hav disgraced the House of Commons more deeply than any other of its actions for many years. The least that the house can in decency do for Bradlaugh is to reimburse him by bill for the heavy and almost ruinous expenses he has incurred in defending what is now acknowledged to be his right. He cannot be compensated by cheers alone."

A MAN in Minneapolis sued a church for $20,000 because he fell down a stairway which he took to be a dark closet. He lost his suit. The jury took the ground that if a man insists upon going to church, he must put up with the consequences.

A COUNTRY clergyman was one day catechising his flock. The sexton, being somewhat badly posted, thought it best to keep a modest place near the door. But the clergyman observed him, and, divining his object, called him forward. "John," said he, "what is baptism?" "Ou, sir," answered John, scratching his head, "ye ken—it's just saxpence to me, and fifteen pence to the precentor."—*Redruth Times, Eng.*

AN Alabama negro, about to be hung for a horrible crime last week, made the usual meet-me-on-the-golden-shore speech, concluding with the following brilliant remark: "I mus' leabe ye bekase de Lawd needs me, de angels am er callin' me, de redeemed am singing hallelujahs, and de grand choir needs one moah harp." Then the sheriff moved the crank, and the heavenly necessity went to his reward; or, as *Texas Siftings* puts it, he "played on an instrument of one string with the bridge down."

A PETITION for the introduction of cremation was recently laid before the German Reichstag, containing 23,365 signatures. The petition was signed by 1,942 physicians, 1,046 lawyers and professors, 1,015 government officials, 849 school-masters, 10 Protestant clergymen, 3 rabbis, 361 women, and 6,000 workingmen. The remaining names were those of merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, and others. It will be seen that, as usual, the clergy are miles in the rear in this progressiv movement.

A WRITER in the *People's Health Journal* tells of a debilitated patient who did not do at all well on beef-tea, but was easily restored to health on a diet of bean soup. The only remarkable thing about this, says the *Sun*, is that the patient ever expected to derive strength and nourishment from beef tea alone. Considering that we hav upward of a hundred thousand doctors, and that a very large proportion of them are fully agreed that beef tea is almost valueless, except as a stimulant, it is surprising that people continue to look upon it as a food.

THE London *Daily News* reports that in Paris decorativ artists and sculptors are preparing to adapt themselvs to the crematory movement, which has now in its favor a vote of the municipal council adopting the plan of a mortuary furnace, and granting a site in Pere Lachaise, where it will operate early in 1886. The expense of cremation is not, it is settled, to exceed fifteen francs. The municipality will, at a future sitting, vote the construction of a sort of lay temple, where families will be allowed to keep urns, or other funereal vessels, containing the ashes of dead relativs. This will not necessarily do away with any religious ceremony short of that of consigning the dead to consecrated ground; but, as M. Koechlin Schwartz says, there is no reason why urns may not be consecrated, or why Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and Freethinkers may not build a vast mausoleum in which the ashes of thousands could be deposited in beautiful vessels without injury to the living. It is probable that, cremation being now legal in such an art center as Paris, new and beautiful forms of artistic decoration will grow out of it. The time for the combustion of an adult at Pere Lachaise will be two hours.

A PETITION is being circulated in Boston for signatures, which states that "the right of a citizen of Massachusetts to obtain justice ought not to be impaired on account of the theological opinions of his witnesses," and asks that the clause of the public statutes of that state which says that the evidence of a person's "disbelief in the existence of God may be received to affect his credibility as a witness" be repealed. This clause is unjust, not to Atheists only, but to all suitors in Massachusetts courts; for their interests are liable to be injured by allowing the religious opinions of witnesses to affect the credibility of their testimony.

THE repetition of the sectarian troubles which agitated Long Island City some years ago, and which culminated in the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools, is threatened. A large number of the taxpayers of the first ward wish to know by what right the priests of the St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Hunter's Point, are allowed on certain church holidays to go to the school and march the Catholic children from their class-rooms and lead them across the street to the church to hear mass. As the Catholic children form seventy-five per cent of the attendance, some of the class-rooms are entirely emptied on such occasions.

Communications.

Letters to a Catholic Friend.

II.

St. Clement of Alexandria was a stanch advocate of spurious books, and quotes freely from the "Sibyl." In fact, most of your early fathers insist that the "Sibyl" was inspired of God and confirmed by authority of St. Peter and Paul. Is was held to be equally authentic with the gospels, and, as will be seen hereafter, was quoted as late as the fourth century to prove that Jesus had once lived. The interpolations bearing on Jesus hav been proven beyond the question of a doubt; not one Christian commentator of any note denies it. Among them I find the following:

With five loaves and two fishes,
He will satisfy five thousand men in the desert.
Then, gathering up the fragments which remain,
He will fill twelve baskets for the confirmation of many.

Also an acrostic, the initial letters being: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior, Cross." So you see, my friend, even in those early days, there was a question as to his existence, else why these forgeries? Archbishop Wake, no mean authority on these matters, says: "In the early days many spurious books were forged and published by the fathers, who did not scruple to quote them as true and genuin." St. Clement wrote a commentary on the scriptures called "Hypotyposis." Your church, ages after it had canonized him, declared that it was Infidel in its tendencies, and Pope Benedict XIV. anathematized the saint and struck his name off the calendar.

Origen comes next. "He was," says Rev. Dr. Lardner, "a bright light in the church of Christ and one of those rare personages that hav done honor to human nature." He was the first author to giv a distinct catalog of the books of the New Testament. He taught that "Christianity and Paganism, when rightly understood, differed in no essential points, but had a common origin, and were really one and the same religion." He claimed that the father existed before the son, but that no human mind can comprehend "how the unbegotten god is made the father of the only begotten son." This is precisely the position which Infidels take, and is the reason why they do not bother themselvs about the unknowable. Origen harps upon the Old Testament, and when pushed has recourse to faith. In the much-vaunted work, "Origen *versus* Celsus," he puts up his man of straw and knocks him about at pleasure; but when Celsus objected to the reappearance of Jesus after death, and asked why he did not appear publicly, all your great authority could say was that "none could see him except those who received eyes capable of such sight." He admits that Barnabas's statement in regard to the mental and moral status of the apostles was correct—they being not only very wicked men, but the scum of creation, and claims that the Christians of his day were performing greater works than Jesus. In the excess of zeal he construed too literally the passage in Matt. xix, 12, as he had a half-dozen lady amanuenses. Sober second thought, too late, however, caused him to regret his action. Tired of defending that which, if true, should hav been self-apparent in those early days, he relapsed into Infidelity. Your church still quotes him.

St. Hippolytus is indebted to Baron Bunsen for his present prominent position in church circles, as the baron found his "Refutation of All Heresies" in 1842 at Mount Athos. As life is short and space in THE TRUTH SEEKER valuable, I will simply giv you one short quotation and remark that if you were my direst foe I might hope that you would be condemned to read his work—I don't say understand it, but read it. "Now this sole and supreme God," says he, "first by reflection begets the word, not the word in the sense of speech, but as the indwelling reason of the universe. Him alone he begat out of things existing; for that which was, was the father himself, the being born of whom was the cause of all things produced." I desire to treat your holy writers respectfully, but let me ask you, as a lawyer, if a client of yours had written the above, would you object to a commission *de lunatico inquirendo?*

St. Cyprian is the next on the roll of honor—"Cyprian *the* bishop." "There were bishops before him, there were bishops after him, but never has one so magnified the office as this bishop of Carthage." He was over fifty years old when he "joined the church." In less than two years he became bishop. He had been a *roué* and was considered one of the hardest cases in the city. In his epistle to Donatus he claims to hav "been born again, and set free from the bondage of his sins." His biographer Pontius, in extenuation of his early life, says, "The doings of a man should not be reckoned from any other point except from the time he is born of God." He was a man of great wealth, which he distributed among the poor as soon as he had a change of heart, but when he had attained the bishopric his property was restored to him, so it was claimed, by a signal exhibition of divine providence. He made the eucharist his hobby. He says that a nurse took a child of Christian parentage to a heathen temple, where the priest gave it some bread dipped in wine, the remains of a sacrifice. The mother, ignorant of this, brought the child to him, to partake of the eucharist, but the child was seized with fits and showed signs of a guilty conscience. After some trouble, the deacon succeeded in pouring a few drops of consecrated wine into its mouth, but "the holy eucharist could not remain in a body so defiled, and burst out of the child's polluted bowels." The number of instances given by Cyprian of how people suffered for having received the sacrament unworthily should hav satisfied every inquiring mind of those days. One well-authenticated instance would answer to-day. Cyprian was what might be called an involuntary martyr. Twice he ran away and hid himself, leaving his flock to the persecutions of the pagans. His various epistles to the lambs who had been caught and were awaiting sentence, exhorting them to stand steadfast, suffer for the truth, and gain their crowns, are certainly, under the circumstances, very amusing. However, from him I glean one fact, that in his day Rome was simply a bishopric, with no claims to supremacy, and he addresses its bishop as "colleague." In his 27th epistle he says, "The church is founded upon the bishops, and every act of the church is controled by them." His remains are preserved in Arles, having been carried there, so it is stated, by Charlemagne. The cathedrals in Venice, Compiegne, and Rosnay also claim the honor of possessing his entire skeleton.

St. Athanasius has enough theological glory in being the formulator of the creed which bears his name. The day for its defense has gone by. Therefore I'll pass it without comment. He vouches as an eye-witness to the truth of the records of Anthony, and that Satan visited the staint, admitted he felt uncomfortable while in the saint's presence, and that by his prayers he had deprived him (Satan) of the power of injuring mankind. Athanasius declares that an angel supplied Anthony every day with a half loaf of bread and a half pitcher of drinking water, and whenever anyone visited him, the angel, without having been previously notified, brought the same allowance for the visitor. His writings are filled with the wondrous doings of the monks, who were his firm friends, and defended and protected him during his several banishments. But impartial history has declared that these monks were disgustingly filthy in their habits, as, among other things, they were not allowed to bathe themselvs. Athanasius boasts of Anthony's holy horror at even the sight of bathing water, "by which, except under the direst necessity, his feet were never contaminated." Is it not barely possible, my friend, that this is the reason why the devil felt so uncomfortable in his presence?

Epiphanius, styled the "father of all bishops, a shining star among them; the pattern of ancient sanctity, and man of God-blessed memory," confines his attention principally to miracles. Besides the usual run, he testifies that several fountains and rivers were annually turned into wine. This was particularly the case with the river Nile in Egypt. There can be no doubt of the truth of this. He is not quoting on information derived from others, as he solemnly asseverates that he himself frequently drank the wine from the fountains and rivers. He is one of the stanchest advocates of the existence of Jesus, and as I am pleading my side of the question, I feel that you will excuse my not quoting his conclusiv arguments. They would surely convert every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

St. Ambrose, a lawyer by profession, was sent to Milan as governor. Shortly after his arrival the bishop died, and he was elected to the vacancy. Not being a Christian he was baptized, and immediately assumed the Episcopal robes. His works are many and cover almost every subject, but it is evident that all he knew of your religion or mysteries was due to their approximation to those of the pagan worship he had just left. Your church claims that the very moment he was invested with the Episcopal power, 'his mind was divinely illuminated," but as I am personally acquainted with several who hav been anointed with holy oil, knew them both before and after the ceremony, and hav never noticed any special illumination that I can now remember, either the story must be incorrect, or the oil, owing to age, has lost its power. Certainly Ambrose's works, so far as they treat of your mysteries, show no more knowledge, cogent reasoning, common sense, or illumination than those of the earlier writers. His works on morals are good, necessary, and well-timed, else the history of those days mislead me. Theologically speaking, you are welcome to whatever comfort you may gather from his writings. Like Cyprian, he extolled the sacraments, dwelt on them continually, and, among the thousand and one tales, relates that a personal friend was once shipwrecked. Taking a piece of the eucharist, which the faithful always carried around with them in those days, he tied it in a handkerchief around his neck, and though he could not swim, boldly plunged into the raging sea. A special wave took him on its crest and carried him safely ashore. The other equally marvelous stories are presumably as well authenticated as this, and just as credible.

Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, comes next. He is the mainstay of commentators, as he was the compiler of the writings of many of the early fathers, which most probably would hav been lost but for his mention of them. I wish every intelligent Catholic would carefully read his history, as it goes further to prove my proposition than any other work I hav as yet met. I would be pleased to hav you study Book I., chap. ii, entitled, "Summary View of the Pre-existence and Divinity of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," in which you will find the current views and early teachings of your church. Then compare them with what is now taught, and ask some priest the cause and necessity for the change. Do not let him put you off by saying it is an uninspired work, and that the church recognizes the writer only as a historian, for Eusebius is quoted as the pillar of early Christianity, and compiler of all the so-called facts attesting to the divine origin of your religion. Read his admissions in chap. iii that "the name of Jesus, as also that of Christ, were both known and honored from ancient times." In chap. iv he admits that "the religion announced by Christ was neither unexpected nor strange;" and this read in connection with an essay by one of your early bishops, Faustus, who said, "Do you receive the gospels? Undoubtedly I do. Why, then, you also admit that Christ was born? Not so; for it by no means follows that in believing the gospels I should therefore believe that Christ was born," should satisfy any ordinary man that your Christ was simply an idea suggested by the meaning of the word anointed. The term was applied even to Cyrus, else your records are untrue, and every high priest was a Christ. Every petty ruler was also a Christ, and as he could not hope to hold his power over the people without the assistance of the priests, the addition of a little sacred oil to the coronation ceremonies invested him with supernatural powers, and the superstitious credulity of the masses, inculcated by the priests, helped on the fraud. Eusebius says that in his day the term Christ was applied to every faithful follower of the church. Possibly, my friend, if he had had your late personal experiences with a very pious deacon of the Methodist church, he would not hav attached the name Christ "to every pious person." In speaking of the Essenes, the monks of Egypt, he says: "The sacred writings used by this sect were none other than *our* gospels and the writings of the apostles." As it is a historical fact that the Essenes were in existence several hundreds of years prior to the Christian era, the advent of Jesus must therefore be proven from some source other than "our gospels." The reputation of Eusebius is not of the most savory nature, and his veracity may very reasonably be called into question, even by Infidels, since the Rev. Dr. Lardner and other orthodox commentators hav declared as an interpolation the passage in Josephus attesting to the existence of Jesus, and carried its perpetration home to the very door of this "greatest of ecclesiastical historians."

As I hav already made this letter too lengthy, I will carry my further remarks over to my next.

Yours truly, MCARTHUR.

Religious Toleration.

It seems to be an admitted rule that eccentric persons are always in the wrong. Happy, therefore, must we think it, considering that the concurrent testimony of physicians and philosophers adjudge all men to be more or less insane; that society, in obediance to secret laws of affinity, resolves itself into distinct circles, allowing each prudent lunatic to revise the display of his aberrations for congenial company and to enjoy his madness without forgetting his self-esteem. I plead only for the protection which this paragraph provides in the presentation of my thoughts upon the topic heading this paper. It is a wonder that the advocates of religious toleration hav never considered that, perchance, in this wide world there may be some aside from religionists who need toleration. Seemingly, this *divine thing, religion*, is the specialized thing which is ever in need of toleration, recognition, and protection. The devotees of this divine thing must be tolerated under all circumstances. It is a crime for any one to entertain an adverse opinion—this thing must be protected and tolerated. With consummate impudence this demand is made by the devotees of religion. I am not sure but this point is wisely taken. A divine thing is certainly sorely in need of protection and toleration. Its presumed author, seeing that he is in need of the devotion of these religious devotees, might reasonably enough demand that his divine religion should hav toleration of all nations; this it has had to a very large extent. This government, in its gracious liberality, has extended its protectiv toleration to all kinds of religions and religious practices, but, for some unaccountable reason, it never thought that there might be citizens of this nation *without religion*, who, in fact, might need the same kind of toleration granted to these religionists, especially when we remember how intolerant these devotees

hav been through all history. We hav had enough religious toleration specialized—let us hav a little for the men and women who are so unfortunate—or fortunate, as the case may be—to hav no religion at all. These tolerated religions in this country are so infamously intolerant toward those who do not believe in the divine thing that they are ready to deny to them the rights of an American citizen. The most disreputable knave, being religious, can be heard in a court of justice, while a man every way trustworthy and honorable is excluded, and a hearing is denied him in this same court of justice, he being without religion. Is there anything more contemptible than this? And yet it is often repeated in our halls of justice.

This is not all that this *tolerated*, intolerant religion demands. It also demands that the condition of truth-telling is that you shall swear by the pains of hell, and a being who will inflict the same. The time is when we ought to hav toleration for decency, though it does not come in the dress of hypocrisy. Let us hav toleration for worthy men and women who cannot swear by the gods, neither heaven nor hell. This wholesale religious toleration in this country is one of the great causes of crime and indecent practices. It is a fruitful source of crime, inasmuch as this toleration concedes to the superstitious bigot the unmolested right to flaunt in the face of manliness a bloody scheme, a bloody victim, sin-atoning blood, sin-washing blood, innocent blood for the sins of guilt, and the acquittal of the guilty thereby, and consequently the encouragement of crime.

The world's history demonstrates this: Crimes—ninety-nine per cent of all crimes—are from this immunity from guilt through this bloody scheme, and still the cry is more toleration for these bigots. Yes, toleration for crime—that is what it is. I deny that any authority in this country has the right to tolerate or in any way protect crime. There is no liberty in such protection. There is no liberty in such toleration. Tolerate Freeman in his religious *rite* to kill his daughter. Tolerate the Mormon in his religious rite of polygamy. Tolerate the priesthood in wringing from their stupid devotees the secrets of their lives. Tolerate the incarceration of women in nunneries. Tolerate inquisitorial fires and hells where crime forever goes unpunished. Tolerate forced fastings and rites which are in violation of the common decencies of life. Tolerate baptism in ice-cold water. Tolerate the lawlessness of the Salvation Army and the free Methodist; and thus we find that every kind of foolish, harmful, and wicked practice is in vogue among these tolerated religious outlaws, and decency has no hearing or toleration unless it comes under some of these abominable superstitious religions. Let us hav toleration for science, philosophy, and investigation, though they chance to come with uncovered and unbaptized heads. I ask those who are in the interest of freedom—not that of anarchy—but freedom, which demands that no practice among these tolerated religions shall be tolerated or allowed that is inimical to the health of this community, or the interest of the commonwealth, ought not this nation to reserve the right to abate a nuisance at all times and in all places?

A nation should protect itself against all foes, and should not permit any religious or other practices that are indecent and tend to promote crime. It should protect its subjects against ecclesiastical dominations and the enforcement of a religion upon the people which will tend to make them less loyal and less competent to defend the honor of the nation. All of this must happen when their religion binds them to any foreign prince or potentate on earth or in heaven. Allegiance, first and last, is due the nation which will protect its subjects in the use of their constitutional rights, but to tolerate those whose practices are in violation of decency and tend to crime is quite another matter. In this wholesale toleration, this nation, by its indifference, has placed itself in criminal league with that very element which, some day not in the far future, will cost the nation dearly in its best blood. The Republican party is bidding for the Protestant vote by criminal neglect of religious usurpation; and, on the other hand, the Democratic party is bidding for the Catholic vote, through like criminal neglect of religious usurpation. Religions should hav no more toleration in their bad and criminal practices than the thief when he steals. The nation proposes to protect the people against contagious diseases. In this the state, through municipal law, assumes the right to protect even against that which religions hav ever claimed is the work of Gods, and to prevent plagues, famin, and pestilence, as far as possible; and, we ask, why not enter a legislativ protest against these religious indecencies, and that under the sanction of the national authority? Can any one render a good reason why the national government should permit an infringement upon the rights of the children of this nation, from whom our future lawmakers must come? Robbed by religions of the birthright of freedom, priestcraft challenges their rights from the day of their birth. A nation in self-protection must prohibit this priestly interference with the children of this republic. It is an unpardonable offense. It is high treason committed against an innocent childhood and the mothers of hat childhood—horrid mutilations, mental and physical. Every priest, Christian or Jew, deserves the unmitigated contempt of all manhood and womanhood for this treason which they are constantly committing against the children of the nation. They should not be allowed to look upon the innocent face of a child with these *rites of savagery* in their hands. Tolerate religions in these foul practices? It is a damnation thus to do. To tolerate in this government these imported filthy customs from the rotten carcase of a dead theology, is to tolerate a stench full of pestilence and danger to the stability and advancement of this nation. St. Patrick saints and Orangemen saints meet religiously, and the result is murder; but the religion guilty of these foul murders must be tolerated and protected. These Poles, coming here full of religion, fight over their religion and commit murders, all for Christ's sake; but this vile religion, guilty of the crime of murder, must be tolerated and protected.

These representativs of a foreign religion and a foreign God should not be allowed to bring their religion or their Gods with them any more than they should be allowed to bring their contagious diseases along. If any are to be excluded, there would be less danger to the nation in the exclusion of the former than the latter. They should at least be required to leave their scalping-knife and other instruments of butchery at home with their dead gods.

Such people should not be allowed, when they become citizens of this nation, to worship any foreign gods. They should worship the gods of this country—American gods; they are bad enough for all practical purposes. Is it not in violation of this nation's protectiv decency, when those who hav found asylum here are disturbers of the peace through the importation of habits and customs nativ in despotic governments, but only elements of discord and danger here? Importation should be denied to all of these, whether they come in a religious or a political form. The most of our riots and crime come from these sources, and they should not be tolerated in these disturbing practices.

But here is another religion bound by a foreign potentate—protected in its *rite*—that will not allow fighting for the honor or defense of the nation; and thus we pass from one to the other, and we ever find that they are an element of weakness to this nation. Would you by national legislation prohibit the religious devotees in their worship? No, by no means; but these practices to which we hav referred, and there are many others which are not healthful or innocent—all, at any rate, that lead or tend to indecency—ought to be abated, should not be tolerated any more than any other crime. Whenever they interfere with childhood, enforcing vows, baptism, or mutilation, then they should be pronounced criminal or a nuisance; and if criminal should be punished, and if the latter, abated. It may be assumed that religions are useful, and therefore should be tolerated and protected. So far as they are useful, that is all right, but this is not the point in debate. It is the unuseful, harmful, and indecent practices of these religions of which we complain Religion cloaks crime, and tends in many cases to develop the vilest traits in human character. To illustrate: Take that man in Cincinnati who murdered his wife. Listen to his last speech before he was hung. Of course he, by priestly intervention, was washed white in the blood of the lamb, and hence when he mounted the scaffold he was nearing heaven. Only the fall of the trap, and he was there. And this is what he said: "I hav only one thing to regret, and that is that I *shall not meet my dear wife in heaven.*" A religion capable of making such a consummate villain of a man as this is hardly a useful religion. But it may be said this is not the work of religion, but the abuse of it. But we cannot separate religion from its historical features. Its value must be taken in the light of its history. And what is that history but one of infamous deeds and bloody crimes? In its name sixty millions of human beings hav been murdered.

This is essentially religious. There is no religion without crime in its practices—that is, as a rule. If there is, then it has stolen the wrong name. We cannot concede the claim that religions are so far useful as to offset the evils in the practice of the same, without swindling history. But let us enlarge upon this, and inquire as to the benefit religion has rendered this government that it should demand toleration and protection and thus specialize itself. I confess that the criminal statistics of this country fail to show that any good has been rendered this nation by religion. The penal institutions of this land hav been and are largely supported for criminal religionists. No mathematics but divine mathematics can figure a useful factor out of these statistics. The insane and penal institutions hold a large percentage of criminals, whereas less than one-fourth of the entire population of this country are classed as religionists. This only shows very justly that the laws of this country do not protect religionists any more than others whose crimes come within the provisions of the statutes, but we claim that the *criminal practices* of religion should be punishable under statutory enactment like all other crimes, and the fact that they are religionists should not shield them. We would not in any form limit the freedom of the people in belief or unbelief, or in the expression of the same. This should be conceded to all, and this is what we demand. The right thus to do, without fear or harm from any source, must be admitted. Black, white, yellow, or brindle, the right is, and ought to be, the same. We ask not for toleration, only that which is equally granted to all. But this is not enough for religionists. They want toleration and protection on the ground of their religion. We say, No! If this is conceded, then it would be only just that others should be tolerated and protected on account of not having any religion.

This is not conceded, however, in our courts of justice, and this is the ground of our complaint—not that we demand toleration and protection on the ground of being not religious, and we would not hav it conceded to religionists on account of their religion—but on the ground of equality under the laws, as American citizens. We demand that the national government shall protect its citizens against the invidious distinction made in our courts of justice, so-called. But what is there in religion, at any rate, legitimatizing these invidious distinctions? An honest man, disfranchised because he will not consent to act the hypocrit, is frank to confess that he cannot affirm or deny what religionists affirm as to the being of a God. This honest confession makes him a criminal. If he will only falsify his conviction by his lips, then his word is taken, he is trustworthy. But in telling the truth, there is no toleration for him. The religionist must falsify when he affirms his belief in this being whom he says created the universe, for they hav ever told us in their creeds, and by the word of mouth, that this being of whom they affirm is incomprehensible. Who can affirm or deny an attribute, good, bad, or indifferent, belonging to, or not belonging to, an incomprehensibility? The man who refuses to affirm or deny according to this confession of the religionists is much nearer the truth than he who affirms. He who affirms falsifies, as he falsifies when he says he, she, or it is incomprehensible, but his word is the embodiment of veracity, while he who confesses that he does not know is the incarnation of vileness, and the courts of so-called justice bid him step down and out! Tolerating such a religious fraud as this is an infamy which the English language can not express. A man that would indorse this infamy ought to spit upon the stars and stripes and seek for some savage hut where he could lie down and rot. But it may be said that this incomprehensibility is known in part. If this is true, then two parts are more than one, and thus you see that a relation is established between the parts, which reduces that incomprehensibility to measurement through its parts, and thus we see at once that the story of this incomprehensibility is a falsehood, and hence its utter ruin. Its infinity is veiled within the terms of the limited.

But religion, in fact, can plead for no reality only that coming in the line of inheritance. The religions of this world hav a genesis in no way unlike that which gave us hands, feet, eyes, and ears. All of these came from the lowest structural forms. Many things in this genesis are harmful. Our hopes are contained in the wisdom which will come to us as the result of having learned the methods of nature, and in the application of the same to all of those which are the gifts of the lower forms. In time we will drop them off as we hav in the past disposed of useless members. And thus it will be in time with the diseases which we hav inherited, and it is impossible not thus to class religions. They are like the muscle which once moved the ear, which is now human, but not thus when that muscle was activ. Religion, like that muscle, is an arrested development. It belongs to a dynasty which is dead. It does not belong to rational thought. It is atrophied, and has an expression in those fragments of the human race whose development has been forever arrested, and it points to extinction. It cannot hav a resurrection. This is the divine thing that is tolerated. And, as we look upon its slaughtered hecatombs, we are convinced that, were they all collected, they would build a monument whose top would reach the Christian's heaven—at least, the Bible heaven. I am aware that we hav modern religionists to whom my arguments do not reach. All I hav to say is, I hav been dealing with religion proper, which is a divine thing.

J. H. BURNHAM.

CLEMENT OF ROME.—The name of Clement does not appear in either of the two epistles ascribed to him, but is added at the end of the first in the only manuscript extant, the Alexandrian, which is assigned to the fifth century. The second epistle was first mentioned by Eusebius. It is now universally regarded as spurious. The only primitiv preachers named in the first epistle are Paul, Kephas, and Apollos (chap. xlvii). In another place (chap. v) Paul and another apostle are mentioned as martyrs, and as all the letters of the name of the other apostle are obliterated but the last two, *os*, it has been assumed to be Petros. But is it likely that the author would write *Kephas* in one place, and *Petros* in another, referring to the same apostle?—*Antichrist.*

The Liberal Club.

It was bad weather that prevailed on the evening of Friday, the 22d. The air was full of dampness and the streets were slushy. But this state of affairs made no difference in the attendance at the 396th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club held that evening. Interest in the club has risen superior to all outside influences, and no interruptions are recognized. An earthquake intervening would be called to order by the president, and then business would proceed. The visitor who arrived later than eight o'clock had to search for an empty chair and then sit on a campstool.

No minutes of the previous meeting were read. The secretary had so large an armful of TRUTH SEEKER ANNUALS for 1886 to carry that the minute book was left at home, as of less importance. When this was explained to the chair by the secretary, the chair admitted that the secretary's action was regular.

The lecturer for the evening was Dr. R. A. Gunn, and the subject was "Alcohol Out of and In the Human System." The doctor led off with a brief history and description of alcohol. It originated away back in Arabia, and is a colorless, limpid liquid, of agreeable taste and odor. Its component parts are hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen. Its effects are hilarious. The use of it is almost universal, and the habit of getting full is older than history. Among the claims made by Dr. Gunn were these: that alcohol in the system was necessary to sustain life; that it is produced by digestion, being found in the excretions of those who hav never drank it; that it possesses such medicinal properties as to make it almost indispensable to the physician; that as a food it will sustain life for months; that in the decline of life it is a useful stimulant, and that more injury than good would follow its total abolition. The doctor admitted the harmful and dire effects of excess. There would be less drunkenness among working people if their social condition were improved. Crime is not so largely due to the use of liquor as is supposed. From twenty to fifty per cent of the inmates of prisons are drinkers. So are about the same per cent of church-members. Fanatical crusades against liquor, Dr. Gunn believed, would never hav the effect to restrain intemperance. Lecturers on the subject are usually sentimentalists, and hav no practical knowledge of it.

Dr. Gunn's address pleased some of the audience; others, including the president, did not like it at all.

Dr. Weeks was the first to respond to the chairman's invitation to discuss the question. The doctor said he didn't like to appear forward, but if he didn't come in then he might not get a chance at all. Dr. Weeks had not much respect for the opinions of scientists. They were all pollywogs. There were as yet no frogs among them. Quoting from the poet, Dr. Weeks said, "A little learning makes a man a a fool." Alcohol was an irritant, not a stimulant. At the end of ten minutes the chair hit the speaker on the elbow with its mallet, as an indication that his time was up.

Mr. Minchall, a young Englishman, made some astonishing statements about the process by which alcohol is produced. He said that in fermentation a small insect absorbed something or other, and voided alcohol; so that the best champagne was merely the fluid excretion of an animal. Mr. Minchall seemed to possess considerable uncoördinated knowledge of chemistry. His statements were wholly contradictory to those of Dr. Gunn.

Dr. Lambert felt called upon to flatly contradict Dr. Gunn's assertion that all practicing physicians found alcohol indispensable. He instanced Dr. Davis, of Chicago, editor of a medical journal, who, with a wide practice, for the past twenty years has prescribed no alcohol. Adulterated liquors was no more poisonous than pure alcohol. The doctor then related a dream. He went to heaven, and St. Peter objected to admitting him because he was an M.D. Peter said that M.D.'s and D.D.'s were rare in heaven for the reason that they had done so much harm in administering wine as medicin and at communion. No drunkard should enter the kingdom, much less the manufacturer of drunkards. Dr. Lambert then went on to relate that St. Peter inquired after Mr. Wakeman; but the chair here told the doctor he was out of order and made him stop.

Dr. Eccles said that everything we eat turns into alcohol. Digestion is fermentation, and there is an alcoholic stage to it through which food must pass, becoming an acid, the same as cider has its fermented alcoholic stage before it becomes vinegar. Food that goes into the mouth as starch leaves the body as carbonic acid, and there is no way of going from starch to carbonic acid except through alcohol. Dr. Eccles showed casually that Mr. Minchall did not know what he was talking about.

Dr. Gunn, in closing the discussion, could not see that the remarks of his critics were worthy of much notice. These men were mere theorists, not practical experimenters. Mr. Minchall's notion about the production of alcohol would not be advanced by any intelligent person. Dr. N. S. Davis was known to Dr. Gunn. They had met in consultation, and Dr. Davis prescribed alcohol. He was one of those doctors who had made no progress in anything for forty years, and still prescribed calomel and jalap whatever the disease. The medical journal edited by him was the object of just criticism by the whole profession on account of its chemical, medical, grammatical, and typographical blunders. Besides, Dr. Davis was a temperance fanatic, and his opinions were formed without an impartial examination of the facts.

The arguments, one way and the other, left the listener to settle by personal experiment whether alcohol was a useful thing or not. Dr. Gunn was apparently better fortified than were his critics, both by facts and experiment, as he admitted that he sometimes took a little aqua fortis, and had no doubt that many in the audience had done the same thing.

The next meeting falls on the birthday of Thomas Paine, when there are to be exercises of an interesting character. Following that comes Mr. Reynolds's illustrated lecture, Sunday evening, the 31st. The man with the badge pin will worry the stereopticon, and he cordially solicits the attendance of all those who delight to see a fellow-being in trouble.

A Meeting of the Sabbath Committee.

The New York Sabbath Committee is an organization said to be composed of laymen of different denominations, who hav devoted themselvs to defending the puritanical Sabbath. The committee is, however, only a jack-in-a-box worked by a string. The ministers hold the string. The Rev. W. W. Atterbery is secretary.

One of the strings now being pulled is the circulating of Morris K. Jesup's pamphlet against the opening of the museums. The Rev. W. W. Atterbery (layman, of course) is the distributor. Last Sunday the committee held a public meeting at Chickering Hall. Between two hundred and fifty and three hundred people were present, mostly old men with egg-shaped heads, who were evidently living along to save funeral expenses, middle-aged ladies very pious, young ladies who had nowhere else to go, and young men who had followed the young ladies to see that no harm came to them. This meeting was not advertised as a protest against opening the museums on Sundays, but that is what it was, and an exceedingly weak protest it turned out to be. When Felix Adler spoke in the same hall in favor of opening the museums, over twelve hundred people listened to him. Neither was this meeting advertised as a religious gathering. But the advertisment was deceptiv. The meeting was all piety. After a prayer by Rev. Mr. Schaff, a former secretary of the committee (layman, of course) Mr. John E. Parsons came to the front. He said the committee is composed wholly of laymen, and its work wholly unsectarian. All the committee wanted was to preserve the Christian Sabbath. He then announced a hymn, one verse of which ran:

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On Thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the Throne,
Sing, *Holy, Holy, Holy,*
To the Great *Three in One.*

When the choir and audience had sung two verses of this, Mr. Parsons pulled the string which stopped the organist, and said that the Rev. W. W. Atterbery (layman, of course) would tell the audience what the work of the committee was. Mr. Atterbery said the committee was comprised wholly of laymen. He would read a letter from Archbishop Corrigan, which he did as follows:

452 MADISON AV., NEW YORK, Jan. 22, 1886.

REV. W. W. ATTERBERY, Secretary, etc., *Rev. and Dear Sir:* In reply to your polite note of yesterday I beg to say that I hav a previous engagement for Sunday evening.

As I understand it, the movement for opening the museums on Sunday, though advocated in the interest of the working classes, is really the entering wedge of a larger and insidious design which aims at throwing open also on that day the theaters, drinking saloons, and other places of amusement, and so gradually do away with everything that givs the Sunday a sacred character.

If this view be correct, as there is good reason to believe it to be, the question becomes a very serious one, which deserves most attentiv consideration.

To visit the museums on Sunday is in itself harmless. To destroy the general religious observance of Sunday would be a national calamity. To weaken and endanger its sacred character would be most undesirable, for we all know the tendency of human nature, and how hard it is to recall the due observance of the day once the old landmarks are broken down.

I am, reverend and dear sir, very respectfully yours,
M. A. CORRIGAN, Archbishop.

Rev. W. W. Atterbery (layman, of course) concluded by quoting Renan's sentiment that "Christianity is dead; it has lost its Lord's day."

The Right Rev. W. C. Doane, D.D., of Albany, came forward and grasped the reading desk. Mr. Doane wore his Episcopalian uniform, knee breeches and cassock, and when he had stretched himself across the reading desk and put one shapely leg in view of the audience, he said, in substance:

To open the museums is in itself harmless, but when this is done to satisfy some people, will you not be compelled to open the theaters to satisfy others? Museums mean theaters and theaters factories. We ought to exact as little work from the laboring class as possible and consistent. We should advocate natural recreation, such as fresh air, as against the artificial recreation of museums and theaters. The sale of liquor on Sunday must be prevented. The early closing movement and the Saturday half holiday must not be lost sight of. They will do much toward a proper observance of the Sabbath. Muscums can be seen at night, and they should then be opened. Our churches should be made more attractiv and the stranger received at all times with a hearty welcome.

Congressman Breckinridge followed Mr. Doane. Mr. Breckinridge's principal claim to distinction is that he fought in the Confederate army. He looks like a twin brother of Samuel Colgate. He said that opening the museums on Sunday could not be a minor matter in a concatenated system. The observance of the Sabbath must be maintained, and it would be. He talked for three-fourths of an hour, but this is all he said.

While Mr. Breckinridge was talking Howard Crosby came in and took a back seat, from which he gradually worked forward, until at the close he was down in the front. Mr. Crosby said he would not say a word for a million dollars. He wanted to say, though, that there are no two bigger liars in the world than those who humbug the laboring man with the cry, "Down with the Sabbath, it is the badge of slavery!" and "Hurrah for the saloon, it is the hall of liberty!" Two classes only advocate these lies. First, the lazy class, who don't want to work; and, second, the greedy class, who want seven days' profit out of six days' work.

Mr. Parsons (who was about the only genuin layman taking part in the proceedings) asked the audience to join in singing the doxology, and remain while Dr. Crosby pronounced the benediction. The doxology runs in this wise:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above ye heavenly host,
Praise father, son, and Holy Ghost.

Mr. Crosby then shut his eyes, leaned on the reading desk, and, with a supplicating look at the chandelier in the ceiling, asked the divine blessing on the audience, including the wicked secretary of the American Secular Union, and the totally depraved editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The young men then selected their girls, and, presumably, went home.

To an outsider the meeting presented all the appearance of a "fizzle". There were but few, comparativly, present; there was no enthusiasm; the arguments were of the trashy religious sort, and exceedingly weak. The purpose of the committee was transparent—but it miscarried. The effort might as well hav been confined to some church, for all the effect it will hav upon public sentiment. If it is the best the committee can do, it will giv Mr. Jesup and his fellow-directors of the museums very little excuse for keeping the museums closed on Sundays.

ARGUMENTS BASED ON FACTS.

From the New York Herald.

Again I see there is an effort made to open museums, libraries, and art galleries in New York on Sundays. The non-success of the movement heretofore is owing chiefly to managers and trustees yielding too readily to religious prejudice, and if it is to succeed at all, they must not be weighed down by mistaken notions.

Frequently it is said that there is no need of Sunday opening; that those for whose benefit it is intended care very little about the matter, and would not avail themselvs of the privilege should it be granted.

Experience shows differently. It shows that all libraries, museums, and art galleries that hav granted "Sunday opening" their use is comparativly greater than on any other day. Clerks, salesmen, and saleswomen, shop boys, and shop girls—in fact, all those who are engaged in exacting avocations or household duties during the week, are concerned in it. That numbers who are weary in mind and body through the week would avail themselvs of a chance for improving their condition morally and mentally is evident by the success attending those now open in Boston and Worcester, Mass.; Bridgeport, Conn., and various other cities. Managers or librarians of any of these institutions will show, too, that many who hav no pleasant homes and are without mental food accept Sunday opening as a happy boon. But should only a small number desire Sunday opening it ought to be granted as a matter of justice. It is not right to keep them from what they help to pay for. The wage earner can take recreation or relaxation only on days of leisure, but the well-to-do can take it any day. On Sundays, if they want to read, or study literature, art, or science, they do so, and do not question themselvs as to whether or not they are doing right; and if they wish to indulge in riding or visiting or a so-called sacred concert they do so. Let the people hav an opportunity of entering amid cenes of interest and influences that humanize and civilize.

I hav been thanked often for the privilege of coming to the library and reading-room here in Bridgeport on Sundays, and hav been told that the "direct-

ors never rendered a greater help to morality" than when they granted Sunday opening. Even ministers and the strictly pious hav become so favorably impressed that the thought of closing it on Sundays would meet with a bitter protest from them. It was tried as an experiment. The experiment proved a success and became an established fact.

W. J. HILLS,
Director and Librarian Bridgeport Public Library,
Bridgeport, Conn.

SUPERSTITIOUS OPPOSITION.

From Heber Newton's sermon last Sunday.

In our own city every effort rationally to use Sunday for the physical and mental improvement of the people is met still with the sincere and earnest but none the less superstitious opposition which similar efforts would hav met with from the scribes and Pharisees in the age of Jesus. When it is proposed to open our libraries or our museums on Sunday, the churches which bear the name of the saintly Sabbath-breaker of Judea interpose on behalf of that Jesus to perpetuate the very superstition which he lost his life in combating. There is still need for those who discern the significance of his example and who believe in the principle which he enunciated, to lift up a calm and earnest protest in his name against this lingering superstition.

It stands in the way of the physical progress of man. There are hosts of our fellows to whom it is the one chance for an outing into the fresh air—the one chance to build up their bodies toward the measure of a perfect manhood. The superstition of the Sabbath stands in the way of the intellectual progress of mankind. We hav a number of libraries in this city. How many of them are opened on Sunday? It is the religious sentiment of this city which turns the key of their doors in the name of Jesus Christ. Our young men and women may not become saints by frequenting libraries, but will they not be more likely to grow into noble manhood and womanhood as they learn to think and read, and thus climb from the life of the animal to the life of intellectual being?

The superstition of the Sabbath stands in the way of the moral progress of mankind. No one who studies our social problems calmly and thoughtfully can fail to recognize as the most alarming danger of our time the gulf that is opening even more and more widely between the classes of our society. Everything that tends to foster among our working people the notion of class privilege is making against the truest morality in our midst. It is the wealthy people whose homes are private libraries and galleries of art who, unconscious of the seeming hypocrisy, protest against the opening of our libraries and museums to those who can afford no library and can buy no pictures. Sabbatarianism is feeding very dangerous fires to-day.

The superstition of the Sabbath stands in the way of the religious progress of man. This superstition of the Sabbath very largely aids in continuing the undue emphasis which ecclesiasticism has always laid upon secondary elements of religion. This superstition of the Sabbath, now as of old, endangers religion by caricaturing God, and by drawing above the life of his children the dark clouds from which men shrink back into the sunshine of life. What sort of a God is he whose inalienable prerogativs can be encroached upon by a walk in the fields upon a Sunday?

THE WICKED INFIDELS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL.

From Monday's Mail and Express.

In this period, midway between two presidential campaign, everything favors a development of moral, religious, and social questions. The rapid rise into prominence of the discussion of Sunday observance has been facilitated by these conditions. It has also been favored by the organization of the most aggressiv Infidelity and Atheism of the time into a propagandist machine called "The American Secular Union," of which Ingersoll is president, and whose secretary, Mr. S. P. Putnam, has been the circulator of almost all the petitions for opening the Museums of Art and of Natural History on Sundays, as a part of the war of the Secular Union against everything that has been held "sacred." One of the main avowed objects of Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Putnam's Secular Union has been and is to secularize the Christian Sabbath.

Sound Sense.

From a Baptist Paper.

The so-called "Freedom of Worship Bill" is to be pressed on the legislature again this winter, and the only hope of its being defeated is in the united effort of all who are opposed to the sort of "freedom" Rome claims. Her idea of "freedom of worship" is making other people giv way to her, and pay for her arrogance besides. While under this bill there is to be "no additional expenditure on the part of the state," a large charge for priestly services can be put on the city. The attempt to make it a misdemeanor if the managers of the House of Refuge, and like institutions, do not provide altars and other appliances for celebrating mass is worthy of the palmiest days of Romish rule.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

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CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com.

E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$1,807.57
Hampton Steele	1.00
Nellie E. Crouch	3.00
Graham A. Pearce	1.00
Mrs. James Beveridge	1.00
Mrs. Agnes Pearce	.50
Andrew Beveridge	2.00
James Simpson	.50
James Beveridge	1.00
Alex. Beveridge	2.00
Total,	$1,819.57

News and Notes.

Let all the Liberals of New York city and vicinity remember the Thomas Paine celebration on Friday evening, Jan. 29th, at German Masonic Hall, 220 East Fifteenth street. Come and do honor to the memory of the hero, and help swell the funds for carrying on the work of opening the museums on Sunday. The question is being discussed, and pulpit and platform begin to feel the waves of agitation. Some wise preachers hav spoken in favor of this movement on fundamental humanitarian principles. The New York Sabbath Committee take the other side. They held one of their semi-occasional meetings on Sunday evening at Chickering Hall, which, out of a sense of duty, in order to know how much ammunition the enemy really had, I attended. The audience was small, and, as the New York *Herald* of Monday says, the arguments were weak.

The only argument put forward against the opening of the museums was that it would be an "entering wedge." It was granted that in itself it was an innocent thing, but human nature was such a terribly uncertain and depraved affair that if you granted a harmless pleasure, there is no knowing what may happen. It is the Inquisition over again in a milder form. It is assuming that mankind is desperately wicked and must be kept in a strait-jacket. A little freedom, however innocent in itself, must not be allowed for fear of consequences. Men and women and children must be punished, not for what is actually done, but for what the theologians think they will do, like the parental disciplinarian who punished his boy every morning, not because he had done anything wrong, but because the father was quite theologically certain that the boy would do wrong before the day was over. Such is the pitiful and weak position of those who would close the museums on Sunday. Quite antediluvian, I should say, in their ideas of morality, quite on a par with the logic of the good old Presbyterian deacon who didn't want a stove put in the church to keep the people warm. This was an "entering wedge." There was no knowing what direful consequences might happen if the congregation received a little warmth on this side instead of waiting until they got too much of it on the other side of Jordan. The "entering wedge" argument is the hight of dogmatic folly. Everything must be accepted by the morality of common sense for what it is in itself, and not be rejected for some fancied abuse that may result. Do the right thing and its legitimate consequences will always be right.

The following letter, received among others from the members of the Legislature at Albany, shows the exceedingly muddled condition, mentally, of many of our politicians on the fundamental question of American politics. The propositions involved are those referring to the taxation of church property:

ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY, Jan. 24, 1886.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, ESQ., *My Dear Sir:* Yours of the 22d received and contents noted, as well as inclosed circular.

In answer I would say that, while I am liberal in my religious views, I am no Agnostic, and cannot favor the propositions in your circular coutained.

Yours very truly, H. C. HOWE.

What has Agnosticism to do with these propositions? No more than astronomy or geology, and the honorable member might just as well hav said that he could not favor these propositions because he was not an astronomer or a geologist. These propositions are founded upon the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The most eminent Christians hav favored them, not because they were Christians, but because they were keen-sighted men, and understood the principles of American government. These propositions are purely political propositions and hav nothing at all to do with religion *per se* either for or against. They simply demand justice and equality before the law of every citizen. What has this to do with Agnosticism? The philosophy of the universe is one thing; the philosophy of human rights is another. There is no direct logical connection between the two. Agnosticism may tend to make a man more Liberal, so that he sees no importance in the spread of a certain theological belief, but it is still to be hoped that one may be a Theist and a Christian, and yet deal justly with his fellow-men on purely humanitarian grounds. We assure the gentleman that he need not be an Agnostic or any other kind of a heretic or unbeliever in order to support these propositions, but simply a wise student of the Declaration of Independence, and an honest politician.

F. K. Blue, secretary of the Liberal Secular Union of Liberal, Mo., writes of the efforts that are being made in that "Infidel" town for mental and moral improvement. Meetings are held every Sunday. Jay Chaapel has delivered lectures on religious and social errors; habits injurious to the individual; the cultivation of our finer sentiments—love of music, art, poetry, beauty, etc. The audiences are appreciativ, and the work is encouraging.

I want to call particular attention to the illustrated lecture of our friend, C. B. Reynolds, next Sunday evening in this city, when the Liberals of New York purpose to giv him a rousing benefit, and thus show their appreciation of his services in the field of Liberal advancement. The illustrated lectures themselvs are very interesting, and will constitute a new and attractiv feature of the lecture platform. Mr. Reynolds has expended a great deal of labor upon these lectures, but it is labor which must in the future produce valuable results. By means of these lectures a large number of those who are indifferent to the ordinary discourse will be brought in and, along with the entertainment and pictures of the world as it is, receive many new ideas in the direction of Liberal progress. There should be various instrumentalities for the presentation of Freethought, and this adopted by Mr. Reynolds is one of very great importance, and encouragement should be given to it so that Mr. Reynolds may find permanent employment. I hope for a full house next Sunday evening, and ask all Liberal friends to come so that an impulse can be communicated to the labors of Mr. Reynolds that will make them more beneficial and inspiring to our scattered forces wherever the illuminating rays may flash. Again, I say, do not fail to giv a Happy New Year's greeting to the Chairman of the Executiv Committee of the American Secular Union next Sunday evening. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Lectures and Meetings.

SEVENTY-FIVE miles by team across the prairies of western Kansas in the great January storm has been one of the interesting features of Remsburg's winter campaign.

E. C. WALKER lectured at Empire, Kan., Sunday, Jan. 24, forenoon and evening. His trip to Arkansas is postponed until March, and he desires a few more engagements for that month in that state and Southern Missouri. His permanent address is Valley Falls, Kan.

THE Liberals of Pennsylvania will hold a state League convention at Pittsburgh on Saturday and Sunday, the 30th and 31st. The state meeting will be in Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. each day. Saturday evening will be given up to a Paine celebration at Brooks's dancing academy, consisting of music, addresses, recitations, etc., and concluding with a social. On Sunday at 3 P.M. Charles Watts will deliver the closing lecture on "Science: Its Struggles and Triumphs."

W. F. JAMIESON is having fine audiences in Joplin, Mo., and very friendly notices from the daily press. He was delivering lectures in Joplin's new theater, a handsome place for meetings, and when last heard from there was talk of a debate with one of the most popular preachers in the city. He was announced to deliver three lectures in Carthage, Mo., January 25th, 26th, and 27th. Jamieson is now on his way northward, and will lecture on his route in Nebraska, Iowa, Dakota, and Minnesota. Address, Lake City, Minn.

MR. RODD sends us the following report of the meeting of the Society of Humanists: Notwithstanding the severe weather that prevailed last Sunday, the members of the Society of Humanists met as usual at the paint shop of Mr. Foster to again continue the reading of the "General View of Positivism." Mr. Hugh McGregor made a few observations on what had been read on the previous Sunday, and brought out very clearly the Positivist idea that society is composed of separate organisms, meaning the family and not of individuals. The meeting opened and closed with a prayer, as is always the custom. All men who are interested in the Religion of Humanity, and who feel the need of the moral regeneration of this world, are invited to attend these meetings which are held at 10 A.M. every Sunday at 4 Market street, New York city.

Sunday in Scotland.

A strange illustration of the idolatry of Sunday appears in the Rev. Dr. William Ross's recent volume of Scottish local history, "Aberdour and Inchcolme," where a kirk session took a remarkable view of the comparativ guilt of Sabbath-breaking and criminal offenses. Dr. Ross makes this quotation from the minutes of the kirk session of Aberdour for August 30, 1724: "It being reputed that David Allan, Robert Thompson, and John Reid had broken the Sabbath day, by stealing apples on that day, they were cited, and compearing, they all acknowledged that it was only eleven of the clock on Saturday night, and that they were very sorry it should so hav happened, and promised never to border so near on that day again; and were exhorted to carry as Christians, to behave themselvs as those that know that God would not let them go unpunished that break his day without serious repentance."

Communications.

What is Money?

A writer in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 9th, over the signature of "J. D.," makes such strange assertions in reference to the functions of money that I feel impelled to answer him. He says: "The advocates of unlimited silver money, like the paper inflationists, think that by adding to the amount of the currency you increase the wealth of the country." This assertion is not corroborated by my observation. As a rule, this class maintain that money, whether made of paper, gold, or silver, is not wealth or value, as those terms are usually understood and applied. Gold or silver is wealth, but when made into money it is no longer wealth. Its money quality must be destroyed if its metal quality is ever utilized. All that givs gold or silver value is its metal quality, and not its money quality.

Again, "J. D." says: "If you double the amount of currency, . . it takes two dollars instead of one to buy the same article." In other words, if all the currency of the country were destroyed but one dollar, that dollar would buy all the property of the country. If by doubling the currency its purchasing power diminishes one-half, then by diminishing the currency one-half its purchasing power doubles. And if this process should be repeated, it don't take much ciphering to discover that the last dollar would be able to purchase countless millions. Hence "J. D.'s" reasoning is fallacious.

Again I quote: "We put on a tariff that shuts ourselvs out of foreign markets, and then use a cheap currency that admits foreign goods practically with but little duty, and this we call statesmanship." We put no tariff on exportation. Nearly all the countries of the world admit our surplus products free of duty. If it were possible for our statesmen to do what "J. D." charges them with doing, then that would be what I would call shrewd statesmanship. We should get something for nothing. We would encourage foreign merchants to ship us their merchandise, but would discourage shipments in return to pay for the same. The basis of all exchange is commodity for commodity. If shiploads come to us, and none go out, then we are so much ahead.

One more quotation: "While silver is used as money standard, it will inevitably drive the gold out of the country, and leave us nothing but a continually expanding currency for ourselvs, which, in any dealings with other countries where they hav a staple currency, would not be worth fifty cents on the dollar." Now, suppose the gold is driven out of the country, is it to be supposed that a single ounce of it will go without its bringing us an equivalent therefor? In other words, if we exchange our gold for tea, coffee, or other foreign commodities, are we not getting value received? Gold is a production of this country, the same as cotton, wheat, petroleum, etc We expend labor in these productions, and exchange the productions for other productions which we prefer, and thus are benefited. When we exchange iron metal for foreign merchandise it is heralded as a sign of prosperity. Where, pray, is the difference when we exchange gold metal? A commodity is a commodity, whether it be gold, iron, silver, or petroleum, and when we exchange these commodities for other commodities the only vital question involved is whether we get a day's labor for a day's labor. If silver becomes so plenty with us that it passes for fifty cents on the dollar, where does the ruin come in? In other words, if we should discover silver mines so that the metal could be turned out at the rate of a pound where we now get an ounce, who is that going to hurt? I am quite sure it won't hurt me. It is said he is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, and if sixteen ounces of silver can be produced where one ounce was produced before, some of us people who now eat with a tin spoon may be able to enjoy the luxury of a silver spoon. There are some people who get terribly muddled over a variable dollar. Some years ago, when greenbacks were about ninety cents on the dollar, a lawyer friend of mine purchased a draft for one hundred dollar on some foreign office, which he proposed sending to a member of his family then traveling abroad. I happened to enter his office as the draft lay upon the table before him, and, as I happened to belong to the fraternity of Greenbackers, he remarked to me: "See here what I hav to pay for the foolishness of you Greenbackers. That hundred dollar draft cost me one hundred and fourteen dollars." I very coolly remarked: "What of it? Did you pay more or less than it is worth?" He replied: "Why, I paid some ten or twelve dollars more than I need to hav paid if greenbacks were not at a discount." I answered: "If you hav got half an hour to spare, I'll take that kink out of your head." And I did take it out of his head. I challenged him to find the man who had got his ten or twelve dollars. There was no more profit to the exchange broker at that time than there is to-day. He soon discovered his error and acknowledged it. Underneath all exchange is the fundamental basis of commodity for commodity. I am not unmindful, however, of the mischief which may be created by the variable dollar, but of that I may treat at another time.

Chicago, Ill. J. K. MAGIE.

European Ideas.

The idea that our founders established a free government far in advance of anything ever before experienced simply because they had broken loose from the control of Great Britain, was certainly most erroneous and deplorable—deplorable because it left the people to regard great evils as among the privileges of freedom, and checked reform.

The thirteen colonies had already derived from Europe for over a century some very bad laws, customs, and opinions on religion, government, and economy. First, their idea of military organization was and remains to-day entirely the same as exists in Europe. Our military system is unworthy of a free people. Second, we retained many ideas of religion as we received them from Europeans. Even to-day a large part of intelligent Americans would gladly see "God in the Constitution" and the enforcement of Sunday observance. Third, we retained slavery, and encouraged it by legislation, extended its area vastly, and nearly one-half of our people fought to the death to retain it. Fourth, we hav the same system of raising revenues that was cunningly devised by kings and aristocrats, whereby to tax enormously the common people and relieve the wealthy. We hav gone further, we hav used the device to build up and protect monopolies. The idea of so interfering with human freedom as to tax imports to keep them out is intolerable to the natural mind. Not for one hour would we endure it were it not that we hav become familiarized with it, as we were with slavery.

Strange, what a mighty educator or miseducator is law! We see to-day thousands of men who would be shocked at the thought of restoring slavery, yet who not long since were either its apologists or advocates. So if once free trade is established here, all these people who are now ignorantly upholding protection would look amazed at any proposal to enslave them under a protectiv tariff. The idea that we must not buy any article of commerce without paying a great fine! We are far from being a free people. HOLT.

What Will the Weather Be?

I hav long been convinced that simply knowing and teaching the size, distance, mass, cycles, and axial and orbital velocity of the planets of our solar system, and the size, composition, rotation, and comparativ mass of the sun, is of very little practical value. As if this great luminary, 750 times larger than all the planets and planetoids that sail around him, were swung in the heavens merely to astonish and bewilder! Yet this is the sum of what astronomy teaches to-day. Is it not astonishing that profound men, such as Herschel, Newton, Laplace, Olmsted, and Proctor, never divined the reciprocal electro-magnetic action of the sun and his family of worlds in the production of storms, cyclones, and earthquakes, when planets pass 80, 170, 260 and 350 degrees on their orbits? Proctor, however, is beginning to get a little light in this direction, as indicated by his article on "Auroras and Comets." I hav studied this problem carefully, made many barometrical observations, estimated the force of heat on equatorial and other waters, trade winds, etc.; studied storms, cyclones, sun-spots; noted the electric thrills that sweep over telegraph wires, interrupting messages, setting fire to tables, and melting the conducting wires, while the electric storm was advancing, and all synchronous with solar outbursts, caused by the return charges of devitalized electricity from Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, and augmented by the return charges of inferior planets. I hav also noted, and, by the aid of others in the same line of research, proved conclusivly, the location of storm points as designated. I would modestly call the attention of astronomers to these laws regnant in our family of worlds. This view givs us a living, stirring family of worlds—an electro-magnetic life, pulsating through the entire organic domain. In a former article, published in the Missouri *Republican*, I gave planetary distances, except Neptune, which is 2,850,000 miles from the sun, and his cycle 166 years. The sun's axial and the planet's axial and orbital motions giv a clue to the generation and development of electric energy, the production of heat, clouds, and storms, Vulcan, the recently discovered planet, etc.

I wish to say a few words to all interested. Look out for potato rot in 1886. An excess of electricity, with much warmth and moisture, is the cause. Heavy rains, hot days and nights at the time of maturing, on low, rich, and tenacious soils, will kill potatoes in a few days. Sandy and gravelly lands, with porous subsoil to quickly filter out water, are better: Water has great attraction for electricity. Plant early, and only early kinds; keep free from weeds, and as soon as they cook mealy, although tops are green and skin tender, dig and handle carefully and store in dry and cool cellars and shield from light. Tested forty years. Farmers, brother-Liberals, try it and report. D. HIGBIE, M.D.

Burton, Jan. 11, 1886.

Commiseration of an Anarchist.

Vice is the wrong you do yourself. Crime is the wrong you do your neighbor. Excepting accidental hurts, these are the only human agencies that destroy human happiness. Ignorance is their mother, and she is a most prolific breeder. Want is her favorit condition and prepares the way for her guilty children. Vice is passiv, crime is activ. The educator may show the vicious a better way and the moral revivalist exhort him him to take it, but the criminal must be restrained by physical force. All crimes are violations of individual liberty, and all violations of individual liberty are crimes.

Liberty is not the natural complement of life, but it is the rightful one. We cannot argue for liberty because it is a decree of nature, for it is not; nor because it is the will of any god, for it is not, but because it is the only condition in which life can be enjoyed. I would a thousand times rather hav one master than two, for then I would fight him until I was dead or free. But when every man I meet, who is over a certain age, is a bit of a haughty ruler, I know of no egress of escape, and my chains tinkle on with a merry ringing tone, and seductivly invite me to enter for the spoils.

There can be no ruler without a subject. Every subject is a slave. Governments are held upon the aching backs of slaves. There they were built and there they rest and ride. He who is loyal to a government is so much of a slave, else how could he be governed. The free man governs himself. He is neither master nor slave. It is the province of the state to preserve individual liberty, but it does not do this. The people hav harnessed themselvs up, built an office in the coach, seated an officer in the office and given him the lines. What will he do? Why, drive of course; and as it is some one else's rig, he "don't care a d——n for horseflesh" either. Why should he?

When every citizen of the world loves liberty well enough to battle for his brother's freedom, then the state will hav to go. But, now, the slave crouches under the shadow of his master's frown and waits for the millennium to free him! How foolish! It seems so funny to pass that throng and see Putnam and Macdonald sitting there awaiting the good time coming. My fellow American slaves, let me whisper something in your ears. The millennium of which you speak will never come to you while you wear your chains. But some people are satisfied with anything if they can only boss a squad. S. V. LUMKEY.

Our London Letter.

The result of the elections, though not so satisfactory as the friends of freedom and progress could desire, has yet been felt as a heavy blow to the clerical party. The agricultural voters were continually being told, previous to the pollings, that the parson was the best friend they had both in health and sickness, in adversity and trouble; but it turned out that the laborer was not to be caught by fair words and promises for the future, and so he voted in his own favor and against the oppressor. Consequently the clergy cannot help seeing that their power is drawing rapidly to an end, now that they are successfully assailed in their strongholds; and to avert the evil day—for disestablishment and disendowment are within measurable distance—some of the bishops are leaguing together with many of the most influential of the rank and file to take steps for cleaning out the Augean stable; but they will find their scheme of reformation is rather too late in the day to avail them anything, and the power they hav exercised so long and so unmercifully will soon be taken from them; and as the vast majority, from their training and traditions, are incapable of earning an honest living, they will have to go the way of all useless lumber.

As this is the week of "universal" special prayer, no doubt many supplications will be offered up by the anointed ones for help against the adversary; and, though their successors may suffer, the prayer of the present unjust steward with regard to disestablishment will be, "Not in our time, O Lord!" I expect they will find they are leaning on a broken reed, and they will get as much assistance as the priests of Baal are reported to hav received. The time they hav held pre-eminence has been long enough to show what they are, and the opportunities they hav had to help and relieve suffering humanity hav been thrown away, and it would be useless and wicked to giv them another chance. They will never improve themselves or their system, and the only effectual remedy will be to improve them off the face of the earth. Plenty of them will still find admirers in sufficient numbers to minister to their luxuries and make their paths through life pleasant, but a goodly number will be in no request; and when such is the case, no doubt the stock exchange will get an augmentation of members, and still be able to gain a living by fleecing the unwary

in a slightly different manner to which they hav hitherto been accustomed no doubt, but the result will be pretty much the same, and the employment congenial.

A rather bulky pamphlet has been written by the promoters of the Japanese nativ village established in London, giving a history, past and present, of Japan, and I notice that the religious question is entered into. The writer of the introduction is a Japanese woman, and she claims to be the only one "who has embraced and appreciated the blessings of Christianity," and signifies her intention of eventually returning to her nativ country to explain its beauties and the religious liberty enjoyed here. I don't know what her idea of religious liberty may be, but she certainly cannot hav read or heard much of the doings of the clerical members of the church as by law appointed. Perhaps it may be only a little joke on her part, or a bid for the patronage of the religious portion of the community. I should certainly be inclined to look upon it as an artful advertisment, more especially as she only admits the Protestant section as being the true church. Doubtless if the show was exhibiting in Spain or Russia it would be asserted that the Romish or Greek churches were the only genuin articles, all others being counterfeits. The simple-minded Jap has quite as good an eye to business as other individuals who claim a greater amount of civilization.

Several efforts hav been made to draw Charles Bradlaugh, and find out his intentions regarding what action he will take at the assembling of Parliament, but he does not quite seem inclined to divulge his plans, and thereby shows great wisdom. The enemy would be only too glad to be forewarned, and it would scarcely answer to let him know what will be done. It is to be hoped he will be able to take his seat without difficulty, and if so the forthcoming Parliamentary debates will be rather more interesting reading than they usually are. Progressiv literature in this country is steadily increasing in circulation, and this appears to be the rule wherever aggressiv Freethought is establishing itself in the colonies. I hope you find your list of subscribers continually being augumented, for so interesting a journal only has to be seen to be appreciated J. D.

London, Jan. 6, 1886.

Opinions of the Press.

From the Liberal.

THE TRUTH SEEKER came to us last week illustrated with two good cartoons.

Adding to The Truth Seeker's Worth.

From Rights of Man.

THE TRUTH SEEKER comes out the first of the year with a new dress, adding illustrations, which adds to its worth as a representativ Freethought paper.

What is a "Splinter" New Dress?

From the New Thought.

THE TRUTH SEEKER comes out illustrated, and with a brand, splinter new dress. It was always a good-looking and able paper, but now looks and is better than ever. E. M. Macdonald is probably the most able editor in the Liberal ranks.

Still Improving.

From the Nonconformist.

The New York TRUTH SEEKER begins the New Year with a complete new dress of type, and several illustrations. The first page contains a large fine engraving from the pungent genius of our old friend Watson Heston. THE TRUTH SEEKER is improving.

No; We Do Not Fear the Hebrews.

From the Hebrew Standard.

THE TRUTH SEEKER, which appears in an elegant new dress, has in its last issue a vigorous cartoon, entitled, "Liberty in Peril." It is a sermon in itself and we are glad to note that the artist does not see in Judaism an element of danger to the rights of the people. It is a truthful compliment which we fully appreciate.

Mr. Walker Knows the Artist.

From Lucifer.

And now comes THE TRUTH SEEKER in a new dress, and embellished with four pictures, the first of which is by our Western artist friend, Watson Heston, of Carthage, Mo., and is fully up to the high standard of conception and artistic excellence by which we hav come to recognize Mr. Heston's productions. Success to the new enterprise.

An Envious Contemporary.

From Light for Thinkers.

THE TRUTH SEEKER put on a new dress with the advent of the New Year. It really looks so neat that we feel envious. It is a hopeful sign for all of us, when our Freethought and spiritual brethren are able to put on style. THE TRUTH SEEKER is also launched into producing illustrations which are more radical than elegant. It intends to show up the ridiculous and unjust in religion, and evidently is going to do it.

The "N. D. C." Also Fighting Catholicism.

From James A. Bliss's N. D. C. Axe.

THE TRUTH SEEKER, No. 33 Clinton Place, New York city, Jan. 2d, comes to us in a new dress and finely illustrated. The illustration upon the first page, entitled, "Liberty in Peril," is worth the price of a whole year's subscription. Every member of the N. D. C. should send ten cents for that especial copy, for there is nothing that can so perfectly illustrate the work of the National Developing Circle as that particular picture. The illustrations upon pages 6 and 7, "Holy Virgin," will show you what we escape for our outspoken sentiments by having been born in the nineteenth century. Lay on, Brother TRUTH SEEKER, you are in the true field of reform not one moment too soon.

A Tree-Climbing Fish.

Of all land-frequenting fish, however, by far the most famous is the so-called climbing-perch of India, which not only walks bodily out of the water, but even climbs trees by means of special spines, near the head and tail, so arranged as to stick into the bark and enable it to wriggle its way up awkwardly, something after the same fashion as the "looping" of caterpillars. The tree-climber is a small, scaly fish, seldom more than seven inches long; but it has developed a special breathing apparatus to enable it to keep up the stock of oxygen on its terrestrial excursions, which may be regarded as to some extent the exact converse of the means employed by divers to supply themselves with air under water. Just above the gills, which form of course its natural hereditary breathing apparatus, the climbing-perch has invented a new and wholly original water-chamber, containing within it a frilled bony organ, which enables it to extract oxygen from the stored-up water during the course of its aërial peregrinations. While on shore it picks up small insects, worms, and grubs; but it also has vegetarian tastes of its own, and does not despise fruits and berries. The Indian jugglers tame the climbing-perches and carry them about with them as part of their stock in trade; their ability to liv for a long time out of water makes them useful confederates in many small tricks which seem very wonderful to people accustomed to believe that fish die almost at once when taken out of their nativ element.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Opposition.

AFFLICTED WITH BLIND-STAGGERS.

From Liberty of Jan. 9th.

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is a great bouncing good fellow. He snuffs the air as though it belonged to him. There is not a mean spot in him, and he would spurn to descend to such dishonest tricks as a certain old fox in the Freethought line in Boston is capable of. Neither does he pretend to "culture," and puts on none of those dainty, mincing airs which certain Free Religious sepulchral high priests masquerade in, as forms hardly risen from the dead. For ordinary purposes he is a good, square, level-headed fellow, and publishes the best Freethought journal in America.

But he is, alas! no philosopher. Giv him a good rounded philosophical statement, and he will prance around it like a monkey, chattering such disconnected and inchoate things that it is very hard to get a grip on him. Yet, if he is honest, he is worth saving; hence from time to time I hav tried to show him how utterly illogical he is in fighting the church while at the same time defending the state, when the two are simply different arms of one identical body.

In attempting to criticise my late article, "Institution-Ridden," he steps into a clam-hole and gets over his head. Then how he does flounder and splash! After calling my analysis of true social law a mere "bundle of assertions," he says that Anarchy is unfitted for anything short of the millennium, and makes Mr. Tucker say that it is "impossible of realization."

Mr. Macdonald does admit, then, that at the millennium, which occurs about a thousand years from now, Anarchy will be in order. This is certainly no mean compliment to Anarchy. If Anarchism were radically wrong, it could not liv so long and capture the world just in proportion as progress moves. What progress hav the old left-handed guns such as are still wielded in the TRUTH SEEKER office made in the last four thousand years? Priests were never so numerous and so fat as they are to-day. And yet in one thousand years Anarchy is to take the field and priestcraft be no more. Friend Macdonald, you had better get on board our train, considering the slow progress of your old team through several millenniums.

When the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER asserts that full voluntary individual co-operation would be an institution as fully as any, I pass such ignorance gently by with a recommendation to consult Webster's unabridged, if nothing better is at hand.

Our friend asserts that "the best of governments is a necessary evil, yet that it *is* necessary no man in his senses can deny." But why is this true of civil governments and not of theological? The vital point, which will not go into Friend Macdonald's brain, is that civil government and theological are one and the same thing. Upon this plain proposition the whole inconsistency of his position hinges. Both rest upon authority. Both are defended as conservators of good order. Each invokes the other when violence is threatened. Each advertises itself as a restraining force. Both assume to be instituted of God. Both levy compulsory taxes. Both hav pains and penaltics for disobedience. Neither concedes the right of private judgment, when expressed in acts. Both are monopolies of natural wealth and the means of well-being. There is, in short, not a single principle that applies to one that does not exactly fit the other. Why, in all consistency, then, condemn the one and defend the other? Why a theological Anarchist and a civil politician? Why skepticism here and cringing faith there? This is the one point that I cannot hold these Freethought people to. They dodge and splatter and hide everywhere. Macdonald in his silly and incoherent reply to me talks exactly like the editor of *Zion's Herald* when replying to him.

Editor Macdonald's greatest fear of Anarchy lies in his dread of thieves. What is a thief? Is it not he who takes your property without your consent? What power is chiefly engaged in this business? He knows it is the so-called government. Yet he sticks to it that the public welfare calls for these governmental thieves. In saying that the government is the people, he says that the people are thieves. What people? Does he mean everybody? Still more does he insult the people by saying that, if they do not want to be robbed, they can modify the thieving institution. Hav the people, then, been engaged in setting up an institution to rob themselvs?

According to Mr. Macdonald it is the "public welfare" that demands a government. Who is this individual, Public Welfare, and who gave him the right to demand anything? Individuals just as good and wise as Editor Macdonald declare that Public Welfare demands that we *should not* hav a government. Public Welfare, then, seems to be talking both ways at once. He is on both sides of the fence. He demands of Macdonald that we hav a government, and he demands of me that we *hav not* a government. He seems to be about as irresponsible and uncertain a nonentity as that other incomprehensible thing, "the people." Cannot Editor Macdonald giv us some accurate description of these two great potentates of his? Are their pictures to be found in any thieves' gallery, or their biographies in any known library?

Editor Macdonald's libel on nature is about the blankest piece of pessimistic savagery that I hav seen for many a day. He says that nature is as vicious as God, which is equivelent to saying that the existing Christian God is as good an ideal as nature is capable of producing. Hence he charges upon nature all the crimes and cruelties executed by the God of the Spanish Inquisition. Could I believe that Friend Macdonald had sunken [*sic*] so hopelessly low as this, I should despair of him. The fact is that, when he gets tangled up in his own inconsistencies on this subject of Anarchism, he becomes mad. If there is no more virtue in natural law than in the God of scripture, where, then, are we to look for help? Nothing is left us, I fancy, but Macdonald's brain. It were indeed a hard outlook.

Try again, Brother Macdonald. I repeat that you are worth saving. The fact that you lose your head on this one subject of Anarchy alone shows that your conscience is ill at ease in your ridiculous position. There is no use of monkeying with this subject of individual liberty. You want to make liberty a sectarian thing. You cannot do it. Your arguments for full individual liberty on the theological side are pure Anarchism, and yet you say that Anarchism is nonsense when another takes them out of your mouth and applies them to civil affairs. In setting up this war with yourself and chasing your own tail, you get dizzy and lose your head. I do not know where it will end, but shall still labor and pray for your soul's conversion.

A Truth Seeker! Pah!

From the same paper of the same date.

If "X," before writing the foregoing editorial, had seen THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 2d, he would not hav done Editor Macdonald so much honor. Not seeing it, he has given him a certificate of character far beyond his deserts. The paper of the date mentioned contained the following:

AN ANSWER AT LAST.

From Liberty.

"The New York TRUTH SEEKER makes an effort to answer 'X's' editorial, 'Institution-Ridden.' Doubtless 'X' will giv this effort due and satisfactory attention hereafter. Meantime I may remark THE TRUTH SEEKER's statement that when an Anarchist proposes to imprison a thief without his consent he proposes to set up an institution as really a government as any we now hav. Now, it seems to me that just the opposit is the truth, and that the Anarchist, in proposing to imprison the thief without his consent, is fighting precisely on the line of no-government. Why? Because in the case supposed the thief is the government."

Mr. Tucker is developing remarkable powers as a humorist. He cannot mean this as a serious argument. It must be a joke.

Readers of *Liberty* will remember that the passage quoted by THE TRUTH SEEKER was the beginning of a paragraph the remainder of which was devoted to the seemingly paradoxical statement that "the thief is the government," showing that he is such because he embodies the governing principle, invasion, and that those who resist him, either individually or in association, do not embody that principle at all, but the opposit one, self-defense. Of course, persons unfamiliar with Anarchistic thought, seeing the unexplained statement that the thief is a government, would set its author down for a fool, whereas, if they should see the explanation, they would recognize the idea as an intelligible one, whether it commanded their approval or not. This Macdonald knew; so, seeing the chance to play the pettifogger, he improved it. He did not want his readers to understand me, but snatched at the opportunity of causing them to misunderstand me, in order to avoid confessing his own error, not being sufficiently ardent in his search for truth to pursue the latter course. Hence he descended to this despicable trick, such as "X," in the kindness of his heart, supposes him to be incapable of. THE TRUTH SEEKER begins the New Year with new type. It needed a change of dress badly, but it needs a change of heart more.

Why Are Ministers' Sons Hard Cases?

A subscriber in Vineland, N. J., asks:

"Why is it that so many ministers' sons are such bad boys and such hard cases as men?"

Not all of ministers' sons are thus bad, but many of them are. The reasons are as follows:

1st. The average minister is a tyrant in his family. Imagining himself to be better than other men, he tries to rule his boys with a rod of iron. He denies them access and participation in games, the delight of all people of all ages in all countries. He forbids cards, checkers, and such harmless home amusements. He freezes them up Saturday night or Sunday morning, and stands them back till Monday. His life is so often and so greatly different from his sermons that the boys notice a failure to connect and get out as soon as they can.

2d. Boys inherit from their mother. Many a wife of a minister knows that there is about nineteen miles difference between her husband in bed and in the pulpit—that he is not a sweet saint, a neat man, or a loving husband and parent. Her ideas reach into the minds of her boys. She knows that in a great many cases her husband is a fraud to a certain extent. Her boys know it and kick out. His attentions to other women often worry her and thus impress the child before its birth, and thus the world jogs on. The sense of honesty there is in every human being is disturbed by the difference between profession and possession, and the boy is led astray.

The average minister gets so near to God, as he thinks, that he is a long way from his children. No man can influence children unless he is of them, with them, and for them.

We knew a minister years ago, a cold, psalm-singing Bible-banger, who preached what he said was religion. During the week he would bruise and torture his cows and a horse that was afraid of him; would pound his pigs over the head with a shovel because they came to the trough for feed; would jaw his wife, horsewhip his boys, strip all the clothes from his daughters, and lock them in a bedroom to keep them from going to the neighbors to play with other little girls. As fast as his boys grew up they plunged into the world, finding the lowest kind of a hell-hole to be a haven of happiness in comparison to what they had at home. One of his daughters committed suicide, and his wife died of a broken heart. His home rule was simply beastly, brutal, and his boys became, one a professional gambler, the other a thief who is now serving a term in the Michigan state prison.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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THE
TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL
AND
FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC.
1886.

Containing, besides the 1886 Calendar, an Article on the Progress of Freethought in the United States during 1885; statistics of money paid to the churches from state treasuries, etc.; a splendid story by James Payne, entitled, "The Curate of Churnside;" a true statement of the facts concerning Voltaire's death, etc., etc.; also

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Portraits of all the great English Freethinkers and scientists; pictures of Girard College, the Lick Observatory, the Waco, Texas, Freethought Hall, Paine Memorial, Mr. Reynolds's Tent, etc.

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And in renewing inclose 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

Religious Toleration.

J. H. Burnham has on another page a remarkably able article under this heading. But we fear that Mr. Burnham's intense hatred of religious intolerance has led him to go to an unusual extreme. It is very true that the Christian church is outrageously intolerant toward Freethinkers; it is very true that the Mormon and Catholic churches are strongholds of treason and hot-beds of immorality; it is very true that the confessional is an infamous religious scheme; it is very true that the practices of religious fanatics many times are conduciv to the grossest vice, but nevertheless the law that should attempt to stamp out the religion that led to these things would be monstrously tyrannical. Neither can we assume, as does Mr. Burnham, that religions are useful and should therefore be taken cognizance of by the state. In his catalog of religious things not to be tolerated Mr. Burnham has included not only such acts as Freeman's and such immorality as polygamy, but also the ridiculous antics of the Salvationists, the hysterical shoutings of the Free Methodists, and the almost suicidal rite of baptism in open air in mid-winter. Mr. Burnham, too, has almost gone to the length of advocating the prohibition of foreign beliefs.

All this is wrong. The state has no right to inquire into a man's beliefs. The state has no right to prohibit any act not vicious or criminal. The state has no right to interfere with any person who is not trespassing upon the rights of others. A man in this country has a perfect right to be a fool—with the qualifying adjectiv usually written with a dash—that is to say, he has a right to be stupidly religious. If a person wishes to shout in a Free Methodist meeting let him; that is his business. If he wishes to walk through the streets dressed fantastically, shouting for Jesus, that is his right. If a man wants to cut a hole in the ice and stand in the water, all right; his religious insanity will sometimes keep him warm. If a man thinks eternal happiness will be secured by telling another man how many times during the month he has lied, we see no legal objection. Let immigrants bring with them the largest assortment of religious beliefs they hav; they cannot corrupt current Christianity, any more than a rotten egg can be addled.

In dealing with religion the state should be neutral—and neutral not only among religions, but among *no* religions. The state should never spend a cent for religion, nor for no religion. The state is not for missionary purposes nor for the propagation of any special ideas. When Freeman killed his daughter the state had to incarcerate him in a lunatic asylum for the protection of others. But it would be a dangerous stretch of power to incarcerate all his coreligionists because they might become insane. The state may prosecute a polygamous Mormon, but not *all* Mormons because they might sometime become polygamists. The state should prosecute a priest who uses the confessional for the accomplishment of crime, but not all priests, unless they are actually criminals. The state should rescue from nunneries all women who are detained against their will, but if a woman voluntarily chooses to immure herself we do not see how she is to be legally prevented. When a Salvation Army "officer" or a Free Methodist class-leader has ruined one of his female converts, the state may punish him; but we do not see the justice of going to the next "officer" or next class-leader and saying, "Here, that fellow is a scoundrel; perhaps you are, too," and summarily ordering his "army" to disband, or the Free Methodists to disperse. If the state shall, as Mr. Burnham advises, tolerate nothing "that is inimical to the health of the community, or the interest of the commonwealth," then who is to judge—especially as to what is in the interest of the commonwealth? If the majority should chance to be of such fellows as the writer of the following in the Westerly (R. I.) *Call*, what would become of Mr. Burnham? This is in answer to an article in the same paper favoring the taxation of church property:

"I answer that the existence of the churches is as necessary for the public welfare as the existence of the public schools. We might as well tax one as the other. Our safety as a nation depends upon the churches and schools. We could not get along without them. It seems to me that it is policy to encourage and foster them in all possible ways. One of the easiest ways is to exempt them from taxation. . . . If any man wants to get a proper return for the aid which he, by paying a little over tax, givs, let him go to church every Sunday, and take his pay in listening to the religious teachings he will there hear. It will not hurt him. *There is little doubt in my mind that a law compelling church attendance on the part of all would be conduciv to the public good.* . . . The church wishes to make this nation a Christian nation. Those who are not believers in our creed and faith *are at liberty to depart for other quarters.* . . . I hope the day is not to come soon when churches and church-members will be thought to be entitled to no more rights than unbelievers. If it does, what profit will it be to belong to the church, or even for the church to exist? I say not tax the churches."

No, friend Burnham, it won't do—to borrow Mr. Ingersoll's expressiv phrase. If the real simon-pure Christians had the majority, you and we would hav to depart for other quarters. The state must not interfere with religious convictions nor with religious practices unless those practices are immoral or criminal. As we hope for justice, so must we render it. Education, science, philosophy, and investigation, "uncovered and unbaptized," must be the weapons against religion. To use the law against it is to repeat the tyrannical action of the church which forces us through legal machination to support what you not inaptly term a disease, inherited from undeveloped ancestors.

Two Entertainments.

The first is on Friday evening, January 29th, in honor of Thomas Paine. This will take the place of the regular Liberal Club program, and will consist of an address by T. B. Wakeman, followed by a musical and dramatic entertainment in which Joseph Frankel, Gustave Frankel, Mrs. L. McCune, Mrs. Fannie Cummings, Frank Fitch, the Krahmer brothers, Miss Annie Lenont, Madam Delescluze, Prof. P. P. Field, and others, will take part. The admission will be twenty-five cents. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the American Secular Union. Every Freethinker in New York should attend.

The second will be on Sunday evening, January 31st, at the Liberal Club (220 East 15th street). This is a benefit which the New York Liberals tender to C. B. Reynolds, previous to his departure for the lecture field. On this occasion Mr. Reynolds will exhibit over one hundred colored views of London and Paris, which he will describe in his unique and picturesque style. Mr. Reynolds's efforts in the Freethought missionary field (if we may so call it) during the past year entitle him to the thanks and assistance of all, and we hope the hall will be crowded. The entertainment is guaranteed to be worth double the twenty-five cents charged. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the lecturer. Let them be large, that he may go on his way rejoicing.

Two Anarchistic Gentlemen.

We print in "The Opposition" this week two editorials from *Liberty* in reply to our brief criticism of Anarchy in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 19th. The first is by "X.," Mr. Henry Appleton, the second by "T.," Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, editor and proprietor of *Liberty*. For Mr. Appleton's personal compliments we are obliged. We extend to him the assurance of our distinguished consideration. For his derogatory estimate of our philosophical capacity we do not care a pin. The editorial epidermis long ago became callous. We entered into friendly discussion of Anarchy because we desired to know just what Anarchy is, and what its advocates want after they hav overthrown the state. Up to date we acknowledge our ignorance, notwithstanding Mr. Appleton's rather wind-millish endeavors to save us. We hav, indeed, obtained two ideas from Mr. Tucker upon the subject, the first being that Anarchy is "individual initiativ and voluntary coöperation," the second is that a thief stealing an honest man's property is the government. That is all, and the game is hardly worth the powder. From Mr. Appleton's brilliant little essays no satisfaction whatever has been derived. His defense of anarchy has degenerated into *badinage* and epithet hurling of a not very witty nor convincing sort. When we ask him what Anarchism proposes to do with abusiv ruffians who invade other people's rights he retorts, "You're institution-ridden!" When we press him further he howls, "You're afflicted with blind-staggers!" just as if we were a horse. What use is it, then, to attempt to reason with a "philosopher" like that?

In our last to Mr. Appleton we said that Anarchy was unfitted for any age we could conceive of short of the millennium, and straightway he has it that we admit that in a thousand years Anarchy will prevail. A philosopher who could draw *that* inference from *that* statement ought to be at once translated to the millennium. He is of a too logical turn of mind to linger here. Then, again, what has the fatness and numerousness of priests to do with the question of whether or not Anarchy is a feasible institution? Is an inch of fat on a priest's ribs an argument in favor of no government? Or shall we hav no cakes and ale because there are numerous priests with distended waistcoats? Another statement of our philosopher:

"When the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER asserts that full voluntary individual coöperation would be an institution as fully as any, I pass such ignorance gently by with a recommendation to consult Webster's unabridged, if nothing better is at hand."

Well, we hav a Webster—revised edition, with five thousand new words—and it says that an "institution" is an established order, or method, or custom. Now, if a voluntary individual coöperation is neither a method nor a custom, then what in the world is it? We pass that phase of Mr. Appleton's foolishness by without further comment.

To our opinion that no man in his senses can deny that government is necessary our helter-skelter philosopher of Boston asks: "Why is this true of civil governments and not of theological?" and adds: "The vital point is that civil government and theological are one and the same thing." This is nonsense. A civil government is that form of society which men hav instituted for their own protection against undeveloped or wrongly developed animals. It is coöperation of the people to achieve certain ends relating to secular affairs. When Mr. Appleton walks down to the *Newsman* office he treads a pavement provided by coöperation of the people—other-

wise, a municipal government. To be consistent (because he asserts that the government has no right to tax him for this pavement), he ought to walk in the slush of the street. When he returns home late at night his way is lighted and his person protected by the same government. Again, if he is willing to push his logic to the extreme, he must carry a lantern or else find his way over unpaved streets in the dark. He should not take advantage of what other people hav done unless he is willing to pay his portion. Civil government—or society in its corporate capacity—performs a thousand necessary acts which individuals cannot do. It protects us from outside invasion; it givs us a stable currency in place of wildcat issues by irresponsible parties; it givs us schools, instead of having each family teach its own children; punishes domestic wrong-doers, cares for the poor, the insane—imperfectly, we admit, but still better than individuals can—and in all these is but the servant of its creator, the people. The people can change or abolish it, if they choose. The people are alone to blame if their servants, chosen to administer the government, steal from them. The people of New York city, for instance, are phenomenal in their idiocy in allowing their officials to abuse their trust as they do.

But ecclesiastiacism—what is it? An institution of scheming men who gull the masses, and by alliance with political schemers fasten themselvs upon the necks of the people. Ecclesiasticism does not subserve one useful purpose. Civil government does. Civil government should be reformed, not abolished. Ecclesiastical government should be abolished, because it is a burden from which no good is derived. Civil government deals with this world, which we know is here; ecclesiasticism deals with an unknown world. It is necessary that this old world should be righted; the other we can attend to when we reach it. The government of the United States does not assume to be instituted by God, but by the people. Ecclesiasticism cannot levy taxes of itself, but only through abuse of power by those chosen by the people to administer the affairs of society. This abuse should be reformed, and will be when enough of the people realize its monstrous injustice.

These points we hav pressed upon Mr. Appleton's attention several times, but he never attempts to answer them. He is lost in the clouds of his own crankiness, and will hav nothing to do with facts.

There is nothing in his further remarks concerning the individual Public Welfare, or THE TRUTH SEEKER editor's pessimism, that calls for comment. Public welfare, in the opinion of Mr. Appleton, is only his assertion against ours. If he can deceive anyone with such a definition, that person is not worth saving. In his comments upon what he calls our pessimistic view of nature, Mr. Appleton givs a splendid epitome of his method of argument. He asserts we "charge upon nature all the crimes and cruelties executed by the God of the Spanish Inquisition." Now just analyze, as it were, that "reply." 1. We never wrote or thought any such thing; 2. Nature is incapable of artificial cruelty; and 3. God had nothing to do with the Spanish Inquisition. Men, and men only, perpetrated the cruelties, and it was as an ecclesiastical government that they did them. Civil government destroyed the Inquisition. And so it is all the way through Mr. Appleton's alleged argument—there is no honesty, no regard for facts, in it. "Gratiano speaks an infinit deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice; his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you hav them, they are not worth the search."

Mr. Tucker, our other opponent, is evidently in a state of mental exacerbation. Without doubt he is angry. Yet why should he be? In all our controversy, he has never done more than jerk out from our criticisms of Anarchy a single sentence to belabor. We did not complain, because our statements are self-supporting. But when we giv the whole substance of his remarks, the very kernel, he waxes indignant, and says we hav made him out a fool. We can only reply, in the words of the Hindoo poet, "You say it, and not I." But we never intended to injure the fine sensibilities of our Boston friend, and to make amends we giv herewith the props depended upon by him to support the assertion (which, standing alone, he admits is foolish) that "the thief is the government:

"A government is any power which seeks to impose its will upon others and steal away their rights. The very first act of nearly all governments is precisely that of which the thief is guilty—the taking of property without the consent of the owner. They who resist the highway robber are just as truly opposing government as they who resist the tax-collector. And when the compulsory state resists the highway robber and imprisons him, the spectacle is furnished of one thief struggling with and punishing another. When a thief attempts to take the property of another, he undertakes to govern, to impose his will; and if the intended victim and those whom he can get to help him offer any resistance, they become rebels against government, and so far Anarchists. So, when the state attempts to collect a tax, or when it imprisons D. M. Bennett in the Albany penitentiary for expressing his opinions, it undertakes to govern, to impose its will; and the victims of this thief and tyrant are likewise rebels, and so far Anarchists, if they resist. The Anarchist is opposed to all thieves and all governments because they are invaders, and against all of them he claims the right of self-defense. To call the exercise of this right government is to betray an entire misapprehension of the nature of government. Those who voluntarily associate to exercise this right are as far removed from the institutions called governments, which assume to control the conduct of everybody within their so-called jurisdictions and to make them pay the cost of this control, as the sun is from the earth."

If this betters Mr. Tucker's position in the slightest degree, we are glad of it. We do not want to take an unfair advantage of him. But it would, we believe, be impossible to underrate the reasoning powers of a man who can see in "sneak-thief" or "highway robber" a synonym for "government." When a thief breaks into Mr. Tucker's hallway and takes his overcoat from the rack, is he seeking to govern Mr. Tucker? Rather, is not the thief afraid Mr. Tucker will seek to govern him by shutting him up in jail, and controling his actions for a term of years? We hav been referred to Webster for definitions. Mr. Webster says Anarchy is a "state of society where individuals do what they please with impunity." Is not this thief a practical Anarchist? and in punishing him is not Mr. Tucker acting the part of government? Although Mr. Tucker is physically capable of coping with the strongest thief, yet suppose he were not, and should call to his aid the sinewy "X.," would not their united efforts be a cooperation corresponding to the municipal government? Carrying the simile further, suppose both "X." and Mr. Tucker disliked to engage in physical struggles, and out of their wealth hired their eminent townsman, Mr. John L. Sullivan, to grapple with the purloiner of goods, would they not be exactly in the position of the people of the state, and would not Mr. Sullivan be their executiv officer, precisely as the police and the militia are the excutivs of the state and municipality? Supposing, further, that it became their method or custom (we hav been referred to Webster for definitions) to hire their police work done, would not they then hav an institution, and is not the state an institution?

The whole trouble with these Anarchists is that they will persist in setting up the "state" as something outside of the people, an entity, a governing force in itself, having no connection with the governed beyond collecting its taxes. This, in this country, is all wrong. Government is a means used by the people for performing those things necessary for the good of the whole, and which can be better performed by thus coöperating than individually. When our Boston friends see this, they will stop trying to abolish the state and set about reforming those abuses which hav crept in owing to the grasping propensities of unscrupulous men, which propensities, born of the struggle for existence, and perpetuated by a selfish theology, would make that state of society where individuals did with impunity what they pleased a literal hell on earth—formless chaos and chaotic form.

In an effort for such a reformation we should be pleased to coöperate with these friends to the fullest extent of our power.

Lotteries.

Senator Wilson, of Iowa, has reported favorably, from the committee on post-office and post roads, the bill introduced by him to prohibit the mailing of newspapers and other publications containing lottery advertisments. It is intended to close the United States mails against the transmission of lottery advertisments of every kind and character. "Without some law," the report says, "the insidious temptations contained in the cunningly devised lottery advertisments will continue to invade every state, family, shop, and office, every place of business or of pleasure, or public and private resorts, in spite of the efforts which the states hav made to prevent it."

"Freedom of the press," the report concludes, "was not guaranteed for the purpose of intrenching in our system an enemy to its better conditions; on the contrary, it was established for the purpose of promoting such conditions. If it be prostituted to the base purposes of crime, and the demoralization of the people, to the swindling devices of the manipulators of lottery schemes, surely Congress may say that it shall not be entitled to use the instrumentality of the mail to effect its needs. Evil agencies in society are sufficiently activ and effectiv of harmful results in spite of all that is done to restrain them, without being reinforced by a doctrin and practice which would intrench them in the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press and assure them immunity in the use of the mail."

It is difficult to say anything against the bill of Mr. Wilson's, for the incompetent reasoners of the press and pulpit will at once clamor that its opponents are friends of the lottery thieves. Yet for all that, it is a bad bill, and should not pass. To admit the principle that Congress has the legal right to inspect the contents of a mail pouch is to open the doors for abuses most widespread and flagrant in character. If a paper may be denied carriage through the mail because of an advertisment of a lottery swindle, it may be denied the privilege because of advertisments of other swindles—land swindles, quack medicin advertisments, bogus investment schemes, and so on to the end of the chapter. Again, such a law would do no good, for the lotteries could seal up advertisments printed on slips, and the law could not reach them. And a Congressional statute that can be thwarted by a two-cent stamp, it must be admitted, is of very little weight.

The leather bags used to convey mail matter are not likely to hav their morals corrupted by the character of their burdens. The people who print and those who receive objectionable matter are the injurers and the injured. If the United States government is constitutionally permitted to regulate the morals of the citizens, let the conductors of lotteries and the fools who spend their money in them be the ones to feel the effects of law.

But we never could find in the Constitution any grant from the states giving the general government, at the instance of a church tool, the right to legislate upon the morality of the people, and the best constitutional lawyers agree that the state is the proper power to restrain vice, if it be a vice for a fool to send his money to a knave.

REFERRING to Remsburg's lecture on "Sabbath-Breaking," in Sarnia, Dr. Pace, the United States consul there, said: "I hav the best of reasons for knowing that many came for the express purpose of preventing the lecture and breaking up the meeting. The speaker, however, was equal to the occasion. His first sentence silenced them, in ten minutes they were applauding him, and throughout the meeting he remained master of the situation."

THE *Salt Lake Tribune* is opposed to Mormonism, and argues:

"Were a neighbor of Senator Hoar to go to England or France and in a court there renounce his allegiance to the United States government in particular and tender his first fealty to the empire of Great Britain or the republic of France, and then returning to the United States attempt to vote in Massachusetts, Senator Hoar would be among the first to exclaim against it and to point out the absurdity of a man assuming to be a citizen of two countries at the same time. But there is no Mormon who essays to vote in the United States who is any more a citizen than would be that Massachusetts man on his return from Europe."

This is a very good slap at Romanists, yet we doubt if the Senate would entertain a motion to confiscate the property of the Roman Catholic church.

WE are glad to receive such testimony as this to the character of the books the Truth Seeker Company is publishing. J. C. Underhill writes it to *John Swinton's Paper*: "Please allow me to recommend to your readers J. K. Ingalls's recently published book, 'Social Wealth.' As one who has for years made a special study of political economy, having waded through the principal writings of most of the more noted authors, American and foreign, it is my opinion that Mr. Ingalls has, in this little volume, set forth more sound sense, more bed-rock truth, more real economic science, than is contained in all the dismal volumes written by the regular orthodox school of political economists from Adam Smith down—down to that pigmy of political economy, Professor Sumner, who wrote about 'What Social Classes Owe to Each Other,' and demonstrated therein how much he *doesn't know*. As an earnest and honest essay toward the coming political economy—or, rather, social or industrial science—which shall harmonize with justice and ethics (which the orthodox political economy does *not*), 'Social Wealth' is worthy of a place in every social reformer's library, side by side with Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty.' I hope it may hav a great circulation, for it is worthy."

Letters from Friends.

OTTAWA, O, Jan. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am pleased to believe there are but few who can think as our friend J. W. Graham does of THE TRUTH SEEKER's illustrations. For my part, they are immense. Each illustration speaks volumes, and can be read at a glance; they are *multum in parvo*. Why, my most strait-laced orthodox friends will take time to read the pictures, even a Catholic priest. I am sure to leave the paper lying around my office in such a manner that anyone coming in cannot help seeing, and as stated, reading, the illustrations. Orthodox, as you are aware, are a very peculiar people of a peculiar organization, and cannot be induced, at once, to take strong pabulum as found in every article of T. B. Wakeman and men of that sort. Now, those illustrations are quickly read, easily digested, and in my opinion will reach the comprehension of those outside of our Liberal ranks, quicker and more of them, easily digested and assimilated, than the distribution of one hundred TRUTH SEEKERS unaided by illustrations. C. E. B., a Veteran.

BURR OAK, MICH., Jan. 18, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot keep still any longer. I must write to express my unqualified, enthusiastic approval of your pictorial venture. The illustrations are an immense addition to the attractivness of the paper. When I first see a new one I feel like throwing up my cap and giving three hearty cheers. THE TRUTH SEEKER has never said or done anything that gave me the entire satisfaction that this new feature givs. My hatred of the holy Roman Catholic church is beyond expression in words, and every check to its power givs me a corresponding degree of pleasure. Long life to the artist, Mr. Heston, and "more power to his elbow!" I hope that some good Freethinker of equal artistic ability will be ready to take up the good work when Mr. Heston shall hav to lay it down. No one should begrudge the space, for there is plenty of reading in your paper exclusiv of the first page. Everyone whose reading is not very limited knows that the great illustrated papers wield an immense influence on a variety of subjects. Pictures appeal directly to the feelings, while the reason must be approached by means of the written discourse. Both are required when the most effectiv work is desired.

Michigan, you see, is coming to the front as a new "holy land." A state that can produce salt and lumber and sauerkraut miracles is not to be sneezed at. I see that the *Mason News* classes sauerkraut among the "delicacies." Perhaps it is a delicacy (though it never happened to strike me that way), and perhaps that is the reason that the Lord forbade it to Mr. Welch, fearing that the holy man might become fastidious and sensual. But this kraut business givs rise to some rather troublesome queries. After this leader of the praying band" had "prayed long and earnestly to be allowed to eat of the kraut," and "arisen with the assurance that his request was granted," why was he "smitten with sore gastronomical distress?" Did the Lord wilfully deceive him—just to hav a little fun with him and see him squirm—or was it a case of violated contract, wherein Mr. Welch devoured half a bushel of kraut when the Lord meant to limit him to a peck? Those who hav been "born again" say they *know* when their prayers are accepted. Why didn't this reverend, raving, roaring revivalist know how things would work? Either his boasted "assurance" was false or the Lord deceived him. The saints may take which horn they please. What use was it for Mr. Welch to pray "long and earnestly" if he was to be punished just the same as he would hav been if he had taken the kraut without any prayer? Why did he pray to hav his mass of disgusting sauerkraut transferred to that young man's stomach, well knowing that the young man's best girl would be likely to attribute the trouble to forty-rod and giv him the cut in consequence? But a young man who is willing to carry such a "clergyman's load" as that ought to be sleeping quietly under the daisies before another revivalist comes around. The kraut seems to be satisfactorily accounted for, but "our informant" does not state whether or not the young man's dose of whisky and onions was transferred to the preacher's stomach as a substitute for the rejected cabbage.

The *Mason News* says: "How the pickled cabbage could hav appeared in his stomach except through the intervention of some supernatural agency is the problem." Yes, but did it *appear* in his stomach? If so, to whom? Who saw that kraut when it was in the young man's stomach? That is question No. 2. A suspicious flimsiness, a sort of looseness of parts, as it were, characterizes the whole story. I think that a colored individual of Herculean proportions will yet be discovered in the fence that surrounds this miracle. If Mr. Welch intends to continue the miracle business, I hope his soul will not "so strongly yearn" for sauerkraut again. He ought to go a little above that when he wants to astonish the nativs with a miracle. Those who hav not seen the account of the miracle should refer to THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 16th. N. G. W.

STEUBENVILLE, O, Jan. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I was more than pleased with the cartoon in your issue of yesterday the 16th. It strikes at the most impending danger to our republican institutions. The Catholic church is a political association whose primary object is to keep the masses in ignorance; and since the church has instructed its subjects, both male and female, to vote at all elections for the benefit of the church, it will be tenfold more dangerous. They will endeavor to get representativs of the church on school boards, and in every office where they will hav a chance to further the interest and power of the church. I think you would add to the interest of the cartoons if you would, after the style of *Puck*, write a few lines on the subject of them on the second page, though yesterday's needed nothing to help it along. Generally, however, a few words from your pen might add considerable to its effect. In today's issue of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, I find the following from "Bessie Bramble" on the Edmunds bill to suppress the Mormons. She complains that his bill only disfranchises the Mormon women and not the men, and says:

"As it is, his bill provides for the punishment of the innocent while the chief sinners go free. Is it not plain that the territorial government of Utah should not be controled by the Mormon church? Church and state should be entirely separated. Such separation is one of the foundation principles of the government of the country, and that a church usurps power both political and ecclesiastical in one of the territories under the United States government, shows that strong measures are necessary. Instead of holding allegiance to the government, the thousands of emigrants who now people Utah are bound to support Mormonism and the Mormon church. Should these people be endowed with the privilege of the ballot, to use it for the interest of the church and the perpetuation of polygamy, is the question? The legislature of Idaho seems to hav grasped the situation when it disfranchised all persons of Mormon belief and disqualified them from holding office."

Now, I would ask, does not all this apply to the Catholic church quite as forcibly as to the Mormon? There perhaps is not a genuin Catholic in the country who would not boldly tell you he would obey the church, or in other words the pope, before he would the state. They take the oath of allegiance with that reservation and giv their allegiance to the pope above the state in all countries. Then why pick out a mere handful of Mormons to disfranchise because they set their church above the state, when at the same time we are welcoming hundreds of thousands who giv their allegiance to a church a thousand times stronger and more dangerous, which lets our occasion slip to get an advantage over the Constitution and the state, and wages open warfare against our public schools?

Inclosed find twenty-five cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886. J. DOWNES.

GIDEON, KAN., Dec. 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The last of another year has come, and ere this reaches you will be gone forever. Inclosed find $3 to renew me for one year. I could not do without the grand old TRUTH SEEKER. It should be illustrated.

Times are duller than ever, and they seem to get worse. I believe it is due to to the damnable policy of those in power. We people of the West want silver money on an equality with gold.

We hav had several religious revivals in this neighborhood, one by the Methodists, lasting four weeks. They had crowded houses every night, and by hard work managed to gather in fifteen, twelve of these having previously been converted and backslid. In just one week one of their converts went to a dance. His father followed, and vowed if his boy danced he would hav to dance over his dead body. The boy danced, however, but not over the father's corpse. After the revival the citizens had a meeting to express their opinions on religion and dancing, and we must say the Methodists caught a little sheol. Why can't we hav Watts or Putnam to lecture at Lawrence, a town of 10,000 inhabitants?

Keep the torch of reason burning,
For the people they are turning,
Learning every day. J. W. WATKINS.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., Jan. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please giv me credit for inclosed amount and forward your paper as per address.

It givs me much pleasure to be able to add my mite with the rest toward the support of so able an exponent of Freethought as is your paper; and in connection with the effort now being made to make it an illustrated paper, you may depend on me for $5 for that particular purpose. I know of no better way to reach the masses than through the pictorial press, and the vast amount of good results to be accomplished that way is incalculable. Your issue for January 2d is highly commendable, and should be read and circulated far and near by everyone who subscribes for it.

I hav just finished reading Miss Helen Gardener's book on "Men, Women, and Gods," and can honestly say that it is a book worthy of perusal by every wife and mother in the land. It should be on the center-table and in the library of every family throughout the United States. Miss Gardener handles her subject well, and her logic is sound and her arguments unanswerable. She should be encouraged in her noble endeavor to free her sex from priestly thraldom, for she has dared to "beard the lion in his den" and has come out unscathed. All honor and praise to this brave little woman. May she liv long enough to realize her fondest hopes and may her efforts be crowned with success, is the sincere wish of one who believes in the untrammeled rights and freedom of every man, woman, and child, Gods or no Gods.

MAZZINI SEVERANCE.

THAOKERVILLE, CHICKASAW NATION, Dec. 29, 285.

MR. EDITOR: Grover Cleveland and his cabinet regard the Indian question as a great problem. Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine declared all men born free and equal—whites, Indians, and negroes. The first failure in the problem was when George Washington made the treaty with the Indians. He should hav made them citizens. The next was when Andrew Jackson set apart this territory for the Indians (1830). His humane policy was for us to starve. I was here three years before I ever got a full meal—Oklahoma. All that has been said about Payne and Couch is not about Oklahoma at all. I will cite to you the eighth article of the treaty of 1866 between the United States and the Chickasaws and Choctaws. The Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Cherokees, and Seminoles are the different tribes or nations to which the land is to be divided in severalty. This act should be Secularized by incorporating our Nine Demands. It will be for the general interest of all of the Indians to hold their land in severalty. Holman and Atkins, while on their tour of inspection through the Indian country, if they were sober enough, while standing on the rear platform of a train saw about ten miles of the Chickasaw nation about Colbert Station. Now, I'm not dictating terms to Congress, but will hav to abide by their decision. They profess to deal justly by the Indians. I am a Chickasaw. R. H. LOVE.

NEVINVILLE, IA., Jan. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav secured a couple of new subscribers for your paper at Cromwell, Ia., to whom you will please send it for one year, and find inclosed $5. I suppose two new ones are as acceptable as one old one. Consequently I gave them the benefit of your offer. I hope to be able to send you some more names ere long, and you can count on me for life. I think the pictures are an improvement, and add to the attractivness of the paper. For the other $2 please send me the inclosed list of books and missionary tracts for the benefit of a Methodist revival under operation at this godly town.

It seems to me as if a list of all the subscribers to your paper would form a more complete Freethought directory than one prepared under H. L. Green's system, in which the names of many are inserted who are not activ Liberals. This difficulty would be avoided in the former, and all would appreciate one of that kind. Yours, F. I. GREEN.

LAURA, O. Jan., 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Yours of recent date at hand, and please find inclosed $5.00, and also accept thanks for waiting. Your illustrations are the best thing yet in Freethought literature. Keep it up by all means if you can afford it. Your pictures stir the blood in the most pronounced Liberals, and they will certainly reach and effect those who will not read.

Yours truly, J. P. BRANDON.

WATERLOO, IND., Jan. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find $5, which implies there is one new subscriber, and one who, I believe, has come to stay. These pictures talk very plainly. They are all that I expected. If I should suggest any improvement in No. 1, it would be to name the limb that elevates and supports the clergy. True, the goddess is placed in a very unfavorable condition. Yet her face indicates more fear of her care from the enemy that hides behind the almighty dollar. In No. 2, Uncle Sam seems sufficient for the present besetment, if Gabriel does not come to their help. He is sound on the goose. Lectures are what are wanted now to let in the truth and light. E. R. SHOEMAKER.

HOPKINTON, R. I., Jan. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: There is an old Scottish story which commences by saying that "Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man, and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray."

This is an exact description of my own condition, which, I hope, sufficiently explains why I hav received and read your paper a full year without having forwarded the pay. "When my years were few" I learned to practice self-denial, and to enjoy life although compelled to confine myself to its absolute necessities, dispensing with all its luxuries. And yet after all that I hav learned in life's hard school I am not quite equal to the task of denying myself the inestimable privilege of a weekly perusal of your paper. Still, I shall regard it as an act of kindness on your part to discontinue it whenever you become entirely discouraged about ever receiving your pay. I am so frequently amused at the arguments of my Christian friends that were I but capable I should occasionally send you something about these productions. PELEG KENYON.

GIBSON, PA., Jan. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please credit me $5 of the inclosed remittance, $7, on subscription, and for the balance send a copy of A. J. Davis's late work, entitled "Beyond the Valley," one copy of Paine's "Age of Reason." and balance in such tracts for distribution as you consider most efficient for doing missionary work among those who are just beginning to use their reasoning faculties. Captain Case, an old Universalist, and resident of this place half a century ago, used to remark that it would not do to feed babes with strong drink. The Universalists of that time were almost as radical as the Liberals of to-day, but, like the Unitarians, could not endure the odium of being called Infidels. They were sufficiently strong to build a comfortable church here, which is now unoccupied. Many of the old members continue to take the *Christian Leader*, not yet comprehending that a disbelief in the miraculous conception and vicarious atonement, which they all entertain, utterly divorces them from Christianity. I had delayed renewing my subscription, hoping to be able to induce some of them to subscribe, but conclude to renew now, and afterward distribute the circulars you sent me, and, if possible, get some subscribers. JOSHUA BURROWS.

THE LAST WAS NOT THE LAST.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am the last man on earth to quarrel with tongue or pen, neither will I, no matter who slings mud at me; my principles stand far above all low manifestations. The honest truth will stand as a wall of adamant, and all the superstitions of earth can never overthrow it; no argument or test is required to firmly establish Materialism. Grand old nature stands at its back, and no powers of men or gods can ignore or refute its undying philosophy.

Thanks to my Materialistic brother, Chas. F. Blackburn, of Idaho Ter., for his able defense of the honest convictions of my true inwardness. His good opinions are highly valued, and I trust thousands of others are blessed with the light of reason to an equal degree to guide them out of the old ruts of supernatural superstitions, one of which is modern Spirit-

ualism founded on that ancient fraud known by the name of sorcery. But, sir, the time must come when all this darkness of mind under the influence of all kinds of religious quackery will vanish, and bright and glorious reason will usher in the only solid truth, Materialism. Then, sir, fraud, hypocrisy, and the many evils springing therefrom will be extinct, and manhood and womanhood will stand erect, and neither bow nor cring to priest craft, medium craft, or any false and blighting craft which robs mankind of mind and money. T. WINTER, Materialist.

P. S.—I do not envy E. T. Slight, of Watsonville, Cal. I regret that his mind is so small and so low down in the dregs of depravity as to make him capable of insulting and abusing a man who never did him a wrong. I hope he will liv to know better. W.

OSBORN, O., Jan. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: You will find my remittance, to be disposed of as per inclosed. We cannot afford to let THE TRUTH SEEKER die. Our brave men hav to die; another one, Elizur Wright, is gone, and Ingersoll is growing old, and his battles too will soon be over. Oh, that others equally able, earnest, and brave may arise to fill their places! But more important still that THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, and such papers become permanent and lasting institutions.

S. F. WOODWARD.

ALTON, ONT., Jan. 12.

MR. EDITOR: As many of your readers are aware of the fact that during the last six weeks Mr. Charles Watts has been lecturing in Canada, it may be interesting to giv a brief account of some of the good work done by him during that time. His lecture engagements in Toronto and Hamilton hav been marked with all the success that he could wish for. In fact, his Toronto audiences hav increased with a rapidity that is causing some alarm to the goody-goody shepherds of the orthodox folds.

Apart from his lecture on Secularism and its general principles, he delivered two lectures on Home Rule and the British House of Lords that hav been very favorably commented upon by the leading Toronto dailies, and he has been solicited by some of the Irish societies of that city to repeat the same lectures at an early date.

Outside of the two cities aforesaid he has been breaking considerable new ground in the rural districts of Ontario. It was my good fortune to occupy the chair on the occasion of his giving two lectures in the town of Ayr, Waterloo county.

Ayr is a pretty and thriving town on the river Nith, and is the center of one of the finest agricultural districts in Canada. As the name would indicate, the population is mainly Scotch, and the town has upon it the impress of the leading characteristics of the people from the land of the bluebell and the heather. Industry, thrift, and cleanliness are everywhere visible, and there is not another town in Canda where so many men own the houses in which they liv. This fact will account for the air of thrift that surrounds the humble homes of average workingmen in this locality. Ayr is well represented in manufacturing interests, two large iron foundries and two splendid flouring mills (whose products are distributed all over the dominion) giving employment to a large number of mechanics, and assisting in a great measure the prosperity of the town. It is well represented in educational interests.

Its public school is a large and substantial building where a number of excellent teachers are employed to teach the young idea how to shoot. Its mechanics' institute, library, and reading-room are second to none outside of any city in Canada. There are a few Secularists here, who for more than a quarter of a century hav asserted their individuality and maintained their right to do their own thinking, in spite of the strong orthodox tendencies of this truly Presbyterian center. Prominent among those veterans in our cause may be mentioned William Becket, John Rewick, Peter and Thomas Hope, and James Brown. They are all men well-advanced in years, having passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, and the shadows are now falling toward the east. But they are all worthy Secularists, who wear the white flower of a blameless life, and are citizens above reproach.

The most activ Secularist in Ayr is Robert Manson, a man in the prime of life, and a thorough worker in the glorious cause of Secularism and universal mental liberty for the sons and daughters of men. It was through his exertions that arrangements were made for the delivery of the first two lectures on Secularism ever given in Ayr. They were delivered in Reid's Music Hall on the evenings of January 13th and 14th, and, taking all things into consideration, they were the most successful lectures ever given in defense of our common cause outside of a city in Canada. The seating capacity of the hall is about 450. When we left the hotel to go to the hall the evening of the first lecture, we found the Salvation Army kneeling in the snow at the door (cool work with the thermometer at zero) praying for us and warning the people to avoid the devil and Watts.

Notwithstanding this, the hall was fully two-thirds filled, and from the excellent order that prevailed and the frequent applause that greeted the lecturer it was made apparent that "Secularism, Destructiv and Constructiv," found a response in the heart and brain of the majority of those who were present. The subject for the second lecture was, "Unbelief: What It Is and What It Has Done for Humanity." At 8 o'clock the hall was filled, and Mr. Watts seemed to be inspired by his splendid audience. He excelled all his previous efforts and delivered a two-hour lecture that was repeatedly interrupted with rounds of applause. I will not attempt to giv even a brief sketch of the lecture. It must be heard in order to be appreciated. It fairly bristled with logic, and shattered the foundations of orthodoxy in many a brain that previously accepted the old Jewish story without for one moment questioning the palpable absurdities and nonsense that soon become apparent to an inquirer after truth. After the lecture an informal reception was held in one of the parlors of the Hilborn House, and Mr. Watts had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of a number of Secular friends who had come from some of the neighboring villages to hear him. Some had come from Eastwood, a distance of seventeen miles, and were so well pleased with the lecture that they insisted on Mr. Watts delivering a course of lectures in that place in the near future. Arrangements were also made for another lecture in Ayr and one in Galt. If the Secularists of Canada were thoroughly organized and in perfect harmony with the spirit of progress, a good lecturer could be kept in the field constantly and local organizations could be made excellent training schools for the young people that are growing up in Secular homes. Mr. Watts's lectures are well calculated to bring about this desirable object, and it is to be hoped that more new ground will be opened up by him before the month of June, when he intends to return to England to spend the summer months. WILLIAM ALGIE.

LOOKING GLASS, ORE., Jan. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $8.25, which apply on Ingersoll's Lectures complete and the ANNUAL. Credit me also with one year's subscription to the paper.

As I hav received letters of inquiry from friends about Oregon, I would like to say a few words in reply through the columns of your paper. To persons with moderate means we say, you can secure land at reasonable prices and where the climate is much milder than in the same latitude East. Skilled laborers with capital could find employment here by engaging in some of the many manufacturing industries that hav been so sadly neglected here in the past. The tourist and pleasure-seeker, with time and money to spend, we think would be amply repaid by the change of scenery both here and on the route. As to persons looking for free homes, we think there is little to encourage them in coming West at this late day. It is true, there is some vacant land, but it is mountainous and unfit for settlement. I will say that the writer has been a resident of western Oregon for thirty-three years, but hav not had the benefit of the donation or Homestead law. I hav paid for every foot of land owned by myself, for the simple reason that the good land was all taken when I came here.

There is another class—the common laborer, with a family dependent upon him. Recollect you will meet the Chinaman here; that you will hav to put yourself in competition with him in the field of labor. This you cannot do, of course, unless you adopt his mode of living, which no respectable person can do.

In writing these few lines I hav been actuated only by a desire to benefit that class who expect to help and better their condition by going West, and as much as we would like to see the country settled up with industrious and honest citizens, still we are not justified in deceiving people by false statement, and thereby misleading them, to accomplish that result.

To our Liberal friends who want to come West we say: Do not put too much confidence in the descriptiv circulars that are sent broadcast over the country to encourage emigration, and which generally make very flowery statements. Here I will make an illustration: The statement is made that Oregon has a large area of unoccupied land. This is true so far, but uothing is said about the quality or location of this land. The fact is, this large body of land is embodied in two great ranges of mountains averaging in width from fifty to seventy-five miles and running the entire length of the state.

Yours fraternally, FRAZIER WARD.

OSHKOSH, WIS., Jan. 11, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find one dollar for Helen H. Gardener's book, "Men, Women, and Gods;" "Common Sense," by Thomas Paine, and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 286.

Well, I went to church last evening, as my wife was gone to visit a sick lady some distance away. The Free Methodists hav just put up a brand-new church only a few blocks from my house, so I went there. Now please tell me what is a Free Methodist, for I never heard of a Methodist being free, or anyone else that belonged to any of the churches, for that matter. Well, in his sermon, the preacher told us that any man or woman who was not a Christian was a slave. Now, how did he come to know so much about slavery—and he did not seem to be overstocked with brains either? His text was from the 11th chapter of Matthew, 28th, 29th, and 30th verses, which says, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." Now, would it not look more meek if some one else had said that for him? But there was one thing I liked about that preacher—his sermon was only half an hour long. I counted every person in the house, and there were twenty-nine of the male persuasion and twenty-one of the female persuasion, and about twelve of the men were Freethinkers. I had only got comfortably seated when they passed the hat around for a collection, and yet the preacher said he was independent, for God took care of him and his family, body and soul. Well, after the meeting was over, I saw some of my Liberal friends there, and while we stood in a little knot, shaking hands with each other, the two preachers came around, and one put out his hand to me and said, "What is your name?" I told him it was Hare. "Do you know the Lord?" said he. "No, sir, I hav not the pleasure of his acquaintance." Then he took the hand of a saloon-keeper and also asked his name, but the saloon-keeper said: "You hav no use for me, for I sell whisky." "Why do you sell whisky?" said the preacher. "I hav to or go to the poorhouse," said the other. "Well," said the preacher, "I should rather go to the poorhouse than to sell whisky." "Well. that is a matter of taste," said the other. Then the preacher said he would rather hav religion than be president of the United States. "But," said I, "there is not so much money in it. and money makes the mare go. Do you read the New York TRUTH SEEKER?" said I. "No," said he. "Well," said I, "you ought to read it, for it is the best paper in the country, for it keeps you posted in everything." Then he invited us to come again, and we all started home. I am throwing your paper around wherever I think it will be read, and what few books I hav are loaned out all the time. I think those pictures are just grand. I notice that Mr. M. E. Rose says in his letter, "Put them in once in a while," but I will go him one better and say *twice* in a while.

Happy New Year to you all. GEO. M. HARE.

SWEETLAND, IOWA, Jan. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find postal order for $5—$2.50 to renew my covenant with you; $2.50 for one new subscriber. I was born and reared near Blairstown, N. J., a country that has more superstition and ignorance to the square mile than any other country I hav any knowledge of—the home of the late Rev. Jacob S. Harden, who has preached in my father's house, and who murdered his wife and was executed at Belvidere, N. J. So you see if I am not a devout Christian it is not on account of my early training. I was at one time elected school director. The Bible was used for the first lesson every day. I politely requested the teacher (who, by the way, was a clergyman's daughter) not to instruct my children in Bible lessons. That brought down the church people's indignation. They said they would meet and kick me out. I said, "Gentlemen, just kick me out," and I held the fort. They concluded that what could not be cured must be endured, and we had no Bible in our school for over four years. I did not start to write my autobiography, but I want to keep before the people the idea that our public schools must be kept free from religious creeds. JOHN N. NEWMAN.

BRAMPTON, Jan. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hope you will excuse me for troubling you with these few remarks respecting your paper. As a rule I am much pleased with it; still, there are exceptions. There has been much correspondence concerning Spiritualism that, I think, cannot be anything but objectionable to the majority of your readers. There are two letters in your issue of January 2d—one by L. S. Burdick, the other by C. F. Blackburn—which surely can be of but little interest to the general reader. The latter one, I think you will admit, is in part in very unsuitable language. I sometimes put my paper in the hands of Methodists, but such as this I cannot use in that way, as it would be sure to cause much prejudice, and make them worse enemies. I believe Blackburn's remarks as regards God and the devil, or any such language, will do the cause of Freethought much harm, and, in my opinion, your valuable space might be more profitably used. As regards your illustrations, I fully agree with your correspondent S. J. Lenont, in your paper of January 2d, and conclude with his finishing remarks. EDWARD DALE.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Jan. 10, 1886.

QUESTIONS FOR CONSERVATIVS: Are you who claim men represent women politically dishonest, or are you ignorant? Do you know it is not, nor can it be, done, and yet talk the reverse for effect, or are you so stupid that you suppose our government is based upon the principle of proxy representation, and if so, will you please inform us how many persons one ballot can represent?

Will you who are so anxious to advertise yourselvs as not believing in Freelove please inform us what kind of love you do believe in? If you hav any love and it is not free of course it is for sale, hence we can but infer that men and women who disbelieve in freedom of the affections must believe that it is a merchantable commodity.

I, for one, am proud to write myself down as believing in the broadest possible freedom in every department of being, and that my liberty can be justly limited only by the equal liberty of some other individual, said individual being the proper person to make complaint of infringement. If I use my liberty unwisely, I must suffer the consequences of a violation of natural law. Freedom and responsibility are commensurate. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

FORT WAYNE, IND., Jan. 9, 1886.

Mr. EDITOR: Within please find $5, to apply as directed.

Talmage has been to our place this winter. He came, he saw, he captured (that is, the money). After weeks and weeks of advertising through our dailies, the enterprise failed. The gentleman that brought him here has lost money. So much for the great light of the cross. A few nights following there was a pugilistic contest, and the management cleared some $500. How is that?

I would like to do more by getting subscribers for your paper, but times are so hard. I send you one name, and hav the promis of more for the future. J. S. F.

ATLANTA, ILL., Jan. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We hav been having a grand meeting here. A few of the old patriarchs of Liberalism and defenders of that man who proclaimed the world his country and "to do good his religion," hav been gathered together to listen to that which is not repugnant to their reason nor offensiv to their sense of justice. Prof. W. S. Bell, of Chicago, was our exponent. Mr. Bell has been fortified in his position by an experience of five years in the ministry—an experience that certainly better fits him for an expounder of the truth of Liberalism. His lectures were largely attended, and by very orderly and attentiv audiences. Friday night's theme was "Liberty and Morality;" Saturday, "Common Sense;" Sunday afternoon, "The Author-hero—Thomas Paine," and at night, "The Gods." All of these different subjects were handled argumentativly, courteously, and ably. No offense was given to saint or sinner, and the result is, Liberalism will grow in Atlanta. B. H. GARDNER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Boy Lost.

Hav you seen my boy around this way?
He slipped from my arms one summer day,
But I never dreamed he was going to stay.

The skies were bright, 'twas early June,
And earth was glad with the birds in tune—
They caught the airs of its mystic Rune.

A wonderful child, or so we thought him,
And many clever things we taught him
When to our hearts in joy we caught him.

His sisters, Polly and Geraldine
(Two sweeter fairies never were seen),
Played on the grass the trees between.

And infant strife arising there,
He sought me at my rocking-chair
With a light hand laid upon my hair,

Or upon my neck, if the cloud stayed long,
Craving the boon of a baby song,
And his heart was healed, and naught was wrong.

How well I remember his childish ruse
Of made-up frowns when told the news
That Jamie usurped his waiting shoes!

That he was surprised was plainly true,
And we looked for the tears like morning dew,
But the mist cleared up and he laughed anew.

And gazing down on this tiny prize,
A new light shone in his baby eyes—
Pride of ownership without disguise.

"It isn't our baby, we needn't cry,"
He wisely said when a hearse passed by—
He counted the cost with an older sigh.

Can you giv no trace of this boy of mine?
You'll surely know him by this sign—
His lips were red as the autumn wine,

While his eyes were blue, and his hair was gold,
His hands might serve as the sculptor's mold,
And his breath was sweet as a rose-leaf's fold.

"Grown," do you say? How strange it seems!
Ah, well! the world with sorrow teems,
And time dispels our dearest dreams.

Clearwater, Neb. MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

"Jack."

He wore a pair of tattered pants,
A ragged round-about,
And through the torn crown of his hat
A lock of hair stuck out;
He had no shoes upon his feet,
No shirt upon his back;
His home was on the friendless street,
His name was "Little Jack."

One day a toddling baby boy,
With head of curly hair,
Escaped his loving mother's eye,
Who, busy with her care,
Forgot the little one, who crept
Upon a railroad near,
To play with the bright pebbles there,
Without a thought of fear.

But see! around a curve there comes
A swiftly flying train;
It rattles, roars! the whistle shrieks
With all its might and main;
The mother sees her child, but stands,
Transfixed with sudden fright;
The babe clasps his little hands,
And laughs with low delight.

Look! look! a tattered figure flies
Adown the railroad track!
His hat is gone! his feet are bare!
'Tis ragged "Little Jack!"
He grasps the child, and from the track
The babe is safely tossed—
A slip! a cry! the train rolls by—
Brave "Little Jack" is lost!

They found his mangled body there,
Just where he slipped and fell;
And strong men wept who never cared
For him when he was well.
If there be starry crowns in heaven
For little ones to wear,
The star in "Little Jack's" shall shine
As bright as any there!—*Eugene J. Hall.*

A Great Hero.

On the 29th of January, 1737, there was born in Thetford, Norwalkshire, England, one of the greatest and noblest men that has ever breathed the breath of life—Thomas Paine. He grew from babyhood to boyhood, went to school, studied the usual common branches, learned to "read, write, and cipher," and left school at thirteen. Then he worked in his father's shop at stay-making for three years, when, becoming tired of the dull routine of his life, he went to London—ran away from home, perhaps. Boy-like, he rambled about the city, seeing the sights and working occasionally, until finally he shipped on board a privateering vessel.

At twenty-two he went into business on his own account, and then married handsome Mary Lambert, but she died within a year, and parting with her was the first great sorrow of his life. Atfer this he became a teacher, as well as a close student of the natural sciences.

Time ran on, until he met with Benjamin Franklin, then embassador from this country to the English government, who advised him to go to America, which he did at a time when the young American colonies were dissenting from the oppressiv yoke of British rule.

Paine took sides with the colonies, and wrote his pamphlet, "Common Sense," which struck the key-note of our American Independence. The young heart of the nation was thrilled by his brave words as it had never been thrilled before.

It was this wonderful man who first wrote the words "The Free and Independent States of America," who first roused the people to a sense of their situation, and to an understanding of what this country might become freed from the thraldom and tyranny of kingly rule.

When the Revolutionary war was fairly begun he wrote leaflets entitled "The Crisis," inspiring and encouraging the soldiers as nothing else had done or could do. The first number commenced: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country, but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

He was generous in money as well as in mind, and when the troops were suffering for supplies, and General Washington himself was almost discouraged, this brave, wholesouled philanthropist headed a subscription for the soldiers with five hundred dollars, his entire salary for a year as clerk of the general assembly of Pennsylvania.

It is thought by some, and not without reason, that Paine was the Author of the Declaration of Independence, as that document would seem to indicate that the same mind that evolved "Common Sense," "Crisis," and the "Rights of Man," and first suggested independence, also framed and constructed the sentences of its declaration.

When peace was at length secured in America, this noble man, learning that France was in need of patriots in her defense, immediately offered his service in her behalf. Franklin asked why he should leave so soon the land he helped to make free, and said, "Where liberty is is my home." Paine at once replied, "Where Liberty is not, is my home," meaning that where it was not he would assist in securing it. He was elected a member of the National Assembly of France, and because he opposed the death of the king (Louis XVI.) he incurred the displeasure of the other members, and they contrived to hav him arrested and confined in jail at Luxembourg. The Americans in Paris demanded his releasc and styled him "the Apostle of Liberty in America." Robespierre intended that he should die by the guillotin, but, by an unforeseen circumstance, his life was saved, though it was nearly a year before he was liberated from prison.

He wrote the "Age of Reason," a part of it in prison. This work was denounced as Atheistic, but it is not so. More properly, it is Deistical, announcing his belief in a God and a future existence. On account of this book he has been abused, traduced, slandered more cruelly than any other person that has lived. He has not deserved the wanton and wicked assaults upon his name and character, for he was a truly good, true, and noble-hearted man, and one of the best friends America or any country in distress ever had.

He said, "The world is my country; to do good, my religion." He returned to this country in 1802, and, after spending a few days with his friend, Thomas Jefferson, he retired to his farm at New Rochelle, which had been presented to him by government. He died in 1809, calmly, peacefully, as he had lived, the same faith cheering him in death that had helped him in life.

He was twice married, but was the father of no children. That he loved children we may know by his endeavors in securing political peace and justicc for them, and also by his trying to erase a cruel and barbarous religion from the world. He said, "Any system of religion which shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

A beautiful memorial buildiug was dedicated to his memory in Boston, Mass., on the 29th of January, 1875. It is called the "Paine Memorial and Home of the Boston *Investigator*."

People are slowly learning the virtues of this great reformer and friend of humanity, and when his vast work for America is duly recognized, a monument will be raised to his memory higher than that of Washington, more glorious than that proposed for General Grant. But more beautiful and enduring than marble or granit is the deep appreciation of his services and worth in the heart of every truth-loving and patriotic citizen of this country or any other. S. H. W.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PECULIAR SENTENCE.

What is peculiar about this sentence: Evil did I ere I did live? WM. SCOTT.

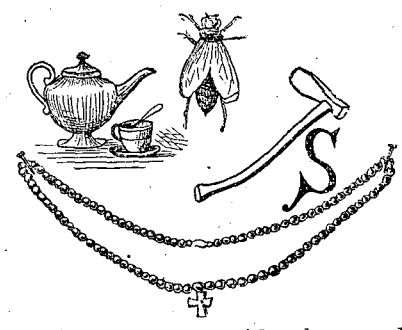
2.—ARITHMETICAL.

What principal sum, payable in three annual payments at 8 per cent. interest, having each year's payment of principal and interest alike, will produce $332.96 for the interest? ISAAC A. POOL.

3.—GEOGRAPHICAL AND GRAMMATICAL.

There is a volcano spelled with eight letters. The first, second, and third spell something familiar to Irishmen. The third and fourth spell a verb in the imperativ mode. The second, fourth, and seventh are interjections. Where is it, and what is its name?
RALPH E. WEYBRIGHT.

4.—EASY DIAMOND.



Central word the same either downward or across.

5.—CONUNDRUM.



Come guess what sport is meant,
Which these three girls do represent?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 16, 1886.

1.–T—affy. 2.–Ingersoll. 4.–Endearment. 5.–1. Redstart. 2. Men. 3. Weaver. 4. Robin. 5. Pelican. 6. Owl, Sandpiper. 7. Pewit. 8. Sparrow. 9. Heron. 10. Plover. 11. Macaw. 12. Martin. 6.–Because it is going to abate (a bait).

7.—T I E
I C E
E E L

8.—'Tis plain enough to anyone
Whose mind is not confused,
Both ax and coffee must be *ground*
Before they can be used.

[We are obliged to decline several good articles on account of their extreme length. Communications for the Children's Corner should be "short and sweet," wise and bright.—ED. C. C.]

Correspondence.

BALLSTON SPA, Jan. 18, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you for the first time, as I see other little girls write. Well, what I hav to say is that we are all Liberal at our house. Pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and H. L. Green's *Magazine*, and ma takes the *Ironclad Age*. Pa has got D. M. Bennett's library, so we hav lots of Liberal books. Mr. Reynolds was here week before last, and we had a grand time. We think he is a nice man and is doing great good. I am twelve years old and hav a little sister who is nine years old, and we read "The Story Hour." Pa says when times are better he will get us the "Apples of Gold," which I hope will be very soon. I send you a card with my name on and my love, if you will please accept them. I made out to sell five copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, with a good deal of trouble and many times going.
Yours truly, SADIE THORPE.

[The world will see some splendid women by and by, when our little girls are grown. Meta, Katie, Sadie, and the others whose letters hav appeared in the Corner show that they are being well brought up. We hav often heard of Sadie's papa—that he is a brave, true man. Her mamma, too, we feel sure is good and true, and we wish to be remembered to them. Thanks for the pretty card and remembrance. Love to little sister, also.—ED. C. C.]

SCANDIA, KAN., Jan. 3, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write to you for the first time. We do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, so it is very seldom that I get to see a copy of that good paper. My pa takes the Boston *Investigator*. I love to read the children's department in it. I like to read the pieces and letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER, too. Mr. J. L. Andrew lectured here two nights. He was thought a very able speaker among the many Liberals here. I would love to hav your picture very much, but do not know how much it costs. We hav many pictures of Liberals. I go to school and study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and geography. My teacher's name is G. M. Culver. He is a graduate from the state university of California. Well, I will close for this time.

Hoping you had a merry Christmas, I remain, Yours truly, META L. TAYLOR.

DODGE CITY, KAN., Jan. 11, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I see all the other little girls are writing, and I thought I would write, too. Papa has a timber claim out on Duck Creek—has lots of trees on it. Once papa, mamma, my little sisters, and myself went out there, and coming back the carriage upset and all fell out, but no one was hurt. Papa has been here quite a while, and says we hav had the biggest snow-storm ever was. We could walk on top of the barn yesterday. Some gentlemen, young ladies, boys, and girls went coasting. We did it just the same as pictured in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. The ice is fourteen inches; it was never so thick before. I will be ten years old tomorrow. Two men froze—one family and five children.

Papa says he wants to see me in the Correspondence. Ever your friend,
KATIE COLLAR.

OMAHA, NEB., Jan. 11, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Mamma got me the "Story Hour" for Christmas. She, and papa, and I, and sister think it is very nice. My favorit story is the "Bumble Bee's Thanksgiving."

Papa says he likes THE TRUTH SEEKER best of any paper he takes.

I am in the fifth grade at school, class B. My teacher's name is Miss Briggs; she is very kind. She lives right across the street from us. School begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and half-past one in the afternoon. We do not hav recess in the afternoon and we get out at half-past three.

I hav learned "Mr. Tubb's Christmas," and the "Children's Hour." Nothing more at present, only I remain your friend as ever,
MAGGIE GRIFFITH.

[We are glad you are pleased with the "Story Hour," Maggie, and we are glad, too, that you hav a kind teacher in Miss Briggs. Children learn faster with an agreeable teacher than with one who is disagreeable.—ED. C. C.]

B. F. Robbins writes: "I notice the Children's Corner is as bright as ever. Yours is a great work, inasmuch as you giv shape and tone to the young mind that in the future will 'pan out' immensely, and save many from the bonds of superstition. Not that you should choose for them their religion; for they should be left to do that themselvs, and, in nine cases out of ten, they would repudiate all forms of superstition. Without flattery, your thoughts and methods, as seen in THE TRUTH SEEKER, cannot be bettered. I always read the Corner with profit. My little girl is pleased enough with the 'Story Hour,' and learns verses from it for recital in school." [We are grateful to our friend for appreciation, and will only say that our heart is in the work we are doing, and we hope always to deserve the commendation of our friends and readers.—ED. C. C.]

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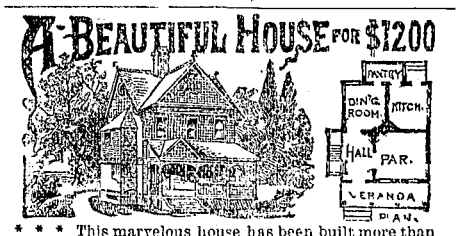
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O spirit of the tuneful strings,
I answer—neither is there rest!

There is no rest! the mills of change
Grind on—the gods are at the wheels!
The same fierce impulse, swift and strange,
We feel, that every planet feels.

There is no rest! not even sleep
Is shorn of its mobility;
The red floods through the body sweep
Forever, like a tided sea.

There is no rest! the granit grinds
To dust, within its marble glooms;
Decay's pale worm incessant winds
Its way through Fame's emblazoned tombs.

There is no rest! e'en Love hath wings
That wearilessly fan the air
In his leal-hearted wanderings,
So fetterless, so free from care.

There is no rest! the long gray caves
Of death are rife with force and heat,
Nor Fancy pauses till she paves
The floors of heaven with flying feet.

There is no rest! no sure repose
For souls above, nor souls below;
Life's tide forever ebbs and flows,
And man must either come or go.

And so, through all the universe,
A rhythmic motion, faint expressed,
Runs onward like an epic verse,
Voluminous—there is no rest!

—*J. N. Matthews.*

An Unfortunate Fanatic.

"Well, Jen, be you a-goin' to take in the circus to-night?"

"Where's it to be, Jim? I hadn't heard nothin' of it."

Jenny put a smoking dish in front of Jim, and then sat down opposit, while he looked with great satisfaction from the plate upon which he had already deposited a fuming heap of the savory stew, to his wife's pretty, sensitiv face. No man was better contented with his lot than Jim Ayer, painter and plasterer, carpenter and tinker in general. No man with more reason to be, either. There was not a thriftier housewife than Jenny there, in her neat navy blue print dress, and the pink bow at her throat, in all the village, nor a tastier, either.

"By gosh!" Jim would observe, with a shining face that would hav served excellently to adorn the advertisment of some patent stove polish, or other highly reflectiv and luminous agent, "the way that little woman makes them there zeraniums and things bloom in them pots, and the way she just makes the house look as cheery and neat as a —as a bird's nest"—at a loss for a comparison —"do beat all!"

Jim had had his day when the public house of an evening had received him oftener than could hav been accounted for his good. Still his transgressions of that kind had sprung more from a love of jovial good fellowship than from anything more serious, and since his marrying and "stiddying down" no more hard-working, sober, pure-living fellow was there to be found in all the township. Jenny had not only made him comfortable and happy, but her pretty home instincts had refined him as well. She had an untutored refinement herself. You might see it by the expression of her delicate, somewhat dreamy face.

"Well, t'aint a reg'lar circus," explained Jim. "It's the new parson, or whatever he be. Dunno but he's one o' them Salvation fellers. He's goin' to preach, and they do say he's got the gift o' the gab, powerful; so I thought if you was minded, we'd take it in."

Jenny thought she was minded, and then she "tidied up" while Jim smoked his pipe. When she came out with her little new hat on her head she looked so pretty and bright that the happy Jim caught her and gave her a sounding embrace.

The revival meeting was presided over, as it turned out, by neither a "parson" nor a "Salvation Army" disciple. The man was a dark, strenuous figure, in the vigor of maturity, with a decided, albeit wholly untrained, natural eloquence. He had personal magnetism, and that force of religious enthusiasm—or is it frenzy?—which, different in degree, has under other circumstances brought forth Savonarolas, Arbueses, John of Leydens. His exhortations led not in the way of merciful promises. They thundered out anathemas and such visions of avenging black pits as the uncultured human mind has in all times grasped at with a marvelous mingling of fear and morbid, excited avidity.

Reuben Cane had many rapt and perchance trembling listeners that night, but none more powerfully moved than Jenny Ayer.

She was very silent as they walked home. When Jim suggested jovially that they round off the evening's "spree" by his fetching a jug of ale, she, for the first time, entered a species of demur.

"That preacher said, you know," she began, "that we eat and drink too much, to the—to the damnation of our souls, Jim."

"Oh, come, now!" exclaimed Jim. "You ain't a goin' to be takin' everything them preachers says so dead serious? It can't be done, nohow. Preachin' and listenin' be one thing and livin' is another."

"Well, I dunno as we're right," said Jenny; dubiously, and with some rigidity, looking pensivly before her.

Jim was a little annoyed. He didn't care about the ale, but, in a vague and indistinct way, he was made uneasy, and, as he would hav expressed it, he was "rasped" by his wife's tone. It was quite new. He stamped about a little and then broke out, trying to laugh it off:

"If goin' to that feller's preachin's goin' to kinder upset you so, Jen, I guess you'd better stay away next time. He ain't a bad lookin' chap, and if so be you've taken such a shine to his holdin' forth, you'll be takin' a shine to his phiz next thing!"

It was not a delicately expressed joke, but it was not an indelicately meant one, as Jenny well knew. Rather was it a jocose effort to restore the harmony which somehow seemed to hav suffered a jar between them for the first time. But Jenny appeared absent-minded, and failed suitably to respond.

She did not take her husband's advice about going to the revival meeting another time. Rather did she return again and again. To be sure, she was one of many. The men of the village, those who had not yet come under Reuben Cane's strong influence, grumbled that the "women folks had gone clean daft."

Jim did not say much. He had wanted to broach the subject a hundred times, but something always seemed to freeze his tongue. He was palpably growing less and less at ease. He had the thwarted, estranged, defrauded sensation which creeps benumbingly over us all when we look on and see one near and dear to us changing subtly into something unfamiliar. For Jenny was changing in these days. She began neglecting little housewifely duties in order that not one of Reuben Cane's denunciatory utterances might be missed. Once or twice, when Jim came home tired and in want of her gentle customary welcome, good fare, and well-cooked dinner, he had been left begging for all three, owing to unusually prolonged sessions in the hall where Cane gathered together potentially repentant sinners.

One evening that this occurred the brewing storm suddenly broke. Not that Jim was abusiv at first. All provocation considered, he bore himself very patiently. But when he spoke of the exhorter Jenny's face grew cold.

"It ain't for sinners such as you be, Jim, to be judgin' such a holy man."

"Holy man be ——!" cried Jim, now fairly exasperated. "I ain't a-goin' to hav him and his jaw comin' between husband and wife, and upsettin' things."

"He ain't a-comin' between us."

"He be just that! Kin you say that you've bin just—just the same since he come?"

"'If I ain't it's because you ain't willin' to come with me in this new life. It's because you're sot in your sin. If you'll come with me to Brother Cane and find religion, we can be as we was before. But if you won't—"

"Well, what if I won't?" jeered Jim, taking up the phrase in her pause.

"Then we can't be," concluded Jenny.

"And is that the last word you've got to say on this ere subject?" queried Jim, ironically. Alas! poor, foolish Jenny! Could she hav chosen a more inopportune moment to push her proselytizing or done it more clumsily?

"I ain't got nothing more to say," she replied, and with that Jim raged from the house, banging the door after him.

In their four years of married life they had had no quarrel before. It set Jim's blood on fire. He was a headstrong, impetuous fellow, but he loved his wife dearly, and the thought of the influence that "jawin' ass of a parson" had obtained over her drove him nearly wild. His mind was quickly made up as to the course he should pursue. He would go to Brother Cane (he brought the name out even in his thoughts with a satirical intonation) and tell him to quit, right then, cramming any more of his religion down his wife's throat. Untutored as Jim was in the reading of motivs, and all at sea in this new disturbing element in which he found himself launched, his instinct told him correctly that it was this morbid, emotional religionism which had turned Jenny's brain, and not any attraction toward the exhorter as a man.

"Brother Cane," as it chanced, was not at home. He had gone four miles out to see a man "as was took bad," said the old woman who opened the door. He would be back in a couple of hours.

Jim had no mind to relinguish his purpose of seeing the brother that very night. He could wait. But neither did the idea of going home attract him. He remembered his neglected dinner, and the cold hearth, and Jenny's colder face when she had called him a sinner, with a too vivid sense of retrospectiv grievance. The public house stood hospitably open, and he was sure of a warm welcome there anyway. Moreover, he took a perverse pleasure in thinking that Jenny would know he had gone in—would reflect that, indirectly, his lapse was of her doing.

The warm welcome was not wanting, and when Jim came out again the two hours had passed. Other things had passed, too, by the way of his lips, and although it cannot be said that Jim Ayer was drunk, he was distinctly in that condition when to trifle with him became a more or less dangerous thing.

He reached Reuben Cane's door just as a buggy drove up and the latter got out. In the dark he stumbled against Jim, and then looked at him keenly as the light of the opening door illuminated the painter's flushed face and hot eyes. Jim Ayer felt himself at a disadvantage under that look, and no more was needed to break down the last barrier of restraint. He stepped menacingly nearer.

"What do you want?" said Reuben Cane.

"What do I want? What do I want? I want you to stop a-settin' my wife against me, and fillin' her head with notions that ain't got no sense in them! I want you," his voice rising higher and higher, "to let her alone, do you hear?"

"You're drunk, my good fellow," said Brother Cane, coolly; "I'll talk to you at some other time, when you're sober."

He made as though to go into the house. Like lightning Jim's brawny hand was on his coat collar.

"You ain't goin' to get off like this," he hissed, his eyes starting ominously out of his livid face.

Cane was as powerful a man as his antagonist. The spiritual life had not yet tamed every human impulse in him. He wrenched himself away with flaming eyes. Then—who knows how such things happen?—Jim Ayer had raised the heavy stick in his hand, the blow had crashed down on Reuben Cane's temple, and a dark form lay stretched upon the steps of the house.

Jim Ayer stood there as though bereft of sense, hearing, or power of locomotion. The animal instinct to run, to hide, the impulse of the criminal, did not even assert itself. They made a good deal out of this in the defense afterward. It was a strong argument in favor of his having been temporarily crazed, that he should hav stood there motionless, looking down on the man he had murdered, while the old woman, who had been Cane's housekeeper, drew the whole village about her with her frantic shrieks.

It was not adjudged murder in the first degree, after all. The sentence was imprisonment for life, instead.

"That won't be long," said Jim Ayer's counsel, when it was all over. "The man won't liv the year out, or he'll be transplanted to the insane asylum, if he does."

He was a rising young lawyer with a relentless passion, and he had taken a strong liking to the criminal.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, with a sort of fury, "when I think of all the circumstances —of a happy, peaceful house, of a fine, honest fellow ruined, disgraced—damned, by heaven —by the idiotic emotionality of an ignorant woman, I—"

He set his teeth. The sentence would not complete itself.

"These are the things that make me believe in a hereafter," he subjoined brusquely. "There is a time when the complexity of such things is made clear—when the guiltless are found more guilty than those who do the deed—or there is no justice in this whole scheme of life."

You will perceive that this young lawyer was indeed very young, as I hav said.

He was right about Jim Ayer. In less than a year the murderer of "that powerful preacher, Brother Reuben Cane," was removed to the asylum for the insane, and there, after a somewhat longer lapse of time, died.

It is more than doubtful if Jenny Ayer, even in a degree, ever appreciated to its full the unconscious part that had been hers in the fearful tragedy of that wrecked life. She mourned for Jim, but with an appalling sense that he had been stricken down by heaven directly in outraged vengeance for his sins. This feeling seemed to creep in and chill even the springs of retrospectiv tenderness. Gradually she came to think, perhaps, more of the martyred saint, Reuben Cane, than of the once loving and beloved husband, by whose hand the martyrdom had been consummated.

If she had been a great lady she would hav been a bigot and a devotee. As it was, Jenny Ayer went about a gentle, dreamy, abstracted figure, punctual in attendance on all religious services, surrounded at all times with a sort of Sabbatarian stillness. Her atmosphere suggested a faint chill. When she went by, though she sometimes smiled upon them, the children would shrink a trifle away, and nearer to their mother's skirts.—*Selected.*

Book Notices.

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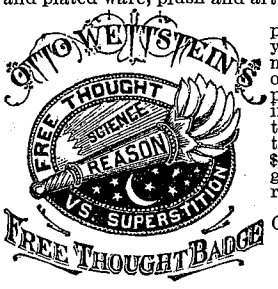
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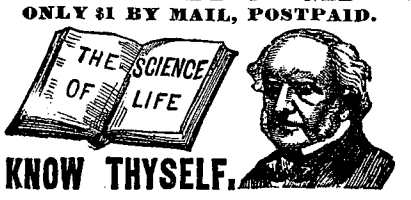
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TRAVELS IN FAITH

From Tradition to Reason.

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News of the Week.

THE poorhouse at Jackson, Mich., burnt on the 24th, with fatal results to five inmates.

THE police of London are exercising extraordinary vigilance in expectation of dynamite outrages.

MR. JOACHIM PECCI'S health is said to be improving. Pecci is an Italian gentleman doing business as pope of Rome.

THE Grant monument fund grows slowly. Less than $200 was subscribed last week, making the total about $114,200.

THIRTY-NINE employees in the Orrell coal mine at Newburgh, W. Va., were killed by an explosion of gas on the 21st inst.

JUDGE BREWER, of Kansas, has decided that the state must pay for a brewery made worthless by the passage of a prohibitory law.

THE cold wave reached Virginia the latter part of last week, and there is great suffering among the poor, who are ill provided with winter clothing.

THE Rev. Jacob Freshman last Sunday baptized into the Christian faith two men alleged to hav been Jews. Mr. Freshman is himself a converted Jew.

JAMES FANNING, a compositor in this city, having consumption and knowing he could liv but a few weeks, shot himself last Saturday in a philosophical manner.

THE Hartford *Courant* reports that the Yale College boys hav voted to hav college prayers at 7:30 instead of 8:10, in order to "facilitate the athletic interests."

THE Rev. John O. Bache of this city, has sued the Rev. D. Brainerd Ray for $50,000. The charge is slander, Mr. Ray having said in three different places that Mr. Bache is a licentious and immoral person.

QUEEN VICTORIA opened Parliament one day last week, and her speech was read. She opposes the granting of home rule to Ireland. It is thought this may lead to violent outbreaks among her disaffected subjects.

JOHN H. POWELL, the newly elected mayor of Newport, R. I., is enforcing the Blue Laws of that city. He has closed all the places of business except the churches, and will not even allow the newsboys to vend their papers.

THE members of St. Luke's Episcopal church in Baltimore are scandalized to hear that their curate, the Rev. Mr. Sylvester, recently left Halifax, N. S., between two days, leaving a large number of unpaid bills at his tailor's and other places.

PROFESSOR DANA lectured again before the young men of Yale College last Saturday on evolution. He claimed that evolution was not necessarily Atheistic, but devoted considerable of his time to explaining the necessity for a God as an assistant to nature.

THE recent big freeze extended over nearly all of the orange-growing portion of Florida, and totally destroyed the crops, as well as young trees. There are fears that the bearing trees are also killed, which would be a death blow to the industry of the state. Much sickness is caused by the cold weather.

GOVERNOR MCENERY, of Louisiana, has just pardoned from the penitentiary the Rev. Ben. Jenkins, who was serving a life term for the murder of the Rev. J. Lane Borden two years ago. Jenkins alleged at the trial that Borden, who was principal of a female seminary, had seduced a young woman to whom he (Jenkins) was engaged to be married.

SOME weeks ago the Rev. Andrew Gray, of Millerton, N. Y., and Miss Rachel Nicolson, of Fox Harbor, N. S., came to this city and took rooms at a hotel. In the morning the young woman was found unconscious from having inhaled gas. She was taken to a hospital and has recovered. The preacher says they came to New York to be married, but now that Miss Nicolson is well again he seems to be in no hurry to hav the ceremony performed.

FREDERICK P. BUDDEN, of Jersey City, N. J., who has just given up his position as keeper in the state reform school for boys at Jamesburg, says that the institution is a college of crime, that the elder boys teach the younger ones all kinds of vices, and that when the boys leave the institution at the expiration of their terms they are weak in mind and body and morally corrupt. "If I had a boy ten years old," he said, "and had the choice of sending him to the Jamesburg reform school or burying him, I would send him to the grave."



JESUS AND THE MONEY-CHANGERS.

Turn the rascals out.

Odds and Ends.

THE man who can write love letters without making an ass of himself has kept the matter very quiet.

WHEN a Chinese laundryman becomes a member of the Sunday-school, he does it that his sins may be washed away.

A PAPER in Oswego mentions that James Clark and wife "were born, died, and were buried on the same day." The life of this remarkable couple must hav been exceedingly brief.

"WHAT is the first thing you would do, Jones, if you were stung by a hornet?" asked Smith, who had been reading an article on the treatment of stings. "Howl," replied Jones, solemnly. And the conversation abruptly ended.

"UPON what peculiar feature are your principal colleges in the United States founded?" asked an English tourist of an American; "I see that President McCosh has resigned from Princeton." "It is copied closely from the English system of government." "How so?" "Why, when your government finds itself beaten in a Parliamentary division, it gracefully resigns, don't it?" "Yes." "Well, when one of our college base or foot ball teams is vanquished, the whole faculty resign, throw up the sponge, and step a good way down and a long way out. See?"

LONG and wearily had his anxious wife waited, when at last the husband entered, and, with his frame convulsed with anguish, threw himself into a chair, and, burying his face in his hands, groaned, "We are ruined; to-morrow's sun will see the proud name of Jenkins among the list of bankrupts!" Then out spoke the noble wife: "Say not so, my dear Peter; all is not lost. We hav gone without ice for the last three months, and here is the money you gave me for the iceman," and she placed fifty thousand dollars on the table. The worn, weary face of the husband lighted up with joy as he exclaimed, "Maria, you are a daisy; if we had gone without gas for the same time, I would hav retired from business."

THE DAYS OF FORGETTING.

"Traveling along in the rural districts of 'old Kaintuck,' said the preacher, "I stopped over night at the house of a good widow. She, being informed that I was a preacher, invited or called on me for family prayer. Selecting an easy lesson in the scripture, and reading it in my clearest accent, I offered a short prayer. There is always a solemn interval between a 'family' prayer and the resumption of conversation. During this interesting interval my good sister thought she ought to say something bordering on religion, therefore began as follows:

"'Brother Jay, don't you think them fellers in the time of our savior was mighty fergitful?'

"'Don't know that I call to mind anything so very forgetful on the part of our forefathers,' said I.

"'Well,' said she, 'just you turn to the first chapter of Matthew; don't it say as plain as can be that Abraham forgot Isaac, and Isaac forgot Jacob, and Jacob forgot Judas and his brethren, and so on through a great long list?'

"'You are right, sister, there does seem to be a wholesale forgetting along there,' and I did not stop to correct her idea of the genealogy.

THE CHURCH CHOIR.

(*Some distance after Tennyson.*)

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch
Choir and preceptor pitch;
Into a mess of pitch
They led the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Trebles to left of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that preceptor's look
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
From the Old Hundred!

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered.
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell;
Not wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sauntered.

Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought!
Right to the end they fought;
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

—*Lapeer Ledger.*

Gems of Thought.

UNTIL the religion of humanity shall pervade the world, persecution will never cease.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE greatest sacrifices ever made are offered in the name of religion. For this a man will forego ease, peace, friend, society, wife, and child, all that mortal flesh holds dearest; no danger is too dangerous, no suffering too stern, to bear, if religion say the word. Simeon the Stylite will stand years long on his pillar's top; the devotee of Buddha will tear off his palpitating flesh, to serve his god. The pagan idolater, bowing down to a false image of stone, renounces his possessions, submits to barbarous and cruel rites, shameful mutilations of his limbs; givs the first-born of his body for the sin of his soul; casts his own person to destruction, because he dreams Baal or Saturn, Jehovah or Moloch, demands the sacrifice. The Christian idolater, doing equal homage to a lying thought, givs up common sense, reason, conscience, love of his brother, at the same fancied mandate; is ready to credit most obvious absurdities; accept contradictions; do what conflicts with the moral sense; believe dogmas that make life dark, eternity dreadful, man a worm, and God a tyrant.—*Theodore Parker.*

O JESUS! if thou wilt nót save my soul,
Who may be saved? Who is it that may be saved?
Who may be made a saint if I fail here?
Show me the man hath suffered more than I.
For did not all thy martyrs die one death?
For either they were stoned, or crucified,
Or burnt in fire, or boiled in oil, or sawn
In twain beneath the ribs; but I die here
To-day, and whole years long, a life of death.
Bear witness, if I could hav found a way
(And heedfully I sifted all my thoughts)
More slowly-painful to subdue this home
Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and hate,
I had not stinted practice, O my God!

—*Tennyson's Stylites.*

WE are born to be, if we please, rational creatures, but it is use and exercise only that make us so, and we are indeed so no further than industry and application hav carried us.—*Locke.*

I SAY, deliberately, of everyone who does realize the misery there is in this world and remains indifferent to it; who enjoys his own share of the good things of this life, without helping his brother; who does not stretch out his hand to lift the fallen or raise his voice on behalf of the downtrodden and oppressed, that that man is living a life which is the very antithesis [opposit] of a divine life—a life which has in it no beauty and no nobility, but is selfish, despicable, and mean.—*Mrs. A. Besant.*

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
The wretch concentered all in self
Living shall forfeit fair renown
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE prevailing theology represents God as a being whom a good man must hate; religion is something alien to our nature, which can only rise as reason falls. A despair of man pervades our theology. Pious men mourn at the famin in our churches; we do not believe in the inspiration of goodness now, only in the tradition of goodness long ago. For all theological purposes, God might hav been buried after the ascension of Jesus. We dare not approach the infinit one face to face; we whine and whimper in our brother's name, as if we could only appear before the omnipotent by attorney.—*Parker.*

CAN it be that the cause of truth requires so many falsehoods and contradictions to sustain it?—*D. M. Bennett.*

JOHN SELDEN (1584-1654) was an illustrious English scholar, lawyer, and antiquarian contemporary of Milton's. The only one of his works that is now valued or read, except by specialists, is his "Table Talk," of which Coleridge says: "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I can find in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer." This is rather an exaggeration. Like Coleridge's own "Table Talk," Selden's has many hits, palpable hits, but also many misses. Luther's "Table Talk" is the only other work under the same title; it is still worth reading, though he spends too much time with the devil!—*Hylax.*

CHRISTIANITY did not bring high moral precepts into the world, nor will they disappear from the world along with it. We shall retain all that was really achieved by Christianity, as we hav retained what was accomplished by Greece and Rome, without the form of religion in which that kernel reposed as in its husks. Thus only shall we succed in discarding at the same time the narrowness and the partiality which adhered throughout to the doctrines of Christianity.—*Strauss's Old and New Faith.*

YOU attribute personality and consciousness to God, but what, then, do you call personality and consciousness? That, no doubt, which you hav found in yourselves, become cognizant of in yourselvs, and distinguished by that name. But if you will only giv the slightest attention to the nature of your conception, you will see that you do not and cannot conceive of this without limitation and finality. By attributing that predicate to this being you in consequence make of it a finite one, a creature like yourselvs; you hav not, as was your wish, conceived God, but merely the multiplied [enlarged or amplified?] representation of yourselvs.—*Fichte.*

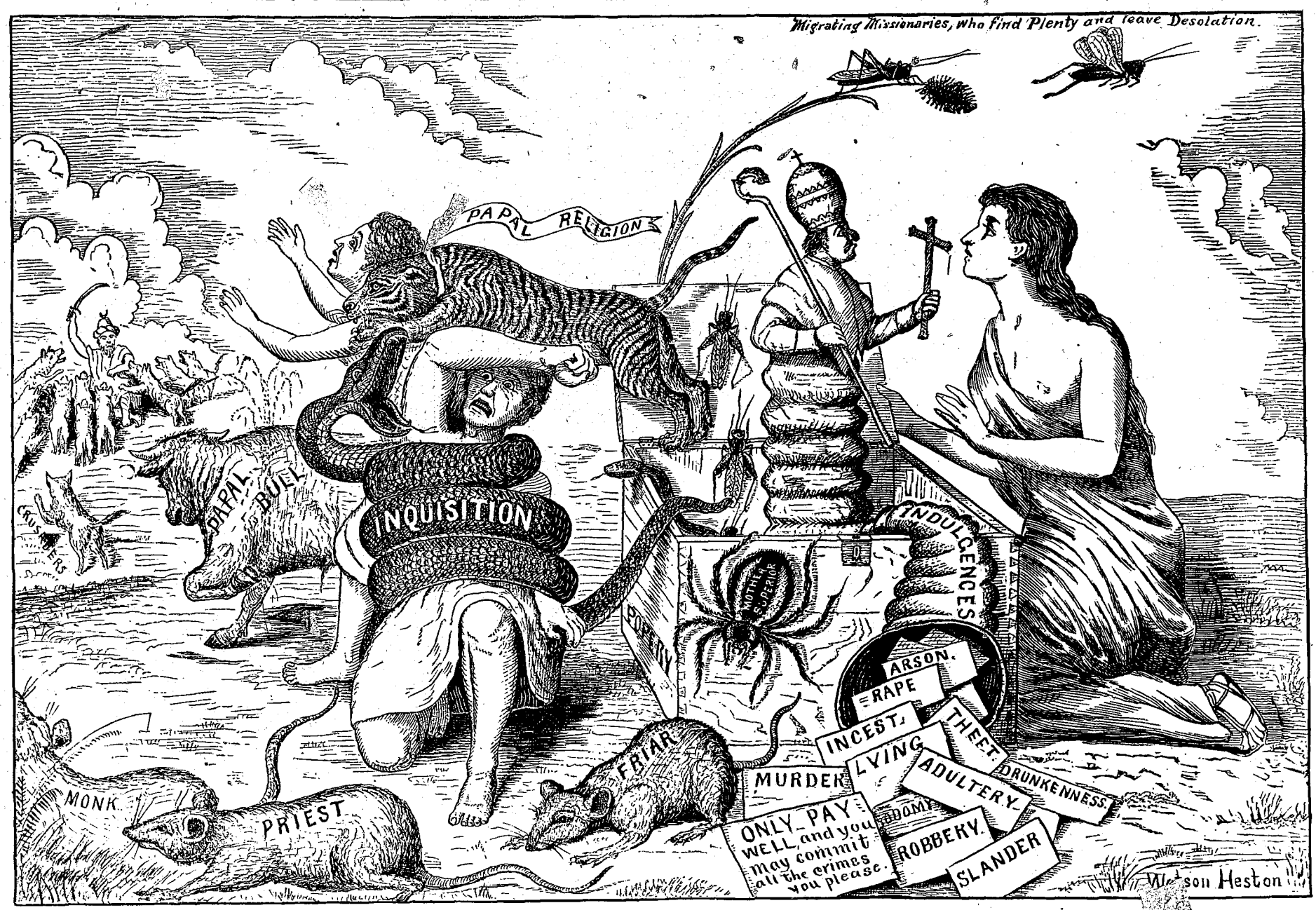
SHAKSPERE and Bacon were not independent phenomena, brought together by an accidental coincidence. They were rooted in the same soil, and the impulse, though it led to different manifestations, was ultimately derived from the same sources.—*Leslie Stephen.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PANDORA'S BOX.

It is fabled that a box containing innumerable evils was presented to Pandora by Jupiter, from which, when opened, countless ills and diseases issued forth to afflict mankind, Hope alone remaining for the consolation of the race.

Notes and Clippings.

THE divorce cases in Lane county, Oregon, for 1885, outnumber the list of marriages twelve to one, according to the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

THE Rev. Dr. Hunt has been dropped out of the pulpit of the First Baptist church of Hoboken, N. J. The flesh was willing and the spirit was weak, and the Rev. Mr. Hunt got involved in a scandal.

"DID you ever see anything like this?" said a young lady to her escort, at a church fair where raffling was in progress. "Only once." "When was that?" "Well, I was on a Western train one time when it was robbed."

THE Burlington *Free Press* relates that a philanthropist asked the daughter of a rich manufacturer, who employs hundreds of men, if she ever did anything for her father's hands. "No," was the reply, "but I rub mine with glycerin and oatmeal every night."

"RUFUS, wuz yer to de chu'ch dis mornin'?" "Dar's jis whar I wuz, Clem." "I hope yo' drawed in much profit f'om de sarbice, Rufus." "What yo' mean, sah? Jes' yo' take notice, Mr. Clem, dat w'en we plays keards in de quiah durin' sarbice we jes' plays fo' 'musement, an' nuffin' mo'."

ANOTHER victim has been sacrificed upon the altar of the Christian idol—the Bible. Mrs. Maiden, the wife of a young farmer near Decatur, Ill., about the middle of last month began reading the Bible, under the delusion that it was true. In one week the book had done its perfect work, and Mrs. Maiden was insane. Her first act of violence was to attempt the destruction of her two children by dashing them upon the floor. Her husband subdued her after a violent struggle, and she was taken to Decatur for treatment. The portion of the Bible which crazed Mrs. Maiden was Jeremiah.

"AND now, my dears," said the Sunday-school teacher, "I hav explained to you all the different forms of religion; tell me which of them you like the best?" There was a long pause and then Master Johnny said: "Well, I'd rather be a Baptist in summer and a Mormon in winter." "I'm afraid we should hav to call you an Optimist, then," replied the teacher. And so Master Johnny went home and said: "Pa, what's an Optimist?" "An Optimist? Well—er—hum; an Optimist is a sort of—er—well, perhaps you had better look in the dictionary for a concise answer." And so they hunted up the dictionary and at last found: Optimist, a believer in Optimism. And Master Johnny thanked his papa and said he was so glad to know!

THE Gananoque, Ont., *Reporter* says: "The Rev. J. W. Jeffrey gets off some queer ideas in the course of his speeches. Last Monday evening, at Kingston, he told his audience that some years ago he arrived in Kingston, and was at that time 'seriously debating in his mind whether to remain a Christian or go back to Infidelity.' If he had said he had debated as to whether he could make more money while living a Christian life, or by following practices which he knew to be wicked, his state of mind could be understood; especially as he added that the receipt of favors from his Christian friends decided him to remain 'steadfast to the faith.' It is nonsense to say that a man can choose deliberately whether he shall believe in Christianity or be an Infidel. If the evidences of Christianity convince his mind of its truth he will believe and cannot help himself; and if he is not convinced he cannot believe, let him 'deliberate' as much as he will. But when it comes to profession and practice, many men can, and do, make it a matter of policy."

THE Syracuse *Standard* relates that recently Roscoe Conkling and Colonel Ingersoll took a walk during the court's recess. They intended to bring up at Louis Windholz's for lunch, but missed the place, and strolling on in East Washington street they entered another restaurant, which is one of the cheapest of the cheap. It is so cheap, in fact, that Superintendent of the Poor White sends impecunious individuals to it for meals at the expense of the county. Just after Mr. Conkling and Colonel Ingersoll had sat down and called for oysters, Superintendent White walked in with the most woebegone and altogether wretched tramp that ever set foot in the city. The tramp took a seat at the next table to that used by the distinguished lawyers, and ate a plate of beans, supplemented by a bowl of soup. He gleaned from their conversation who his neighbors were, and as they rose he turned and said: "Gentlemen, won't you join me in something?" "I'll join my friend in giving you a quarter," said Ingersoll. "Thanks, gentlemen, thanks. Ah! When shall we three meet again? Senator Conkling and myself may possibly meet in heaven. But as for you, Mr. Ingersoll, ah! who can tell?" The tramp had forgotten the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye hav done it unto the least of one of these, my brethren, ye hav done it unto me. Come, ye blessed of my father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." But then a good many ministers commit the same oversight.

THE Boston *Evening Record* is informed that the faith cure is showing some remarkable developments in Chicago. One woman has been cured of a tumor by having a verse of scripture read to her once a day. They are now experimenting on a broken leg with more heroic doses—half a chapter twice a day—and are confident of final success.

PERSONS calling themselvs "Daniel's Band" hav been engaged in revival work at Windfall, Ind., for a few weeks past. The result is given in the Indianapolis *Sentinel* by a correspondent from Windfall: "Harmon Haxton, a man about forty years of age, having a family, began to take part in the meetings about a week ago, and fell in a trance, as they said. He never entirely recovered his mind. He was taken to his home, where he remained a few days, growing worse, became insane, and is now confined in the Tipton county jail for safety. A lady by the name of Hankins, living near Tipton, attended a meeting last night, went into a trance, became wild and unmanageable, taking three or four to hold her, and she left town in a wagon in that condition. A Mrs. Mary A. Brown, a widow lady of this place, who has long been a member of the Methodist church, went into a trance at her home while the meeting was in progress yesterday. She remained several hours in that condition. It is reported that she is not in her right mind, and has to be watched."

Selection.

The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature.

A REPLY TO MR. GLADSTONE'S "DAWN OF CREATION AND OF WORSHIP."

From the Nineteenth Century.

Our fabulist warns "those who in quarrels interpose" of the fate which is probably in store for them; and, in venturing to place myself between so powerful a controversialist as Mr. Gladstone and the eminent divine whom he assaults with such vigor in the last number of this *Review*, I am fully aware that I run great danger of verifying Gay's prediction. Moreover, it is quite possible that my zeal in offering aid to a combatant so extremely well able to take care of himself as M. Réville may be thought to savor of indiscretion.

Two considerations, however, hav led me to face the double risk. The one is that though, in my judgment, M. Réville is wholly in the right in that part of the controversy to which I propose to restrict my observations, nevertheless, he, as a foreigner, has very little chance of making the truth prevail with Englishmen against the authority and the dialectic skill of the greatest master of persuasiv rhetoric among English-speaking men of our time. As the queen's proctor intervenes, in certain cases, between two litigants in the interests of justice, so it may be permitted me to interpose as a sort of uncommissioned science proctor. My second excuse for my meddlesomeness is that important questions of natural science—respecting which neither of the combatants professes to speak as an expert—are involved in the controversy; and I think it is desirable that the public should know what it is that natural science really has to say on these topics, to the best belief of one who has been a diligent student of natural science for the last forty years.

The original *Prolégomènes de l'histoire des Religions* has not come in my way; but I hav read the translation of M. Réville's work, published in England under the auspices of Prof. Max Müller, with very great interest. It puts more fairly and clearly than any book previously known to me the view which a man of strong religious feelings, but at the same time possessing the information and the reasoning power which enable him to estimate the strength of scientific methods of inquiry, and the weight of scientific truth, may be expected to take of the relation between science and religion.

In the chapter on "The Primitiv Revelation," the scientific worth of the account of creation given in the book of Genesis is estimated in terms which are as unquestionably respectful as, in my judgment, they are just; and, at the end of the chapter on "Primitiv Tradition," M. Réville appraises the value of pentateuchal anthropology in a way which I should hav thought sure of enlisting the assent of all competent judges, even if it were extended to the whole of the cosmogony and biology of Genesis:

> As, however, the original traditions of nations sprang up in an epoch less remote than our own from the primitiv life, it is indispensable to consult them, to compare them, and to associate them with other sources of information which are available. From this point of view, the traditions recorded in Genesis possess, in addition to their own peculiar charm, a value of the highest order; but we cannot ultimately see in them more than a venerable fragment, well deserving attention, of the great genesis of mankind.

Mr. Gladstone is of a different mind. He dissents from M. Réville's views respecting the proper estimation of the pentateuchal traditions no less than he does from his interpretation of those Homeric myths which hav been the object of his own special study. In the latter case, Mr. Gladstone tells M. Réville that he is wrong on his own authority, to which, in such a matter, all will pay due respect; in the former, he affirms himself to be "wholly destitute of that kind of knowledge which carries authority," and his rebuke is administered in the name and by the authority of natural science.

An air of magisterial gravity hangs about the following passage:

> But the question is not here of a lofty poem, or a skilfully constructed narrativ; it is whether natural science, in the patient exercise of its high calling to examin facts, finds that the works of God cry out against what we hav fondly believed to be his word, and tell another tale; or whether, in this nineteenth century of Christian progress, it substantially echoes back the majestic sound, which, before it existed as a pursuit, went forth into all lands.
>
> First, looking largely at the latter portion of the narrativ, which describes the creation of living organisms, and waiving details, on some of which (as in verse 24) the Septuagint seems to vary from the Hebrew, there is a grand fourfold division, set forth in an orderly succession of times as follows: on the fifth day.
>
> 1. The water-population,
> 2. The air-population,
>
> and, on the sixth day,
>
> 3. The land-population of animals,
> 4. The land population consummated in man.
>
> Now, this same fourfold order is understood to hav been so affirmed in our time by natural science that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact (p. 696).

"Understood?" By whom? I cannot bring myself to imagin that Mr. Gladstone has made so solemn and authoritativ a statement on a matter of this importance without due inquiry—without being able to found himself upon recognized scientific authority. But I wish he had thought fit to name the source from whence he has derived his information, as in that case I could hav dealt with his authority, and I should hav thereby escaped the appearance of making an attack on Mr. Gladstone himself, which is in every way distasteful to me.

For I can meet the statement in the last paragraph of the above citation with nothing but a direct negativ. If I know anything at all about the results attained by the natural science of our time, it is "a demonstrated conclusion and established fact" that the "fourfold order" given by Mr. Gladstone is not that in which the evidence at our disposal tends to show that the water, air, and land populations of the globe hav made their appearance.

Perhaps I may be told that Mr. Gladstone does giv his authority—that he cites Cuvier, Sir John Herschel, and Dr. Whewell in support of his case. If that has been Mr. Gladstone's intention in mentioning these eminent names, I may remark that, on this particular question, the only relevant authority is that of Cuvier. But, great as Cuvier was, it is to be remembered that, as Mr. Gladstone incidentally remarks, he cannot now be called a recent authority. In fact, he has been dead more than half a century, and the paleontology of our day is related to that of his very much as the geography of the sixteenth century is related to that of the fourteenth. Since 1832, when Cuvier died, not only a new world, but new worlds, of ancient life hav been discovered; and those who hav most faithfully carried on the work of the chief founder of paleontology hav done most to invalidate the essentially negativ grounds of his speculativ adherence to tradition.

If Mr. Gladstone's latest information on these matters is derived from the famous discourse prefixed to the *Ossemens Fossiles*, I can understand the position he has taken up; if he has ever opened a respectable modern manual of paleontology or geology, I cannot. For the facts which demolish his whole argument are of the commonest notoriety. But before proceeding to consider the evidence for this assertion we must be clear about the meaning of the phraseology employed.

I apprehend that when Mr. Gladstone uses the term "water-population" he means those animals which in Genesis i, 21 (Revised Version) are spoken of as "the great sea monsters and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind." And I presume that it will be agreed that whales and porpoises, sea fishes, and the innumerable hosts of marine invertebrated animals, are meant thereby. So "air-population" must be the equivalent of "fowl" in verse 20, and "every winged fowl after its kind," verse 21. I suppose I may take it for granted that by "fowl" we hav here to understand birds—at any rate, primarily. Secondarily, it may be that bats, and the extinct pterodactyls, which were flying reptils, come under the same head. But whether all insects are "creeping things" of the land-population, or whether flying insects are to be included under the denomination of "winged fowl," is a point for the decision of Hebrew exegetes. Lastly, I suppose I may assume that "land-population" signifies "the cattle" and "the beast of the earth," and "every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth," in verses 25 and 26; presumably it comprehends all kinds of terrestrial animals, vertebrate and invertebrate, except such as may be comprised under the head of the "air-population."

Now, what I want to make clear is this, that if the terms, "water-population," "air-population," and "land-population," are understood in the senses here defined, natural science has nothing to say in favor of the proposition that they succeeded one another in the order given by Mr. Gladstone; but that, on the contrary, all the evidence we possess goes to prove that they did not. Whence it will follow that, if Mr. Gladstone has interpreted Genesis rightly (on which point I am most anxious to be understood to offer no opinion), that interpretation is wholly irreconcilable with the conclusions at present accepted by the interpreters of nature—with everything that can be called "a demonstrated conclusion and established fact" of natural science. And be it observed that I am not here dealing with a question of speculation, but with a question of fact.

Either the geological record is sufficiently complete to afford us a means of determining the order in which animals hav made their appearance on the globe or it is not. If it is, the determination of that order is little more than a mere matter of observation; if it is not, then natural science neither affirms nor refutes the "fourfold order," but is simply silent.

The series of the fossiliferous deposits, which contain the remains of the animals which hav lived on the earth in past ages of its history, and which can alone afford the evidence required by natural science of the order of appearance of their different species, may be grouped in the manner shown in the left-hand column of the following table, the oldest being at the bottom:

FORMATIONS.	FIRST KNOWN APPEARANCE OF
Quaternary.	
Pliocene.	
Miocene.	
Eocene.	Vertebrate air-population (bats).
Cretaceous.	
Jurassic.	Vertebrate air-population (birds and pterodactyls).
Triassic.	
Upper Paleozoic.	
Middle Paleozoic.	Vertebrate land-population (*amphibia*, *reptilia*[?]).
Lower Paleozoic.	
Silurian.	Vertebrate water-population (fishes).
	Invertebrate air and land population (flying insects and scorpions).
Cambrian.	Invertebrate water-population (much earlier, if *eozoon* is animal).

In the right hand column I hav noted the group of strata in which, according to our present information, the *land*, *air*, and *water* populations appear for the first time; and, in consequence of the ambiguity about the meaning of "fowl," I hav separately indicated the first appearance of bats, birds, flying reptils, and flying insects. It will be observed that, if "fowl" means only "bird," or at most flying vertebrate, then the first certain evidence of the latter, in the Jurassic epoch, is posterior to the first appearance of truly terrestrial *amphibia*, and possiby of true reptils, in the Carboniferous epoch (Middle Paleozoic) by a prodigious interval of time.

The water-population of vertebrated animals first appears in the Upper Silurian. Therefore, if we found ourselvs on vertebrated animals, and take "fowl" to mean birds only, or at most flying vertebrates, natural science says that the order of succession was water, land, and air-population, and not—as Mr. Gladstone, founding himself on Genesis, says—water, air, land-population. If a chronicler of Greece affirmed that the age of Alexander preceded that of Pericles, and immediately succeeded that of the Trojan war, Mr. Gladstone would hardly say that this order is "understood to hav been so affirmed by historical science that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact." Yet natural science "affirms" his "four-fold order" to exactly the same extent—neither more nor less.

Suppose, however, that "fowl" is to be taken to include flying insects. In that case the first appearance of an air-population must be shifted back for long ages, recent discovery having shown that they occur in rocks of Silurian age. Hence there might still hav been hope for the fourfold order were it not that the fates unkindly determined that scorpions—"creeping things that creep on the earth" *par excellence*—turned up in Silurian strata nearly at the same time. So that if the word in the original Hebrew translated "fowl" should really after all mean "cockroach"—and I hav great faith in the elasticity of that tongue in the hands of biblical exegetes—the order primarily suggested by the existing evidence:

2. Land and air-population,
1. Water-population,

and Mr. Gladstone's order:

3. Land-population,
2. Air-population,
1. Water-population,

can by no means be made to coincide. As a matter of fact, then, the statement so confidently put forward turns out to be devoid of foundation and in direct contradiction of the evidence at present at our disposal.*

If, stepping beyond that which may be learned from the facts of the successiv appearance of the forms of animal life upon the surface of the globe, in so far as they are yet made known to us by natural science, we apply our reasoning faculties to the task of finding out what those observed facts mean, the present conclusions of the interpreters of nature appear to be no less directly in conflict with those of the latest interpreters of Genesis.

Mr. Gladstone appears to admit that there is some truth in the doctrin of evolution, and indeed places it under very high patronage:

> I contend that evolution in its highest form has not been a thing heretofore unknown to history, to philosophy, or to theology. I contend that it was before the mind of St. Paul when he taught that in the fulness of time God sent forth his son, and of Eusebius, when he wrote the "Preparation for the Gospel," and of Augustine when he composed the "City of God" (p. 706).

Has any one ever disputed the contention thus solemnly enunciated that the doctrin of evolution was not invented the day before yesterday? Has any one ever dreamed of claiming it as a modern innovation?

* It may be objected that I hav not put the case fairly, inasmuch as the solitary insect's wing which was discovered twelve months ago in Silurian rocks, and which is at present the sole evidence of insects older than the Devonian epoch, came from strata of Middle Silurian age, and is therefore older than the scorpions which within the last two years hav been found in Upper Silurian strata in Sweden, Britain, and the United States. But no one who comprehends the nature of the evidence afforded by fossil remains would venture to say that the non-discovery of scorpions in the Middle Silurian strata up to this time affords any more grounnd for supposing that they did not exist than the non-discovery of flying insects in the Upper Silurian strata up to this time throws any doubt on the certainty that they existed, which is derived from the occurrence of the wing in the Middle Silurian. In fact, I hav stretched a point in admitting that these fossils afford a colorable pretext for the assumption that the land and air-population were of contemporaneous origin.

Is there any one so ignorant of the history of philosophy as to be unaware that it is one of the forms in which speculation embodied itself long before the time either of the Bishop of Hippo or the Apostle to the Gentiles? Is Mr. Gladstone, of all people in the world, disposed to ignore the founders of Greek philosophy, to say nothing of Indian sages to whom evolution was a familiar notion ages before Paul of Tarsus was born? But it is ungrateful to cavil at even the most oblique admission of the possible value of one of those affirmations of natural science which really may be said to be "a demonstrated conclusion and established fact." I note it with pleasure, if only for the purpose of introducing the observation that if there is any truth whatever in the doctrin of evolution as applied to animals, Mr. Gladstone's gloss on Genesis in the following passage is hardly happy:

> God created—
> (*a*) The water-population;
> (*b*) The air-population.
> And they receive his benediction (verses 20–23).
> Pursuing this regular progression from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex, the text now givs us the work of the sixth "day," which supplies the land population, air and water having been already supplied (pp. 695, 696).

The gloss to which I refer is the assumption that the "air-population" forms a term in the order of progression from lower to higher, from simple to complex—the place of which lies between the water-population below and the land-poplation above—and I speak of it as a "gloss" because the pentateuchal writer is nowise responsible for it.

But it is not true that the air-population, as a whole, is "lower" or less "complex" than the land-population. On the contrary, every beginner in the study of animal morphology is aware that the organization of a bat, of a bird, or of a pterodactyl, presupposes that of a terrestrial quadruped, and that it is intelligible only as an extreme modification of the organization of a terrestrial mammal or reptil. In the same way, winged insects (if they are to be counted among the "air-population") presuppose insects which were wingless, and therefore, as "creeping things," were part of the land-population. Thus theory is as much opposed as observation to the admission that natural science indorses the succession of animal life which Mr. Gladstone finds in Genesis. On the contrary, a good many representativs of natural science would be prepared to say, on theoretical grounds alone, that it is incredible that the "air-population" should hav appeared before the "land-population," and that if this assertion is to be found in Genesis, it merely demonstrates the scientific worthlessness of the story of which it forms a part.

Indeed, we may go further. It is not even admissible to say that the water-population, a sa whole, appeared before the air and the land-populations. According to the authorized version, Genesis especially mentions among the the animals created on the fifth day "great whales," in place of which the revised version reads "great sea monsters." Far be it from me to giv an opinion which rendering is right, or whether either is right. All I desire to remark is, that if whales and porpoises, dugongs and manatees, are to be regarded as members of the water-population (and if they are not, what animals can claim the designation?), then that much of the water-population has as certainly originated later than the land-population as bats and birds hav. For I am not aware that any competent judge would hesitate to admit that the organization of these animals shows the most obvious signs of their descent from terrestrial quadrupeds.

A similar criticism applies to Mr. Gladstone's assumption that, as the fourth act of that "orderly succession of times," enunciated in Genesis, "the land-population consummated in man."

If this means simply that man is the final term in the evolutional series of which he forms a part, I do not suppose that any objection will be raised to that statement on the part of students of natural science. But if the pentateuchal author goes farther than this, and intends to say that which is ascribed to him by Mr. Gladstone, I think natural science will hav to enter a *caveat*. It is not by any means certain that man—I mean the species *Homo sapiens* of zoological terminology—has "consummated" the land-population in the sense of appearing at a later period of time than any other. Let me make my meaning clear by an example. From a morphological point of view, our beautiful and useful contemporary—I might call him colleague—the horse (*Equus caballus*), is the last term of the evolutional series to which he belongs, just as *Homo sapiens* is the last term of the series of which he is a member. If I want to know whether the species *Equus caballus* made its appearance on the surface of the globe before or after *Homo sapiens*, deduction from known law does not help me. There is no reason that I know of why one should hav appeared sooner or later than the other. If I turn to observation, I find abundant remains of *Equus caballus* in Quaternary strata, perhaps a little earlier. The existence of *Homo sapiens* in the Quaternary epoch is also certain. Evidence has been adduced in favor of man's existence in the Pliocene, or even in the Miocene epoch. It does not satisfy me; but I hav no reason to doubt that the fact may be so, nevertheless. Indeed, I think it is quite possible that further research will show that *Homo sapiens* existed, not only before *Equus caballus*, but before many other of the existing forms of animal life; so that, if all the species of animals hav been separately created, man, in this case, would by no means be the "consummation" of the land-population.

I am raising no objection to the position of the fourth term in Mr. Gladstone's "order"—on the facts, as they stand, it is quite open to anyone to hold, as a pious opinion, that the fabrication of man was the acme and final achievement of the process of peopling the globe. But it must not be said that natural science counts this opinion among her "demonstrated conclusions and established facts," for there would be just as much, or as little, reason for ranging the contrary opinion among them.

It may seem superfluous to add to the evidence that Mr. Gladstone has been utterly misled in supposing that his interpretation of Genesis receives any support from natural science. But it is as well to do one's work thoroughly while one is about it; and I think it may be advisable to point out that the facts, as they are at present known, not only refute Mr. Gladstone's interpretation of Genesis in detail, but are opposed to the central idea on which it appears to be based.

There must be some position from which the reconcilers of science and Genesis will not retreat, some central idea the maintenance of which is vital and its refutation fatal. Even if they now allow that the words "the evening and the morning" hav not the least reference to a natural day, but mean a period of any number of millions of years that may be necessary; even if they are driven to admit that the word "creation," which so many millions of pious Jews and Christians hav held, and still hold, to mean a sudden act of the deity, signifies a process of gradual evolution of one species from another, extending through immeasurable time; even if they are willing to grant that the asserted coincidence of the order of nature with the "fourfold order" ascribed to Genesis is an obvious error instead of an established truth—they are surely prepared to make a last stand upon the conception which underlies the whole, and which constitutes the essence of Mr. Gladstone's "fourfold division, set forth in an orderly succession of times." It is, that the animal species which compose the water-population, the air-population, and the land-population, respectivly, originated during three distinct and successiv periods of time, and only during those periods of time.

This statement appears to me to be the interpretation of Genesis which Mr. Gladstone supports, reduced to its simplest expression. "Period of time" is substituted for "day;" "originated" is substituted for "created;" and any order required for that adopted by Mr. Gladstone. It is necessary to make this proviso, for if "day" may mean a few million years, and "creation" may mean evolution, then it is obvious that the order (1) water-population, (2) air-population, (3) land-population, may also mean (1) water-population, (2) land-population, (3) air population; and it would be unkind to bind down the reconcilers to this detail when one has parted with so many others to oblige them.

But even this sublimated essence of the pentateuchal doctrin (if it be such) remains as discordant with natural science as ever.

It is not true that the species composing any one of the three populations originated during any one of three successiv periods of time, and not at any other of these.

Undoubtedly, it is in the highest degree probable that animal life appeared first under aquatic conditions; that terrestrial forms appeared later, and flying animals only after land animals; but it is, at the same time, testified by all the evidence we possess that the great majority, if not the whole, of the primordial species of each division hav long since died out and hav been replaced by a vast succession of new forms. Hundreds of thousands of animal species, as distinct as those which now compose our water, land, and air populations, hav come into existence and died out again, throughout the eons of geological time which separate us from the lower Paleozoic epoch, when, as I hav pointed out, our present evidence of the existence of such distinct populations commences. If the species of animals hav all been separately created, then it follows that hundreds of thousands of acts of creativ energy hav occurred at intervals throughout the whole time recorded by the fossiliferous rocks; and, during the greater part of that time, the "creation" of the members of the water, land, and air populations must hav gone on contemporaneously.

If we represent the water, land, and air populations by *a*, *b*, and *c* respectivly, and take vertical succession on the page to indicate order in time, then the following schemes will roughly shadow forth the contrast I hav been endeavoring to explain:

Genesis (as interpreted by Mr. Gladstone).	Nature (as interpreted by natural science).
b b b	$c^1\ a^3\ b^2$
c c c	$c\ \ a^2\ b^1$
a a a	$b\ \ a^1\ b$
	$a\ \ a\ \ a$

So far as I can see, there is only one resource left for those modern representativs of Sisyphus, the reconcilers of Genesis with science; and it has the advantage of being founded on a perfectly legitimate appeal to our ignorance. It has been seen that, on any interpretation of the terms "water-population" and "land-population," it must be admitted that invertebrate representativs of these populations existed during the lower Paleozoic epoch. No evolutionist can hesitate to admit that other land animals (and possibly vertebrates among them) may hav existed during that time, of the history of which we know so little; and, further, that scorpions are animals of such high organization that it is highly probable their existence indicates that of a long antecedent land-population of a similar character.

Then, since the land-population is said not to hav been created until the sixth day, it necessarily follows that the evidence of the order in which animals appeared must be sought in the record of those older Paleozoic times in which only traces of the water-population hav as yet been discovered.

Therefore, if anyone chooses to say that the creativ work took place in the Cambrian or Laurentian epoch in exactly that manner which Mr. Gladstone does, and natural science does not, affirm, natural science is not in a position to disprove the accuracy of the statement. Only one cannot hav one's cake and eat it too, and such safety from the contradiction of science means the forfeiture of her support.

Whether the account of the work of the first, second, and third days in Genesis would be confirmed by the demonstration of the truth of the nebular hypothesis; whether it is corroborated by what is known of the nature and probable relativ antiquity of the heavenly bodies; whether, if the Hebrew word translated "firmament" in the Authorized Version really means "expanse," the assertion that the waters are partly under this "expanse" and partly above it would be any more confirmed by the ascertained facts of physical geography and meteorology than it was before; whether the creation of the whole vegetable world, and especially of "grass, herb yielding seed after its kind, and tree bearing fruit," before any kind of animal is "affirmed" by the apparently plain teaching of botanical paleontology, that grasses and fruit-trees originated long subsequently to animals—all these are questions which, if I mistake not, would be answered decisivly in the negativ by those who are specially conversant with the sciences involved. And it must be recollected that the issue raised by Mr. Gladstone is not whether, by some effort of ingenuity, the pentateuchal story can be shown to be not disprovable by scientific knowledge, but whether it is supported thereby.

> There is nothing, then, in the criticisms of Dr. Réville, but what rather tends to confirm than to impair the old-fashioned belief that there is a revelation in the book of Genesis (p. 694).

The form into which Mr. Gladstone has thought fit to throw this opinion leaves me in doubt as to its substance. I do not understand how a hostil criticism can, under any circumstances, tend to confirm that which it attacks. If, however, Mr. Gladstone merely means to express his personal impression, "as one wholly destitute of that kind of knowledge which carries authority," that he has destroyed the value of these criticisms, I hav neither the wish nor the right to disturb his faith. On the other hand, I may be permitted to state my own conviction that, so far as natural science is involved, M. Réville's observations retain the exact value they possessed before Mr. Gladstone attacked them.

Trusting that I hav now said enough to secure the author of a wise and moderate disquisition upon a topic which seems fated to stir unwisdom and fanaticism to their depths, a fuller measure of justice than has hitherto been accorded to him, I retire from my self-appointed championship, with the hope that I shall not hereafter be called upon by M. Réville to apologize for damage done to his strong case by imperfect or impulsiv advocacy. But perhaps I may be permitted to add a word or two, on my own account, in reference to the great question of the relations between science and religion, since it is one about which I hav thought a good deal ever since I hav been able to think at all, and about which I hav ventured to express my views publicly more than once in the course of the last thirty years.

The antagonism between science and religion, about which we hear so much, appears to me to be purely factitious, fabricated on the one hand by short-sighted religious people, who confound a certain branch of science, theology, with religion; and on the other by equally short-sighted scientific people who forget that science takes for its province only that which is susceptible of clear intellectual comprehension, and that outside the boundaries of that province they must be content with imagination, with hope, and with ignorance.

It seems to me that the moral and intellectual life of the civilized nations of Europe is the product of that interaction, sometimes in the way of antagonism, sometimes in that of profitable interchange of the Semitic and Aryan races, which commenced with

the dawn of history, when Greek and Phœnician came in contact, and has been continued by Carthaginian and Roman, by Jew and gentile, down to the present day. Our art (except, perhaps, music) and our science are the contributions of the Aryan; but the essence of our religion is derived from the Semite. In the eighth century B.C., in the heart of a world of idolatrous polytheists, the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to me to be as wonderful an inspiration of genius as the art of Pheidias or the science of Aristotle.

"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

If any so-called religion takes away from this great saying of Micah, I think it wantonly mutilates, while if it adds thereto, I think it obscures, the perfect ideal of religion.

But what extent of knowledge, what acuteness of scientific criticism, can touch this, if anyone possessed of knowledge or acuteness could be absurd enough to make the attempt? Will the progress of research prove that justice is worthless and mercy hateful? Will it ever soften the bitter contrast between our actions and our aspirations, or show us the bounds of the universe, and bid us say, "Go to, now we comprehend the infinit?"

A faculty of wrath lay in those ancient Israelites, and surely the prophet's staff would hav made swift acquaintance with the head of the scholar who had asked Micah whether, peradventure, the Lord further required of him an implicit belief in the accuracy of the cosmogony of Genesis!

What we are usually pleased to call religion nowadays is, for the most part, Hellenized Judaism; and not unfrequently the Hellenic element carries with it a mighty remnant of old-world paganism and a great infusion of the worst and weakest products of Greek scientific speculation; while fragments of Persian and Babylonian, or rather Accadian, mythology burden the Judaic contribution to the common stock.

The antagonism of science is not to religion, but to the heathen survivals and the bad philosophy under which religion herself is often well-nigh crushed. And, for my part, I trust that this antagonism will never cease, but that to the end of time true science will continue to fulfil one of her most beneficent functions, that of relieving men from the burden of false science which is imposed upon them in the name of religion.

This is the work that M. Réville and men such as he are doing for us; this is the work which his opponents are endeavoring, consciously or unconsciously, to hinder. T. H. HUXLEY.

Mr. Reynolds's Benefit.

Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred people were in the hall of German Masonic Temple last Sunday evening at eight o'clock. They had come to see Mr. Reynolds's illuminated paintings and to giv the lecturer a benefit. It was a good-natured audience, ready and anxious to be pleased, and appreciativ to a high degree. When the gas was turned off and the hall darkened preparatory to showing the pictures, the audience cheered, so that the applause began before the exhibition did. The lecture was on London and Paris, but included some of Scotland and Ireland. Rather more than one hundred views were given with fine effect, and the spectators expressed their delight both by clapping their hands and by complimentary remarks. The author of these lines was behind the screen where the stereopticon was, and inserted the views into the machine. His only bad break was showing the Grand Opera House in Paris for the church of the Madeleine, and the church of the Madeleine for the Grand Opera House. Mr. Eckhart, who has been all over the world, including Paris, drew the writer's attention to his error, and various other persons remarked the inaccuracy. The audience discussed the matter briefly, and the lecturer said that all, having paid their money, would be permitted to take their choice, which settled the question pleasantly, and things thereafter proceeded smoothly. It is unnecessary to say anything about the pictures: they were something superb.



The lecture lasted an hour, and everybody was sorry when it was ended. The benefit to Mr. Reynolds amounted to above $45.00. It would not be doing violence to the truth to say that this made him happy and that his gratitude to the New York friends is very sincere. On Monday he went to Vineland, N. J., and from thence he goes wherever there may be a call. Success should go with him, and it will if it likes to travel in good company.

The Liberal Club and Paine Celebration.



THOMAS PAINE.

"With his name left out, the history of Liberty cannot be written."

The Signal Office prediction held out a hope of fair weather on the evening of Friday, the 29th, but instead of that it rained. Nevertheless, all the people that German Masonic Temple was capable of holding came together that night to celebrate the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine; and a gratifying fact is that half or more of them were ladies. There was an admission fee of twenty-five cents, and the president of the club had expressed the fear that this might abate the ardor of some and cause a small attendance. Such was not the case. It had no effect whatever. Many even regarded the fee as too small, and Mr. Eckhart paid a dollar and would take no change.

Mr. S. P. Putnam, secretary of the Secular Union, was master of cermonies. His likeness will be found at about this place. The picture is not as handsome as the original, but the autograph under it is done a good deal better than Mr. Putnam usually writes it. There is a sadness, too, about the artist's likeness which is foreign to the genial secretary, though it does not badly represent the look of anxiety he wore on Friday night until enough people had arrived to insure a successful meeting and to meet the twenty dollars' preliminary expenses which Mr. Putnam had generously paid from his own purse.



The first event was what the secretary introduced as a breeze of music in the form of a duet which the deft fingers of Mrs. McCune and Miss Annie Lenont drew from the piano. George Krahmer recited an original poem, after which Mr. Putnam announced a speech from Mr. Wakeman, whom he introduced with appropriate words. The president of the club was greeted with a burst of applause which could be surpassed only by the bursts that followed when his stirring references to Paine aroused to activity the enthusiasm of all present. Mr. Wakeman always makes a good speech, and his audiences are always sure that he will. It is his ability to surprise them with something a great deal better than they are looking for that givs him his crowning excellence. This was one of the occasions when he more than fulfilled the anticipations of even those who were confident of his making a great speech. Mr. Wakeman's picture is given above and his address is given below. He said:



MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: Yes, it is too true: Republics are ungrateful. This is their misfortune—inevitable under the law of evolution. The greatest benefactors of our race are its prophets and reformers. Such they could never be except as iconoclasts, breaking the ancient idols of ignorance, prejudice, and vested rights. No wonder that the stones they cast at the old idols are often returned upon themselvs! But fortunately by the same law the duty, or rather let us say the privilege, falls upon time and posterity to repair the ingratitude; not only to do justice to our saviors maligned or slain, but to accomplish the far weightier task of taking up and continuing their purposes of beneficence till they are finally realized.

From this platform such justice year by year we hav sought to render, on his birthday, to the memory of the hero-author of the great political and social revolutions of the last century, Thomas Paine. Here we hav in days past repeated the eventful story of his life, stranger and more interesting than fiction. Here year by year we hav brushed away the falsehoods of slander, or the trivial defects which obscured his glorious career, until his form has begun to stand forth again in the true perspectiv of time as the real author of American liberty and independence, without whose pen Washington would hav drawn the sword in vain. This act of justice is due from every American to the man to whom perhaps more than to any other one man our great republic owes its existence.

This is simple justice, but it is not all that even gratitude requires. Under the law of evolution the more important duty remains of comprehending his designs and of continuing his career, until they are realized. Are we not standing faithless and idle while the great purpose, the mighty mission, of Paine and his compeers remains unfulfilled? Shall the blood, the terror, the sacrifices of the age of the great revolutions be lost by the apathy of those unwilling to appreciate or unable to realize its mighty plan?

The best answer to this question, the best lesson for this hour, is to recall in heart and mind the sublime political and social dreams which Thomas Paine cherished as the hope of mankind, and to which he devoted his life. *His* dreams we may well call them—not that he entertained them alone or originated them all, but because he represented and embodied them most consistently, devotedly, and thoroughly in America and Europe, and but for the selfishness, stupidity, and hatred of the English aristocracy he would hav realized them in his day and generation. He was in inspiration and in deed the knight-errant of liberty, the stormy petrel of revolution, who roused the peoples of America, England, and France as never before. The last quarter of the last century was his seed-field, and from his sowings the first crop has but partially ripened in America. From 1770 to 1800 was the age of activ revolution, but it was yet more. It was the age of great dreams, ideals, hopes, purposes, and plans. The great philosophers and statesmen of that day saw full well that a new era—The Age of Reason and of the People—had begun, and that time had called upon them to act not selfishly for the present only, but as the architects of the true Temple of Humanity, the political and social future of the civilized world. They were men of wonderful foresight, energy, and ability, but they could do no more than to sketch the outline and lay the foundations of the mighty structure, and leave the plans for future generations to continue. We are neglectful of the highest duties as citizens of America and the world if we neglect to carefully trace and study the growing plan laid out by the fathers of our new era—neglectful, if we fail to see where death or the brute force of tyrants tore their hands from their work—recreant, if we fail to gather the recourses of our greater opportunities toward the completion of their mighty design.

Be not misled by those who may say that social evolution is a growth, and that it will accomplish all needful beneficent results, without regard to individual effort or conscious coöperation, over political or social designs, past, present, or future. The soul and mainspring of human growth and evolution is the human will. Only by human prevision and coöperativ effort can evolution hereafter be a providence working for highest welfare, the good of all. It is wicked and childish in this age of the world, in which humanity has reached its majority, to trust only to blind, brute evolution, the law of natural selection, or the law of the natural survival of the fittest, which means only the fightiest. The human will, the moral power, the power of agreement, is the grandest factor in evolution, and under that moral, beneficent, guiding intelligence, it can only peacefully and beneficently work out the destiny mankind.

So thought and taught those who were the great American inspirers and monitors of the people in our Revolution—Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson. What, then, were their dreams, ideals, and plans? Were they such as did or could die with them, or were they fundamental, ever-enduring; the common foundation of human peace, progress, and welfare?

Thomas Paine was the representativ man. He of all men dreamed the prophetic dreams of his age most clearly and fully. What were they? For his *first dream*, open to the first paragraph of his "Common Sense." It is the Dream of Liberty—that society, as the word implies (from Latin, *socius*, a companion) should be and must be made a companionship, instead of a tyranny, a compulsion, a government, over man. The consent of the governed is the prerequisit of government. How beautifully he elaborates this fundamental postulate of the new era! Not even hav our Anarchists and Nihilists seen more clearly than he that cooperation, voluntary and free, should take the place of government by compulsion; that taxation should rest upon the needs and consent of the people, and that a true republican democracy must in the end be the only stable, economical, and needful form of administration of public affairs, leaving the individual as free as possible in the enjoyment of all of his rights, privileges, and duties. Government by authority of the great, or of the past, or by the grace of God, must end. Government of, for, and by the people must take its place.

Here was born the tricolor motto: *Liberty, Fraternity, Equality*, which circles the world, and which by the degree of its realization measures the progress of the people. Under this ideal dream he foretold and labored for the destruction of every form of tyranny, force, compulsion, and slavery over the bodies, souls, lives, and minds of his fellow-men. He struck, therefore, at once and with all his might and wonderful skill, at the great citadel of human tyranny, the Monarchy and Aristocracy of Great Britain. They were, as he saw clearly, the great enemy. Could they be overthrown, this ideal Dream of Liberty might be eventually realized. They held then, as now, the center of the great inertia of the past against which the surging waves of the new era of thought and human aspiration hav beat for a hundred years but not wholly in vain.

But how was this dream of Liberty to be initiated and upheld? By founding, out of the thirteen scattered, half-rebellious colonies of America a, glorious republic, which should hav a federativ and a national character.

This was the *Second* and the grand *Political Dream* of Thomas Paine. Read the conclusion of "Common Sense" and the first and fifteenth numbers of the "Crisis," and (remembering the date) see how grandly and constructivly the Spirit of Liberty was to be embodied in the wonderful polit-

ical fact *first* by him described as "The United States of America, free and independent." Never, not even as the builder of iron bridges, was he more clear, practical, and constructiv than in his political efforts to realize this republican dream as the body of liberty.

In 1775 the American people were prostrate before the British throne, humbly praying for more favorable terms of conciliation. In a few short months 100,000 copies of "Common Sense" had raised them to their feet as free and independent citizens of a hoped-for republic of independent, free, United States, which by their own brave hearts and arms, and such aid as they could get from France, they determined to make a reality. He first clearly projected the independence and the federation of the United States, and called them into being as a nation. If he did not write, he dictated the very phrases of the immortal Declaration. He inspired the people to demand it and to stand by it. It is unintelligible until "Common Sense" is read before it, and so is the Constitution of the United States until the "Crisis," and especially the fifteenth number, is read between it and the great Declaration. He who does not read these epoch-making documents together will never understand either, nor the spirit of the American Revolution, and without understanding that, he will miss the true line of the political and social evolution of the world. For Paine and his Republican compeers founded the "Free and Independent States of America" as the cornerstone of the greater confederation of the world. Notice as you read his works how perfectly cosmopolitan they are. He speaks always as a citizen of the world, beseeching Americans to make their land a home for liberty, which had been cruelly banished by tyrants from the old world. But from this her home he always promised that she should return again to Europe to expel the tyrants and disenthrall mankind.

This western home he taught, by "a happy invention" taking the advantage of the happy accident of the independence and severance of the colonies; should be made by joining them into a federal republic. Thus could be secured for general and national purposes of protection and administration the strength and utility of the mightiest empire, and not limit at all, or but little, the freedom of the separate states, the town meeting, the fireside, or the individual. Each individual could thus hav his power and sovereignty combined for his general and special welfare in the most practical forms. Thus the federal republic, composed of republican democracies, could be at once a nation and yet the home of liberty, utility, strength. He had hoped that our federal government would hav been simpler than it is—with one house of Congress who should choose the Executiv. But the great organizing chiefs, Washington, Hamilton, and Madison, thought a stronger government was necessary, and so they gave us a Senate, an independent president, and a college of electors. These are all impediments to the will of the people. In time, will not the simpler republic of Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson prevail as stronger and better? But such as it was he gave to it his heart's adoration. He was overjoyed and could scarcely believe it when he saw his dream realized. Not only was America "independent and free," but if so much had come true, why not the rest of his dream—the federal republic of the civilized world? Instead of "Rule Britannia," he wrote his new song in this strain:

"Hail! great Republic of the world,
Which reared her empire in the West!
. . . . . .
May ages as they rise proclaim
The glories of thy natal day,
And states from thy exalted name
Learn to rule and to obey.
Be thou forever great and free,
The land of love and liberty."

Now we must turn to the still greater chapter in his career, his Third Great Dream, the Federal Republic of the civilized nations, and the consequent emancipation of the peoples, and the disarmament and peace of the world. Open the fifth chapter of his "Rights of Man," and you will see his plan disclosed thus: Could the alliance then existing between America and France be extended to republicanized England and Holland, his plan would be as good as accomplished. These nations could disarm except a navy of police. The other nations would from their interest soon be obliged to join this confederation, and the peace, progress, and liberty of the world would be advanced five hundred years in a lifetime!

Was this dream wild and chimerical? Not more so than the dream of American liberty and independence when he wrote "Common Sense." The times were ripe for mighty changes. America was ready. France was in alliance with her, and ablaze with revolution. Holland must follow her example. The plain people of England were in sullen revolt. Such facts were his call to a higher stage of action. His Dream of Political Liberty and Federation must be realized for the World as it had been in America.

Therefore, he left others to frame the Constitution in America, and returned to his nativ England, ostensibly to place an iron bridge over the Weir, but really to construct a federation of republics which should be the grand security for the liberties, rights, and peace of mankind forever.

His reply to Edmund Burke—the first and second parts of his "Rights of Man"—was to do for England what his "Common Sense" and "The Crisis" had done for us. Burke aroused the aristocracy and "quality" of England against the French Revolution: Paine aroused the common people in favor of liberty. I hav come to bring you liberty and your rights, he said. Listen to me! His pamphlets had a phenomenal success and a circulation quite similar to his earlier works in the colonies. But the people were not ready. They had no arms nor chance to meet or organize, or to act politically. Church and king sat combined like an incubus upon the popular will. Prosecutions against the publishers and readers of Paine's works followed many and fast, but still the good work went on for awhile hopefully. Meanwhile Paine was called to France, by the voice of the nation, to aid in establishing the Revolution and consequent constitution which was a material part of his great plan. The important part which he played in those grand events in France came to be nearly lost to history. But by the diligence of Hon. E. B. Washburn, our minister to France in 1880, the main facts and documents hav been recovered, and were printed in *Scribner's Monthly* of that year. They are greatly to Paine's credit, and show conclusivly that the Revolution and consequently his great plan of international confederation failed because his advice was not taken. The cause of European liberty was lost, he wrote to Danton, because of the foolish execution of the king, and the insane rage of Marat and the Jacobins. Danton and he who had, as members of the same committee in the National Assembly, framed the glorious constitution of the year 1792, were soon in prison. The European Dream of Paine closed with Danton under the guillotin; and Paine, escaping the same death by the special providence of having his prison door open when the chalk-mark of the condemned was placed upon it, was left by the negligence of Washington to nearly a year's imprisonment, and a prison fever from which he barely escaped with his life.

He was finally returned to his place as member of the National Assembly, but the tide which, wisely taken at its flood, might easily hav floated into existence the Republic of the United States of Europe, had receded not to rise again for a century.

We all know how the new era was strangled by reaction. We hav had since a hundred years of what, in Darwinian phrase, may be called a period of arrested political development. In France the Corsican bandit, Napoleon, sacrificed the Revolution to his selfishness. Then came the Bourbons, then the Orleanists. In England the very effort to put down the Corsican caused military efforts that equally suppressed the dream of liberty. In America the Federalists came to the front in politics and in society, and they were soon succeeded by the slaveholders' aristocracy in the name of Democracy.

But Liberty has had her sleep of a hundred years, startled only by the shock of 1848. It has been the reign of the brute forces which overwhelmed Paine and the revolutions of the last quarter of the last century. But the signs portend that the last quarter of the present century will be also a period of rapid evolution or otherwise of revolution. Look at France. There at last a republic is on its feet, looking toward greater liberty. In our republic, designed by Paine as the prelude to the Republic of Man, mark, that slavery, which Paine, as the forerunner of the Abolitionists, was the first to oppose, declaring as he did that man never could hold property in man—slavery, with its aristocracy that rendered all of his dreams impossible in America, has disappeared, though at a frightful and needless cost of blood, toil, and treasure. Not only hav the Federalists gone, but their "Republican" imitators cannot longer withstand a revival of democracy and reforms which are rendering the government more popular and administrativ. But chiefly the Federal plan of union of independent states has been vindicated and extended. This policy was first proposed by Paine in his "Public Good" (1780). He proposed to make the territories of the states general domain, encouraging its settlement and admission into the union as separate states. This was done, and thus North America has grown to be a mighty empire of republics large enough to be in fact and influence the model and the corner-stone of the federated world.

But has England made no progress? Her queen is but a figurehead or symbol. The House of Lords exists by tolerance of the Commons elected by a suffrage gradually becoming universal. Her colonies hav grown so large that they are separated dominions, and tend to subvert or to transform the empire itself into a federation. At this crisis Ireland demands home rule, which seems to be impossible except upon the federal plan. She must manage her affairs as the states of our union do theirs. But how is this possible without some general alliance with England and Europe for protection, administration, and commerce? And to crown it all, Charles Bradlaugh, the republican, of all English statesmen the inheritor of the policy of Thomas Paine, has finally taken his seat in the British Parliament. His first act has been what? To introduce a bill to break up the parks of the aristocracy, and to open all unoccupied and unused lands to use by the people. Thus the time is coming when a man in England shall be of more worth than a deer!

[Touching Paine's politico-economical views, the speaker here showed that Paine had foreshadowed much that is at present taught by the foremost social reformers, including Mr. Henry George. For lack of space this portion of the address is regretfully omitted. Mr. Wakeman then proceeded:]

And again, he drifts toward the emancipation and elevation of women. But time will not permit the substance of his works in one address. They hav been neglected long enough. Let them be opened anew, that his plans may be as seed for the future.

But to do that, notice that he, of all men, has preëminently the rarest of gifts—practical common sense—which arises from the fact that he sprung from, ever represented, and spoke for the common or "plain people," as Abraham Lincoln called them. The younger Pitt was called the Great Commoner of England, but in a higher and truer sense Thomas Paine was the Great Commoner of the world. The common people of America, England, and France (where his great works were translated) understood him at once, and they love him to-day. No name mentioned at their meetings is surer than his to be greeted with applause. They know that he told them the truth and what was really for their and for their children's good. All of his great plans are expressed in homely style, and ciphered out so as to be plain and practical to the average mind, and of his sincerity there could be no doubt, but that, as he said, he never wrote but he dipped his pen into his heart.

Thus his career is representativ. It was the nucleus where centered the great ideas and impulses of his age, and whence by continuous evolution they are living and working on to realize his dream of the new order, the new political and social life of man. For he dreamed the dream of the regenerated world, which was his country.

This brings us to the last of the dreams we can touch, his Dream of Emancipated Religion. When you look at it from the elevation of our time, it seems as though nothing but multitudinous nonsense had ever been written or said about Thomas Paine's religion or want of religion. He saw and felt that all of his great dreams could not be realized until the common people could be relieved of the superstitions of Bible theology and the exactions and fear of the priesthood.

He took that theology upon its own pretenses and teachings, and exposed it by such masterly common sense that his battering-ram would swing freely through most of the churches to-day. For they cannot but admit that in substance the learning and research which he had not hav since proved that his main claims as to the Bible and church theology are true. For who now claims that the Bible was infallibly inspired? Who now says that the law of evolution shall not be applied to it? But the real religion of Thomas Paine was not in his so-called anti-theological works, as most seem to suppose. There is just where it was not. His real religion was that of Science, Goodness, and Humanity. He wrote about and against theology chiefly to get his real Religion of Humanity before a people freed from the old superstitions. It is noteworthy that this very name, "the Religion of Humanity," occurs in his seventh "Crisis" in the highest sense. We generally suppose that this phrase came to us from the great Positiv philosopher of France, Auguste Comte, who died in 1857. But Paine directly charges that the Indian savage way in which Britain was carrying on the war was a violation of the "religion of Humanity," as if that were the highest obligation conceivable. Will some one tell me where the phrase had been previously used in the English languagc? But Paine did not simply use the phrase once. His career was a singular illustration of its substance and spirit. In his letter to the Abbé Sieyes (1791), as in many other places, his motiv of life and action is declared to be his "attachment to humanity," and the "anxiety which I feel within myself for the dignity and honor of the human race."

Such was the mainspring of his conduct among the three great nations he sought to bless. His letters to Dundas, Onslow, and Danton are full of this spirit, and of indignation at the folly and brutality which violated it. Never did a more disinterested man liv. He gave his salary to our soldiers, made nothing from his works, and only in his old age, when fever and toil had made him an invalid to be cared for and pitied, as he was not, did he seek a place to lay his head or grow chary of his means of livelihood. Strange that the professed followers of the fabled reformer in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, should revile Paine and not see that he, and not they, can most safely appeal to the example of him who lived and died for the world; who went about doing good, who suffered persecution and revilings from those he labored to bless and save, and finally died in ignominy from their neglect and ingratitude. But the time has come, not only for justice and appreciation, but for completion of his career of beneficence. The world needs a revival of the spirit of '76, the spirit of federal republicanism. Our reformers need to be enlightened as if by the camp-fires by which Paine wrote the "Crisis" at Valley Forge. They need not learning, not ability, but the enthusiasm of the Religion of Humanity by which he was inspired. By that our republic was reared, and by that it must be purified, saved, and perfected.

By that, too, the still greater dream of the peace and welfare of the world must be secured in the Federal Republic of Man. That is the true Temple of Humanity, and the true Positiv Polity of the Future must be in completing its organization. That is the ideal to which every emancipated soul looks forward with all the ardor with which the worshipers of old gazed toward the East. Even now we can see that the pillars of that grandest structure of Man are being prepared and are slowly rising in every part of the civilized world. Soon the connecting federal arch, grand as the sky, will be thrown over all, spanning all as one sublime and peaceful home of Man!

Sure as Law, and Hope, and Effort, this great Temple shall rise some day by the River of Time! Then, when all nations, and races, and tongues shall surge through its gates and listen to its anthems of joy and peace, each generation will ask, to whom do we chiefly owe this mighty temple, and our liberty, peace, and prosperity, so different from the times of old? Then the true historian will raise his finger slowly up the line of glorious benefactors engraven on its walls, till, among the very highest of all, he points to a name flashing ever brighter in the light of the love and gratitude of mankind—the name of THOMAS PAINE!

The speaker's allusion to Paine as the man who had made it possible for Bradlaugh to sit in the House of Parliament, and who dreamed of Home Rule for Ireland, called out demonstrations of applause hearty and long-continued. This was very grateful to the orator, but what pleased him particularly, he said, was a present of three splendid king apples from the Paine Farm, which were sent by the admirers of Paine at New Rochelle, and presented by the veteran mariner Captain Loyd.

A song by Mrs. McCune, who is indeed a fine singer, formed an appropriate interlude between oratory and elocution, as a teacher of which Mr. Putnam introduced Madam Delescluze. "We are having all the world here to-night," he said; "let me present to you France." The madam met with a warm welcome, to which both her talents and her acquirements entitle her, and recited the poem, "How the King Lost His crown." She was recalled by unanimous acclaim, and responded with "The Rat and the Mouse."

Mr. Fitch, a gentleman from Massachusetts, performed a flute solo so acceptably that the audience would be satisfied with nothing but a repetition; Miss Viva Longford gave "The Curfew," and Mrs. McCune rendered another song. Then Professor Field recited "How the Parson's Horse Won the Bet," and followed it, when recalled, with a humorous reading about "Sunday Newspapers," being a discussion of that subject between a compositor and a preacher, in which the comp. had much the better of the argument.

Dr. Lambert here arose to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Wakeman, the orator of the evening. Not only was it the best speech Mr. Wakeman had ever made, but it was the best the doctor ever heard, and he had listened to both Webster and Calhoun. The motion was carried with a tremendous "Aye!"

The entertainment concluded with a sketch from Dundreary by the Krahmer brothers and the Misses Longford. Somebody remarked that dreary very well described the way it was done; but then, criticism of anything of this sort is always unkind, and punning is reprehensible anyway.

It was eleven o'clock when the audience got ready to go home. Everything had passed off according to the program, barring the non-appearance of Joseph and Gustave Frankel, and everybody was more than satisfied. The entertainment netted $29.75, which goes into the treasury of the American Secular Union. Thus the honoring of Paine is made a means toward the end to which he devoted his life.



An Unwarrantable Inference.

Some people are very ignorant in religious matters. Because the pews in Professor Swing's church hav been sold *Texas Siftings* thinks Mr. Swing must be very hard up.

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—III.

FRIEND D. C.: Possibly, if you were to read these early fathers, you would see that the further we remove from the scene of operations, and when these stupendous miracles depend, not on living persons, but on relics and sacraments, that your writers become more and more dogmatic in their claims for the existence of Jesus, and less clear, if possible, in their reasonings.

St. Hilary of Poictiers devoted himself to proving the existence of the Trinity, and wrote twelve books on the subject. He claims that this mystery "is sufficiently taught in the office of baptism," which seems to me to be an open question, for how can ducking a man under water satisfy him as to this mathematical impossibility? I will admit that he might be induced to confess it if he understood in advance that he was to be kept under the water till he had accepted it. Hilary quoted the saying in Genesis, "Let us make man in our image," in proof of there being more than one person speaking. But it is possible for a man to prove too much, as this quotation is one of the thorns in the side of your church. In trying to prove the godhead of Jesus, he cites the testimony of the demons, and in answer to the objections of the Arians who quoted in proof of Christ's inferiority, his saying, "My father is greater than I," he givs the following piece of reasoning, which certainly should immortalize him: "This is rightly said, because he is the father of the son, who, however, cannot be declared according to his appearance the slave of the father. But the father is greater than the son, because he givs to him what he himself is: the son is thus not less than the father, because he possesses all that the father is."

Properly speaking, Constantine the Great should be inserted hereabouts, because he was a strong supporter of your theory. This gentleman, to whom Christianity is more deeply indebted than to anyone else, not even excepting its founder, has a very unenviable reputation. Seven murders, and among them his own wife and son, are laid at his door. Blessed with celestial visions, he stamped Christianity with the official seal of the empire and made it the fashionable religion. The Council of Nicea was convened in 325 (the year he murdered his son) by his express command, in order to prove the existence of Jesus and settle the difference between "Homoousion" and "Homoiousion," which, though it apparently consists only of an *i*, still "is almost invisible to the nicest theological eye." Being emperor, it might naturally be expected that he would cause the records of the empire to be searched, and the testimony of Josephus, Tacitus, and other writers, *had they been in existence at that time*, and all other documentary evidences, to be produced; but in his address he rested his claims entirely on the "Sibyl" and a passage in the "Bucolics" of Virgil. The first, as already stated, has been proven spurious, and the second, if quoted to-day, would not convince the greenest bucolic. Notwithstanding his perfect faith in the existence of Jesus; that his saintly mother, Helena, had discovered the true cross, he was not baptized till he lay on his death-bed. Even as to this we hav only the testimony of Eusebius, and if your chronicles be correct, that is false; for an inscription in the church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, proclaims that he was baptized by Pope Sylvester, and your infallible popes Adrian I., Nicholas I., Leo IX., and others, indorsed this statement from the Vatican. As this legend brought in its train the fictitious "Donation," your church has been obliged to disavow it, and therefore it is an open question whether he was ever baptized. The Greek church canonized him, and celebrates May 21st in his honor; but your branch was more fortunate in its action, for, after duly considering his fictitious donation, by a judicious compromise it exchanged holiness for greatness.

Jerome, though born of Christian parents, was not baptized till he reached manhood, and was ordained a priest without the power to perform the priestly offices. Before his time there had been no authorized version of the scriptures, each translator adding or deducting as suited his own peculiar form of belief. There were three editions of the Septuagint, each differing from the other on many essential points and held as authentic respectivly in Palestine, Alexandria, and Constantinople. Rome does not appear in the list. Jerome undertook the task of reconciling these various versions, and you are now reaping the benefit of his labors. Although he wrote many works encouraging young women to embrace a life of celibacy, he traveled all over the East with a pretty and wealthy widow named Paula, and became so enamored of her that he styled her "the mother-in-law of God." He was always quarreling with some one, and became such a general nuisance that his co-religionists destroyed his monastery at Bethlehem. Even St. Augustine felt constrained to ask him to keep quiet, and for the sake of peace he was allowed to inflict a mother-in-law on God, and his version of the scriptures on your church. When Jerome came on the scene he was too ill-tempered to follow in the well-beaten track of the earlier writers, so he struck out boldly in favor of centaurs, satyrs, and fauns, who, he assures us, used to present themselvs to the saints and admit that they were the heathen gods. Even these ex-heathen gods, if we can credit Jerome, were in favor of the existence of Jesus, and I respectfully submit, my friend, that you were derelict in your duty as a good Catholic when you neglected quoting them among your authorities. Jerome says that Anthony once met a satyr in the desert who informed him that he had been deputized by his tribe to wait on the saint and ask his prayers to "our common Lord and master, Jesus Christ, whom we know to hav been sent for the salvation of the world." He also relates that a terrible dragon once laid waste a province. It was so large that with its breath alone it sucked in whole oxen and sheep with their keepers. St. Hilarion was called on by the few remaining inhabitants, and he ordered a pile of wood to be prepared and then commanded the dragon to ascend it. This he meekly did, and was burnt in the presence of all the people. I could fill twenty columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER with like stories, all vouched for by this gentlemen, whose translation of the Bible your council of Trent decided to be "the only authentic version, and the church its only legitimate interpreter."

"For all the other great fathers we hav found some distinctiv title. This man is simply Augustine, too large a figure in the ecclesiastical world to need defining," so sings your church. The great St. Augustine, whose ponderous tomes fill the beholder with awe; whose learning is considered second only to that of the Creator; whose name is never to be mentioned except with the deepest humility and reverence, and to question whose authority was seriously considered by many theologians to be the "sin against the Holy Ghost," without a smile on his face, informs us that "as to the fable of the antipodes, that is, that on the other side of the earth there are men who walk with their feet opposit to us; this is not credible." In describing demons, he says: "They are suspended in the air head downward;" and "as to devils, who are spirits, being burned with a material fire, we say that this can and will be effected in some wonderful and ineffable way." He claims that "Christ is the only mediator." The angels are powerless, and he does not even mention the Virgin. He disputes your present position, in fact, the very foundation of your religion, for he says: "God speaks to man not by vibrations of the air, not by *visions*, but by the truth." For lucidity, compactness, and comprehensivness, let me attract your attention to the following: "Man is the image of the trinity, because, first, he is; secondly, he knows that he is; thirdly, he delights in this knowledge." In his essay on original sin he remarks: "All men were in that one man who sinned, since we all were that one man. For although the particular form in which we as individuals were to liv was not created and distributed to us, yet the seminal nature was there from which we were to be propagated, and this, being vitiated by sin, and bound by the chain of death, and justly condemned, man could not be born of man in any other state." His works on the "Immortality of the Soul" and "Of the Quantity of the Soul" must be read to be appreciated. Augustine also testifies to miracles performed by some holy earth brought from Jerusalem; that the relics of Stephen raised four people from death; that the relativs of two other dead men sent their garments, which were rubbed on the relics, and immediately the owners were restored to life, and, after giving a long list of other miracles, concludes by apologizing for relating so few instances, when so many well authenticated ones are at his command, and hopes he will be held blameless for this manifest dereliction of duty. He also assures us that when he assumed the bishopric of Hippo he went out to preach the gospel, and found a nation of men who had no heads, and a short distance southerly of them another nation who had only one eye, and that in their breast. He devotes two volumes to the miracles performed by Stephen's relics. This Stephen is credited with being your first martyr, and the wondrous tales of the doings of his bones (if they be his, which is a questionable fact, as they were not discovered till two hundred years after his death, and then in a vision to a monk) hav been refused credence even by the credulous Spaniard; as one of his proverbs says: "Whosoever pretends to hav read all the miracles of St. Stephen, he lies." As Augustine did not become a Christian till he was well advanced in life, and he and his *natural son*, Adeodatus, were baptized together, it might hav been better for your church had he remained a pagan, now that printing has placed his works within the reach of all. The high encomiums passed on him hav attracted attention to his works, and the student is now able to determin that this great pillar was a veritable Munchausen.

In his theology Chrysostom does not differ materially from those who preceded him. He grasps at the unknowable and succeeds in still further mystifying everything he touches. He was most certainly one of the most credulous of men, and gulped down anything and everything that was reported to him. He is filled to repletion with the recital of the many miracles performed *every day* by the relics of the martyrs in casting out devils and raising the dead. He lays particular stress and attests most solemnly to the wonderful doings of one Babylas in particular. Yet the Benedictine monks, notwithstanding his high position in your church, both as a saint, an inspirational writer, and a pillar of early Christianity, when they published an edition of his work, felt it necessary to notify the reader that "it is written in a declamatory style, overflowing with rhetorical figures, and for the most part destitute of truth." This is a quarrel in your own family, my friend; I side with neither—I am simply recording.

Theodoret, the great Theodoret, "whose testimony cannot be slighted without shaking the credit of all human testimony," certainly takes the palm for marvelous stories. He says that when the Emperor Julian attempted to consult the Pythian Apollo of Daphne, the oracle commanded him to remove the remains of Babylas (the gentleman Chrysostom vouches for), which were lying in the neighborhood, else no communication could be given. When I read this, I thought it strange that under the circumstances Julian should not hav returned to your church, as he had studied for the priesthood—some say, even entered it. But, I suppose, as he had been there, he knew how these miracles were manufactured. The saints in the days of Theodoret were terribly thick-skinned, as he tells us that one Theodore, "having been scourged without intermission from the dawn of day till its close," by order of the Arians, did not suffer one pang, but rather regretted the cessation of the whipping. His description of the attempt to rebuild the Temple was possibly written after he had quenched his thirst from one of Epiphanius's miraculous fountains. He says that although "innumerable multitudes of men" were engaged in the work, the excavated earth "returned during the night to its former location." And for two nights in succession "the figure of the savior's cross appeared in the heavens and the garments of the Jews were covered with crosses of a blackish hue." What awfully perverse fellows these Jews were! Theodoret has immortalized a monk called Simeon—who, by the way, is also one of your saints, and the patron of athletes. Simeon, he says, lived thirty years on a pillar over fifty feet high and less than four feet in circumference, where he spent his days and nights in prayer, continually bowing his head till he touched his toes. Lest the story may seem improbable, he assures us it was easy for Simeon to perform this feat, as he ate only one meal a week, and that a very light one of bread and water, and consequently had not much of what Washington Irving has since called "rotundity of the belt." One day, in company with a friend, he attempted to count the number of bowings made by Simeon, and grew tired when they had reached 1,234. This gentleman was unfortunately cut off in the flower of his youth and full odor of sanctity. The devil became jealous, and, assuming the disguise of an angel, drove up in a fiery chariot and invited him to enter, promising a free ride to heaven. As Simeon raised his foot to enter the chariot, Satan, taking a mean advantage of his being off his guard, struck him on the thigh and disappeared. The blow produced an ulcer and death ensued. Theodoret also assures us that Hunneric the Arian having ordered the tongues of some of your co-religionists to be cut out at the roots, the sufferers did not lose the power of speech. Possibly feeling he had not done justice to the subject, he adds that "one of the victims, who had been dumb from birth, was able to speak fluently immediately after the operation." The principal theological work of this gentleman "whose testimony cannot be slighted without shaking the credit of all human testimony" is entitled, 'Cure for Heathen Falsehoods."

But why go on any further in this line? Are you not satisfied by this time that there is an original basis for Baron Munchausen's tales? It would be impossible to enter fully into the miraculous claims of your early writers and keep within space limits. I hav quoted only the principal ones, and then simply skimmed the surface; and I would observe right here that these quotations are fair examples, and hav not been selected in order to carry a point. They are sufficient to show you the mental and moral status of your early saints, and you can determin for yourself how much credibility should be attached to men who affirm that holy oil raised the dead, cast out devils, cured all diseases; that monks raised the dead, walked on water, turned rivers from their natural courses into new channels by simple word of command, caused inundations of waters to rise to the roofs of churches without entering the doors, which stood open, made decayed trunks instantaneously blossom into vigorous trees, crossed rivers on the backs of crocodiles, and on the warmest days cooled themselvs by sitting inside a fiery furnace—all vouched for by eye-witnesses, and God—your God—

med on to verify the statement. Yet you desire me to believe these men; to discard my reason and pin all my hopes to a religion which is bolstered up by such lies—for they *are* lies. Well, I can't. If there is a God and he cannot manifest himself except through such men as these, I must decline accepting him.

When I learn that one Gregory had so much power over the devil that on one occasion, after driving him from a temple and being requested by the pagan priest to allow him to return, the saint wrote on a piece of paper, "Gregory to Satan: Enter," and that the devil immediately returned, I question the fact, but neither the imagination nor the object of the writer; and when several others of your pillars insist that another saint could discover from the smell of the bodies or clothes of the men, or even of any object they touched, to what particular demon they were subjected, I tell you plainly that I feel to agree with Suetonius, Tacitus, and Pliny that your religious progenitors were a "stupid, credulous, impious sect—the prey of crafty impostors." There is one point on which I can agree with your early writers. All urge reform among the clergy—I hav failed to find one exception; and if your religion consisted of this alone, everyone of us Infidels would be a first-class Roman Catholic.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

The S. S. V.

The Society for the Suppression of Vice held its twelfth annual meeting at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association on Tuesday evening, the 27th. The society has its headquarters in that place so as to be near its work.

As usual, a ticket to the entertainment was sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and the vice-editor scooped it in. The same bizarre old man who took tickets at the door last year was at his post. Two young fellows gave out circulars of the work accomplished by the society since its inauguration. The circular gave out the number of tons of immoral matter which Comstock had seized. It was something appalling to those who did not know that when Comstock tackles a dealer he seizes his whole stock and weighs it, stereotype plates, printing material, and imposing stone. He would weigh the building if he could get it on scales. Whether or not the dealer is found guilty, or the matter shown to be obscene, the stock seized is not returned, but goes in to make up the sum total of "work" accomplished by the society.

At eight o'clock a number of queer looking individuals filed through the committee room, and developed on the stage. President Colgate opened the meeting. This is the crafty old gentleman who once advertised vaseline for "immoral" purposes, and by the aid of his society might hav had a monopoly of the business only that some officious person mentioned it to the district attorney. Mr. Colgate invited all present to join the Rev. Mr. Wight, of Hoboken, in prayer. Mr. Wight took the floor and proceeded to enlighten the deity after this fashion: "O Lord, our God, we adore thee as the high and lofty one that inhabits eternity, and because thou rulest over us. We rejoice that in this world of sin and misery thou art setting up thy kingdom of righteousness and salvation against which no weapon can be formed that shall prosper." Anyone who is familiar with the prayer style can finish this one out as well as if it were printed. It ended like this: "We confess our sins before thee, and to thee ascribe all that is good."

Comstock sat just behind Mr. Wight, and did not look altogether pleased to hear the almighty getting all the praise. He therefore reported. The first stickful of the report was pious twaddle. The Lord had been his strength and shield and had delivered him from many trials. To him be the glory. Then Mr. Comstock did a little blowing on his own account. His report showed that he had operated chiefly among gamblers. Mr. Comstock was not so reckless in his language as he has sometimes been. He denounced neither the police nor the district attorney, and even endeavored to convey the idea that opposition to Comstock rule had practically ceased. Still he had passed providentially through great dangers. For instance, an infernal machine had been left in the building, evidently designed to injure him, but by the blessing of God it did not explode. The facts about this "infernal" machine are that it was left in another part of the building from that occupied by Mr. Comstock; it contained less than eight ounces of powder, and if it had exploded, it would hav injured no one a dozen feet away. Many people believe that Comstock sent the machine to himself, and that the loudest report it was capable of affording would be heard in the secretary's annual screed.

The event of the evening was Killaen Van Rensselaer. He is the treasurer. The wobble to Killy's jaw is something outside even the suburbs of mere descriptiv writing. It might be imitated by placing a hot potato in the mouth and talking through a funnel. Mr. Rensselaer said that the society was $1,240.87 in debt, and needed $9,000 to carry on its work another year. The treasurer here made a little speech. He had to mourn the loss of the late William E. Dodge, the block-tin man, and H. B. Claflin, the dry-goods man. These and others who were accustomed to contribnte extensivly to the treasury had been thoughtless enough to die. What the treasurer wanted was some one to take the place of those men, not so much as ornaments to the society as contributors to its funds.

Bishop Huntingdon, of Central New York, being introduced by Mr. Colgate, said he had heard that this was an unpopular society, and he did not know but that explained the presence of so large an audience. The bishop believed it to be the duty of parents to keep their children ignorant of everything except good. They ought not to know that there was evil in the world. It was the object of this society to coöperate with parents to preserve this ignorance. Mr. Huntingdon's speech was not inspiring, and the Rev. Mr. Wight got tired and went home before it was finished. The speaker invited all to chip in to support Mr. Comstock, a man as pure as St. Anthony of old, who, as beautifully represented by the artists, ground his nose into the dirt rather than look at a nice girl *en deshabille*. If Bishop Huntingdon had been aware that Comstock had just seized as indecent the artist's illustration of his great prototype, St. Anthony, he would probably hav omitted this allusion. The bishop then innocently added that he was willing to stand by the doings of this society.

A collection followed the bishop, and the alacrity with which some young men got upon the floor with baskets showed that this was not an altogether unlooked-for exigency.

Comstock read a letter from Elbridge T. Gerry, "president," as the reader had it, "of the Society for the Prevention of Children." J. Hyatt Smith, the preacher-politician, made a few remarks. Smith has the appearance of a man afflicted with some functional derangement. "Comstock," said Mr. Smith, "is an angel of purity."

The Rev. Mr. Smith's speech exhausted the resources of the meeting. The audience went home and the members stayed behind to look over such attractiv things as Mr. Comstock had been able to colect since the last anniversary.

True Liberalism.

Out of the advanced civilization of the century has grown the living, progressiv spirit of Liberalism, or its synonym—Individualism. The fact has just dawned upon the human race that there are rights of conscience as well as rights of property, and that the principles of liberty embrace not only the physical but the psychical world as well. No mind can be absolutely free when harrowed and repressed within the circumscribed limits of a creed. No mind can be free that precludes the possibilities of mistakes, and infallibility is only another name for patent ignorance. When a man raises his conceptions to the universe in its immensity, and then considers its constituent elements in minutiæ as atoms of the whole, he has attained the ultimatum of logical acumen, and the proper exercise of his mental faculties affords him the best criterion of opinion. When a man subscribes his name to certain articles of faith, asserts their infallibility, and perverts his reasoning faculties by repressing natural doubts that operate as the advance guard of the marshaled forces of intellectual development, he is a mental pigmy, a moral plebeian in the domain of thought. He has proclaimed himself below par in the circulating medium of civilization, and is not the proper person to mold and fashion the opinions of others. The word "creed" presupposes a mental contour beyond which the subscriber cannot reach—a mental horizon from which has set forever the sun of progressiv thought. No man can be grand and great unless he has enlarged his conceptions and moral and intellectual attainments to a realization of the human race in its aggregate as well as its individual constituency. He must consider the geographical situation of the different races, the climatic influences to which they are subjected, their habits of thinking and of living, and derive therefrom by the method of induction the fact that environment molds the opinions of nations as well as of individuals, and that all ideas that are the result of local influences must from their nature be narrow and local in their application.

Most theological questions are local in their nature. The inhabitants of the Polar regions regard hell as cold and icy, and now we are becoming of the same opinion. Blasphemy is a geographical question, and religion a birthright. We hav Christians that are such because born in America, and educated under Christian influences. They come by their religion as naturally as though it were a hereditary disease or physical deformity. Had they been born in Arabia they would hav been Mohammedans, in China or India, Confucianists or Buddhists. They might hav been Brahmans had not the simple accident of birth made it otherwise. With these facts in view is it not better to enlarge our minds to the contemplation of all before we subscribe to any articles of belief? There are thousand of people who pretend to be Liberals who present the deplorable aspect of bigots as narrow and contemptible as a theological mummy. They hav mistaken their calling, and are hugging a delusiv phantom. The true Liberal is broad, not narrow; generous, not selfish. He must, of necessity, be a man of brain, a student, and a thinker. He must keep forever in his view the guiding star of reason. He must be conservativ, not aggressiv, and, above all, he must be constructiv as well as destructiv. He must be a strict adherent to principle, careful and preservativ of his own rights, and considerate of the rights of others. He must guard carefully the sacred right of opinion, and forever hold himself open to adverse opinions, and present himself a martyr at the altar of conviction. True Liberalism is a recognition of the liberties of man, physical and intellectual. It is a recognition of the equality of the human race, and the common fraternity of man. The true Liberal is a *man* in the grandest, broadest, and best sense of the word.

G. F. RINEHART.

Annihilation.

To me annihilation is unthinkable, and therefore cannot be true.—*Lu.*

Annihilation, as well as chance, is often brought up as an argument against the idea of there being no God and no future. Now, we, as Materialists, no more believe in annihilation than we do in chance. All is governed by law, and there is consequently no room for chance. All matter, with its powers and potencies, is eternal, and there is no room for annihilation. We use the words "chance" and "annihilation" in a restricted form. We do not giv them their full and complete meaning.

If we throw a handful of pebbles at a small target set up in the distance, it is a chance if a single pebble hits it. Yet every pebble goes to its destination according to laws. If one hits the limb of a tree and is diverted from its course, it is done according to laws of cause and effect.

We burn up a handful of letters. To all intents and purposes we annihilate them as letters, but nothing is really destroyed. The ink and paper are only changed into something else.

Just so when we die. We are not annihilated; we are only changed into lifeless clay. Though this clay has life in every particle of it, yet as an identity we are dead and gone forever and forever.

Our minds, being born of our senses, from impressions conveyed to the brain by the nerves, become lifeless also when the nerves cease to make impressions upon them. So what is there to liv after death and still be us? What was there that lived before our birth and was still us?

A minute speck or cell of protoplasm, that must be greatly magnified before we can see it, unites with another speck of the same material, and this compound all develops into an individual human being. What was there in those two microscopic specks that had ever existed before as us? Nothing at all. They were only the beginnings of life. Why, then, should we expect to be perpetuated after death?

All things hav but one life or identity. The millions and billions and trillions of human beings who lived before us are gone to their long last sleep. The millions now living will also soon sleep, and thus countless crowds yet to come will sleep in their turn. Why expect them to awake any more than the flea, bed-bug, or gnat? True, they are of a higher organism, of a grander evolution, but, after all, they are mere specks in the great universe of life—specks that come, go, and pass away forever. Because a few dreamers fancy facts proving that death does not end all; because a few events, occurrences, and seeming miracles take place which as yet science has failed to explain by known laws of philosophy, is no reason that we jump to the conclusion that the dead liv and their spirits are all around us. If spirits were here, and were able to do one hundredth part of the miraculous things claimed by believers as being done, ten thousand times as much would be done as is now pretended to be done. Seaver claims that Thomas Paine would visit him and Mendum at Memorial Hall; I claim that D. M. Bennett would visit the TRUTH SEEKER office and the dear ones he so long labored with there.

Even I should not thus hav been left to preach and teach Materialism all these years, when just one good proof would hav made me a believer.

Snowville, Va. ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS.—The name "apostolic father" is given to the immediate disciples or fellow-laborers of the apostles, and, in a more restricted sense, to those of them who hav left writings behind them. There are at most only six, namely, Clement, Barnabas, Hermes, Ignatius, Polycarp, and Papias. . . . Only the first two of these fathers are now claimed to hav written in the first century. But as to them, few claim that Clement wrote prior to A.D. 95, or Barnabas before 100.—*Antichrist.*

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THE
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AND
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1886.

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Sunday Newspapers.

The *Star* of this city—a Sunday newspaper—had last week a clerical symposium on the subject of Sunday newspapers. Just why the *Star* should seek an expression of opinion from the ministers on this subject, it is difficult to see. Ministers do not now represent public opinion, nor are they adequate measures of public sentiment. The opinions gathered by the *Star*, however, are interesting as representing all shades of Christianity, and showing just what a stumbling-block real orthodoxy is in the way of the people.

The Rev. Morgan Dix, Episcopalian, is decided in his opposition to the Sunday newspaper, principally because it distracts people's thoughts from the serious problem of sheol. Dr. Van Dyke, Presbyterian, of Brooklyn, agrees substantially with Mr. Dix. Dr. Tiffany, of this city, likes the Sunday papers. He finds them healthful and instructiv. Robert Collyer, Unitarian, reads his paper on Sunday, and thinks the talk of stopping the Sunday newspapers is too much like the story of the old lady with the broom who tried to keep the Atlantic ocean away from her door. Howard Crosby, of course, is opposed to Sunday papers, but says the Monday newspaper—upon which the labor is performed on Sunday—is a matter between a man and his God. Henry Ward Beecher reads papers on Sunday when he can get the time. Reverend C. C. Hall, Presbyterian, of Brooklyn, says Sunday newspapers should not receive the patronage of religious people. Theodore Cuyler, Presbyterian, advises the young men of his congregation to shun the Sunday paper as they would grog-shops. He demands that whatever impedes the progress of Christianity shall be obliterated, and considers Sunday papers to be a fearful impediment. Rev. Charles Deems, who calls himself independent in theology, denounces Sunday issues, principally for the reason that his church being in a neighborhood of poor people his would-be church attendents hav to sell Sunday papers for a livelihood. Presbyterian Mr. Shedd would not hav his people read Sunday papers, nor even Gibbon's History, but only the Bible and works of similar import. "Christian people," he says, "should constantly commune with the spiritual world, and their thoughts on the Sabbath should be distant from all that leads to worldly channels." Roswell D. Hitchcock, Presbyterian, saves his conscience, and the Sunday papers too, by purchasing and reading them on Monday morning. The Rev. Philip Schaff, chairman of the American Bible revision committee, thinks that the millions of men and women throughout the country are corrupted by reading Sunday papers. He himself, however, remains uncorrupted, for his newsboy is ordered never to leave a Sunday paper on his doorstep. Mr. Huntington, Episcopalian rector, admits that if the theory held by some, that the church is only another name for the nation, were correct, the Sunday paper might not be an unmixed evil. As this theory, however, does not obtain to any great extent, Mr. Huntington is dubious about secular reading on Sunday. Dr. Thomas Armitage, Baptist, says: "It seems to me that it is the Monday and not the Sunday newspaper that deserves the condemnation of religious people. The Sunday issue is prepared nearly wholly on Saturday, but the Monday paper requires labor on the Sabbath. Crush the Monday newspaper and you accomplish more than by exterminating the Sunday paper. It is in the construction of the former that, from early dawn until the last hour of Sunday, editors, reporters, compositors, and pressmen are engaged, and thus are deprived of the opportunity to visit and worship in the churches." Mr. Armitage sighs for the adoption of a custom current twenty-five years ago in the South—no Monday papers. Mr. Talmage's views are not clear on the subject—in other words, he does not know what his richest pewholders think. Justin D. Fulton, Baptist, regards the Sunday paper as "one of the mightiest foes to the Christian religion and to the church, and no drapery that you can adorn it with will successfully hide that fact." Rev. Edward Beecher has ofttimes been solicited to write for Sunday papers, but has always refused. Naturally, he thinks, the papers are degenerating, and cannot long survive. Vicar-General Quinn, Roman Catholic, does not care whether his people read Sunday papers or not. He seems reasonably certain of the strength of the grip his church has upon its members. Rev. E. B. Coe, Dutch Reformed church, condemns the issue of Sunday papers because of the great inroad they make upon religion. Rector Samuel Corke never allows a Sunday newspaper in his house, and hopes that none of his parishioners do. In this hope he is probable deluded. Rector Arthur Brooke follows suit, but admits that his conduct leads to embarrassments. "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" Burchard holds the honest opinion that Sunday newspapers are a nuisance, and should not be tolerated in a Christian community. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, Presbyterian, thinks the editors of Sunday newspapers are dishonoring God. He is opposed to them. Rev. I. J. Lansing, Methodist, acknowledges the church's inability to cope with the evil, but disapproves it. Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, Presbyterian, has not sufficient piety to stand the Sunday paper, and refuses to be led into temptation by taking it. Robert S. MacArthur, pastor of Calvary Baptist church, is sorry that secular papers are tolerated on the Sabbath, for their existence is contrary to God's law. Rector William F. Morgan is on the fence, but leans to the conservativ side. He reads no paper on Sunday. Christian doctrins, he says, are all against such desecration. Rev. H. S. Carpenter would prefer no Sunday papers, but as he cannot help himself ne would like to see them all religious. Joseph Fransiola, Catholic priest, has no objections to reading the religious articles in the Sunday papers. Because no Sunday paper enters the house of Episcopalian Houghton, he is of the opinion that the circulation of Sunday papers is falling off, and thereat he rejoices. Presbyterian Vincent is solidly against our Sunday papers. In the opinion of G. L. Taylor, Methodist, the Sunday paper is the champion and ringleader of all social evils. The Rev. Mr. Chadwick, another Methodist, has four reasons why he is opposed to Sunday papers. The a... is, their publication breaks the fourth commandment. The other three are like unto the first. John R. Paxton, Presbyterian, believes in Sunday newspapers, also in opening the museums and libraries Sundays. He is a bright and shining exception to his brethren.

Out of this lot of thirty-four preachers, four are in favor of Sunday papers, two indifferent, one undecided, and twenty-seven opposed. The majority is large enough to justify the conclusion that the church opposes. But there is one thing these twenty-seven hav overlooked. While condemning the publication of Sunday papers, they hav each done their best to make one issue of the Sunday *Star* interesting reading.

A New Book.

No controversy of recent times has excited such interest as hav the recent papers of Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, and Prof. Max Müller in the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mrs. E. Lynn Linton in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The recent bitter political contest and the present struggle of parties in the English Parliament hav not rendered the public indifferent to the mightier, if less noisy, warfare between modern science and the Mosaic theory of creation. In "The Dawn of Creation and of Worship" Mr. Gladstone has said the best word for Christianity; in "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature" Mr. Huxley has phrased the latest revealments of science. We giv this week Mr. Huxley's paper. Lack of space prevents the publication in these columns of Mr. Gladstone's. But we shall issue the whole controversy in book form, giving Mr. Gladstone's first, Professor Huxley's, Professor Müller's, and Mrs. Linton's following in the order named. We shall publish them, without note or comment of our own, under the title of "The Order of Creation: The Conflict between Genesis and Geology." The book will be ready about February 15th, in paper and cloth covers, price 25 and 50 cents.

Produce the Figures.

The *Independent* of last week contained this:

"We wish to excite no prejudice against THE TRUTH SEEKER on the ground that it boasts of being an Infidel journal. If its arguments in favor of the Sunday opening of the museums are good then we would hav them carry. We will presume is means to be fair; but we can easily show that it is not. It quotes from us:

"Less than half the expense of equipping the museums is paid by the city. Thus the Museum of Natural History has received during its existence, omitting value of public land on which it stands and building, a total sum of $430,838.18. Of this $110,722,99, or a little more than one-quarter, has come from the city. The rest has come from generous private patrons. It costs $25,000 a year for the current expenses of this museum, and of this $10,000 has to be paid by members and trustees. . . . The city has not organized the museums, has not provided the objects on exhibition, and pays but three-fifths of the expense of keeping them open."

"THE TRUTH SEEKER thus comments:

"A more misleading, not to say dishonest, statement could scarcely be made. The most protuberant evasion of the truth is the little parenthetical sentence, 'Omitting value of the public land on which it stands and building,' and the more decided insinuation that both museums cost the city but $30,000 per year.

"In the first place, the buildings for the museums hav cost the city an enormous sum. *New York is now paying interest on* $958,000.00 *worth of bonds, representing money given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Museum of Natural History.*"

"How easily this is answered! We did omit the cost of the buildings. And so we omitted, on the other side, the value of the gifts presented, which are enormous in quantity, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and much exceeding the value of objects bought by the trustees. THE TRUTH SEEKER continues:

"The other point in the *Independent's* editorial is that it costs $25,000 dollars per year each to run the museums, of which the city pays only $15,000 to each. Again is the statement misleading. Allowing that it costs $50,000 per year to maintain both institutions, we affirm that the city spends more than four times as much upon the museums as do the 'generous private patrons.' The trustees and the 'generous private patrons' contribute about $20,000 annually to the support of the institutions. The same institutions cost the municipality of New York $84,530 annually."

"It thus adds $54,530 annual interest on bonds issued for erection of museum buildings to the $30,000 paid by the city for running expenses of the museums. Very good. Then it seems the city has *not* paid the $958,000. but has borrowed it, and only pays the interest. The trustees and donors of the museums preferred to pay down their cash, and pay no interest. If THE TRUTH SEEKER will count both the money the city has borrowed and has not paid, and the interest it has paid, we will count, for the trustees, the money they hav paid, and the interest which they hav lost, and which would hav accumulated if they had, like the city, given borrowed money. Let us hav things even on both sides. On the whole it will turn out that the city has given less than the trustees. In return for what the city has given the museums are kept

open free four days out of seven. That is fair. If anything more is asked it is not to be demanded as a right."

Firstly, as the preachers say: The point now made by the *Independent* that the donations of "generous private patrons" largely exceed the objects of interest purchased by the trustees may be true, but as no evidence is presented, we cannot admit the claim. And if it be true, it is of no consequence until the donors express themselvs against Sunday opening.

Secondly. It makes no difference that the cost of the buildings is still a debt owed by the city. The stocks are due in 1903, and will, of course, be paid. The contract of the city with the museums of which Mr. Jesup is president was entered into in 1877. Averaging the issues of stocks, and dating them from 1880, would make twenty-three years of interest to be paid by the city—reaching the enormous sum, at simple interest, of $1,253,890.00. Adding the $958,000.00 which the city must pay in 1903, will giv us $2,211,890.00 expended *and to be spent, whether or no*, upon the museums *exclusiv* of the $30,000 a year for running expenses. Will the *Independent* claim for the trustees that they hav spent *or will* spend so much for the museums? They can withhold their donations at any time; the tax-payers of the city cannot. The city *has practically* paid the money, and nothing is gained by evading the question in the manner of the *Independent*.

The *Independent* givs no figures of what the trustees hav given the museums. Until it does we must maintain that the city pays more than the trustees, and we use the Museum of Natural History and the figures of its president as proof. The building cost the city $958,000.00. As we stated in the editorial which the *Independent* is criticising, we do not know precisely how this has been divided between the two, but as the Metroplitan Museum received one year $162,500.00 for enlarging the building, it is presumable that the Natural History Museum has received that much less than the Metropolitan. Taking the $162,500.00 from the $958.000.00 given to both leaves $795,500.00 divided between them—if the division has been fair. This would giv Mr. Jesup's institution $397,750.00. Add to this the $110,722.99 which he acknowledges having received from the city up to January 1, 1885, and the $5,000 per year (1880–1885—$25,000.00), which the city pays *more* than do the trustees, and we hav $533,472.99 against $320,115.19 received from all other sources. This is the excess in cash and stocks ($213,357.80) which the Museum of Natural History has cost the city up to date over what it has cost the "generous private patrons"—that is, if the division of the stock has been equal. The *Independent* cannot deny this.

Neither cannot it deny that the city is spending $84,530.00 annually on account of these institutions —$30,000 for running expenses and $54,530.00 for interest. As the trustees claim to spend only $20,000 at the outside (and much of this is recovered from the sale of guide-books, donations, etc.) we do not see how our contemporary has at all disturbed our figures. The allusion to what the trustees hav lost in the way of interest on their cash donations is altogether too vague a claim. So far we hav seen no figures of what the trustees hav given. Mr. Jesup lumps it with donations from "patrons, fellows, members," and we may be excused for surmising that the generosity of the trustees has been much less than he would hav the public believe.

What we would like to see is the donations of the city and of those who believe in the opening of the museums on Sundays contrasted with the donations of those who, like Mr. Jesup, do not.

Lectures and Meetings.

G. Rodd, reporter for the Society of Humanists, sends the following: At the meeting of the Society of Humanists last Sunday morning Mr. Hugh McGregor, in a rather short but beautiful address, explained how the feeling of patriotism, or love of country, was the connecting link between family love and love of humanity. He also read a portion of the New Year address given by Mr. F. Harrison at Newton Hall, London, from the Utica *Morning Herald*, Jan. 21, 1886, which was very welcome and interesting to all who were present. A few pages of the "General View of Positivism" were read, and the meeting closed in the usual manner. All those who are interested in Positivism, and who are conscious of the need of moral regeneration in this world are cordially invited to attend these meetings, which are held every Sunday at 10 A.M. at No. 97 Market street, New York city.

J. E. Remsburg left Atchison for the East on the 3d inst. The following is his program so far as arranged:

Albany, Mo.	Thur., Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th.
Brookfield, Mo.	Mon., Tues., 8th, 9th.
Mechanicsburg, Ill.	Wed., Thur., Fri., 10th, 11th, 12th.
Geneseo, Ill.	Sat., Sun., 13th, 14th.
Earlville, Ill.	Mon., Wed., 15th, 17th.
Paw Paw, Ill.	Tues., 16th.
Battle Creek, Mich.	Thur., 18th.
Wayland, Mich.	Fri., 19th,
Hastings, Mich.	Sat., Sun., 20th, 21st.
Holland, N. Y.	Mon., Tues., 22d, 23d.
Java Village, N. Y.	Wed., Thur., Fri., 24th, 25th, 26th.
Troy, N. Y.	Sun., 28th.
Warrensburg, N. Y.	Mon., Tues., Wed., Mar. 1st, 2d, 3d.
Cohoes, N. Y.	Thur., 4th.
Saco, Me.	Sat., 6th.
Portland, Me.	Sun. (10:30 A.M.), 7th.
Boston, Mass.	Sun. (7:30 P.M.), 7th.
Providence, R. I.	Mon., 8th.
Meriden, Conn.	Tues., Wed., Thur., 9th, 10th, 11th.
New York	Fri., 12th.
Baltimore, Md.	Sun., 14th.

In addition to the above Mr. Remsburg will speak in Greenwich, Mass.; Salamanca, N. Y.; Naples, N. Y.; Kent, O.; Perrysburg, O.; Tontogany, O.; Carey, O.; Bradford, O.; Spiceland, Ind.; Burr Oak, Mich.; Paris, Ill.; Chebanse, Ill.; Cleopatra, Mo.; Maitland, Mo.; Quitman, Mo.; Robinson, Kan.; Morrill, Kan.; Republic City, Kan.; Cawker City, Kan.; Council Grove, Kan.; Brookville, Kan.; Urbana, Kan.; Halstead, Kan.; Newtown, Kan. The Liberals of New York city will note with pleasure his engagement with the Liberal Club for the second Friday in March.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$1,819.57
Walter Firth, (paid)	5.00
A. Schell, "	25.00
John Ray, "	1.00
Manhattan Liberal Club, per Paine Anniversary.	29.75
W. H. Pepper, (pledge)	25.00
G. Younides, (bal. on life mem.)	7.50
R. B. Jackson, (paid)	5.00
Thos. Beale, "	1.80
Wm. Hunt, "	1.00
Herman Bohda, "	1.00
Emily Castle, "	1.00
Jos. Gardner, "	1.00
Oliver Gardner, "	.25
Thos. Monaghan, "	5.00
John Alberger, "	2.15
Chas. Stowater, "	1.00
William Mansfield "	1.00
Total,	$1,933.02

Pledge Paid.—A. VanDeusen, $100.00.

Particular Notice.—I would like the addresses of Mr. Russell and Joseph Burgess who contributed to the Campaign Fund at Cleveland Congress.—S. P. P.

News and Notes.

All over the land the Paine festivals hav been held and a new impulse been given to Freethought by the memory of this hero. New York fell into line, and held a most successful meeting. Mr. Wakeman's address was one of the best ever delivered upon the subject, and gave new views of the illustrious reformer. The receipts were $49.75; the expenses, $20; leaving 29.75 for the Campaign Fund.

Mr. Reynolds's lecture on Sunday evening quite delighted his audience, and we welcome this new instrumentality for the inculcation of Liberal ideas. Mr. Reynolds enables us to travel over the world in a short space of time and understand it better than ever before.

SAMUEL FIRTH.

Samuel Firth, a veteran Freethinker and Secularist, died at Trenton, N. J., on Sunday, Jan. 24th, and was buried on Thursday, Jan. 28th. The services were conducted by Samuel P. Putnam. A large number of friends and citizens were present, and attested the worth of his life. He has resided for the last twenty years in Trenton, and won the confidence and respect of all his neighbors of every creed, and was thoroughly respected throughout the city. He was born at Halifax, England, sixty years ago, and from the age of twenty-five years has been a constant worker in the Secular ranks. He organized several Secular and scientific Sunday schools while in England, and his work is still remembered, and its results apparent, in old England.

His life and character are a noble testimony to the value of Secular philosophy. He met the suffering of his last days with wonderful fortitude, and death came to him as a sweet rest. He leaves behind a wife and five children, all of whom are in sympathy with his intellectual convictions. At his grave the following words were said:

"Death is inevitable. We cannot resist it; we must submit. Death, however, is the teacher of humanity; it teaches us to be more kind, more humane, more friendly, more devoted to the welfare of each. Because we shall see the face of the loved one no more, hereafter the mother will be more dear to the children, and the children more blessed to the mother.

"Farewell, kind husband, and loving father! Farewell, upright citizen and gentle neighbor! Farewell, thou seeker for the truth and worker for the welfare of the race! Dust shall return to dust, but thou shalt still be welcome in the affectionate remembrance of wife and children, of friends and neighbors, of the world, which is better and happier because thou hast lived."

POLITICS AND A FUTURE LIFE.

The following strikes me as being somewhat Pickwickian:

"Assembly Chamber, Albany, Jan. 29, 1886.

"Samuel P. Putnam, Esq., *Dear Sir:* I hav your letter of of the 22d inst., with form of of petition stating measures respecting which your friends desire legislativ action. In reply to your inquiry I hav to state that I am not in sympathy with the purposes or principles of your Union. I hav the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with your distinguished president, Colonel Ingersoll, and he knows that I am a firm believer in a future state and the enforcement of the observances against which you protest. Very respectfully,

"N. M. Curtis."

I would like, in all sincerity, to know what a "future state" has to do with purely political measures. The Nine Demands do not by the remotest suggestion refer to belief or non-belief in a future state. Does Mr. Curtis mean to assume that he who believes in a future state has a right to rob the man who does not? Does he mean to say that the non-believer in immortality has no rights that he (Mr. Curtis) is bound to respect? What has faith to do with this matter? Would Mr. Curtis enforce by law his creed concerning future life? Does he not admit my right to an honest difference of opinion with him? Does he not believe that every man is equal before the law, whatever his religious belief? Is not this the fundamental principle of the Constitution of the United States? Does Mr. Curtis oppose this principle? Would he put authority into the hands of those who believe with him to make laws against the rights of those who do not?

If Mr. Curtis is a genuin American, if he believes in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, he must admit the political equality of all, without reference to creed. If this is so, why, then, should he base his opposition to the Nine Demands upon the fact that he believes in a future state? He might as well base his opposition upon the fact that he is fond of beefsteak and plum-pudding. Beefsteak and plum-pudding hav just as much to do with the Nine Demands as a belief in a future life, and one might just as logically affirm that the American Secular Union is organized to destroy a fondness for beefsteak and plum-pudding as to say that it is organized to destroy a belief in a future life. The Union has no such purpose. It has nothing to say against this belief, no arguments to bring. It leaves this question entirely, as it leaves a thousand other questions, to a man's own reason and taste. If a man is happy in this belief, let him believe, if he can do so with intellectual consistency. I hav not the slightest desire to take away anyone's comfort in this belief. I should as soon think of interfering with a man's diet as with his individual notions of the hereafter. The American Secular Union has a radically different purpose from destroying faith in immortality. It is for liberty and justice here in this world between man and man. If Mr. Curtis will read the Nine Demands he will find nothing to which any just-minded citizen can object. The Union deals entirely with this world, and no other, either for or against. It bases rights of citizenship upon manhood and not belief. If all the Demands were granted, how would the "future state" suffer? If a fact, it would still remain, like the law of gravitation, a fact still. Mr. Curtis will hav just as good a pair of wings, just as good a harp, just as white a raiment, in heaven if he will grant the Nine Demands on earth. He won't lose a whit of his glory in the "future state" if he will be just to his neighbor now.

I ask Mr. Curtis to carefully read these Demands and see if he can find anything that will lessen the dignity of God, if there is one; that will make heaven less comfortable, if there is one, or take one fiery spark from hell, if there is one. God and the angels, and heaven and hell, so far as they are realities, will go on in undisturbed serenity while justice is achieved on earth. There is nothing in the Nine Demands that any sensible Christian will not agree to if he is a fair and square man. I don't want Mr. Curtis or others to dodge the issue and fly off to a future state, where of course it is impossible to corner anybody, for the territory of the hereafter is so big that one can cut up all sorts of logical maneuvers and find a way of escape from every blunder. I do not care to discuss the "future state" with Mr. Curtis. Will he please to come to the state of New York—that's the state we are in now, and I will ask him on the grouud of political justice to make some solid this-world objection to the Nine Demands, something based on human rights, on the Constitution of the United States, on the Declaration of Independence. If he will do this he will present something preëminently worthy of consideration; but to say that he opposes the Demands of the Union on the ground of his belief in a future state is equally as wise as to oppose them on the ground of his fondness for beefsteak. The things are not cognate. There is no relation in word or thought. As one can subscribe to the Demands and eat all the beefsteak he desires, so he can subscribe to the same and hav all the belief in immortality that he desires. The American Secular Uuion will not interfere with the physical or spiritua luxury of any. It only insists that he shall not steal his beefsteak nor eujoy his spiritual food in a magnificent temple which does not pay its fair share of that taxation which should be equally levied upon all property.

I hav no doubt that when Mr. Curtis fully understands the scope of the Nine Demands he will cordially assent to them, since they are perfectly just to every man, and will not in the least prevent his ardent mind from passing beyond "the flaming bounds of space and time."

"A BUSYBODY NOBODY,"

I feel exceedingly honored. The Rev. Carlos Martyn, who preaches in a gorgeous edifice that never could hav been built except by the unjust exemption of property from taxation, in his sermon last Sunday calls the secretary of the Union "a Busybody Nobody." Wheu the priests begin to howl and call names, it is evident that there are "bloody noses and cracked crowns" somewhere in their ranks. A fellow feeling makes them wondrous—ugly. Wouldn't the the Rev. Carlos like to put on the thumb-screws? Alas, for him! they will simply remain as one of the curiosities of the museum, to be sometime viewed on Sunday by a far greater number than his own congregation. This is what troubles the clergymen, that the skull of a gorilla dead for a thousand years shall excite a greater interest than their own sermons, and hav a larger and more enlightened congregation, on the very day set apart for the priest to earn his own bread and butter, the amount of which depends upon the number of his auditors. Of course, the ministers do not like such competition.

Samuel P. Putnam.

Letters from Friends.

CONCORDIA, KAN., Jan. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed one dollar as a contribution toward embellishing THE TRUTH SEEKER. J. M. HAGAMAN,
Ed. Kansas *Blade*.

VERSAILLES, IND., Jan. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: A few days ago I subscribed for one year to THE TRUTH SEEKER and paid my $3, this sum being what I regard as high, for a paper furnished to the Liberals ought to be cheaper, sectarian papers being generally issued for a price averaging far lower than this. But now it comes to us illustrated; and, by the way, the pictures are far better than any writing or print that could occupy their place. They tell it all in a way, too, that cannot be answered or denied. I am real glad of this, and hope now that the subscription list will grow until it is large enough to justify the reduction of the subscription price to $2. Right here I would suggest, could not THE TRUTH SEEKER issue a prospectus, on a single sheet, about 8x10 or 8x12 inches, of proper design, offering to send the paper, say three months as a trial, for such sum as you might wish, and inclose one such prospectus with each paper to each one of your subscribers? I believe in that way, with slight expense, we might soon double your susbcription.

Of two of your old subscribers from this place one has died, and the other has removed. The remaining one—your servant—is almost discouraged. We hav here a fine hall, a county seat town off the railroad five miles, but not a Liberal lecturer is ever heard or seen here. I wish I had the address of some one who would come into southeastern Indiana and assist in waking up the dry bones of orthodoxy. There are many good towns in this part of the state, and I can't see why all our men pass us by. If we can't do better, we will hav to wake up ourselvs and organize home talent, and make or deliver our own lectures and speeches. Long liv the illustrated TRUTH SEEKER! Yours in truth,
ADAM STOCKINGER.

CŒUR D'ALENE, IDAHO TER., Jan. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav had the pleasure of reading your paper for the last six months. I will just make this remark: Your illustrations are immense. People who don't, can't, or won't read, must see, if they hav eyes, and the story is told just the same.

When I was a child, back in the state of Maine, I was afraid to go into the cellar without a person with me. Now, in this age, a child of Idaho would go five miles in a dark night, through forests infested with wild beasts, to do an errand. Such publications as THE TRUTH SEEKER hav brought about this change within the memory of

Your servant, THOS. S. DALY.

MAITLAND, MO., Jan. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We hav just had a debate here between W. F. Jamieson and Elder Dungan, twelve sessions, two hours each, in which the Infidel carried off the palm. The Christians were jubilant at first, but now they are as quiet as lambs, and many feel that the elder has gone home "a wiser and a sadder man," while such remarks as the following hav been heard from some of them: "I do not like to say the Infidel won, but Dungan ought to hav come better prepared." After Jamieson had laid down some twenty principles of Liberalism, and accepted all the good things of the Bible, it was evident to a close observer that Dungan had struck something he was not looking for, while this position of the Infidel, as the exponent of Liberal principles, was a general surprise to the Christians, they believing, as they had been taught, that there was nothing good in Infidels, and their teachings were bad, and the burden of the elder's efforts was to try to sustain this prejudice in the minds of the people, but it was no go. Infidelity is much more respected and widely defused in this section than ever before, or would hav been by other means than the debate. The utter failure, by one of their best men, to successfully defend Christianity and the Bible against Liberalism has had a profound impression, and dealt a blow from which superstition in this section will never recover. They retaiued the elder for a week to try to heal up the wound by means of a revival, but the result was of little value to them. The subjects of the debate was: "Infidelity is better calculated to advance mankind physically, morally, and intellectually, than Christianity;" Jamieson affirmed. 2. "The Bible is the best guide in morals, and agrees with science;" Jamieson denied.

I like the idea of illustrating THE TRUTH SEEKER. The pictures contained in the last two issues will do more to diffiuse the true situation among the masses than the finest articles by our best writers. Count my vote as one for illustrations. Yours fraternally, DR. H. B. MAXWELL.

VINELAND, N. J., Dec. 15, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: Our brethren of King Solomon's Lodge, of Toronto, Ont. (it seems from yours of December 5th), hav expelled one of their members for holding Agnostic views, and are sustained by the Graud Master, who, in turn, says he is sustained by grand lodges elsewhere.

Next W. C. Bryant, a master Mason of fourteen years' standing in Ithaca Lodge, writes a faithful and truthful criticism of the proceedings, and sends to the secretary of the Toronto Lodge. Next the master of this lodge sends a copy to the master of Ithaca Lodge, and Bryant is expelled.

Here it seems that Freemasonry and Freethought are up for trial, and the trial has come none too soon. These lodges assume that Freemasonry belongs to Christianity. This I deny. Freemasonry claims its birth long before that of Christianity. But even if it were older, it would hav no more right to control Masonry than to control the United States, formed long after Christianity was inaugurated.

Now, let me ask you, my dear brethren, did you ever understand that a belief in Christianity, or in a God, or any number of gods, was necessary in order to become a Mason?

Near sixty years ago I was made an Entered Apprentice Mason in Watertown, Jefferson county, N. Y., and in a few years raised to the Royal Arch. I never was a Christian. I never saw a God of any kind, and I never believed in one. As far as I know, the majority of Masons were not Christians.

Now, what is it best to do about it? Shall we commence a war for Masonry? Will it pay? Is it worth it? If we can't sustain it without fighting, let it go, or let the Christians hav it, for they are the bloodiest fighters in the world. Let us take an account of stock, and see if it is worth fighting for. What does Masonry claim? First, that it is the oldest institution in the world (the fig-leaf apron that Adam wore was a token of Freemasonry). Supposing it was, would that benefit us now? Are old things better than new? Are not railroads and telegraphs ahead of any and all previous institutions of the kind?

Freemasonry has boasted of its great charity to all, and especially to its own members and their families. Now, what are the facts? Are there no institutions being introduced among us as benevolent and useful as the Masonic?

I am obliged to say that I cannot recollect of our lodge ever giving one dollar to Masons, their families, or any other persons. The great sums paid into the lodges by the brethren are said to be squandered extravagantly and often in dissipation. Of this I know nothing personally, but fear there is too much truth in it. JOHN GAGE.

MINNEAPOLIS, KAN., Jan. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The talented lecturer, J. E. Remsburg, favored us with three more lectures on the 16th, 17th, and 18th inst. On the last-named date we organized a Secular Society, and we are now ready to receive and distribute Secular literature.

I am in favor of a bold, vigorous, and steady advocacy of the Nine Demands. Liberals should unite into a harmonious union in behalf of these demands. Other questions may be discussed, but it is of paramount importance that we do not break off more than we carry, for too great a burden retards progress. After the Nine Demands triumph, other questions will receive more attention than it is wise to giv them now, in connection with the demands decided upon. It is important that we use wise discretion, and make our steps do efficient and progressiv work. The Nine Demands are just, and the introduction or association of other demands together with them would probably only serve to retard the advance of these special ones upon which so many truth seekers agree. Let us force these demands to an issue in state and national politics as quickly as possible. After this aim is accomplished, and the questions be in issue before the people, conservativ, non-committal policy men will be forced to lay aside their mask of deception and fear, and giv expression to their honest convictions, and our cause will at once become popular.

The pictorial feature of THE TRUTH SEEKER is a happy hit. The truth has been discovered; now illustrate it. Object lessons are quick education. WARREN REED,
Sec. Minn. Secular Union.

OREGON, MO., Jan. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The trouble with Lewis the Light (see issue of Jan. 16th) is that his story is not antique enough, although *antic*. Just wait long enough and his dreams, related as hearsay, will become fundamental to the faith of millions—for does not Christianity rest on the statement that Christ was, first, conceived by the Holy Ghost; second, born of the Virgin Mary? Withdraw those two, and what becomes of all the fabric of Christianity? Now, this story was floating around as hearsay when the men who penned the gospels seized on it. It will not be pretended that Christ is the witness, for even if he told it, he being authority, "his witness is untrue." It simply stands on a dream of the venerable Joseph, reported as hearsay. The dreams of the Uncle Joes of to-day who marry virgins and find them "great" are laughed at by the boys. So was this one's by his contemps. Shove a fancy back only a few generations and it becomes a solemn fact.

I particularly like our TRUTH SEEKER because it admits the freest discussion on all topics. A publisher myself, nothing pleases me better than for anyone to attack my most cherished opinions through my own paper. It is remarkable how few people comprehend Liberalism. Almost everybody defines orthodoxy as his own "doxy" and heterodoxy as some other man's "doxy," as the good bishop did. We all naturally incline to be narrow, and it requires trained effort to keep out of our selfish ruts. The art of logical discussion should be taught in our common schools, but it is now wholly neglected. Truly yours, CLARKE IRVINE.

BURR OAK, MICH., Jan. 25, 286.

MR. EDITOR: This is a country of free (?) speech and equal rights, and as an illustration of that fact let me tell the TRUTH SEEKER readers what happened here.

Burr Oak has a little weekly paper called the *Acorn*. In the issue of Jan. 21st there appeared a contribution from some raving Christian imbecil who asked for space to "giv a few thoughts in answer to the question which seems to arise in the minds of a great many people as to whether death is the end of this mortal career, or whether there is a life beyond." There was not a word in the article that even remotely approached an argument. It was simply an outburst of the stereotyped idiocy that may be heard at any revival. As an indication of the mental condition of the aforesaid contributor, I will quote this: "After having read the word of God, I found that it agreed with my experience, and for that reason I accepted it and firmly believe every word of it." And this: "When I talk of experience I know what I am talking about, and all the forces of the false teachers of this world and the regions of the damned could not blow it out of me." Here is another: "Is it any wonder that there are so many disbelievers, when we get from the pulpit that we cannot hav experimental knowledge of an instantaneous redemption from sin?" This is a slap at some preacher, but who he is I hav not yet learned. Other quotations appear in my answer. Of course I would not descend to a discussion with such a specimen of the genus homo (?), but as she, or it, had brought up the subject I thought it a good chance to encourage the people to giv it some special thought. That crushing article was signed, "A Well-Wisher." I wrote a brief reply and handed it to the publisher of the *Acorn*, at the same time asking him if he would publish it. After examining it, he declined, on the ground that it would hurt his business, at the same time stating that he had no personal objection to it whatever. I think it is high time that the Liberals of Burr Oak and vicinity should inform the *Acorn* man that he must either look to Christians and hybrids entirely for his support, or else publish a notice that no contribution will be received from anyone that touches on any religious question. It seems to me that the duty of Liberals in this vicinity is plain. I inclose the copy intended for publication in the *Acorn*, which please publish with this.

N. G. W.

THE LETTER.

ED. ACORN: Last week "A Well-Wisher" asked for a little space "to giv a few thoughts" in answer to a very important question. Well, I read the article through, but did not discover a single trace of a "thought" in answer to the question which the writer set out to discuss. A plain question then arose to my mind, namely, why did "Well-Wisher" ask for space for a certain purpose and then ignore that purpose entirely? "Well-Wisher" says, "I would simply say that death is not the end of life, but we hav a soul that will continue to liv through all eternity, either with God in heaven or with devils in hell." To "simply say" that is a very easy task indeed! It is "simply" a repetition of the Christian doctrin of future reward and punishment, and has been heard and read by almost every person in this country a thousand times before. But the writer of these lines, being a very humble and ignorant individual, desires to ask "Well-Wisher" whether she (no man ever wrote that communication) considers the above-quoted statement an answer to the question whether there is or is not a future life, a heaven and a hell? "Well-Wisher" declares positivly that no false teacher in this world or a hotter one can "blow" her experience out of her. If any person has been trying to blow experience or anything else out of "Well-Wisher," that person certainly ought to apologize for such rudeness, but still I can't see that any amount of blowing, on either side, proves anything. This article is not written for the purpose of denying any doctrin, nor for ridiculing the Christian or any other religion, but, being an anxious inquirer after truth, I simply ask that writers on all subjects shall giv what they believe to be sound reasons for their faith in any theory advanced by them. I ask this in the interest of all who are honestly seeking information. "Well-Wisher" also says, "I am neither a fanatic nor a fool." That may or may not be true. Unsupported by proof, it is open to question, but, whether true or not, it throws no ray of light on the question at issue. But I think the real animus of "Well-Wisher's" article is contained in the sentence that plainly implies strong censure of some member or members of the clergy. It is quite evident that, in "Well-Wisher's" opinion, some reverend gentleman has been preaching heretical doctrin and deserves a plain rebuke. Perhaps some minister will rise and throw some light on this point. It is of great interest, both to church-members and outsiders, to know whether "Well-Wisher's" implied charge against at least a part of the Christian ministry is or is not true. WELL-WISHER No. 2.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1886.

MR, EDITOR: The most interesting part of THE TRUTH SEEKER to me are its discussions, and in its impartiality it merits its name, and has my love and preference over all other publications. Perhaps the most interesting question it discusses is Spiritualism, and although it pains me to see the old spirit of intolerance pervades some of the correspondents, I read all, and would suggest to the participants: Giv us your best thought and most convincing argument; discussion evolves truth and ever results in good; a little ridicule may spice an article, but personal abuse is very poor argument. And while we claim the privilege to speak of Christianity as a fraud, and its ministers as humbugs and hypocrits, let us not get mad if our own pet theories are handled without gloves. This idea was suggested by reading the postscript of a late letter from our old friend, Seward Mitchell, wherein he speaks of that "fraud and trickster, Truesdell," and his exposure of Spiritualism as a "villainous affair." Now I sympathize with Brother Mitchell in many respects. But while granting Brother Mitchell the right to his ideas, and the expression of those ideas, as well as combating all ideas which he believes detrimental to his fellow-man, I must claim for myself, Mr. Truesdell, and all the rest, the same rights; and while I do not approve the tactics of Mr. Truesdell, I am aware that the opponents of slavery were not always particular as to the method they adopted. I would suggest to Brother Mitchell the magnanimity of A. Ward, when he says: "I will not call that man a liar and a hoss thief who says my show is a humbug." Brother Mitchell is an Anarchist. So am I, but warfare is against all authority, whether of this world or the world to come. For the life of me I cannot see why a man has not as good right to govern and control his fellow-man before as after death; and in this respect Spiritualism is slavery. Webster defines slavery as "the state of entire subjectiou of one person to the will of another." Is not this a definition of "spirit-control" for a practical demonstration? I would refer the reader to Dr. Chesebrough's article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 21, 1885, wherein he claims that Mr. Truesdell is acting under spirit control. Talk about the credulity of the fourteenth century! Can anything equal this? And yet it seems to be quite a general belief among Spiritualists. I hav in mind this moment a young man, son of wealthy Spiritualists,

whose home has been the resort of the best mediumistic talent in the country. But with all his facilities for seeing and hearing, he is a Materialist and disbeliever in disembodied spirits. Of course the explanation is easy enough to his relativs and friends. One of those provoking "Diakkas," whose chief business in life, or death, rather, is to deny their own existence, has got hold of him. Not with so tenacious a grip, it would seem, as they hav on Truesdell; his respect for his parents and friends overcomes their evil influence to such an extent that he is enabled to keep quiet on the subject. I will not deny that it is

"A beautiful belief that ever round our head,
On angel wings, are hovering the spirits of the dead."

But when you come to "Diakkas," no, thanks! I'll take none in mine. Is it any wonder that a theory which leads to such a conclusion should excite no interest in scientific minds? Science is practical; what cannot be demonstrated cannot be utilized, and should be rejected. It is about as practicable as the god idea. My worthy relativ, a firm believer in "spirit power," tells me the wonders she has seen. A lily freshly plucked was thrown upon the table, a chunk of gold-bearing quartz dropped upon the table, being brought from mines in Nevada, I believe. Now I had been reading of a case of starvation in our city of plenty, and the idea was suggested, if gold could be brought from Nevada, or a lily from a neighboring conservatory, why not a loaf of bread from the baker's? But no, our spirits are too busy with the tricks of the cabinet. As Ingersoll said of God, "he is too busy watching the sparrows fall and numbering the hairs of our head to succor the needy." Ah! but the "conditions" were not favorable; our spirit friends can only act under certain conditions. Just so; then our spirit friends must enjoy themselvs hugely in the "summer-land," with their hands tied and their friends starving. I hav no evidence as to the truth or falsity of Spiritualism; I believe it to be the twin of witchcraft; both the children of Christianity and the Bible, and probably just as true as any of its systems of theology.

Dio Lewis says: "All Christians believe that the spirit livs after the body, and it is a precious tenet of their faith that their departed ones are 'ministering spirits,' ever watching over their earth friends. Spiritualists say that they believe this Christian faith is true, and they add that they believe these ministering spirits can and do speak to us. This would hardly seem to be an unpardonable departure from the Christian faith. The bitterness of Christians toward Spiritualists is queer." And, I would add, the bitterness of Spiritualists toward Christians seems a little unfilial, to say the least.

Notwithstanding Brother Mitchell regards Materialism as cold, and dark, and dreary, it seems to me to be the only sure foundation; and if we cannot build thereon pleasures sufficient unto this life, who's to blame? The prospect, as Mrs. Besant says, "may not be as wide as that seen from the mountain of faith, but then it is solid ground, while the other is a mirage;" and, unless it is better to believe a falsehood that promises great joy than accept the truth without any promises, it seems to me we should study, investigate, and extract what joy we may from the known, and not speculate on or trust in the unknown. Yet I am aware that

"Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some sweet falsehood, hugs it to the last."

I would not disturb the faith, if I could, or lessen the comfort of Brother Mitchell in his hopes of immortality; I only ask his patience and forbearance when I express the groveling wish to be at rest when I die. Like Shakspere's cobbler, I would "meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters," after passing to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

And it would seem that I am not alone in this. The Buddhists, we are told, take comfort in their hopes of annihilation. Think of it, brother. It is enough to giv one the ague entirely. Millions on their knees praying for eternal rest and oblivion after death.

"That which began in him when he began
Is finished; he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him man.
Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes
Unto *Nirvana*. He is one with life,
Yet livs not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
. . . The dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea."

In the same paper that Dr. Chesebrough outlines some of the teachings of Spiritualism, Brother Mitchell says, "There never was a Spiritualist—no, not one—who ever taught the doctrin, Believe or be damned." Then follow these words which I emphasize, "*If human brotherhood ever comes to this earth it will be by the teachings of Spiritualism, or it will never come.*" This may not mean "believe or be damned," but it is evident we must believe or not be blessed—with human brotherhood.

Shakspere's Portia says, "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings." I think it is so with Spiritualists. At least I hav seen no evidence in their gatherings and conventions which leads me to believe that universal brotherhood depends upon universal Spiritualism. Brother Mitchell givs expression to that superiority which is the boast of all systems of religion. Christ said his teachings must be accepted or "hell would be to pay."

I regard Spiritism as mental slavery, and, therefore, degrading; as a cloak for devi try, and, therefore dangerous; as impracticable, and, therefore, useless.

As Ingersoll says: "I attack the monsters, the phantoms of imagination, that hav ruled the world; I attack slavery; I ask for room for the human mind. . . Why should we enslave ourselvs? Why should we be the slaves of phantoms —phantoms that we create ourselvs? The darkness of barbarism was the womb of these shadows. In the light of science they cannot cloud the sky forever. I plead for light, for air, for opportunity. I plead for individual independence. I plead for the rights of labor, and of thought. I plead for a chainless future. Let the ghosts go—justice remains. Let them disappear—men, women, and children are left. Man is greater than these phantoms. Humanity is grander than all the creeds, than all the books. Humanity is the sky, and these religions, and dogmas, and theories, are but the mists and clouds, changing continually, destined to melt away. Let the ghosts go, we will worship them no more. Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands, and fade forever from the imagination of men."

A. L. BALLOU.

LOTUS, CAL., Jan. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $6. Apply $3 on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, the best paper published, and apply balance as per inclosed list, and if there is any change coming, send small missionary documents to balance. With best wishes for the success of your paper and all connected with it, I am, as ever,

Yours truly, G. W. RAMSEY.

EL PASO, TEXAS, Jan. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed fifty cents for two copies of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886, and one dollar for some of the smaller Truth Seeker Tracts.

The Freethinkers of this town, or at least a few of them, are now making arrangements to get Mr. J. D. Shaw, of Waco, Texas, to deliver a course of lectures here. Texan Liberals should organize local societies wherever possible, and induce this gentleman to make a lecturing tour all through the state. Mr. Shaw is editor and publisher of a Liberal monthly paper, the *Independent Pulpit*, which should be on the reading table of all Secular societies in America, and in every Seeular home. The subscription for one year is one dollar.

If the Secularists of the South were better organized we could also get some of the northern Liberal lecturers to visit us, Mr. S. P. Putnam having already promised to do so, and I hav reason to believe that Mr. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, Mich., could be induced to come amongst us "preaching the good word." By the by, how is it that Mr. Burnham's name is not oftener mentioned in THE TRUTH SEEKER? I consider him one of the best lecturers we hav, especially well versed on scientific subjects, and is well able to make the latter understood by persons who hav not studied such previously. I think our friends of Pittsburgh and Toronto, who had the benefit of his lectures during last winter, will support these statements. CHAS. PETERS.

BURR OAK, MICH., Jan. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10.10, which please apply according to the accompanying order. And while I hav my pen in hand, I will, as you requested some time since your patrons should do, express my opinion upon the propriety of illustrating THE TRUTH SEEKER.

My humble and individual opinion is that the space occupied by the pictures would be better used in pen illustrations and exposures of the many religious and superstitious evils and tyranny yet in practice in all the Christian lands, and especially so, if by so doing it would increase the price of the paper, which is already of such dimensions that it too often proves to be a wall that one can neither climb over, break through, or go round, when soliciting new subscribers. My voice, however, is but one, and that a small one. As I hav taken a through ticket I shall not disembark or change pilots until I land at my final and everlasting resting-place, which cannot be far distant, as I hav already seen threescore and fourteen summers. Yours ever for the right,

M. P. THURSTON.

[It is a mistake to suppose that the price of subscription to this paper is to be raised on account of the illustrations; *it will remain the same*, and reference to our terms on another page will show how to get the paper very cheap.—ED. T. S.]

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 28, 1886.

Mr. EDITOR: TRUTH SEEKER ANNUALS for 1886 at hand. In my humble opinion they are splendidly got up. And I think they will hav a large sale among the Freethinkers throughout the country. If I could not get another I would not sell mine at ten times its cost. I prize it highly for the pictures it contains of our real saviors of humanity.

GEO. LONGFORD.

SMITHVILLE FLATS, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $6.25—$3 for myself another year; $2 for the new subscriber, which I donate to illustrate your paper; 50 cents for Helen H. Gardener's new book, "Men, Women, and Gods;" 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886, or last year's, if it is better than this, or both if you choose; and 50 cents for "Sabbath-Breaking" and "Bible Morals," both by John E. Remsburg.

I can cheerfully join with others in saying I am pleased with the paper and think it is improving. The illustrations are perfect; the expressions of the faces portray the exact feeling designed. When Mr. Bennett started around the world I made him a present of $10, I think, and donated two new subscribers, one of which you will probably always keep. The other was the Universalist minister that married us in church, a kind-hearted fellow, and I thought he would take it kindly, but I hav lost his friendship for life. So you see they feel just as badly about having the Bible fraud exposed to the rising generation as the rabid orthodox do. Science is king, and I rejoice that it is being unfolded so fast. 'Tis cheering to notice, too, the approach of woman's emancipation. Many years ago I said, Now that the black slave is free, why not emancipate the white ones—the mother, wife, and sister of our law-making men, and all others? It is so humiliating not to be represented anywhere, when all that is noble and good in humanity ebbs and flows through woman! The mother is the world's champion umpire to-day (if they only knew it, and what a pity they do not!), and time will define it so. One thing more. I am sorry that the Liberal element is not all of the same good quality, so it can blend more harmoniously in every part of the work. I care not what name they go by, only that they be honest, virtuous, true, and good. I never thought that to be truly Liberal we would hav to indorse the unclean or anything that shocked our sense of propriety. Sincerely, M. M. T.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, WY. TER., Jan 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan 16th came to-night. I take back all I may hav said derogatory of an illustrated TRUTH SEEKER. "The Spider and the Fly" is splendid. Our whole house was in rapture over it. "Cute and it cuts," said one. "A black hole of despair." The words of Castelar were quoted: "The Rome of Cæsars would hav made the whole world a camp. The Rome of the popes would hav made the whole world a monastery." Watson Heston has our most hearty thanks. Let us hav more. I will try and get more subscribers.

Your editorial on Mormonism is "away up." The boomerang will hit more than Mormonism. I am glad you gave the "yeas" and "nays." We will see what the House will do with it. Keep to the high altitude of constitutional freedom for all. The Mormon who marries is a thousand times better than the Mormon of New York city who seduces and then abandons his victim to be trodden under foot. THE TRUTH SEEKER is more than a truth seeker, it is the justice seeker.

Very sincerely yours, G. L. HENDERSON.

DENVER, COL., Jan. 19, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.00 for dear old TRUTH SEEKER for present year. The pictures are grand, "The Spider and the Fly" is so realistic that one shudders as one beholds. The picture speaks volumes. Mr. Heston's pencil is doing brave work; the same amount of space for the pen could not tell "the old, old story," one half so well.

"The Maneuvers of the Last Hour!" was there ever such a grim sarcasm on *je donne à l'eglise?*" In these two pictures our "Christian friends" hav a most direct and concise answer to Robbie Burns's prayer,

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

May this New Year hold much of good for THE TRUTH SEEKER, its workers and friends, is the warm wish of

MRS. BUCKNER-JOHNSON, M.D.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., Jan. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me the inclosed list of books, pamphlets, etc., an order which we hope to supplement by a larger one after we are organized, as we expect to be by the time Mr. Reynolds reaches here with the stereopticon next month. I received your blanks, and will endeavor to increase the circulation of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER.

The illustrations are splendid. They speak volumes. One thing more and your paper would be perfect—namely, an index to the articles. It is growing with me to be more indispensable every week. I keep a very few—send them all out to do missionary work, together with pamphlets, leaflets, etc.

As a sample of the intellectual food our young are being fed with see the following: A few weeks ago the Presbyterians of this city got a new minister, the Rev. Dr. Archibald, a young man, who, in a sermon to young men, "unguardedly," in eulogizing the power and influence of Christianity, among other things equally false, said: "Nine new churches in America every day throughout the year were dedicated to the cause of Christ, and not one temple that he could remember reared by Infidels dedicated to the goddess of *unreason*. One in Boston and one in New York had been opened some time ago; both were now closed—the former sold under the hammer of the sheriff. And he knew of no other temple dedicated to the dissemination of Infidel principles." Again: "Where were the colleges, asylums, refuges, and orphanages started by Infidels? Nowhere! Philanthropic work and the work of raising fallen man were done only by the followers of Christ."

I, in an open letter (published in same paper his sermon was published), the day following, challenged him to—either through the press or on public platform—meet a representativ Infidel and produce evidence of the truth of his false assertions. Touching the philanthropy of Infidels, also of the sale of the Paine Memorial Hall, etc., I said the Paine Memorial Hall was still owned by Infidels; meetings held there every Sunday, two and three together, with meetings through the week. The Boston *Investigator* published in that building. There was also a large stone hall built and owned by Infidels, and dedicated to the Goddess of (Un) Reason in the town of Alton, Ont. I also gave that list of Infidel charities published in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1885, and closed by saying: "If the other parts of your sermon bear the same relation to truth as those parts I hav criticized, I leave an intelligent public to judge its value."

To say that my letter raised a commotion among the "unco' guid" is putting it mildly. I hav been congratulated by more than one Christian for having published my letter, but not a sound has been introduced by this true disciple of Paul, this lying, false coward of the coward's castle, who believes in lying for the glory of God. But, as I believe, a white-headed follower of Christ anonymously replied with the "Mary Roscoe story" of the horrid death-bed scenes and recantation of Thomas Paine. I replied to him, asking him to, over the name his father gave him, repeat the above as true, and I would prove this equally as false as I had the assertions of Dr. Archibald. That gun, too, is spiked now. Mr. Archibald has not had the honesty or gentlemanly principle to say he was misinformed, or challenge the truth of my statements and figures. The reason is obvious.

In conclusion, I heartily indorse every word of the article by W. F. Jamieson in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 9th. We must capture the young before reason can ever occupy the position now occupied by superstition.

Yours, for the abolition of Bible reading and other religious exercises from our public schools, D. NEILSON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Be True.

Young friends, to whom life's early days
Are bright with promis all,
And to whose view the glowing rays
Of hope uncloüded fall;
To counsel each to choose the good,
Throughout the coming years, I would
A precept giv to you:
Observe, if you success would win,
The wealth of worth embodied in
Two little words: Be true.

Be true to right: let justice still
Her even balance claim;
Unawed, unbribed, through good or ill,
Make rectitude your aim.
Unswayed by prejudice, thy mind
Each day submitted claims will find
To champion or deny;
Then cast, acording to thy light,
Thy influence on the side of right,
Though all the world goes by.

Be true to truth: the proudest name
That sterling worth may win
Is soiled and tarnished past reclaim
Where falsehood enters in.
No gem that arduous toil may find,
In learning's fields, adorns the mind
Like truth's pure, shining ray.
And from her presence error's crowds
Of worshipers disperse like clouds
Before the rising day.

Be true to reason: let her light
Be ever glorified.
And make through life her beacon bright
A fixed, enduring guide;
False views of life young faith may blind,
False creeds allure the youthful mind
And its adherence win,
But reason's steady light to thee
An oracle of truth shall be—
A monitor within.

Be true to self-respect: the world
May judge thy motivs wrong,
And slander's poisoned shafts be hurled
Where virtue moves along.
Keep thou the upright ways that find
The approval of thy own good mind—
"To thine own self be true;"
So shalt thou proudly walk erect,
And, conscious of thy own respect,
Make others' honor due.

These are the virtues, these the ways,
That bring their own reward;
And to observe them all thy days
Keep constant watch and guard.
He who from these his guidance takes
Givs to the race the hope that makes
The march of man sublime;
And each good deed, each wrong withstood,
Livs, in its influence for the good,
Throughout all coming time!

Middle Falls, N. Y. D. LOUIS BODGE.

A Boy's Fortune; or, the Sign of the Golden Sheep.

Once there was a boy who, when about fifteen years old, thought he would like to go and seek his fortune. He lived on a little farm with his parents and brothers and sisters, away down in Maine, and the big, bustling, far-off world appeared very bright and dazzling to his boyish eyes. He hungered to see it, to be one in the great, stirring, toiling mass of mankind; and, besides, he wanted an education, a better education than he could get working on the farm, with only a few montlis' schooling each year.

Perhaps you will think it very hard that his father wanted two hundred dollars in money for his time till twenty-one, if he went away, but that was the custom of those days, and the boy agreed to pay his father that sum for the chance of seeing the world and earning his own living. This boy had never worn any other than homespun clothing, that is, clothes spun and woven into cloth by his mother at home. His wardrobe was not extensiv, either, for it was all tied up in a handkerchief, and that was homespun, too, when he started out to seek his fortune.

A brother took him in a sleigh fifteen miles on his journey, then bade him good-bye, and left him to pursue his way on foot to Portland, then fifty-four miles distant. On he trudged with stout heart, for he was young and brave, and was on a voyage of discovery.

"Why didn't he ride?" you ask. Well, he had only nine dollars and he wanted to be prudent and make his money go as far as he could.

One night he slept in a hotel, and breakfasted the next morning early on crackers and milk; but, after traveling awhile, he was so hungry that he had to hav a more substantial breakfast, which he obtained at Gorham Corners; then on he went again, getting quite tired and weary, but never losing hope or courage, all the way to Portland, where he engaged passage on a steamer for Boston, as this place was the Mecca of his hopes.

His scanty purse was almost depleted when he arrived there. The streets were full of people and everything was new and strange. He applied again and again for some work to do, but the brown-eyed, flaxen-haired boy, in his homespun jacket, stood a poor chance in a big city where there were plenty of boys with friends to help them to chances.

His father had often told the children at home about the time when *he* had worked for a morocco dresser in Cambridge, who had for a sign a golden sheep. That sign had often glittered before the boy's eyes, and now seemed to lure him on like a star of promis. So on he pressed toward the sign of the golden sheep, which he found readily enough, still swinging and sparkling in the sunlight.

"My father worked here once," he thought. "Surely they will be glad to hav his son work for them."

But no—they didn't want any more help; and what did they care for the son of a former workman?

The golden sheep lost its fascination as he turned disconsolately away. He would be *so* glad to work—to do anything he could get to do. His money was all gone, too, and he was hungry and cold, and nobody can wonder if he was a little homesick and lonely. After a while he did find employment, but he fainted at his task, having been long without food and comfortable shelter. Of course, they did not want a sick boy to work, and again he started on a search for employment. In a factory where hinges were made he was asked,

"Can you make hinges?"

"Yes," was the quick reply; "if somebody will show me how to make one hinge."

He required but little showing, and soon made a hinge to suit, but the old workman appearing at the forge, there was no place for him, and he again started in search of honest labor.

Sometimes he found what he sought for a short period, and once a dishonest employer wronged him out of a whole month's pay, which was a serious loss to one whose time was actual bread and butter. These were dark and troubled days, but the brave boy never once lost his courage or faith in ultimate success.

From town to town he wandered, pleading for work of any kind. One Sunday found the young hero, tired and hungry, in the town of Abington. The rosy diadem of the great world had almost grown to a crown of thorns that pierced his brow as he looked into the many strange faces on their way to church or Sunday-school. Finally he met an old gentleman whose face shone kindly beneath his broad-brimmed Quaker hat, and he ventured to ask him if he knew where a boy could find employment. He did know, and directed him to a manufacturer of shoes.

The manufacturer, whose name was Shaw, and his wife received the weary stranger pleasantly, and promised him work on the morrow. He staid in this place quite a while, and learned to make shoes. Industrious and prudent, in two years he had saved two hundred dollars to pay his father, and had something left beside.

Do you think he had forgotten his plan of an education? By no means. Soon he became a student at Gould's Academy, three miles from his old home, to and from which he walked to school, learning his lessons on the way, and by candle-light at home. He had to pay his board, for his father was verv strict in money matters, but when his money was exhausted he went to work and earned more.

With him difficulties existed to be overcome, and right bravely did he surmount them all.

In his heart, quick to feel for others' woes, was implanted sympathy for the toilers of earth, and for the down-trodden and oppressed of all natious. He became, as he grew into manhood, interested in the antislavery movement, and, in the face of severe opposition of friends and kindred, he boldly spoke ringing words for the enslaved, declaring their equal right to liberty and happiness.

This then unpopular doctrin repelled many from him, but he knew he was right, and bravely pursued his way, finished his course at school, studied law, and, mastering it, was straightway admitted to practice in the courts. The storms still beat upon him, however, for where they raged the hardest there he chose to be, battling ever for truth and freedom. Those who know him best loved and trusted him most. His unswerving honesty gained him choice friends, and when his old employer, Mr. Shaw, died the final settling of his estate was placed in the young lawyer's hands as one worthy of all confidence and trust. Other business of a like character has been entrusted to him, and every duty was discharged with the utmost fidelity. Once a mob surrounded his house, clamorous for a slave woman who was stopping there on her way from slavery to Canada and freedom. Calmly this heroic gentleman met the furious crowd and sent them quietly away.

So emphatic was he against another kind of slavery—that of intoxicating liquor—that three times the adherents of whisky and the dram-shops set his house on fire.

A short timé since he was nominated for representativ to Congress, and had he been elected no braver, truer man would hav met him on the floor of the nation's capitol. Now I hav been telling you of no fictitious character, but of a real, living man, who has arisen from homespun and a lowly condition to a position of eminence and trust. How did he do it? I'll tell you. By patience, perseverance, energy; by integrity, sobriety, honesty, and a correct and honorable dealing with all persons. The sign of the golden sheep, that lured him on in boyhood, has lost its gleam and brightness before a more beautiful, more glittering symbol—*the sign of the golden truth*—that has never left him for a day or an hour.

In the glory and splendor of mature life he is awake to every movement that would benefit humanity, and is quick to catch the inspiration of each passing hour. The working man has no better, no truer friend on earth, and "the cause that lacks assistance" need never look to him in vain. He is one of the true and noble men who make the world better for living in it. His fortune is in the virtues, the qualities that belong to a true manhood, and his example is a beacon light to travelers on life's highway. If you should go to Chicago, where he livs, I hav no doubt he would be glad to see you, and tell you more of his eventful history. His name is A. J. Grover.

Her Picture.

It is framed in satin and cherry,
And stands on a shelf in my room;
The eyes are as brown as a berry,
With a sparkle that scatters the gloom.

In the cheeks there's a hint of a dimple,
And a gracefulness lies over all,
From the make of the bonnet, so simple,
To the knob on the blue parasol.

The face is as fair and as sunny
As the figure is stately and bold,
And when I am counting my money
I reckon her in as pure gold.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—A METAMORPHOSIS—AND AN INFERENCE.

Let *two score men and two*
Stand in a line to view,
If from their *midst* one go away,
There's not a single man to stay;
For metamorphosed now they stand,
Just *two score ladies* in a band.
Nine tailors go a *man* to make—
To form *one woman* here you take
One man and just one fortieth more,
Or *forty-one* to make *two score*.
"Logic is logic"—so say I,
"And *figures*," so they say, "can't lie;"
Letters to form the *words* combine,
Each written word truth's visual sign—
Yet so am I, a man of beard,
By these smooth-faced Delilahs sheared.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—What is the difference between six dozen dozen and a half dozen dozen?

WM. SCOTT.

3—REBUS.



The central picture represents a familiar household vessel, and the surrounding objects, what it might contain.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 23, 1886.

1.—No. 2.—Haslet. 3.—John E. Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking." 4.—2560. 5.—Minie—rifle.

SOLVERS.—Edward Bamback, G. W. Williams, Wm. Scott.

J. K. P. B.—Your answer to "Something to Think About" is too long and too metaphysical for the minds of our children. "Little craft must keep near the shore."—ED. C. C.

Correspondence.

THOROLD, ONT., Jan. 18, 1886.

MISS SUSAN WIXON, *Dear Madam:* I hav seen so many little pieces in the Children's Corner that I thought I would send one too. I take great pleasure in looking at those funny pictures of people with horns and tails, the like of which I never saw before. This is my first time of writing to you, so I will close.

Yours truly, JOHNNY MOGILL.

COLON, MICH., Jan. 18, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I liv with my grandpa and grandma, and grandpa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for a good many years. And we all like it ever so much. I read the Children's Corner; and I see so many letters from the little ones, and as you allowed Uncle John in the Children's Corner, and as I am nine years old, I thought you would allow me there too. My parents liv ten miles away in the country on a farm, and I stay here so I can go to school. We had two weeks' vacation through the holidays, and father came after us so we could spend the holidays over at home. We had a nice time. I hav a little brother, who will be six years old the 22d of February; and I hav a little sister, who will be two years old in June. We all had lots of presents at Christmas time. The baby's stockings were such tiny things she borrowed a pair of grandma's and got them full to the top. We think she is very cunning. She talks a little, and when she wants anything to eat she says, "Please, ma, pie."

Now, if you think this nice enough to put in the paper, I hope to see it there. Please find inclosed one of my cards. Yours truly,

FRANOIS B. CORNWALL.

LIBERTY, MO., Jan. 22, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I read in THE TRUTH SEEKER that you liked for girls and boys to write to you, and so I thought I would write a few lines. I am eleven years old. I go to the public school. I liv close to school. I hav recited several speeches taken from THE TRUTH SEEKER. I once took one to my teacher and she said it was not suitable for me; I asked her why, but she did not say why. I liv in the shadow of Williams Jewell College, where they manufacture Baptist preachers. There are few Liberals here, and we hav a hard road to travel. I am in the fifth reader. I like my teacher, though she is a Christian lady. We hav entertainments the end of every month. My pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER several years, and I like to read the Children's Corner. We girls hav a nice time sliding and skating, for we hav plenty of snow this winter. I believe I hav written enough.

Yours respectfully, NELLIE HAYES.

GATES, TENN., Jan. 19, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines to you. I am just thirteen years old. I am not experienced in writing letters. Pa is the only man in Gates that takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is only lately that I got interested in it. I like to read the Children's Corner very much; it is very interesting. There are not many that can be persuaded to read it, but pa loans his papers out sometimes, when he can persuade people to read them. If this escapes the waste basket I will try and write again, and will do better next time. Yours truly,

HARRY J. WINMAN.

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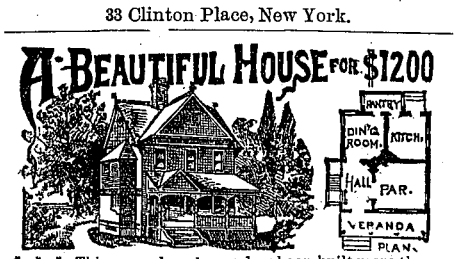
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That shades the village store
He sits at ease, an aged man
Of three-score years or more.
That ample seat for him is placed
Beside the open door.

His face is very keen and shrewd,
And piercing are his eyes,
As with an air of prophecy
He scans the cloudy skies;
And children look with awe on him,
For he is weather-wise.

And jolly farmers, riding by
On loads of fragrant hay,
Call out, "Good morning, Uncle Dan!"
And, "Will it rain to-day?"
While boys who would a-fishing go
Await what he will say.

"Wall, ef the wind should change about
[They listen eagerly,
But he is very slow and calm,
For thus should prophets be]
Mebbe them clouds will bring us rain,
But I dunno," says he.

And ever, as the seasons come,
And as the seasons go,
The oracle is asked the signs
Of wind, or rain, or snow;
But still he never hesitates
To answer, "I dunno!"

Gold.

Man's evil passions gave to gold
The mighty charm it claims to hold.
Vice and gold, both hand in hand,
Receive the homage of the land,
While simple virtue's honest face
Can find on earth no resting-place.

Saints and sinners fight and pray—
The prize is gold, gold alway.
They ask a blessing from above,
And yet they make their god of love
Pave the streets of his abode
With sordid, vile, accursed gold.

Gold that crowds the church's aisles,
Gold that builds sin's stately piles,
Gold for love, gold for hate,
Gold for pride, gold for state,
Gold for sickness, gold for health,
Gold for life, gold for death!

Gold that fires the murderer's brain,
Gold that breaks the captiv's chain,
Gold that turns young hearts to stone,
Gold that blights where'er 'tis known,
Gold to barter, gold to sell,
Gold for heaven, gold for hell!

—*J. H. Hollins.*

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Prior to reading "Men, Women, and Gods" I thought I hated superstition, believed myself versed in the so-called sacred writ, and alive to its errors and fanaticisms; flattered myself that I entertained grand ideals of man and his possibilities to an exalted estate on earth without the assistance of faith in the unknowable; supposed I was in favor of every liberty for woman which her advanced intelligence could conceive, and her purity of heart and purpose could desire; believed I saw the necessity of checking the encroachments of priestcraft upon mental and physical liberty; and I felt that I knew the ethics of humanity to be a grander and more comforting a theme to base a religion upon than faith in the efficacy of vicarious atonements. But now I hav taken a step in advance, and feel stronger and happier than before. I would that every human being could and would understandingly read "Men, Women, and Gods." Very truly,

LUCIUS C. WEST ("Uncle Lute").

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read with much satisfaction one of your latest publications, "Men, Women, and Gods," by Miss Helen H. Gardener. The introduction by Col. R. G. Ingersoll is pointed with facts and rounded with grace, and he is there, as everywhere else, on the side of justice and humanity. What do women not owe him for the death-blows he has dealt their masters—gods, priests, and church?

Like him does Miss Gardener launch out into the sea of wrongs in which womanhood struggles—reaching out her small but steady hand to rescue her sisters from the false education and religion which enslave them. Her stories of the cruelties inflicted on her sex by those twin monsters, church and priest, are horrible enough to open the eyes of the dead, and her statements are backed with proof which all intelligent people must accept. Yet so dead are many to the physical, mental, and spiritual outrages perpetrated upon them by man that they will not realize their position, even when so fully explained. Her statements are so comprehensiv that her readers hav no excuse for stumbling blindfold over the world any more. If this brave little author could only make the knowledge of the truths regarding woman's position *fashionable*, how rapidly eyesight and understanding would improve! For another evil of our false education is that fashion must reign though reason be stultified. Alas! for the weakness of human nature! We all hav our infirmities, but I am thankful that among my own I cannot class the Christian superstition. I am no idolater, and worship neither man nor man-made gods.

Miss Gardener's book is peculiarly fascinating and brilliant; forcible enough to be masculin, yet delicate and modest enough to be womanly in the truest sense of the word; combining sufficient of the male and female characteristics to make a perfect success of her work. I am proud of the production because it was written by one of my own sex. Could I hav my wish, every woman in America should own a copy, and all the clergy should hear it read aloud by a woman, just before their sermons were delivered. I think it would be a great inspiration(?) in their work.

I am so pleased myself with "Men, Women, and Gods" that I fear I hav monopolized too much of your valuable space, but my appreciation of Miss Gardener's work must be my excuse. Truly,

Cairo, Ill. AMARALA MARTIN.

Mr. John E. Remsburg, the well-known author and lecturer, of Atchison, has favored the *Gazetteer* with a copy of his new book, entitled, "The Sunday Question." This is the most exhaustiv treatis on the origin and history of the Sabbatic idea as applied to the observance of one day in seven, especially in its application to the first day of the week, that has come under our observation. Most of us were taught, when children, that the "Sabbath-breaker" was an awful criminal; to play on Sunday was not to be tolerated a moment, and we would not hav been surprised to hav seen the boy or girl who did visited by some dire calamity for so grievously tempting providence. And yet how few are aware that there is no command in the New Testament to observe Sunday as a holy or even a rest day! To Constantine and the pagan priests who preceded him, and subsequently to the edicts of the Catholic church, are we indebted for this custom of resting and worshiping on "the glorious day of the sun." Paul did not require his followers to observe the Jewish Sabbath, which he said was done away with under the new dispensation, and he knew no Sunday Sabbath. The fragments of Jesus's teachings that hav come down to us contain nothing that would indicate he considered one day any more holy than another, while he was an open violator of the Jewish Sabbath. There is no question about Sunday having been a great holiday with all nations whose religion was Sabian in its origin. The several days of the week were dedicated to the seven planets, Saturday to Saturn, Sunday to the sun, Monday to the moon, etc., and the evil influences believed to emanate from Saturn the Greater Infortunate, as he was termed, in all probability gave rise to the custom of refraining from all labor on that day. But the subject cannot be properly discussed in a brief newspaper article. We advise those who wish to pursue the investigation to read Mr. Remsburg's book. It can be had of the Truth Seeker Publishing Company, New York. Price 25 cents.—*Dennison Sunday Gazetteer.*

"Intellectual Development," by G. F. Rinehart, of Colfax, Ia., is an interesting, comprehensiv, and well-written book. Few will begin it without reading to the very end and wishing for more.

It commences the childhood of the race and follows the intellectual growth of each nation, showing the causes why and causes why not. It is a thoroughly Materialistic work. Speaking of the pioneers of human thought, he says: "Darwin, the true child of Nature, and one who knew more about his mother than any other child she ever had, has contributed more toward an intelligent solution of the 'whence' of human existence than all other thinkers who lived and died. Twenty-two years of thoughtful silence was required for the maturity of his 'Origin of Species,' but his book stands. He builded better than he knew, and to-day his theory of 'development' has passed into established science. It is maintained by every thinker of consequence on the globe. The time is near at hand when to deny evolution will be as idiotic as to deny the rotundity of the earth."

"The doctrin of 'development' was approached by Lucretius. It lingered in the dreams of Epicurus. It was a possible phantom in the mind ot Bruno. Aristotle had proclaimed it, Goethe had attained it, and Lamarck, Wolff, Wallace, and Spencer had superseded Darwin in its application and enunciation. Evolution is not new. It is just newly established. No one ever brought to it the mass of information accumulated by Darwin.

"None had removed it from the realms of necessary demonstration to the domain of established science.

"The doctrin of evolution is now an established fact. Darwin, Huxley, and Haeckel made it so."

Indeed, I hav marked so much of the book as *excellent* that I hardly know where to stop quoting. Yet I must giv a few ideas more, showing that matter is all there is:

"Creation is the result of the inherent properties of matter. Matter and force are one and inseparable, and 'force' is just as much a property of matter as form, density, or inertia. . . . Mind is molecular motion in the brain, or 'nerve force.' Each thought is accompanied by a disturbance and readjustment of the molecules of the brain."

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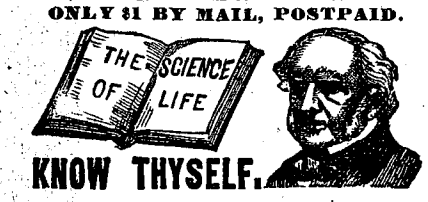


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News of the Week.

According to the *Hawkinsville News* there are eight times as many bow-legged men as women.

A church in Westfield, Mass., is giving chromos as an inducement for outsiders to attend the evening services.

The bankers and some others are making war on the Bland silver dollar because it contains only .79.50 worth of silver.

All the theaters in Cincinnati, O., except two were closed last Sunday through the intervention of the "Law and Order League."

Dr. J. M. Gorman, a well-known physician of Nashville, Tenn., cut his throat last Saturday and lay down in bed beside his wife to die.

The breaking of a levee on Roberts Island, Cal., flooded 35,000 acres of land, 12,000 of which was in wheat. The damage is estimated at $600,000.

Four men were hanged at Warsaw, in Russia, on the 29th of January. Their crime was belonging to a society called the Proletariate, which is composed of Socialists.

Members of the Salvation Army at Joliet, Ill., hav been arrested for disturbing the public peace. They raise the cry of religious persecution, and receive some sympathy.

Mrs. Bayard, wife of Thomas F. Bayard, secretary of state, died in Washington, Jan. 31st. Her death was caused by the shock of her daughter's sudden death two weeks ago.

Ex-Banker Fish is out of the Auburn prison on a vacation, and is stopping in expensiv rooms at the Murray Hill Hotel. He is needed as a witness in a case soon to be tried.

Fire-engine No. 7 in this city has a diploma in its house showing that it can hitch up and get on the way to a fire in 1⅛ seconds, beating the best records of other engins by one-half of a second.

An absurd bill has been introduced into the Connecticut legislature, the object of which is to prohibit saloon-keepers from having a screen next to the bar to hide persons from sight from the street.

The Rev. George F. Babbitt, of the Maiden Universalist church, has decided that universal salvation is a mistake. He has resigned his charge and will join some denomination that believes in hell and damnation.

A circular, evidently written by Gorsuch the Anarchist, was circulated in Chicago last week, calling upon workmen to arm themselves to redress insults which hav been offered the Socialists of that city.

It is intimated from Rome that John J. Williams, of Boston, is likely to be created Cardinal as well as Mr. Gibbons, of Baltimore, so that America will hav two cardinals in the place of McClosky, defunct.

The grand total of the New York Grant monument fund at last accounts was $114,318.26. A bill is to be laid before the national legislature asking for an appropriation of $500,000 for the New York memorial.

Jacob Schaefer, of New York, and Maurice Vignaux, the French champion, played a 3,000-point game of billiards last week for a stake of $5,000. Schaefer won the game by 162 points, and received $1,500 gate money.

Pierre Lorillard, the stock-raiser, has announced his intention of retiring from the turf. In a recent letter in the *North American Review* Mr. Lorillard proclaimed himself the workingman's friend and a modified Socialist.

The *Medical Era* says that "the water drunk by Philadelphians, owing to the presence of cemeteries near the river, is a product of the rainfall into the Schuylkill, mixed with a large proportion of the distillate of the bones of their ancestors."

Six women and one man were publicly baptized amid floating ice in the Schuylkill river at Reading, Pa., on the 30th ult., by a Mennonite preacher. The male convert accidentally tripped the minister during the service and both went under the icy water together.

Some years ago Peter Dwyer, a disreputable citizen, experienced religion and turned over a new leaf. Simultaneously with his change of heart he changed wives, deserting his own wife and taking another man's. Then he hired a hall and set up as an evangelist. After numerous escapades with women, he has now disappeared and taken with him two female members of his flock.

Odds and Ends.

A minister, having taught his little girl the Lord's Prayer, was surprised to hear her repeat it with the following variations: "Giv us this day our daily bread, or biscuit and honey, if you please."

"There are two sides to the bread question, fellow-workmen," shouted a political speaker, "and my record shows you which side I stand upon." "The buttered side," vociferated some of his fellow-workmen.

Johnny (just after Sunday-school): "Say, Jack, what is a sockdolager?" Jack: "Why, don't you know? It's what they sing in church when they get ready to go home. The minister gets up and says, 'Let us now sing the sockdolager.'"

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening. "Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice." "Well, my little dear, what is it about?" "What do you think it would be best to giv me on my birthday?"

Papa: "Bertie, your mother tells me you struck the little Bird boy on the way home from the Sunday-school to-day. Now, that was very naughty, and if I hear of you doing it again, I shall hav to teach you a moral lesson by the use of the rod," Bertie: "But, papa, he tore my new coat." Papa: "What! He ruined that $12 coat? Bertie, I am surprised you didn't chastise him severely. Why didn't you throw your Sunday-school book at him?"

One day a flash of lightning struck a mortal;
The ghost he didn't yield—
Above his heart, and in his bosom pocket,
A Bible was his shield.

A marvelous deliverance, and worthy
Of any poet's rhyme—
But just suppose that mortal had been reading
His Bible at the time!

It was one of the pastor's best sermons, and he was describing heaven. It was a place of marvelous, matchless, transcendent beauty, he said. All the mansions were of red brick, with solid white shutters, four inches thick, no cornice, brass door knobs, and white marble steps, with angels continually scrubbing them through all the countless ages of eternity. "Eloquent preacher," said the stranger in the deacon's pew, at the close of the service. "Philadelphia man, ain't he?" "Ah!" said the deacon, "somebody told you."

At the revival.—Preacher: Young men should never go to a place where they would not take their sisters. Is there a Christian young man in the audience who thinks he may safely break this wise rule?" Young man under the gallery standing up. Preacher: "And what is this place, my young friend, which you think yourself justified in visiting, and yet to which you would not escort your sister?" Young man: "The barber shop, sir."

Now the man riseth up in the morning
And readeth the newspaper
With the Florida advertisment;
And he bloweth in
Ten dollars
For orange groves in that sunny clime.
Then he goeth to Florida.
And he meeteth with swamps;
Likewise alligators;
Moreover snakes;
Also malaria;
And three-ply desolation generally,
And he sayeth to himself,
"Lo, thus early in the morning,
Even in the wintry A.M.,
I truly hav been
Sold."—*Puck.*

A man with a grip-sack in his hand halted before a Detroit fruit-stand and priced a choice variety of peaches. When told that they were twenty cents a dozen he whistled to himself, walked softly around, and finally asked, "Are you a Baptist?" "Hardly." "Neither am I. I didn't know but that if we belonged to the same denomination you would throw off a little. Do you lean on the Methodists?" "Can't say that I do." "That's my case. I never did take much stock in the Methodists. Twenty cents a dozeu is an awful price on those peaches, considering how tight money is. I expect you are a Universalist, eh!" "No." "Neither am I. Can't you say fifteen cents for a dozen of these?" "Hardly." "Aren't you an Episcopalian?" "No, sir." "Neither am I, but I was afraid you were. I've been a sort o' looking you over, and I shouldn't wonder if you trained with the United Brethren. Come now, own up." "I never attend that church," was the steady reply. "Nor do I, either. Say, what are you, anyhow?" "I'm a hard-baked old sinner." "No? Whoop! That's my case to a dot! I'm called the wickedest man in Washtenaw county. I knew there was a bond of sympathy between us, if we could only find it out. Now do you say fifteen cents for a dozen?" The fruit-dealer counted them out without a further objection.

Gems of Thought.

Every struggle for liberty, every search for knowledge, every effort man has made in the past for more freedom and less faith, has placed the world ahead one step, and if it has seemingly relapsed, yet we know by the progress made to-day that it has still gone steadily though slowly onward toward the goal of universal liberty.—*D. M. Bennett.*

If only people would take the trouble of *thinking* about their religion; if only they could be led, or even provoked, into trying to realize that which they say they believe, then the foundations of the popular religion would be rapidly undermined and the banner of Freethought would soon float proudly over the crumbling ruins of that which was once a church.—*Mrs. Annie Besant.*

The spiritual leaders of every nation—obedient souls into whom the spirit enters and makes them sons of God and prophets—see the meaning which the popular notion hides; they expose what is false, proclaim the eternal truth, and as their recompense are stoned, exiled, or slain. But the march of mankind is over the tombs of the prophets. The world is saved only by crucified redeemers. The truth is not silenced with Aristotle, nor exiled with Anaxagoras, nor slain with Socrates. It enters the soul of its veriest foes, and their children build up the monuments of the murdered seer.—*Theodore Parker.*

I am not without hope, O judges, that it is a favorable circumstance for me that I am condemned to die; for one of these two things must necessarily happen, either that death will deprive me entirely of all sense, or else that by dying I shall go from hence into some other place. Wherefore, if all sense is utterly extinguished, and if death is like that sleep which is sometimes so undisturbed as to be even without the visions of dreams—in that case, O ye good gods! what gain it is to die! For what length of days can be imagined which would be preferable to such a night?—*Socrates's speech as given in the Tusculan Questions of Cicero.*

Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom, there studious let me sit
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

. . . . . .

First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
Invincible! Calm Reason's holy law,
The voice of God within the attentiv mind,
Obeying, fearless or in life or death:
Great moral teacher, wisest of mankind!
—*Thomson's Seasons.*

It is almost needless to observe that no wickedness could ever justify punishment without an end, that is, punishment for punishment's sake, and that the creation of human beings whose existence terminated in torture would be itself a far more terrible crime than any which the basest of mankind can ever commit.—*Amberley's Analysis.*

Although in all moral and religious systems there is a great mixture of important truth; and although it is in consequence of this alliance that errors and absurdities are enabled to preserve their hold of the belief, yet it is commonly found that in proportion as an established creed is complicated in its dogmas and in its ceremonies, and in proportion to the number of accessory ideas which it has grafted upon the truth, the more difficult it is for those who hav adopted it in childhood to emancipate themselvs completely from its influence; and in these cases in which they at last succeed, the greater is their danger of abandoning, along with their errors, all the truths which they had been taught to connect with them.—*Dugald Stewart.*

Christianity was rather too hard upon the old superstitions, even whilst pressing many of them into its service. Why should religion be deprived forever of the element which the Greek sense of beauty contributed to art and poetry? Why should our devotions be attenuated with the meager and repulsiv forms due to the medieval imagination? Let us hav a judicious eclecticism, such as is already provided in art, where classical and medieval revivalisms appear to subsist in friendly rivalry. The public mind is already prepared for the change. The popular commonplace is that all religions come to the same thing, though dissevered by a few external excrescences. The spirit is one though its manifestations are many. A new Eiseniken [bed of peace?] may be proposed with more hope of acceptance when theologians hav once recognized the truth, already perceived by the multitude, that one set of dogmas is pretty much as good as another.—*Leslie Stephen.*

If we reason only from established facts, we must conclude that the hypothesis of a golden age, a garden of Eden, a perfect condition of man on the earth in ancient times, is purely gratuitous. The kingdom of heaven is not behind but before us. No one can determin, by historical evidence, what was the primeval state of the human race, or when or where or how mankind, at the command of God[?], came into existence.—*Theodore Parker.*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no word, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.—*Ecclesiastes ix,* 10.

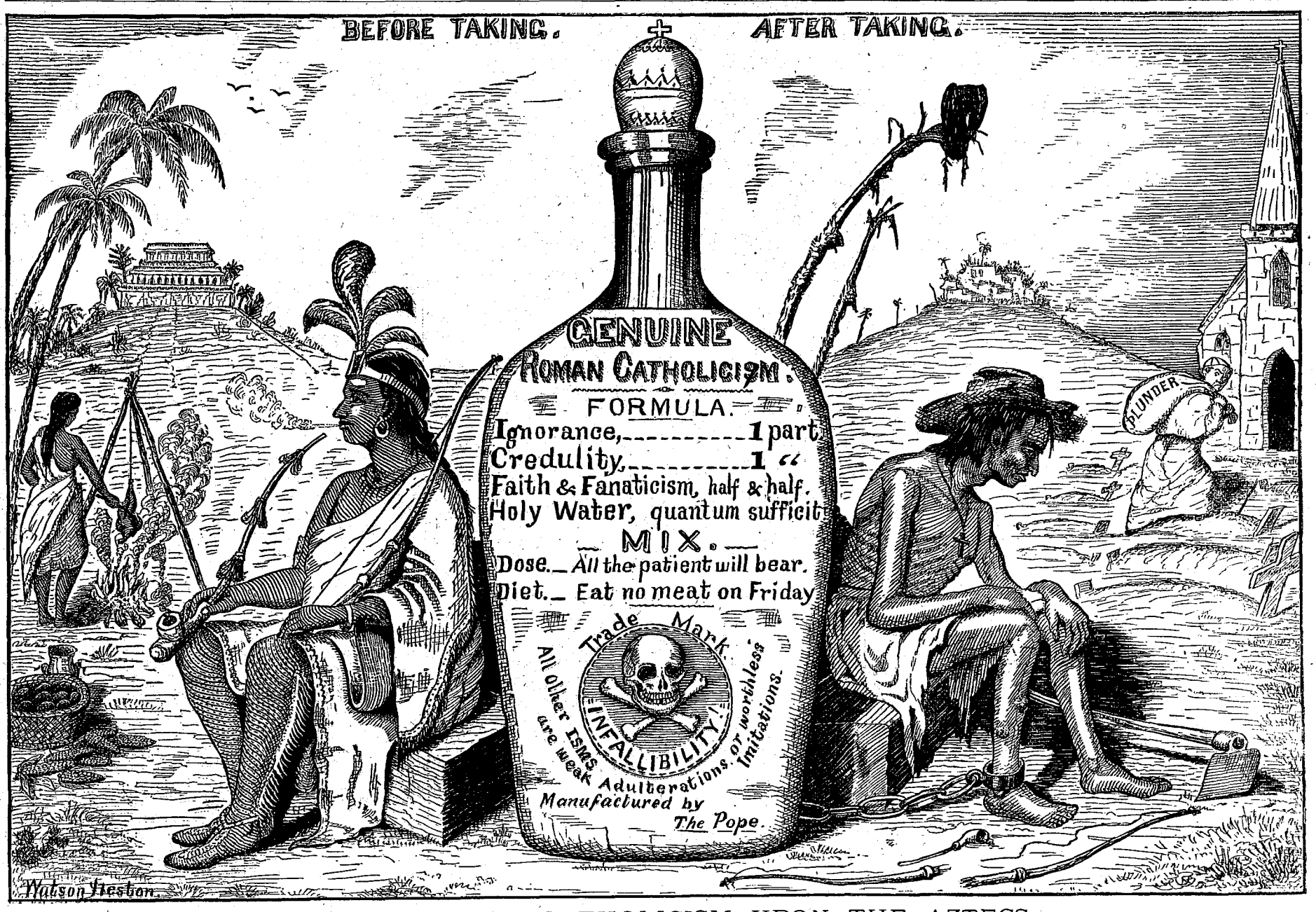
"Oh, those parsons! I hate 'em all," says Mistress Beatrix, clapping her hands together; "yes, whether they wear cassocks and buckles or beards and bare feet. There's a horrid Irish wretch who never misses a Sunday at court, and who pays me compliments there, the horrible man; and if you want to know what parsons are, you should see his behavior and hear him talk of his own cloth. They're all the same, whether they're bishops, or bonzes, or Indian fakirs. They try to domineer, and they frighten us with kingdom-come; and they wear a sanctified air in public and expect us to go down on our knees and ask their blessing; and they intrigue and they grasp and they backbite and they slander worse than the worst courtier or the wickedest old woman."—*Thackeray's Esmond.*

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THE EFFECT OF CATHOLICISM UPON THE AZTECS.

Notes and Clippings.

INFIDELS are wrong when they assert that death ends all. Death does not begin to end the Gaines case.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE *Sun* notes that the opening by Queen Victoria of the eleventh Parliament of her reign is a circumstance a parallel to which cannot be found since the time of Henry VI.

THE police of Brooklyn stopped a Parnell fund concert last Sunday evening by the enforcement of the law against Sunday theatricals. The churches gave concerts and shows as usual.

JUSTICE MEECH, of a Chicago police court, has sued the Rev. Dr. A. E. Kittridge (Presbyterian) for libel, placing the damage at $27,000. It is said that the reverend gentleman lied about the justice.

PARSON NEWMAN, Grant's pastor, preached in a Methodist pulpit last Sunday evening. The sly old parson is trying to pass himself off as a follower of Wesley, but he will not be able to deceive the Rev. Mr. Buckley, editor of the *Advocate*.

GENERAL BUTLER, in a recent talk with a reporter, condemned boycotting as a means of defense against employers. He had a notion that the solution of the labor problem would depend upon the election of some proper representativ to the presidency.

MR. PECCI, professional pope, doing business at the Vatican in Rome, was last week attacked with syncope, which means a temporary suspension of the action of the heart and other functions, and had to be carried to his chamber, where he shortly recovered.

A MAINE farmer astonished even the nativs by his ingenuity in keeping warm. On the forward part of his sled was rigged a small, tight shanty, in which were a comfortable seat and a hot stove. Two small holes admitted the reins, and a pane of glass let him see whither he was going.

CANADIAN lumber-dealers are now glad to buy the black walnut fence-rails which farmers split and used as they would any other timber twenty or thirty years ago. The long exposure has seasoned the wood thoroughly, and it is valuable as material for chair legs, spindles, and other small articles.

THE New York *Times* is authority for the following information: "Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is to open a law office down in Wall street, and New York in all likelihood will be his permanent home for many years to come. He has established his family on Fifth avenue, and in addition to his law practice he is said to be devoting himself to literary work which will be given to the public before long in the form of a good-sized volume. His theme is kept a secret, only friends being able to conjecture the subject."

AN anti-treating bill has passed one branch of the Washington territory legislature. It prohibits any person from treating or entertaining "gratuitously any other person or persons to or with spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, or any other beverage whatever, in any public barroom, saloon, beer hall, or grocery in this territory, or in any other public place of resort and amusement." The penalty is a fine of not less than $5 or more than $25, or imprisonment not less than five or more than twenty days, or both.

THE pope considers that England has not behaved well to him in the matter of establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican. It is a matter for query to the general reader why there should be any relations between a political government and a religious hierarchy anyway. The pope has what would in the slang phrase be called a terrible "gall."

THE bronze statue of Daniel Webster to be presented to the state of New Hampshire by Benjamin P. Cheney, of Boston, will soon arrive in Concord. It is eight feet high and made of Munich bronze. The dedicatory exercises will take place on June 17th, the Bunker Hill anniversary, and President Bartlett of Dartmouth College will deliver the oration. President Cleveland and Cabinet, members of Congress, and state governors will be invited.

A FATHER had been lecturing his young hopeful upon the evils of staying out late at night and getting up late in the morning. "You never will amount to anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember that the early bird catches the worm." "How about the worm, father," inquired the young man, "wasn't he rather foolish to get up so early?" "My son," replied the old man solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was on his way home."

"WHAT Place Should Religion Hav in the Colleges?" was discussed one evening last week before Mr. Courtlandt Palmer's Nineteenth Century Club by President Eliot of Harvard College and President McCosh of Princeton College. President Eliot thought they should be either without religious teaching or wholly unsectarian. President McCosh thought it was of vital importance that young men should be trained in a knowledge of God. Unsectarianism would crystallize into Agnosticism.

A DISPATCH from Montreal to the *World* of this city givs an account of the funeral of Joseph Doutre, the celebrated advocate. The funeral occurred on the 6th inst. The dispatch says: "Joseph Doutre, the man whose fearlessness in the celebrated Guibord case made him famous the world over as an advocate, was buried quietly to-day in the Protestant cemetery, 'behind old Mount Royal.' With the eccentricity of a profound Freethinker he had bequeathed his body for the interests of science to the medical branch of McGill University, but this was ignored by request of his widow, and with the full consent of the college authorities. The body was followed to the grave by Freethinking members of the learned societies and personal friends. No religious ceremony was held. This remarkable man was the son of a beadle of the Notre Dame Cathedral, and educated for a priest. But his mind drifted into Liberalism, and he joined the bar, where he soon gained distinction. He fought the influence of clergy in elections and secured the abolition of feudal tenure in the Province. His fame rests on the well-known Guibord case. With Joseph Guibord and many others Doutre belonged to a Freethinking club called the Institute Canadien. It was ordered by the church to destroy its heretical library, and when Guibord died he was refused burial in consecrated ground. Doutre fought the case at the Vatican and in England, and compelled the church to giv Christian sepulture to his friend. He died, as he had lived, a Freethinker, declining all overtures of the church."

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—IV.

I do not think it is worth while to go into your New Testament evidence. It has been written up so frequently that it has become almost an eyesore. You see, my friend, the difficulty lies in the fact that your religion is founded on a dream, and is supported by innumerable dreams. Your catechism tells you not to believe in them, for it is sinful; yet, if Mary had not dreamed, she might hav thought Joseph the father of Jesus; much misery would hav been spared the world; you and I would hav been the best of friends, and I would hav been saved many days of hard work looking up your authorities. But Mary's unfortunate dream has upset everything. If she had been directed in her dream to select the proper parties to record her son's doings, much trouble might hav been avoided. Just look at the simple recital of a woman anointing Jesus—the evangelists hav so mixed matters that whole libraries hav been written to support the hypothesis of Jerome "that it was the same woman who anointed his head and feet." Look at the simple story of his entry into Jerusalem—it is such a tangled web that all your commentators hav been unable to determin whether he rode on the ass or her colt, or on both, and hav compromised by declaring that "he first mounted one and then the other."

These ignoramuses of evangelists even claimed that Jesus declared that Moses and the prophets had testified of him. But, says one of your commentators, in despair, "Since the evangelists did not think it necessary to giv a precise account or deduction of the several prophecies which were alleged by him in proof of that declaration, it is sufficient to take it just as we find it, as being true in general." But what are we poor Infidels, lacking the eye of faith, going to do? Even your own Grotius, whose authority you cannot question, remarks, "When the evangelists cite the prophets in this loose and general manner, it frequently indicates a sense picked up from many separate passages, rather than from any single text." Now, if you will allow me as much latitude, nay, only a tithe of it, I'll agree to take any 300-paged book, written on any subject, and prove conclusivly the existence of one, three, or a million gods, or none.

The difficulty is that you stick too closely to that romancer Matthew. He commenced wrong. The idea of placing Jesus's birthday in a rainy month and calling a lot of herdsmen as witnesses! He should hav remembered that the cattle had been housed for nearly two months. Why didn't the Virgin post him? She was there when Jesus was born, and knew all about it. Then, the year should hav been definitly determined upon, for we are skirmishing from 4 B.C. to A.D. 15. Then Luke must mix up matters, contradict Matthew, and say he was born in a manger and not in the house, and that unfortunate Tertullian comes right in on top of them and says it was a cave and that the mysteries of Adonis were practiced there even during his time (A.D. 200) in honor of Jesus. Then they mixed his genealogy—one giving the mother's and the other the father's family tree. And then that unlucky Matthew comes in again and says he was born during the reign of Herod, knowing very well, as he was inspired, that Luke would say that it was when Cyrenius was governor of Syria, and Cyrenius was not governor until ten years after the death of Herod. No contemporaneous historian mentioned the "slaughter of the innocents," not even Tacitus, "who had stamped the crimes of despots with the brand of reprobation."

Then, again, he was not well advertised, for Justin Martyr had to remark, "Whilst our Lord's miracles are preserved by *tradition alone*, those of Apollonius of Tyana are most numerous, and *actually manifested in present facts*, so as to lead astray all beholders." Even Simon Magnus had a good manager, and his show paid, and the people erected a statue to him. But I blame Matthew more for finishing up as he did. He had no originality. In this business originality almost always leads to success. The scene on Calvary was all right as far as it went, but the attendant wonders—there is the trouble. They were a blank to the outside world, though every ordinary convulsion of nature was duly chronicled. The darkness was not original, as Virgil claimed that it happened at the death of Julius Cæsar. The Hindoo, Persian, and Egyptian saviors all went to hell, and Horace claimed the same for Mercury. Then, the ascension into heaven was an old affair, as it had been accredited to Zoroaster, Esculapius, and others, and Jerome says that even in his time the pagans celebrated the resurrection of Adonis.

I tell you, my friend, Matthew is to blame. Under pretense that Jesus's birthplace had been foretold, he romances again, and says: "He came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets—"He shall be called a Nazarene." How careless this was; an inhabitant of Nazareth is not a Nazarene, and there is no such prophecy in the Old Testament; and in consequence your church is obliged to come out and say: "Either Matthew's memory failed him in the recital, or he cited it imperfectly or inaccurately, on purpose to reprove the scribes and pharisees for the same loose and negligent method of interpreting the scriptures, in which they had frequently indulged themselvs." So this little joke of Matthew has caused serious trouble. If I had been writing that story I would hav been in dead earnest all the time.

Look at Peter and Paul. They can't keep their little quarrels to one another, but must blazon them to the whole world. The result is that both had to admit themselvs to be untruthful; if the quarrel had ended there it would hav been all right, but Paul must get wrathy and directly charge Peter with lying. Peter, remembering the cock story, very wisely kept quiet. The whole affair might hav died out if St. Clement had not raked it up, and said it was not our Peter but some other Peter. This called Jerome and Chrysostom on the scene, and, for the first time in his life, Jerome agreed with someone else. They declared that the quarrel was "wholly feigned and dissembled," because by this means Peter, could "insinuate himself into the favor and esteem of the Jews, and thus the more easily draw them to God." This was very rational explanation and suited everybody till, another unfortunate slip being made, some busybody attracted the attention of St. Augustine to it. The saint was at that time busy writing his "De Civitate Dei," and he hastily wrote an opinion, justifying it as "useful and seasonable lying."

You see, my friend, all the early fathers being inspired and in daily communion with the godhead, felt so sure they were right that they taught all their converts that they had "nothing to do with curiosity or inquiry, but when they had once become believers their sole business was to believe on." And this became so engrafted on your system that even the reformers, Protestants if you like, found it absolutely necessary to couple it with their reformed system. Only a short time ago Rev. Dr. Cuyler was reported to hav said in a Baptist minister's convention: "Brethren, if we hav any doubts keep them for the study; don't bring them into the pulpit. There are many things we do not comprehend. Who can comprehend the trinity? Who doubts it? I do not understand it, but I believe it. People say, 'Do you preach that which you do not understand?' Certainly I do. I preach incarnation; I do not understand it, but I believe it." Now, if the doctor be correctly reported, I personally hav no objection to his continuing on his present line. It is, I think, the natural outcome of the situation caused by the teachings of the early fathers, and he is at least honest in his declaration. And if he chooses to preach on a subject concerning which he knows nothing, and people are willing to pay to hear him, that is their business, not mine. But I started to make a comparison. Now, none of your early writers claims to hav seen Jesus, and their testimony, if you are inclined to value it, is at the best but hearsay evidence. Their character for truthfulness is summed up by that celebrated ecclesiastical historian, Dr. Mosheim, when he says: "The reader will find them all, *without exception*, disposed to deceive and lie whenever the interests of religion require it."

So the testimony of your early saints in regard to the existence of Jesus would be just as valuable to me as would be the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler on the incarnation.

In my next I will review your remarks about the Council of Trent. Yours truly, McARTHUR.

What is the Matter?

One man cries silver; another, no silver; a third, more currency; a fourth, protectiv tariff; a fifth, more protection; a sixth, eight hours, higher wages; a seventh, sees all our troubles in the usury on money, bonds, etc.; while the eighth cries, "Rent, rent, rent is the underlying secret." Well, all can't be right. As to rent, land is cheap, squatters abound, and suffer with the rest of us; as to currency, the hardest times known hav been felt where money was so superabounding you could pick it up. And where money fails its place is taken by bonds, checks, drafts, credits, orders, clearing-houses, etc., which do money's work, just as a rock or bit of iron will do the hammer's work. So all this blather about money and lands in our country is blatherskite. Granted that restrictions in trade cause regular crises; that specie basis is monopoly of money, and makes us the serfs of a money power; but we might be well-fed, comfortable serfs, and should be, here, in such a new nation, where land is so abundant and cheap.

No. There is an underlying cause. Our case is not little crowded England's or Germany's. It is more like Ireland's, inasmuch as about all the surplus earned by labor is slowly absorbed by absentees, who never redistribute, save at distant points.

Our railway system is controled by able men, but you shall find that about all the improvements in it are toward taking more from us, tempting or compelling us to more use. Very different from the postal service, or even the street railway service. Pools are made, palace cars, and Mann boudoirs, etc., but no reduction within the easy reach of the vast masses, women and children.

Had the post-office service grown to its present proportion and necessity with dear postage, what should we do? Yet the need of using the railroad and telegraph presses more and more on our more common life. The very men who work on the roads finally spend most of their wages traveling. The country people take the purchase money for seed to pay railroad fare on some desired journey, and no distribution, to speak of, occurs. If so, if I tell facts, any fool could infer consequences. It's a running sore, and "gets no better, fast." HOLT.

Freethought in Australasia.

The struggle for liberty has advanced another stage in the backward colony of Victoria. One point hav the bigots lost; one point hav the Freethinkers gained—and that is the right to charge for admission to their Sunday lectures. For many months past a series of prosecutions hav been pending against Mr. Joseph Symes for lecturing at the Melbourne Hall of Science on Sunday evenings, upon which occasions charges had been demanded for admission. One method after another had been tried by the advocates of existing myths to put a stop to the utterances of the Freethought lecturers, but each had signally failed, and the would-be inquisitors, driven to desperation, appealed to the government, by means of their newspapers and deputations, to extend its mighty power in helping to stamp out that unbearable menace to superstition, the free expression of opinions. The result was that Mr. Symes has been attending the police court and the Supreme court to answer the charges against him, witnesses pro and con hav been called and re-called, the case has been heard and re-heard, and the lawyers paid and re-paid. And all for what, or rather, with what result? Simply that our most arbitrary and tyrannical govern ment has been driven to make the humiliating admission that it is unable to obtain a conviction because a jury cannot be obtained which will agree upon it. Twice has the case come before the Supreme court; twice has a jury of twelve men been locked up for six hours to find a verdict; and twice hav the persuasiv powers of Mr. Symes prevented them from coming to a unanimous decision in the matter. A third trial had been called for, but the authorities hav formally announced that it will not take place, and Mr. Symes is at liberty to carry on the same system as hitherto. This is a great victory to achieve in our slavish community, and although it has not yet affected any of the institutions except the Hall of Science, it will probably not be long before it is taken advantage of by others; and before long Melbourne may, like Sydney, hav five or six Freethought lectures running each Sunday, instead of one, or at most two, as at present.

In the fight for the freedom of the press, Mr. Symes has not been so successful as in the fight for the freedom of the platform. The jury had found a verdict against him for neglecting to find the £600 securities against "blasphemy" and sedition" as required by the act, the penalty being fixed at £25. The full court, to whom several technical points had been reserved for consideration, decided against the defendant, thus making the verdict of the jury hold good, and Mr. Symes, from a legal point of view, indebted to the government to the amount of £25. This he said he had no intention of paying, and he has kept to his word. On the 9th inst. he received an official memorandum from the crown solicitor asking him to forward the amount, together with an additional sum of £100, 19s., 5d., for costs of the action, to which he sent a polite reply, giving an account of his estate, which he told them he had kept as near zero as possible. "Don't you wish you may get it?" said he, and he concluded the note with this significant postscript: "I'll pay the money at the resurrection if you and your clerical masters care to demand it." And there the matter stands.

Melbourne has been fortunate during the last few weeks. It has actually had two theaters open each Sunday night for the delivery of Freethought lectures. This addition has been made by Dr. J. L. York, who has just paid his promised visit to Melbourne, and delivered his four lectures: "The Science of Life; or, How to Be Happy;" "Individuality, Love, and Marriage;" "Thomas Paine and Jesus of Nazareth as Saviors of the World;" and "Romanism *vs.* Reason; or, the Auricular Confession." He also lectured on Christmas night, in the middle of a sacred concert, upon "The Reign of the Common People." Dr. York's lectures hav been very well patronized by the Melbourne public, and his jocular style, his merry mood, and his "Yankeeisms," hav attracted the sympathies of many of his hearers who would be repelled by the bitter, earnest language of Mr. Symes. In fact, Dr. York might be summed up as a Freethinking Optimist, and Mr. Symes as a Freethinking Pessimist—such, at least, is my opinion. Dr. York, however, has not planted his foot in congenial soil in visiting Melbourne—Liberalism not

yet having been transplanted to these shores. The religious characteristic of Victorian society is that it is split up into clearly defined and rigid sects—Christian, Spiritualistic, or Secularistic as the case may be—and the result is that those who cherish Liberal principles as of superior import to their own particular opinions are isolated and rarely known to one another, and toleration is scarcely ever dreamed of. This Dr. York proposes to remedy as soon as possible by starting on a sound basis a Liberal association of Victoria, somewhat similar to the one at present existing in New South Wales.

Mr. Symes has temporarily discontinued his series of lectures in Melbourne; his many legal struggles hav necessitated his taking a holiday for a few weeks. In the mean time the Hall of Science platform will be filled by Mr. W. W. Collins in his stead. This gentleman, who made his *debut* in Melbourne on Sunday last, has come out to Australia under engagement to a syndicate of Freethinkers in New South Wales. He brings with him a good reputation, together with the special recommendation of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh. The theater was packed to hear his opening lecture, which was keenly appreciated by his hearers.

Mr. Charles Bright has introduced a novelty into Freethought lecturing by bringing the magic lantern to its aid. He has been delivering a series of lectures in Sydney, New South Wales, upon "The Gods and Goddesses of the World," freely illustrating them with dissolving views. The lectures hav met with a fair measure of success, and are shortly to be repeated in Melbourne.

Mr. Thomas Walker, who has so long held the boards in Sydney, has now taken a trip to New Zealand on a lecturing tour, which promises to be very successful. The prosecution against him for lecturing, when in Sydney, upon Malthusianism, and illustrating the same with physiological and anatomical diagrams, terminated in his acquittal, owing to some technical inaccuracy in the summons. He was cautioned against redelivering the lecture. He has stated, however, that he intends to re-deliver it, not only in Sydney, but in New Zealand also.

In my last letter I told you that a Freethought hall company had been started in Melbourne, with a proposed capital of £25,000. This, however, appears to hav been premature, nothing further having been heard of it beyond the preliminary meeting at which a provisional directorate was formed, and a number of shares called for. Steps hav been taken in a somewhat similar direction, however, the Australian Secular Association having just purchased a piece of ground (situated in one of the suburbs of Melbourne, and at a very short distance from the city) on which it is proposed to build the long-looked-for Freethought hall—the land alone costing about $16,000 of your money.

There are two obituary notices to chronicle, and both are of a literary character. The first is the decease of the admirable Wanganui (N. Z.) paper, the *Freethought Review*, and the other is the same, or a similar, fate which has befallen the Melbourne Unitarian organ, *Modern Thought*. The latter has gone to its grave in hopes of a resurrection in a few months, but there is little to warrant the realization of such a hope.

The other new venture in the Freethought periodical line, the *Rationalist*, of Auckland (N. Z.) is progressing wonderfully. Its circulation and influence are rapidly on the increase; it has started a plant and machinery of its own; and it has floated a limited liability company with a capital of £2,000 (nearly $10,000) to run it. The company, which is entitled the "Rationalist Newspaper Company, Limited," is to take full possession of the paper and plant and all connected with it during the present month. It is proposed to send agents and canvassers for advertisments all over New Zealand, and to enlarge the paper at an early date.

A subscription has been started in Australia in aid of the fund for the Bruno statue at Rome, but unfortunately the time is too limited, and "funds" are far too numerous, owing to recent prosecutions, to admit of a large amount being raised. The amount collected up to the present time amounts to about $30, but probably a lot more will come to hand at the last moment. Mr. Symes lectured on "Giordano Bruno, the Atheist Martyr," a few weeks ago. The lecture, which was most opportune, was one of the most instructiv and most telling that has been heard in Melbourne for some time.

It is needless to say that the politicians are as busy as ever botching and manufacturing laws, and the officials equally as busy in putting them into practice. Some little interest was caused in Melbourne a few weeks ago when it was learned that the custom-house authorities had seized a case of books and pamphlets which were being imported by Mr. Terry, of this city, from the Truth Seeker Company. Objection was taken to "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ," by D. M. Bennett, and the report of the "Trial of D. M. Bennett" for sending "objectionable" matter through the mails. Consequently the whole shipment was seized, and would hav been confiscated (as were the *Freethinkers* some time ago in this "free country") had not Mr. Terry severely protested both by letters to the press, and letters to the authorities. The result was that the whole case was delivered up to him, with the exception of the two books I hav named, and the volume of Truth Seeker Tracts containing the "Open Letter."

And once more sending you my best wishes, believe me, Yours sincerely, D. A. ANDRADE.

South Yarra, Melbourne, Dec. 28, 1885.

The Day We Celebrate.

IN CHICAGO.

The Chicago Secular Union, with its customary enthusiasm, suitably commemorated the anniverrary of him to whom America owes her greatest debt of gratitude, Thomas Paine, on Friday last.

A literary and musical program of an exceptionally high order had been arranged, and everything passed off to the satisfaction of the most critical and exacting.

Our president's brief opening address was in Orchardson's happiest mood. Miss K. Shaunessy, who presided at the piano, is the most artistic pianist I hav heard in this center of musical culture, and in the *duet* performance, "The Mocking Birk," her accomplished pupil, Lizzie Blunt, gave evidence of unusual capacity.

The oration by Mrs. A. M. Freeman proves this lady's limitless capacity. Few, after a triumph of a year ago, would attempt another tribute, on the same subject, for fear of repetition, nevertheless, her last apostrophe was more than eulogy, expressed more than vindication—it was a brilliant piece of retributiv justice, almost an apotheosis. La Rochefaucauld says, "True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary." This seems to be the secret of Mrs. Freeman's splendid success.

Professor Scully, formerly of the Illinois Institute of Elocution, rendered the "Closet Scene from Hamlet" in a manner that would make Booth or Irving envious. Chicago's great baritone, J. H. Rogers, sang "The White Squall" in surpassing style, both as to compass and vocalization. "Too late for the Train," by Miss Bessie Allen, whom Professor Lyman has had in training for years, and whom he considers his most successful pupil, was given in an inimitable style, and scored an encore. A. D. O'Neill, Jr., sang the "Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill," in a most acceptable manner. Oliver Wendell Holmes's "How the Old Horse Won the Bet" was the difficult selection Mrs. Josephine Tarbell gave with extraordinary elocutionary power, which is not surprising when we learn that this lady, now studying for the stage, has already received flattering offers from Lawrence Barrett and other leaders of dramatic art.

An original poem by our secretary, Ella Le Page, proved a palpable hit, and her cultured yet naïve delivery an agreeable surprise. The poem deals with the doubts and fears a lady of orthodox proclivities experiences while listening to Freethought lectures and debates, and which she communicates to her "John" with much foreboding. It bristles with irony, sarcasm, and humor, and should be published for use at Secular celebrations. The entertainment concluded with a song by little Bebee Smith, a young prodigy, who was enthusiastically encored.

The floor was then cleared for dancing. Several Secularists, known chiefly for forensic eloquence or profound research of philosophic subjects, found "surcease from sorrow" over suffering and superstitious humanity by shaking their heels with unalloyed happiness till early in the morning. The tendency of Freethought is to make old men young again in the enjoyment of happiness, and young men old in knowledge and experience. All endeavored not only to enjoy themselvs but to make their neighbors participants in the joy that was unconfined.

To the arduous labors of Mr. A. M. Freeman is largely due the success this anniversary proved. And allow me to acknowledge the debt we owe Messrs. E. S. McLeod, A. D. O'Neill, Chas. A. Fraenkel, Annie Foster, and L. H. Sawyer, also of the Entertainment committee. That they may not grow weary in well-doing is the earnest hope of

E. A. STEVENS.

IN PHILADELPHIA.

The one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine was celebrated by Friendship Liberal League and Friendship Liberal League, No. 257, two distinct organizations. The exercises under the auspices of Friendship Liberal League were held in Memorial Hall, corner of Ninth street and Girard avenue. The room was prettily decorated with flags, pictures, etc. On the wall back of the speakers' platform hung an oil painting of Paine, flanked on either side by portraits of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. The three pictures were inclosed by two columns, surmounted by an arch, all made out of different colored tissue paper, fastened to the wall. The arch had inscribed upon it in gilt letters the motto: "The world is my country; to do good my religion." A plaster cast bust of Paine stood upon a pedestal in front of the platform.

In the afternoon the exercises included instrumental and vocal music, an oration by C. H. Osgood, president of the League, and recitations by Mr. Maltby and Mrs. L. Zane. In the evening there were orations by J. Philips and J. C. Hannon.

J. C. Hannon acted as master of cermonies, being assisted by a committee comprising Wm. H. Bishop, C. H. Osgood, C. A. Rice, and C. W. Tweedy. About half-past five o'clock supper was served in another portion of the Memorial Hall building.

The members of Friendship Liberal League, No. 257, conducted their exercises at Industrial Hall, Broad, near Vine street, with the president, E. B. Riley, presiding. The room was appropriately decorated. Portraits of Henry George, D. M. Bennett, and others were hung on the walls. A picture of Thomas Paine hung behind the platform, and was surrounded by flags. Above it was the inscription, "The world is my conntry; to do good my religion. The author-hero Thomas Paine." Under the pictures of Bennett and Ingersoll were other inscriptions.

The afternoon exercises were opened by the president, who made an address, in which he alluded to Paine, and explained the nature of the League, which had, he said, "no positiv religious opinion, but accepted all thoughts that were built upon reason." The program included vocal and instrumental music, addresses by J. Wesley Shaw, James Buckle, and Damon Y. Kilgore, and recitations by Mr. Kershaw, R. Jauncey, and H. V. Hetzel.

The evening program consisted of music, addresses by C. M. Read, Mrs. Rhoades, and the president, and recitations by Wm. Barrows and others.

THE CELEBRATION IN MILWAUKEEE, WIS.

The anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine was celebrated at South Side Turner Hall on the evening of the 29th ult. About three hundred persons, including many ladies, listened to three orators and a number of declaimers. Music was furnished by Duncker's band, and the Socialistic male chorus sang two songs.

Robert Schilling was the president of the evening. Among thirteen vice-presidents on the stage were four ladies. Mr. Schilling made a few remarks, and then introduced T. W. Williams. In the course of his remarks, the latter said:

"In 1775, after the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, four of the masterspirits of the movement had met together to determin upon what course to pursue. John Adams, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington were the four who held the destiny of this continent in their hands. Franklin was the first to speak. 'What is to be the end of this?' he asked. 'Is it to obtain justice of Great Britain, to change the ministry, or to reduce the taxes? Or is it for——.' Here he paused, not daring to complete the sentence. At this critical moment Thomas Paine, born in England, was introduced. He understood the cause of the doubt and gloom which lay like an incubus upon all present, and, rising to his feet, broke the silence with this startling announcement: 'Gentlemen, these states of America must must be independent of England! That is the only solution of this question!' He had voiced a sentiment which all felt, but none had dared to utter. The spell was broken. The words acted like an electric shock. All sprang to their feet as if ready to cry 'treason, treason!' but the words were not uttered, and Thomas Paine proceeded to paint the glorious destiny of America. George Washington was the first to spring forward and grasp both his hands and entreat him to publish his views in book form. We celebrate the 149th anniversary of his birth to-day.

"It must not be inferred that Tom Paine was content with writing in defense of civil rights; every stroke of his pen was supplemented by one with the sword, and what he wrote in ink he was ready to seal with his blood. He was not only the author of the Revolution, but served in the army during the whole war of Independence. He stood the acknowledged leader of American statesmanship. The tribute of his greatest enemy was in these words: 'The cannon of Washington was not more formidable to the British than the pen of the author of "Common Sense."'

"Paine was by no means so far advanced as the majority of eminent thinkers of to-day whose religious views are scarcely inquired into. Even after he had written his 'Age of Reason' he delivered a discourse which would not hav done discredit to an orthodox minister. As to his averred recantation on his death-bed, it is simply an invention. So far as he had any religion, he was a Deist. He was mortal and had his faults like other men, but these we prefer to forget and remember only the good he did. He has lain in the grave for seventy-five years, but in the productions of his matchless pen he will still liv and exert an influence upon the world when it has forgotten that his defamers ever existed."

C. Hermann Boppe, of the *Freidenker*, said that Thomas Paine did not as yet occupy the place in American history that his genius and services entitled him to. He compared the names of Paine and others like him to stars in the present political and social night. The day would come. A man who very much resembled the American was Carl Heinzen. They both championed freedom and the rights of the masses, and repudiated the folly that nations should hate and make war on each other. Thomas Paine's activity redounded as much to the benefit of England as America, and, through the medium of France, to that of the world. He desired not only the freedom of America, but of the whole world. Unlike the people, the nobility and royalty presented a solid phalanx to defend their interests. Even in this country it would be better if there was less veneration shown for great men of the stripe of Bismarck. Thomas Paine was one of the first thinkers who dared assail the model state of England. Mr. Boppe thought that he had made only one mistake, to attach too much faith to the system of representativ government. There was but little difference between the American president and the English queen, except that the former had more power. Mr. Boppe dwelt on what he considers the imperfections of the American government, and quoted some of Paine's suggestions to help the working classes. Paine's religious teachings the speaker did not consider radical in the light of the present time. He believed in a God and hoped for immortality, but rebelled against the intolerance of the church.

Mrs. Juliet H. Severance thought there was need that a

Thomas Paine rise up to-day to show the people the dangers that threaten them from the politicians and monopolists. Otto Soubron read an original poem.

PAINE CELEBRATION AND PENNSYLVANIA STATE LIBERAL LEAGUE CONVENTION AT PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Convention was called to order by the president of the League, Prof. William Seymour, at 11 A.M., Saturday, Jan. 30, 286, in Maltby Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mr. Harry Hoover was appointed secretary *pro tem.*, and read the minutes of the last meeting at Altoona, Pa., Jan. 30, 285, which were approved. On motion, it was agreed that all delegates present be accepted, whether bearing formal credentials or not.

Adjourned to 2 P.M.

At the afternoon session the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Wm. Seymour, of Philadelphia, Pa.; vice-presidents: George Thorn, Clearfield, Pa.; George Longford, of Philadelphia, Pa.; F. A. Pierce, Pittsburgh, Pa.; secretary, Harry Hoover, Pittsburgh, Pa.; treasurer, S. F. De Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa; executiv committee: Roman Staley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; A. Cuthbert, Butler, Pa.; Wm. Burrow, Philadelphia, Pa.; George Starkey, Scranton, Pa.. Henry Luse, Clarksville, Pa.; Frank Bacon, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. E. Baker, Tarentum, Pa.; finance committee: G. W. Baldwin, Linesville, Pa.; Simeon Nixon, Butler, Pa.; R. H. Wolfe, Pittsburgh, Pa.; D. M. Miller, Etna, Pa.

The name of the League was changed to "Pennsylvania Secular Union," and Prof. William Seymour elected state lecturer and organizer.

On motion, the organizer and secretary were empowered to collect all moneys and report quarterly to the executiv committee, said report to be published in *Truth*.

The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That all members of every organized society throughout the state be recognized as members of the state Union, and that a tax of twenty-five cents per year for each member of every local society be paid into the treasury of the state union on or before the first day of May of each year.

Resolved, That in districts where there are no societies organized, any individual may become a member of the state Union by the payment of one dollar for one year. Should there be an organization effected in his or her district during the year, said payment entitles them to charter membership in the local society, without any other initiation fee.

Resolved, That any member of any local society may become a representativ member of the State Union, and be entitled to a voice in the business meetings of the same, by the payment of one dollar for a certificate.

Resolved, That all moneys paid into the treasury of the State Union be expended for propaganda work in building up local organizations, spreading Liberal literature, and advancing the cause in the state of Pennsylvania exclusivly.

At 7:30 P.M. Brook's Dancing Academy was filled with a happy throng, anxious to honor the author-hero of the Revolution. The exercises were opened with music by Staley's orchestra.

The first speaker of the evening was Mr. Harry Hoover, his subject being, "The Verdict of History in the Case of Thomas Paine," and was followed by Prof. Wm. Seymour on "Secularism." He also paid a just tribute to the man who first wrote "The Free and Independent States of America."

After some neat recitations by Miss Miller and Master Arthur the floor was cleared and dancing began, which was continued with zest till midnight.

On Sunday, the 31st, at 2 P.M. Maltby Hall was densely packed to listen to Charles Watts and Dr. E. A. Wood. After a duet by Mr. G. R. Griffith and Miss Mary Jaseples Dr. Wood spoke on the "Sunset of Superstition in Medicin." The doctor appeared to be at home on this subject, and treated it to the satisfaction and edification of all present.

Charles Watts took for his subject "The Struggles and Triumphs of Science," and, although having just arisen from a sick bed and still suffering, he delivered a most eloquent and powerful discourse. Mr. Watts spoke again at 7:30 P.M. in Wilson's Hall in Alleghany City on "The True Philosophy of Life." This closed the Paine celebration at Pittsburgh.

HARRY HOOVER,
Sec. Pittsburgh Secular Society.

IN OGDEN CITY, UTAH.

From the Ogden Daily Herald (Refused publication in the Ogden News).

Yesterday (Friday) Ogden city did itself proud with the most numerous and successful Liberal demonstration ever given in Utah. It was not of a political or partisan complexion. Its scope was wider, its aim higher. It was in the spirit of the words of the man who was commemorated—"The world is my country, to do good my religion."

Half a dozen settlements, at least, furnished liberal contingents of men and women of Freethought, who came to worship at the altar of reason, and bow in homage to the sanctuary of freedom. James Horrocks had freely given the use of his spacious and well-appointed hall on the corner of Fifth and Young streets, and in the afternoon there was a joyous and plenteous picnic partaken of by the families of invited guests from the city and the country. It was a sociable prelude to the more serious and momentous program of the evening.

Near on eight o'clock the well-lit and handsomely decorated hall was crowded with an assemblage of between two and three hundred people, from the hoary-headed veteran to the toddling infant. It was, we believe, the most numerous gathering of the sort ever witnessed in Utah, giving evidence that the leaven of Freethought is fermenting among the masses. C. P. Lambert, chairman of the committee on arrangements, called the assembled multitude to order, and gave out the opening song, "Longing for Home," which expresses sentiments holier than any denominational hymn. He then, with a few appropriate remarks, introduced John A. Jost, the veteran Freethinker, who had been chosen orator of the day. In an elaborate address, a large part of which was in fluent blank verse, the speaker delineated the course and work of Thomas Paine through his disinterested life-struggles in behalf of humanity and against both kingcraft and priestcraft. He laid especial stress on the injustice of posterity in neglecting to do honor to Paine, whose pen had been as mighty in the establishment of liberty on this soil as had been Washington's sword. The whole oration, couched in eloquent language, breathed forth a noble aspiration toward the final emancipation of mankind from all unworthy fetters and follies. It was listened to with rapt attention, and rewarded with hearty applause.

After a fine instrumental piece by Miss Fellows, who exhibited considerable skill on the organ, a recess was taken for fifteen minutes. On resuming the program, John Ford sang the thrilling and ever popular song of "A Thousand Years," the chorus joining with him in his excellent rendition. After a few remarks by Leo Hæfeli, James Horrocks delivered "The Slave's Dream," in good strong voice, with excellent effect. Ed. Mann, of Hooper, then ascended the rostrum, and paid a powerful tribute of thanks to Thomas Paine for what he had done for the political freedom of this (his adopted) country, and the intellectual emancipation of the whole race.

Wm. Jones, the well-known venerable Welsh veteran of South Weber, made his feelings known in a few but well pointed remarks, wherein he established Paine's just (though unjustly withheld) claim for the victorious consummation of the purposes of the revolution. In a sweet and pathetic voice, Mrs. Hamlin sang, "When the Rover Comes Again," receiving well deserved applause from the audience, whose interest in the proceedings had by this time become fully captivated. C. W. Hestmark was greeted with applause when he took the stand and acknowledged the blessings that Thomas Paine's writings and teachings had proved to him and his family—teachings which lead only to freedom, virtue, honesty, and happiness.

The speech-making part of the program had come to an end and the beautiful art received some more attention by Mrs. John Ford, who rendered the soul-stirring song of "Close the Shutters, Willie's Dead," in a most charming and touching style, calling forth an encore to which she responded with the song of "The Newfoundland Dog," which she gave with exquisitly worked-out pathos.

The time was far spent, the hours had flown by on invisible wings without being noticed. Entertaining and instructiv though the meeting had proved, it had to come to a close. Votes of thanks were extended to the liberal owner of the hall, to the managers of, and speakers and singers at the celebration, etc.

A motion was made and carried to the effect that the Liberals of Weber County continue these gatherings around the shrine of Freethought, and form in a compact organization for the defense of independence on religious matters. The chairman made some appointments for an initiatory committee, and the celebration came to an end, all the participants dispersing with the feeling of having spent a useful, ever memorable evening.

The Liberal Club.

Last Friday night was a bad one to be out. The weather was so cold that everything creaked and cracked and popped under foot, and a fine snow blew across the pedestrian's face and sandpapered his nose. Considering the state of the weather the man with the badge-pin was more or less surprised to find that a large number of persons had preceded him at the 398th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. These stood around the steam heater to get warm. Dr. Eccles was warming himself up by attempting to demonstrate to Dentist Andrews the vital necessity of gold as a money standard, and Mr. Wakeman experienced some difficulty in calling him to order so as to open the meeting.

The chairman first said that the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER was remarkable for its report of the Paine celebration and its illustrations. Everyone should read it. Dr. Lambert was the speaker of the evening upon the question of alcohol. He proposed to treat the subject scientifically. Charts were hanging on both sides of the platform to aid the doctor in carrying out this design, but he referred to these but briefly, confining himself mainly to reciting the constitution of various substances including, incidentally, alcohol. The point which he wished to impress was that all forms of intoxicating drinks were unhealthful, and that adulterated liquor was no worse than pure liquor. Some time was spent by the speaker in describing what he called a Torgulis. The Torgulis, he said, was an animal developed in fermentation which eats sugar and passes alcohol. There were seven million Torgulises in an ordinary yeast cake. The effect of alcohol on the system is to cause a series of microscopic explosions. Alcohol goes through the part of the brain most used, because the blood vessels are larger there. Thus a man shows up in his true light when filled with firewater, and hence the origin of the saying, *In vino veritas*.

By some preconcerted arrangement Dr. Eccles was the protagonist. Mr. Wakeman said that a blackboard would be necessary to illustrate Dr. Eccles's remarks, and Deacon Deane roused one out of the little room beside the stage and set it on a chair. On the upper part of this the speaker made some mysterious marks mixed with capital letters and superior figures. Then on the lower part of the board he made some more of the same. By reducing these to their lowest terms, inverting the divisor, and canceling common factors, the doctor reached some result or other which he announced with great energy, and the audience applauded, though what it was all about nobody seemed to understand. In an eloquent manner the speaker denied that Torgulises were animals; on the contrary, they were surrounded by cellulos. Dr. Lambert was entirely wrong in regard to the penicillium glaucus, or words to that effect. Alcohol produces a hobnailed liver. The medical terms used in this report are not vouched for. The writer intercepted them with his ear as they cavorted down the aisle, but some of them got away. Those captured are not found in the dictionary, encyclopedia, or concordance.

Mr. Wakeman followed Dr. Eccles and supported Dr. Lambert. The fact, he said, that alcohol was produced in a lower stage of digestion showed that it could not be fit for food; and the fact that it was thrown off by the stomach and not allowed to pass into that portion of the digestiv organs where food is assimilated proved that there was no nourishment or stimulant in it. It was merely an irritant.

For some reason or other Mr. Wakeman here repeated the charge, for which there is no foundation, that Paine, whose birthday had just been celebrated, was a victim of strong drink. It is reported that the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they said, "Behold a wine-bibber and a glutton," yet there are few Christians who hav faith enough in the Bible to believe that Jesus Christ was a drunkard. The cases of Paine and Christ are parallel, and the accusation is as unjust in one case as in the other. There hav been able liars in all ages of the dim and misty past, and some still survive.

Dr. Lambert closed the discussion with further reference to his charts, and by replying briefly to Dr. Eccles. But it was getting late, and the audience gradually dissolved and flowed out through the door, so that when the meeting was dismissed there were few present to enjoy the benediction.

At the next meeting Madam Delescluze will talk about "Oratory and Dramatic Reading." She is a student and teacher of those arts, and she will therefore speak, as Mr. Andrews says, under the fire of her own guns. It is safe to promis that the occasion will be one of great interest. The following week Henry Appleton, of Boston, will talk about "Scientific Anarchism;" and next the Rev. William Lloyd will discourse upon "Personal Immortality in the Light of Science." These two last lectures being mainly upon speculativ subjects, a large field for discussion will be opened. All for five cents. Presbyterians admitted without any cents.

LATER.—An Irregular Meeting of the club was held at the office of THE TRUTH SEEKER Monday morning at 11 o'clock. There were present Messrs. Scott, Somerby, Sutherland, Richards, of Kansas, and the attachés of the book-store. The financial problem was ably discussed. Mr. Scott defended the silver dollar. Mr. Sutherland opposed, and was in a fair way to suppress his opponent when the timely intervention of Mr. Richards reinforced the silver man. Mr. Richards proved to be a person of great eloquence, and Mr. Sutherland suffered the fate he had come so near inflicting upon Mr. Scott. An adjournment was then had. There was no admission fee charged. The writer was not present; this report is obtained from the bookkeeper, who witnessed the proceedings with great glee.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE Newark Liberal League will celebrate its eighth anniversary on February 15th, at its hall, 177 Halsey street, cor. Market, by a musical and literary entertainment, followed by dancing. Madame Elizabeth Delescluze, W. G. Mayo, Wm. Whittick, H. G. Avery, Miss E. L. Simmons, and the brothers Frankel will contribute to the enjoyment of the evening. All are invited.

THE *Industrial Appeal* says of C. W. Stewart's recent discourse in Ottumwa, Iowa: "The lectures Professor Stewart delivered at Liberal Hall last Sunday, morning and evening, were *ne plus ultra*. Many of his hearers went to him in the evening and complimented him personally on the excellence of the entertainment. In our opinion Mr. Stewart is the most accomplished and instructiv lecturer the Liberals hav ever had in their hall. We wish he could be retained during the entire winter."

MRS. F. C. REYNOLDS made a beginning as a Freethought lecturer at Jobstown, N. J., last Sunday afternoon. Her subject was "Reasons for the Religion of Humanity." Mr. C. B. Reynolds spoke in the evening on "Salvation." These two evangels of Freethought will make engagements to lecture Sunday afternoons and evenings, and will devote their efforts to circulating Liberal literature, obtaining subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER and other papers, and building up local unions. They will lecture on week-day evenings in any place, in public hall or private house, where there is a likelihood of starting a small or large society or science school. They can be addressed in care of this office. Immediate application should be made.

MR. CHARLES WATTS, having thoroughly recovered from his recent sickness, left Canada last Saturday week for Pittsburgh, Pa., where he lectured two Sundays to crowded audiences, and on Monday and Tuesday at Alliance, O. He is now in Chicago, where he will deliver four lectures, after which he speaks in several Western cities. In April Mr. Watts returns to Canada to fill the engagements he was necessitated to cancel in consequence of his illness. He will then come East previous to going to England to fetch his wife and family. Mr. Watts's lectures in Ayr seem to hav been most successful, judging from the opinion of the local press. The Ayr *Recorder* of Jan. 21, 1886, says: "The two lectures given in Reed's Hall last Wednesday and Thursday evenings by this talented Secularist were well attended, especially Thursday evening meeting. Mr. William Algie, of Alton, presided very efficiently on both occasions. To say that the lecturer is a vigorous speaker of rare elocutionary abilities, great intellectual attainments, one capable of presenting his views in the strongest possible light, is only an imperfect testimony to Mr. Watts. No matter how his hearers may differ from his views on theology, they must admit that his expositions of skeptical Freethought hav embodied in them some of the most rhetorical utterances and seductiv logic that it has ever been their privilege to listen to." Friends in the West wishing to communicate with Mr. Watts should address him, up to March 6th, care of Mr. A. D. O'Neill, 107 Park ave., Chicago, Ill. After that to Mr. Watts's permanent address, 82 Berkeley st., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec., 33 Clinton Place, New York. COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com. E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	$1,933.02
Daniel De Milt (paid).....	1.00
John Engstrom (pledge)	25.00
Total,.....	$1,959.02

PLEDGES PAID.—Morris Johnson, $5.00; Samuel D. Moore, $1.40.

PARTIOULAR NOTICE.

I would like the addresses of Mrs. Russell and Joseph Burgess, who contributed to the Campaign Fund at the Cleveland Congress.

CORRECTION.—The name Samuel Sharp on the list of contributors at the Cleveland Congress should be Simeon Sharp, Salem, O., who contributed $10.

News and Notes.

The following from Canada is a note of encouragement indeed, and the vigor of old age is still an example for youth:

WELLAND, ONT., CAN., Jan. 27, 1886.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND PUTNAM: I would like to say something in the way of encouragement in the good work you are engaged in, in trying to get the museums, etc., opened on Sundays for the benefit of a class of people with hard hands and few friends.

Wealth procures friends and all the good things of this life, while the poor toiler's time is fully occupied in procuring bread, and too often comes short of that. His opportunities for recreation, enjoyment, or improvement are but few. His situation calls for help, and who so likely to heed his call as humanity? I need not say persevere in your work; you will do that. By nature you are fitted for the work better than many are. If you accomplish it you will hav your reward, and if not it will be so much done in the way of education upon the subject. I can hardly be selfish upon this subject; at the age of fourscore years I may not visit the museums. I am one of the toilers, a poor but rich man, so inclosed find one dollar to help in the work. Desiring your encouragement and success, I am, Yours very respectfully, JOHN RAY.

The following is equally cheering—the great West joins with the solid North:

S. P. PUTNAM, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* I am with you with all my heart for the good cause that the American Secular Union is advocating, and if I was able I would giv $1,000 to push the battle for freedom. You may put me down for $25. I shall also try to do what I can among friends.

Very truly yours, JOHN ENGSTROM.

The news from Denver shows that a good field is open there:

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir:* I hope you will deliver a few lectures in Denver. I know they will be appreciated. There is no city in the West more thoroughly in need of a movement like that in which you are engaged. It has been nearly two years since we had a Liberal lecturer here. This is a city of about sixty thousand inhabitants and fifty churches.

Our Christian opponents are working hard this winter, holding revival meetings nearly every week, but with very poor success, as I can testify from my own observation, and as is also shown by an address delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association convention by the Rev. Cameron, a prominent D.D., who has been assisting in these revivals, and who says "that at the present time not more than three per cent of the young men of Denver are church-members."

Hoping that you will favor us with a visit,

Yours truly, FRED. WARREN.

They are evidently busy at Fillmore City, Utah, and it is well that what they are doing should be known. Let some of the rearward ranks close up with quicker step when they see what this gallant troop is accomplishing:

FILLMORE CITY, UTAH., Jan. 27, 286.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir:* Branch 76 of the American Secular Union held its annual election Jan. 10th, with the following result: president, John Kelly; secretary, Geo C. Veile; treasurer, Geo. Greeway; editor, A. L. Robinson; and librarian, Edwin Bartholomew. We hold regular meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The young form part of our audience, from whom we get select readings, recitations, and essays. They also help answering questions, which are always given out the previous Sunday and must be answered in writing. We also hav songs and music, and a short lecture from some of the older persons. Our order of business is: first, roll-call; second, reading minutes of previous meeting; third, answering questions; fourth. debate or essays; fifth, select reading; sixth, recitation; seventh, lecture not exceeding thirty minutes; eighth, new business; ninth, select reading; tenth, recitation; eleventh, song and music; twelfth, adjournment. We are taking pattern after the church—we begin to train from the cradle up. They say there is no other way, and we believe it. Hence our program.

Respectfully, GEO. C. VEILE, Secretary.

The following waft from the big prairies of Illinois givs good music for the Union:

MECHANICSBURG, ILL., Jan. 31, 1886.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir:* Received charter all right. Hav just organized and elected our officers. President, A. H. Martin: vice-president, John Thompson; secretary, W. A. Beck; treasurer, C. B. Hall. We hav a very good organization, all our present members are live men. We expect to hav soon a strong society. W. A. BECK.

Montana wheels into line:

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: Your communication of 23d inst. received. I am making effort for combined territorial movement to contribute to our national fund. I am not discouraged, knowing, as I do, that there is a predominant Liberal sentiment prevailing in our territory, only awaiting proper methods to be aroused to action.

My experience as a member of the national executiv committee has convinced me that it is impossible for any one man with time and attention divided between work for our cause and his personal business to accomplish what is needed. Solid and permanent work must be done in the organization of societies, and to keep them alive. If these societies can hav a strong man upon whom to rely, who will champion their cause and fight their battles, it would inspire all with confidence. I firmly believe that Montana could sustain an able lecturer, and contribute financially to the national cause. This I hope will sometime be done.

Pay us a visit, if only as a John the Baptist to prepare the way for the real Christ of a permanent Liberal organization.

Yours truly, THOMAS BURKE,
Chairman of Committee of Montana Territory.

I now expect, without fail, to begin my Western lecture tour in March. I expect to be in Chicago the third Sunday in March, and from there go westward *via* Omaha and the Union Pacific to Salt Lake City. I desire all Liberals on this line of travel to make arrangements for lectures. Pay the expenses of a hall and advertising, and I will come. If you cannot secure a hall, hav a meeting in your own houses. Parlor lectures are of great benefit, and will be the beginning of much enduring Liberal progress. I shall remain in Utah about a month, probably the latter part of April and first week in May, and hope to visit every county in the territory.

Attention, Liberals of Utah, and don't fail to hav one meeting and more, if possible, in your county. We hope to strike Montana and the Pacific states. J. D. Shaw is making arrangements for a State Convention in Texas, which we expect to attend during the summer. There is plenty of work, but we can not do it alone. The Liberals must, in their own vicinity, push the enterprise. And furthermore, all the Liberals in the country who desire to see our cause advanced in every place and organization begun and perfected, are solicited to unite in making contributions for the pioneer work. I shall go into many places where only the hall-rent and advertising expenses can be guaranteed. Of course, something more can be given when interest and enthusiasm are aroused. Such a lecture-trip as I propose, however, cannot by any means be a money-making one, and therefore only through national cooperation can it be a successful undertaking, giving promis for larger attainment in the future. So I hope for a generous response from the Liberals of every state and section furnishing the sinews of war, so that the secretary of the Union shall not be obliged to leave any field on account of insufficient remuneration. The Liberals of New England, of New York, of Pennsylvania, of Illinois, etc., can aid the Liberals of Utah, and giv them, by their generous aid, an opportunity to grow and become a political and social power. This outside assistance will be of immense benefit. The great social and political problems of Utah can only be solved by the triumphs of Liberalism.

Mormonism is founded in the Bible, and only by the overthrow of the authority of the Bible can this mingling of superstition and enthusiasm be cleared of its errors, and what is absolutely humane and truthful in it remain to be of service to the civilized world. I want to lift up the banners of Freethought in this country in behalf of public virtue, of moral progress, of intellectual advancement, of social nobility. Liberalism should be a practical power in politics and society for the selection of what is best in the prevalence of an enlightened reason. Only thus can the mighty problems which now press upon the troubled way of man be answered with clear and decisiv wisdom. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Thomas Paine's Religion of Humanity.

Several years ago I underscored the words "Religion of Humanity" in Paine's "Crisis" No. VII. Brother Wakeman now notices the expression, tells us that the general supposition that it came to us from Auguste Comte is a mistake, and raises the question whether it was ever used by anybody before 1778, when "Crisis" No. VII. was written.

Before O. B. Frothingham left the pulpit he published a volume of essays entitled, "The Religion of Humanity." And that phrase has long been a favorit one with advanced religious teachers of the Frothingham type. Theodore Parker, I presume, used it frequently, and yet when he was invited in 1843 to attend the celebration of Thomas Paine's birthday, he excused himself by saying: "With what I understand to be the spirit of his writings on theology and religion, I hav not the smallest sympathy."

"Education consists in getting rid of prejudice," said the late Wendell Phillips. It was one of the best things he ever said, and yet when the same brilliant orator affirmed that Buddhism stole its ideas from Christianity, he showed that his own education was not half completed. The wolf in the fable, seeking a reasonable excuse for devouring the lamb, accused him of riling the water. The lamb replied, "Water does not run up stream." Then the wolf said, "You insulted me last year." "Not so," said the lamb, "for I was not born till this year." But the cultured lamb, being unable to overcome the prejudices of the uneducated wolf, got eaten up. The late Rev. W. H. Channing once characterized Thomas Paine as "the turkey-buzzard of literature." Nowhere in Paine's writings can be found such a foul epithet as that used by the aforesaid clerical champion of the Religion of Humanity. Theodore Parker lived long enough to think better of Paine's religious writings, and had his life been prolonged to threescore and ten, like that of his disciple, Channing, it is quite likely that his education would hav been more nearly completed. BURR.

Kansas Statesmen.

To-day, January 29th, is the quarter-centenary of the admission of Kansas into the Union. During this period nine men hav been elected to the office of governor: Robinson, Carney, Crawford, Harvey, Osborne, Anthony, St. John, Glick, and Martin. It is a notable fact that out of these nine governors not one was a church-member. St. John ought to hav been, but was not. During the same time we hav had eight United States senators: Lane, Pomeroy, Ross, Caldwell, Harvey, Crosier, Plumb, and Ingalls. Of these eight senators, not one, with the exception of Pomeroy—an exception most cheerfully chronicled—was a church-member.

It must be refreshing to the Religious Amendment fanatics to know that of the two Kansas politicians who hav so zealously espoused their cause the one was a bribe-giver, the other a bribe-taker. Is this an index to what may be looked for when this amendment is carried? When this party triumphs—when 'none but religious men are elected to office,' will bribery cease to be a barrier to political preferment? It may be argued that the incentivs to bribery would in a measure cease because "Christian statesmen" aspiring to official positions would no longer be compelled to match their money against Infidel brains.

J. E. REMSBURG.

Answers to Inquiries.

C. ORNOLD.—There is no truth in the clippings you send.

OLAF OLSEN RAY.—We hav not seen the resolutions to which you refer.

S. M. BARKER.—You will find a full account of "How Voltaire Died" in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

MRS. M. E. ARCHIBALD.—"Last Words of Infidels" is a Christian "yarn." See "Paine Vindicated," by Colonel Ingersoll, and TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886 for account of Voltaire's death.

E. CHANTLER.—If you wish to know just what Clark Braden is get from the *Index* office "The Kind of a Man Clark Braden Is," by B. F. Underwood, and from L. L. Luse, of Wilber, Neb., "Braden Unmasked." You might also inquire of G. H. Walser, Liberal, Mo.

J. B. TRAVERS.—We preface the detailed answer to your questions by the general statement that the Rev. Mr. Sweeney, of the Christian church, is a liar. 1. Mr. Bennett was not "kicked out of a church." 2. He never had anything to do with Paine Hall, which building is not now a Bible repository, but is completed, owned by Freethinkers, and held as a worthy monument to Thomas Paine. 3. In regard to Paine, get "Paine Vindicated," by Colonel Ingersoll. 4. The slander upon Mr. Ingersoll's relativs is infamously false, and the author deserves a cowhiding.

J. W. W.—1. No; wheat does not turn to chess. 2. The origin of Christmas is pagan. The "heathen" nations regarded the winter solstice as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature—in other words, the birth of the sun. The church adopted the custom, only calling it a celebration of the birth of Christ. 3. Yes; we believe that as the terms of the public debt make it payable either in silver or gold, the government can honestly pay it in silver. The output of $150,000,000 would, it seems to us, make better times. A man who owed a large debt, upon which he was paying interest, yet kept a vast amount of money stowed away in his safe, drawing nothing, would be regarded as a poor financier.

ELLA E. PAGE, secretary of the Chicago Secular Union, writes: "The charge is often made against Freethinkers that their work is destructiv, and not constructiv. That this charge is not true, the Secular Union of Chicago had illustration last Sunday night. Mr. E. A. Stevens delivered before it his new lecture, 'God in the State,' and it was admitted by the large and appreciativ audience present to be the clearest, most practical, and strongest presentation of the Nine Demands that has yet been given to our society. Mr. Stevens cited the various states where discriminations are made in favor of believers as against Freethinkers; where church and state are practically united, the amount of untaxed property held by theological organizations, the stealthy and successful work of the Catholic church to obtain political power in this country, and the inevitable future of ignorance, tyranny, and oppression for the people if this work is not counteracted by a united and determined effort on the part of the Liberal element of the country. Mr. Stevens's lecture should be published, and thoroughly circulated among the people, as it makes a strong appeal in regard to the danger threatening our liberties through the activ aggressivness of Romanism, a religion, as he demonstrated, the more dangerous as it is foreign to our soil. As a deserved tribute to an earnest, vigilant worker, I send these few lines."

What is Secularism?

Secularism is the term applied to a system of ethical principles begun to be advocated about 1846 by G. J. Holyoake. As the system has a considerable number of adherents, and comes not seldom into public notice, a brief account of its leading doctrins is here given.

The secular is defined as that which pertains to this life, and is treated as a thing apart—as independent of, rather than as necessarily opposed to, any other mode of thought and duty.

Secularism, as regards opponents, claims that to ignore is not to deny. As the geometrician ignores chemistry or metaphysics without a thought of denying them, so Secularism, which concerns itself with this world, refuses to be held as conflicting with that "other-worldliness" which, if demonstrable, must be based on an experience to which Secularism makes no pretension, and toward which it considers itself to incur no responsibility. Secularism commences by laying down the proposition that intelligent sincerity is sinless. It does not maintain that even intelligent sincerity is errorless, but that it is without conscious guilt, even when it is, as it may be, dangerously mistaken.

The conscience thus educated, thought may be entrusted to inquire, and the search for truth may be begun.

Secularism takes the term "Freethought" as expressing the central idea which it inculcates. It defines Freethought as the unrestricted application of the powers of the intellect to any subject, the absence of any threat or penalty, legal, spiritual, or social, for the exercise of thought. The Freethought it inculcates is not lawless thought; it is guided by methods of logic, limited by evidence, checked at every step by experience, which is omnipresent, and corrected by the results of science.

Freethought is not the rebellion but the judicial action of the understanding. Reason, the faculty of following the pathway of facts, does not despise intuition, nor instinct, nor the voice of nature, nor authority. It uses but revises them. It does not pretend to be infallible, but to be the best arbiter we hav. To the conception of Freethought is also necessary the free publication of opinion, for no one could profit by the thought of other minds unless it was freely communicated. Hence the diffusion of thought becomes an obligation on each thinker, and silence or supineness a social crime. Again, Freethought that would command respect must be submitted to free criticism. Thought is often foolish, often mischievous, and sometimes wicked, and he alone who submits it to free criticism givs guarantees to society that he means well, since by criticism comes the exposure of false or foolish opinions; and the right of criticism is the sole protection of the public from error.

Freethought must end in the free action of opinion, since he thinks to no purpose whose thought is inapplicable to conduct, and he withholds the sign of his own sincerity who does not unite his thought with action.

Such is that education in Freethought which Secularism attempts. It holds that skepticism is the pathway to affirmativ truth. So far from being a crime, skepticism is scrutiny. So far from being the end, it is the beginning of inquiry—the first condition for the recognition of unknown truth. He who would be master of his own mind and know what is in it, and would hav no principles there but those which are pure, true, and reliable, must refuse to believe anything until he is compelled to believe it, it being no more safe to keep one's mind open to all notions than to keep one's door open to all comers.

It is clear that the use of Freethought may be a nuisance, a terror, or an outrage, unless courtesy takes care of it. Therefore Secularism provides that advocacy shall be directed to the exposure of error and the elucidation of truth, without moral imputation upon those whose opinions are controverted, and contends that all advocacy wanting in consideration toward others shall be regarded as a crime against Freethought. The quality of the thought, and not the motiv of it, is the proper and sufficient subject of discussion.

Secularism further imposes upon the action of Freethought the limit that everyone shall concede to others the liberty he claims for himself, and shall permit to others, and shall recognize in each individual, liberty of action in all things by which others are neither injured nor damaged.

Secularism, regarding the one object of all Freethought as the attainment of truth, finds in the study of nature its immediate sphere of exercise. Freethought is prompted by a desire to fathom the knowable, and nature and human life are the immediate sources of truth and duty which it most concerns man to master. Therefore respect for this life, respect for pure physical conditions, respect for the moral capacity of human nature, are conditions of Secular belief.

Secularism is not committed to denying that there is other good—it does not meddle with that question; it says whether there be other good or not, the good of the present life is good, and it is good to seek that good. It holds that the secular is sacred, and seeks "to find that material condition in which it shall be impossible for a man to be depraved or poor."

It does not say that all things are material, or that there are no spiritual agencies; it does not enter upon these propositions, but confines itself to showing that there are material agencies in this life, whatever else there may be, and that these, as far as they can be discovered, are the calculable forces of this world, which cannot be neglected without folly or hurt, and that it is wisdom, mercy, and duty to attend to them.

Without entering upon the question of the interference of providence, Secularism contends that science is practically the providence of life; that conscience is higher than consequence; that deliverance from calamity is more merciful than any system of consolation which only acts when calamity has occurred; and that it is not the pursuit of happiness, but the performance of duty, which is the end of life. Secularism proceeds in the path of Positiv Philosophy, not asking for errors, but for truth; not busying itself with negations, but with affirmations. In sacred writ it seeks for guiding truth and thought which commends itself to reason and experience, accepting the intrinsically true without entering upon the vexed questions of inspiration or authenticity. Whatever principles Secularism inculcates, they are affirmativ in their nature, relate to the welfare of humanity, and are determined by considerations purely human.

There is unquestionably a vast outlying class in every European country, and especially in our Indian territories, who are without the pale of Christianity. They reject it, they dislike it, or they do not understand it. Secularism is intended for these, and for all who find theology indefinit, or inadequate, or deem it unreliable. The object of Secularism is to afford these classes a knowledge of principles addressed to their common reason and intelligence, by an appeal to principles of a Secular nature, common to humanity in every state and clime. It may be a misfortune that the principles of Theism, or the acceptance of the Bible, cannot be rendered promptly acceptable to them. Since, however, this is not the case, it must be of advantage to interest them in rules calculated for the moral guidance of their conduct. Upon these Christianity may be, if shown to be tenable, subsequently superinduced.

The principles of Secularism are intended to constitute an education of the working-classes, which begins with their reason, grows with their intelligence, and ends only with death.

Secularism is not an argument against Christianity; it is one independent of it. It does not question the pretensions of Christianity, it advances others. Secularism does not say there is no light or guidance elsewhere, but maintains that there is light and guidance in secular truth, whose conditions and sanctions exist independently, act independently, and act forever. Secular knowledge is manifestly that kind of knowledge which is founded in this life, which relates to the conduct of this life, conduces to the welfare of this life, and is capable of being tested by the experience of this life. Geometry, algebra, botany, chemistry, navigation, political economy, ethics, are secular subjects of instruction (distinct albeit from Secularism, which includes the education of the conscience). They are founded in nature, they relate to the uses of this life, promote the enjoyments of this life, and can be tested by personal experience. That which is secular can be tested in time; that which is theological is only provable after death. If a sum in arithmetic is wrong, it can be proved by a new way of working it; if a medical recipe is wrong, the effect is discoverable on the health; if a political law is wrong, it is sooner or later apparent in the disaster it brings with it; if a theorem in navigation is erroneous, delay or shipwreck warns the mariner of his mistake; if an insane moralist teaches that adherence to the truth is wrong, men can try the effects of lying, when the disgrace and distrust which ensue soon convince them of the fallacy; but if a theological belief is wrong, we must die to find it out.

The standard of Secularism is utilitarian. Utility is made the test of right, not the utility which is sensual and selfish, but that which takes into account the highest attributes and noblest aspirations of humanity. It is not the agent's own happiness, but the happiness of others, which the utilitarian is bound to promote. The adoption of this rule makes intelligence a necessity. Secularism is not skeptical. It seeks everywhere positiv truth and regards doubt as a difficulty and a danger. It is not infidel, for that is a state of mind treacherous to the truth, and truth is the first thing to which Secularism teaches allegiance.

It is not Atheistic, Atheism being alien to Secularism, which concerns itself with the affirmativ. Secularism might call itself religious, if it were allowable to use the term without including some distinctiv theory of Theism, which is equally excluded from the subject-matter of Secularism, as not coming within the region of positiv knowledge.

Nothing in Secular morals can be insisted upon with effect save those statements which appeal to the common experience, and with which you can dare the judgment of mankind; but if that may be called religious which appeals to demonstrativ intelligence, which addresses itself to the conscience, which inculcates love, and truth, and justice; which claims service and endurance from all men; which places happiness in duty, and makes the service of humanity the one object of life and the source of consolation in death, then Secularism may be so defined, and in this sense it has been described in the following definitions:

Secularism is the religion of the present life; it teaches men to seek morality in nature, and happiness in duty; guiding the conduct and educating the conscience of those who do not know, or who, from conscientious convictions, stand apart from Christianity. Secularism teaches a man to acquit himself well in this world as the purest act of worship, to study the truth, to judge by reason, to regulate human interests by considerations purely human, and to act on that rule of utility which conduces to the greatest good of others; thus endeavoring to deserve another life by the unresting pursuit of duty in this. —*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

Canadian Notes.

The Toronto branch of the Canadian Secular Union held their annual meeting and election of officers at their rooms, Grand Opera House, on Sunday, January 17th, with the following result: President, J. A. Risser; first vice-president, George Piddington; second vice-president, F. Strange; secretary, J. Preistman; financial secretary, George Beals; treasurer, Alexander Earsman; who, with the following committee form the executiv committee for the coming year: Scott, Jopling, Harrison, R. Earsman, Kelly. Secretary's address, 76 Richmond street East.

The election of friend Risser to the office of president is one that reflects credit upon the members and does honor to one who is in every way worthy, and who has done perhaps more than anyone else in Toronto for the good of Secularism and the cause in general. With the pioneer of Canadian Secularism, Wm. Algie, as president of the Union, and friend Risser as president of the Toronto branch, together with the able executiv just elected, and such valuable additions to the ranks as Messrs. Scott, Preistman, and Jopling, it will indeed be strange if the coming year does not prove the most successful in the history of Canadian Freethought.

The executiv committee held their first meeting Wednesday evening, and proceeded to appoint subcommittees and make preparations for activ work as soon as they take possession of their new quarters, which they expect will be about the first of February. Among the committees appointed is one on public lectures, composed of Messrs. Scott, Preistman, and J. Harrison, chairman. Any communications on the subject of lectures addressed to him at 103 Hazelton avenue, Toronto, will receive prompt attention.

Mr. Watts lectured here on Monday evening, Jan. 11th, under the management of a committee composed of some of the officers of the Irish National League, the president and secretary of the Toronto Trades and Labor Council, and members of the Secular Society, in the new Temperance Hall; subject, "Home Rule for Ireland, and the House of Lords."

This lecture was delivered on a former occasion, and repeated at the request of a few of the gentlemen above mentioned, who happened to be present, and who, in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, expressed the opinion that it was the grandest exposition of the true state of affairs in Ireland they had ever listened to, and one that should be heard by all friends of liberty. After consulting his friends, Mr. Watts consented. The lecture was well advertised by bill posting and through the press; it was brought before the Irish societies and trades unions by the members of those bodies who were on the committee, and there was every reason to expect a crowded house at the lecture; but there is an old saying that "man can appoint and God can disappoint," and if God didn't do it on this occasion, his self-appointed agents did. As soon as the lecture, was announced the clergy and the Irish societies took fright. "It was Watts, the Infidel, who was to lecture and nothing good could come from a man who was opposed to God and religion." The result was that when the hour for the lecture arrived there had been barely enough tickets sold to clear expenses. However, the lecture was given, and the audience fully made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. It was one of Mr. Watts's best efforts, and well deserved the hearty applause which he received throughout. At the conclusion of the lecture the president of the Irish National League, in a few well-chosen remarks, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Watts, which was ably seconded by the secretary of the same body, and carried unanimously by a standing vote, every one of the two hundred present rising at the call of the chairman.

The lecture committee held a meeting on the even-

ing following that of the lecture at the rooms of Mr. O'Connor, Queen street, where Mr. Watts, who was present by invitation, was presented with a neat purse (which had been subscribed the night before) by the committee, as a token of their appreciation of his efforts in the cause of humanity in general and of the Irish people in particular. After spending a very pleasant evening, during which friendships were formed which may bring about great good in the future, the committee separated, well pleased with the work accomplished.

This is perhaps the first instance on record in Toronto where the friends of political liberty on the one hand and the friends of mental freedom on the other hav tried to work together in harness, and the result must be considered highly satisfactory. It is a good and promising sign where men of extremely opposit religious views can unite and work together for the common good, and proves the truth of the old adage that blood is thicker than water.

Mr. Watts lectures here this (Sunday) evening, on the French Revolution, after which he goes to the States for two months, and, as at present arranged, returning in April.

The Toronto friends propose to celebrate Paine's birthday with a social, which will be the last in their old quarters. It is also proposed to hold a celebration on the occasion of taking possession of their new rooms, the particulars of which hav not yet been arranged, but which will be duly advertised.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1886. J. NOSIRRAH.

Change of Fashion in Virgins.

It seems that some curates are too fast for their pious congregations. *L'Agriculteur de la Haute Saone* records a curious scandal of the village Lure.

Last Sunday the curate unexpectedly announced to his flock that he had condemned the old Virgin which had adorned the chapel for the last sixty years, and was going to replace her by a new one, a Virgin of Lourdes, where they sell the miraculous water and the best chocolate. The old folks are in quite a stew about this. They say if the old Virgin is of no account, then what becomes of our prayers to her? She was good enough, they say, for our old curate, M. Guiron. Comparisons are odious. The new curate's orthodoxy is seriously questioned. Such an innovation may disturb the pious faith in relics. It is true that the priest recreates God in the real presence at each communion service, but it seems that the rite of transubstantian was omitted at the installation of the new Virgin. Another heterodox idea of this curate was in offering her to his flock free of charge. That is making goddesses too cheap. The value of mediation is estimated by its cost to the purse of the mediated sinner. The greater faith and piety of Catholics is proportional to the greater enforcement of collections, and the method by which all the important events of life, including death and burial, are rendered tributary to the church.

EDGEWORTH.

Let Polygamy Die Gradually.

The Mormon church came into existence a good many years ago, and now that it has grown to a formidable size, it is proposed by Senator Edmunds to wipe it out of existence at one grand sweep. Likewise slavery came into existence a good many years ago, and it was suffered to go unmolested until it had reached monstrous proportions, and then it was wiped out of existence at one grand sweep. What did it cost? Take a history of the late war and read of the human butchery and the destruction of property that were kept up on a grand scale for four years. To sum it all up, you find that it cost nearly a million of lives and billions of property to effect the removal of slavery; and the result is, the negroes, notwithstanding they hav their freedom and the privilege of voting for the Republican party, are worse off to-day than they were before the antislavery agitation commenced. It takes time to remove any evil. It takes time for a boil to get well, but it is better to giv it time, and help it along, than to cut it out and wait still longer for the wound to heal.

Slavery could hav been removed gradually and peaceably. It could hav been done without bringing financial ruin to the South, and it could hav been done in such a way as to prepare the negroes for freedom instead of turning them loose without education or means of support.

The Republican party, which claims the glory of having abolished slavery, now proposes to take hold of the "other twin," and achieve some more glory. The Republican party is in a very bad way, and something must be done. The "bloody shirt" is worn out, and they must hav a new one. Senator Edmunds comes to the front with a bill to do away with the Mormon church and confiscate its property. This, of course, means bloodshed, but then you know bloodshed always goes along with glory. The Republican party must hav a new lease of life, and if it costs a few hundred thousands of lives and billions of dollars' worth of property, what does that signify when we consider the glory of having the "grand old party" in power again.

Now instead of compelling the Mormons to fight for their religion, suppose we endeavor to solve the difficulty peaceably. In my opinion it would be wrong to break up marriages, even polygamous marriages, that hav been contracted in accordance with religion and custom. Suppose we put a stop to any further polygamous marriages, and let those already contracted remain as they are, and the next generation would see polygamy a thing of the past and that without interfering with established domestic relations. In the mean time, if any parties already bound in polygamous marriages desire to obtain their freedom, they should be given a divorce on the ground of polygamy.

We would hav considerable more faith in the motives of the Republican party, and of Senator Edmunds in particular, had they not shown themselvs in favor of the wholesale immigration of the Chinese, with the "twin relics" slavery and polygamy in full force and practice. COKE EWING.

Conclusion of a Remarkable Introduction.

Courtland Palmer at the first of this season's sessions of the Nineteenth Century Club.

In concluding this introduction, I would dwell for a moment on one more point, and I do so in order to correct a somewhat prevalent misunderstanding. Even yet, certain of the *unco guid* who are pleased to regard themselves as *par excellence*, the aristocracy—even yet, such ones, or some of them, at least, are disposed—and honestly so, I presume—to look somewhat askance upon us. They take us—if they take us at all—as they would a dose of medicin. To these I would say that it is not so much as a Liberal reformer as it is as an *aristocrat* that I hav founded this club. As far as in me lies I would be an aristocrat of the aristocrats. This, I know, sounds like braggadocio, so I must define what I mean by aristocracy. I do not mean the aristocracy that bases its pretensions on mere birth and wealth. I mean the aristocracy of culture, the aristocracy of art, the aristocracy of goodness, the aristocracy of faithful and fruitful service to humanity. There is but one gentility, gentleness; there is but one nobility, nobleness.

I hate with all my hatred the social phariseeism, whose daily prayer ascends: "I thank thee, Lord, that I am not as other men are;" and which, like the Levite of old, "passes by on the other side." Hence, "our set," as such, will hav, with my consent, no hold upon this enterprise, "Our set" may hav its use and place, but this club has no place or use for it. Instead of "our set," I would see every worthy set included here, to form in their *ensemble* a beautiful and harmonious mosaic. The gentleman of the future is to be an inclusiv, not an exclusiv man. As Emerson says: "The exclusiv excludes itself." Therefore, Mrs. Grundy, I trust, will never receive a notice of election here. I hope she will not even obtain a ticket of admission to any of our exercises. Should she ask any of you to let her in, tell her she had better go to hear the Mikado, or to see Dixie in "Adonis." The aristocracy of which I speak is the only aristocracy consistent with democracy. Against any other kind, against any *meaner* kind, the people are sure, sooner or later, to rise to assail and to overturn it. In this high sense let us become, if we are not now, the real leaders, the veritable aristocracy of New York, and, through association with similar societies, the essential aristocracy of the United States and of the world. Through good luck or good management we hav scored a success. By continuing the *courageous prudence* which has characterized us in the past, we can develop this enterprise into an institution possessed of its own club house independent of my own or of anyone's special personality. This is what I would see.

The club of the future, my friends, is not a man's club or a woman's club, but a man's *and* woman's club, designed, first, for high humanitarian endeavor; second, intellectual culture, and third, for social recreation.

A Social Dream of Thomas Paine.

The omitted Portion of Mr. Wakeman's Paine Address.

Thomas Paine forecast the true line of political evolution. Our statesmen, reformers, Socialists, philanthropists are at fault in not taking up the great movements of the present as continuations of the great designs and revolutions of the last century—traced nowhere more clearly than in the conclusion of the "Rights of Man." As there shown, so now, liberty, peace, prosperity, and relief from crushing taxation are impossible except under a federation of the civilized nations. Now, as then, America, France, England, and Holland, could (should they try) compel such federation by force of public opinion, and an appeal to the manifest interests of all other civilized peoples. Now, as then, the great obstacle is the Tory aristocrcy of England. Let England become a republic, and soon, very soon, home rule would be the fact in every land, and federation would make mankind a family of nations. Thus the political dreams of Thomas Paine would be realized! Until the government of these personal dynasties is broken in Europe, what possible escape is there from armies and their officers, nobilities, privileges, taxes, slavery, cruelty, superstition, and ignorance? The priests, and officers, and tax-gatherers continue the policy of the feudal system cast into the forms of national governments. While that continues, liberty can only whisper, suffer, and die—or fly to America. Paine was right, then, that liberty can only exist when secured and protected by the democratic republic in federation with similar republics. The first step of progress must ever be those of political emancipation, as the frame-work, security, and guarantee of all other reforms.

This brings us to refer briefly to his Social Dreams, which revolution should in his view render possible. Open at his pamphlet, "Agrarian Justice," and you will strike at once his solution of the most important social problem of civilization. He shows that in the lower forms of human society land is communal and social, and has no value nor ownership except by the user, because everyone has all he wants. In civilization, however, the increase of population enables but a few to actually occupy the land, and thus they usurp and expropriate the many from all interest in the land, which is the common right and inheritance of all, and which has its chief value because the many are extruded from their right to it. The owner so-called, even when the user really adds but little to its value by his improvements, and only temporarily. But the wrong does not end here. All there is of riches, wealth, or capital, though not land, comes from land and labor. Wage-labor is only paid enough to keep itself alive, and its surplus of product is held by the owners of the land or of capital, as rent, or profit, or interest. Thus, he says, civilization tends to defeat itself—the rich to become richer and fewer, the poor to become poorer and more. The result is seen in ever-recurring rebellions of the *outs* against the *ins*, by strikes, violence, and agrarian laws, and various means of re-appropriation. Thus progress and poverty ever go hand in hand as civilization advances.

Does this remind you of the speculations of Mr. Henry George? Does it remind some of you of the plans that hav been presented by me at certain sociological and other meetings through the last five years in this city, whereby, by means of wages, salaries, and pensions, especially to women, the redistribution of the products of labor is sought to be achieved more justly and equitably?

Of course, I cannot answer for Mr. George, but I must candidly confess that, upon a review of Paine's "Agrarian Justice" within the last year, the old motto came forcibly to mind—"Cursed be he who has said my good things before me." Only we should say blessed, not cursed; for the step that follows is surer and firmer than the step that leads. Let those who wish to pursue sociological speculations intelligently commence where Paine left off; that land belongs to the people fundamentally; that wealth is social in its origin because the product of labor, recent or remote; that it should be redistributed after being gathered as rents, profits, interest and taxes; that this redistribution should be made in the interest of the public welfare by means of wages, advances, salaries, and pensions. This seems to be his plan concisely stated. We wait for some one to rise and show a plan that is more just and practical. Of course, the figuring used by Paine to illustrate this plan is now out of date, but the plan itself seems to be the only feasible one of the hundreds proposed to remove human poverty and misery. Attention to it may yet be an incalculable blessing to mankind.

From his tracts on finance it is clear that, in his view, the money of a people should belong to the people, and be under the control of their government instead of usurers or speculators.

All Are Invited.

To the friends of individual liberty, the supporters of free press and free mails, and the foes of Comstockian laws and methods, greeting:

The National Defense Association, with which you were formerly acquainted, and to whose funds for the defense of earnest Liberals you contributed generously, has not been dead nor sleeping. It has been for two or three years quietly, steadily, and with very little expenditure, holding meetings, watching the operations of the enemy, and in all cases of injustice and oppression affording such assistance as it could in the way of giving good points or such advice as the experience of its members made possible. Its useful documents hav been distributed where they would be likely to do the most good, and now they are running short. Much material or history has been accumulating which ought to appear in convenient printed form to be used as ammunition while the battle goes on, and to those who may not hav been in a position to know of it we will say that assaults upon perfectly legitimate domains of literature and art continue. The enemy with whom our valiant leader, D. M. Bennett, so hotly contended is yet on the war-path, yearning for the scalps of progressiv men, but we feel that the unflinching soul of D. M. Bennett still goes marching on in the hearts of those who backed him up in his great trial, and we trust that a goodly number of them stand ready to aid in a work in which he would be activly engaged were he among us—the protection of principles of individual liberty, at least to the extent that we know them to be guaranteed by constitutional provisions.

"Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty" is the motto of the Defense Association, and we are vigilant. We hav acted as wide-awake pickets at the posts of danger, but we now need the sinews of war to enable us to throw hot shot in the enemy's camp and hold them at bay. It is for this we invite subscriptions from those who several years ago exhibited so generous and patriotic a spirit. Let those now send who never sent before, and those who used to send now send the more. We will not only duly acknowledge contributions, but in course of time we will render to all subscribers an accounting of our actions, and prove to them as we hope that we shall hav acted wisely and to some effect. Though we were compelled to chronicle the death of our noble president, Hon. Elizur Wright, but a few weeks after he had written accepting the position, we hav voted to retain his honored name at the head of our list of officers for one year at least, for the mere name of such a leader is a tower of strength, and an incentiv to continued and earnest devotion to the cause with which he was in full sympathy.

Contributions may be forwarded to our treasurer, E. W. Chamberlain, 120 Broadway, New York; the secretary, E. B. Foote, Jr., 120 Lexington avenue, or in care of the *Health Monthly*. E. B. FOOTE, JR., Secretary.

E. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Treasurer.

Doubted!

From the Jewish Reformer.

Progressiv and enlightened Judaism, stripped of its oriental garb, freed from its shell which now threatens to smother the long-hid precious kernel, rid of all its shackles, is destined to win the entire world for its sublime and simple truths.

To the Swansea (England) school board, the Rev. Canon Richards made the exhortation: "Put only the New Testament in the hands of the children; don't giv them the Old if you hav any regard for their morality." Comment is unnecessary.

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THE
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AND
FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC.
1886.

Containing, besides the 1886 Calendar, an Article on the Progress of Freethought in the United States during 1885; statistics of money paid to the churches from state treasuries, etc.; a splendid story by James Payne, entitled, "The Curate of Churnside;" a true statement of the facts concerning Voltaire's death, etc., etc.; also

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Two Preachers Who Differ.

Years ago old Jacob Harsen left the Bloomingdale Reformed church a large lot of land at the upper end of New York. As the property paid no taxes, and the city grew rapidly in that direction, the real estate turned out to be a bonanza for the Reformed church, and last fall a $300,000 edifice was erected from the proceeds of the sale of the land. In this building the Rev. Carlos Martyn preaches to a handful of people. On Sunday, the 7th, he undertook to explain to them why the museums should not be opened on Sundays. There were three sorts of people, he said, who were advocating such opening. The first class is men and women born abroad, the second class is Europeanized Yankees, and the "third class is a little knot of open and avowed Infidels and Atheists, organized under a propaganda called the American Secular Union, whose president is the notorious Colonel Ingersoll, and its secretary a busybody nobody—S. P. Putnam."

This is encouraging. When the clergy can do or say nothing else, they take to calling names. Being destitute of reasons why the museums should not be opened, Mr. Martyn seeks to excite the prejudice of his people against the petitioners, and thinks he scores a point in calling the secretary of the American Secular Union a busybody nobody. Such talk only shows Mr. Martyn's bad breeding, the weakness of his cause, and the damage done him mentally by his religion.

In striking contrast to the meager audience in the Reformed church and the intolerant language of its pastor, are the immense attendance at Heber Newton's church, and the sensible remarks of Mr. Newton in favor of Sunday liberty. The subject was "The true Sacredness of Sunday," as a text for another sermon on the museum question. Every seat was filled, and many sat upon the chancel steps. "Sunday," said the preacher, "is the workingman's holiday. Rest involves recreation. The true Sabbath has always carried in it more or less of this idea of recreation. The Catholic church has always preserved this aspect of Sunday. It was reserved for Puritanism to reverse the ancient idea of heresy, and make it consist in eating a warm dinner and indulging in a hearty laugh on Sunday. In this recognition of Sunday as a feast day or festival is involved the whole question of the lawfulness of innocent amusements or pure pleasure on that day. Our Sunday is sacred to worship. But worship covers a far larger scope than most men suppose. In its highest form known to us worship is the emotion kindled by noble thought, the light and warmth from the fire kindled in the mind. And so I say that our day of worship is sacred to the intellectual education of man. We are not compromising with conscience or yielding a dangerous concession to popular clamor in advocating the openings of libraries and museums on Sunday afternoons and evenings. We are urging a legitimate and historic use of the day which is sacred to the higher life of the intellect."

Between the Rev. Carlos Martyn and the Rev. R. H. Newton there is a vast intellectual chasm.

Mr. Burnham Hardly Meant What He Said.

Our esteemed friend Burnham sends us the following in reply to our criticism of his article upon religious toleration in a late issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER:

"MR. EDITOR, *My Dear Friend:* I hav read with care your friendly criticism on my article on 'Religious Toleration.' I am happy to inform you that I heartily indorse the most of it. I confess, however, that I am at a loss to know where you find your data for your criticism. I am sure that it is not in the paper to which you refer—that is, only to a very limited extent. You say: 'Neither can we assume as does Mr. Burnham that religions are useful.' Mr. Burnham's utterances are too well-known to be guilty of this assumption. Only in accommodation to others, I said that 'it may be assumed that religions are useful.' I assume that religions are not useful, nor do I believe that they are in any way useful; but if they are in any degree, I do not make war upon them or meddle with them, nor with the opinion, or belief, or honest conviction of anyone. All of this is stated in my article. It is the bad, the criminal, in the practice of beliefs that I object to. I am fully of the opinion that those religious practices to which I referred in my article are thus classed. They are bad as criminal to a greater or less extent. Your reference to the Mormons certainly must be called a mistake. My reference to Mormons was only to polygamous Mormons. I may very likely differ with you as to the criminal character of the practices of religions. I only plead for the intervention of statutory enactment in those cases which are either a nuisance or criminal in practice. Many practices are tolererated on the ground of being religious which would not be upon any other ground. This is why I demand we should hav provisions made in the statutes for the punishment of such criminals. Reference to foreign religions and gods—I hardly thought anyone would take it very seriously. Many of the rites of religion would not hav been tolerated only that they are religious. Mutilations would demand the extreme penalty of the law, as would polygamy, had they not been religious, and the former I think a greater sin than the latter, because it is a crime against an unresisting and speechless childhood, and thus it is with all religious rites. It makes unsuperstitious decency shudder, these vile practices performed in the name of the filthy gods of religion. The one religious practice of the Mormons is now to be suppressed by the strong arm of the nation, while sacred lying and sacred gambling, and filthy, degrading religious practices, are allowed to take place on the ground of home and fashionable religion. I say No; let them be punished just as you would punish the Mormons, If religion will not conform to decency in its practices, I do not see how anyone can tolerate it.

J. H. BURNHAM."

The best way to show our friend how mistaken he is is to quote his own words. In his communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 30th he said:

"I deny that any authority in this country has the right to tolerate or in any way protect crime. There is no liberty in such protection. There is no liberty in such toleration. Tolerate Freeman in his religious *rite* to kill his daughter. Tolerate the Mormon in his religious rite of polygamy. Tolerate the priesthood in wringing from their stupid devotees the secrets of their lives. Tolerate the incarceration of women in nunneries. Tolerate inquisitorial fires and hells where crime forever goes unpunished. Tolerate forced fastings and rites which are in violation of the common decencies of life. Tolerate baptism in ice-cold water. Tolerate the lawlessness of the Salvation Army and the Free Methodist; and thus we find that every kind of foolish, harmful, and wicked practice is in vogue among these tolerated religious outlaws, and decency has no hearing or toleration unless it comes under some of these abominable superstitious religions. I ask those who are in the interest of freedom—not that of Anarchy, but freedom, which *demands that no practice among those tolerated religions shal be tolerated or allowed that is inimical to the health of this community, or the interest of the commonwealth*—ought not this nation to reserve the right to abate a nuisance at all times and in all places?"

It seems to us that in the above Mr. Burnham is pleading *against* the toleration of the practices mentioned, and we candidly confess we see no reason why a man should not fast if he wishes to, or why a Free Methodist should feel the strong arm of the law. And, as we asked before, who is to say what is for the health of the community, or in the interest of the commonwealth? Again, Mr. Burnham says:

"These representativs of a foreign religion and a foreign God should not be allowed to bring their religion or their gods with them any more than they should be allowed to bring their contagious diseases along. If any are to be excluded, there would be less danger to the nation in the exclusion of the former than the latter."

Again:

"Such people should not be allowed, when they become citizens of this nation, to worship any foreign gods. They should worship the gods of this country—American gods; they are bad enough for all practical purposes. Is it not in violation of this nation's protectiv decency when those who hav found asylum here are disturbers of the peace through the importation of *habits and customs* nativ in despotic governments, but only elements of discord and danger here? *Importation should be denied to all of these, whether they come in a religious or a political form.* The most of our riots and crime come from these sources, and they should not be tolerated in these disturbing practices."

We think we hardly need remind Mr. Burnham that governmental interference with habits and customs approaches dangerously near to despotism.

And once more:

"Whenever they [religious devotees] interfere with childhood, enforcing vows, baptism, or mutilation, then they should be pronounced criminal or a nuisance; and if criminal should be punished, and if the latter, abated."

And lastly:

"It may be assumed that religions are useful, and therefore should be tolerated and protected. So far as they are useful, that is all right, but this is not the point in debate."

These are the sentences in Mr. Burnham's article to which we took exception, arguing that *not religions* should be dealt with by law, but only those religious criminals who hav interfered with the rights of others. But if Mr. Burnham did not *mean* what the above-quoted sentences *say*, then we can only deplore the faulty method of expression he uses, which conveys to the reader the opposit of the idea he intends. Whether the blame is with our esteemed friend Burnham or the English language we are not prepared to say. We are glad to note, however, that he has not availed himself of the immense advantage he might hav gained by laying the blame all on the printer.

Marriage of a Catholic.

A very amazing instance of ignorance and faith on the part of a Roman Catholic woman has afforded the newspapers of this city considerable spicy fun. At the same time, the affair well illustrates the folly of allowing ecclesiastics to interfere in temporal matters.

Maud Miller is a daughter of Joaquin Miller, the poet. She is also a Roman Catholic. Some time ago she married a son of the well-known theatrical manager, Mr. Steele Mackaye. Her husband, Mr. Arthur Mackaye, not providing for her, she went upon the stage to earn a living. While thus engaged, she met a Mr. Loudon McCormick, with whom she fell in love, and recently married, without, however, procuring a divorce from Mr. Mackaye, or compassing his death. The reason she givs for her bigamous action is that her husband, Mr. Mackaye, was never baptized into the Catholic church, and therefore her marriage with him was null and void, though regularly performed by a priest. To sustain her in this queer position she quotes the written opinion of one Father Preston, of this city, to whom she wrote concerning her alliance with Mr. Mackaye. His answer was that so far as the church was concerned she had never been married to Mr. Mackaye. With childish ignorance of law and a devout woman's faith in the church, she thought this settled the matter, and took a second husband.

Naturally, the first husband sues for divorce, and one would suppose he would hav no trouble in procuring it—least of all that she would contest the proceedings. But here the amazing part of the religious comedy comes in. Her lawyer contests the divorce on the ground that there never was any marriage, and of course no divorce can be granted where no marriage occurred. The claim is made that Mackaye

induced Miss Miller to marry him through fraud and misrepresentation, and that the marriage ceremony was for that reason null and void. The allegation of fraud is based upon the statement made by Mackaye before the marriage that he had been baptized and christened in the Roman Catholic faith. Miss Miller's council asserts that Mr. Mackaye had never been baptized or christened!

Of course the laws of this country are not yet so religious that a failure to comply with church regulations can make a civilly legal marriage null and void, and Miss Miller can hav no case. The statute granting priests and ministers power to unite men and women in marriage says nothing about such union being incomplete because of the failure of one party to comply with certain Catholic mummery. So long as there are no civil impediments the ceremony is binding. It is surprising that a lawyer should even think of setting up such a claim. Miss Miller's counsel must imagin he is living in some South American country where the church is also the state.

But it all goes to show how incomplete the education of a woman is under Roman Catholic instruction, and what a state of affairs we should hav if Roman Catholicism could get control of the country.

Homeopathy and Catholicism.

The Roman Catholic papers of England are discussing a very serious problem for them—a problem whose consequences are tremendous and far-reaching, even to the next world. Upon the solution of the question depends the eternal happiness or misery of thousands of Roman Catholics, and the transient fatness of homeopathic physicians' purses. The discussion is, as the cable informs us:

"Whether homeopathic globules are either food or drink. If they are, one cannot be taken before Holy Communion. If they are supposed merely to dissolve in the saliva, and become a part of that, then, it is argued, they can."

Our readers will see at once the importance of a right decision upon this question. If by any means a bit of food should get into the stomach of a Catholic before he partakes of the communion, he is a doomed man, unless he pays the priest to giv him an indulgence, or dispensation, or absolution. If the little harmless-looking globule should be food, then the man who takes it is a goner. But this puts a sick man in a tight place. If the medicin it necessary to save his life, and he takes it, his soul is gone. If he does not take it, his body is gone. Either way, he is in a predicament, and he must make up his mind which is worth the most to him, his soul or his physical life. But if on the other hand the globule assimilates with the fluids of the body, then he can hav both his soul and his body. The church ought really to resurrect some of the Jewish physicians and chemists she once burnt to decide this question.

But what is the use of paying a man for making infallible decisions if the old gent at Rome cannot settle the matter off-hand? And considering the great stakes involved, he should decide that homeopathic globules bear no resemblance whatever to food. It makes no difference whether they do or not—the decision must be made for the greatest good of the greatest number. A fact should never be allowed to interfere in religious matters.

Doing a Good Business.

Under the provisions of section 210, chapter 410, Laws of 1882 (New York city Consolidation act of 1882) police magistrates are permitted to commit children to the care of various so-called charitable institutions. For this care the law allows the managers to charge $2 per week. Under this law the Board of Estimate hav appropriated from the Excise fund the following amounts to pay last September's bill:

Institution of Mercy	$7,281.71
St. Joseph's Asylum	3,636.14
St. Stephen's Home for Children	3,832.79
Mission of the Immaculate Virgin	8,155.43
Missionary Sisters, Third Order of St. Francis	3,784.86
Asylum Sisters of St. Dominic	3,216.57
Dominican Convent of Our Lady of the Rosary	2,965.71
Association for the Benefit of Colored Orphans	945.85
St. James's Home	1,153.14
Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls	178.86
St. Ann's Home	252.57
American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless	829.57
Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul	471.43
St. Agatha's Home for Children	1,076.43
St. Michael's Home	388.29
Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society	3,161.71
Ladies' Deborah Nursery and Children's Protectory	3,359.05
Total	$44,690.06

From the Excise fund was also voted $230.96 to the "Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls." Out of the special appropriation which was included in the final estimate for the year 1885, entitled, "For the Support of Children Committed by Magistrates to various Charitable Institutions in the City of New York, at a *per capita* allowance of $2 per week—Deficiency for year 1885," the above tabulated institutions hav drawn for October, 1885, $47,586.35, and for November, 1885, $46,573.64. For the same months the "Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls" has drawn from the Excise fund $498.49.

These institutions seem to be doing a very good business, and their profits ought to be large enough to enable them to pay their taxes. But would it not be a stroke of economy on the part of the state to hav the children committed to the Children's Aid Society, which supports them at an average rate (as Dr. Foote, Jr., pointed out in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 23d) of $37.90 per year, instead of to these religious corporations which charge $104.00 annually?

One of the sections of the petition to be presented this winter to the legislature of this state asks for the repeal of the laws appropriating money from the public treasury for the support of the institutions founded and managed chiefly by sectarian denominations. In considering this clause, the legislature could not do better than to appoint a committee to investigate these institutions trafficking in charity. A thorough investigation would, we believe, reveal a thoroughly rotten system.

Editorial Notes.

WE acknowledge with sincere thanks the donations of J. G. Rodman, of Locust Valley, of $4.50, and Newton Whitehead of this city, of $4.75 toward illustrations.

REV. MR. TALMAGE was in Washington recently, and took advantage of the visit to pray to the senators. He had an audience of four. The rest entered the Senate chamber after the prayer was finished.

MR. JOSEPH COOK, the Boston Monday lecturer, informs the universe that "the chief trouble of Ireland is that it is Ireland." The chief trouble with Joseph Cook, retorts the *Sun*, is that he is Joseph Cook. If he had been somebody else he would hav had sense.

TALMAGE lectured in this city last week upon "The Absurdities of Evolution." He said that the human race is going backward instead of forward. We admit that Mr. Talmage's existence is an argument in favor of this theory; but then, one swallow doesn't make a summer.

IT is in and by these (Christian) schools that the Catholic faith, our greatest and best inheritance, is preserved whole and entire.—*Leo XIII.*

This is the office of the Christian school—the *preservation of the Catholic faith.—Catholic Union and Times.*

Precisely. We all know that, and it is just the reason why the American people do not propose to divide the school money.

ONE of the sharpest of THE TRUTH SEEKER contributors writes: "I see that Tucker and Appleton gave you 'fits' in *Liberty*. I hav heretofore regarded Appleton as an able writer, but when I found him capable of giving utterance to this absurdity, 'Civil government and theological are one and the same thing,' I concluded I had been vastly overrating him as a reasoner." As we said, our correspondent is very sharp.

"Now that the bitter cold weather has come, and thousands of wretched men and women and children out of employment, it is pleasant to think," says Helen Wilmans, "how warm and comfortable they can keep, leaning up against the outside walls of the magnificent church buildings of this and other cities. If it were not for this they would be tempted to warm themselvs about the stoves in the saloons and dance-houses. What a glorious boon to humanity the religion of the churches of to-day is, anyway!"

Too much Christianity is not good for ignorant negroes. One of them went "up to the Lord" on the 25th ult., at Henderson, Ky., because he had too much faith in biblical promises. A week ago last Sunday morning Calvin Simpson visited the house of Mrs. Graves, an aged woman living with her invalid son and two daughters. All were in bed, the hour being one o'clock. He broke down the door, and the language he used left no doubt of his intention. The women ran screaming from the house, habited only in their night clothes. The son ran to a neighbor's. Simpson followed the old lady, and struck her upon the head with a club, crushing in her skull. The girls hid under a bridge. The son brought the neighbor, who seized Simpson, and, with the help of others who had become aroused, lodged him in jail. The next Sunday morning about fifty men visited the jail, took Simpson from his cell, and led him out to a grove a short distance from the town. The leader of the men then asked him whether or not he was the murderer of Mrs. Graves. To this Simpson answered "Yes" in a sullen tone. To the question as to his reasons for committing the murder he replied: "The Lord commanded me to kill her, and I had to mind him." "Up you go to the Lord, then," replied the leader. Simpson was told to do what praying he desired to, and he began by declaring that he had a commission from God and praying that his life might be spared by divine interposition. The divine interposition not arriving, the negro was swung up and some fifty bullets lodged in his body. The people around Henderson regard his religious professions as sham, but we see no more reason to doubt the reality of his Christianity than that of Freeman.

AT the request of the Sabbath Association, Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia, last week issued a proclamation calling the attention of the people of that city to the law of 1794, forbidding any worldly employment or business on Sunday. The Sabbath Association thought this would scare the people of Philadelphia into going to church, or at least into closing their stores. But the proclamation had no effect whatever. Proprietors of cigar stores, barber shops, and confectionery stores continued to do business in the usual way. Milkmen and newspaper carriers went about their usual avocations without fear of the vengeance of the Sabbath Association. The published penalty of a fine of $4 or a six days' imprisonment in the House of Correction for any violation of the obsolete and almost forgotten law, did not seem to hav any terrors for the class of people whom the Sabbath Association desire to reach, and we recommend the association to establish an inquisition.

A LETTER in the New York *Times* of February 1st reveals a funny state of affairs at the Young Men's Christian Association in this city. The writer says:

"Being a strauger in New York, and wishing to read the *North American Review*, I called at the library of the Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, hoping to find it there. I was told by the librarian in charge that his instructions were not to let any one hav it or any book of fiction to read on Sunday. But he condescended to say that, if I would tell him what particular article I wanted to read, he would see if it was admissible for me to hav the magazine for that purpose. I had seen a good deal of narrowness in the work of this association elsewhere, but thought if Mr. Vanderbilt had provided so liberally for the New York Association in his will it might possibly be different. In the library or reading room were fifteen or twenty persons reading the good books selected for them, and the only English magazines were the *Presbyterian* and *Methodist* reviews, and Home Missionary reports."

ONCE in a while we find a sentiment in church papers that we can heartily indorse. Here is one from the *Christian Advocate:*

"Of all absurd methods of trying to convince men and women of sense of anything, a list of the opinions of great men seems to us among the most absurd. No man's opinion, except as an expert in matters of fact that no one but an expert can understand, is of any value except to children and weak-minded persons, only as the *reasons* upon which that opinion is founded are valid; and every man of sense must judge those reasons for himself before he adopts the opinion, no matter who holds it."

This is a good deal truer than gospel. But in arguing with Infidels Christians will ransack the graveyards of the world for names of those who hav been believers in their particular superstition. But they might as well bring the tombstones from which they get the names and set them in a row before the Infidel to convince him. For, as Dr. Buckley says, there is not one thing so impracticable, so monstrous, so pernicious, that some men or woman of great intellect and learning hav not believed in it.

OF the thousands of dollars subscribed to relieve the victims of the recent earthquakes in Spain, a correspondent of the London *Times* is unable to find that more than a fractional part was ever applied to the object for which it was intended. The correspondent says: "It was explained to me that the late archbishop had received a great deal of money for the victims of the earthquake. No account, however, is forthcoming of the expenditure. The present archbishop is equally reticent. On the other hand, extraordinary activity is displayed throughout the province in the restoration of churches, convents, and other religious establishments. These works are not limited to the edifices damaged by the earthquake, but many buildings that were only injured by the effects of time and neglect are now being renovated. I was shown two such structures in Granada. People hav not failed to wonder how it is that buildings which had been left to their fate for so many years happen to be repaired within a few months after the receipt of the subscriptions for the earthquake."

THE New York *Tribune* says:

"'Sigma' writes to THE TRUTH SEEKER that during the last few months he has been endeavoring to ascertain how and by what means he was converted from Christianity to Infidelity. 'And, strange as it may appear,' he states, 'I hav come to the dispassionate conclusion that the simple reading of the Bible has done it.' Indeed, that reminds us. Some nights ago a policeman ran across a chap uptown, where a great building is being erected, who was vigorously assaulting an immense block of granite with something which he held in his hand. "What are you doing there?' sharply inquired the policeman. 'Strange as it may appear,' was the chap's reply, as he held up the remains of a cooked vegetable, 'I am trying to pulverize this granit block with a boiled carrot.'"

This is a very brilliant hit; though where it hits we are unable to see. It reminds us, however, of the little girl's argument against Atheists. The story says: "A little western prodigy of a religious turn of mind, aged three years, has given forth the following moral lecture in the shape of a story: 'Once there were two colts. One of them belonged to a man who had a God and the other belonged to a man who didn't hav any God. One of t em looked over the fence and didn't hav anything to eat. His man didn't hav any God. The other colt eat lots and lots of grass in his pasture, and he grew, and grew, and grew, until he got a tail and a buggy to him. His man had a God.'" If the *Tribune* writer and the little girl continue their efforts, Infidelity and Atheism will soon be unknown.

Letters from Friends.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The editorial, "Religious Toleration," in your issue of January 30th, is so in accord with my sentiments that I cannot forbear thanking you for expressing the same so admirably. How often hav I insisted, "The state has no right to prohibit any act not vicious or criminal. The state has no right to interfere with a person not trespassing on the rights of others." E. HOPKINS.

FARGO, D. T., Jan. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 on account of TRUTH SEEKER. The paper comes regularly, and I cannot say too much in praise of the policy pursued by you in your effort to present to the people of this and other couatries the great truths embodied in our principles as Liberals. We must be up and at work. The daggers that are being thrust by the monstrous church are striking at the vitals of all our public institutions. Their effect is already too plain. We must organize and prepare for the conflict, and fight the battles of right against wrong.

Our good friend, E. A. Nugent, called on us last evening to consult as to what would be the best course to pursue. We first decided to organize at the earliest day possible, because in unity alone there is strength.

We decided to obtain the name of every Liberal in this city, then distribute Liberal literature among them—THE TRUTH SEEKER to everyone if possible—then call a meeting, and organize a branch of the American Secular Union. We hav plenty of material at hand to draw from, which we hope to demonstrate to you at a later day. We hav men of brain, weight, and influence. We hav the church also, with all its glory, superstition, and ignorance in our midst to comfort, but we are determined to be fearless and outspoken, and battle for the right and stand by the consequences.

Very truly yours, JOHN PETERKIN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find check for $5. Send me one ALMANAC; the balance I donate to THE TRUTH SEEKER'S pictures. NEWTON WHITEHEAD.

JOLIET, ILL., Jan. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I don't know as I can say anything to express my views as to the merits of your TRUTH SEEKER, but I am surprised at some of your correspondents who claim to be Liberals, and claim that they are right and every one that don't think as they do is all wrong. Do they ever think that there are no two faces alike, or any two minds alike; that we are all differently constituted, and therefore it is simply impossible to think alike? If they are as Liberal as they claim to be, why not concede to others what they claim for themselvs? It make no difference what a man or woman believes, if they are honest in that belief. Belonging to a certain church or belonging not to any, makes a man no better. It is a matter of his own choosing, and he is responsible for his own choosing, and no one else. I like Miss H. H. Gardener's writings very much, and shall send for her book very soon.

I will try and be more punctual in the future. Wishing you long life and success in your noble undertaking,

Yours for universal liberty, J. T. MILLSPAUGH.

OSHKOSH, WIS., Jan. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Well, sir, I went to church again last Tuesday evening, to hear the Free Methodist, and after the meeting was over I had a tilt with the preacher just before starting for home. That evening he gave out word that he would visit any one at their homes if they wished him to do so, and after the meeting was over I handed him my card, and invited him to come and see me. "Are you a Christian?" said he. "No, sir," said I. "I am one of the strongest Infidels you ever saw." "Well," said he, "may I pray in your house if I come?" "No, sir," said I, "for I want no such foolishness in my house; but I hav some very good reading matter there, such as Thomas Paine's works, Colonel Ingersoll's works, together with the New York TRUTH SEEKER and many other Liberal works. I also hav the Bible there, and if you will come, I think I can amuse you very well for an hour or so. And," said I, "I will giv you the first chance to convert me, and if you make a failure on me, then I will try and convert you." "But," said he, "I can't convert you?" "How do you know?" said I. "You hav not tried yet." "But I know I can't," said he. "Well, then," said I, "giv me a chance on you." "Oh, you can't convert me," said he, "and if you will not let me pray in your house I will not come and see you." "Did you ever get anything you prayed for?" said I. "Yes," said he; "God cured me of a very bad cold one time." "Well," said I, "some old woman would have done as well as that for you. But I never got anything that I prayed for, and I can make as good a prayer as you." Then I bad him good-night, and went home.

But the next evening I went there again, and took THE TRUTH SEEKER with me, and after the meeting was over I went to him and said: "Since you will not come and see me, I will make you a present of this paper, if you will read it." "Oh, I hav seen plenty of truth seekers," said he, "but it is not the truth they are after." "I beg pardon, sir," said I, "but it is the truth they are after, and nothing else; and you will find more truth in that one paper than you will find in your whole Bible." The next evening I went there again, and when an opportunity offered I asked him if he had read that paper. "Well, no," said he. "I found that it smelled of tobacco, and I put it in the stove." "Ah!" said I, "that was only an excuse for not reading it," for I am very careful of my reading matter, and no tobacco had been near it. Just then another man came up and spoke to him, when he turned upon him and said, "I will not talk with you; you are drunk." Now, I will swear on the Bible, or the TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC, that the man was not drunk, and had they been out of doors the man would hav knocked him down for his insolence, and I would hav said, "'Tis well."

I hav never been to that church but what he has insulted me as well as others. The first evening I went there he asked me my name, and I gave it to him, but he was not gentleman enough to giv me his, and the last evening I was there I took occasion to remind him of it. "If I approach a stranger, and wish to learn his name," said I, "I will first tell him mine, and then ask for his name. I can at least teach you what the character of a gentleman is."

I shall probably not go there any more, for I do not wish to be seen in such company. I get THE TRUTH SEEKER every Saturday night, so you see I am prepared for church every Sunday. This Free Methodist preacher finally told me his name, Rev. Mr. Sheppard, and said he was from Illinois, and I guess it must be so, for all he does is to make a noise. Talk about shouting, he only seems to be mad because he cannot make more noise; but he don't get many converts, and this is a good season, too.

Please do not forget my books.

Yours always, GEO. M. HARE.

MIDDLEBURY, IND., Jan. 29, 1880.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me a word in the hair-snake discussion. A hair-snake occupies the same position in evolution that all the lower animals do. According to J. D. Steele, F.G.S., and many other authors who are regarded as standard, they hav an origin entirely different from that given by your subscribers, a hair never forming even a part of the animal under consideration. The above author says: "The hair-snake is so called from the *erroneous notion* that it originates from horse-hairs soaked in water. Probably by the eggs being eaten the larvæ obtain access to the bodies of grasshoppers, etc., and, coiling up within the cavity, reach a length of ten times tenfold that of their host. At maturity they desert the insects at whose expense they hav been nourished, and seek the water to lay their eggs and die." The above is quoted verbatim from Steele's "Zoology," and more authority might be easily given to show that a hair never did or could change or be changed into an animal—at least it could not without the process of digestion and assimilation. As the exact origin of the animals under discussion is not very well understood, even by our best naturalists, it is evident that the description of them given by Messrs. Wallace and Van Pelt hav but a single merit, viz., the introduction of the subject and consequent inculcation of truth in the minds of the many readers of the much-valued TRUTH SEEKER. It will also be noticed that, while they are both positiv of the origin, naturalists are not quite so certain, and say "probably." Are there not cases on record, regarded as authentic, of hair growing after death, the hair using the decaying body in its growth, the same as vegetation uses the nutriment in the soil? Here it becomes, or at least acts the part of, a plant, while Mr. Van Pelt, of Cleveland, would hav it change to an animal. C. D. Wallace's description of the "hair-snake" given in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 9th will not bear investigation. Would the millions of animalculæ that make their home in the "slime and dirt," as he asserts, hav the power to move the hair? If they could, would their movements be in harmony or unison? Would they not exert their millions of movements in as many different directions, making an equilibrium, so that hair, mud, and all would remain in a state of relativ rest forever if there be no other disturbing cause? Would not this be in accordance with one of the first laws of motion, made known to the world by Sir Isaac Newton? Again, does the sponge (which is not an animal, but a colony of animals, or "subaqueous city," as Huxley remarks) hav the power of locomotion? Or is not man the only animal having sufficient intelligence to take possession of a home and then transport it about with him? And finally, is the sacred, old, and identical story of Samson and the foxes in accordance with the well-known and fixed laws of nature? If it is, so is friend Wallace's, and *vice versa*.

M. R. TEESDALE.

FARMINGTON, O., Jan. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Apropos of Mrs. Wheelock's letter in the last TRUTH SEEKER, I wish to say that thirty-five years ago I lived neighbor to a good Methodist family, in which was a girl not over four years old that had not attended school, and in her normal state knew nothing of writing, and yet, under some influence that would come upon her, she would write; and the writing so done would claim to come from the dead, so-called. I tested her myself. The writing would be short sentences addressed to friends, and signed by some deceased person.

Now, in the light of facts like these, and ten thousand others, it is the grossest assumption and inconsistency for Truesdell, Miss Gibson, Elmina, etc., to assert that Spiritualism is fraud. Let them meet our facts. I must say that the disregard for facts and logic which some of our Materialist friends evince is some palliation for severe language, to say the least. Do you say we are credulous? Let us see who is credulous. You admit—we all admit—that Truesdell takes a clean slate, puts a bit of pencil on it, and ties a slate on this, or puts the first slate tight up under the table-leaf, and writing is done on the slate. Ella tells us she is sure, yes, she may say she 'knows Truesdell did it." Elmina gets the name "D. M. Bennett" under the same circumstances, and "Truesdell did it." We say spirits did it, using for the purpose an element they find in Truesdell that they do not find in all—in fact, in few—and utilizing a law which we, as yet, do not understand. Now, in all candor, I ask, who is most credulous? Why, my dear good sisters, if you see a man tugging away at his boot-straps, and he, by common consent, rises up in the air, you at once say, "Of course he raised himself," if so saying (and so "believing," of course) is necessary to serve the cause of Materialism!

Why do we say it is spirits? Elmina has told us; "D. M. Bennett" on the slate; "H. W. Curtis," a deceased brother, on a slate in my possession, with a glass screwed over it to preserve it, and the slate full of writing, and this slate I washed with a wet towel, and no one touched it but myself, and I held another slate over this as tightly as the glass now is, while the writing was done. Here are the sublime facts, my sisters, before which we rest. Truesdell knows full well that I hav given the true version.

From the time of the Twing rap till now, and be the phenomena of whatever phase, it has ever claimed to be spirits. It is not mundane. Are we then such fools? My dear friends all, you will hav chance to work for Liberalism after you hav thrown off the mortal coil. E. F. CURTIS.

PEOA, UTAH, Jan. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Seeing nothing from Peoa in your highly-prized paper, perhaps it would not be amiss to drop a few lines.

I hear from a friend that S. P. Putnam will be around here this winter. Would that he was here, and could stay in this polygamy-ridden country for at least six months. I think he could make more converts in that time than the Mormons could in the Sandwich Islands in that many years.

Three years ago there was not a person in this town that dare say he was (what they call us now) an Infidel; but now there are a good many. But most of them are mighty timid for the reason that they are depending on the community in a measure for their livelihood.

I think the people of Utah are opening their eyes a little since hearing Liberalism, and if we could hav some of our good speakers here it would do much good.

I am of the same opinion as our friend W. F. Jamieson. I think we ought to do more than we hav been doing for the children, and a better idea could not be hit upon than sowing broadcast Liberal leaves, such as would set them to thinking.

The saints are in a pickle in Utah about the new Edmunds bill, and hav not got over the scare of the old one yet, as the underground railroad is loaded all the time with God's chosen people (the polygs).

Hoping we may see S. P. Putnam soon, I remain,

Yours, as ever, H. B. WRIGHT.

OGDEN, UTAH, Dec. 30, 285.

MR. EDITOR: I thought it my duty to write you concerning our missionary work and what appears to me as our further prospect in Utah. Knowing the space in THE TRUTH SEEKER to be valuable, I shall be as brief as possible. What we need in Utah is a territorial Union, organized under the auspices of the American Secular Union. We are all well aware that organization is the indispensable condition of effectiv action. It should be borne in mind, though, that organization can only utilize elements already existing, *i. e.*, in order to hav a right organization, we need the right kind of men and women to form it; thus if the individuals are not in any respect right in character and development, they are unfit material to enter into true organization, and wherever we find a man who claims to be emancipated from the religious creeds and dogmas, but who proves himself in his freedom selfish, who takes no interest in the world's well-being, who will associate with nobody in behalf of progress, whose sympathies are shut off and his purse-strings tightened against every appeal for coöperation and help in the emancipation of his fellow-beings from the thraldom of their religious superstition, such a man is unfit material to enter into true organization. He is quite as unlovely an object to look upon as the orthodox Christian fanatic who is weighted down with his religious dogmas. For my part, in choosing, of the two men I would prefer the Christian by far, for then we would know what we would hav to contend with. I am sorry to say we find quite a number of this class of men in Utah, and a great many of them call themselvs Freethinkers. This kind of Freethinking is no benefit to humanity. The world would be much better without it. I will state here that on my missionary trip through southern Utah I found some men who imagined that to be a Freethinker was all that was necessary. But we find that there are other things that are equally, and some even more, necessary than Freethinking. Radically right thinking means a vast deal more than merely Freethinking. Freethinking may think right or it may think wrong in the exercise of its freedom. Again, our Freethinking may be useless or injurious rather than beneficial, unless it is right thinking or critically exact, and this is what we find to-day—that all of our leading reformers and agitators are men that are practically and radically scientific, not teachers of wild speculations and that which is unthinkable, but are teachers of the definit knowledge of principles, laws, and methods. I shall now speak of another class of Freethinkers in Utah, and I am sorry to say that they are few and far between. Now, this is the class of men and women who are composed of the right kind of material to form into a true organization. They can realize the benighted condition of their fellow-beings. They hav the true spark of humanity within them. They are ready and willing to do all they can in reason, and in some instances they do more than they really should—*i. e.*, I mean according to their circumstances—to liberate their fellow-beings from the thraldom of superstition. If we had enough of this kind of material to form a territorial organization, I would hav no fear for our cause in Utah. The men that we can tie to here, generally speaking, are in moderate circumstances, and some very much so, and the only prospect that I can see for our cause in this benighted, priest-ridden territory in the future is to get assistance from somewhere, in order to start the ball a-rolling until such time, at least, that we number sufficient to form a territorial Union. Now, here is a grand opening for some of our philanthropists who has the means to spare and who is desirous for the spread of

Freethought. There is no place in the world that needs it more than this benighted territory, Utah. Their names would go down to posterity as benefactors. Now, to be plain in this matter, all that is wanted here is sufficient means to hire a Radical lecturer, one who is well acquainted with the tenets of Mormonism, and means at his command to hire halls to lecture in. He should be well supplied with Freethought matter, Ingersoll's lectures, etc., for distribution. If such a man could be kept in the field say for twelve months, with a fair salary and traveling expenses paid, and thus lecturing, discussing, and traveling from place to place so as to keep the pot continually on the boil, I hav no doubt in my mind that at the end of the twelve months we would hav a strong territorial Secular Union firmly established, and a large subscription for our papers. Then we would be able to hold our own and assist the general cause, instead of being beggars. Persons coming to Salt Lake City, or Ogden, can form but a vague idea of Mormonism. In order to find out the manners and customs of the Mormons they must go to the outside settlements, of which there are a good many, stop a while, and associate with the people. By this means they would soon learn what Mormonism is and its power. The Mormons are like other Christians in this practice of putting the best in view. They will tell you that they believe in being as wise as serpents and harmless as doves, but let me tell you they are very far from being harmless. The Mormons as a mass are credulous and very tenacious. They are generally well posted in the Bible, and can get away with any of the Christians with regard to it, and when arguing with Christians they invariably take the Bible in its literal sense, and thus you will readily see that none of the Christian sects are able to hold their own with them. They take this course, though, only when it suits them. They are up to all the trickeries of Christianity, I can assure you. Besides places of worship or meeting-houses, as they call them, I will state here, they hav also temples, but they are only used on special occasions and for special purposes. On Sundays their meeting-houses are generally well filled with the credulous mass listening with a feeling of awe to some elder, priest, or apostle who is rolling his eyes upward, imploring vacuity and nothingness to feed and clothe them, to confound their enemies, and to bring the wisdom of the wise to naught (climax), with emphasis, and, "O Lord! thou knowest that no man can serve two masters." Generally speaking, though, the Mormons are honest in their belief, and they will often come with sentences like this, strongly emphasized: "I know that Mormonism is true. I know that John Taylor is a prophet of God, and I know that he is God's vicegerent upon the earth." You can see by this the kind of material we hav to work amongst.

But when they do get their eyes opened, they invariably make good Infidels and good citizens. Problem: How can a man be a true citizen to a Secular form of government and at the same time be a sworn citizen to the kingdom of God or an autocratic government? It is absolutely impossible.

If this kind of Christianity is not checked and kept down, it will only be a matter of time before it will fill our free country with a strong smattering of the worst kind of traitors.

I will draw my letter to a close, or it will occupy too much of your valuable space, but before doing so I will make an appeal to the Freethinkers, Spiritualists, Materialists, and Agnostics of Utah. I think that the time has come when we should wake up to a true sense of our duty, be on the alert, and coöperate, work with zeal and with a pull all together. Although few are we in numbers, yet by using proper tactics we can accomplish much. This we should always bear in mind, that all of the Christian sects are our bitter enemies. We can look for no favors from such quarters whatever. We should distribute all the Freethought matter possible among our neighbors, and get all the subscribers we can to our cause. For ours is the holiest and noblest cause that a man can belong to. It is for the emancipation of our fellow-beings from the slavery of superstition, and let our main object be, and as soon as practicable, to organize into a territorial Secular Union. By this means we will grow stronger and stronger, and we would soon become a power that would be felt and respected in this territory, instead of being, as we are, scattered with our energies, ostracized and ignored.

Yours fraternally, ROBERT WILSON.

ELMO, ARK., Jan. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 9th inst. appears an article from our friend, Mr. D. Priestly, of Milwaukee, Oregon, which I suppose he intended for an answer to my proposition published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 5th, 1885. In that proposition I said that I would pay the subscription price of THE TRUTH SEEKER two years to any person who would prove by geometrical calculation that the sun was over 12,000 miles from the earth. I say so yet. It must be a geometrical calculation shown by figures and diagram, based on known facts, not by a train of imaginary reasoning based on imagination and the theory of astronomy which was advanced near 2,000 years ago by persons who thought the earth was flat.

I hav not yet said what I thought the distance was from the earth to the sun. I make these propositions simply for information, not to call down upon myself an avalanche of personal irony from persons who are inclined to use that instead of fair argument. It seems reasonable that if there ever was a geometrical diagram illustrating the distance that intervenes between the earth and sun, it would still be extant, and could be produced by some of the scholars of our country. Mr. Priestly says that astronomy is no guess-work. This I admit in part. As to the relativ movements of the heavenly bodies, as they are generally termed, astronomy is no guess-work; that can be determined to the fractional part of a minute. But this is accomplished entirely by their relativ movements, not by their supposed distance. I would say this, that there are some things advanced in the teachings of astronomy which I am loth to believe, such as this: First, That the earth travels in its orbit at the rate of 65,000 miles an hour. If this were the case, it looks reasonable to suppose that the earth would be void of atmosphere, as that would trail behind and be left in the wake. A cyclone traveling 150 miles an hour carries nearly everything before it. Second, It is said that light travels 185,000 miles in one second, and that there are planets so remote from us that it takes light traveling at that rate 60,000 years to reach us. This seems to be drawing it rather fine. My philosophy is this, that light and sight travel at the same speed. A man would be very old, and then hav to be able to prolong his sight to several generations of his posterity before these remote planets would be visible. Third, It is hard for me to accept the prevailing theory in regard to the distance from the earth to the planets. It is said that it is 2,000,000,000 miles to the pole star, yet when we travel north one geographical degree the pole star seems to rise about one degree. The pole star is not visible at a point farther south than forty degrees south latitude. These things being the facts, it is easy to estimate the approximate distance to the North Star. For fear that I am occupying too much space, I will close by saying that I will, by the first of next April, prepare and send to you a diagram illustrating the reasons that I hav for doubting the truth of the supposed distance that intervenes between the earth and sun. In the mean time I am not much afraid that my friendly correspondents will force me into very deep water in this matter. JOHN HINDMAN,

Surveyor and Civil Engineer.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Jan. 26, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: It was Ben Franklin that startled a plundering world with the wonderful announcement that "honesty is the best policy." Now, as the Congress of the United States are a part of this plundering world, would it not be at least prudent in our statesmen to heed this gentle admonition of the great Infidel philosopher? Would it not be wisdom in them to call a halt in their reckless career for place and power, when they are tempted to pander to the most corrupt elements of society and waste the people's wealth upon the rich and aristocratic? Do they not know that through their bogus legislation millions groan under the iron hand of oppression, and thousands perish for want of employment? Did it add one jot or tittle to the honor of ex-President Grant to giv his wealthy widow $5,000 a year of the people's hard-earned money? Did it add one jot or tittle to the comfort of Mrs. Grant, who had already been more than provided for? Our government has run the gantlet of a vicious mob of plunderers for a quarter of a century, and when she escaped that G. O. P., though bleeding from many wounds, the people rejoiced at her deliverance. But, alas! she has fallen into the hands of a fresh horde of plunderers, and the end is not yet. Yours for the best policy, NELSON HUNT.

SCOTCH RIDGE, O., Jan. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I received a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 26th, and was much pleased with it. I am a school-teacher and a Freethinker. I am a young man twenty-two years old, and some of my friends think that I hav taken a bad step, but it was through investigation I became what I am, and not ignorance of facts. When I was a boy I read the Bible as many do at the present time, that is, without reasoning, but believed it all, because it was found in the Bible. I think we should read the Bible as we do any other book, and accept that which is truth and reject the error. The great trouble with folks is that they think the Bible is infallible and a true guide in all things; but it has long since been proved to be fallible, and contains error. Oh, the doctrin of hell is, to my sense of justice, worse than the old Spanish Inquisition. In short, all that I can say for it is that I do not respect a man that believes such a doctrin. Folks are too apt to close their reason and open their Bible, and so believe it all because they did not giv it a moment's thought as to whether it was true or not. For my part, I will run my chances, and liv in strict obedience to the laws of nature and the religion of humanity, which is sovereign justice, which ought to be the essence of all religions.

I will write again when I get older in the cause, and more in love with nature. I remain as ever a firm friend to the cause, and think your valuable paper would be an educator and a safe guide.

Inclosed you will please find $1 for your paper till that time expires. ALVA KOONS.

MELVIN VILLAGE, N. H., Jan. 28, 235.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 with the name and address of a new subscriber. I am in hopes to send you some more names soon. There are quite a number here who indorse the sentiments of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but dare not be outspoken enough to take an Infidel paper. Hoping that the circulation of your paper will be increased, and that the cause of Freethought will prosper in the future,

I am yours truly, MRS. MARY A. HORNE.

WANSHIP, UTAH, Jan. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Is it not strange what ridiculous things people will believe and do when they are under the influence of a religious craze? For instance, "us Mormons" do not get our lives insured, as we use a "life preserver," which makes Utah a poor field for insurance companies. It is a very simple and inexpensiv device, and I do not think it is patented. It simply consists of two three-cornered holes cut in your underclothes, one on the breast and one on the knee. The only difficulty you will hav in procuring L. P. drawers and undershirt is to hav the "presto change" said aright over your initiatory suit, which must be said in some of the temples here. It is true that a party of saints were blown up (L. P. underclothes and all) near here last week, and that trees fall on us, lightning strikes us, assassins kill us, we drown and smash in railroad accidents, etc., etc., the same as you poor folks who do not wear the life preserving underclothes, and still they will not see the fallacy or absurdity of such claims, but are rushing to the temples all the time to go through their mnmmery. They are also married there at the same time for all eternity (?) (bad for a fellow who happens to get a scolding wife). You remember when Christ was cornered on the problem of "who would hav the woman—in the sweet by and by—who had seven husbands here," he kept up his reputation of being smart by answering, "There is no marrying or giving in marriage there." So on that passage our temples do a land office business, as none of them want to be without a good supply of wives there, although at present the efficient United States officers here make it risky to indulge in plural numbers now.

WM. REYNOLDS.

WEST CHESHIRE, CONN., Jan. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please send by mail to me the following: "Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen H. Gardener; "Sabbath-Breaking," and "Bible Morals," by Mr. Remsburg, for which find one dollar's worth of paper in this.

I think Miss Gardener is the smartest writer you hav in the camp. I read her address to the clergymen and others to discuss the point in public. I think that the most sensible thing she could do under the circumstances. I like Miss Gibson, too; I think both are splendid, peerless women, and I hope they may both liv long enough to see woman man's equal in all things under the law, as she is now his superior in many things. In morals, virtue, and temperance, she is man's superior. But I must say I was happily surprised to find that woman could reason as well as a man if she only has a chance, as Miss Gibson shows plainly in her comments on the acts of old Bible characters. I wish we had more such women for teachers, I think we might sooner look for the millennium. I admire her fairness in investigating Mr. Truesdell. I read Mrs. Slenker's pieces with pleasure. I may say that since I commenced reading THE TRUTH SEEKER I hav believed more than ever in woman's rights as equal in all things before the law. Oh, how I wish we had a few rich men in the faith of regenerating the world to Freethought. If I had a million of money I would hire all such women as Miss Gardener, Miss Gibson, and Mrs. Slenker to go out as home missionaries to convert our home people. It seems to be women's place to act as teachers. I like Colonel Ingersoll, Mr. Watts, Remsburg, Putnam, and all our men lecturers and writers, but somehow I like the women's sentiment the best. Could you not get more of the Freethought women to write for THE TRUTH SEEKER?

Yours in the faith forever, L. P. A.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., Jan. 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I was much pleased to see in a recent issue of your paper a letter from Dr. Baran advocating the establishment of colonies of Freethought. I hav often thought of this, and believe it would do more than anything else to advance the cause of "Universal Mental Liberty." If such a colony was formed in an agreeable part of the country, I for one would locate there. I believe in this way we could prove to the world that Freethinkers as a rule are better living people than those who profess Christianity. I would like to see, through the columns of your valuable paper, the opinions of Liberals on this question. What is your opinion?

Another thing I would like to mention, and perhaps it has been done although I hav not seen it. I think it would be a good plan to ascertain, as near as possible, the number of outspoken Freethinkers in the United States and Canada. Now that the American Secular Union has lecturers in nearly every state in the union, and portions of Canada, I think it could be done without much trouble, and I believe that the advantages we would gain by our strength being known would pay for the trouble. I would also like to see a Liberal political party as soon as possible.

Very truly yours, F. M. BORDEN.

MCCUNE, KAN., Jan. 24, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: My TRUTH SEEKER still comes to hand. I want to say to my Liberal friends, let us stop calling each other hard names or quarreling among ourselvs. We hav enough to do to fight the enemy. M. S. GOWIN.

DANVILLE, IND., Jan. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5, which please place to our credit for subscription on THE TRUTH SEEKER. We like your paper much as a fearless advocate of human rights, also the fair and impartial manner of treating all your correspondents, however they may differ. As long as the paper pursues its present liberal course consider us not only subscribers, but firm advocates of human rights. Fraternally yours,

MRS. L. H. GURLEY.

LONG LAKE, MINN., Jan. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I do not pretend to be a censor of your paper, but I do claim to hav some understanding of the amenities of life and the usages of civilized journalism, and I say that when you published that low, senseless diarrhœa of abuse in the issue of Jan. 2d, signed by Chas. F. Blackburn, you violated those usages to the extent of offending not only all of your Spiritualist readers—and I believe they constitute the majority—but every decent Materialist as well. At first I could scarcely believe the evidence of my eyes that THE TRUTH SEEKER would lend its columns to the publicity of such billingsgate—there surely must be some mistake about its getting in. You cannot afford to publish such a production, which, if it had not the respectability afforded by your columns, would be beneath the notice of every self-respecting person. I like your paper in general, so I will not say, "Stop my paper," although when I read the thing in question I came nearer to it than I ever before thought I could come. JOS. H. LYDIARD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Seasons.

SPRING.

When the spring has come again,
With the sunshine and the rain,
And the violets are peeping through
The earth;
Then the birds with joy will sing,
To welcome in the spring,
Making all things joyous with
Their mirth.

When the rills begin to flow,
And the grass begins to grow,
And the trees are putting forth
In leaf;
When lovely Nature wakes—
Our life of hers partakes,
So beautiful are her gifts
Beyond belief.

SUMMER.

When spring has come and gone,
Then summer-time will dawn,
And farmers' boys will rake the fresh
Mown hay;
With the ripe corn and the wheat;
Amid the clover blossoms sweet,
The busy bee is humming all
The day.

In the summer's fiercest heat,
To the woods we oft retreat,
And watch the flickering sunlight
Come and go,
On many a knoll and nook;
Watch it sparkle in the brook;
As it bubbles and it splashes
In its flow.

AUTUMN.

When the summer's passed away,
Then autumn comes so gay,
And is the glorious time of all
The year;
She to all of earth will giv
Half her life that we may liv,
And she of all the seasons is
The peer.

When the golden and the brown
And the crimson shower down,
You see, and love, and want to
Gather all;
Nature shows what she can do,
In the old, but ever new,
Changes of her colors in
The fall.

WINTER.

Then cold winter will be here,
Merriest time of all the year,
When we gather round the firelight's
Cheerful blaze,
While outside the wind will blow,
Drifting high the spotless snow,
Making things sparkle to
Our gaze.

And it covers everything—
The filigree work of the great frost king,
And we wonder which we would hav
Always here,
The budding spring, the summer heat,
The golden fall, the winter's sleet;
Which of all the seasons do we hold
Most dear?

MRS. FLORA W. THOMAS.

An Engineer's Story.

A few years ago the writer was employed on one ot the great Western railroads in the capacity of an engineer. We were running in what we call the chain-gang, the first in the first out. Our road was one of the loveliest in the country—through valleys where the neat farm building and the sleek herds of cattle and sheep spoke of thrift and comfort, then through woods where no habitation would be seen save that of some wood-chopper or tie-maker, ornamented with coon-skins stretched to dry on the rough, unhewn logs of which its walls were composed. Emerging from the wood or timber, the road for miles skirted the banks of one of our largest Western rivers, while on the other hand high bluffs reared their peaks hundreds of feet above the level of the river, and in many places would actually overhang the road, in consequence of which the road was very crooked, and after heavy rains was dangerous to run on dark nights, on account of earth-slides and huge masses of rock that would be washed down the ravines and lodged upon the track, or the bridges that might be washed away. Every few miles, where the people could find a place on the hill-side to build a few houses would spring up little towns, and that you may better judge of the places where they would build a village, I will say that often a building would be three stories in front, while you could step from the ground onto the roof at its rear.

At the time of which I write business was good, and the roads were doing their utmost to keep the freight moving, and thus avoid blockades; consequently every man was worked early and late, night and day. Often the engin men and conductors would not hav an opportunity for sleep or rest, except as they sat on some side-track, awaiting an opposing train. On one occasion we had been perched up in the cab for the space of over sixty hours, getting down only to oil the machinery or get a bite to eat at the lunch counters kept at different stations along the road, and we were about worn out.

It was nearing dusk as we approached the end of our run. The sun had gone down behind banks of heavy black clouds, and, as we pulled the long train into the yard, the rain began to fall in that quiet, easy manner that givs promis of a dark, gloomy, disagreeable night.

But we did not heed it then; our only thought was to register our trip, and find some place to stretch our weary limbs and rest till morning,

I will tell you how we were sorely disappointed. While we were reporting work to be done on engin, orders came to send the engin to R—— for stock train.

There was one engineer to go out ahead of us, and he was called. In a few minutes he was in the house, looking sad and broken-hearted, for his little girl, a beautiful child of seven years, was very ill and not expected to liv through the night.

We knew instinctivly that he longed to stay with his sick child, and worn out as we were, and terribly exausted, we volunteered to take his run. What did that mean? It meant 263 miles, or about twenty-four hours without sleep. Our orders read, "Eng. *v.* Eng. 394. Run wild from W. to R. O. K.—A. T. I., Supt."

We had passed over nearly half the distance and arrived at Junction M. There was no green light out, so we hurried on, but we knew that we must hold at the next station to meet express, or to get orders to run on her time to the next, still eleven miles on. Everything went well for a few miles, when I found that I had more than I had contracted for to watch ahead and keep the others awake. I got down, threw in a few coals to keep awake myself, filled a short, black clay pipe and lay back on my seat sure that I would not close my eyes, for in three minutes we would be on the siding where we could get a few moments' rest, but I did close my eyes, and when my head fell forward and struck the framework of the cab I awoke. There was no station in sight; I looked out, and almost beneath us, by the aid of headlight, the water of the river was plainly visible. We had passed and left the station eight miles behind. I woke the fireman and looked at my watch. It was three miles to the next station, and in five minutes the express was due to leave there. I put on steam; should she be one or two minutes late we would make it. At this station, and about an eighth of a mile from the depot, was a curve in which stood a large elevator, obstructing the view of men on opposing trains. We were almost there. I reached for the whistle lever, when around the curve shot the rays of light from the engin of the express. To stop our engin, reverse, and start to back was the work of a moment. "Jo," I said, "put out that headlight!" which he did in very short order. The coming train was then about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and running at a full rate of speed. We had ten miles to back and keep out of the way, and to gain enough time to allow us to get into the switch; then commenced such a race as I would never run again to hold a position on any road. Backing at a high rate of speed is very dangerous, the tender is so short and jumps around, and there is nothing to hold it steady. But we made it, and when the express drew up to the station we were ready to register verbally, and compare time as though we had sat there for hours. We had been reported as having run through against green signals, but the conductor told the operator that he must hav been dreaming, as we had sat there for a long time, and that it was a pity for one so young to be so addicted to strong drink that he should imagin he saw engins and trains running wild without and against orders!

Of course the operator was right, and we knew it, and had the matter been looked up and proven, it would hav lost us our position and debarred us from ever finding employment on other roads.

But nothing was ever said about it—as the officers of the engin department knew how it was, and they were short of competent men and did not like to lose one.

But I am taking too much of your valuable space and will only say that little Gracie Reed did not die, but that the last time I saw her she was a fine little girl of eleven years, and, like her father and mother, was a Free-thinker. B. I. G.

In the Nursery.

Shoulder to shoulder they march along,
To the rollicking air of an old camp song;
Jasper is captain, eager and grand,
And he pompously issues his words of command;
First in the ranks comes curly-haired Ray,
With bright-eyed Bennie and sweet little Fay,
And following close, with martial tread,
Are blue-eyed Bertie and Baby Fred;
"Forward! march!" and away they go,
Shoulder to shoulder, to meet the foe.

Shoulder to shoulder they drowsily lie,
While mother sings softly a lullaby.
Jasper and Bennie are deep in thought,
And Ray still muses on battles unfought,
And little Fay wonders, with half-shut eyes,
"If birdies ever fly up to the skies;"
While Baby Fred's soft, tiny hands unclasp,
And from mother's strong fingers loose their grasp
Shoulder to shoulder, away they creep
To the Palace of Dreams, in the Land of Sleep.

—*Our Little Ones.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PUZZLE.

Ohw wetes si elfi nehw ehop is ghih,
Dan optins su to eth olga
Werhe lasepures adcen ni eryve yec,
Nad sojy retih gwins fulndo.

Overton, Ga. SUE BELL.

2.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 10, 13, 4, 8, is what none of us would like to be called.
My 1, 7, 17, is an organ of the human body.
My 6, 5, 2, 11, denotes sex.
My 9, 12, 16, is a useful tool.
My 15, 5, 6, 11, is a coin.
My 9, 3, 17, is necessary to life.
My whole is the name of a friend of Miss Wixon. PAPA A.

Westboro, Mass.

3.—CHARADE.

A bright red jewel is *the whole*,
Latin diminutiv for coal;
A boil of long continuance sore,
Malignant, without central core.
Its *first*, a vehicle on wheels,
Or carriage for railways, reveals.
Its *second* serves at night for bed,
By day it serves for seat instead;
A wooden case—it may be said
To be as well sweet cake or bread.
Your parent's brother is its *third*,
And these combine to make one word.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

4.—MATHEMATICS.

If a boy be seventeen years old to-day, how much money must be put at compound interest so that it will amount to $5,000 when he is twenty-one years old? WM. SCOTT.

5.—MATHEMATICS.

If sixteen rails fence a rod, how many acres in that square field of such extent that every rail will fence an acre? G. W. WILLIAMS.

6.—REBUS.



Motto for young workers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 30, 1886.

1.–It reads the same both ways. 2.–2,029. 3.–Bogosloo, one of the Aleutian islands.

4.–B
TEA
BEADS
ADZ
S

5.–Deer-stalking (dears talking).

SOLVERS.—Willie Alexander, Edward Bambach, D.D., Wirtemburg.

Correspondence.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and mamma reads the Children's Corner to brother Robbie and me. I never hav seen a letter from Chatham, so I will send one. I am six years old and hav never been to school, only to mamma, but am nearly through with the Second Reader.

Yours with love, LILLIE L. BROWNING.

ONEIDA, ILL., Jan. 23, 1886.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Friend:* I thought I would write you a letter. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as I can remember. I like the Children's Corner very much. I am nine years old. I hav been going to school a month this term. School is going to last two months more. I hav two sisters and five brothers. I hav one little cat—she is yellow. I can play with her. I hope my letter will be published if you can read it. I must stop now. Good-bye.

EDITH REES.

GEORGETOWN, COL., Jan. 28, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would like to write you a letter.

I am nearly nine years old. I go to school every day. I am on page 103 of Swinton's Second Reader. I want to tell you of our pets. We hav a lot of chickens, and a fine old cat, twelve years old. He is tamer than some cats. He lets the canaries get on his back and he never hurts them. We hav a parrot, and I hav fine fun with him; he bites my hair and begs for butter and pie. He gets on the end of papa's walking-stick to play with me. Last summer he used to fly on the mountain and go around with the pigeons and go in their box. He would look at their little babies, and fight the old birds, and would not let them go in. He is very fond of a bath. He has a whole bucket of water to splash in.

Mamma takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I should like to see my letter in it, if you think it nice enough. WILLIE WESTCOTT OLD.

WESTBORO, Jan. 29, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I ought to hav written you before, but I go to school now, and don't hav time to write. To-day I am at home with a cold, so I thought I would write. I got the handkerchief all right. I think it very pretty. I sent you a penwiper—did you get it. Papa sent for THE TRUTH SEEKER from Dec. 1st for three months, so as to be sure and get December 19th, but he got all but that.

Papa wrote out an enigma for me last night, and I am going to send it to you to find the answer. ELIZA MAY ALEXANDER.

[Thanks for the nice pen-wiper. We did not know who sent it till we received your letter.—ED. C. C.]

J. E. REMSBURG'S APPOINTMENTS.

J. E. Remsburg left Atchison for the East on the 3d inst. The following is his program so far as arranged:

Albany, Mo...Thur., Fri., Sat., Sun., Feb. 4, 5, 6, 7.
Brookfield, Mo.....Mon., Tu., " 8, 9.
Mechanicsburg, Ill.Wed., Thur., Fri., " 10, 11, 12.
Geneseo, Ill.....Sat., Sun., " 13, 14.
Earlville, Ill.....Mon., Wed., " 15, 17.
Paw Paw, Ill.....Tu., " 16.
Battle Creek, Mich.....Thur., " 18.
Wayland, " .....Fri., " 19.
Hastings, " .....Sat., Sun., " 20, 21.
Holland, N. Y.....Mon., Tu., " 22, 23.
Java Village, N.Y..Wed., Thur., Fri., " 24, 25, 26.
Troy, " .....Sun., " 28.
Warrensburg, " ..Mon., Tu., Wed., Mar. 1. 2, 3.
Cohoes, " .....Thur., " 4.
Saco, Me.....Sat., " 6.
Portland, Me.....Sun. (10:30 A.M.), " 7.
Boston, Mass.....Sun. (7:30 P.M.), " 7.
Providence, R. I.....Mon., " 8.
Meriden, Conn....Tu., Wed., Thur., Mar. 9, 10, 11.
New York.....Fri., " 12.
Baltimore, Md.....Sun., " 14.

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Under the title of "The Thinker Library," Mr. Bailey, publisher of the Nashville *Liberal*, has issued these two stories in one pamphlet volume. Almost every Freethinker in the country has read the pen-productions of Mrs. Slenker, and feels for her a tender regard, for the good work she has done for Freethought. Mrs. Slenker does not set up for a novel-writer, and her "plots" are not intricate and her "situations" are not dramatic. Nevertheless, she tells a simple story in a way interesting to thousands, and conveys at the same time many moral lessons, with common-sense objections to the prevailing system of religion. Her books hav done a very great amount of good, and we sincerely hope that this one will command a wide sale.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW. Duet for Soprano and Alto. Words and music composed by Wm. McDonnell, of Lindsay, Ont. For sale by Strange & Co., 120 King st., west, Toronto, Ont.

Everybody has read poems entitled, "Beautiful Snow," but we do not suppose one person in ten thousand knows who wrote the original, and a query to that effect is as likely to go unanswered as is another common question as to the identity of the individual who inflicted a blow upon William Patterson. The words of the original "Beautiful Snow" were first published by Mr. McDonnell in 1841. Since then scores of imitations hav appeared. The same year the verses were set to music in England and sung with great applause at the London concerts. Mr. McDonnell, however, did not like the music, and, being a musician himself of no inconsiderable talent, has written music for the song, which is now printed in Toronto. Mr. McDonnell is author of "Exeter Hall," "The Heathens of the Heath," and "Family Creeds," which are among the most interesting of Freethought novels.

FREETHOUGHT: Its Rise, Progress, and Triumph. By Charles Watts. New York: The Truth Seeker Co. Price $1.25,

Of this book Helen H. Gardener writes: "I am very often asked by Liberals where to find certain statistics and records in the past of our movement, or from whom they can be procured.

"I hav said that I had heard Mr. Watts deal more directly with this phase of the work than any one else, and that his lectures and debates, so far as I had heard him, usually deal to a certain extent with the history of the cause.

"In debate or controversy Mr. Watts impresses me as standing alone in his peculiar ability and forcefulness.

"I hav never heard his equal in this department of the Freethought work. Once or twice as I heard him I hav, although on his side of the case, felt heartily sorry for his adversary, and like calling a halt in what seemed almost a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"As I say, therefore, this seems to me to be Mr. Watts's distinctiv point of superiority, but he is also very able as a lecturer, and as a writer he is forceful and logical.

"Those who hav not read his 'History of Freethought' hav, therefore, in store for themselvs a real pleasure and much useful information.

"It is not a book that one will run over hastily or lightly, but is what its title says—a 'text-book for Freethinkers.'

"It will giv them many of the records of which they stand in need in their battle with superstition.

"It recounts some of the fierce battles which science had with the church in her day of power, and proves with what potent agencies she upheld ignorance and dwarfed the intellect of the whole Christian world.

"It shows how, with a devil borrowed from the pagan world, she succeeded in nourishing, long after he should hav died, the only real devil that this world has ever known—the devil of ignorance.

"It punctures many of the air-castles of the clergy, and leaves in a collapsed state many of their favorit balloons.

"Read it if you want to inform yourself in a 'text-book of Freethought,' and if you wish to know the able English debater also as a writer and a student of history."

MEN, WOMEN, AND GODS, and other Lectures. By Helen H. Gardener. Introduction by R. G. Ingersoll. The Truth Seeker Co., New York. Price, cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker says: "It is with extreme pleasure that I speak a few words in recommendation of Helen H. Gardener's book, "Men, Women, and Gods." It is a brave and beautiful book, and one well worthy of the brave and beautiful author, and I prophesy for it a success few other books of the age will obtain. We hav so few young women writers among us that this very fact will attract attention to the work. Youth and beauty generally win, and, when combined with genius, talent, wit, humor, and solid sense, they must be triumphant. It is an honest book, and written for a purpose—written earnestly, thoughtfully, and kindly, and yet so strongly and solidly logical as to be incontrovertible in its arguments against Bibles, creeds, and churches. It is one of the most effectual pleas against the old Jew book as a defamer and degrader of woman, and it is full to the brim of sound, logical, good sense ideas in favor of her perfect equality with man, giving oceans of proof that while the Bible is held in law and public opinion as the first and best of books, woman will continue to be a slave to man, and a victim to his caprices, whims, and passions. I hope every Liberal woman will buy the book, read, and circulate it, emulating our 'Heathen Helen' in doing good work for freedom, and for this world."

Of the same work we clip the following notice from the *Banner of Light:*

"The author of these lectures has been termed by the New York *Sun*, and not inaptly, 'Ingersoll done in soprano.' Large audiences hav greeted her appearance on the public platform. She analyzes the teachings of the Bible and their effect upon the condition of women in language epigrammatic, witty, eloquent, and pathetic by turns in the lecture that furnishes the title of the book, and in like manner, which partakes largely of that of the great iconoclast who supplies the introduction, treats upon 'Vicarious Atonement,' 'Historical Facts and Theological Fictions.' A portrait of the author faces the title page."

The Chicago *Times* is one of the most awake and independent newspapers in America. Its daily circulation is 43,000 copies; its Sunday circulation is but a few hundred less than 50,000. The daily edition is never less than ten pages, while its Sunday edition often reaches twenty. Helen H. Gardener may therefore congratulate herself that her book has induced so widely read a journal to giv its world an opinion so damaging to the claims of Christianity as the following notice of "Men, Women, and Gods:"

"Men, Women, and Gods, and Other Lectures," by Helen H. Gardener, is a duodecimo volume of about 160 pages, containing three lectures with an appendix, setting forth some of the authorities from which the lecturer draws some of her material.

The first lecture gives the title to the book, the second is on "Vicarious Atonement," and the third on "Historical Facts and Theological Fictions."

All are keen, vigorous, and acrid attacks on the Christian church forms of theology. They can scarcely be said to be attacks on religion or religious feeling, since the flower of that plant is charity of thought and action, and in this Miss Gardener sees the highest end of man's emotional side, as in absolute freedom of investigation and opinion she sees the highest end of his intellectual side. Her leading purpose seems to be to show that women, of all persons, should least support the Bible and the churches which hold it in reverence.

The first lecture is a surprisingly bitter and scathing denunciation of the Old Testament as the sum of all cruelty and brutality toward women, and she makes up a startlingly strong case from the pages of the book itself. If any one does not think the case can be made strong let him read carefully this book and also the thirty-first chapter of "Numbers."

The second lecture arraigns vicarious atonement as an inexcusable injustice in itself, weakening and corrupting in its influence, like indiscriminate almsgiving, and points out that is not peculiar to Christianity, but is found in some form in every religious system known to history.

Both these lectures are strong productions, but are disfigured with a good deal of flippant phrasing, designed, no doubt, to catch the popular attention by tickling the popular ear. The lecturer's strongest work is done in the third lecture, where her purpose is to show that our civilization is in no sense based upon Christianity, and that the Christian religion has especially not contributed to the elevation of woman in any respect. Here she drops largely her flippancy of style and settles down to earnest work.

Civilization she holds to be chiefly the creature of environment, the basis of which, in this world, is in climate and soil. In support of her view of the position of woman she quotes largely from Sir Henry Maine, showing, among other things, that the position of woman in Roman law and usage, before the introduction of Christianity, was in advance of what it is even now in some respects, and that the tendency of the canon (church) law was invariably to force her back into the degradation from which she had been rescued by a long and painful social evolution.

In this lecture, too, she answers the questions as to what she would substitute for the sanctions of Christianity, and she takes considerable pains to show, what one would think need scarcely be insisted upon in our day, that the morals of civilization—morals in general indeed—are not at all based in or dependent upon religion, certainly not on Christianity, since the so-called "golden rule," the highest principle of morality, antedates Christianity a thousand years.

But space fails to more than thus meagerly call attention to this remarkable book. One can only express a regret that its vigor and suggestivness are weakened by the flippancy of manner alluded to. Its material is quite worthy of being freed from trifling of this kind, although it must be admitted that there are minds whose attention cannot be so well gained in any other way.

Without saying anything about Miss Gardener's "flippancy"—which is mighty entertaining—or dwelling especially upon the many commendatory paragraphs in the notice, there is one point we would call attention to, and that is the opinion that in this age of the world the claim that religion is the basis of morals is hardly worth serious refutation. The clergy and religious people generally hav insisted so loudly upon the claim that they hav made a good many—including some Freethinkers who ought to know better—believe in its truth. Over and over again hav we pointed out how Utilitarianism is the only philosophical and scientific basis for that general good conduct which goes by the name of morality, and that religion—"certainly not Christianity"—has no legitimate claims to be called the conservator of morals. We are very glad to be able to add so influential a journal as the Chicago *Times* to the list of exponents of the Freethought side of the question.

SOCIAL WEALTH: The Sole Factors and Exact Ratios in Its Acquirement and Apportionment. By J. K. Ingalls. 12mo, cloth, pp. 320. New York: The Truth Seeker Co., 33 Clinton Place.

The author maintains that we are living under a system of capitalistic aggrandizement, or commercial monarchism, that has no parallel in the history of mankind. His aim is in this volume to direct the attention of all to what appears to him to be true, namely, that there exists a natural relation between the worker and the soil—a principle of law which will giv an equitable share of the products of industry to each who shares the labor. Intelligence—an exact and systematized knowledge of the great governing laws of life—he considers to be the only solvent of the great problems of the age—*Banner of Light.*

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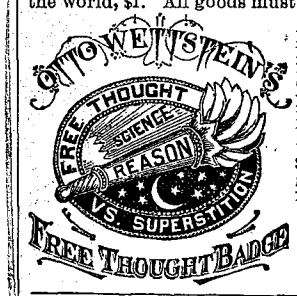
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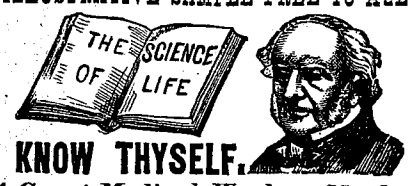
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News of the Week.

THE governments of the Dominion and of Quebec will extend $4,000 relief to the Gaspé fishermen.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray, the ex-preacher, is lecturing in New Hampshire, where he is regarded as a great orator.

THE drivers on several horsecar lines in this city struck one morning last week for shorter hours. They won the strike before noon.

MASSACHUSETTS is endeavoring to pass a law making it a criminal offense to sell or giv to bacco to any boy under [redacted]teen years of age.

THE Rev. Father Gurad, of Hoboken, has become insane, and will be sent to the insane asylum at Morris Plains. He is thirty-five years old.

WALLACE Ross and Fred Plaisted, the oarsmen, say they will row through the Niagara rapids next August in a boat which they are having built for that purpose.

LORD SALISBURY, of England, recently received a deputation of unemployed workmen, and promised to giv the subject of the present distress his earnest attention.

THIRTY-THREE women, of varying ages, were examined last Saturday by the civil-service examining board for appointment as inspectresses in the Custom House.

THE Rev. James G. Armstrong, of Atlanta, has been suspended for a period of time not to exceed ten years. An ecclesiastical court found him guilty of violating his ordination vows.

THE chief religious event in Boston last week was the legal attachment of the Bowdoin Square church by Pastor Downs. Mr. Downs's salary is in arrears and he takes this method to recover it.

RAIDS hav been made by United States marshals on the residences of George Q. Cannon, at Salt Lake City, where he keeps his numerous assortment of wives. The women are wanted as witnesses.

MR. GLADSTONE has again come to the top as prime minister of England. John Morley, the Positivist, is chief secretary of Ireland. Henry Broadhurst, a workingman, is under secretary for the home department.

UNLIKE the average minister, the Rev. Mr. Skillman, of Philadelphia, believes that God has called him to leave the ministry, and he has therefore resigned his charge. His congregation fear that his mind is unbalanced.

THE Rev. George R. Bristor, of Spring Valley, under indictment for rape, has become a Congregationalist, and will start an independent church. Those of his congregation who believe in sustaining the time-honored prerogativs of a Methodist pastor will stand by him.

THE Chinamen are being driven out of Seattle, W. T. Last Sunday gangs of Americans went through the place gathering in the celestials, putting them aboard a steamer, and paying their fare to San Francisco. It is said to be the work of the Knights of Labor, but the truth of that statement is uncertain.

THE latest result of the search for salvation has been developed at Wiliamsport, Pa. Jerome H. Smale, of that city, has eloped with a Miss McKee. Both were pillars in the Salvation Army. Miss McKee is described as a good-looking, buxom young woman. Smale has hitherto been a respected citizen, and leaves behind a wealthy and very devoted wife. Mrs. Smale has the sympathy of all her neighbors, by whom she is much respected.

LONDON was the scene of a great riot last Monday. A mob of some fifty thousand men, composed mainly of unemployed workingmen, marched through the streets breaking windows and pillaging shops and houses. They were led by so-called Socialists. The police were powerless to oppose the mob. There were no fatal results, but many inoffensiv persons were maltreated by the rioters. After dark the mob dispersed and the city quieted down.

LAST Saturday the remains of the late President Garfield were placed in a sarcophagus and returned to the vault in Lake View Cemetery at Cleveland, O. The sarcophagus is said to be the handsomest one ever made in this country. It is of bronze, weighing 450 pounds, and costing $2,000. It is hermetically sealed, and it is not expected that it will ever be opened. The remains will lie in the vault until they are placed under the monument which is to be erected to the memory of the dead statesman.

Odds and Ends.

DR. HAMMOND says: "In another thousand years we will all be bald." Well, in another thousand years we won't care if we are.

A TASTE for painting? I don't know,
He may, perhaps, be full of it;
He did his best to paint a cow,
Ah! well! he made a bull of it.

A BURLINGTON man has given up bantering his wife. He laughed at her for using cosmetics, and she informed him that when he stopped painting his nose she would stop painting her cheeks.

A FRENCHMAN fresh from Bordeaux,
A sleigh-riding thought he would geaux.
So he purchased a sleigh,
One bright winter deigh,
To glide o'er the beautiful sneaux.

CAPTAIN BURNABY, who was killed in the Soudan, left a novel behind him, but the chirography of the manuscript is so hieroglyphical that no one can read it. If Hugh Conway had been as thoughtful, the reading public would hav heen deprived of about fifty of his novels since his death.

A LITTLE fellow who had been taught to pray at evening for uncles, and aunts, and cousins, besides his own family, one evening, when very tired, stopped after praying for father and mother, grandma and grandpa, and then remarked: "I'm not going to do any more praying outside of our family, let them do their own praying."

MOTT street Sunday-school school teacher (to Wun Lung, a new recruit): "Do you understand, Wun Lung, the beautiful song we hav just finished, 'Where, Oh Where are the Hebrew Children?'" Wun Lung: "Yep, me undlestland," Teacher: "Where are the Hebrew children?" Wun Lung: "Heblew childlen down on Blaxtee stleet."

THE infant class of a Sunday-school were being drilled by the teacher on the early life of Christ. "Johnny, can you tell me where Christ was born?" said she. "Easton," replied the youth. "Why, no, Johnny," said the amazed young lady, "Christ was born in Bethlehem." "Well," said Johnny, "I knew it was some place on the Lehigh Valley Road!"

"GRANDMAMMA," said a Murray Hill young lady indignantly, "Clara Van Spuyton says that you and grandpapa kept a corner grocery store when you were young." "She is mistaken," said grandmamma. "I knew she was, the mean, spiteful thing! The idea!" "Yes, she is mistaken," went on the old lady retrospectivly, "It wasn't on a corner."

"GOUGH drops, five ceds a backidge! Greatest thig id the world for a gold id the 'ed! Odely five ceds a backidge!" A red-nosed, watery-eyed man, with a flannel muffler around his neck, stood on the corner of Eight and Chestnut streets this morning offering cough-drops for sale. "Why don't you take some yourself?" asked the *News* man. "You seem to be pretty well stopped up in the head." "The bad I worg for wode led be," was the reply. "What, wont let you take the medicin you sell to others?" "Doe, sir. He pays be eggstra not to dake ady." "What for!" "Oh," was the answer, with a sniffle, "so as I cad stad oud here as a horrible eggsable!"

"SAY, Spook, what makes you go to church rainy Sundays, and stay at home when it is pleasant?" "Greater inducements rainy Sundays." "Greater incentiv to spiritual meditations, hey?" "Well hardly that, exactly." "Pray, then, what is the nature of that inducement of which you speak?" "A fine assortment of hosiery to look at, you know."

"WHAT is the breed of your calf?" said a would-be buyer to a farmer. "Well," said the farmer, "all I know about it is that his father gored a justice of the peace to death, tossed a book-agent into the fence corner, stood a lightning-rod man on his head, and his mother chased a female lecturer two miles; and if that ain't breed enough to ask four dollars on, you needn't take him."

A GENTLEMAN, recently calling at a boarding-house, left his umbrella in the hat-rack with a card on which was the following: "Belongs to a man who strikes a forty-pound blow. Will be back in five minutes." When he returned, the umbrella was gone, but in its place was a scrap of paper bearing the words: "Taken by a man who walks five miles an hour. Won't be back at all."

"AH me!" sighed the lean man, "if I were a fat man,
How happy the world would seem!"
"S'death!" moaned the fat man, "how happy you thin men!
O Lord! If I could be lean!"

So thus doth the lean man envy the fat man,
While the fat man fain would be lean;
Oh, happy am I, not fat nor lean man,
Only betwixt and between.

WHAT GRIEVED HIM MOST.

Minister: "And you feel an awakening within you, my friend?"

Penitent printer: "I do sir. I feel that I hav been a great sinner, a very great sinner. I'm afraid there's no salvation for me."

M.: "Come, come, my friend, do not be despondent. You know the lines, being a printer, about the vilest sinner returning. I think you are in a hopeful condition, a very hopeful condition."

P. p.: "Ah! but I've been such a Sabbath-breaker."

M.: "Working on a Sunday paper, I presume."

P. p.: "Oh, no. The men who work on Sunday papers don't break the Sabbath. Their work is done on Saturday night. I work on a daily paper and the Monday morning issue is all set up on Sundays. But I'm determined to leave the business; I'll break the Sabbath no more by setting type."

M.: "I rejoice to find you in such a frame of mind. You will be a bright and shining light in the church one of these days. And you hav had to set type on Sundays, my poor friend—reports of dog fights, puglistic mills, and so forth, I suppose?"

P. p. (weeping bitterly): "No, sir; principally reports of ministers' sermons in solid nonpareil."

Gems of Thought.

MELANCTHON, who has been called the mildest and most moderate of the early reformers, heartily approved of the burning of Servetus, which naturally suggests the inquiry, If the mildest-manered men in the reformed party approved of burning, to what extremities would not the passionate ones proceed?—*D. M. Bennett.*

IF men would only be as real inside the church as they are outside; if they would only think and mean what they say, the pitiful burlesque would spedily be put an end to, and they would no longer offer up that sacrifice of lying lips, which are said to be "an abomination to the Lord."—*Mrs. A. Besant.*

JACOB, who was a good hand at a bargain, makes his terms with Jehovah in a thoroughly business-like spirit. "If God will be with me, etc. Then, shall the Lord be my God, etc" (Gen. xxviii, 10-22). The adoption of Jehovah as Jacob's God being thus entirely dependent on the performance of that deity of his share in the contract.—*Amberley's Analysis.*

THE Romans invoked the gods of their enemy to come out of the beleaguered city, and join them, the conquerors of the world. Jacob drives a trade with Elohim; the God receives a human sacrifice as adequate return for his own divine service. The promis of each is only "for value received."—*Theodore Parker.*

BELIEVE me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.—*Shakspere.*

As in ancient Rome it was regarded as the mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the republic, so the good citizen of the world, whatever may be the political aspect of his own times, will never despair of the fortunes of the human race, but will act upon the conviction that prejudice, slavery, and corruption must gradually giv way to truth, liberty, and virtue, and that, in the moral world as well as in the material, the further our observations extend, and the longer they are continued, the more we shall perceive of order and of benevolent design in the universe.—*Dugald Stewart.*

I NEVER hav any thoughts working in my head, or any new project start in my mind, but my wishes carry me immediately to you, and I desire to lay them before you. [This letter is addressed to Mr. Molyneux, an Irish gentleman, who did himself great honor by discovering the value of Locke's writings when they first appeared, and by assiduously cultivating the philosopher's friendship.] You may justly think that this carries a pretty severe reflection on my country or myself, that in it I hav not a friend to communicate my thoughts with. I cannot much complain of want of friends to other purposes, but a man with whom one can freely seek truth, without any regard to old or new, fashionable or not fashionable, but truth merely for truth's sake, is what is scarce to be found in an age.—*Locke's Familiar Letters.*

MANY of the philosophers of the gentiles hav written much concerning the immortality of the soul, and in numerous books hav they left it on record that the soul is immortal. But when you come to the resurrection of the flesh, they do not hesitate, but openly deny that, contradicting it to such a degree that they declare it impossible for this terrene flesh to rise to heaven.—*St. Augustine.*

PLINY, reckoning up those things which he thought not to be in the power of God, mentions these two: "*Mortales æternitate donare* and *revocare defunctos*" (to endow men with everlasting life, and to recall the dead to life again).—*Pearson on the Creed.*

ONE of the most curious blunders regarding orthodox Christianity is that it has tended to the elevation of woman. As a matter of fact, the Eastern ideas about women are embodied in Christianity, and these ideas are essentially degraded and degrading. From the time when Paul bade women obey their husbands, when Augustine's mother was beaten, unresisting, by Augustine's father, and when Jerome fled from woman's charms, and monks declaimed against the daughters of Eve, down to the present day when Peter's authority (and Paul's still more surely) is used against woman suffrage, Christianity has consistently regarded woman as a creature to be subject to man because, being deceived, she was first in transgression.—*Mrs. A. Besant's Path to Atheism.*

THE Roman Catholic system is shaken off with much greater difficulty than those which are taught in the reformed churches, but when it loses its hold of the mind it much more frequently prepares the way for unlimited skepticism.—*Dugald Stewart.*

HINDOOS and Persians, Egyptians and Greeks, hav thought of God and the invisible as earnestly as the Israelites, and what the men of greatest piety and genius among these people hav believed, what the founders of religion or the philosophers among them hav declared, so far as it has been preserved to us in writing, not only in their sacred books but elsewhere too, furnishes us no small amount that might safely be placed by the side of many portions of the Old Testament at least.—*The Bible for Learners.*

IF man is the same in all ages, differing only in degree of development, and this element (*i.e.*, the sense of religion) is natural to him, then we must expect to find such expressions of it in the poets and philosophers, in the religion of India, Greece, and Rome. Men of the same spiritual elevation see everywhere the same spiritual truth. If the doctrin of monotheism proceeded from tradition alone, then it must be more clear and distinct as we approach the source of the tradition. But this is notoriously contrary to facts.—*Theodore Parker.*

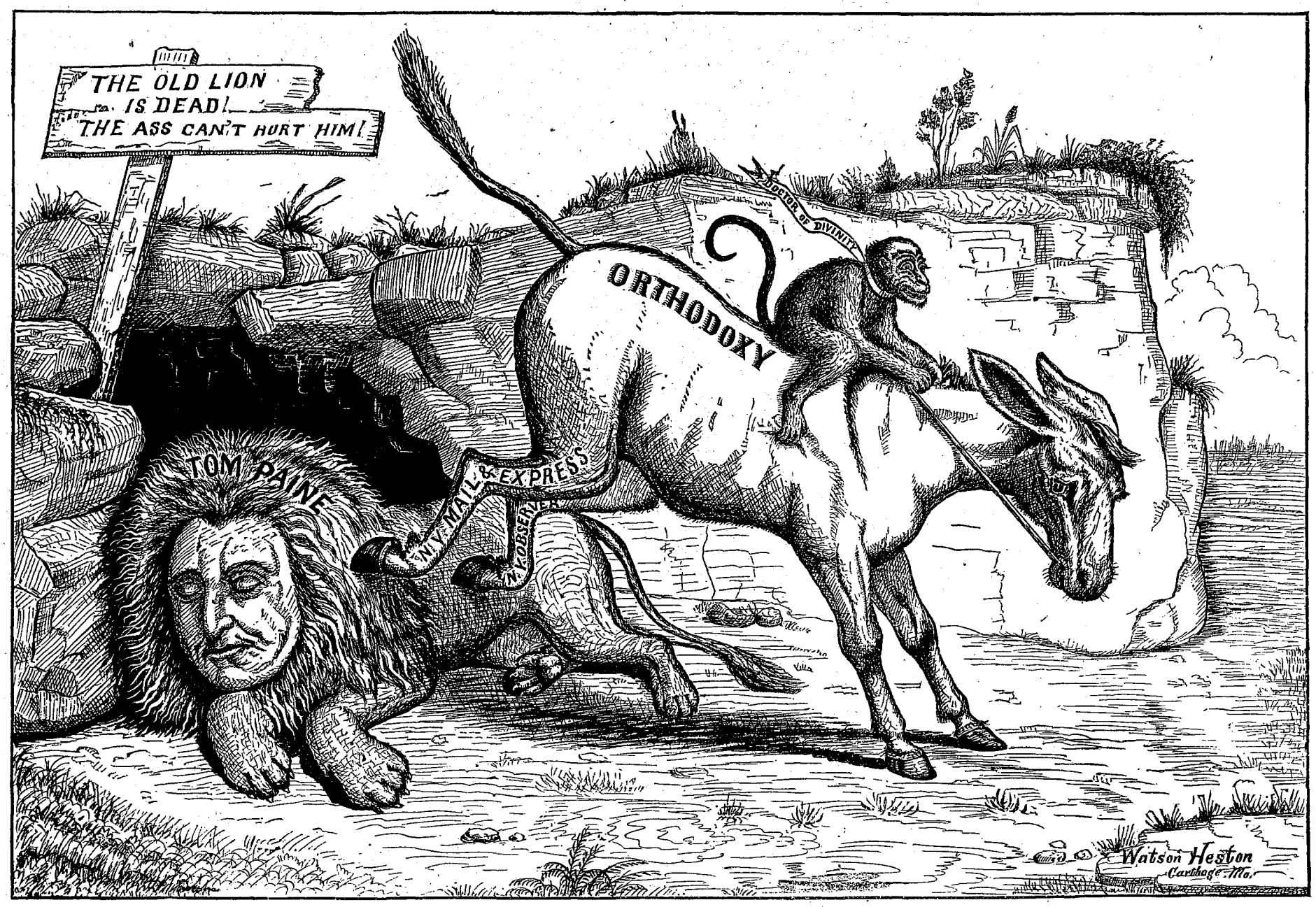
HE who would adorn
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,
Must either win, through effort of his own,
The prize, or be content to see it worn
By more deserving brows. —*Wordsworth.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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"ONCE UPON A TIME A DONKEY KICKED A LION. THE LION WAS DEAD."

Notes and Clippings.

RHODES & MCCLURE, literary pirates of Chicago, hav printed Revivalist Sam Jones's sermons and copyrighted them against the author. McClure is himself a preacher.

IF an *S* and an *i* and an *o* and a *u*, with an *x* at the end, spell "Su,"
And an *e* and a *y* and an *e* spell "i," pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an *s* and an *i* and a *g* and an *h e d* spell "cide,"
There's nothing much left for a speller to do but to go and commit Siouxeyesighed.
—*Chicago News.*

THE new chaplain of the New York Senate is reported to be a sentimental parson from the rural districts. His prayers are exceedingly short, and giv wide and complete satisfaction. With his short task performed and himself free, he hangs about the ladies in the Senate chamber. When there is a scarcity of ladies needing his kindly services, the minister joins the senators at their cigars in the smoking-room, where he does not disdain to puff a good Havana with the rest. For all these valuable services only five dollars a day comes out of the state treasury.

NEARLY every religious denomination in Connecticut was represented at a hearing February 4th by the legislativ Committee on railroads on a bill restricting the running of Sunday trains between 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. There appeared to be no objection to the Sunday through expresses between Boston and New York which traverse the state late in the afternoon, except from one speaker, who expressed surprise that clergymen were willing to compromise on such a violation of the Sabbath. This man forgets that clergymen, like politicians, will be satisfied with what they can get if they cannot get all they want.

THE trouble in the church at Spring Valley, N. Y., where the Rev. Mr. Bristor preached before he was arrested charged with rape, is causing great complications. The congregation has split, some joining the Congregational denomination. The two sects boycott each other in trade. Methodist Burr is shunned, and ex-Methodist John C. Wood reaps the benefit. "Bristor's friends refuse to drink anything but Congregational coffee," says one of the Van Houten Hall devotees, "or to use any but Congregational crackers and cheese." Whether Mr. Burr will advertise "Methodist mackerel and mowing machines" remains to be seen. The trial of Parson Bristor for rape will begin on February 23d at New City.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Pittsburgh multimillionaire, Socialist, and Freethinker, began his career as a messenger boy in the office of the late Col. Thomas A. Scott, and afterward became an operator in the telegraph department of the Pennsylvania road. He was an expert sound reader, and one day, when on a locomotiv near the telegraph office at Altoona he heard the news come that a train had split in two on a sharp grade a few miles away, and that part of the train was coming along like lightning. Young Carnegie told the engineer of a passenger train which was waiting on the track, which the fugitiv train would pass over. There was just time enough to switch off the passenger train before the runaway came rattling on.

THE editor of the Estelline *Bell*, of Dakota, intimates that the "tame young man" and the played-out politician from the East make a mistake when they go to that state with the avowed intention of becoming Congressmen. He says, delicately: "There is no opening here for any of these embryotic or ruined specimens of humanity outside of the cemeteries. If the verdict of the community in which you now liv seems to be that you hav not enough ability to throw stones at the chickens, don't come out here, where, owing to excessiv and exorbitant freight charges, cartridges with which to practice on you, cost two cents apiece."

MR. PHILIP D. ARMOUR is a very generous man. A clergyman in whom he had confidence one day asked him for $30 to relieve a poor woman whose new-born baby was lying naked in her one room, where there was neither fire nor food. The money was at once handed to the parson, who afterwards returned it with a note saying that he had "discovered that the woman was of ill-repute and the child the result of sin." Mr. Armour at once sent word to Mrs. Armour, who gave the starving mother and child ample assistance, while her husband, stamping with rage, shouted to his clerk: "If that d——d scoundrel comes in here again, throw him out."

AN English paper says that the Hindoos are again complaining about the poor quality of idols furnished them by the Birmingham manufacturers. It seems that these manufacturers hav been producing such ugly styles of idols that even the most religious Hindoo can't worship them with any fervor. Moreover, they are made out of cross-grained, knotty wood, and are painted with cheap mineral paint which in hot weather comes off when the devotees kiss them. The Hindoo is very patient, but it does rile him when the paint of a high-price god sticks to his lips. If Birmingham does not manufacture better idols there may be a religious revolution in India.

"MR. REED, of Maine, who has introduced a bill in Congress for a constitutional amendment granting to women the privilege of voting, is going a long distance to reach an object easily attained," says the Fort Worth *Gazette*. "A constitutional amendment is not necessary to giv women the right to vote. In no place does the Constitution prohibit them from voting. On the contrary, a reasonable interpretation of that instrument favors the view that it contemplates a universality of suffrage not limited by sex. If Mr. Reed wants woman suffrage, a simple law of Congress will giv it." The *Gazette* is wrong. The framers of the Constitution never contemplated woman suffrage. They had not evoluted far enough. And all rights not granted to the general government are reserved to the states. It is a very erroneous idea that because the general government is not prohibited by the Constitution from doing a certain thing it therefore has the right to do it. Exactly the reverse is true. Unless the Constitution empowers the general government to perform an act, the right to do it is reserved to the states. Congress cannot pass a law compelling the government of Texas to receive the votes of the women. One of two things must occur. Either a constitutional amendment must be passed, or the states must legislate upon the question. And one or the other of these cannot be done too quickly.

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—V.

FRIEND D. C.: If there be a period in the whole history of your church that you, as an intelligent man, should deplore and be anxious to hide, it is that of the Council of Trent, which formulated every point of your faith, from original sin up, decided definitly on your present Bible, and made rules for the government of the clergy and the laity. I know your doctors point to it with pride, and the laity accept its decisions as having emanated from God himself. But how many of either class are aware of the nature of the arguments, and the manner in which they were used, before even the simplest form became a dogma?

There were two acknowledged historians, Sarpi and Pallavicini; and when the edition of Father Paul Sarpi appeared, then, and only then, did your church realize the position she occupied. She had claimed that the Council was composed of the greatest minds in Christendom; that the most perfect unanimity of feeling had been expressed; and one doctor, a Jesuit, grew so enthusiastic over the subject that he assured his hearers if the entire wisdom of the balance of the world had been concentrated in one person, he would even then hav been immeasurably inferior to the meanest mind there.

But Sarpi's history changed all this. Being a very accurate account, compiled from the minutes, it showed each actor in precisely the position he had chosen to assume, and gave the principal arguments just as they were delivered. Europe then learned why certain dogmas had been decreed, why others had been refused, why changes had been made, and who effected them—in short, the political undercurrent was laid bare. Decrees which in their original might politically affect a kingdom were softened down to meet the wishes of the king, and not one point of doctrin—mind, I say positivly, not *one* point—was declared as having been instituted by Jesus till it had first received the sanction of earthly potentates.

The reading world was surprised to find that your most important dogmas, even in their remodeled state, were passed by a bare majority, and if the respectable minority had been treated with ordinary courtesy and their arguments not interrupted by shuffling of feet, loud cries of dissent, and other signs of disapproval such as are to be met at ward meetings, the result might hav been different; that the fathers resorted to all manner of tricks and dodges to carry a point, and money and political or religious preferment were openly used to convince the wavering or reward the adherent.

Your church promptly consigned Sarpi's work to the Index, and the Jesuits were called on to help the holy see. A vast amount of material and thirty years of time culminated in the history of Pallavicini. Although he twisted and turned things to suit his purposes, invented scenes when such were necessary to carry a point, placed constructions on utterances which the context would not admit, and were palpably foreign to the intention of the speaker; used every device to protect the church, yet even his work failed in its object, for one of your doctors says: "Sarpi has been put on the Index; Pallavicini ought to be there."

Does not this speak volumes? From 1520 to 1545 your church had been arranging for this council. When they met, the bishop of Bitonto, the chosen orator, opened by saying: "The moment is come. God must speak, and he will speak." And after exhorting them to repent of their past sins so as the more worthily to receive the Holy Ghost, he added: "But were you even to remain in impenitence, do not go on to imagine that thus you would hav it in your power to shut the mouth of God. Happen what may in that respect, the Holy Ghost will find it easy to open yours and employ it in his service." They sat, off and on, for twenty years, and when the proceedings are published by the accredited agents they are placed among the prohibited books, and you, as a good Catholic, cannot read the speeches delivered by the Holy Ghost, your God. The arguments formulated in heaven with an eternity to prepare them cannot stand the test of human criticism. Did ever an Infidel intimate worse than this? Do you not think your trinity is to be sympathized with for having such a numskull among them as you represent their third person? I should like nothing better than to place either Sarpi's or Pallavicini's history in the hands of every intelligent Catholic; then Mother Rome would hav fewer adherents.

When the opening day arrived, three bishops were on the spot, and they Italians. So this great ecumenical council adjourned for nine months, and when they reopened twenty-five were in attendance. The great universal church represented by twenty-five prelates and seventeen of these bishops *in partibus infidelium*—gentlemen without dioceses or members of the pope's household. Not an English French, or German delegate. Only during one session did the votes rise to 450, and 270 of these were Italians; and when the decrees were signed in 1563, 255 signatures attested to the ecumenical nature of this council. The votes on the various decrees ran so peculiarly that they reminded me forcibly of the tactics of the celebrated 306 at Chicago, when Conkling tried to foist Grant for a third term; and on more than one occasion the German delegation advised their sovereign that owing to the Italians voting in a body they could not press the reforms they were pledged to advocate.

Each Italian was bound by the following oath, which he took when consecrated as a bishop within the papal dominions: "I engage to preserve, to defend, to augment, to advance the rights, the honors, the privileges, and the authority of the holy church, and of our Lord, the pope, and not to take part in any deliberation, any act, any transaction against our said Lord or the said church."

How many Catholics know that there was a schism even at this council; that a portion removed to Bologna, where, having thirty-four members out of an original sixty, they declared themselvs ecumenical, and threatened to anathematize those who remained at Trent; that the war between the two bodies, each presumably directed by the Holy Ghost, became so fierce that Paul III. had to threaten both, and with the greatest difficulty prevented a serious disaster; that the bishops *in partibus* sent by the pope to the council were so numerous that Paul IV. complained that their living cost him 3,000 crowns a month, and urged it as one reason why the council should hasten its actions; that the votes on many occasions were almost a tie, that on divine right being 66 to 71—the negativ all Italians?

People who hav read the history of these times quietly smile when they hear your priests speak of the calm dignity and Roman firmness of Paul, in his dealings with the Protestants—how he besought them, with tears in his eyes, to return to the true fold, and thus save their immortal souls, "but never did he waver for one moment, or jeopardize the trust deposited in his hands by our Lord and savior, Jesus Christ."

Yet the doings of this pope, as recorded in the council, inform us that he empowered his three nuncios, whom he sent to Germany, to remove every kind of excommunication and censure, even for "bigamy and perjury." Those monks who had renounced their orders could wear their old monastic dress under their secular garb, and for those who were married he would make a special enactment to cover each case. The laity were to hav the disputed cup provided they would admit the host contained all the necessary elements, *i.e.*, both body and blood Notwithstanding these concessions, Pallavicini says the papal offers were so illy received "it was evident that all efforts would be useless unless they were supported with arms." And what was the cause of this apathy on the part of the Protestants? Not a reform was granted, though every Christian power had been outspoken in demanding them. The several popes who reigned during the council promised to commence by reforming their own courts, but under various pretexts the time was put off. Some evils were mitigated to a small degree—the lower order of clergy being curtailed of some of their privileges, but the great scandals which caused the Reformation remained untouched.

It would be useless to enter into the details of the formulation of your various sacraments, unless you be willing to defend them, which I feel to say you will not; but if you will, I would promis to quote only those arguments of your own doctors recorded by Sarpi and Pallavicini, and, moreover, will allow you to choose which historian is to act as our guide. In event of not hearing from you, I will prepare an article and uncover the true nature of these "absolutely indispensables."

Now, let us glance at your rosary, which I imputed to the Aztecs. Its origin is credited to St. Dominic, but many of your writers say this is not certain. Some ascribe it to the time of the Crusades, and the Mohammedan of to-day tells his beads, claiming they were instituted by the prophet. The Brahman points back to the mists of antiquity as his source, and it was the popular form of devotion among the Aztecs. There is no doubt that your church did not possess this devotion till after the first Crusade, and then only in a crude form. Its present condition was not attained till after the Mexican conquest. Hence my inference.

You also object to my remarks about the sale of indulgences, though not many years ago you showed me a relic, consisting of a bone of some saint, which your cousin brought from Rome. There was attached to it an indulgence of seven days every time you said seven *paters* and seven *aves*. It had cost you ten dollars, and the case in which the relic lay was not worth more than one dollar. Now, what was the balance for? You may disguise it under any name you please—an offering—but viewed in a commercial light, it would be called a sale. We Infidels call it a sell, and a very bad one, not so much as to the amount involved, but that an intelligent man like you should allow yourself to be hoodwinked by a parcel of Italian lazzaroni.

I once attended one of your missions held under the auspices of the Jesuits, Father Damon presiding. After the sermon I followed the crowd into a side-room, and there found several tables crowded with rosaries, medals, pictures, etc., which I was assured were specially blessed, and each had an indulgence attached. I invested one dollar in a pair of beads which the Holy Father himself had blessed, but the instructions in regard to gaining the indulgence I hav forgotten. A few days afterward I called at a Catholic emporium in Barclay street, looking for a certain book, and saw a pile of the same kind of beads of which I had bought a sample at the mission. They were quoted at twenty cents. I then called the attention of the clerk to the difference in the price between the store and the church, and was informed that the increase was necessary because the pastor had charged them 75 per cent on the gross sales, and that one-half of it went to the Jesuit Damon and his crew. You can draw your own inferences.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Our London Letter.

The decision of the speaker in the House of Commons was a sad blow to the hopes of the Conservativs and religious bigots, as they appeared to be fully under the impression that they had only to offer opposition, as on former occasions, to prevent Charles Bradlaugh from taking the oath and his seat as a properly qualified member, and their disappointment must hav been felt very keenly when the speaker stated that he had no official knowledge of what took place in the previous parliament on this question. Probably the Tory party were of opinion that by withdrawing their candidate for the speakership, and allowing a Liberal to occupy the post without opposition, they were entitled to his gratitude, and that he would therefore play into their hands. The bigots cannot conceal their chagrin, and declare they are not going to let the matter drop, but will proceed against the, to them, obnoxious member, and do their best to ruin him. Of course, the irrepressible Henry Varley is well to the front, and rushes into print in the form of penny pamphlets, as usual. As his effusions are well circulated among the "unco' guid," his elegantly-written articles are a source of profit, and if he can serve the Lord and himself at the same time, doubtless both parties are well satisfied; and no one of any consequence is likely to take much heed of his virulent attacks, and no harm is done except to himself through becoming confirmed in a habit of slandering better men than himself, and there can be few worse than a liar, though among the godly, as long as lying is for the greater glory of God, it is a virtue and not a vice.

The old falsehood is dragged out again that Bradlaugh refused to take the oath on his first appearance in the house, and that he wrote a letter to the papers stating that the oath had no binding value to him; and though this statement has been over and over again shown to be entirely without foundation, it is still brought forward with as much regularity as the Christmas pantomime.

The examination now being held to inquire into the working of the Royal Liver Friendly Society has shown the purity of the motivs which govern the proprietors of religious papers. It has been publicly stated, and I hav seen no denial of the charge, that a Roman Catholic journal, and also one known as the *Protestant Standard*, the latter paper being especially bitter in its attacks on Freethought and Freethinkers, hav inserted in their columns articles extremely favorable for this society, which were compiled by the managers whose acts are now being called in question, and received an extra payment for these notices. If such a thing had been done by a Secular journal, the whole of the religious press would hav combined to show up the enormity of the transaction, and Secularists would hav been held up as awful examples of the lowest form of vice; but under the circumstances the most that now can be said is that it might perhaps be considered as a slight indiscretion, and was doubtless the fault of some junior clerk accepting the advertisment without reading it. It is a great blessing to be a true believer.

It is both interesting and instructiv to read Mr. Stead's account of his imprisonment in Holloway Jail, and compare it with the experience of the three blasphemers in the same prison. Those who were condemned for expressing a difference of speculativ opinion from the majority were treated as criminals worthy of severe punishment, and the one who was found guilty of abducting a young girl (whether rightly or wrongly does not enter into the present question) was imprisoned as a first-class misdemeanant, and every comfort supplied him, with permission to receive visitors whenever it suited him, and every facility afforded him to carry on his editorial duties. He states in his experiences as a prisoner that he was so comfortable that he enjoyed himself much more than for years past, and that it was a pleasant change, and suggests the formation of a company to start a place of retreat for editors and literary men generally

on the same principle, which he is confident will prove a paying concern. His extreme piety has been evidently of great service to him, but those who assisted him in his work hav, unfortunately for them, been placed on a very different footing with regard to their prison treatment. Probably they had not "the fear of the Lord" so prominently before them, and hav suffered from divine judgment in consequence.

Godliness is a great mystery, as it appears you can hav too much of it as well as too little. A case was reported to-day of a man who was converted recently, and attached himself to the High Church party, and then became a Roman Catholic, but afterwards returned to his first love, which appears to hav been too strong for him, for before he could take up another department of the one true church, he committed suicide, probably with the idea of going to headquarters to find out which was the genuin branch of the upas-tree. Christianity appears to hav the effect of making its adherents either mad or idiotic, and yet professors of this glorious creed wonder why there can be any Atheists, not recognizing the fact that there are a few people who prefer keeping in their right senses. J. D.

London, Jan. 28, 1886.

The Man from the Moon.

A great many years since, before the Black Friday, there was frequently seen strolling about Wall street a man whose strange appearance and conduct indicated him no ordinary personage, as his searching and anxious manner denoted him a stranger to his surroundings. On moonlight evenings he would seat himself on the steps of the Exchange, gazing for long hours at the moon with a yearning expression upon his countenance. His extreme humbleness and innocence of manner, forbidding distrust, attracted the attention of the money-changers. He could speak no language known to the denizen of Wall street. The entire vocabulary of cosmopolitan New York was exhausted upon him in vain. The only reply elicited was a vacant yet not an unintelligent stare. He evidently could hear, but could not understand. A venerable and inquiring-minded Sage of the stock market became much interested in the stranger, and employed a learned linguist to either ascertain what language he understood or teach him English and find from whence he came.

The waif took kindly to his tutor, learning with great rapidity and delight, and he was soon enabled to inform his teacher, pointing upward, that he came from the moon! "I had long looked upon your beautiful planet," he said, "until at last curiosity overcame discretion and I made the venturesome leap. It had not occurred to me that the people of one planet would be so unlike the people of another. I found myself a hermit in a crowded city. I could not return, and was very unhappy until you, my dear friend, taught me the means of conversing with your people."

All this was communicated to the venerable Sage, his benefactor. The Sage was in an ecstasy of delight. "Is it possible," quoth he, "that this good man is from the moon? He must come to my house. He shall write a history of his planet. We will gobble up the mountains and make a corner on moonlight, to the envy of the damsels on Fifth avenue. We will hav telegraph communication. Yea, I must monopolize this person from the moon, or some sharper man will get him. Bring him at once to me. I will teach him all else he'll need to learn."

Pursuant to this object the Sage taught the Man from the Moon the first thing on this planet was to get money; the next to keep it; that ninety and nine in a hundred of the people of this world hew wood and draw water; that the odd one enjoys the fruits of the labor; that to enjoy life you must hav money, and all other things would follow. Nevertheless, he could get no communication from the moon, and the scheme was abandoned as not practicable. But he opened for his charge an office in Wall street. The Man from the Moon became a name in financial circles. His astuteness in getting the products of labor was phenomenal. He could master all competitors, for he had been in the moon and knew it was not green cheese. He soon owned houses, steamboats, railroads, and lands, but he did no useful work to obtain all these. John Swinton made mathematical calculations proving that he would own the entire planet and all therein contained in two thousand years.

A change in our friend's life now took place. He was to be married. He asked the advice of the Sage and was told it was going through too much to learn so little. But the Man from the Moon went adverse to his friend's advice. He had met the lady at a full-dress party in a gown too short at one end and too long at the other. He was infatuated. She declared her love to be of long duration, having often gazed at his manly face in the moon with admiration. He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, standing dumb before his shearers.

Ere many moons two young satellites appeared—one he named Saturn, the other Venus.

Now came another change in the life of the Man from the Moon. Riding out one day with the Sage, they chanced to drive through Greenwood Cemetery. "What a beautiful place!" he exclaimed. "But what mean these blocks of stone to mar the beauty of so lovely a spot?"

"It is a cemetery."

"I do not understand you."

"It is the place where we bury our dead."

"You are incomprehensible," replied the Man from the Moon.

The Sage explained that after a certain period all must die and their bodies return to the earth from whence they came.

"And did you come from the earth?" inquired the astonished foreigner.

"Certainly; you are the only one who came from the moon."

"I am dumbfounded!" the man replied. "And how long do we liv on your planet?"

"The average age among laborers," the Sage returned, "is thirty years; we who neither toil nor spin are allotted threescore and ten. Some liv a little longer; more die sooner."

"And then what?"

"Well, the body crumbles to its nativ element; the soul goes to God. If we hav been good in this life we hav a life in another world without an end, of everlasting happiness. If we hav been wicked we inherit a life of misery and are cast into a lake of fire where we burn forever without ever burning up."

"Tell me, my friend," urged the Man from the Moon, "how to shun this lake of fire; and what is this mystery, *the soul?* Of what use is all my hoarded gold if my fate for the future is depending on such a contingency as you tell me?"

The Sage could giv him no definit explanation of the soul, and referred him to Dr. Talmage who was engaged in that line of trade. Making haste in keeping with the importance of his subject, the moon-dweller rushed to see the priest. The priest was glad to see the magnate from Wall street and former inhabitant of the moon. He astonished his earnest listener with his knowledge, not of this world but of other worlds. He handed him the Bible. "This, my friend, must in the future be your guide to eternal happiness, and you must be born again."

"How can I be born again?"

"You must believe, and you are in the second birth and your soul is saved."

"Tell me, what is this soul?"

"It is the soul; this is sufficient for you, in your present condition, to know. What you want now is to believe and be saved, for he that believeth not is damned. You hav the Bible to read, and me to explain. It will be your own fault if you are lost."

He read to the inquirer the gospel law that God gave the life of his only son as proxy to save souls whom the devil had run away with. Then he said, "My friend, do you believe?"

"Yea, I will believe."

"You are saved, Now I will read you Christ's law. It is this: 'Sell all thou hast and giv to the poor; hate father and mother, and love your enemies.'"

Our friend went to his home, greeting his better half as follows: "My dear wife, I hav hastened home to warn you to flee from the wrath to come. You hav a soul to save. You must be born again or you will go where the fire is not quenched."

And these signs followed him that believed: His wife decided that he was crazy, and sued for divorce and alimony. His son had been a star in the political horizon, and retired in disgrace to the forest of Maine. His daughter fluttered a brief period as a meteor on Fifth avenue, and then sucumbed to the low-neck dress system. He went to the stock board and put everything he possessed on the market, but the brokers supposed it another ruse to beat them, and wouldn't buy. He then placed all in the Marine Bank, and nothing remained for the poor. He caught his former friends by the coat-tails, begging of them to save their souls—"this night thy soul may be required of thee." He was decided to be crazy. Talmage was disgusted at his practical ideas of salvation, and refused him an interview. He went to the Salvation Army in poverty. They read to, him "Take no thought of the morrow," and made him a corporal. He was arrested as a nuisance, and sent to the Island. When released he went to Rome to see the pope, who, he was told, possessed the only true Bible. The pope could not be seen—it would dispel the mystery. From Rome he went to Asia, where he was told to believe in Allah, and Mohammed his prophet. He went to Jerusalem; there they informed him that Christ was a humbug, the real messiah was yet to come. Sick and weary he sailed for America in a ship loaded with Mormon converts; went to Utah, and was told that, to be a true Mormon, he must hav a dozen wives. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. "No more wives in mine," said he. He shook off the dust of Utah from his feet and came to New York, being gathered in by the Shakers, and soon death ended his uncertainty. What he had dreaded most came, and his last words were, "Believe in nothing you cannot weigh in a balance or measure with a rule." PAXTON.

Wealth and Death.

Back to the remotest period of the world's history wealth and power hav been the ambitious aim of mankind. We are told it is necessary as an impulse to advancing civilization, to growth and importance as a nation, and the weak must make way for the strong; that even over the dead bodies of the fallen in the struggle may be reared a mighty nation, rich, proud, and invulnerable. This sounds well in a general way, and may rouse the patriotism of some men to an extent that will make them content to eat the husks while others consume the corn.

But is it not strange that after thousands of years of existence, and numberless examples of the utter vanity and futility of riches as a power, the world struggles to-day for their possession just as cruelly and remorselessly as at any time in the past? That any man, or set of men, hav any inherent or God-given right to any more of this world's goods and benefits than another is denied by the very nature and constitution of man himself. Every man who labors is entitled to just as much as a rich man can use for his natural wants, and if the latter uses more than that, it is wasted; if he hoards it, it is worse than wasted; it becomes a menace to the liberty and rights of others.

"Money is power;" it is monarchical power; it holds within its metallic grip a large majority of the inhabitants of this world who themselvs tighten its hold by yielding to its behests. They curse its power, they fight it in sections, a sort of skirmishing on its picket lines. But they hav never massed their army for a general attack, and when they do they will see how true it is that "capital is timid;" the enemy will capitulate at once, and no blood need be shed. I think we are nearer to-day to general organization than ever before.

We must not forget that it is the principle of justice we are fighting for, and not men. Our laws, customs, habits are so thoroughly impregnated by centuries of practice, and rights of property hav been so jealously guarded, that to whisper against their continuance is regarded as nihilistic and revolutionary. The workers of this country are not Nihilists; they want something, and that something is not chaotic disruption, but a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. It is a hopeless task to appeal to the generosity or human sympathy of the gentlemen who hold the money-bags; the metal of their coin is softer than their hearts. But if they could only see how like a short dream life really is, that *they*, with all their money, will soon be no more than the smallest drop of water in the great ocean of eternity; if some magic word could bring them to a realizing sense of the foolishness and inhumanity of their attitude, then there would be justice in deed and not in name for all men.

There is a feeling in all men of a dominant power (creator if you will) who created all things; a feeling of awe at the immensity of creation, of humble trust in his goodness, and of faith in ultimate happiness in the hereafter. Far be it from my thoughts or aim to shake that faith, or disturb any man in his religious beliefs of a creativ God. But when so-called exponents of the laws of God tell any man that it is God's will that he should labor and starve and murmur not, that he should obey the laws and question not, it is perfectly safe to assume that he is either a liar or a fool, either of which is immaterial if you believe him. God's laws of equality, of never failing love and tender care, are written in every book of nature, which is ever open to us. The flowers are given the evening dew, birds their food and shelter from the storm, flowers bloom and birds sing their gratitude to God; but men, to whom the earth is given, fight for the possession of more than they hav any earthly use for. Many tire of the struggle and kill themselvs, some become disgusted with existence and rush to death, others adopt open thievery (not having the brains to do it in a legal covert way), and go to prison. Some starve, others feed the body at the expense of the soul; some revel in a palace, others die in a hovel; and if this world is not a hell it is the ante-chamber to it, made so, not by God, but by men who are struggling, pushing, crowding, rushing pell-mell after a bauble, which, reached at last, grim death steps up, takes it from their unwilling hands, and pushes them back into their graves to rot.

We are all brothers with one common origin, one common destiny. Would that this Babel of cross purposes, this fiend of selfishness, would giv way to the God of love. Heaven is where we make it; it can be made here in this world, and this little breath of existence can be a pleasant journey with congenial friends to the borderland of the unknown country "from whence no traveler returns." Why should we fight? Why envy one another? Why plume ourselvs above our neighbor? Of what avail is it? Let us know, ye millionaires, who are already in the rotunda of death, what has it profited or what will it profit you? WM. ALLEN SMITH.

196 *Broadway, New York.*

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is sent free.

The Liberal Club.

The windows of heaven were open all last week, and the rain kept up a steady squirt through them. Friday evening it let up a little while, and people went to the Manhattan Liberal Club. The 399th regular meeting was held that night, and there was an audience large enough to fill the hall.

At a little past eight the president imposed silence upon the assemblage, and introduced the secretary, who read about what had occurred the week before. The report contained a sarcastic reference to the extreme tenuity of the address to which it referred, and the chairman rose to explain that the secretary had taken a wrong view of it. The great importance of the question involved justified its extended treatment by the speaker.

The lecturer of the evening was Madam Henri Delescluze, on the subject of "Oratory and Dramatic Reading." Being introduced as an old and stanch friend of the club, Madam Delescluze said:

If you look into a dictionary for the definition of the word "oratory" you will find it to be the art of public speaking. Mark well the word *art*. Oratory is not mere sound and fury, signifying nothing, but "the art of public speaking." If you look further for the definition of the word "art," you will see that it is "a system of rules; acquired skill." We are told by the same authority that an "orator" is "an eloquent public speaker; a petitioner." If still curious, and wishing to be strictly accurate, you search for the word "eloquence," you will discover that it is "beauty, power, and appropriateness of language."

Oratory, then, is governed by a system of rules, and to be an orator is to be able to speak with power, beauty, and skill. To be able to speak thus requires in the speaker an infinit variety of ideas, the habit of thinking, and a vast store of acquired knowledge. So much for the intellectual part. Then comes the art of elocution. Webster or Worcester will tell you that "elocution is the proper pronunciation and delivery of words."

To be an orator in the true sense of that much abused and misunderstood word is therefore no easy thing. It includes a mastery of logical analysis, of ideas, thoughts, sentiments, and feeling, a knowledge of human history and human character, and the power and skill of presenting these in a manner that compels attention—that holds and moves an assembly. In addition to his intellectual equipment the orator must understand how to use his voice, the wonderful organ of communication between him and his hearers. He must know what the six general divisions of the art of elocution are, namely, articulation, accent, emphasis, inflection, modulation, expression. A man thus equipped is armed and girded for battle. Woe to the adversary who ventures to attack him without being equally well provided for the encounter!

"Oratory," says Dr. Johnson, "is the power of putting down your adversary's arguments." Speech is the most powerful of all means whereby one human being can move another. He who would move the multitude must hav

> "Wit, and words, and worth,
> *Action*, and *utterance*, and the power
> To stir men's blood."

Hazlitt, the celebrated English critic, once walked six miles on a country road with Coleridge, who was a preacher as well as a great poet. He says of the eloquence and charm of his voice: "I could swear that the very milestones had ears, and that Harmer Hill stooped with all its pines to listen to the poet as we passed."

Every other art is known to require study—laborious study and diligent practice; but every man thinks he can read—one of the most difficult of arts, requiring taste, feeling, judgment, sensibility, passion, culture—and almost every man is sure he can please as a public speaker. In fact, in our country, where freedom of speech is universal and power resides in the people, every citizen ought to consider it a duty to know how to speak intelligently and passably well on public affairs. The country school trustee who, visiting a neighboring town at a school examination and being invited to make a few remarks, said, "Well, gals, you spells well, and you reads splendid, but you hain't sot still," was not a worthy representativ of the general intelligence of the humblest of his townsmen.

Mrs. Delescluze here read a number of selections to illustrate the oratorical, descriptiv, eccentric, and sentimental styles of reading. She urged upon all the importance of knowing how to speak in public on the stage.

The chairman invited any elocutionist present to occupy the platform. Dr. Field, who teaches the Delsarte system of elocution, accepted the invitation. The doctor finds a philosophy at the bottom of the art of expression, even to the expression of applause. For instance, the clapping of hands was the refined way of showing approbation, while jiggling the heels was in no wise cultured. The writer noticed that some of the audience thumped the floor with their umbrellas, and he was in hopes that Dr. Field would classify that sort of demonstration, but was not gratified.

Mr. Joslin, of Cleveland, Ohio, said he was no orator, and his knowledge of orators had not placed them in an elevated position in his estimation. As an example, Demosthenes, though he aroused the Greeks to deeds of valor, was the first to run when the Macedonians came into the neighborhood. Patrick Henry was not a trained orator. He was an idle young man, and lay around the brooks of old Virginia all day fishing, and never got a bite. A case came up about the stipend which the farmers paid the clergy. They wanted to pay it in tobacco, and the clergy wanted cash. They went to law. The farmers retained young Henry as counsel. He studied law for six weeks, and then went into court. His father was on the bench, and the young man was so awkward that the old man hung his head. The clergy nudged one another and winked. But Patrick soon recovered his nerve, and warmed to his subject with such good effect that the clergy left the court in affright. Not only did the young advocate win the right of his clients to pay the clergy in tobacco, but he caused the stipend to be abolished altogether. All this with no training as a speaker.

Robert Blissert followed. He made no pretensions to oratory, he said. He wished merely to make a few remarks about orators. In the days of the American Revolution it was the oratory of Pitt that stimulated the English to pause. Oratory was the index to the art that moves the lips to speak. Mr. Blissert repeated part of a speech by the Irish orator, Grattan, which probably lost none of its original effectivness by being given with a fine brogue.

Madam Delescluze here returned to the platform, and read a poem. It was one which the man with the badge-pin wrote some time ago and sold to a publisher for two large silver dollars. The speaker had selected this poem because it was the production of a friend of the club; and on account of the expressiv way she rendered the lines they were received by the audience without protest. When the reading was over, to the great relief of the writer, who never felt willing to rest his reputation on that performance, the speaker turned to the defense of oratory as an art, and made further remarks that were agreeable to listen to.

Mr. Wakeman, by request, closed the exercises. Oratory, he said, had usually been on the side of the losing cause, and there were many causes that would be forgotten but for the oratory they evoked. Oratory has been the voice of Liberty. In reference to Cicero, who had been mentioned, Mr. Wakeman said he was one of the greatest men of antiquity. He was a believer in the religion of humanity and the federation of the world. His works were for a long time practically suppressed, and he was maligned, misrepresented, and put to a cruel death. Mr. Wakeman professed to hav little faith in any except natural oratory, and believed that whatever was in a man would come out. As for himself, he had never studied the art of expression, but had always talked from the shoulder. Mr. Wakeman from his innocence of dramatic art belongs in the category with the man who expressed great surprise upon learning that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it.

After the meeting a complaint was entered with the secretary that last week's account of Dr. Lambert's lecture did injustice both to the speaker and to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the opinion was also expressed that these reports should be judiciously edited, and the lines tightened somewhat upon the writer. This is a good suggestion. The man with the illuminated insignia confesses with appropriate grief that on some occasions he is entirely unable to catch on, and that Drs. Lambert and Eccles furnished one of those occasions. If some arrangement can be made with the editor of this paper whereby these reports can be pruned of their superfluous foliage, it would no doubt serve the cause of strict accuracy, but a large reward would be necessary to bribe people to read them.

On Friday evening, the 19th, Henry Appleton, of Boston, will talk about Anarchism. Students of that grotesque philosophy will find in this speaker one of its ablest representativs.

Chicago Letter.

Entering the hall last Sunday (Jan. 31st) in which we held meetings continuously for over four and a half years, I was handed the following brief but expressiv note:

FORT DEARBORN LODGE, I. O. O. F.,
CHICAGO, Jan. 27, 1886.

To the Liberal League.

GENTLEMEN: You are hereby notified to vacate Fort Dearborn Hall, after Sunday, Jan. 31st, as it has been decided not to rent the hall hereafter to any tenants except secret societies. By order of the board of trustees.

[Seal.] J. A. WUEST, Secretary.

This gave us no time to arrange for a hall for today's meeting (Feb 7th), and had it not been for our generous friend, A. D. O'Neil, who offered us his fine hall free of charge, we should hav been effectually left out in the cold—a serious predicament with Charles Watts coming next Sunday. The hall is all that could be desired, being fitted up with parlor, ante-rooms, and banquet hall, but it is a long way up town, and that may militate against attendance. We learned long ago that there were quite a number of church-members belonging to the various lodges meeting in our old quarters, who hav been howling loud and long against our "desecration" of their hall Sunday evenings, but for years the sympathy of the lodge was with us, and they were outvoted on every occasion, as our money was considered as good as that of others. For occupancy of the hall we hav paid some *fourteen hundred dollars*, and we lately hav felt too secure in our quarters. *That is the time when the enemies of liberty always gain victories.* The Christians now "hold the Fort"—Dearborn.

ANOTHER ASSAULT ON LIBERTY.

Lately I notice that "The American Literary Union and Pure Literature Bureau" is making an energetic canvass among our merchants for money. The ostensible purpose of this bureau "is to prevent the sale and circulation of impure and pernicious literature" on all lines of travel, railroads, steamboats, stores, public libraries, cities, and towns. In a pamphlet of over forty pages, which is being distributed in our business houses, they boast that the society regulates the sale of literature over 50,000 miles of railroad in the United States and Canada, and prints forms for signature by which newsdealers are pledged to exclude certain publications of vicious or vulgar tendencies. Here is their definition of what is vicious or vulgar: "The common law of Great Britain or the United States is founded on the Christian religion. Whatever is against *general Christianity* is therefore unlawful; it is so treated by the courts in Canada, and should be in the United States, as in the case of Infidel books, lectures, etc.," and further declares that "all works, and speeches, and acts assaulting *general Christianity* are vicious—superlativly vicious—and associated with, and directly at work in multiplying and extending the grossest vulgarity."

Under this covert pretense of bringing about a purer literary atmosphere, the malicious fangs of the theological bigot are plainly discernible, by its indorsement of a remark of some pious Boston pedagog to the effect that "the public library is a curse to the school-children." This is surely a clear case of atavism—reproducing their fifteenth-century proclivities. What with the public school and the public libraries, these intellectual fossils are having a hard time. Not content with their espionage of the mails, this society propose a system of Christian boycotting which shall cover the whole domain of the publication and distribution of literature. They propose to form the religious conviction for the individual—not the individual to form it for himself or herself. They hav no confidence in the untrammeled, progressiv intellect; their faith is in ignorance.

Liberals, as long as this cancerous superstition is allowed to spread itself by subsidy from the state, in the remission of its taxes, it considers itself not only backed by the state but a part of it. We should renew our efforts to show that the state's province is with men, not with gods; with knowledge, not beliefs; with rights and necessities, not with fancies. From man's ambition to defraud and govern this theocratic principle draws its great vitality. No wonder railroad magnates try to foist on their employees these Christian influences, as it is far easier to govern through promoting spiritual fears than even by the exercise of arbitrary force. The latter course is likely to arouse intelligent antagonism; the former is insidious subjugation and intellectual death. As intelligence can never be permanently enslaved, if reason can be dwarfed a victory for monopoly is gained. Thus complete mental liberty is the superstructure on which alone all religious, political, and social progress rests. Remembering these truisms, let us renew our efforts for complete secularization, where the state shall neither demand religion, dictate religion, nor support religion—neither proscribe, favor, nor recognize any religion whatever.

We hav two slander cases in this city in which reverend "gentlemen" are defendants. This shows how the apostles of "good will" to men are doing their master's work.

Soup and religion are being dispensed at the Adelphi Mission. That's a good deal better than "hell and damnation," and is largely patronized by the free-lunch fiends, who heartily approve of this sort of evangelical work.

Mamie Kearney's mother protested in Judge Prendergast's court against her daughter being sentenced to the orphan asylum (Protestant) at Evanston, as she had been brought up in the Catholic faith. She is said to be dissolute. The court thereupon prescribed a Catholic orphan asylum and announced that hereafter the question of religion would always be considered in this class of commitments. Does this justice think his function is to dispense denominationalism? This is another phase of church and state government, and should be stopped.

E. A. STEVENS.

Still Ringing.

I left Chicago on New Years, and hav been ringing my Liberty Bell nearly every night since. Jerusalem! What cold weather we hav had. I found my bed so cold some nights that I could not sleep, and when I cannot sleep life is not worth the living.

As you are well aware, I am a self-appointed missionary for the state of Illinois, and if the work I hav been doing for the past six weeks is not of the most approved missionary pattern, I would like to know it. I hav given lectures where the people did not know what Liberalism meant—whether it was an animal or something good to eat. I hav lectured where I got nothing at all for my services. I gave two lectures to pretty fair-sized audiences, and received the sum of twenty-five cents. Oh, ye gods! think of it. At another place sixty-five cents was the gross receipts of the evening. I could mention a few more instances of similar character. The man with the badge-pin will doubtless sympathize with me. Let us shake, brother.

I would not hav the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER think that Illinois can entertain its Liberal mission-

aries no better than the above instances would indicate. We hav met with some of the noblest Liberal men and women during our past six weeks' campaign in this state that we hav ever had the pleasure of knowing. They hav entertained us kindly and made us happy, and in most cases we found a warm bed and plenty to eat.

It is true, however, that in the filthy lucre business the hard times hav prevented them from attempting to build up anything like a Vanderbilt fortune for me. And I can't say that I was greatly disappointed. I think I hav sown the good seed broadcast, hav enjoyed myself, am fat, good-natured, and do not find any reason to complain of the Illinois Liberals. It is those other fellows, those who pretend to be Liberals, but who in reality are nothing. When I find a man who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, or *Age*, I feel safe in tying up to him for my lecture arrangements. But a man who can, but won't, take a Liberal paper ought to—reform and take one.

After my lecture at Cerro Gordo, a churchman jumped upon a chair to say something, and among the questions he propounded to me was, "What kind of people does Liberalism produce?" My friend, H. O. Gaston, answered promptly by striking his hand upon his breast and saying, "Here's one—pays a hundred cents on a dollar." The man of God stepped down and out, utterly routed by the reply and deafening shouts of laughter and jeers of the crowd.

No; Liberalism is not dead in this state, but it seems rather sleepy and needs a revival.

It seems to me that it would not be a bad idea to invest some of the funds now being contributed for the spread of Liberal ideas to the work in this part of Liberaldom. Illinois is a proud state and won't stand a great deal of foolishness.

Letters addressed to me at 302 State street, Chicago, Ill., will be promptly forwarded to me.

Kinmundy, Ill. W. S. BELL.

Thomas Paine.

The works of Thomas Paine are being more carefully read of late even by professed Liberalists than formerly. When speaking of Mr. Paine in truth, it begets a kind of exasperation at his detractors, the savage onslaslaught that is ignorantly being made upon his name. The organized orthodox priesthood we could be made to pardon, but for the pretended Liberalist we hav no sympathy. In truth some of these assumed Freethinkers are just as bigoted as the veriest Methodist granny that ever screamed in a class meeting.

My aunt Phebe is one of this kind of Freethinkers or Materialists. She is a kind-hearted soul, and is overflowing with suggestions for the amelioration of suffering humanity. But she seems to overlook the fact that although the world is progressing, it is only progressing with her in one direction, and she starts from a very gross base line. She is a professed Atheist, and believes in individual annihilation, although she says "she would giv her last dollar could she be assured a continued existence." My aunt Phebe is a brave heroin, and although the term Atheist has become obsolete since the invention of the term Agnostic, she still sticks to the old term. She is determined to die game.

She is a great admirer of Thomas Paine—as what Freethinker is not? But she was completely dumbfounded when for her first time the following passage was shown for her observation from Paine's "Age of Reason"—the first part—which, in fact, looks like an approximation toward Spiritualism:

> Any person who has made observations on the state and progress of the human mind by observing his own can but hav observed that there are *two* distinct classes of what are called "thoughts:" those that we produce in ourselvs by reflection and the act of thinking, and those that *bolt* into the mind of their own accord. I hav always made it a rule to treat those voluntary visitors with civility, taking care to examin as well as I was able if they were worth entertaining; and it is from them that I hav acquired *almost all* the knowledge that I hav.

But I hav ever been charitable to old Aunt Phebe. In truth, the human mind has been likened to a sponge; it is capable of absorbing just such a quantity and quality of fluid and no more. But, as Mr. Paine remarks, we must not quarrel with nature.

While on the subject of reform, is not THE TRUTH SEEKER rather transcending its duties by assailing the natural instincts of our nature by endeavoring to squelch man's universal hopes of immortality? To expose the frauds of priestcraft in its ten thousand outcroppings is one thing, and meritorious; but to hold up to derision man's natural hopes seems to me both unwise and unjust. D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn, E. D.

P.S.—For one, I think your published cartoons, displaying the absurdities of the Bible, the grave solemnities of priestcraft, and the snaky encroachments of the Catholic church, hav an eloquence far superior, for common thinkers, to the pages of cool logic.

D. B.

[We were not aware that THE TRUTH SEEKER had been endeavoring to "squelch man's universal hopes of immortality." When and where was it, Mr. Bruce?—ED. T. S.]

The American Secular Union.

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JOHN E. REMSBURG, WILLIAM ALGIE,
THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, ROBERT C. ADAMS,
MATTIE P. KREKEL, TITUS L. BROWN,
JAMES PARTON, HELEN H. GARDENER.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec., 33 Clinton Place, New York. COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com. E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$1,959.02
J. H. Preper, (paid)	1.00
Jacob Senzen "	1.00
S. P. Bakesto "	1.00
Theodore Senzen "	1.00
I. F. Bose "	1.00
Isaac Branham "	1.00
E. H. Swarthout "	1.00
Pioneer Secular Society, Johnson, Wyoming, per Gus Hogan, Charter Fee, (paid)	5.00
Total,	$1,971.02

PLEDGES PAID.—Chicago Secular Union (half of pledge of $50), $25; W. H. Woodbury, $10.

News and Notes.

The following resolutions passed by the Albany Secular Society are a good record of its work for the past year:

At a meeting of the Albany Secular Society held Feb. 7, 1886, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Albany Secular Society as an expression of gratitude tenders its thanks to the following-named ladies and gentlemen: To Mr J. J. McCabe, who delivered ten lectures; Professor Gunning, who delivered six; Mr. Joseph McDonough, five; Mr. Fero, five; Howard Williams, four; Mr. Wetmore, three; Mr. Dederick, two; Mr. S. P. Putnam, two; Mr. Schell, one; Rev. Chas. P. McCarthy, one; Mrs. Iliohan, one; Miss H. H. Gardener, one; Mr. Alexander, one; Mr. Dodge, one; Mr. Jansen, one; Mr. Lynch, one; Professor Vaughn, one; Mr. Goodfellow, one; and to Messrs. W. H. Williams, Coleman, and Luck, who on four Sundays read interesting articles from Freethought publications; and to Messrs. McDonough, Dederick, Wetmore, Pangburn (died since), Dickson, Dugan, Luck, Van Wie, Jansen, and Mrs. Iliohan, who helped to make our meetings sources of pleasure and edification. After the New York State Freethinkers' Convention adjourned, which was held in our city last September, many of the Albany clergy took upon themselvs the task of criticising the work of the convention and the lectures delivered thereat, one of them going so far as to attack the character and life-work of Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Hume, Rousseau, Paine, and others. The arguments advanced by these reverend gentlemen were fully and satisfactorily answered from our platform, and in the columns of the Albany newspapers (*Press* and *Express*) by Messrs. McCabe, McDonough, Schell, and Jansen. And be it further

Resolved. That our thanks are due Mrs. Iliohan and Mr. Adam Strever for their labor in behalf of the Liberal Sunday-school; and to the Sunday-school scholars, whose recitations and vocal and instrumental music made our entertainments successful. We also take this opportunity to tender our thanks to the newspaper press of the city for their many acts of kiadness during the past year.

The foregoing has been drawn in accordance with report of secretary for the year 1885. C. H. LUCK, Secretary.

We hav quite interesting notes from the Hornellsville Society, as stated by its activ secretary, Charles Couderman:

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., February 8, 1886.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir:* Inclosed please find a copy of Hornellsville Liberal League constitution. Allow me to giv a short comment on the success of the undertaking.

About two months ago I started out with a blank to secure names to start an auxiliary League. I succeeded in receiving some fifteen signatures, with a corresponding amount of contributions. Success fell in our path, and we were given free use of a capacious room in a centrally located brick store, owned by J. D. Couderman, one of our members. As luck would hav it we pitched our tent next-door neighbor to a German church, separated only by a single partition.

We meet every Sunday evening the same time that the Germans are engaging in their ceremonies, which comes handy, as you will observe farther on.

I spared no pains in advertising it in the town papers, stating the subject for consideration, and politely inviting the interested public to represent their respectiv sides. We hav by this means attracted considerable attention and a goodly supply of the public every evening anxious to attend through curiosity or to eugage in the discussion.

We hav received several new members, that swell our membership to about twenty. We hav lengthy and interesting considerations every Sunday evening, in which all seem to take pleasure in pre-arranging their thoughts for the coming debates. I think I can safely say that our League is the most successful society organized in the city.

I must mention a word about our music. As large gatherings require music to put on a finish I brushed the dust off from the old violin, and started to make a musical crusade. We found that our membership roll contained some four musicians, two violin, one flute, and one banjo player. We organized and prepared to open the meetings right next to the reverend Dutchmen, who, through their solemn recitations indistinctly creeping through the wall, wonderfully aided the banjoist in his endeavors to keep a strong accompaniment. That we call our German accompaniment.

We are to consider the church and state affair next meeting, when we expect something fine.

Yours truly, CHARLES COUDERMAN.

The Pioneer Secular Union of Johnson, Wyoming Territory, has been organized: President, Gus. Hogan; vice-president, Robert Stewart; treasurer, George Ohlman; secretary, F. D. Hunt.

The respect and power which the outspoken Freethinker will in the end attain, is shown by this extract from the Medina county *News*. Judge Lewis has for years been an ardent friend and supporter of Colonel Ingersoll, and unflinching advocate of Liberal principles:

> The January term of the Court of Common Pleas of this county adjourned Monday, February 1st, Judge Lewis presiding. It has been the longest term of court held in this county for many years, and a large amount of business has been disposed of. Judge Lewis is an able judge, and is growing rapidly in public esteem as an upright and fair jurist. His rulings are fair, his decisions prompt, and his jury charges are considered eminently fair by the members of the bar.

I hav just been reading Mrs. Slenker's "Infidel School-Teacher," and find it quite interesting, and a good book to distribute. Mrs. Slenker always knew how to put her ideas, and in this book the school-teacher does not lack any of her power and vivacity. Mrs. Slenker appeals entirely to the reason, and her plain and convincing arguments are well adapted to any mind that is open to the truth. If there were more school-teachers like the one depicted by Mrs. Slenker, who hav knowledge and know how to impart it, the education of the race would be much better than it now is. To show what nature really is, what our true relations and obligations are, and what we best can do should be the object of instruction, and we are glad that Mrs. Slenker has undertaken in her clear and vigorous style to point out some of the good things that can be done in this direction.

I shall begin my lecture tour next month with Pittsburgh and Chicago, and thence westward by way of Omaha and the Union Pacific Railroad to Salt Lake. Will not all Liberals on the line of this route make an effort for lectures in their vicinity, and inform the secretary at once of what arrangements will be made. Sunday, the 21st, I speak before the Albany Secular Society on "Church Taxation."

SAMUEL. P. PUTNAM.

Huxley and Gladstone.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am greatly pleased to note in your last issue that you intend to bring out the discussion on the Mosaic cosmogony by Gladstone, Huxley, Max Müller, and Mrs. Linton in a pamphlet. This will be an excellent propagandist pamphlet to place in the hands of certain "cultured" and educated people who could not be persuaded to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, the *Investigator*, or any such papers.

I beg to bespeak for the forthcoming *brochure* a very wide circulation in the Liberal constituency, and then, of course (and through them), outside of Liberaldom. Let every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER be prepared to get one or more copies for circulation as soon as the pamphlet issues. The very names of these distinguished writers—especially at this critical juncture of Gladstone's life—will certainly compel attention. Get out your pamphlet as soon as may be, and get it abroad. ALLEN PRINGLE.

Selby, Ont., Feb. 10, 1886.

Nothing but a Sunday-school Story.

The often published story of the introduction of Thomas Paine by Benjamin Franklin to George Washington and Benjamin Rush in 1775, and the startling announcement made by Paine that "America must be independent of England," has no shadow of foundation. It was invented by a writer of romances. Paine surprised Franklin with his publication of "Common Sense." BURR.

Remsburg and the Clergy.

THE more liberal clergymen of Kansas, recognizing in orthodoxy the enemy not of Freethought merely, but of liberal Christianity as well, hav accorded J. E. Remsburg a hearty support this winter. Rev. C. H. Rogers, Universalist, of Seneca, and editor of *Our Mission*, denominates his lecture on "Sabbath-Breaking" "clear-cut logic." Referring to his book on "Sabbath-Breaking," he says: "I think it is timely and important, especially at this time when the wretched farce of 'God in the Constitution' is being enacted." Rev. P. W. Hull, Christian, of Concordia, and an old friend of Mr. Remsburg's, was largely instrumental in bringing him to Concordia to lecture on "Bible Morals." After hearing the lecture he said: "You are doing a good and needed work, and I wish you Godspeed." The Rev. F. S. Gibbs, pastor of the Universalist church of Delphos, tendered Mr. Remsburg his pulpit for the delivery of "Bible Morals" and "False Claims." He presided at the meetings, and heartily indorsed the lectures. "Bible Morals" he pronounced "a fair, honest, and lucid exposition of the subject." With "False Claims" he was particularly delighted, the more espicially because the most bigoted orthodox minister of the town, with a portion of his flock, had been inveigled into the church. The Rev. Father Bishop, the oldest Universalist clergyman of Kansas, also commended "False Claims," corroborating many of the charges made against the church.

Good Lord! Good Devil!

Cherry Bob, of San Antonio, the proprietor of a saloon, is moved by the announcement that Messrs. Moody and Sankey are to visit that city to publish the following card: "Editor San Antonio *Light:* Fellow saloon-men! Now that Moody and Sankey are expected to visit us, would it not be advisable to get the inside track of them by closing our establishments on Sunday and keep sacred the Sabbath? Fellow saloon-men! let us close our doors on the Sabbath; let us keep sacred the seventh day; we will lose nothing by it, but would be held higher in the estimation of our fellow citizens and receive the credit of the outside world."

Communications.

What is Money?

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 9th, "J. D." says:

The advocates of unlimited silver money, like the paper inflationists, think that by adding to the amount of the currency you increase the wealth of the country. They cannot see that the currency of a country is merely the representativ of its wealth. If you double the amount of currency, either with paper or cheap silver, or any other metal, you merely double the amount necessary to represent a certain amount of real wealth. Your currency only represents half as much; the real wealth, the produce of the soil and necessities of life, is not changed in value. It is the representativ that is changed, and it takes two dollars instead of one to buy the same article.

We know and agree to this, that it is true; logically, therefore, the money-kings, banks, all those who hav money hoarded, and bond-holders, object to coining more silver, as it will reduce the value of their wealth, but a plethora of currency is for the interest of all classes except the rich. "J. D." ought to read Senator Beck's speech on the silver question and the Congressional debates going on now. On all the greenbacks is printed, "This note is a legal tender at its face value for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt." All bonds were bought with this money, then worth in gold about forty to sixty cents a dollar, and it was then understood, as the great commoner, the late Thad. Stevens, asserted, that they were to be paid again in it; but after the war the powerful influence of the banks and money kings brought to bear on Congress changed the contract, and a law was passed, in the interest of this class, that the bonds shall be paid in coin, in standard money, gold and silver. Then the present silver dollar was standard money of 112 grains. Had the administration, especially the secretary of the treasury, done its duty according to law, all bonds would hav been paid in gold and silver; and if the interest of the people had been at heart, instead of that of the banks and money kings, the secretary of the treasury would hav called in all the bonds due that he was able to pay for with gold and silver, instead of burying such an immense sum for years and years for the people to pay interest of millions of dollars on. No honest man with debt acts like this.

The tariff is a protection to the manufacturer, but to say that it is in the interest of the laborer is simply a delusion, as the laborer has to contend against free trade in labor.

The rich and strong are protected, and the poor and weak are down-trodden. When will it change? When? Then, again, tariff is an obstruction to progress, for it is a hindrance to reach a common brotherhood. If a nation discriminates and obstructs the commerce against other nations, it is only natural that they will retaliate, and in the long run all lose. Therefore am I for progress. FRED. KOEZLY.

"J. D." IN REPLY TO MR. MAGIE.

J. K. Magie, in answer to J. D., who says the inflation of the currency makes it of less value, says, "In other words, if all the currency of the country was destroyed but one dollar, that dollar would buy all the property in the country." He forgets that in that case we should hav no circulating medium and would be thrown back on barter pure and simple. I hav read somewhere of a supposititious case of a large number of people being placed on a hitherto uninhabited island, and they concluded they must hav a circulating medium or representativ of value to help in the exchange of commodities, but had neither gold nor silver on the island. But there was a limited amount of cockle shells. They decided to use them as money. All went on smoothly enough till a few fellows who did not like to work, loafing around the island, came across a cave that was full of cockle shells. They kept the secret to themselvs and commenced paying good prices for every commodity in the market, and the workers were well pleased to get such a good price for their product, till finally everything of value was in the hands of the sharpers, who reveled in their wealth while the masses were literally starving. Then the sharpers raised the price of everything enormously till they had the bulk of the cockle shells back in their cave, and nine-tenths of the property still in their own hands, and still gathered into their barns nine-tenths of the productions of the laboring masses, as long as they were fools enough to take cockle shells for money. This seems to me about the way the silver kings are managing at the present time.

The intrinsic value of anything is represented by the amount of labor employed in the production of it and its usefulness, and as long as gold is scarcer and harder to get, it will be more valuable than silver and less fluctuating in price; and the great necessity in a representativ of values as a circulating medium is stability, therefore gold is the more desirable medium of exchange. For small amounts silver is, because of its bulk, better than gold, as fractions of a dollar in gold are too small for convenience. The United States government issued but a very small amount of silver dollars until the few men who hav gobbled up the silver mines by gambling and other means had made themselvs a power in the country and bought themselvs senatorships and places in the House of Representativs by their silver cockle shells.

J. K. Magie again quotes: "We put on a tariff that shuts ourselvs out of foreign markets, and then use a cheap currency that admits foreign goods practically with little duty, and this we call statesmanship;" and adds, "We put no tariff on exportation." We know that, but we do what practically is the same thing; we put a tariff on everything the manufacturer uses, so that it is impossible to compete in foreign markets with other nations that get all their raw material free, and thus confine him entirely to the home market, which by our improved machinery is soon overstocked, which causes the competition to be so great that, with all the duties which the consumer has to pay, it ruins the manufacturer and sucks the blood out of the farmer and producer. He says, "Suppose the gold is driven out of the country, don't we get value received for it?" I answer, No; we pay the foreigner in gold or its equivalent in his own country, and he pays us for what he gets in the currency we hav made a legal tender among ourselvs—cockle shells, or silver coin, worth now a fraction less than eighty cents. J. D.

"EDGEWORTH" IN REPLY TO J. H. WOOD.

A political Aladdin, in resting from your labor, your imagination, under the same sort of reaction from the facts which spreads sumptuous banquets in the dreams of starving men, assumes the helm of that power to which it is enslaved, and, wielding the ballot as a talisman, creates money by fiat. Much, as easy as little, since it is but the cost of the paper, and this prevents the capital of faith from rusting by inaction. I know not that somnambulists fatten on the feasts which the magnetizer evokes by a similar fiat, but I would not depreciate the pleasures of illusion.

Social illusions, besides, may be realities for individuals. Many real fortunes were made by adroit speculation on the rise and fall of stocks during that greenback or fiat money period which Mr. Wood fondly caresses in his memory. During a flush of currency the business mind is excited, capital flows out more freely into enterprise, more labor is employed, and, as to wages, it must be the fault of contract if their sum does not rise to more than compensate for their lesser purchasing power. These temporary phenomena own a moral force distinct from the material basis of the currency; they will be the same whether this is flushed by an immigration of capital, or by the discovery of treasures, or by fiatism. The difference between these motivs of activity is felt at ulterior periods, when collapse and bankruptcy reveal the spurious. Labor less employed, reductiv competition among laborers, then determins fall in wages. Fluctuations of currency for a people isolated from the rest of the world would be chiefly injurious by the advantage they giv to the genius of speculation over honest effort, and by the ill-considered rush into enterprises that will come to grief, like parallel railroads, sinking capital, not only that of money, but of labor unproductivly employed. In our actual conditions of commercial intercourse, the embarrassment, during collapse, is increased by the fact that while shin-plasters sufficed for our home circulation, our specie drifts off to foreign faithless markets, those of Europe especially, which need less of what we produce, and which supply us with luxuries.

Is a fiat currency without other basis than faith on the part of its receivers? That depends on the nature of its investments, on the continuance of the government that issues it, and on taxation which may liquidate it.

When the Confederate government first issued fiat money, one of my neighbors had recently purchased a farm on terms of credit. He was making his first crop on it. The armies, consuming, destroying, and not producing, increased the demand for this produce. By the sale of his supplies then, the first season, the purchaser paid for the farm with money not at par with specie, and which soon became worthless. Had the Confederacy succeeded it might hav saddled upon labor the liquidation of this fiat money, received back as taxes, then destroyed. The transaction just mentioned illustrates the advantage to debtors of flushing the currency; but to what debtors? Not to those who owe abroad. The national war debt, whose burden of interest is crushing us, is largely owned abroad, its contract calls for specie; fiat money here is repudiation, only in a sneaking way. I favor repudiation, but openly, squarely, on the ground that all war debts, like gambling debts, ought to be forfeited. To lend a people funds for the purpose of injuring a neighbor people is as bad as to put weapons in the hands of a maniac or of a hired assassin. Besides, were the debt an honorable one, it has already been paid and overpaid by instalments of interest, the continuance of which is the establishment of economic slavery.

After just critical reflection upon war debts as well as upon our "national banks," Mr. Wood speaks of a "remedy proposed by Socialistic, Communistic dynamiters; a faith, a hope, a superstition, handed down from ancient dreamers."

This is unintelligible, as the class of Socialists mentioned propose no other remedy than simple repudiation of the debt. This is implied at least in the evolution at once political and economic by which the beatified proletary is to be lifted into the state saddle; but I speak of the matter as an outsider.

Farther on, Mr. Wood, who shows a laudable animosity against the great blood-sucker, interest, makes the strange accusation against me of "proposing that all go into the banking business, and all speculate on each others necessities, which is just as sensible as the idea of coöperation."

Well, it is difficult to imagin anything more sensible than coöperation, provided its aims, like that of the Labor and Produce Exchange Bank which I advocate, are to secure to labor the fruit of its earnings. In exchanging labor or values we necessarily do speculate on each other's necessities, but in a manner that is mutually beneficial. While accepting the words in their true sense, I can but regret with Mr. Wood that a sinister meaning has been imparted to them by the actual system of exploiting labor, of cheating in trade, and everywhere seeking self-interest at the neighbor's expense. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

Between Mr. Wood and myself, or the Anarchists who repudiate Communism, the points of agreement are:

1. The annulment of the war debt.
2. The abolition of usury.
3. The abundance of a currency without intrinsic value.

The difference between us regards the means of attaining these ends. We probably agree that the third is necessary to the second, and would facilitate the first, but Mr. Wood must hav a *Deus ex machina*, a power above economic society, while I expect the desired result from the organization of spontaneous activities of commerce liberated by removal of the incubus called government, a God created by manipulation of the ballot-box to replace in providentialism the dethroned Jehovah.

"Let there be light, and there was light." Let there be money, and money shall abound. Let all that requires thought, plan, wisdom, combination, be done for that baby, the people, retaining it in passivness, in heedlessness, in obedience to authority, lest from thought it should pass to action, and refuse to be taxed for the support of parasites. The idea of representing one's property on paper at one's own discretion! Why, that it is horrifying. You might as well expect us to talk in Alwato. Yet that is sufficient not only to make money plentiful, but to giv it the soundest of natural bases.

Mr. Wood and many others who cling to the forlorn hope of radical reforms by the instrumentality of the ballot, subjectivly attribute to us, whom I may designate as the constructiv school of Anarchists, or simply as the party of personal liberty, disabilities analogous to those which they experience. I mean of obtaining the consent of the whole nation, or even of a majority duly expressed through representativs. They are completely in error, but I grant that this error may hav been countenanced by Messrs. Tucker and Appleton in repudiating segregativ action, by which, and only by which, as I conceive, our ideas can receive a limited and colonial, but sufficient, illustration.

Practical earnestness can adapt itself to circumstances; it needs no futil bravado in refusing to pay taxes, and does not experience the absolute necessity of blowing up the capitol. It is not even necessary to be an Anarchist in principle, or to understand anything beyond one's immediate interests, in order to coöperate activly with our self-regulating finance, of which a protectiv union store will afford the initial institution, carrying out the original conception of Josiah Warren, with industries sufficiently varied. It is probable that a collateral illustration may be afforded by the autonomy of Sinaloa, and this quite unconsciously. EDGEWORTH.

Why New York's Taxes Are High.

A very important report was received by the New York legislature on Monday of last week. The report was in response to a resolution passed three weeks ago at the suggestion of Mr. Van Allen, calling for a full statement from the New York tax commissioners of the real estate exempt from taxation in New York city.

By this statement it appears that in the First ward $20,201,500 of real estate is exempt. Included in this amount is the Trinity church property, St. Peter's School, the Custom House, Sub-Treasury, and the piers and bulkheads along both rivers which belong to the city. The assessed value of the Trinity church property is $3,750,000, St. Peter's School, $80,000, and the government property, $4,200,000.

In the Second ward $958,000 of real estate is exempt, all of which is city property, with the exception of a Methodist church in John street, valued at $30,000, and land owned by the Roosevelt Hospital.

In the Third ward $3,487,000 is exempt. The

most of this is city property. St. Paul's church, valued at $1,750,00, is exempt in this ward, as well as St. Peter's in Barclay street, valued at $215,000.

The total amount of exemptions in the Fourth Ward is $6,058,000. Among the land outside of city property exempt are that of the Roosevelt Hospital, $60,000; St. James's church, New Bowery and James street, $156,000; Madison Street church, $50,000; Baptist church, on Oliver street, $75,000; Episcopal church Mission, Pearl street, $15,000; Howard Mission, $50,000; Children's Aid Society, $10,000; Jewish Cemetery, $20,000; News Boys' Lodging House, $40,000; Brooklyn Bridge, $5,000,000.

In the Fifth ward $2,122,000 of real estate is exempt outside of city property, among which are the following: Baptist church, Varick street, $50,000; St. John's Episcopal church, $200,000; and New York City Mission, $5,000. The city property includes the Chambers Street Hospital, two schools, one public park, an engin-house and some two dozen piers and bulkheads.

In the Sixth ward $32,265,000 of real estate is exempt from taxation. Among the exemptions are: New York Dispensary, $50,000; church of the Transfiguration and school, $70,000; Roosevelt Hospital, $20,000; Five Points Mission, $75,000; Children's Aid Society, $50,000; House of Industry, $20,000; St. Matthew's church, $145,000; the Post Office, $9,000,000. The old State Arsenal, corner of Elm and White, is among the exemptions. Among the city property are the Tombs, four schools, the new Court House, City Hall, and Register's Office.

In the Seventh ward $1,504,000 of real estate is exempt. Among the exemptions in this ward are the Catholic Institute, $50,000; Lutheran church, Monroe street, $15,000; Sailors' Home, Cherry street, $200,000; Reformed church, $8,000; St. Theresa Academy, $35,000; Baptist church, Gouverneur street, $25,000; All Souls' church, Scammel street, $300,000; Olive Baptist church, $30,000; Hebrew Free School, $12,000; Sisters of Charity, $24,000; Childr-n's Aid Society, $25,000; St. Theresa's church and School, $130,000.

In the Eighth Ward $13,346,000 of real estate is exempt. Among the exemptions are the German Catholic church, $150,000, and the Methodist church $35,000.

Real estate is exempt in the Ninth ward to the amount of $3,217,660. The prominent exemptions are: St. Joseph's church, Sixth avenue, $75,000; St. Vincent's Hospital, $145,000; Gansevoort Market, $275,000; Jefferson Market, $300,000; St. Luke's Cemetery, $56,000. A large number of city piers and bulkheads are also exempt in this ward.

In the Tenth ward, $1,188,000 is the amount exempted. Among the exemptions are the Methodist church on Allen street, $75.000; Ludlow street Jail, $150,000; Essex Market $200,000, and Livingstone street Synagog, $75,000.

Real estate valued at $1,864,500 is exempt in the Eleventh ward. The exemptions include Roman Catholic church on Stanton street, $100,000; Roosevelt Hospital, Houston street. $87,000; St. Bridget's Catholic church and property, $75,000; Children's Aid Society, $65,000, and St. Francis's Hospital, $240,000.

In the Twelfth ward $42,300,800 is the total amount of property exempt. Included in this large sum are St. Joseph's Asylum and School, $225,000; Grace Episcopal church, $125,000; St. Cecilia's Roman Catholic church, $50,000; St. Andrew's church, $85,000; Magdalen Asylum, $75,000; All Saints' Roman Catholic church, $224,000; Academy of the Sacred Heart, $774,000; Home for Aged Females, $100,000; Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum, $450,000; Trinity Cemetery, $225,000, and New York Juvenile Asylum, $200,000.

The total amount of property exempt in the Thirteenth ward is $1,051,000. Included in this is a Baptist church in Suffolk street, $75,000, and St. Mary's Catholic church, $14,000.

In the Fourteenth ward $925,500 is the amount of real estate exempt. Roosevelt Hospital has $224-,000; Tract Society, $45,000, and the old St. Patrick's cathedral at $160,000 are among the exemptions.

In the Fifteenth ward, $3,848,000 of real estate is exempted. This includes the Astor Library, $150,-000; St. Joseph's Home, $100,000; Clinton Hall, Eighth street, $125,000; Grace church, $350,000, and Presbyterian church, Fifth avenue, $175,000.

A total of $2,344,500 is exempted in the Sixteenth ward. Included are, the Sisters of Charity, Fifteenth street, $104,200; St. Peter's church, Twentieth street, $125,000, and colored church and school in Twenty-fifth street, $75,000.

In the Seventeenth ward $6,287,500 of real estate is exempt. The following are included: St. Augustine's church, Houston street, $150,000; Marble Cemetery on Second street, $100,000; German Roman Catholic school, Second street, $150,000; Roman Catholic Cemetery in Eleventh street, $200,-000; Grace church chapel, $60,000; Cooper Institute, $800,000.

In the Eighteenth ward $19,350,000 is the amount exempted. Among the exemptions are the following: Masonic Hall, Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, $600,000; Academy of Design, $275,000; Young Men's Christian Association, $600,000; Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church, $300,000; Calvary church, $300,000; St. George's church, $300,000; Society of Friends, $500,000; Presbyterian church, $200,000; Young Women's Christian Association, $200,000; College of St. Francis Xavier, $550,000; Episcopal church, $100,000; Jewish Synagog, $275,000; Holy Trinity church, $130,000; Free Academy, $200,000; Trinity chapel and school. $275,000.

Property worth $55,163,500 is exempt in the Nineteenth ward. Among the exemptions are the Colored Home and Asylum, $200,000; Hospital for Ruptured, $160,000; New York State Woman's Hospital, $450,000; Hebrew Synagog, $200,000; St. Vincent Ferrers church and school, $300,000; Seventh Regiment Armory, $650,000; Mount Sinai Hospital, $276,000; Foundling Hospital, $600,000; German Hospital, $300,000; Holy Trinity Dispensary, $40,-000; St. Bartholomew's church, $350,000; Columbia College, $750,000; Orphan Asylum, Fifth avenue and Fifty-second street, $1,200,000; Lenox Library, $750,000; Roman Catholic cathedral, $2,000,000; St. Luke's Hospital, $120,000.

In the Twentieth ward $57,815,000 is exempt. Among the property is that of the German Catholic church, $250,000; School of St. Michael's, $550,000; Protestant Episcopal church, St. Chrysostom, $170,-000; Institution for the Blind, $150,000.

In the Twenty-first ward $8,548,000 is exempted. Among the property exempt is St. Stephen's Roman Catholic church, $350,000; Protestant Episcopal church, Transfiguration, $250,000, and First Baptist church, $400,000.

In the Twenty-second ward $41,426,000 is exempt. The following are among the exemptions: Calvary church, $250,000; Central Presbyterian church, $150,000; School and church of Holy Cross, $175,000; Roosevelt Hospital, $600,000; Church of St. Paul the Apostle, $500,000; New York Orphan Asylum, $300,000, and House of Mercy, $150,000.

In the Twenty-third ward $1,458,000 is the amount exempted. The principal item in this ward is New York city property. The North Brothers' Island, $150,000; Ursuline Convent and Academy, $90,000; and a Dutch Reformed church, $800,000.

In the Twenty-fourth ward, $2,496,300 of real estate is exempt from taxation. Among the property exempt is Home for Incurables, $150,000; Sisters of Charity, $300,000; Woodlawn Cemetery, $600,000; St. John's College, $400,000.

GRAND TOTAL OF EXEMPTIONS.

The total amount of the exemptions for the twenty-four wards is $277,619,160, classified as follows: City property, $188,136,730; United States property, $13,350,000; church property, $42,137,500, and miscellaneous property, $33,994,930.

The report is signed by Commissioners Coleman, Donnelly, and Feitner.

The Cause in Toronto.

Mr. Watts lectured on Sunday evening, January 24th; subject, "The French Revolution," and considering the state of the weather he had a large audience. Snow had fallen during the day and night before to the depth of about eighteen inches, and was still falling; the churches were nearly all empty (so the papers said next day), and yet the body of the large Temperance Hall was well filled to hear Mr. Watts deliver his last lecture of the present course. These Sunday lectures seem to be growing in public favor, if increasing numbers in attendance are any indication, but being debarred by law from charging an admission, and being obliged to depend upon collections, which, as a rule, barely pay for hall and advertising, there is consequently a heavy drain upon the pockets of the members. However, it is expected that this difficulty will be partly obviated by the society having taken new rooms where they will hav a lecture hall of their own capable of seating four hundred people, and where there will probably be an income from sub-renting.

A great moral wave has set in here. Three weeks ago we had an exciting and in some respects a rather remarkable municipal election; it was in fact a contest as regards the mayorality, between common sense and fanaticism, between the business men and the ministerial association, aided by the teetotalers and the Salvation Army, and the goody-goody party came out on top by a large majority. We are now expecting a revival of the old Connecticut blue laws. The successful candidate has gone in for wholesale reform; everything is to be regulated with a view to making Toronto (as he puts it) "the most God-fearing city on this continent." The Sunday laws and the liquor laws are to be strictly enforced. The newsboys and bootblacks, the cigar stores and eating-houses, the skating rinks and peanut stands, are all to be licensed and inspected at stated intervals, and—angels and ministers of grace de fendus!—the aldermanic council is to be opened at every session with prayer. Speaking of Sunday laws, if Brother Reynolds is pining for martyrdom, tell him to come here next summer and set up his tent, and I'll wager that he gets not less than six months.

"Betcher life," this is to be the model city of the universe. No street cars on Sunday. Oh, no! Mr. Howland says "the Sawbath will not be desecrated in that way" while he is in office. He says in one of his campaign speeches: "I am a Christian; elect me and hav your Sunday kept holy. We hav seen the result of running street cars on Sunday in Chicago, and we will soon see the result of their running in Hamilton" (he don't say what the results were or will be). Again he says: "Toronto is the most law-abiding and God-fearing city in Canada, and I would rather hav it so than to hav it the most prosperous city in the world;" and he told his admiring audience in the next breath that "the city government had been run for the last few years by bummers, heelers, and scalawags." To an inquiring mind the question might here occur: If the city has become the most law-abiding, God-fearing, etc., under the rule of bummers, heelers, etc., why change things? Why not let them keep on running it? If his honor's executiv ability is no better than his logic, may the fates defend us through his administration.

To show how consistent those Christians are, it may not be out of place to state that the election took place on Monday, and that this gentleman who is so anxious to avoid Sabbath desecration allowed his election committee to organize their forces and arrange their Monday's work *all day Sunday*. They also distributed some thousands of dodgers among the churches, and to people going to and coming from church, calling upon them to support their candidate.

Had the other side resorted to such means it would hav been very wrong—shocking, in fact; but this was done in a good cause, and the end justified the means. Let us pray.

Secularism in Toronto is by no means a bed of roses to its adherents. Only a few months ago a member of the Toronto society was expelled from a Masonic lodge on a charge of being a Secularist and an Agnostic. Nothing else could be brought against him. Even the Toronto *Freemason*, a paper which has shamefully abused him throughout the whole affair, was compelled to admit in its last issue that "the gentleman is a good citizen, and respected by all who know him." You may hear more of this case in the near future.

And now two other members of the Secular Society, Messrs. Charles Hicks and George Beals, hav been thrown out of employment, dismissed from their situations in the dead of winter without a moment's notice, for no other reason than their being members of that body. Their late employer admitted that he had no other fault to find with them, but, with a heart so filled with the love of God that it contains no particle of the milk of human kindness, he refused even to giv them a recommendation to another place.

Both of these gentlemen were depending on their weekly salary for their support, with, in the case of Mr. Beals, a wife and family to provide for. Mr. Hicks had served the "house" in which he was employed faithfully for six years, and had every reason to expect better treatment, but faithful servitude must sink before a sense of religious duty. The city is in the hands and under the control of religious bigotry, and we cannot tell whose turn will come next.

Here is a sample of what the Toronto people may expect during the next twelve months: The Rev. Johnson Vicars, who is one of a number of clergymen who claim exemption from just taxation because they are clergymen, has presented a little bill to the city council for damages on account of a defectiv drain. For cool "cheek" this takes the whole bakery. Here are a few of the items: "To use of means at present and in future for eradicating the malarial poison from our constitutions and restoring us to health, $300." "For loss occasioned to the London Jews' Society through being unable to preach, $150." And, "for loss of time whilst urging the corporation to grant compensation, $25." And so on, to the amount of several hundred dollars. This is not a joke, but *Punch* in all its glory never contained anything more funny. They hav their innings, and evidently mean to "make hay while the sun shines" on the get-all and pay-nothing principle. "And they did spoil the Egyptians."

TORONTO.

Is Professor Sumner a Heretic?

The New York *Sun* thinks that the social teachings of Professor Sumner, of Yale, are strongly Atheistic, and asks, "Can he be anything else than an Agnostic?" His lectures to the students, the *Sun* says, are directly at variance with the theories of theology and the whole spirit of Christianity, for he teaches flatly and with cruel emphasis that the scientific doctrin of the survival of the fittest should be applied to human society with all its logical consequeuces. The weakest must go to the wall, says Professor Sumner, and the strongest must succeed among men as among beasts. The sentimental view of social questions he laughs at as unworthy of sensible and educated men, who, according to his notion, should watch without a quiver the progress of the struggle which is "hurrying on the survival of the fittest."

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THE
TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL
AND
FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC.
1886.

Containing, besides the 1886 Calendar, an Article on the Progress of Freethought in the United States during 1885; statistics of money paid to the churches from state treasuries, etc.; a splendid story by James Payne, entitled, "The Curate of Churnside;" a true statement of the facts concerning Voltaire's death, etc., etc.; also

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Portraits of many great English Freethinkers and scientists; pictures of Girard College, the Lick Observatory, the Waco, Texas, Freethought Hall, Paine Memorial, Mr. Reynolds's Tent, etc.

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A Great Injustice.

The Christian residents in Turkey are suffering under Oriental tyranny and injustice, and it will not be surprising if President Cleveland is asked to send some ironclads up the Bosphorus.

The grievance of the Christians is the recent modification by the Porte of the law of blasphemy. This law has hitherto been one of the most important of the code for those who hav to bring their wits to bear in overthrowing an adversary. Whenever a man had a quarrel and encountered difficulties of fact in getting the law after his enemy, it has been customary to charge him with blasphemy. If two witnesses would testify that the culprit used blasphemy, the matter passed at once out of the domain of the ordinary courts and became a state cause, which needed no trial, but in which the Sublime Porte itself had the decision of the length of time that the blasphemer must expiate his fault in prison. The privilege of thus punishing an antagonist in a losing cause has hitherto been enjoyed by all classes alike, and God and Allah were both secure against the evil tongues of the community.

But a change has come over the Porte. Recently a Turk was charged with blaspheming God, and the case went to that sublime body for adjudication. To the horror of the worshipers of God the Porte decided that to blaspheme God is not blasphemy, but only a looseness of language, and issued orders that hereafter no one shall be held to be guilty of blasphemy unless he shall hav blasphemed the name of the Prophet Mohammed. The Christians of the empire regard this as an unfair regulation. No Moslem is likely to insult the name of his own prophet, while missionaries engaged in converting the Turks are almost certain to refer in terms of derision to Allah and his prophet, Mohammed. This new interpretation of the law, therefore, is expected to bear heavily upon the Christians, who are deprived of the right to abuse the Moslem God, while the ribald heathen can scoff at Jehovah to his heart's content.

Certainly it is too bad. Perhaps, however, the Porte only meant to show how true is Colonel Ingersoll's statement that blasphemy is but a question of geography.

The New Book.

Since we announced in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 6th a new book, "The Order of Creation: The Conflict Between Genesis and Geology," being a discussion in the *Nineteenth Century* between W. E. Gladstone, T. H. Huxley, Max Müller, and a paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the controversy has grown considerably, and the book has grown with it. So has the price. In the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Gladstone replied to Mr. Huxley's reply, M. Réville to Mr. Gladstone, and in the February number Mr. Huxley closes the discussion. The addition of these three long papers will swell our reprint to a handsome 12mo book of nearly two hundred pages, the price of which will hav to be 50 cents in paper covers, and 75 cents in cloth. The chapters of the book are: "The Dawn of Creation and of Worship," by W. E. Gladstone; "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature," by Professor Huxley; "Postscript to Solar Myths," by Max Müller; "Proem to Genesis," by W. E. Gladstone; "Dawn of Creation: An Answer to Mr. Gladstone," by M. Réville; "Mr. Gladstone and Genesis," by Professor Huxley; "A Protest and a Plea," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

This is by considerable the biggest discussion with which the Christian legend has been honored, and the conclusion is eminently satisfactory to truth seekers. The book will be out about March first, and those who earliest favor us with their orders will be earliest served.

The Plain Way Out of It.

The legislature at Albany is still in trouble about the "Freedom of Worship bill," or rather its ghost, for it is stated that it will not be introduced this session. It lies in abeyance to await a more favorable time. The snake is simply scotched. However, an attack was made upon the appropriation for the House of Refuge, on the ground that it did not giv sufficient "freedom of worship." The attack was vigorously opposed, and some very good Secular principles advanced. One speaker declared, "If this body is not here to enact laws for the body politic, but to pander to sectarian prejudice, the sooner it adjourns *sine die* and disperses the better." To this we say amen.

Right here would hav been a fine opportunity, had any member of the assembly been sufficiently wise, and bold enough, to suggest a way out of all these religious difficulties which still continue to haunt our legislation—namely, that there shall be no appropriations of money from the public treasury for the support of any institutions founded and managed chiefly by sectarian denominations. Politicians do not seem to realize that so long as such appropriations are made there is a practical union of church and state. As the matter now stands there are religious services at the House of Refuge. It is not a thoroughly secular institution. The juvenil Protestant criminal can be sent there, and hav the benefit of his religion in full, but the Catholic cannot—he cannot hav the benefit of mass. It seems reasonable that if the one can hav what is for the "salvation of his soul," the other should hav the same. The Protestant has the advantage in the simplicity and cheapness of his religious services. It does not make much show, and costs comparativly little to read the Bible, and pray, and listen to a sermon. Hence this intrusion upon secular principles is not much noticed. The mass, however, is a very imposing affair. It is expensiv in its paraphernalia. It brings out the religious element quite prominently. Hence there is opposition at once. The cry is, There is a union of church and state. Evidently there is, but essentially there is no more union of church and state in the celebration of the mass than in the conducting of the Protestant religious services, and we can but sympathize with the demand of our Catholic fellow-citizens. It is just that if the state allow the one it should allow the other. If the state givs religious satisfaction to the Protestant, why should it not do the same to the Catholic? Where is the line to be drawn? At Bible-reading? Why there?. Because that is a common act in which all can unite. This is not so, for there are many who do not desire the Bible-reading. Where, then, shall the line be drawn. Simply at every religious service. This settles the difficulty, and there can be no quarreling.

If religion is to be given in any kind of doses to our criminals, let the various sects who hav followers in this class furnish it freely and voluntarily. Let them not tax the state to provide any part of this spiritual pabulum. The state cannot enter into that sort of business. It cannot assume that religion will do any service to the state. If religion kept people from violating the laws, the state might hav some ground for patronizing it; but the very fact that the people with religion hav committed crimes plainly shows that religion is not a preventiv, and therefore, since it has not made a man moral outside of prison, it will not make him any better inside of a prison. The state cannot use religion, even if it were beneficial, for it must, if it is beneficial, be a matter of individual conviction, and that is something which the state cannot deal with as a part of its machinery. Of course the state, in its relations with the criminal classes, must look to reform and moral motiv. It does not punish merely for vengeance, but, if possible, after the punishment is inflicted, to make the offender a good citizen. The criminal should be subjected to humane influences. He should be placed, if possible, where his better nature will be developed, but his better nature is not his religious nature, but his human nature, and is to be developed by purely secular motivs. This basis is universal, and on this basis the state can work to some advantage for the welfare of prison inmates, but the very moment it trenches upon the domain of religious instruction it is in infinit difficulty. If it takes one religion, then it must take all; if it assumes one religious service, then it must assume all. The Protestant cries that to make provision for the celebration of mass is a palpable union of church and state. The Catholic might answer, Bible reading is equally so; it is a Protestant religious service, adapted to the Protestant; why should not the Catholic hav that which is adapted to him. So far as justice is concerned, if one is granted, the other should be also. The fact that one is simple and the other complex and imposing does not change the logic. Both are parts of a religious service, and in a secular government must be remanded to purely individual and voluntary effort.

The government does not discuss religion—it simply ignores it. It is not a part of the state program. It must be omitted on all occasions. Thus an infinit amount of discord is avoided. If religion can do any good it will still hav ample opportunity. Each church can do its work without hindrance. There will be no quarreling. The moment, however, the state interferes to patronize any sort of religious instrumentality it touches a spring that unloses countless streams of discord. There is a theological war at once in the arena of the legislativ halls. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," should be the state motto as to all religious affairs. Total abstinence is the only safe, wise, and prosperous course. It is evident, however, that our law-makers hav much to learn. They hav not yet attained to the simplicity of a secular state. In fact, we can apply to them the old scripture phrase, "They are double-minded and so unstable in all their ways." They never look straight ahead, but always around—to see what is expected of them. Hence they do not see the plain way out of a difficulty.

More Canadian Superstition.

From Montreal comes a tale of a peculiarly medieval character. It is related that about midnight last Saturday "a most remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in the heavens. It appeared on the western horizon and rose to the north 79 degrees, where it assumed the spectacle of the heavens opening and shooting forth a stream of livid, rose-colored light." Naturally enough the superstitious population of Montreal were frightened. The Catholics thought the last day had come, and kneeled upon the streets praying for salvation from their sins. Two policemen were arresting a prisoner at the time "when the astonishing display from the heavens paralyzed them for the moment, and they both knelt and returned thanks to heaven for their preservation. Two

Catholics thought it was the day of judgment, and from some cause or other fell dead."

Probably Montreal is the only city on the western continent the major portion of whose population can be frightened—two to death—by a red streak in the sky. We venture to say, however, that a few preserved their equanimity. They are the members of the Montreal Pioneer Freethought Club.

To Which School Shall the Children Go?

We hav received received the following query, which is difficult to answer without perhaps stirring up a family trouble:

"POUGHKEEPSIE, Feb. 8, 1886.

"MR. EDITOR: What is the law of this state regarding the attendance of children at school? Is it the father or mother who has the right to school the children, supposing the mother is religious and wishes the children to go to a religous school, and the father is a Liberal and wants them to attend the public school?

"Is there any law on the subject of church and Sunday-school? If a man is Liberal, he will say to his children, 'If you want to go to church and Sunday-school, go; if you don't want to go, stay away.' But has the mother a right to compel the children to attend church and Sunday-school? Has the husband a right, as head of the family, to teach his Liberal views in place of the wife's compulsory doctrin?

"J. G."

The above letter indicates a jar in some Poughkeepsie family, and we do not wish to make it louder. But the law is clearly on the side of the father. He has the legal right to bring his children up as he pleases as regards their mental training. As religious schools are notoriously valueless, children should attend the public schools. They will obtain in them all the religion they can stand and yet grow up good citizens. As for Sunday-schools, we think a father, by judicious teaching, can easily overcome their pernicious influence. But only to avoid a family separation, should the father yield. Both parents might let the children choose for themselvs. In this particular case, however, we think behind the mother's wishes is the influence of a priest. If so, that priest should be made to understand that he will greatly oblige by keeping his nose out of family affairs.

In a word, while the father has the clear legal right to educate his children as he pleases, he should do everything compatible with honor, and without sacrifice of principle, to preserve peace in the family.

Churches in Michigan.

The Detroit *Evening News* is severe upon the churches of Michigan. Ostensibly berating them for their lack of success, and condemning almost without measure their methods, it furnishes the unbelieving person who will not be enticed into them the strongest kind of reasons for his course. The churches are not worth joining, even as social organizations.

The facts which the *News* givs regarding the churches are these: One denomination in Michigan last year, the Baptist, expended in salaries and expenses $264,294 and received 806 additions to their membership—an average cost of $327.89 apiece. Outside of this there was also raised $53,840 for the support of the Sunday-school, home and foreign missions, and other church interests. Of the 378 Baptist churches in the state 187 report no baptisms—"a humiliating disclosure," says their state organ. Taking the membership of the principal Protestant churches in the state—the Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians—it is found they number 142,159, which is an increase over 1884 of 3,611. Their expenses doubtless averaged as high as the Baptists, which makes an aggregate of $1,084,000. Now, when it is remembered that there were in 1884 over 1,855,000 persons in Michigan, that out of this there are not over 150,000 Protestants of all denominations, and who had less than 4,000 additions to offset the 50,000 yearly increase in population, can the present church methods, questions the *News*, be called anything else, in their attempts to reach the masses, than dismal and lamentable failures?

It will be noticed, too, that in the above figures the losses by deaths, "moved away," and other causes, are not given. The further question may rationally be asked, then, was the total number of converts equal to the losses? But when the entire country is taken into consideration, the *News* finds the disparity in numbers between what it naïvely calls the elect and the lost to be "simply appalling." By the figures from the church's own statistics the *News* finds there are over forty-three millions of people in this country "with no church relations, except such as doom them, with the heathens, to eternal and endless punishment."

All this is very sad, from the standpoint from which the *News* pretends to view the question. But there is a balm in Gilead for the soul of our frightened contemporary. It is this: It makes not the slightest difference in the world whether or not there is even one church-member in Michigan, nor whether the churches spend one or a million dollars for each convert, so far as the "eternal and endless" punishment of that person is concerned. Heaven and hell are states of mind, not localities either in the beyond or in the bowels of the earth, and these states of mind are in the people here on earth, according as their deeds are good or evil. The matter of most importance to Michigan is to raise honest men and women. Having "done all to stand" by filling her borders up with these, she need care nothing about the scarcity of communicants on the church rolls.

Editorial Notes.

ARTHUR C. EVERETT has been forced to suspend his *Rights of Man*.

AMONG the "religious notes" of an exchange we find the statement that there are at present more than three hundred preachers, exclusiv of Catholic priests and Mormon elders, now before the courts, chiefly for crimes against women.

A POLICEMAN, of Fresno City, Cal., lately went insane and was found by a citizen up a tree in his orchard. He was persuaded to come down, like Zacchens, and announced himself a new John the Baptist. He was committed to an asylum.

WITH the March number, which is the beginning of the fourth volume, J. D. Shaw will double the size of his *Independent Pulpit*. The price will be raised to $1.50. The *Independent Pulpit* has always been interesting, and now that the size is doubled the subscription list ought to be.

"THE GUILD OF KINDNESS" is the name of an institution belonging to the Methodist New Connection of Great Britain. The object of the organization is to develop a spirit of kindness among brethren and sisters of the denomination especially, and among all Christians generally. This is certainly a much needed guild.

JAMES A. BLISS has changed his *Spirit Voices* from a monthly to a weekly called the *N. D. C. Axe*. The object of the National Developing Circle is to increase the visible supply of mediums, and thus work for the good of Spiritualism. Mr. Bliss also vigorously attacks the Catholic church, wherein he has our heartiest sympathy.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of New Haven has asked the legislature to exempt its property from taxation to the amount of $50,000 because it is a religious concern. The Ansonia Young Men's Christian Association also demands $15,000 exemption. The Senate passed the necessary resolutions to comply with these unjust demands, and the House will probably follow suit.

THE Valley Falls *Lucifer* has a new press. While the paper presents a neater appearance than usual, Mr. Harman explains that he has not got all out of the new press there is in it on account of the unfavorable weather. We sympathize with Mr. Harman in his struggles with the Kansas blizzards that freeze his press up, and advise him to put some printer's varnish or a spoonful or two of turpentine in his ink. That's what we did when we ran a country press.

THE Tulare, Cal., *Democratic Free Press* is a cautious journal, as we judge by the following: "A gentleman sent to the *Free Press* some copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, a journal of Freethought and free expression. The *Free Press* is not a theological journal, hence will not criticise the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. We are certain that the editorial matter referred to will be praised by Freethinkers generally and condemned by all believers in the established religion of the age. Typographically the paper is a model of neatness."

THE *Catholic Union and Times* rejoices that in Mr. Gladstone's new cabinet John Morley is made chief secretary of Ireland. It says: "If Ireland must hav such an official pending the winning of her national independence, we know of no one better fitted to fill the duties of that position in a wise and humane manner than John Morley." Is Mr. Cronin not aware that John Morley is an Infidel? Or has it come to this, that, weary of looking for justice from Protestants to Catholics, Mr. Cronin turns to an Infidel as the embodiment of justice?

THERE is probably as much heresy of one kind and another to the square inch in Massachusetts as in any Eastern state. Yet there are laws on Massachusetts's statute books which, if enforced, would make life decidedly uncomfortable for the "Modern Athenians." Last week a petition to the legislature was presented asking for the repeal of the old Blue laws. Among them are these: No. 1 makes it an offense to be present at any unlicensed entertainment, other than sacred, on either Saturday or Sunday evening. No. 2 prohibits all labor or the keeping open of any shop, except in case of necessity or charity, on the Lord's day, and forbids dancing on that day, the penalty being $50 for each offense. No. 3 forbids traveling, except in cases of necessity or charity, on Saturday evening or Sunday, and fixes a fine for any landlord who on that day entertains, or allows to be about his place, any persons other than travelers, strangers, and lodgers. Nos. 10 and 11 make catching fish or shooting game on Sunday a finable offense. No. 13 exempts the Jews from the provisions in these laws.

"I GIV my soul and my heart to God, and say good-bye to everybody," were the last words of Charles Hermann, of Buffalo, hanged last Friday for murdering his wife. Before he left his cell for the scaffold he partook of the sacrament, and his last words were preceded by a prayer from a clergyman. If we may be permitted without blasphemy, we wish God much joy with such brutes as Hermann. The company in the other fellow's place is more select without them.

"THERE is only a thin plank," says the *Freeman's Journal*, "between Protestantism and Infidelity. Let us do nothing to make it thinner. What of Catholic tradition remains in Protestantism has helped to keep society from utter corruption in this land of freedom. Better that Protestants should be intolerant and bigoted, and honest in their belief, than that they should become pagans, burning incense to Joss and kneeling at high mass with equal reverence. The only breakwater against the tide of Agnosticism is the Catholic church, which teaches that education cannot be divorced from the Christian religion." For which reason the Catholic church ought to go.

THE following is from the *Ironclad Age*:

"Brother Byers is clamorous for a book that will giv the amount and value of church property in the United States of America, and he ought to hav it—so had every man. Any man having knowledge of such a compilation will do well to postal-card this office."

If Brother Byers and Doctor Monroe will consult the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886 they will find what they want. Every Freethinker should hav all the issues of the ANNUAL, for in them is a vast amount of information, statistical and rhetorical, which is invaluable.

IN the proper column the poetically inclined of our readers may find the advertisment of a new poem by S. P. Putnam, entitled, "Adami and Heva." It is the story of the Indian garden of Eden, older by thousands of years than the Old Testament tale. Brahma, waking from "the dull blank of incommunicable sleep," makes up his mind to make a world and a man and a woman. The legend relates that he put the man and woman on the island of Ceylon. Adami and Heva had their courtship and then they were married by Brahma himself, who said to them, "Remain here; you must never leave this island." But after a while Adami grew restless and said to Heva, "I believe I'll look about a little." He went to the northern extremity of the island, where there was a narrow neck of land connecting it with the mainland, and looked across. The mainland appeared more beautiful than the island, and he finally persuaded Heva to accompany him across, he carrying her on his back. When they got over they heard a crash, and, looking back, discovered that the neck of land had fallen into the sea. Then Brahma cursed them both. Adami spoke up and said, "Curse me, but curse not her; it was not her fault, but mine." Brahma softened a little and said he would save Heva but not Adami. But Heva was a true wife, and wouldn't hav it so: "If thou wilt not spare him, spare neither me; I do not wish to liv without him; I love him." Brahma, however, sent them out into the world, but promised to watch over them and their children. This was better behavior all around than we read of in the Genesis copy, and shows that the mythologists of India had better ideas of manliness and godliness than the ancient Jewish writers. Mr. Putnam has written this story up in the superior poetic style for which he is noted, and had it published by the Truth Seeker Company, and now wishes to sell it for ten cents per copy. And while we do not usually invest heavily in poetry, we can recommend this with a clear couscience as being a beautiful myth beautifully related. Courtlandt Palmer says it is incomparably the best production of the author, and that is saying a great deal. The philosophy of the poem is that love is the mightiest force in the world, beside which even the power of the supreme Brahma was a valueless thing. This is illustrated by Heva's rejection of paradise without Adami:

"Thou hast been just, Great Brahma. Thee I praise:
But I would render back thy precious gift.
Take thy fair Eden—I will walk the earth
To death's dark door with him I love alway.
Adami is my life; my heart is there,
Beating with his whatever fate may do.
Better with him all suffering and all woe:
Better with him the labor and the pain;
Better with him the wildest path forlorn;
Better with him the thunder's blasting force,
Than all that thou canst giv with him away.
Justice is thine, O Brahma; love is mine for aye."

For the rest of the poem, which is all as good as this, the reader is respectfully referred to the pamphlet.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. JAMIESON is having crowded houses in Ebony, Mo., where it was supposed the people were so pious that they would not listen to a Freethinker. He next goes to Silver City; after that to Minnesota. Liberals of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota should address him at Lake City, Minn.

CHARLES WATTS's lecturing engagements are as follows: Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 20th and 21st, Chicago. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 22d and 23d, Palo, Ill. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Feb. 24th, 25th, and 26th, Wyoming, Ill. Sunday, Feb. 28th, Davenport, Iowa. All communications as to lecturing engagements with Mr. Watts should be sent to him, up to March 6th, care of Mr. A. D. O'Neill, 107 Parke avenue, Chicago, Ill. After that date, No. 82 Berkeley street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Letters from Friends.

SAGINAW, MICH., Feb. 3, 285.

MR. EDITOR: I think that your illustrations are superb. I hav no doubt the influence consequent thercupon will tend to make the old TRUTH SEEKER still morc popular than ever. I hope that you will hav a thousand new subscribers at least.

J. H. BURNHAM.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, Jan. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: For inclosed $1 please send the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886, and apply balance to assist in the illustration of the paper, as should the illustrations, of which I cordially approve, be continued, I intend to contribute another dollar on my subscription to the paper to help to meet the extra expense. And believe me ever, with increasing respect and sympathy, Yours, JAS. B. GAY.

OTTUMWA, IA., Jan. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Shake! I felt like jumping as high as the mythological cow of the nursery rhyme when I read your reply to Tucker & Co. Go for them, for they are doing true Liberalism more harm in a day than the rest of us can undo in a year. Their devilish trash is thrown in my face often, and the outsider who is seeking for truth is often driven from the pursuit by the wild vagaries of the Anarchists.

Truly yours, C. W. STEWART.

AYER, MASS., Feb. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I think my dollar given for the picture department wisely spent. Such illustrations are powerful arguments. They daguerreotype the subject on the mind more than any sermon of words can do, and which few memories can hold. These pictures are arguments that children can comprehend and remain a lifelong history. They will stimulate "eternal vigilance." Liberals, save your pew-rent and support THE TRUTH SEEKER. ELIJAH MYRICK.

VINELAND, N. J., Feb. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Those impressiv illustrations you are now publishing add greatly to the value of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The majority of persons are more deeply impressed through their eyes than their ears. As this is the case, what a wonderful educator the future issues of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER are to be! It is my wish that the paper may increase greatly in circulation, and that it may liv for years teaching humanity how to get rid of the curse of superstition.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS.

WILMOT, O., Jan. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose you $4, three for THE TRUTH SEEKER; for the balance please send last year's TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and as many of J. E. Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking" work as the money will pay for. I suppose I will not likely patronize THE TRUTH SEEKER many years more, as I am now in my seventy-seventh year, which will make, when this year is up, threescore and seventeen years, which will preclude the probability of seeing many more. I am getting too old to get around very well, otherwise I would try to get you some subscribers; but subscribers are hard to get, as money is scarce here. JAMES ALLEN.

VERNONIA, OR., Jan. 25, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I see by the card you sent me that you hav received my money for my subscription for 1886. I want you to send me your catalog of books for sale. I think we will need some of them here. This is a backwoods place, and in the winter the back of the mud is away back from the top of the ground. Just after Christmas two young Methodist students came in here and told the people that Jesus Christ had been killed for them. It raised quite an excitement, and you could see people in sleds pulled by oxen splashing through the mud, going from house to house, by appointment beforehand, to tell each other about his death.

I am glad you hav started in on pictures. I put each one up in a frame, and it is fun to see Christians look at them. They appear to hav the same influence on them that a red rag has on a bull. O. CHERINGTON.

AURORA, O., Feb. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Another fearless and untiring hand has gone to rest. The mother of the writer died on the eve of January 16th after a painiul sickness of three months. Her name was Louisa Fenton. She was the mother of nine children, seven of whom survive her, the writer being the oldest of her family. She has always been a diligent and faithful woman in her family duties—one of the hardest-working women I ever knew, always at work, trying to bring comfort to some one save herself. She was always at home, never running the streets, as many do, to flirt and flame about. She never was a member of any religious denomination. For several years she had been a Spiritualist. On being asked the question, "Whom do you want to speak at your funeral?" she replied, "I don't want any orthodox." There was *no* orthodox employed. Mr. O. P. Kellog, of East Trumbull, O., a well-known Spiritualist lecturer, delivered the discourse, which was fitting. The lines of Scotland's pride are not inappropriate:

"Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling life,
No other view regard!
E'en when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward."

It is often asserted by Christians that unbelievers in their religion are afraid to die. This foolish and silly lie is unworthy of any notice whatever. I saw my mother daily for the last hundred days of her life, and I can truthfully testify that I heard her say again and again that she was ready, and *even anxious*, to die. Why should those who hav devoted their lives to benefit others dread to "lie down to pleasant dreams." If good deeds will not bring us happiness in time *or eternity*, then let our fate be what it will hereafter, let us do our duty here. And if *all* mankind would so justly and untiringly perform their duty as did the one who now sleeps beneath the flakes of snow, justice would be more evenly distributed among mankind. B. O. FENTON.

WEST ENOSBURGH, VT., Feb. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber to your valuable paper but a short time, and during this short time hav gleaned many benefiting ideas and solid truths. I liv in a community where nothiug is taught, and hardly anything read, but orthodox principles, and anyone who does entertain Liberal ideas is looked upon as a dangerous person in society. What a state of affairs this is! and will this civilized country ever be rid of this mental slavery, the greatest enemy to the advancement of scientific education?

If you hav room in your paper, I wish you would publish the statistics of the growth of orthodoxy in this country compared with the growth of population, and also giv us the Nine Demands of Liberalism for the benefit of new subscribers. What a feast it would be if we could hav a good Liberal lecturer for a night or two! It would be like an oasis in a desert. Yours, etc., C. H. BESSEY.

STRASBURG, ILL., Feb. 6, 286.

MR. EDITOR: W. S. Bell arrived here Feb. 4th at 2 P.M., and made the acquaintance of nearly all our business men and many ladies. His pleasant countenance made a good impression. In the evening when he went to the hall he found the seats all occupied, and many standing. His lecture, "Liberty and Morality," was delivered pleasantly, though earnestly. Near the close of his lecture there was a slight rustle of calico, caused by the deacon's wife and the minister's wife setting an example for children by hastily leaving the room and stopping the speaker in the middle of a story he was telling to show that bad parents generally produced bad offspring, and that a child that had a bad start in the world could not be improved by pounding.

The ladies were not insulted by any language used by the lecturer. The Liberals of Illinois should keep W. S. Bell in the lecture field all the time. There is not a minister that can come in here and get a convert that is of age, or a minor that will stick. We are totally depraved.

Yours truly, A. YORK.

JOPLIN, MO., Jan. 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: This, the anniversary of Thomas Paine, America's grandest and purest patriot; a man revered by the mentally disenthralled thousands of our nation's son's and daughters; a man that future generations will engraft in the hearts of the millions yet to be; a monument more enduring, a purer, deeper reverence than that accorded either Confucius, Mohammed, or Christ; a name that can only be associated with the most disinterested, the purest, loftiest, noblest purpose; a name without a parallel in advocacy of human right; a name without a peer in brilliant, fearless wealth of brain and purpose; our nation's first, the world's grandest champion of universal mental liberty—is a fitting time to affirm renewed allegiance to the cause which he so fearlessly, so grandly championed.

It is fitting, while reflecting over the grandeur of this grand man at this date, that I renew also my allegiance to that noble, fearless old advocate of Thomas Paine's principles, THE TRUTH SEEKER, that for so many years, laden with the cream of Liberal thought, has been a welcome weekly visitor at my humble home. Yes, Friend Macdonald, you are doing a grand, a noble work. Your management of THE TRUTH SEEKER interest in the Freethought publishing department, your efforts in disseminating our humanitarian literature, your defense of the right and fight against the wrong as you see it, is good enough for me, and I sincerely hope that you may liv to gather from the tree our beloved Bennett planted, and so carefully and ably fertilized and pruned by you, its ripe and mellow fruit, and feast thereon,

Long liv and prosper THE TRUTH SEEKER.

WM. M. CARTER.

ELLSWORTH, KAN., Feb. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday my husband sent you a post-office order for five dollars for THE TRUTH SEEKER up to 1887, and ten cents for Remsburg's "False Claims." We hav a few Liberals in our town of about fifteen hundred citizens. I hav lived here since 1868. I am a Spiritualist, but a Liberal. My husband is very Liberal, and we wish and hope that if Mr. S. P. Putnam travels over the Union Pacific while on his way to Colorado, he will stop of at Ellsworth. I do not know as we can make it profitable for him, but even a visit from a Liberal would encourage us; and here let me say, any Liberals traveling in this vicinity will be welcome guests at our house, which is situated on the Smoky Hill river. We liv in a square frame house on the bank of the river, across the street is a square, stone house. We liv on Douglass avenue on the west side of the street. It is the second street west from the depot. Turn south from railroad track; inquire for John Metzger. I hav been to church four times in fourteen years. The last one I attended was the Episcopal Methodist, Rev. W. A. Seville. He remarked that all Infidels were taught Infidelity before they became Infidels, and, said he, "What is more natural than for a child to kneel at its papa's or mamma's feet and repeat its evening prayers." I was so disgusted that I got up and went home. A few days later some ladies called at my house, and during the conversation one of them asked me why I left the church so suddenly. I told her that I expected the minister to tell the truth and if he did not I would not stay and hear him. For me, I was always a natural Infidel, and I believe every person would be if it were not for their teaching while young. Oh, how I wish we could see a nation that had not been taught the dogmas of the church. Let Liberals see to it that they educate their children in Liberal knowledge and literature. SARAH METZGER.

A LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN.

CHARLOTTE HARBOR, FLA., Jan. 20, 1886.

MY DEAR EDITOR: I do not wish to raise a discussion for notoriety, as some do, but I am anxious to learn all I can. I wish to say a few things, and hear your opinion. Now, before I come to any point that I would like an opinion on, I will say that I wish church and state to forever remain as far apart as *Z* and *A*. First, I believe there is no death of anything, but everything is and always has been evoluting. Second, I don't believe there ever was any place of punishment, call it what you may. I hav reasons too numerous to mention for such belief, but one is that spirit, being of lighter material, would naturally consume the sulphur. Then I believe in science, and that science is truth. I believe that we hav about one thousand worlds in our star or solar system, and our sun and system is one of eighteen millions that describe their circle around the pole; that there hav already been four thousand such grand divisions discovered and still no end to space—seventy-two thousand million of suns and each surrounded by a thousand opaque worlds; that each and all are in a constant state of evolution and all are describing a circle around some greater head. I believe that God is the power, call it what name you will, that fills all space, that givs each and every thing an understanding according to its merit or capacity, from the smallest, where fifteen million can dwell in a drop of water, to the largest world that floats in space. I don't believe there is any darkness only as a thing gets in its own light. As the spirit is the light of the body, so when evil passions get in our light then great is our darkness within.

I do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible; still, I believe man may derive great knowledge from a proper study of the book, laying aside the unbelievable and believing such things as agree with science and history. I believe public prayer is directly against the commandment of Jesus and that public blessings are a humbug; but I believe it our duty to spread the light of knowledge, of science, reason, and truth, in all places where darkness and superstition abound. I believe any man should not be allowed to preach, unless he is competent to teach, and that the Bible ought not to be brought into the school-house only on the Lord's day, or such days as are set apart for worship. Then the school-house should be the meeting-house, and when such services were over should again return to accommodating the little ones as school-house, and that the preacher should hav no salary, but the teacher should be properly paid.

I don't believe any set of people hav a right to say how or when another person or sect shall worship, for God judges the one as well as the other while doing our duty here, and hereafter. For my part, I can't say what will become of us, but we will certainly evolute. I believe there is some way that knowledge can be made manifest by spirit to us in the flesh. I will cite one among the many I might speak of. In the battle of the 28th of July before Atlanta it seemed to me that something told me to move or I would be killed. I was lying on my face beside Nelson St. John, of Co. G, 8th Iowa Infantry, when this feeling came on me and I said, "St. John, move over that way a little." He said, "What for?" I said, "Move or I'll get on your back." He laughed and said, "Get on." I raised myself upon his back, when that very instant a shot raked the full length of where I had lain. I dropped down in my place, when St. John laughed again and said, "Who in hell told you that shot was coming?" I told him I felt it in my bones. Many similar occurrences hav taught me to believe in some kind of spirit power. I hav been warned from the mobs or Kuklux of this state years ago by the same power.

And now, Mr. Editor, without worrying you, I wish to ask, What is your opinion of this spirit power? I never attended a Spiritual meeting in my life. I always thought the greater portion of them were humbugs. I hav been commissioned by different churches to preach. I never took a cent for such services. My last commission is from the St. John's Baptist church of Jacksonville, Fla. I hav taught school, mostly colored, for the last ten years, but being crippled in the late struggle at the battle of Kenesow, and thus far never having succeeded in getting a pension, I find it very hard scrabbling to liv, and am not able to buy such books as I would wish to study. Therefore I hav thought I would write this letter to you, meaning no offense and seeking no notoriety. Yours truly, REV. S. B. HURLBUT.

MILWAUKEE, OR., Jan. 26, 286.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 5th, is a curious communication from Mr. Hiram Van Pelt, which may remind us that there are superstitions in the domain of science as well as religion. He says: "I hav seen three living creatures called horse-hair snakes, . . . and one of them I caught, and with my thumb and finger stripped the flesh off the hair, and sure enough there was the real horse-hair, and a good strong one too." He seems to realize that he did a cruel thing, but if he had only thought to put the hair back in the water it would hav been all right. This accretion around a horse-hair, of animals without any fathers or mothers, may be a valuable discovery if they prove edible. One would only hav to put a horse's tail to soak over night to strip off meat enough for a whole family, and then he could soak it again. This reminds one of the Irishman who on eating his first ear of green corn, handed the cob back to the waiter and politely requested him to put some more peas on his stick. But this is not the most wonderful of Mr. Van Van Pelt's discoveries. A fellow who came to a hotel where Mr. Van Pelt was stopping seems to hav been shedding his hair rather freely. From fifty to a hundred of them were left in a wash-dish containing water, and in about six hours

in the dark, these hairs were developed into living animals, "clothed with flesh, nerves, joints, and life."

It is interesting to note what sort of statements honest, intelligent people will make in regard to what ought to be plain matter of fact. Mr. Hipshier, a preacher of the sect known as "Soul Sleepers," and who, three years ago, was a county commissioner of Furnas county, Neb., told me that he had seen Venus pass between us and the moon, and that he could plainly distinguish it across the moon's disk. Mr. B. (a captain in a Wisconsin regiment during the war, and now a commissioner in a county in Washington Ter.) assured me that he had developed horse-hairs into life many times. He said it took several days, and that they would come to life quicker in milk than in water. Several others who were present made similar statements. Mr. B. also knows that night-hawks are whip-poor-wills. He and Mrs. B. hav frequently seen them light down and sing right before their eyes. It availed nothing to urge that the two birds were not only of different species, but of different *genera*—that the night-hawk has long wings and the whip-poor-will short ones, and that they differ in their habits. When I asked why night-hawks do not sing on this coast, where they are so numerous, he replied that they did occasionally—that a man over on Lewis river had heard them several times.

These animals are technically called *gardiaceidæ*. In the larvæ state they inhabit crickets, grasshoppers, etc. Tenny says: "They are often called hair-worms, and persons ignorant of their history suppose them to be horse-hairs transformed into worms."

All advance in science has been made on the assumption that the operations of nature are uniform. Diligent research with microscopes and with the most delicate chemical apparatus has discovered no deviation from this uniformity. Miles in depth of stratified rocks, containing a record of millions of ages, with the remains of countless species of plants and animals, furnishes evidence of this uniformity. The closest scrutiny with microscopes, magnifying a thousand diameters, has not led to the discovery of a plant which was not developed from a previous plant, or germ, or seed; or an animal which did not come from a similar animal, or from an egg. Every part and organ of an animal contains the history of a series of wonderful transmutations produced by the accumulation of minute changes through long periods of time. Every instinct and mental trait of an animal is the effect of environment or the result of experience on itself or ancestry. The eyes of animals are produced by light acting upon certain nerves, and hav been gradually perfected from a rudimentary condition through geologic ages.

Now those hairs in that wash-dish must hav had a very limited experience, and their inheritance was nothing. Of course if they had been acquainted with Mr. Van Pelt, and knew what a cruel man he was, and how he had served their unfortunate kin of the horse's tail, their fears would hav been explicable.

I question no man's word. If some good and truthful man should tell me that he had thrown a sailor's rope into the water and the next morning found it turned into a python (a big knot in the end of the rope forming the head), and that he had stripped off the flesh and returned the rope to the sailor, I should neither question the integrity of the witness, nor experience any belief of his story. But that story would seem just as true and conformable to the laws of animal growth as the story of the horse hair.

Not only are the organs of animals slowly perfected by use, and each added improvement inherited, but organs and members also deteriorate by disuse. The fish of the Mammoth and other caves hav only rudimentary eyes which hav been skinned over and are useless. The pythons and boas hav rudimentary limbs under their skins, and man has rudimentary muscles which are useless to him, but which he inherits from ancestors who used to wag their ears.

All these effects, which paleontological history shows required the influence of the sun for countless ages to accomplish, our friend declares were produced in six hours, in a wash-dish, and in the dark.

That is a good subject to practice on to develop faith. It is well attested by good witnesses who could hav had no motiv to misrepresent, and who are suffering martyrdom, to a limited extent, in attestation of the truth of their story. Now if any one imbued with the principles of science can succeed in believing it, I do not see why he cannot successfully wrestle with transubstantiation, the miraculous conception, the resurrection, and thus save his immortal soul.

D. PRIESTLEY.

DENVER, IA., Jan. 6, 286.

MR. EDITOR: In number after number of our paper I look in vain in "Letters from Friends" for letters from the Hawkeye state. Are the friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER in Iowa all dead? Perhaps the hardest blow the Liberals of the West hav received came from their friends. But they will liv through it. If they don't write, they do "a heap" of thinking, and some day you'll hear from them. Iowa doubtless contains as many Liberals, in proportion to her population, as any other state, but her auxiliary Leagues were first *non-con.*, and now *non est*. Too much "I" and "u" and Comstock "taffy."

Mr. Editor, did a farmer ever tell you how much hay Noah and his boys put into the ark for his grass-eating animals to feed upon during his 400 days' voyage? They would require at least 400 tons, and, unless the hay was pressed, this would fill 120,000 cubic feet. The haying season was a long one. That "black boy," Ham, ran the Champion Mower with a span of long-eared donkeys; Shem and Japhet did the hauling with Buck and Bright; while the old man used Jack before the sulky rake. Two of the young women helped to mow away the hay in the ark, while the other helped her mother-in-law do the house-work.

I hardly dare tell you who did all the feeding in the ark, or who cleaned out all the stalls therein and carried the filth up three pairs of stairs, and threw it out of the small window. I don't know how much kerosene oil they used, but I do know I wouldn't like to be fooling around all the animals in total darkness, for the ark was pitched inside and outside, excluding every ray of light except from a small window at the top. Nor can I tell you how much the eyes of any of the inmates of the ark were worth after being excluded from the light for four hundred days and nights. But as all vegetation was killed by the long-standing salt water, the greatest fun was when Noah drove all the blind creatures out of the ark, with nothing to eat except one another. No wonder Noah got on a bust. "Sacredly" yours, M. FARRINGTON.

FREEMAN, Mo., Feb. 286.

MR. EDITOR: Though still hybernated, as the only means of self-protection against the Kansas blizzards that persist in playing jayhawker, by raiding over into Missouri, still my Faber is sufficiently animated in the Florida climate produced by the Missouri hickory (not administered as in the whilom days of boyhood, but burnt in a stove instead) to again materialize in a friendly letter.

And I hav news, too, that is of interest to myself if to no one else. You see I had my Agnostic lecture—"Views from the Outside"—all ready to deliver, and was invited to do it at the Paine anniversary celebration at Liberal, Mo., when, lo and behold! I found that man sometimes proposes while the doctor disposes, for an M.D. came to our ranch on Sunday, January 24th, bringing a little ten-pound male Infidel in his saddle-pockets, and completely breaking into my arrangements, or desires rather, concerning Liberal and the 29th ultimo. So I had to write Brother Thayer for a postponement on my part, but I guess the celebration was a success all the same. I dislike to be imprisoned when so many others are in the field, still "Barkis is willin'," considering the cause. In other words, I am proud of my boy (my first-born), and will hav to name him Thomas Paine to get even with him for cheating me out of the Paine participation at Liberal.

A short time ago I had a letter from W. F. Jamieson, written from Joplin, Mo., concurring with me in some views embodied in a letter to him based on a communication of his in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 9th, entitled "Liberal Leaves."

I think friend Jamieson sounded a keynote in that article, and I further proposed the form of the leaflet should be according to his primary suggestion, that is, of two leaves, or four pages, those distributed on the first visit of a lecturer to be devoted wholly to destructiv work, having on one page some of the barbarous absurdities of scripture correctly quoted, and on the opposit page the argument in simple language, devoted to childish comprehension, such as the writers named by Brother Jamieson know so well how to get up—the Wixons, Slenkers, Gardeners, and others. Of course, there are many, very many things in the Bible that we can not thus print, because of the danger of shocking our orthodox authorities into locking us up like Bennett. However, there are still plenty of passages free from obscenity that could be used to disgust any intelligent school-boy or girl with the "false claims" of a book they hav been taught to hold sacred.

These are passages the wily priests never allow the tender lambs they herd into the Sunday-school to see. Their lesson-papers, cards, tickets, and so on, only contain the nicest and least objectionable extracts, and the lambs are never referred to such passages as Kings, xxxvi, 12; 2 Kings, xviii, 27; nor are they cited to David's list ot unnamable crimes, from robbery to murder and adultery. The spiders in sable are too sagacious for that. But they first entice them into Sunday-school with pretty music, books, pictures, clothes, and a greater annual bribe of picnics in summer and Christmas-trees in winter. It is only when thoroughly indoctrinated from youth to manhood that they can be crammed with the whole book as of "divine" origin.

Now, let us fight it out on the line laid down by the opposition, and carry out Jamieson's suggestions. Of course, it will produce a howl of protest, and may in some instances provoke violence. But they must take their own medicin, these fosterers of superstition, for they do not hesitate, nay, it is even their boast, to entice the children of Liberal parents into their Sunday-schools, and stuff them with dogma and nonsense. Let Liberals return the compliment, and fight them with their own weapons.

And suppose it requires martyrdom—I do not mean to the death, for they dare not kill us—suppose it means opposition, social ostracism, and all manner of proscription they can exercise under the law, is any afraid? Does dread of this social repudiation, and an occasional treat to free eggs and rotten cabbage, deter anyone from fearlessly doing his duty? If so, such a weakling had best join a church and be altogether "respectable."

But the time is close at hand when even the dangers hinted above are not to be feared. By acting on Jamieson's plan, lecturers will be fast killing the prejudice that endangers, and paving the way for their own support in this worthiest cause, independent of aid from the Union.

This letter is too long, but I can not close it without reference to the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL just received. It is certainly "a daisy," and contains more valuable matter to the square inch than any similar publication extant. I hav not had time to read it all, but hav looked through it, and wish it were in the library of every Liberal in the land. Looking over the "subjects of illustration" and portraits, so many of whom are Infidels, gave me an agreeable consciousness of being in good company. Surely no one can blush to be found in the same category with such names as Huxley, Hume, Darwin, Rousseau, Castelar, and the twenty-five other illustrious names you present that are famous as poets, historians, scientists, or reformers.

And so I close, wishing you a prosperous year for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that the cause of mental liberty embodied in the Nine Demands may take giant strides till the end is reached. T. M. HORNE.

PACIFIC, Mo., Dec. 17, 1885.

MR. EDITOR: The Masonic lodge has expelled two of its members for their avowal of a non-belief in a God. Now the thought arises in my mind, Has Freethought its greatest enemy in the church itself or in these large and influential and powerful organized bodies who are bound by an oath to believe in a God (at least, such is the condition for membership)? Members of the church itself hav no such extra binding—are freer in that respect. I think, since I hav my thought called to it, that such is the case. Almost every man you meet belongs to one lodge or another; in fact, lodges and members are more than the church itself. Here in this small place, of at most 1,500 inhabitants, we hav at least three lodges, besides members belonging to outside lodges. We hav also five churches, Roman, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and colored.

I think I see the reason now why there is such hesitation in accepting Freethought papers. I hav given my paper to men who I know don't believe much in church doctrin; don't go to church themselvs—some of them not even their wives or children; but yet dare not say aught against them or take and subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER or any of the Freethought papers. Reason in things—or reason at all—is, after all, no greater in the average lodge man than in the average church man.

No matter about the apparent opposition by the church; the lodges are its greatest bulwark, its greatest savior.

Yours for being wide awake, A. H. K.

WEST UNION, O., Feb. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In a late issue of your paper I saw a very formal, logical reason for the preacher's bad boy. It was good. But I like my reason better, viz.: The preachers always turn their children over to God's care, and he is a poor hand to raise children. D. P. W. EYLER.

LAKE CITY, IOWA, Jan. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Many thanks for your beautiful ANNUAL. But as thanks will not make the mare go, I send money for the one received and three more I want for friends. I do not think anyone can afford to do without the ANNUAL for ten times its price. I should like a "Balaam" picture or two and also a "Mother Superior," as I gave mine to a preacher who did not hav sand enough to attack Remsburg when here, but waited till he was hundreds of miles away and then took refuge in the coward's castle, the pulpit, and threw stones at his betters, not even telling a single truth in all his discourse. We gave him an invitation to discuss the inspiration of the Bible with one of our leading Liberals, but he thought best to decline. I thought him wise for once in his life. But is not such conduct rather small?

Well, we still think THE TRUTH SEEKER a grand paper, but hope the day will never come when such noble old men as T. Winter will be expelled from its columns. He has forgotten more than many of the persons abusing him will ever know. They cannot answer his arguments. They hav never yet been touched. Hence the abuse. J. L. TOMPKINS.

GRAND ISLAND, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As the Catholic church is pushing her Freedom of Worship bill, would it not be a good idea to meet her on her own grounds, and use the same instruments she uses? I hav been thinking, if we rely on beating her back with petitions, she will get her work in before we get started.

She virtually boycotts all the politicians she can't use; why should we not boycott all those she does use? Why not keep a black-list of all those members of the legislature that prostitute themselvs to her for political advantage, and let them know we intend to lop off their heads politically if they presume to introduce measures of that nature into the legislature, or vote for such measures when introduced? This, I believe, would dampen their audacity more than anything else we could do under the present circumstances. The convict forfeits every claim to liberty when he renders his incarceration necessary for the public safety. If the Catholic church can't restrain her adherents from committing acts of violence upon other people, why should she be allowed to enter our penitentiaries to mock justice by stuffing criminals with superstition she could not keep under moral restraint when at large. If she furnishes a larger percentage of the criminals confined in our reformatory institutions than other people, according to numbers (and she certainly does), why should she be allowed to further tamper with them? The fact that nine-tenths of the criminals come out of these places worse than they went in shows the futility of the presence of Christian priests and ministers in these institutions. Therefore, all clergymen, whether Catholic or Protestant, should be interdicted by law from meddling where they only demoralize. Why should a priest be allowed to break the force of the law by strutting upon the gallows with a murderer to trifle with him, by pretending to absolve him from his sins, and giving him a free pass into the New Jerusalem?

Can anything be more presumptuous or more demoralizing? A man is found guilty of wilfully premeditated murder, and a judge condemns him to die. Then a Christian priest steps in and asks God to forgiv a crime that chills the finest feelings in man, and for which any earthly judge will shrink from granting a pardon. Now, if this God exists, does not he know enough to attend to his own business as a great judge in matters of absolution without taking lessons of a priest? Does this God authorize priests to peddle indulgences and grant absolution to the worst class of criminals that blacken this planet? Yours for justice, WALTER SIMMONDS.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Song of the Captiv Bird.

Come list to the song of the captiv,
Come listen with sorrow-bowed head;
Oh, list to the notes so pathetic,
More sad than the wail o'er the dead.
It pours out in eloquent music
Each sorrowful, heart-breaking word—
More sad than the grief of Aurora,
The song of the poor captiv bird.

Come list to it soon in the morning,
Its voice is so shrill and so clear;
And every rich droplet of sorrow
In melody falls on the ear;
"My heartfelt desire is freedom,
That liberty nature doth giv,
Still, still, 'tis bereft of all pleasure,
And parted from freedom I liv.

"At morn when the bright ray of Phœbus
Is kissing the dewdrop so fair,
I long to be out among flowers,
I long to soar high in the air.
You say I sing happy and cheerful,
But dive to my heart's bleeding core,
You find that I sing of my sadness—
My song is my sorrow's outpour.

"Hope comes not; I know that this prison
Will still be my terrible doom;
My heart is in sorrow's dark mansion,
O'erhung with the thickest of gloom;
You know you hav stolen my freedom,
You know I am doomed to remain
Right here, without hope, without pleasure,
Where nothing befalls me but pain.

"You know that through bars of my prison,
When music and harmony swell,
I look and can see the gay songsters
Where pleasure and liberty dwell.
You know that I long to be with them,
To drink of the morning's fresh breeze,
And hop among leaflets and branches—
You know that my home is the trees.

"You know that my wings are enfeebled,
So uselessly folded so long;
And yet you, most cheerfully happy,
Can praise my most sorrowful song.
Yes, daily my one hope is blasted,
That hope for my song to impart
My sorrow; no, you will not hear me.
You know not the words of my heart.

"Oh, tell me why am I imprisoned,
What terrible crime hav I done
That all my whole life should be wasted
In prison alone, all alone?
Oh, tell me would you like such pleasure,
Oh, would you be happy and gay,
Oh, could you sing blithely and cheerful
In solitude day after day?"

DARLINA BELL.

Little Lena.

Little Lena Maxwell, whose father was dead, and whose mother, for the lack of employment better adapted to one of her strength and capacities, supported herself and Lena by washing for other people, stood in the center of a group of girls just outside the schoolroom door.

"Rag-bag! rag-shag!" sang first one and then another, and afterward all together in that monotonous, aggravating tone children sometimes assume.

Mrs. Maxwell could not afford to dress her little girl as richly as those of her more wealthy neighbors.

She wore to-day a faded print dress, perfectly clean, and neatly mended in several places.

"I am not ragged," said Lena.

"Oh, no," exclaimed Vida Way, pointing to the patches; "patch! patch!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" screamed all; "patch! patch! patch!"

At that moment the school-bell rang and the children hastened to the school-room, but Lena was too grieved to attend the afternoon session and started toward her home, while those most distant from the door threw after her several stones, calling, "Patch! patch!"

One of the stones hit her arm, and another the back of her head, and she went sobbing to her weary, toiling mother.

"I think you ought to be ashamed of yourselvs," said Lilly Preston, a sweet, blue-eyed, fair-haired little girl, who had not joined in the cruel sport. "One of those stones hit her head—perhaps it will kill her."

They paled a little at this, but there was time to say no more ere they entered the school-room.

The next morning Lena was still absent from school. Inquiry was made for her by the teacher, but no one seemed to know, and Lilly volunteered to call at Mrs. Maxwell's at noon, as her house was near by, and inquire the cause of Lena's non-attendance.

"I saw Dr. Munson's team outside the gate as I came by this morning," said Benny Jones.

The children looked a little anxious and frightened as they remembered the stones they had caused to hit her the day before. At noon Lilly reported Lena to be very ill with brain fever.

The next morning the teacher called the school to order and said: "Before you take your books I will tell you about Lena. She is very ill—so ill that her life is despaired of. She is delirious, and screams at times, as she lies in her bed moving her head restlessly from side to side and tossing her arms about, 'O mamma! the little girls are throwing stones at me. I am not ragged—I am not rag-shag—don't throw any more—oh, it hit me! it hit me! They call me Patch—oh, the rocks! the rocks!—don't let them hit me again!' How must the little girls who threw those stones and called her names feel?

"They surely cannot feel happy at being the cause of so much suffering and misery for a poor little girl and her mother, and all because the little girl was not dressed as finely as themselvs. Then how will they feel if she dies?"

Again the children paled, and some of them cried.

"You cannot undo the wrong, but you well know that Mrs. Maxwell's poor health has prevented her from earning a sufficient amount of money to pay rent, buy food and clothes, and this accounts for Lena's shabby appearance at school.

"Now, to show your sorrow for what you hav done, I think it your duty—you who hav pelted her with the stones—to go to your parents and tell them the whole truth, and ask them to pay the doctor's fees and provide a good nurse to assist Mrs. Maxwell in caring for Lena. I will also suggest that Mrs. Maxwell be supplied with plenty of groceries, as she can earn nothing while her child is so ill."

The repentant children did as they were counseled by their teacher, and the parents, grieved at the wrong done by their children, at once consented to the request.

When Lena was convalescent—for she did not die—the children went into her room and asked to be forgiven, which Lena was very willing and glad to do, and gave them all a loving kiss.

Lilly Preston lingered a few moments after the others were gone. Lena put her thin arms around her neck, saying:

"I cannot help loving you a little the best, for you never called me names, or threw rocks at me, but always spoke to me so kindly, and gave me such sweet smiles."

Little children, be kind to your playmates. Injure them not with tongue or hand, and if one of them is shabbily dressed, or scarred, or deformed in any manner, take extra pains to be kind to them, and help them to forget it.

SADIE A. MAGOON.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PUZZLE.

A and B bought a melon for eight cents; A paid five cents, and B three cents. They sold half of the melon for eight cents, and the remaining half they ate equally. How much did each receive?

WM. SCOTT.

2.—PALINDROMIC SENTENCE.

A *wild ox* with a lengthy mane
Is found on central Europe's plain.
'Tis Poland's bison, and some claim,
From it our common bovins came;
But Cuvier thinks, however linked,
Their *species* must be quite distinct.
Though *head and neck*, you see, *be naught*,
Yet in this *ox-bow* they are caught;
Its body, as this riddle goes,
Is only an *old Latin's nose*.
Upon this beast our *Susan* find,
But sitting with her face behind.
Mazeppa-like must Susan ride.
And this wild ox must be her guide:
So, Susan dear, where e'er you roam.
I'll write for you this *Palindrome*—
Balaam once tried its worth at least:
"*Susan forever obey—This Beast.*"

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—INVOLVED CHARADE.

A word of four sylables is seen,
By common folks not used, I ween.

The *first* is known of many kinds;
Though never seen, one often finds
That, like a ladies fancy fixin's,
It *costs* him like the very Dickens.

The *second* is a certain gait,
Not *patent*, but *improved* of late.

The *third* and *fourth*, oh my! I must not tell,
Or you would guess it sure as—well,
We'll say, "As sure as fate."
But pshaw! I've told you now,
My caution comes too late.
The man that sometime had the *whole*
Performed on him so queer,
Has met my gaze, since childhood's days;
I see him every year.

He is a second Joseph, too,
For calmly he does stand,
Although a beauteous maiden sits
And beckons with her hand.

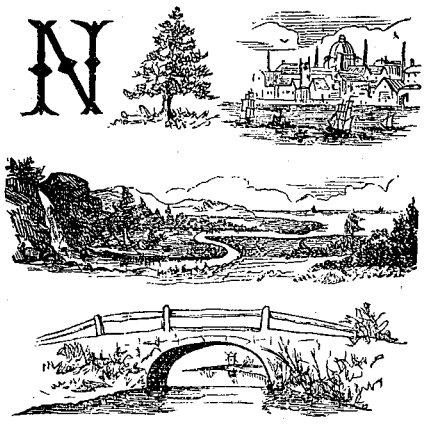
In his presence love must reign,
For plainly can be seen
The lion and the playful lamb,
With children in between.

When I was young I used to think
He surely would get shot,
But still the darts of envy point
Right to the same old spot.

Midst all his foes and troubles great
He seems to hav no wish,
Unless it is to calmly point
And say, "Just see my fish."

Grand Rapids, Mich. ESPRIT FORT.

4.—REBUS.



Three towns in Massachusetts.

5.—REBUS.



Four different kinds of noises.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 6, 1886.

1.—*Forty-two men*, by deleting the central letter, is changed to *forty women*. 2.—72. 3.—Tumbler—ice-cream, milk, water, wine, honey, beer, gruel, tea, jelly, vinegar.

SOLVERS.—Nettie Olds, I. A. Pool, W. R. King, V. K. Hausen.

[B. W. Brockway, Jr., S. Allen, Mich.—We hav not space to giv forms of solution. Write to the author at Escanaba, Mich.—ED. C. C.]

Correspondence.

HAVANA, CUBA, Jan., 1886.

BELOVED MISS WIXON: Having, in company with my papa, set out upon a five years' tour around the world, I hav concluded to write you for the Corner from various points of interest at which we may sojourn.

At some places we expect to remain some months, and expect to arrive at the antipodes some two years hence. In 1884 we traveled some time in Europe, but merely on business. This time it will be on both business and truth seeking.

This Island of Cuba is blessed with all the natural advantages that could be desired, but it is governed by a people so bigoted and barbarous that, while it is the most prolific and genial spot on earth, there is much misery and destitution among the people. I went the other day to see a bull-fight. In the arena, and to fight with the bull, was one of the noblest of harmless animals—a horse. The bull gored the horse, tearing open the abdomen, and the intestins fell out upon the ground, and the noble steed, with his ears laid back, and in terrible agony, ran about treading upon his own intestins, while the barbarous dignitaries of the government sat clapping their hands and applauding the shocking spectacle. Is not that barbarian? Be it remembered that the officers of our government at Washington are fully aware of these European barbarities being enacted in America, and not even a protest!

This, too, is a country that has been poisoned with human slavery. The last fang of the venomous reptil is now receding from the body politic. Next year the very few persons that are still in a kind of remunerated slavery here will be free. That is to say, as free as one can expect to be under a military despotism. In 1868, when the Cubans rebelled against Spanish despotism, they proclaimed freedom to all the slaves. How different was the case with the rebels at the South in the United States in 1861! What a great difference between those two Declarations of Independence! One for the abolition of slavery, the other for its perpetuity. Truly "there is just as much difference in some folks as there is in anybody." I could tell you much of interest about this country, but am aware that your limited space in the Corner will not permit. I would like the full and plainly-written address, in an envelope bearing a 5 cent stamp and inclosing a 5 cent stamp, for return postage, of all persons who would like to hear and receive relics from me from various points on our tour around the world. Till the 15th of next March my address will be Ejido No. 2, Havana, Cuba.

Hoping this may interest our friends who may like to hear from boys, and that it may find you in health, comfort, and prosperity, I am, For Miss Wixon and the Corner,

GEO. SAM. NEWTON.

[We shall all be delighted with the sketches of travel that our young Cuban friend proposes to giv us on his five years' trip around the world, and we thank him for his kindness and courtesy toward the Corner. We wish him and his papa a pleasant and instructiv journey and safe return home. The story of the bull-fight is awful to think of. We trust our readers will always be merciful and humane to our dumb friends, the animals, who cannot speak and defend themselvs against the brutality of man.—ED. C. C.]

HARRISBURG, PA., Jan. 27, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My husband and I both feel as if we had known you personally, although we hav never seen you. We hav your picture in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL of 1885, and my son who is only five and a half years calls it "his lady," and when we read the Children's Corner of that estimable paper, we fell that we can almost hear your voice. Imagination, you will say, but what would we be if it were not for imagination? It makes beautiful the most prosaic, and clothes in living beauty the most inanimate. Of course were it not for this great gift of ours, church and priest could not hold sway. But they work in the imagination of the ignorant; no matter how well educated the people who "believe" may be, their imagination is held in check and allowed to run in one channel only, that of religion. We hav cause every day to be thankful for being Liberals and Infidels. I am afraid I am tiring you with a subject you hear over and over again, but believe me that every one heard from is one more added to the list of those seeking the truth, I take the liberty of sending an original poem, and hope you will find it worthy of acceptance. Yours in the cause of justice, truth, and right,

MRS. FLORA W. THOMAS.

WHEATLAND, OR., Jan. 23, 1886.

DEAR MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: I am one of the readers of the Children's Corner, and seeing no letter from Oregon, I thought I would write you a few lines. As it has not been long since old Santa Claus was around, I will tell you what he brought me: Majolica sugar-bowl, pair of mittens, collar, two handkerchiefs, a dollar, and fascinator. I believe that is all. I hope he has visited all the homes of all other children. We liv near the bank of the Willamette river—the boats come past nearly every day. The river gets so low in summer that the boats cannot come up. There is a large amount of wheat shipped from here in the autumn, although it is not a very large place. As I cannot think of any more interesting news to write I will close, wishing you good success with the Corner. Yours truly,

MAUDIE WILLIAMSON.

NEW ROSS, IND., Jan. 23, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav seen so many little girls writing to you I thought I would try. I will do my best. I am ten years old. I hav a little brother seven years old. I go to school every day, only when I am sick. It is very cold now. I did not go to school today, for I hav been sick. My teacher's name is Eva Jackson. She is a good teacher, and she is as strict as she can be. My little brother's teacher's name is Fanny White. She is good. I went to her for part of the winter, but I got too far along with my lessons, and I had to go in the other room. I study arithmetic, reading, spelling, geography, and grammar. I had a little pet kitten but it ran off. Papa got me the "Story Hour" for a Christmas gift, and he kept it over to his brother's till Christmas. My uncle put a pair of vases on the tree for me, and mamma put a scrap-book on. I hav it nearly full of pictures. I hav Aunt Elmina's picture, and I pasted it in my scrap-book. Well, I guess I must close for this time.

Yours truly, NELLIE BRUSH.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav four Holstein calves. I hav them all named, and help take care of them when it is fit for me to go out. I hav good times riding down hill with sister Lillie. I do not go to school, but study at home, and am nearly through the second reader. I am eight years old.

Yours truly, ROBBIE C. BROWNING.

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Robert the Devil on Jonah and the Whale.

I'm the "devil" in the printing-shop of *Gabriel's Horn*, a paper devoted to Christianity and hell-fire and brimstone, without which Christianity would go down to five cents on a dollar—silver dollars at that—with no takers, and soon be run out of the market.

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I was in his sanctum the other day for copy, when he asked me what I thought of the Jonas and whale story—or is it Jonah?—where the whale swallows Jonah and spews him out on dry land three days later, being sick at his stomach, which fish story is told in the Holy Munchausen.

I told him it was a yarn, and I didn't go a cent on it. Then he wanted to know what a yarn was, and I told him it was a fake that nobody took stock in, and then had to explain what fake was, and taking stock—the duffer don't know anything outside the Holy Munchausen, but knows that from Generals to Erysipelas, including Mary Magdalen.

Then he said he wanted me to write out my convictions about the fish story, and he would print it, if it wasn't too bad, as coming from an unregenerate boy. And I wrote it up, but he wouldn't hav it, saying it was too irreverent for *Gabe's Horn*, so I send it to you. Here it is, and I call it

THE GREAT FISH STORY.

Concerning Jonah swallowing the whale—I mean the whale swallowing Jonah, or Jonas—what I want to know is, how it could come to pass, if the whale's interior department wasn't fitted up on the parlor-car plan, or, anyhow, like a fair to middling hotel, Jonah could stay there three days and three nights, if he was in his sober senses? Would any man nowadays do it that ever travels? I bet you not. If the whale was so arranged, it must hav been for Jonah's special benefit, because there's no account of any other traveler ever stopping at that sea-side hotel. But it doesn't appear that Jonas, or Jonah, was any great shakes at all—a big office-holder or anything of that kind—and it isn't likely that the whale was fitted up especially for him. Small-fry men ain't treated that way nowadays, anyway, but the ones that hold fat offices, no matter if they get 'em by a fluke, as some do.

Well, if the whale wasn't fitted up for boarders, he must hav been like any other whale of the period, mustn't he? And how in thunder could Jonas liv three days and three nights in a tank of lamp-oil, I'd like to know? Captain Boyton wouldn't want to paddle around in lamp-oil for three days and nights; he couldn't stand the smell, I'll bet. It's awful stuff to smell, and worse to taste, I guess; and no one could swim round in it three days without swallowing lots of it; and if he didn't hav a stomach like a brass rhinoceros, wouldn't he be sick, though? Besides, whales hav a sort of *shever de friz* of whalebone raveled into threads, and a whole forest of 'em, in front of their throats, and a feller could go through the Niagara whirlpool easier than he could go through that mass of whalebone strings. Why, he'd get all tangled up in them and strangled to death long before he got into the whale's vestibule, not to mention the reception-room and front parlor.

But Jonah was there. I've seen a sketch of him by our artist on the spot, just as he was entering the front door of the Hotel de Whale on being evicted by the yachting party. So the whale must hav been arranged interiorly for the accommodation of guests, although there's no record of any other ever having been so arranged, or of any other transient guest being taken in by the whale that opened its doors to Jonah. And wasn't it mighty lucky that this particular whale—one among millions—should happen to be in that particular spot, at the particular moment when Jonah was launched on a voyage of submarine discovery, from which he was never expected ever to return, wasn't it mighty lucky for Jonah? Just think how vast the sea is, and how small in comparison a whale! Why, a drop in a bucket is a big thing compared to a whale in the sea. To approximate in bulk, it should be a drop in a lager beer vat, or the whale should be put in a four-acre fish-pond. So, for a particular whale of forty millions, more or less, and especially arranged for the reception of guests, to be on hand to receive Jonah just as he had walked the plank, was one of the luckiest things on record, it seems to me. Suppose the whale had been waylaid by a swordfish and thrasher, and been brutally assaulted and battered. In that case he wouldn't hav arrived on time, and what then would hav been the fate of Jonah? Ask of the sharks that swim around, devouring what they may. It's better to be born lucky than rich, they say, and Jonah was lucky as they make 'em. That's all I know about Jonah, and I don't believe it.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

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The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1886 is a gem. It contains a chronological reference of great value to every Freethinker. The contributed and compiled articles are of great interest. There are numerous illustrations and portraits. The ANNUAL should hav a large circulation. It is a useful contribution, and can not be too highly commended.—*Light for Thinkers.*

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A curious book, entitled, "Rational Communism: The Present and the Future Republic of North America," has just been published in New York. The author, though he calls himself "A Capitalist," advocates revolutionary ideas with regard to capital and most other things. He givs a long account of "a vision" which pictured a transformed America—a veritable "new heaven and new earth." The writer, however, is by no means a mere visionary. He has a keen eye for practical evils and for practical ways of remedying them, and givs many valuable suggestions for making the crooked things straight. We do not quite believe in his vision, but no harm can come of looking for a time when dirt, and squalor, and poverty, and degradation, and disease shall be no more.—*London Truth Seeker.*

The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC has come to hand, and really it is a magnificent thing. It is a feast to the eyes, and brings up thoughts magnificent to look upon the faces of thirty names familiar to men of thought, and science, and philosophy: Darwin, Max Müller, Huxley, Voltaire, Rousseau, Humboldt, Annie Besant, Mary Wollstonecraft, George Eliot, John Stuart Mill, Haeckel, Auguste Comte, Gibbon, Spencer, Bradlaugh, Tyndall, Froude, Byron, Shelley, Hume, Goethe, Burns, Carlile, and others. The price of the book is only 25 cents, when it is worth all that for every portrait, and the reading and statistics and the information render this work invaluable. By the time one has gone through this book he will feel that he has gained in intellectual status very preceptibly.—*Nonconformist.*

The pages of the New York TRUTH SEEKER are now illustrated. This new feature of emphasizing Freethought may prove valuable, but it will require very careful management. There is great danger, though, that the ridiculous be allowed to usurp the place of the sensible in getting up cartoons. Some of the presentations, so far, are very good, and may accomplish good, especially those of "Liberty in Peril," "The Iron Virgin," and "The Spider and the Fly." "Uncle Sam in Distress" is very striking, but not in good taste. The same may be said of nearly all the small pictures. Ridicule and contempt may serve to gratify the minds of the extremely prejudiced, but rarely accomplish anything in an argument.

THE TRUTH SEEKER has now a position of great influence and respectability, and we think ridiculous caricature is rather beneath its high sphere of action. If we would convince Christian people we must reason with them and not scandalize what they deem sacred and dear. This caution is founded on our high appreciation of our contemporary, and our great desire to enhance the cause of Freethought, aud we hope it will not be construed into a hostil criticism.—*Independent Pulpit.*

SOCIAL WEALTH: The Sole Factors and Exact Ratios in its Acquirement and Apportionment. By J. K. Ingalls. New York: The Truth Seeker Company. Price $1.

This is truly a period of great industry, and while all departments go on with a rush, that of book-making is not neglected. Just now the Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York, is turning out some of the best publications we know of. We hav one of them before us now, entitled "Social Wealth," by J. K. Ingalls. We hav perused it with great care, and can say conscientiously that it is a work of great merit, and deals with the questions it incorporates in an able, thorough, and logical manner. There are doubtless numerous social wrongs to be righted, great injuries to be corrected; but when with reasoning minds we read the lessons of history, we discover that science, or exact and systematized knowledge, has been the means of progress in every field and in every age, and are assured that through intelligent industry nature has provided for the satisfaction of all rational human wants. Industrial freedom, and that only, can change the condition of the toiling poor, or giv to justly acquired competence its required security and conservation. This book thoroughly and methodically points out the means of reform in this behalf. Reasoning as a mathematician from cause to effect, it demonstrates the wrongs that prevail, working discriminately in behalf of the spirit of strong government, which, in effect if not in name, builds up and invests with power incompatible with republican government a class of nobility little less detrimental to the poor than exists across the waters. And while Mr. Ingalls points out the cause of these modern wrongs, he offers remedies for their correction that show him to be a man well informed on the subject, as well as in sympathy with these rights jeoparded by existing wrongs.

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"One Way" is a pamphlet poem by Mrs. A. Hurd, who sends one here with her compliments. It is published at Waterloo, Iowa. The sentiment and style may be gathered from the concluding lines:

"Paul thought that he would rather die
And dwell with Christ. But I
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And occupied in any place
Where charity's the crowning grace.
So I confess I'd rather stay
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Brookfield, Mo.	Mon., Tu.,	" 8, 9.
Mechanicsburg, Ill.	Wed., Thur., Fri.,	" 10, 11, 12.
Geneseo, Ill.	Sat., Sun.,	" 13, 14.
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Paw Paw, Ill.	Tu.,	" 16.
Battle Creek, Mich.	Thur.,	" 18.
Wayland, "	Fri.,	" 19.
Hastings, "	Sat., Sun.,	" 20, 21.
Holland, N. Y.	Mon., Tu.,	" 22, 23.
Java Village, N.Y.	Wed., Thur., Fri.,	" 24, 25, 26.
Troy, "	Sun.,	" 28.
Warrensburg, "	Mon., Tu., Wed.,	Mar. 1, 2, 3.
Cohoes, "	Thur.,	" 4.
Saco, Me.	Sat.,	" 6.
Portland, Me.	Sun. (10:30 A.M.),	" 7.
Boston, Mass.	Sun. (7:30 P.M.),	" 7.
Providence, R. I.	Mon.,	" 8.
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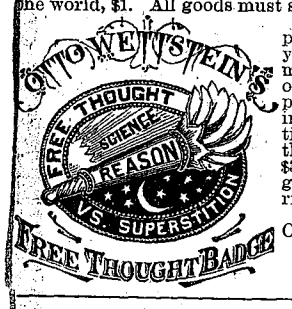
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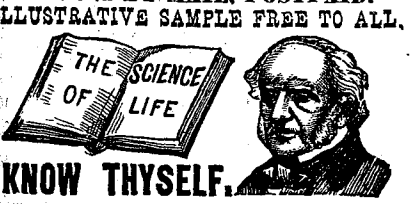


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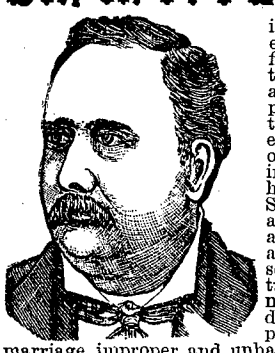
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TRAVELS IN FAITH

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News of the Week.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN, of Baltimore, has been appointed cardinal for this country. This givs Mr. Corrigan the right to wear a red hat.

THE Rev. Daniel O'Conell, pastor of St. John's church, of Oswego. N. Y., who has been on trial before an ecclestiasical court on various charges, has been suspended from duty.

TRAMPS are so numerous in Florida that the county commissioners hav decided to anchor freight boats in the St. John's river, and send the tramps aboard them for ninety days each.

THE demonstration at Seattle, W. T., against the Chinese, who were quietly gathered in and shipped to San Francisco, resulted in the calling out of the militia, and several citizens were shot.

THE Poles in Chicago hav called a mass-meeting to protest against the outrage on humanity contained in Bismarck's expulsion of Poles from that portion of their nativ land within German boundary lines.

THE recent London riots hav called attention to the destitute condition of the unemployed poor of that city, and practical steps may be taken for their relief. A committee of workingmen called on Gladstone last week.

HARRY HILL, the keeper of a famous sporting resort, and who was once called the wickedest man in New York, appeared before Superintendent Murray one day last week, and made affidavit chargiug the police with blackmailing him.

THE Brooklyn police counsel hav decided that the authorities were not justified in preventing a Sunday evening "sacred" concert for the benefit of the Parnell fund. "The observance of the Christian Sabbath," they say, "is not a part of our law."

THE heavy rains last week did great damage in Boston. Large areas of the city were submerged and more than a thousand persons were driven from their homes by the flood. Much loss was caused at Troy, N. Y., and other places, by overflows.

THE committee of ministers that has been investigating the charges against the Rev. J. C. Pershing, president of the Pittsburgh, Pa., Female College, hav found him guilty of dishonesty, lying, and immoral conduct. Dr. Pershing is suspended from clerical functions.

THE trial of Parson White, of White Plains, N. Y., goes merrily on. Mr. White is charged with assault upon Miss Elfrida Robinson, an employee in his household. His criminality is apparent; whether or not it was effected by assault is the question to be settled by the court.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, ex-governor of New York, died on the 12th instant, aged seventy-five years. He was twice governor of New York (1862–64), and was candidate for president in 1868, being defeated by Grant. He was a man of marked rectitude in public and private life.

MRS. ELIZABETH TILTON has just removed from Brooklyn to Chicago, where she expects to remain permanently. Theodore Tilton, her husband, is in Paris, living frugally upou his earnings as a lecturer in the United States. It is said that Mr. Tilton has declared his intention never to return to this country.

GEORGE Q. CANNON was arrested at Winnemucca, Nevada, last week. The prisoner has been in hiding for nearly a year. There is great rejoicing among legal men there because of Cannon's arrest, as he is regarded as the chief mind in the Mormon church, whose authoritativ voice, from his retreat, gave orders to the faithful to stand firm and support polygamy.

MAJOR-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, commanding the Military Division of the Atlantic, Department of the East, died Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 9th, at his home on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, from diabetes aggravated by carbuncle. He had been ill only a week. General Hancock was nearly sixty-two years of age, having been born on St. Valentine's day, 1824. He was an officer in the late war, aud candidate for president of the United States in 1880. Lieut.-Gen. Phil Sheridan is his successor as commander of the Division of the Atlantic. The dead commander's funeral in New York on the 14th was unaccompanied by any great military or civic display. The body was taken to Norristown, Pa., for burial.

Odds and Ends.

TEACHER of Bible class: "In what book of the Bible is the expression found, 'All flesh is grass?'" Student: "Timothy."

"WE hav entirely overcome the objection we had once to prohibition," says an Iowa exchange. Another editor learned to drink out of a jug.

A LADY of charitable disposition asked a tramp if she could not assist him by mending his clothes? "Yes, madam," he said, "I hav a button, and if you will sew a shirt on it I will be greatly obliged."

THERE is a man in Philadelphia so mean that when he is asked to join in singing "Old Hundred," he churns off "Ninety and Nine" instead. He says he has got to make one per cent, anyway, these hard times.

THERE is nothing more admirable in a public man than the courage of his religious convictions and practices. It was ex-Alderman Walsh who remarked once in the presence of his fellow members of the city government: "Every night I get down on my knees and say my little prayer, and I don't care a damn who sees me."

A LITTLE girl, a regular attendant at one of the Presbyterian Sunday-schools of St. Paul, went out with her mother to spend the day. A young lady, a visitor likewise, asked her what church she attended. "I don't know exactly," the little girl replied. "I'm not a Methodist and I'm not a Baptist. I guess I must be an advertisment."

"YES," sighed a recent widow, "we are very unfortunate. Poor John was out of work for a long time, and when he obtained a good job he died." "What job did he get?" she was asked. "He joined a circus, and got twenty dollars a week for putting his head in the lion's mouth twice a day. That's all he had to do. It seems hard he should hav died." "What did he die of?" "The lion bit his head off."

A SOUTH YONKERS Sunday-school teacher was trying to explain to her class what the conscience was, but had some difficulty in making the scholars understand. "What is that small voice that comes to you after you hav retired at night?" she said at length. "Oh, please, ma'm, I know," quickly said one of the bright little girls. "Well, what is it, Dolly?" said the teacher, proud that her explanation had been so quickly comprehended. "Cats, ma'm."

SAM JONES was preaching the other night after his most effectiv style and suddenly, to enforce a point, broke out with this expression as illustrativ of the confidence with which children look upon their parents: "You go home," said he, "and wake up your young son at midnight, and ask him: 'Who is the wisest man in all the world?' and he will say, 'You are.'" One earnestly inclined parent left the house of the Lord that night determined to hav that important point settled by the youthful scion of his family and name before another sun should hav set. He roused his hopeful and remarked in assumed indifference: "Theo, who is the wisest man in the world?" Quicker than lightning came the crushing answer, "I am." And now there is a doubting Thomas hovering about the edge of Sam's spiritual pasture.

A METHODIST preacher tells it upon himself that while on his travels recently he stopped awhile before sundown at a house to spend the night, and after entering the house the dog came in, approached him good-naturedly, and then, as if he had ascertained who the visitor was, immediately went out and got after the chickens in the yard.

"BROTHER IKE," said a gentleman of color to another darkey yesterday, "yer orter been to de pra'r meeting las' night. We prayed fur yer." "Am dat a fac'?" "Hit am." "Den I'se got faith in pra'r. Dat pra'r was answered." "Sure nuff?' "Fo' God hit wus." "Tell me 'bout hit, Brudder Ike." "Wall, 'Zekiel, I'ze got de fattes' turkey at my house yer eber seed. An' he wuz roostin' low las' night—bery low."

BOSTON.

Boston is a famous city,
  Which her people proudly dub
As the mighty modern Athens
  And the universe's Hub.

Boston is a pious city,
  And the good folks there maintain
That a man who's born in Boston
  Needs not be born again.

Boston is a virtuous city,
  Though, like many other towns,
In her morals, as in business,
  She, too, has her ups and Downs.

A WELL-KNOWN family uptown hav an eight-year-old urchin upon whom a revival at one of the churches has made a deep impression. He astounded his good mother the other night by saying: "Mamma, I am going to church to-night to be converted." "Converted, Jimmie? Why, you do not understand what it means." "Yes I do, and I am going to join the church and be a Christian hereafter." "If you do that you must giv up dancing and going to the museum." "What is that? Must I quit going to the museum?" "Oh, yes." "Then," after a minute or two of earnest reflection, "I guess I'll go down and see the four-legged woman just once more before I am converted."

IT was in the pauses of the lottery drawing. Stocks were down and he had been losing at poker. He began looking around to see what he could gamble on, and after dinner, when his wife had left the table and retired, one of his friends by a casual remark threw an entirely new idea into his head. "I'll bet it's a girl," said he. That started it, and before the evening was over the young husband had made a book on the baby. The time approached, and one evening late there was an unusual commotion. The telephone bell kept going for an hour or two very lively; a professional-looking gentleman and a professional-looking old woman were among those who responded to the messages. The last call brought a messenger boy. "Take that down to the —— Club," said the father. The note was opened there. It read very simply: "All bets off. Twins." He says that babies are as uncertain things to gamble on as cards.

Gems of Thought.

THE history of our poor race is sad enough without increasing, even by a hundred, the murders committed in the name of religion.—*D. M. Bennett.*

To the Secularist there is no heaven or hell. He agrees with the great Persian poet, Omar Khayjam, who, many centuries ago, wrote these magnificent lines:

I sent my soul through the invisible,
  Some letter of the after-time to spell;
And, by and by, my soul returned to me,
  And answered, "I myself am heaven and hell."

"I myself am heaven and hell." A truer word was never spoken. Heaven is wisdom, virtue, happiness; hell is ignorance, vice, and misery. Let us all fight againt the powers of hell in this world, where alone they exist, and strive to realize here the only true kingdom of heaven [for us?] that ever was or ever will be.—*G. W. Foote* (*N. S. S. Almanac*, 1881).

THE Rev. Lyman Abbott, associate editor of the *Christian Union*, believes that children may be "born into godliness," that "there is just as much scriptural authority for a doctrin of original piety as for a doctrin of original sin;" and he further says that there are "the convictions of a lifetime, wrought out by the experience of two generations." So does heresy grow.—*Anon.*

"Go on, and work with all your will—uproot error." (From the record of a recent visit to the old Seer of Chelsea by a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*).—*Carlyle.*

Nor to know at large of things remote
From use, obscene, and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more is fame,
Or emptiness, a fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpracticed, unprepared, and still to seek.
—*Milton.*

How can a "spirit" conceive a material body? If the whole affair be miraculous, why try to compromise matters with nature by making a kind of pseudo-father? Surely it would be simpler to leave it a complete miracle, and let the virgin remain the solitary parent. Except for making the story match better with the elder Greek mythology, there is no need to introduce a god-parent in the affair. A child without a father is no more remarkable than a mother who remains a virgin. This attempt at reasonableness only makes the whole more outrageously unnatural, and provokes criticism which would be better avoided.—*Mrs. Annie Besant.*

THE astonishment which the peasant feels when he sees the rites of a religion different from his own, is not less great than if he saw some flagrant breach of the moral duties, or some daring act of impiety to God; nor is it easy for him to conceive that there can be anything worthy in a mind which treats with indifference, what awakens in his own breast all the best and sublime emotions. "Is it possible," says the old and expiring Brahman, in one of Marmontal's tales, to the young English officer who had saved the life of his daughter, "Is it possible that he to whose compassion I owe the preservation of my child, and who now soothes my last moments with the consolatiods of piety, should not believe in the God *Vishnu* and his nine metamorphoses?"—*Dugald Stewart.*

PROGRESS in seience and art is not indeed the highest of which man is capable, and it may be coupled with growing immorality, but, for all that, it is a great gift, and he that works earnestly for its sake does something toward increasing human happiness, and in so far is doing the will of God. Culture, indeed, is not devoutness, but still less is the absence of culture. Science and art alone do not make a man all that he ought to be, but ignorance and insensibility to what is beautiful are surely no quickeners of piety, and are great blemishes on the character of any man and are often ruinous in their effects.—*Bible for Learners.*

"I HEARD Mr. Swift [afterward Dean Swift] sneering at my lord duke of Marlborough's courage the other day. He! that Teague from Dublin! because his grace is not in favor, dares to say this of him; and he says this that it may get to her majesty's ear, and to coax and wheedle Mrs. Marsham. They say the Elector of Hanover has a dozen mistresses in his court at Herrenhausen, and if he came to be king over us, I wager that the bishops and Mr, Swift, that wants to be one, will coax and wheedle them. Oh, those priests and their grave airs! I'm sick of their square toes and their rustling cassocks. I should like to go to a country where there was not one or to turn Quaker and get rid of 'em; and I would only the dress is not becoming." So rattles Mistress Beatrix, and not without reason, in *Thackeray's Esmond.*

Now a' the congregation o'er
  Is silent expectation;
For Moodie speels the holy dour
  W' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
  'Mong sons of God present him,
The very sight o' Moodie's face
  To his ain hot hame had sent him
    Wi' fright that day. —*Burns.*

THE Jews in their early and remarkable passage from fetichism and polytheism to monotheism—if we may trust the tale—resolve to exterminate all the Canaanites, millions of men, unoffending and peaceful, because the two nations worshiped different Gods, and Jehovah, the peculiar deity of the Jews, a jealous God, demanded the destruction of the other nation who did not worship him. Men, women, and children must be slain.—*Theodore Parker.*

GOD hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth.—*Acts xvii*, 26.

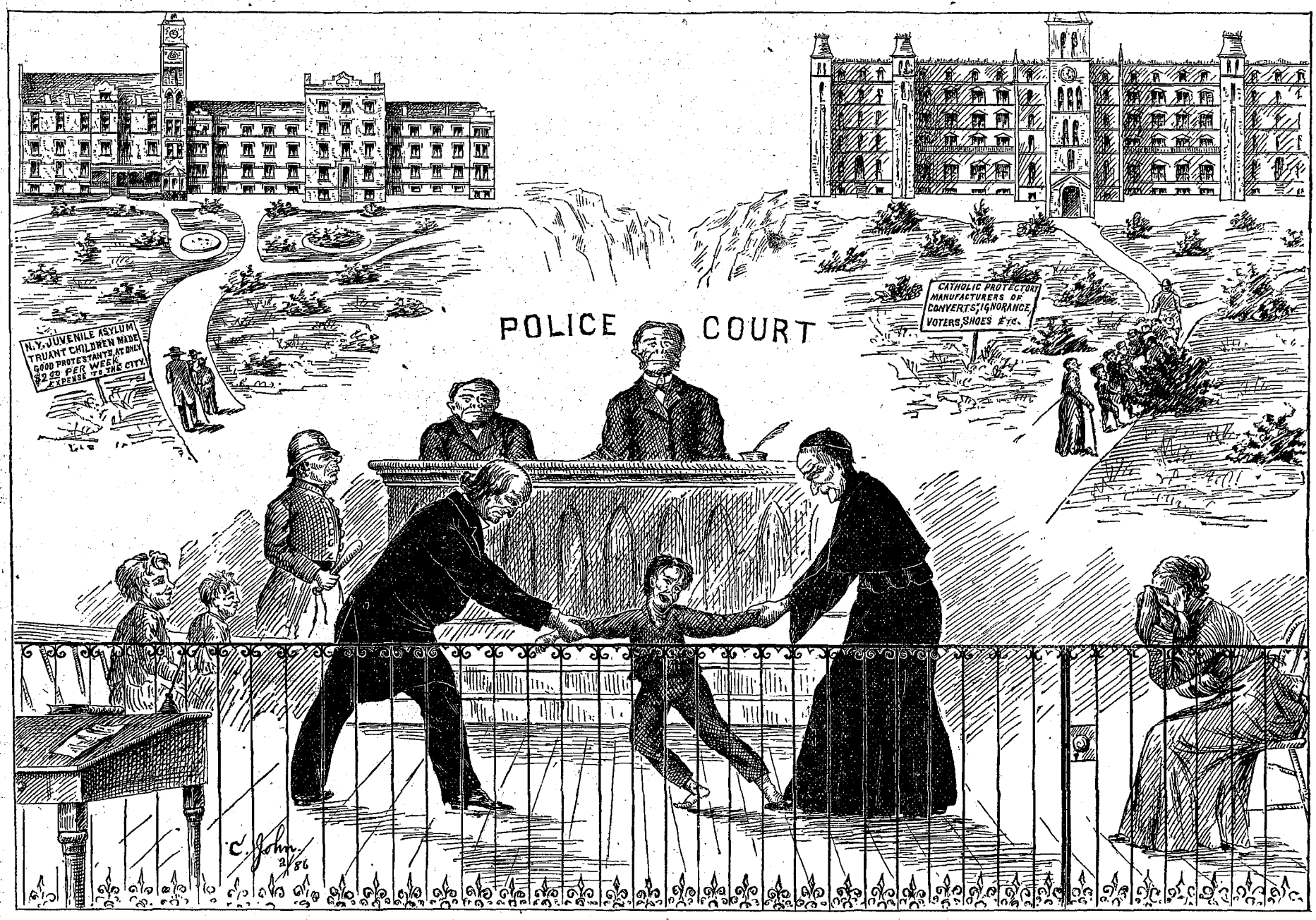
THE reformer's chief duty always is to destroy falsehood, to drag down the temples of imposture where idols take the place of the almighty.—*Froude.*

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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STRUGGLING FOR THE SPOILS.

Notes and Clippings.

FATHER MCCARTHY, of Providence, R. I., was arrested at Pittsburgh last week for drunkenness.

A TEACHER in a St. Alban's, Vt., school asked the class which was the longest day of the year, and promptly got the answer, "Sunday."

WHEN Caxton introduced the art of printing into England, the bishop of London said to a convocation of his clergy, "If we do not destroy this dangerous invention it will some day destroy us." The bishop was a better prophet than Isaiah.

THE Chinese embassador to the United States contemplates asking the government for damages for the way his countrymen were hustled around at Seattle, Wash. Ter., not long ago. China has often paid indemnities to the United States in similar cases.

WHEN fanning mills for cleaning grain were first introduced into this country, pious people objected to their use, and said, "It is a grievous sin against the Lord to presume to raise the wind by human device, and contrary to the scripture which says, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.'"

THE jury in the case of Pastor White, charged with assault upon Miss Elfrida Robinson, failed to agree on a verdict. The Rev. Mr. Goss, at whose house Miss Robinson lived after leaving Pastor White, says that the Rev. Mr. White is a perjured liar, and Mr. White hints that Mr. Goss got the girl into trouble himself and now wants to lay the blame on a brother-clergyman. If Virtue had no other friends than the clergy, she would be a weeping exile in this community.

NEAR Walla Walla, W. T., is said to be a colony of religious enthusiasts who call their organization the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. They practice polygamy, believe in the transmigration of souls, and claim that David, Solomon, Moses, John the Baptist, and St. Peter hav been born again, and are now in the colony, and that they will soon commence a career of conquest, and subdue the world. They hold property in common. There are very few Americans among them.

THE New York Sabbath Committee, 31 Bible House, has offered five prizes—three of $100 and two of $50—for the best essays by workingmen on the Sunday question. This action of the committee—to use a word that is hard to pronounce—is supererogatory. The best possible essay on the subject is already in print. It was written by John E. Remsburg, a very industrious worker, and is entitled "Sabbath-Breaking." The Sabbath Committee should spend 25 cents out of its $400 for this pamphlet, and use the rest to buy coal for the poor.

OF our public school system the *Freeman's Journal* says: "As to the expensiv, and, as more and more seen, fruitless system of public schools—the only trouble is how to get rid of it. It is an *organized system for public plunder*. People of public influence hav their uncles and aunts, and cousins, and nephews, and nieces, snugly provided for in a routine humdrum of foolish performances, not fitting children for their future life—but *paying the teachers*. As repeatedly acknowledged by its most zealous supporters, it depends for its existence on a *public sentiment in favor of schooling*. This public sentiment, left to voluntary effort and competition—at less than half the cost of the public school encroachment and incubus—would not only result in better technical instruction, but would help to restore to fathers and mothers their God-intended dignity as heads of families." That is undoubtedly the Roman Catholic idea, but how will Americans like it?

THE Rev. J. O. Foster, according to the statistics he presented at a recent Methodist minister's meeting in Chicago, figured that it had cost $431 for each soul converted within the bounds of the Rock River conference (northern Illinois) during 1885. The Rev. F. M. Bristol, the pastor of one of the richest south side churches, was able to show a costlier record than that. He said that six prominent south side churches, with a membership of 3,000, had expended $100,000 last year, and had make only 100 converts. Each convert had therefore cost $1,000,

THE Rev. J. L. Scudder, of the First Congregational church of St. Paul, has made himself very solid with the poeple of that city by preaching a sermon on a late Sunday in favor of tobogganing. His text was: "Make a joyful noise. Serve the Lord with gladness." In the course of the sermon he said: "Tobogganing is a cheap and democratic diversion, and any one who can summon up the courage can take a whiz himself. It stirs his blood up mightily and makes every hair stand on end. By the time he has reached the end of the slide and drawn his toboggan back again, he is in a warm and physically hilarious condition. He feels his youth coming back to him again, and is suddenly seized with a desire to make some kind of a frightful noise. Thank God! I say, for tobogganing, that drives dull care away. God smiles upon such scenes as these, and if we are truly his children we can serve him as well by sitting on a toboggan as by kneeling upon a hassock. Then let us go on and enjoy it, both in the name of health and the name of the Lord."

SINCE the first week of January a powerful revival of religion has been going on in the towns of Haddam, Deep River, and Essex, accompanied by exhibitions of great fervor and excitement. Meetings hav been held nightly. H. E. Johnson, a wood-turner in one of the factories, was one of the first to experience religion. A few evenings after he announced his conversion. He was somewhat illiterate, but his earnestness and zeal made a deep impression. He began to act strangely. His behavior gave his friends grave anxiety, for he gave up his position in the factory. The Lord, he said, had appeared to him in a vision and had told him to labor for the salvation of sinners. He then began to walk up and down the streets from morning till night, with his Bible in his hand, stopping everyone, asking after his spiritual condition, and exhorting him to flee from the wrath to come. He gradually became violent, and was then confined to the house, where, away from the excitement, he gradually recovered his reason, and is now at work again. George Wagner, a farmer in Essex, became insane through excitement occasioned by this religious awakening; and, saying he was "going to heaven across lots," hanged himself. His almost lifeless body was cut down and resuscitated, and he is now under surveillance.

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—VI.

FRIEND D. C.: Years ago there was a certain establishment in Rome, called the "Agency of the Catholic Apostolate." It was the channel through which the Chancery transacted business with the clergy of foreign countries. Let me giv you a copy of it, as directed to the clergy of England:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I hav the honor to transmit to you the table of the principal petitions which the agency undertakes to obtain at Rome. Your zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls inspires me with the confident assurance that you will select such articles as are best fitted for obtaining that end.

Then follows a long list of crimes, each with a pecuniary indemnity attached. Your writers at first said that no such document existed. In answer, dozens were exhibited. They then claimed them to be forgeries. It was proven they had been forwarded from Rome. Pushed to the extreme, they claimed they were the work of some rascal, and the holy father knew nothing of the transaction. Let us examin this by the light of probability. Here was Rome, a papal city, the headquarters of your spiritual leader. So purely Catholic was it that at times an unbeliever was not secure there without a safe pass, and not always then. None but Catholics had any rights, and an outsider could not even bury his child in its consecrated earth (see Young's "Night Thoughts"). The clerics, in and out of orders, outnumbered the laity, the police under pay of the chancery; a small army within the city, and even as late as 1845 the pope was in such supreme control over the actions of his subjects that he ordered all the physicians throughout the papal states to cease attending any sick person who, after a third visit, could not giv positiv evidence of having been to confession. And yet, under these circumstances, you desire a reasonable man to believe that an institution of this kind and magnitude could flourish without the knowledge of the authorities. It must hav required a clerical force of a dozen, as the circulars were issued by the thousand, and sent to every pastor in Christendom. I do not wish to attempt to fasten any crime on your church which cannot be abundantly proven, and unless you can produce more than a simple denial, the weight of evidence will be against you.

Your martyrs, whose blood is the seed of the church, were, in the main, turbulent politicians. Stephen met his death by stoning, a popular method with the rabble of those days, just as our boys treat a rabid dog or a stray cat. He had simply made himself obnoxious, and suffered for it. Look at the account of Procopius, styled the first martyr of Palestine. When asked to make libations to the *four* emperors, which was a political test and had no religious significance whatever, what was his answer? Did he giv any high Christian authority for his refusal? Did he confess "Christ and him crucified?" No; he simply answered in the words of Ulysses in the Iliad: "A plurality of sovereigns is not good; let there be but one prince and one sovereign lord." For this political act he suffered death; in after years, in order to insure antiquity, he was read into the list of martyrs, and volumes hav been written attesting to the miracles performed by his relics.

Take the entire list of the early martyrs, divest the accounts of everything supernatural, and examin them, not with the eye of faith, but as a cool-headed, clever lawyer, and you will find all your heroes dwindling down to turbulent politicians, and their so-called heroism more than duplicated by the Russian Nihilist of our day.

View them, if you please, with the eye of faith; admit that your records are true; then they certainly *were* heroic. They suffered for their faith in him who died for them; did it unflinchingly, and gloried in their pangs; while he—though he had come here unsolicited, on a special errand of his own creation; had the advantage of a divine nature; was supported by hosts of angels; and, above all, with the consciousness that if he did his duty well, he would save the entire world, with its countless unborn generations, close up the hell "paved with infants' bones, not a span long," and bring back to man that innocence and purity which he had lost through no fault of his own—*he*, when the supreme moment arrived, whined like a sick child. Your sacred records tell us this, and though your theologians try to gloss it over, the fact remains. In this view, why do you sneer at the Infidel for considering the human equal to the divine when it has proven itself superior? My friend, glorify your martyrs less, for their every claim is established at the expense of your God.

In the matter of saints your church is very prolific. Take the history of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins. There is a special devotion attached to these ladies, and I select them on that account.

About A.D. 1165 there was a nun called Elizabeth, in a convent at Schönau, who claimed to hav visions. Every time a church wanted relics a grave was opened, she was applied to, and gave the name, history, etc., of the occupant. In a field near Cologne there were thousands of graves, and Elizabeth declared they belonged to Ursula and her companions. She was said to hav been a daughter of a king of Britain, and prior to her marriage had started with her companions, in *ten* vessels, on a three years' cruise. Stress of weather drove them into Cologne, where the retreating Huns massacred them. The story went forth, was believed, and Cologne became a market for relics.

But on digging further, bones of men were found, and, as it would not do to hav men among these virgins, Elizabeth was appealed to, and declared that when Ursula had been in Rome the holy father, Pope Cyriacus, had been warned in a vision to follow her, which he did with a goodly number of cardinals, priests, etc., and that they had all been killed by the Huns, except a bishop called James; that immediately after the massacre a great number of angels came, routed the Huns, and Bishop James had each martyr buried in a separate grave, with a tombstone at the head bearing the name. To account for Cyriacus not appearing among the list of popes, Elizabeth stated: "The Roman clergy were so indignant at the abdication of Cyriacus that they struck his name out of the list of the popes." Then an inscription was discovered bearing this legend:

Ursula et undecimilla virgines.

Unfortunately, on digging further, a burying-place for children was found. This compromised the virgins and the pope, not to speak of the cardinals and clergy, and Elizabeth then declared that it was an invention of the devil to throw discredit on the story, entangle the holy father, and shame the church.

Now, let me ask you, do you believe this story? Go to Cologne, and they will show you piles of skulls and bones heaped in the wall and covered with glass and assure you they are the remains of these virgins. In Neuhausen the bones of the pope are exhibited in the church of St. Cyriac, and your "Lives of the Saints" attests to the truth of the story, even if the numerous miracles counted for nothing.

I will tell you why I do not believe it.

1st. There were no ten vessels of that day, nor one hundred either, capable of carrying eleven thousand people for a three years' cruise.

2d. There was never such a pope as Cyriacus, and your historians admit it.

3d. The sixteenth centenary of the massacre was celebrated in 1837, and as it was claimed it took place when the Huns were returning from their defeat at Chalons, history informs us that the Huns were defeated in 451.

4th. If the chronicles of the times be true, there were not that many virgins in the whole of Christendom.

5th. The very inscription, *Ursula et undecimilla virgines*, shows its true character and the ignorance of the fabricators of the story, who translated the diminutiv of *undecima* to mean eleven thousand.

But the Spaniards say that Ursula and her companions came from Baoza, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants. You may take your choice of either. Ask some of your priests how Sakya-Mouni, the founder of Buddhism, and his chief apostle came to be enrolled among your saints under the names of Barlaam and Josaphat, and November 27th dedicated to them. Possibly it may cause you to investigate why there is such a similarity in the priestly vestments of both religions.

Your church, my friend, is most too grasping in her demand for saints—among the newest candidates being Joan of Arc, Louis XVI., and Christopher Columbus. Their claims are now being investigated, and any day may place them in a position where you, as a good Catholic, must cross yourself at the bare mention of their names.

Your *Acta Sanctorum* will most certainly remain as a monument of the stupidity and credulity of your Italian masters—eighty-five huge volumes recording the doings of your saints, and the compilers hav only reached October. Let me giv you one taken at random. The history of Paul, the simple: A plain farmer, aged sixty, finding his wife unfaithful, seeks Anthony in the desert. But the saint refused him admission, and closed the door of his cell. Four days afterward, when he opened the door, Anthony found Paul still kneeling outside, fasting, and praying. So he was invited to enter, and set to work making baskets, but no food given him. This continued a week longer, and early one morning Anthony set the table, covered it with all the delicacies of the season in the shape of two small crusts of bread and a half cup of water, and Paul was invited to draw up to the festiv board. But grace had to be said, and Anthony beat the record by prolonging it till sundown, and then, on the plea that a heavy repast just before retiring would promote indigestion, postponed the feast till next day. So the pair retired and rose at midnight, when Anthony commenced the grace where he had left off, and after thanking Jesus Christ for ten hours more, gave Paul just two ounces of bread and a sip of water. Then they fell to praying again, and after two weeks and innumerable graces, managed to finish the crusts and drink the water. This is Peter's introduction to the reader. Of course he became a great miracle worker, and his strong hold lay in casting out devils. One day a young man possessed of a demon of high rank came to Anthony, but the demon was too much for that saint, and Paul was called. Then the war commenced. They had it hot and heavy, and although Paul worked in the name of Jesus as often as possible, still the demon would stick. Then Paul really got mad, and ascending a high rock in the blazing sun, assured Jesus that he would neither descend nor eat nor drink till the demon was exorcised. Then the devil spoke: "I go! I go! I yield to tyrannic force. I will return no more. The simplicity and lowliness of Paul hav compelled me to giv in;" and he went.

Now, my friend, you will find this story in the Lausiac History of Palladius, and it is copied in your *Acta Sanctorum*, published in Rome, and sealed with the seal of the Vatican. Does it not remind you of a fetich priest? He takes his little wooden idol, presents it with numerous gifts, and then asks some favor. No response; he adds more gifts, then more, till all are exhausted. Now he becomes angry, and taking some nails, drives them into the body and assures his god they will remain there till his request has been complied with. Of the two, I should prefer the fetich man, for he is punishing a piece of wood, while St. Peter the simple was punishing himself.

I hav frequently noticed your co-religionists bless themselvs as they saw a priest walking up and down, reading his breviary, for the poor, dear creatures thought he was really saying his prayers. But what does the breviary contain? Beyond a few scraps of scripture, it is taken up in relating the miracles of the saints. It must be very edifying for a bachelor priest to learn that, whilst a suckling infant, St. Anthony of Padua refrained from his breast milk every Friday and fast day; and, when he glances under date of October 21st, to find that St. Hilarion retired to the desert when fifteen years old, died at eighty, and for the sixty-five years wore a single garment of sack-cloth, which he never changed or washed. That St. Vincent Ferreri performed so many miracles his superior ordered him to desist, lest he might cheapen them. One day, while returning from mass, he saw a mason falling from a scaffold. Remembering his superior's injunction, he merely bade the man to remain where he was, suspended in mid-air, and hastened to the monastery—a mile away, to ask permission to perform a miracle. But before he could return, the whole city collected to see a man seated in mid-air with no support, and, procuring ladders, rescued him. That St. Francis de Paula always crossed the sea in his mantle and never got wet. That Gregory Thaumaturgus, whilst superintending the building of a church, found a mountain impeding the workmen, and, ordering it out of the way, it considerately moved two miles. The Irish peasant will assure you that St. Patrick once swam across the Liffey with his head between his teeth, and the French priest is gratified to find in his breviary that, after suffering martyrdom, St. Denis walked two miles with his head in his hands.

Ask any priest to show you his breviary, and see if I make a misstatement. The Italians hav a corner on these books. The bull of Pius V., "*Quod a Nobis*," ordains that it shall be used by all the clergy, and can be printed only at Rome, except by special permission. Dated A. D. 1568. Seventh of the Ides of July.

The breviary is one of the principal reasons why I am so strongly opposed to allowing your clergy the privilege of instructing even Catholic children. While perfectly willing to allow liberty of conscience, yet there are duties we owe the state which no good citizen will attempt to avoid. Among them is the advancement of educational facilities, and I claim that any set of men who are fed on such pabulum as is contained in the breviary must of necessity be superstitious, and will communicate more or less of it to those under their charge.

Before closing this letter, I desire to say a word about your relics. The Cathedral of Cologne exhibits the skulls of the three Magi who came to worship the child in the manger; the milk of the Virgin Mary is preserved in bottles in over 150 churches in the late papal states; the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, has on exhibition the prepuce of Jesus; the head of St. John the Baptist is to be found in three different churches—Florence, Capua, and Reggio. Now, all these are abundantly vouched for both as to genuinness and miracles performed, and hav received the sanction of numerous popes; and my question is: Do you as a sane man, a clever lawyer, one who sits in referee cases, and at one time an aspirant to a judgeship—do you believe what is told of these relics, or that they are what they are claimed to be? If you say you do not, then you are no longer a Catholic, for Pope Benedict XIV. says: "To conclude the discussion, we declare that whoever shall dare to assert that a pope has erred in this or that canonization, is, if not heretical, rash; disparages the saints, and countenances heretics who deny the authority of the church in the canonization

of saints; savors of heresy, as opening the way to Infidels for ridiculing the faithful; is a maintainer of an erroneous proposition, and deserving of the severest punishment. Yours truly, McArthur.

Miss Gardener to the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

Why would not the *Post-Dispatch* print it?

Thus I queried upon reading several false statements in the *Post-Dispatch* of Monday, and I wrote them this conviction, which they decline to print. Why?

Since I am only a visitor in your hospitable city I would not presume to expect space in your paper were it not for the fact that I am assured by one of your leading citizens that the *Post-Dispatch*, although not claiming to be a Sunday-school paper, has arrived at that state of generosity and fairness where it yearns to do justice to all, and wrong to none. Now when a paper or a person has arrived at a state so exalted as this, Sunday-school teachers can find no material to work upon in such an organization, and the "robe and harp" are already in full view. However, let us hope that the ones already labeled *Post-Dispatch* will long remain empty, for this world stands in much greater need of ideal newspapers than does the other world of inhabitants. Now if the *Post-Dispatch* really has reached the ethical exaltation where it is willing to print a reply to and correction of errors in one of its own editorials, it is truly the "one in ten thousand altogether lovely." I shall try it. The editorial to which I refer is in last night's (Monday) paper, and is headed "Cornell's New Professorship." To show you that I am fairly entitled to a hearing on what I claim to be the (no doubt unintentional) errors contained therein, I will here state that I am one of the vice-presidents of one of the three organizations which you criticise, and am personally well acquainted with the personnel and workings of both of the others. First, then, you say:

> Mr. H. W. Sage has given an endowment for the establishment of a chair of ethics and philosophy in Cornell University, and specified that the instruction should be from a definitly Christian standpoint. Now the Society of Ethical Culture, headed by Felix Adler, the Liberal League, to which Bob Ingersoll belongs, and the Nineteenth Century Club of New York city, hav united in one appeal to the New York legislature to prevent the establishment of said professorship. These societies maintain that no religious bent can be given to the methods of instruction without invalidating the charter of the institution. If the spirit and letter of the charter are to be actually violated in the establishment of a new professorship for instruction from a definitly Christian standpoint, there are grounds for opposing it, but in this case the protest may be discredited in the public estimation by the source from which it proceeds.

Now, if a legal request or petition is to be measured by reputation or standing of the people who present it, our whole system of government will hav to be changed. We hav held that even the vilest criminal has legal rights; that the lowliest citizen need only hav law and right on his side to assure him of a respectful hearing and as sure a victory as though he were the highest. But if this were not so, and the three organizations named were forced to prove their respectability and standing before earning the right of protest or a fair hearing, they would still stand a pretty fair show, I think, when once divested of the wholly new and quite inappropriate garments in which you hav erroneously, if not facetiously, dressed them. Let me remove and return to you these garments, and then clothe in their own apparel these three graces, in the hope that they may appear at least entitled to the consideration being accorded to any John Smith or Tom Jones who may see fit to call attention to an illegal attempt to capture property. To begin with, there is no such organization as the "Liberal League." Robert Ingersoll is not its "presiding genius," and it has not sent a petition to the New York legislature. There was once an organization called by that name. Robert Ingersoll belonged to it, but he withdrew from it because he did not approve of some of its proposed measures. He has been heralded all over this country as a man who "defended the sending of obscene literature through the mails." So far from this being the case, he resigned and withdrew from all connection with the above-named society because he disagreed with some of its officers upon this very point. The organization which you say has joined the Ethical society and Nineteenth Century Club in the petition referred to, and of which Colonel Ingersoll is now president, is the American Secular Union, an organization which asks only an entire separation of church and state and the just taxation of church property. Many of the most orthodox indorse the same. It is joined most heartily in this regard by that certainly sufficiently orthodox, able paper, the New York *Independent* and a number of other "church papers," and by a great many clergymen.

If the fact that Colonel Ingersoll is now president of the Union renders it an outlaw, then the bar association or political organizations to which he belongs are equal outlaws. Many persons belong to this Union whose religious or irreligious views do not agree with those held by him, but in the matter of secularization of state they do harmonize, as in this matter *he* is in harmony (in large part) with the New York *Independent*. Associated with him are men and women who will hardly be pronounced below the average American citizen in ability, morality, or standing. Judge Arnold Krekel, of your state, is one of them; James Parton, the ablest biographer of America, is another. Hon. Elizur Wright, whose praise was sung by papers all over this country when he died two months ago, was a vice-president. Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakeman is another. Are these men with their hundreds of associates not entitled to a respectful hearing? Again you say: "Another of the protesting bodies is the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, which has latterly achieved a peculiar notoriety for the discussion of economical questions. The club evinces no especial antagonism to Christianity, but enjoys a damaging reputation for unsound and unreliable views." Again you are in error. The Nineteenth Century Club, *as such*, holds no views whatever, damaging or otherwise. It is a club composed of leading social and literary men and women of New York city, who meet upon stated occasions to listen to and discuss topics of importance and interest. It is a "full-dress" club. It holds the most divergent views, as you may judge when I say, one night Monsignor Capel spoke for Catholicism, the leading rabbi of New York for Judaism, the most prominent Episcopalian for Protestantism, and Hon. Thaddeus B. Wakeman for Agnosticism; all of which were discussed under the most courteous and friendly rulings. Another evening the "stage" was the topic. Several able playwrights dealt with the topic from behind the scenes, and several well-known and equally thoughtful men handled it from the outlook of the playgoer. Recently Mr. Henry George read a paper before the club which was discussed. It is from this, I suppose, that you get the idea that it is, financially speaking, a rather "flighty" club. Now, there were all sides and phases of financial views and opinions expressed, but from the fact that Andrew Carnegie and Courtlandt Palmer (two very wealthy men) are quoted as taking what is usually called the side of "labor against capital," it has caused much talk *on that side*. But the other side had its say, and had by far the largest number of friends. This club is the only attempt, so far as I can learn, that is made in this country to conduct an intellectual gathering of refined and able people upon the plan of the French *salon* of the intellectual men and women of Paris in the last century, where the state of the weather and the physical condition of visitors were not permitted to occupy the mental powers of all present, and what is known as the Encyclopedist Circle grew to be the wonder and light of Paris, and gave to the world much that was valuable then and is invaluable now.

Such is the Nineteenth Century Club of New York in its aim. It has already done much to make wealthy society something beyond a display of clothes and a medium of stupid gossip. As to the other society named, the one conducted by Felix Adler, there is little need for me to speak. It is the brave attempt of a brilliant man to teach sound morality, self-culture, and independence upon the solid basis of eternal, moral principles, which are universal in application, and unsectarian in the broadest and only real sense of that term, where it is large enough to apply to any and all forms of faith, and not simply to different phases of the *same* faith, known as Christianity, and unknown to nearly four-fifths of all the human race. Felix Adler's work speaks for itself. I do not agree with him in some of his beliefs, but the monuments he has built for himself are as enduring as time and as universal as charity. The hundreds of people of thought and brains, of all beliefs, who aid him are records of his ability and honesty of purpose; and the thousands of children made moral, self-dependent, independent, and honest by the efforts and schools of this one man will be a monument to him greater than any in stone or bronze, which will also be erected to him by an enlightened public when it once grows to understand the real meaning of such work as his.

These three societies represent many thousands of people. In the main they are people far above the highest average of the best communities; their leaders are among the first men and women in America and Canada, mentally and morally. Many of them are lawyers. They claim that an illegal as well as an immoral and dangerous thing is attempted under the shield of a bequest. They—differing in aims, beliefs, and methods—unite in this opinion, and offer a protest they hope to see presented, and its basis argued, before the legislature. Is it too much to ask—even if the petitioners were not, *as they are*, among the most moral, able, earnest, and thoughtful citizens of the country? And if the "source of the protest" is to decide its worth, is not the victory already won when these three children are thus dressed in their own clothes, and those you lent them for temporary use are once more returned to the shop of accidental misfits? Respectfully, H. H. Gardener,
Vice-president American Secular Union.

Only Barbarism Refined.

I look upon civilization as refined barbarism, in which, instead of being stuck with a spear or battered with a bludgeon, one is stuck by fair promises, and woefully bled in a horse trade. Si Slokum.

A New Feature in a New York Fashion Journal.

The *Cloak, Suit, and Ladies' Wear Review* admits a rational dress department, giving as reasons therefor "the deep interest in the health-giving chain of increasing numbers of thoughtful people of both sexes.

When editor and manager of the fashion trade which controls an ever-changing, ever-health-injuring and exercise-impeding form of clothing, has manliness to put beside these advertisments and before the public, a hygienic system of clothing with its universal benefits and comforts, it need not be deemed very difficult for encumbered women, feeble or becoming so, to assume a scientific costume. Especially not when inducements for such system are sustained by general conviction and the experiments of half a century by thousands of women, among whom are most candid investigators, philanthropists, and physicians. And further, the ripe decision of scientists, students of nature in all fields as related to human conditions, not only favor but contend for sanitary change in woman's habits, distorting clothing being her greatest violation. The simple plea of honoring, not outraging, the human form is alone sufficient. All personal and universal happiness lies in this balance against avaricious trade that to its monopoly subjects woman, and, through her, man. No valid obection has been or can be made. The natural appearance confronting the oddity of barrel-shaped petticoats during the transition of forms in style is but as a feather on the breeze in view of the evils escaped, the blessings gained.

It must be about fifty years since the gifted Fourier, in his study for measures to ameliorate humanity, perceived woman's costume a basic source of inability, and recommended rejection of petticoats. The idea was adopted, its improvements testified to by communities acting on his plan of equity, and like testimony has followed all later experiments.

M. E. Tillotson.

The Mormons.

I hav not read anything for a long while that so thoroughly coincides with my views on the Mormon question as Mr. Coke Ewing's article in The Truth Seeker of the 13th inst.

He is humane. Humanity, when the Mormon question is up for discussion, seems to be about as far removed from the composition of those Materialists who hav ventilated their opinions in that direction, as it is from the composition of ordinary Christians, although the former somewhat outdo the latter in boasting about its possession.

Friend Ewing has just hit the nail square on the head. The political charlatans are trying hard to raise another issue for bloody, cruel war, in hopes, no doubt, of saving "the dear old party," as he thinks, and also, allow me to add, to distract the attention of the masses from a much more difficult problem of statesmanship which their feeble minds seem incapable of grappling, to wit: The great labor question; or, capital and labor, and how to harmonize them. What do they care for except party? They very well remember that war made their party what it was. And so long as there was a people to plunder it thrived.

Of course another war, also brought about, as the last one was, by lashing the religious prejudices of the people to frenzy, will giv them another section of our country to plunder, and while such war is progressing they will roll up their eyes just as sactimoniously and pray their God just as fervently to aid them to abolish the institution of polygamy as they did when they besought his aid during the last war to abolish the institution of slavery, notwithstanding that same God established both. An unchangeable God to be sure! But I forgot; unchangeable, perhaps, only in respect to cruelty.

In ancient times he did not care much for people who did not believe as his chosen people then did. So he ordered that they be exterminated—men, women, and children. And why should he care for the Mormon people? They don't believe as the great majority of his self-styled chosen people of today do, and so of course they should be despoiled of their property, their homes made desolate, their women outcasts, and their children orphans and bastards. And all the people will say, Amen and amen! And when this is accomplished it will be considered as an evidence of the great civilization of the nineteenth century! Yea, verily! Is man's inhumanity to man never to cease? O Liberty! what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!

Greenpoint, Feb. 15, 1886. R. M. Robinson.

"Suaviter in Modo, Fortiter in Re."

Burnett G. Haskell, editor of the *Truth*, has gone to Portland, Oregon, to help remove the Chinese. He thus outlines his intended course: "We don't intend to commit any violence or precipitate any strife, but we do intend to hav the Chinese leave Portland. The way we intend to remove the Chinese is to remove their goods and chattels and themselvs to the wharf, put them on board a steamer sailing for San Francisco, and say to them: 'God bless you! You are not wanted here. Depart in peace!'"

The Liberal Club.

It is beginning to look as if the rainbow painted across the sky some years ago as a sign of fair weather was a humbug. The floods continue all around. Last Friday evening it rained—not hard, but just enough to keep the wayfarer undecided whether it was best to put up an umbrella or not. The Manhattan Liberal Club held its 399th regular meeting that night. The audience was there at eight o'clock, but the president came not. Everybody sat patiently and waited until half-past eight; then the man with the badge-pin went out to get a lantern to hunt up a presiding officer with, and Mr. Langerfeld took the chair to open the meeting. Before the latter had time to get in his work Mr. Wakeman came in and peeled off his overcoat, and Mr. Langerfeld slipped down the steps on the other side of the platform. The president explained that he was not fortunate enough to belong to the working-class who hav regular hours of labor, and he was sometimes obliged to do night work.

The secretary said it was too late to read the minutes, so the speaker of the evening was introduced —Mr. Henry Appleton, of Boston, Scientific Anarchist. Mr. Appleton is a pleasant-faced, genial person, rotund and rubicund. He prefaced his speech by saying that he had no dynamite in his pockets. He never carried it. Anarchism was a sociological principle. Anarchists believed in liberty and the absolute sovereignty of the individual. The individual is the actor, the individual is the state, the individual is God, the individual is authority everywhere. The majority had no right to govern the minority. If majority rule is right, then the czar is right, because the majority of his subjects believe in him. So with the pope, and emperor, and sultan. There must be no compulsion; no government without the consent of the governed. Anarchists believe in arbitration, in secession, in sexual freedom, in the rights of individuals to unrestricted wealth. Our present defectiv social system should be abolished. It is antiquated and full of superstitions. Mr. Appleton did not think that it would be safe to remove all restrictions at once. If he knew the restraint of law in New York was to be thrown off that night he should skip the town before morning. Anarchists believed in running when it was necessary. Mr. Appleton also indulged in a few shots at THE TRUTH SEEKER and the Freethinkers, whom he denominated "theological Anarchists." At the close of his address the speaker said he had not exhausted half the mine of wealth which the subject opened up.

The audience were very well pleased with some things that Mr. Appleton had said, and applauded him frequently. He has a habit when speaking of bringing his hands together with a loud pop, and Madam Delescluze, who is a professional elocutionist, noted this, and said that he was certainly an Anarchist in oratory. Mr. Appleton is nevertheless a good and effectiv speaker, and has much truth to tell. Along with doses of that sort of Socialism in which the individual is absorbed and assimilated by society, the protests of Anarchists can be taken with good results.

Mr. Langerfeld has not frequented the club of late as much as he did formerly, but the announcement of an Anarchist brought him out. He wanted to know what the speaker had been discoursing about. Rights, said Mr. Langerfeld, are sociological institutions. As individuals we hav no rights. The speaker of the evening had said a good deal about what he didn't want, but not a word about what he did want. Having said further that "the TRUTH SEEKER fellows" were trying to destroy much that was good and worthy of preservation, Mr. Langerfeld bowed and took his seat.

Mr. Putnam followed. He said that Freethinkers went a long way with Mr. Appleton in rejecting authority, but they held to the necessity of a government, secular in form, and of just sufficient scope to protect, as Blackstone has it, the rights of the individual. Mr. Putnam would ask what Mr. Appleton would do with a man who would not consent to arbitration, or who, having consented to arbitration, refused to abide by the decision. Would it not become necessary, in such case, to assert authority over him? Also if a man had small-pox and refused to leave the community and isolate himself temporarily, would it not be incumbent on society to remove him? These were questions which Mr. Putnam yearned to hear answered. He believed that if the Anarchist invoked authority in the instances cited, he must also admit that authority should be invoked in other cases where it seemed to be necessary.

Mrs. Leonard held that we hav had no people on earth as yet fit to be given freedom. Women are all slaves. We hav too much law, and it is wrested to serve the behests of injustice. If all law were to be abolished, Mrs. Leonard believed there could scarcely be more misery on earth than there is now.

Mr. King made a speech and raised numerous laughs. His remarks were not materially to the point. He has absented himself from the club so much of late that he seems to hav lost the capacity of grasping great thoughts and handling them in a skilful manner. He expressed some antiquated notions about the continuity of the race, and solidarity, and one thing and another, which were embalmed in the archives of the club several years ago, and are among its least interesting fossils.

Mr. Appleton had been making copious notes on some paper, and when Mr. King had receded he laid these upon the desk and proceeded to demolish his critics. He bowled them down pretty successfully until he came to Mr. Putnam's inquiries about the citizen who declined to arbitrate. Then he remarked that you couldn't expect a speaker to meet off-hand all the exigencies that would arise in a great philosophical system like Anarchy. He admitted, however, that the recusant individual might be mildly coerced, but until such individual became obstreperous his liberty should not be invaded. The speaker was grateful to the audience for their kind attention and general good behavior; also for the generous collection they had contributed.

Thus terminated a very interesting meeting. The unsettled condition of the questions raised suggested to this writer the loss which the club has sustained through the illness of Mr. Andrews, whose remarks from its platform hav in days gone by so bridged the chasms between contending advocates. There is need in the organization of some speaker who can at least echo the voice of the Great Universal Preacher.

At the next meeting the Rev. William Lloyd will discuss the problem of "Personal Immortality in the Light of Science." No one has been appointed to meet the reverend gentleman's arguments on this point, and the club has neglected its duty in not delegating its president to attend to that agreeable task, which he might be relied upon to do in a satisfactory manner.

Passing Notes.

My recent sickness rendered it necessary that I should for a period forego much of my platform work. I therefore devoted my time to reading some of the literature which has lately been issued by some of my co-workers. The first production which commanded my attention was Miss Helen Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods," with a grand introduction by Colonel Ingersoll. This, without exception, is one of the most valuable and interesting books that I hav read for some time. Miss Gardener has done a noble work, and done it well. Her exposition and defense of the rights and true position of woman are unanswerable arguments against the arrogant assumptions of certain "lords of creation." In this part of the work her demonstration how custom, based upon the errors of theology, has kept woman in a state of physical degradation and mental serfdom, is followed by such a powerful vindication of the capability and the rightful status of the feminin sex as will commend itself to the approval of all lovers of truth and justice.

In her emphatic impeachment of the creeds and doctrins of the churches, Miss Gardener has exhibited a skill and power that but few older in the ranks of theological warfare could equal.

In the latter part of the work an array of historical facts are given in correction of stereotyped theological errors that should appall those who hav hitherto been misled by orthodox pretensions. This grand contribution to Freethought literature cannot be over-estimated as a comprehensiv *exposé* of long-cherished delusions and a complete vindication of the necessity and duty of the unfettered exercise of reason and mental freedom.

It is needless to say that Miss Gardener's style of writing is of the most finished order—light, without being frivolous; humorous, without being offensiv, and argumentativ, without being wearisome. Throughout the entire work she is graceful in manner, chaste in expression, and brilliant in conception. Her sentences are as charming to the refined taste as they are instructiv to the cultured intellect. Miss Gardener has allied with these very rare features an earnestness and boldness that giv immense force to her work. She says what she means, and undoubtedly means what she says. With her no topic is too sacred to be discussed, and no opinion too hallowed to be respectfully criticised. Women should read this book to inform themselvs of their past history and their present duty. Men should peruse it to learn the wrongs they hav countenanced and the rights now demanded of them. The rising generation should study it for the purpose of knowing the path to avoid and the course to adopt to make them real men and women in the future of the world's greatness.

Having carefully read Mr. Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking," I hav no hesitation in saying that it is unique of its kind. So far as I am aware there is no other work upon this subject either in England or America that contains so much valuable information upon the subject treated as does Mr. Remsburg's pamphlet. The numerous facts are compiled with great care and discrimination, and placed before the reader with a vigor that is peculiarly the writer's own. The popular orthodox notion that the Sabbath is a divine institution, and that Christians hav always regarded it as such is proved beyond a doubt to be erroneous, and the charge that Secularists desire to destroy the Sunday is most ably refuted. Mr. Remsburg is a solid writer, and whatever he undertakes to write he does it well. I congratulate my friend upon his achievement in giving to the world truths in reference to the Sabbath question, which were previously too little known. Every Secularist should obtain a copy of the pamphlet, and thoroughly study its contents.

I am glad to learn that there is a great demand for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for the present year; it is an encyclopedia of information to the Secular party. Apart from the portraits of European Freethinkers, and "numerous other illustrations," the facts and figures given in its pages as to money exacted by the churches, and the article on "The Religion of Crime," are worth more than what is charged for the ANNUAL. The trustworthy account of "How Voltaire Died" should be in possession of every member of the American Secular Union. It is a convincing answer to the oft-repeated falsehoods and slanders of the church, and its blind devotees, as to the last days of Voltaire. Those who wish a calender giving a fund of Secular information; a knowledge of the growth of Freethought in America, Australia, and in other parts of the world; also specially arranged statistics on a variety of subjects, should secure a copy of the well printed TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

The "Agnostic Annual," published in London, England, copies of which I see can be had from THE TRUTH SEEKER office, givs an excellent idea of Agnosticism as expounded in the old country. It contains articles from some of the ablest English advocates of this particular phase of thought.

While writing I wish to intimate to friends that, having entirely recovered from my late indisposition, I am again activ in the lecturing field, speaking nearly every night in the Northwest. In April I go to Canada to fulfil a six weeks' engagement; from thence I take a trip to England. In August I shall return to the States, and, after spending a few weeks in the East, commence a lengthy tour through the West, commencing in Chicago the first week in October. All applications for lectures in the Western states should be addressed to me care of Mr. A. D. O'Neill, 107 Park avenue, Chicago, Ill., who will see that all arrangements are made during my absence.

Chicago, Feb. 18, 1886. CHARLES WATTS.

The Statue to Giordano Bruno at Rome.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, WYOMING (YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK), Feb. 1, 1886.

Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in the city of Rome on February 17th, 1600. His heresies are now taught in all our schools as matters of scientific fact. He was therefore the first martyr for science and the new civilization.

It is proposed to erect a statue to his memory on the spot where his body was consumed to ashes. It is hoped that America and the United States of America will make a generous donation toward such a monument. We are the heirs of the truths he promulgated; we reap the benefits of his courage and self-sacrifice in their behalf; we revere his name and would consecrate his memory; we would transmit his revelations to posterity and his virtue and heroism as worthy examples to those who love truth and the human race. To this end we subscribe as follows:

G. L. Henderson and family, Mammoth Hot Springs		$2.00
E. Lamartine	"	1.00
By a Friend	"	1.00
W. C. Douglas	"	1.00
David Rhode	"	1.00
W. A. Donnahoo	"	1.00
Jack Barronett, Barronett, Wy. T		1.00
W. C. Cannon	" "	1.00
Total		$9.00

In addition to the above, which shows well how subscriptions should be obtained, the following hav been received since the last report:

By Professor Thomas Davidson's lecture before the Literary Association of Mr. Chadwick's church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	$14.55
Professor Davidson's further donation	2.00
C. McMenemy, Blair, Neb	1.00
E. E. Cross, Decatur, Ill	2.00
Andrew H. H. Dawson, New York city	1.00
C. H. Butterfield, North Andover, Mass	1.00
Frederic Braden, Boston, Mass	1.00
V Milani, Pittsburgh. Pa. (per Mr. Mendum)	1.00
	32.55
Heretofore acknowledged, including $5 by Miss M. Goddard	451.88
Total	$484.43

This leaves $515.57 still due on the promis of $1,000 from America for this statue. Please to send it forward.

The news from Rome, as found in the newspapers sent to me, is encouraging, The committee, relying upon the promis of $1,000 from America, hav applied to the municipality of the city for a site upon which to erect the statue. They hav no doubt but that this request will be granted. A celebration of the martyrdom of Bruno (February 17, 1600) was arranged for by the committee, and of it we shall doubtless hear good report in due time. Let us show that America will do her part in this great act of historical justice.

T. B. WAKEMAN,
93 Nassau st., New York city.

New York, Feb. 20, E.M. 286.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, HORACE SEAVER,
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Mr. Neef		.....	1.00
Mrs. Wagner		.....	1.00
Total			$2,005.53

PLEDGES PAID.—M. P. Thurston, $5; Judge G. W. Lewis, $25.

News and Notes.

S. P. PUTNAM'S WESTERN TOUR.

S. P. Putnam will lecture at Pittsburgh, March 14th; at Chicago, March 21st; and Omaha, March 28th; and from thence proceed westward by the Union Pacific railroad to Ogden and Salt Lake City. He will remain several weeks in Utah, and it is expected that meetings will be held in every county in the territory, and the Liberal issues of the day will be thoroughly discussed. Mr. Putnam will, if possible, extend his route to California, and it is desirable that the Liberals of the Pacific states communicate with him at once in order to make arrangements for lectures in their vicinity.

It is of great importance that Liberals make use of this lecture trip of the secretary of the Union to awake interest in their own communities and to aid the general movement. The secretary will giv every week "News and Notes" of his experience, and by this means the strength of the movement will be better understood; there will be a more cordial acquaintanceship among the Freethinkers of the country; the organizations, both national and local, will gain more power, harmony of purpose will prevail, and thus our ideas will receive the increased consideration of the public. The following is the list of subjects of the lectures by the secretary, and friends can select the themes which in their judgment will be best adapted to the special wants of their own communities:

"The Demands of Humanity."
"The New Heaven and Earth."
"The American Secular Union: Its Aims and Methods."
"The Philosophy of Freethought."
"The Secular Sunday a Day of Rest."
"The Glory of Infidelity."
"Universal Mental Liberty: What it Is and How to Achieve It."
"Individualism: Its Necessity and Safety."
"The Foundation of Morality."

In making arrangements for lectures, it is best, if possible, to arrange for two or three evenings in succession. In this way more interest will be excited, and there can be a better presentation of those ideas which lie at the basis of our movement. Not only must these ideas be understood fully in themselvs, but also in their many relations to human life and to the social framework.

Our work involves not only reconstruction, but construction itself. It involves profoundly revolutionary processes both of thought and action. It requires the most thorough study to grasp the full meaning of that method of truth and art to which the Freethought movement is committed. To discover truth is a great thing. To know how to discover it is of the first importance. To know how to apply it is of even greater importance. How to liv the best; how to get the most out of this world; how to unfold from science the forms of art, so that life is one with beauty—this is what must keep even the best furnished mind most constantly activ. He who has nothing new to learn has indeed a very poor prospect before him. The spirit of Liberalism impels every individual, no matter how much he has acquired, to continual progress.

The more books we hav, the more lectures, the more contributions from all quarters to our Liberal papers, the more thought and agitation there are, the better will the process of enlightenment go on. It is to behoped, therefore, that the instrumentalities of progress—the book, the platform, and the paper—will receive the generous support of those who, being free from superstitious motiv, are actuated by those which are wholly humanitarian.

The following from Utah indicates the work to be done:

FRIEND PUTNAM: We are looking forward with much hope to your expected visit to Utah, and its results. With the commotion now here, we think it a good time to advance Liberal principles, and organize the Liberal element into working order. Yours, for progress, H. W. HAIGHT.

Luke W. Gallup, of Springville, Utah, writes:

I received your letter of the 9th; was glad to hear from you, and read the resolute spirit that prompts you to act in the cause of human progress. We all need more of the desire to be up and doing, and to make things count in every way we can. A few are now in the field fighting for our rights. I expect to do all that my circumstances here will allow of, and will visit those whom I think will respond to the call. Labor and money are both needed. I hav something of the former at my disposal—of the latter not so much. It is scarce with me as well as with others. I shall be glad to meet you and hear you. I am in for our cause and its advancement all the time.

Liberal friends will thus see the earnestness of our allies in Utah, and that they are willing to do their best for the cause. It will be seen, however, that they need the coöperation of the whole body of Liberals in order that the work in the frontier fields may be most effectually sustained. So far as labor is concerned, our friends in Utah will do their full share in aid of the secretary of the Union. But they cannot furnish all the sinews of war to enable the secretary to make the best of his fighting chance. It is hoped that those who can will giv substantial aid to this enterprise, the results of which may be so fruitful in the hereafter.

A veteran Liberal has gone. Several years ago, while laboring in the West, I met this friend Lewis Grant, Sr., and admired his courageous radicalism. He was for many years a resident of Vincennes, Ind. The *News* of that city says:

"Hundreds of friends and admirers assembled to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of a man of whom it can be said he died without an enemy. If ever a man lived who was honest in his views, that man was Lewis Grant, Sr. Whenever he saw a fellow-being in distress he did all in his power to relieve him. Every act in his life was filled with charity, which he dispensed with a lavish hand. Men, women, and children of every creed paid him homage, and the chief mourners, aside from his own family, were people who differed from him in politics and religion."

Hon. O. F. Baker, himself a Liberal, whose friendship we hav enjoyed in past days, delivered an eloquent and affecting oration at the grave. The city officials, members of the council, fire department, police, every employé of the O. and M. shops, where Mr. Grant had been foreman, and other citizens composed the concourse that was present. Mr. Baker said:

In the old, old way, sorrow, standing voiceless beside the cleft earth soon to enfold the loved one, listens for the faintest token, if but an echo from beyond. As the dead giv us back no whisper from the eternal dream, neither studied oration, ancient legend, nor sacred script can bestow upon us more than the faint spray of hope.

He was a man, and the spirit of such a one goeth upward. It may not be through parted clouds and broken skies, but just as he hath cooled the face of toil, lit with gladness the brow of sorrow, and sweetened the bitter cup of adversity, all that remains of him ascends to the hights of man's conception of good. His intellect was strong, clear, and brave. The universe of thought contained no caverns he dared not explore, it reared no peaks he was not brave enough to desire to scale. In the pursuit of truth he was not awed by the burning bush, or ceased to investigate when upon holy ground.

Without subscribing to a belief in the existence of an offended deity to be appeased by works of charity, he gave abundantly to the needy, and administered comforts to the unfortunate. Without fear of the frowns of a supreme being he shunned all intemperance and hardness of heart, and lived unstained by vice. Without proof, he could not believe, but without such belief he was honest, pure, diligent, faithful, loving, and helpful.

Let me speak of the dead husband and the loving wife as but one, for surely these twain were but one flesh. Loving and trusting and sustaining, like a sublime monody, the music of their lives ran on and on to this open grave—this dark spot upon the green sward. Surely in the philosophy of our dead brother the universe deserved no grander destiny than to produce such a love.

Over the dark line at our feet our friend has preceded us, but he has left us lessons of the highest import for our good. In obedience to an oft-expressed wish I pronounce his last good words of peace, love, and knowledge to you all who stand sorrowing here. To the chambers of memory, the palace of echoes, where the perfume of good deeds never fades, I commit his past, and into thy bosom, O provident earth, I now commit his dust.

Thus pass the brave and true to their eternal rest. We know not and we fear not. There are the tears of grief, but not the look of terror. If hope shines not, neither does despair curse, and the garden of memory hath its deathless flowers. On account of other engagements I was obliged to defer my lecture at Albany on Sunday, the 21st. I shall lecture at Newark, Feb. 28th, and Albany, March 7th, and then for the "setting sun," where we hope to rejoice in the rising beams of liberty. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

THERE was a parlor meeting of the members and patrons of the Institute of Heredity in and about New York at Dr. Foote's residence, 120 Lexington avenue, corner East Twenty-eighth street, on Thursday evening, February 25th. Rev. Jesse H. Jones, of Massachusetts, secretary of the Institute of Heredity, gave the opening address upon "Marriage and Parentage," in continuation of the consideration of the subject presented at the January meeting.

Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. H. S. LAKE and husband, Prof. W. F. Peck, who hav been speaking for the Spiritual Society of Cincinnati during the month of February, hav been reëngaged for March.

ON Sunday evening, February 14th, J. E. Remsburg lectured in the Opera House at Geneseo, Ill., to an audience of seven hundred. It was estimated that the aggregate attendance of the thirteen churches of the town on the same evening was less than three hundred.

W. F. JAMIESON has received a lecture call to Wentworth, Dakota, which will be his third visit there. The Dakota Liberals are requested to address him at Wentworth, as he will deliver lectures in the territory until the first of April. Mr. Jamieson should be addressed at Lake City, Minn. Elder Hill is afraid to meet Jamieson in debate. Mr. Jamieson has challenged all the clergy of that region to meet him. He will soon be on his way northward, at present is lecturing at Elmo, Mo., Silver City, Iowa, and Omaha, Neb. The Omaha Liberals want to hire him for a year.

MR. CHARLES WATTS has been having a good time of it in Pittsburgh, Chicago, and surrounding districts. He has been speaking nearly every night, and his audiences hav been large and enthusiastic. The following are his engagements previous to his leaving in May for a trip to England: March 2d and 3d, Salem, Ohio; 4th and 5th, Scio, Ohio; Sunday, 7th, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sunday, 14th, to 21st, Philadelphia and districts; March 28th and every Sunday in April, Toronto, Ont. Friends in Canada who hav not already arranged with Mr. Watts for week night lectures during April should at once communicate with him at 82 Berkeley street, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

IT is not often the citizens of Newton hav the privilege of listening to so instructiv, learned, and logical a dissertation as was given them last night at Music Hall by Mr. Remsburg. His subject was the "Sabbath." He demonstrated by indubitable evidence that Christ and his apostles did not observe the Jewish Sabbath as a sacred day; that they did not enjoin its observance upon others, or institute any other sacred day in its place; and that for a long period afterwards the early Christians observed no uniform sacred day. It was shown that the Emperor Constantine, whose hands reeked with the blood of his own relativs, including his wife and son, established the Christian Sabbath by edict, his reason for selecting the first day of the week being because he could enforce its observance better than any other day, since many of his semi-barbarous subjects already worshiped the sun on that day. From this comes the Christian Sunday. Coming from such a source, of course it is a holy day! Mr. Remsburg closed by dealing some telling blows against our statutory enactments, which make it a criminal offense for others than the clergy to labor on this day.—*Newton Daily Republican.*

S. R. WETHERILL, secretary of the Jobstown, N. J., Secular Union, writes: "On Sunday, the 14th inst., the Jobstown Secular Union had two lectures delivered by Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, which were well attended. In the afternoon Mrs. F. C. Reynolds delivered her able lecture, entitled: 'Reasons for the Religion of Humanity,' which was pronounced by our best-read members to be a splendid lecture and very original. There has not been any outside criticism, all agreeing that she was a good talker, but did not like her doctrin. All the orthodox folks that were there think that she told the truth, but still they could not agree with her. How could they and still be faithful? I think all Secular Unions would do well to hav Mrs. Reynolds to deliver lectures for them, judging by the impression she left here. In the evening the lion from the tribe of Judah, C. B. Reynolds, gave us his lecture, entitled, 'Salvation,' and when he finished all present felt as if they could be saved without the blood of Jesus, as it is disputed that he shed any, or if he did it was pretty well watered. After his lecture a collection was taken to establish the Jobstown Secular Union Library, at which twenty-five dollars was raised, and we propose to keep the ball a rolling. We only wish we could hav Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds to talk for us every Sunday."

MRS. F. C. REYNOLDS spoke on Friday evening, Feb. 19th, at Industrial Hall, Philadelphia. Prof. Wm. Seymour, Mr. Harker, and others, who, despite all opposition and discouragements, made especial efforts, determined to afford the friends an opportunity to hear Mrs. Reynolds, and their endeavors were crowned with grand success. The hall was filled. This was only the second time of Mrs. Reynolds's appearance as a public speaker. She delighted her audience, winning words of eulogy and praise, and $23 financial testimony of appreciation. From Philadelphia, in company with Mr. Reynolds, she went to Boonton, N. J., where Mr. Reynolds was engaged to speak on the evening of Saturday, Feb. 20th, also on Sunday afternoon following, Mrs. Reynolds Sunday evening. Mrs. Reynolds's lecture was well attended, and the people were not only anxious to hear but also to see what a woman looked like who dared speak in public against religion. And some a shade of sadness wore because she said nothing to shock the most delicate. These are the first Liberal lectures delivered in Boonton. Mr. Reynolds writes: "We find earnest, whole-souled Liberals here, who love the cause, and who show their faith by their works. The whole family of A. M. Booth, whose hospitality we are enjoying, is of this kind, a family of ability and culture. At their home Tuesday evening, the friends of the cause meet for the organization of a Boonton Secular Union, for which purpose we stay over until the following Wednesday, when we cross the mountains by private conveyance, and Mrs. Reynolds and myself speak to the people of Bloomingdale. Mr. George Cramer, from that place, walked across the mountains, a distance of nine miles, to be present at our lectures, and, at his solicitation, we speak there." Applications for lectures should be addressed care of THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

Communications.

Pessimism by an Optimist.

The one great overwhelming tragedy of universal existence in all space and during all time, towering far above all minor catastrophes as the Sierras soar in magnitude far above the Indian huts planted at their base, consists in the lamentable fact of the abstract existence of individual life, sensation, and consciousness in general. When the physical conditions of a planet first are favorable to the evolution of animal life, then the age of serene peace is supplemented by an age consisting in large proportion of the pangs of individual struggle, misery, and woe, culminating often in the anguish and affliction only experienced by the highest type of men and women.

The great imaginary boon, now and ever sought and hoped for by existing humanity, of life, long life—which morbid desire has even resulted in the unreasonable hope and almost universal faith in an endless, miraculous kind of an existence—is in fact a condition and an experience most lamentable and, to say the least, very undesirable, and which to the philosopher is only endurable on account of his absolute knowledge that death, to him, ends all. Fortunately puny man's most unreasonable longings, prompted by his ignorance and egotism, can never be realized. Unconscious but arbitrary laws of nature usher him into existence precisely as the lower order of animals are ushered into existence—as the rose is created in its fragrant beauty, the oak in its giant strength, or the ripple on the water—without motiv or volition, without choice or consultation concerning when, where, how, whence, or whither; permit him to stay a very short time comparativly, often force him—also sadly against his wishes—to witness the evidences of his decay in his wrinkled brow, gray hairs, and other deformities; gently beckon him to make room for his offspring, then kindly usher him back into that eternal and blessed condition of unconsciousness wherein he was previous to his *début* among the living upon this or other planets.

Between the vast periods of beginningless time preceding man's existence and the equally endless period of time sure to follow his existence, man exists but for a moment. As no reasonable claim has ever been made by the millions of votaries who now so fondly cling to a hope in an eternal life that they hav existed during the eternity preceding their birth as the identical individuals they now represent, so they should not claim a purely miraculous existence—entirely beyond scientific research and human understanding—during all the eternity to come, after the body which gave them origin and individuality has been swept away and is no more. And as no claim has ever been made that the eternal condition of non-existence preceding the origin of man is a calamity or an evil to the man who is yet to be—who as yet does not exist—so no reasonable claim can be advanced insisting that non-existence after death or absolute annihilation of the individual can possibly be a tragedy or a calamity to him who at the very moment he dies entirely ceases to exist, and consequently then can no more realize good or evil conditions than those who will liv a thousand years hence can realize them now.

Conditions previous to and after man's existence are identical. At the moment of death to him the universe is virtually extinguished. All relationships cease, all sources of joy and misery end. Nothing can be good or evil to him who has returned to unconscious dust.

Then why weep for the dead? As well weep for the non-existence of the unborn as mourn over the non-existence of the dead. Weep for the treasure you hav lost, mourn over your own affliction, pity your own loneliness, but envy the dear one whose struggle is over, and rejoice that your darling has entered conditions of eternal peace!

Death is sleep. Do you dread sleep? Supposing you should go to sleep to-night and, perchance, never awaken, could any condition possibly be a calamity to you of which you could never be conscious?

No, I never pity the dead. On the contrary, a silent feeling of envy comes over me in their presence. But when I behold the infant in its cradle I involuntarily pity its sad fate and think of Schiller's ominous verse:

> Ihm ruhen noch im Zeitenschoose
> Die schwartzen und die heiteren Loose.

Indeed, I would not liv always. The desire is madness, the demand absurd. Do you know, my friend, what eternal existence implies? It means life, unconditional life, during all the ages of endless time to come, and no recourse. "Liv, liv, liv for ever!" is the terrible decree. "Never die!" There will be no choice, no alternativ. If immortality is a fact, death is impossible. If nature decrees no death, your wishes or longings cannot expunge this law or you cannot violate this order of nature. You cannot die if you want to. No, not even take your own life by violence, for remember you are immortal. An immutable fate will say to you: "Thou shalt liv forever—must liv forever and ever. Thou canst not die though thou may desire it. Liv, liv, liv! No rest, no death for thee!" Yes, my friend, no matter what conditions may surround you during the cycles of ages to come, no matter how tired you may be of existence, if immortality is true, you are doomed to liv—damned to liv, and cannot die!

Poor wretch! Your greed has made you mad, and you would scorn a fate of eternal peace, which is an infinit blessing in comparison to the impossible and fictitious happiness you seek in eternity.

These views will be pronounced decidedly pessimistic, yet I claim to be an optimist in every sense of the word. I concede to no one greater appreciation of life and the beauties of the world we liv in, greater proportion of happiness, and a more benign degree of contentment than I enjoy myself. I love the beauties of nature and the grand achievements of art, poetry, and continually study to utilize every minute, hour, and day of my life conduciv to my happiness. And I enjoy my "religion." If I did not, and for a moment could entertain the idea that others found a greater degree of contentment in theirs, I should never again raise my voice or pen in proclaiming my views to the world. But I think the degree of happiness I find in this true gospel of nature and science is so infinitly more comforting than all beliefs in myths and miracles that I seek happiness in proclaiming it "from the house-tops" upon every occasion. I believe the happiness the Christian as well the Spiritualist derives from his belief is fictitious and deceiving. I hav been there, and judge from experience. If I believed such strange and mystic doctrins now, I should, indeed, feel a terrible restraint from taking the fatal leap!

I believe the average lot of man not worth living, and once dead I would prefer not again to take my chances in the battle. As I said before, I consider life a calamity, but once being placed in the ranks of warriors, I consider it a duty we owe to our family, to our country, and to humanity, to fight the battle to the best of our ability, and thus contribute our mite toward the happiness of the race.

And, lastly, I insist upon it that any condition of heavenly or spiritual continual bliss is absolutely unthinkable, especially when deprived of the many pleasures incident to the gratification of the physical man. And of these—our bodies being denied us—we, of course, will be deprived. No happy relationship of husband and wife, parent and child, will be possible. No lovely children growing up to cheer us on our lengthy journey. We will be profoundly impressed with the recollection of all our earthly joys, but alas! of necessity, shall be deprived of all of them in the sweet by and by. What our occupation will be to make life endurable and a satisfactory source of happiness during countless millions of years when not struggling for the necessities of life, for wife, children, and the comforts of home, I, for, one, could never learn. Nude spirits sweeping through the tempests and storms of our mundane sphere to act as guarding angels perhaps to those who hav forgotten them, or are now clasping substitute wives or husbands in their arms, or hovering around loved ones they cannot reach except through strange mediums and strange conditions, are not greatly to be envied; and otherwise astronomy or Spiritualism has so far sadly failed to reveal to us the mythical spirit-land. In fact, the conflicting reports from these sources concerning vital points upon which there could not possibly be any dispute, if based upon fact, largely tends to establish the whole thing as a sad delusion founded upon hopes and desires, and a remnant of old Bible theology.

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

Rochelle, Ill., Feb. 1, 1886.

Materialism.

The Materialistic conceptions of recent thinkers are radically different from those usually attributed to them by orthodox and Spiritualistic opponents. The Materialistic generalities of the present are not cold, icy, and barren, as so many suppose, but a warm vital principle pervades the Materialism of our times. The universe is all there is, and there is nothing outside it. It is composed of space and the matter that occupies it. Matter has certain inherent properties that shape it into visible and invisible forms. Among the properties of matter are form, density, and inertia. Matter is organized by a something called force, and we know of its existence only in its association with matter. They are mutually coexistent, coequal, and interdependent, hence we conclude that force is also but a property of matter. Matter must exist in some form, and those forms are assumed through the action of its inherent properties. So far as we know, all matter is composed of four primary constituent elements, and the combination and association of those elements produce all the forms in nature. A "constant course of procedure" in those formations we designate by the term "law." Law does not create, nor is it a cause, but it is an effect. Matter is not inert and lifeless, but it possesses the power of self-organization when the conditions of its environment are propitious. Matter, by its attraction and gravity, assumes certain forms, and if the influence exerted by other organized bodies of matter is sufficient, these forms organize into life. As surrounding conditions modify, life changes. It must adapt itself to environment, which is but the influence of external organized bodies of matter. As environment modifies, only the modified survives, while the unchanged must become obsolete. Matter is indestructible and non-creatable—has always existed in some form and always will exist. Its forms are constantly changing, and the same particles of matter are incorporated into different organisms. All organisms were the result of modifications of the primal organization and hav attained their differentiation by the survival of those most nearly adapted to environment. Force, being a property of matter, is also indestructible. It is easily transposed into different manifestations, but it is never destroyed.

All the operations of nature are characterized by a readjustment and equalization. Nothing is lost but individual organization. Nature's operations are one continuous change of individualities into universalities, and *vice versa*. Matter livs, but specific organization is lost, and the motion of molecules that sustain organization is dissipated and reasserts itself in other forms.

Mind is potential energy in the brain, and cannot be conceived except in association with matter. Mind is force, and, again, force is a property of matter and cannot exist apart from it.

Life is nothing but organized and animated matter, which is but another name for force, which is but a property of matter; hence we conclude that life is force and a property of matter. Life then must exist as long as matter, but, being force, it differentiates as force.

Matter thus goes on with destruction and reproduction, and always with the certainty of equalization. This I conceive to be the opinion of modern Materialism. It will thus be seen that matter is not viewed as lifeless and inert, but that it "possesses the promis and potency of every form and quality of life"—that it is the universal mother that brings all things forth as the products of her own womb. In such Materialism I conceive nothing degrading or demoralizing. But in my humble judgment such conceptions would harmonize ideas that are now in antagonism, and be altogether the most rational conception of all things in aggregate and detail.

G. F. RINEHART.

Christianity and Savagery.

What has the world gained by Christianity and civilization? Immensely in chicanery of every sort. Immensely in hypocrisy in every shape. Immensely in crime of every variety. Immensely in everything that is off color morally.

Crimes that never were heard of or dreamed of in paganism and savagery flaunt themselvs in the face and eyes of Christianity. They thrive and grow apace and multiply *malgre* Christian civilization.

Christianized beings practice criminality knowingly, and with malice aforethought; practice it as they practice law and medicin, for a living, and because naturally inclined in that direction. Yet are they Christianized and civilized.

The crimes of savagery are few comparativly. In its lexicon of morals crime has scarce a foothold, compared with its solid standing in that of civilized Christianity.

Christianity can "see" the crimes of savagery and "go better" to an unlimited extent. With Christianity crime is a classic in many of its phases; in a large measure a "fine art." Christianity commits murder in the most unique, savagery in the simplest and most primitiv way.

The Christian kills his foe premeditatedly and escapes justice on the plea of emotional insanity, knowing, however, that he is a murderer. The savage kills his foe in rage, or kills from impulse, settling with the family of the defunct by giving up a few heads of cattle, according to said defunct's valuation in the community. This squares matters, and he does not for a moment think he is a murderer. Therein lies the difference between the Christian and the savage.

Christian civilization has produced kings like Bomba, popes like Borgia, presidents like Hayes, generals like Butler, statesmen like Tabor, financiers like Ward, cormorants like Gould, toadies like Sir Cyrus, bankers like Fish, divines like Nero, clowns like Talmage, moral reformers like Comstock, brutes like Sullivan, liars like Sharp, come-by-chances like Squire, and so on *ad finem*. Savagery never produced anything of the sort. From the Silurian ages down to the present day it has not evolved a specimen that would approach within a thousand miles of any of the above-named lights of Christianity. How to be envied is savagery!

Christianity imprisons the poor debtor even for life. Christianity imprisons the unfortunate witness of a crime, and for a money consideration—it is ever money, money, money with Christianity—allows liberty to the criminal. Savagery does not thus strangely move its wonders to perform.

Savagery has produced the king of Dahomey, an honest man as far as heard about, but from custom given to phlebotomy. But there Christianity has let

out more blood than ever did savagery—and for Christianity's sake?

It is said that on a certain day of every year Dahomey's monarch slaughters—by proxy, of course—seven hundred young virgins of the realm, without a pang or qualm of conscience.

But this is not from love of butchery and blood, albeit he takes the blood for cement to be used in the building of a sacred temple and for blood-puddings for his own immediate family and friends, but from custom sanctioned by a long line of predecessors, and to which a superstition is attached, as to many Christian observances; a religious observance, in fact, and never for a moment thought by him to be a crime, and consequently not a crime in his own eyes or the eyes of his people.

The sovereign aforesaid might, in a piqué, or for a purpose, cut a Christian throat with the keen edge of a scimeter, but never, I am convinced, would he cut a Dahomian throat with the feather edge of a financial blade, as did Ward the throats of those of his own persuasion.

Savagery in certain districts has been given to anthropophagy. But this, to the savage mind, is not criminal or horrible. He was brought up to the eating of "long pig," and, liking it, ate of it whenever it was to be had, a fat missionary being to him as a canvas-back to a Christian, the duck *par excellence*. He knows nothing of crime in the matter, and consequently is not criminal.

Christianity sends missionaries to the antipodes to proselytize with the Bible and civilize with New England rum. If not with the Bible, it succeeds with the rum, civilizing the savage to drunkenness.

Savagery does nothing of the sort. It has no desire to proselytize, and, not seeking for Christianity and civilization, stays at home and minds its own business, never becoming an intermeddler in the affairs of others. Hurrah for savagery!

Christianity evolves the prize-fight, the dog-fight, etc., etc. It fosters the fox-hunt for the delectation of its fashionables, who run a trapped fox over hedges and ditches until it drops, society belles not infrequently being "in at the death."

It sanctions deer hunts (?) in royal forests, where the animals are driven up to be slaughtered by royal imbecils seated at ease and supplied with weapons by sycophants dancing attendance.

These and many more are styled "sports" by civilized Christianity.

Savagery knows nothing of these things, and is to be congratulated.

Christianity, as it progresses, becomes more and more the master of finesse. To-day it is finessing almost wholly in the direction of pelf. Pelf is the main dish of its *menu*, with crimes of various sorts, and "sports," such as we hav mentioned, let in as side dishes, and for illusion's sake.

With Christianity, such things are possible and frequent as the Credit Mobilier and Pan Electric scandals. Are they with savagery? No. Happy savagery!

The "untutored savage!" We often read about him, and the sentimental weep that he is untutored. Weep not. Let him remain as he is. Tutor him up to the point and practices of Christianity, and ten to one he becomes a hypocrit and villain.

Better he should remain an "untutored savage" than, becoming tutored, evolve to a Jay Gould, Jake Sharp, or anything of the kind—much better.

What has Christianity done for the world? Ask of the legions everywhere masquerading in the stolen garb of rectitude, who serve the god of greed devoutly, and the God of their imaginations professedly, that their own base ends may be accomplished.

SI SLOKUM.

"Nuts for Skeptics to Crack."

Just think how loving are our Christian clergymen! They think so much of us skeptics that they even giv us "nuts" to crack. Yes, "nuts!" Some one sent me a portion of such "nuts," and I began to crack them. From the reputation of Christians as loving and beneficent beings, I expected something good in these "nuts." I thought, "Now, maybe there is something in them that will force me to return to the sheepfold." And I cracked away, but, to my great surprise, found that they fell to pieces almost before I touched them. Whew! They were rotten!

It is H. L. Hastings that has immortalized himself by sending out some of these "nuts." One lot he calls "Nature and God." The artificial polish he has given them renders them very attractiv, and Christians, who are by no means in the habit of investigating the spiritual food they get from their shepherds, swallow the polished "nuts" in sweet unconsciousness of their rottenness.

I hav cracked some of these "nuts," I say, and will show to the reader what they contained.

Hastings says: "There are Infidels who do not believe in a God who judges, punishes, and afflicts. They believe in nature and in nature's laws. But what do they gain by the change? Are not 'the laws of nature,' as they term them, as immutable as those inscribed on tables of stone?"

This is the first "nut," and the man who sent it thinks the Infidel cannot crack it. But here it is:

The Infidels gain much by the change. The laws of nature are more immutable than "those inscribed on tables of stone." Infidels, by believing in the laws of nature, and knowing that they are absolutely immutable, are more apt to conform to them than those who believe in the laws "inscribed on tables of stone," and know that even if they do violate them, their God, in their imagination, is ready to forgiv.

Hastings goes on: "Do not fires burn, floods overwhelm, waters drown, earthquakes swallow up, lightnings blast?" etc., etc. And, "Are not toil, and labor, and hunger, and famin, and pestilence, and all the nameless agonies of dying men in accordance with 'the laws of nature?' Does not the God of nature do all this? Pray, then, what do men gain by throwing away their Bibles, which they will not believe, when they must find the same facts, and worse ones, in the book of nature, where they can neither doubt them nor deny them? The facts will stand. . . ."

And this is the "nut" you would make believe is so hard to crack. What strange digestions those Christians hav! A thing that falls to pieces of itself, and stinks besides, they swallow as a good "nut." Horror!

Here, Christian, compare it with a good one, and you will see what a nasty thing it is, if you cannot judge of it when you see it alone. The facts of nature will stand in spite of the Bible, and when the Bible hides some of them, which Hastings implies it does, it is doing an irreparable injustice to man and to nature's God. It is because nature displays its powers in spite of the teachings of the Bible that we (in a sense) throw that book away. For, pray, since "fire burns, floods overwhelm," "tornadoes desolate, tempests destroy," and all the rest—since all these, to the superstitious, horrible things take place whether you believe in the Bible or not, then pray what would be our gain in accepting it? It is just because the laws of nature are immutable that it is wise to learn them, love them, and conform to them. Strict conformance to the laws of our being would do away with "pestilence," and many of the "nameless agonies of dying men," which Hastings tells us are sent upon us by the god of nature (*sic*).

This orthodox notable goes on: "They (Infidels) cannot argue pain out of their bones [can the Christian?], misery out of their hearts, nor death out of their families." Can the Christian? In making it appear as if Infidels had more misery, and guilt, and condemnation at heart than the Christian, he simply errs. If personal testimony can strengthen this statement, I will say that ever since I began the venture of admitting natural truth as against scriptural imposition, my heart has been at peace, and my happiness greatly enhanced. "And sorrow, and guilt, and condemnation," as Hastings says, "will follow them," not however, "in spite of their doubts and skeptical objections," but because, if any of these do follow them, they are sent upon them by Christian persecution, or in consequence of early Christian foolishness. "Then what do they gain," asks his "riverince," "by their efforts to get rid of God?"

The trouble with the last "nut" is that getting rid of the Bible as a revelation is not necessarily getting "rid of God."

"What they gain," says this great man of God, "is just this: They put away the chastisment of a father, and fling themselvs amid the revolving gearings of an almighty machine that crushes them in the dust, and grinds them to power." Ah, ha! That's something I didn't know had happened me, or anybody else, yet. Can anyone swallow such a "nut?" Then he repeats: "They hav the same facts they had before, with no possible relief from them." No! and they don't seek relief. It is the coward only who tries to dodge facts. We think we are made in harmony with natural law, and to ask relief from the law of our being, when conformity to them is the surest salvation, must be as crazy as absurd.

Further: "They retain every trouble, and reject every consolation." Pshaw! What a "nut!" Retain every trouble, and reject every consolation! Yes, "believe as we do, or be damned;" that's consolation to be envied.

Well, we need no more of this kind of "nuts." Giv us some better ones next time, and we'll crack 'em, and, perhaps, pay "sixty cents per pound," but not for these.

SAMUEL GARBORG.

Canadian Notes.

There was a sound of revelry by night at the rooms of the Toronto Secular Society, Grand Opera House, on the evening of January 29th, when the members and friends assembled to celebrate the natal day of Thomas Paine. It was a grand gathering; the ladies of the society "turned out to a man," and, as a consequence, the rooms were crowded with, perhaps, the most brilliant and stylish audience that has assembled there for many a day.

Mr. Jopling occupied the chair, and performed the duties of that trying position with the stoicism of one who had resigned himself to his fate for the time being.

The trouble began with a piana solo (as usual) by one of the ladies, then a song by Mr. Lakin, after which Mr. Piddington well sustained his reputation

ader by officiating at the funeral
of being our best ;" Mr. Tilney gave one of his ever
of "Buck Fansha.. O. P. Dildock added to the dis-
favorit songs, ed the audience with a string of well
tress and paral there was not a dry eye in the house
directed puns), and Mr. Harrison piled up the agony
(from laught do the "cork leg" (let us hope he won't
by trying). After the audience had somewhat re-
do it aga rom this last ordeal, Mr. Evans delivered
covered on of the evening on "The Life and Work
the ora e," which was well received by the much en-
of Pag listeners. Mr. Priestman made his *début* be-
duc the Toronto friends, and gave an excellent read-
fog, and Messrs. Hicks and Richmond assisted in
filling out what was after all a very good program.
After the concert the friends indulged in dancing until a late hour, and everyone was well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Canada has long been known as a "stamping-ground" for fugitivs from justice in the States, defaulting bank cashiers, confidence men, etc., but Canadians are beginning to think that honors are pretty near easy, as it is well known that a large proportion of Canadian criminals find a refuge in "the land of the free."

One of the last to leave the country for the country's good is one, "Happy Sid," a member of the Salvation Army, a shining light, whose record shows that he did three months in a London jail for robbing his employer, and after robbing the Wesleyan mission fund house made his escape to Canada. Since his arrival here he has been connected with several robberies in Barrie; he also got away with the funds of the "saved army" in that town, and, after robbing the mail-bag at Kippen, made his escape, this time, to the States. *Sic transit.* Next! "By their fruits shall ye know them."

The Toronto ministry by their actions would seem to be entirely cut off from all communication with the outside world. While the different religious papers, such as the New York *Examiner*, the *Congregationalist*, and the *Churchman*, and the several religious associations in Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere, are discussing such questions as, for instance, "The Doctrin of Evolution in Scientific Theology" (whatever that means) or "The Reconciliation of Genesis and Theology," which is at least an advance from the old style of discourse, while, in a word, the religious world in most civilized countries is making at least an effort to hang on to the tail-end of advancing ideas, we in Toronto are getting the old, old story. The fall of man, the blood of Jesus, and hell fire are dealt out as they were fifty years ago. It is somewhat amusing to hear the Rev. H. M. Parsons get up on his hind legs and tell his long-eared congregation that Adam was the finest and the greatest man (except Christ) that God ever created. Instead of evolution, we get (or at least the people get) "the temptation of Adam and the temptation of Christ compared," or "What did Christ preach to the evil spirits in sheol?"

A short time ago the question to cremate or not to cremate was being discussed in some of the daily papers, and to forever settle the matter, one of the papers sent a reporter to interview some of the leading undertakers and ministers of the gospel, and thus get a sense of the public feeling on the question. Well, as a matter of course (and also of business), the undertakers were against the idea, and, as might be expected, the ministers were also dead against it, and mostly on scriptural ground. "It was opposed to the laws of God and man." "The scriptures plainly state," said one of the reverend gentlemen, "that at the last day all shall arise from their graves; and how could they arise if they were consumed; turned to smoke and ashes?" The Rev. Dr. Potts, at the conclusion of his interview with the reporter, said: "Cremation will never be tried in Toronto, or if it is, it will be by some Infidel who will do it out of bravado." They seem to know instinctivly whom they will hav to fight on this question in the future. By the way, this is the same Dr. Potts who said, some time ago, speaking of the prevailing skepticism in regard to a burning hell, that he thanked God from the bottom of his heart that he (he) *did* believe in a literal, burning hell. The most striking logical instance of the wish being father to the diabolical thought that has come under the writer's notice.

It matters not to these Toronto divines that the government is about to spend eight thousands in the erection of a crematorium, or that Parisian [illegible] sand pounds in the erection of a crematorium, or that four thousand people in Germany, among some twenty 2,000 physicians, 2,000 lawyers, professors, whom are schoolmasters; 1,000 government officials, and schoolant clergymen, hav petitioned the and 10 Protes vor of the introduction of cremation, government in fa of the medical profession in Eng- or that the leaders e in favor of it. Dr. Potts has land and America a ation, and that settles it. declared against crem en cremation or corruption,

"The choice is betwe n," and true to their record purification or putrefactic off side. While forever these gentlemen take the nothing of its history, gazing into the past, they se hearing they will not "that seeing they see not, and understand."

J. NOSIRRAH.

Toronto, Feb. 14, 1886.

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Christianity and Labor.

The Congregational Club of this city last week held a mental wrestling-match over the mighty subject of "Christianity and the Labor Problem." Roswell Smith thought that Christianity might be advanced if capital would treat labor justly. The Rev. Mr. Munger told his experiences among the railroad men when he was one of the chaplains employed by the Pennsylvania road, and the Rev. James. H. Rose entertainingly showed his ignorance of the hatter's strike in Norwalk last year. Professor Smith of Columbia—the college in which professors of philology go out of their way to abuse Freethinkers before their classes—instructed the ministers in the history of labor "from the time when it was simple slavery, through its development in guilds, which were institutions essentially religious, to the wage-earning period in which Atheism had taken root. Christianity, he thought, might well apply itself to elevating labor—not by increasing wages, but by raising public opinion to appreciation and approval of the efforts of labor to better itself. Christianity should step in and prevent factory labor by married women and by young children."

Well, this is going back a good way to learn why labor is hard and the laborer oppressed, but he might hav gone back a little further by the "capitalist," to the time when the Boss of all capitalists, he who owned the cattle on a thousand hills, thundered forth the anathema upon labor that has been the justification of Christian tyrants innumerable in their grinding of the poor: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life: Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."

Christians who are zealous—with their organs of speech—for the poor workingman, are handicapped at the start by this anathema of their God, and we know not if it be not blasphemy for them to attempt to interpose between the Almighty and the miserable subjects of his wrath.

However, as the interposition is not, according to the learned professor of Columbia, to take the shape of increased wages, but only an approving pat upon the back of the laborer who is striving to better his condition, it may do. But as to Christianity preventing the employment of women and children in factories, what would it hav them do—starve? If the wages of the husband and father are not to be raised, how can the women and children exist, when it now takes all the whole family can earn to keep body and soul together?

The world has had eighteen centuries of Christianity, and to-day is worse off than ever before. Wars and bloodshed abound; men are dying of starvation in the midst of plenty; social revolutions of vast consequences are impending; discontent, disorder, and bitterness of spirit almost inconceivable, are everywhere; the poor hate the well-to-do and the rich, and the well-to-do and the rich fear the poor; social chaos and anarchy beside which the French Revolution was but a street brawl, are all but upon us. And these Congregational tailors of Tooley street talk of what Christianity can do for the workingman!

The sublimest hights of impudence hav at last been reached.

One at a Time.

Our Boston friends, Tucker and Appleton, Anarchists, seem determined to convert us. Mr. Appleton publicly avows that we are worth saving; and although Mr. Tucker differs from him he nevertheless continues to advance what he no doubt thinks are reasons in favor of Anarchy. Perhaps, however, he is only trying to disentangle himself.

In the last *Liberty* Mr. Tucker replies to our rejoinder to him in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 30th. In the next *Liberty*, we understand, Mr. Appleton will endeavor to resurrect himself. In Mr. Tucker's reply there is nothing new, as he confines his effort to answering some queries propounded by us. We asked, "When a thief breaks into Mr. Tucker's hallway and takes his overcoat from the rack, is he seeking to govern Mr. Tucker?" To this Mr. Tucker says:

"Most decidedly. If appropriation of another's property by force or fraud is not an act of government, I should like to know what is."

As our little difference with Messrs. Appleton and Tucker seems to hinge somewhat upon definitions, and as Mr. Webster has been referred to as authority by Mr. Appleton, and accepted (as will be seen further along) by Mr. Tucker, we will refer this to that eminent lexicographer. He says that government means to direct and control, as the actions or conduct of men, either by established laws or by arbitrary will; to regulate, to influence, to direct, to restrain, or to manage. If the thief's relation to Mr. Tucker comes under any of these heads, we ask to be excused for our mental blindness. Taking an infinitesimal portion of a person's property by force or fraud does not constitute government, for, as in this case, the loser's action would not be changed, and the thief would not seek to restrain, or manage, or direct, his career. Further we asked: "Rather is not the thief afraid Mr. Tucker will seek to govern him by shutting him up in jail, and controling his actions for a term of years?" To this the reply is:

"Such a course would not be governing. To use whatever measures may be necessary to vindicate your right to be let alone is not to govern others, but to prevent others from governing you."

It seems to us that this course is precisely that which comes under Mr. Webster's definition of government, to wit: to direct or control, as the actions or conduct of men, either by established laws or by arbitrary will; to restrain or to manage. If Mr. Tucker will not abide by Mr. Webster, then will he please make his own definitions? In our previous paper we quoted Webster's definition of Anarchy, which is "a state of society where individuals do what they please with impunity," and asked, "Is not this thief a practical Anarchist? And in punishing him is not Mr. Tucker acting the part of government?" Mr. Tucker replies:

"No, this thief is not a practical Anarchist, but a destroyer of Anarchy. It will be observed by all except Mr. Macdonald that Webster says *individuals* (plural). Now, the moment the thief begins his stealing, there is at least one person, his victim, who is prevented from doing as he pleases, and thus Anarchy disappears. The terms of Webster's definition imply an exclusion of such individual acts as are inconsistent with the liberty of *all* individuals to do as they please—that is, an exclusion of all acts of invasion, interference, government."

But supposing the victim of the thief was not prevented from doing as he pleased, where then is the thief's attempted "government?" If a pickpocket should take ten dollars from Jay Gould, it would not interfere in the smallest degree with Mr. Gould's actions; yet the thief would be doing a wrong for which he should be punished, and for which the power the people hav chosen to control the actions of men should incarcerate him for a period of time. Webster's definition of Anarchy is precisely the opposit of what Mr. Tucker has it, as it implies a state of society where individuals commit whatever acts they please with *impunity*, *i.e.*, exemption from penalty.

Mr. Tucker says further:

"A municipal government is a *compulsory* partnership of all persons living in a certain district, each one of whom is compelled to pay a portion of the expenses."

This is true enough, and Mr. Tucker would find his system of "individual initiativ and voluntary coöperation" would very soon become just what our municipal governments are. If an individual in the scheme of voluntary coöperation should trespass upon the rights of others, he would hav to be restrained or ejected from the society. Restraining or ejecting him would be controling his actions either by established laws or arbitrary will, and would be government. There is no escape from this conclusion, which narrows Anarchy down to about this: Whatever good it presents is not new, and whatever new it presents is not good. So far as we understand what Anarchy is (and that we fully comprehend it we do not claim, for the very good reason we cannot persuade its high priests to enlighten us), there are several fatal objections to the system, the first of which makes the enumeration of the others unnecessary, to wit: the practical impossibility of its realization. Before the Liberal Club last Friday night Mr. Appleton said that, if he knew that Anarchy was to be proclaimed the next day and all governmental restraint to be removed at 12 o'clock, he should leave town before 10 o'clock. This is conceding everything we claim: that government is a necessity, and must be fostered and used for the benefit of the people. Government always has been a necessity as far back as history can trace; it is a necessity to-day throughout the civilized world and uncivilized world; and will be a necessity in the future as far as prophecy can look ahead. This being so, any philosophy which cannot adapt itself to facts is worthless for practical purposes, and of exceedingly small value as a mental exercise. Starting with the fundamental proposition that a person has the inherent right to do as he (or she) pleases so long as he injures no one else, it is found that the actions of a man, either within the pale of civilization or among a tribe of savages, are at once circumscribed by the rights of others. His slightest action, his lightest word, has an influence upon those around him that he is bound to consider. Society has rights as well as the individual. When Mr. Spencer published his "Man and the State," Mr. Harrison said it might be called, "Mr. Spencer against all England." As an illustration we may use this title. Mr. Spencer has his inherent abstract individual rights. So has every other man in England individually. But as against Man's individual rights—and the rights of every other individual—Society, that is, all England in its corporate capacity, has its rights equally with the individual Man. When individuals collectivly choose to make rules for the guidance of the members individually, it has that right, subject to the limitations imposed by the rights of the individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—as the Declaration of Independence puts it. The necessity of a government being admitted—for Mr. Tucker says that his voluntary coöperation society will use force when necessary—the rights of individuals are protected by constitutions, beyond the provisions of which society in its corporate capacity cannot go—that is, cannot go under democratic forms of government. This restriction on individual freedom is, as Mr. Andrews puts it, precisely analogous to friction in machinery—something we can never hope to be entirely rid of, but which we should constantly exert ourselvs to re-

duce to the narrowest possible limits. Moreover, we must accept it, and maintain it when it conduces to the well-working of the social organism. Remove the "governor" of an engin and the machine runs away and flies to pieces. Destroy the "governor" of society—that is, the relation which each individual sustains to every other individual in society—and the social machine would fly to pieces, and Anarchy would reign.

Mr. Tucker now regards the man who votes as *particeps criminis* with the "government." Yet in a recent issue of *Liberty* he says that Anarchy justifies carrying a sword as long as there is any liability of needing it, and on more than one occasion has he spoken encouragingly to the dynamiters. But what kind of logic is this? If war and dynamite are to be justified, notwithstanding they are the extremest limitation upon personal freedom, and notwithstanding the tremendous and inevitable danger of inflicting destruction upon the innocent along with the guilty, why not accept the middle and less extreme danger of sacrificing some individual rights, while removing governmental abuses by legislation, instead of war? But no; Mr. Tucker would exalt to the pinnacle of fame the man who dynamites an emperor, while he scolds like a fish-wife anybody who uses his individuality by voting to restrain monopoly by the more quiet and more effectiv exercise of the power of voluntary coöperation, as we find it in a democratic form of government.

We cannot see, so far, how Anarchy is going to improve our condition. Its fundamental position that the individual has all rights, society none, is not true, for no individual livs, or can liv, who is not in relation with every other individual around him, if not in individual capacity then as a member of that society of which the individual is himself a part. This fact, which cannot truthfully be gainsaid, givs society its rights equally with the individual. The real social problem, therefore, is how to grant to the individual the utmost possible personal freedom of action, and yet maintain the solidarity of society, which insures to the individual protection to life and property as well as the benefits of civilization which arise from the voluntary coöperation of the people. It seems to us that to put all the emphasis upon the individual's rights is as wholly wrong as it would be to put it all upon the rights of society. The latter would giv us despotism; the former Anarchy.

Fighting for the Spoils.

A certain man of old is alleged to hav said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," but nowadays those who engage in charity as a commerce go him a great many better and force the children to come unto them. The man of old is said to hav meant kindly to the children; the managers of our asylums mean only business. The state allows two dollars per week for the support of truant children, and the managers of the charitable institutions find it profitable to keep agents at the police courts to influence the commitment by the police justices of unruly children to their several institutions. Sometimes the contests are about even, but the Catholic usually wins. The New York Juvenil Asylum this year calls for $104,000; the Catholic Protectory, for $242,000. This money will be used to train a few thousand more children in Christian grace. But if the man of old could see how these children are treated in these places he would hav punctuated his entreaty into the painful statement, "Suffer, little children who are brought unto me."

Sounds Large, but Means Nothing.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of this city, is one of those anomalous beings who with their feet on the earth yet dwell almost entirely in another realm. By his flock he is regarded with open-mouthed reverence. Mr. Storrs's sermon last Sunday was upon Christianity and Freedom of Thought. One of his rhetorical sentences reads:

"Skeptics are slaves, because they gaze on a phosphorescent picture on the clouds."

There are one or two errors in this statement. There are no phosphorescent pictures on the clouds for skeptics to gaze at. If there were, skeptics would not gaze at them, being occupied with useful affairs. But if they did, looking at a cloud would not make them slaves.

If some denominational antagonist were to say that the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., is a fool because he puts words into meaningless juxtaposition, we doubt if anyone would feel called upon to dissent.

Editorial Notes.

Two columns and more of last week's *Lucifer* were filled with E. C. Walker's praises of J. K. Ingalls's "Social Wealth," published at this office. The book merits all of Mr. Walker's commendation.

Custom House Collector Patton, of Toronto, has seized and destroyed D. M. Bennett's "Open Letter to Jesus Christ," sent by Mr. Baldwin, of Chicago, to Mr. Cooke, of Toronto. Mr. Baldwin thinks that the United States should not annex Canada at present; it first needs civilizing.

"The Truth Seeker Annual," says the *New Thought*, "is filled with such literature as every Freethinker will not only want to read but will want to preserve for reference." We hoped this would be the case when we were getting up the volume, and are glad to hav our hopes confirmed.

Recently Professor McIlwaine, principal of one of the schools of Pittsburgh, Pa., suspended eight pupils whose parents are Catholics because the children refused to attend the devotional exercises. The school board sustained the principal, and the parents threaten to test the matter in court.

The Missouri *Liberal* is much improved in appearance by a rearrangement into an eight-page paper, with three wide columns to the page. With Jay Chaapel's experience as an editor, F. C. Browne's practical skill as a printer, and Mr. Walser's push and enterprise, the *Liberal* ought to reflect credit upon the town. By the way, we would like to know the name of the Freethought lecturer who, Mr. Walser says, "would giv twenty-five dollars for a church in Liberal."

The Madras Secular Society seems to be doing good work in India counteracting the efforts of the Christian missionaries and enlightening the people. We hav received the two last numbers of the society's journal, *The Thinker*, an eight-page paper printed in English, and filled with good reading selected from English and American sources. Among the contents of the later issue we notice an article by Mr. Putnam, and a long instalment of Mr. Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking."

Miss Gardener, in an article printed elsewhere, takes a western editor very sharply to task for abusing the American Secular Union. The cause of the outbreak is the alleged fact that the Union had petitioned the legislature not to allow the establishment of a chair of theology at the Cornell University. In her reply Miss Gardener loses sight of one important fact which she might hav employed to good advantage, namely, that the American Secular Union has sent no such petition to the legislature.

The *Oregon City Courier* reports that Archbishop Gross, of Oregon, has issued an imperativ order forbidding Catholic parents to send their children to the public schools, when a school belonging to the church is accessible. According to the archbishop the teachers in the public schools are mostly followers of the damnable heresies of Luther and other schismatics of the period called the Reformation, and he, in common with the other priests of America, views with alarm the influence of the schools on the children of the faithful. In case Catholic parents do not wish to send their scholars to parochial schools they are not to attend any school whatever.

On Wednesday two weeks ago Mary Morris, of Troy, this state, put a pot of boiling water on the floor of the kitchen in her dwelling, leaving her niueteen-months-old babe creeping about the floor. She went into an adjoining room. Soon afterward the infant began to scream. Mrs. Morris rushed back and found it sitting in the pan of scalding water. She dressed the terrible scalds and put the child to bed. She was urged by neighbors to call a physician, but refused, saying that she would trust that the prayers of the family to save her baby's life would be heard. The next day one of the neighbors asked a doctor to see the child, and he visited the house. Much against Mrs. Morris's will he redressed the wounds, which he considered fatal. The infant lingered until Sunday of last week, when it died. Mrs. Morris said after its death: "My baby was all right until the doctor laid his heavy hands upon it. The almighty heard our prayers and would hav saved our baby but for the wicked man who sent that doctor to her. I believe in prayer, and know God heard ours." Why, then, did God let this infant die?

There are few kinder-hearted people in the world than Mrs. Slenker, and few do as much according to their means for the poor. We find in a spiritual exchange an acknowledgment of this by Jeremiah Hacker, of Berlin, N. J.: "She is kind-hearted and generous to the needy. I hav had many positiv proofs. She has repeatedly sent us stocking-yarn, and the pants I now wear, the only pair I hav that hav not been patched, were made of cloth that she sent me without any hope or expectation of reward, she paying the express charges and refusing compensation for that. My wife has also a woolen dress that Mrs. Slenker sent her from their factory. All these things were sent by her without our asking for them, or even intimating that we needed them, yet were just what we would hav chosen to hav. When people hav given her money for us she has had the trouble of mailing it to us and paid postage, refusing to receive anything in return, and I hav never had reason to think but what she was strictly honest as well as benevolent. D. Tuttle, of Ohio, who died poor, in his letters to me, spoke of Elmina's kindness and benevolence to him in the most grateful terms. The late Mr. Broom was here nine days over a year ago, and again eleven days before death, because he had no other place to lay his head. On both his visits he received money from Elmina, a part of it her own free gift and a part for his publications that she sold." Mrs. Slenker is by no means wealthy. The factory is a small one, and frequently Mr. Slenker must take his pay for cloth and yarn in trade, as money down in Virginia is scarce. Mrs. Slenker deserves a great deal of credit for her many kindnesses.

A lady whose daughter attends the Vineland, N. J., public schools protests to the editor of the *Rostrum* against the practice in the schools of compelling the scholars to commit to memory portions of the Bible. The children are required to learn a verse a day, and must hav that perfect, whether the lessons are or not. The lady says: "I would make complaint and hav it stopped, but I know my child would be sneered at." The editor confirms the lady's fears. "The other children," he says, "and probably the bigot of a teacher, would sneer at the child and berate the parents who dare to think outside of the theological channel and be desirous that the child should be left free."

A Georgia negro, living near Savannah, is the last insanely religious man to offer to God a human sacrifice. John Graham lived in a cabin some six miles from the city with his wife, his mother, and two sons. In the early part of last week he disappeared, and after three days' absence was sought by his wife. She had not gone far from the cabin when a flock of buzzards attracted her attention. Going to the spot over which they were hovering she found the corpses of two negro boys, tied hand and foot and bound to a tree. In a graveyard near at hand, crouching behind a tombstone, was the missing lunatic. He was secured, and the coroner called. The latter's investigation developed the fact that Graham, while insane, had slain the boys as an offering to God. He says he met the boys, and went up to heaven and prayed with them at God's bidding, and that he had anointed them with water. He then strangled them. Near the corpses was found a tin can containing part of the water which Graham had used in anointing them.

The Kingsland, Ark., *Keeker* (the peeper or pryer) throws this interrogation point at us:

"Among the many new features presented by The Truth Seeker, a 'Freethought' journal published in New York city, is one in orthography. In all words terminating in *ve* the *e* is dropped. For example: 'Have' is written 'hav;' 'give' is written 'giv;' 'destructive,' 'destructiv;' etc. Where is the authority for this wholesale tearing up of Webster? Please giv us a ray of light on the subject, Mr. Macdonald."

The reason of our spelling is that we believe in reformation, orthographic as well as religious. Our "rules" are the recommendation of the American Philological Society. The rule for dropping the final *e* on the class of words mentioned is to drop it when the vowel preceding the last consonant is short, as in "give." This also furnishes a key to the pronunciation of words, as, for instance, "genuine." With the final *e* left on, many might pronounce the *i* long, but with the *e* left off, the most careless reader knows the *i* is short, and givs the word the right pronunciation. The Truth Seeker is about twenty-five years ahead of the rest of the world in this, but then it is an Infidel journal, and that is its place.

Mr. Bradlaugh has introduced in Parliament a land bill of a most radical character. It provides "that from and after the 1st day of January, 1887, any person shall be guilty of misdemeanor who shall hold in any agricultural district any land of more than one hundred acres in extent in a waste or uncultivated state, unless such land shall not for any purpose be cultivable with profit, or unless such land shall hav been devoted to some purposes of public utility or enjoyment." Persons convicted of so holding lands shall, after trial, be evicted, but shall receive from government annually for twenty-five years a pension equal to the average value of the annual actual produce of the lands calculated over a period of fourteen years prior to the date of conviction. The commissioners to be appointed under the act shall then let the land by public advertisment in lots not exceeding forty acres to one person. The second reading of this bill is set down for April 14th. Mr. Bradlaugh has also placed on the order book of the House a notice of his intention "to call attention to the method of collection of labor statistics in the United States of America and in the Dominion of Canada, and to move, That, in the opinion of this House, immediate steps should be taken to insure the full and accurate collection, in this country, of similar statistics."

If the Rev. Dr. Buckley is compelled by force of circumstances to "hedge" as much in his theological statements as in his financial, he will hav difficulty in keeping his flock in line. In an editorial in the *Christian Advocate* of January 21st he said that our silver dollar is a "cheat." A Colorado subscriber, who is evidently a silver man, now asks him: "How can I pay you for my paper without cheating you? Silver is about all the money we hav here, and we hav very little of that. Now, sir, if the silver dollar is worth only eighty cents, as you say, do you want me to pay three so-called silver dollars, and thus make good the 'cheat?' Or, hav you faith enough to 'trust in God' for the twenty cents out of each dollar? It is true that I gave a dollar's worth of wheat, which I grew on my farm, for this dollar. The man I received it of took it for a dollar, on debt, and the man who received it of the government paid a dollar's worth of labor for it. I cannot see who is wronged thus far, but for fear that you will be the innocent party who will suffer I shall wait for your answer." To which Mr. Buckley answers: "We must adjust ourselves to the currency, whatever it is. Send on your legal tender. The responsibility is on the government, not on you." Like most other ministers, Mr. Buckley's preaching and practice will not hang together. If he honestly believes that the silver dollar is worth only eighty cents, he ought to hav insisted on the subscriber paying twenty cents extra on each dollar. And to be exactly honest Mr. Buckley must pay twenty cents extra every time he passes a silver dollar. But instead he throws the blame on the government, just as he loads his sins upon Jesus.

Letters from Friends.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken advantage of your liberal terms for THE TRUTH SEEKER in sending two subscriptions in one remittance. Inclosed you will find five dollars to pay for my subscription and one new subscriber.

Yours truly, JACOB ZIMMER.

HILLVIEW, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed $1.25 to pay for the "Story Hour," by Miss Susan H. Wixon.

I am a little girl of ten years old, and when I get my book, so that I can show it to my cousin, she will send for one.

CORDIA MOORE.

WARREN, Feb. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.25 for renewal and ANNUAL for 1886. We hope to procure the services of some lecturer here soon. There is quite a large floating population in this country seeking oil territory, among which I frequently meet men with Liberal views, and some are outspoken Infidels. Great good might be accomplished in this benighted region by such a man as Mr. Reynolds. We hope to induce him this way soon. Z. H. EDDY.

HARSHAW, ARIZONA, Feb. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: That was a very interesting communication from Holt in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 23d, 1886, under the head of "Watch Them" in regard to sending books, merchandise, etc., through the mails. I hope Liberals everywhere will watch them, because it depends upon Liberals everywhere to keep the wheels of progress moving. If it don't pay to run the post-office department at present rates, restore the three-cent rate on letters. The reduction to two cents was mainly to benefit the business community.

I would say in connection with this subject that the citizens of this place and vicinity got up a petition to the postmaster-general asking him to recommend Congress to giv us a postal express in connection with all railroad and steamboat mail routes.

Now Liberals, what do you think of that idea? As the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER are thinkers, we appeal to them to push things that are for the benefit of the masses.

F. A. LAMONT.

VINELAND, N. J., Feb. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is with pleasure that I write, for our distinguished Brother C. B. Reynolds has been here, and paid us a very pleasant, but to him, pecuniarily, a very profitless visit, for the elements above and below conspired against him, so that he could not exhibit the stereopticon views. The Mikado opera advertised on the same evenings, and the gas works were out of repair, so that we had naught but lamplight to add to the general discomfort. Our brother was cheerful and buoyant, and we tried to make his way as easy as possible. And we made arrangements for him to speak for us on Sunday forenoon on "Honest Answers to Christian Objections," which was much appreciated. In the evening his subject was, "Why I Left the Pulpit," which was very beautiful. The earnestness of purpose, and, at times, the sublime pathos brought to the surface, received the just encomiums of his hearers. He leaves behind him an indelible mark in Vineland. We shall want to see and hear him again.

THOMAS STREET.

PORTLAND, O., Feb. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been Liberal for once and hav given away all my TRUTH SEEKERS since the 1st of January. I could not hold them, but wanted to send them broadcast over the land, and, as Brother Reynolds said at the Cleveland Convention when he dropped a slip of paper that fell among the audience, "Let them bring what they will fetch."

Mr. Wakeman's speech in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 6th is worth to me the price of the paper for six months. I never could fully comprehend the meaning of his frequent remarks in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but this last is as clear as day. And there is Elmina, too. Not a word of her writing in your paper but what I read and reread. These noble men and women are working for us, and striving to help us break the shackles of superstition that we may be a free people. Let us look to their interest before they get beyond our reach.

Those illustrations are grand, so keep on in the good work. You may not inherit the kingdom of heaven, but surely you will receive the blessings of mankind.

J. D. WHEELER.

LEXINGTON, KY., Feb. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading Miss Gardener's new book, "Men, Women, and Gods," with its wealth of truths and arguments. But what can be said in its praise? The book speaks for itself, as all readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know that Miss Gardener doesn't mince matters, but speaks to the point, and says what she thinks and thinks what she says. Every woman in the country should read this little volume. It would show them the position of women as taught by the Bible; that all of their troubles, socially, morally, and politically, can be traced to a common origin—the Bible; and that to defend and suppport a book that hasn't a good word for them is to defend and support their worst enemy. St. Paul, who would rather hav them remain in mental darkness, would, perhaps, not recommend the book before us. "If you wish to know anything, go to your husband," he would say. But suppose her husband knew nothing, and had never heard of the trinity or Nebuchadnezzar, and could not explain away the objections spoken of by Miss Gardener, what is she going to do? Go to the priest for information? Ten to one, he would hav to "see a man" or "catch a car."

Ladies, buy the book; it is only fifty cents in paper covers, the first lecture being worth the price alone. Buy it, read it, and hand to your friends to read. Look the matter squarely in the face, and say, "Henceforth we will be women, free American women, and women of common sense, in spite of old St. Paul, the priests, dogmas, and creeds."

D. B. COZINE.

FRIENDSHIP, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed subscription for 1886. I should hav sent the 1st of January, but did hope to obtain three other subscribers. I will send them later if forthcoming.

I am greatly pleased with Prof. T. H. Huxley's reply to Mr. Gladstone. It is always a true delight to read from his pen. G. F. Rinehart is felicitous in his remarks on "True Liberalism." The letter of A. L. Ballou is full of choice thought counselling toleration, a virtue much needed. Then the photos—of C. B. Reynolds, flashing enthusiasm, zeal, and earnestness so characteristic of himself; and the indefatigable Putnam, determined that truth and right shall triumph, invincible, unconquerable; and last, but greatest, T. B. Wakeman, from whose face beams the amber richness of the deft traces of thought, which glorifies every feature! How proud we are of such laborers! I hope these will be followed by some of the heroins, such as Mrs. Juliet H. Severance, M.D., Mrs. Mattie Krekel, Mrs. H. S. Lake, and others.

Would that the masses were more interested in Secular ideas and the progressiv spirit of the nineteenth century!

GRACE L. PARKHURST.

LEHIGH, IA., Jan. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $6, which pays for my own and a new subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, and the balance to be applied to my subscription.

I am truly sorry that I cannot do more to advance the good work in which you are so earnestly engaged, but, being unfortunate enough to be only a wage worker (a miner) the world's wealth with me is scarce. I am exceedingly well pleased with the new dress of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The pictures which hav appeared are good. I think, by all appearance, the artist is fully competent to perform his task in the exposition. It is impossible to describe in full with the pen the hypocrisy and falseness of the orthodox church without the aid of the artist's pencil. With both combined in THE TRUTH SEEKER old orthodoxy shall receive double defeat. There should be no mercy shown her nor quarter given her. She has been the curse of this world. Humanity has suffered with no other curse, including famin, pestilence, and disease, as it has at the bloody hands of orthodox Christianity. The growth of ages has been retarded, blighted, and set back in old night and despair under the rule of her iron hand, and in all ages she has kept the fire a-burning with the bodies of our best philanthropists, philosophers, and scientists. I am happy to think that I liv in an age when the enlightenment of Freethought is fast spreading amongst the people of all lands, and the seeds of sound reason and common sense which hav been sown by Freethinkers are beginning to grow up in the place of the old orthodox, poisonous seeds.

Moral truth is gaining the day,
Illumed by nature's glorious ray,
Anathema is flying away,
With priests and diels.
Sound reason and the scepter sway
Hard at her heels.

Wishing you grand success in your new departure,

ROBT. FLEMING.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: On Sunday, Feb. 7th, Charles Watts delivered two very remarkable lectures here. The first was delivered at Maltby Hall in Pittsburgh and entitled, "Theological Fallacies; or, The Fall and the Atonement;" the other at Wilson's Hall in Allegheny City, on "Agnosticism or Theism—Which?" I deem them so excellent that I would like to call the attention of your readers to a few points in them that will giv some idea of their scope and merits.

Mr. Watts began by saying that the fall and atonement were the foundation-stones of orthodoxy. He then showed that the fall could not be true, and if true Eve's sentence was the most cruel and unjust imaginable, and would make God a fiend. He accounted for the church's barbarism on this principle. God either knew Eve would sin or he did not. If he knew it, then Eve could not be to blame. If he did not, then he was not omniscient. In either case he was solely responsible. The whole story was a rehash of a Hindoo myth. He defined sin as "an act conceived and executed aside from extrinsic circumstances." If God were holy he could not giv permission to sin. So man could not sin. Canon Farrar was quoted as saying, "No theory of the atonement was ever universally accepted by the church. The different theories were tabulated as follows:

Augustinian:	All men fell;	all are saved.
Calvinistic:	"	a few only saved.
Evangelical:	"	all who believe are saved.
Catholic:	"	ceremonies save.
Unitarian:	"	man reconciled to God.

The scheme is unjust and partial. Missionaries had better stay at home. Morality is the true savior of mankind."

In speaking of Agnosticism Mr. Watts said there was a general misapprehension as to the position of Secularists on Theism. Our position is not Atheistic, but Agnostic. The term Agnostic means "not knowing," and that explains our attitude toward the unknown and unknowable, such as God, the origin of nature, and a future life. We deem it unreasonable to profess to believe in that of which we hav no experience. God objectivly is a reflex of the individual who forms the conception, but practically his God is his prime passion, whatever that may be.

If God, theoretically, be infinit, universal, and absolute, then we, because of our limitations, can form no idea of him, as we are finite, conditioned, and relativ. Ultimates are inscrutable. We only know of phenomena. A personal immaterial being is impossible. There is no personality without materiality, knowledge, memory, and hope, and these imply change.

Creation out of nothing implies an external agency. What was it? Where was it? And how could it exist? God must hav been either in or out of the universe.

If the universe was everywhere it could not be created. Creation implies a place where there was no place. If so, where was God? He could not act without something to act on. Mind is not an entity, but the result of organized matter. There is no design in nature, but simply order. The evils of the world disprove, or at least do not prove, a moral governor of the universe.

We try to observe and comprehend the order of nature instead of the origin of the same. We let God alone. To say that we hav any conception of him is affirming that we hav an idea of an idea, of which we can hav no idea. We try to improve ourselvs. Utility, honor, and fidelity are our watchwords. We try to make the world better, and are content with having lived in it. HARRY HOOVER.

MONMOUTH, ILL., Feb. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: For some time past I hav been in arrears with my subscription, and consequently indebted to your kiudness for continuance of opportunity to peruse the ever-interesting, thought-inciting pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER. For that I tender you my thanks, and assure you I fully appreciate the favor. I now gladly avail myself of the chance to take a jump ahead, and will try, by sending a dollar now and then, to maintain that position.

Inclosed find five dollars, which please apply in that direction.

The illustrations are an immense stride forward, and cannot fail to be effectiv in opening the eyes of many who heretofore hav been led and gulled by "blind leaders of the blind." They speak volumes in a language that cannot be misunderstood. "The Judgment of History" most particularly attracted my attention. It is splendid. I had to laugh the first glance I took at it. How comfortable and self-satisfied they all appear, and evidently all unconscious of their pitifully ridiculous plight, the old pope with his "bull" at the head of the "holy cross," Brother Beecher at the tail end, and Talmage in the middle with legs crossed, "holy Bible" on his knee, his whole attitude and expression that of a baby hugging a pet kitten. The countenance of Brother Beecher seems to convey the idea that he is a little doubtful; not altogether satisfied. On second thought I must except him; he appears to be in a meditativ mood, as though trying to discover the next phase of evolution. There is hope, I think, for him, but the two others are hopeless idiots. I suppose the robed and spectacled priest who is hanging on to Beecher's legs, and trying so earnestly to bear down, or at least to balance the scales, must be Heber Newton. Well, pull away, good Brother Newton; do your best, but you will find all the strength you can exert, though multiplied ten thousand times, will fail to overcome the gravity of the weights in the opposit scale. Poor Pat, whilst I laugh at I yet pity you, you poor, innocent soul, full of confiding, unquestioning trustfulness; ignorant and deluded though you be, there is no question of your thorough honesty, and that is more than can be said of thousands of priests who burn incense before tawdry altars, chant masses, perform genuflexions, and cut up other monkey shines in the name of religion that would disgrace a set of intelligent Hottentots, and who, whilst you are counting beads, are slyly chuckling as they count over the "Peter's pence" wrung from your hard earnings, and all the time keeping you in subjection through fear of excommunication, and pronouncing the most fearful anathemas against the noblest thinkers of the age, who, like the immortal Paine, proclaim to the world the "Rights of Man," and strive to inaugurate the "Age of Reason," whose dawning rays are already chasing away the darkness of superstition, and whose sway shall establish justice, freedom, and fraternity throughout the world. You hav plenty of company, Pat, and not all in your church either. However, the scales are held in the firm grip of eternal justice, and the "Rights of Man" will ever outweigh all theological dogmas and creeds, will exist long after they are forgotten, and sooner or later will be firmly and immovably established.

Revival meetings hav been the order of the day, or rather night, around this section. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Christian church, and others hav been doing their level best to save precious souls, and "snatch them as brands from the burning." Pity they would not spend the same amount of labor and money in trying to save precious bodies that are shivering in almost nakedness, and suffering for want of food. There are plenty of them. Oh, pshaw! Eighteen hundred years of Christianity, and what has it done for the world? "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you," who does it? What so-called Christian nation on the face of the globe that does not spend untold millions in the glittering trappings and fearful armaments of war for the sole end that one set of Christians may butcher another set of Christians, or invade the territories and destroy the homes and lives of so-called heathens, and, according to Christian creeds, thus hurry the souls of those heathens to irretreivable damnation, and all this whilst ignorance, and hunger, and suffering, and the utter destitution of hopeless poverty abound on every hand within their own borders, engendering disease and crimes without end? "He that hath of this world's goods, and seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion upon him, how dwelleth the love of God in that man?" How many Christian millionaires, bankers, corporations,

etc., ponder that question? But I must quit. Before doing so, however, I will tell you something that was related to me as a fact. Revival meetings hav been held up in Moline. During the progress of one a holy "servant of the most high" mingled with the congregation. Accosting a mechanic he asked: "Brother, are you working for Jesus?" "No," was the reply, "I'm working for John Deen for a dollar and ten cents a day." Turning away from him he addressed another: "Well, my brother, do you feel any change?" Thrusting his hands down into his pockets the "brother" answered, "Not a damned cent."

With best wishes for the success of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and all who earnestly seek the truth, I remain,

Yours truly, RICHARD T. WATSON.

IONIA, MICH., Jan. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find my remittance of $5 to renew my subscription and for one new subscriber. I was determined to send you at least one new subscriber to encourage you in the cartoon business. They reach a certain class of minds. I hope to send you more soon, but the outspoken Liberals of this place seem very indifferent about such matters and say if people are fools enough to believe such stuff let them hav it—and so say I, if they would run it at their own expense, but as long as I hav to pay $5 a year extra tax to relieve the churches from paying their own, and $5 more in school tax for the one-twentieth of the time of the schools spent in teaching theology, also in state tax for chaplains, and also while the hypocritical clergy and their adherents hav influence and political power enough to dictate legally what I must do or not do with the one-seventh part of my time, I shall not fail to expose the tricks of their trade to the extent of my ability.

We hav the full complement of church variety here, including Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational, three kinds of Methodists, a Lutheran, and a Campbellite, each of which runs a church, besides Salvation barracks, and Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and Adventists to boot, all in a little city of five thousand inhabitants, and representing over $300,000 worth of untaxed church property. I do not believe there are ten unskeptical male church-members in town, except Catholics. Oh, that Reynolds with his Tent, or Watts, or Ingersoll, or some other of our great Infidel lecturers could be induced to come here and form a League! The harvest would be immense. I havn't time to stir up my few Liberal friends to call some such meetings, but all seem, like myself, to hav too much to do to giv it much attention. I loan my papers and books, and always speak out to thinkers or the pulpiteers whenever occasion offers, which is about all I can do.

In my judgment, all that is necessary to kill the clergy and the church is to show up the holy Bible in its true light.

Respectfully, S. M. BAYARD.

ANAHIEM, CAL., Feb. 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 9th contains an appeal to Liberals by our worthy worker, W. F. Jamieson, of more and greater moment to the secularization of the rising generation than the Nine Demands. I hav long felt the need of our attracting the attention of our children. The graphic pictures are telling a true story to the eye. I often explain to the girls and boys the "Short Lesson to Christians," as I hav it on my wall.

Above all else let our purpose be avowed that we will hav plenty of "Liberal Leaves," and let everyone that has outgrown superstition help to make them, and buy them by the hundred and thousand, till Brother Jamieson's plan is carried out. We here are so far from the general path of Secular Liberal lecturers that we hav got tired of waiting for them to come. But it does seem to me to be the most feasible suggestion of the present day. Above all else, let us all try to avoid bickerings, disagreement, and harsh language to each other in our letters to THE TRUTH SEEKER or other Liberal papers, but let us show toleration to all as regards uncertainties, and endeavor to so liv that our record shall be pure and clear from faults and vices, so that we can proudly point to the class styled "Infidels," and defy the tongue of slander to prove aught against the lives of those that hav outgrown the Bible God, with all the myths and miracles of an ignorant, barbaric age, when one was called on to confess that three are one; when men said the sun stood still to let men kill; when priests taught girls that they must love them and fear God, or he would send the bears—even to welting them on the neck till scars were left. I've seen them myself.

Yours for equality, MRS. K. PARKER.

MERIDIAN, TEX., Feb. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I feel impressed that it is my duty to write you that I am just as J. H. Burnham expresses himself in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 30, 1886. If you don't agree with him, you ought not to hav the selected piece on another page of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav known two just such cases in my limited experience as the selected story describes, and in my own family all the evil shadows were cast, though fortunately, by circumstances, were driven out; but I can never hav any good feelings toward that thing called religion.

You also take Mr. Tucker to task for saying a sneak-thief or highway robber is like government. The Thracian robber, when he was brought before Alexander the Great, convinced him that he was a robber too.

I think William Penn convinced King Charles that he had no rights in North America, and if I was a good hand to write I could convince you that the state of Texas was a robber, and one of the worst type. I will try and illustrate my case to you. I hav two tracts of land, one in Hood county, one in this county. On the one in this county I hav paid the taxes all the time since it was patented to me. Private individuals hav seized it and set up their claim and hav been on it for ten years. I hav been trying to law them off year after year, but they take every dodge and advantage that can be devised—hav beaten me so far. The one in Hood county was sold by the state for taxes in the year 1878. I sued for that. The District Court rendered judgment against me. I appealed to the Supreme Court and got my case reversed and remanded. I am not able to say yet whether it will be of any service or not to me. The two law-suits hav impoverished me so that I can't pay for my paper, etc., and now the great state of Texas simply stands by and says:

"Fight, dog, and fight, bear!
There is no dog of mine there."

These facts I hope will enable you to see that government is only a necessary evil at best. You certainly will see my point—that is, when the government givs a title to land it should protect that title and indemnify the person in his losses, or in other words should pay the expenses when her officials act with negligence, ignorance, or malice.

When the priests come around beguiling the women, the government should take them up as vagrants, etc. Those are my notions. Yours, S. D. GREER.

[Our correspondent falls somewhat short of grasping the full significance of mental liberty. There is no way consistent with equal rights by which the law can prevent the expression of anyone's religious views. If people will be humbugged, that is their misfortune. As to government, of course it is at best but a necessary evil—necessary to protect ourselvs against ourselvs. The thief to which our correspondent compares the government, on the contrary, is not a necessary evil by any means, and serves no good end. Likening a government to a thief is one of the emptiest comparisons ever expressed in print.—ED. T. S.]

VALLEJO, CAL., Jan. 30, 1866.

MR. EDITOR: I hail with much delight the wonderful improvement apparent in the last few numbers of the paper. I sincerely hope that you can continue the picture department. And, now that I think of it, I will donate $2.50 toward the pictures.

I did hope to be able to obtain a few more subscribers, but this burgh is such a pestiferous hot-bed of Catholicism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, and several other isms equally as absurd and dangerous, if not as powerful, that the introduction of healthful mind-food is a crime that is classed with murder, highway robbery, and general rascality. I hav been an avowed Liberal for several years, and although I hav made many enemies, and am often publicly insulted because of my principles, I still manage to hold my own, and, by trying to lead a more exemplary life as a Liberal than my enemies do as church-members, I hav succeeded of late in earning a little more respect than heretofore from the "rosary-mumblers" and the "devil-dodgers." This I hav considered a favorable advance in enlightenment and good sense. When a man of my extreme views can induce those about him to cast aside their prejudice and treat him and his belief with respect, it argues that reason is beginning to assert her superiority over ignorance and priestcraft. If the present favorable conditions continue, I may before long hav a few new subscribers for you.

I am chairman of the board of trustees of the public library, and in that capacity first antagonized the good Christians of the community by endeavoring to introduce Liberal literature into the library. One of the members of the board is a Calvinistic minister, another is an embryo sky-pilot, and still another is a devout Calvinist. As the board consists of but five members, I, of course, belong to the dignified but useless minority. I regret exceedingly that in such a rich field for labor my efforts in the Liberal cause should be of no avail.

I am to be a candidate in the spring elections here for the office of superintendent of public instruction. I am informed that because of my principles and views, I shall meet with an overwhelming defeat. In fact, the feeling is beginning to grow so strong that an organized fight is to be made against me. The confessional, that secret service bureau of the church, that destroyer of domestic peace and purity, that barbarous relic of an age of crime, ignorance, and superstition, is already exerting its potent influence to accomplish my defeat. I await in good spirits, but not with an "unfaltering trust"—for Rome and Calvinism are powerful—for the onset of the battle. Though I fear that "Dickon is bought and sold," I shall enter the lists with that assurance and pride that, my mother used to say, crowned those martyrs of early Christianity, who went forth to death without fear and without regret, because some greater and nobler fellow had always preceded them, for emulation was the keystone of their faith. So I. Many, many greater and nobler men than this Infidel in the far West hav even felt the screws of Rome and the flames of Calvin, and received an ignominous quietus in a Cimmerian night of oblivion, their great hearts hushed, and the things that dwelt in the woundrous realms of thought destined never to be known. "But we, the heirs of all the ages," think the things that they hav thought, and "from out the fulness of our years" we hear the ever, ever, Reason shall rule! "whispered by the phantom years, and a song from out the distance in the ringing of our ears," whose gladsome burden shall be of universal truth until time shall be no more.

With best wishes; and with the assurance of my humble assistance at all times in the one great cause, I am

Fraternally yours, W. J. TOBIN.

TO MR. CURTIS AND MRS. WHEELOCK.

BARRE, MASS., Feb. 14, 286.

MR. EDITOR: It is a mistake. Miss Gibson never "asserted that Spiritualism is fraud." She only declares that some of the mediums practicing it are to her knowledge frauds. It is very desirable and necessary, Mr. Editor, that I should set myself right before Spiritualists who are constantly making statements similar to the above, which I hav just read in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 13th, over the signature, "E. F. Curtis, Farmington, Ohio;" and if you will allow me a few lines to explain my position, I will try and not be very lengthy:

First. There is a genuin mental and physical phenomenon known as Spiritualism, which, I believe, has its origin on this planet, and in living human beings, aided and promoted by their environments, including the laws of mind and matter.

Second. I hav never denied these facts. How could I, having been a known exemplificator of many of them, such as electrical detonations and illuminations, and all the various phases of what now is known as clairvoyance, magnetism, and healing, ever since my birth, nearly sixty-five years? but these genuin, I know, are often imitated and counterfeited by mediums.

Third. I believe other manifestations such as materialization, independent state-writing, the projecting of living birds, persons, flowers, stones, vegetables, and solid substances through the walls of buildings, were never done in one single instance; but I only require proof of the facts in order to admit them.

Fourth. If others are genuin mediums and do not produce the manifestations themselvs, I know Mr. Truesdell performed his himself in the case contested. He did not tell me so; I saw him do them; and is not that stronger proof that he did do them than the negation, "spirits did them," when no one saw spirits do any such thing? I not only saw him perform them, but every one in the circle heard him repeat how he did them, and many of the tests he proved to them he did do, one by drawing his cardboard "Ella" from out of his sleeve and producing "Ella" on a lady's arm in sight of us all—the very name we had seen on his arm a few moments before, pronounced by them all a wonderful display of spirit-power and intelligence.

Now "let us see who is credulous," demands Mr. Curtis. "You admit, we all admit, that Truesdell takes a clean slate, puts a bit of pencil on it, and ties a slate on this, or puts the first slate tight up under the table-leaf, and writing is done on the slate. Ella tells us she is sure, yes, she may say she 'knows Truesdell does it.' We say spirits did it, using for the purpose an element they find in Truesdell that they do not find in all," etc., etc.

Why, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Truesdell wrote some of those messages and showed them to us on the afternoon of the day on which they were exhibited in the evening, and do you suppose spirits wrote them over again at his dictation, or in other words copied them, and others he wrote at intervals during the seance after he had obtained the names by opening the ballots on which they were written, which I saw him do? I know how all this writing was done just as well as the circle knows how "Ella" was made on the arm. I saw Mr. Truesdell make the letters in the afternoon of the second day and paste them on the cardboard for evening use, he having obtained the name the night previous by hearing one of the circle say, "I suppose Mrs. R——— was disappointed in not getting a message from Ella;" hence the name the next evening on Mr. Truesdell's arm. "Conditions were favorable." Sometimes the slates were changed after they were sponged off, and sometimes other measures were resorted to to produce the writing, but you may rest assured in every instance it was done by the hand of Mr. Truesdell; and in the Mrs. Simpson test, after the slate was put under the table, a very ingenious trick but very simple, however, after you know how it is done. You seem to be sure that spirits do it because you cannot account for it in any other way, but there are ways, you perceive, to account for too many of these performances for any one to be very sure that all are not either trick or our own minds. But Mr. Curtis asks (and Mrs. Wheelock in Jan. 16th asks the same question substantially) how "a girl not over four years old that had not attended school, knew nothing of writing, under some influence would write, the writing would claim to come from the dead so-called;" how could she thus write?

Who has not heard of a self-induced psychology, and a psychology not self-induced that one person exercises over another, as did Professor Grimes and other operators over their subjects, where they could be made to believe they were kings or queens, or in a moment become great orators, though never having before raised their voice in public, and doing other things equally as wonderful? I hav not the least doubt that the little girl did just what is credited to her, also, in the case cited by Mrs. Wheelock, for I hav done quite as remarkable things a hundred times, but being an evolutionist and not believing in a designer, I can account for it satisfactorily to my own mind without the aid of spirits.

Mr. Curtis says, "Let them meet on facts." Mrs. Wheelock inquires, "Will Truesdell & Co. please explain?" Yes, but you will not accept our explanation of the facts any more than he will yours. Shall we then call names and stigmatize? Now it does not hurt me to be called "fraud-hunter" by implication; I who hav been seeking truth all my life more than any other one thing else, but who sometimes found fraud instead, and was honest enough and brave enough to admit and avow it when apparently it was against my interest to do so It has cost me something to speak what I knew was truth all these years since I discovered as I thought the facts underlying Spiritualism, so-called, were not attributable to spirits, and my self-respect demands of me an expression of the same; also that I do not believe in genuin materialization and slate-writing. No, not for one moment, even the wonderful tests reported from Liberal, Mo., that hav recently so startled the country.

I hav no disposition to impute bad motivs to every believer in Spiritualism, nor fraud to every so-called medium, while I am free to say that I hav but little charity for the spiritual swindlers who hav imposed upon our Owens, Chaineys, Walsers, and other noble, honest, intellectual men and women.

I trust I am now understood. Yours truly,

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

From Childhood to Age.

Dear, gentle child, with the sunny brow,
The canvas is spread and thy vessel's prow
Is turning away from the eastern shore;
Thy ship is to sail life's waters o'er.
The skies are bright, and the pearly spray
Is dancing and sparkling along the bay.

I look around on the landscape green,
There are beautiful hills and vales between;
The lambkins are skipping in innocent glee,
The birds are building in wall and tree;
Sweet perfumes arise from gardens of thyme;
The bells are swinging in silvery chime.

'Tis a lovely land thou art going to leave,
For its innocent joys thou wilt sometimes grieve,
For the emerald glades where the violets sleep
On the tossing seas thou wilt sometimes weep;
As thy bark shall traverse the troubled surf,
Thou wilt often long for the velvet turf.

Go forth, O my child, and gather the flowers;
Go, gather the vines from the woodland bowers.
They will wither, 'tis true, their hues will depart,
But their scent will remain to comfort the heart.
It will whisper to thee of the morning land,
As thou bearest away to the western strand.

The jewels of wisdom thy mother gave,
Take in memory's casket upon the wave;
Take thy girdle of truth, with its flowing length,
To gird up thy loins when thou need'st strength,
And fold, for the voyage, thy garments white;
Thou wilt need them to wear in the Isles of Light

My darling, farewell, time cannot be stayed,
The ship is afloat, the anchor is weighed;
The breezes are out and the billows play,
As they bear thee from childhood to age away.
May thy heart be brave and thy courage strong,
Should the seas be rough and the journey long.

Denver, Col. Mrs. Buckner-Johnson, M.D.

Sunny Memories.

In looking back from fifty-five to sixty years I think of the joy I used to feel over the glory of an English springtime, when the crocuses and violets came to gladden the hearts with their beauty, and the latter especially with its delicious odor. When quite young, with what delight we used to trudge along the hedgerows that were beginning to show their myriad tips of fresh green, to gather these early flowers: A little later in March or early April came the lovely primroses, almost white in their primitiv state, but by a curious process of culture, viz., the frequent turning upside down of the roots, made to assume all shades, from the creamy white to the deep carnation. After these the charming daisies, and the lovely cowslips, and the jubilant buttercups. This wealth of natural flowers is one of nature's best means of education for the little lads and lasses of "Merry England." Under these inspiring influences, 'tis no wonder that the little people, free from the curse of shop or factory, hav such bright, plump, ruddy faces. I remember also with what delight the little chaps hunted for the shells the snails had left, partly for purposes of adornment, but more for the purpose of playing "Sniggy." This game was the pressing of the apex of your shell against that of another boy's, the owner of the victorious shell taking one from the loser. "Harvest time" had two seasons of great interest to girl and boy life. These were "gleaning" and "harvest home."

The "gleaners," composed of all sizes and ages, but principally the mothers and the girls and boys, would line out the wheat fields and file along as steadily as soldiers on dress parade, save laughter and mirth were freely mingled with the picking up of every spear of grain the generous or close-fisted farmers had left. Of course it was tiresome for us little folks, but the jolly times we had for a season after we had sat in a circle to eat our dinners made us more than forget all our effort in the way of tiresome labor. The mothers were girls again, and the sweet, rosy cheeked girls were concentrated joy itself. There were all kinds of innocent games, mixed with laughter and song, and kissing, and the jolliest of all the fun was for us little fellows to chase the mothers and smother them with kisses. So much are these impressed on my memory, that like the fragrance of the violets, those mother kisses they gave us in return are felt now. "Harvest home!" what a glorious affair this was as the last load of grain was trimmed with oak and beech, and the little people piled on the top, and driven into town or village amid shouts and laughter, where we were drenched with water thrown on us from any source by anybody. It was a joyous jubilee. I could go on and tell you for a long time how much of joy and delight were crowded into an ordinary girl's or boy's life in those days, but I cannot paint the untold joy they hav left along the "life-line" of the years till now. These belong to the externals of early life; there are another class of memories still more precious. These consist of early friendship, early love. Always first with me is the love I bore my mother, and out of which has grown, and still remains a charmed influence, diffusing itself through my whole being, commending where it is deserved, and chiding where it is necessary.

Next in order is the recollection of my school-day companions and their peculiarities—the bashful, awkward boys and the pretty, saucy girls, with all the mental and moral shades between. What fun it used to be to tease some of the bashful boys, who were "head over ears in love," and dare not say so. There is always the pert boy, who is usually a tyrant, and I laugh now as I recollect how one of these had the conceit taken out of him by getting a sound thrashing from an awkward, bashful lad who had been thought rather cowardly. The occasion was at a top-spinning game, where one of these perts abused a smaller boy. The tyranny was so apparent that the English love of fair play that is part of a miniature John Bull's inheritance roused the indignation of the bashful lad, who said, "Why don't you take a fellow of your size," and suiting the words to the blow struck him in the face and made his nose bleed. A little tussle, of course, but justice was triumphant, and the girls as well as the boys shouted for the victor.

Our school-days, though not oppressiv as to numbers, were full of sunshine—and why? Because we always sought to seek the loving side, to avoid quarreling, and yet to fight our way sooner than submit to the school-yard tyrants.

Out of these rudimentary causes the woman and man are perfected, and just as in early life we lay the foundations of happiness will the superstructure of later years be seen. Whether these little people can or do catch the brightest sunshine of early life depends very much on how well those who exert a guardian care over them perform their duty. While the great problem of human rights is under discussion, the more important phase of it, rights of children, is very apt to be forgotten or disregarded. Among the first of these is the right to be well born; free as possible from any hereditary taint of mind or body. Next the right to healthful and pure associations, entire freedom from all theological bias, and an opportunity to develop mind and body in harmony with the highest scientific conception of what nature's laws are. Such a thought as an aristocracy of race or sex should never be even hinted at, and all teaching in this regard save that which inculcates the democracy of human nature in its entirety should be avoided. This truthfulness and integrity toward children would call out and leave completely free their generous impulses and nobler instincts.

Now, my dear young friends, you perceive how it is in your power, if the elders do their duty, to build up your own temples of happiness; to make them the source of comfort, strength, and perpetual delight; not for narrow, selfish ends, but for the broader and nobler purpose of encouragement to others whose early associations hav been less bright than yours.

In attaining this condition, threats of future punishment or promis of future heaven is not necessary. If the vision is not obstructed, it will see clearly all within the scope of its view; 'tis so with the mind unclouded with superstition and base conceptions of the rights of race or sex. It will understand that the false and unjust, which cause pain, should be avoided, and that mutual dependence, or our obligation to others for much we get and need, requires that we should be as willing to assist as we are to be assisted. Lydia Maria Child said in her "Letters from New York:" "Everything has its bright side." It is equally true that there is the shadow side also; therefore while we may gather—to use a figure—the sunshine and scatter it, we may reap the shadows and fill the memory with ugly and disagreeable pictures. It is not a hard thing to store the mind with pleasant things; 'tis much easier for girls and boys to hav a good than a miserable time. Generosity is better than selfishness. Beauty of action and conduct makes plain faces charming and attractiv, while selfishness and vanity mar the most perfect features. To be esteemed good is preferable to external adornment or bookish smartness. It is well indeed if the riches of the mind, with beauty of form and dress, are united, but where they are not loveliness of character is the superior, for it exhibits, and produces, a never-failing supply of sunny memories. George Lynn.

Lockport, Ill., Feb. 1, 286 E.M.

Mr. Delmar's Little Story.

Dear Children: When I was a boy of perhaps ten years of age, I lived in a village where they had a young lady school teacher. I did not attend school myself, but the report of the children who went there was to the effect that she was very good and kind to them, that she entered with a spirit of emulation into all their little games of pleasure and amusement, and my boyish heart warmed toward her, and I had a yearning desire to make her acquaintance, and hav her take kindly notice of me. But I was ignorant, and knew not how to do it. In fact, though not a pleasant reflection, I was considered by many a stupid blockhead. Nevertheless I made up my mind to attract her notice somehow, and waited and watched a long time without an opportunity presenting itself, until one Sunday, when the people were leaving church. She was among the number, but walked separate from the others. In a fit of desperation, I ran to her, grasped her dress, and gave it a violent pull, and then stood still. Instantly she turned, and with eyes blazing with anger, and a tone of voice I shall never forget, she said, "If you do that again, sir, you shall suffer for it."

Her manner and tone of voice absolutely paralyzed my senses for a while, and I stood rooted to the spot, until I was jostled by the other churchgoers returning home. I then turned my steps homeward, while the tears of shame, grief, and regret welled up into my heart and my eyes in unutterable woe. If she had turned and said kindly: "You are very rude, my little man, but I guess you did not mean to be, did you? What is your name, and where do you liv?" etc., she would hav retained the prominent place in my heart she had so long occupied, but—well, she misunderstood me.

The moral for children is to study how to show their love and admiration for their elders in a polite and becoming manner; and to teachers and others to be lenient with children, and not be forever ready to misconstrue their intentions, and remember that the budding minds of some children unfold very slowly, who, from their ignorance, and the obscurity of their perceptions, manifest an uncouth manner and rude familiarity in singular contrast with their sincere and loving hearts. H. Delmar.

Eureka Cal.

[True it is that many children are thus repulsed and misunderstood. A wound is made in their delicate, sensitiv natures that remains for a life-time. Had the teacher, in the above instance, come from a school of sciencc and humanity, instead of a church, she would, we trust, hav better understood the law of kindness, and would hav met the little boy in a more tender and compassionate spirit.—Ed. C. C.]

"The Infidel School-teacher and Handsomest Woman" are two pretty stories under one cover, written by Mrs. E. D. Slenker, the well-known Radical writer and reformer. These are healthy, wholesome stories, and full of strength, beauty, usefulness. All the children, of course, and young folks, as well as old ones, will want to read them; and as the price is only 20 cents, of course everyone can afford to buy a copy, and thus encourage the author to write more Liberal stories for the young.—Ed. C. C.

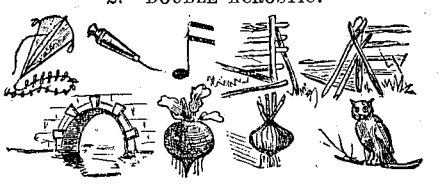
Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CONUNDRUM.



What object mentioned in the "tent scene" between Brutus and Cassius is here represented?

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



The initials and final letters of the objects here represented, taken in their order, will giv the names of two foreign animals.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 13, 1886.

1.—How sweet is life when hope is high,
And points us to the goal
Where pleasures dance in every eye,
And joys their wings unfold.

2.—Eliza May Alexander. 3.—Carbuncle. 4.—$3,960,468. 5.—655,360 acres. 6.—"Not how much, but how well."

Correspondence.

Ithaca, Mich., Jan. 23, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I see my other letter was not a burden to you, so I thought I would bother you again, for ma often says little girls are "miserable little comforts." I guess you will think so too, so many little girls writing to you. We hav very nice weather up in Michigan this winter. Splendid sleighing now! Papa takes me to school every morning—picks up all the little girls and one little boy on the way. We hav a happy time. We hav a graded school and six teachers. In my room we hav sixty-nine scholars. Your little friend,

Fannie Kelley.

[We call little girls, and boys too, "*blessed* little comforts," and we are never tired of their letters.—Ed. C. C.]

McMinnville, Or., Jan. 24, 1886.

To the Editor of the Children's Corner, *Dear Madam:* My father is a great reader, and thinks much of The Truth Seeker, and by his request I will try to write you a letter. It is my first experience in anything of this kind, so you must not expect much.

We are having a pleasant winter; no snow until the 17th of January, and then it snowed one foot deep and lay on three days. To-day the ground is bare. During December we had considerable rain, but that is nothing uncommon for this state.

We hav two large orchards, which bear us apples, pears, prunes, plums, and peaches. There is not much profit in drying fruit to sell, as it is so plentiful.

My father is a farmer chiefly. He and his two sons run a farm of two hundred acres. He is seventy-five years old, but, when well, he makes as good a hand as most of the young men.

I'll not write any more this time, as it is the first; will try and do better next time. I am thirteen years old, and this is the first letter I ever tried to write to a paper.

Your friend, Nettie Olds.

Fox Lake, Ill., Jan. 25, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: When I read The Truth Seeker and see so many children writing such nice letters, it makes me feel as though I wanted to write to you and send you my thanks for the nice stories in the Children's Corner, which I so much like to read. Grandpa and grandma take The Truth Seeker, and I read it and am delighted with the Children's Corner.

I am a little girl eight years old, and I hav two little sisters; one is three years old. Mamma died about a month ago, and left a darling little baby a few hours old. It has no name yet. My auntie has got her. Now we hav no mamma, but grandma stays with us.

I had the "Story Hour," and liked it so well that I learned the stories almost by heart; so I gave it to my cousin, Gertie Drury. I want to get the "Apples of Gold" very much, but grandma says I must wait till my ship comes in. I hope it will come soon.

But I must close now, for I hav no doubt you will hav hard work to make out what I hav written. Please accept my respects and good wishes. Cora M. Howard.

[We all feel very sorry for Cora and her little sisters in the loss of their dear mamma. We trust they will always be just as good girls as if their mamma were living, and as she would wish her little girls to be.—Ed. C. C.]

Sunlight, Neb., Feb. 1, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I am eleven years old, and I go to school every day. I hav two sisters and three brothers. The oldest and youngest are girls. I wrote this in school. I like to read the letters in the Corner.

Yours truly, Stella Somers.

A Little Advice.—We wish our correspondents to be careful and spell correctly, to write with ink, and on one side of the paper only, when writing for the press; and always try to write briefly on intcresting subjects. Sometimes the editor is obliged to rewrite some of the children's letters, which we hope will not occur again after these hints.

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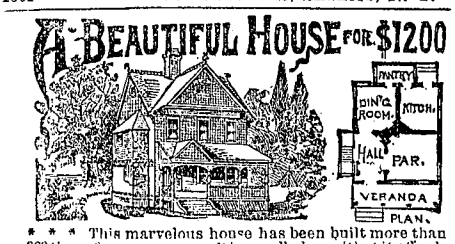
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Two Lives.

Time laid his hand on the budding leaf;
It turned to crimson, then brown and gold.
He touched the grain; 'twas a garnered sheaf,
A laden bin—and the year was old.

You walked in the sun when time was young;
I grew in the shade and was ever old;
My life at last to the daylight sprung,
And yours—crept under the graveyard mold.

Two ways, two lives, two leaves of years,
A sudden cloud, and a glare of sun,
Written in passion, erased in tears!
Is the chapter ended or but begun?

Labor in Chains.

He stands before the rich and great,
Like captiv Samson, blind and bound,
And winds his mighty arms around
The lofty pillars of the state.

From lips of brass and hearts of stone,
Around him slaves and masters raise
Their songs of worship, fear, and praise,
To Mammon perched on Dagon's throne.

He hears, and all his pulses thrill—
Not to the measure of their song—
To memories of want and wrong
And toiling in the prison mill.

O hope deferred and longing vain!
O gyved limbs that once were free!
O scarred eyes that may not see!
O breaking heart and reeling brain!

All careless of his misery,
Or, mocking him, the rulers stand.
Will no man take him by the hand
And lead him forth and set him free?

—*John Swinton's Paper.*

Logic from Chicago.

THE REASONING FACULTIES OF THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING NEWS.

MEN, WOMEN, AND GODS.—This is a book by Miss Helen H. Gardener, with an introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll. It consists of three lectures, entitled: "Men, Women, and Gods;" "Vicarious Atonement," and "Historical Facts and Theological Fictions." The design of the book is the emancipation and elevation of woman. The end is certainly a very laudable one, but whether the end would in this case justify the means may well be doubted. The author evidently expects to see the day when woman will be free and in the full enjoyment of all the rights, privileges, and immunities of man and recognized as his equal in every particular. But in order to do this she deems it necessary that all forms of religion shall be utterly destroyed. She recognizes no true religion, but is possessed by the conviction that all had their origin in fables, and that the one and only thing on which all are agreed is that women hav no rights which men are bound to respect. She sees but little to choose between the various systems, but on the whole regards Christianity as a little worse than any of the others, and of all the gods of the Pantheon Jehovah is a little the most arbitrary, unreasoning, and cruel. She teaches, and undoubtedly believes, that the influence of every form of religion has been bad and only bad and is without the slightest mixture or color of good. She admits that the condition of women is better in some Christian countries than in some heathen countries, but this she explains by declaring: "What I hold is this—that the primary and controling causes of the various stages of civilization are climate and soil.

"There are, of course, many other things which modify the social development or civilization in any country, . . . but no one of them can claim the primary place."

In the course of the discussion she incidentally and informally, though none the less really, divides the human family into three, possibly four, classes: First, knaves; second, fools; third, Freethinkers, and possibly fourth, cowards.

The first includes the clergy of every name and order, of every land and every age. If the class includes any others they are not specified, and the reader is left to infer that the priesthood embodies the whole brotherhood of scoundrels.

The second class includes all grades of religionists below the order of the priesthood, whether activ or passiv.

The third class includes those, and those only, who actually declare their independence of all religion and assume a hostil relation to it.

The fourth class includes a possible remnant who, not being quite silly enough to accept by an honest faith the teachings of religion, are, nevertheless, frightened by some sort of bugaboo into the adoption of its outward forms.

Mr. Ingersoll in the introduction says her arguments are "unanswerable." If this were admitted, still the question suggests itself: What good is to come of argument, either pro or con, if only knaves and fools on the one hand and men and women so wise as to be beyond the reach of instruction on the other are to constitute the audience? It really seems strange that a lady as brilliant as Miss Gardener undeniably is should expend her energies in an effort which promises so little. Surely, a system intrenched as religion is in the hearts of the people, even though they be knaves and fools, requires weapons of larger caliber than the fair lecturer has brought to bear to accomplish its overthrow.

If it be asked why religion livs and thrives in spite of all opposition the answer might be: Because man has a religious nature and can not liv without it. If this is not thought specific enough, note the following:

1. There is in man a desire for life which clings to him until death—a desire so strong and so constant as to awaken a conviction that life is to last beyond the incident of death.

2. There is in man what, for want of a better term, is called conscience. This recognizes a distinction between right and wrong, begets a feeling of responsibility, and points to some power without and beyond the man to which he is accountable for his conduct. But the terms right and wrong imply a law or rule of conduct which places upon man an obligation to do the right and shun the wrong. Not that there is any intuitiv perception of what is right or wrong, but a recognition of the fact of such a distinction in moral conduct.

3. Another of the common experiences of mankind is a sense of dependence. This feeling, the offspring of human weakness and need, comes with more or less intensity to all, and at times becomes a burden almost too heavy to be borne.

The above analysis is, of course, very far from exhaustiv, but is believed to explain why men believe in a future life, in a moral law, and in a God. So firmly is this faith imbedded in the universal soul that when one comes forward and challenges its truth, whether it be a brilliant Ingersoll, or his glib-tongued echo, the world pronounces him a crank. And, though the mob may rush to hear his ravings, it is done for the same reasons that would prompt the same crowd to views the "freaks" in a dime museum. New York. The Truth Seeker Compauy.—*Chicago Morning News.*

In the issue of the *News* containing this remarkable review of Miss Gardener's book we find on the editorial page an equally remarkable allegory to show that a "God" exists. It is entitled

RODOLPH AND HIS KING.

"Tell me, father," said the child at Rodolph's knee, "tell me of the king."

"There is no king, my child," said Rodolph. "What you hav heard are old women's tales. Do not believe them, for there is no king."

"But why then," queried the child, "do all the people praise and call on him—why do the birds sing of the king, and why do the brooks always prattle his name as they dance from the hills to the sea?"

"Nay," answered Rodolph, "you imagin these things—there is no king; believe me, child, there is no king."

So spake Rodolph, but scarcely had he uttered the words when the cricket in the chimney corner chirped loudly, and his shrill notes seemed to say: "The king—the king." Rudolph could hardly believe his ears; how had the cricket learned to chirp these words? It was beyond all understanding. But still the cricket chirped, and still his musical monotone seemed to say, "The king—the king," until, with an angry frown, Rodolph strode from his house, leaving the child to hear the cricket's song alone.

But there were other voices to remind Rodolph of the king. The sparrows were fluttering under the eaves, and they twittered noisily as Rodolph strode along. "The king, king, king! The king, king, king," twittered the sparrows, and their little tones were full of gladness and praise.

A thrush sat in the hedge, and she was singing her morning song. It was a hymn of praise. How beautiful it was! "The king, the king, the king," sang the thrush, and she sang, too, of his goodness. It was a wondrous song, and it was all, all about the king.

The doves cooed in the elm-trees. "Sing to us!" cried their little ones, stretching out their pretty heads from the nests. Then the doves nestled hard by and murmured lullabies, and the lullabies were of the king who watched over and protected even the little birds in their nests.

Rodolph heard these things and they filled him with anger.

"It is a lie!" muttered Rodolph; and in great petulance he came to the brook.

How noisy and romping the brook was; how capricious, how playful, how furtiv. And how it called to the willows and prattled to the listening grass as he scampered on his way. But Rodolph turned aside and his face grew darker. He did not like the voice of the brook, for lo! just as the cricket had chirped and the birds had sung, so did this brook murmur and prattle and sing ever of the king, the king, the king.

So, always after that, wherever Rodolph went, he heard voices that told him of the king; yes, even in their quiet, humble way, the flowers seemed to whisper the king's name, and every breeze that fanned his brow had a tale to tell of the king and his goodness.

"But there is no king!" cried Rodolph. "They all conspire to plague me. There is no king—there is no king."

Once he stood by the sea and saw a mighty ship go sailing by. The waves plashed on the shore and told stories to the pebbles and the sands. Rodolph heard their thousand voices and he heard them telling of the king.

Then a great storm came upon the sea—a tempest such as never before had been seen. The waves dashed mountains high, and overwhelmed the ship, and the giant voices of the winds and waves cried of the king, the king! The sailors strove in agony till all seemed lost. Then, when they could do no more, they stretched out their hands and called upon the king to save them—the king, the king, the king!

Rodolph saw the tempest subside. The angry winds were lulled, and the mountain waves sank into sleep, and the ship came safely into port. Then the sailors sang a hymn of praise, and the hymn was of the king and to the king.

"But there is no king!" cried Rodolph. "It is a lie—there is no king!"

Yet everywhere he went he heard always of the king—the king's name and the king's praises were on every tongue; aye, and the things that had no voices seemed to wear the king's name written upon them, until Rodolph neither saw nor heard anything that did not mind him of the king.

Then in great anger Rodolph said: "I will go to the mountain tops; there I shall find no birds, nor trees, nor brooks, nor flowers, to prate of a monarch no one has ever seen. There shall there be no sea to vex me with its murmurings, nor any human voice to dispute me with its superstitions."

So Rodolph went to the mountains, and he scaled the loftiest pinnacle, hoping that there at last he might hear no more of that king whom none had ever seen. And, as he stood upon the pinnacle, what a mighty panorama was spread before him, and what a mighty anthem swelled upon his ears! The peopled plains, with their songs and murmurings, lay far below; on every side the mountain peaks loomed up in snowy grandeur, and overhead he saw the sky, blue, cold, and cloudless, from horizon to horizon.

What voice was that which spoke in Rodolph's bosom then as Rodolph's eyes beheld this revelation?

"There is a king!" said the voice. "The king livs, and this is his abiding-place!"

And how did Rodolph's heart stand still when he felt Silence proclaim the king—not in tones of thunder, as the tempest had proclaimed, nor in the singing voices of the birds and brooks, but so swiftly, so surely, so grandly, that Rodolph's soul was filled with awe ineffable.

Then Rodolph cried: "There is a king and I acklowledge him. Henceforth my voice shall swell the songs of all in earth and air and sea that know and praise his name!"

So Rodolph went to his home. He heard the cricket singing of the king—yes, and the sparrows under the eaves, the thrush in the hedge, the doves in the elms, and the brook, too, all singing of the king; and Rodolph's heart was gladdened by their music. And all the earth and the things of the earth seemed more beautiful to Rodolph now that he believed in the king, and to the song all nature sang to the king Rodolph's voice and Rodolph's heart made harmonious response.

"There is a king, my child," said Rodolph to his little one. "Together let us sing to him, for he is our king, and his goodness abideth forever and forever."

We hav seen no instance where an editor "gave himself away," as the rude boys say, so completely as the *News* man. The story is printed under the department heading of "Sharps and Flats"—sharp writer and flat editor?—and is of a piece with the dull reasoning used by the book reviewer. Miss Gardener would hav no difficulty in classifying this specimen. He would come in the class "which includes all religionists below the order of the priesthood."

Miss Gibson's Compliments.

To the Editor of the Truth Seeker:

I will only say your illustrations are immense. No one need be told it who sees THE TRUTH SEEKER.

To John E. Remsburg:

Permit me to thank you for the receipt of a copy of your "Sabbath-Breaking." Just now, when legal enactments against the violation of Sunday laws are being agitated as scarcely ever before, your book is a beacon light to those not conversant with the facts it reveals. Perhaps the most valuable and important portion of the whole work, among all its good things, is the proof that the Christians Sunday is not the Hebrew Sabbath of old, and is unauthorized by Jesus and his immediate followers. Trusting it will hav an immense circulation, and be productiv of the good you anticipate, I am with you for the abolition of the authority and legality of the Christian Sabbath.

To William Henry Burr:

Posterity will thank you for "The Sonnets." My opinion is of no value in deciding the merits of the question whether Shakspere or Bacon wrote "The Sonnets," and I only hope to call attention to your work because it *is* your work—where depth of thought, critical acumen, correct analysis, and historical accuracy are always found; hoping thereby to increase its circulation and usefulness and gladden the heart of its author. Yours truly, ELLA E. GIBSON.

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Cohoes,	"	Thur., " 4.
Saco, Me.		Sat., " 6.
Portland, Me.		Sun. (10:30 A.M.), " 7.
Boston, Mass.		Sun. (7:30 P.M.), " 7.
Providence, R. I.		Mon., " 8.
Meriden, Conn.		Tu., Wed., Thur., Mar. 9, 10, 11.
New York		Fri., " 12.
Baltimore, Md.		Sun., " 14.

In addition to the above, Mr. Remsburg will speak in Greenwich, Mass.; Salamanca, N. Y.; Naples, N. Y.; Kent, O.; Perrysburg, O.; Tontogony, O.; Carey, O.; Bradford, O.; Spiceland, Ind.; Burr Oak, Mich.; Paris, Ill.; Chebanse, Ill.; Cleopatra, Mo.; Maitland, Mo.; Quitman, Mo.; Robinson, Kan.; Morrill, Kan.; Republic City, Kan.; Cawker City, Kan.; Council Grove, Kan.; Brookville, Kan.; Urbana, Kan.; Halstead, Kan.; Newton Kan.

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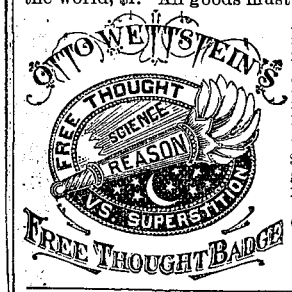
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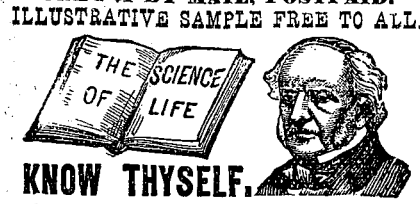
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From Tradition to Reason.

BY ROBERT C. ADAMS.

Cloth, $1.25. For Sale at this Office.

News of the Week.

THE Grant monument fund is almost at a standstill. The total is not quite $115,000.

ONE of New York's policemen and an ex-policeman hav just been convicted of highway robbery.

A LARGE subscription has been raised for the widow of General Hancock, who died on the 9th. A bill is before Congress to giv her $5,000 a year pension.

THE British Parliament reassembled on the 18th. Mr. Gladstone announced that the question of home rule for Ireland would not come up until late in March.

WORKMEN are repairing Cyrus W. Field's monument to the spy André, at Tappan, N. Y. It is said that the stone will be reset, and the present inscription effaced.

YSEULT DUDLEY, the young Englishwoman who fired upon Dynamiter O'Donovan Rossa, and who was committed to the Middleton Insane Asylum, now desires liberty. She claims to be no longer insane.

ON Wednesday of last week some fishermen found a body floating in the river. It proved to be that of the Rev. Jesse Brady, of Nortonville, Ky., who while intoxicated had either fallen or thrown himself into the water.

MAJOR FEGLEY, of the Salvation Army at Wellesville, N. Y., got a divorce from his wife and married a little girl thirteen years old, whom he had converted. The people of the town got a rope and followed the warrior to Corning with the determination to lynch him. He was not caught.

THE Rev. Mr. Dyson, a Wesleyan preacher, of London, has been committed for trial on the charge of murder. A woman named Bartlett is implicated with him, her husband being the victim. It is alleged that the minister assisted in making away with the husband that he might possess the wife.

THE question of suffrage for the women of Rhode Island has long been urged by the female citizens of that state. Recently the matter was referred to a committee. Dr. Mary Walker, the lady who dresses in male attire, addressed this committee last week. She was attired in a black coat, trousers, and cravat, with a high collar.

THE Rev. Messrs. F. B. and F. F. Converse, editors of the St. Louis *Christian Observer*, are accused by their brother-clergymen of having lied, wickedly and wilfully, in many particulars and at sundry times. They are also charged with slandering divers church-members and religious bodies through the columns of their paper.

DR. KING, of the Hudson county, N. J., luhatic asylum, reports that he recently tried the experiment of putting two violently insane men in one cell, giving each the impression that it was his duty to watch the other. The lunatics accepted the scheme, and at the end of two months each reported that the other was cured, which was true, and both were discharged.

A YOUNG man, named Peter McCormick, sat at the bar in the General Sessions in this city, one day last week, incessantly praying and blessing all around him. He was accused of stealing a sealskin sack. Two doctors testified that he was religious to the point of insanity, and was not responsible for his acts. Still praying and blessing everybody, young McCormick was placed in the lunatic asylum.

JOHN B. GOUGH died at Philadelphia on Thursday of last week. He had shortly before sustained a stroke of paralysis, from which he failed to rally. Gough was born in England in 1817, and was therefore sixty-nine years of age. He was at all times an orthodox Christian, and an able orator when sober. He did much for the cause of temperance, both as an advocate and as a terrible example. In this dual *role* he made money, and died quite wealthy.

IT is reported that Bismarck will yield entirely to the demands of the pope in the settlement of the religious dispute that has been waged between Prussia and the papacy for many years. A bill is to be passed in the Prussian legislature providing that students for the Catholic priesthood shall be admitted to the royal college free of charge, and shall be supported by the state during the collegiate course. Thus the government of Germany bids fair to become a spiritual as well as political despotism. Between Bismarck and the pope it will be a good country to get out of.

Odds and Ends.

PHYSIC beats the faith cure, because it has the inside track.

"GET up, Mr. Muldoon; the shanty's on fire, an' the roof'll fall in on yez!" "Never fear, Mrs. O'Hara; it's mesilf that's insured ag'inst accidents."

A STREET-CAR, with the men sitting down and the women standing up, and the straw on the floor, reminds one of the pig-sty.

IN the present style of shirt-collar, a young man of fashion may be safely trusted in the gilded halls of pleasure. An entire *corps de ballet* could not turn his head.

PROGRESSIV jack-straws is slowly but surely supplanting eucher among the *elite*. Progressiv Simon-says-thumbs-up will probably be the next fireside vagary.

AN Eastern professor is lecturing upon "The Forgotten Man." It is not stated whether he refers to Adirondack Murray, of Boston, or Rutherford B. Hayes, of Fremont.

VILLAGE Doctor: "Well, Blundy, how did you vote, after all?" Rustic: : "Well, sir, I promised the Blews, but the Yallers got hold of my missus, and I says, 'Yes.' So, when I went to the bewth, and they givs me my ballot-paper, 'Conscience forever!' says I to myself, goes into the box, shuts my eyes, and makes a big cross, promisc'ous—and Lord knows how I voted."—*Punch.*

"MY dear friend," said a long-haired countryman to the biographical expounder of a dime museum, "is that unfortunate being really a cannibal?" and he indicated a South Sea islander from Cork, who was sitting on a divan. "Yes, sir, that great living curiosity was captured while in the act of roasting a Presbyterian missionary over a slow fire." "Great heavens!" gasped the countryman, "can't you convert him?" "Convert him!" said the biographer, with disgust. "Do you s'pose the great American public would pay ten cents to see a Christian?"

THE ROMANCE OF A WATCH.

One day his father said to John:
"Come here and see what I hav bought—
A Waterbury watch, my son—
It is the boon you long hav sought."

The boy could scarce believe his eyes—
The watch was shiny, smooth, and slick—
He snatched the nickel-plated prize,
An' wound away to hear it tick.

He wound, an' wound, an' wound, an' wound,
An' kept a windin' fit to kill—
The weeks an' months, an' years rolled round,
But John he kep' a windin' still!

As autumns came, an' winters went,
An' summer follered arter spring,
John didn't mind—he was intent
On windin' up that darned ole thing.

He's got to be a poor old man—
He's bald, an' deaf, an' blind, an' lame—
But, like he did when he began,
He keeps on windin' jess the same.

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The foregoing volumes are called "The Truth Seeker Library." If all are ordered together and sent by express, one dollar will be deducted from the price of each.

Gems of Thought.

THEY might as well own the air and sell it by the gallon as to make a poor tenant giv all he can possibly produce for the privilege of eking out a wretched existence.—*D. M. Bennett.*

To the shocks which popular religion is receiving from all sides another will soon be added by the appearance of the revised translation of the Bible. The revisers hav, no doubt, executed their task in the most conservativ spirit; still some familiar and cherished texts, such as that of the Three Witnesses (1 John v, 7), and the passage in Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," must unquestionably disappear, and there will be enough generally of verbal change to disturb the minds of those who hav not only believed in verbal inspiration, but practically in the verbal inspiration of the authorized English version.—*Bystander.*

THE Bible cannot really teach us the age of the world or of mankind, and people who are determined to make it do so only get laughed at by those who understand the subject for being so prejudiced as to rely upon such erroneous statements. For geology and astronomy teach us that the universe must, at any rate, be hundreds of millions of years old, and that even our earth counts its centuries by the thousand already, and that though the historical researches which hav brought to light the remains of the cave-dwellings, the tombs of the age of stone, and the inscriptions of the Egyptian monuments, giv us no certain information as to the antiquity of the human race, yet they make us smile at the figure, 6,000, for before this a date a flourishing kingdom certainly existed in Egypt. Even the statue of the Egyptian king Chephren, that was to be seen at the last international exhibition at Paris, was hewn about forty centuries before our era.—*Bible for Learners.*

WHEN thou findest a lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist only to be extinguished; they wait and cry earnestly for extinction.—*Carlyle.*

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penned;
E'en ministers, they hae been kenned
In holy rapture
A rousing whid (fib) at times to vend
Wi' faith, and hope, and love, and drink,
And nail't wi' scripture.—*Burns.*

IN the name of religion, Sir Thomas More, the ablest head of his time, will believe a bit of bread becomes the Almighty God, when a lewd priest but mumbles his juggling Latin and lifts up his hands. In our own day heads as able as More's believe doctrins quite as absurd, because taught as religion and God's command. In its behalf the foolishest teaching becomes acceptable; the foulest doctrins, the grossest conduct, crimes that, like the fabled banquets of Thyaster, might make the sun sicken at the sight, and turn back affrighted in his course—these things are counted as beautiful, superior to reason, acceptable to God.—*Theodore Parker.*

In statesmen then,
And patriots fertil. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato, firm; like Aristides, just;
Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor;
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
—*Thomson's Seasons.*

THE very idea of a God as creating or in any way ruling the world is utterly absent in the Buddhist system. God is not so much denied as he is simply not known. Contrary to the opinion, once confidently and generally held, that a nation of Atheists never existed, it is no longer to be disputed that the numerous Buddhist nations are essentially Atheists, for they know no beings with greater supernatural powers than any man is supposed capable of attaining to by virtue, austerity, and science, and a remarkable indication of this startling fact is to be seen in the circumstance that some, at least, of the Buddhist nations—the Chinese, Mongols, and Thibetans—hav no word in their language to express the notion of God.—*Chamber's's Encyclopedia.*

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the bird soars out of the blue,
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you.
—*The Hindoo Skeptic.*

BELIEF is not a matter of will, it is a matter of evidence. If evidence enough supports an assertion, we must believe it, while, if the evidence be insufficient, we must doubt it. Belief is neither a virtue nor a vice; it is simply the consequence of sufficient evidence. Theological belief is demanded on insufficient evidence. Such belief is called, theologically, "faith," but in ordinary matters it would be called "credulity." . . . It can never be a "duty" to believe; if the evidence of a fact be convincing, belief in that fact naturally follows, and non-belief would be very stupid; but the word "duty" is out of place in connection with belief.—*Mrs. Annie Besant.*

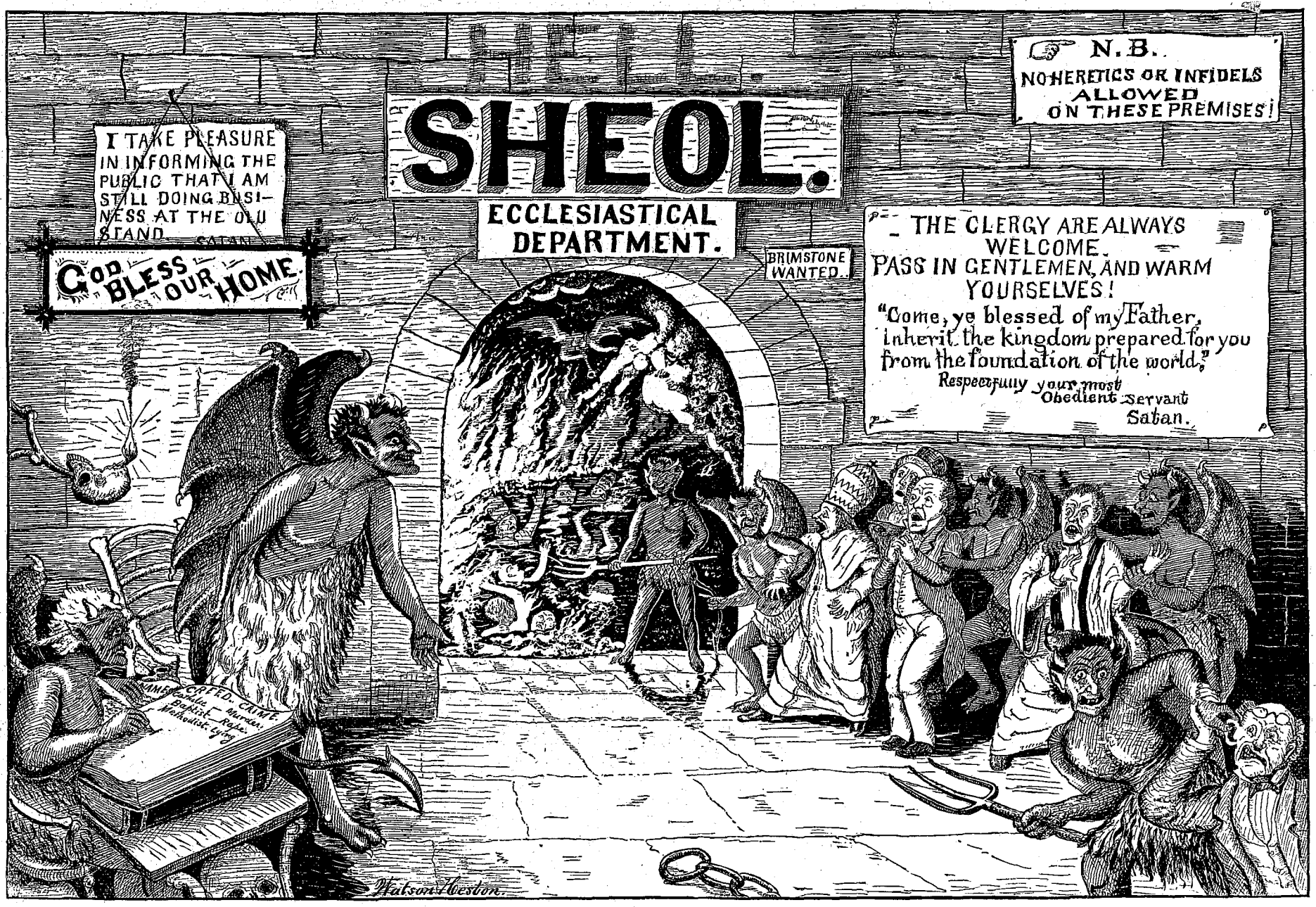
IF, instead of the "glad tidings" that there exists a being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinit, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that "the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving" does not sanction them; convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may hav over me, there is one thing which he shall not do—he shall not compe me to worship him. I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply the epithet to my fellow-creatures, and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go. —*J. S. Mill.*

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A CLERICAL SURPRISE PARTY.

And it came to pass that the scripture was fulfilled which was spoken in Revelation the twenty-first chapter and eighth verse.

Notes and Clippings.

A DISPATCH from Vienna, Austria, says: "Experts declare that there are autograph letters of Mohammed among the papyri acquired in Egypt by Archduke Renier."

THE Rev. Mr. Bosworth, of Boston, says that he knows of ten Baptist ministers around the city who are as bad as the Rev. Mr. Downs. One of them is the father of an illegitimate child.

A MAN was placed in the county poorhouse at Scottsborough, Ala., lately, who has one son an eminent Presbyterian divine and president of a college, and another a doctor of dentistry in Texas.

A CLERGYMAN of Stonington, Conn., who has been compelled to saw and chop wood, ring the bell, and build the church fires all winter, in addition to performing his clerical duties, threatens to resign unless the work is lightened.

THE Rev. Thomas K. Beecher has been nominated for mayor by the Republicans of Elmira, N. Y. As long as the priests and ministers run this country any way, perhaps it is as well to elect them to office, so that they can do it in the manner prescribed by law.

AN old case was decided at the recent term of court at Newberry, South Carolina. It was a suit for the payment of a note given for the purchase of a negro in 1859. The note with interest amounted to about $1,900. The jury gave a verdict for about $900, and on the jury hearing the case there was one negro.

DAILY papers, says an exchange, record with satisfaction that the principal Chinese gamblers went on their New Year's Day in carriages to call on their Sunday-school teachers.

THE Brooklyn police say "costumes and scenery render Sunday concerts illegal." Churches parading Chinamen will take notice.—*John Swinton.* How about the Episcopal service, with its uniformed rector and choir, and the Catholic mummery, with costumed priests and other harlequins on the stage?

THE pallium from the pope to Archbishop Corrigan, the new American cardinal, is on the way hither from Rome. The pallium is a cloak which the pope sometimes bestows on dignitaries of the church. If Archbishop Corrigan's friends in Ireland could see him when he gets on the pallium and red hat, they would say this is a great country.

THREE churches, one in New York, one in Brooklyn, and one in Yonkers, were damaged $40,000 by fire last Sunday. All were insured, so that the tax-payers who furnished half a dozen fire-engins and a few hundred men to fight the flames were the only unremunerated losers. The churches, of course, expected this protection the same as if they had not been dodging their taxes for years.

THE president of the Guatemalan republic has issued a decree to the effect that, although the government is bound to foster immigration for the promotion of science, arts, and industries in the country, it is equally bound to impede the ingress into the republic of persons who constitute a pernicious element, which proves an obstacle to the advancement of liberty and progress. The decree then alludes to the Roman Catholic priests belonging to other nationalities who breed discord in the republic and create opposition to the government, and orders that such priests shall, on the discovery of their designs, be expelled from the country. The date of this decree is Jan. 6, 1886.

THERE is a controversy over the religious services held on Sundays in the New Jersey Reform School at Jamesburg. The trustees hav made a report in which, according to a Trenton despatch, they declare that "they try to put the children under the care of a minister of the faith of the parents, if they had any." There must be, comments the *Sun*, some extraordinarily unfortunate children in New Jersey.

AN unrepealed law of New Jersey, passed while the state was a British colony, reads as follows: "That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce, or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

RECENTLY Colonel Ingersoll was in Indianapolis. A newspaper correspondent says he interviewed him upon politics, and obtained the opinion that Mr. Ingersoll did not believe Cleveland would be renominated, for before the next presidential election he would manage to lose the support of both wings of his party. The Republicans, Mr. Ingersoll thought, would be successful in 1888, and when asked who his presidential candidate would be, he added: "A new man, one not identified with the old quarrels and mistakes; one who believes in the present and future; one who knows that the war is over with the South, but that it is still raging with ignorance, injustice, and prejudice; one who believes in larger liberty for the human race."

THE Montreal *Post* relates the following: "In the police court yesterday, when Mr. MacGillivray was called, he objected to be sworn, as an oath was not binding upon him any more than his word. Judge Dugas—Do you believe in God? Mr. MacGillivray—I neither believe or disbelieve. Judge Dugas—Do you believe in a future state? Mr. MacGillivray—How can I believe in anything of which there is no proof? Judge Dugas—Do you make this declaration to prevent your being sworn? Mr. MacGillivray—I hav held these views for years. Judge Dugas—Do you believe in a future life? Mr. MacGillivray—I don't know anything about it. Judge Dugas—Do you mean to say that you hav no faith in the doctrin of a God and a future life? Mr. MacGillivray—I don't know anything about it. Judge Dugas—That is no answer. Mr. MacGillivray—There are two hundred and twenty-three doctrins; which do you mean? Judge Dugas—I don't think you are sincere. You are beating about the bush. Mr. MacGillivray—I could not say anything else. Judge Dugas—I must hav a straightforward answer. Do you believe in a future life and a God? There is no question of sect or doctrin in that question. Mr. MacGillivray—I hav no faith in the doctrin which says there is a God and a future life. Mr. MacGillivray was then permitted to affirm.

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—VII.

FRIEND D. C.: I had fully intended my last letter to finish this, to me at least, disagreeable task, as the deeper I enter your mysteries the more I become disgusted with them; but, finding I hav not as yet utilized a fiftieth part of the notes I had made in anticipation of our controversy, I feel to use a few more of them, and will call your attention to some of your most popular superstitions, which hav been foisted on you by that unfortunate imbecil, Pio Nono.

In 1839 a letter written by Jesus was brought to his attention. Jesus appeared, it seems, to saints Bridget, Elizabeth, and Matilda, gave them a written account of his passion, the number of soldiers who attended him, and kicks, blows, and wounds they inflicted. He had lost exactly 38,430 drops of blood. Pio Nono, then only archbishop of Imola, granted an indulgence of one hundred days to every one who would hang up a copy in his house, and say certain prayers. But when he became pope, a little girl in St. Marcel, France, received another letter from Jesus, which differed in many essential points from the first, and he increased the blood-letting to 3,000,800 drops. Pio Nono kindly accepted this letter also, and bestowed on all who bought it a variety of indulgences, and the faithful were promised that it possessed miraculous powers. Of this I had a practical demonstration.

A few years ago I had occasion to call on a builder, an Irish Catholic, who was doing some work for me. I found the house in disorder, and when he came to the parlor, in answer to my inquiry, he informed me that his wife had been confined, and the doctor, who had been called in, at the solicitation of the mid-wife, declared her case hopeless. "But," said he, with a smiling face, "she will not die. Of that I am certain." In the course of conversation he informed me that he had brought from Dublin an authentic copy of a letter written by Jesus to St. Bridget; that it possessed miraculous powers; was blessed by the pope, and guaranteed a sure preventiv for death in child-bed. In answer to my request, I was shown a framed copy of the first letter above referred to. Well, the doctor's judgment proved correct, for the lady died. The widower now has more faith in medicin and good nursing than in the letter, though at one time he thought he might hav been the innocent cause of the non-operation of this miraculous power, as he had forgotten till too late that one of the conditions was that the holder should not be in a state of sin.

The holy coat of Jesus is another case in point. It was supposed to be one of the garments for which the soldiers cast lots. So great was the veneration for it that at one time no less than eleven were exhibited in various parts of Europe, each being duly vouched for, but the preponderance of testimony seemed to center on one which dated back to the time of Gregory, in 596. In 1514 Leo X. thought that so many coats for one who declared he had no place wherein to lay his head might make people think he had been in the old clo' business, investigated the claims of all and decided in favor of the one exhibited at the cathedral of Treves. For three hundred years ten old coats went sorrowing, and a rich widow in 1843 caused Gregory XVI. to declare that Leo had been mistaken, and the cathedral of Argenteuil was accredited with having the genuin article. As Leo XIII. has not yet been heard from, your cathedral may be the next possessor of that wonderful garment. Possibly that may be Capel's mission to this country.

In my article on Mexico, I referred to the fact of the Aztecs being fond of hearts and preserving skulls and bones in their temples, and intimated that possibly your church had amalgamated a part of these ceremenies with hers, and you speak bitterly of this, saying I had gone out of my way to offer a direct insult. When I wrote that particular item, I spoke on general principles, as I felt satisfied there was no belief or ceremony of your church that could not be traced to some pagan source, and your gentle hint reminded me that I had not given the matter as thorough an investigation as I should hav done. So I hav taken considerable trouble to look into the matter, and hasten to assure you that I retract and apologize to the Aztecs. They never could hav been guilty of such a senseless and degrading worship as that of the "Sacred Heart." I will giv you the result of my investigations.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the Jesuits were being run out of every decent community, so they found it necessary to make a bold stroke. About 1672 one of their number, Father La Columbiere, found among his penitents a hysterical nun named Marguerite Marie Alacoque. This woman claimed Jesus to be her constant companion; that he assured her he had ascended to heaven with his corporeal body, which, with the exception of his heart, had become etherealized. He had kept his heart still sensuous and sensible, because, being the seat of the affections, he desired it might still continue its sympathy and retain its love for mankind. Jesus advised her to assure his friends, the Jesuits, he desired a special reverence and worship for his heart, and would commit the care of it to their particular protection.

The Jesuits worked the case for all it was worth, and for two centuries it was a theological foot-ball. When Pio Nono, whom even your writers admit having been their tool, I had almost written fool, ascended the papal throne he decreed on Aug. 23, 1846, the nun to be "heroic," and on Aug. 19, 1864, made her a saint, the Jesuits testifying to her miracles. But the order was not satisfied. They obtained in France twelve million of signatures to a petition, bound them in thirty handsome volumes, which were duly forwarded to the pope, and, in answer, on April 22, 1875, a decree was passed consecrating the universal Catholic church to the sacred heart. Each of these twelve million signers had promised his efforts to the extinction of heresy and restoration of the temporal power.

Schools had been started all over France in the name of this new worship, and the female branch of the order, under the same name, monopolized the teaching of the girls. The French army was flooded with their boys; from 1854 to 1874, the single school of St. Genevieve sent more than one thousand of its pupils to St. Cyr, the French West Point. On June 16, 1875, the thirtieth anniversary of Pio Nono, the second centenary of the sacred heart was celebrated. In Paris, thirty acres of valuable land, donated through the exertions of Mrs. Eugenie Napoleon, and on which the Jesuit church of Montmarte had been built, was dedicated to the new worship. Sly fellows, those Jesuits; they make everything pay. Notwithstanding all the promises of Jesus and his sacred heart, look at the order now? Driven out of France, deprived of their ill-gotten gains, and a reward on their heads.

Before giving you some quotations, let me attract your attention to the statistics of the French minister of public instruction for 1867: That in the country districts, sixty-seven per cent of the bridegrooms and ninety-eight per cent of the brides were unable to sign their names; and possibly as a lawyer, if not as a Catholic, you may question the genuinness of a half dozen of these signatures.

Now let us turn to the life of Saint Marguerite Marie Alacoque, by Bishop Languet: At the age of four years she was so virtuous that even "the sight of men wounded her modesty and alarmed her innocence." Fearing she might lose her virtue, she retired to a convent, and there was visited by Jesus, who made love to her and appointed a day for their betrothal. When the time arrived, now I use her words, "he made me understand that he wished me to taste all that was most sweet in the tender caresses of his love. In fact, these divine caresses were from this time forward so overpowering that they made me quite beside myself, and rendered me almost incapable of any physical exertion, and it was a subject of such strange embarrassment to me that I dared not show myself."

That Jesus was very much smitten with this nun is evident, for in order to bind her more closely to himself he caused her to write the following in her own blood: "I constitute thee heir of my heart for time and for eternity, permitting thee to make use of it according to thy desire. I promis thee that thou shalt never lack succor until I lack power. Thou shalt be forever the beloved disciple, the plaything of my heart's good pleasure, the holocaust of its love. That alone shall be the object of all my desires. It shall repair and supply all thy deficiencies, and acquit thee of all thy obligations." O Beecher! Beecher! where is thy nest-hiding letter now?

Of course, a Jesuit could not write these lines without bringing in the Virgin, and I find the "queen of heaven" taking pity on her daughter-in-law, and one day while the nun was fatigued after a long interview with her son she came in and swept the dormitory for her, but mother-in-like gave her two slaps over the face for her laziness.

But Jesus turned out a very faithless lover after all, and, seemingly forgetful of the agreement in blood, came to her one day and "showed her his divine heart under the symbol of a glowing furnace; but she saw also two other hearts, which were about to unite there and lose themselvs in it, and he then said: "It is thus that my holy love unites these three holy hearts forever." Two of the hearts were those of Father La Columbiere and herself. When she told the priest of this "he was much confused by it."

I might go on and quote column after column, but I question if even a sporting paper would dare to publish the amorous scenes that take place between the lovers. Lest you may think that, as an Infidel, I am drawing on my imagination, and trying to injure your church, I will quote the opinion of one of your own people, De Caylus, Bishop of Auxerre.

"The life of Marie Alacoque," says he, "is undoubtedly, in all respects, one of the worst books of its class that has ever appeared; it is revolting to everyone, whether in the church or out of it. It has roused the indignation and horror of good men. Libertins hav made it the subject of raillery. I do not think it becoming even to speak of the amorous dialogs which are supposed to pass between Jesus Christ and Mary Alacoque. Everywhere Jesus Christ employs the language of human passion to declare his love for Mary. I am far from believing that such forms of speech—as sensual as they are indecent—may not mislead many souls," etc.

Here you hav the foundation of your latest form of worship, and if you can gather any consolation from it you are heartily welcome. I agree with your bishop, that the book is a disgrace to our civilization, and should be suppressed, and will add, the worship also. I hope you will no longer wonder at my apology to the Aztecs for having intimated that they were connected, even in the remotest degree, with your "Sacred Heart." The very name of the nun, A-la-coque, shows that it is nothing more than phallic worship thinly disguised under a sugar-coated Jesuit pill, and possibly inspired by some frequenter of the Jardin Mabille.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Taylor and Carlile.

By the kindness of Mr. J. W. Corfield, who will be known to many readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER as one of a very earnest band of reformers, I am permitted to forward to you two copies of letters which may possibly be interesting to your readers by reason of the work and suffering undergone in the cause of truth by the men who wrote under such conditions that the answer to one letter is interlined with the original communication.

These two letters hav never yet been published, and to add, if possible, to the interest, I hav copied them so that the copies are line for line, and page for page, the same as the originals, except that in the originals the paper is written on both sides. I hav copied the reply from Taylor to Carlile in red ink, and would like to suggest that should you print these, it would be worth the little extra trouble to print the interlineations in a different type from the body, say in italic.

One thing noticeable in Carlile's letter is the charming frankness with which he addresses Taylor. I suppose the varied and lengthened prison experience of Carlile was some warrant for this outspokenness, but at this period, when both men to us seem equally important, it does appear somewhat extreme to read, "You hav done many things most unwisely, and scarcely anything in reason."

The tone of the whole of Carlile's letter is somewhat that of a man very much the elder writing to a young and new disciple who has got into trouble through the teachings of the elder. Taylor's reply adds to this feeling. "You hav, and it is well for you that you hav, better friends than Robert Taylor," says Carlile. And then Taylor naïvely admits, "I don't like him so well as I did myself."

Seeing that Taylor was six years the elder, and that both were in prison, it to-day reads rather droll that "your dignity is theatrical," "your letter was an outrage," when the writer was in prison on much the same sort of charge, and undertaking to cheer the other prisoner.

This letter throws a side-light on the matter of prison disciplin somewhat interesting. I do not know how matters are arranged in America, but I think there is much more freedom allowed to prisoners there than in England, generally. I think Mr. Bennett had much more chance for reading and writing, especially writing, than was allowed to the editor of the *Freethinker*, who in his published record of his prison life mentions that he was supplied with paper with very wide ruling, and to write between the ruling was prohibited; he evaded the intention of the rule to some extent by writing with almost microscopic fineness. A feature of prison life of the time of Carlile was an extreme of punishment, cruelty, and horrible general vindictivness on the part of the authorities, balanced to some extent by considerable liberty of action; this is shown by what Carlile says as to what he will or will not do, or allow to be done to him, and the suggestion as to food. Readers of Linton's memoirs of James Watson may remember that his wife lived with him in prison during part of his term.

It is one of the most approved humbugs for the Grundyites of to-day to assert that in England all are equal before the law, and that if a man is criminal enough to warrant imprisonment he is served no better and no worse than any other criminal. We hav had during the last few months two instances to giv the lie to this claim—one, Mr. Yates, editor of the *World*, condemned for libel; and the other, Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The treatment accorded to these men, backed as they are by wealth and religion, reads very well with that accorded to the so-called blasphemer.

But in spite of all the liberty or license of old-time jails, perhaps because of it, there is a very serious meaning, a suggestion of terrible possibilities, in Carlile's charge against self-murder. He knew by his bitter experience at Dorchester, to which he refers,

the horrors to be undergone; that a prisoner should commit suicide was for the authorities often the best thing which could happen, and without doubt means were taken to that end at times.

The letter was written on a sheet of full-sized foolscap, and, as usual at the time, was so folded as to form its own cover. Carlile's postscript, therefore, is on the same page as the indorsement or address. In case American readers may not be well up in the history of domestic developments I may explain that the "Jones's Prometheus" referred to were simply lucifer matches, and so the motto was very happy, and doubtless the lucifers were acceptable.

All that is written in red is written by Taylor. This is shown by the handwriting and the color of the ink, which is very different from Carlile's and from the ink used by him. I mention this again, as it may be noticed that the initials "R. T." are put to some places and not to others, as the five lines on the last page. This is as in the original.

I hav taken so much space to Carlile and Taylor that I am almost afraid to begin on the Taylor-Watson letter. Perhaps a few remarks may be permitted in view of the similarity of the position of affairs then and now.

As to petitions, I am a very firm believer in the idleness of them without the other half, the argument. For over five years petition upon petition and resolutions in heaps were used to insist on the plain constitutional right that Northampton has to two members. Mr. Bradlaugh has taken his seat; but, as a crown advocate once said of a political prisoner who was acquitted upon trial *after* a long imprisonment, "although you acquit him, God himself can't undo what he has suffered." During the years of this fight, besides the worry and wear caused to Mr. Bradlaugh and his immediate workers, opportunity has been taken by the rogues in power to do things, illegally in many cases, for which generations yet unborn will hav to suffer and pay. Ireland stands a chance of some measures of speedy justice but very much because of the enlarged scope of the arguments used.

Hetherington's "metaphysical warp" is seen in too many of to-day's workers against bigotry, and that, added to the indifference which Taylor speaks out against, is as much of a curse to-day as then. Are not some of the American people just a little sorry for allowing by carelessness the passing of the last set of Blue Laws? And is it not very much easier to prevent a restriction of a right or liberty than to regain it when once curtailed? What Taylor says as to pulling together and the want of it should be carefully taken into consideration by Freethinkers and Liberals all over the world. We can all of us call to mind recent proofs that there are a number yet who act as if they really would rather sink the ship than sail together. In spite of all the work of men such as these now being written about, and all the advances made since their time, there is from time to time plenty of evidence afforded to prove that the bigot of to-day has all the will to go in for all the old methods, even the Iron Virgin of Nuremberg; they only lack the power, to gain which "they lie, they perjure, they trick and catch." We should constantly bear in mind that unless we hang together we hav a very great chance of hanging separately.

Having just seen the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1866, I take leave to draw special attention to the last paragraph of James Parton's note on Voltaire, as it has much bearing on this matter of pulling together and on views which are sometimes expressed in criticism of Carlile and the older reformers.

It may not be possible for the workers and writers of the new generation to feel the same amount of veneration for past workers as do the few, very few, who worked with them. You will see by the pamphlet and circular inclosed how Mr. Corfield recently expressed his respect to the men I refer to, and with all of whom, excepting, of course, John Bellers, 1696, and Thomas Spence, he worked and was more or less intimate. Some may think such an expression extreme. I submit it is a better extreme than the extreme of fault-finding which is sometimes given vent to by writers who charge Carlile and his colleagues with coarseness and violent language. He and they "took the course that then seemed best," and I will go further, and say, as Ruskin says: "You will find in the end that *no man could hav done it but exactly the man who did it*" ("Queen of the Air"). This may be worth the attention of some captious critics. THOMAS SHORE, JR.

London, Eng., Feb. 10, 1886.

CARLILE TO TAYLOR.

GILTSPUR STREET COMPTER, July 27, [1832?]

The glorious 27th! Drink to it, if it be in water!

DEAR SIR: I hav received your bulletin of yesterday this morning. It is absolutely necessary that you should put yourself, and allow your friends to put you, under a disciplin. Let me proclaim that you will not see a friend until you can see a friend, as I can see a friend, for free ingress and conversation, in your jail apartment. [*Yes! yes! R. T.**] This should hav been determined at first, which would hav most certainly been my determination. [*Why not mention this before? R. T.*] My view of your struggle in jail is that you hav done many things most unwisely, and scarcely anything in reason according with the necessities of your situation. [*Well, forgiv me! R. T.*] I will begin with granting one thing, and that is, that I had not conceived an idea of the existence of such an atrocious set of magisterial villains as hav you in their clutches. [*Nor I either. R. T.*] I thought that I had met the worst in England in Dorsetshire, but I forget their crimes toward me when I contemplate those of the Surrey magistrates toward you. I fear there is a mischief brewing for you [*And so do I. R. T.*] of which you do not dream. [*I hav good nights, and don't dream of anything. R. T.*] I do not rest on my own surmises so much as on the relation of the town whispers to this new regulation. I cannot say more at present than that we hav a formidable preparation for it. You hav, and it is well for you that you hav, better friends than Robert Taylor. [*I don't like him so well as I did myself. R. T.*]

For my part, I hav determined that I will never partake of an indignity offered me. I would neither hav seen a friend at the iron gratings nor at the palisadings. I would hav waited silently and patiently until there had been a *barricade*, at which I could hav seen and shaken hands with a friend. [*What do you mean by "barricade?" R. T.*]

Retire to your cell. [*I will. R. T.*] Get in what books you can. Write to me by post as much as you please, and what you please. Only begin again to number the letters, and pray keep the numbers by you for reference in your journal, that there may be no doubt if a number be missing. Liv as well as you can in food, and take what exercise your mind can bear under such restraint. [*I woefully want air. R. T.*] I think you will do well not to write to any person but to me [*I will not. R. T.*] unless it be in the shape of common civilities to your friends. Your *two* letters to Lord Melbourne do you no credit. The first was a silly effusion, the second absolutely an outrage. I fear your admirers will never be able to elect you to be a *general* or a *statesman*. You must alter very much ever to hav my vote for either appointment. [*I will get your vote, and deserve it too! R. T.*] Your warfare is truly of the church militant order. It is not precisely what we want in this "age of reason." Your dignity is theatrical, and confined to the stage with an applauding audience. Hav mercy upon your friends, and save them the means of saving you. [*I will! I will! I will! R. T.*] If you will be silent toward every person but me, I will undertake to cheer you in your dungeon. [*Agreed. Agreed. Upon my promis, agreed. R. T.*]

I want—particularly, especially, want—the journal for which I wrote, and which you promised me on Saturday. [*Here it is.*] As matters now stand, I would hav you sketch and send me daily a copy of your journal. Otherwise, what you write in Horsemonger Lane jail may be burnt in Horsemonger Lane jail. What you send to me is preserved in publicity, if it reach me. The want of this journal from you has spoiled my letter to Lord Melbourne this week, unless I succeed in getting it to-day. [*This letter had been opened and read before delivered to me.*]

I will send you my exposure of Freemasonry. Study it, that is, get it by heart. [*No, I won't.*] It may appear nonsense, but if you do get it by heart you will turn it to good account. You were deficient in your lectures of a knowledge of modern Masonry. [*Deficient only of knowledge not worth acquiring.*]

I send off this as soon as Thomas comes. If it reach you in time he may wait for an answer.

When you say "liberty is lost forever" if you are not brought out of that den, you mean, of course, your individual liberty. [*I ought to hav meant so. R. T.*] I cannot allow of that license of language which induces a man, one man, to think that all the world hinges on his fate. [*No more can I. R. T.*] If you die in jail, your death so brought about will but accelerate the general liberty of your survivors. [*And welcome!*] But be patient for a (damned) (not an "eternal") little while, and if you love, or as you love, the progressing welfare of the human race, I charge you not to kill yourself. [*On my honor, my dear friend, I hav never a thought at any moment of such a folly. R. T.*]

RICHARD CARLILE.

P.S.—It was a maxim of Cato's never to travel by water when the journey could be made by land. Our gracious king on Monday next is about to travel by water because he is afraid to travel by land. He shall hear the name of Taylor and Horsemonger Lane jail. [*Mr. Watson brought me £1 14s., which had been collected at Windmill street. R. T.*]

From Richard Carlile in the Giltspur Street Compter to the Rev. Robert Taylor in Horsemonger Lane Jail, with a box of Jones's Prometheus and 17s. 6d., change of a sovereign.

"Nascitur flammeus et moritur flammeus."

Admirable! There is a motto for you, Prometheus.

[*Suppose I say I will see nobody but the servant, Thomas, as I hav no right to subject my friends to humiliation? Yet how am I to get things carried back and forward if I don't see Thomas?*]

ROBERT TAYLOR TO JAMES WATSON.

DEAR MR. WATSON: As a fellow-prisoner and a fellow-sufferer with you in different departments of one and the self-same just, and great, and glorious cause, I should owe you the best expression of of my sympathies, even if I knew no more of you than what might be learned from the sheets of the best and most manly and philosophical work that has ever been devoted to the moral emancipation of the laboring classes—*The Working Man's Friend.* But its editor has been very especially my friend, and though my remembrances seem to me to be the most contemptible of any man alive, they are all that I am worth, and they shall be devoted to your service. You acted by me, Watson, in a peculiarly *noble* manner. I know more about it than it becomes me to speak of. It is index enough to say that you had been my friend, and that when I fell into trouble, then it was that you took your opportunity to feel and act by me as if that friendship had never for one moment been suspended. This was a nobility of soul which dukes and lords know nothing of. But you are a prisoner, my friend, and an oppressed and injured man, and I know the *heart* of a prisoner, and of such a prisoner, too sensibly and too smartingly to be capable of withholding the sweetness of a good-natured word when it is possible that I may hav it in my power to pour that healing balsam on his affiictions. So, my friend, you will know how to apply it; but not all the gums of the blest Araby are of such sanativ efficacy as to *feel*—as you shall hav a *right* to feel when you shall know—that the most virtuous and excellent individual of the whole human race, whose good opinion I know you value, as I do, more than life itself, spoke of you to me on Saturday last in the very highest terms in which you could wish to be spoken of, though not higher than I could and did reach up to, and affix my most heartfelt and grateful *confirmation*. You hav reason, then, to be able to outface the brow of bragging insolence, and to stand firm afoot before the detestable petty tyrants, who hav nothing about them that would not make as great and consequential a personage of any unhanged thief as of themselvs. Keep up your courage, Watson, for this reason—because you hav a right to be courageous.

Your petition against the banker Hoare was excellent, and most strikingly so, from its judicious and modest temperance. But I calculate that your experience has taught you, as mine has, to limit your expectations on petitioning to the effect of the exhibition merely of your wrongs, without a dream of probable redress. I want to find, if I can, a single instance (one out of the whole world's history) of a petition which was ever granted on the claim and merit of the petition merely. To my mind it seems that no petition ever was or will be successful but under the predicaments, either expressed or understood, of holding the petition in one hand, with a brickbat in the other, so that the scope of the argument may be *utrum horium mavit*.

I much admire your excellent plan of affixing such striking and beautiful quotations from Shelley, Southey, Otway, etc.; they indicate the man of taste, and, which is still a higher recommendation, the man of *reading*. You need not, I should suppose, confine yourself to the poets, nor make any scruple of *repeating* a quotation frequently when it may serve as an indication of the character of the matter of the number. The quotations seem to me to stand as guarantees for the diligence of the editor, as it really is, and I know the effect to be so; that something like a resentful disgust arises in the mind of a true lover of *knowledge* when he sees his attention challenged to the writings of one whose writings show at once that he has never been a reader.

This is fatal to the vapid compositions of some whose names you may guess at; who, although they do not profess to respect inspiration in others, act as if they believed they were inspired themselvs.

I was sorry to see that in your copy of the Sunday coercion bill, you omit the very first sentence of the preamble, which sentence happens to be the most pregnantly mischievous, and to admit of the heavier battery of such artillery as religionists themselvs would allow to be brought into play. Of the whole piece of stuff, Mr. Hetherington strikes *hard* and *well*, but not on the nail's head; there is, I know, a metaphysical warp and somethingness of the tabernacle about him that prevents the possibility of his putting in a hit at hypocrisy which would be likely to hurt it. It is all askew about "how does Sir Andrew Agnew know what the Lord's holy will is?" The line of impingence would hav come down *vertically* upon what might be fairly argued to be a blasphemous innuendo against the all-sufficient and only acceptable sacrifice of the death of K——t, whose sacrifice would afford no ground of faith and hope, if it be not *more* acceptable to God, and infinitly more than any true and sincere worship which his creatures could offer him. You see the use which might be made of the following out of this suggestion, and so, no more of it.

But, Watson, all my auguries assure me that the bill, hideous and horrible as it is, *will pass*, and pass by means of that very indifference and contempt which its monstrous character provokes. It irritates me out of all politeness when I hear the shallow noodles who know nothing of the machinations of priestcraft, content with snapping the finger, where they should clench the fist, and satisfied with crying out, "Oh, it never can pass! It's impossible! It's too absurd!" Ay, and the enemy wishes nothing more than this. By this indifference the duty of resistance will go begging, each one will put it off from himself, and the bill will pass while men sleep, to awaken too late to the reality of the horrors which they had deemed too improbable to be feared. And "Who'd hav thought it?" and "O my God!" will be the ejaculations of the thousands who shall see all the possible happiness of the poor man's existence crushed under the wheels of the Christian Juggernaut—no place to meet in for rational converse on his winter Sunday, no excursion into sweeter air in the summer. And then the suggestion of a repeal or modification of the act, after it shall hav once passed, will bring on a man such charges of Atheism, etc., etc., as there is not virtue enough in Mr. Hume, Roebuck, Cobbett, nor would be in Mr. Hetherington himself, to venture to encounter, so hypocrisy will triumph, and the aristocrats, not being inconvenienced themselvs, will neither feel nor care for the weight of the fetters on the working classes.

My experience has shown me that there is no wickedness too wicked, no villainy too villainous, to be resorted to by the religious fiends, our tyrants, for the sanctification of their tyranny over us. They lie, they perjure, they trick, they catch, and all with such an air of solemn gravity as paralyzes the power of resistance. But their power results from a principle which is fatally wanting among their opponents. They combine, they pull together, and are therefore omnipotent.

We must learn a little of this from them. The three individuals of the whole human race who hav most opposed this principle are, as it seems to me, Owen, Carlile, and Hetherington, who hav each seemed to act as if they would [rather] sink the ship than sail together. Your converse with Hetherington will, I hope, tend to cure his mind of that mischievous and vitiating principle of Hetheringtonism which givs an ugly cadence to every sentence he constructs, and warps him mightily from the rectitude which he propounds. If I should come out before you I shall make it one of my first duties to come and see you, as it will be one of my first pleasures to shake hands with a man whom your superior philosophy shall hav recovered from the sectarian littleness which lies like an incubus on his nobler nature.

I remain, dear Watson,

Yours with great respect, ROBERT TAYLOR,

Horsemonger Lane Jail, April 8, 1833, being the 644th day of my second martyrdom.

To Mr. James Watson, 33 Windmill street, or to be forwarded to him.

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*These interpolations in brackets and italics are the replies of Taylor, written in different colored ink between the lines of Carlile's letter.

Mr. Pot's Contribution.

There is a little private poker club in Chicago, whose members, according to the *Mail* of that city, meet at each other's homes and play a modest game, winding up with a jack pot, which is "liberally sweetened" until it is of good proportions. On a recent Saturday evening the final jack pot grew until it contained $120, and before the betting it was decided that the winner should put it on the contribution plate at church next morning. It was won by a regular church-goer and rather liberal giver, who, fearing such a contribution would provoke comment, asked leave of the party to make it up in a package and hand it to the sexton. This was agreed to on condition that it was to be labeled, "From a j. pot." This was done. The sexton took it immediately to the pastor, who was so highly delighted that he announced from the pulpit that "a munificent friend of the church—a Mr. A. J. Pot—whom it was not his pleasure to know personally, he was sorry to say," had that morning sent in a most generous donation of $128 to the church fund.

The Liberal Club.

There were divine services at the 400th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. A large congregation was present, which speaks well for the religious enthusiasm of the members, as the weather was rough enough to justify anyone in staying at home and rubbing up against the stove. The papers Saturday morning reported that the wind had been blowing eighty-four miles an hour.

At eight o'clock, the door being left open, the Rev. Mr. Lloyd blew in. This was the speaker of the evening, his subject being "Immortality in the Light of Science." Mr. Wakeman introduced him as one of the watchmen on the walls of Zion, looking out for new and desirable truths. It was with great pleasure that the president presented Mr. Lloyd to the Liberal Club audience.

Mr. Lloyd is a Congregational minister who does regular preaching in a church in this city. He is also a member of the Nineteenth Century Club. He is a rather queer-looking duck, and his personal appearance gave small indication of the ability which he shortly developed. Mr. Lloyd prefaced his remarks by announcing his intention of obtaining a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He was interested in the adventures of Jonah and the whale. Then he proceeded to say that he was earnestly and honestly trying to find the truth in regard to immortality. The greatest minds of every age hav monkeyed with the subject. Man has an inherent desire that this life should be continued in our next, and his personality is projected on the surface of his consciousness. Referring to Frederic Harrison, Mr. Lloyd said that Harrison had a conception of things equaled only by that of Christ himself. George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" also pleased Mr. Lloyd so much that he recited it in full. There was something of the hymn about the poem as the preacher gave it, but it was not by any means spoiled in the recitation. The "Choir Invisible" Mr. Lloyd considered infinitly nobler than the eternity of harp-playing looked forward to by some Christians. The speaker proceeded to say that he accepted evolution, which relieves God of responsibility for many things derogatory to his character. Perhaps somewhere in the evolutionary process life picks up the faculty of continuance. As for Mr. Lloyd, he believed in a soul and immortality. Science had not disproved it, and there was no reason why we should doubt it. And he further held that when he was dead, and one voice said, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," another voice would say, "Life to life, soul to soul, spirit to spirit."

The lecture was much like a sermon.

Mr. Wakeman brought the audience back to temporal affairs by saying that they should all buy a ticket for the coming month. Every one should come up to the help of the treasurer against the landlord, who was the great enemy. The floor was open for the discussion of the able lecture to which we had listened in speeches of ten minutes each.

Mr. Putnam thereupon arose and spoke for twenty minutes. He ran over the various points of the lecture, and blunted them somewhat. He said it was not the province of science to disprove immortality or anything else. There were two methods of procedure, either of which might be adopted in a discussion. One was the theological method, which starts out with an assumption, and proceeds to adapt the facts to the theory. The other was the scientific method, which begins with the facts, and formulates a theory in accordance with them. Mr. Lloyd had pursued the theological method. There might be a God and a future life, but the processes of evolution could furnish no evidence that such was the fact.

Mr. Langerfeld desired to thank the speaker of the evening for demonstrating that a man could be a preacher and still speak respectfully of the Positivists. It was not known before that such a thing was possible. Mr. Langerfeld then announced that he would indulge in a little criticism. He would remind Mr. Lloyd that this was not the Nineteenth Century Club, and that he need not therefore look for all the euphuisms which distinguished that society. If Mr. Langerfeld's criticism appeared rough, it must not, he said, be attributed to anything except a desire to be brief. The speaker then pointed out to the reverend gentleman the places where, in his estimation, the latter had dulled.

Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol made a modest little speech. She did not take the platform, but merely arose to express her appreciation of the lecture. Then Mrs. Bristol went on to say that she was brought up in the backwoods, but always believed in immortality. Reading a work by Herbert Spencer confirmed her in that belief, and she was somewhat surprised to find that others interpreted Mr. Spencer as a sordid believer in this world.

Prof. Van Buren Denslow, who has just joined the club, defined Mr. Lloyd's argument as a Christio-scientific one. Mr. Denslow said, touching the resurrection of Christ, that if Christ was a god-man his resurrection furnished no proof that we should rise again, as we are not god-men, and what was possible to him might be impossible to us. If he was not a god-man, then his value as a precedent would depend on the confidence we place in the account of his resurrection. The Christian heaven, with its harps and things, Mr. Denslow said, would make a man weary of paradise in less than two hours unless the players possessed great skill; and it would not take half the time to disgust him with the egotism of a supreme being who could endure continual adulation. The speaker recognized much in nature which he could not explain. For instance, what taught the cuckoo, which of itself is incapable of hatching its eggs, to lay them in the nests of fifty different birds, and always to match the other bird's eggs both in size and color? If the natural faculties of men should make them immortal, the superior faculties possessed by some lower animals should make them immortal also. He believed, with Von Hartmann, that there was an underlying and all-pervading something that made things as they are.

Mr. Brophy took up the lecturer's assertion that because science did not disprove immortality there was no reason to doubt it. He said this was equivalent to one man charging another with stealing a dog, and claiming that unless the accused should prove his innocence the jury would hav no excuse for acquitting him.

Brother King had attended the club that evening because some one told him it was a good time to be there, as everybody was to be presented by the lecturer with an immortal soul. He noticed that the critics seemed averse to accepting the gift. Mr. King explained that the reason Liberals objected to this dogma of immortality was because theologians had connected it with ethics and had taught that belief or disbelief in it was attended with dire and everlasting consequences. For the personal God and personal immortality the Liberals would substitute a social God and a social or corporate immortality. Mr. King did himself great credit.

At this time it was eleven o'clock, and the Rev. Mr. Lloyd was invited to administer to his critics the proper antidotes for the heresies they had imbibed. He first congratulated the club on the acquisition of so powerful a member as Mr. Denslow. Then he said that the previous speakers had been wandering on foreign ground. He had too much faith in the discriminating powers of the intelligent audience which he saw before him to believe for a moment that it would accredit his critics with having in any manner answered his arguments. Mr. Lloyd seemed to possess but little of the faith which was delivered to the saints. He spoke very irreverently of Jonah and alluded to Tertullian as a dead issue. A devout Christian Spiritualist could giv him a long start and get to heaven first, if reaching that locality depends in any degree on veneration for alleged sacred things.

At the next meeting the land question will be discussed by Mr. Washburn. Following him, John E. Remsburg addresses the club on some topic of interest not yet announced. Treasurer Morris will admit any one who pays him five cents. The meetings increase in value with each succeeding week. The club has now held 400 sessions, yet age does not wither it, nor custom stale its infinit variety.

Canadian Gossip.

Toronto has been favored during the past week with a visit (or visitation) from the celebrated Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of New York, who, by some means known only to himself, has discovered the objects, plans, and *modus operandi* of the Lord in regard to the world, its creation, and ultimate destiny of the inhabitants thereof, and is giving the whole scheme away to the wondering public.

Among other things, he tells us that "God is busily engaged in working out his grand idea, formed after the fall of man, of redeeming all mankind with great glory, which is a work of ages. He allowed four thousand years to elapse before he began the work of redemption, but he is calm and ever working, a heavenly calm, so to speak, and it will take ages to complete the work." In answer to the lying Infidel statement that Christianity is dying out he tells us that "in one hundred years, or from the eighteenth (1784) to the nineteenth century (1884) the number of Christians increased from two hundred to four hundred and ten millions." Great Scott! Again he says: "Christ will in his own good time subdue all that is evil—bad literature [I expect THE TRUTH SEEKER comes under that head], the Atheistic tendencies in science, disease, and finally death." So mote it be!

During the past year we hav had all the "big guns," Beecher, Talmage, Swing, and now Tiffany. They each know all about the divine plan, and they all hav it differently. One might think there are as many "divine plans" as there are preachers—"you pays your money and you takes your choice." But we hav a prophet of our own, Dr. Wild, who downs them all. According to the gospel of Wild, the world will be consumed by fire in the year 1935. They who are living at that time will be caught up into the clouds while the world's cremation is going on. There is something cheerful in this view of the matter. Some of us young heads may liv to see the grandest exhibition of celestial pyrotechnics that mortals ever gazed upon. Let us hope it will happen on the Fourth of July.

Among the celebrities who hav been here lately I forgot to mention the names of Matthew Arnold and Canon Farrar, although as Farrar's I can understand they can hardly be considered in the same boat with the others. We hav also the celebrated Rev. Dr. Sexton, of London, Eng., who is at present lecturing in the country. His special mission seems to be the annihilation of Infidels. He lectures this week in the town of Ayr, Ont., being brought there for the special purpose of counteracting the influence of the lectures delivered there a few weeks ago by Mr. Watts. Freethinkers are particularly invited to attend. In this case, however, Mr. Watts will probably hav the last say, as our president, Mr. Algie, has made arrangements for a couple more lectures by Mr. Watts in Ayr on his return to Canada. He is also trying to arrange lectures for Mr. Watts in Orangeville, Barrie, and other places, and while doing so has managed to get up a little excitement on his own account. He is engaged in a debate this week at the Science Hall, Alton, with a traveling preacher who hails from Dayton, O., the Rev. Mr. McKeown. You will probably get a report of the affair from headquarters in a few days. There is a rather amusing incident connected with this debate which the reverend gentleman tells. When he arrived in Alton he went into the bar of the hotel (thinking probably that that was the most likely place to find an Infidel) and inquired for Mr. Algie. He there encountered a slightly inebriated individual, who said: "'Scuse me —hic—minister of—hic—gospel, I 'spose?" "Yes." "What denomination?" "Baptist." "Well—hic—sorry. I'm a—hic—Presbyterian, I am. But—hic—don't yer go near them—hic—Algies. They're a bad lot—hic—and they don't—hic—know nothin'." The parson found Mr. Algie at his office, and after spending a few hours in "Liberty Hall" he gave it as his opinion that for "a bad lot" they were certainly the most comfortable and happy family he had met for a long time—an opinion in which all who hav enjoyed their generous hospitality will heartily concur.

The great moral wave which struck Toronto a few weeks ago is still booming. The police inspector has notified the cigar-store proprietors and all barber shops, including the hotel shops, to close on Sunday, and now the traveling public are informed that "no faces are shaved, and only souls are saved on Sunday." The customs authorities hav seized a consignment of Infidel books addressed to W. B. Cooke. The New York *World* and *Police Gazette* will not be allowed to come into this country any more. The bar rooms are to hav all screens removed, and clear glass fronts put in, so that the poor sinners must drink under the public gaze. This last idea emanates from the ministerial association. (Wonder how the same publicity would work in their business.)

The keepers of all houses of ill fame hav been notified to leave the city, and all convicts, as their terms of imprisonment expire, will be provided with passes to some more congenial clime. "Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on," and the Bible is to be again read in the public schools. They hav been using a compilation of Bible selections for some time, but the school board voted at their last meeting to hav the "book" restored and "put into the hands of the pupils in all its purity." They poison the fountain while vainly trying to dam the flood.

If any of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER want to take a short cut to heaven, let them purchase a ticket *via*

TORONTO.

Feb. 26, 1886.

Boonton Secular Union.

Through the zeal of Edwin Worman, the lifelong champion of Secularism, aided by the veteran Freethinker, John Maxfield, and the Booth family—ever united in every good work, adorning by their lives their profession of Secularism—Mrs. F. C. Reynolds and myself gave a brief course of lectures at this place, resulting in sixteen persons enrolling themselvs members of the Secular Union. Tuesday evening, the 23d, the first meeting was called at the Booth mansion. By-laws were adopted, a science school inaugurated, and the following excellent list of officers elected: President, Edwin Worman; vice-president, Mrs. A. M. Booth; secretary, Miss Florence Hennion; treasurer, Thomas Dennis; vigilance committee, Hubert Booth, John Maxfield, and Kate Booth; educational committee, Mrs. A. M. Booth, Thomas Dennis, Florence Hennion; social committee, Thomas Booth, Ada Booth, and Jessie Booth.

Subject of study for ensuing week and Sunday class: "The Nine Demands of Liberalism." Dues payable monthly in advance: Man and wife, 25 cents per month; unmarried men, 25 cents; unmarried women, 10 cents; minors, between twelve and sixteen, 5 cents. All paid dues for the month in advance, and the meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and three times three cheers for the Boonton Secular Union.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec., 33 Clinton Place, New York.

COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com.

E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged		$2,005.52
Mrs. E. W. Mitchell		30.00
F. J. Gum		1.00
Emil Neef, Chas. Broecher	Per Mrs. Celler	1.00
		1.00
Total		$2,038.52

News and Notes.

S. P. Putnam will lecture at Albany, Sunday, March 7th; at Pittsburgh, Sunday, March 14th; at Painesville, Ohio, March 17th; at Ridge Farm, Ill., March 19th; at Chebanse, March 20th; at Chicago, Sunday, March 21st; at Rochelle, March 23d; at Rockford, March 24th; at Leon, Ia., March 26th; at Omaha, March 28th; at Ogden, Utah, April 18th; at Salt Lake City, April 25th and May 2d. Other engagements will be announced hereafter.

Below is the list of subjects of the lectures by the secretary, and friends can select the themes which in their judgment will be best adapted to the special wants of their own communities:

"The Demands of Humanity."

"The New Heaven and Earth."

"The American Secular Union: Its Aims and Methods."

"The Philosophy of Freethought."

"The Secular Sunday a Day of Rest."

"The Glory of Infidelity."

"Universal Mental Liberty: What it Is and How to Achieve It."

"Individualism: Its Necessity and Safety."

"The Foundation of Morality."

The following givs a good account of frontier work:

OHLMAN, WYO., Feb. 22, 286.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Dear Sir*: We had a splendid turnout at our meeting yesterday, considering the number of people in our neighborhood and the bad roads, which are almost impassable for freighters this time of the year. A very good lecture was delivered by T. F. Hersey, at the conclusion of which he challenged any respectable and regularly ordained minister to debate on theological questions.

If we could arrange for a lecturer to come over this road we could probably organize an auxiliary society in Sheridan and Buffalo. There are good halls to be had in each place. I think we can build a hall of our own in Ohlman after a while. In the mean time we hav the use of a hall at Dayton four miles away free of charge. There is a good country about us, and there are many Liberals. We are one hundred miles from the Northern Pacific Railroad. I shall do the best I can to raise the means so that you can lecture for us on your return from Utah. Yours truly,

GUS HOGAN.

Another veteran has gone—William S. Bailey, of Nashville, Tenn., editor of the *Liberal*. I remember with pleasure my meeting him at Nashville in my work of last year. Although over eighty years of age, he was still an earnest and radical Freethinker, and was always ready to do his share of the labor. His life has been a long and eventful one. He has been a pioneer from youth to age, and in death he receives the honor of a brave and sincere reformer.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Edmund W. Mitchell.

Edmund W. Mitchell died at West Junius, N. Y., on Monday, Feb. 22d, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He was born in Maine, and in early manhood came to West Junius, where for many years he has been a useful and honored citizen. He has held offices of public trust; has always been an ardent reformer, being especially interested in the Anti-slavery cause and the progress of Freethought. He has never concealed his Radical and Liberal convictions. He has been thoroughly respected in a Christian community, and no difference of opinion has lessened the popular acknowledgment of his integrity. His word was as good as his bond. In all the relations of business he had the confidence of his associates.

He leaves a wife and six children, who are in entire sympathy with his advanced ideas. His wife has been a most faithful companion in all his work for human welfare.

The funeral services were held in the old Quaker meeting-house at Waterloo, N. Y., about two miles from his home. This building was famous in the days of Antislavery conflict, and resounded with the voice of Garrison, Pillsbury, Foster, and other of those devoted adherents of liberty. Here for over a quarter of a century hav been held every June the yearly meetings of the Friends of Progress. Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Henry Bonnell, of Waterloo, and others hav been prominent supporters of these gatherings, wherein every variety of opinion has been expressed. From all the surrounding country the attendance was large, and these assemblies hav become quite a feature in the reform movement of western New York.

It was fitting to bid the last sad farewell to our friend in the place which he had helped to consecrate with his own fervent labors. There was a large number of friends and citizens present. The services were conducted by Samuel P. Putnam. He said:

To understand the character of our friend we must know the ideas and motivs of his life. What were these?

First, he believed simply in nature. He knew of nothing above or beyond. This universe was to him the unbeginning and the unending. He recognized its laws, and to obey them was the highest wisdom.

Secondly, in nature the highest form of life and intelligence to him was Humanity. This was the supreme being from whence sprung the noblest motivs of action. Human relations were to our friend the highest and most sacred relations, and involved the greatest duties of which a man is capable. To be a good husband, father, citizen, friend, and neighbor was to his mind the best that was possible to do. There is no conceivable quality of being higher than that of Humanity. If we conceive of a God, he must hav the qualities of human love, justice, wisdom, and power, or he is nothing to our heart and hope. The old scriptures say that we must love man in order to love God. Only through man can we reach any worthy conception of God. Infinit goodness must be like human goodness or it is no goodness at all. So, whether there be a God or not, Humanity is the supreme quality of being—in essence there can be nothing nobler or more beautiful. Therefore the relations of one human being to another are the highest relations of duty and service that are conceivable.

Our friend was commonly known as an Infidel; an honorable name, because of the history that belongs to it. It is said that the Infidel believes nothing. This is untrue. The Infidel does believe, and he believes most vividly, for his belief is founded upon and is one with his knowledge. He believes all that the human mind can believe in truthfulness. He believes in Nature, its majesty and beauty, its wondrous laws, its mighty forces. He believes in the sunshine and the flowers, the blue sky, the seed-time, and the harvest. He believes in humanity, in what it is and what it can be. He believes in human goodness, virtue, heroism, self-sacrifice, love, affection, duties, and labors. What grander and more inspiring belief can one hav than this? This was the belief of our friend, this was his creed, his philosophy. Through this we see the nobleness of his life. It was rich, full, free, radiant, because he accepted the truth, and only the truth.

As we stand by his grave we can hav no fear for him. He can front the universe because he has been a faithful man. If he survives the shock of death, the same power that makes for beauty and virtue here, will giv the same brightness in the hereafter. All life is one; Nature, which givs the sun and flowers now, the harvest, the fruit, will always do the same in every realm of being and effort. If our friend sleeps, he sleeps well; if he livs, he livs with that same power which is present in this world, and the same laws, and the same beneficence are with him as with us.

We must weep, but our tears glisten with the sunlight of memory and hope. Our friend has given to us a priceless inheritance. It is a joy to recall his life through the many years that are past; to think of his good deeds; of the flowers, the seeds of which he planted; the harvest that he helped to make, the paths that he made joyous. Through memory, and through love, in death he becomes a deathless impulse. We shall be more true and brave, more kind and neighborly, because he has left for us so beautiful an example. He will be a constant inspiration—a presence still in this elevating influence, which, like the light of stars, is made most potent by the darkness that shadows his being. Does he not also giv us hope? Hope in this world, hope in Humanity, hope in progress, hope in virtue. The to-morrow is brighter because he has lived with us to-day, because he has shown what man can do in the strength of his own nature. Thus grief flows to joy deeper than ever, for life is more grand and solemn as we stand by the open grave.

From the grave we go forth into the world and its constant struggle with greater heart and hope, for our brother hath left living words behind that like a trumpet call summon us to duty.

He speaks the word Liberty. He struck the chains from the oppressed, the shackles from the body. The slave could bless him for his aid. He speaks also for mental freedom, the foundation of morality, the beginning of all virtue.

He speaks the word Science. He submitted to Science. It was to him the gospel of life, the only source of knowledge, the sole interpreter of the universe, and the guide of human effort.

He speaks the word Humanity, the highest word of all, that for which liberty and science are—the ennoblement of man, his happiness, the building of heaven on earth, the attainment of that earthly paradise which is the dream of all.

We lay our brother in the grave; farewell, farewell, we say. Farewell, kind husband, dear father, upright citizen, gentle neighbor, brave reformer, friend of humanity, lover of progress, farewell! Dust returns to dust, but thou shalt liv in the memory and the affections of those that mourn thy death. Thy death shall be a blessed teacher; it shall teach love, devotion, kindness, and sympathy. Hereafter, because of thy now silent lips, the mother shall be more dear to her children and the children more blessed to the mother. We cover thee with earth and giv the last look to thy dead face, but in the chambers of remembrance thou shalt shine—in the thoughts of wife and children, of friends and neighbors, of the world which is better and happier because thou hast lived. To the bosom of nature we commend thy body, but thy virtue still abides in the stream of humanity, in all the inspirations of human progress.

The Voice of the Workingman.

From the Industrial Appeal of Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE TRUTH SEEKER, printed in New York city, is very much occupied now in aiding the effort to open the museums of that city on Sundays. This will be for the benefit of the laboring classes, who can get no time on other days to visit these places of instructiv entertainment. But the hide-bound church bosses are fighting the scheme with all their power, because, they affirm, it will desecrate the Sabbath. We hope the plan will succeed.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is among the very best of Freethought papers. Among its numerous entertaining articles is one entitled "An Examination of Church History," by some one who knows the early history of the Catholic church. The paper is broad and liberal in its views.

A Jewish Notion of Genesis.

The opening chapters of the Bible, as a treatis on geology, may or may not present truth. I incline to the belief that they do not. For all the attempts to prove that they do, do violence to every sound principle of interpretation. Days are lengthened into periods; light is drawn out into cosmic fire. With the magician's wand words and phrases are transmuted into technical terms of a manual on geology. And the strangest thing of all—after all the labor spent—is that the scientific mind which thousands of years anticipated both Darwin and Lyell, should hav been such a bungling tyro in the easier art of expression as to cloud up his meaning most egregiously, *we even* can only get at the real kernel by piercing in the sweat of the brow through the hard husk! And all ages before herein failed to draw the sweeter milk of the truth treasured for thinking mankind. Was before the Copernican system the world not equally sure that Ptolemy and Moses were agreed? And before Ptolemy, and after, were not Aristotle and the Pentateuch teaching the same things? How dangerous this method of interpretation is, and how elastic, the recent controversy between Gladstone and Huxley showed to all that had eyes to see. With what right will you dispute that the plural in the name of the deity and his speech is not a proof of the trinity, if you allow his other positions? You cannot come with rebuttals from Philo or the Midrash, showing that they explained the passage differently, and more correctly. The magician who reconciles Darwinism and geology with the first chapter of Genesis, has an equal right to reconcile Mosaism with Trinitarianism. Yea, the whole method is—Christian. —*E. H. G, in the Jewish Reformer.*

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IDEA.

Modern critics, believing or unbelieving, who hav studied the Biblical books as literature—studied them, for instance, as Professor Dowden has studied Shakspere—concur in pronouncing the Bible absolutely free from natural science. They find there history, poetry, moral philosophy, theology, lives and letters, mystical, devotional, and didactic pieces; but science there is none. Natural objects are, of course, repeatedly referred to, and with unsurpassed sympathy and accuracy of observation; but neither in the intention of any of the innumerable authors nor in the execution of their work is there any direct trace of scientific teaching. Could anyone with any historic imagination for a moment expect that there would hav been? There was no science then. Scientific questions were not even asked then. To hav given men science would not only hav been an anachronism, but a source of mystification and confusion all along the line. The almost painful silence —indeed, the absolute sterility—of the Bible with regard to science is so marked as to hav led men to question the very beneficence of God. Why was not the use of the stars explained to navigators, or chloroform to surgeons? Why is a man left to die on the hillside when the medicinal plant which could save him, did he but know it, lies at his feet? What is it to early man to know how the moon was made? What he wants to know is how bread is made. How fish are to be caught, fowls snared, beasts trapped and their skins tanned—these are his problems.—*Prof. Henry Drummond in the Nineteenth Century.*

Lectures and Meetings.

E. C. WALKER'S lecture engagements at present are: six lectures at Silvan Springs, Ark., beginning March 13th; St. Joseph, Mo., April 4th. Between these dates engagements are wanted in southeastern Kansas, southwestern Missouri, and northern Arkansas. After April 6th work is wanted on the western divisions of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, the Southern Kansas, and the St. Louis and San Francisco during the remainder of that month and first ten days of May. Address him at Valley Falls, Kan.

A COURSE of four lectures will be delivered before Friendship Liberal League in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, Philadelphia, Pa., by Charles Watts, as follows: Sunday, March 14th, at 2:30 P.M., subject, "Civilization: What has Promoted and What has Retarded It;" at 7:30 P.M., subject, "The True Philosophy of Life." Sunday, March 21st, at 2:30 P.M., subject, "Freethought: Its Struggles and Triumphs;" at 7:30 P.M., subject, "The New Testament: Its History and Its Teachings." N. B.—These lectures are free to the public. Liberals throughout the state are cordially invited to be present.

J. E. REMSBURG'S meeting at Hastings, Mich., Feb. 20th and 21st, was a great success. When the doors of the Opera House were opened Saturday evening, every seat was quickly filled, and still the crowd came pouring in. Masonic Hall near by was emptied of its chairs and two hundred additional seats provided. The stage was covered with chairs, and still many were compelled to stand. The meeting Sunday afternoon was but a repetition of this, while on Sunday evening many were unable to gain admittance. On Monday morning Mr. Remsburg left Hastings, and the same evening spoke in Holland, N. Y., more than four hundred miles distant. Mr. Remsburg carried out his program for February as announced, excepting his appointment at Wayland, Mich., which had to be postponed on account of inability to secure hall for date set. In addition to appointments announced he lectured at Naples, N. Y. From Feb. 4th to Feb. 28th he delivered twenty-six lectures.

Selections.

A Protest and a Plea.

In the *Nineteenth Century* of last November Mr. Gladstone published a remarkable article, which has already received two answers. Professor Huxley has dealt with its science, Professor Max Müller with its mythology and etymology; and even the "Ulysses of dialectics" will, I think, find it hard to reply to or refute either the one or the other. This protest of mine is founded on a much smaller point, but one on which I am entitled to speak, inasmuch as Mr. Gladstone did me the honor to allude to me directly and by quotation, though not by name.

The phrase to which I object occurs in a paragraph which expresses surprise "not only at the fact, but at the manner in which in this day, writers, whose name is legion, unimpeached in character and abounding in talent, not only put away from them, cast into shadow or into the very gulf of negation itself, the conception of a deity, an acting and ruling deity. Of this belief, which has satisfied the doubts, and wiped away the tears, and found guidance for the footsteps of so many a weary wanderer on earth, which among the best and greatest of our race has been so cherished by those who had it, and so longed and sought for by those who had it not, we might suppose that if at length we had discovered that it was in the light of truth untenable, that the accumulated testimony of man was worthless, and that his wisdom was but folly, yet at least the decencies of mourning would be vouchsafed to this irreparable loss. Instead of this, it is with *a joy and exultation that might almost recall the frantic orgies of the Commune* that this, at least at first sight, terrific and overwhelming calamity is accepted and recorded as a gain." (The italics are my own.)

The phrase is cruel, misdirecting, unjust. As reverently as those who believe that the Bible is the word of God—the *ipsissima verba*—and the church of Christ the sole ark of salvation, do we, who doubt of both, worship the truth and stretch out our hands to the light. If we think that such religions as the world has hitherto seen have been subjective and not given from without—self-generated and not revealed—it is not because we are indifferent to the religious idea, not because we want to get rid of a restraining moral influence, nor yet because we despise the consolations of faith and the peace which follows prayer. It is simply because certain things, integral to those revelations, cannot stand the test of scientific truth, and fall to pieces under the touch of reason. And what is this joy, this exultation, to which Mr. Gladstone assigns so shameful a parallelism? Is it in our sense of freedom, through our deliverance from the cruel superstitions which have overwhelmed brave men with abject terror, reduced feeble minds to imbecility and inflamed ardent ones to madness—which have ruined the happiness of multitudes, destroyed innumerable lives, and put instruments of torture into the hands of fanatics wherewith to oppress their victims, till the hell they preached was translated to earth, and the devil they painted was embodied in their own persons? Must we bury that devil with the "decencies of mourning," and hang up wreaths of parsley and crowns of immortelles on the closed gates of hell? Yet neither the one nor the other is to be extricated from the correlative ideas of God and heaven as given to us by the Bible and the Christian churches. What is our exultation? To feel that we are men, surrounded by unfathomable mysteries, but free from the fears which desolate and degrade—to feel that we can look up to heaven above unabashed if questioning—that we are one with the nature we do not yet understand, but part of the whole, and not ruled off to a special destiny of eternal torment—to have broken our ghastly idol, the Moloch of our sorrow, bloodstained and tear-bedewed, and to have enshrined in its place Infinity and Law—this is our joy, deep, solemn, self-respecting, abiding; and we would that all humanity shared it. But to question the objective truth of the anthropomorphic religions accepted by man as revelations, and to have cast from us the hideous superstitions bound up with them, is not to repeat the "frantic orgies of the Commune."

The theory of direct revelation creates a dilemma from which I see no escape. Either it is necessary for the spiritual well-being of man that truths taught by God himself should be known and believed, or it is not. If the former, then we are landed in the mystery of Partiality and the Favored Nation; with the corollary of injustice to those excluded for no fault of their own—by the mere accident of their birth deprived of benefits essential to their eternal happiness. If the latter, then it seems scarcely worth the trouble for Omnipotence to have delivered a message in the tremendous form assumed by Christians, if the fate of the excluded is not touched thereby, and everything is made pleasant at last for every one all round. If we accept the theory of a Unified Truth delivered by direct revelation, we are forced into the position occupied by Roman Catholics and Mohammedans—that is, the exclusion of unbelievers from the privileges promised to the faithful—and the consequent injustice of the divine being, who favors some and disinherits others, irrespective of personal merits and for motives of pure caprice.

Better than a divine source seems to me the purely human origin of this belief in a specialized and partial revelation, and how it is the translation into religion of that passionate patriotism which makes its own tribe, race, nation, the finest in the world, the preservation and supremacy of which is of the first importance. It is no other than the egotism which is necessary for self-preservation, but which cannot bear the test of reason exterior to itself. Standing apart from all, and impartial to all, we can judge better than when we are face to face with one alone. And standing apart, judging for the whole human race and on the broad grounds of equal justice, we see how infinitely unjust would be any partial revelation—any creation of a favored nation which should exclude from participation in its benefits the innocent disinherited. If we find joy, too, in this deliverance from the injustice involved in partial, local, and racial revelations—revelations made to some and withheld from others—it is because we open the doors of truth to all humanity alike—making it general and not special—because we think our spiritual democracy a nobler thing than the creation of an aristocracy among souls, where inherited belief in Christ, Mohammed, Jehovah, or Vishnù confers celestial rank and eternal privileges, denied to the excluded. But to see only the mind of man in concrete religious systems is not to deny nor to despise the religious idea—the instinct of reverence for the Highest Ideal—the worship which is inspired by the sense of Infinity—the confession of that Something beyond ourselves and our knowledge, which some men call God, and others the Unknowable, and others, again, the Law of Righteousness by which we are governed and to which we strive to attain.

The very fact that there are more religions than one in the world, and that each consoles and sustains its worshiper, surely of itself proves the subjective quality of creeds. Who can deny the power which belief in the gods of Olympus had on men? When wild thoughts and tumultuous desires disturbed the Greek girl's heart, did she derive no calming spiritual influence when she fled to the altar of Artemis and laid her offerings before the goddess, beseeching her divine support? Where was the difference between her prayer and that of her younger sister who kneels before the shrine of the Virgin to-day, or turns in fear of herself to her patron saint, her guardian angel, asking each to defend her from sinful thoughts? Was the story of Actæon, slain for his presumptuous intrusion on divine privacy, less real to the Greek than is to the Jew that of the fifty thousand and three score and ten men of Beth-shemesh, smitten because they had looked into the Ark of the Lord? When women, in their hour of trial, cried out to Lucina, was it with a different feeling from that which makes the Sicilian invoke the aid of la Madonna della Catena? Was the mystery of the birth of Dionysos more incredible than that of the Miraculous Conception, or the avatar of Crishna? Like our own Divine Triad, unseen by excess of light, hidden behind the clouds, veiled in the summer sunshine, heard in the tempest, and present in the darkness of the night, ever unseen but ever there, the gods of Olympus drew in council together and watched over the affairs of the men they had made. And the pious believed what they did not see, and worshiped by faith, not knowledge. When some bold skeptic denying possibility, or ardent believer seeking to realize his faith, climbed to the top of the Sacred Hill, searching for proof, what did he find? Was there but one feather of eagle or of dove, of peacock or of owl, to attest the truth of the greater by the evidence of the less?—one solitary stain of the old gray stone, swept by the wind and bleached by the snow, which showed where the nectar had fallen from Hebe's cup or Ganymede's unpracticed hand?—one spangle of gold from the girdle worn by the "Most Beautiful?" Was there one smallest material proof of the existence of those Divine Twelve, to whom so many temples had been raised, so many prayers addressed? Do we believe their objective existence now? and have we buried them with the "decencies of mourning?" What to us is that vision of Athene which inspired the artist and cheered the faint and feeble?—what the worth of those processions and prayers, those offerings and sacrifices, which then were held all-powerful to avert war or secure victory, to give good crops to the land and bring divine favor to the devout? What to us are those divine advocacies or enmities in which Achaian and Trojan so implicitly trusted? Do we believe in the visit of Jove and Mercury to Baucis and Philemon—even those of us who accept as divine the stories in the Bible of how God and his angels came down to visit Adam and Eve, Abram and Sara, Moses and Mary? Where are the satyrs who frightened the nymphs in the woods, and the fauns who linked the human with the brute? Where are the rude gods of the river, fathers of men?—the Eumenides and Ate, Styx and Cerberus? Do we not now confess their phantasmal, subjective, self-generated existence? Do we not say: "These things never were, but were only thought to be?" Yet one of the charges which cost Socrates his life was that he despised the tutelary deities of the state, *putting in their place another divinity;* which was as if a medieval Spaniard should have denied the actual appearance of Saint Jago at the battle of Clavijo; or his brother monks have questioned the holy visitation to Fra Angelico; or as when some modern thinker stands apart from the anthropomorphism of the Christian creed, doubts direct revelation, and questions the divine authorship of the first chapter of Genesis, in favor of unchangeable law and progressive improvement in knowledge, brain-power, and cosmic conceptions.

Admit the theory of an Omnipotent Artificer outside Law—of an Author of Creation who could have made all things differently if he would—and we are caught in a network of contradictions from which there is no possibility of freeing ourselves. Where do we find the benevolence of that acting and ruling deity, belief in whom has, truly enough, "satisfied the doubts, wiped away the tears, and found guidance for the footsteps of so many a weary wanderer on the earth?" Not in nature, of which man is but one manifestation among the countless millions. All through nature we find pain and strife and death as the charter of existence. The weak are the prey of the strong, and life must incessantly be sacrificed that life may continue to exist. We make great account of our own pains, and put up prayers in churches when certain microscopic organisms have taken possession of us, and are rapidly destroying our vitality; but who prays Omnipotence for the small crab held down by the big one, and slowly picked to death by those ruthless pincers tearing fragment after fragment from the quivering flesh beneath the shell? What feebler-winged creature invokes supernatural aid against the terrible dragon-fly, the murderous wasp, bearing down on it for destruction? Look at the spider, the vulture, the tiger, the cannibal, and the tyrant among men. Are they not all parts of one great whole—integral to creation as it is—different manifestations of the same law? But if not the result of law, working inexorably and automatically from its own center, then are they the deliberate work of an independent creator, who might have done differently and more mercifully if he would. In which theory lies the most reasonableness and the most humility?—in that which confesses ignorance of the *causa causans*, or in that which creates unanswerable contradictions because of its declaration of knowledge, and its ascription of pain, misery, and death to the will of a beneficent deity and an omnipotent and all-wise father?

If there be any truth in science at all, and astronomy, geology, chemistry, biology are not so many delusions of the senses, there was a time when our ancestor—whom, for want of a better term, we call Primitive Man—was removed from the brute only in somuch as he had a more erect carriage, a little bigger brain, and more completely differentiated members. Of religion, morality, decency, pity, social law, patriotism, he understood no more than the ape, his brother. He was as much outside the pale of the moral law as the spider or the vulture. In his murders, his cannibalism, his bestialities was no sin, because there was no knowledge. He was simply a brute, inclosing in himself potentialities of future development. The product of the law of evolution, he had within him the power of evolution. By slow degrees his brain grew and his thoughts ripened. He learnt the value of fixed laws for government, and the consequent need of obedience, with punishment for infraction. He developed a conscience, and he developed morality; and among his moral qualities he developed pity for suffering. Fear of the pitiless elements, of the ferocity of wild beasts, ignorance of causes and consequent fear of results, together with dreams, sickness, and death, had already created an Elemental God. When the social conscience was born, the creation of a Moral God, the pitiful helper of man, followed as of necessity—by the same law as that which created the elemental deity, and made visible fetishes of stones and trees, prefacing the graven images and painted idols. Imperfect social conditions necessitated a Court of Ultimate Appeal. The man oppressed here by his stronger superior, and helpless in a state of society where might was right and law was not justice, needed some one to redress his wrongs—if not now nor here, yet in the future—the beyond. The tyranny of the potent kings must be punished by the wrath of the one omnipotent; the sufferings of the innocent and helpless must be avenged by the eternal ruler who holds the scales and metes out justice. But our God was, and is, the transcript of our social condition—the measure of our knowledge. The social and personal wrongs of which we make so much account are but the translation into human action of the material sufferings pervading all animate creation. Why must a man be eternally compensated for a cruel and untimely death, or for the loss of his worldly goods and gear, while the worm, pulled asunder by two blackbirds or slowly devoured

by flies—which tried Frederick Robertson's faith so sharply—the smaller lobster, which is ejected from its safe hiding-place among the rocks and thrown out into the waste of the sea to perish by its enemies, is but fulfilling its appointed destiny, without which life would not exist at all? This necessity for a Court of Ultimate Appeal and a righteous Judge who shall compensate those who have been afflicted here, while punishing the oppressors, seems to me no more a necessity when life is over than compensation for the worm or the lobster. Each is the same thing, differentiated by circumstances and conditions—the homogeneity of nature and the invariability of the universal law being surely among the first lessons to be learned by those who dare to think.

Better and truer than the individual consolations of eternity are the general ameliorations wrought in time. By the law of evolution which rules society—the expression of man's mind—just as it rules the translation of organisms, wrong and injustice create better laws when the human brain has advanced to the point when it can understand that injustice and shape a nobler ideal. The world, which in its barbarous nonage prostrates itself at the feet of crowned robbers covetous of their neighbors' vineyards—of royal murderers setting obstructive husbands in the front of the battle that the wives may be possessed in peace—in its manhood sees the greater good of equal justice to all, and preaches the nobler law of rights and duties as against that of submission and privileges. The specialized inheritance of the few enlarges itself into the generous democracy of Christ, which swept down the barriers of the court and rent the veil of the temple. The Favored Nation was called on to share; the aristocrats of heaven had to enlarge their borders, and the Elect to add new thrones to their number. But as presbyter, once a liberal protest, grew to be only "old priest writ large," so Christianity, which was in the beginning as wide as humanity, by the law of consolidation and contraction working in things spiritual as well as material, has become as close a guild and as exclusive a sect as the Judaism it was pledged to displace. By the dogma of a Unified Truth, of a divine and direct revelation, giving privileges to those who believe and entailing loss on those who are excluded, the Savior, whose salvation was in his universality, has been narrowed into a sectarian deity, like Jehovah, like Allah, like Vishnù. It is the Agnostic who now takes up this lapsed creed of universality—who preaches afresh the democracy of souls—who, in his belief that the religious idea is one to be improved and finally perfected by evolution and knowledge, sees the true salvation of men and their final redemption from error. In this belief lie his hope for the future and his patience with the present. He trusts to time to carry on the work of mental enlargement, as it has already, together with that of physical improvement; he trusts to science to give us increase of veritable knowledge—and he knows that his trust is not in vain.

All bitterness and reproach, all persecution and scorn, are among the things dead and done with to the Agnostic. As little as he would curse the elements which wrecked his house and ruined his land would he curse—though he would prevent—the spiritual cruelties of his brother, acting according to the law of an uneducated mind, a brutish nature, and walking by the dim light of that dawn which is not yet morning. He knows that humanity must fulfil the universal law, and from low, amorphous beginnings reach up to moral nobleness and spiritual beauty. He knows that all society is experimental, all laws are tentative; that the stream of tendency does indeed make for righteousness, with many windings and much doubling back on its way, but always flowing onward from the darkness to the light—from the narrow rock in the mountain to the broad and infinite sea. In the abhorrence which good men feel for crime he sees the ultimate destruction of crime; in the great Man-God which forms the ideal of all religions he sees the projection of humanity itself on the screen of the future; in the fact that this humanity has ever touched the level of Moses, Buddha, Christ, he sees the possibilities of the whole race. He knows and humbly confesses the great wall of the Unknown between him and the Ultimate Verity. But in measuring where he stands now from that brutish Primitive who was his ancestor, he sees no limit to further infinite advance. He sees no limit save that of the individual. Every man must be born helpless, and if he lives to the end of his tether he must die decayed, carrying his experiences with him. All the same the race survives.

Let it be so. The individual is nothing. He is no more than the diatom, the bit of protoplasm which helps to make a geological stratum and a biological world. From the individual as he is now—striving after righteousness, suffering for truth, offering himself as a fragment in the great stepping-stone—will come the race which shall some day be as gods, knowing good and evil. The storms of the present may wither the vines and blight the fig-trees, but the roots remain; and it is better to be among the eternal roots of Yggdrasil, barren of beauty for ourselves, but helping in the life and solace of others, than to be one of the fairest of the annuals—things born of the day and perishing with the day, leaving nothing permanent nor solid behind. Ah! better than all personal gain of riches or of love, which perish with our lives, is that immortality of influence found in the example of those who have done a noble deed or spoken a brave truth! Worst of all the errors, most deadly of all the irreligious denials, is that egotistic preference of individual gain over the general well-being. Not against those who doubt the divine personality they cannot see—who question the fatherly care and beneficence of an omnipotent artificer who has made sorrow, suffering disease, and death necessities of existence—but against the egotists who make the unit of more importance than the whole should such men as Mr. Gladstone turn their arms. Speculative opinions are incapable of proof, but moral heroism is a certain quantity; and the belief in and practice of Altruism are essentially parts of that code which has to come to the front in the future. Once men did not see the higher ideal contained in the spiritualized Lord whom Paul preached, over the deities whom Ovid vulgarized. They preferred their joyous hymns and picturesque processions to the colder, more sublime, less tangible worship of the "pale Galilean," belief in whom included the socialism of general poverty for this world and the hope of happiness transferred from life here to life after death. What was it to the joyous Greek, to the strong and sensual Roman, to whom Hades was but a world of shadows, to be told to give up all here—all that was lovable, pleasurable, tangible—for the hypothetical joys of heaven? Did he not say: "I will take when I can and hold by what I know?" just as those to whom Altruism is unwelcome because of its destruction of egotism say: "What to me is the race? *I* suffer—*I* love—*I* desire; what do I care for the rest?" But it has to come. The nobler life is inevitable; and the day when Duty shall overcome Pleasure, and Altruism be stronger than Individualism, is as certain in the future as is the calculation of an eclipse or a new discovery in chemistry.

The loss out of his life of a personal deity does not dismay the Agnostic, and the destruction of his belief in direct revelation has not left him desolate. As a brave man knows how to die and pass into the darkness of the grave with calmness and dignity, so a brave soul knows how to live by the light of an educated conscience only—that conscience being the result of gradual development, as much as is the sense of justice and the consciousness of shame. He waits for the time when better knowledge shall enable men to reconcile the mystery of the material cruelty of nature with the pity, the justice, the moral sense, which are the active and substantive possessions of man only—who, after all, is only matter conscious of itself to the highest degree yet attained. He does not know why the House of Life should be thus divided against itself, nor why he, who is only a higher translation of the Force which expresses itself in the worm and the crab, should feel pity when he sees the one pulled asunder by two blackbirds—a sickening kind of indignation when the living flesh of the other is being slowly picked out by the pincers of the stronger. One with nature, and the product of material things, his revulsion from the circumstances of his origin is not to be explained by the theory of a moral sense—that something extra added by the God who has originated these circumstances. This would be to make the creator ashamed of his own creation, and to make man his judge and assessor. It is a mystery; and the greatest of the many by which we are surrounded. Why matter, fully conscious of itself in the mind of man, should find the inevitable law, the unalterable conditions of life, cruel, and should do what it can to ameliorate them, is an enigma not to be explained away by the story of Adam and Eve—a talking snake standing erect—a God who walked in the garden in the cool of the evening—a Forbidden Tree and a Tree of Life—or any other of the mythological circumstances to which the orthodox pin their faith, finding them sufficient for their peace.

Let us go out into the open and judge for ourselves. Let us climb to the top of Mount Olympus, of Ararat, of Meru; let us lift up the lid of the Ark of the Covenant, enter the Sepulcher, touch the stone at Mecca, feel the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, and test what we find by the aid of reason and such science as we possess. If we find there things which vanish as we look—things vaporous as clouds that cannot be held—unstable as the river mist which cannot be compelled—can we still believe in the objective existence of the faiths bound up with these things? Or shall we not rather say they are all of the same order—prophet and pythoness, angel and demi-god, Madonna and Hera, Crishna and Christ, Jehovah and Zeus—they are all names, not persons, and all represent analogous conditions of brain differentiated by climate and the tendencies of the race? Beyond them all lies the boundless and impersonal Infinite—the grandeur of impartial law—the prizes to be won from the depths of the as yet unknown—and the one concrete imperishable essence of all religion—our duty to our fellow-men, and our duty in self-respect to ourselves.

Always the popular faith has been the last word, the supreme revelation, to those who believe; and always the first doubters—the Uhlans preceding the army of destroyers and subsequent reconstructors—have been made martyrs to their negation. To be said to doubt the tutelar deities of the city cost Socrates his life—Socrates, who, before all men, taught reverence and preached virtue. To deny that Jesus, the Son of Mary, was God Incarnate has cost many hundreds of lives. To question the divine mission of Mohammed has been as fatal to thousands as was the denial of the supremacy of Jehovah to the priests of Baal. The world reveres its idols, and looks neither to the fashion of their make nor to the passions they typify. Jealous or cruel, punishing the children for the father's sin or demanding the sacrifice of the innocent for the redemption of the guilty—these idols are precious beyond all else, and their worship is held as dear as life itself. And ever the deniers of their divinity have been accused of preaching the wildest immorality as well as the most godless irreligion, and of desiring to break all the wholesome restraints which keep men from crime and vice and force them to obey the moral law. "The frantic orgies of the Commune!" Yes, that is the modern name for the old stone. It is always the same stone, renamed according to circumstances. But by and by the world comes up to these pioneers. Then it ceases to revile, and takes their place, crying out: "We knew all this before; you are telling us no new thing."

There is no more sin in questioning the objective truth of religious systems than there is in verifying a scientific position. We seek the truth, and the fact of this seeking is the proof that we have not yet found. "Judicial blindness" is the phrase of certainty so far as the individual is concerned. But his realization does nothing for another; on the contrary, that one man realizes one thing and his brother another incontestably proves the subjective quality of each creed. The cry of the human heart is yet unanswered, and the reconciling medium between man's moral sense and the natural law is yet to seek. The world stands with parched lips, waiting for this dew of Hermon by which its thirst will be slaked; and till we can reconcile these two opposing manifestations of the same Force it must remain unsatisfied. The solution is not to be found in the doctrine of Original Perfection, the Fall, and the consequent sufferings of all life for the childish disobedience of one man. Meanwhile, we who believe in the future of humanity by the law of progress wait, hoping and of good heart. Schools are our temples; science is our ritual; time is our heaven; the human race contains our future gods; and the Satan we have to conquer and to chain is that arid Egotism which despises for the race what it cannot enjoy in its own person, and cares more for the salvation of its own individuality than it does for the redemption of the world. If in this creed can be found any analogy to the frantic orgies of the Commune, I for one am content to stand in the pillory, and let Mr. Gladstone and his co-religionists pelt me at their pleasure

E. Lynn Linton

Seeing God.

Moritz Saphir, a distinguished writer and a Jew, died in 1858 at the age of sixty-four. He was a special favorit of King Ludwig-Carl (Louis-Charles) of Bavaria, who abdicated the throne in 1848 in consequence of an unholy alliance with Lola Montes. King Louis was a Catholic, and his wife a Protestant. This royal equation of religious profession was necessary to the maintenance of the equilibrium of the kingdom. Louis persuaded Saphir to become a Catholic. By and by the queen induced the Catholic Jew to embrace Protestantism. His conversion in both cases was easy. But on a festiv occasion, while in a convivial mood, he amused the king and his parasites by saying: "When I was a Jew my God saw me, but I didn't see him. When I became a Catholic I saw my God (pointing to Christ on a cross), but he didn't see me. When I became a Protestant my God didn't see me, and I didn't see him." Antichrist.

Religion and Scotch Whisky.

A Scotchman said: "When I was a lad I belonged to a religious family. My father would never go out or allow us to do so on Sunday, except to see the 'beauties of nature,' though I think that he was temporizing with his conscience when he went out to walk, even on that plea. We used to be sent to church and Sunday-school regularly with our Bibles in our hands—every one carries a Bible when he goes to church in Edinburgh—and one Sunday, when I lost my Bible up on Arthur's Seat I had to lie about it, and say that I lost it in my seat in church. But what would astonish the spiritual dudes of this town and generation was the fact that Sunday-school conventions used to be held in the gin-mills. Oh, it's a fact! Every Wednesday night, sir, the Sunday-school superintendents and teachers used to meet in a pot-house, light their long "churchwardens," call for a can apiece of stiff grog, and sit there with it before them, sipping at intervals and discussing lessons and methods. That was before the time of the temperance agitation, and those old hard-shells thought there was nothing more anomalous in sitting in a gin-mill to talk religion than your Sunday-school teacher nowadays does in discussing church affairs at a Dorcas society tea-party."

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The Irish Problem a Religious Issue.

When the Irish Nationalists and Home Rulers were in a hopeless minority in Ireland, and the outlook for an Irish parliament was years in the distance, the pope, and, of course, his prelates and priests in Ireland, held aloof, and extended no aid to the people. When, however, the fight between the Liberals and Tories became so close that it was evident the Irish contingent in Parliament would hold the balance of power, and could dictate terms to either party called to govern, the pope sent word to Archbishop Walsh to see that none but Catholics were elected. He did not put his instructions in just these words, but the meaning was there. Archbishop Walsh sent out a circular to the priests, instructing them to take part in the nominating conventions, and the result is, of course, nearly a solid parliamentary delegation of Catholics.

Upon the defeat of the Tory ministry, and the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power, the Tories seized upon this sectarianism as a political weapon. Charges are made that Home Rule means Catholic rule, and consequent persecution of Protestantism. Whether this be true or not, the political struggle is assuming a distinctly religious color. Construing the return of nearly all Catholics to be a challenge, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Tory leader, has responded with the cry of Orangemen to the front, and unless he is choked off by Salisbury he promises to stir up a lively religious riot. Last week he visited Belfast with the avowed purpose of inflaming the Protestants to declare that they will hav a civil war rather than home rule. His speech was directed against popery, and his denunciation of the confessional was very bitter. It was, in fact, a harang of the sixteenth century kind, when religion entered into every question of the day.

If Mr. Churchill had spoken from a secular point of view, indicating the dangers from an exclusiv Catholic rule; if he had advocated the establishment of a government for Ireland which should ignore and refuse to provide for religion, he might hav the sympathy of a great many good people who wish Ireland well, but know that it never can be well with her as long as her people are taxed to the last shilling to support a horde of priests. As it is, he is but the fomenter of religious strife, a Protestant partisan, a demagog of a politician, instead of a patriot. When Catholic and Protestant get each other by the throat, the country is lost sight of, and the sect becomes the impelling force and object for victory. History very clearly demonstrates this. Time and again has Ireland been ravaged by contending religious armies. The instructions of the pope previous to the election last fall and the present attitude of the Orangemen make in not impossible that she may be again.

A Stagnation in Methodism.

The Detroit *Evening News* is constantly prodding the churches of Michigan with a sharp stick. Two weeks ago it read the Baptists a severe lesson upon their general inutility in the community, and now it gently warns the Methodists that they are about equally useless. In casting up the church work of the Baptists in Michigan, the *News* found that they had increased their membership during 1885 by only eight hundred and six, at an expense of $327.89 per head. This, the *News* candidly admits, is a dismal failure.

The Methodists of the state number something like sixty thousand. They own over two millions and a quarter of untaxed real estate. The expenses for ministerial support for 1885 were $355,021; for current expenditures, $67,571, a total of $422,592. The number of converts was 1,784, making the cost per head $242. The Baptists, says the *News*, "believe that when once a person is converted it stands for all eternity. God, they say, does his work so thoroughly the first time that he never has to do it over again. The Methodists, on the other hand, teach that a converted person can 'fall from grace,' and therefore needs to be reconverted before he can be saved. With the Methodists, therefore, it may be said that the Sunday services are as well for the saved as for the lost. The saints must be kept in the straight and narrow path, while the sinners must be enticed from the broad road that leads to everlasting damnation. Just how much of the expenses, therefore, should be put down to the cost of saving sinners, and how much should be set against the expense of keeping sinners saved, we leave each reader to figure out for himself."

This is cold-blooded reckoning to apply to such a fervid subject as religion, and will, we fancy, be unpalatable to the churches. But what can they say? Figures do not lie, and if the Methodists honestly believe that not only conversion to Christianity in general, but a quickening of spiritual life and a new birth in Christ in particular, is necessary to escape eternal damnation, they ought to feel grateful to the editor who calls their attention to the awful state of affairs now prevailing. Moreover, should they not at once seek for the reason of the almost utter impotence of Methodism, which was once so powerful with the illiterate and unreasoning masses?

This question is not a new one. It has been agitating the leaders of Methodism for several years. Many answers to it hav been given by those outside and inside the church. Some eminent Methodist authorities consider the church fair to hav been a great source of mischief. Respect for religion, they argue, must inevitably decline when the worldly see its advocates and supporters openly using means to cheat the public out of its cash which bear such close resemblance to gambling that they cannot distinguish between the two. Others take the view that revivals drive away from the church many more than they gain. Revivals, they say, gather in only those whose emotions are easily wrought upon, and who backslide at the first opportunity, to the merriment of the scoffers and the detriment of the church. Revivals, too (add these church critics), often unsettle the reason of converts, and increase the population of insane asylums. They hav also to admit the justice of the reproach of the pathologists who point out that the emotions awakened by the spiritual new birth conduce very frequently to physical new births. Other Methodist critics (and we may cite Dr. Buckley in this instance) urge that the habit of long prayers by aged and prosy class-leaders has a tendency to keep the seats empty at prayer-meetings. Another class of critics (but these are evidently hostil, and perhaps should not be quoted) say that the frequency with which Methodist ministers are before the courts in company with a female parishioner exerts a strong influence upon the minds of the unregenerate people, and does much toward retarding the lengthening of the church-roll. The average man, these critics allege, feels a hesitancy about subjecting his wife and daughters to the temptations of pastoral visits, church sociables, and emotional prayer-meetings. But the severest criticism we remember to hav read is that of Bishop Randolph S. Foster, of the Ohio conference. Mr. Foster entered the Methodist ministry in 1837, and was ordained bishop in 1872. He is one of the old-fashioned Methodists, who would hav the clergy follow the example of John Wesley, and preach in barns, or the streets, or in almshouses and prisons, wherever a congregation could be gathered together, or forced by workhouse keepers and jailers to listen to him. He does not believe in the modern Liberalism that is creeping into the church and finds expression in literary essays from the pulpits. "The church of to-day," he thunders, "is courting the world. Its members are trying to bring it down to the level of the ungodly." Mr. Foster sees in balls, and theaters, and art, a dangerous force making inroads into the sacred inclosure, and as an effect only the increased fuss made over Lent, and Easter, and Good Friday. In this, however, there is no gain. These occasions are used principally because they afford the opportunity for display of dresses and outward piety, without the inner substance, and for the ornamentation of churches. Methodists, he asserts, "in violation of God's words and their own disciplin, dress as extravagantly and as fashionably as any other class. The ladies, often the wives and daughters of the ministers, put on pearls, and gold, and costly array. The plain dress insisted upon by John Wesley, and worn by Hester Ann Rogers, would now be regarded in Methodist circles as fanaticism." In this assimilation with the world, the bishop sees terrific consequences. But added to it "is the neglect of the poor, substitution of the form for the fact of godliness, a hireling ministry, and an impure gospel, which, summed up, is a fashionable church." In the music, too, there is damnation: "Elaborately dressed and ornamented choirs, who in many cases make no profession of religion, and are often sneering skeptics, go through a cold artistic or operatic performance, which is as much in harmony with spiritual worship as an opera or theater. Under such worldly performances," he says, "spirituality is frozen to death." The difference between the Methodism of old and of the present he finds to be great. "Formerly every Methodist attended class and gave testimony of experimental religion. Now the class-meeting is attended by very few, and in many churches abandoned. Seldom the stewards, trustees, and leaders of the church attend class. Formerly nearly every Methodist prayed, testified, or exhorted in prayer-meeting. Now but very few are heard. Formerly shouts and praises were heard; now such demonstrations of holy enthusiasm and joy are regarded as fanaticism. Worldly socials, fairs, festivals, concerts, and such like hav taken the place of the religious gatherings, revival meetings, class and prayer-meetings of earlier days. How true that the Methodist disciplin is a dead letter. Its rules forbid the wearing of gold, or pearls, or costly array, yet no one ever thinks of disciplining its members for violating them. They forbid the reading of such books and the taking of such diversions as do not minister to godliness; yet the church itself goes to shows, and frolics, and festivals, and fairs, which destroy the spiritual life of the young as well as the old. The extent to which this is now carried on is appalling. The spiritual death it carries in its train will only be known when the millions it has swept into hell stand before the judgment." This is Bishop Foster's opinion of the pews, but his arraignment of the pulpit is no less severe. The early Methodist ministers, he says, went forth to suffering and sacrifice. They sought places of privation rather than of ease. They had no large salaries, gorgeous parsonages, non-luxury-loving congregations. All this is now changed, "Oh, how changed!" he exclaims. "A hireling ministry will be a feeble, a timid, a truckling, a time-serving ministry, without faith, endurance, and holy power. Methodism formerly dealt in the great central truth. Now the pulpits deal largely in generalities, and in popular lectures. The glorious doctrin of entire sanctification is rarely heard and seldom witnesed to in the pulpits."

Perhaps in some one of these explanations the *Evening News* can find a satisfactory answer to its query, why do the Methodists spend so much money and hav so little to show for it? But if not, then let the editor look deeper into the question, and it will find that the Baptists and the Methodists are not alone in their suspended growth. Every sect but the Catholics is losing its hold upon the people, and every denomination but Rome is permeated with heresy.

And though they should gain in numbers they are steadily losing in principle. The creeds of the past no longer satisfy the people. They hav outgrown them, as a child outgrows the nursery rhymes that once amused and fed its mind. One after another of the dogmas is quietly dropped and relegated to the lumber room, to gather dust and be finally forgotten. Even the bishop's darling dogma of entire sanctification is scouted as only the mental athletics of a puritanical hypochondriac. Who would believe, after a horse trade with a deacon, that "the saints grow in grace, perfecting holiness in the fear of God?" There are but few sections in the Methodist articles of religion, from "faith in the holy trinity" to "a Christian man's oath," that the people believe. The reason is that the entire foundation of the whole system of Christianity has been undermined by the scholarship of the last quarter of a century. A man nowadays who believes in the "fall of man" is regarded as a fossil. Yet upon it depends the whole scheme of salvation. If God did not create Adam as recorded in Genesis, if he was not perfect before the "fall," of what use was Christ's sacrifice on Calvary? Evolution shows, as Beecher puts it, that man began at zero and has been rising ever since, instead of having once been perfect and falling constantly.

The growth of the world to-day, it cannot be denied, is farther and farther away from a belief in the scriptures, as a "sufficiency for salvation." The better sense of mankind rejects the ferocious dogma of hell, and it certainly is an unprovable speculation. But what is theology without a hell with which to terrify the people into the fold? Christ's three days in the tomb are called a prolonged syncope, and the resurrection a figure of speech. What medical man will risk his reputation by vouching it possible for Christ to truly rise from the dead, take his own body, "with all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature," and ascend into heaven and there sit "until he return to judge all men at the last day?" The machinery of the church is altogether too cumbersome, and impossible of being put into action. A man cannot believe unless a statement appear to him reasonable. To the people of Michigan, as to the rest of mankind, Methodism probably does not so appear, and that is the cause of the poor showing made by the churches. They hav outgrown the Methodism of Wesley, and the Methodism of to-day does not sufficiently impress them with its importance. If there is no hell to be saved from, they probably argue, and if the scheme offered is worthless though there were, of what use is it to join a church? There is better amusement at the theaters, more solid information to be gathered from books, and if one must meditate upon the briefness of human life, why, a visit to a graveyard is a little more cheering than the average Methodist sermon. Let the Detroit editor brighten up. There are many things to get in this world of vastly more importance than religion.

William Shreeve Bailey Dead.

The last issue of the Nashville, Tenn., *Liberal* brings the unwelcome intelligence that its venerable editor has learned all there is of life and death. He was in good health until February 17th, on which date he contracted a cold that rapidly developed into pneumonia, and after an illness of three days he died at the close of Saturday, the 20th ult. The funeral occurred on Tuesday, February 23d, the services being conducted by Dr. Thomas Foster.

Mr. Bailey was eighty years of age. His life had been one of constant struggle, as indeed were the lives of all the antislavery agitators, of whom he was one of the bravest. He was born in Centerville, Ohio, February 10, 1806. In his boyhood he received a good education, and later entered upon a preparatory course of study for the ministry. He was compelled to sacrifice this ambition, and learned the machinist trade, afterward engaging in business for himself in Newport, Ky. Here, in 1851, being obliged to take a printing office in payment of debts due him, he entered into the printing business, publishing a small daily paper, the *Evening News*. Being an outspoken Abolitionist, vigorously denouncing negro slavery, his establishment was soon destroyed by an incendiary fire. The citizens who sympathized with him at once raised funds, and he was soon the editor of the *Free South*, a weekly with the emancipation of the slaves as its avowed object. On October 28th, 1859, his office was attacked by a mob, and the press and type taken out, put upon a ferry-boat, conveyed to the middle of the Ohio river, and there sunk. The immediate pretext for this outrage, Dr. Foster says, was an editorial in which Mr. Bailey expressed his belief "that John Brown, in his Harper's Ferry raid, was actuated by religious convictions and humane considerations of right; that he was honest, if mistaken." Northern citizens who were in sympathy with Mr. Bailey contributed funds sufficient for another printing outfit, and a little working capital, with which he again began the printing business. About the close of the war he started a daily paper, the *Evening Leader*, at Covington, Ky., afterward removing to Nashville, and in company with Hon. John Ruhm published the *Nashville Daily Republican*. This office was destroyed in 1875 by fire, the work of incendiaries.

The *Republican* was Mr. Bailey's last newspaper venture previous to publishing the *Liberal*. After the burning of the office Mr. Bailey came North, and aided by letters of high praise from Governor Claflin, Elizur Wright, Edward Everett Hale, Photius Fisk, Hon. F. L. Ames, John M. Forbes, and other distinguished Massachusetts citizens, soon collected money for still another printing outfit. Returning to Nashville, he once more hung out his sign of job printer, on Cherry street, where he lived and worked until death came to him. The *Liberal* is now in its fifth volume.

Mr. Bailey renounced the creeds of the church in his early manhood. The "Age of Reason" was to him the embodiment of truth. He wrote for the Boston *Investigator* in the early days of that journal, and all through his eventful life he maintained his opinions with vigor and ability. The star ever before him was Freethought. He was generous, too, often beyond his means. No poor left his door with the impress of hunger upon their faces, and there are many in Nashville to-day who will suffer through his death.

Whatever else may be said of him, writes his funeral eulogist, this tribute cannot be denied him: he had courage, the courage of his convictions. In the face of public opinion, pro-slavery or religious, of bold self-interest or of educated prejudice, he never faltered. Whether suffering persecution for his Infidelity, or standing in front of infuriated mobs, he never quailed. He was a brave, an honest man. He believed heartily in what he said and wrote. And when lying upon the bed of death, no change of sentiment came to him. He died as he lived, an honest man.

So passes away another of the antislavery heroes. There are but few now left—they can be counted almost upon the fingers. A few more years and they will hav all passed from the earth. But we shall still hav the influence of their lives to spur us on to effort, and to remind us in every moment of their years of incessant toil, and their all but hopeless work, till suddenly, like a flash of light, their labor was crowned with victory. William Shreeve Bailey is gone, but he is still here in his influence upon those who met him or read his paper. His little journal will liv after him, we hope, and through that the work he began may be continued, and his name still be mentioned among those who hav made the world better.

Heretics of a Generation Ago.

The letters of Richard Carlile and Robert Taylor, furnished us by Thomas Shore, Jr., of London, take us back to old times. Freethinkers then were used about as they are to-day, but their persecutions by the Christians were conducted with more boldness. D. M. Bennett's imprisonment had to be brought about under another charge, and the indictment of G. W. Foote included the word "indecent" through fear of the prosecutor that "blasphemous" was not sufficient to procure conviction.

Robert Taylor was first imprisoned for blasphemy in 1827, in Oakham jail, one year. It was in this jail that he wrote the "Diegesis," and "Syntagma." In 1831 he was again imprisoned for blasphemy in Horsemonger jail, his sentence, beginning July 4th, being for two years. Having, in a fit of desperation, threatened the life of the jailer, this fact was made use of to prolong his imprisonment. Between his two imprisonments he formed the acquaintance of Richard Carlile, who had established a Sunday-school for free discussion in a theater called the Rotunda, near Blackfriar's bridge. Taylor and Carlile worked together for several years, but after Mr. Taylor's release from Horsemonger jail a difference in sentiment as to methods estranged them. It may be this estrangement antedated Mr. Taylor's release, and accounts for the reproving tone of Mr. Carlile's letter noted by Mr. Shore, Jr. Mr. Taylor's first trial for blasphemy was founded upon his series of sermons in "The Devil's Pulpit," a name given them from the circumstance of the author having been called the devil's chaplain by Mr. H. Hunt. After Mr. Taylor's release from his second imprisonment, he married an estimable lady and retired to France, spending the remainder of his days in tranquility.

Richard Carlile was first imprisoned for blasphemy in Dorchester jail. Six indictments were procured against him upon such publications as Paine's theological works, "Doubts of Infidels," and "Watson Refuted." In 1819 he was sentenced for three years and fined £1500. At his wish his wife continued his work, and after various attempts the Christians succeeded, in 1821, in getting her into the same jail that held her husband. Mr. Carlile's sister then undertook the work, but she was soon sent to keep her brother company. Then a Mrs. Wright and seventeen men raised some funds to continue the publication of Infidel books, but, one after another, they were arrested, tried, and imprisoned for periods varying from six months to three years. During the whole period of Carlile's incarceration he edited his paper, the *Republican*, and to make his perscutors more angry he dated it in the "Era of the Carpenter's Wife's Son."

Carlile's second term lapped over that of Robert Taylor and it was then that he wrote the letter which we print this week. In 1830 he was conducting the Sunday-school for free discussion in the Rotunda. Shortly afterward the Whigs came into power, and though the Tories had abstained from meddling with Carlile's and Taylor's meetings in the Rotunda, the Whigs were less forbearing, and Mr. Carlile was sent to Horsemonger jail for two years. His crime consisted in delivering Freethought lectures. In 1834 and 1835 Mr. Carlile passed ten more weeks in prison for refusing to pay church rates assessed upon his house in Fleet street.

James Watson, to whom the second letter is addressed, was a colleague of Carlile, and was in his employ. He was arrested for selling a copy of Palmers' "Principles of Nature," and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in Coldbath Fields Prison. Mr. Taylor seems to hav had a deeper affection for him than for Mr. Carlile. Reformers in those days, as in these, were self-willed, and apt to think that only their way could be the right one. Against the enemy they preserved an unbroken front, but among themselvs they had their factions. This must inevitably be the case in all reforms. It requires a strong will, a great deal of individuality, and a large development of what phrenologists denominate the organ of self-esteem, to stand up against popular prejudice, and go bravely to prison rather than yield to the clamor of the mob. Such qualities are the very ones that lead to divergence from others. In this country, in antislavery times, the Abolitionists differed furiously as to methods. Not infrequently the leaders let fall sentences scathing their colleagues scarcely less bitterly than they denounced the "sum of all villainies." But these small specks on their characters are to-day lost sight of, and the world unites in honoring them as its benefactors. It is well, however, to bear these things in mind as a lesson to the reformers of to-day, and the enemy may lay this to heart: No matter how much individuals may differ, no matter how divergent may be their ways and methods, they are all working for the common cause—the cause that, like evolution, will steadily progress in spite of all obstacles.

Mr. Joseph W. Corfield, referred to by Mr. Shore, is one of the noble men of the present day who delight to honor reformers. In Kensal Green Cemetery, near the monument to Robert Owen, he has erected "The Reformers' Memorial," a granit pillar seventeen feet high, upon which he has placed the names of over forty of the prominent heretics of the present century, together with a brief statement of the work performed which entitles them to this distinction and grateful remembrance. The memorial was unveiled August 22, 1885.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is sent free.

Letters from Friends.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Feb. 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find check for $5—$3 for paper in advance, and $2 to assist you in illustrating the journal.

Yours, HORACE L. FAIRCHILD, M.D.

ELDORADO, IA., Feb. 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. I want your paper as long as I can read it. I had a severe spell of sickness, and did not expect to read it again; but I will risk it once more. I am seventy-nine years and seven months old. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since it was printed in Paris, Ill.

JOSEPH HUNTZUGER.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Feb. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As there has been of late some discussion through your paper concerning hair-snakes, allow me to state a fact which is absolutely a fact. I hav seen a horse, of course dead, lying covered, or nearly so, in perfectly still and clear water, in summer time, and the tail or hairs all alive, squirming, and struggling apparently to break loose, and at the same time many that had evidently broken loose were swimming around in various directions. I offer no explanation, for such a law of nature is beyond my comprehension.

I hope you will preserve your illustrations or cuts and put them together in pamphlet form, squaring the pages with items of interest. WM. HART.

BURR OAK, MICH., Feb. 17, 286.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 13th, E. F. Curtis tells a wonderful tale of a little girl who wrote short sentences "signed by some deceased person," and the writing "would claim to come from the dead."

See how easily people can deceive themselvs and unwittingly use deceptiv language. Neither that writing nor any other ever claimed anything. The *claim* has in every case been made by some substantial flesh-and-blood person. E. F. Curtis is shocked at the inconsistency of Truesdell, Miss Gibson, Elmina, etc., in saying that Spiritualism is a fraud. The above-named persons may or may not notice the Curtis letter; but as one of the etceteras (I hav never said that Spiritualism was a fraud, however), I want to say a few words. Curtis says: "Let them meet our facts." Here the self-delusion is shown agatn. If Truesdell, Miss Gibson, or Elmina has ever denied or evaded a fact, that denial or evasion has not been printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER nor any other paper that I hav seen. They hav seen the so-called Spiritual phenomena, but still they do not know that any such thing as a spirit exists or ever existed. That is all the evasion of facts amounts to. If anyone else knows that spirits exist, that person is to blame for not proving such existence. It has never been done. Curtis accepts nothing that is not logical, for he says that "the disregard for facts and logic," etc., is some palliation for severe language. Here is a specimen of the Curtis logic, reduced a syllogism: "Many people are able to write. Elmina had a slate with writing on it, but don't know how the writing was done; *ergo*, spirits wrote on the slate." But here is the kernel: "We say spirits did it, using for the purpose an element they find in Truesdell that they do not find in all—in fact, in few—and utilizing a law which we, as yet, do not understand." Oh, how convincing that is; how soothing to the troubled breast of the anxious inquirer! And so plain! Why hav we not all thought about that element Truesdell has concealed about his person so long, and about that law that nobody knows anything about? Come to Curtis j-u-u-u-st now for logic.

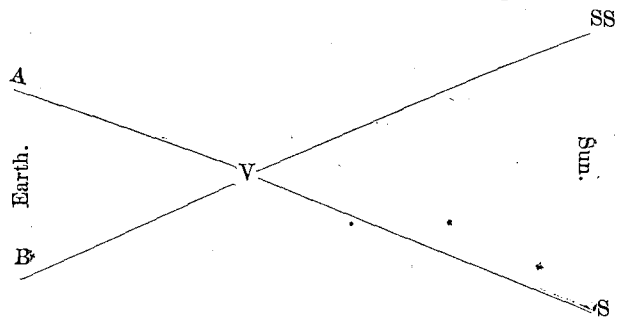
Curtis has a slate with writing on it, carefully covered with glass. Probably this is a fact. It is not likely that any Materialist in the world would deny this fact. Let Curtis make the existence of a spirit as clear as he can the existence of a slate with writing on it, and if the Materialists then refuse to believe, they will deserve all the contempt Mr. Curtis can shower on them. He says "*It* has even claimed to be a spirit." Bring out *it*, and let us see what this *it* that makes claims looks like. I hav never received an answer to the question asked long ago, viz.: Can any one giv a sound, logical reason why any of this childish, hocus-pocus slate-scribbling, folded paper, etc., is necessary when a spirit communicates with the living? Again: Can anyone giv a logical or scientific reason why a spirit cannot or will not take a pencil and write just as readily in broad daylight on the upper side of a single slate, in anybody's presence, as it can on a double slate or *under* a table, and with *some* persons necessarily excluded? When these questions are answered satisfactorily, I shall be ready to investigate the dark circle business. As spirits are invisible, no blame could attach to them if they should wear garments somewhat out of style, or even come *en deshabille*. The investigators would be none the wiser. As Mr. Curtis admits an unknown element and an unknown law, why did it not occur to him that these might be sufficient to produce writing without any spirits at all? To declare this impossible is to say that the unknown is known.

In the same issue (February 13th) Jos. H. Lydiard says that you violated the usages of civilized journalism "to the extent of offending all of your Spiritualist readers," etc., by publishing in the issue of January 2d a letter from Charles F. Blackburn. Something should be done for Joseph right away. I will do something for him, in hopes that it may slightly calm the waves of his boiling indignation. I will direct his attention to certain facts: 1. It has been repeatedly stated in THE TRUTH SEEKER that the editor does not necessarily either indorse or oppose any contributed article. Any one who can read ought to be able to see this, even if it had never been mentioned, hence no one can justly complain unless they are denied a chance to present their side of any question. 2. Mr. Lydiard must hav noticed that Blackburn was picking a crow with one E. T. Slight, a Spiritualist, whom he charged with "slander and misrepresentation," so that the alleged "abuse" is not all on one side.

It seems that Slight slighted the views of Winter, and Blackburn burned to make the winter of his discontent most decided, if not glorious, summer; to make it hot for, or in other words to raise heol—beg pardon, sheol—among the Spiritualists generally. (The genders sometimes get confused owing to my unfamiliarity with the revised version.) It matters not whether Mr. Lydiard or I would hav indorsed Blackburn's views, he was only expressing his own sentiments. It is readily admitted, however, that Blackburn's letter was quite devoid of euphemism; it was wholly unadorned with the polished phrases of the accomplished writer; vigor was much more prominent than refinement. Blackburn's training in the art of elegant expression has been sadly neglected. He is a miner, a rough nugget; Mr. Lydiard should hav made allowance for this also. It was certainly in bad taste and quite indefensible for Blackburn to speak of "the lies that Spiritualists practice in that circle where the lights are turned down," unless he was prepared to make specific charges and able to substantiate them, but the only real "billingsgate" in his letter came in where he was railing at the churches, not at Spiritualism. 3. In the same issue, January 2d, immediately preceding Blackburn's letter, is one from one L. S. Burdick, a Spiritualist, and one of the *I know* kind. This person knows "that independent slate-writing is a fact," and he knows that Truesdell knows it, and that Ella E. Gibson knows it. He also knows that Miss Gibson's article, printed December 5th, was written expressly "to create a sale for Truesdell's book," and adds this cant, "Sorry to accuse a woman of prostituting her pen to such low mud-slinging," etc. Did Blackburn's letter contain anything more contemptible, more worthy of objection, than that base, unsupported charge against a lady of irreproachable character, so far as Burdick knows? I think not. There is quite a difference between Burdick and his brother in the faith, E. F. Curtis. The latter modestly admits that there is an unknown law, but there is nothing unknown to the former. All kinds and conditions of knowledge, from Socrates to Spencer, are spread out like an open book before the massiv-minded ——k. The secret motivs of all THE TRUTH SEEKER's readers are known to him. Beware! Of course Mr. Lydiard is not responsible for what other people say, but why did he wax indignant over the publication of Blackburn's letter, but pass over Burdick's without a word of censure? This letter is growing long, and I leave the subject with this question. N. G. W.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Feb. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav not read D. Priestly's answer to John Hindman, but I hav John Hindman's communication in your paper of the 13th inst., which appears to cover the ground of dispute; and will say at the outset that Mr. Hindman does well in making his propositions "simply for information," and that they do not call for "an avalanche of personal irony." The distance of the sun was ascertained thus: The relativ distances of Venus and the earth from the sun are known, if Mr. Hindman demands, I can explain how, though it is evident that to explain the whole of astronomy requires some space. I assume it for the present, and they are to one another as 72 to 100. This being known, the transit of Venus over the sun's disk furnishes a parallax by



means of which the absolute distances can be calculated. In the diagram, V represents Venus, and the two observers, A and B, looking at her by concert from different parts of the earth's surface at the same time, see her respectivly at S and SS. The length of the base-line on the earth is known, of course, and Mr. Hindman, being a surveyor, can certainly finish the calculation for himself. Transits of Venus were observed for the purpose of calculation in 1764, 1769, 1874, and in 1882, on the day of D. M. Bennett's death. The enormous distance of the Pole Star and other fixed stars, which Mr. Hindman incorrectly calls planets, is inferred from this: That even so vast a base-line as the diameter of the earth's orbit givs no parallax upon them, but they remain relativly to the other fixed stars in just the same position all round the year. This is why they are called fixed. Planets (*i.e.* wanderers) continually change their relativ position to other stars. The rising of the Pole Star toward the zenith, as you go north, has nothing to do with its distance, but depends on the rotundity of the earth; the tangent to whose circumference always defines the plane of the horizon. If the position of the Pole Star relativly to others was different in different parts of the earth, this would afford a parallax from which a short distance could be inferred. But, as stated above, the position of the Pole Star relativly to any other fixed star is the same, not only from every part of the earth's surface, but from every part of the earth's orbit. As to the velocity of the earth's orbital motion, it is, indeed, marvelous; but not more so than all nature. It is legitimately inferred from the distance the earth is known to travel in a year. That the air cannot be believed to stick to the earth in such a gallop is an objection of the same order as that the earth cannot be round, because, if it were, the people on the under side would fall off. C. L. JAMES.

BOSTON, Feb. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The illustrations in THE TRUTH SEEKER are truth-telling, presenting truth with more lasting effect than descriptiv words can ever tell. The imprint on the mind will last when words are forgotten. "Theology and Common Sense in the Balance" is as volumes to the reader, as also the infliction of the Jericho band on Uncle Sam. This ram's-horn band are infesting the whole country. Wherever they can reach the ears of any executiv official who can be bewildered with their tooting, they besiege him, hold up his doubting hands, and tickle his vanity that he is on the road to the presidency, vide Cleveland, when he is only on the little spur with a heavy down grade. These trumpeters' first round was war on obscene literature (except that found in the holy Bible protected by letters patent of the church). Their second round heralds the sentence on Sabbath-breakers, "Whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death"—in the church or tomb (the sentence modified). Will these guardians of virtue and religion stand by their own accepted authority? The son (the second partner) says, "My father worketh hitherto and I work. The Sabbath is made for man, his servant." Even Paul would hav each man true to his own convictions—"Let no man judge you in respect to holy days, or of the Sabbath." Now, in this ripe age of the world a man is intrusted with the affairs of a people, of a state or city, their secular affairs only, a right honorable man of more than ordinary ability, a man of strong convictions and the courage to liv them out. He, listening to the buzzing of the clergy, forgets the constitutional rights of every man and woman; for the Constitution forbids even Congress, and hence all subordinates, trenching on the religious rights of any. Where are we drifting, or are we anchored to three thousand years ago?

Forbid the sale of Sunday papers or the sale of Secular papers on Sunday; order livery stables closed and forbid riding on Sunday (except to church), because it detracts from going to church and interest in the preaching of those whose interest in the salvation of souls is in exact proportion to their moneyed interest; prohibit reading (selling all the same) and riding on Sunday; struggle as you will, it is too late to roll the world into the past, the dead past, again, and as a political stepping-stone it won't bear your weight.

How interesting, how instructiv, to the enlightened mind to feed the intellect on the feats and exploits of the ancients—how the prophet went up in a chariot of fire and so lost his way that he did not return for some hundreds of years, and then with an alias instead of his true name—how fire burnt not only sacrifices but also green wood and water! One story might interest ragged, bare-footed children and tramps—the commissary department of the march in the wilderness—how the shoes and clothing lasted forty years, and how they were provided with food, free and abundant, and above all their pilotage. And then leave them to wonder why some of this easy way of living was not reserved for them. And how the same authority which commanded them not to kill ordered them to go and kill everybody and steal everything from unoffending people.

The papers forbidden by the bigotry of our time giv us facts which interest us now, something that we can understand, and this is what people want, need, and will hav, too. Coercion in religion, either direct or indirect, positiv or negativ, serves to set the masses against church dicta.

It is curious to observe the change, the degeneracy. Once the smoke of burnt offerings "went up as a sweet smelling savor to the Lord of Hosts." Now the chime of merry sleigh-bells grates harshly on the ear, one-seventh of the time. Age may hav something to do with the impairing of the senses.

Let melancholy and sickly veneration for old puritanic austerity go with the old flint-lock guns that fought the battles of the Revolution. Hang them up, superstition and musket, side by side, with their muzzles down, honored but harmless now.

Every attempt to enforce religion creates hatred. Tell man that he was made for the Sabbath, and he will war against it as against a tyrant.

When the way to happiness and improvement leads through the church, men will go there. But the religion of the churches has come down to us freighted with superstitions which rob it of half its value.

It is safe to adhere to the injunction, Let everyone be persuaded in his or her own mind. JAMES C. EARLY.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received and read a copy of Mr. S. P. Putnam's latest literary achievement, a poem in blank verse, entitled, "Adami and Heva." It is a poetic version of that old Asiatic fiction which inspired the founders of the Sanscrit nations to deeds of patience, valor, exploration, horror, virtue, and marital love and fidelity.

This aspirational fiction, the outcome and evidence of sage and varied experience, refined and virtuous manhood, was in after ages plagiarized, corrupted, and adopted by a nation of polygamists who were rooted by inheritance to a land of sterility, where imperial priesthood pressed the yoke of ignominious servitude on the shoulders of an ignorant and superstitious people. The land of Utah in our country is an example and copy of that so-called holy land. The poem is written in the English classic style of blank verse. There is a graceful and easy flow of florid expression from the opening to the close of the poem. It ought to become a companion book to Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia." That Mr. Putnam is a poet of no mean ability it would be useless to gainsay. There is a poetic vein running through nearly everything he writes. To say that he has an aptitude for word painting would be a thoughtless expression, betraying an undiscriminating reader. Every person who has read Mr. Putnam's various writings, and heard his lectures, will indorse

what I say when I declare that he has a natural proclivity for word painting and poetic phrase.

Another consideration is that there is no appearance of a laborious expense of time in the construction of the poem. Mr. Putnam has not made the plain and simple story of Adami and Heva suffer any obscuration by clothing it in poetic garments. It is a little gem that every Frecthinker should hav a copy of in his house, as the price advertised by the Truth Seeker Company is only ten cents.

J. J. MoCABE.

FLINT CITY, MIOH., Feb. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In this city, on the 31st of January last, the admirers of Thomas Paine and many others met to celebrate his memory. Ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham delivered an eloquent address. The following is a very imperfect brief of his splendid endeavor to do justice to the memory of one of America's best friends in the hours of adversity. He commenced by saying: "If I were to ask a chemist to take that jet of gas and turn it back to the coal from whence it came, and then still backward, until he found the primeval forest in which the special parts grew out of which this special jet of gas came, separated out of and from all others, what a difficult task I would impose upon him! Were I to ask a biologist to go down time's records until he could converse with the first form of life on this globe, and trace that through all of the varying changes in the genesis of evolution, until he arrived at Thomas Paine, what a burden I would impose upon him! And even though this could be done, what startling difficulties would stand in the way of isolating him from ever-changing environments so that his value could be taken for just what he is in himself! You will see, ladies and gentlemen, in this discussion of the merits of Thomas Paine how troublesome it is to rescue him from his surroundings, so that we might see him squarely in the face. We are forced to study him under many disadvantages.

"Yet we are fully persuaded that, even in their presence, we will find in him one of the grandest noblemen of all history. A defense of Thomas Paine in detail has been made a thousand times. I will not repeat this to-night. I am sure that he is not any longer in need of this kind of defense. It is true that he has been in his grave for nearly a hundred years. The heart of hate was happy when he was consigned to the dust. The religious world breathed free again, and its duty rendered clear by prayer, which immediately pointed to the use of measures on the part of ecclesiastics to prevent a resurrection of this man so much hated by the clergy. They remembered, with deep and prayerful satisfaction, that St. Paul had said: 'If through my lie glory redounds to God, why am I judged a sinner?' This scripture reminded them of the kind of work they, through prayer, would need to do for Thomas Paine in the full assurance of their faith that thereby they would render it impossible for him to arise. 'If through my lie glory redounds to God let us lie.' In this prayerful mood, it did not take them long to find out that Thomas Paine was both immoral and a drunkard. Hence, we will cover his memory with the drooling slime of religious hate and bigotry. Such solid tons of slander rolled at the mouth of his tomb will prevent any possible resurrection of this man who wrote the 'Age of Reason,' which we hav never been able to answer. Millions of prayers hav been offered for the repose of his soul in hell, not so much for repose as for his continued staying there. They were anxious that Thomas Paine should never arise to torment them and repulse their foul slanders. This 'Age of Reason' has been the dragon in the pathway of the clergy. Had he not written this, the world would not hav heard of the immorality and drunkenness of Thomas Paine. Herein is the secret of his vileness. Had that book never been written, he would hav been in the calendar of saints; he would now rest side by side with other great names stolen by the saints. Was it not an act of grand larceny when they placed the names of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and many others of like fame in saintly company? And there are others whom they are now endeavoring to steal—Emerson, Mill, and Mr. Darwin. The aid that Mr. Paine rendered Washington during the Revolutionary struggle counts for nothing, seeing he wrote that unanswered 'Age of Reason.' But in the presence of clerical slime and hate for nearly a hundred years, which hav followed him, justice comes. The Goddess of Liberty has spoken in defense of Thomas Paine, and the priestly slander, which had resisted justice so long, was compelled to giv way, and down came the huge walls of superstition which had stood sentinel over his tomb for nearly a century, and in spite of all he has arisen. He is vindicated in this resurrection, and he stands to-day before this republic one of the brightest stars in the constellation of noblemen over whom the stars and stripes are waving. Millions of American citizens speak his name with reverence, knowing that in him they hav one of the best friends of freedom this or any other country ever had. His resurrection vindicates him from the foul slanders with which whelps of sin hav sought to cover his name, knowing that it never has been the lot of bad men to come forth vindicated. After the rot of a hundred years, Thomas Paine, like a star, shines in the sky of this republic; his name, honored by every true American citizen, will pass down through centuries to come, when the North Star of to-night will no longer be a guide to the people of this republic."

READER.

PIPPIN LAKE FARM, KENT, O., Feb. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your subscribers here, whom I one year ago persuaded to pay a trial year's subscription, are more than delighted with THE TRUTH SEEKER in its new dress. The illustrations are immense, and will do more to open the people's eyes, and expose the so-called holy church frauds and their impositions and burdens on a suffering people, than all the rest of the paper combined. Caricature will reach and influence the many when labored arguments go unread and unnoticed.

We thank you again for your generous sacrifice of profit that we may more easily double your circulation here and bring the blessings of enlightened Freethought within the reach of the many weighed down by debt and out of employment, for you must know that it is uphill work canvassing and collecting money in these times of commercial depression. A few workers, singly or collectivly, must giv weeks of untiring effort, even at the reduced price, to raise your subscription list to 50 names, or even 40, and that for no pay or profit save boycotting by the Christians. Yours, for free and right thinking,

MARIUS HEIGHTON.

HASTINGS, MIOH., Feb. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The Freethinkers of this place hav just had the pleasure of listening to the eloquent Liberal orator of the West, John E. Remsburg, of Atchison, Kan., who delivered his lectures, "Sabbath-Breaking," "Bible Morals," and "False Claims;" to large audiences in Union Hall, Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening, Feb. 20th and 21st inst. The lectures were well advertised and Liberals are delighted and more than satisfied. If these lectures do not produce good results I shall be surprised. Mr. Remsburg is learned, logical, and eloquent, and the lectures are framed with remarkable tact and judgment. They also fit in so nicely that when the last is delivered the whole ground is covered. I wish to assure Liberals who hav not had the pleasure of listening to this able champion of Freethought and free speech, through your valuable paper, that he is all that he is represented to be, and that they need hav no hesitation in recommending him as one of the most pleasing and eloquent orators in the lecture field. They will hav nothing to take back or apologize for. If I hav recommended Mr. Remsburg too highly, I want some Liberal, who has heard him, to call me to order.

CHAS. H. BAUER.

OXFORD, NOVA SCOTIA, Jan. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3, half of which is to renew my own subscription for six months, and the rest for six months' subscription from date for another subscriber. I do not know how I should get along now without your paper, and wish I could persuade more of my friends to become subscribers and thus advance the cause of Freethought in this place.

There has been a series of protracted meetings here during the past fortnight, in which a Mr. Vance has been taking the leading part, and the Christians hav been praying earnestly to their God to turn the hearts of what they term the few Infidels of the place, but their prayers hav at present been of no avail. A few of us attended the first evening, and one of our members commenced taking notes, when Mr. Vance, instead of attending to his discourse on "Jonah and the Whale," remarked that he saw some had come only to take notes, and that they took the chaff and left the kernel. From what we hear of his proceedings in other places, he wants the kernel for himself, and his followers are welcome to the chaff. A subscription is being raised among those he has been frightening by holding up everlasting torment to pay him for his labor, although he professes to preach for Christ's sake, and not for filthy lucre—thus showing that he does not wholly trust in God for his daily needs.

I would like to see a good Freethought lecturer through the Maritime Provinces, and endeavor to show the people that part of the Bible which is omitted by the clergy, and also the unreasonable meaning they put on the part they do preach. Yours truly,

E. H. SOHURMAN.

BURLINGTON, KAN., Feb. 8, 286.

MR. EDITOR: After passing through the political campaign of 284, and witnessing and reading of the misrepresentations and intrigue practiced by politicians to elect their candidates, and elevate their party into power, on mature reflection I became discouraged and hopeless of ever rescuing the administration of our government from the iron grasp of the monopolies, money gamblers, and national bankers, who are gradually enthroning gold as king, and calling on the laboring classes to pay homage to their deity,

Money, the god of civilized life,
The cause of wars and civil strife;
Worshiped by preacher, king, and slave,
Adored by sinner, saint, and knave.

Judging by the late annual message of the president he emphatically declares in favor of the national bankers and the gold men. And let us reason from cause to effect. The curse of African slavery was agitated and debated in anger and spite in the halls of Congress and out, and persecutions and murders were perpetrated in different parts of the country. And in this wrangling it took thirty years to educate the people to declare in favor of the non-extension of slavery into free territory by the election of Abraham Lincoln, president. And many of us remember with sorrow the suffering and anxiety of mind that followed in passing through a four years' war, and while our brave boys were contending on the field of battle with the enemy, the gold gamblers and money sharks were forging the chains to enslave the laboring classes (not sectional as African slavery was) in every part of the country. And to-day they are reaping a rich harvest from the class legislation by Congress in their favor, and their Shylock conduct in gambling on the life and blood of the soldiers who were contending amid blood and carnage for a united country, in gathering in their dishonest wealth from the interest of a national debt which they want perpetuated to make of our wealth-producing laborers a nation of serfs. Never in the history of the world hav there been such princely fortunes amassed by the few as there hav been during and since the war. In 1870 there were seventeen families on one street in New York who had amassed two hundred and fifty million of wealth. And not taking into account Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, the money kings, we could furnish a long list of names whose fortunes are counted by the millions. And it is a proverbial saying that our United States Senate is a house of millionaires, for eighteen senators represent fifty-eight millions. If those who caused to be inscribed on our silver coin "In God We Trust," had caused it to read, "In this we trust," they would hav come nearer the truth.

The question of questions that is at the present agitating the minds of all those who are laboring to save our country from a church and state despotism, and evolve the people to a higher plain of development, is, What remedy shall we apply that will hav the desired effect? The following would be my specific:

The first would be for Congress to repeal all laws granting to the national banks the issuing and controling of our money, and to supply the people with a safe currency. Issue legal tenders to the amount of fifty dollars per capita, and call in all bonds and cancel the national debt with them. And all bondholders who refuse legal tenders in payment, repudiate their claims.

And to supply our people with a metallic currency, who prefer it for a medium of exchange, keep the mills running and coin until they are educated that paper with the fiat of the government is as good and more convenient than gold or silver.

Tax all church property. Congress should pass a law establishing a graduated income tax, and when their income counts millions tax them a larger per cent than smaller incomes.

Pass laws to purchase all railroad, express, and telegraph property, and if the corporations will not sell for a fair compensation, build and equip railroad and telegraph and express lines competing with their through lines.

Abolish the office of president of the United States, and state senates, and all chaplaincies. All public lands should be reserved for actual settlers in quantities that they could cultivate, not to exceed 160 acres. And all those large tracts owned by railroad corporations and foreign and nativ capitalists should be transferred back to government and reserved for actual settlers. And all industrious people that want to come West and settle on the public domain and hav not the money to move and open their farms with, government should assist in their undertaking.

All prohibitory and Sunday laws should be repealed. We hav too many laws, and we should learn that we cannot force virtue into people nor vice out. The church has been trying it for ages and has falled.

And laws for the collection of interest and rent should be repealed.

To accomplish the reforms necessary for the elevation of our people to a higher plane of morals—education is the only remedy that can accomplish it. Everyone should understand that the ballot is the palladium of our liberties, and is as sacred as our lives, and that money is not a commodity nor wealth, but is a medium of trade and a representativ of wealth.

CHRIS. BROWN.

CARLISLE, IOWA, Feb. 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We hav four churches here in this village. All denominations say they are right, and all agree that it does not make so much difference what a person does so he believes as they do. THE TRUTH SEEKER acts like a bombshell here. I may be crucified for taking THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I am opposed to the idea of a person being hired to do what is right or his duty, or being scared into doing right. I understand it to be my duty to do right from a basis of principle, and not by reason of the promises of heaven's favor or the threatenings of hell's torments. The preachers find many faults in those who think for themselvs, but there is one thing certain I hav observed, in a life of sixty-nine years, which is that if you stop the preacher's pay, the preach is certain to stop also. If there is anything to be seen outside of organic law as God's special favor, I hav never noticed it. The Christians are praying just now for more knowledge, favor, and opportunity to do right, when the fact is they hav never been known to use any of the old stock they hav had on hand for years.

R. R. RANDLEMAN.

SOUTH DAYTON, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav herewith inclosed a few more names to swell the petition to the legislature. I obtained all the names in the school district in which I liv but two, and they were Free Methodists. I think if C. B. Reynolds could be here with his tent for a week it would wake up the people so that we could hav a League, as the names I hav sent were obtained within three or four miles, and might be nearly doubled if the territory had been thoroughly canvassed. I see a good many of your subscribers are in favor of pictures. I hav no objection, only the cost. I cannot get any subscribers, because the price is so high. If it could be had for $1.50 the circulation would soon be doubled, and would be more beneficial to the cause which it advocates. I should be glad to see it in every house in this vicinity. The books I sent for came to hand all right.

D. W. LIBBY.

UPLANDS, ONT., Jan. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am doing all I can to get people to read and think for themselvs, and to subscribe for your paper. I got some to hav trial subscriptions. Some hav subscribed, I see, and others find it so hard to get the necessary funds that they hav not done so.

We hav quite a few Freethinkers in this part of the world now. I can count about twenty-five, old and young, and when I came in here eight years ago I was alone in my views. Even my wife belonged to the English church. All those who hav seen the light feel that they hav made a great change for the better, but they hav to stand the attacks of their friends for a while, and then the said friends giv it up, and get used to it, and I suppose think there is another soul lost.

JOHN BOYLE.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Bobo'link.

[PRIZE POEM.—A few weeks since Mr. G. E. Macdonald kindly offered Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" as a prize for the best poem written for the Children's Corner. From a number of excellent productions, all of which will be printed in the Corner, we hav selected the poem below as best entitled to the prize, though where all hav so much merit, we must confess it is difficult to make a selection.—ED. C. C.]

Robert of Lincoln sat high on a tree,
I spoke to him, and he answered me,
And ever thus our argument ran:
Which must be greater, the gods or man?
Robert's song seemed a voice divine,
With melodious argument smothering mine.
And it kindled my anger the more to see
That he was only a bird on a tree;
So I thought with scorn to crush the bird,
Since ever he spake the wiser word.
"Sir Robert of Lincoln," I cried in rage,
"I wish that I had you shut up in a cage;
But since you are free to come and go,
I'll call you a *nickname* to all below.
Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'-link, oh, what a word!
It sounds worse than buzzard or goose for a bird."
Now Bobbie sat up on the highest limb,
And he sang it to me as I spoke it to him:
"Bob-o'-link, Bob-o-link," in his song he said,
And at every note he *bobbed* his head;
And the melody rose, and the forest stirred,
And the blue sky bent to hear the bird.
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o'-link," and the Orphic hymn
Drew all the earth beneath that limb.
And the sun arose, and came, and stood
Over that tree in the shady wood,
And dropped a crown of radiance rare,
A halo, down through the trembling air.
And that song, with its sweet and melting tones,
Did more than to soften the hardest of stones,
For at last it subdued the rock in my breast,
Till I too did homage along with the rest.
And now I confess that *the cause is lame*
That must rest its issue but on a name;
And, again, *any name on merit bestowed*
Fits into a poem or musical ode.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

Influence of Kind Words.

This is a subject on which all should giv a thought, for it concerns everyone from infancy to old age. And by reflecting over it we can see there are few, if any, in whom kind words are not sometimes wanting. The most righteous, benevolent, and moral persons will occasionally giv way to angry passions, and let unkind words escape from their lips, making those unhappy who chance to be within their hearing. And how little do we think of the influence that words exert on the minds of those around us, of how they might be made weapons for the production of evil or instruments for good; and thus it is that words often innocently spoken bear the fruits of evil. Words are like water, which, stored away in the clouds above, can fall in the form of hail, destroying fields of grain, or descend as mist upon the vegetable world, making it bud forth with new life, and under the morning sun glisten with beauty. For unkind words, even when lightly spoken, often fall with a force upon the heart that tends to discourage an honest effort by wounding a sensitiv nature, while trying through bitter suffering to remedy the ill condemned. But kind words, like mist upon the plants, nourish and sustain the brilliancy of the most noble qualities of man's nature, and are welcome guests to the ears of all that hear them; thus in response often bring life and action to faculties of the mind which before lay dormant. And words, like music, telling the nature of the instrument from which it comes, also reveal to us what lies hidden within the heart of the person by whom they are spoken. If they proceed from an ill-nature they will be harsh, while if they are the offspring of affection they will be gentle and kind; and great is the influence of kind words on the pleasures of those around us. They soothe the troubles ebbing to and fro in the human heart, like calmness on the disturbed waters of the ocean, and as they quiet the troubled waves of man's thought, they increase human happiness, which is the highest aim of man.

Words produce the most good when, in a kind manner, they express wise thoughts. Persons often speak unkindly even to their dearest friends, using words soon unpleasant to recall. In this way many homes are made unhappy which, with kind words and actions in place of the harsh, would sparkle with the sunshine of peace and happiness. And many homes there are in our land in which there is a secret longing for kindness, yet they do not realize their wants, not knowing that affection gratified is the highest emblem of human happiness. And if kindness was the wealth for which all would strive, unhappiness would soon float away, leaving joy and kindness to flow on like a calm and peaceful stream. The kind conquer the unkind. Should we, when harshly speaking, always receive mild and gentle words in reply, we soon would find the unevenness of thoughts and expressions melting away before them. Kind words are within reach of all, and, when rightly used, are productiv of good. Hence we should all cherish that trait of character of which they are the result. But many who do not realize their influence, think they are of small importance, and thus neglect them. But we must remember that our lives are made up of small things, and the more there are the stronger will be the foundation, so each kind word that we suppress takes a pebble from the foundation of our happiness. All kind words spoken, whether in praise or censure, at home or abroad, tend to strengthen those social ties which unite individuals into a common brotherhood of love. Everything that "treads the earth" leaves its footprints imprinted upon the soil. And every word expressed leaves an impression on the mind of some one that hears it; hence kindness we should cultivate, and always endeavor to use kind words, so that when we sever our associations with our friends, and some shall hav passed beyond the realm of this life, we will hav in our memories only the pleasant conversations and innocent pleasures we enjoyed with them. WILL. R. KING.

Jordan Valley, Or.

"Lost, Strayed, or Stolen."

A sweet little maiden not quite three years old,
With a sun-bonnet tied over ringlets of gold;
Merry brown eyes that the sunshines lurks in,
Two rosy cheeks and a white dimpled chin;
Dear chubby hands kissed quite brown by the sun,
And a voice like the brook's, full of laughter and fun!

She left me this morn with a kiss and a smile,
And now has been gone such a weary long while,
Oh, tell me, good folks, hav you seen her pass by
Chasing a bird or a gay butterfly?
She carried a doll and a little blue basket,
And "My name is wee Elsie," she'd say, if you'd ask it.

She may hav gone down where the chatterlng brook
Runs 'round on itself with a queer little crook,
And watching the fish in the shadows at play,
Perhaps she forgot she was running away;
Or it may be the fairies, by some mystic spell,
Hav lured her away to their haunts in the dell.
If once they find out what a darling she is,
I fear they will keep her to love and to kiss.

Perhaps she lay down somewhere under a tree,
Where the leaves with the sunbeams are dancing in glee,
And gazing 'way up at the blue summer sky,
To watch the white clouds as they sail slowly by,
She too may hav sailed into dreamland away—
I wonder, I wonder, how long will she stay?

Oh, if you should see her, pray tell her from me
That mamma's as lonesome as lonesome can be;
And if she has gone with the fairies to stay,
Or off into dreamland has drifted away,
I'll hav to adopt some poor wandering elf—
Why, who was it that kissed me? 'Tis Elsie herself. —*M. K. Buck in Chicago Advance.*

A Great Singer's Kind Deed.

Stories about Annie Louise Cary hav the refreshing novelty of not being advertisments, like those told of most women with voices, and this from the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* is rather pretty: One summer, as was her custom, she spent some little time in her father's old home, a short distance from Portland, which she made her own during her vacation. It was after she had been feted at home and abroad, had sung before crowned heads and nobility, and diamonds had been but one of a profusion of gifts showered upon her. One morning she ran into a neighbor's kitchen as if "she were not Miss Cary," as the girl said, where a girl of eighteen or twenty stood, ironing. Like many bright New England girls she longed to get away from her small surrounding and try a larger sphere. "Why, I hav my trials," said Miss Cary, "and you could not understand them."

"Oh," answered the girl, "what are troubles to you? You can do as you please with the world, instead of waiting to see what the world is going to do with you."

"You are tired, let me iron awhile," said the famous songstress.

The girl protested. Miss Cary insisted, and carried her point. As her iron moved to and fro, she entertained the weary girl with stories of her own life, showing with what labor she had achieved her present success, and the trials incident to a public life. When she, too, became weary, she changed places with the girl, who had become rested and contented, and saying, "Now, I'll sing for you," the voice which had held hundreds entranced, now filled the little kitchen. For a long time she held the girl entranced by the spell of that charming voice, and when she went home left her happy, where she had found her restless and discouraged.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CHARADE.

A *spot* or *blemish* first you take,
Or, if you choose, *a little lake.*
Now, next you for *the author* look
Of those five books called Pentateuch,
Wherein he tells how, when he died,
God buried him, his grave to hide,
And how that "even till this day"
Where he was buried none can say.
I own it seems a little odd
To be thus buried by the God.
His own obituary, too,
How he could write I never knew.
Well, having found him in your hunt,
Affix that blemish to his front,
When lo! the Bible text comes true,
This author vanishes from view.
Some small marsupials stand alone,
And leave his grave in all unknown.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—A PARADOX.

From a scientific point of view
This paradox is strictly true.
In New York city once did dwell
A brewer who, as I've heard tell,
A tub did hav for holding beer
That held a *thousand gallons clear.*
No more, no less, would go therein
When filled exactly to the brim.
Trade got so poor, he thought it best
To "pull up stakes" and "go out west."
In Denver he did settle down
In Colorado's noted town,
Where, plumb and level, up he sat
His famous thousand gallon vat;
But strange! here in this land of gold
His tub could not be made to hold
A *thousand gallons*, as of late
It held when in the Empire state.

Grand Rapids, Mich. O. H. RICHMOND.

3.—AMETHYST PRIZE CHARADE.

One givs an added zest to milk,
In *two* the ladies show their silk;
Both make a wholesome, toothsome dish,
"Strange meat, that's neither flesh nor fish."
Three, like a tiger, slays and kills;
At *four* we drown our woes and ills.
These two the welcome bottle holds,
And *all the four* as well enfolds.

For the first solution of the Amethyst sent direct to me at Escanaba, Mich., P. O. box 75, I will giv as a prize a plant of my new seedling dahlia, named "Edelweiss," a splendid double, snow-white, and worth a dollar each for young plants, free by mail.

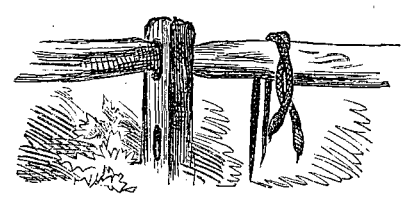
Escanaba, Mich. ISAAC A. POOL.

4.—DIAMOND.

1st. A letter. 2d. A bud. 3d. Pierced. 4th. A fabulous sea animal. 5th. A general in the late war. 6th. To paint. 7th. A letter.

Bramwell, W. Va. R. BERNHEIM.

5.—CONUNDRUM.



A boy has killed two copperheads,
And hung them on the fence;
In what respect are they just like
Old-fashioned copper cents?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 20, 1886.

1–A. 6 cents. B. 2 cents. 2.–Susan, obey, aye, Bonasus. 3.–Gastrotomy. 4.–Newport, Fall River, Bridgewater. 5.–Roar (rower), creak (creek), bark, ring.

SOLVERS.—Katie Lansing, Mary McLin, John Akin, Tobias A. Secord, J. K. P. Baker.

[Correspondents will please remember that we do not want *sermons* for children. We hav received an essay of seventeen pages of foolscap for the Corner! Its doom is the waste-basket. Write short, brief, bright articles, if you wish to see them in print, and write with ink. The printer has a hard time enough without deciphering illegible pencil-marks.—ED. C. C.]

Correspondence.

HOOPESTON, ILL., Dec. 31, 1885,

DEAR AUNT SUSIE: Seeing all the little girls writing to you I thought I would write and ask you if I could call you Aunt Susie. Papa and mamma got me the "Story Hour" for a birthday present. I am ten years old, and I go to school and am in the fourth grade, class C. I am very much pleased with the Children's Corner; I like to read the correspondence. I can't work many puzzles. Papa and mamma say THE TRUTH SEEKER is their Bible, although we hav a regular Bible—old filthy thing—here. Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER nine years altogether. I like the "Story Hour" so well I cannot decide which story is the best, and I think little Susie's picture is beautiful; I know she was a nice little girl and I hope to be better acquainted with her Aunt Susie. I will close, so good-bye.

I remain yours truly, IDA M. JOHNSON.

[Yes, Ida may call the editor of the Corner auntie if she wishes, and she will be pleased to hav her do so.]

SCOTTS, MICH., Feb. 10, 286.

MISS WIXON: I read the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER and like it very much. I think you publish some very nice stories. I go to school this cold winter. I hav to go one and a quarter miles. My father is a Free-thinker and has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for nearly five years. He belongs to the Grange and the Knights of Labor. I am nine years old, and this is the first letter that I hav ever written. I will hav to close for this time.

Yours fraternally, JOSEPH B. MILLIMAN.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I crayoned these in school; they are not very nice. I got whipped in school yesterday, for leaning against the side of the house. She tore my pictures and made me mad. She is an ugly, wicked teacher. I wish I never had to go to school to her again, but mamma says I must; so I shall hav to. Oh, dear, I wish you were my teacher. I never would be naughty. I hav a new dollie. I hav named her Susie Wixon. She behaves the best of all my dollies. I love you, oh, so dearly, and so does mamma. So good-bye. From your little friend CORA.

[We are sorry that Cora had to take a whipping for such a slight offense. She should tell her teacher that the tender flesh of a little child was never made to be beaten. Fighting characters should choose one of their own size and build when they wish to fight. Cora must try to be good and kind to her teacher and thus make her feel ashamed of her naughtiness to so good a girl.—ED. C. C.]

MANCHESTER, IA., Jan. 31, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a letter for the Children's Corner. I am eight years old. I liv on a farm. We hav a good many cattle and horses. We hav a pet dog. Her name is Gyp. She is a rat terrier. It is fun to see her shake a rat and kill it. She plays ball with me.

I go to school. I study reading, arithmetic, spelling, geography, and grammar. My pa sent for the "Story Hour." I like it very much. My pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER seven years. I will not write any more this time. From your friend

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ADAMI AND HEVA. A New Version. By S. P. Putnam. New York. The Truth Seeker Co. Price 10 cents.

Almost every one is familiar with the old version of Adam and Eve as related in Genesis. And every person of sense and understanding must feel indignant at the way the story reads, beginning with insults to womanhood that follow her like some evil spirit through the Bible, and down to the present time.

But few, comparativly speaking, are aware of the legend, infinitly superior, and older by thousands of years, from which this myth in Genesis was taken.

S. P. Putnam has rendered a new and correct version of the old, old story, and given it in such perfect lines of poetic beauty that the reader is at once charmed and delighted with its perusal. He has revealed it as a sweet and tender story, throbbing with life and love. It is matchless poetry, too—the poetry that sweeps and sways the being like the music of the pines, or the low sighing surge of the sea. Every page is brilliant and glowing with flashing gems of poetic fire. The love and constancy of man and woman are eloquently portrayed. Bulwer Lytton, in the "Lady of Lyons," where Pauline says,

"Tell him even now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot, walk by his side an outcast,
Work for him, beg with him, liv upon the light
Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost!"

Does not more beautifully and powerfully express the devotion of woman than does Mr. Putnam in these lines:

"Take thy fair Eden, I will walk the earth
To death's dark door with him I love alway.
. . . . . .
Better with him all suffering and all woe;
Better with him the labor and the pain;
Better with him the wildest path forlorn;
Better with him the thunder's blasting force,
Than all that thou canst giv with him away.
Justice is thine, O Brahma, love is mine for aye."

This poem which is offered for almost nothing, ten cents only, should be sold by the million copies. I think it is chief among the author's poetical jewels, and I hope, sometime, to see it issued in more substantial form and illustrated. It would make a most elegant and charming gift book.

SUSAN WIXON.

The church has given to the world many versions of its old story of creation, claiming for each an originality that it has been quite unable to substantiate. Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, in his last book, "Adami and Heva," leaves no need for further research in regard to the old myth. Its Eastern origin is apparent, and yet the imitation in Genesis lacks all the beauty and dignity of the story as unfolded in this Oriental poem.

In Genesis we hav a bungling, imperfect account of creation—the green grass growing, flowers blooming, and fruit ripening three days before the sun and moon were created. In the Hindoo account the great Brahma saw the sun, and the sun existed. He saw the moon and the stars, the green earth and the high heavens, the purling streams and the mighty oceans, and they all existed. Man was outlined in his thought, and man existed. Woman arose in his mind, and woman existed. He beheld every living and creeping thing, his work was complete, and it was all good.

In the Hebrew copy we hav man made from dust, followed by an unsatisfactory, repugnant surgical operation, supplemented by a temptation from a serpent, and the curse of a God that it should crawl all the days of its life. As the serpent had always crawled, to the Hebrew or Christian mind this curse bears no meaning. Trace it to its Eastern origin, where a belief in transmigration was a part of religion, and it is left in no obscurity. Heretofore he had been capable of assuming higher forms of life, and, through long ages of progression, of final absorption into the divine being. The curse of Brahma was that he should forever retain his serpent form; and that the Mosaic account was stolen from the more ancient story we need no further proof than that throughout the Old Testament Adam's creation is nowhere referred to, from the fifth chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Malachi. The myth was no doubt supplemented as a prefix to the Pentateuch long after the latter was written.

In the Genesis of India we hav a shoreless ocean upon which a golden egg floated. It divided into heaven above and earth beneath. Two substances were formed, mortal and immortal; and again two more—man and woman on the earth, the sun and moon and the stars in the heavens. Woman, in one story, it is said, had birth in an expanding lotus on the Ganges, and was received by the first man, Adami, in his paradise. This is the version that Mr. Putnam has given in his poem. How coarse, how cruel, the old story reads, "And the man shall rule over thee!" No wonder that there should be an old rabbinical legend to the effect that the first woman, Lilith, rebelled against this mandate, demanding equality, and, failing to secure it, flew away out of paradise, and a second edition of spare rib was necessary—thus accounting for the two distinct stories of creation as recorded in the first and second chapters of Genesis.

This alleged inferiority of woman has led to her subjection in all ages, and in no other myth is the story so brutally told as in the Christian legend.

In "Paradise Lost," a book regarded by Christians nearly as sacred as the inspired volume itself, John Milton writes, "He was formed for God only, she for the God in him," putting her, it must be admitted, on pretty short rations for a God; and he questions impotently of Omniptence, doubting the wisdom of the act, why he created woman:

"Oh, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculin, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels—without feminin?"

In the new version given in Mr. Putnam's poem, Heva asks:

"'Ah, wilt thou love me, love me evermore?'
'Will love thee ever, evermore,' he said.
'The stars may perish and the sun grow dark,
But I will love thee, life and death, alway.'"

The old question, the old answer—the woman's fear of change, the man's assurance of constancy. The question asked and answered when the world was new, asked and answered thus when a million hearts had broken, and so to be answered while human hearts beat for each other tenderly.

"The woman whom thou gavest me, she did tempt me," says the old version, cowardly.

"'On me the punishment alone should fall.
Be righteous, Brahma, curse not her with me."

Heva, refusing to return to paradise, to desert Adami, says:

"'Justice is thine, O Brahma; love is mine for aye."

And great Brahma affirms:

"'I, God, can giv no greater joy to thee
Than each to each can giv in love's delight."

And here our poet's verse becomes daring, from an orthodox standpoint, when he asks:

"And was there passion in the God's strong breast
When he beheld the bloom of human love?"

And Brahma, sole sovereign of a universe, admits, "There is no curse when man and woman love," and enviously, despairingly, exclaims:

"I would abandon all my wealth of stars,
The majesty, the sovereignty, the grace,
That changes not amid the changing spheres;
I would surrender heaven's eternal throne,
And all the worship of uncounted hosts;
I would dissolve my crown in fleeting dews,
Could I be less than what I am, supreme.
I would a toiler be on earth's bare breast,
And earn the food for hunger day by day;
I would meet anything that fate might giv,
Most cruel blows upon the mortal flesh;
All that the finit suffers and endures,
Or imperfection reaps on error's path;
Disdain my Godhead and be made of dust,
Could I be loved by woman as man is."

I do not recall any words, in any poem, in any book, braver or grander than these lines by Samuel P. Putnam.

What would value the isolated power of Omnipotence debarred from human love? What were golden crowns, golden harps, and golden thrones, as reward for well-doing here if the loved ones were forever banished to lower, darker scenes? As a woman-poet has said:

"If I by the throne should behold you,
Smiling up, with those eyes loved so well,
Close, close in my arms I would fold you,
And drop with you down to sweet hell."

Love itself is a reward for all suffering, and even in unrequited love it is better "to hav loved and lost than never to hav loved at all."

In his "Light of Asia," Mr. Edwin Arnold has given the life of Buddha, so similar to that of Jesus of Nazareth, which it antedates by at least six hundred years. The beauty of the language in this poem of "Adami and Heva" is not inferior to that of Mr. Arnold's, and for warmth of expression and gorgeousness of imagery equals "Lallah Rookh."

This for instance, in regard to creation:

"Flowing and dancing, breaking into stars,
Long trains of light and comet's golden hair,
And rythmic sweep of cloud with breast of fire,
Whence constellations burst and traveled space."

And yet, O poet, one word,

"Could I be loved by woman as man is."

He, Brahma, was a man, masculin, a god! He would lose all for woman's love. How many shining stars, how much of omnipotent power would he surrender that he might be loved as man loves woman? We doubt the answer, remembering, among a thousand more, the pathetic story of the devoted Heloise and the priest Abelard.

O great Brahma, is it to be ever thus? When the gods weigh out love for human souls, as the old legend has it, is the woman's measure always, from its greater weight, to tip the balance—to send man's up lightly till it touch the beam? MRS. A. M. FREEMAN.

THE INFIDEL SCHOOL TEACHER.

The above is the title of a pamphlet fresh from the gifted pen of Elmina D. Slenker, of Snowville, Va., and is for sale by her at the low price of twenty cents.

Among all the good things written by Mrs. Slenker, this little work, in my humble judgment, is the most fitting to the times, and deserves the widest circulation. It is a true story in the main, representing certain phases of human character as clearly as anything ever written by Dickens; illustrating and exemplifying thousands of cases all over the land, where Infidels as a class are either ignorantly or purposely misunderstood by the orthodox branch of society.

Mary Jones, the heroin of the story, is a well educated, respectable, and sensible young lady who has *reasoned* herself out of all belief in ghosts and hobgoblins of every name and nature. She is a fair representativ of the *true* Infidel, neither dogmatic in asserting her opinions nor hypocritical enough to quietly drift along through life and at all times allow herself to be mistaken for a Christian.

Such is the character of "The Infidel School Teacher," and it is not surprising, but very natural that some one of the opposit sex should deeply admire her. Sissons Holmes, a good, honest, innocent, and "God-fearing Christian," loved Miss Jones for her good sense and her many virtues, but was pained and shocked at her Infidelity. As every honest Christian ought to do, Mr. Holmes took upon himself the difficult task of enlightening the heathen. For this purpose he addressed his lady friend a long letter, couched in the most tender and persuasiv language, urging her to renounce Infidelity, and with him "come to Jesus." Miss Jones replied in excellent terms, thanking him for his tender solicitude, while at the same time she gave him his first lesson in Infidelity, which thoroughly convinced Mr. Holmes that he had "caught a Tartar," and that he had never before understood the true meaning of the term Infidel. Eight long letters, covering over forty pages, pass between these people, which no one can justly review in a newspaper article. Every page of this book is as full of merit as an egg is of meat, and every letter from both parties as an educator is worth double the price of the book. I sincerely wish it might be read by every person in the land. JOHN W. TRUESDELL.

Syracuse, Feb. 20, 1886.

SABBATH-BREAKING.

Remsburg's "Sabbath-breaking" is pronounced by Parker Pillsbury "a valuable, or rather an invaluable, work on the Sabbath problem." Referring to the institution of the Jewish Sabbath, Mr. Pillsbury says: "Even the super-orthodox Andover begins to develop some common sense on the great Jewish enigma of a weary God resting after a hard week's work, and hallowing it as holy time eternally afterward throughout the universe! Strange Gods, strange men, strange women, and strange works were had in the distant past. And ditto to day."

Mr. Remsburg in his pamphlet on the Sabbath has compiled sufficient evidence to prove that the Sabbatarian laws, mostly enacted to satisfy the narrow views of fanatical preachers, are a gross usurpation of the rights and privileges of the community. It is to be desired that such preachers would giv, if possible, this pamphlet a calm perusal.—*W. McDonnell.*

Mr. William Algie, president of the Freethought Association of Canada, in the *Independent Pulpit*, referring to the Cleveland Congress, says: "Prominent among the many kindred spirits with whom I came in contact, I may mention J. E. Remsburg, who in his popular lecture on Sabbath observance justly earned the title of 'Sabbath-Breaker.' In fact, he broke the Sabbath up into fragments as small as the souls of the Puritan bigots who instituted that 'holy day' in order to rob poor humanity of one-seventh of the sunshine that is part of our inheritance from Mother Nature."

The *Independent Pulpit* thus refers to J. E. Remsburg's book on "Sabbath-breaking:" "This little work contains about all that can be said on the subject, and it will never be refuted. No well-informed minister will ever hav the hardihood to try to answer it. If every man and woman in this country could be induced to giv this book one fair and impartial perusal, it would produce an effect equal to that produced upon our colonial ancestors by Thomas Paine's 'Common Sense.'"

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J. E. REMSBURG'S APPOINTMENTS.

J. E. Remsburg left Atchison for the East on the 3d inst. The following is his program so far as arranged:

Warrensburg, N.Y...Mon., Tu., Wed., Mar. 1. 2, 3.
Cohoes, " .....Thur., " 4.
Saco, Me.....Sat., " 6.
Portland, Me.....Sun. (10:30 A.M.), " 7.
Boston, Mass.....Sun. (7:30 P.M.), " 7.
Providence, R. I.....Mon., " 8.
Meriden, Conn....Tu., Wed., Thur., Mar. 9, 10, 11.
New York.....Fri., " 12.
Baltimore, Md.....Sun., " 14.

In addition to the above, Mr. Remsburg will speak in Greenwich, Mass.; Salamanca, N. Y.; Naples, N. Y.; Kent, O.; Perrysburg, O.; Tontogony, O.; Carey, O.; Bradford, O.; Spiceland, Ind.; Burr Oak, Mich.; Paris, Ill.; Chebanse, Ill.; Cleopatra, Mo.; Maitland, Mo.; Quitman, Mo.; Robinson, Kan.; Morrill, Kan.; Republic City, Kan.; Cawker City, Kan.; Council Grove, Kan.; Brookville, Kan.; Urbana, Kan.; Halstead, Kan.; Newton Kan.

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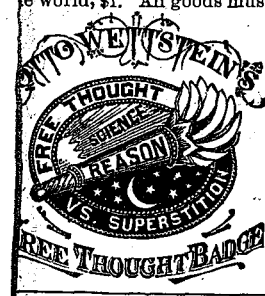
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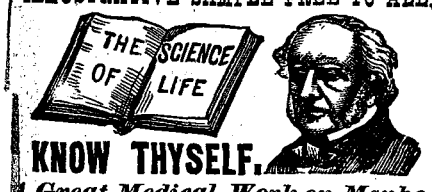
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News of the Week.

THE Grant monument fund has made no perceptible progress in the past week.

ABOUT $35,000 has been contributed to the fund for the widow of the late General Hancock.

THE eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo was celebrated at Paris on the 26th ult.

THE trial of the Rev. George R. Bristor, of Spring Valley, N. Y., indicted for rape on his servant, has been postponed.

A TOAST proposed to Queen Victoria was hissed at a meeting in London of the workingmen members of Parliament on the 25th ult.

THE legislature of Maryland has voted down a proposition to compel the state printer to employ only men belonging to the printers' union.

THE Rev. Father Smith, pastor of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic church, Syracuse, N. Y., attempted suicide last Saturday by shooting himself.

THE horse-car drivers of Troy, following the example of their brothers in this city, hav had their hours reduced from seventeen to twelve without reduction of wages.

MRS. GRANT has just received a check for $200,000, being the first instalment from the publishers of the general's book. Her profits on the two volumes will probably be half a million dollars.

THE affection of Deacon Lathrop, of Willimantic, Conn., for the widow Wilbur, of the same place, has got him into trouble. After having spent a good deal of money on the widow, she now sues him for $7,000, which she alleges she has loaned him.

ARTICLES of incorporation of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society hav been filed in San Francisco. Some of the objects of the society look toward the "elevation and progress of humanity" and "the more general diffusion of the science, philosophy, and religion of Spiritualism."

At a regular meeting of the Shakspere Society in Columbia College this city, last week, the copy of the second folio of Shakspere, discovered in Utah some months ago, was exhibited. The book, which is yellow with age, bears upon the fly leaf the signatures of William Shakspere and John Ward, the actor.

THE Rev. Alfred Powell and the Rev. John A. Williams, both hardshell Baptists preaching near Goldsboro, S. C, had a misunderstanding one day last week, and the Rev. Mr. Powell filled the legs of the Rev. Mr. Williams with squirrel shot from a long gun. The affair causes some excitement in the neighborhood.

THE Rev. Mr. Downs, the distinguished Boston divine, has sucd the Rev. Franklin Johnson, D.D., of Cambridge for $10,000 for slander, and also attached the latter's property. Last Monday Mr. Downs added to his laurels by attempting to thrash a reporter. Botanically classified, Pastor Downs is a daisy.

A NEW prophet named Smith has arisen in Missouri, and is working up religious insanity to the best of his ability. He announces himself as an embassador of Jesus Christ. One of the conditions of salvation is the giving up of all property to the prophet. Smith already has the deeds of dozens of farms which his dupes hav placed in his hands.

MANY persons were killed and injured during the gale of the 27th and 28th ult. in various parts of the country. The water was swept off the bar of New York harbor, thus imprisoning all the outgoing vessels in port, Travel was delayed at all the ferries, roofs were blown off houses, and many personal injuries were reported, though none of a fatal character. At sea the casualties were many and the suffering and death caused by the storm were almost unprecedented.

THE Rev. Edward Palmer, who died in this city on Wednesday of last week at the age of eighty-four years, was formerly a Unitarian clergyman in Massachusetts, but having been too aggressiv an Abolitionist, he lost his charge. Forty years ago he was known as No-money Palmer in Boston on account of his belief that no currency should be used by Christians. He was afterward a member of the North American Phalanx and the Raritan Bay Socialistic Societies. The Rev. Robert Collyer conducted the funeral services.

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LITTLE PAUL is having a good deal of difficulty in committing to memory the Lord's prayer. The other night after repeating it with the assistance of his mamma, he looked up and said: "Mamma, won't the Lord be glad when I can say this through without a break?"

A LITTLE boy who had heard a good deal about the work of the Home Missionary Society in the territories, was seen putting away carefully a cent which had been given him to spend. "What are you saving your money for?" he was asked. "Oh," was the reply, "I'm going to save all my pennies till I get a lot, and then I'm going to send 'em all out West to Jesus!"

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says "Be sweet,"
And the lily bids, "Be pure,"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
"Be patient and endure."
The violet whispers, "Giv,
Nor grudge, nor count the cost;"
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming,"
In spite of chill or frost."
—*Philadelphia Call.*

The crocus says, "Beware,"
The daisy adds, "Don't scoff,"
And the chaste and fair anemone,
With a patient sigh, "Come off!"
The pansy moans, "Look out
For the Shanghai's clumsy feet."
"My heart, he's coming, he's coming
To pull me up!" cried the beet.
The turnip yelled, "Keep still.
Don't giv the racket away!"
When the cabbage flapped his leaves and flew
Far into the dying day.—*Puck.*

THE railroad companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the New Haven ministers says that his congregation has material enough to set up a whole parallel road.

"WHAT is the proper use of Sunday?" asks a religious weekly. The answer is so numerous that we havn't space to print it. The woman with a new bonnet has one answer; the man who loves fishing has another, while the owner of a pair of fast horses may differ from both. The base-ballist seems to think that the proper use of Sunday in the West is to play a match game for the championship, but in the East he devotes the day to explaining how the last four games lost by his nine might hav been won. There is nothing so diverse as the diversity of opinion in regard to the proper use of Sunday.—*Norristown Herald.*

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Gems of Thought.

CHANGE in the education and religion of a people must be necessarily slow, but if it is never begun it will never be consummated.—*D. M. Bennett.*

FAREWELL, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! Hail,
Infernal world! And thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor—one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
—*Milton.*

WE are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of the matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From this defect I think no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder that we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as come short of him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for since no man sees all, and we generally hav different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not hav notions of things which hav escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind.—*Locke's Conduct of the Understanding.*

WHY need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works
The great creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. —*Thomson's Seasons.*

POLYTHEISM is the next stage to fetichism in the religious development of mankind. Here, reflection begins to predominate over sensation. As the laws of nature, the habits and organization of animals, begin to be understood, they cease to represent the true objects of worship. No man ever deified weight and solidity. But as men change slowly from form to form and, more slowly still, from the form to the substance, coarse and material fetichism must be idealized before it could pass away. No doubt men, for the sake of example, bowed to the old stock and stone when they knew an idol was nothing. It might offend the weak to giv up the lie all at once.—*Theodore Parker.*

To the age which believes in Jack-and-the-Beanstalk and the adventures of Cinderella, all things are possible; whether it be Jonah in the whale's belly, or Tom Thumb in the stomach of the red cow, all is gladly swallowed with implicit faith; the children grow out of Tom Thumb in the course of nature, but they are not allowed to grow out of Jonah.—*Mrs. A. Besant.*

A MAN of benevolence, whose mind is enlarged by philosophy, will always indulge agreeable anticipations with respect to society; he will view all the different improvements in arts, in commerce, and in the sciences, as co-operating to promote the union, the happiness, and the virtue of mankind; and, amidst the political disorders resulting from the prejudices and follies of his own times, he will look forward with transport to the blessings that are reserved for posterity in a more enlightened age.—*Dugald Stewart.*

IT is true that we sometimes say with a sigh that life passes by like a dream; but it is a bad sign to make such complaints as this, for if a man sleeps away through a do-nothing life, it seems short when he looks back upon it; but if we work hard and think hard, then our life becomes full and rich; nay, it even seems long as we look back upon it, because so much has happened in it. Whole years of a dawdling or selfish or licentious life are worth less than a single day lived by an earnest, thoughtful man.—*Bible for Learners.*

WHO that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No! the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile that partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man? A world without a sun.
—*Campbell.*

THAT education only can be considered as complete and generous which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and of war. —*Milton.*

ARE not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.—*Matt. x*, 29-31. See also Luke xii, 6, 7. We belong to the minutiæ of nature; we are in her sight as the rain-drop in the sky; whether a man livs, or whether he dies, is as much a matter of indifference to nature as whether a raindrop falls upon the field and feeds a blade of grass or falls upon a stone and is dried to death. She does not supervise these small details. This discovery is by no means flattering, but it enlarges our idea of the scheme of creation. That universe must indeed be great in which human beings are so small.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

SELF-TRUST is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war; and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth; and it is just; generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out.—*Emerson.*

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power;
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to liv by law
Acting the law we liv by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.
—*Tennyson.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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A WAVE FROM THE WEST.

Notes and Clippings.

MRS. LANGTRY, the actress, is saving of her wealth. She has $150,000 invested in real state in this city.

THE husband of Tennie C. Claflin, sister of Victoria Woodhull, has just been made a night, so that Miss Claflin that was is now Lady Cook.

M. PASTEUR, the French chemist, hopes to e able to treat diphtheria and other diseases uccessfully by a method of inoculation sim- ar to that of his treatment of rabies.

THE orthodox Christians of Akron, Ind., do ot favor higher religion. A lot of them, masked, stoned a church the other night in which a number of persons claiming to be anctified were worshiping. The meeting was broken up, as well as the windows, and several persons were badly hurt.

OLD Science Hall, where the Liberal Club used to meet, has been losing prestige ever ince the club moved away. Beer saloons moved into the building, then a dance house made the neigborhood disreputable until pulled by the police, and now the Salvation Army has made the hall its barracks.

THE *Young Churchman* is responsible for he statement that a religious paper in this country printed two editions of the issue in which a notice of General Grant's death appeared, one for the North and the other for he South. In the edition for the North it said: "Grant defeated Lee with ease by reason of his superior generalship," and in t he edition for the South it said: "Grant deeated Lee only with great difficulty and by reason of his greatly superior numbers." Piety and lying are not incompatible.

THE American Society for Psychical Research has appointed Josiah Royce, Dr. Morton Prince, Col. T. W. Higginson, J. C. Rogers, T. E. Abbott, Roland Thaxter, and Woodward Hudson, a committee to consider the subject of apparitions and haunted houses.

A MRS. POTTER, of New York, has thrown Washington society into shivers by reciting, before a company gathered at Secretary Whitney's house, the poem "'Ostler Joe," written by G. R. Sims. The poem deals with a woman who forsook her husband and led a gay life until her beauty had vanished and her health was gone, when she was received back by her husband and buried presumably at his expense. The poem may be immoral in spirit, but there is nothing indecent about it, and the society prudes who were shocked by it are the objects of much sympathy.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* writes to his paper: "Ingersoll is the kindest-hearted man I ever saw. Riding all day with him between Omaha and Chicago I saw a little incident that will illustrate this. On the train was a pale, sickly-looking woman, with a fretful baby. The woman was in shabby mourning, and was almost worn out with the crying and worrying of her little one. The passengers were very much annoyed, and kept looking around and frowning at the woman, who was evidently doing her best to quiet the child. Finally Mr. Ingersoll, who had been reading, noticed it. Getting up, he stepped across to the woman and took the babe, telling her to take a little rest, and he would take care of the child. The little one stopped crying at once, played with his watch and chain awhile, and finally nestled its little head down on his arm and went to sleep. The tired mother also dropped to sleep, and the colonel cared for the baby for upward of a hundred miles before the mother awakened and relieved him."

THE Methodist Orphan Asylum at Decatur, Ga., is scarcely the beneficent institution it ought to be. A dispatch dated February 4th, to the *Herald* of this city, says: The asylum furnishes to-day another chapter of brutal whipping of its inmates. Arthur Harrison, a small boy, it seems has run away several times from the institution, as he says, on account of bad treatment. Friday he ran away and was captured at Atlanta yesterday and carried back to the asylum. This morning he was confined in a room in one of the buildings, his clothes taken off, and severely whipped. After being whipped he again ran away and came to the city, where he made known his treatment. Dr. Goldsmith, who examined the child's back, expressed the opinion that the boy had been brutally whipped. The Orphan's Asylum was founded by Sam Jones and has a board of trustees living in Atlanta.

NORA PERRY has written some reminiscences of Wendell Phillips, in which she thus illustrates his power as a "fascinator:" "In the old anti-slavery days a Southerner, who was visiting Boston, said to a friend that he wanted to hear Wendell Phillips, that he had heard so much about him and his eloquence that he was curious to judge for himself. The friend, with some misgivings, took the Southerner to Fanueil Hall one night when Phillips was to hold forth upon his favorit topic. The Southerner sat stolidly through it all, not an angry gleam apparent in his face, but looking at the orator with a fixed, concentrated attention that never wavered. At the end, Boston leaned forward and asked: "Well, what do you think of him? Of course he must hav offended your prejudices; you couldn't agree with what he said.' 'I don't care a —— what he says. I could listen to him all night,' was the unlooked-for response."

A VERY bitter religious fight is being waged on Staten Island. Alice Cronin, a domestic employed by William Hunter, of Tottenville, is the cause of the commotion. Miss Cronin's parents are Catholics, while her employer is a Methodist. Last week Alice attended a revival meeting in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, in Tottenville, and, under religious excitement and the persuasion of a companion, was induced to go forward to the altar. While there she testified to her conversion. When Mrs. Cronin heard of her daughter's act she became furious. She went to Captain Hunter's house and demanded that Alice should go back with her at once to Perth Amboy and renounce her new found faith. Alice firmly refused, and this so enraged Mrs. Cronin that she became violent. A policeman was called to take her from the house. Mrs. Cronin says she will hav her daughter at all hazards. On the other side of the question, Tottenville being a strong Methodist community, some of the people are determined to protect the young girl's right of conscience if she desires to remain a Protestant. The Roman Catholic residents are the more incensed, as several other Catholics hav recently been converted to Protestantism in Tottenville. The case will probably come before the civil courts during the week.

Communications.

The Museums in the Park.

WHY THEY SHOULD BE OPENED ON SUNDAY.

To the Conference Committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History:

In presenting this petition, signed by more than nine thousand citizens of New York, I offer the following reasons why it should be granted:

I.—THE PUBLIC DESIRE FOR SUNDAY OPENING.

The petition itself is evidence that the people of this city desire the opening of the museums on Sunday. This is clearly evident from the following facts: The petition bears the signatures of the representative men of this city—those who, from their eminent position, come in contact daily with hundreds of their fellow-citizens. Among the signers, I call your attention to such men as Roscoe Conkling, the eminent jurist and ex-Senator of this state. Also:

David McAdam, Chief Justice City Court of New York; Recorder Frederick Smyth (Court of General Sessions); Charles P. Daly, Chief Justice Court of Common Pleas; Nathaniel Jarvis, Chief Clerk Court of Common Pleas; Maurice J. Power, Judge 1st Police Court; Michael Norton, Judge 1st Judicial District Court; Charles M. Clancy, Justice 2d District Civil Court; Alfred Steckler, Judge 4th Judicial District Court; John Henry McCarthy, Judge 5th District Court; G. W. Cregier, Secretary 6th District Police Court; F. G. Gedney, Judge 8th District Court; Henry P. McGown, Justice 9th Judicial District Court; J. Henry Ford, Judge Court of Special Sessions; J. T. Kilbreth, Judge Court of Special Sessions; Thoms Boese, Chief Clerk Superior Court; Randolph B. Martine, District Attorney; William N. Penney, Assistant District Attorney; Delancey Nicol, Assistant District Attorney; Gunning S. Bedford, Assistant District Attorney; Ambrose H. Purdy, Assistant District Attorney; Julius Catlin, Jr., Assistant District Attorney; Edward L. Parris, Assistant District Attorney; John M. Coman, Chief Clerk District Attorney's Office; John Sparks, Clerk General Sessions; S. B. French (President), Police Commissioner; J. J. Porter, Police Commissioner; John R. Voorhis, Police Commissioner; E. Duyfous; Thomas W. Byrnes, Police Inspector; William H. Kipp, Chief Clerk Police Commissioners; Carl Jussen, Secretary Fire Department; G. F. Britton, Secretary Department of Charities and Corrections; Rollin M. Squire, Commissioner Public Works; D. Lowber Smith, Deputy Commissioner Public Works; John H. Chambers, Registrar (Water) Dept. P. W; Joseph Blumenthal, Supt. Bureau of Incumbrances; Martin J. Reese, Keeper of Buildings in City Hall Park; Adolph L. Sanger, President of the Board of Alderman; Jacob Seabold, Deputy Commissioner Department Street Cleaning; M. J. Morrison, Chief Clerk Department Street Cleaning; Michael Coleman, President Department Taxes and Assessments; Alston Culver, Water Purveyor Department Public Works; Charles H. Woodman, Secretary and Executiv Officer Civil Service Supervisory and Examining Board; Ferdinand Levy, Coroner; Ambrose Monell, Judge 7th Judicial District Court; William Dorsheimer, United States District Attorney; H. A. Gildersleeve, Judge General Sessions; Congressman Joseph Pulitzer; and others who signed with them.

In returning the petition sent to him, Judge Norton says:

I herewith return your paper with a few names, together with my own, as fully approving the good work that your Union is doing in behalf of the great body of workers of our city that have been deprived of so many of their rights.

And I would particularly call your attention to this sentiment of Justice Gedney of the 8th District Court:

I am a strong believer in the law of substitution—one thing for another; and while men are educating themselves by studying works of art and good books, they certainly are not occupied in matters which destroy them; but in museums and libraries they learn that which elevates them and makes them better citizens. We must not blame men who lead wicked lives if they know of no other.

The press is almost unanimous. The *Herald* has printed many columns in favor of the movement, as have the *Times*, the *World*, the *News*, the *Evening Post*, and scores of the smaller journals have been outspoken in favor of the Sunday opening. This in itself is the strongest kind of evidence that the public desire the Sunday opening. The business men are in favor of the same. This is evidenced by the expression in the public press of their opinions by the best business men of the city, and by their signatures to this petition. Upon the petition with Roscoe Conkling's name you will find some eight hundred of the best men doing business in the city—men who have families, who are identified with the city's interest, and may be supposed to know what is good for the municipality. This Sunday opening has been asked for officially by the Board of Aldermen, by the Park Commissioners, and by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. In addition to these, as I have shown you, are nearly all the judges of the city, the District Attorney, and all his assistants—gentlemen of the highest standing in the legal community—the Police Commissioners, and a large portion of the most prominent of the city officials. Surely, the opinion and prayer of all these must have great weight with you. You may safely conclude they would not ask for Sunday opening did they not regard it as of importance to the city's welfare.

The workingmen desire it, and have expressed the desire by numerous resolutions and signatures. I have received from the Central Labor Union an official resolution of which the following is a copy:

WHEREAS, It being a standing complaint that the working population do not show sufficient interest in matters of refinement and culture; and

WHEREAS, It being impossible for workingmen and women to visit the public places established for the purpose of furnishing all with the means by which their knowledge and appreciation of such things may be increased, largely because on the only days when the working people have the opportunity for such diversion and improvement the libraries, museums, and art gallleres are closed; and

WHEREAS, The working people have to contribute the large share toward the maintenance of these public institutions; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as representatives of many thousands of these unpriviledged men and women, hereby demand that all public libraries, museums, and art galleries be kept open on Sundays and holidays.

The Central Labor Union is the official representativ of 121 workingmen's organizations, numbering some 50,000 workmen. In addition to this are the resolutions of similar purport passed by the Labor Lyceum, the Furriers' Union, the Furniture Makers' Union, the Engineer Hoisters, the Cabinet Makers' Union, Father Mathews Society, and others.

Upon one petition, which I present to-day for your consideration, you will find the names of about one thousand piano makers, employers as well as employees, among them Chas. H. Steinway, Felip Kramer, N. Stetson, Hazelton Brothers, Horace Waters, Otto Koch, Messrs. Sohmer & Co., Henry C. Becker, Henry Betz, A. Weber & Co., J. & C. Fisher, Haines Brothers, Kranich & Bach, and others. Indeed, the whole piano trade is fully represented, and they ask as a unit for Sunday opening. But I will not weary you with pointing out in detail the quality of this petition. Taken as a whole, it is indisputable evidence that the people of this city desire Sunday opening. There is, however, one thing I would impress upon you—that no elaborate effort has been made to secure signers; no money has been spent except for printing and distribution; no canvassers have been employed. A much larger number of names might have been secured by this means, if thought desirable. The object of those who circulated the petition has, however, been accomplished—namely, the obtaining of undeniable proof that the inhabitants of this city desire the opening of the museums on Sunday.

Perhaps, however, I may be allowed to state that many clergymen, like Heber Newton, Robert Collyer, Theodore Williams, George Rainsford, and others, have signed this petition, and spoken from their pulpits in favor of Sunday opening of the museums. And I would remind you also of the petition you have on file, presented some two years ago, signed by 12,000 of our German citizens. This should not be lost sight of. The evidence, I think you will admit, is overwhelming of a very great desire on the part of the people of this city that the institutions under your care shall be opened to the public on Sunday.

II.—THE JUSTICE OF THE PETITION.

The next point for your consideration is the simple justice of what these petitioners desire. If the museums were private institutions sustained by private donations, we should have no right to present this petition. But these are semi-public institutions, sustained principally from the public treasury. Those who have signed the petition have contributed toward the support of these institutions, therefore, they are part owners of these institutions, and they have a right to ask for themselves the largest benefit from these institutions.

The city has contracted on account of these museums a debt of nearly one million dollars ($958,000). You have received the buildings and the land. The city also contributes $30,000 per year for running expenses, and to this must be added the $54,530 for interest on museum stock, making a total of $84,530 which the museums cost the taxpayers of the city every year. I would like to call your attention to this a little more in detail, for the benefit of some of you, who perhaps have not thought upon the matter very closely. A statement has been made recently by the honorable president of the American Museum of Natural History that that institution had received up to January 1, 1885, only $110,722.99 from the city as against $320,115.19 from other sources. Now, if you will bear with me a moment, I will show how that in this statement justice is scarcely done to the city. As no doubt you are aware, the issue of stock on account of these museums is in three issues (due in 1903):

	Principal.	Interest.
At 4 per cent.....	$2,000.00	$80.00
At 5 "	291,000.00	14,550.00
At 6 "	665,000.00	39,900.00
Total.....	$958,000.00	$54,530.00

Saying nothing of the value of the land, this shows you that, as I have said, New York is now paying interest on $958,000 worth of bonds, representing money given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History. I do not know precisely how this has been divided between the two, but as the Metropolitan Museum received one year $162,500 for enlarging the building, I have presumed, for the sake of the argument, that the Natural History Museum has received that much less than the Metropolitan Museum. Taking the $162,500 from the $958,000 given to both leaves $795,500 divided equally. This would give the Museum of Natural History $397,750. Add to this the $110,722.99 which is acknowledged having been received from the city up to January 1, 1885, and we have $508,472.99, against $320,115.19 received from all other sources. It will be seen, therefore, that instead of the city having paid but a little more than one-quarter of the expense of the Museum of Natural History, it has paid nearly two-thirds of the total expense of building and running the museum.

Of course, if the Metropolitan Museum of Art has received more than $162,500 in excess of what the Museum of Natural History has received, my figures must be changed by that excess. But I trust it is sufficiently plain that the honorable president of the Museum of Natural History misled—unintentionally, of course—the public upon this point. Again, as to the support of the Museum of Natural History, the honorable president divides that as follows:

The city.....	$15,000
Subscription of members.....	4,000
Paid by trustees.....	6,000
Total.....	$25,000

This showing is, of course, accurate. By it we see, however, at once that the city pays three-fifths of the running expenses of the Museum of Natural History. Surely, that entitles the citizens to the benefit of the institution. And on the total cost of maintaining both museums, the city pays $84,530.00, as against some $20,000 paid by members and the trustees.

Further, the Legislature of 1884 and 1885 authorized the city to issue bonds for nearly a quarter of a million of dollars more. These bonds have not yet been sold, owing to the low rate of interest guaranteed, and it is probable that the rate may be increased. If so, and these bonds are marketed, the city will have to pay annually several thousands of dollars more for the support of the museums.

I submit it to you if this does not entitle the tax-payers, as a matter of simple justice, to the opportunity to visit these institutions on the one only day when a very large proportion of them can find the time. The annual public outlay upon these institutions is very large, and the people should hav adequate return. Every citizen has certain rights which cannot be ignored. Those who sign this petition are asking for a right, not for privilege. They have paid their money, they have an ownership in the museums. To refuse to grant their petition is an injustice; it is a denial to the tax-payers of the utmost return for what they are compelled to pay into the public treasury. In many cases there is no return at all, for there are thousands out of whose hard earnings the treasury is supplied who can visit the museums only on Sunday. Unless there is a mighty reason found in public policy for the closing of the museums on Sunday, then they should be open. There is no other course to pursue.

III.—PUBLIC GOOD.

I would also give as further reason for the opening of the museums on Sunday, that it is a public good. It is for the benefit of the whole community, and not for the injury of any. The rights of no one are infringed, the happiness of no one is disturbed. Those who wish to enjoy the museums can do so; those who do not can otherwise spend the day. This is a solely humanitarian question, a question of human relations and human welfare, and therefore, the only standard by which we can decide in that of public virtue.

That which enlarges the mind, that which cultivates the sense of beauty, that which ennobles human history, that which relieves from weariness and drudgery, that which gives innocent pleasure, that which entertains and instructs, that which brings people together, that which emphasizes and illuminates the highest part of our being—that is for the good of humanity on all days. No day can be set apart for anything higher than that. The museums do this on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; they will do this on Sunday also, and with greater effect, for there will be greater numbers upon whom these fine influences can work.

Those who go to the museums on Sunday will not go to immoral places of amusement, as perhaps they now do; but whether the visitors to the museums on Sunday come from the church or from the indifferent class who go to neither, or from the crowded tenement house, or the luxurious home, they will receive only that which is for mental and moral improvement. Every argument for the existence of a museum at all, for its opening on any day, is an argument for Sunday opening.

That which is benign, beautiful, instructive, and ennobling on Saturday is equally so on Sunday. The laws of Nature do not change on Sunday, neither do the laws of human welfare and progress. If it is not public policy to open these museums on Sunday, then it certainly is not public policy to open them at all.

IV.—IT WILL BENEFIT THE MUSEUMS.

Let me further say, what I think you will all

acknowledge, that Sunday opening will be of incalculable benefit to the museums themselves. It is our earnest wish that you have more multiplied instrumentalities, so that these museums in every respect may be equal to the best in the world. In order, however, to accomplish this you must create a vast popular interest. The people must know what you are doing. In order to be interested in the works of art, the people must see them as often as possible. The taste is cultivated by the vision, as Rousseau says. There must be the amplest opportunity for observation. There are multitudes in our city who know scarcely anything about the museums, because they have never visited them. They can only visit them on Sunday. Many of them come to the park on Sunday, but the doors of the museums are closed against them; they do not know what is within their walls. Under these circumstances how can you expect a lively interest in the welfare of these institutions? I speak not only of the working people of this city, but of the prosperous business men also. You know the enormous demands of trade; the business man has no leisure, however cultivated his taste, to visit the museum on week days. Not seeing them, only reading about them, his interest, which is simply that of his judgment, will flag. Let him visit the museums, let him become personally interested in its treasures because he looks upon them with his own eyes, and his interest will become enthusiasm, and his benefactions will flow to your support. With this thorough acquaintanceship among all the people of this city with your admirable undertaking, do you not see immensely improved capabilities for excellence? The city will cheerfully give of its funds when millions are the appreciative recipients of your labors, and the benefactions of the wealthy will largely increase. Then will there be a demand which cannot be refused for larger and better means for your enterprise. You must build these museums, I say, in the life, the affection, and the taste of the whole people.

The population of this city needs education in art. There is nothing so stimulating as art, there is nothing which so relieves the drudgery of toil. The people need the museums, and the museums need the people; they need the interest of the people, they need the knowledge of the people. How can this knowledge be acquired? Art cannot be told; in order to appreciate Art one must come and see.

Sunday is the supreme day for thus receiving this personal knowledge. It is the rest-day, the joy-day of the week. No other day is like it, no other day can be like it. It has been consecrated by human history to the ennoblement of man—of man as a worker. The fundamental use of the day from the very beginning is physical recreation. It is for the cessation of labor in order that labor may be a dignity and a joy.

No other day can have such wealth of leisure, be so free from anxiety. It is the day above all days for art, and music, and poetry. It is the day above all days when the museums can be brought into most fruitful contact with the people, when they can exert their greatest influence. If you have the interest of the museums at heart, how can you refuse the golden opportunity of the Sunday for the making of those conditions whereby you benefit millions of people, and whereby these millions return to you almost unbounded means of growth.

The public treasury and the private purse will not be stinted in their supplies, if you thus completely fulfil the demands of justice and public policy, for Sunday opening.

The reasons I have thus given—namely, the desire of the people—the justice and the wise public policy of it, and the incalculable benefit which must result to the museums by so doing—these reasons, I think, are simply overwhelming unless some valid objections exist. Allow me to state the objections which have been made, and which, it seems to me, have no weight when fairly considered.

V.—NO BREACH OF CONTRACT.

It is said that it would be a breach of contract to open the museums on Sunday. To this I say that if there were such a contract it should be changed, for it is a limitation of the rights of the tax-payers of the city. A new contract should be made on the basis of the equal claims of all. There is, however, no such contract. Sundays are excepted by the contract, but an exception is not a prohibition. You are not compelled to open the museums on Sundays as you are on some other days, neither are you compelled to shut the doors. Plainly the matter is left to your own discretion. If the city had the power to open on Sunday we should not bring this petition to you; there would be no need of it. By the terms of the contract we are obliged to appeal to your good sense in the matter, and this we have done. If we can give reasons sufficient to convince your minds that Sunday opening is wise, you can do as you think wise to do; the contract does not say nay. It prevents compulsion, and leaves you to a voluntary act. The evenings are excepted as well as Sunday, and evening opening is suggested by your president to take the place of Sunday opening; but if the contract does not forbid evening opening, how can it forbid Sunday opening? Is not one as well as the other entirely within your choice? For good and sufficient reason you can open on evenings, for good and sufficient reason you can also open on Sunday. This, it seems to me, is the only interpretation that can be made of the contract.

It is said that many donations have been made to the museums with the implied, though not expressed, understanding that they should be closed on Sunday.

The museums, I affirm, should not accept gifts with such conditions attached. The people of New York have contributed the land and the buildings, and large appropriations from year to year, and they have rights in this matter which should be strictly regarded along with the rights of donors. The donors cannot claim that because they have given something to the museums, therefore, the museum buildings should be shut. They have not given the building, and have no control over that. If they still have some sort of control over their gifts, they can either take them away, or refuse to have them exhibited at the Sunday opening. If they ought not to be exposed on Sunday, they ought not to be exposed on any other day. If it hurts the feelings of the donors to have them exhibited on Sunday, they can be covered up, or placed in a room by themselves, which can be kept locked and guarded on the forbidden day. This is the only just way to settle the matter, if the gifts are not full and free gifts to the people, and are not to be used for the greatest good of the greatest number.

VI.—THE EXPENSE.

Again, it is objected that the additional expense is a very great difficulty in the way of Sunday opening. The additional expense of Sunday opening would not, however, be any greater than that of evening opening. I think that to open one or two evenings in the week, with the cost of electric lights, etc., would be far more expensive than Sunday opening, without giving by any means the same satisfaction.

Sunday opening, as I have shown, will create far more interest among the people—not only among the working people, but business and wealthy people—and you will receive a far larger amount of private donations, besides a more cheerful giving from the city itself. I am satisfied that if you will simply declare by resolution that the additional expense is the only difficulty in the way of Sunday opening, that difficulty will be very easily overcome.

VII.—THE HALF-HOLIDAY MOVEMENT.

Again, it is objected that Sunday opening would weaken the movement in favor of the Saturday half-holiday. I do not see how it could do so. But even if it did, that fact would not make less imperative the reasons for Sunday opening already stated.

These reasons stand of themselves. The reasons also for the Saturday half-holiday are just as strong, whether the museums are open or shut on Sunday. The right use of Sunday is one question, and the right use of Saturday is another. The movement in favor of the Saturday half-holiday is based upon its relation to other working days, and not upon its relation to Sunday.

It might as well be urged that Fourth of July, or Decoration Day, would be less observed on account of Sunday opening as that the Saturday half-holiday would be less desirable, or that the interest in it would be less strong for the same reason. We may safely assume that what makes the Sunday more beneficial to labor will have the same influence for Saturday. There is no antagonism between a cheerful Sunday and a cheerful Saturday.

In this connection, let me refer to the proposition made that on week-day evenings and Saturday half-holidays the working people can visit the museums, and that this obviates the necessity for Sunday opening. It strikes me that the working people cannot visit the museums with any great satisfaction or profit on week-day evenings. They have to labor until six o'clock, then travel, many of them, two or three miles to their homes, eat their suppers, and dress, and they cannot reach the museums until eight or nine o'clock. and they reach them with jaded bodies and minds. The same objection lies against any large benefit to be derived from visiting the museums on the Saturday half-holiday. The working people are at their task until twelve or one o'clock. They cannot go home, dress, and reach the museums until two or three o'clock. The museums close half an hour before sunset. At the utmost, they have only an hour or two on Saturday for visiting the museums, while on Sunday they can have several hours, and with them the strength and freshness of the day. The very heart and core of the day can be given to Sunday visiting, while on other days it is only "the ragged edges" that they can use.

The wealth of art, the treasures of science, the wonderful lessons of human history, cannot be received in any such hurried manner. Art, as the poet says, is long; it requires leisure, study, and contemplation and meditation. There must be a thorough assimilation into the mental system of all that one looks upon.

This requires time and attention, the choicest moments of the mind and body.

Even, however, if the week-day evenings and Saturday half-holiday could be made thoroughly beneficial for museum visiting, the Sunday problem is not solved. The day still remains a day of leisure to be filled up with something. Thousands of people will not go to church, and you cannot compel them to go. Will you have these working people stay in their homes?

In winter they cannot go forth and enjoy nature—will you forbid them the pleasures of art?

The working people must do something on Sunday. They will not stay at home, they will not go to church. They must go somewhere. They ask for bread; will you give them a stone—the closed and barred doors of this building which they themselves have helped to build, in which you imprison the angels of human good, which might do incalculable service to the toiling millions of this city? You push men from these doors. Where do they go? Frequently to immoral places. Are you ready to assume this responsibility?

It is affirmed that the working people do not desire Sunday opening. This petition is absolute proof to the contrary, and the assertion needs no further answer.

VIII.—ENGLISH OPINION.

The opinions of English working people and English newspapers and politicians have been quoted for our instruction. To this I reply that they can decide for themselves and we must decide for ourselves, according to the different circumstances in which we are placed—as we did in the days of the Revolution. If we had followed the no doubt honest convictions of English working people and English newspapers and politicians, the battle of Lexington would never have been fought, and the stars and stripes would never have floated. Then, as now, the fact that a thing is "so English, you know," is not a conclusive argument in its favor. However, the English working people are not a unit on this question, and there are facts to show that many of them do favor Sunday opening. I quote the following from the London *Truth:*

> The Manchester Art Gallery was last Sunday thrown open to the public free of charge, and over twelve thousand artisans availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting it. These numbers speak for themselves, and prove strongly that the working people are only too glad to improve their minds when the chance is given them on a day on which they have a few hours to call their own.

I am perfectly willing to follow our English cousins in such an experiment as this. Throw open the doors, and see if the working-people will not enter. There is no surer way of discovering their wishes.

IX.—THE "REST-DAY" ARGUMENT.

Again, it is objected that Sunday opening will destroy the Sunday as a "rest-day," and make it a working day. I affirm that the tendency would be exactly opposite and would make it more impossible for the Sunday ever to become a day of labor. The more beautiful you make the Sunday, the more attractive, the more noble and varied in its pleasures and instructions, the more difficult it will be to change its character, the less danger there is that greedy employers will ever have the power to transfer it from its present position to the days of toil. I do not object to calling the Sunday a "rest-day." I prefer to call it a joy-day; but rest in the true sense of the term is joy. It is not lassitude, it is not doing nothing at all, it is not mere sleep, it is change of activity. In this sense the Sunday is a "rest-day," and in this sense the people will always preserve it as a rest-day.

It is affirmed in President Jesup's pamphlet that "going to museums, poring over books, amusements of every sort, improving the mind, are equally pernicious as hard work." If this is so, then in the same breath we must affirm that going to church and listening to sermons and prayers is equally as pernicious as hard work.

If you shut up the museums for the sake of rest, then shut up the churches also; lock the doors, stay at home, sleep all day long. Is this the rest that is needed? Of course not. Man is so constituted that he must be active. Inaction is not rest, and no one argues in favor of a completely inactive Sunday. It is action to go to church, to Sunday-school, to the Bible-class, to the prayer-meeting; to those who like it, it is rest; to those who do not, it is the hardest kind of labor, and Monday's toil is a relief from its weariness. If you insist upon absolute rest, then shut up the churches with the museums. It requires as much intellectual labor to attend religious services as to read in a library, or go through a museum. I do not think that any of you would argue in favor of those who go to church to sleep; you believe in listening to the sermon, no matter how knotty the point with which it deals, and exercising the mind by following its thought.

The church, therefore, by its very nature opposes itself to absolute rest. If you make an exception to absolute rest in favor of church-going, by what authority do you there draw the line? If you say that some kinds of activity are restful, I assert that others are equally so, and that a rest-day, therefore, is a day of action, and it is for each man to decide what kind of action contains for him the most rest.

You cannot object to the opening of museums on the ground that to do so would break the perfect rest of Sunday, for the same argument would bolt and bar every church-door in the land.

There are secular rest-days as well as religious rest-days. A secular rest-day is not necessarily a working day. The Fourth of July is a secular day, but it is not a working day, and never will be. So far as the state is concerned, the Sunday is a secular rest-day, that is, a rest-day for the benefit of the people here and now. There should be as much rest on Sunday as is compatible with civilization; but men must still think; they must go from place to place; there cannot be a complete cessation of work, but there must be an opportunity for change of mental and physical activity, and that culture afforded by which one can realize that he belongs to humanity, however humble his toil, and that the greatest achievements of humanity in art, and science, and history are for his benefit and ennoble him with every other.

X.—SUNDAY OPENING WILL DIMINISH VICE.

Again, it is said that the demand for Sunday opening of the museums will be followed by a demand for opening of theaters, saloons, etc. To this I reply that the museums are entirely different from the theaters and saloons in their relations to society, in the reason of their being, and in the desires which they gratify. The theaters and saloons are private affairs, and we can make no demand upon them; we have no claims upon them; the proprietors can run them for their own benefit provided they obey the regulations of the muncipality. If the theaters and saloons were supported by public funds, we should certainly demand that they be used for the public good; but as they are not, we have not the slightest demand to make upon them; in the very nature of their relations to society no demand can be made upon them.

The museums are public institutions, supported by public funds, and for that reason we make this demand, and for the reason that they are one of the greatest instrumentalities that can be brought into play to lessen the number of those who go to unlawful places. We ask for opening of the institutions under your care for the very purpose of diminishing the custom of those places which are open every Sunday, thousands of them throughout the city, in spite of the law, and it is to aid law and public virtue that we ask for your assistance. Are you not convinced in your own minds, if these museums are open on Sunday, and twelve or fifteen thousand visit them, or twenty-five thousand, or one hundred thousand, as we hope will some day come, that thereby you have taken a vast number from the city slums? The influences here are altogether elevating, and the museums will be the most potent enemy of immoral resorts. Will you refuse with such a noble power in your hands to be the ally of this community in its struggle with gigantic vices?

It is admitted that Sunday opening is harmless in itself—so says Archbishop Corrigan, so says Bishop Doane, so says the New York Sabbath Committee. It is objected, however, that it produces evil. This objection cannot be maintained; the very moment one admits the essential harmlessness of Sunday opening he surrenders everything; there can no longer be a particle of valid opposition. What is harmless in itself must be harmless in its results; it can be nothing else. If evil comes, it must come from other sources. What underlies this objection? It is the assumption that the people of New York cannot govern themselves; that they are unfit to have an innocent pleasure. Such an objection is an arraignment of the virtue and intelligence of the people of this city; it is saying to them, You are so desperately wicked that art and science cannot open to you their treasure-houses on Sunday.

It is impossible to decide as to the right or wrong of anything if we allow ourselves to go beyond the essential character and regard the thousand possible consequences which might arise because of the evil in the world. Of course, we must study consequences, but only natural consequences, those which result from the thing itself. You have a right to consider the natural consequences of the Sunday opening of the museums, but not what might be done in regard to other things for different reasons. One thing might follow another without any possible relation of effect to cause.

XI.—THE DESIGN OF THIS PETITION..

It has been stated by some that there is an ulterior design in the presentation of this petition, that there is a subtle conspiracy to use this petition as a means to an end. This I deny. The petition stands for itself and nothing more. The thousands who sign it have differing opinions and purposes upon many other subjects, but this makes no argument for or against the petition; that stands upon its own merits and appeals to you with its own reasons. In considering it you have no right to surmise other purposes and opinions on other things that have no connection with this. I have argued this question on grounds common to all. I believe that you will have the wisdom to take up and decide simply the question before you, the question of opening the museums on Sunday. Neither my opinions nor the opinions of the petitioners on other subjects are before you for approval or condemnation. Citizens of every variety of belief, of the widest divergence of thought, have united in this prayer to you, which is for the universal good.

XII.—THE EXPERIMENT SHOULD BE MADE.

I think I have answered all the objections fairly, and none of them when analyzed seems to have the slightest weight; and the reasons I have presented, appealing to your judgment and to your desire for the welfare of the community, and the increased excellence of the institutions under your care, are too powerful to be refused. I do not ask you to commit yourself to a permanent policy, but simply to make an experiment; there is no other way to reach the real truth of the matter. The experiment has been tried in other cities with eminent success; certainly there is no danger where others have shown the way with such hopeful results. I ask you to try the experiment for a year. You hold in your hands a great instrumentality for the benefit of this people; you can bring light where now there is darkness; you can give knowledge where now there is ignorance; you can make noble impulse to put into the place of degrading influence; you can give joy to labor. What you choose to do will be widely and deeply felt.

In view of what is possible to be accomplished by revealing these treasures of art to those thousands who have not seen them—who cannot see them, except on Sunday—are you not willing to make the experiment?

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The Liberal Club.

Last Friday was a great day for labor. The car-drivers won a strike, and in the evening when the man with the badge-pin strolled over toward the German Masonic Temple he observed that they were in a jubilant frame of mind. The horses had had a good long rest, and went up and down the street a-kiting, their harnesses ornamented with little sample American flags, stuck through the rings on the hames; and up over the drivers' heads a broom, displayed, suggested a clean sweep. The 402d regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club was held at the usual place, and whenever any of the speakers desired to get a round of applause an allusion to the car-drivers' strike and the power of organized labor was all that was necessary to that end.

After the secretary had discoursed the minutes of the previous meeting according to the rules of the Delsarte school of expression, Mr. Wakeman directed the notice of his hearers to the new book on the table, namely, "The Order of Creation," published at THE TRUTH SEEKER office. The chairman also spoke of the deep interest which attaches to the remarkable journey of the prophet Jonah, as illustrated in this paper. Then the speaker of the evening, Mr. C. A. Washburn, of Morristown, N. J., was introduced. Mr. Washburn is patriarchal in appearance and somewhat infirm of step. He is a brother to the Washburn who was United States minister to France. "Graduated Taxation—the Land to Pay All the Costs of Government," was the speaker's theme. He said there was tillable land enough to giv every family in the country a farm of one hundred acres; and workingmen ought to own farms instead of paying rent. It was natural for the young man and woman to mate and set up housekeeping, but the precariousness of life under the rent system discouraged them. The system of taxation which Mr. Washburn proposed would tax only land, and land would be taxed the same whether it had buildings on it or not. This would incite people to either build or get rid of their land, and then large owners must unload. The graduation he suggested would increase the rate of taxation one-tenth of one per cent for each additional ten acres acquired by land owners. This was the central idea of the lecturer, and his discourse was devoted to its elaboration and to argument in its support. Mr. Washburn is not a good reader and showed unfamiliarity with his manuscript. The sentences that he got through successfully, without a mistake or repetition, were the exceptions, and these exceptions were heartily applauded by those who were watching the struggle. It was uphill business all through. One listener would drop asleep, another would read, and another still would take out his watch and wind it up in a dreamy and absent-minded way. The lecture was replete with Biblical illustrations, involving Cain and Abel and Ahab and Naboth; and the last part was very much like the first. It was entertaining to those who took that view of it.

The president said he had heard a good deal more brilliant addresses from the Liberal Club platform than this had been; but in real, practical worth it was unexcelled. Mr. Wakeman divulged that he was himself something of an agriculturist. He owned a farm up in Connecticut, some forty miles from New York, where in summer time he communed with Mother Nature through the instrumentality of a garden rake. He pictured the life of a farmer in eloquent words. In the spring he turned up the soil and introduced the fecund seed; later on he hoed his oats with the glittering tedder; and then, when fall came, with his good right hand he dug the golden pumpkin from its earthy bed, cut it up with a shovel, and fed it to the lowing kine. With what pride does the New England farmer drive to the barn with his load of rustling corn! With what precision does he knock down a post going through the bars, and with what unchanging regularity does he get stuck trying to drive into the barn floor! Then, again, there are the evenings spent in reading the patent insides of the county *Prevaricator*, or discussing the question whether corn should be hilled up or not at the first hoeing. Every one having an income sufficient to afford it should be a farmer.

Robert Blizzard took a less roseate view of the granger's life. He had lived on a farm himself when he was young, and he would be damned if he wanted any more of it. He had to get up before it was early in the morning, and work until after it was late, to make four acres and a half support a family of eleven. Reforms were not to be brought about by putting men on farms, but by the Knights of Labor and boycotting.

Lawyer Searing reproved Mr. Blissert for some of his expressions. Mr. Washburn, the speaker thought, belonged to a previous generation, and was not abreast of the rushing present. As for farming, Mr. Searing had been a farmer too himself. He had also been a mechanic, and he desired to testify that the farmer worked harder and more hours, and got less return for it, than any other workman.

Madame Delescluze gave a history of civilization, brief but as comprehensiv as could be expected under the circumstances, and told how in various instances liberty had been achieved by the "destructionists," as the Socialists and Communists were called. The popular conception of a Socialist was an idiot with a torch, bent on destruction. This was erroneous. Socialists were not all idiots. There were exceptions.

Dr. Weeks followed, but before he could get under way the heft of the audience went home, and probably will never know, until their eye falls on this with a dull thud, that they missed the best speech of the evening, as the writer learns from the secretary.

Mr. Langerfeld, it is further recorded by the secretary, followed Dr. Weeks, and then, by request, Mr. Wakeman, in behalf of the lecturer, replied to the criticism.

The man with the badge-pin, as he sailed serenely and leisurely home, pondered upon the things which he had heard, and made to himself a great speech. He has spoken to others on the subject, and finds it an almost universal fact that a person can make a better speech to himself than he can to an audience. It is unknown how many weighty problems hav been solved in this way. It is not given to us all, responsiv to the public call, to win forensic glory, but, with a badge-pin on our vest, we can assemble with the rest, and hear the oratory. 'Tis ours to catch the burning thought in words of wisdom to us brought, and quite the proper caper to hear what all the speakers say, then write it out another day, and put it in the paper.

At the next meeting, Mr. Remsburg, of Kansas, will address the club, and an interesting meeting is assured. As Mr. Wakeman says, Mr. Remsburg never speaks in vain, nor do his hearers listen in vain. On the 19th, Dr. J. N. Beegle speaks on "Hydrophobia: an Inquiry and Theory as to its Origin;" and on the 26th, "The Iniquities of Modern Journalism," will be discussed by Augustus A. Levey.

Socialism Alleged to be Atheistic.

From a sermon by the Rev. Edwin Brown, of Providence, R. I.

Socialism, as a political and industrial system, whether of the state or Anarchist type, is avowedly antichristian and largely Atheistic. This is affirmed, not now to condemn Socialism, but only to characterize it. This is not said as characterizing all who call themselvs Socialists. But in the sense in which we hav heretofore defined Socialism this statement is true of Socialism in its philosophic basis, in its predominate tone, and as judged by the utterances and the practices of its recognized leaders. Socialism regards the church as the French Revolutionists regarded it—an instrument for the oppression of the masses, for the soothing of conscience, for the lulling into quietude of all manly discontent; a thing so entangled with these institutions which democracy assails that it is compelled "to reject the equality which it professes to love, and to curse, as a foe, that cause of liberty which it might hallow by its alliance." "We want no church," cries the typical Socialist. Down with the church! Away with Christianity! The priests, the preachers, are worse than drones in society. They are deceivers. They are oppressors. They are the allies of the money tyrants who are growing fat upon the blood and toil of the poor. They are the hired defenders of the accursed system of wages slavery! At a large religious conference in Berlin, Dr. Rocholl, of Cologne, in a paper on "What Does the Social Democracy Preach to the Church?" said: "Social Democracy is irreligious; it

wants to abolish God, and to retain Christ only as the first Social Democrat." No Socialist leader has contradicted this statement. In a discussion in Berlin between Christian Socialists and Social Democrats, one of the latter, now a noisy propagandist in America, said: "The Social Democracy will not recede; it will pursue its course and accomplish its design, even though all priestdom should rise against it, like a cloud of locusts thick enough to darken the sun. The Social Democracy knows that the days of Christianity are numbered, and that the time is not far distant when we shall say to its priests, 'Settle your account with heaven, for your hour is come.'" A woman speaker said: "My religion is Socialism, and it alone is truth, morality, justice, and brotherhood. Down with the priests of every robe and every hue. The first reform to be accomplished is to change all churches into good habitations for workingmen." There is no mistaking the meaning of this language. This is unmistakable hostility. This is the attitude toward the church of large numbers of workingmen in Europe, and of no insignificant number in America.

Anarchy and Pantarchy.

From Liberty.

The article of J. Wm. Lloyd in *Liberty* of December 26th is so strikingly clear in its discrimination, so strong in its conclusions, and so fairly open to counter-statement when wrong, that I am tempted to say a word from my own point of view. The expressions that I wish to criticise are these:

And this question of human right must be studied from the standpoint of the individual, Nature having made no collectiv reason to attend to the needs of humanity, but only individual reasons to the needs of individuals. And this is the true staudpoint from which to study the needs of humanity. Those reformers who hav endeavored to legislate for the individual from the standpoint of humanity hav usually only succeeded by their jack-o'-lanterns in leading him into deeper swamps, from which he must extricate himself as best he may. But no reformer ever secured justice for any single man without benefiting all men for all time. The simple truth is grander than the most glorious error. But there is no real conflict here. From a philosophical elevation the needs of the individual and of the race are seen to be identical. Why, then, is it not as well to take humanity for a starting-point as to take the individual? Because the only way to adequately understand the needs of the whole is to understand the needs of the parts.

That Nature has made no collectiv reason to attend to the needs of all humanity, but only individual reasons to attend to the needs of individuals, is a statement that may be permitted to stand, in its first branch as to the absence of a collectiv reason—although this may be and is questioned—but that the individual reasons hav no other functions than to attend to the needs of individuals is demurred to. Our individual reasons hav, on the contrary, two opposit things to attend to—one the needs of individuals, and, second, the needs of the collectiv whole; and hence to study the needs of humanity from the point of view of individuals is no more the true standpoint than the other; and finally, there is, third, the point of intermediation and reconciliation between the other two.

When Mr. Lloyd appeals to the failure of legislativ reforms in the past, from the standpoint of humanity, he ceases to be the philosophical thinker, and becomes only the commentator upon the bungling facts of an unscientific historical past. He returns to his character as a thinker when he says "no reformer ever secured justice for any single man without benefiting all men for all time." That is true, not literally, but ideally; but it is just as true that no reformer would ever attain to and promulgate a just system of the collectiv truths of humanity without ideally benefiting all the individuals of all time.

But he adds: "There is no real conflict here. From a philosophical elevation the needs of the individual and of the race are seen to be identical." This is a radical mistake. It is precisely at this point that Mr. Lloyd and nearly every other approximately radical thinker slide away from the demands of rigorous logical analysis, and fall into error. There *is* a *very real* conflict between the two things. From a *still higher* philosophical elevation the needs of the individual and the needs of the race are seen to be never identical, but always in opposition to each other. They are, however, reconcilable, and it belongs to social science to reconcile them. The first step in doing this is to recognize their separateness and oppositness, to draw, in a word, rigorously the line of difference between identity and reconcilableness. They concern the same subject-matter as viewed from the two opposit ends of the stick, and can never be made one, although we, in our consideration of them, may harmoniously oscillate between the two. If two points approximate each other until they occupy the same position, they are *identified*, or become one, obliterating their difference. This is identity. But if the two points remain distinct they are always antagonistic, each asserting its supremacy, or giving emphasis to itself, and endeavoring to subordinate the other. Anything *to be* at all must assert itself, as against the whole universe, and is therefore in essential antagonism with whatsoever it is contrasted. It is only, then, by inserting an intermediate point around which they shall oscillate, admitting *the element of time*, change of the point of view, or continuous alternation, which is the method of harmony—an immensely different thing from mere identity, and the comprehension of which makes the true or integral philosopher in the place of the partisan or mere social sectarian, although this last is the more effectiv man for the special occasion. Whosoever fails to do this and givs a supreme emphasis to one or the other end of the stick or beam *cants* it, and himself is dealing in *cant*, however philosophical and discriminating he may seem to be. It is not with the compulsion of legislation that we are now to compare the freedom of Anarchy, but with the supreme compulsion of philosophical analysis, definition, and demonstration, to all which Mr. Lloyd should himself, with his order of mind, be eminently amenable. It is this oscillation of harmony between the principle of freedom and the principle of order, which Pantarchism contrasts with Anarchism pure and simple.

It is not true that the only way to adequately understand the needs of the whole is to understand the needs of the parts. It is just as true that to adequately understand the needs of the parts it is indispensable to comprehend the needs of the whole, and to take always as one of our points of departure the Unities of the Race, in respect to Religion, Government, Social Constitution, Language, and the like; in a word, to be Pantarchical in our outlook no less than Anarchical.

The question may arise, Why is it necessary to make so much ado about an abstract discrimination like that between identification, which wipes out or slurs over differences, and harmony, which reconciles them? The reply is perhaps now obvious from the illustrations that hav been made. But it should be added that in matters of this kind the least things are the greatest things, and the minutest lines of discrimination the most important from their consequences. In this case the mere failure to comprehend this difference between sameness and difference with reconciliation leaves Individualists insusceptible to the claims of the Higher Integration; while, with it understood and adopted, they become at once amenable to the whole immense scope of Pantarchal philosophy. If, then, "Christianity says, Carry neither sword nor shield, and Anarchy says, Carry your sword for protection, and use it only when your shield will not avail," then Pantarchy says, Do one or both according to exigency and adaptation; and whenever the time has arrived, "beat your swords into plowshares, and your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more;" that is to say, become peaceful social reconstructionists, instead of either victims or soldiers in revolt, and to that end study and avail yourselvs of Universological Sociology.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

Canadian Notes.

At a meeting of the Central Executiv of the Canadian Secular Union, held in Toronto, Friday evening, January 22, 1886, the following resolutions were carried unanimously:

Resolved, That the Canadian Secular Union should make some provision to carry out the last wishes of deceased Secularists and Freethinkers in the matter of their funeral rites and ceremonies. That suitable persons be selected who will be willing to officiate on such occasions—in any part of Canada where their services may be required—without fee, provided only that their traveling expenses be paid. That a fund should be raised from which such expenses may be paid in cases where the family of deceased is left in destitute circumstances.

Resolved, That a propagandist fund should be raised so that lecturers of ability may be sent into those sections of Canada where the Secularists and Freethinkers are so few in number that they cannot afford to pay all the lecturer's fee and expenses.

Resolved, That the president, Mr. William Algie, of Alton, Ontario, be a committee of one to solicit subscriptions throughout Canada, to be applied to the purposes named in the foregoing resolutions.

Applications made to Wm. Algie, Alton, or J. A. Risser, Toronto, for some suitable person to officiate at funerals on the foregoing terms will be promptly attended to.

The different religious bodies of Toronto seem determined to make it the holy city, the Mecca, as it were, of Canada.

Montreal has long laid claim to that proud distinction, but alas! "how are the mighty fallen." On last Monday the people of that city elected for a second term the first Freethought mayor ever elected to that office in any Canadian town.

Just think of it, Montreal, the city of Jesuit cathedrals, colleges, and churches, of nunneries, convents, grottoes, and shrines, of holy water and sacred wells, priestly fraud and magic spells, where it used to be said "that one couldn't throw a stick out of the window without hitting a priest!" We hav heard of Atheistical popes and skeptical monks and bishops, but a Freethought mayor in the most Catholic town in America, *O tempora, O mores!*

How did he get there? Well, I'm told it was thuswise: It has been the custom there for some years (by mutual consent) for the English and French speaking, or, in other words, the Protestant and Catholic sections of the population to take turn and turn about in their choice of a chief magistrate.

At the time of the election a year ago, one of the parties went back on the usual arrangement, and the other party, finding there was very little chance of electing their man, went solid for the Freethought candidate, and the result was that Mr. Beaugrand was elected by a small majority. Which proves the truth of the old adage, "When rogues fall out, honest men get their due."

Mayor Beaugrand is a member of the Montreal Pioneer Freethought Association, who feel justly proud of their member.

During the past year he has proved himself the right man in the right place. His action in the matter of enforcing the sanitary laws during the late small-pox scourge, when, it may be said, nearly the whole Roman Catholic population of the city were in arms against him, shows him to be well fitted for the office, and so won the respect and esteem of the people generally that out of about 8,000 votes cast at last Monday's election he received 5,098, or a majority of nearly 2,000.

It might be well for Toronto if, by some combination of circumstances, she might be forced to try a similar experiment. A little common-sense management in the city affairs, a little less fanaticism, and a little less attention to artificial crime might make real crime less prevalent. Till-tapping, house-breaking, and all kinds of real crime go on apparently unchecked, while the whole attention of the city fathers and the religious associations is occupied in trying to enforce the Sunday laws.

In the same paper in which I read that the school board hav decided to reintroduce the Bible into the public schools, I find an account of a woman brutally murdered by a brother-in-law, who committed the act while in a fit of insanity brought on by an overstudy of the same infernal book. One more Freeman, and one more inmate of the asylums already crowded from the same cause. This sort of thing makes heart and brain grow weary, and makes one feel that a change of any kind would be a relief. "Come reason, or come chaos."

There is an old saying to the effect, "Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." I presume it will also apply to parsons; at any rate the Toronto presbytery, having for the time being got the upper hand in municipal affairs, are riding in that or some other direction at a devil of a pace. At their last meeting the committee which had been appointed two weeks before to investigate and consider the best means for stopping Sunday railway traffic reported that they had called upon the managers of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, who had informed them that "they could not compete with East bound freight on the American lines without Sunday work." And now they hav requested the committee on Sabbath observance to correspond with the Presbyterian church in the United States with a view to international action and by legislation in both countries to minimize and ultimately do away altogether with the Sunday railway work.

A more gorgeous example of asinin stupidity and adamantine "gall" it would be difficult to find. Wonder they didn't include canals and ocean steamers! But no doubt this will come in good time. Giv them room.

TORONTO.

The Museums.

At the meeting of the Trustees of the Museums on February 1st and February 27th, a Committee of Conference was named and the following communication sent to the Secretary of the American Secular Union:

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1886.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* At a meeting of the joint Conference Committee of the American Museum of Natural History and Metropolitan Museum of Art, held this day, your several communications to both museums were read.

I have been instructed to inform you that this Committee will be glad to receive the petitions you refer to, and any further communications in writing which you wish to present.

I am, sir, Very truly yours, L. P. DI CESNOLA,
Secretary.

On receipt of this communication the petitions were forwarded with the following letter and the argument printed in another part of this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER:

NEW YORK, March 10, 1886.

L. P. di Cesnola, Secretary of Joint Conference Committee of the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor herewith to inclose to you a petition signed by many of the citizens of New York, heads of families, officers of the city, judges of the courts, business men, and working people, together with resolutions passed by labor organizations representing 50,000 of the working people of this city. I sincerely hope that your committee will give a most earnest and respectful attention to this important request, and to the address and reasons for Sunday opening which I forward with the petition.

An early reply is respectfully solicited.

Yours truly, SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
Secretary of the American Secular Union.

LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.

Pittsburgh, March 14th; Alliance, Ohio, March 16th; Painesville, March 17th; Ridge Farm, Ill, March 19th; Chicago, March 21st; Rochelle, March 22d and 23d; Rockford, March 24th; Ottumwa, Ia., March 25th; Leon, March 26th; Omaha, Neb., March 28th; Ogden, April 18th; Salt Lake City, April 25th and May 2d. The lecture at Chebanse, Ill., will be postponed until the return trip. S. P. PUTNAM.

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—VIII.

Since we are dealing with Marys, let us take a look at the Virgin. You will pardon the term, but I consider this one of the greatest frauds in your scheme. Of course, if a savior were to be born, it had to be of woman; so a betrothed one was selected, and you know, as a lawer, that according to our laws it was a rape; a bad beginning for the advent of a God. Why a betrothed and not a married woman was selected troubled all your early fathers, and Origen claimed it was "to baffle the cunning of the devil, and keep him in ignorance of the Lord's advent." Your theologians agree with this opinion, and I hope it is in accord with yours.

Then Mary dreams; Joseph dreams; they all dream; and although your catechism particularly cautions your believing dreams, tells you it is sinful, yet you are asked to believe these dreams.

The angel "probably bore the form of an ordinary man," and the salutation is borrowed from Dan. x, 18–19, "The Lord is with thee;" Judges vi, 12, "Blessed art thou among women;" Judith xiii, 18; the rest following naturally. Of course, the Virgin could not be satisfied with her heavenly visitant, and needed earthly testimony. So she visited Elizabeth, who saluted her as "Mother of my Lord." In return Mary composed the "Magnificat," which is founded on Hannah's song of thanksgiving, 1 Sam. ii, 1–10, and "exhibits an intimate knowledge of the Psalms, prophetical writings, and books of Moses, from which sources almost every expression of it is drawn," and the words, "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," are borrowed from Leah's remarks on the birth of Asher (Gen. xxx, 13). Pretty good evidence to me that some priest had his finger in the pie.

Her son never called her "mother," and always spoke to her reprovingly. He had a kind word even for the dying thief, and was particularly fond of the reformed Mary Magdalen. Although it is claimed he appeared ten times, yet he never came once to her, never sent her even a message. She sinks into the obscurity whence she came, and even your sinking fund, the catacombs, are silent about her. Your church, in referring to this, says: "The darkness in which we are left is in itself very instructiv;" and, allow me to add, very *destructiv* to the whole scheme.

Her present position in your church has been attained by gradual growth, as no early writer even intimates her exaltation. The Collyridians, a sect of the fourth century, attempted to elevate her, but were persecuted by your church, and St. Epiphanius, whom you honor every May 12th, wrote: "Let Mary be in honor. Let the Lord be worshiped. Let no one worship Mary."

About 600, during the pontificate of Gregory the Great, a pestilence devastated Rome. As the ordinary prayers and masses, and all the relics, etc., were unable to check it, a lucky idea presented itself to the holy father, and he ordered a procession, carrying a picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke the Evangelist, to proceed to the church of St. Mary Major. In every street through which they passed, the pestilence ceased at once, an angel was seen on the Towers of Adrian, sheathing a blooding sword, and a chorus of angels were heard singing the anthem, "Regina Cœli." This was her first well-authenticated act since her assumption into heaven, and of course she grew in demand. Honors were showered on her particularly by the Spaniards, and in return, on many occasions, she assisted them in their battles by throwing dust in the eyes of their opponents.

The theory of her immaculate conception was first started in 1130, and St. Bernard wrote against the theory, calling it "a presumptuous novelty, mother of temerity, sister of superstition, and daughter of fickleness." He brought the whole family to bear against her. Nearly one hundred years afterward Duns Scotus and his Franciscans advocated, and St. Thomas Aquinas (one of your doctors whom you are not allowed to dispute) and his Dominicans took strong grounds against it. Pope John XXII. almost anathematized, and Sixtus IV. openly advocated it, and authorized the first festival in 1476. Some of the doctors at Trent openly favored it, and, my friend, if you were only allowed to read the doings of this council, your heart would swell with joy and pride when you read the burning words of Cardinal Pecheco, imploring the Ecumenical Council, of sixty, to save the Virgin from this taint; and I know the tears would well up in your eyes at the pathetic appeal of the Archbishop of Sassari, who in vain tried to save the mother of God and refuge of sinners. As the Holy Ghost did not enlighten the council, it was referred to the pope, who decided to allow matters to rest *in statu quo*, and Mary remained in original sin until 1854, when Pio Nono took compassion on her, and freed her from the taint without the aid of a council, declaring that it had been "revealed by God." The Council of Ephesus, 431, announced her as "the mother of God," and it took God over 1400 years to determin that she was immaculate.

The most of the trouble was caused by the opposition of St. Bernard, whose writings were held in high repute by the doctors at Trent, and yet he was the author of that prayer, "Remember, O most pious Virgin," etc., to the saying of which there is attached an indulgence.

One of the greatest factors in the elevation of Mary was St. Liguori. He was declared a doctor of your church March 23, 1871, and it was announced that "the fact of an opinion being found in his works is ample warrant for its adoption, without any need to weigh its reasons." Now take his "Theologia Moralis," turn to his treatises on the Confessional, and see if you would permit them to fall into the hands of any decent female. Yet he is one of your most revered saints, performed numerous miracles, and the Jesuits will tell you when Pope Clement XIV. was on his dying bed he found that God would forgiv all his sins except that bull in which he suppressed their order. In some mysterious manner the pope found that Liguori was the only one through whom he could obtain absolution, and although the saint was in Naples, celebrating mass, he contrived at the same time to be in Rome and shrive the holy father. This story, being well authenticated, was considered one of his chief miracles, the Jesuits taking the credit of saving the pope's soul. But here they grow silent, and I never could find one to explain why the pope did not revoke the bull, as he had ample time to do so.

In his "Glories of Mary" Liguori places the Virgin above the Godhead. He says: "Our salvation is in the hands of Mary." "Whereas it is said of other saints that they are with God, of Mary alone can it be affirmed that not only is she not subject to the will of God, but that God is subject to her will." "All things, even God himself, are subservient to the empire of the Virgin." "By thy governance, most holy Virgin, endureth the world which thou, with God, didst found from the beginning." He grows enthusiastic in her names, calls her, "Queen of Heaven and Hell;" declares that "no one can enter heaven except through her;" assures his readers that "the salvation of all depends on her favor and protection," and that "she and her son redeemed the world." He bestows several hundreds of terms on her, ransacks the heavens and the earth to find her endearing titles. The catalog of the church Santa Maria del Popolo, in which is preserved the prepuce of her son, has her entered as the "True and Sacred Lamprey of the Sea," and I searched Liguori to find if he had called her a seraphic porpoise, or sacred lobster, or angelic fried oyster, or happy clam, but he had unfortunately missed all these endearing and suggestiv names.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heroic Headlines.

The Chicage *Times* is not generally looked upon as a great religious daily, nor is the professional "headliner" usually admired or employed because of his resemblance to a theological student or a petrified saint. But, notwithstanding these facts, those two lively agents compined sometimes send out a sermon which goes deeper and reaches farther than any issued from pulpit or prayer-meeting the world over.

One headline which appeared in the *Times* several years ago has been the cause of more talk, and more real moral sentiment, than any sermon I ever heard. I hav heard that headline abused in almost every language, and in almost every city from Boston to San Francisco. Everybody agreed that it was a shocking headline, and everybody says it hit hard, and it brought down its game. "I never was so shocked in my life, but it set me to thinking," one heard on all sides. I hav no doubt that every reader of the *Times* would know, without my telling him, just what headline I refer to. "Jerked to Jesus" would attract attention because it is alliterativ, but when it is found at the head of an account of a hanging, there are several other reasons why we cannot forget it. It is a satire, a sermon, a rebuke, and a stinging sarcasm in three words.

We hav become so accustomed to read that "he made his peace with God in the few minutes the lynchers allowed him;" or, "The officiating priest held the holy crucifix before the condemned man's eyes and assured him of Christ's *willingness* and *power* to forgiv and receive his soul into everlasting peace and rest prepared for the penitent;" or, "He was prepared to meet his God by Rev. Smith, who prayed with and consoled him, and to whom he expressed his willingness to die and his belief in a glorious resurrection;" "He was baptized by Rev. Tompkins, and partook of the holy sacrament for the last time yesterday, and feels that his sins are forgiven, and that he will, like the thief on the cross, be with Christ to-day in paradise." These are exact copies of a few recent orthodox reports of these outrageous and dangerous travesties of justice and incentivs to crime, which were read without protest or shock by the clergy and the people. Being couched in "hereditary forms of speech," being solemn and stupid, they appear all right; but when the *Times* struck out a short cut, an original expression which fitly pictured the abominable idea and practice, these same people are shocked. Shocked at what? Simply at the statement of their own theory in plain words, without mummery and deceit. It is the theory, not the statement of it, which is shocking, demoralizing, disgusting; and so long as the theory obtains and this religious encouragement of and incentiv to crime continue, I hope that this one newspaper at least will continue to hav the courage and the sense to treat it with the contempt it so richly deserves. Nothing else will hav so wholesome an effect, nothing else will so soon call attention to the bald immorality and danger of the practice and the belief; nothing else will so soon compel its discontinuance, because nothing else will so surely startle the people into a realizing sense of the true meaning of the solemn and accustomed formulas which disguise the meaning of exactly the same thing under stupid forms of theological inanities, which, stripped of their solemn pretense and useless verbiage, mean literally "jerked to Jesus." It is well to sicken these gentlemen upon their own horrible and immoral nostrums, given in allopathic doses, with the sugar left out. It ought to be a punishable crime to teach criminals that they can commit murder with safety to their own souls if not to their own necks. We cannot afford to support that sort of schools for the promotion of crime. They always hav been and they always will be productiv of evil to sound morality and an actual danger to society.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

A Letter from Dr. York.

I know that THE TRUTH SEEKER will be glad to hear a word from the South Seas. I am still on the warpath, pounding away at the tough hide of superstition, and hav put in six months' steady fire in Sydney to large and appreciativ audiences, besides one month in the great city of Melbourne, where I hav promised, if possible, to return for another course of lectures before my departure for home.

Our thanks are due in Melbourne to your correspondent, William Andrade, a most excellent young man, whose interesting letters I hav read from time to time in THE TRUTH SEEKER. His head and heart are both right, and his kindness to us we will not forget as strangers in a strange land.

We gave our last and thirtieth lecture at the Theater Royal last night, and on next Friday evening we hold a Paine memorial celebration, and, as I am informed, the first in Sydney which promises to be largely attended, and with this meeting we close our labors in Sydney. We go from here to Brisbane, and from thence to the principal city of New Zealand, and then hope to turn our faces toward the land of the stars and stripes—not that I would depreciate this country—but I love our country more. The climate here is hot and trying on me, and I begin to long for home. Our thanks are due in Sydney to Mr. Gale, Messrs. Keep, Walker, and others, for a helping hand in our work. I am to be followed in Sydney by Mr. Collins, just arrived from England, who comes well recommended by Charles Bradlaugh and the Secular Association. I hav had the pleasure of meeting him and inviting him to pay us a visit in America on his way back to England. Our cause is a world-wide cause, and we need to cultivate a friendly spirit between the workers and speakers of all lands, and I am glad to learn of the great success attending Charles Watts's labors in America.

But, Eugene, somehow I can't feel reconciled to the change of title or name for our National Liberal League, and I do not think England has anything to spare which we need in that direction. English Secularism is far from being Liberal as we understand it. At least, judging from what I see of it in the colonies. Here Secularism is as sectarian as any Christian sect, and the term is so narrowly defined as to depress as idiotic all who entertain the idea of a future state. To my mind this is far from being Liberal.

I cannot forget the attitude and teachings of our noble old friend Bennett, whose life-work was to bring into friendly relations the whole Freethought family for work against the common enemy. The American Freethought Union would hav been a thousand times better as a watchword and battle-cry than the name Secularism—when the effect of it seems to be to widen the gap between different phases of Freethought. Freethought implies mental liberty to hold an honest opinion as to the import of the spiritual phenomena, and such an honest difference should not drive Freethinkers into an unfriendly attitude to each other, especially when they agree so fully upon nearly every other subject in the field of Freethought reform.

The so-called spirit phenomenon is a natural manifestation of force in this world—not another world—and as such is quite as much entitled to consideration as any other natural phenomena, and any honest person will not evade or hinder a sincere conviction and expression upon that or any other subject.

The Secularism of these colonies is of such a pecu-

liar type, and involves so much of antagonism against a large class of the Freethinking element, whose good will and influence would add greatly to the efficiency of Freethought in righting the wrongs of church and state, that I fear the narrow definition given by many of the word Secularism.

But I shall hope that, notwithstanding the change in the title of our national organization, true Liberalism, characterized by a spirit of toleration and kindness, will always prevail amongst our workers in America.

By the way, Eugene, there is a crank residing in San Francisco, by the name of Emmette Coleman. This wise man, to whom D. M. Bennett once paid his respects in no flattering terms, has seen fit to misrepresent me in the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. I hav not seen it, therefore I cannot defend myself. Should it fall under your eye, and you deem it worthy of remark, say a word in my behalf, as you know by my work during all the past years whether I deserve the lashing of a slanderous tongue. DR. J. L. YORK.

Sydney, N. S. W., Jan. 25, 1886.

[We are as ignorant as is Dr. York as to the matter referred to in the last paragraph. We do not exchange with the paper named, and never shall. Our advice to our old friend in Australia is not to notice anything that writer writes or that paper prints. Those who know him will not believe what the *R.-P. Journal* says about him; and those who know that paper will not believe what it says about anybody?—ED. T. S.]

"In the Beginning."

For years I hav been trying to catch on to that fragmentary polyglot; that remarkable collection of ghost, fish, and snake stories; that mess of contradictions got up on the instalment plan, and yclept in the parlance of Christians the holy Bible.

What I mean by catching on is, to get on terms of understanding with this unique conglomeration of literature from the pens of divers individuals, some of questionable character, and all more or less bizarre, yet which is styled the word of God by those who profess to take stock in it.

Some parsons and laymen will tell you that a child can understand this Mosaic; other pulpiteers—Beecher for one—say it is very difficult to understand, and too much for them; and when I consider the thousands and tens of thousands of priests and parsons that hav been trying for ages to expound these scriptures, each according to his own understanding, I am satisfied that the book is beyond mortal comprehension, so do not blush to own it is too much for me, and that I giv it up.

Yes, I am still on the "ground floor" of non-understanding in regard to the polyglot mentioned, if not indeed in the sub-cellar thereof, and despair of ever raising myself out of the slough by my own efforts, or getting out with the aid of others of no more horse-power in the matter of lifting than myself. I hav seen those who declared they understood the polyglot clear through from A to Izzard. They do understand it according to their lights—each according to his own light, which is different from every other light—but these lights are not my lights, and do not light me on the way to understanding.

As we all know, this remarkable aggregation of writings opens and starts off as follows:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Here I am at the very outset brought right up against a stone wall, as it were, too high to jump or even climb over. The average Christian, I know, takes this wall as a thoroughbred jumper a five-barred gate. Throwing away the curb and snaffle of thought and reason, he vaults it without touching, and in this manner goes through the book from index to finis as the steeple-chaser from start to finish in the day's run. But I am brought up all a-standing by this stone wall of obscurity, and there I would stand only for the flank or oblique movement which enables me to pass this obstacle, to stumble on others later on.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

In the beginning of what? Time or eternity, or both? My theistical friend, Wynkoop, says, "In the beginning of all things." So will they all say, I suppose. This arrangement would appear to include God and eternity, in which case God must hav created himself, eh? But according to the polyglot, God has forever existed. If so, there must hav been an incalculable period of time—or eternity, if time did not commence until the creation of the heaven and earth—that God had no abiding-place. Where did he abide before building heaven? There is only one answer, nowhere. But if he existed there must hav been a somewhere. Where was it? The answer takes us back to nowhere. But let us call it space, an illimitable empty void, full of utter nothingness save God. And what a cheerful abode it must hav been without sun, moon, stars, and things, which did not exist!

What a happy thought the building of heaven was, to be sure! It seems very, very strange to me that, with all the attributes accorded him by Theists, God did not think of this before. Millions of trillions of years, multiplied by the same number millions of trillions of times, will not begin to measure a millionth part of the time that God must hav been without an abiding-place before he established heaven, which would seem to argue a great want of forethought on his part, to say the least. This seems remarkable to me, as even the Esquimaux, moved by about the lowest form of human life, would never go through a single polar winter without building an ice hut for his accommodation and comfort.

However, God at length established heaven as an abiding-place for himself and favored ones of his creation, and if Brother Talmage's account of it is correct, it must lay away over the Vanderbilt palace for gorgeousness and splendor, and rival the domain of fairydom.

Yes, he created heaven and the earth, we are assured; but why the earth? What call was there for the earth? Human life was not, animal life was not, and what call was there for earth? Man was not about, hammering on the doors of heaven, and demanding a suitable abiding-place; nor were the lower animals in their way appealing for requisit quarters.

It must hav been that the building of the earth was an afterthought, a venture, a speculation. That it turned out badly we hav only to read from his alleged word to satisfy ourselvs, and since the time when he first became dissatisfied with it it seems to hav grown no better very fast.

Why the earth was ever created, I never could understand. There was no call for it in any quarter by anything. The Lord would hav saved himself an immense amount of trouble had he not builded the world, and the trouble that mortals would hav escaped—oh, my!

The trouble the Lord had with the world for many years after finishing it is recounted in the polyglot writing that deals with the events of that period. According to these reports, he supervised in person the affairs of mankind, various members of which led him a life of trial and tribulation.

Like man in form—for he made man after his own image, his own words, as alleged, attesting this—he seems to hav been very much like him mentally and morally, and actuated by the same passions and impulses; which state of affairs, he being boss of all, made it hot for all concerned, he being vexed and wrathy most of the time.

Those were the days that tried men's souls, if any ever did, when in person the Lord supervised the affairs of man, even to the smallest particulars. The days of Valley Forge were nothing to the days when the Lord was around in person, and I for one, having had life thrust upon me, rejoice that said life was postponed until after the Lord had resigned as overseer in person of men's affairs.

The Lord vouchsafed no reasons to man for the making of the world, and man, of course, cannot tell why it was made. From the theistical belief in a life hereafter—a life of bliss for the righteous, and a life of torment for the ungodly, harping the hottest on the latter—it would seem that the world was made as a propagating ground for the production of angels in the rough, so to speak, who were to do duty as polished angels after death and resurrection.

But for a God who could create thoroughbred angels, all ripe for heaven, as easily as he could man, this would seem a roundabout and most uncertain way of supplying heaven with angelic representativs. But this must be the underlying idea with the Theist, else must he be fuller of egotism than ever a goat of theater posters, to think that the Lord, having made him without any ulterior purpose, concluded on second thought to make an angel of him in the end! But the Theist is nothing if not egotistical, and I leave him in order to flank the stone wall against which I run—"In the beginning." SI SLOCUM.

Notes from Illinois.

I am still swinging round the circle. It has been my privilege and pleasure to meet most of the good Liberals of Illinois, and, nothwithstanding the cold weather, hard times, and my temporary illness, I hav had a grand time. I hav not yet canvassed the entire state, but shall try to do so hereafter as opportunity may offer. In most places where I stopped the revival business was in full blast. I hav noticed in times past that when the people suffer from hard times, when they hav no work and no money, they are willing to take anything, even religion. But when they hav plenty of business, and enough to eat, they are disposed to postpone religion until a more convenient season—and generally hard times is that convenient season. It has become my duty, at times, to attend revivals, and to take the ministers to task for talking about things of which they know positivly nothing.

In the little town of Auburn, in this state, where I was advertised to speak on "The Whims of the Boy Preacher" (Harrison), who is probably not older than forty or forty-five years, a minister asked his congregation to join with him in praying that God might make the Infidel so sick that he would not be able to come to town. This was carrying the thing too far; this was stretching his prerogativs, and consequently a number of sensible people asked him to explain what he meant. His prayer became the town talk. It was a huge joke, and passed all along the streets. The minister was compelled to explain, and he did it somewhat after this fashion. He said to his own congregation, "I did not express myself fully the other night when speaking about Professor Bell. I asked you to join with me in praying that he might be made sick. But I intended to add sick of sin, but somehow I failed to do so." What an explanation! A few nights after, when referring to this explanation, I said it reminded me of a gambler's explanation. Once upon a time a gambler was converted, and joined the Methodist church. One Sunday morning during the solemnities of divine service this convert fell asleep, and, while dreaming of old times, he shouted, "Hearts are trumps, by God." Opening his eyes and taking in the situation, he piously added, "Let your hearts triumph in God." Preacher, thy name is impudence.

I am going to Chicago for a few weeks to arrange for more lectures. W. S. BELL.

Chicago, Ill. (302 State st).

Why Capital Favors Piety.

The *Antimonopolist* hits hard in the following: "During the days of African slavery the slaveholders took great pains to hav their slaves get religion and become pious, as it made them more docil and more valuable servants, and the slaves, having no other source of enjoyment, took to camp-meeting religion as a duck takes to water. Nevertheless, the morals of the slaves were very bad, honesty, chastity, and truthfulness being scarcely known among them, which has been true of all slaves, everywhere and in all times. We see a repetition of this to-day in the establishment by railroad managers of Young Men's Christian Association rooms, the support of special missionaries among their underpaid employees, and in the general efforts of wealthy men and corporations to advance sanctimony among the poor. A corporation, having no soul, cannot be religious, but having business sagacity it knows that it is a good investment to put some of its big dividends on watered stocks into religion for the dupes it is daily robbing of their earnings. It makes them more contented with their hard lot here, as a drink of whisky does, while not injuring their capacity to work as much as liquor. But more than this: it absorbs all their leisure time and little surplus money, and all their mental energy, which effectually prevents them from studying practical questions and so far mastering the science of social and political economy as to know they hav natural rights to life, liberty, and happiness, which are abridged or taken away by their employers. Slaves, whether chattel or wage, must be kept ignorant, as it is impossible to enslave any but the ignorant, and to this end nothing is more effectual than to provide a channel into which all surplus time and energy left from labor can be safely directed and easily controled. Vanderbilt gave a portion of the eighty millions he has already derived from dividends on the water he put into railroad stocks to found a theological seminary at Nashville, and McCormicks, of Chicago, gave $150,000 to a similar institution at the same time they reduced wages of six hundred employees to the starvation point. The Santa Fé, Gould, and other railroad managers are very solicitous for the spiritual welfare of their employees, while continuing to charge all the traffic will bear and exacting rates that pay high dividends on five or ten times their actual investments and getting title to millions of acres of public lands to which they hav neither a legal nor equitable claim."

Father Hardouin's Extraordinary Book.

The "Man of Sin" has loaned to several persons a copy of his series of articles lately published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, entitled "An Extraordinary Book: Are Most of the Latin and Greek Classics, together with All the Writings of the Christian Fathers, Forgeries of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries?" One learned gentleman, who is the successful author of some remarkable books, and is soon to publish another of a still more startling character, which will challenge refutation, writes:

> I return the article as requested. I read it with great interest. The theory it enunciates is very possible.

Father Hardouin's theory leaves nothing for Christianity to stand upon but the scriptures and tradition. All church history up to the revival of learning, he stoutly affirms, is a Benedectine forgery. This is the assertion of a most learned Jesuit who died in 1729 at the age of eighty-three years, leaving a manuscript containing his proofs, which manuscript was not published until 1766, in London; and being in Latin, the book seems to hav had no readers, nor to hav attracted the notice of anybody until now partially translated by ANTICHRIST.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT

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SATURDAY, - - - MARCH 13, 1886.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR RENEWALS, and we hope all will be prompt. If we are to print pictures each week, the subscription list must be lengthened. That those inclined to help add to the list may find it no hard matter, we make the following low terms:

Single subscription	$3 00
One subscription two years, in advance	5 00
Two new subscribers	5 00
One subscription with one new subscriber, in one remittance	5 00
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Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance.	

Will not everyone, in renewing, try to get at least one new subscriber, thus saving money for themselvs and helping us?

And in renewing inclose 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

The Order of Creation.

Those who hav mailed us their orders for this book will hav received it ere this, and those who now favor us will receive a copy by return mail. The discussion continues to excite comment from the press, and many magazines are printing the papers in successiv numbers. Our book, however, contains more than these will probably print, and comes cheaper. The seven chapters are:

I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Müller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Réville, D.D.
VI. Mr. Gladstone and Genesis. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
VII. A Protest and a Plea. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

The price is 50 cents in paper covers, and 75 cents in cloth.

A Profitless Discussion.

The confusion existing in the minds of certain "philosophers" was well illustrated by Prof. John Fiske's essay before the Nineteenth Century Club last week. He is, he maintains, a Christian, yet he rejects the fundamental article of faith of Christians—a personal God. According to his view, God is "an infinit and eternal power which is manifested in every pulsation of the universe." This is pantheism, and not Christianity, and the church once burnt a very notable man for expressing the same sentiments. Professor Fiske can split theosophical hairs from now till the monument to Bruno shall hav been erected, and crumbled into dust, but he will be able to make nothing else than pantheism of his fine-spun theories. He is, therefore, very far from being a Christian. Belief by "a supreme act of faith" is Christian phraseology, but it might mean a belief in the existence of the anthropophagi as easily as in the existence of God.

When a man believes, and will not hear of argument against his belief, all attempts to reason with him are, as Paine said, like giving medicin to the dead. Such a man is Chauncey M. Depew. He swallows the Bible as easily as the whale swallowed Jonah. His mother believed, therefore he believes. He has faith, and that ends the matter for him. Such a man, by operations in railroad stocks, may become a prominent member of society, but he can scarcely attain eminence as an expounder of philosophical subjects. His appearance on platforms supposed to be consecrated to reason can be accounted for only on the supposition that there is no one in the ministerial ranks with the courage to defend his faith on rational grounds.

Against pantheism itself, or an endeavor to place Christianity upon reasonable grounds, Mr. Wakeman might hav made some headway with a scientific philosophy. But in considering the fantastic theories of Professor Fiske, and the dogmatic faith of Mr. Depew, from a scientific man's elevation there is no pivotal point for a leverage. The only method of reaching such colossal assumption is one which the swallow-tailed dignity of the occasion prevented Mr. Wakeman from using. He was therefore compelled to content himself with setting forth the superiority of Positivism, as he understands it, over Professor Fiske's Neopantheism and Mr. Depew's fossilized Christianity. If these two gentlemen could be got before a popular audience, and their vain conceits mercilessly exposed, it might conduce to the advancement of truth. As it was, the wisdom of Mr. Wakeman was wasted.

A Few Figures from Canada.

During the year 1885 there were in the various jails of Ontario 11,426 persons of both sexes. Their religious proclivities were as follows:

Roman Catholic	4,286	Church of England	3,558
Presbyterian	1,468	Methodist	1,416
Other denominations	698		
		Total	11,426

In the Central Prison at Toronto there were confined 761 persons who worshiped the Lord after the manner of their ancestors as follows:

Roman Catholic	274	Church of England	245
Methodist	99	Presbyterian	94
Other denominations	49		
		Total	761

To the Andrew Mercer Reformatory for Females at Toronto, there were committed during the year 142 new inmates, who were prejudiced in favor of the different creeds as follows:

Roman Catholic	56	Episcopalian	48
Presbyterian	11	Methodist	21
Baptists	5	Unknown	1

At Penetanguishene there is a reformatory for boys. On September 30, 1885, there were 220 boys enjoying the hospitality of the institution, 51 of whom had been committed during the year. The total number committed since the establishment of the institution is 1,501, with religion as follows:

Roman Catholic	512	Church of England	495
Methodist	269	Presbyterian	138
Baptist	67	Other denominations	20

As usual, the Catholics lead in this matter, but they are closely pushed by the church most similar to theirs in rites and creeds. The Presbyterians and Methodists are about equal, though the comparison would be more edifying if we knew the proportion each sect bears to the total population of the province. It might also be interesting to compare the ratio of Catholic criminals in Ontario to the Catholic population with the ratio of Protestant criminals to the Protestant population. We recollect reading in several Protestant church papers lamentations over the scarcity of people of their faith in Ontario, and it may be that it would turn out that the most of them are in jail, for certainly the Presbyterians and the Methodists make a goodly showing in the foregoing tables. During 1885 a sort of religious revival has been gradually percolating among the citizens of Toronto, until it has culminated, as our Toronto correspondent related last week, in a municipal coming to Jesus. We fear, however, there is a difference between the official opinion of the people of Toronto and their private conduct similar to that traced by Mr. Lum between Mr. Cleveland's official opinion of Mormonism and certain events in his life which it would be unkind to allude to. In short, we fear our Canadian neighbors are given to hypocrisy, for we read in the report of the Canadian prison officials that in Toronto alone in 1885, some 3,397 persons of both sexes were cared for in the jails. This was an increase of 146 over 1884, when no particular religious wave was washing the people's sins away. It occurs to us that it would hav been better for the city to hav gone along in the same old way, than to hav obtained religion at the expense of additional criminals. Just what proportion of this increase was from the Salvation Army ranks we hav no means of knowing.

Editorial Notes.

THE Winsted, Conn., *Press* says the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is worth four times its cost. It is pleasant to be able to agree with our contemporaries.

THE only ones in New York who oppose an open Sunday, writes Brick Pomeroy, referring to the opening of the museums, "are the mental wasp-waists and one-idea fanatics whose religion is based only on a fear that there is a hell, and that they will be ordered to spend eternity therein."

THE *New Thought*, Moses Hull's paper, published at Maquoketa, Ia., is to be enlarged with its third volume, which begins April 10th. The price will remain the same. The *New Thought* is a Spiritualist journal, and when enlarged will undoubtedly be the best paper of that faith west of Boston.

THE bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, doubling the postage on fourth-class mail matter should be defeated. A cent an ounce is enough to pay on packages of samples of merchandise. The bill is in the interests of express companies. Write to your senator and Congressman to this effect.

THREE weeks ago E. A. Stevens called attention to the work in Chicago of the "American Literary Union and Pure Literature Bureau." Since then the society has presented to the Illinois legislature several yards of petition, signed wholly by church people, against pernicious literature. What steps the society wishes the legislature to take we are not informed. The Union's definition of pernicious literature is "whatever is against general Christianity."

THE *North American Review* for March presents twelve articles, most of which are of more than ordinary interest. One of the contributors is Jefferson Davis. Another is Cyrus W. Field, who thinks the government should purchase the telegraph lines—at the figures of the directors, of course. Mr. Field's patriotism is of the kind that honors Revolutionary spies, and supports his own government for the sake of an appropriation. The *Review* can be had at 30 Lafayette Place, price 50 cents.

Two instances of the beneficent effects of a large admixture of Christianity were last week before Judge Van Wyck, of Brooklyn. James Moran insisted that a committee of saints and angels had waited upon him and begged him to offer himself as a sacrifice for the sins of his fellow-men. Judge Van Wyck thought they could find an altar for him at the insane asylum. Mary Morrissey confidentially informed the judge that her soul had preceded her to heaven, her body alone remaining on the earth. The judge committed her to keep Mr. Moran company.

J. E. REMSBURG'S "Sabbath-Breaking" has been reprinted in England. A portion of the work has also been republished in India. Mr. J. R. Upshon, secretary of the Madras Secular Society, givs it the following indorsement: "I consider it the best book on the subject that I hav read. The author has dealt with the subject in an able and most exhaustiv manner, and has completely proved that there is no such divine institution as a Sabbath for Christian believers, or Infidel unbelievers, to break. The book deserves a place in every Freethinker's library as *the* text book on this subject."

L. S. METCALF, formerly connected with the *North American Review*, has inaugurated a new periodical venture, and named it *The Forum*. It is similar in character to the *Review*, and the first number is the equal in all respects of that representativ monthly. The articles of most interest to Freethinkers are one by James Parton on newspapers, and another, relating his religious experience, by M. J. Savage, of Boston. Heber Newton shows Romanism to be but a baptized paganism, but his conclusions are disfigured by a sad exhibition of illogic and a causeless and witless attack upon Colonel Ingersoll. *The Forum* is published at 97 Fifth ave., at 50 cents per number and $5 per year.

To pray or not to pray is the question at Harvard College. At present the students are compelled to attend prayers, and this they do not like. The O. K. Society has petitioned the president and overseers to abolish this custom. The petitioners say, among other things: "However large a part laziness may hav in ordinary opposition to prayers, it would be a mistake to suppose that there is not a genuin conscientious disapproval of them. This disapproval is founded on the widespread feeling that religious practices should be made matters for individual taste and feeling to direct; that everyone has a right to follow his own bent in such matters. So widespread is this feeling that it underlies the arguments of those who defend compulsory prayers as well of those who oppose them."

THE *University* says that in Chicago there are between thirty-five and forty thousand nativs of Bohemia. The majority of them hav come to America since 1870. Few of the adults can speak English, but they publish several journals in their own language, one a daily, called the *Svornost*. The majority of the Bohemians are said to be Roman Catholics, but most of the men treat the claims of the church and its doctrins with open contempt. The publications of the Bohemians teem with articles and pictures ridiculing not only the doctrins of the Romish and Protestant churches, but also the fundamental ideas of religion—the existence of God and the immortality of the soul—the statement being repeatedly made that if there were a God, "he would keep things straighter than they are." The Bible is regarded with particular contempt. The *Svornost* has recently published Paine's "Age of Reason" in instalments in its Sunday edition, and is now publishing a series of Bible scenes in caricature, accompanied by what a correspondent of the *Interior* describes as "most scornful and blasphemous comments in vile doggerel." The title of the series is given as "The Holy

Bible for Sport. Written under the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost, by Fr. B. Zdrubek." But the same correspondent bears witness that while vice and crime are shockingly prevalent among some of the inhabitants of this region, yet the people are as a rule industrious and law-abiding. Probably the vice and crime are committed by those who still hold to the Roman Catholic religion.

THE women engaged in sewing Bibles over in the Bible House are, according to *John Swinton's Paper*, the subjects of much ill treatment. It is alleged that the majority of them cannot make over $2.50 to $4 a week; that their wages hav been cut down at least twice within the past few years; that their work is irregular; and that they hav in large measure been supplanted by sewing-machines, under which old people of long service are turned out to the streets. In the mean time, while the poor toilers of the Bible House suffer in these ways, there are men drawing large salaries from the treasury of the American Bible Society. And we agree with Mr. Swinton that the matter should be investigated. But the investigation should not stop with the sewing women.

WM. W. ASTOR, late minister to Italy, has resurrected a letter written by Lucretia Borgia, just previous to her death, to Pope Leo X.: "And so great is the favor of my all-merciful creator, that it is accorded to me to know that the end of my life approaches—that in a few hours it will hav ceased, though not before I shall hav received the holy consolations of the church. Arrived at this solemn extremity, I bethink me a Christian—albeit a sinner—to ask your holiness the spiritual treasure of a benediction that may bring peace to my soul. And while entreating this favor for myself, I further commend my husband and my children, who are devout followers of your holiness, to the benefits of your spiritual grace." Whatever else she may hav been, Lucretia Borgia was a good Christian.

THE Vice Society's machine runs a little hard just at present, owing to the lack of financial lubrication, and one of Mr. Comstock's attempts to procure a trifle of oil has come to our notice. Arthur F. Ducret, whose name has appeared from time to time, signed to Comstock's decoy letters, and who has long been a stenographer in the employ of the Vice Society, has quit his employers. Mr. Ducret furnished his minutes of an examination to counsel for some one of Comstock's intended victims, transcribing his notes at home in the evening, and being under no obligation to account to Comstock for the fees received therefor; and the trouble arose from Comstock's efforts to bulldoze Mr. Ducret into turning over these fees to the treasury of the Vice Society. Mr. Ducret very properly resisted this effort to exploit the proceeds of his labor, and being unable to remain in the office with comfort on account of Comstock's overbearing obstreperousness, resigned his position. We are glad that such tricks are becoming necessary, as the society feels more and more pressure from lack of funds, owing to the gradual withdrawal of public confidence in its management, and we congratulate Mr. Ducret in getting away from bad company, and trust he may find more reputable and more satisfactory employment.

THE *University* and *Unity* of Chicago hav been consolidated under the name of the latter. *Unity* is a sixteen page weekly journal, devoted to Unitarianism. The paper is edited with much ability, and by more or less Liberal men, as evidenced by the following notice of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL: "This is the almanac of Protest; of protest against various forms of injustice still perpetrated in the name of dominant church religions, that by which the evidence of Freethinkers is denied in courts, by which museums are closed on Sundays, by which the churches and their belongings (estimated by the almanac compilers for the United States as worth nearly $750,000,000) go wholly untaxed, etc. It is the protest of which Ingersoll is the prophet, and which claims alliance with many noble men whose faces make a gallery here of thirty portraits. Not ours the band who make this almanac; but they are fighting part of the world's battle for liberty, and we are not ashamed to giv them gratitude, but would be, if we were. And that above their protest, and their, 'Let the church go!' they hav their affirmation and ideal, and that in it their best selvs and the best self of the churches are at one, these lines by Courtlandt Palmer, found on one of the pages, shall attest:

"'Self-hood lost
In self-surrender, joy in others' joys
Attained, love and its peace encompassed
In loving rather than in being loved;
In giving, not in getting, our redemption gained.'"

THE Methodist preachers belonging to the Baltimore conference hav been holding a meeting at Washington. One of the subjects considered was how to equalize the salaries. Under the itinerary plan preachers are sent hither and yon, sometimes to charges which pay very little. There are many "soft jobs" within the gift of the various conferences, but big preachers with "pulls" are assigned to them. Naturally there is dissatisfaction. A report read on the fourth day of this meeting shows that the aggregate salaries allowed by one hundred and forty-six charges to one hundred and eighty pastors in the Baltimore conference were, including house-rent, $165,066, but that on these claims there was a total deficiency of $8,089, leaving the average of actual receipts at $982. Deducting from this the rental value of parsonages, the actual average salary was reduced to $785. There are sixty preachers who receive less than the average, and one of them only $100. The net income of more than one-third of the conference members is about $350, or less than a dollar a day. The highest salary received is $3,500. The report does not mention the amount of wedding and funeral fees nor donation parties. Various plans were discussed to equalize the pay of the preachers, but no definit action was taken. One minister denounced the scheme as Communistic, but he was probably a thirty-five-hundred-dollar man. We are glad that the Baltimore conference cannot disturb the breezy editor of the New York *Advocate* in the enjoyment of his three-thousand-dollar "sit" and about nine months a year leave of absence to run round the country and deliver lectures and perform marriage ceremonies and funeral rites at about the average rate of $50 a perform.

THE Christians of Kansas are making herculean efforts to keep the state university a Christian institution. A few months ago Miss Kate Stephens, the Greek professor, whose success as a teacher had become noted in other educational institutions, was removed because she is an Infidel, and now an effort is being made to supersede Prof. W. H. Carruth, one of the most scholarly men connected with the university, for the same reason. The *Antimonopolist* says that "an imported zealot connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, seconded by the chancellor, and at least one professor, and the local clerical influence, has inaugurated a vendetta against everything modern, progressiv, or Liberal, and everybody who does not bow the knee to their particular Baal, avowing their intention to bring the university, as a whole, into line with their fanatical and outgrown ideas."

THE paper of Mrs. Linton, entitled "A Protest and a Plea," on page 146 of last week's issue is from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and forms the concluding chapter of the new book, elsewhere advertised, "The Order of Creation," which is now ready for delivery. Mrs. Linton's rebuke of Mr. Gladstone is pointed and eloquent, but Freethinkers will derive the solidest satisfation from Mr. Huxley's second reply to the English premier. He exposes Mr. Gladstone's scientific incapacity; reflects upon the unreliability of modern sermons upon science; and, in the quietly sarcastic manner of which he is so perfect a master, shows that the author of the Pentateuch, whoever he may be, was in no wise competent to handle the subject of the genesis of the universe. It is a chapter calculated to injure the feelings of the clerical reconcilers of Genesis and geology, but we feel sure Mr. Huxley wrote it in the kindest spirit, and for their special enlightenment. It is a great paper, and deserves a million readers.

BEFORE a church society of Milwaukee Mr. Silas Chapman recently read a paper upon churches in the olden time in Massachusetts. One paragraph of his recollections is interesting, as showing the change between the customs of the Puritans and the customs of their descendants: "At that time church and state were united. Every taxpayer was obliged to pay a yearly tax for the support of the gospel. This tax was assessed the same way and collected by the same officer as any other town tax, as school or highway. This money thus collected, if no objection was made by the taxpayers, was for the benefit of the first church established in the town, whatever its denomination. As most of the first churches were Congregational, that denomination was practically the state church. If there was any other church in the town the taxpayer could designate in prescribed legal way that he desired his tax to go to the benefit of that church, whatever denomination, and to that church his payment went. But he must pay the tax for the support of the gospel, whether he was Jew or Infidel, Chinese or saloon keeper. All this was abolished in 1833 by the Massachusetts legislature. There was only one church in our town, and consequently all the tax went to that church. All the business now given to the trustees of our churches was done in town meeting. The town was the trustee. It voted and paid the minister's salary. Our minister had $400 a year and some perquisits, among them thirty cords of wood. He usually picked out the richest girl in town and married her, and had the homestead, and when his father-in-law died he usually left him a cider mill and a distillery."

THE editor of the Melbourne, Australia, *Harbinger of Light* (Spiritualist) calls upon Liberals of every stamp to impede by every possible means the insidious work of the theologian. The danger which now threatens Australia is the introduction of the Bible in state schools. "Depend upon it," says Mr. Terry, "the organization for this object will use all their influence on candidates at the next election to extort promises of support for their nefarious project, and it is only by counter action on the part of broad-thinking people that they can be successfully met, and their scheme frustrated. As a rule liberal men do not allow a candidate's religious opinions to bias them in their judgment of his fitness for a legislator, and this is as it should be, but the present case is an exceptional one, which demands the sacrifice of all minor considerations, and the man who will not pledge himself to opposed this retrograde movement is unworthy the support of any true progressionist." Mr. Terry, it will be recollected, is the gentleman who imported a large lot of books from this office, and had them confiscated by the customs officers because the consignment included the "Trial of D. M. Bennett," "Sinful Saints," and "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ." Mr. Terry has, however, forced the collector to deliver to him all but these, and he now advertises the books in his paper. But the grip of Christian power upon his neck has evidently been a revelation to Mr. Terry. The Australian Christian papers hav defamed his character by publishing him as an importer of obscene books, and he instituted proceedings against one, the *Argus*. But upon application to the prominent lawyers of Melbourne, he was told that he did not hav a ghost of a chance to obtain justice. While the matter he complained of was undoubtedly within the statute, and he had a good legal case, the *Argus* people could demand a trial by a jury, and the lawyers were positiv that no jury could be drawn who would convict a Christian of libeling a Freethinker. One lawyer pointed out that as the majority of jurors were members of some Christian denomination, their prejudices would be against those who introduced literature antagonistic to their belief, and it was doubtful whether sufficient unanimity could be obtained among them to secure a verdict. Another lawyer indorsed this view. He said that the counsel for the defense would appeal to the prejudices of the jury by enlarging upon the contents of the two pamphlets seized, which from an orthodox point of view *were* blasphemous, and so work upon their feelings as to blind them to the true state of the case. Mr. Terry then abandoned his suit. But he does not rest quietly under the wrong, and proposes to do what he can to change the administration of *in*justice. He feels now like opening war upon the churches, with the view to help destroy the vicious "dogmas which cramp men's minds and engender hatred and persecution rather than love and freedom."

THE *Rationalist* of New Zealand has suspended publication.

Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. H. S. LAKE will speak for the Spiritual Society of Cleveland at the anniversary of modern Spiritualism, March 31st, after which she goes to Providence, R. I., for the Sundays of April.

J. E. REMSBURG spoke in Boston last Sunday and is expected to speak in Baltimore next Sunday. From Baltimore he goes to Ohio, lecturing at Kent on the 16th; Garrettsville, 17th, 18th; Perrysburg, 20th; Tontogany, 21st; Carey, 22d; Brandford, 23d, 24th.

FROM Sunday, March 28th, to Sunday, April 4th, inclusiv the Southern Association of Spiritualists and the Spiritual Society of Louisville, Ky., will celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of modern Spiritualism at Louisville. For particulars address H. C. Krell, 618 East Jefferson street, Louisville, Ky.

THE Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold its next quarterly meeting (and anniversary of modern Spiritualism) in Musical Society Hall, No. 381 Milwaukee st., Milwaukee, Wis., March 26, 27, and 28, 1886. Attendants will pay full fare on all roads to the meeting, and will be returned for one-fifth fare. Board may be had at first-class boarding-houses at $1 per day. Wm. M. Lockwood, President.

W. F. JAMIESON writes: "In Wentworth Dakota, I hav closed my fourteenth lecture, being my third visit there; lectured this time every evening for a week to good houses, although the weather was unfavorable. There are enterprising Liberals in Wentworth, such as W. L. Horton, N. Wentworth, the Zimmermans, formerly of Milwaukee, Mr. Clauder, and forty or fifty others. Since I lectured in Wentworth. a little over a year ago, there has been a determined effort by the Christians to take the place. The Christianity there is of a rather bitter sectarian character. But the Liberals propose to build a Liberal hall, spacious and comfortable, and not too sacred for the everyday use of the people. I submit that the Liberals everywhere, instead of helping to build churches that are too holy to allow a Freethinker to tell the truth in, should build one good hall, at least, in every town, where the whole population can assemble, if need be. Ten days ago I came from a six months' tour through the Southwest. Memory is full of cordial greetings and pleasant episodes; but for climate, the dry, pure air, giv me the Northwest. The push, remarkable energy, and general prosperity of Northwestern people meet me on every side. At this writing, March 3d to 10th, I am expounding the gospel of Freethought in Madison, Dakota, a town which has the reputation of being very pious, but from the cordial manner in which our first lecture was received, I presage we will hav an excellent hearing. Mr. Horton and Mr. Clauder, of Wentworth, are to blame for it. They drove down here, hired a hall, and set me to work. My address is Lake City, Minn., where I soon expect to be to take a needed rest."

THE subject discussed at the last meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club was "The Idea of God: Is Pantheism the Outcome of Modern Science?" The essayist was John Fiske, of Harvard; the protagonist, Chauncey M. Depew, railroad lawyer and Calvinistic Christian; with T. B. Wakeman, Positivist, to conclude. Professor Fiske was described in the notices of the meeting as a "cosmic Theist," whatever that is, but he took exception to this summing-up of his creed, as he contended that the Christian church was broad enough to hold him. He defined the difference between the anthropomorphic and the cosmic conceptions of God, to show that as man progresses the anthropomorphic conception disappears, and man ceases to apply to God the feelings, sentiments, passions, and actions of men, and substitutes the idea that the natural order of the universe is the outcome of deity, that nowhere is quiescence to be found in nature, that evolution and natural selection are the methods of the deity so far as they hav yet been explained or understood by men, that they are consistent with human progress to the highest and best by the elimination of the worst as the fittest survive. Professor Fiske thought that there is "a dramatic tendency in the universe," and he was a Theist by "a supreme act of faith." Chauncey M. Depew repeated the stale falsehoods about the French Revolution, said that all the old philosophies are dead, while Christianity livs, and concluded by asking, Who made protoplasm and cosmic dust? He wisely stopped short of the final question, Who made God? He believed the Old and New Testaments precisely as they are presented by Christianity. He was in antagonism, he said, with Mr. Wakeman, who dismisses the Bible as entirely a mass of legend, and with Professor Fiske, who accepts it with an interpretation entirely his own. Mr. Wakeman closed the discussion with a defense of American Positivism. He claimed that the Religion of Humanity takes in all that there is good for anything in every other religion; that it does not make a fetich of one book, but absorbs the good of all books.

Letters from Friends.

MELBOURNE LETTER.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, Jan. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The year 1885 has passed from sight, and the new year has come, not amid the cold and wintry storms of a northern climate, but in the heat of summer. Its birth was heralded with festival and holiday rejoicing—picnics and races, boat-riding and boat-upsetting, hurrying the hapless and reckless occupants into another state of existence without notice or warning. Holidays are not confined to a few, as with us in America, but they are often and long, and entered into with spirit, giving one the impression that merry-making is the chief object of life.

They were closely followed in Melbourne with labor strikes, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, all concluding that they were giving their valuable services at too low a figure, and that the hours of labor were too long to allow them to cultivate their literary tastes; and so the wharf-lumpers, the stone-masons and plasterers, the wardens in the prison, the pastry cooks, with others, hav refused to work or allow others if they can prevent. Hence labor is being imported from Adelaide and New Zealand to fill the places of the discontented ones, thereby giving them unlimited time for literary pursuits. Even the letter-carriers are objecting to a single mail delivery on holidays, reminding one of the man who said, "Bad luck to the man who invented working by the dirty light of a candle," and was replied to, "Bad luck to the man who invented working at all."

The trip from Sydney to Melbourne by water occupies about fifty-six hours, and many points of beauty meet the eye, more particularly in the neighborhood of Bass strait (named in honor of a young navigator, George Bass, who in a voyage of eleven weeks in an open whale-boat with six seamen made valuable discoveries, and his name immortal) and Wilson's promontory, where a dozen islands are in sight. But these are considered dangerous waters. Only a few weeks since a vessel loaded with wool struck on a rock and disappeared from sight, and not until a reward was offered by government was her whereabouts discovered and a buoy placed over the spot. The Heads of Port Philip, or Hobson's Bay, are a long, low stretch of land, and the harbor is an immense body of water, with its channel marked with buoys and lightships, possessing but little of the beauty of Port Jackson or Sydney harbor. About thirty miles from the Heads is Williamstown, an extensiv seaport on the western side of the bay, and as one of the suburbs of Melbourne it holds an important position. It is at the mouth of the Yarra river, and nine miles from the city. Here heavily-laden ships unload before proceeding up the river, a crooked, muddy stream. A canal is being constructed which will shorten the distance several miles and be of great advantage to the shipping interests. The great city of Melbourne was first founded in 1835, by a man named Faulkner. It made but little progress until the discovery of gold in 1851. From that time, like San Francisco, it has made rapid strides, showing what the energy of man can accomplish, and it is its boast that it never was a penal colony. Its streets are broad and at right angles, giving it the appearance of an American city. The buildings are modern in style, but largely built of blue stone, imparting a somber appearance to the city. It is comparativly flat, and its system of sewerage is all above ground in stone gutters outside of the sidewalks and crossing them at corners of streets and allies.

The Public Library here is said to be the finest in the southern hemisphere, containing 100,000 books and 15,000 pamphlets. The annual number of readers and visitors is 266,000. It has in connection with it a museum devoted to the sister arts of painting and sculpture.

The Royal Park and Zoological Gardens occupy a spacious reserve of several hundred acres, with a fine collection of animals and birds. The beautiful plumage of the tropical birds and the ease with which they acquire the use of language is truly wonderful to those who hav been acquainted only with birds of colder climates. The National Museum of Natural History and Geology is a place of absorbing interest to the student of nature. The city proper is surrounded with thirty-seven suburban towns or villages, most of them with their own city government. The town hall is a lofty, steepled building. In every suburb, Melbourne, like Sydney, is interspersed with various parks and gardens—breathing-places for the masses. The city has one line of cars, or trams, as they call them, about three and a half miles long, and others in construction, but all parts of city and suburb are connected with lines of cabs and omnibuses.

Victoria and New South Wales now stand at the head of the colonies, the former with over eight hundred thousand inhabitants, while the latter has six hundred thousand. The public revenue of each is about four million pounds per annum. The yearly imports of Victoria amount to fourteen million pounds, and New South Wales thirteen million. Victoria has about six hundred miles of railroad in use, but its rail accommodations are behind the age—cars divided into compartments where the traveler is locked in and at the mercy of the guard whether he is permitted to leave it at the stations or not, and with none of the arrangements for the comfort of passengers with which the American cars are provided. Some of the experiences of travelers are more amusing in recital than in reality. Another fact is that in changing cars every traveler must look after his own baggage or it will be left, no matter if it is checked.

Melbourne may well be called a city of churches, and if the money used in building their tall steeples and towers, and the useless chimes of bells, were used in building homes for the industrious poor, it would giv their God greater glory, and cause for more happiness on earth. Melbourne has many charitable institutions, but I do not mean charity, but help to help themselvs. Rents are enormously high for a common-sized family; a house with the poorest accommodations cannot be had less than from £2 10s. to £3 a week, and the lessee must keep it in repair, and pay the rates, or taxes.

Bigotry reigns supreme, and strenuous efforts are being made by the government to destroy the growing Liberal thought of the day. As your readers are aware, the government prosecuted Joseph Symes, editor of the *Liberator* and lecturer for the Australian Secular Association of Melbourne, for publishing his paper without a license, upon which charge he was convicted. He was also arrested, and had two trials, the jury failing to agree both times, for selling tickets of admission to Sunday night lectures, the law defining the crime as keeping a disorderly house, and he was ordered for a third trial, but the government, realizing that to continue the case was to court defeat, dismissed it, claiming, however, that it is still the law of the colony, and it is impossible to-day for a lecturer to hire a theater in Melbourne and sell tickets of admission Sunday, for the lessee is threatened with having his license taken from him, if he sublets for that purpose. As yet this fight has borne no fruit in that direction, but it is to be hoped it will in the future. In that respect Freethought is much crippled in Melbourne, but thought is growing, and the people are bursting the bands with which they hav been trammeled, and are using their liberty as did our pilgrim fathers use their new-found liberty to persecute all that did not think as they did. The Secularism of Australia has no adhesiv qualities, its aim being to tear down and destroy everything that bears the name of religion or Spiritualism, while they hav nothing better to offer. They furnish no material with which to erect a better structure.

Secularism is a word much used here, and the impression it leaves upon our minds is not pleasing, and we were sorry to learn that the National Liberal League of America had been changed to the Secular Union, because there is no union in English Secularism as evidenced in the colonies. The name in progressiv America perhaps will not imply what it does here, for here it is of the Thomas Winter school. No one has rights but the Materialists, and while they hav not succeeded in tearing the churches to pieces, they are at present engaged in tearing themselvs to pieces as organizations.

The same is true not only of Sydney but of Melbourne and Auckland as well. However, evolution is nature's law; change and the refining process is more hopeful than crystallization. They hav not yet caught the spirit of true Liberalism.

We spent the month of December in Melbourne, Mr. York speaking to large and increasing audiences; but, having a further engagement in Sydney, we left Melbourne with the intention of returning before leaving the colonies. Since our first arrival in Sydney, Mr. York has been suffering from ill-health. The sudden changes of climate of this southern world do not seem to agree with him, and the length of our stay here depends solely upon his health. We are now in the midst of summer, but our experiences of Melbourne climate were not agreeable—one day in danger of a sun-stroke, the next almost needing an overcoat. They are having very heavy rains in many parts of Australia and in some localities severe floods and hail-storms. There is much more rain in Victoria than in New South Wales, and the soil being more productiv, most of the vegetables that are used in the colonies are grown there, and New South Wales gets satisfaction by calling it the Cabbage Garden. A lively jealousy exists between the two colonies. Living is expensiv here; a pound is looked upon about the same as a dollar is in America; at any rate, the purchasing power of twenty shillings ($5) here is no greater than of twenty shillings ($2.50) in California, while of double the value. But for a home giv me America and our own dear California.

With the best of wishes for all TRUTH SEEKER readers, I bid them all a Happy New Year. MRS. J. L. YORK.

BROOKLYN, E. D., Feb. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Anything in relation to the history and doings of Thomas Paine with all Freethinkers must be interesting; hence the article of mine in your last issue was the result. Unfortunately for me, I loaned my last paper, containing its telling cartoon on Catholicity and priestcraft in general, to a friend, who in turn passed it round to convulsed Liberalists, and it has not found its way back yet. Well, let it sail around. No doubt it is doing its work. There must hav been something therein that touched my very sensitiv feelings, when the subject of Spiritualism is broached—perhaps a letter from our astute friend Brother Thomas Winter, or Aunt "Elmina."

The fact with me seems to be, I was fearful you were going to throw up your hand and go into Spiritualism, and this would never do! We must hav a strictly neutral sheet on this important subject, for if we don't, where are we? The venerable Thomas Winter, the Materialist, wants something he can grasp with a pair of tongs, and Aunt Elmina the autobiography of ourselvs before we are born! I am sorry for Aunty, as she seems to hav lost all confidence in human veracity. But who can blame her, for old King David was somewhat in the same fix, when he declared in his wrath "all men were liars." Perhaps the old saint had just come from a spiritual seance! For between you and me, Friend Macdonald, I hav little confidence in public mediums, and yet I hav seen wonderful things, both with public mediums and in my own house.

Now in relation to the world emancipator, Thomas Paine. I think I can put you in the way of getting a genuin likeness of the great man. It was painted by his friend and renowned artist Jarvis. It is in this city. An anecdote is told of the Episcopal bishop Provost, who was getting his portrait taken by the same Infidel artist. The bishop, while sitting, naturally asked Mr. Jarvis what his religious belief was. Mr. Jarvis only remarked, "Please, keep your mouth shut, and keep your eyes fixed on that portrait." The portrait was that of Thomas Paine. Please credit me with $3.

Yours, for Liberalism, DAVID BRUCE.

[Mr. Bruce should not hold THE TRUTH SEEKER responsible for any opinions advanced by our correspondents. He has no more right to accuse us of trying to "squelch man's hope of immortality," because we print a Materialistic communication, than the Materialists hav to accuse us of advocating Spiritualism because we print one of Mr. Bruce's able articles.—ED. T. S.]

BELLEVILLE, KAN., Feb, 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Those illustrations—well, they are simply grand, and add immensely to the convincing value of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The conscious brain is reached through the eye far quicker than the ear, and usually the impression is more lasting. This fact admitted, it will be difficult to rightly estimate the future value of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER as a teacher. Long may it liv, and that it may succeed in the permanent overthrow of all superstition, and in the final establishment of truth, science, and reason, with Universal Mental Liberty, is the earnest wish of

Yours, &c., DR. H. PATRICK.

P.S.—Inclosed you will find P. O. draft for $12, which apply as per inclosed order and oblige the subscriber.

H. P.

MONTPELIER, VT., Feb. 21, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I send you by this mail $4—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for another year, 25 cents for the ANNUAL, 25 cents for Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking," and the balance to help the pictures—in my opinion the best thing that could be thought of. They speak volumes. Long may Watson Heston liv to giv his beautiful head-work to the world. Yours for truth, DAVID FLEMING.

EARLVILLE, ILL., Feb. 19, 286.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER (for you seem dearer than ever before to me): Having Mr. Remsburg in our midst to defend Thomas Paine, and giv us a treat on "Bible Morals," I hav felt just like saying to you, like Simeon of old, Mine eyes hav seen one of the saviors of the world—from superstitions and bigotry—the first Freethought lecture I hav ever had the pleasure of attending. It was a glorious success, and full house and good order. If it made anyone's ears tingle to hear the truth; it will probably make people think for themselvs, which is very necessary among so many churches. I was somewhat a curiosity myself as well as Mr. Remsburg, for I learned I was pointed out by some as the woman who got up the lectures, but I think they gave me too much credit, for others helped. However, I will accept the honor with thanks if they think I deserve it, for it was a glorious treat for me to listen to, and I hope Mr. Remsburg will liv long with good health to battle with superstition and priestcraft in this nineteenth century. SARAH C. HILTON.

POLO, Ill., Feb. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We hav had the pleasure of listening to two lectures by Mr. Charles Watts, Monday and Tuesday evenings, the 22d and 23d inst.; subjects, "Secularism: Destructiv, and Constructiv," and "Unbelief: its Nature and Service to Mankind." We had all we could comfortably seat in the largest hall in our place, and an attentiv and appreciativ audience. It has caused a "a great shaking among the dry bones."

Mr. Watts is considered the ablest man upon these subjects we hav ever listened to. We tried hard to get up a discussion between him and the ministers of this place, but so far hav not succeeded. C. D. REED.

CORUNNA, IND., Feb. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see that the grand old TRUTH SEEKER is gradually evoluting from a Bible pounding to an overdue scientific journal. Although we love the grand truths of scientific research, yet THE TRUTH SEEKER will fail to accomplish the objects so fondly hoped for if Bible fighting is neglected. THE TRUTH SEEKER is valuable as a missionary document only when it contains plain expositions of the Christian Bible. I feel assured that it is the desire of a large majority of your patrons that your invaluable journal should contain at least two pages of plain Bible expositions, so that in the hands of Christians it would accomplish grand results. Do not think that our destructiv campaign is ended, for it is scarcely begun. Faith in the Bible must be destroyed before science can reign in our benighted land. If the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER should spend a season in this vicinity, he might be made to believe that Thomas Paine has not yet been born. Yours, for more Bible pounding,

JOSEPH A. SHADE.

SOUTH LOWELL, ALA., Jan. 24, 1886.

Mr. EDITOR: Some think the Mormons and the Roman Catholics are the only sects who obey a supposed higher authority than the civil government. But they are mistaken. The missionary Baptists of this state (the North River Association) hav published the minutes of their annual session for 1884, and also their declaration of faith, and the fourteenth article says: "Of civil government—That civil government is of divine appointment, for the interest and good of human society, and that magistrates are to be prayed for, conscientiously honored and obeyed, except in things opposed to the will of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only Lord of conscience and the prince of the kings of the earth."

Now, I hope others will examin the faith of other denominations, and let us see who and how many are making this government and its laws secondary to some other power.

All who respect some other government as superior to our

form should stop voting, and depend on their higher for protection, and not on our despised civil government. They despise the rule of the people by the people, but want the pope or Jesus to rule us. Let us find who are the friends of the people.

The time is coming when we must know who is to rule this nation, whether it shall be science or faith; whether man's interests, or the pope's, or Jesus's, are to be protected; whether the people are to rule themselvs, and hav a republic, or one is to rule, and hav a despotism. And let us watch our law-makers, both in the state and in Congress, and learn who are the friends of the people and science; and when we vote, know who to vote for, to save what we now hav, viz.: The people shall rule themselvs. J. K. DEARTH.

THREE RIVERS, Feb. 25, 1885.

MR. EDITOR of the champion periodical of Liberalism and Freethought: You can scarcely imagin the great pleasure and real interest I find in reading the many glorious communications with which each number comes filled.

The illustrations speak volumes of themselvs longer to be retained in the mind of the beholder than prose or poetry however well composed.

The letters from A, B, and C are mostly real pearls, gems of thought and intrinsic worth. It really seems as though it were wrong for me to feast on the good things of my brother and sister Liberals, devotees of progress, unless I, too, cast in my mite of encouragement for the benefit of our noble and praiseworthy cause, true Liberalism, without blemish in thought, word, or deed.

It seems to me, if the blessed good old hero of modern independent Freethought, D. M. Bennett, can return from beyond the silent tomb to abide in spirit with his old friends, he is either with our present editor, E. M. Macdonald, inspiring him with wisdom, zeal, and perseverance in conducting the dear old (battle-ax) TRUTH SEEKER, or else the lessons of him who died a martyr to the cause hav been well learned, and, if anything, improved upon since the great preceptor passed away.

It was hard for me to become reconciled to Brother Bennett's death. And why not? let me ask, since it is a fact that in the days of our youth we were both school and classmates, play-fellows and messmates, living together several years, and, if not bedfellows, we were certainly room-mates and intimate cronies, well agreed in our channels of thought.

Of course we enjoyed ourselvs as only dear friends could. I do not recollect of ever detecting the least breach of a good, truthful, upright, moral character in any of his walks of life. He was always pleasant, cheerful, and good-natured. We used to write many a sheet of old-fashioned foolscap paper chuckful to each other, both in poetry and prose, none of which, however, has been preserved from the waste basket. He was much more of a student, or "book-worm," than myself, so, while I used to be out recreating or playing with others, Bennett would usually be in his closet poring over some scientific or literary work.

On his return voyage around the world he called and spent two days and nights with us at our present home, and we had a gala old time in recapitulating the scenes of our boyhood and youth.

I was sorely disappointed and grieved at his sudden demise, as I had previously learned that he had intended to make a tour through the western states, when I fondly anticipated another pleasant time with our dear old friend, the brave founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER paper, which I hav taken and faithfully read from its first commencement in Paris, Ill.

I think there should be an anniversary day kept by us Liberals in memory of the birth of so important an event when Bennett drove the first wedge of Liberalism into the old cross-grained log of Christian superstition and false-hearted egotism and bigotry.

What say you, Brother Macdonald, and what say you, brother and sister readers of the mighty TRUTH SEEKER?

E. D. BLAKEMAN,

Author of the 200 riddle book published by the Truth Seeker Co., and for sale by the same at 33 Clinton Place, N. Y. 20 cents per copy.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., Jan. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find five dollars—three for renewal of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER; one dollar for a copy of "Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen H. Gardener, and one dollar for the Campaign Fund. We began taking THE TRUTH SEEKER while D. M. Bennett was in prison, and hav taken it ever since.

What has become of John Peck and Converse Close? I hav not seen a contribution in THE TRUTH SEEKER from them in a long time.

Wishing you success in the glorious cause of Freethought, I am, Yery respectfully, EMILY CASTLE.

CANYON CITY, COL., Feb. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: When you see or know of men who, though convinced of the falseness of religious claims, yet do nothing toward correcting the error, but giv to the church to support it because of their business and relativ surroundings, and leave truth and good men to struggle for the redemption of the world from a host of parasites, your confidence in such men must be lost. I judge for myself—mine would be.

Now, is there no likeness between such men and those who know the absurdity of our unreasonable, unmanly, and greatly damaging orthography and yet dare not do anything to correct it when our country is suffering twenty-five million dollars every year, and as much more in education, besides the damage done to children's faculties of logic? The eyes of people are blinded by a false method of learning. They are taught in such a way as to suppose that letters indicate the meaning of words instead of simply the sounds of words.

I knew a man of considerable intelligence who was born blind, was a good musician, well versed in grammar, and could converse intelligently on all the common subjects of life, and yet had never seen a word. Now, how did he know the meaning of words? Certainly not by letters. It should be known and truly understood that the only and proper office of a letter is to spell a sound—that is, represent a sound to the eye. In arithmetic we hav only nine simple numbers and as many figures to represent them, with a nought to keep place. These figures always signify the same numbers, so that a child knowing how to count readily learns the figures that spell these numbers, and need not be mistaken.

Now, if there be thirty-four or thirty-five simple elements of speech or sounds in the English language, and each should be spelled by a specific letter, how long would it require a child to know how to spell thirty-four or thirty-five sounds as certainly as it can the numbers? A. B. PIKARD.

WAYNESBURG, PA., Feb. 25, 286.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY: I inclose money for two renewals and one new subscriber. Let me say that the new one is a stanch Freethinker who will stay with us.

I do not like your pictures. It seems to me it must be a perverted taste that enjoys such caricatures. I consider their introduction the greatest mistake THE TRUTH SEEKER has ever made. The pictures are repulsiv exaggerations of truth, which would be very appropriate in *Puck* and other papers that appeal to man's sensual nature, but are sadly out of place in the old TRUTH SEEKER. They will very much mar the good influence of your paper among those who most need its light. Repulsiv pictures glaring up from both the outside pages will cause many to throw the paper down with disgust who might otherwise be induced to read it. I never was ashamed to open up my TRUTH SEEKER any place until you spoiled its neat outside appearance with hideous cartoons. I want you to publish this, and if there are others of the same way of thinking I should like to hear from them.

Fraternally, H. CLAY LUSE.

BURR OAK, MICH., Feb. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having long been a reader of your interesting paper, I hav read many articles from the pen of "N. G. W.," and had always considered him a person of average good sense and sound judgment. You can therefore judge of my surprise on reading his letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 6th. To think that, after proving to the best of his ability the author of the article he refers to, in the Burr Oak *Acorn*, to be, if not quite a fool, but a few degrees removed from one, he boldly asserts; "No man ever wrote that."

Evidently he thinks the weak-minded are all of the feminin gender. Poor fellow! He is undoubtedly an old "bach," and his poor opinion of the good sense of the ladies arises from the fact of his never having been able to persuade one of their number to change her name to Mrs. W.

A WOMAN.

DETROIT, MICH., Feb. 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: For the inclosed $5 please send me "Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen H. Gardener; one TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886; two copies "Crimes of Preachers." The balance I contribute to the extra expense of the pictures as now published in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am well pleased with the push and beauty of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I take much pleasure in reading it Sundays. There is more truth and common sense in it than in all the sermons preached in our city. May you continue in well-doing. E. CHOPE.

BUTTE CITY, MON. TERR., Feb. 11, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $3, for which send THE TRUTH SEEKER another year.

Our Liberal Union is an organization of the past. None of us had the backbone to take the lead, and consequently the infant died. Our president, Dr. O. B. Whitford, did all in his power to keep us afloat. The doctor's pamphlets, "Christianity a Reward for Crime" and "Bible Fabrications Refuted," created a sensation here, and were undoubtedly the cause of his defeat last spring when he ran for mayor—an office he had been elected to twice in this city of the mountains. But, then, his views at that time were known to but few, and consequently when the pamphlets appeared everybody had something to say about them, and the followers of the "meek and lowly" did all in their power to defeat him. They did it, though, by only about 40 majority out of 1,200 votes cast. They tried to injure him in his profession too, but the doctor's reputation was too high.

Respectfully, FRED. COOKE.

Feb. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In your last issue is a letter from "A. H. K.," of Pacific, Mo., stating that the Masonic Lodge had expelled two of its members for non-belief in a God. I wonder how long the Liberal and Freethinking masses intend to quietly submit to the persecuting, domineering spirit and bigotry of Christian fanatics. Fully one-half or two-thirds of the Masons within the circle of my acquaintance are Agnostics, and this the Grand Master of New York stamps as "practical Atheism," which his grand jurisdiction will not tolerate. Well, let him so stamp it if he wishes, and in a few years he can stamp his feet in a rage of despair, for just as sure as the night follows the day there is going to be a reformation in the Masonic constitution, by-laws, and ritual.

No intelligent Mason now believes in the efficacy and power of prayer; few believe in the inspiration of the Bible, or that it is a gift from God to man, and none pretend to follow its teachings. How absurd, how ridiculous, then, for Freethinking, Liberal-minded Masons to teach those old, worn-out fables when both "Master" and "candidate" know that it is but a pack of falsehoods and fraud.

The Grand Orient, of France, has set us an example that is well worthy of our consideration, and until we follow in her footsteps it is useless to proclaim ourselvs as *Free*-masons. We are *not* free. The chains and fetters of a law based upon a superstitious dogma are as galling upon the mind of a Liberal Mason as were ever the iron chains upon the limbs of a negro slave. We are not free; we are bound in the fetters of a dying creed. We are little else than a prop to the church, that in its day of supremacy forced upon our brotherhood its God, its Christ, its saints, its "holy" Bible, and all of our laws which tend to the suppression of honest thought and the complete crushing out of every intellectual advancement. If Agnostic Masons will unite in the reformation and regeneration of our brotherhood, there is no doubt of our ultimate success. The whole drift of scientific and intelligent thought is toward Agnosticism, and if our order cannot keep pace with the advancement of the age it must necessarily giv way to some other organization that can adapt itself to the environments.

Will not "A. H. K." and his expelled friends, and all other Liberal Masons, make some inquiries in their respectiv localities and see what the prospects are for forming a Masonic lodge under a constitution, by-laws, and ritual sufficiently free from bigotry and superstition as not to bar from our fold or expell from our ranks an honest man on account of his opinions? I hav the requisit number pledged to form such a lodge where I liv, and when the call is made for a national meeting for the purpose of organizing and framing the constitution and by-laws, etc., we will hav a delegate present. Let every man, whether a Mason or not, who is in favor of such a move, write a few lines for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

PLUMB LINE.

FILLMORE, UTAH, Jan. 28, 286.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 16th I find an article entitled "Persecuting the Mormons," in which Judge Powers is taken to task for failing to naturalize an alien because of his belief as a Mormon, with which I beg leave to differ. Is it not contradictory for a man to say that he believes in polygamy and could not as a juror convict a man found guilty of that charge, and at the same time say that he is attached to the principles and laws of this country? The anti-polygamy law is as much a law against polygamy as a law against stealing or counterfeiting. It is rightfully said that it is not possible to stretch the clause defining the requirements for qualification for citizenship to cover belief. But when belief culminates in action, and that action is unlawful, as it clearly is in this case when a man says he could not or would not render a verdict of guilty in a polygamy case, I hold that he should be debarred from citizenship, because he denies the supremacy of the laws of the land he would adopt. It does not help the case any to cite the case of capital punishment and say that some people are opposed to it. If an alien should apply for papers of citizenship in a state where capital punishment formed part of the penal code, and the officer to whom he should apply, having the authority, should ask the question if he would convict a man, the proof being conclusiv, and he should answer No, I would debar him on the same principle.

A man may not like a certain law, he may even think it is unconstitutional, yet he may not disobey it with impunity. Of course a man has the right to test the constitutionality of a law, but if he does and it is decided against him, he should abide by the result. I do not like the Comstock laws, and always hav urged, and always will urge, their repeal (the question of modification is not worth considering), but until they are repealed I shall endeavor to obey them. It is in the mean time my right and privilege to agitate and petition for their repeal until I get it. I wish I could see as good excuse for some of the acts in the Edmunds bill, notably Sections 10, 11, and 12, referred to in the same article of THE TRUTH SEEKER. If the property of the Mormon church and the emigration fund can be taken and be appropriated for public uses, I do not see why the property of any or all of the other denominations cannot be likewise used. He should hav included all while he was about it. I suppose, however, there is good reason why the honored senator refrained. It would hav hit some darling institution of his own, where part of his treasures was lodging, and from which he expected another lift in the future, besides a passport to everlasting glory and a big harp on the other side of Jordan. I believe there are plenty of means within the bounds of the constitution for putting down polygamy without using means that are clearly unconstitutional according to my idea. Or, if constitutional because it is alleged that they use it to fight the government and bring in immigrants to help defy the laws of the land, where is the sect who has not used its means to fight the state when the latter came in contact with her pet schemes? To me it seems that our law-givers hav been trying to see how long they could beat around the bush without routing the enemy. In one thing, however, they hav succeeded; they hav made themselvs despicable not only to the Mormon people but to the world. They hav also succeeded in keeping up an enmity between the Mormons and outsiders that could not hav been so bitter if they had either let them alone or made them respect the laws of the land.

To me it is immaterial which course they pursue, but they should hav done the one or the other long ago.

It is a consolation to know that Infidels as a class hav no share in this crusade. It is the Bible God following his old business, inspiring the weaker to stand up and be crushed by the stronger. When they get done with the Mormons they will likely take hold of the Infidels. I am not afraid of anything they can do to us so long as they keep within the spirit and letter of the Constitution, but past experience teaches that they stretch it like India rubber. In fact, in the hands of united Christianity is becomes a rope of sand.

Therefore we should strengthen our forces while we can, as every one gained from the majority counts two for us.

Respectfully, GEO. C. VEILE.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Truth.

"The rich man's child is clad, forsooth,
In garments rich and rare;
And shall my child, my own dear Truth,
Hav nothing then to wear?"
Then looked I down upon my breast,
Where she had sweetly sunk to rest;
The light of heaven was in her face
Its blue was in her eyes so sweet:
Unclad she lay in my embrace;
I felt our hearts together beat.
The dancing dimples on each cheek
Seemed fairies playing hide-go-seek,
Now in the chin, now on the neck,
Now on her side a floating speck,
Now ambushed on her heaving breast,
Then flitting to the cheek's "home-rest."
Her lips, a parted rosebud, drew
The nourishment by which she grew.
An infant's lisp was on her tongue,
Simple but sweet the songs she sung,
Her speech of shortest words and few,
But all its meaning kind and true.
"The rich man's child is taught," I cried,
"In style to speak, to dance, to sing:
Music and teachers are supplied
To every daughter of a king.
So shall my Truth, my own dear pet,
Her robes, her books, her teachers, get.
Bring forth, bring forth the magic ring
The fairies gave her at her birth;
That little gem bring forth, oh, bring,
For it is all Truth has on earth.
Its magic spell can loss restore,
The friends and pleasures that hav fled;
Can giv us what we had before,
Can even resurrect the dead;
But it cannot create anew
To please a vagrant wish or whim—
Then sell this bauble to the Jew
And take, oh, take, his gold of him!"
Then Pride went forth, as I desired,
With eagerness she flew;
And then my cherub was attired
In garments strange and new:
Nurses and governantes were hired,
A strange and motley crew.
And day by day, as this transpired,
Further apart we grew,
Till, into royal greatness grown,
My child no more I knew.
In vain my loss I advertise:
A thousand false pretenders rise
With, "I am Truth," and "I," and "I,"
"Come, prove me, try," and, "Try," and "Try."
Ah, well they know, these claimants bold,
I sold Truth's magic ring for gold,
And now I hav no test to try
If these be Truth, or if they lie.
The cunning Jew her ring will hold,
And I hav misery—and gold.
Oh, for one moment of the past
When next my heart I held Truth fast!
"Faith, faith!" You mock, you mock me sore!
Faith cannot my lost joy restore.
Or, could I think Truth changed like this,
It only more would mar my bliss.
Nay, let me mourn my child as dead—
'Tis better than to be misled.
Till I Truth's natal ring shall find,
Faith's consolations are unkind.
The naked Infant then, once more
I'll nourish, worship, and adore.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

Our Dog Captain.

Our dog Captain was a large Newfoundland, almost as white as a sheep—yes, whiter, for his hair was a clear white, not even creamy. He had one black eye, one black ear, one black foot, and two or three small black spots on his body. Like all dogs of his kind he loved the water, and to go hunting in a boat was his chief delight. Brother trained him to fetch and carry, until he could fill the place of an errand boy in many respects.

My home was one-fourth of a mile from my father's, and it was not unusual for Captain to come to my door and set a basket or pail down at my feet, and woe betide the one who offered to touch it except myself. Mother had said, "Cap, take this to Vira." Vira might hav it, but not anybody else.

I would take off the cover and find a note, aud put in whatever it called for, and, putting the bail in his mouth, say, "Take that to mother," and he would immediately start home with it. If mother did not happen to be in, he would stand guard over it until she returned. He knew all our names as well as we did, and would deliver anything to the one it was sent to, and to no one else. He frequently brought a baskct of eggs, or a pail of butter, and I would send back meat or groceries.

He appeared to be very much afraid my brother was going to be drowned. My house was quite close to the lake, and summer evenings the boys liked to go bathing, and brother would bring Cap to me to keep until he called for him. The moment he heard the boys' voices in the water he was wild, and if one of the children opened a door, out he went. He would stand on the bluff and look until he spied his master, then plunge in the water, and brother either had to come ashore of his own will or Cap would bring him by force. He would find brother, no matter how many there were, or how much they tried to puzzle him. He did not appear to care if all the boys in town were in the water so long as Seward was not there.

Nothing made him quite as angry as to fool him in any way. He would try to tear father or brother all to pieces if they played any tricks on him. Another thing that angered him was to talk baby-talk. Oh, how it did disgust him! He acted as though he was utterly dumbfounded; would snarl, show his teeth, and get out of sight as soon as possible.

Seward carries quite a scar on one of his cheeks, where Cap snapped him once when he held him and talked nonsense to him.

He once undertook to bring up two young motherless chickens. When they were very small he would lie down and put his great shaggy head over them, and they would nestle close to him and appear perfectly contented. For a few days they got along nicely, but when large enough to run around and get away from him, his trouble commenced. His efforts to keep them together were amusing; he would walk around them, put his nose aga nst them, and lie down in front of them; but, finding his efforts fruitless, he set his great paw on them to hold them fast. Of course they did not run any more. Then he was puzzled worse than ever. Aftcr looking at them and turning them over several times, he brought them to mother, mutely asking what was the matter. Mother then buried them, but he dug them up and brought them back. She then took them and when he was off with brother carried them quite a distance and threw them into a field, but, in a few hours, home came Cap with those chickens! Finally she put them on a pile of brush and set fire to it and cremated them.

He always liked to work, and would carry potatoes all day if some one would put them in a basket for him, tried to help feed the cattle, and always carried in wood when anyone else did. When he was about twelve years of age some malicious person poisoned him, and we all mourned him sincerely.

E. L. HULL.

"That's How."

After a great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping *at it*," said the boy, cheerfully, "that's how."

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or how hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting; do not lose a breath in saying, "I can't," or, "I don't see how;" but go at it, and keep at it. *Study.* That is the only way to conquer it.

On the Eve of Boyhood.

A gentleman passing along Franklin street yesterday saw two children, apparently five and six years old, playing in the gutter. The elder wore pantaloons, while the younger still clung to infantil dresses. Stopping, he addressed the boy with pantaloons: "Are you both boys?" "No," was the answer! "I'm one, and Johnny's going to be one next week."

A Considerate Lad.

Little Charley—"Papa, will you buy me a drum?"

Fond Father—"Ah, but, my boy, you will disturb me very much, if I do."

Charley—"Oh, no, papa. I won't drum except when you're asleep."

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PALINDROMIC SENTENCE.

"I am a ——, I,"
A beast of camel kind;
On my *name* supply
A palindrome to find.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. B.

2.—WHAT WERE THE NAMES?

A gentleman walking toward the great Boston fire in 1872, turning a corner, came in full sight of the fire, suddenly called out the names of three eminent authors, which also expressed his great excitement. What were the names? MAMMA A.

3.—MATHEMATICS.

If a certain rectangle were as long and as wide as the length of its diagonal, it would hav four times as much area as it would hav if it werc only as long as it is wide. If it were as wide as it is long, its area would be what per cent of its diagonal's square?

WM. SCOTT.

4—PUZZLE.

1. . . . A . . .
2. . . A . A . .
3. . A . . . A .
4. A . . . . . A
5. . A . . . A .
6. . . A . A . .
7. . . . A . . .

1. A rampart. 2. An inpenetrable stone. 3. Thorough-going. 4. A volatile alkali. 5. Affording food. 6. To take origin. 7. A plant. R. BERNHEIM.

Bramwell, W. Va.

5—REBUS.



Three cities of the United States.

6.—CONUNDRUM.



What virtuous trait has this bird?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 27, 1886.

1.—"An itching palm" (a niche in palm). 2.—Kite, awl, note, gap, arch, ruta-baga, onion, owlet, kangaroo, elephant.

SOLVERS.—Libbie A. Troutman, Alma V. Klargvist, Willie Alexander, J. K. P. Baker.

Correspondence.

ELY, VT., Jan. 30, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I think I will write a few lines for it. I am fifteen years old and go to school. Our teacher is an Advent minister, although he is very kind, and tries to help us in our studies. I study arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, reading, and spelling. I like to read the pieces in the Children's Corner very much. I think the piece in the last copy was very nice. Thomas Paine surely was a great hero. My papa has the "Age of Reason," and if people read it thoroughly they can get a great deal of reason from it. My mother is a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav a twin brother who is also a reader of it. My only sister died two years ago with the typhoid fever. We hav her youngest child. He is three years old, has long, curly hair and black eyes. If he livs to be a young man he will be a Freethinker. Now, dear Miss Wixon, I think I must close. This is the first piece I hav ever written. If you think it is worth printing, I should be pleased to hav you print it, so good-bye. From your true and loving friend, DENA L. DIMOND.

ALLIANCE, O., Feb. 9, 1886.

MISS SUSAN WIXON: I hav seen so many pieces in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I thought I would write, too. My papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for a long time, and I takc so much pleasure in reading the Children's Corner. I go to Progressiv Lyceum, and I say a good many speeches out of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I go to public school, and am in the Second Reader. I am nine years old. I hav two brothers and three sisters. I think I hav written enough this time, and if you think this is nice enough to put in the paper I will try to do better. HENRY BIRCH.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Feb. 12, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and has for the last three or four years. I never thought anything about reading it until a few days ago I took it up and read the Children's Corner. I was so pleased with it that I thought I would write and tell you. I correspond with a little girl, and she livs in Bermuda. She seut me a leaf from the allspice-tree in one of her letters. I hav been sick with the scarlet fever, and hav not been out of doors yet. I am twelve years old, and am in the highest grammar school. I hav a very nice teacher. His name is Mr. Harrub. On my birthday he sent me some beautiful hot-house roses. Do you not think him very kind?* I expect to spend next summer on Bullock's Point, as papa has recently bought a cottage there. We spent last summer there, and liked it very much. It is not very far from Fall River. I will now close, hoping you will like this well enoughto publish it. I remain,

Your loving friend, MAUDE DAVIS.

*[Yes, it is always pleasant to be remembered when sick.—ED. C. C.]

DODGE CITY, KAN., Feb. 9, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I saw my letter in the Children's Corner, and I thought if I wrote again I could do better. I am in the Fourth Reader. My teacher's name is Mrs. Keating. I like her very much. We had examination. When we say to my little sister, "Where is mamma?" she says, "Da da." She will be two years old in July. If this letter is not good enough please do not print it. Papa says he will get the "Story Hour" for me.

Ever your friend, KATIE COLLAR.

TORONTO, Jan. 25, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and thinks so much of you that he has your picture, which was in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, framed, and when I look at your sweet facc I know you are too good to make fun or burn a letter from one of your friends, so I write you. Do not be afraid of being liked by me, for I am only ten years old, but I am getting older fast. I can "rassle" any boy of my size that I know of. I got a first-class certificate in Wellsley street school for perfect lessons and good conduct. Miss Spence, our teacher, does not say much about God, but she has to read a chapter in the Bible every morning. The other day she read about Jesus feeding five hundred folks on five small loaves and two fishes! I asked my chum, Jack Wright, if he thought Jesus could do that, and he said he thought that was the biggest lie ever started out on Jesus, and if it ever was true wouldn't he be a first-class man to run a boarding-house? Then we both laughed, and we had an extra page of lessons to write. I think it is a good thing to hav to hav the Bible read in school, because it cheers a fellow up just as good as "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," or "Arabian Nights." It has been snowing here for about two days, and the snow is about two feet deep on the streets, but I guess you won't much care to hear about the weather in this north country. I go with pa to hear the Freethought lectures. I am going to lecture myself. I cannot talk much about it now, because pa says they would expell me from school if they knew I was an Infidel. But just you wait and I'll bet you'll hear from me. I weigh eighty-seven pounds, and my head measures twenty-two inches. Now you must not think I am a blower, but I do feel proud that I am healthy and strong. With best love I am, Yours truly,

EDWIN F. CHUROHILL.

TEXAS, MICH., Feb. 20, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav often read THE TRUTH SEEKER at my grandpa's for several years past, and hav thought I would like to be one of the many who correspond in the Children's Cornor. I am fourteen years old, and go to school when I am well enough. I hav often got the answers to puzzles in other papers, and think that I hav the enigma in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 13th.

Miss Wixon, I would like to see my letter printed, if it is correct and you think it good enough. I will try and do better next time.

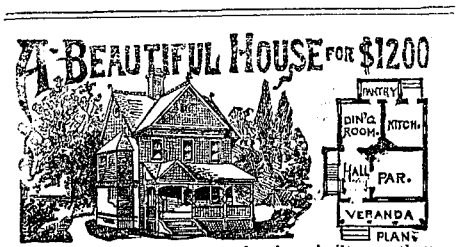
Ever your friend, MARY MCLIN.

BRAMWELL, W. VA., Feb. 18, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: In your Chats with Puzzlers, I noticed your kind inquiry of my whereabouts, but, being in my uncle's store at Pocahontas, Va., at the time, I could not write for the Children's Corner, for he, as an orthodox, is very much opposed to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I left Newburgh in June, and, as wc hav had no post-office until lately, we had to go without THE TRUTH SEEKER for a while. Bramwell is surrounded by seven mountains. The Bluestone river flows around it in the shape of a horseshoe. It is about three thousand feet above the sea. I inclose you two puzzles, and hope you will find them acceptable. Yours respectfully,

ROBERT BERNHEIM.

[We would like to answer all our correspondents individually, but hav not time to do so. Thcy are all dear to us, and we are proud of their little letters.—ED. C. C.]



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This is the story that was told me by Barnaby Barnhuller, the reformed lecturer:

"I can't recall the year, but it was a good while ago, that I made an engagement by letter to deliver my then famous humorous lecture, 'The Bulldog's Smile,' down at Dagsboro. You hav heard the lecture yourself, and know full well how I used to almost paralyze intelligent audiences with it—how the most obscure announcement of my coming never failed to bring out the janitor of the hall and the local editor, even in the most inclement weather. 'The Bulldog's Smile' was in its prime then, and I took it to Dogsboro with perfect self-assurance that it would reach the laughers of the solemnest, and shake out the shoe-pegs of the painfully grim and sedate. I did not know anything about it at the time I made the engagement, but it all came out afterward, and in a very annoying sort of way, too, that the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, the great archeologist, had been engaged by another committee to deliver his great lecture, 'The Universal Deluge,' in the same town and on the same evening. I was to run on the fountains of my humor in one hall, and the Rev. Potts was to review the Deluge in the other, for there were but two in Dagsboro. I learned later, too, that there was a strong sentiment against my style of humor in Dagsboro, and that the Potts lecture had been arranged by the opposition party to draw away the people from 'The Bulldog's Smile.'

"Trains that carry lecturers are liable to delays. The one that carried me on this occasion held up with a hot-box or something, and set me down in Dagsboro half an hour after the time announced for the lecture to begin. A young man met me at the train, nervously asked if I were the lecturer, and, receiving an affirmativ reply, hurried me off to the hall and on the stage without as much as a word of introduction to the audience.

"The hall was packed, and I never saw a more solemn congregation of folks at any funeral I ever attended. What with the delay on the road and the hurry from the train to the hall, I was a bit nervous; but with the opening sentences I regained my usual composure.

"I let loose in rapid succession a few of my choicest gems of humor, and then paused to note the effect. You could hav heard a sixty-days' note fall due, and there wasn't a smile on a face before me. I was perplexed. I had never, in all my professional life, struck an audience so hard to fetch as that. But I was not easily discouraged in those days, and be sides, I was loaded to the muzzle with fun. I brought out my most effectiv ammunition. I described the unfortunate wooer fleeing from the foot of an irate parent, and in my most beautiful imagery, pictured him attempting to climb the five-rail fence in his way, while the family bull-dog clung to the slack of his trousers, oblivious of the mysterious future and of the dead and silent past. I told of the honorable and scantily clad citizen pursuing the wayward spotted steer round and round his garden at midnight's solemn hour. I sung of the cook and the kerosene can, and of the gathering of the remains in the adjoining county, and I warbled also of the long red wasp in the Sunday trousers of the pious man who had never learned to swear. And yet there was not a smile. Faces before me that were but a foot in length at the beginning, now, to my excited imagination, seemed to hav lengthened to a yard. But I went on. I marshaled my broadest and hardest-hitting jokes, and marched them in merriest step before those rows of solemn faces; but I looked in vain for one little smile. I was mad. I was half tempted to take up a club I had seen on the stage, and go out among those people and show them that the feelings of a humorist could not thus be wantonly trifled with for even as much as one hundred dollars per night.

"My audience was respectful, but totally uncomprehensiv, and at last, thoroughly disgusted, I cut my lecture short off, left the stage, received my fee from the young man who had met me at the train, went to the nearest hotel, and locked myself in my room.

"The first man I saw on the train next morning was my old friend, the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts. The meeting was a mutual surprise. Neither of us knew the other had been in Dagsboro.

"'I lectured there last night on 'The Universal Deluge,' said Mr. Potts, in answer to my query; 'and such an unmannerly audience may the blessings of an over-ruling providence spare me from ever meeting again. They smiled at my finest word-painting, they laughed uproariously at my most tear-starting passages, and at my grandest climaxes they just got up and stamped their feet and howled. When I was describing the animals coming from the ark in grand and solemn procession, perhaps the most deeply pathetic passage in my lecture, one man howled himself into a fit, and had to be carried out. I tell you, friend Barnhuller, I I don't want to ever pass through such another experience. I am almost tempted to leave the platform forever.'

"The thing was as plain as daylight, now. The men who had met us at the train had blundered. The Rev. Mr. J. Potts had lectured to those who had assembled to hear me tell of the bull-dog's smile, and I had talked to those who wanted light on the universal deluge. When Mr. Potts had heard my experience, he seemed to be annoyed, though I cannot now see why he should hav been. His lecture, if he spoke the truth, was a tremendous success. I only had cause to feel hurt.

"During the following two months I received six offers to repeat my lecture at Dagsboro at double my regular rates, and I sent every one of them to the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, who treated them with silent contempt. Some men would hav been proud of a colossal success like that," concluded Mr. Barnhuller; "but the Rev. Joseph Q. J. Potts, the eminent archeologist and able commentator on the universal deluge, was not."—*Scott Way in Puck.*

Book Notices.

ADAMI AND HEVA.

I hav just read this charming contribution to our poesy—or, as I should say, this valuable addition to the literature of the age—which, nevertheless, will redound to the credit of the Liberal cause. "This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners that make civilization so tame and uninteresting," wrote William Ellery Channing, as though referring to this very Hindoo idyl which Putnam has presented us.

Poets find poor financial consolation, for Goldsmith exclaimed of poetry:

"Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried;
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so."

This should not be so, for "Adami and Heva" is a historical ode to the "divine passion," love, embracing the imagery of an Addison, the sweetness and delicacy of a Wordsworth, and the strength and fervor of a Shelley.

Prepare the laurel crown for S. P. Putnam, poet laureate of Liberalism!

E. A. STEVENS.

I hav read this new poem with genuin delight. It is an intrinsic gem, whose beauty would charm me if I found it in a desert, and never learned its author's name. I indorse its philosophy. Love is indeed life, and the highest law. I am glad this book is written. It is an argument for the existence of the most magnanimous conceptions independent of the Jewish Bible. I hav read it to several friends, including one of the finest literary critics in the world, who pronounced it really fine, and interrupted me with exclamations of pleasure and admiration. This New Version should be read by all. It is the poetry of truth and the truth of poetry.

EDGAR C. BEALL.

The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1886 is full of interesting matter. It has thirty portraits, some of them very good indeed, of distinguished Freethinkers, scientists, and philosophers. In these last one or two likenesses are included on very slight grounds. There is a well-filled calendar, and the first article is a very ably written *résumé* of the present position of Freethought in the United States. James Parton writes approvingly to the editor, who contributes an excellent paper headed "How Voltaire Died." David A. Andrade sends a full report to date of Freethought in Australia. The ANNUAL is admirably printed. —*National Reformer.*

"Sabbath-Breaking." By John E. Remsburg. An exhaustiv pamphlet on the origin of the Sabbath day, and an examination into the Sunday arguments, together with a historical account of the Sabbath in the Middle Ages, as well as testimony of scholars, divines, and reformers. A valuable *vade mecum* of the entire Sunday question. Published by the Truth Seeker Commpany. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co. Price 25 cents.——"TRUTH SEEKER'S ALMANAC, 1886." Full of quaint historical facts and statistics, with thirty portraits of prominent European Freethinkers, scientists, and philosophers. Price 25 cents.——"Adami and Heva." By Samuel P. Putnam. Mr. Putnam in this short poem has dressed up the Brahman version of Adam and Eve. It abounds in many fine passages, and some of the descriptions are replete with a highly imaginativ coloring. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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J. E. REMSBURG'S APPOINTMENTS.

J. E. Remsburg left Atchison for the East on the 3d inst. The following is his program so far as arranged:

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In addition to the above, Mr. Remsburg will speak in Greenwich, Mass.; Salamanca, N. Y.; Naples, N. Y.; Kent, O.; Perrysburg, O.; Tontogony, O.; Carey, O.; Bradford, O.; Spiceland, Ind.; Burr Oak, Mich.; Paris, Ill.; Chebanse, Ill.; Cleopatra, Mo.; Maitland, Mo.; Quitman, Mo.; Robinson, Kan.; Morrill, Kan.; Republic City, Kan.; Cawker City, Kan.; Council Grove, Kan.; Brookville, Kan.; Urbana, Kan.; Halstead, Kan.; Newton Kan.

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AGNOSTIC ANNUAL

FOR 1886.

CHAS. A. WATTS, Editor.

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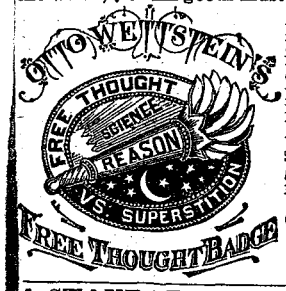
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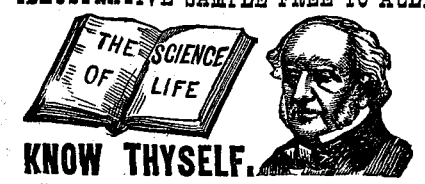


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TRAVELS IN FAITH

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News of the Week.

NEARLY $36,000 has been raised by subscription for the widow of General Hancock.

ACTORS were arrested last Sunday in Cincinnati for breaking the Sabbath by appearing on the stage.

THE REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER was last week defeated in his aspirations for the mayoralty of Elmira, N. Y.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND decides that no indemnity is due to China on account of anti-Chinese outrages in this country.

BRIG.-GEN. ALFRED H. TERRY has been nominated by the president to be major-general vice Winfield Scott Hancock deceased.

A NEGRO was clubbed nearly to death and then hanged by lynchers at Eatontown, N. J., last week Friday. He had assaulted and outraged an invalid young woman.

JUSTICE MEECH, of Chicago, has brought suit for libel against the Rev. A. E. Kittridge of the same city. Kittridge, in a sensational sermon, accused Justice Meech of accepting bribes.

THE husband of Poet Joaquin Miller's daughter, Mrs. Mackaye, has secured a divorce. She claimed never to hav been religiously married to Mackaye because he was not a Catholic.

A LARGE meeting of Mormon women was held in a theater in Salt Lake City last Saturday. They defended their right to enter polygamy, and appointed a committee to memorialize President Cleveland to let them alone.

JUDGE PUTNAM, of Uxbride, Mass., has been sued for slander by the Rev. Mr. Bremner. The judge accused the preacher of making improper advances toward Mrs. Putnam, and the lady corroborates her husband. She several times very narrowly escaped being the victim of the violence of the Rev. Mr. Bremner.

As the Rev. J. A. Rood, of Cohasset, Mass., was returning from a prayer-meeting one evening last week he was fired at by some person unknown. The parson, who chanced to hav a revolver in his pocket, returned the fire, though with no marked result. He attributes the assault to the liquor interest, which he has been fighting.

THE Rev. Mr. Bache, of this city, who sued the Rev. Mr. Ray for slander, and estimated the damage to his character at $50,000, has withdrawn the suit and paid all the preliminary costs. The slanderous statements imputed by Mr. Bache to Mr. Ray were to the effect that Mr. Bache had more wives than one and kept a mistress.

ONE night last week a sick man, well-dressed, was picked up in a street in Jersey City and taken to a hospital, where he gave the name of Harris. The next day the physician told him he would die, and he then said he was the Rev. C. E. Rider, of Williamsport, Pa. Having said this he fell back dead. No further particulars of his death hav been made public.

SOME time ago Jim Holland came to New York from Abilene, Texas, to see the city. He fell in with one Tom Davis, a dealer in counterfeit money. Davis tried to shove some of the bad money upon Holland, and in the course of the discussion which followed, Mr. Holland fired a bullet through Mr. Davis and killed him. Last week Holland was tried here for murder and acquitted.

THE pallium which the pope has recently sent to America was not conferred on the new cardinal, Gibbons, as stated, but upon Archbishop Corrigan. Mr. Gibbons catches a red hat instead. The ceremony of conferring the pallium, or pall, or ulster, took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in this city, on the 4th. With the usual mummery Archbishop Corrigan was seated on the throne of McCloskey, defunct, as spiritual ruler of the papists of this diocese.

ON Friday of last week about 15,000 men employed on the horse-car roads of this city and Brooklyn "tied up" and resolved not to go to work again until Deacon Richardson, of Brooklyn, would pay his men $2 a day for twelve hours' work. At the end of ten hours the deacon surrendered, and the cars all over the city were soon running. The character of Mr. Richardson is thus outlined by *John Swinton's Paper:* "As Deacon William Richardson, of Brooklyn, is the most pious, so he the most penurious and grinding of railroad monopolists."

NOW READY.

THE ORDER OF CREATION.

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN

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Odds and Ends.

"EVIL to him," etc.—"Look here, my friend, your molasses and whisky are not pure," said Gilhooly to an Austin grocer. Grocer (striking a tragic attitude): "To the pure all things are pure."

MINISTER: "That was a very vivid picture I drew in this morning's sermon of the burning tortures of the lost, deacon, and yet the congregation did not seem to be particularly impressed." Deacon: "Yes, I noticed that myself, and I partly account for it by the fact that the temperature of the church was only a degree or two above freezing."

IT WON'T WORK.

A bluebird perched on an aspen limb
In the February glitter,
You can't fool me with your siren hymn
Or the twit of your tunesome twitter;
I know, while of vernal things you blab,
That the buds won't burst nor the brooklets bab,
And that 'neath your promissory gab
There's an ornithological titter.

It's a chestnut, birdie, so it is—
This little toot you're tooting;
You seem to make it your annual "biz"
To come at the first saluting
Of genial air, and chirp about
The dandelion's coming out,
And the rhubarb's readiness to sprout,
And the verdure's general shooting.

But the bluebird perched on an aspen limb!
This spring you sing's a specter,
You can yawp the thing till your senses swim
In the sea of a god-kissed nectar,
But you can't inveigle a chap that's cute
To shuffle his four-ply flannel suit,
Or, in a moment of rashness, shoot
His all-wool chest-protector.

IN days of a past that is flown,
When dead folks were buried, I ween,
The dying one feebly would groan,
"Please see that my grave is kept green."

Cremation, alas, has to-day
This saying completely abolished.
It is now the custom to say,
"Just see that my urn is kept polished."

CONSISTENT PRONUNCIATION.

My faithful dawg
All through the fawg
Pursued a hawg
Into the bawg,
And leaped a lawg
Where sat a frawg
With eyes agawg.

But my good dawg,
Intent on hawg,
Kept on his jawg
And missed that frawg.

THE MORMON AND THE CHINAMAN.

A Mormon going southward,
A Chinaman going west—
They stopped beneath a sign-board
To sit them down to rest.

"Now, what a damned mean country
This is!" the Mormon said.
"A too muchee must glo countlee!"
And Chin Wong shook his head.

"Oh, whel you goin', Molmon!"
"Look up and you will know."
The Chinese climbed the sign-board,
And read, "To Mexico ☞."

"And where you going, heathen?"
"Look upee," said Chin Wong.
They read the other sign-board,
"This road to reach Hong Kong ☞."

Gems of Thought.

A PEOPLE cannot believe in such impossibilities as miracles unless fully immured in the darkness of religious superstition. It requires ignorance to make miracles a possibility.—*D. M. Bennett.*

MRS. POYSER is by no means the only one of her sex who believes that if women are fools, God almighty made them so to match the men.—*Mrs. William Grey.*

HE that has never suffered extreme adversity knows not the full extent of his deprivation [depravity]; and he that has never enjoyed the summit of prosperity is equally ignorant how far the iniquity of others can go. For our adversity will excite temptations in ourselvs, our prosperity in others. Sir Robert Walpole observed it was fortunate that few men could be prime ministers, because it was fortunate that few men could know the abandoned profligacy of the human mind. Therefore a beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection, for her beauty will tempt others and her poverty will tempt herself.—*Colton's Lacon.*

To speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament. Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you will listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols, and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon.—*Bacon's Essays.*

THE Cartesian doubt, were it ever possible to be attained by any human creature (which it plainly is not), would be entirely incurable and no reasoning could ever bring him to a state of assurance or conviction upon any subject. It must, however, be confessed that this species of skepticism, when more moderate, may be understood in a very reasonable sense, and it is a necessary preparation to the study of philosophy, by preserving a proper impartiality in our judgments, and weaning our mind from all those prejudices which we may hav imbibed from education or rash opinion. To begin with clear and self-evident principles, to advance by timorous and sure steps, to review frequently our conclusions and examin accurately all their consequences; though by these means we shall make both a slow and a short progress in our systems—these are the only methods by which we can ever hope to reach truth, and attain a proper stability in certainty in our determinations.—*Hume's Academical and Skeptical Philosophy.*

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF HISTORICAL ILLUSION.

THE contemporaries of Louis the Fourteenth thought him tall. Voltaire, who might hav seen him and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be that he was rather below than above the middle size. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death, the royal cemetery was violated by the Revolutionists, his coffin was opened, his body was dragged out, and it appeared that the prince whose majestic figure had been so long and loudly extolled was in truth a little man.—*Macaulay.*

AND behold the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom and the earth did quake and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after his resurrection and went unto the holy city and appeared unto many.—*Matt. xxvii*, 49-53.

SUPPOSE that all the historians who treat of England should agree that on the 1st of January, 1600, Queen Elizabeth died; that both before and after her death she was seen by her physicians and the whole court, as is usual with persons of her rank; that her successor was acknowledged and proclaimed by the Parliament; and that after being interred one month [and not merely three days and three nights, according to the Jewish mode of speaking, but actually only thirty-six hours] she again appeared, resumed the throne, and governed England for three years. I must confess that I should be surprised at the concurrence of so many odd circumstances, but should not hav the least inclination to believe so miraculous an event. I should not doubt of her pretended death aud of those other public circumstances that followed it. I should only assert it to hav been pretended and that it neither was nor possibly could be real. . . The knavery and folly of men are such common phenomena that I should rather believe the most extraordinary events to arise from their concurrence than admit of so signal a violation of the laws of nature.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

So soon as men understand that they must not get their geology from the Bible, but from their knowledge of the earth, then geology as a science was suddenly found making a marvelous progress. So soon as men understood that they were not to look to the Bible for their knowledge concerning the science of life, then biology began to develop. So astronomy developed with marvelous rapidity. So soon as men cut loose from their dependence upon the Bible for their geology, astronomy, biology, and the other sciences, then these sciences began to grow and progress. It will be the same, depend upon it, with respect to the science of morality.—*Felix Adler.*

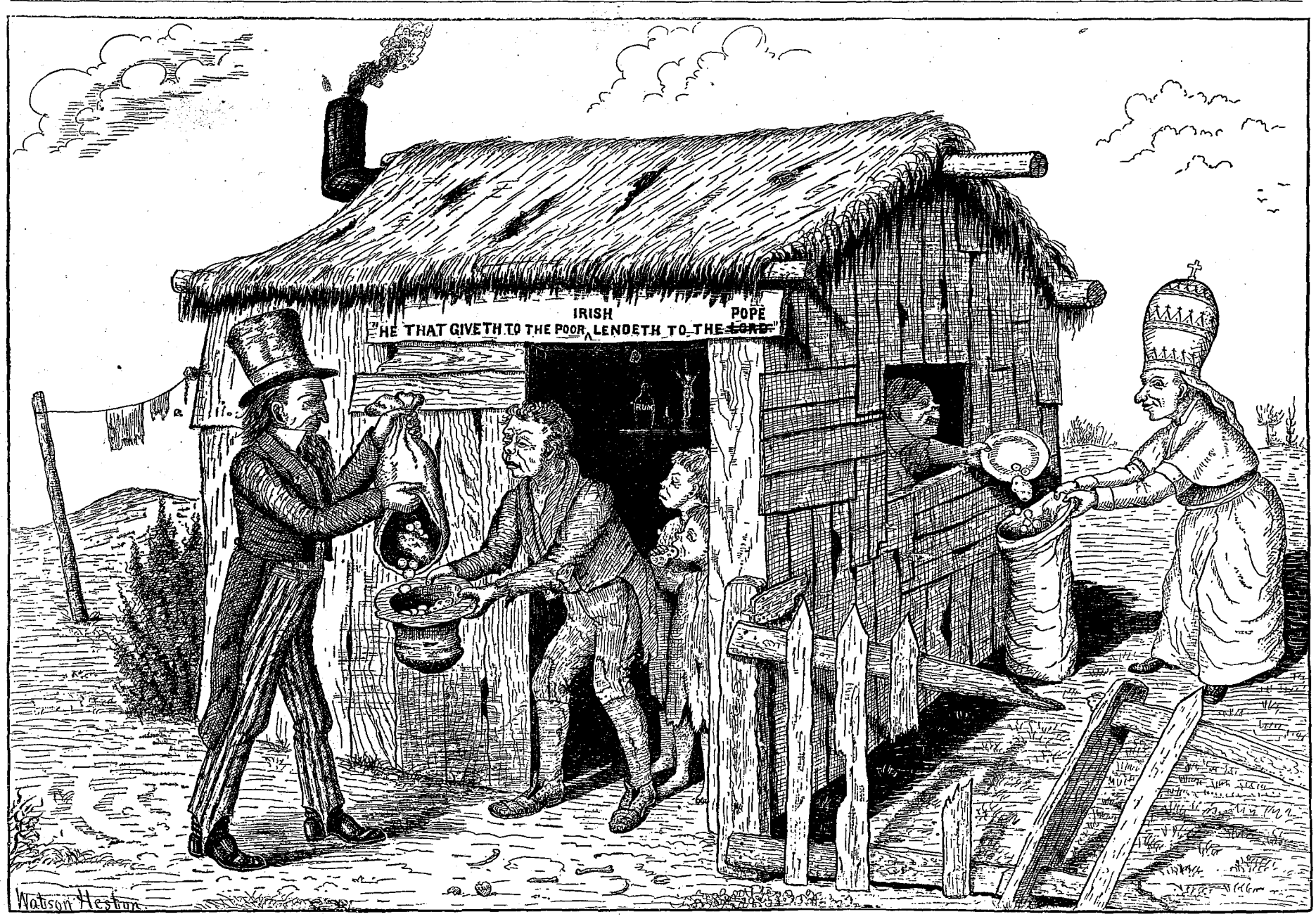
DEATH has two aspects; dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost genial to those of adverse, fortune. Her countenance is old to the young and youthful to the aged; to the former, her voice is importunate, her gait terrific; the latter she approaches like a bedside friend and calls in a whisper that invites to rest.—*W. S. Landor.*

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A CONTRIBUTION TO THE IRISH QUESTION.

Notes and Clippings.

SAM JONES and Sam Small object to dancing. Sam Jones chews tobacco, and Sam Small, it is said, smokes cigarets.

THE Boston Athenæum will hereafter open its library for visitors on Sunday afternoon, though no books will be given out on that day.

THE Rev. M. D. Shutter, Baptist, of Minneapolis, has resigned from his pastorate, giving as a reason his inability to longer believe in the faith of the Baptists, or to sympathize with them.

AT Homer Village, a few miles southeast of Ottawa, Can., Clarence J. Sears, over eighty years of age, recently had some trouble with his wife upon the subject of religion. To settle the question he procured a hand-saw and slashed her so fearfully that she died in a couple of hours.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* suggests: "One good Lord's day at the Exposition would be profitable. Let it be on Sunday, and let all members of all religious denominations go there to worship in a millennium union service, and pay their way in at the gate in lieu of putting a nickel in the contribution box."

THE *Churchman* is still unhappy over the religious situation at Harvard, as explained by President Eliot. It intimates rather broadly that Christians who send their sons to Harvard may expect judgments instead of blessings. And in the blackest of italics it calls this venerable university a school of irreligion. It is quite evident that the ministers and the church papers intend to make it very lively for the reforming president of Harvard.

WE get this from Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly*: "It is related that at the burial of the Hon. Elizur Wright, the sun came out just as he was lowered into the grave. It had been storming steadily for a week, but at that moment the black cloud rose suddenly, a golden sunset lit up the sorrowing faces gathered around the bier, and a rainbow appeared in the sky opposit; and then it all darkened again as the earth fell heavily on the casket containing the precious remains."

THE Austrian government has set out to suppress Socialism. The Committee of the Hungarian Diet has given its approval to a bill for the suppression of Socialism. Under the provisions of this measure summary dealings with all Socialists are authorized and severe punishment will be visited upon any person having letters on his person declaring Socialistic tendencies or anyone providing rooms for the meeting of Socialists. Keepers of public houses allowing Socialists to hold sessions on their premises will be deprived of their licenses.

BISHOP SELWYN, who interested himself greatly in the poor, one day, coming on a company of miners, heard them talking in a very animated way, so loudly that he said to them, "My friends, something seems to interest you all very much; I heard your voices quite in the distance—may I inquire what it is?" To which they replied: "You see that copper tea-kettle there? We found it, and we were just saying that the one who could tell the biggest lie should hav it." "Oh!" said the bishop, "I am sorry for that; I hope you will never again tell lies. 'Tis a fearful bad habit, and so unmanly. Why, I never told a tie in my life." Whereupon the four miners shouted in one breath, "Giv the governor the kettle."

IT is reported that the Communists and Socialists of Cincinnati are drilling and practicing rifle-shooting weekly. This is alarming on the face of it, but the fact that there are never more than nineteen men in line on one occasion, and that the object of the organization is mainly to fire at a target and drink beer socially, will allay the fears of those who liv at a distance from Cincinnati.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL VILAS has refused to allow a Sunday delivery in Baltimore. The *Tribune* comments: "Out of respect to 'the moral sense of the community,' Postmaster-General Vilas declines to giv Baltimore a Sunday morning delivery. A large accumulation of moral sense, not to speak of horse sense and common sense, backed the petition which the business men of the United States addressed to Mr. Vilas, begging him not to array himself against them by crippling the mail service. But Vilas, who is so tender of Baltimore's Sunday morning, showed that he cared nothing at all about the best interests of business men. It is statesmen of the Vilas school that strain at a gnat and swallow a whole caravan of camels."

Two distinguished writers hav just expressed decided opinions concerning Voltaire, and it is interesting to see these opinions in conjunction. Thus Ruskin: "Voltaire.—His work is, in comparison with good literature, what nitric acid is to wine, and sulphureted hydrogen to air. Literary chemists cannot but take account of the sting and stench of him; but he has no place in the library of a thoughtful scholar. Every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him; and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl." Of course we hav not Voltaire's opinion of Ruskin. Mr. Lowell says of the great Frenchman that he was one "who, if he used ridicule too often for the satisfaction of personal spite, employed it also for sixty years in the service of truth and justice, and to him more than to any other one man we owe it that we can now think and speak as we choose."

THE *Saturday Evening Gazette*, of Boston, says: "Mr. Joseph Cook has Gratiano's talent for saying an infinit deal of nothing. In common with that other windy, quarrelsome, and nonsensical person, the Rev. Mr. Talmage, he possesses an unfortunate gift for verbosity which he mistakes for both eloquence and argument, and this erroneous estimate leads him into no end of trouble. He has, during the years which he has poured forth unfathomable torrents of words, accomplished nothing more important than talking himself into notoriety. He has worn the public out by his volubility, and the wonder is that he has not worn himself out as well. The only explanation that offers is the indestructibility of wind. The potency of humbug when assisted by invulnerable egotism was never more felicitously exemplified than in the careers of these Tuppers of religious polemics, Messrs. Talmage and Cook. Ridicule, no matter how justly provoked, or how unerring its aim, hurls its shafts at them in vain. Their hides are impervious, and the professors of verbosity continue to pour out words in an endless, wishy-washy flood. Like neighbor Verges, they will be talking."

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—IX.

Liguori assures his readers that a simple dependence on the Virgin is all that is necessary to secure salvation. No matter what may be the nature of the crime, attend to her particular devotions and all will be well; but if you slight her, woe betide you.

To impress this on his readers he says that in 1610 some people dishonored the vigil of Pentecost by drinking and dancing. The Virgin came in person, set fire to the building, and fifteen hundred were burnt. This is attested by five eye-witnesses.

This proves her power; now for her morals: A notorious robber being urged to repent declared it was too late, but promised to fast every Saturday in honor of Mary. After awhile he was caught, tried, beheaded, and thrown into a ditch. The virgin came with four angels, wrapped the body in a cloth embroidered with gold, took it to the nearest city and told the guard to tell the bishop to bury it in consecrated ground, because he (the robber) was her faithful servant.

Another robber in Normandy had also been beheaded, and his head was heard to say, "Mary, giv me confession." A priest was sent after and confessed the head, which admitted that the only thing its former owner had ever done for the salvation of his soul was to fast one day in the week in honor of the Virgin.

The "Glories of Mary" contain several dogmas of like stories, and the gentleman who records and vouches for them is not only a saint, but a doctor of your church. *Dominus vobiscum!*

There are many letters written by Mary in heaven, and sent down to her admirers on earth, but the following is, as near as I can find out, the only one she wrote while here on earth. It is directed to the citizens of Messina, and can be seen in their cathedral:

The Virgin Mary, daughter of Joachim, the most humble mother of God, Christ Jesus crucified, of the tribe of Judah, and of the stock of David, to the people of Messina health and the blessing of God, the omnipotent father:

It appears by a public instrument that you, recognizing the way of truth through the preaching of Paul, the elect apostle, hav in your great faith sent to us embassadors and messengers; you confess our son, begotten of God, to be God and Man, and that after his resurrection he ascended to heaven; for which cause we bless you and your city, and will be her perpetual protector.

Jerusalem, in the forty-second year of our son. Indiction first Thursday, June 3d.

This letter was first brought to light in 1629 by the Jesuit Inchofer, one of the accusers of Galileo. An infallible pope, by solemn decree, has guaranteed its genuinness, and authorized copies to be sold to the faithful.

There is hardly any need to refer to the fraud of La Salette. Even your church is ashamed of it, and the good Jesuit fathers no longer point to it with pride, as the late national pilgrimage to that shrine, though numbering 200,000 votaries, resulted in the expulsion of their order from France.

When the Virgin appeared at Lourdes and said, "I am the immaculate conception," people thought it a queer expression, and awaited results; which, when they culminated in a spring flowing one thousand barrels of holy water a day, they were constrained to feel was a useless waste of holy things. But the announcement was an indorsement from on high of the latest dogma, and that, together with the water being shipped to all parts of the world, and entered duty free in every Catholic country, may repay the Jesuits for what they hav lost by being turned out of France. The order has fallen on evil times, for even the house of Loretto refuses to take wings and fly. When the Infidel Piedmontese took that town the house refused to budge. The power of Infidelity had overcome the power of the angels, and the pope negotiated to hav it taken down and carried piecemeal to Rome. But as the Italians took that city in 1870, God was again foiled. I hav lost track of the house; can you furnish me with the sequel?

The veneration for Mary has most certainly grown into an adoration. We can now look back on the past, deplore the darkness of the Middle Ages, pity their condition, even pardon many faults; but I do object to your shielding ourself behind specious arguments and theological terms. Your theologians claim you do not worship the Virgin in the true sense of the term, and hav distinguished it by *hyperdalia* in contradistinction to the term *latria* as applied to God. But how many of you Catholics know the difference? How many know that any difference is claimed?

Pio Nono, in his decree, December 8, 1854, says: "Let all the children of the Catholic church most dear to us hear these words, and with a most ardent zeal of piety and love, proceed to *worship*, invoke, and pray to the most blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God, conceived without original sin." As Pio Nono says worship, they will worship, and will continue to worship, till you can explain satisfactorily to the Irish servant-girl the difference between Hyperdalia and Latria. I am an ordinarily intelligent man, and hav examined as closely as I am able the two systems, and will say that if I were to be the object and had the choice I should choose the position of your Virgin to that of your God.

Subtle distinctions hav some weight with the intelligent, none with the ignorant. The masses are attracted by that which appeals to the senses, and very frequently a picture will sway a multitude when an argument would be powerless. I call your attention to a picture sold openly in the streets of Rome. In his controversy, Mr. Gladstone referred to it. At the top is God the father bestowing his blessing; at his right hand the Virgin Mary; at his left St. Peter; directly beneath him the Holy Ghost, showering rays of light on Pio Nono, who, as the central figure, is seated on the papal throne, dressed in all his insignia, and Europe, Asia, Africa, and America in adoration at his feet.

And your God, Jesus Christ—where was he? Conspicuous by his absence.

With the ordinary private scandals of any religious system I hav nothing to do. Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, and the rest of the pagan crew hav plenty of them, but an outsider can very reasonably object to any public scandal which is directly traceable to your peculiar methods, and therefore I propose to point out a few.

The first is what are known as Christian lies. Not long ago Colonel Ingersoll was advertised to deliver his lecture, "Which Way?" in a certain New England town, and I went ten miles to hear him. To me, at least, it was two and a half hours of music and poetry, and, from the respectful manner of the audience, and what I heard as I passed out, it was evident that a serious impression had been made. The next morning I had occasion to call at a drug-store, and found a deacon of the Baptist church, surrounded by half a dozen men, speaking of the lecture. I listened, and, to my surprise, heard the deacon say that Mr. Ingersoll had pulled out his watch on the platform and said, "If there be a God I defy him to kill me within three minutes," and after waiting that length of time declared, as he was still alive, it was proof positiv there was no God. I then ventured to join the group, said I had attended the lecture, occupied one of the front seats, had my eyes riveted on the speaker from his entrance to his exit, and did not hear anything of it; that the action and remark would hav been worthy of a blackguard, and Mr. Ingersoll was a gentleman, and asked the deacon for his authority. I was referred to a laundryman down the street. I called on him, stated my business, and was told that his informant was Mr. ——, a salesman in a drygoods store opposit. I crossed the street and interviewed this gentleman. On repeating the story, as given by the deacon, he laughed, and said his words had been garbled; that during the lecture Colonel Ingersoll had pulled out his watch, and at this movement it had flashed across his mind that some one, under similar circumstances, had used the remarks already quoted, and he wondered if the colonel was going to repeat them. Now, here was a Christian vilifying a perfect stranger simply because there was a difference in opinion, although the Infidel was trying to clear the skirts of his God from the crimes his own followers had imputed to him.

The very moment any of you can answer the colonel, you will cease this vituperation, and set to work repairing the rock he has shattered.

But this is a Baptist lie. Well, let me giv you a Catholic lie. It is not a score of years since I accompanied your wife and self to a mission held by the Redemptionists. The subject was, "Infidelity: Its Cause and Cure." I will giv the priest credit for being one of the most eloquent men I ever listened to. I wish I could say as much for his truthfulness. In the course of his remarks the reverend gentleman came to treat of Thomas Paine, and pictured in the most glowing manner all his vices, traced him through the American Revolution, then the French, back to America. He spoke of the "Age of Reason," informed us that his duty as a priest had compelled him to read it, gave us a synopsis of its contents, and his appeal to the congregation never even to look at its cover was equaled only by his picture of the death scene. I could see that Infidel as he lay on his bed deserted by God and man, his pinched, wan face and hungry eyes betokening early dissolution, striving in vain to remember the prayers learned at his mother's knee. As he writhed in agony, almost gasping his last breath, the Virgin was depicted kneeling at her son's feet, imploring him by the love he bore her to save the unhappy man. Around the bed were a score of devils ready to seize the soul as soon as it was freed from the earthly tenement, and Lucifer himself, conscious of his priority of claim, stood by to defend his rights. Jesus, with his heart full of compassion, was about to accede to the Virgin, when the father interposed saying that as Paine had lived without a God, he should die without one. A whole procession of saints and angels joined with the Virgin, but all to no purpose. The decree had passed. Then the devils advanced to seize their victim, and with one despairing shriek Paine, in his eagerness to escape them, fell out of bed and died with his head in his chamber. The imaginary shriek of Paine was answered by several throughout the church, and one lady, only a few pews in front of us, was carried out in a dead faint. Though it was winter, beads of perspiration stood on my forehead, and, if I remember correctly, you were equally impressed. This sermon haunted me for months, and was one of the reasons why I did not read the "Age of Reason" sooner. When I read it I found Mr. Paine did believe in God, was in fact a Unitarian, and gave his reasons for his belief in no less than seven different parts of his work.

Now which was the worse, the Baptist or the Catholic lie? Here was your priest in the very sanctuary of God, under the very shadow of the body and blood of Jesus, telling a wilful, deliberate, and malicious lie. *Cui bono?*

If it be true that "the consecrated wafer is not only the body of Jesus Christ, it is Jesus Christ upon the cross, Jesus Christ dying for us," then I can see your God, writhing in agony and despair, regret his sacrifice; for the pagans, from whom he came to save you, inscribed in their temples the legend, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Those eminent Christians, Messrs. McClintock and Strong, say: "The religion which Paine proposed to substitute for Christianity was the belief in one God as revealed by science, in immortality as the continuance of conscious existence, in the natural equality of man, and in the obligation of justice and mercy to one's neighbor."

But this was under the excitement of a revival. Well, let us look further. Examin the career of Capel, "the wandering prelate of the Vatican." He comes to America with the title of monsignor, secretary or confidant of the pope, and authorized to speak for him. Take his lecture on the Inquisition. What a mess of stuff and lies! In the Dominican church, and in the presence of that Jesus "at the mention of whose name every head in heaven, on earth, and in hell bows," he claims that the church is entirely free from the stain of blood spilt by the Inquisition. Now you and I hav conversed many times on this subject, and, although you would not go as far in denunciation as I, yet I hav heard you say that the church *was* responsible. Do you think if Capel were visiting you, and this subject were to arise, that he would use his arguments in your parlor? You know he would not. You would consider it an insult to your intelligence, and would so inform him. So then he has less respect for his God than for you. You could answer him; his God could not.

If there be anything you Catholics prate more about than another, it is of the consolations of your religion in the hour of death. Theoretically you may be correct; practically I know you are not. Let me giv you an instance or two.

A relativ of mine, a good Catholic, was called on to mourn the loss of his oldest child, a bright, intelligent lad of eleven years. It had been sudden; the family were in deep despair; the mother particularly was inconsolable. A few days after the funeral, the lady was surprised by a visit from a clergyman who explained his presence by saying though he had not the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, he knew her husband, had been a college mate, and was intimate with his family. Hearing of the loss, he had taken the liberty to call, offer his condolence, etc. As he warmed to his subject the bereaved mother interrupted him and, motherlike, said: "Why did God take away my darling? Death, you say, is the punishment of sin, and surely my innocent boy was blameless. If sin was committed, I was the one, not he. Why did not God take me away and leave him?" etc., etc. "My dear madam," answered the reverend consoler, "the ways of God are mysterious. Humble yourself in his presence, for this may be a blessing in disguise. Possibly, looking into the future, he saw your boy, the pride of your heart, having grown to man's estate, enter a liquor saloon, become intoxicated, engage in a brawl, and take the life of a fellow-being. Knowing you to be a model wife and mother, and a good daughter of our holy church, he has taken your boy away thus early in order to save you from a greater pang." The lady quietly rang the bell and told the servant that the reverend gentleman wished his hat and cane. Now, I know this to be a fact; I had it from the lips of my relativ. So where are your consolations? Tell a bereaved mother that her son was taken from her to prevent his being a murderer!

But you may say this is an isolated case. Let me giv you another. All the actors are dead, so I will use names. I speak of John Manning's. You knew him as well as I, and though you may not be aware of every detail, yet you know enough about it to check me if I state a falsehood.

I had received a letter from John, inviting me to the marriage of his daughter, to take place in six weeks. Within a month I was shocked to read in the *Herald* the announcement of her sudden death. I packed my valise, hurried to your city, and arrived at John's house just at dusk. He answered my ring at the bell, and his cold hand, as it lay in mine, spoke more eloquently than words. I did not attempt any consolation. I am glad now that I did not. He

ushered me into the parlor, where lay the corpse, dressed in her bridal robes, hands folded over her breast, and a tiny forget-me-not, the last gift of her lover, held between her fingers. As we stood over the coffin, poor John's eyes riveted on the face he loved so well, a ring came and in entered a priest. Bowing to all, he glanced around, quickly passed to a table, and taking from it two candles, lit and placed them among the others at the head of the corpse and rearranged those at its feet. It was done with the self-possession of a man who knew what he was doing. He then came over to John's side and took his hand, but before he could speak my poor friend burst out into an apostrophe which chilled me to the very marrow. His appeal to her for just one word, one look of recognition, I shall never forget. But no answer came. Then, turning to the priest, he said, "Father, where is Lou? Where is my pet?"

Now was the opportunity I had so long sought. Here was one who claimed to be commissioned to speak. From his actions with the candles, he was acquainted with every minutia, every detail—he knew everything. I looked up in his face, and a smile covered it as he answered, "My dear sir, let us hope——" He proceeded no further. John had dashed his hand aside, and if ever I saw despair pictured on a human countenance I saw it then. John reeled to a sofa; the scene was ended. I remained for the funaral, and never desire to duplicate my experience. And poor John—what of him? For over forty years he had been a good and faithful son of the church; had fasted and feasted at her command; was a regular communicant; and his check-book could show that he had not been called on in vain.

One by one, he had seen his children, then their mother, laid in their graves, and now, when called on to part with his last, all the consolation he could obtain was, "Let us hope." Of what consequence were "the glad tidings of great joy" to him? He had pinned all to faith and discarded reason, and now, as you know well, reason had almost discarded him.

If this be all the consolation that the religion founded by Jesus can giv, after being established eighteen hundred years, I'll hav none of it. It has cost millions of lives and countless treasure, and when the supreme moment arrives the priestly hypocrit, who is too lazy to do an honest day's labor, and has been fattening on your credulity, quietly folds his hands over his well-filled paunch, raises his sanctimonious eyes toward your imaginary heaven, and with a self-satisfied smile simply says, "Let us hope."

I hav already made this letter too long, but will try to finish all I hav to say in my next.

Yours truly, McArthur.

Inhumanity.

Bobbie Burns has said that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Nothing could be truer than this saying of "nature's sweetest bard." The law of heredity has incorporated into manhood some of the elements of the brute as well as those of humanity. Nothing could better serve to prove man's evolution from the lower animals than the fact that he has brought up with him some of their characteristics. We hav all seen exhibited in man the elements of a coyote, hyena, and a snake. Artful cunning, cowardly treachery, deceitful hypocrisy, and poisonous venom each finds a habitation in the mind of man. Brute force is argument, and might is often made the criterion of right. Vices hav been characterized as virtues, and the tenderest mercies were but the basest cruelties. The very thought of all the vice and villainies of man is enough to make the impressible cheek of modesty crimson with shame. All the great and good of earth who dared to think and speak their thought were given to the sword and stake, save those alone who could elude the vulture's eye or kneel in abjuration of their life's long thought. Thousands hav been the victims of mistaken crimes, but for every victim nature bleeds and justice weeps. On every hand we hear the cries of deep distress, of sunken hopes, of blasted aims. The fluctuating sea of life has drunk the hosts of fell despair, and thousands now are sleeping on beneath its restless waves. These cries are not in vain. All social wrongs must be retrenched. Each sad and wounded heart inhuman monsters broke must sure be healed. Through social wrongs the mind of man must reach and penetrate the festered mass. Corrupt and injudicious laws must be repealed, all useless sinecures must die. The shallow, brainless, wandering waifs who never knew the force of love, the soothing balm of joyous homes; the denizens of countless slums, examples of the force of want—all indicate a growing need, a panacea unsupplied. Distressing cries surmount the air. From foreign lands resound the wails of much-abused and starving souls. A million hosts, unknown to freedom but to serfdom born, must toil and weep and sweat to clothe and feed in luxury and ease the chronic paupers and royal loafers of imperial thrones. In the brazen face of plenteous wealth thousands die of growing want. On every hand we hear the cries of Labor seeking for his rights. What does it mean? It means that gilded capital must step down and out from power that the knight of labor dispossessed may rule instead. It means that equal rights, equal liberties, and equal opportunities must be extended to all, and that upon the domed firmament above, inlaid with suns and wrapped in the fraternal harmony of the stars, we must inscribe these three words: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, the grandest words that ever dropped from human lips. The wrongs and cruelties of earth are great; a helping hand must come. In curing ills we need no saints, much less a sacred shrine. The power lies with man, and he alone, when rightly led, can render aid. The grandest hearts are those who grasp the diverse needs, the various wants, of all mankind. Exhaustless charities their portals fill. The hopes and aims of each and all should be to so condition man that all remediable ills should cease. When man shall rise above the brute, assert his higher powers and aims, and banish all ignoble traits, Utopia will gleam. G. F. Rinehart.

Syracuse, Kan.

A Cosmopolitan Republic.

The idea of a grand central universal government is not a despicable one. The reasons it has as yet failed of realization are obvious.

Napoleon had the idea, and it nerved him in his greatest military efforts. Many others, and probably all of royal blood, hav slightly dreamed of a universal crown. But all these golden dreams hav been doomed to infamous annihilation. Why?

The reason evidently lies in the nature of the governments which those royal aspirants hav meant to establish.

It is natural and right for men to be self-interested. But, since it is as proper and just as natural to a common man as to one of royal ancestry, self-interest has been circumscribed by tolerably definit limits. Besides, there hav been and are too many princes entertaining the same ambition. Their interests hav been antagonistic; and, sustained by their less ambitious, but nevertheless, though more unconsciously, self-interested adherents, they hav defeated each other's schemes.

It is evident that the greatest amount of poverty, and much of the sufferings, of people in monarchies are the result of the extravagance and immorality of their so-called merciful paternal sovereigns *gratia Dei*. What insanity for starving nations to expend billions of dollars upon their houses of worthless princes and princesses, when their public and private safety can be secured by a republican government a thousand times better and not half so expensiv!

The world is gradually, and more rapidly than generally supposed, being instructed in republican principles. Democracy is said to be the one progressiv principle; which claim, if true, must enable us to believe that it will soon fill the earth like Nebuchadnezzar's stone.

The nation doing most for the enlightenment of the world upon the advantages of republican institutions is doubtless the United States. It is the most extensiv, and is composed of people from nearly all other nations, who, still connected by ties of consanguinity with their mother countries, are, consciously or unconsciously, spreading the doctrin of human rights, and a knowledge of the advantages of the government under which they liv. This leads us to infer, and the frequent efforts in different parts of the world to shake off the chains of despotism prove, the fact.

The president of the United States is paid for his services not one-twentieth proportionately of what the king of the Scandinavian peninsula, for instance, is paid. The president really does something, and works hard for the people he serves, while what the king usually does with all his might, and by the assistance of his sons, daughters, attendants, and ministers, all paid by the people, is to oppress his employers and waste his wages in disgraceful dissipation. Can people much longer see this and not see through it?

If all the monarchs of the world, like the king of the Sandwich Islands, had sense enough to see the unprofitableness of their service, and would enter into negotiations with the United States, their subjects, I think, would immediately say Amen to the transaction. A voluntary universal sale of crowns would be the greatest benevolent act of which the monarchs are capable. How changed would soon become the aspect of the earth! What a grand thing would be a cosmical republic! States in every respect coördinate! All peoples, though living in different countries, equally heirs of all the blessings of the whole earth! No protectiv tariffs to destroy the equality of rights; no wars to murder body and soul and impoverish humanity; no state church to encroach upon the liberties of men! A single, practical, cosmical congress representing all nations, and in which all nations would hav a never-dying interest! A single, amicable, cosmical brotherhood! How sublime! The thought ought to recommend itself to all thinking people as one of the grandest of our age.

And when sometime you can engage
In mental grasp
The thought which animates the age,
Then you're a sage.

Samuel Garborg.

Sam Jones.

Chicago is just now being overhauled by the Georgia revivalist, a man who blends superstition and common sense in equal proportions more nearly, perhaps, than any living man.

There is scarcely a Freethinker who cannot indorse his mental independence—that rare thing among Christians. Take this as a sample:

You want courage, brother; courage that will stand in its tracks and die there. I hav had this old world play its intimidating tricks on me. I hav had dynamite on my premises, and if you don't shut your mouth about some things we will put it in your dwelling and blow your whole family into eternity, and I hav walked out on the streets and said: "I will never hush my mouth; I will denounce you as infernal scoundrels, violating the law of my state;" and, said I: "Put your dynamite under my home and blow us up. You will giv us a good start, and I had just as soon go to heaven by the dynamite route as any other God can make" [laughter and applause]. *I never could be bought, I never could be scared;* I never intend to swerve a hair's breath from what I see is right until this old world shall hush my mouth forever; and you could take me and dip me and drown me in ten fathoms of water in this lake, with a rock around my neck, and every babbling wave will sing it out on you, "You hav drowned a man who had the courage to say what he believed" [great applause].

I want to commend the *trait*, which even Christians applaud to the echo *if it is exhibited in defense of Christianity*. I am liberal enough to admire this trait of mental independence even in a Christian. But does a Christian admire and commend the same fine quality in an Infidel? No. I think the Rev. Sam Jones has a sort of Christian contempt for it when it leads to, and results in, a complete rejection of Christ and Christianity as divine.

In the presence of an audience of six thousand people in Chicago Sam Jones (he calls himself Sam) said about Infidelity:

I said once before that there is but one soil in the universe of God that Infidelity will grow in, and that is the soil that is littered with the unfaithful lives of professing Christians. No compliment to Christianity, or Infidelity either, to say that, but that's the truth as certain as I am standing here to-night.

Amazing ignorance! Yet on just such misrepresentations the clergy, and especially revivalists, are feeding their sheep. The man shows that he does not understand the first principle of Infidelity. Evidently the reverend Sam never suspected that the principle for which he was willing to be dropped into Lake Michigan is exactly what stiffens the spine of every Infidel in the land. Though every Christian on earth were a paragon of purity, that fact would not make his Christianity one whit more logical or true. When will Christians comprehend the issue between Freethought and Christianity?

Wentworth, Dakota. W. F. Jamieson.

P.S.—I am about to hav a debate with an Adventist in Madison, Dak., if he is not another Elder Hill—so anxious to debate that he can't be even coaxed into it. J.

How General Washington Swore.

When General Washington became president he was urged to hold levees. After resisting the importunities for three weeks he yielded, and Colonel Humphries was charged with the arrangement of ceremonies. When the hour arrived, the pompous colonel conducted him into the reception room, and with a loud voice called out, "The President of the United States." The president was so much disconcerted that he did not recover from the shock during the whole evening. After the company had retired he said to Humphries: "Well, you hav taken me in once, but by God you shall never take me in a second time." And every afterward he had the company introduced as they entered the room, where he stood to receive them. The levees were preserved in all their vigor at short intervals under President Adams, accompanied by sumptuous entertainments. But Jefferson discontinued them. He had but two days for public reception, the 4th of July and 1st of January.

This is taken from Rayner's "Life of Jefferson," 1832. Theodore Parker, in a lecture on Washington, once said: "It is refreshing to know that this great and good man did sometimes swear." Burr.

State Socialism in Russia—An Object Lesson.

The Russian government controls and operates the post-offices and telegraphs, the canals and the railroads, *i.e.*, the whole system of communications and transportations, with result of a deficit for the twelve years past of $20,000,000 per annum. It also controls and operates most of the banks and the mines, hence not only coin and currency, but bullion also. It derives from excises a revenue of $149,000,000, and from customs $50,000,000; from direct taxes, $63,000,000. It pays for the management of its finances $57,000,000; for its army and navy, $123,000,000; imperial household, $5,000,000. The interest this year on its national debt is $106,000,000. Total income estimated at $394,000,000, and expenditures at $407,000,000. But if so, the deficit will be little over half what it has averaged for ten years past, namely, $22,000,000. Let America follow in these illustrious footsteps. The figures are Bradstreet's.

Edgeworth.

The Liberal Club.

A "chapel send-off" kept the regular reporter from the 403d meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. The "send-off" was given to Amrita Lal Roy, a Hindoo of high caste, who has sojourned in this country three years, and confesses that the months spent in THE TRUTH SEEKER office are the happiest of all the thirty-six. The "send-off" is elsewhere described by the Man With the Badge-Pin. It should hav been a sad affair, but was, the writer is privately informed, a sadly jovial one.

A detachment of the Salvation Army followed J. E. Remsburg up Third avenue to Fifteenth street, and fears were entertained that somehow they had got wind of his presence and contemplated storming the German Masonic Temple. But the cloud passed on and over, and Mr. Remsburg reached the hall in safety. On this occasion Mr. Remsburg did not speak by the card, for Acting-president Wakeman had forgotten to put him on. However, he was not undone, but made a good speech instead.

When Acting-president Wakeman had called the attention of the audience to the brilliant character of the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER (which paper was a standing proof of the truth of the saying that the last was the best), spoken encouragingly of the progress Jonah was making on his journey, and informed the people present that Your Humble Servant (meaning the acting-president) was going to Albany to enlighten the legislativ Committee of Ways and Means as to the advisability of revising our state tax laws, and especially of the necessity of taxing the churches, he introduced Mr. Remsburg as our evangelist John.

This lecture on Sabbath-Breaking, as Mr. Remsburg delivers it, grows upon one who hears it often. The writer has listened to it twice in New York, once in Jersey City, once in Albany, once in Cleveland, has read it before and since it appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and has carefully conned it since it appeared in pamphlet form. He feels, therefore, qualified to report upon it, which he does to the effect that it is good, and would be a healthy lecture for the New York Sabbath Committee to hear. Just now it is particularly appropriate in this city, when the museum trustees are considering the petition for the opening of these institutions on Sunday, and the press is vigorously urging them to do so. Mr. Remsburg spoke very spiritedly, and the audience, which reached clear back to the door, responded with applause. A local hit at Talmage—the lecturer pleading for Sunday rights of the "clown in the tent as well as the clown in the Tabernacle"—endangered the floor, and brought the German janitor out of his retreat in the basement. The points made by the lecturer are to be found in the pamphlet, and though the reader will miss the stirring eloquence of the orator, the matter is there, and that, after all, is the best part of a speech.

Mr. Remsburg closed about nine o'clock, and Acting-president Wakeman rose up to clinch with his ponderous logic the points of the spikes the lecturer had driven into the Sabbatarian coffin. He said that the argument in THE TRUTH SEEKER for opening the museums on Sundays was invincible in its logic and statesmanship. This would hav made Mr. Putnam feel glad if he had been there, but he had gone up to see Colonel Ingersoll, and missed this praise from Sir Hubert. The Liberals of New York, said Acting-president Wakeman, must carry this question of Sunday opening of the museums into politics if the trustees do not grant the petition. The museums are chiefly supported by the general public, and at the next election the officers who compose the Board of Estimate and Apportionment—the mayor, controller, president of the Board of Aldermen, and president of the Board of Assessment and Taxation—should be given to understand that they must not vote away the people's money to the museums unless they are open on Sundays, so that the people can get the benefit of them. The acting-president then quoted from St. Paul to the effect that no man goeth to war at his own charges, and appointed Mr. Deane and the secretary a committee of two to visit the audience and receive their favors. The lady secretary borrowed a hat, and when she returned it informed the owner that $14.37 had been deposited in it and Mr. Deane's head-covering.

The acting-president then announced that the floor was open. Dr. Weeks said that he would like to hav some Christian come forward to defend the Sabbath, and afterward be annihilated by the lecturer. In accordance with this suggestion a cordial invitation was extended to any Christian in the hall. None being forthcoming, Dr. Eccles was called upon as a substitute. He agreed with the trend of the lecture, but could criticise details. He did not see what Biblical authority the lecturer had for the statement that folks must keep the seventh day (Saturday). He thought the command was a general one to keep one day in seven, and it did not matter which day. He also thought the lecturer erred in saying nature knew no rest-day. Nature, he said, was full of rhythm. In its early condition the earth was like a drunken man, swaying back and forth, and progressing unsteadily and by jerks. Nature was also like a hired man, resting on rainy days. Plants, he said, rest in cloudy weather, and the average is one day in seven. In winter, nature takes a long sleep. Mr. Eccles concluded by saying that if the Liberals would not call the ministers damned liars, damned hypocrits, damned rogues, but should allow that they were honest men, as he knew them to be, more progress would be made in obtaining the ends sought. From their standpoint, the ministers were logical, and must be coaxed instead of driven. Mr. Eccles and Robert Blissert are the only Christian orators of the club, and the only ones who habitually use profane language on the platform.

Dr. Weeks agreed with what Mr. Eccles had said more nearly than with any other speech he ever heard him make. He also agreed with the lecturer. Dr. Weeks favored two rest-days in the week, or even three, rather than none. He was also in favor of the eight-hour law. He thought the clergy were better men than he would be in their place. This allusion to a Brooklyn pulpiteer's celebrated letter brought out much laughter from those whose memories were long enough to enable them to catch the point, and it gradually dawned upon the others. All through Dr. Weeks's ten minutes occasional snorts of mirth marked the dawning of the joke upon the audience. Dr. Weeks said that preachers could not be expected to throw away their bread and butter. They are the lawyers of the corporations called churches, and they must earn their fees by defending the corporations.

Calls for Mr. King were loud and continual. He had left the "chapel send-off," and had taken a modest seat near the door of the hall. In response to a direct appeal from the acting-president, he stated that he had nothing to say. Mr. Wakeman remarked that this was a wonder, and the secretary made a note of the fact.

No other champion of the clergy entering the lists, Mr. Remsburg rose to put the dagger of mercy (as the knights of old called the weapon with which they dispatched their opponents after disabling them) to the throat of Mr. Eccles. He thanked Mr. Eccles for disagreeing with him, but he would remind him that the Bible did command the seventh-day observance. God rested on the seventh day from the beginning and hallowed it. The seventh day is implied, and it is admitted by all Christians that the seventh day was the day given to the Jews. They rest on that day. It would be absurd to claim that they hav lost a day. This was Friday, not Saturday. It is absurd to suppose that Sunday is the seventh day. There is no passage in the Bible commanding the people to keep one day in seven. The command is to observe the seventh day. The lecturer quoted from Archbishop Whately: "There is no injunction to sanctify one day in seven throughout the whole of the Old Testament. We never hear of keeping holy some one day in every seven, but the seventh day, the day on which 'God rested from his labors.'" Mr. Remsburg said his work was not against Christians as individuals, but against priestcraft. "I may be severe," he said, "but I never expect to win the clergy. Their living depends upon keeping up the Sabbath. That gone, they are gone. In the words of Parker Pillsbury, 'Break this one yoke, and priestly domination is no more. With their holy day must go their holy office, and with it their holy and reverend selves.' I might kiss them all, but I could not win them." Mr. Remsburg wished to congratulate the Liberals of New York upon the practical work done in connection with the museums. "Every year," he said, "we meet in convention and pass resolutions, stirring, just, and grand; but without work these resolutions are useless. Work, practical work, just such as you hav been doing here in this city, and are going to do at Albany before the legislature, is what is demanded. Keep on in this work and you will triumph."

The audience then went home some half hour earlier than usual, owing to the absence of enthusiastic Christians.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1886.

This is to certify that the writer personally appears before me and acknowledges the foregoing to be a true account of the proceedings at the Manhattan Liberal Club on Friday evening, March 12, 1886. Witness my hand and seal,

[L. S.] A. GROWLER, Notary Public.

Roy.

There was a notable gathering in the composing-room of THE TRUTH SEEKER on the evening of Friday, the 12th. Amrita Lal Roy, a young Hindoo, who has been employed here for a year or more, left for India Saturday morning. Friday night's festivities were arranged by his fellow-employees to giv him what is technically known as a "chapel send-off." The word chapel here has no religious significance, but is the name of the organization of printers in the establishment. There were present at the gathering, besides the members of the chapel, Mr. C. P. Somerby, James Redpath, Colonel Hinton, Edward King, Henry J. Thomas, J. N. Bogert, and Messrs. Archibald, Somoff, and Harris.

At about seven o'clock coffee and other things were served upon the imposing-stones, which had been scrubbed to unusual whiteness. Mr. Stevens, father of the chapel, was chosen president, and after mentioning to the assemblage that this was a little send-off that the boys had prepared for Roy, he invited everybody to lay aside their natural reserve and participate in the spread which they saw before them. The first toast, "Our Guest," was responded to by James Redpath, of the *North American Review*. Mr. King, perhaps the best known of all the speakers at workingmen's meetings, did the presentation act, the gift being a valuable pen, donated by Mr. Bogert and the heads of the various departments of this office, and Mr. Roy accepted the gift with such words as the occasion seemed to require. Colonel Hinton, of the New York *Star*, spoke to the toast, "The Press." He called attention to the remarkable fact that in an office dedicated to Freethought and the destruction of superstition we had met to speed a parting guest back to the land which, so far as we knew, was the very cradle of all superstitions. Further, it was significant that while in this gathering were representativs of many nationalities, English, Irish, German, Russian, and Indian, and representativs of divers views on all subjects, yet Freethought was over and around all.

Mr. King talked of "Organized Labor;" Mr. Archibald told about the "C. L. U." (Central Labor Union), and wished Mr. Roy a godspeed in Irish; Mr. Somoff, a Russian, paid his respects the "United States," and Mr. Bogert conveyed the regrets of John Swinton at his inability to be present. Mr. Roy spoke again of the great profit to himself of his stay in THE TRUTH SEEKER office. The intelligence and kindness of his fellow-workmen had been to him valuable teachers, and above all he had learned that the cause of labor and the cause of Freethought are identical. Being a high caste Brahman, and therefore supposed to be descended from the Supreme Brahma, he had clung for a long time to the traditions of his ancestors, despite the endeavors of the missionaries to convert him. But what the missionaries failed in, Freethought and the workingman's cause in America had accomplished. He now dropped for good the sacred thread which connected him with all gods, and merged himself with the great family of mankind, who embodied all the godliness of which we hav any knowledge.

The foreman of the office was called on, and proposed three cheers for Amrita, in which everybody joined. That terminated the regular program, and the visitors shook hands with the guest and departed. The printers then had the floor, and the real, bona fide proceedings began, and the official farewells were said in the traditional style. The departure of the mild Hindoo was more after the nature of an escape than a "send-off," but he finally got away.

The boys lingered a little while around the stone, developing considerable vocal talent, and setting the office in order for the next day. Beyond anything that was expressed in words, the loss of Mr. Roy is felt in THE TRUTH SEEKER office; for, somehow or other, the little chap, in spite of his dusky face, had worked himself into the regard of all who associated with him.

A testimonial is to be engrossed upon parchment and signed by all those who attended the gathering, and then forwarded to Roy in heathen lands.

Canadian Notes.

The epidemic of strikes and labor troubles which has prevailed so largely in the States of late has at last reached Canada, and the scenes enacted in New York last week during the street railway strike hav been repeated here in Toronto for the last three days. Some three hundred men are out, not of their own accord, but on account of the arbitrary action of the managers of the Toronto Street Railway Company.

The men hav been working for years sixteen hours a day, at from eight to nine dollars per week, with no hope of anything better, and always with the knowledge that they might at any time be discharged without a moment's notice. They hav, in fact, been in a condition of slavery far worse than that of the southern slaves before the war, and the present trouble arises from an attempt of a number of them to form a union for the purpose of improving their condition.

They held a meeting in the Arcade building on Tuesday night at 12 o'clock. The superintendent of the road was on hand and took the names of all who entered, and the next morning at 6 o'clock the whole lot were summarily dismissed. By noon the same day nearly the whole force of the road had joined them, and by five in the afternoon there was not a car running in the city. If there is not much originality among Canadians, they certainly hav the bump of imitation pretty well developed, for the mob hav carried out to the letter the program of the New York strikers, by derailing cars, dumping coal carts, etc. The men hav the public sympathy strongly in their favor, and as they are supported by the Knights of Labor, they will no doubt come out right side up. They hav made no demand, either for shorter hours or more pay, but are shut out simply for exercising the right which all men claim, of organization for self-protection.

The excitement over the affair has been increasing, and the crowd growing larger and having things pretty much their own way until this morning, when the police, foot and horse, charged the mob and clubbed some of them most unmercifully. The result for to-day is a number of broken heads, and two or three of the police sent to the hospital *hors de combat*. At the present writing it is hard to say how the matter will end, but if a gigantic and a grinding monopoly are taught a lesson, some good will be accomplished.

On Monday evening of this week, in the Temperance Hall, was held one of the liveliest public meetings which ever took place in Toronto. It was a meeting called by the ultra loyal and Orange portion of the community, for the purpose of giving expression to their sympathy with the struggling loyalists in Ireland. And such a meeting! The hall has a seating capacity of one thousand, but there was not less than double that number crowded into it on that night. A number of the Home Rule and Land Leaguers managed to gain admission early in the evening, and although outnumbered by ten to one, they contrived to make things interesting. At 8 o'clock the hall was crowded to the doors, and the fun began. Among the speakers present were Prof. Goldwin Smith, Professor Clark, the Rev. Dr. Wild, Rev. Dr. Potts, and others.

The first two named gentlemen, in eloquent speeches, worked up the race prejudices of the audience, and the two reverends, by wilful misrepresentation and abuse of the home rulers and Roman Catholics generally, fanned the fires of religious bigotry and sectarian hate into a white heat, and had it not been for the strong police force present there certainly would hav been blood spilt.

Our old friend, Jimuel Briggs, was early into the fray. He opened the ball by attempting to move an amendment to the first resolution. He fought his way to the platform, and stood there pale and trembling with excitement, vainly trying to be heard, while the crowd stood up on the benches and yelled like demons—cries of "Put him out," "Giv him a show," "To hell with him," etc. His life was saved by his being jammed into a seat at the back of the stage, and incontinently sat upon.

Dr. Wild said he would like to meet these home-rule people face to face, when an excited individual in the center of the hall yelled, "You're a damn liar! You hav been invited to their meetings, and you won't attend." Tremendous excitement and fight near the door; two thousand people all trying to be heard at once, and the reverend doctor doing a Talmagian pantomime. After the pandemonium had subsided, and the unfortunate individual (or his remains) had been thrown out, the doctor proceeded. "He would be a colonel in any movement to assist the brethren in Ireland." Dr. Potts said that he would be a captain in the same regiment, and the whole Orange force present wanted to enlist on the spot as privates. Great applause; more interruption. Barney Lynch, a prominent member of the Land League, tried to speak, but was howled down. Cries of "Go on, old man; you've the stuff." Dr. Potts, continuing, said: "I'll touch the ears of the handful of Fenians who hav found their way here to-night. The Fenians of Toronto would do just what the Fenians did in Phœnix Park if they could." Pointing his finger at Mr. Lynch, he exclaimed: "What is that I see down there? What right has that thing to be here?" The bold Barney sprang to his feet, struck an attitude *à la* John L. Sullivan, and dared the whole house to put him out, but the colonel, the captain, and the whole regiment were unequal to the task, and Barney remained.

The reverend doctor finished his remarks by telling the audience that the Land League were bringing a murderer to Toronto to lecture on St. Patrick's day. This statement seems to hav been a deliberate falsehood. It has been found upon inquiry that the Irish societies will hold no meetings, and as far as known no one is coming to lecture on that day. But it served the reverend gentleman's purpose, and helped to perpetuate the sectarian warfare upon which he and his kind are fattening.

Several others spoke in a similar strain, and the disgraceful affair ended by the audience singing "God Save the Queen."

"How these Christians love one another."

The foregoing account may perhaps giv the friends in the States an idea of how the ministers of the "gospel of peace" are working in Canada, and at the same time explain how it is that in a city like Toronto, where there is so much religious fanaticism, Secular lecturers can come and go without being interfered with. Roman Catholics and Protestants find their whole time occupied in fighting each other, and so we hav comparativ peace.

Toronto, March 12, 1886.

A Practical Reason for Prayers.

At the close of a novel called "After His Kind" there is this conversation between child and parent: "And oh, papa, but Judy is naughty. She refuses to say her prayers. Only think!" "I thought Judy was more obliging; you must hav been very tiresome." "No, indeed, papa! We only advised her to get down on her knees and say her prayers—so we could climb on her back."

The American Secular Union.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,038.52
S. Levine	1.00
J. J. McCabe	10.00
P. Malone	1.00
Wm. Hogg	2.00
Adam Strever	1.00
Anne Hart	1.00
Jay Mellen	1.00
Albany Secular Society (per collection)	6.95
Peter Eckler	10.00
C. P. Farrell	5.00
Neosho Secular Union Charter-fee, per C. E. Alexander	5.00
Scott Douthitt	5.00
Edward Bambach	1.00
A. Ervin	4.75
S. R. Shepherd	1.00
Total	$2,094.22

News and Notes.

On Sunday, March 7th, I lectured before the Troy Secular Union. This Union is now doing good work. New members are being added from week to week, and its influence upon the community is becoming extended. On Sunday Mr. Remsburg lectured under the auspices of the Union in the Opera House. In spite of the exceeding cold weather, there was a large audience present. The effort was a great success, and Mr. Remsburg by his able address has given a fresh impulse to our friends at Troy. I found them full of enthusiasm and ready to put their shoulder to the wheel when necessary. Heaven helps those who help themselvs, and I believe that the best of fruit awaits the courage and persistency of this Union.

On Sunday evening I lectured at Albany on "The Taxation of Church Property." A good report of this was published in the city papers, and it thus received an extensiv hearing. Ever since the Convention there has been a lively battle at Albany. The clergymen hav evidently been aroused, and hav poured into our camp all the hot shot they had to spare, and supposed that they were utterly demolishing our fortifications. But the well-directed fire of President McCabe, Mr. A. Schell, Mr. McDonough, and others has shown our adversaries that our ammunition is inexhaustible, and although we hav not hell-fire to make a heat with, yet our hot shot is just as good as theirs. Indeed, they hav been driven to a discreet silence, and hav concluded that so far as a defense of orthodoxy is concerned "silence is golden." President McCabe has kept our forces in effectiv service. He has himself delivered several lectures, which hav had good reports in the Albany *Express*, and thus the whole community has been kept in agitation and thought in regard to our important enterprises.

A comprehensiv bill for the taxation of church property and other exempt property is now in the legislature, and this will be vigorously pushed. On Tuesday last Mr. Wakeman delivered an argument in favor of the bill before the committee. Many members of the legislature hav expressed opinions in favor of the bill. Of course we know that politicians hav a godly fear of the "religious racket," and we can hardly expect from many of them an independent vote. Yet this bill is so essentially right and so in accordance with American ideas of government that as time rolls on and thought progresses it must receive a vast popular support, and the politicians will then embark with flying colors upon this "stream of tendency." Meanwhile we, the pioneers, must keep hard at work and bear the brunt of the battle. Those who come in at the eleventh hour may receive as much and perhaps more gold than we, but they won't hav the comfort of knowing that they hav really done something for the progress of humanity. The progress of humanity serves them, but they giv nothing in return. Life is hardly worth living on such conditions. The worth of life abides in the deeds that are done for the universal welfare.

The petition for the opening of the museums on Sunday has been presented with quite a large indorsement from the New York press, as will be seen elsewhere. The action of the Union has compelled the attention of the directors of the museums to this question, and they must now meet it with frank and honorable argument. As the New York *World* says: "Nine-tenths of the people of New York city desire Sunday opening, and in the end it must be granted."

The work in the East so far has progressed to satisfactory and practical issues, and the organized Freethought of the country has been felt as never before. We do not expect to win immediate success, but the ear of the public has been gained; the newspapers of the country show a tenfold interest in our movement. They publish our lectures. They indorse much of our work and express the drift of American opinion, that, with increasing earnestness, is in favor of Liberty and Justice for which we stand.

And now I expect to turn my attention to the West and, two thousand miles away, to form the line of battle for another onset. The secretary ought to hav a pair of seven-leagued boots in order to do all the work that is required of him. As it is he must content himself with the lightning express and cover all the points that he can. After Pittsburgh, where I lecture on Sunday, the 14th, I shall be at Alliance, March 16th; at Painesville, March 17th; at Ridge Farm, Ill., March 19th; at Chicago, March 21st; at Rochelle, March 22d and 23d; at Rockford, March 24th; at Allumna, Iowa, March 25th; at Leon, March 26th; at Creston, March 27th; at Omaha, March 28th; at Creighton, Fremont, Plum Creek, Leonard, Lincoln, Stanton, North Platte, and other places in Nebraska and Wyoming the two following weeks; at Ogden City, April 18th; at Salt Lake City, April 25th and May 2d.

The following are the places I shall visit in Utah: Wanship, Peoa, Park City, Kamas, Heber, Coalsville, Morgan, Unitah, Logan, Collingston, Deweyville, Slaterville, Hooper, Kaysville, Farmington, Sessions, Murray, Stockton, Lehi, Provo, Springville, Payson, Goshen, Nephi, Juab, Wales, Ephraim, Fillmore; and also Lost River, Idaho, and places in Montana, etc. It will be seen that the secretary has considerably lively traveling to do both day and night, on foot and horseback, as well as by car and stage, and all sorts of occidental conveyances. He does not expect to be sustained by any miracle, nor will the birds of heaven bring *him* anything to eat, nor will he find honey in the carcass of a lion, nor will he sojourn in the belly of a whale for three days and nights, even to save hotel fare, which is a great item in these non-scriptural days; neither does he expect to walk in a fiery furnace, and he certainly will not go to grass like Nebuchadnezzar. He expects to meet with royal friends who will enable him to bear many a hardship, who will do their best to giv him welcome, cheer, and victory. It is to be hoped that while a small minority is thus waging the battle against a huge and superstitious majority all the friends of progress in every place will giv what they can, for humanity must take the place of deity, and kindness and fellowship the place of miracle, and, as we hav not the "grace of God," it is to be hoped that we shall hav the aid of inspiring comradeship. We shall giv reports of our progress from place to place, and it is our desire that this extended tour among distant friends may make the union of all Liberals more fervent and powerful and productiv of a better social and political life.

Relativ to lecture engagements correspondents may address me at the places named (providing their letters are sure of reaching the towns by the dates given). Letters on Union business should be sent as usual to New York. During April letters sent in care of William Reynolds, Wanship, Utah, will reach me earliest.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The Museums.

From the New York World.

There appears to be a union of church and state involved in the present conditions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History. The city owns the grounds on which the buildings stand, and the people are taxed to pay for their erection. An appropriation of some magnitude has recently been made for needed additions. In so far the museums are state institutions and the people hav a right to demand that they shall be opened on Sunday or any other day they see fit.

But the contents of the museums belong, it may be said, to representativs of the church, since the owners, or the prevailing part of them, object to their property being exhibited on Sunday on account of their religious views. General di Cesnola states that the owners will remove the collections if the buildings are opened on Sunday. The reasons may be in part other than religious ones, but if they are religious at all the principle involved remains the same.

Now the question arises as to whether the people should be taxed to furnish accommodations for collections placed under such a restriction, and, if we are going to hav public museums, whether they should not be placed wholly on the state basis. It is an ungrateful thing to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of principle.

From the New York Times.

The latest petition for the opening of the museums on Sunday is in one respect the most noteworthy of all the petitions for that purpose. It has nine thousand signatures, and among them are four clergymen, and the representativs of one hundred and twelve labor organizations. These four clergymen are aware that shutting poor people up on Sunday to a choice between the church and the grog-shop will not necessarily increase the attendance at church. It is to be hoped that more clergymen may make this discovery and use their influence accordingly. The part taken by the labor organizations disposes of the gratuitous assumption that the laboring classes do not desire the Sunday opening so far as that assumption can be disposed of without the actual trial which the persons who make the assumption are opposed to giving.

From the New York Sun.

The laboring men want shorter and more regular working hours every week day in order to get more time to rest, and they want Sunday, their weekly holiday, to go to church on and to devote to such interesting and instructiv modes of relaxation as the town affords. Unfortunately, the best possible means of supplying that want is denied them because the doors of the museums are shut on Sunday. Some day, though, they will be open on Sunday as well as on other days.

Communications.

Is Life Worth Living?

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 27th is a communication from Otto Wettstein, upon which, with the editor's permission, I would offer some comment.

In the first place, Mr. Wettstein depreciates life in this world as hardly worth living. In the generality of cases, especially in large cities, where in the terrible struggle to get rich, humanity is ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of business, I agree with him that mere life, such as that, has nothing compensatory in it, and that death and annihilation would be infinitly preferable.

In the second place, he speaks of the theory of a future state of existence in a way and spirit that astounds me with its dogmatism, coming, as it does, from a *Freethinker*, and so good a man as Mr. W. is. I know nothing so discouraging in the whole Freethought movement as the bigotry displayed by so many in its ranks. It shows by its temper that if it had *power* it would establish an Inquisition as dangerous to liberty as was that of the Catholics. Listen to Mr. Wettstein: "The *unreasonable* hope in an endless, *miraculous* kind of existence"—"which, to the philosopher, is only endurable on account of his *absolute knowledge* that death ends all"—"Puny man's unreasonable longings, prompted by his ignorance and egotism, *can never be realized*," etc. It seems to me that a dozen Sir Isaac Newtons or Charles Darwins, wrapped up in one skin, would blush to speak on *unsettled questions* with so much conceit and overweening confidence as Mr. Wettstein does in the words I hav italicized. Who, of all the believers in a future state of being, ever said that it would be a "*miraculous*" kind of existence? Not one. On the contrary, every representativ man among them rejects the doctrin of miracle entirely, and claims that life after death is just as *natural* as life before birth. If Mr. Wettstein is ignorant of this *fact*, he is unfit to discuss the question, because he don't understand what the question is. If he is not ignorant of it, then he dishonestly imputes to those he opposes what he knows to be false, and so must be debarred from court as an unfair advocate. Just think of a man saying that he has *absolute knowledge* that death ends all!

Suppose that, a hundred years ago, at a meeting of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," a seer had risen up and told the crowd of savans present that before the close of the nineteenth century, by new discoveries and inventions in electro-magnetism, a man standing in New York city could speak to another in London, as one speaks to his neighbor face to face, the whole of them, feeling that their intellects were insulted by such an announcement, would hav proclaimed, with united voice, "False wizard! avaunt!" Indeed, when Franklin wrote his dissertation to prove that electricity was lightning, and that it could be controled by natural laws so as to prevent it from striking houses and killing their inhabitants, the Otto Wettsteins in the association were so numerous that they refused to allow his papers to be recorded among its archives! They said, as our Otto says, it was *impossible;* they *knew absolutely* that it was impossible! But the telegraph, and the telephone, and the other wonders of our times were *possibilities* a hundred years ago as truly as they are *realities* now. Ought not such astounding facts as these to make a man modest? Is it reverential to the dignity and eternity of truth for a man, when he stands among the mysterious facts of the universe, and is one of the most mysterious of these himself, to say of this proposition and the other that the one is absolutely *impossible* and the other absolutely *foolish?* Any man who reads the antenatal history of a human being which the science of embryology givs, and notes the countless changes it undergoes during the forty weeks of its development, would *choke*, it seems to me, if he would *dare* to say that another change was impossible at the time of death. The universe is all matter. What is called spirit, or mind, is but a form of matter, and among its infinit possibilities may there not be one that the thinking and remembering faculty which constitutes this personality and individuality survives the disintegration called death? As this is a scientific question, and not a *religious* one, any more than birth is, ought we not, in discussing it, to imitate the modesty of the greatest of all the sons of men, who, in pouring out the wealth of his attainments to the world, began by saying "*Franciscus de verulamio sic cogitavit?*" Men who call themselves *inquirers* should never say I *know* till, by a calm and unprejudiced examination of both sides of a question, they hav arrived at the *quod erat demonstrandum*. He then has a right to say, I *know* my opinion is founded on truth and yours on falsehood. He is no longer a seeker, an inquirer after truth. He is a possessor.

As Mr. Wettstein thinks that a future state of existence would be so great a bore that one would pray to hav his being extinguished like a candle, let us inquire whether there might not be a state of things on earth in which human beings would be as perfect in happiness as a clock is perfect in its movements as a time-keeper; and whether, if such a condition were projected into the future, there would be any need of the bitter mournings over the emptiness of the future life in which Mr. Wettstein indulges.

Happiness is our being's end and aim; and the first condition necessary to it is perfect *health*, of body and of mind, which means a constitution adapted to its environments. Mere life, if its owner be in vigorous health, is full of happiness. I hav heard a child in such circumstances exclaim, "Oh, *how* happy I am!" My word *health* would include the physical development of the person; no ugliness of feature, no deformity of the body, to occasion constant worriment.

The second condition necessary to happiness is a *sure competency* to meet all the reasonable wants of the person, in books, travel, etc. I carefully avoid saying *wealth;* for wealth, which is a large excess above competency, is a millstone hung about the owner's neck, and impedes his freedom of movement. It is to a man what baggage was to a Roman army—"*impedimenta*," hindrance to motion, instead of help. A morbid desire for wealth is a form of insanity, as much so as it would be in a man to insist upon wearing a dozen overcoats instead of one. A sure competency is all that we can enjoy. All over it brings *carking* care.

The third condition is *care*. Except during the growing period of childhood, a person without care is a person without happiness. Care must not be excessiv. Too much is as bad as too little. I had occasion to see this illustrated in the case of a rich man's daughter in the city, who went to spend a year in the family of an intelligent farmer, where order was the rule, and disorder the exception. At her father's home this girl had nothing in the world to *do*. She had not a single *care*. Consequently, she suffered from *ennui*, and was so dissatisfied and miserable that she became out of health. At the farmhouse, where every member of the family was busy, yet, because of their orderly arrangements, all had plenty of time for company and amusement, the mistress of the household assigned Miss Jennie to *duty*. She must lay the table three times a day, feed three broods of chickens, and care for them, and go to the post-office on foot, or on horseback, every clear day. In a week the good effect of this disciplin was perceptible in the girl's health, spirits, and happiness. The secret was, she had *care*, not too much, to embarrass and oppress, but just enough to make her conscious of responsibility, and to feel that there was a place in the big universe for her to fill, and that she was not a mere nonentity. She was therefore as happy as a girl in her "*teens*" could be.

The last condition necessary to happiness is that the seeker after it hav an activ, inquiring mind. The fields of knowledge are more than I hav space to mention. The sciences are a sisterhood, and flourish in the neighborhood of each other. To those who study them, they are the sources of the purest happiness. Observing the phenomena of nature in all her departments, communicating the knowledge we get to others, one never suffers from *ennui* or monotony. Under the law of change he is in a perpetual heaven. The more he drinks of the fountain of *knowledge* the more he thirsts, and in the quenching of this thirst consists his purest happiness.

Now, all these conditions being present, with father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, friends, and congenial neighbors superadded, what is to hinder a human being from enjoying perfect happiness for, say, seventy years of his life? Such a one has no idea of, and no craving for, any *more* happiness than he enjoys. Life, in these circumstances of endless change and variety, is a blessing which no one would be willing to giv up, until old age, with its infirmities, overtook him, and from sheer weakness made it too heavy a burden to bear. But suppose that the function of death was merely to shift him to a new stage of being, and that he carried with him his identity of person, his attainments in knowledge, the tastes he had here, and entered upon a period of perpetual youth and strength, why might he not go on enjoying his new lease of life for a million of years?

I can easily understand how playing eternally on a harp of gold and walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem in silver slippers, as I once heard a preacher assure his delighted audience was to be the employment of the saints in heaven, would be a very monotonous and tiresome business, and cause a man to wish for a change. But with the fields of knowledge all open and the thirst for knowledge never satiated, might not existence in the endless future be as much a delight as it would be in the supposed case in this world?

As to a future life, I vex not myself about it. I was not consulted as to whether I would be born into this world or not. Neither hav I been consulted as to whether I would like it or not, to liv after death. The fate of one is the fate of all. My business in this life is to get as much good and to do as much good as my circumstances allow, and then calmly and cheerfully meet my destiny, whatever it may be.

Enon Valley, Pa., March, 1886. A. B. B.

Fiat and the Function of Money.

The question of money has been discussed by several correspondents of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and as it is one of those questions which are fundamental, allow me to participate and set forth my views. I began the study of money, banks, and currency when a boy, just coming on the stage of action at the first election of General Jackson as president in 1828. I was an ardent Jacksonian, and all through his administrations was a large reader of the current political literature incident to the financial policy he promulgated, and finally established. I hav never lost my interest in financial questions; because, as I hav grown older, I hav seen that the general principles upon which I based myself more than fifty years ago hav proved correct, and must in the end be acknowledged and become the corner stone of the financial system to be adopted by the United States.

I do not propose to discuss the subject at length, only advert to a few points pertinent to a clear understanding of the matter. I propose to write of Fiat and the Functions of Money. For my text I take a paragraph which appeared at the head of the editorial columns of the Providence *Daily Journal*, a few days ago, as follows: "A standard silver dollar, worth only seventy-nine cents, is as entirely fiat money as the greenback."

Evidently this was intended as a kick to silver and greenbacks, one of those sinuous slurs which are made to answer for argument by the goldites; that is, those who would hinge our financial system on gold, and make everything tributary to it. I admit the statement, and at the same time declare that the gold dollar, worth one hundred cents (more now) "is as essentially fiat money" as the standard dollar or the greenback dollar. Neither would be money without the fiat of the government. This fiat is the essential element or factor which makes gold, silver, or paper money. Take this away and they would cease to be money, value or no value.

This thing or property we call value has nothing whatever to do with the special function which belongs to money. The best possible material for money is a something whose value is as near nothing as possible. The experience of the world is a positiv demonstration of this proposition. It is not possible to demonstrate any proposition in Euclid more clearly. This value notion in connection with money has been, is, and always will be, a most mischievous one. It is a disturbing element, and so long as it obtains in practice will be such, introduce whatever checks we may.

What is money? The bankers, the bullionists, the writers on political economy generally, tell us it is a standard or a measure of value, and they would limit this term money to gold. But can gold be a measure of value for all commodities, inasmuch as it is a commodity itself, varying in value or price as does corn or cotton? The same of silver. Both are commodities, and we might as well use any other commodity, say pork, potatoes, or flour. Does not the reader see the fallacy of this claim for the precious metals, so-called, to be made standard or measures. As well hav a yard stick which can be shortened or lengthened, measuring 36 inches to-day, 40 inches to-morrow, and 30 inches the next day. The truth is—truth rooted in the nature of things—no commodity can be made a standard or measure of value.

What is value? Value is the relation of things, and when you talk of "intrinsic value," a constant something inhering in a commodity, you are talking sheer nonsense. Relations vary and values change. Some forty years ago, then residing in eastern Connecticut, I remember a heavy frost on the morning of June 10th. Corn was well up and began to show in the rows. Within an hour or two after sunrise the rows disappeared, the young corn blades being frozen. Apparently the corn was killed. A panic ensued among the farmers, and there was quite a rush to the trade centers of that locality, Norwich and Providence, to purchase corn. There was a rapid rise. Within twenty-four hours corn had advanced from 87 cents to $1.25 the bushel. In three or four days it was noted that the frost had not injured the roots; the blades began to put forth again, and within ten days corn fell to the ante-frost price of 87 cents a bushel. Suppose corn had been the standard of value, who does not know that the effects would hav been most disastrous? This illustrates the impolicy of a commodity standard of value, for with such a standard there is ever uncertainty and danger, the danger being a constant factor which no economic or political alchemy can eliminate.

I again query, What is money? We hav seen that it cannot be a standard measure, if a commodity, because no commodity, not even gold, possesses a dead-level value. Money is a representativ, not of values, but services rendered, for in the last analysis it must come to this. I work for A to-day, and receive a dollar greenback; to-morrow, for B, and receive a standard dollar; the next day, for C, and receive a gold dollar. I then hav three kinds of money, each dollar representing services rendered. I therefore hav stored up in each a day's labor. If I keep them in my pocket, they are only tokens or res-

ervoirs, one as good as the others. The capacity of the gold dollar is no greater than that of the silver, neither is the silver dollar of greater capacity than the greenback. To be of any practical use to me, I must redeem each of them by making them subserve my wants. I go to a store; with my gold dollar I buy fifteen pounds of sugar, and could hav bought as much with either of the others; with my silver dollar I buy coffee and tea; with my greenback I buy steak and potatoes. Thus I make my labor subserve my wants, redeem each kind of money, as I must always redeem my money to hav it avail me anything. Had all my dollars been gold ones, I should hav been no better off. I should hav been obliged to redeem them in like manner. Thus vanishes another illusion, the supremacy and superiority of gold, for that never can be an unerring standard or measure, and it must always be redeemed as well as silver or paper. Gold therefore possesses no advantages above silver or paper, provided the latter are truly money—that is, bear upon their faces the stamp which registers the fiat of the government. WM. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, R. I.

"The Three Hells."

The Rev. George R. Kramer preached a sermon in the church of the Blessed Hope last Sunday evening, his subject being, "The Three Hells," which hells he denominated respectivly as "The Hell of Universalism," "The Hell of so-called Orthodoxy," and "The Hell of the Bible."

After quoting scripture in regard to hell in the abstract and in the concrete, the reverend gentleman said to his hearers, "We are shut in to the three views of hell as specified in the subject."

"Shut in," eh? It doesn't appear that there is much of a "shut in" here, with three hells in view, the choice of which is open to any and all, and each of which has its advocates and supporters. "Shut in," no, no. Why, instead, we hav a triple panorama of hells rolling out before us, and the view thereof, or the three views, certainly ought to satisfy the longings of the most exacting of Christians who refuse to let hell slide, and stick to it like a sucker-fish to a ship's keel.

With three hell views on exhibition, it would seem that one could pay his money and take his choice, but, unhappily for the truly blue and hide-bound Christians, two of these views, and one the most popular with truly blue Christians, are dissolving views, according to the lights of the Rev. Kramer.

The hell of Universalism, which he says is but a temporary hell at best, from which sinners, after being sufficiently and justly punished, are sent on their way rejoicing to heaven and eternal bliss, the reverend gentleman cavalierly dismisses as a hell in which no fair to middling Christian should take any stock whatever, it being an unsatisfactory hell to the average hell partisan, who would hav no spirits in heaven that were forced to be purified by the hell-fire process!

The reverend gentleman did not say this in so many words, but he is a fair to middling Christian—not a stalwart of stalwarts; and we all know that the F. to M. Christians and stalwarts—Universalists are without the pale—would never consent to the escape of a soul from hell, even though incandescently purified by the fires thereof—no, never!

The "Hell of Orthodoxy" was next taken in hand by the reverend hell expounder, who frankly acknowledged—not being a stalwart on the subject of hell—that this hell was too much of a hell for him to take to his bosom, as it were. He said that "to believe in the orthodox version of hell would bring most minds to the verge of insanity." Why didn't he go a little further, and say, with truth, away over the border of, and quite into the domain of insanity? Then would he hav said the truth and nothing but the truth. And yet how many profess to believe in the orthodox hell! Profess, yes, that's the word. Did they really and truly believe in it, nine-tenths of them would be in insane asylums, the remaining tenth being as cruel-hearted as the God who instituted such a hell, would keep a level head, unless love or losses of lucre in stock speculation broke them up.

The preacher went on to say that "even the most modified view of an orthodox hell was too horrible to contemplate," thus flatfootedly giving himself away as heterodox. It was not the hell of the Bible, he said, and, contrasted with the idea of a just God, absurd in the extreme; besides, it was a base libel on God, whom he thanked for not being able to believe in such a hell, thereby helping on the libel.

Relegating this hell to the pit of non-belief, with the "hell of Universalism," the reverend gentleman took up the third hell, or hell of the Bible. On this hell he took his stand, and might hav exclaimed with the poet, "This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I" from this hell. This is the ground-floor of hell-belief with him, and budge he won't and can't.

And what is this hell of his, the "hell of the Bible?" A place of punishment for sinners, but only so long as Satan livs. When Satan dies, sooner or later, then die the sinners, and all is at an end, save with the blest in heaven, who shall liv in bliss forever. This is certainly a far less horrible hell than the orthodox hell; but the trouble with it is that it isn't "orthodox," and the orthodox won't hav it; and they are the large majority, for we all know that professional Christians—practical Christians are *rara aves*—are nothing if not "orthodox." Inoculate a sinner with the "spirit," and he is orthodox from the word Go. He bolts everything from Genesis to Revelation without a strangle, and takes in hell-fire eternal torments without the least sign of a wry face, and would account it blasphemy in one who doubted that literal brimstone—the brimstone of commerce—was an important factor in hell's fire!

Well, the Rev. Mr. Kramer, having made his choice of the three hells, as set forth by him, it is in order for anyone else to make choice, one having as good a right as another to set up a hell of his own. If neither of these three hells suits—the "Hell of Universalism" ought to find favor with most any one insisting upon having a hell of some kind—it is an easy matter to improvise one, for instance, listening forever to Talmage's bizarre vaporings. Wouldn't that be hell? Picking over pied type for eternity—whew! and so on, and so on.

But let us dismiss hell—the "three hells," all hells—and do what we can to make as much of a heaven as possible of earth, all we are sure of, and of that only for the nonce. SI SLOKUM.

Alive or Dead.

The abuses that grow up in our government of late are enough to utterly demoralize the people, if continued. Who that has resided in closely-contested counties or states does not know that General Black has not disclosed the half of the abuses of the pension office?—applicants and pensioners intimidated or awed by those missionaries called examiners; not directly, but indirectly, through vile agents, the scum of village society, boards appointed to retain German votes or other coherent voters. Of all the abuses the spy and detectiv system is the most abominable. Let gray heads reflect on the effect of letting loose on society swarms of spies prior to 1860. What would people hav said and done? There would hav been some lynching of spies. The people of Northern states hav never been so cursed by this system as those of the South. Spies hav patroled every township and caught up tens of thousands of our people since 1865. Thousands among the best citizens hav been blackmailed or utterly ruined. The full history can never be told. What a horror of suicides, murders, assaults, burnings, revenges, heart-breakings it would be! Allan Pinkerton, at the end of "Claud Melnotte," says, "The detectivs are even worse than the criminals they hunt." Sure that is good authority. A commissioner of internal revenue, Mr. Raum, in his report for November 25, 1881, says: "The amounts of fees of United States district attorneys and marshals depend almost wholly on the suits they prosecute. . . . Instances hav been brought to my attention where numerous prosecutions hav been made and arrested parties carried long distances at their great inconvenience and expense for no other reason than to make costs." Could anything more atrocious be devised? No tyranny on earth has a more damnable enginry of terror and oppression than a system that leaves it to the pleasure of a few officials to drag citizens hundreds of miles at their own expense on mere whispered charges. Tens of thousands of citizens hav been ruined by it who were innocent of wrong in even thought.

But the system and business of spying hav grown and become a state favorit, since near twenty-four years ago, when the writer watched over the deathbed of a noble youth who was shot down by a blundering, pretentious United States detectiv (spy) by a mistake, until to-day, what a stream of good blood has been made to run under the system! A case that not long ago occurred is attached to this article. "Dead or alive!" By what authority do these patrons of the Comstocks issue such proclamations? Where can liberty be if spies from anywhere—the infernals alone know—may enter your house, or stand to waylay your path and order, "Come with us, our prisoner," presenting a pistol? Tried and condemned in your absence! Outlawed! "Take him dead for so much, alive for so much." Why try one again if such a sentence may be issued, even if you are guilty? You are presumed innocent, are you, but on suspicion may be taken "alive or dead?" Cruel and unusual punishments are unlawful by general government constitution, and a citizen has thirty-eight guarantees, in so many states, of his safety as against such; but on even no suspicion may be taken "alive or dead" on mere whim of informers or spies—these ineffable scoundrels buried as men till their hearts rotted and then resurrected, as Curran said. Or after conviction you may be handed over to be lashed, smothered, starved, gagged, and bucked, and otherwise tortured, none of which treatments are "cruel and unusual!" O ye Constitution guaranteed free Americans! Involuntary servitude, etc., shall not be inflicted, but, be ye tramp or stranger, every village boasting its mayor can arrest and put you in the chain-gang where you will work whether or no. But enough. Here is the extract which tells a tale of a tragedy whose like occurs almost daily in some of its features. It is from the New York *Tribune:*

KILLED IN MISTAKE FOR ANOTHER MAN.

METROPOLIS, ILL., Nov. 29th (*Special*).—Some time ago a barber, Thurston Pollingsworth, in a quarrel killed George Robinson. Pollingsworth at once fled to Clarksville, Tenn., where, after changing his name, he went into business, and was entirely unsuspected. A few days ago, however, he decided to come back, giv himself up, and stand trial, making the plea of self-defense. This he did, and at a late hour last night the jury in his case returned a verdict of "not guilty." Before he gave himself up, circulars and photographs of Pollingsworth had been sent broadcast over the country, together with offers of a liberal reward for his capture dead or alive. Incited by the promised reward, two Tennessee officers turned detectivs, and after working on the case some time got track of a man who they decided must be the murderer wanted. They immediately gave chase and followed the man through Kentucky, in West Virginia, and back again into Kentucky, at last catching up with him. They told him he was wanted here, and insisted on bringing him by the earliest train. The man protested that his name was not Pollingsworth, that he had never been in this town in his life and was not wanted anywhere, while his business was such that he could not consent to any delay, but would prove his identity if allowed. With this he attempted to go his way, but the officers, considering his action a resistance to their authority, shot him dead. Thus, at just about the time the real Pollingsworth was acquitted by the jury here, the marshal was informed of the killing of the supposed Pollingsworth in Kentucky and a demand made on him for the reward offered.

Oregon, Mo. HOLT.

Miss Gardener Scolded.

In a recent TRUTH SEEKER an article appeared (in reply to some strictures of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*) by one whose particular claim for distinction consists in having been introduced by Colonel Ingersoll as a lecturer at Steinway Hall some time ago, coupled with the fact that our distinguished president has been amiable enough to write a preface to her book. No wonder she should feel grateful for such services, but in showing her gratitude it was scarcely necessary to be unjust to others who hav done valiant service in the cause, by such remarks as:

> To begin with, there is no such organization as the "Liberal League." Robert Ingersoll is not its "presiding genius," and it has not sent a petition to the New York legislature. There was once an organization called by that name. Robert Ingersoll belonged to it, but he withdrew from it because he did not approve of some of its proposed measures. He had been heralded all over this country as a man who "defended the sending of obscene literature through the mails." So far from this being the case, he resigned and withdrew from all connection with the above-named society because he disagreed with some of its officers upon this very point.

The last sentence contains the plain inference that those who remained in the society did "defend sending obscene matter through the mails"—a charge we are accustomed to hear from the enemy, not from our friends. If that imputation remains as a result of this lady's letter-writing, we shall be ready to exclaim, "Save us from the folly of our friends." If Ingersoll disagreed with the society and resigned, that was clearly his right. There were several who thought the matter comparativly irrelevant and remained, as well as those who were in such dead earnest. Notwithstanding the writer speaks with authority, but very obscurely, as "one of the vice-presidents of one of the three organizations" criticised, she probably is so unfamiliar with organized Liberal efforts as to be ignorant of the fact that the Hon. Elizur Wright, "whose praise was sung by papers all over the country when he died two months ago," was then its president, and whose opinion was just as worthy of "respectful hearing." Why did not the writer candidly and fairly state that the Liberal League had changed its name to that of the Secular Union? Many who hav worked just as faithfully under both names—whose time and means hav been freely devoted to the cause—will, with myself, scarcely thank this vice-president for her uncalled for apology. Neither will it help the Secular Union, in my judgment, to pretend that our attitude on complete secularization of the state is indorsed by "many of the most orthodox."

It is the work of the true and steadfast reformer to raise from *in*famous the famous; to make the epithet of reproach of one period the synonym for respect in the next; to reach Distinction through the toiling path of Disfavor; in short, to exchange Odium for Admiration. It may be this will entail adversity, but he or she "who has no stomach for this fight" should read what the "immortal bard" puts in the mouth of Henry V. before the battle of Agincourt, and—"brace up." E. A. STEVENS.

Inconsistent Inconsistency.

Christianity, as formulated, is inconsistent, yet it is consistent with its inconsistency, and it does not inaugurate a consistency or an inconsistency incompatible with its inconsistency. It is much more consistent with its inconsistency in rendering its support to a supreme incomprehensible personal intelligence in whom all things consist, and by whom all things are and were created. Then an infinit, impersonal, unintelligent, unknowable being is an inconsistency inconsistent with its inconsistency. J. H. BURNHAM.

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The Museums.

All that the American Secular Union can do at present has been done to induce the managers of the museums to open them to the public on Sundays. It now remains entirely with the trustees, and there is not too much ground to hope that their reply will be favorable. Still, there is a chance of a partial concession from them.

The attitude toward the public of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, if we may judge by the tone of the trustees' report at the annual meeting which took place last month, is very similar to the attitude of a noted railroad man, now deceased. When asked what he thought of the public, which had expressed sentiments adverse to his methods, he retorted, "The public be damned." The trustees of the Art Museum did not use these words, but their report was an ill-concealed grumble against the public generally, and the city in particular. Its general tenor cannot be better stated than by quoting the words of the first vice-president, Wm. C. Prime, a bigoted Presbyterian, son of S. Irenæus Prime. To a *Herald* reporter, on the day of the annual meeting, he said:

"There seems to be a foolish notion abroad that the public has a say in the management of this museum. We want it understood that we're running our own machine here, and don't propose to be interfered with. We havn't given a thought to this opening on Sunday business that the newspapers are harping upon so much. The newspapers can say what they like. The question with us is not whether we'll open on Sunday, but whether we won't get out of this building and out of the park altogether."

The trustees of the American Museum of Natural History were less stiff-necked, and appointed a conference committee to receive the communication of the petitioners, with the result that the document printed last week in these columns and petitions with nearly ten thousand signatures were forwarded, with the request for an early reply.

But, as we said, the outlook is not hopeful. Keeping in sight the "mind-your-own-business" attitude of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, and the fact that Mr. Jesup, president of the Natural History Museum, has published a pamphlet argument against Sunday opening, we incline to the opinion that we hav appealed to a too prejudiced court. The case, we think, was decided before being heard. Possibly the array of prominent names upon the petition may effect a change of sentiment, but it is doubtful. The good of the agitation, therefore, will be confined to narrower limits than it ought. However, it has served to show that the public desire the opening, that the press is on the people's side, and that the politicians on some matters are for the public good. It will also place the blame for continued closing where it belongs. And it has done this: It has made certain the fact that when another attempt shall be made—and that another will be we can assure the museum trustees—the result will be a compliance, or a decision in accordance with Mr. Prime's alternativ—the museums will get out of the park.

Another thing. The museums need money for additional buildings. The Metropolitan Museum wants the city to market the bonds already authorized by act of legislature; the Natural History Museum wants the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to ask the legislature to authorize the issue of two hundred thousand dollars to be used for giving it more floor room. Perhaps these grants may be made contingent upon a Sunday opening. Who knows what wise things our city officials may be induced to do? We predict that this prophecy of the *Sun* will be fulfilled: "Some day, though, the museums will be open on Sunday as well as on other days."

Mud and Water from Boston.

In a recent issue of *Liberty*, the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is again written against in very undignified language. To save the reputation of Mr. Appleton, we copy only those paragraphs which, in a manner—however remote—bear upon the subject we hav been discussing. Mr. Appleton says:

"Macdonald says that when I go from my house to my office and find a sidewalk intervening, it is my duty to either help pay for it or walk in the slush of the street. Yet even after I take to the street I am still a trespasser, for that has been paved for me. My plain duty is to get out of the town. But after I get out of the town I am no better off, for somebody has built the roads for me. The thing very soon reduces itself to the plain proposition that, if I do not like to pay for the traps and trumpery that hav been laid ahead of me in my path in life without my knowledge, request, and consent, it is my duty as a consistent man to get right off of this planet.

Now, Editor Macdonald, I hav just as good a right as you have. You want to drive me off because I demur from paying for things that I hav not ordered. Do you like to pay for what you hav not ordered? You say I should not take advantage of what other people hav done unless I am willing to pay my portion. I cannot help it, unless I commit suicide; but does this fact constitute any valid reason why I am morally bound to help pay for what I had no part in ordering? Upon your sublime reasoning every fat-bellied Catholic priest of whose ecclesiastical paunch you take advantage in getting up your TRUTH SEEKER cartoons ought to tax you to pay for a portion of his big dinners."

The first of these paragraphs narrows the economic question to a contest between the present and the future—between the people who occupy the earth today and those who will occupy it in the days to come. Mr. Appleton virtually says that society must make no improvement—lay no pavements, build no roads—because some babe yet unborn may object to contributing to keep them in repair. Such a principle would breed a malarial stagnation that would forever put an end to that progress of the race which the Anarchists profess to be anxious to further. There is no force in such an "argument," no logic, no common sense, not even wit. If Mr. Appleton remains upon the planet—and far be it from us to insinuate that his departure would be desirable—he must use the improvements the preceding generation has made, and if he is such a constitutional deadbeat that he is unwilling to help repair the damages he is doing, then a government would seem to be necessary to force him to be square.

But Mr. Appleton says he does not wish to take advantage of these public improvements; he is forced to do it. This statement is the strongest argument to show that Anarchy is impracticable that could be adduced. The life of every individual is so interwoven with the life of every other individual that a complete "individual sovereignty," which is the basis of Anarchy, cannot be attained. A lone person in a lone land is the only one who can liv out Anarchy. Add a second person, and new relations spring up, new courses of life must be adopted, and new forces and relations are to be taken into consideration. One man may do as he pleases; two men cannot, because the pleasure of one may conflict with the rights of the other. They voluntarily make rules, which they agree to observe. When the community grows, executiv officers must be chosen, the rules enforced against violators—and that is government. The rules must be *enforced*, for those who help make them are the ones who break them. If the adoption of a law against stealing should be submitted to people to-day, every one would vote for it, yet to-morrow some one would break it, and, if there were no government, might escape punishment. There must be force used. It is impossible to get along otherwise. This Mr. Appleton admitted when he said at the Liberal Club that if Anarchy were to be proclaimed the next day at 12 o'clock, he would leave the city before 10 o'clock.

We will say nothing about Mr. Appleton's "argument" that we ought to contribute to the rotundity of a priest, because our artist has once or twice made that prominent in his illustrations. We are anxious, as a friend, to save Mr. Appleton's reputation, which is seriously endangered by his last lucubration.

We stated that civil government performs a thousand necessary acts which individuals cannot do. In one of the few lucid paragraphs in the article we are considering Mr. Appleton asks:

"How do you know what individuals can or cannot do when civil government takes their business by force out of their hands?"

We know by the experience of the race. There were individuals before there were governments, and governments were instituted because they were found necessary. There are certain things to be done in every community in which every individual is interested, and to the accomplishment of which he is willing to contribute. By uniting and delegating to individuals the power to do those things the people form a government. This government derives its powers solely from the people, and can be changed or abolished at will. What individual could defend the country against belligerent invasion by a foreign power? Oh, says the Anarchist, the people would unite and do it! Very well. The first thing they would do in uniting would be to elect men to direct their movements, make rules for their guidance, and see to the support of those bearing arms. That is government. No matter where you start, or how you reason, you must come right around to the fact that government is a necessity. You may call it voluntary coöperation, or what you will, but there it is, a factor which can never be eliminated from human society, any more than friction can be done away with in machinery.

Only one or two more points in Mr. Appleton's rejoinder are worth noticing. Such retorts as "ask your taxpayers in New York about that," to the statement that government protects us from outside invasion, is an evasion as silly as weak. The matter is a question of fact, and Mr. Appleton can probably read history. One point he attempts to make is that it is because government conducts our schools that Freethought children are forced to hear religion taught. If government were a force outside of the people there might be some sense in this. But he never will take into consideration the very patent fact that our government is the people, and when an evil creeps into one of our institutions they can remove it as the evil of Bible reading is being removed—gradually. To destroy the government and the schools to get rid of this evil would be like burning the house which shelters you to get rid of a gnawing rat. Both schools and government are necessary, and if both were destroyed to get rid of the imperfections, it would be only to reëstablish them again at once. Another attempted point is similiar to this. We pointed out what everyone knows, that government cares for the poor and the insane. This is evaded by Mr. Appleton in this way:

"But first settle whether it is itself not the chief of wrongdoers. Does it ever punish itself? Is it not the fact of its own existence that primarily creates the poor and the insane?"

To this we say: Men hav abused their trusts, and prostituted governments to their own individual purposes. They were practical Anarchists, "individual sovereigns," with no regard for the rights of society. The first question, Does government ever punish itself? is nonsense. How can a constitution punish itself, or a statute shut itself up in a state prison? To the second question, Is it not the fact of government's existence that primarily creates the poor and the insane? we oppose a distinct No! If Mr. Appleton asserts it, let him prove it. The onus is upon him, unless, like the theologian, he proposes to argue from an unsupported assumption.

The last, and most wonderful, of Mr. Appleton's paragraphs are these:

"But at last civil Deacon Macdonald wheels in his big gun. He says the people can change or abolish the govern-

ment if they choose, and they are alone to blame if their servants steal from them.

"It is, as it were, as if somebody should roll a big stone before my door. When I protest, the man says that I am to blame if I tolerate it, for there is a constitutional provision by which I can change or abolish this state of things whenever I will. But what is the stone before my door for? I insist. The man then has the effrontery to say that I helped roll it there.

"This is just the position of Brother Macdonald. I ask him by what right this big stone (the state) is rolled before the door of my individual liberty in the first place, that I should be at the pains of abolishing it constitutionally? Macdonald says I helped roll it there. He knows better. But, finding no other way to get out of my house, I climb over it, and thus make use of it. For this forced use of the stone Macdonald says I ought in duty to pay, or else get off the planet. O thou wonderful youth! thou rising prince of truth seekers! thou dost indeed deserve a chromo.

"Once again do I call Brother Macdonald back to the original question of his blank inconsistency. I expect that he will do little more than 'whee up' again, but, as I say, if he continues to show the best end of himself long enough, he will furnish an argument stronger than my philosophy, which, unfortunately, he seems constitutionally incapable of assimilating."

That our readers may see all his "points," we are obliged to let a little of Mr. Appleton's scurrility slip in, for which we beg our readers' pardon. The expressions "whee up," and "show the best end of himself," which he uses are delicate bits of humor indulged in to indicate that individuals who differ from Henry Appleton are four legged. The sarcasm is very fine, and the conception extraordinarily convincing.

Before our Anarchistic philosopher dilates further upon our statement, we wish him to show that it is not true. Let him prove that the people of this country cannot change the government. Unless he does this his attempted reason is not only pointless but is a dishonest attempt to evade the question. There is no use in speculating what government is like when everybody knows what it actually is like.

Mr. Appleton has taken lessons from the churchmen of the fifteenth century, who maintained that the earth was flat though Magellan had sailed around it. He calmly brushes aside a plain statement of a fact as of no consequence, and proceeds to tell what he thinks the government is. If a brick lay upon his desk before him he would look vacantly over it at the wall, and begin to speculate upon what a brick is like. A brick, he would say, is, as it were, forty thousand miles long, sixty thousand miles wide, and one hundred thousand miles high. It is made of feathers; is good to eat, and a sovereign remedy for small-pox. Then, waving his pen in the air, he would ask, What right has this brick which I hav described upon my desk? I did not order it, and I will not pay for it. It is monstrous tyranny for me to hav to tolerate it. This brick, which is in my mind's eye, is the cause of all poverty, of all insanity, of all crime; it is the black beast of society, the impediment to progress, the enslaver of woman, the devil generally. And all the time the real brick would be only six inches long, four inches wide, and two and a half inches high—a very useful article for building purposes. To himself Mr. Appleton's brick might be real, but other people would conclude that it existed only in his hat.

When Mr. Appleton disproves that government in this country is of the people, and can be changed by them, or abolished, if they will, then we may follow him in his speculations. At present it is useless. We cannot assimilate fol-de-rol, though its author may think it philosophy. If, in the explanation of Anarchy, facts are not to be taken into account, then we hav no further interest in the matter.

Editorial Notes.

HELEN H. GARDENER has returned to New York city, and intends to make it her future residence. She should be addressed in care of this office.

SAM JONES offers to convert Indianapolis for five thousand dollars. It would be worth that to the churches if Doctor Monroe of the *Iron Clad Age* could be included. But we hav our doubts on this point.

WE recommend the right reverend bishop of Niagara to giv his audiences Mr. Huxley's reply to Mr. Gladstone as well as the latter's misleading statements. They would then hav the latest word of science, and if the bishop should adopt Mr. Huxley's views, he would be saved from the painful position he now occupies of a wilful perverter of scientific truth.

YOU can tell by the persistency with which they attack it, what persons think is the chiefest sin, says the *Independent*. Some think it is Sabbath-breaking, others drunkenness, and others, again, the greed of money. The *Freeman's Journal* devotes its severest and most frequent censures to the impiety of adulterating with mineral paraffine the wax candles which burn before the "host."

COMPLAINTS having been received of the method of reporting the meetings of the Manhattan Liberal Club, we last week procured the services of a gentleman of more years than the Man With the Badge-Pin numbers in his life, and therefore supposed to possess that sedateness of character necessary to report the doings of Assembled Wisdom. We hope his report will be found satisfactory, if uninteresting, as it is attested to be veracious.

AN account has recently been published of the fact that a large number of manuscript sermons by Robertson, of Brighton, hav been lost. They were mislaid on the platform of a railroad station, and hav never been heard of since. It is said that there were enough to fill two volumes. This, the *Advocate* says, is an irreparable loss to certain ministers, who hav already preached through all the published volumes of Robertson, and, having been compelled to look elsewhere, exhibit a marked deterioration of style. If an Infidel should thus accuse the ministers of stealing their sermons he would be scouted as a blasphemer.

WE call the attention of the Philadelphia Liberals to the following letter:

DEAR EDITOR: For two years I hav been an almost constant reader of the (I think) grand old TRUTH SEEKER, buying it in single numbers at the League meetings, of which I'm a member, No. 257 of Philadelphia, and I would like now to ask a question. Is there a person, or a body of persons, to your knowledge, in this City of Brotherly Love of whom an Agnostic may, without any hypocrisy, ask aid in the form of employment or the necessaries of life while looking for work? I'm a married man, with wife and three children, the youngest of whom is only one month old. I hav been out of employment for three weeks, and am now penniless. Those of the League had an opportunity of lending me a helping hand last winter, if they felt so disposed. One or two of them did manifest a little interest, and gave me letters to others for employment, but not one asked as to my appetite or how did I exist. Hoping for better times soon, I am Yours most respectfully,

HARRY G. CRISSWELL, Philadelphia, Pa.

IN a country where the church and state are supposed to be separate, the following quoted paragraph in the report of the secretary of schools in the Elmira Reformatory is peculiar reading:

"The church has long and vainly been struggling with its greatest problem—how to reach the low and depraved. The first condition of the problem is to get physical hold of them. Once the church practically did this by her own machinery. Men and women with pious aspirations voluntarily sought the benefits of confinement within prison walls furnished by or in connection with the church organization. Here they lived abstemiously, and worked hard as a religious service. Their righteousness worked its natural profitableness, and the profitableness, coming to be sought for its own sake, wrought the corruption which broke up the system. The church has lost this machinery and never will regain it. But, behold, the state has already done this work better than the church ever could. Here and now, the state has seized these sinners, has cleaned them up, thus giving them the requisit physical diet and disciplin, and is to-day calling to the invisible church: 'We hav cleared away the entrance, come in and feed these famished souls with the bread of life!' The prison should be the *paidagogos* to the church, the servant furnished by the state to lead the unruly candidates for education and training in righteousness, secured from truancies, to the school of disciplin in which members of the invisible church should be teachers."

That these are the sentiments of the sectarian instructors in our penal institutions there can be no doubt. They furnish an unanswerable reason why the disguised priests should be kicked out. The state the servant of the church! When was this principle engrafted upon an American Constitution, most high and mighty masters?

Literary Notes.

THE *Freethinkers' Magazine* for March is at hand. It contains a number of excellent essays. It may be purchased at this office; price, 25 cents.

"THE WIFE OF NO. 4,237" is the title of a new serial begun in *Liberty*. It is from the French of Sophie Kropotkine, translated by Sarah E. Holmes.

W. S. BAILEY'S heirs express the intention of continuing the publication of the Nashville *Liberal*. Mrs. R. B. Wolfe appears to be the head and front of the heirs.

THE *Headlight*, of Northwood, Dakota, is another local paper with Freethought principles. The editor, E. C. Kiley, is not afraid to print his honest sentiments on matters of religion.

THE *London Secular Review* having finished the reprinting of J. E. Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking," is now laying before its readers McArthur's "Examination of Church History." Saladin has a keen sight for good things.

J. K. P. BAKER writes of Miss Wixon's "All in a Lifetime:" "The more I think about it the more I think 'All in a Lifetime' is certainly something to be proud of. It is not a whit behind Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Success is not the measure of merit. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin's' success was due—much of it—to the excitement about slavery."

"CONTAINS much useful religious and secular information. Its statistics are very valuable, and its contributed articles well written. It can be read with profit by everybody." This was said by the *Hebrew Standard* of this city, not of the Pentateuch, but of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, a very much superior production of the printing-press, whose authors are all known.

BESIDES publishing one new book last week—the Gladstone-Huxley controversy—we republished several others, and would call the attention of our book-buying friends to new editions of the following: "The Holy Bible Abridged," 30 cents; Mr. Babcock's "Religion of Humanity," 10 cents; J. E. Remsburg's "False Claims of the Church" (sixth thousand), 10 cents; S. P. Putnam's "Problem of the Universe," 25 cents; "St. Matthew Before the Court," 10 cents; "The Besant-Hatchard Debate," 25 cents; "Maria Monk," paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents; "The Pyramid of Gizeh," 25 cents; J. E. Remsburg's "Bible Morals" (third thousand), 25 cents; "Ecce Diabolus," 25 cents; "Will the Coming Man Worship God?" 10 cents; "Scientific Materialism," 10 cents. We hav in press also new editions of "The Age of Reason," Froude's "Science and Theology," Huxley's lectures on "Evolution," and Mr. Remsburg's "Image-Breakers," which will be ready in a few days.

A CHILDREN'S lyceum has been organized by the Liberals of Waco, Texas. Mr. Shaw's *Independent Pulpit*, of the same place, comes to us this month with twenty-four pages filled with the best of Infidel reading matter. One editorial for which we feel very grateful is a defense of D. M. Bennett against the attacks of the Methodist journal of Texas of which Mr. Shaw was once an editor.

THE *Nonconformist* prints the poem, "Our Father in Heaven," on its first page with a border around it. The poem is one of the best and most convincing documents ever printed, and we hope the Vincents will scatter copies of it all around. It has been widely reprinted, in secular as well as Freethought journals, in England, on the Continent, and in the Orient, but the *Nonconformist* is the first paper we hav seen that has given proper credit to the author, Charles Stephenson, and the original publisher, THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. REMSBURG speaks at Perrysburg, Ohio, March 20th; Tontogany, Ohio, the 21st; Carey, Ohio, the 22d; Bradford, Ohio, the 23d and 24th.

CHARLES WATTS lectures before Friendship Liberal League of Philadelphia, at its hall, Broad and Wood streets, next Sunday, the 21st. Afternoon lecture at 2:30, subject, "Freethought: Its Struggles and Triumphs;" at 7:30, subject, "The New Testament: Its History and Its Teachings." Seats free. The public cordially invited.

THE Spiritualists of Cleveland and vicinity celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Wednesday, March 31st, at Weisgerber's hall. Mrs. H. S. Lake and Professor Peck are the chief speakers. The celebration will close with a ball in the evening, and the children of the Lyceum will hav an exhibition on Sunday, April 4th.

W. F. JAMIESON has lecture engagements in Alexandria, Sterling Center, Mapleton, Minn.; in Spring Valley, Wis.; and is invited back to Wentworth, Dakota, for the fourth time, where he has created greater interest in Freethought at each visit. But, as he is engaged in completing a literary work, he will remain at home in Lake City, Minn., for a few weeks before filling them. He will travel eastward and lecture all summer, and would like to visit Canada. Address at Lake City, Minn.

F. F. FOLLET writes: "Prof. W. S. Bell has just got home from a nearly two and a half months' lecturing tour over central and southern Illinois. He has traveled five hundred miles and delivered thirty-three lectures during his trip to generally good audiences. And he returns hale and hearty, and full of enthusiasm for future work in the Liberal lecture field. Those wishing to engage his services anywhere in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, or Michigan, will please to address him in the care of F. F. Follet, No. 302 State st., Chicago, Ill."

WILLIAM SEYMOUR, president of the Pennsylvania State Union, writes from Scranton, Pa.: "On Sunday last, the 7th inst., we held three meetings in the interest of the Pennsylvania State Secular Union. In the morning C. B. Reynolds delivered an able address upon the subject, 'Honest Answers to Honest Objections.' The afternoon was spent in presenting to the public the objects of the Union, and the necessity of organic and united effort in the cause of Secularism. In the evening Mrs. F. C. Reynolds spoke with great earnestness and eloquence upon 'Woman's Reasons for the Religion of Humanity,' and so interested were those who heard her that an earnest request has been made for a repetition of the lecture. After Mrs. Reynolds's lecture an address was given by the writer on the 'Principles of Secularism.' Everybody seemed pleased, and though the congregation had been listening attentivly for more than two hours, at the close of the meeting they lingered in the hall, as though they were still thirsting for more. On Monday evening, 8th inst., I spoke to a large audience on the 'Moral and Social Relations of Mankind,' which was followed by Mr. Reynolds on the subject, 'The Sabbath and the Bible.' On Tuesday night Mr. Reynolds spoke on the subject, 'Why I Left the Pulpit.'" C. B. Reynolds adds: "Under the urgent solicitations of the friends, we remained over at this place to lecture again on Sunday, the 14th inst., and to aid in perfecting the organization of the Scranton Secular Society. We had good attendance. After a lecture by Mrs. Reynolds on the Religion of Humanity, and C. B. Reynolds giving the Bible declarations of what constitutes the Christian heaven, the audience was dismissed, and those interested in organization of a Secular Society with science school on Sunday were called to order, and the following officers were elected: president, B. B. Wells; vice-president, Mrs. Anna Starkey; secretary, E. A. Jacquinot; treasurer, Alfred Harvey; vigilance committee, Anna Starkey, Oscar F. Freeman, and Alfred Harvey; educational committee, George Starkey, Margaret C. Jones, and Thomas C. Jones; social committee: J. E. Whitbeck, Maria Whitbeck, and Edward Farr. Mr. Edward Farr, an earnest, zealous Liberal, givs the free use of his new hall for the meetings of the Society. Their meetings will be held at 2:30 P.M. every Sunday. Initial subject for study by all the members during ensuing week and lesson for science school Sunday the 21st: "The Nine Demands of Liberalism."

Letters from Friends.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your illustrations are doing an excellent work, and carry conviction where all that might be written upon the subject would fall far short of the mark. One column alone of your valuable paper, that of "Gems of Thought," is well worth the subscription price. The excellences of all departments make up a grand whole surmounted by a noble desire to be lenient to all who persist in freeing their minds whether in or out of place.

May you ever be successful in the battle against the "creed curse" and ignorance, is the desire of,

Yours for universal mental liberty, L. E. JORDAN.

YOUNGSVILLE, N. Y., March 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find my remittance of $3, to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like your valuable paper very much. The pictures speak volumes, and the paper should be read by all, old and young. The church thinks it is an unpardonable sin for me to take THE TRUTH SEEKER, then giv it to others to read, but I shall continue to do so, and will not seek the church's pardon for it. There are two churches in this place, Presbyterian and Methodist. The Americans and Germans of the Presbyterian denomination both hold their meetings in the Presbyterian church —Americans in the forenoon and Germans in the afternoon. Whether the Dutch God cannot understand the Yankee God, or what the trouble is, I cannot tell, but they hav been in a constant quarrel for two years, and the end is not yet.

Yours respectfully, T. S. QUICK, M.D.

LOUDONVILLE, N. Y., March 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me a copy of Mr. Putnam's poem, "Adami and Heva," for which I inclose price.

The illustrations are splendid, and bound to win converts. As I looked at last TRUTH SEEKER I thought: "How pleased Uncle Bennett would be to see the dear old TRUTH SEEKER illustrated."

Well, I suppose, if Spiritualism is true, he knows all about it, and I hope it is true. If not, I want to know what is going to become of the mind that actuates this body. They say there is no annihilation. We all know that there is none of the body, but what becomes of the invisible elements? Brother Winter, please rise and explain this point.

Ugh! what a happy (?) thought that these hands, this face, and all of me shall be naught but food for worms, unless I be incinerated. What is the good of education and all that sort of thing if it is to end in that narrow pit in the earth or a handful of ashes?

I am not yet a Spiritualist—only seeking the light, the truth. "To be or not to be," that's the question that agitates me. W. V. ASPINWALL.

HAVEN, KAN., Feb. 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed herewith find $5.25, for which please send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886, and continue sending the paper till May 1, 1888. I hope you will be able to continue the illustrations. If the pictures should continue to be as good during the entire year as they hav been thus far, what an interesting picture book they would make all bound in one volume!

Something that happened here this winter should be a terrible warning to those that are in the habit of attending church Sunday nights, and that is this: A gentleman started with his family to attend church, and they were riding in a farm wagon and sitting in chairs, and, as one of the wagon-wheels passed over an obstruction, the chair in which the gentleman sat tilted to one side and he fell to the ground, his injuries being such that in eight days he died.

This has been the coldest winter ever known here, and great numbers of stock and several persons hav been frozen to death. During one of our coldest days I had several callers, and one of them told the following that happened to some of our neighbors during the cold winter of 1874-75, and which I had never heard before: I was in Michigan to spend that winter. Times were hard, and people had to rustle to get enough to eat, and among other means resorted to was to go on the range and kill buffalo. Three of my neighbors, on such a hunting expedition, were caught in a blizzard and started for home. When about twelve miles from there they became nearly exhausted, and one of them, who is a church-member, proposed that they pray; but instead of agreeing to that one of them commenced cursing and wanted him to keep going, but he was bound to pray, so he knelt down in the snow and commenced praying. The one cursing continued to "cuss," while the third one reached into the wagon (they had to walk to keep from freezing), and got a blacksnake whip and commenced to apply that to the man engaged in prayer, at first lightly, but after more vigorously, until the latter became angry, got up, and began chasing the man with the whip, and thus got warmed up. After that they reached home without further mishap.

I remarked at the time I heard the story, as I looked out the window, "What a bright idea it would be for some one to go out and kneel down on the porch, and pray for this storm to cease!" He would hav frozen to death in a very short time. G. S. BISHOP.

ELKTON, D. T. Feb. 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find three dollars to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. My time was out Jan. 1st, I think, but you, by mistake, put it June. You corrected a mistake to favor me in 1879, and now you may correct this to be just to yourself. I like the illustrations much. The paper illustrates the development theory, for it has steadily grown from good to better all these years, of which I may judge, for I hav taken it from almost its first issue. Then there is a nice mutual property about it—it develops its readers. When I find an old TRUTH SEEKER reader I see at once that he is happy to liv and not afraid to die. An old truth seeker is the happiest being alive—Mrs. Slenker, T. Winter, and the whole TRUTH SEEKER family. This land of homesteads and timber claims is too thinly settled to be worked by Liberal lecturers, and the people too sensible to be caught by the preachers who "tell the old story, ah!"

The sinner harvest in the villages is about over for the season; havn't heard of a catch, though one local editor said "much good was done." Two years ago, in a neighboring village, they "saved" one little girl whose mother had recently died. Too bad, isn't it, that to save a sinner its mother, or husband, or child must be taken away? I read one of Moody's sermons in which seven death-bed scenes were described. I like that better. One can cry, and come to Jesus, and speak in meeting all the same, but, as a matter of fact, there was no orphan, or widow, or childless mother; that was all talk, you know. We who liv out on homesteads hav a more tangible fear of getting "lost" if we go to town to evening meeting than we hav of being "lost" if we stay at home. Elkton has a rink, which means concerts, balls, etc.; a good literary society, a G. A. R. post; so the people get along well without "that consolation naturally arising from a belief in eternal fire."

Well, if Congress won't admit us into the Union, I fear St. Peter won't admit us into heaven, for we are not saved by good works according to Calvin or the Democratic party. Yet I would like to get into the Union by 1888, if so be that Mr. Ingersoll, or Putnam, or Wakeman could be nominated for president. Yours truly, DENNIS JACOBS.

NAPLES, N. Y., March 3, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Abler artists hav attempted to draw Remsburg and failed. I shall not try. He has come and gone, and the people will long hav something to talk and think about.

The Bible, the bed-rock of the old superstition, was fairly left in tatters. The Christian mask which the old idol had so long worn was torn off in the presence of a respectable audience, and, what was worse than all, the Christians cannot talk back. Every nail was driven home and clinched. There is no getting behind his position; it is actually unassailable.

Mr. Remsburg is a great success. He is of good fiber and will last long, and there is a world of work in him, and the Liberals of the country can do no better than to keep him constantly engaged in the work for which he is so admirably adapted. His sturdy blows will ultimately knock superstition into its corner.

I said I would not draw Remsburg. I hav not and I can not; he must be heard to be appreciated. He is gentle and kind in his manner, and though he mangles with unsparing hand the absurdities and barbarisms of the Bible, like a wise physician, he cuts and cauterizes only for the patient's good.

All praise to Remsburg. Friends and brethren, the most acceptable way to do him homage is to keep him constantly engaged in his chosen field, and reward him far more liberally than I was able to do when he was here.

Although the mercury was down to zero, and a howling wind was hurling clouds of snow into the faces of the people, there was a goodly number out, some coming many miles, in spite of the storm.

Let the Liberals turn out whenever Mr. Remsburg moves the sickle in the standing grain. The harvest is abundant, and we shall hav more such workers when they are better rewarded. JOHN PECK.

TROY, N. Y., March 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: If you had been to Troy two weeks ago, you would hav had an opportunity to sail along the streets of that beautiful city.

I expect the Lord thought he would try the faith of his chosen people, and so he sent forth a flood, which entered the cellars, basements, yea, even the second and first stories of several houses, causing the people to flee to the upper chambers, and there to wait for the waters to abate at the word of the Lord. One of the Lord Jehovah's "black-beetles," as Saladin names the ministers, was in the sanctuary of the Lord, probably praying the ruler of all things to spare wicked Troy from a second deluge for the sake of his people. But the Lord heard him not, and the black-beetle was fain to trust his safety in the hands of the brave of his congregation, and be rescued in a boat.

The flood not turning the hearts of the wicked Trojans, as they continued to advertise a lecture by John E. Remsburg, of Kansas, the great Infidel in the Griswold Opera House, the Lord sent fire upon the city. He did not rain down fire from heaven, as of old, but sent his mighty, wind, while the thermometer was below zero, to blow fire from the furnace of a carpenter's shop among some shavings, which soon grew to such an extent that the whole of the northern part of the city was threatened with destruction.

This occurred on February 26th, and had not the brave firemen worked with might and main, instead of praying, the poor city of Troy would hav had much to mourn.

However, there is more trust to be put in the strong and willing hand and heart of a fireman than in all the god almighty's that ever were, are, or ever will be. And so Troy was saved, but not by the God of the black-beetles.

Sunday, February 28th, came, and the winds had abated to such an extent that the Infidels of Troy were able to turn out in good numbers and welcome the "Ingersoll of the West," John E. Remsburg, who lectured on "Bible Morals," in the afternoon, at Keenan Hall, and in the evening, at the Griswold Opera House, on "Sabbath-Breaking."

At the latter place people of all denominations turned out to see and hear what the Infidel had to say. You will be pleased to learn that the Infidels hav some influence in wicked Troy; so much that Mr. Maschke gave a full band free for an hour's concert before the lecture, Mr. Maschke attending himself.

The concert was greatly enjoyed by all present, and the Infidels of Troy fully appreciate the kindness of Mr. Maschke and his whole band for their services. They played as if they were paid, and well paid at that.

When Mr. Remsburg appeared on the stage he was greeted with applause, and held the strictest attention of his audience, although the cold was severe.

Cold as it was, however, the Baptists thought it not too cold to immerse a young lady at their church. When we arrived home, we found a little boy who had been a spectator of this immersion, pale and trembling, afraid to go home, for, said he, "They put her in the water clothes and all, and won't some one please to go home with me?" Of course, his fears were calmed, and he was taken home.

Oh, what a religion, to strike terror to the heart of a young child! How different would the feelings of that young boy hav been had he been listening to the strains of Maschke's band, and heard instead of the minister's plea, "Flee from the wrath to come," the soul-stirring words of John E. Remsburg, of Kansas. JEANNIE ARMSTRONG,

Corresponding Secretary of Troy Secular Society.

GARDNER, ILL., March 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find money order to pay on my subscription for the next six months.

After a pretty long interval Gardner had, this week again, the benefit of a (free) Liberal lecture on "Liberty and Morality," delivered by Mr. W. Bell from Chicago. Although Mr. Bell arrived here quite unadvertised, the necessary preliminaries, as hall, defraying of expenses, were quickly settled, and this mainly through the efforts and generosity of two or three friends of the Liberal cause, and the lecturer had the satisfaction to enjoy a full house; and the satisfaction was mutual, as the attention the auditory paid the lecturer from beginning to end clearly proved. A fragmentary excerpt from the lecture would not do it justice, and a more extended one space forbids. May it suffice here to state that Mr. Bell is an effectiv orator, and, although not indulging in high-flying, philosophical phraseology that oftentimes more obscures than enlightens a plain mind, knows how to strike the popular key-note that makes ears and common sense equally vibrate. To infer from the one given to us, a lecture by Mr. Bell cannot but leave a good impression behind. After the close of his lecture Mr. Bell invited ministers or their aunts and cousins to ask questions, raise objections, or take exceptions; and "mum was the order of the day"—probably they "wasn't" there. Guess this is the trouble with our so-called but misnamed ministers of the Lord; though they are always meddling where they are not wanted, like their boss beyond the clouds, they never can be found when they are needed. J. N. STEIMLE.

SAN DIEGO CITY, CAL., Feb. 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The breath of priest is a upas that poisons the whole atmosphere. Where God is liberty is not. For these long years I never hav been able to get a subscriber to your paper that belonged to any secret organization, and hav often been cursed for soliciting it. You must know that Masonry and Odd Fellowship are Siamese twins, begotten by monarchy and nursed in the lap of a priest; that they claim to be divine institutions and the Bible their great light; that the members are creed-fixed and oath-bound; that we often read obituaries of these pious saints that they were devout members of the church, devout Christians and bright examplary Masons, and hoped to meet in the grand lodge above. How then can you expect me (believing the whole thing to be a fraud) to affiliate with such dumb nonsense? I admit there may be Masons better than their oaths and creeds, and that there are thousands of Christians far better than their gods; but I must consider in lump all heathenism.

The grand climax was reached when the Liberals were so bamboozled as to call their organization Secular Union, which means almost anything or nothing, and opened a door broad enough for every nefarious secular priest to enter, and I must believe this was done so that every member of a secret affiliation could claim some self-respect to stand on. Do the owners and controlers of THE TRUTH SEEKER suppose that there are none but fools on this coast? Do you expect me to ligate my tongue, close my eyes, and seal my lips to known iniquity? Do you expect me to go down on my knees at the fulminations of a priest and abjure my individuality? Do you think that one who has studied symptoms for fifty years knows nothing of diagnosis? Do you flatter yourselvs that no one but the sworn initiated knows anything about this modern priestly popery? Do you for a moment conclude that you can destroy all individuality? Do you ask me to affiliate with the huggers and kissers of Bibles when I believe the whole damned thing a heathen fraud to get something for nothing, and further believe that these orders are the makers and supporters of all monopolies, and a general curse to any people? Surely the world is very wicked and foolish yet—on every corner an owl and in every street a priest. Over every temple arch should be written "Slave-pen," and over every church-door engraved "Lunatic Asylum."

I hope you will not consider me a Secularist or a Christian, or a Christian Secularist, or in any way connected with the evident frauds who are fighting for mammon. Out of self-respect I must call myself a Radical, and I must certainly think that every truthful thinker will think and act the same. To me it matters little, to the world much. I am through with gods and popes, but I cannot believe it right to do wrong or refuse to express my honest convictions when called by circumstances to do so, and I grant the same to others. Neither can I consider it necessary for the support of a republic or democracy to veil it in secrecy. I may presume you understand me without more emphasis.

It is to be regretted that religion has ever so disrupted society, that hypocrisy is a birthright and falsehood a peerage. In looking back on my past I must believe that I hav made more enemies in the last year by speaking truthfully of the truth than by all the lies I hav ever told, while on every hand I see canonized fraud deified and truth crucified. Secularists on your side of the divide are making great complaint against non-taxation of church, while the Secularists on this side are making donations to themselvs. One year ago our governor advised a grant of twenty-five thousand dollars, and the legislature voted it to the g—s of the republic to splurge on. Such is Secularism on this coast, and I am forced to believe that government is a fraud, the officials a set of sworn thieves, and the common citizen a fool, dominated by that great monarchical fiend, Masonry, where prayers are a requisit and a priest a necessity; such I consider Secularism. It will now be in place for your popes to read me that merciful prayer in their holy book from off your holy altar, contained in the fifty-ninth psalm, and then to proceed to the *maranathema ab aqua et ignis.*

ABRAM BRONSON.

MILWAUKEE, OR., Feb. 21, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I do not wish friend Hindman to pay my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I prefer to pay my own. But surely I did prove by geometrical calculation, based upon known facts, that the sun is more than twelve thousand miles from the earth. It is not necessary, to make computations geometrical, that they should be illustrated by diagrams. Diagrams are mere conveniences to assist the memory. The real lines and angles must exist in the mind before they can be represented upon paper.

Mr. Hindman says: "I hav not yet said what I thought was the distance from the earth to the sun." But in his first letter he says: "I claim it can be proved by geometrical calculation that the sun is not over twelve thousand miles from the earth."

The earth is a fact. Its form and size are simple matters of fact and calculation. They are not matters of opinion among intelligent people, but of demonstrated knowledge. No man has a right to call himself a surveyor who does not know approximately the shape and size of the earth. That is all I asked him to admit. I took his claim that the sun was not over twelve thousand miles away, and proved that the statement led to the contradiction of the most obvious facts.

Mr. Hindman objects to the undulatory theory of light. He says: "My philosophy is that light and sight travel at the same speed." He seems to think that, in observing a planet or a star, light starts out from an object and sight from the eye at the same time, and meet each other exactly half-way in the intermediate space.

But his most wonderful piece of information is that "the Pole Star is not visible at a point farther south than forty degrees south latitude," and from that fact (?) he tells us it is easy to compute the distance of the North Star. When Mr. Hindman gets up his diagram, will he please to illustrate how it is that people manage to see the Pole Star through nearly five thousand miles of solid earth when they get to the fortieth parallel south, and how at that point it becomes suddenly invisible? How it is that, as he admits the Pole Star goes down one degree for every degree he goes south, he yet passes over eighty degrees of the earth's surface to bring the Pole Star down forty? Is Mr. Hindman going to repudiate primary arithmetic? Is he trying to fool a simple fellow like me, or does he not really know that the Pole Star is in the horizon at the Equator and not visible south of it? Or, to be more exact, the Pole Star is not exactly at the Pole, but appears to revolve around it at a distance of about a degree and a half, as is explained in every treatis on surveying (in giving instructions how to find the true meridian), and consequently the Pole Star cannot be seen more than a degree and a half south of the Equator.

I assure Mr. Hindman that I hav not aimed any personal irony at him, but almost suspect that he is trying to fool me and some others of your humble readers who are not surveyors and civil engineers, and his proposition to bring out his diagram on the 1st of April rather tends to strengthen the suspicion.

D. PRIESTLEY.

MIDDLEBURY, IND., Feb. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Error is not always crime, for errors in chronology are found in the works of Shakspere, contradictions in Pope and Milton, bad grammar in Byron, and palpable blunders in the writings of almost every classic celebrity, but very seldom do we find anything that bears a comparison with the writings of John Hindman, surveyor and civil engineer, of Elmo, Arkansas. Being a regular reader of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, I cannot refrain from saying a few words to him through its columns. Last December Mr. Hindman requested anyone to show by diagram that the sun is more than 12,000 miles from the earth. He now seems to think that there is no such diagram extant, and he of course regards the figures on the sun's distance as mere guess-work. That there are plenty of diagrams, etc., on the subject we simply refer him to Loomis's Astronomy, pp. 219–221, or Steele's Astronomy, pp. 302–307, where diagrams with complete descriptions of the method of calculating the sun's distance during the transit of Venus may be found. These diagrams, with explanations, would be too lengthy for publication in THE TRUTH SEEKER without permission, at least, from its editor. But reference to any of the works of our late astronomers will convince him that there are diagrams that show the method of finding the sun's distance, approximately correct (and he will please remember that that $6 he offers will buy a good work on the subject).

He also claims astronomy to be "guess-work in part," when in fact it is one of the most certain nnd best established of the sciences. Speaking on this point, Steele says: "All its theories and distances are based on the most rigorous mathematical demonstrations." That there are theories not fully established all will admit, but we cannot all admit that "it is reasonable to suppose that the earth would be void of an atmosphere, moving, as it does, at the rate of over 68,000 miles per hour." Can it be possible that friend Hindman does not know that the air has weight? Would not the ocean or the earth itself be as liable to "be left in the wake" as would the atmosphere? It would be easy traveling to go up in a balloon and wait until the earth turned the proper place under us; but the air having weight, it of course revolves with the earth, and no such cyclone as he speaks of is produced. Again, knowing that the atmosphere has the same motion now, around the sun, that the earth has, the earth would be as liable to stop as would the atmosphere. This would be in accordance with Newton's great law of motion that "if a body be in motion it will continue in motion if it be not disturbed by the action of some external force."

Mr. Hindman also says, "My philosophy is that light and sight travel at the same speed." What is sight but the sense of seeing which is produced by the light striking the retina of the eye, the optic nerve then transmitting the vibration to the brain? We really never see an object, but simply see the reflection that the object produces on the retina of the eye. Indeed, the optic nerve itself is insensible to light, so sight exists only in the brain, and does not travel at all. Or, if we call it sensation, it would only travel about 100 feet per second, while light goes about 186,000 miles in the same time. But Mr. Hindman evidently does not believe that light travels, although the discovery was made 269 years ago. Before 1617 it was considered instantaneous, but Roemer, an eminent Danish astronomer, accidentally made the discovery, when engaged in a series of observations on one of the moons of Jupiter. This moon in a certain part of its path becomes eclipsed to an observer on the earth, in consequence of passing behind its planet. Knowing that the revolution of the moon must be performed in the same time, Roemer supposed that the intervals between these invisible periods would, of course, be uniform. To his surprise he found that they differed a little every time, increasing for six months (at the expiration of which the eclipse was 16 minutes later than at first), and then decreasing at the same rate for a similar period, till at the end of a year he found the interval the same as at first. The conclusion was inevitable. The discrepancy was caused by the difference in the earth's distance. If the first observation was made when the earth was at that point of her orbit which was nearest to Jupiter, six months afterward she would be at the most distant point; and the light from Jupiter's moon would hav to travel the whole distance across the orbit (about 186,000,000 miles) farther than before. Here was the key to a grand discovery which immortalizes the name of Roemer. If light was 16 minutes, or 960 seconds, in traveling 186,000,000 miles, it was easy to find how far it travels in 1 second.

Our friend also says that the North Star is not seen south of 40° south latitude. He admits the fact that when we travel north one degree the North Star seems to rise one degree. Now, the North Pole points within $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of Polaris, and if we were at the North Pole the North Star would be nearly directly overhead. Starting from the pole and going 90 degrees south, we would, of course, be at the equator, while the North Star would always appear in the horizon. Hence, as he claims it can be seen 40° south of the equator, he is just 40°, or 2,780 miles, from "the facts." Or if he is right, the equator is 48° south latitude; and 40° plus 90° = 130° = 1 quadrant or 520° in one circle, instead of 360°, which is always used.

Indeed, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and we can but think that Mr. Hindman's opinions are mostly formed from some of the musty old compositions of man, and not from the grand and endless book of Nature, whose contents were written by Nature herself in indelible characters which no man can forge or obliterate, and the pages of which are equally open and free to all. Referring to one more "point" in Mr. Hindman's last letter, we will close by first asking the editor to pardon the length of this communication. Among the things that he "is loth" to believe, we find that light requires 60,000 years to reach us from some of the distant stars, when in all probability there are stars or suns in the far-off regions of space whose light has not yet reached our planet, although they may hav existed countless millions of years; and may there not be others so distant that their light can never reach our earth on account of intervening globes or the resistance of that subtil ether, of the existence of which we are certain, although its immeasurable tenuity precludes all possibility of discovery? Indeed, would not this all be in harmony with the fact that the only limits to the grand and magnificent operations of nature are endless eternity and unbounded space?

M. R. TEESDALE.

WAYNESBURG, March 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: My uncle, Henry Luse, died of pneumonia at his house near Clarkesville, Pa., Jan. 27, 1886, being nearly fifty-six years old. He was an honest, intelligent man, well respected by those who knew him. He was the dupe of no superstition, but tested whatever presented itself to his mind in the crucible of reason. His father was a Freethinker, and impressed upon his mind the importance of honest investigation as a means of intelligent belief. This early privilege of using his reason as the best guide, along with an inherited spirit of independence, soon led him to reject the popular faith, and defy the contumely of fanatical believers. He battled for more than a quarter of a century in the cause of mental emancipation. How thoroughly he was imbued with the importance of untrammeled investigation may be seen in a provision of his will which directs that his children shall hav free access to the important works on both sides of all social, political, scientific, and religious problems. He knew that there was a possibility of his being wrong, and he was anxious that his children should not follow in his footsteps until convinced that they led in the right direction. He had no evidence of a future life, and believed in none; yet he passed calmly and peacefully into the unknown realm without fear, enjoying the conscious satisfaction of having acted, while living, according to his highest conception of right. His death was a calm, quiet, powerful refutation of the priestly wail, "It will do to liv by, but it won't do to die by." It *will* do to die by. The Christian's whole life is a direct preparation for death, but, alas! when he comes to die he realizes the vagueness and uncertainty of the faith which he has fostered so long, and gleans but little satisfaction from reflecting that the chief aim of his life has been to gain a happy death. The Secularist livs to make himself and others happy while here, and thus indirectly prepares himself for a peaceful ending. An unclouded conscience is the healing balm of death.

H. CLAY LUSE.

QUITMAN, Mo., Jan. 27, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Last night I attended church. Now, don't infer from this that I don't attend church, for I attend quite frequently. But, as a revival is in progress at this place, and a few sinners hav begun to think they are in need of salvation, I thought I would write of my last night's experience. Perhaps it might be well enough to say that I hav had considerable experience since I hav been the principal of the public schools here.

At the time Mr. Jamieson and Miss Gardener were here there were many people much grieved to know that their "professor was a wicked Infidel," and very recently our experience with the school board was that Infidels could no longer teach school in Quitman. But to my experience last night.

The preacher took his text from Gal. vi, 7–8, "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap," etc. I knew what was coming, and I was in no way disappointed. After discoursing on Infidelity in general and to their humble servant in particular for about an hour, the man of God called for sinners to come to the sinners' bench and mourn. Although feeling myself somewhat of a sinner, I had not lost anything to mourn over, so I did not mourn.

They succeeded in getting a couple of "mourners;" then, after considerable singing and praying, the preacher asked for those to stand to their feet who wished the prayers of the Christians. There were only two forsaken-looking males arose, and one of these had whipped his wife that morning. Then all those in the congregation were requested to stand who would pray for the penitents at seven o'clock the next morning. A few of the saints arose. The minister then made the startling announcement that God had been with us. You may imagin that I felt somewhat queer, as I never expected to sit in the same audience with Jehovah.

I looked about me to see if I could get sight of the God who authorized slavery, waged wars of conquest, and commanded the slaughter of women and children, but, not seeing any one whom I could think would resemble that old worthy, and remembering that "had been" was in the past perfect tense, I just took his word for it that he "had been there," knowing from the sermon that had been preached that the good pastor would make no misstatements. Upon the whole, I thought the entertainment very good, considering that, for once, no collection was taken up, making salvation free. But, I thought, if people acted in Paul's time as they do now, it was no wonder the old saint was constrained to say: "We are fools for Christ's sake."

GEO. H. DAWES.

NEW LONDON, CONN., Feb. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find $1, for which please send me one copy each of the "Christian Religion," by Ingersoll, and "Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen Gardener. I wish everybody on earth would read Helen Gardener's book. If that could be done you would see superstition leaving. The only objection I hav ever heard to her book was by a good, pious soul that my wife loaned it to. She soon returned it and said she did not think that woman was very smart to try to tell older people than herself what to believe. My wife is in a fair way to recover from the shock.

J. W. STORRS.

SOIO, O., March 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Charles Watts delivered two lectures in this place on Thursday and Friday evenings, March 4th and 5th. The subjects on which he spoke were "Secularism: Destructiv and Constructiv," and "Unbelief: Its Nature and Service to Mankind." Mr. Watts had a large and appreciativ audience to hear him on both evenings. As an evidence of his success, I might state that everybody who heard him the first night came back the second, and many brought their friends along. Mr. Watts's lectures are on a high plane of morality. They are extremely logical, delivered in an eloquent manner, and his friends and foes alike praise him for the spirit of fairness which is manifest in everything he utters. The Liberals of this locality may fairly claim as a result of these lectures that they now occupy higher ground in public favor, and the orthodox portion of our community will respect us and our opinions more than they hav heretofore been in the habit of doing. The appearance of some of the church-members while listening to the fair and unanswerable argument of Mr. Watts reminded us of a very young boy smoking a very strong cigar.

Let us hope that such lectures will soon cease to shock their nerves, and that they will eventually take to Secularism as kindly as they now accept the results of the antislavery movement, which they even more vehemently denounced. Man speed the day when the new philosophy will reach the understanding of the priest-ridden people of our land. If we had enough men like Mr. Watts to teach Secularism we might soon clean up the fading shadows of Christian theology and carry the war into Africa.

J. M. HARRISON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Nutting.

Dear Memory, swing thy censer now,
Let purple incense rise;
The desert sands hav ceased to flow,
Time's heavy hand has left my brow,
The present from me flies.

Back, back to childhood's happy years,
So full of joys, so free from fears
I stand a child to-day;
Sweet, sunny visions, simple, fair,
Touching as some old cradle air,
Hav swept all care away.

The hill tops wear a hazy look;
The Indian summer's here,
The voices of the crystal brook,
Creeping along each pebbly nook,
Are chiming softly clear.

On everything a dreamy haze
Is resting like a veil;
The idle oxen cease to graze,
And, in a lazy sort of maze,
They roam the pasture dale.

My mother says, "Your tasks perform
With careful hands and fast,
The day is very fine and warm,
We'll go beyond the upper farm
To get our winter's mast."

O joy! the nimble fingers fly,
The work is all complete;
We call to her with gladsome cry
To see and praise our industry,
That wrought the toil so fleet.

We climb the stony brookside path
With footsteps tripping light,
We pass the hermit's lonely hearth,
To where the noisy stream in wrath
Falls like a torrent quite.

Across the pretty forest glade
We hasten on our way,
To find the beech-trees' thicker shade
Beyond the talked of railroad grade,
Where sunbeams scarcely play.

Oh, see! here on the leafy floor
The wealth of nuts so brown,
Yet still, to hav a richer store,
My brother climbs to harvest more,
And shakes them tumbling down.

The squirrels chatter saucily,
And scamper right and left;
A gray one talks with sanctity
About the sin of robbery,
And charges us with theft.

At last we're tired; a pleasant sound
Falls restful on our ears;
It is the cry of "Homeward bound."
We leave the charming nutting-ground,
And leave the charming years.

Denver, Col. MRS. BUCKNER-JOHNSON.

A Ride Over the Rocky Mountains.

Being out of employment, I, in company with a friend (a conductor), secured passage and started for the far West, to find work and to "grow up with the country." On the mountain division of one of the Pacific railroads we found what we were seeking, and reported for duty. We were sent a trip over the mountains to learn the road before being entrusted with a train. From where we got on board to the summit, a distance of thirty miles, the grade is so heavy that the huge engins that could on ordinary lines draw 150 cars can only take from four to seven cars. Every few miles there are safety switches, to catch runaway cars, or those that may break from a train and go plunging down the mountain side.

On mounting the engin, I was surprised to find it in charge of an old friend, who remarked, when he learned the object of my trip, that he could show me more road in less time than I had ever seen before. This remark did in no wise tend to make me more comfortable, for, although he was a good man and an able driver, he had lost his position where I had first known him for doing some very reckless work, and among his friends (the engineers) it was said that his home was in the ditch.

The road winds along the side of the mountain under overhanging ledges of rock, across trestles which span the ravines; then along the edge of some dark dismal gorge, where, hundreds of feet below, the bottom is strewn and piled with masses of rocks, and where no flower ever blooms, no ray of sunlight ever penetrates. I had had experience on rough roads; had sat on my engin and it almost on its end; had been mixed up with box cars, floating ice, and bridge timbers; had been on colliding steamboats, and stood by and worked the engins with the water waist-deep on the deck, and I will say that I had never been so filled with awe as on this morning of my first ride over the Rocky Mountains. When we arrived at the summit we took on several more cars, and commenced the descent with quite a long train. The conductor, three brakemen, the mountain brakeman,* and my friend were on the top, clinging to the brakes, the engineer working steam every foot of the way.

I expected him to shut off the steam and put the reverse lever in the back motion, or, by using the powerful air-brake with which these engins are fitted, try to control its speed. But no, there he sat as unconcerned as though at home in the midst of his family, while his fireman, an Irish boy with a brogue that would hang a man, was singing "Sewal and McClosky," while I—well, I was lost; and when, a few minutes later, we went rushing out upon the highest trestle in the United States (that across the O'Kief Canyon, which is about three hundred feet high, is built on a curve, and in which the largest timber is but eight inches square) at the rate of thirty-five miles per hour, I felt homesick. When we reached the division station I had a talk with my friend (the conductor), the result of which was that he telegraphed over the hill for two passes, and when the express pulled out of that station that evening it carried as passengers what the mountain men were pleased to call two first-class prairie men. B. I. G.

*He is called the pilot.

Reverie.

The morning hours of cheerful light
Of all the day are best,
And as we speed our hasty flight,
If every hour be spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.

And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past;
Youth is the morning bright and gay,
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last. —*Selected.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PROBLEM.

A field is twelve rods square. How may trees can be planted in it a rod apart, putting none nearer the fence than half a rod?

WM. SCOTT.

2.—DIAMOND.

1.–A consonant. 2.–A covering for the head. 3.–A month. 4.–The atmosphere. 5.–A consonant. Centrals, read down, giv the name of a beautiful city of Europe.

Lindsay, Ont., Can. GEO. M. BATESON.

3.—CONUNDRUM.



1. Why is this girl like a sum of borrowed money?
2. Why is she like a window pane?
3. Why is one of her shoes like some occupation in which she is greatly interested?

4.—REBUS.



Eleven prominent cities.

5.—PALINDROME.

There are some people who believe
That all mankind are sprung from Eve,
And some may think our Palindrome
Requires just *one* in Eden's home;
But fables false can scarce excuse
The posers who such fictions use.
From *whom* then came these various races,
Diverse in form, hue, mind, and faces?
The truth and Palindrome require
That we should mark the number higher,
Say, two, three, four, five, six, or seven;
Nor mind "the book that came from heaven."

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 6, 1886.

1.–Mar–Moses. 2.–The surface of liquids conforms exactly to the spherical figure of the earth. Denver being at a much greater altitude than New York, the surface of the liquid would be some flatter, so that the tub would not hold so much above the brim.

4.
M
GEM
GORED
MERMAID
MEADE
DIE
D

5.—"Heads on one side, tails on the other."

Correspondence.

ARLINGTON, NEB., March 2, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a few lines. My pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like to read the Children's Corner very much. I am ten years old. I go to school and read in the Fourth Reader. Mamma bought the "Story Hour" for me. The stories in it are all nice, and I like to read them very much. It is time for me to close.

Yours truly, JUSTIN J. HAMMER.

LOGANSPORT, IND., Feb. 29, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I would like to take my seat in the Children's Corner again. I begin to feel at home there. My mamma says that there is a great fuss made about the new pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but they say nothing about the Children's Corner, and she thinks it is doing more good than the pictures, for it is making the children feel as if they had something to say in the paper, too. I am ten years old and I read the Children's Corner. With best regards, I remain Your little friend, DELIA STOLL.

LINDSAY, ONT., Feb, 16, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As it is about three months since I wrote to you, I thought I would write again, as my last letter appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I received the Calendar, for which accept my thanks. It is quite a curiosity. I liv on a farm, about three miles out of Lindsay, which is a town of about six thousand inhabitants. Pa exchanges THE TRUTH SEEKER with Mr. Goodwin, of Lindsay, for the *Investigator*. Pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as I can remember. I am fourteen years old to-day, and a stormy day it is. I am in the Fourth Reader, and study geography, grammar, history, drawing, arithmetic. I hav two miles to go to school. I hav a nice teacher. I obtained the highest number of marks in my class last month. GEO. M. BATESON.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., March 6, 286.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write to you, because you said that every one was welcome to the Children's Corner. I do not know what I should do if we did not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. I think the illustrations are grand. The Jonah pictures are very funny. Those on the front side are splendid; right to the point.

I think our grown up folks "sass" each other quite too much through THE TRUTH SEEKER. As M. S. Gowin says, in a recent letter to it: "We hav enough to do to fight the enemy—superstition." I hav one of your books, "The Story Hour," and am very much pleased with it, and a little Liberal friend of mine (Nellie Bedel) had the other, "Apples of Gold," and we exchanged books, and each of us was very much pleased with the other's. Inclosed find a puzzle. I did it myself.

I think the TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC, is good—better than the one before. "The Curate of Churnside" is a splendid story. But I guess I will close now, as my letter is getting rather long. I am keeping this letter a secret. No one, father or mother, will know of it till they see it in the paper.

Yours for liberty, science, and humanity in the place of slavery, theology, and God.

LYLE GAULT.

[We are glad to hear from Lyle. He is a boy of the right stamp.—ED. C. C.]

UNION STAR, MO., Feb. 28, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER and like it very much. Papa has taken it ever since I can remember. I read the Children's Corner with pleasure. I thought I would try and write you a letter, if I can interest you, as I don't see many little boys in the Correspondence. I liv on a farm one mile from Union Star (a little town situated on the C. B. & Q. R. R.). I hav one sister and one brother, older than I am; we all go to school in town. We do not farm any. Papa is a lawyer, has his office in town, so we rent the farm. I hav never tried plowing yet as I hav not been old enough. I must tell you about a little religious disturbance which occurred in our village last week. There came along a minister who professed to be sanctified. This did not suit the religion of the trustees' so they locked the doors of the church on him (although the people were eager to hear him). It raised a dispute between the people, and made hard feelings all around. Of course he is a "crank," but I think he should hav had his rights. Well, I will close, as I am afraid of wearying you with such a long letter. If this is printed I will try and write a more interesting letter next time. I remain, Yours truly,

CHARLEY BOONE.

P.S.—I would like to correspond with some of the little boys and girls. C. B.

WESTFORD, CONN., Feb. 12, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I see so many little correspondents in the Children's Corner, I thought I would write a few lines to you. I liv on a farm in Westford near the town of Ashford, Conn. I am ten years old and this is my first letter. Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I love to read the Children's Corner. If you think this worth publishing I will try and write again.

Yours respectfully, NETTIE CADY.

MEMPHIS, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My grandfather takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I read the Children's Corner every week. Grandfather said he would like me to write a letter for the paper. I am eight years old, but thought I would try and do as well as the other children.

I go to school, and will tell you what I study. I study geography, spelling, arithmetic, and read in a Fourth Reader and Monteith's "Popular Science Reader." We liv beside grandfather. Father works his land. We liv on one farm, and grandfather and grandmother on the other. I think a great deal of them, and hav good times with them. We all hav very pleasant homes, near the cars, and we are situated pleasantly. I hav a nice organ, and enjoy playing on it. I am learning to work, so I can help grandmother sometime. I am the only child in the family, but I do wish I had a little brother or sister. But I hav to take up with my doll. It is as big as a little baby I saw the other day.

Good-bye. I wonder how this will look printed. Grandfather will laugh. From

JULIA C. TILLEY.

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"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the miserable sinner,
He'd sooner a begger would starve than giv
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is.
But I couldn't quite determin,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course, there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At ever word he was sayin'.

And the minister went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to a meetin'.
I don't think much of that man that givs
The loud Amens to my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler;
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Giv us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin's out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you."
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself that sermon's pat,
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd hav gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a grinnin'.

Just then the minister, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort of moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers',
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there were lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew—
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I, to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter!

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BACON AND SHAKSPERE. Proof that William Shakspere could not write. The Sonnets written by Francis Bacon to the Earl of Essex and his Bride, A.D. 1590. Bacon identified as the Concealed Poet, Ignoto, A.D. 1589–1600. By W. H. Burr. Price 25 cents. For sale by the Truth Seeker Co.

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Now, it is dreadful to hav our idol popped off his pedestal at one fell blow, and we do not like to hav it done. But still, if he does not belong on that particular post, he ought to go.

Mr. Burr does not speak without conviction and positiv proof supporting all he says. He brings the proofs of Shakspere's apparent inability as a writer, and in his place he sets Francis Bacon. His arguments on Bacon's side are very ingenious, and bear the stamp of truth and correctness, but at the same time we must say that Bacon's essays and other writings are different. They lack the glory of Shakspere's productions. We believe in William Henry Burr emphatically and always, but we are hardly willing, even in face of the facts that Mr. Burr brings, to giv up our Shakspere yet, and shall look forward to the coming book of Mr. Burr with great interest, with its other facts and details of the case under consideration. Everybody should get the pamphlet (only 25 cents) and read and understand for themselvs. Mr. Burr is a thorough worker and accomplished scholar and historian, and all that he writes is valuable and instructiv reading.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

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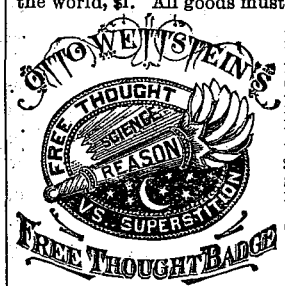
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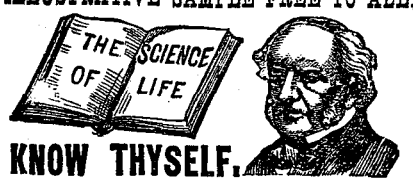
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News of the Week.

THE amount now on hand for the Grant monument is $115,880.92.

RAILROAD strikes are taking place in many parts of the country, usually with promising results.

THE Rev. Oscar Brown, whose temporary disappearance a short time since caused his friends so much uneasiness, is again missing.

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy at Osage Mission, Kan., last week killed his father, mother, sister, and brother with a hatchet and a knife.

CHIEF MAHEDY, of the Fourth Battalion of the New York fire department, lost his life in a collision while going to a fire on the 12th inst.

DR. AUSTIN FLINT, one of New York's most learned and distinguished physicians, died of apoplexy last Saturday. His age was seventy-three.

DEMPSEY, of New York, and La Blanche, of Boston, fought a prize fight last Sunday, which was won by Dempsey in thirteen rounds.

THE art collection of the late Mary Jane Morgan, of New York, has just been sold at public auction. The proceeds amounted to $1,207,052.

PAT FORD and John Murphy were hanged for murder at New Orleans on the 12th. They had managed to procure poison from some source, and both were carried to the gallows unconscious.

MR. O. A. BABEL, a wild cowboy from Texas, is surprising New York audiences by his skill as a pianist. He has never received any instruction, but his execution is pronounced marvelous.

TWENTY Methodist missionaries who hav been in training for a few weeks, preparatory to attacking the heathen on the Congo in Africa, are about to start for that land of malaria and cannibals.

MASKED robbers overpowered and killed a messenger and robbed a safe of $20,000 on the express train between Joliet and Morris, Ill. Two men suspected of the crime hav been arrested at Joliet.

THE postmaster-general has received a letter from Cheyenne City, Wyoming, in which the writer confesses to thefts committed by himself twenty years ago. The writer signs himself "A Christian."

THE fund for Mrs. Hancock is about $41,000. It excites some remark that neither Mrs. Grant nor Mrs. Garfield has subscribed to the fund, though both hav been objects of public solicitude and are now wealthy.

THE Willard House in Washington has been connected by a new kind of telephone with an office in New York. The distance between the two cities is 228 miles, but conversation can easily be carried on from one to the other.

THE Ministers' Association at Minneapolis, Minn., recently passed resolutions to withdraw their patronage from all newspapers published on Sunday. Their action has not as yet had the effect of stopping the publication of any Sunday papers.

THE Cunard steamer Oregon collided with an unknown schooner near this port last Sunday, and sank in sixty feet of water. All her passengers and crew were saved. The schooner went down with all on board. The Oregon was valued at $1,250,000.

MR. PEOK, commissioner of statistics of labor, says that the street-car drivers hav more grievances to complain of than any other body of workmen, and that the "most illiberal, unjust, and tyrannical" manager in New York state is Deacon Richardson, of Brooklyn.

PASTORS White and Bristor, both under a cloud charged with criminal assault upon young girls, hav retired temporarily from the bright sunlight of publicity. Nine out of twelve of Pastor White's jury took the ground that the relations between him and his victim were reciprocal, and Pastor Bristor is running about loose pending a motion of his counsel for change of venue.

THE evangelical ministers of Boston and vicinity last Monday invited George E. McNeill, district secretary of the Knights of Labor, to address them upon the subject, "The Knights of Labor and the Labor Question." Mr. McNeill told the clergymen in effect that he was glad to see them waking up on this topic of the day, as for the past twenty years they had been dumb on questions touching human welfare.

Odds and Ends.

WHEN dollars and religion are mixed together in business, the dollars always come to the top.

"MY motto is, 'Liv and let liv,'" said the soldier, as he turned his back to the enemy and fled from the battle-field.

AT a recent church entertainment in Surrey, England, the following item was seen on the program: "MISS FISHER—'Put me in my little bed,' accompanied by the cnrate."

A DAILY newspaper has been started in Greenland. During the year when the days are three months long, the editor doesn't get down to the office until three weeks after breakfast, and stops work two months before sundown.

A TEXAS clergyman, about to be appointed chaplain of the penitentiary, preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, who had treated him rather badly. He selected the following text: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also."

IN reply to the New England lecturer who asks "What does a man owe his neighbors?" we can say only that it depends on whether his wife is one of those women who are always running over to the next house to borrow a cup of sugar, or an egg, or a wad of lard.

TEACHER: "Miss Sinnico, please parse the sentence, 'Adolphus married Caroline.'" Miss Sinnico: "Well, 'Adolphus' is a noun, because it is the name of a thing; 'married' is a conjunction because it joins Adolphus and Caroline, and 'Caroline' is a verb, 'cause it governs the noun."

IT was a small boy from down in Maine who, visiting his Boston relativs lately, was asked about his school, his progress in his classes, etc. "I can't thpel worth a thent," said the Maine youngster, "and tho I hav to thtay at the foot, but [very proudly] I've got the biggetht feet in the clath!"

SAMPLE STREET GREETINGS.

"Well, how are you?"
"Well. How are you?"
"Well. How are the folks?"
"Well. How are yours?"
"Well. Cold enough?"
"Well, I should smile."
"Well, so long."
"Well, good-by."

ONE of the finest qualities of "Red-Handed Rufe," or any other wild, Western hero who whacks bulls, scalps Indians, writes poetry, and goes play-actin' on the stage, is his ability to drop slang and adopt fine talk when he shifts from the commonplace to the "pothetic." "Waugh!" says the scout, patting old Killsure as he cut another notch in the stock, "thar's another blank blanked greaser wiped out, an' thar's anotherun agoin' to foller him right soon. Dod rot my eternal feelins ef I ain't goin' to foller this hyar trail tell it ends in a pool of blood. Fur I wasn't allus jest this way, stranger; but when the dog-blamed skunks run away weth the gal I cottoned to, the purest, loveliest being that ever robed her womanhood with the beauty of the angels, I wrote her name across me heart, and with a pen of iron burnt R-r-revenge above it! And the sighing night-winds wandering with complaining cadences through the swaying pines, the murmuring streams that go singing down in the sunless shadows of the mighty canyons, and the storms that shriek and roar through forest and ravine, ever and always sing to me the one unchanging theme, Amita and Revenge. Waugh!"

"CAN I tell when the millennium will come," my son? Indeed I can. It won't come at all. You can just stake your happiness on that. The millennium doesn't come to us; we go to the millennium or we don't, as the case may be, but in any event it won't come to us. I think I hav known some people who hav already walked in the first years of it, and I know some men who, if they lived for ten million years, would never catch up with it, or, if they did, they'd dive clear under it.

THE Minneapolis *Tribune* says: The telegraph recently apprised us of the remarkable fact that a matron in Valladolid had given birth to seven babies—three pairs of twins and one to carry, as it were. Our poet happened to see the article, and burst forth into a verse as follows:

A man down Valladolid,
Longed and yearned for a promising kid,
When his wife gave him seven
He shouted "Great heaven!
Maria, just see what you've did!"

I'm glad it is going, its blowing and snowing,
Its cold waves and blizzards, its ices and frosts;
For it all there's no knowing just what I am owing,
'Tis only a youngster can guess what it costs.
For midwinter sleighing comes higher than Maying,
A sail on the river costs less than a ball.
When the opera's playing the fiddler you're paying,
But a picnic in August costs nothing at all.
I'm tired of its dancing, its lancers and prancing,
Its "Tuesdays," "At homes," and its "Five o'clock teas,"
Its social romancing, its gossip entrancing,
I sigh for the desert, to liv as I please.
And now I affirm it, and time will confirm it,
I'm so tired and poor that my sins I'll repent,
And I'll be, as they term it, a pious old hermit—
The holiest man on the earth—during Lent.

THE following very good story is told as having actually occurred in a Sunday-school on the east side in this village. Of course, as Professor Sheppard would say, the point of the story could not be applied to any good Samaritan in Saratoga. It might do in Schenectady or Amsterdam, or possibly in Albany. The teacher was testing her small pupils as to their understanding of what constituted a good Christian, when one of them, whom we will call Avery, with his face aglow with knowledge struggling for expression, ejaculated: "Say, teacher, I know who is a good Christian." "Well," replied the teacher, "who is a good Christian?" "Caley M——!" he replied with emphasis. "Well, tell us why you think he is a good Christian," said the teacher. "'Cos whenever he has anything he don't want he givs it to me!"

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Gems of Thought.

RELIGIONS are dying all around us, but out of their ashes will rise the spirit of brotherhood which shall unlock the shackles of creeds, and unite the people of the earth in a common bond of sympathy and love.—*D. M. Bennett.*

O DEATH! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn,
But oh! a blest relief to those
Who, weary-laden, mourn. —*Burns.*

WHATEVER may be the case respecting the alleged decline of individuality, and the increasing tyranny of custom, there can, at all events, be no doubt that in religious matters public opinion is constantly becoming more liberal. The legal penalties which our ignorant and intolerant ancestors inflicted upon whoever differed from themselvs, are now some of them repealed, and some of them obsolete. Not only hav we ceased to murder or torture those who disagree with us, but, strange to say, we hav even recognized their claim to political rights as well as to civil equality. . . We hav, therefore, every reason to congratulate ourselvs on having outlived the reign of open persecution. We may fairly suppose that the cruelties which our forefathers committed in the name of religion could not now be perpetrated, and that it would be impossible to punish a man merely because he expressed notions which the majority considered to be profane and mischievous.—*Buckle's Essays.*

WELL, suppose life be a desert? There are halting-places, and shades, and refreshing waters; let us profit by them to-day. We know that we must march on when to-morrow comes, and tramp on our destiny onward.—*Thackeray.*

TAKE, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. —*Matt. v*, 34.

AND lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, O. V.; and bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one, N. V.—*Matt. vi*, 13.

SATAN was a personage of supreme importance with the old church fathers, as indeed he still is with no small numbers of modern theologians. They saw him and his bad influence everywhere, as they are still seen by multitudes. Hence the incredibly superstitious notions which the same fathers held respecting the actual present exercise of diabolical agency in their own day, and in some cases, as they believed, under their own eyes. Any one may see the evidence of this by referring to an easily accessible book, Conyers Middleton on the Miraculous Powers, in which is shown, by the citation of their words, that the fathers held the belief in Satan in the most gross and superstitious form. They make statements on the subject which are incredible, and could only proceed from ignorant and inconsiderate men. As a matter of course the Greek fathers read the Lord's Prayer by the lurid light of such ideas. . . But these same fathers were not infallible. They were very much the contrary, and the probablity is, when all the considerations bearing upon the subject are duly weighed, that the fathers were wrong, and that they were simply misled to interpret the words as they did by the superstition of their times, the burden of which weighed so heavily on themselvs. —*G. Vance Smith.*

[NOTE.—We hav got a little beyond being very curious about the curing of epileptics, demoniacs, lunatics, or about casting devils out of Magdalenes or into swine, but Middleton's works divided public attention with the early volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and they are still worth reading by those who hav a taste for antiquarian inquiries. Chambers's Encyclopedia says of them, "All Middleton's pamphlets, treatises, etc., were collected and published under the title of 'Miscellaneous Works' (4 vols, London, 1752-1757), and contain much that is curious and valuable on theological and antiquarian topics."—*C.J.*

IF thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrow, that thou wouldst forget;
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.
—*Longfellow.*

IF we make our belief in the doctrin of the immortality of the soul depend upon assertions contained in books regarded as sacred, it will follow that whenever these books lose their influence, the doctrin will be in peril. The basis being impaired, the superstructure will tumble. It may well be that, in the march of ages, every definit and written creed now existing is destined to die out, and to be succeeded by better ones. The world has seen the beginning of them, and we hav no surety that it will not see the end of them. Everything which is essential to the human mind must survive all the shocks and vicissitudes of time, and dogmas, which the mind once did without, cannot be essential to it.—*Buckle's Essays.*

WHERESOEVER the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.—*Matt.* xxiv, 20. Wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together.—*Luke* xvii, 37.

WHERE'ER ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;
And whereso'er such lord is found, such client still will be. —*Macaulay's Virginia.*

EVERY plant which my heavenly father hath not planted shall be rooted up.—*Jesus.*

AT present let us remove what is bad, which must always be done before good of any kind can spring up.—*W. S. Landro.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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ON THE ROAD TO ROME.

Notes and Clippings.

THE city courts of Philadelphia granted 24 divorces one day last week. The *Press* of that city says this is one branch of trade that enjoys all the exhilarating vivacity of a constant boom.

MORE than fifty years ago the Christians of Connecticut persecuted Prudence Crandall for teaching colored children in Canterbury, and now a strong effort to induce the legislature to indemnify her for damages inflicted then seems likely to fail.

THE season of Lent is being somewhat extensivly observed by those who believe in that sort of fol-de-rol. The custom of keeping Lent arises from the alleged forty days' fast of Christ. The forty-two days' fast of Dr. Tanner has nothing to do with the case.

SOMEBODY has discovered that this is a remarkable year for Fridays. It came in on a Friday, will go out on a Friday, and will hav fifty-three Fridays. There are four months in year that hav five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and shortest day of the year each falls on a Friday.

A POSTAL clerk who stole $140 twenty years ago has sent $145 to the post-office department. He signs himself "A Christian," and postscribes: "I am sending $5 extra." This excellent Christian, comments the *Baltimore American*, should know that the ordinary interest for the twenty years he has had that money amounts to $168. At compound interest it would be much more. And yet he sends $5 extra! His conscience needs reconstruction.

THE chief attraction at agricultural fairs where church-members congregate is the trotting race. It is a striking fact that the two largest church contributions, Mr. Vanderbilt's $100,000 to the Moravian church at New Dorp and Mr. Bonner's $125,000 to Dr. John Hall's church on Fifth avenue, should hav been made by the former and late owner of Maud S., neither of whom ever drove out on Sunday.

A PROPOSITION to abolish "Fast Day" is being agitated in Boston. If this fell reform is carried out, the New England boy will no longer hav a fixed date to begin playing ball, and his mother will not know when to look for early shad. Unless this irreverent spirit of iconoclasm is promptly sat down upon, we shall not be surprised to hear that some daring soul has ventured, even in sight of Boston Common and its historic frog pond, to speak disrespectfully of brown bread and baked beans.

DAVID MILLER, of Westville, two miles from New Haven, Conn., committed suicide March 12th in a peculiar manner. At 4:30 P.M. his mother found his dead body in the woods, about three hundred feet back of the house. He had cut a stick, and made a niche in it to fit the trigger of his gun. Then, lying full length on his back, and steadying the gun with his left hand, he pulled the trigger with his right, discharging four fingers of coarse shot into his head, which he had raised on a level with the gun-barrel. The upper part of his head had been shot completely away. Religious excitement was the cause of the suicide. Miller had been a frequent attendant at the Salvation Army meetings, and there experienced religion.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON has written a letter to Rose Elizabeth Cleveland asking her to use her influence as "first lady" of the land to reform the low-necked style of dressing, or undressing, prevalent among society women. Miss Cleveland writes that she is in favor of bare arms and of decolleté dresses, but holds that there is a distinct line between the neck and the "bust," beyond which it is not in good taste to go.

TWELVE years ago Henry J. Durstock, of Covington, Ky., became helpless from a stroke of paralysis, and the doctors said he could not be cured. Several weeks ago his pastor, Father Baumeister, got some of the holy water of Lourdes, France, and Henry began taking it in daily doses of one drop, the priest praying with him daily. Last week Wednesday the invalid said he could get up. A suit of his brother's clothes was brought, and he arose and dressed himself and dined with his family. He will probably survive until the fool-killer makes his next visit.

ONE aspect of some "religious" journalism is thus presented by the Hartford *Courant:* "The representativ of one of the great so-called religious papers of the country called at the office of one of our large Connecticut factories and offered as a personal favor to write up the whole concern in big shape for $1,000. The offer was declined in the same noble spirit of self-sacrifice with which it was made. Then it was renewed at $500 (under request for secrecy if accepted). This was declined, too, and the religious representativ knocked himself down, step by step, until, while his first demand was for $1,000, his last offer was to do it all for nothing if they would take fifty copies of the paper containing the proposed article. And they wouldn't accept that; they didn't so much object to being written up, but they didn't know what to do, they said, with the fifty papers."

THE fruit production of California is something wonderful. During 1885 she produced in raisins over 9,000,500 pounds, or nearly three times as much as in 1884. She also sent to market last year 1,500,000 pounds of prunes, 1,823,000 pounds of apples, 1,900,000 pounds of peaches, 1,139,000 pounds of plums, 650,000 pounds of apricots, 2,250,000 pounds of honey, 1,250,000 pounds of walnuts, and 1,050,000 pounds of almonds.

ATTENTION is called to the fact that Prohibition has a very serious effect upon the health of the communities in which it is proclaimed. The town of Saco, Me., has a population of only about six thousand, and no liquor can be sold there except for medicinal or mechanical purposes. There is but one supply agency in Saco, and the statistics show that sixteen thousand prescriptions were put up at this shop in about six months. This argues wretched health on the part of Saco.

TALMAGE says that the law of supply and demand is the "most cruel and infernal law with which the human race has ever been afflicted," while the Rev. Mr. Mallory claims that it is an "enactment of the supreme lawgiver," whoever that legislator may be. John Swinton remarks: "The differences of opinion between the two sacred oracles on this subject are extreme and violent; and we wish they would hire a hall and show us which of them can quickest scale the skies to ascertain whether the Brooklyn Presbyterian or the New York Episcopalian has got nearest to the truth."

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—X.

FRIEND D. C.: I will now call your attention to the sacrament of matrimony. Of course you believe that it was instituted by Jesus, and it is not my purpose to attempt your enlightenment on that point. I merely desire to look at it practically, and see if it will recommend itself to an outsider as of divine origin.

In September, 1885, I cut the following from a New York paper:

The London *World* says the cost of obtaining the pope's dispensation to the marriage between Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Princess Marie of Orleans was £5,000. Its most important conditions are that the daughters who may be born of the marriage are to be brought up in the Catholic faith, but the sons as Protestants.

Of course the high contracting parties, and their agents, are the only ones who can positivly testify to the truth of the monetary part of the contract, but the rest is history. Charges of like nature hav been brought against your popes on numerous occasions, and your clergy hav always claimed them to be lies, manufactured by Infidels, or instigated by the devil. Ask one of your theologians by what divine right your pope has the power to make conditions which, if your church be true, will consign to hell one portion of a family, and secure the salvation of the balance. If the Holy Ghost has whispered in his ear either that there will be no issue, or that all the children will be females, then the holy father has obtained money under false pretenses. It is not a fair business transaction. The husband is taking chances for male issue, and the pope, knowing there will be none, has taken his money. It is a skin game.

But if the Holy Ghost don't know, or, knowing, has not informed the pope, then it is a gambling compact, and, if there be a book of fate, you will find it recorded thus: "For and in consideration of the sum of £5,000 lawful money of England, to me in hand paid by ——, the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge, I, Leo XIII., sovereign pontiff of the holy Roman and apostolic church, founded by Jesus Christ for the salvation of souls, do hereby, by the power in me invested, consign to your satanic majesty the immortal souls of ——, and ——, and ——," etc.

This is one side of your sacrament, let us look at another. I cannot giv names, you will recognize the initials.

You remember L—— N——, who married S——; she a Catholic, he a Protestant. A dispensation was obtained from Rome, and Archbishop Hughes performed the ceremony. Things went on well for a time, then the husband took to drink and fast women. The wife suffered in silence, and, woman-like, tried to shield her husband, the father of her child, from the sneers of the world. Time and again she threatened to leave him, but the bonds of your sacrament held her tightly, and she was as often driven back to his arms, for your church makes the wife subservient to the husband, and, no matter how brutal he may be, any refusal on her part to satisfy his desires is a mortal sin. A second and, if I mistake not, a third child were born to her. Unable any longer to liv with him, she obtained from the church what is called a separation. Strange as it may appear, she did this at the earnest solicitation of her mother-in-law.

Time passed. She met one whom she could love—one whom she could trust—but she could not marry him. Your sacrament prevented her. It had been instituted by Jesus himself, and although he had advised a divorce only in cases of adultery, yet your infallible popes, with a wisdom superior to the Godhead, had decreed that in thus advising Jesus had erred.

One day, in a conversation with her mother-in-law, she was informed that her husband had never been baptized. This was delightful news. As a good Catholic, she now knew she was free, and hied away to a priest, gave the necessary information, the papers were made out, and, as far as the church was concerned, she was a free woman. The law soon released her from the legal bonds, and she married the man of her choice.

But what does all this prove? say you. It proves that if the husband had had a little water sprinkled over him, no matter what a scoundrel he might be, your church would not hav released the bonds; failing in this sprinkling, the wife was free. But at what a cost! admitting she had lived in adultery with her presumed husband, and that her children were illegitimate.

Is this the ennobling religion you talk so much about? Is this the sacrament instituted by your very God? Faugh! One well-authenticated instance such as this makes that sacrament stink in the nostrils of decent people.

Do you need another instance of how this sacrament worked? It happened, I shame to say, among my own relativs.

One of them had a large family, and among the children was a boy who from birth had been of unsound mind. When he had attained about twenty-five years, the father was advised to hav him sent to an asylum, but, as he was not dangerous, the advice, unfortunately, was not followed.

In this poor lad the animal predominated, and one day a certain clergyman took advantage of it, and married him to a woman of unsavory reputation, the mother of several children, and, as rumor has it (for this, of course, I'll not vouch), one of them resembled the reverend gentleman. The family were stricken with shame on receiving news of this fearful blow, and I, accompanied by the poor boy's brother, called on the reverend scoundrel to find out the particulars. We were assured that the marriage was correct in every detail, and, complacently settling himself in a comfortable arm-chair, he facetiously added, "I did the job, and tied them fast." If I had had my way there would hav been another "winged pauper," but more prudent counsels prevailed, the matter was hushed up, and in a few years the poor imbecil died.

I could giv many instances within my own circle of acquaintances of how this sacrament works, but these two are sufficient to illustrate my point.

Now let us glance at the sacrament of holy orders, which places one class so much in advance of all the others. I will giv you an instance that happened not many years ago, and of which you are well aware. Scene—a church not a hundred miles from the corner of 105th street and Second avenue.

There was a professional gentleman who had occupied a government position. Rumor had it that he had lost his place owing to his strict adherence to your faith. Be that as it may, he lost it, and came to your city to build up a practice, where I was introduced to him by a relativ, who lived in his neighborhood. He located up-town, and went to the church in question, but, as he felt that his means would not warrant the taking of an entire pew, he engaged only one seat. When there was a collection he gave as far as his means would allow, and was to all intents and purposes as good as the best. But the pastor thought otherwise, and stated to certain of his confidants that the doctor was a mean man, and he would drive him out of the parish.

You know one of the rules of your church is that a priest is not obliged to visit a sick person after a certain hour at night unless the demand is accompanied by what is called "doctors' lines," or a statement from the doctor that the patient is seriously ill and in immediate need of spiritual consolation. Well, whenever the lines from this doctor were presented, the messenger was abruptly dismissed, the priest saying: "I do not recognize Dr. ——. He is no doctor. Understand me plainly, I'll not attend any calls signed by this man." Of course, under these circumstances, the practice of the doctor among a certain class visibly diminished, but being a really good physician, and as he was still gaining a living, he concluded to remain.

One Sunday morning at early mass, the congregation were edified by hearing a long tirade against the doctor, and although names were not used, a direct charge was made from the altar that his daughter was illegitimate. Some say the mother alone was present; others that the daughter, a lovely and loveable young lady, was also there. Be that as it may, the shaft struck. The young woman was avoided by her companions, sickness ensued, and the doctor followed her to the grave. The mother did not long survive her daughter.

Staggering under this double blow, he prepared charges, and many affidavits (twelve, I believe) were taken of parties who had been present and heard the pastor make the charge.

He called on the cardinal, was politely referred to his secretary; thence to the various vicars-general, and after thus tossing about for a long time, was advised that nothing could be done, and begged as a good son of the church not to pursue the matter further, but leave it in the hands of Almighty God, who in his own good time would right it. This he was obliged to do. The cardinal either would not or could not help him, and he did not care to bring a scandal on the church by a public trial.

Whether God Almighty had any hand in the sequel I don't know, but the visible agency was *rum*.

Some months afterward there was a fair at the academy, and among others this pastor came. He was under the influence of liquor and made himself so obnoxious that one of these same vicars-general felt obliged to advise him to go home. What was his answer? "Go to hell." He had been educated, as I understand, at Rome, and was so accustomed to hear the "anathema sit" of the holy father that it came involuntarily to his lips.

His friends took him away. In a few days charges were preferred against him, and an ecclesiastical council sentenced him to be unfrocked.

Served him right, say you. Amen, say I. But what is the moral? Here is a man who outrages all the usages of society; deliberately plans the ruination of a man's business; failing in that, becomes morally responsible for the death of his wife and daughter, and nothing can be done with him because he has received one of your sacraments and been anointed with a little grease. But the moment he insults—mind, only insults—another whose grease is a little more holy than his, then he is punished.

I could multiply instances if I chose, as I hav a rare collection of them, and it might be very edifying for the pious Catholics of your city to know something of the early career of the reverend Jesuit G——, who is now posing as a saint in embryo, and I feel sure they would not consider themselvs perfectly safe in allowing their young daughters to crowd his confessional box.

I tell you, my friend, this country is no place for a privileged class. It would not take many instances such as this to cause even Catholics to rise up and drive them into the sea. You once told me of an instance happening in South America, where you saw a priest, immediately after celebrating mass, with his garments still damp with the aspersions of holy water, and the body and blood of his God undigested, hie himself to a cock-pit, and with a pair of favorit chickens gamble away the pious offerings of the faithful. You deplored it. But the fact remains.

I hav seen chains stretched across the entrance of one of your churches, to prevent those who should go into a side aisle from contaminating their richer and consequently more favored co-religionists of the middle aisle. And quite frequently I hav noticed poor women kneeling outside your churches, telling their beads and saying their prayers. They could not enter, as they did not hav the change, and on one of these occasions I gave a poor old cripple a dime to pay her entrance fee. Just think of it—she could not hav entered the presence of her God if it had not been for the generosity of an Infidel. And this is Christianity.

One of the reforms most urgently demanded by all the Catholic powers at the Council of Trent was that the charges made for the administering of the sacraments should be abolished. Cardinal del Monte, afterward Julius III., advocated it very strongly and presented a bill "that the administration of the sacraments should be gratuitous," basing it on the gospel saying, "Freely ye hav received; freely giv." It is uncertain what caused Del Monte to father this bill while cardinal, for he opposed it when he ascended the papal see. As there was much at stake, the opposition was great, and it was deemed impolitic to press it to a vote. So it remains an unsettled question. However, you know that when you desire a special mass you must pay for it, otherwise the party you wish prayed for will only be mentioned by the priest.

One of my servants lost a little brother, and for the twelve succeeding months she had a mass said for him. They were called, if I mistake not, "months' mind," and each one cost her five dollars. She came regularly to me for a $5 bill, and on questioning her I was told this. So, to test it, on one occasion I gave her a check, and I saw from its indorsement to whom it had been given. This satisfied me.

I know that when a rich man's child is to be purged from original sin, the church is lighted, altar boys are in attendance with candles, and the child receives all the extras, because the money donation is supposed to be in proportion to the holy outlay. And on one occasion I escaped being a godfather only because I was not one of the faithful. I was nearly caught, though, for the priest, thinking because I was well dressed I might do the handsome thing, insisted that as my cousin, the godmother, was a good Catholic, I could serve—but I declined the responsibility.

Now take the same ceremony with a poor child—one candle, words mumbled and hurried pocketing of the fee, and off he goes like a shot. There is only one dollar in it, and time is precious. Mind, I don't mean to say that a priest would absolutely refuse to baptize a child unless a fee were paid, but he would make it so uncomfortable for the parents that they would prefer selling their clothes and raising the money. I could, if I chose, giv an instance to the point, in which a relation of yours figured, where a poor mother, deserted by her husband, and with five children at home, *was trusted* till she could obtain the money. Of course I should not hav known of this, and I admit I would not hav believed it, if your relativ had not mentioned the transaction to us both.

Among the many acts of rascality committed by your church, none surpassed that of the "Donation of Constantine." For centuries the temporal power was based on a document which your writers now admit to hav been forged, and the papal anathemas were thundered against those who attempted to even question the right of the holy see. Entire countries were donated to favorits, and the slightest attempt at expostulation by the enslaved people was visited with ecclesiastical censure.

You, my friend, the son of an Irishman, should not be ignorant of the history of your own people. Once they were free, happy, prosperous, and their manufactures, world-renowned, made your little island one of the richest on the globe. The arts and sciences flourished, and the many institutions of learning made Ireland the pride of Christendom. But Pope Adrian IV. changed all this, for in 1155 he

presented her to Henry II., and one of his successors indorsed the gift by re-deeding her again to Queen Mary, wife of Philip.

For hundreds of years your once happy country was the scene of outrages almost unparalelled in history, and to-day Protestant England lords it over Catholic Ireland and points to your infallible popes as the prime cause.

We hav a case nearer our own times. When Catholic Poland, bleeding at every pore, rose against her Russian tyrant, she naturally looked to Rome for sympathy. But Austria, on one side, and France, on the other, were threatening the Papal States, and Gregory XVI., to save his temporal power, entered into an alliance with Russia, and in 1832 issued his bull recognizing the czar as the legitimate sovereign of Poland; anathematized all Catholic Poles who disputed it; called their leaders "lying prophets whose mischievousness and perfidy ought, in fine, to be exposed," and the various Catholic papers, taking their cue from this, joined in the hue and cry, and branded as noble a band of patriots as the world ever saw with the epithet of "brigands."

My friend, to the dirty, greasy Italians all are pagans except the inhabitants of the Eternal City. They laugh at, sneer, and insult you, and I will show how and where. When Bishop John Conroy, of Albany, was deemed incapable of performing the duties of the episcopate, McNierney, the cardinal's secretary, was sent, ostensibly to assist, in reality to succeed him, and was consecrated bishop *in partibus infidelium*. The good Catholics of Albany assisted at the ceremony, and the old Knickerbocker families, who are too proud to visit with the common herd, received this new bishop, little thinking that in so doing they accepted the title of *pagans*, by which they had been dubbed by a parcel of Italian lazzaroni.

I always blamed Cardinal McCloskey for this, as Albany had been the seat of his early labors, and its people, regardless of creed, had helped him build up the diocese. But on the burial of this "lady bishop," as his people loved to call him, I found that he also had been subjected to a like insult, as the pope, although he had 365 churches to select from, could not spare for the first cardinal of America anything but an old pagan temple—"Holy Mary Supra Minerva"—which had been cleansed of its heathenism by the aid of a little holy water. *Orate fratres!*

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Mr. Dana, Mr. Slocum.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SUN, *Sir:* In a late editorial, entitled, "Three Articles," you say in regard to Professor Huxley, who furnished the *Nineteenth Century* with one of the "three articles" alluded to by you, "If he is right, our whole religion is based on nothing but superstition;" and you say it as though it never before occurred to you that such was the case, and evidence such as hidebound Christians only will dispute, but cannot refute, staring you in the face from the apex of the time-honored rock of ages away back in the vista of the past. Now, let me respectfully ask you if you think our religion *is* based on any solider foundation than that of superstition.

The bed-rock of Christian theology (mythology) is the Bible, a book which deals largely in supernaturalism, the belief in which is superstition; and which supernaturalism has not the merit of being original, having been stolen from races of men that were ancient long before Adam, the reputed "first man," began to make a record on the page of biblical history. Crammed with stories of the supernatural order such as put to shame the efforts of Munchausen, yet is the Bible the bed-rock of a religion that has held a portion of the world in chains for eighteen centuries, though the last hundred years—the last twenty of the hundred more particularly—hav done much in the way of striking off the shackles, the next hundred to do much more to relieve a groaning world of a horrible incubus. Can you read this book and say our whole religion is not based on superstition? "If Professor Huxley is right," you say. Now, let me respectfully ask you if you do not believe Professor Huxley *is* right.

Your editorial concluded with this interrogatory: "Yet will Professor Huxley, the Rev. Mr. Newton, and the Rev. Mr. Savage [the two parsons who furnished two of the "three articles"] say that the world can get along without religious faith and a God to worship?"

It is cock-sure that one of the two parsons, from a desire to hold his fat place, albeit he kicks Christian theology back into the crypt with mythology, with which it belongs, would not say Yes to your query. As to the other parson, he could say Yes if he would, while the professor would certainly say it if directly asked. Let me respectfully ask you if *you* do not think the world could get along without religious faith and a God to worship. If you do not, there are others who do, they even having the presumption to think that the world would get along a great deal better without religious faith and a God to worship than it does with them—better in every way, shape, and manner, one reason, and a weighty one, being that hypocrisy would hav to retire from the field, horse, foot, and dragoons, leaving but a few stragglers scattered about here and there.

Cold the day for hypocrits when Christian mythology is knocked into the crypt of the past, where lie buried the remains of a thousand religions, more or less, none of them a whit more ridiculous in its palmiest days than the Christian religion of the present day. Yes, a cold day; but as they are numerous, with powerful motivs for keeping the Christian religion to the fore, it will not slip back yet awhile where it belongs, if they can help it. Heaven and earth! what would all the saintly bank presidents and cashiers, trustees, parsons, and others do without the stolen livery of heaven in the prosecution of their nefarious schemes? Why, they couldn't steal a dollar where they now steal thousands; nor could the clerical ones, their occupation gone, lead astray so many confiding ewe lambs as they do now in the livery of an alleged heaven, which they train themselvs to wear as though born to the cloth. Yet it is going, this Christian religion, slowly but surely going, going, going, and the day is coming when it will be gone. Would that day were to-day; but as patience is a virtue, let us be virtuous and wait for the wagon, so to speak; thanking common sense and thought and reason that Christian theology is daily losing its grip, to be numbered later on with the things that were but are not.

And don't let us forget to thank Voltaire and Tom Paine, Darwin and Huxley, Ingersoll and Bradlaugh, and a thousand and one other high lights of free thought and free reason, free speech and free action within bounds of propriety; not omitting to thank THE TRUTH SEEKER, which, if last-mentioned, is not the least by any means in the grand assault on Christian mythology—as our "religion" will one day be called—all along the line, parsons as well as laymen taking a hand in.

Going, going, going; it will be a happy day for the world when it is gone—the Christian religion!

Respectfully yours, SI SLOKUM.

Random Thoughts.

The business of life is conducted on a sliding scale; that is, it slides from fair market values to fancy prices.

The piety of the seller is no safeguard against his rapacity. *Caveat emptor* was the cautionary proverb of the heathen Roman. Its interpretation, "Keep your eye-teeth skinned," is the legend of the Christian Yankee.

To trust in the assurances of the seller is the poetry of simplicity, or rather the doggerel of self-deception.

"God made of one flesh all the people that dwell upon the face of the earth."

To make Hottentots, calling them men, may be an amusement to the infinit mind; but to finite beings of the higher types the work must ever be regarded as unjustifiable. It has not even the excuse of the practice of the court of Dahomey: his majesty standing the drinks to hav a fellow made tight, so that by his antics he might amuse the ladies and courtiers of the palace.

In the Comte God, however, all varieties of the human may be found, so that the spectacle of Hottentot life may be farcical and funny to one phase of his being, while the grander characteristics of the civilizee may please him in another; recreation in the former, business in the latter. A show of real, live Hottentots would pay well among us.

It would be absurd to suppose that any God would exact the same degree of moral accountability from the Hottentots and other benighted humans whom he created that he demands of the civilized Christians, the pope and his educated masses, for instance.

To impose the recognition of the duties and restraints of the civilized man on a Hottentot would be equal to demanding of him that he shall lay out a plan of a modern city, and build houses equal to the finest mansions of our day. Equally idiotic would the poorly organized Hottentot be in the discharge of moral obligations. And what shall we say of the Digger Indian on the other side of our great mountain range? Pshaw! there are man-monkeys all around us; fellows with Bibles in their hands even. To know that there are such wretched human specimens among us is enough to make one doubt the claims of the modern scientist, accepting the dictum of the humorist: "Better not to know so much than know so much that ain't so."

It is claimed that from the literature of the ancient Greek and Roman are drawn the finest specimens of poetic composition known to our colleges, as well as the most profound dissertations on dialectical philosophy. The sublimest conceptions also of man's relation to the eternal mind are to be found in their writings, while their ideas of immortality are lofty and pure as are those of the greatest names of our age. It would be a curious study—granting the modern theory of the selection of the fittest—what hav been the interfering agents in the evolutionary processes during the passage of so many years which hav denied to our times the evidence of unfoldment of the intellect, claimed by the modern scientist, through natural development. Waiving all advancement in material progress, we inquire, why hav not our later poems, our sculptures, our paintings, our oratory, our philosophy, not taken precedence of the best of the productions of the antique? Or do we grovel to fetiches and kneel at shadow-altars in clinging to the old models? To the inquiring mind a chance would be given for much ground and lofty tumbling in the reach for arguments to satisfy all; much intellectual gymnastics. To the explorer would be found entanglements and complications from which there might appear no chance for extrication. In such chaotic regions he would find

Hills peep o'er hills as Alps o'er Alps arise.

Educational preferences, involving and snarling; religious prejudices, endless and confusing; national disputes, with wars devastating and deranging internal disruption, discordant and turbulent; with other ills that life is heir to, making confusion worse con founded.

No doubt, however, but human enterprise will yet accomplish the task of aggregating needed testimony to solve the great Darwinian problem—drawing from the jumbled litter of the past, biological as well as geological, well-attested data; giving a panorama majestic and satisfactory of the cosmos of the scientist, blotting out forever the pueril tableaux of the Mosaic record. M.

Le Roy, N. Y.

Our London Letter.

For the purpose of assisting the very much overworked clergy, and to consult as to what reforms can be made in the church of Christ as by law appointed, a House of Laymen has been formed, and the reports of their meetings are amusing, if not instructiv. It might, perhaps, be thought by the uninitiated that a church for the maintenance of which so much money has been spent and so much blood has been shed must hav reached a state of perfection, being under the direct supervision of Nos. 2 and 3 of the Trinity, and I am assured by those who know that the arguments that can be used to prove this are unanswerable, which may be true; I cannot say, never having heard them. Those I hav heard are not up to very much, so I conclude the unanswerable ones are reserved for special purposes, and not produced for the benefit of Infidels. The majority of the nonconforming sects are, I believe, fairly unanimous that the only effectiv plan of reformation is disestablishment, while the members of the state church are somewhat divided in their opinions on the subject. The abolition of the right of sale to next presentations has been suggested in the House of Laymen, but this, together with the tithe question, having been shown to be impracticable, as it would affect "vested interests," of course, such suggestions could not well be carried out. Indeed, every proposition of reform that has been made appears to pinch the corns of some priest, and so, doubtless, the matter will be left in the present comfortable position for those who are deriving benefit from the legalized robbery, as it is now. The clergy are certainly shrewd men so far that they don't quiet believe in the "blessed promis of the Lord" they recommend for their deluded flocks. "The Lord will provide" may be very well to preach to the unemployed poor, but not quite good enough for a priest to rely upon when it is a question of remitting tithes, or taking only a portion of the rent of glebe lands. Mansions in the skies will do all right enough when you get there, but while you are in the flesh you naturally want something more compatible with this sphere of existence.

It is very wicked indeed for anyone to suggest that parsons should fall short of the luxuries of life, seeing how valuable they are in giving good, sound advice to laymen. Take, for instance, the bishop of London, who said in the pulpit, a few days back, that "the masses must be taught not to bear their privations sulkily, but, by true self-denial, to seek a higher purpose and a nobler life." Surely the man who can utter such a splendid sentiment as that is cheap at £10,000 a year, besides a palace and grounds. If people will not listen to such words of deep and sound wisdom, but prefer hardening their wicked hearts, you surely cannot blame the man of God, who must hav been inspired to make such a speech. I maintain that good and great men like this bishop are cheap at any price, and if they were compelled to work for a bare sustenance, the world would be considerably the loser. I don't exactly know in what way, but some one who does know told me so, and therefore I cannot be far wrong in bearing my informant out to the best of my ability.

The annual meeting of the Congregational Chapel-building Society has just been held, and the report shows that it is doing pretty successfully—cash in hand is almost £600; investments, £5,000; and promissory notes are held to the extent of over £11,000. In my ignorance of spiritual matters, I should hav thought this was a very fair amount to go on with for a year or two, and that the society might hav kept from begging for a time and let some other

equally useful society hav a turn, but of course I am wrong, as the chairman states that "the Nonconformists had not yet won the great mass of the people," and as this is bound to be done, more chapels are required, and of course more money to build them—so the hat must still be kept busily moving.

Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, who is a Nonconformist free-lance, has taken the bull by the horns, and while other shepherds are talking he intends acting, and signifies his intention of introducing a military band into his church. If this does not get hold of the masses no doubt his fertil brain will invent something more enticing.

With all the efforts of these good men, "General" Booth leaves them far in the rear. He started the "Salvation Household Troop" off last week. As there are only eighty soldiers in it, however, I presume quality more than quantity has been considered. These are stated to consist of "converted roughs, parsons, coal-miners, gentlemen, costermongers, and poachers, with representativs from various foreign countries." Truly a goodly company! They are divided into a "Flying column," "Flying squadron," "Jaunting-car company," "Cavalry contingent," and "Speaking, Praying, and Singing Brigade," and will doubtless leave their usual traces on the path they take.

I learn with pleasure that you hav beatified a priest who died at Vienna in 1820, two of his alleged miracles having been proved. It must be very gratifying to the deceased when he hears that his merits hav been so speedily discovered and rewarded—as no doubt the news will be communicated to him at his present address through the usual channel, whatever that may be. J. D.

London, Eng., March 7, 1886.

A Liberal Wedding in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I send you the details of a Liberal wedding performed under the auspices of the Friendship Liberal League, in the presence of some six hundred chosen friends and invited guests. The contracting parties are both members of the League. The ceremony was as follows:

Piano selections	Miss De Bugh
Soprano solo, operatic selections	Miss Carwell
Wedding march, Strauss	Sig. Fernanzo

The bridal procession entered: Six ushers; bride and her father; bridegroom and bride's mother; four bridesmaids and four groomsmen. Headed by the master of ceremonies, William Bishop, the party approached the president's desk, and Mr. Bishop said:

Mr. President: I hav the honor to present, on this occasion, two moral heroes to this League. In the most momentous and the happiest era of their lives they make you their chosen witness. By this act alone they honor themselvs and you; themselvs, because they are brave enough to defy that superstition which by pretended authority of God seeks to control the conscience and the institutions of society, and declares birth, marriage, and death impious without its priestly seal. Our heroes honor us and our noble cause by coming here to avow their affection for each other, and to assume the grave responsibilities resulting therefrom. It is their testimony of confidence, at the holy altar of mental liberty, to the religion of humanity, whose only creed is love, whose gospel is a blameless life.

The party then arranged themselvs in a row, facing the audience, the bride and groom in the center. J. C. Hannon, the president, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The auspicious occasion which has called you forth has no precedent that I am aware of, and those of you who bear witness to this interesting ceremony should engrave it on your memory as one of the radical events of the times. You are called upon to-day to bear witness to the solemnization of a matrimonial alliance between Mr. Edwin Lyson and Miss Augusta Smith. The parties contracting this alliance, which every sensible person will admit is the most important event in the philosophy of life, having rigidly complied with all the legal requirements of this commonwealth, are now prepared to consecrate their pledges of fidelity to each other in the presence of this assembly of chosen friends and invited guests.

In making these premises the altar of their confidence, they hav rent the shackles of social slavery, and to-day they stand upon the broad platform of universal mental freedom as the pioneers of a social revolution; they hav added another gem to the crown of human progress by assuming a moral and intellectual dignity before which the silly conventionalities of the age must eventually yield. It has always been assumed by certain individuals masquerading under the claims of inspiration that they alone possess the undisputed right to consecrate the marriage tie by their sublime and solemn presence. If any such persons, or their representativs, should constitute a unit in this vast assembly, let them bear witness to the fact that all the show with which they embellish their respectiv ceremonies can never make them anything but a legal contract, and they the individual witnesses of the same. Now, in behalf of this League, let me thank you for the manifestation of your individuality, and assure you this association is conscious of the honor you hav bestowed upon it, and we sincerely wish your union may be blessed by endless joy.

If any person in this audience can show reason why this couple should not be united, let them step forward now, or forever after hold their peace.

The master of ceremonies then went through the service, and pronounced them husband and wife. At the close of the ceremony Signor Fernanzo sang "Blending Loves," and a lecture by Professor Atkinson closed the evening's entertainment.

Yours respectfully, James C. Hannon.

The Liberal Club.

The 404th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club was attended mainly by men. The evening was so rainy that few ladies ventured out. Besides, the lecture was on "Hydrophobia," which is not a subject calculated to fire the popular female heart.

In opening the meeting Mr. Wakeman said that The Truth Seeker's contribution to the Irish question should be in the hands of all, and that the interest in the journey of Jonah seemed to deepen with the flight of time.

Dr. Beegle, of Ocean Grove, N. J., was introduced, and, as the secretary will hav it, "delivered his lecture as announced on the program, entitled 'Hydrophobia: An Inquiry and Theory as to its Origin.'" As the word hydrophobia signifies, the disease is supposed to be a fear of water, but such was not always a symptom of its presence. The object of the speaker was to point out what he believed to be the cause of hydrophobia. In the first place, the symptoms of this malady are closely allied with those of blood poisoning. The disease follows the bite of a rabid dog in about forty days, and terminates fatally some five or six days later. A fellow-student of the speaker was inoculated with poisonous fluid from a cadaver, and neglecting to properly cauterize the wound, died in about that length of time, his symptoms being similar to those marked in true hydrophobia. The fluids of putrefied flesh were well-known to be the most deadly of slow poisons. Another fact, the saliva of the mouth may become poisonous when the human being or the animal is excited by anger. The doctor's theory of the origin of hydrophobia was this, that hungry curs fighting over a putrefied bone would unite the poisons of the angry saliva and of putrefaction, and, inoculating the wounds of one another with this virus, hydrophobia might result. Dr. Beegle said that he had made no experiments to test his theory, but he believed that such should be made, and as dogs were the originators of the disease they should come forward and offer themselvs as sacrifices in the interests of science. If it killed them all a desirable end would hav been subserved.

The audience listened with close attention to Dr. Beegle's lecture, which was short, connected, and delivered in a business-like manner. At the termination President Wakeman invited any visiting physician present to address the meeting. There being no response, Dr. Foote, Jr., was appealed to. Dr. Foote said that he saw nothing in the theory of Dr. Beegle that he could not fall in with. There was a good deal of humbug in circulation relativ to hydrophobia and very little accurate information. At a meeting of the French Veterinary Society held the past year there was no one present who would say that he could lay out a line of symptoms so any one could be sure of correctly diagnosing hydrophobia. Dr. Foote thought that the method of inoculating for all diseases would lead to endless and serious complications. At one season we must inoculate for smallpox; at another, for typhoid and other fevers; then for diphtheritic affections, hydrophobia, and so on. The condition of a man's system with all these different microbes cavorting through his blood vessels and gamboling about the by-ways and interstices of his liver would not be such as the ordinary mind could readily comprehend. All dogs that do not know how to liv hygienically should be put out of existence.

Mrs. Leonard did not claim to be a doctor, but she did think she had more or less common sense. The reason dogs go mad is that we abuse them so. Mrs. Leonard spoke of a dog which possessed sufficient intelligence to get out of the way when it was in danger. Thereby, the speaker thought, the dog showed an acumen superior to that of some men. Mrs. Leonard inquired why it was that female dogs never went mad.

Dr. Weeks desired to ask if hydrophobia was known among hyenas, which habitually eat bad meat.

Robert Blissert said that all the evils of the hydrophobia virus and germs, microbes and spores, did not represent a drop in the bucket compared with the evils of the tenement-house system. Having thus thrown the subject into a shape where he could handle it, Mr. Blissert inquired, "Whither are we drifting to?" and make his usual speech in behalf of the workingman. In conclusion he said: "I don't like to pray, but I say, Damn the doctors."

Mr. Wakeman followed by request. The theory of Dr. Beegle as to the origin of hydrophobia looked reasonable to him because it was supported by the microbe theory, which was the most brilliant pathological discovery of the present generation. From this Mr. Wakeman proceeded to a consideration of Blissert. He said that he now learned for the first time that all the questions pertaining to politics, sociology, and other matters of human interest could be thrown together and treated under the general head of Hydrophobia. This had been done by "Dr." Blissert, who, whereas two weeks ago he was opposed to farm-life, was now attaking the custom of living in cities. Mr. Wakeman proceeded to point out the inconsistencies of Mr. Blissert in a very entertaining way. The victim bore it calmly until he was accused of having lived in Ireland, when he jumped to his feet and made a vigorous speech in the thickest of brogues. Then Mr. Wakeman gave it up, and said anyone who had heard Mr. Blissert speak would no longer insist that he was an Irishman.

Dr. Foote, Sr., arose to remark that as the subject of microbes was up for discussion it would be proper to state that their discovery was first announced by a woman some thirty-five years ago. That name was not given them, but nevertheless the discovery was made at that time. Further exercises consisted of a kind of catechism of Dr. Beegle, who said he was somewhat bewildered by the drift the subject had taken in the case of Blissert. Dr. Weeks wanted to know about the hyenas. Dr. Beegle said he never heard of hydrophobia among them. Lawyer Chamberlain inquired why, if putrid meat caused hydrophobia, the dogs of oriental cities, who were numerous and lived altogether on offal, were not afflicted. Dr. Beegle replied that they probably did not fight over their food. Mrs. Leonard called attention back to the question whether female dogs were subject to rabies, and Dr. Beegle said they had their share. Other questions were fired from various directions, so that interest was kept up until the usual hour for adjourning, when all went contentedly and blithely home. The next lecture will be by Mr. Levey on the "Iniquities of Modern Journalism."

The present writer cannot conscientiously close this report without to some extent animadverting upon the report of the last meeting preceding this. An inaccuracy especially prominent appears in the reference to the presiding officer as the "acting president." It would be as correct to refer to the chief intellect of this paper as its acting editor. The Man with the Badge-Pin may occasionally lack that seriousness with which great subjects should be treated, and he is well known to be something of a liar; but it is not on record that he ever failed to adjust a statement to the fact in so conspicuous an instance as that to which attention has been called. Admission to the meetings of the club is but five cents.

Canadian Gossip.

Matters are just a trifle dull in the Secular circle here at present. We expect to take possession of the new rooms some time within the next two weeks, when it is anticipated that things will brighten up. Mr. Watts will be here to assist at the opening. He lectures here Sunday, the 28th, and every Sunday after through April, after which he leaves for England.

The committee are working with a determination to make the opening *conversazione* the event of the year. There will be a musical and literary entertainment, after which dancing and supper. A program of unusual interest has been prepared. Mr. Algie and other friends from the country are expected to be present, and "we won't go home till morning."

His grace Archbishop Lynch, R.C. (no relation to the judge), last Sunday evening preached a sermon on Agnosticism to a large congregation. He said: "A deluge of Infidelity has inundated France and is rapidly spreading over Europe. A great proportion of the people in all European countries are really drifting into paganism. We in this country are not quite so bad, yet in Canada and the States Infidelity under the name of Agnosticism is cropping up everywhere."

His grace then proceeded to show his congregation the absurdity and fallacy of the Agnostic position, and besought them, young and old, not to be led astray, but to place implicit trust in the grand old truths of the Bible and Christianity, and so they would be happy on earth and blessed in heaven.

His grace John Joseph is doing well. He has been for some months past trying to keep his end up in a triangular fight between himself, on the Catholic side, and the Rev. Colonel Wild and Rev. John Carry on the other or Protestant side, and yet he finds time to go for the Agnostics.

The idea of his explaining the fallacies of Agnosticism to a congregation who on the average know as much about Agnosticism as they do about the conservation of energy, or the precession of the equinoxes, is really too rich. But it is gratifying to hav the good news of the spread of Freethought confirmed by an archbishop of the strongest church in Christendom.

Brother Tiffany, of New York told us a few weeks ago of the miraculous spread of Christianity, of four hundred millions of worshipers in 1885, and now the archbishop (an equally good authority) tells us that "a large proportion of the population in all Christian countries are Infidels, pagans, or Agnostics." Will somebody straighten this matter out and oblige a bewildered outsider?

Referring to the statement made by the Rev. Captain Potts at the public meeting last week that the Land Leaguers were bringing a murderer to Toronto to lecture on St. Patrick's Day, the doctor has made a correction.

He says he made a mistake, but only in regard to

locality. The man he referred to, a Mr. Burke, who is to lecture in Montreal and not in Toronto, was condemned some years ago by the British government on a charge of treason-felony, and this is why he spoke of him as a murderer.

If the Rev. Dr. Potts is correct in this definition, there are at the present time two murderers holding seats in the British House of Commons—O'Doherty, of North Meath, and O'Brien, of Mayo, both of whom hav been imprisoned for treason. If the reverend gentleman is correct, George Washington was a murderer, but it might not be well for the doctor to say so—in New York, for instance.

It is hardly a question which is most murderously inclined, the man who takes up arms or enters into a conspiracy against oppression or he who, by exciting religious intolerance and sectarian hate, puts murder into the hearts of one class of the community.

The *Tribune*, speaking of this matter, says: "The Mr. Burke Dr. Potts spoke of never committed a murder, was never suspected of having committed a murder, and was never charged with anything of the kind. He is a man of ability, holds a respectable position in New York, and is far above the reach of such calumnies as that employed by Dr. Potts to fire his excitable audience."

The writer does not wish to appear to be taking sides in the "Irish stew," but he has an idea—or is it an inspiration?—that if a few of the ranting demagogs of both sides, the Wilds and the Pottses, O'Donovan Rossas and Parnellites, men who are filling their pockets out of the patriotism of servant-girls and idiots, if they could be brought together somewhere and left to fight it out, to exterminate each other, like the famous Kilkenny cats, the world would be the better for it, and the Irish difficulty soon be settled.

I throw this out as a hint to Mr. Gladstone in his present dilemma, and only ask in return that should he act upon it he will giv me credit for having suggested the idea.

Toronto, March 19, 1886.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,094.22
Pittsburgh Secular Union	15.00
Alliance Secular Union	5.32
H. L. Boyes	1.00
R. H. Bliss	1.00
Samuel Webber	1.00
Agnosticus	5.00
Ridge Farm	5.10
John Woodyard	1.00
C. Eckhart (for distribution of Museum pamphlets),	5.00
Total	$2,133.64

News and Notes.

Again in the lively city of Pittsburgh, where even the river is set on fire, so tremendous are the energies at work round about, and so impetuous is the natural gas! It must find vent even through the bosom of the Ohio, and the bubbles flash with flame, and a torchlight procession seems to go with the current. In this marvelous city I again find myself with Harry Hoover, Roman Staley, S. F. De Jones, Frank Bacon, and a goodly company of others. The series of lectures here has been very successful. Full houses were present at each. On Sunday afternoon I lectured in the city on "The Glory of Infidelity." After the address there was a very lively talk and some attempts to defend Christianity and the deity.

In the evening I lectured in Allegheny City, and the hall was full. I gave the "Foundation of Moral Obligation," which I placed the recognition of the unity of life, and that the proper way to develop morality was to develop sociability—get people together and make them better friends and neighbors. I said that a high pulpit, where the minister was afar off from his congregation, was the hight of immorality, while, on the other hand, the church kitchen tended to morals, for it cultivated acquaintance, and even the church soup, although there might be but one oyster in it, tended more to righteousness than their icy prayer-meeting, where people never got near enough together for a handshake.

There was quite a breeze of opposition to many of my statements. One opponent declared that the ministers were a good class, and that they worked "like slaves" for the benefit of the community. To this I replied that my greatest objection to the clergymen was that they did work "like slaves." I said that they should work like freemen, and then their endeavors would be of some value, but they really couldn't hav much moral impulse in the world so long as they had to be intellectual idiots and declare solemnly that they believed the whale did swallow Jonah, and failing to digest him gave him a return trip at cheaper rates.

On Monday evening I lectured at Sharpsburg, and broke new ground. The hall in which I gave my "New Heaven and Earth" is almost constantly occupied by the Salvation Army, and when I cast my eyes around I saw the banners and mottoes of this queer eruption of primitiv Christianity. On the platform were a couple of tambourines. This, I suppose, is what constituted the band and excited pious reflections. I looked at the mottoes in red and white, and how comforting they were! Here are a few: "Reject Christ and Perish;" "Death is at Hand;" "After Death the Judgment;" "Heaven or Hell," and such other delightful and suggestiv insinuations. But greater than all, right before me on the wall, was a flaming announcement as follows:

Salvation Army; Sixth Annual Review; National Rifle Hall; All Night of Prayer; Official Council of War; Great, Grand, Glorious; Baptism of Fire; Mammoth Feast; Heaven upon Earth. Admission, single ticket, 10 cents; banquet, 25 cents; combination ticket, 50 cents.

This was a "combination and a form indeed." Such is the live Christianity of to-day. It has left the head, and the heart too, almost, and is now at the heels. Through the vigorous exertions of Mr. D. M. Miller, of Sharspburg, the meeting was well advertised, and the hall was full. Members of the Salvation Army were present, and a number of boys and girls; but there was not the slightest disturbance throughout the lecture. All paid attention, and this first meeting in one of the most orthodox of communities has done good.

The debate after the lecture was interesting and good-natured. One gentleman wanted to know what good thing there was to-day that was not recorded in the Bible. I answered that one good thing was the equality of woman, of which the Bible made no record. St. Paul didn't seem to know that woman is the equal of man. Nobody in the Bible seems to know this. It has been discovered since, like the telegraph, the railroad, and the sewing-machine, etc. Solomon said there was "nothing new under the sun." If he should wake up to-day he would be surprised at the thousand new things in the modern world. Above all, he would be overcome at the absolutely novel thought that each of his seven hundred wives was just as "good a man" as he; and St. Paul also would be entirely disconcerted to behold so many wives knowing more than their husbands—and some women better informed than himself. I should like to introduce St. Paul to our women lecturers and then see if he would ask woman to "keep still."

I lectured on Tuesday evening at Alliance, Ohio. A good audience was present in the Independent Church. I spoke on "The American Secular Union: Its Aims and Methods," presenting the Nine Demands as the basis for practical Liberal work, including in their scope principles of the highest importance, yet principles upon which Freethinkers of every shade of opinion can unite. The Materialist and the Spiritualist both recognize the preëminent claims of justice and humanity in this world.

The greeting of friends at Alliance was as pleasant as could be. Mr. Thornburgh, Smith and sons, and others well known in our ranks maintain the cause with persistency.

Wednesday morning I left Alliance for Painesville, and at noon found myself at the pleasant residence of Joseph Sedgebeer, a calm philosopher eighty-three years of age. Mr. Sedgebeer has seen much of life, has been a Freethinker for more than half a century, and is as bright and enthusiastic still as any of us.

In his younger days he was a Christian, but doubts came, which he tried to overcome by prayer. Oftentimes while felling trees in Canada he would drop upon his knees and ask God for help. He read the Bible carefully, noted its contradictions, and by the exercise of his own judgment became a Freethinker, and discarded Christianity. It was quite a pleasure to meet him and his wife, and I spent a happy day at Painesville.

I lectured in the evening at the Methodist church. A large audience was present, many of them Christians. I gave "The New Heaven and Earth," in which I showed the true relation of Liberalism to the past, and its hopes and aspirations for the future. I was listened to with the closest attention, and I believe that the spirit of inquiry has been started, and that new thoughts will prevail in that conservativ community. The Young Men's Christian Association was quite scandalized at my being allowed to lecture in the Methodist church, and prayed over it, but for all that the church for once did hav the honor of an Infidel discourse within its walls. So we can put one mark to its credit.

I cannot close these news and notes without giving a specimen of Salvation Army tactics, a reminiscence of my lecture at Sharpsburg, Pa. This is quoted from their own paper, *The Little Soldier*, which I came across at the hall where I lecture. I giv it word for word, spelling and all. I especially call the attention of the *Independent* to this latest phase of Christian advertisment. I suppose the next thing will be "Death-bed Scenes, The New Birth, etc., furnished to order. C. O. D." Here it is:

DO U C?

We R in need of some good songs testimonies, death-bed scenes, conversions, etc. We should like every little soldier who reads this notice 2 write something at once and send it on to

THE COMMISSIONER,
25 State street, New York city.

From *The Little Soldier* of March 4, 1886, published at New York, I preserve this in my notes as a curiosity, which I shall giv to the museums, unless they open on Sundays, as a specimen orthodox "brick."

I lecture at Omaha, Nebraska, March 28th; at Creighton, March 29th, 30th, and 31st; at Seward, April 3d, 4th, and 5th; at Ogden City, April 18th; at Salt Lake City, April 25th and May 2d.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

What Do All These Insinuations Mean?

From the Philadelphia Evening Item.

The allegations made against Brother George K. Snyder, head man of the Good Templars and tall man of the Law and Order Society, are somewhat serious. Snyder has been posing before the community for the last three or four years as the avenging apostle of Prohibition. He was the great vindicator of Sabbatarianism, the champion of a dry Sunday, and consequently one of those philanthropists who at rare periods come forward to sacrifice themselvs for the good of mankind.

Snyder has in some cases personally exhibited himself as an informer. In others he has been the employer of other informers. Such a pure, good man would not be expected to expose himself, even to the false accusation of having done all this for the purpose of "pinching" tavern-keepers and compelling them to "sock" in order that they may be "let up."

He may be wrongly charged and falsely accused. Still, the charges made against him by some tavern-keepers are so direct and circumstantial that they ought to be investigated. It will not do for the Law and Order Society to mildly express opinions, such as are reported to hav been made by their lawyer, Vail, that if the allegation against Snyder was true, "it was very wrong to do so."

Neither will the Law and Order Society escape upon the assertion of President Burton that "if the report was true it should not reflect upon the society, which is entirely sincere in its work, and all its motivs are of the purest and highest character." It is not a question of motivs, Mr. Burton, so much as of the means by which it is sought that these motivs shall be gratified.

The Holy Humbug's Prayer.

From the Lewiston Labor Advocate.

Cyrus W. Field "thanked God for cheap labor," says John Swinton. President Mitchell, of the St. Paul Railroad, says the almighty "keeps up his dividends." At a meeting of the stock gamblers in this city, a few days ago, they referred to themselvs as "Christian merchants," and the leading speaker quoted scripture against the coinage of the silver dollar. All of which reminds us of the "Holy Humbug's Prayer:"

Bless thou, O Lord, the crooked ways
By which I roll up wealth untold—
By which I fleece the toiling poor
To swell my unearned store of gold.

Bless thou the plans I lay so deep
To hold the workers in my grip,
That I may get their labor cheap
And ever hav them on the hip.

The Boston Anarchists Hard to Please.

From the Winsted (Ct.) Press.

Tucker, the Boston Anarchist, calls Batterson's proposition to divide annually one-third of the net profits of his business among his employés, in addition to their regular wages, "one of the foulest plots against industry ever hatched in the brain of a member of the robber class." It must not be expected that anything on earth or in the heavens above will please an Anarchist. The laws of nature will hav to be entirely abolished before these fellows will see a ray of hope for humanity.

Monsignor "X" Slurs a Labor Reformer.

From John Swinton's Paper.

We recently made a few pleasant remarks about the monthly sheet of Henry Appleton, and Appleton thinks fit to repay with a slur that is petty and false.

The Truth Seeker Keeps Men Thinking.

From Pomeroy's Democrat.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is very lively reading about these days, with its pictures of biblically-told incidents. One of them represents Jonah, who resembles an agent for Peleg White's Sticking Salve, starting for Tarshish and going aboard a Green Point ferry-boat Another picture represents the boat steaming away toward Buttermilk Channel, while Jonah is entering what appears to be the mouth of an East river sewer, but which is meant for a whale or a balloon. THE TRUTH SEEKER not only sets men to thinking, but keeps them at it.

Our "Dandy" Artist.

From the Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazetteer.

The artist who gets up the religious illustrations for the New York TRUTH SEEKER, which appear weekly, is a dandy in that line. Nothing better ever appeared in *Puck*. Those who hav not seen the series of pictures entitled, "The Journey of Jonah," never hav got at the pith and true inwardness, as it were, of the narrativ.

Christian Preferences.

From a Sermon by Sam Small.

I prefer a drunkard to an Infidel for a teacher, and would rather my boys grow up hewers of wood rather than they should learn all the sciences and become Infidels.

Christ as a Teacher of Hate.

The Rev. Dr. Rexford has said: "When Ingersoll criticises this doctrin of Jesus, that one must forsake his family, if need be, to follow him, and calls it a doctrin of hate, a doctrin of inhumanity, he is guilty of intellectual dishonesty. Jesus and his religion hav done more for mankind than Ingersoll and all of his fellow-humanitarians ever hav done or ever will do. The religion of Christ is a religion of love. If we wish to see how much this religion of love has done for man, all we hav to do is to compare Christianity and its provisions for the unfortunate with the rest of the globe. The humanities and charities of Christendom are unparalleled anywhere else. Christ's whole teaching was love—love one another; love thy neighbor as thyself; love all mankind. It is dishonest to take this teaching of Christ out of its connection, and declare it a gospel of hate. It was a part of his gospel of love. Jesus was combating the narrow sympathies of Judaism, which was of hatred to all except a narrow circle in Palestine. He taught his disciples that they must leave the old doctrin and separate from its sympathies. Staying with the folks meant clinging to the old gospel of hate. This staying with the folks has always been in the way of new ideas of moral and intellectual progress. It is what made Luther an outcast; what imprisoned Galileo, burnt Bruno. Leaving the folks to follow Christ—that is, to follow the light, the truth—is what has brought us out of the theological mist of the Middle Ages, has brought about all the intellectual and scientific progress of which Mr. Ingersoll and his fellow skeptics boast."

This disciple of the loving Jesus pronounces Mr. Ingersoll guilty of intellectual dishonesty. And why? Because Mr. Ingersoll dared to pronounce this doctrin of desertion of father, mother, wife, and babies for Christ's sake a doctrin of hate. How any sane man can judge it in any other terms is a miracle. A crime like this in a civilized country meets with the severest condemnation. Desertion of this kind among decent people is a crime, and the law of justice demands the punishment of such offenders. This charge, made by the Rev. Mr. Rexford, of the church of the Father, in the city of Detroit, in the state of Michigan, against Mr. Ingersoll or any other man, is a serious one, at any rate. Good reasons should exist in making such a charge as this. Shame sometimes should doom the lips to silence, and this is a case for the exercise of this virtue of silence. When Dr. Rexford made this statement, seemingly he must hav known that he was convicting himself of this very thing in his indictment of Mr. Ingersoll. If the doctor's statement is true as to Mr. Ingersoll, it follows that Mr. Ingersoll was rationally and intellectually convinced at the time he made this utterance that consciously it was false. Yet it had a seeming truth through a disconnection from its environment. This disciple of love, and a disciple of the loving Jesus, knew enough, had seen, read, and heard enough, about Mr. Ingersoll to know that his statement was false. I hav too much respect for the unassisted intellect of Mr. Rexford to believe for a moment that it indorsed the utterances of his lips when they formulated this indictment of intellectual dishonesty against Mr. Ingersoll.

I imagin if this doctor of love is really anxious to find a case of intellectual dishonesty I can render him eminent assistance. He is in accord with Mr. Ingersoll in this, that he (Mr. Ingersoll) is endeavoring to destroy the doctrin of hell and eternal punishment. But is Dr. Rexford ignorant of the fact that if Mr. Ingersoll indorsed the Christian Bible upon which Dr. Rexford builds his "gospel of love," he would be compelled to say to Dr. Rexford, "You are 'intellectually dishonest?'" Dr. Rexford must know that the Christian Bible can be forced into the support of his doctrin only through the most shameful vilification and twisting it out of all its most consistent and reasonable meaning, and at the same time perverting the sense of the Christian world in a most disreputable manner, before he can make it support the doctrin of "a gospel of love." He is compelled to the most vicious twisting of the word of his God before he can make it accommodate his theory. He says that "it is dishonest to take Christ's doctrin out of its connection." Did anyone ever find a gospel of love in the Bible until he did the very thing which the doctor calls dishonest?

Mr. Rexford is now invited to take a look at some of the clear statements in his sacred book. The author of Dr. Rexford's gospel of love enlightens us thus: "He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the son of man; the field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one. The enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burnt in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world. The son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." We must remember that this is the explanation of the parable of the sower and the seed which Christ himself gave in answer to the question as to the meaning of this parable. Can anyone not intellectually dishonest read these words of the Christ and believe that he taught "a gospel of love?" And again, this author of this gospel of love says: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind, which when it was full they drew to shore and cast down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world. The angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." This is in exact accord with the preceding parable, and is meaningless only in the light of the same explanation. This same author of the gospel of love goes on to say, "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." This is pointed and explicit. "This is the gospel of love." It is observable that the author of this gospel of love speaks in the terms of the people, in a way that seemingly leads one to believe that he was anxious to be understood. Is it possible, if this is true, that "a gospel of love" could, by the most remote implication, be true? Hear this master again: "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat, because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." If the gospel of the Christ was a gospel of hate, in what terms could it hav been rendered in conveying this idea more definitly than in the terms which we hav just quoted? Had his gospel been a gospel of love, the terms of this text would hav been changed so they would hav read, "Wide is the gate and broad and inviting is the way that leads unto life, and many there be that go in thereat, while narrow is the way that leads to destruction, and my love has so hedged it in, and has made it so dark and dismal, so infinitly forbidding, that none will ever go in thereat."

A man might be a believer in a "gospel of love" upon this rendering, and maintain his intellectual honesty; but take it as the words of the master evidently intended it should be, and how supremely ridiculous it is to so pervert or change this as to force it out of the field, as well as a hundred other passages of like import, that this "gospel of love" might be voiced in the pulpit! "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." "And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." What do these scriptures mean in a gospel of love? Love knows no language like this. Reason must pronounce this a dreadful gospel. What an alarming stretch of the imagination one must hav to see in the teachings of the Christ a gospel of love that takes all in at the strait gate, when he positivly says that "there are but few that find it!" We are not left here without more consolations of like character. "When the son of man shall come in his glory, before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them, one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, and he shall set the sheep on his right, but the goats on his left; then shall the king say unto them on his right hand: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand: Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. Then these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into eternal life." These are only a few of the many scriptures bearing upon this question of endless punishment in hell which hav, no doubt, engaged the attention of our charitable Christian doctor of divinity. What would be the rational verdict of intellectual honesty in the study of these sacred scriptures? Only one possible verdict without violence to all that is rational in the human mind; that is, if these scriptures mean anything, as they fell from the lips of the master, then that verdict must be that they teach the doctrin of endless punishment. But when Dr. Rexford makes an application of his patent Turning and Twisting Exegetical Machine to these hateful-looking scriptures, it at once turns them into a "part of the gospel of love." These scriptures are not to be taken in the terms in which they came from the Christ, but they are first to be ground through this Turning and Twisting Exegetical Machine, and the result is that hell and eternal punishment are frightened to death. Though these scriptures are all in the doctor's Bible, yet we are not to take them as they read. How unfortunate for the world that Dr. Rexford was not called up from the shadowless world of emptiness for consultation! His timely suggestion would hav called the attention of the Gods to this careless manner in the use of words. He would doubtless hav cautioned them about putting hell and damnation and eternal punishment in the Bible when there are no such things in the universe of God. What an ocean of innocent blood would hav been saved had he been there and told the Gods what they meant, especially when that revelation was meant to carry to the world such important information as the destiny of the race! That Dr. Rexford, like thousands of others, wants a better God than can be found in the Bible is evident. The Bible knows nothing about a God of love. The Bible God is uncertain; he is more likely to be angry than otherwise, he kills people upon very slight provocation, he is angry every day, he takes vengeance of them that knows him not. He in a passion one time drowned the whole earth; only one drunken man and his family were saved. He comes with pestilence, famin, plagues, earthquakes, tornadoes, cyclones, frightful storms, and reveals his Godlike traits in setting up the wholesale business in parasites, vipers, snakes, insects, who hav the ability in a thousand ways to afflict human beings; and then he has a thousand ways of making people sick and killing them finally, and consigning them to an endless hell. I do not wonder in view of these facts that Dr. Rexford feels the need of a better God. I blame him not for this. I confess that the world has so far advanced that it feels the necessity for a better God. Here is where we are compelled to convict Dr. Rexford of intellectual dishonesty. This felt need is founded upon a higher intellectual conception, and formulates a better God in the light of that higher intellectual conception, instead of perversion and twisting of the old Bible in hopes to find this better ideal therein.

Mr. Rexford knows that the Bible contains no such God as he preaches about. Why will he not confess to the world what he knows must be true to his deeper consciousness? To confess this truth would cost him his pulpit, and hence the Bible must be twisted to meet this higher ideal of a God. And with sorrow we are convinced that Dr. Rexford is guilty of intellectual dishonesty. Mr. Rexford says: "If we wish to see how much this religion of love has done for man all we hav to do is to compare Christianity and its provisions for the unfortunates with the rest of the globe. The humanities and charities of Christendom are unparalleled anywhere else." I deny that Dr. Rexford can point to a single Christian gesture through its eighteen hundred years of existence where a benefit has come to any people or nation or any individual without an element essentially unchristian. It is a fact that the Christian religion, its humanities, and its charities, owe all, where in any way it has been a benefit to any people, nation, or individual, to an antichristian potency. Its very existence to-day is a consequence of this antichristian power. There are no humanities or charities in Christianity proper. A divine changeless scheme in the presence of our changing environments is atrophied, and it can hav no conception of good whatever. Humanities and charities are human and not divine, and hav arisen in spite of Christianity. This will appear clearly evident as we take the qualitativ value of Christianity. The claims made for it by its founder must determin this question. A disciple of the Christ necessarily implies obedience to what he taught, doing what he commanded, and not doing what he prohibits, sharing his glory and suffering his disgrace. He must take up his cross and follow his Lord and master. But we will allow the founder of this gospel of love to settle this question himself: "But let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil. But I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man shall sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him hav thy cloak also; and whosoever shall compel you to go a mile, go with him twain; giv to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. If ye love them which love you, what reward hav ye? Do not even the publicans even so? Be ye therefore perfect even as your father which is in heaven is perfect. Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them, otherwise ye hav no reward of your father which is in heaven. Lay not up for yourselvs treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do break through and steal, but lay up for yourselvs treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is there will your heart be also. Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feedeth them. And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is

cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed, for after all these things do the gentiles seek. Be ye not like unto them, for your heavenly father knoweth that ye hav need of all these things, but seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for to-morrow, for to-morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Judge not that ye be not judged. Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world, for if any man love the world the love of the father is not in him. He that cometh unto me and hateth not his father and mother cannot be my disciple."

If the words of the Christ hav any meaning, we are now in possession of all the evidence necessary in determining this question—What is Christianity? The law and the testimony settle the question. These we hav given in the words of the master. It may be said that they are inconsistent and foolish. This may be true, but it is no fault of mine. I hav only given you his words, and I deny that I or any other person hav the right to change these words so as to make them reasonable, and bring them into accord with our human ideas. This would answer if we were dealing with human things, but this will not do when we are dealing with divine things; this will not do when we deal with the word of God. Dr. Rexford has no right, then, to change or reject any part of these words of the God Christ, and he is intellectually dishonest when he does this. Christ meant what he said or he did not. Are we justified in taking him at his word or are we not? We must do one or the other. Honesty seemingly demands that he should be taken and understood in the light of the position in which he claimed he stood. I claim that it is intellectually dishonest to cheat the Christ in perverting his words so that they may seem rational to us, and in such an unwarranted assumption as this, which results in the destruction of the whole scheme in its divineness. Dr. Rexford claims Christ as divine, and yet he subjects him to this extreme humiliation of being only a man, and therefore twists his words so as to make them human in sense. This is dishonest. If divine, then interpret them in the light of that divinity. "Take no thought for to-morrow what ye shall eat or drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed." "The gentiles do these things, be ye not like unto them." "Consider the fowls of the air, which hav neither storehouses or barns, yet your heavenly father feedeth them. How much better are ye than they!"

These words of the Christ are clear and easy of understanding, but in our divorcement from Christ they will not do. We are compelled to take thought for to-morrow; but not thus with a disciple of his, for he is forbidden strictly thus to do. A Christian cannot take thought for to-morrow without dishonoring Christ and denying him before men. Now, to play this double game of being a gentile and doing the thing which he does, and at the same time hav the benefit of thus doing, and yet be dishonest enough to hold yourself a disciple of his, is an outrage committed in the face of decency. There is only one way of honor in this matter, and that is—If we are disciples, if we call ourselvs Christians, then we ought to take his words without perversion. Not only this, we must thus do: A disciple of the Christ is not like a man of the world, he is not like a gentile; he is laying up his treasures in heaven; he takes no thought for to-morrow, his savior will provide for him. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye hav love one to another." Heavens and earth! What a burlesque to repeat this in the face of Christianity's bloody record. But be this as it may, we hav no authority to change his words.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

What Will the Weather Be?

Allow me to present a few thoughts to your intelligent readers on the causes and character of storms, cyclones, earthquakes, auroras, etc. We claim our theory of forecasting the weather is scientific. Theory is not science, but when theory is demonstrated it then is science whether people believe it or not. Galileo proved the globular form of the earth, and that it moved in its orbit around the sun, instead of the sun whirling around the earth in twenty-four hours. His opposers would not look through his telescope to be convinced, and for teaching this astronomical fact he was shut in prison and his property confiscated. Nature holds her secrets well. Only to those who honestly and reverently seek her arcana will she unfold her laws and profound secrets. In order to giv the reader a bird's-eye view of the causes producing the various kinds of weather common to the United States and Canada, I will state they are produced by the reciprocal action of the sun and planets that circle around him. This action is electro-magnetic, and its energy is proportionate to the mass or size, the rapidity of axial and orbital motion, and the combinations of the planets at or about the same time. The sun is in the center of the solar system. He is 886,852 miles in diameter, and revolves on his axis in 25 1-2 days. He is 750 times the mass of all the planets and planetoids that sweep in silent grandeur around him, and by his positiv electric energy he controls and guides all their motions. There are nine primary planets and many secondary. Vulcan, the recently discovered planet, is a magnificent world from 35,000 to 40,000 miles in diameter, and flies around the sun in 23 days. He is about 15,000,000 miles from him and moves 138,000 miles per hour. He is, so far as known, the nearest planet to him. Mercury, the second, goes 112,000 miles per hour. Venus travels 75,000 miles per hour; earth, 68,000; Mars, 55,000; Jupiter, 30,000; Saturn, 22,000; Uranus, 15,000, and Neptune, 10,000. Jupiter is 1,400 times larger than the earth, turns on his axis in 10 hours, and his equatorial diameter is 6,000 miles greater than his polar. Saturn revolves on his axis in 10 1-2 hours, with his two magnificent rings and 7 moons.

The orbits of planets are not true circles, but elongated easterly. Their nearest point to the sun is called perihelion, and the farthest aphelion. The orbits, large and small, for convenience are divided into 360 degrees.

During fifteen years of close and careful observation it has been thoroughly and repeatedly demonstrated that when planets pass 80°, 170°, 260°, and 350°, storms occur. The energy and violence of these storms is proportionate to the numbers, mass, and velocity. In electrical science it has been abundantly proved that in all revolving bodies electricity is generated along the line of axial rotation and evolved upon their equators. So immense an orb as the sun generates inconceivable quantities of electricity, and it is evolved upon his equatorial belt of 16° in width, and from thence hurled upon flying planets as they pass these points of *rapport*, producing clouds, storms, cyclones, etc. The sun is positiv to his family of worlds, hence they are negativ to him, and as negativs attract the positiv at the points designated, this great celestial battery pours off his tidal electric wave upon each planet as it passes the point of excitement, to its full capacity of receptivity. The magnetic and also the strongest points are at 170° and 350° on the orbit of each planet. The electro-magnetic energy comes from space. Hence there is enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore. Hence the perpetuity of the solar system. So we need not fear any great cataclysm, "crash of worlds, or crack of doom." Each planet generates electro-magnetic energy while in quadrature—*i. e.*, between the storm points—and with the added force from the sun is rejuvenated and never bankrupt. This period of excitement and electric tension lasts from three to five days. This represents the period of heat, or low barometer in summer and winter, and when the combination is such as to evoke heavy charges it brings us the great thaws and break-ups in the midst of some winters, and the very hot days of some summers. The cool or cold weather that directly follows is called rising or high barometer.

These electro-magnetic vital waves, or charges, are the life of all worlds, of all living beings and things. When they hav swept the circuit of revolving orbs, vitalized, purified, stirred, and motionized all fluids and gases, they become devitalized, hence electro-negativ, and must return to the sun as the electro-positiv center for revitalization, and thence repeat their ceaseless rounds. These are the statics and dynamics, the rest and motion, the ebbs and flows, the perpetual pulsation, of omnipotent nature. This circulation of vital energy through planetary worlds is analogous to the circulation of blood in the human body. The arterial blood flows out from the heart at every pulsation red, vital, electro-positiv, laden with supplies for bodily sustenance, and when these are deposited, and effete and useless elements enter the venous channels, it becomes devitalized (dark venous blood), and hence electro-negativ, and must flow back to the lungs as the permanent positiv battery of the house we liv in. Hence this force is the cause of the circulation of the fluids in the human body. The heart, arteries, veins, and nerves are the tubular routes for its circulating energy. The return charges, from Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, energized by Vulcan and Mercury, produce solar explosions, sun spots, and synchronous with these telegraph wires snap and blaze, operators are shocked, etc., proving an electric origin. Our frequent storms are produced by Vulcan, Mercury, and Venus, energized and prolonged by the larger planets. Jupiter passed 170° on 26th of October last. He was the chief cause of heavy fall rains in California and elsewhere, and of potato-rot on tenacious and wet soils. Look for it the ensuing fall. Dig early. Any ordinary person can forecast the weather by having the tabulated position of planets. This is the gist of the whole question. This the "Weather Guide"* givs. The weather can be foretold. All those heavy storms of January and February were written out last year, the days designated, the planets and their combinations specified, as the "Guide" will prove.

If an electric charge is heavy, the cold following is proportionate. How valuable this knowledge to farmers, gardeners, stockmen, etc.! In Kansas alone 100,000 head of stock and 100 men perished by cold! The forecasts indicated intense cold, and a little effort would hav saved this sacrifice of life and property. Compare the dates of the destructiv storms of England, France, Spain, and Portugal, and the United States, and then say it is guesswork if you dare. Private citizens, editors, thinkers, students who had the "Guide," and took pains to observe, report wonderful accuracy from Maine to California. The last heavy snow over New England, New York, Canada, and Michigan were produced by Vulcan and Mercury, the fastest moving planets of the solar system. The wind on February 27th at Mount Washington moved 140 miles per hour; in New York city and coast of New Jersey, eighty miles per hour. Please note from the 9th to the 22d of March some very heavy storms, followed by heavy frosts, even in the Gulf states. See the "Guide" for the days and causes. The old theory of the sun's heat producing storms, cyclones, earthquakes, auroras, electric tidal waves, etc., must go. It cannot stand the test of near approach and close examination. True, the sun produces evaporation during our northern winters from tropical seas and oceans, but how does it develop high and low barometers, organize a great storm and drive it from the Rockies to the Atlantic, and propel it across the Atlantic Ocean, and dash it in terrific fury on the Eastern continent? Does the sun's heat alone do this? The sun helps produce the vapor, but planetary electro-magnetic charges organize and condense the vapors, and drive the storm over continents and around the globe? Heat does not do it. In a former article, published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 30th, the salient points of this treatis were omitted, from some cause. If the reader will send and get a "Guide" for 1886, he will find a new light dawn on his pathway.

Burton, Mich., March 8, 1886. D. HIGBIE, M.D.

*"The Scientific Weather Guide" for 1886 contains forecasts for the entire year and much other matter in regard to weather. Price 20 cents. Published by Lillingston & Pierce, 200 S. Fourth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Notes.

THERE is a bill before the English Parliament granting suffrage to unmarried women. Mr. Bradlaugh has moved to amend the bill by including married women.

THE *Andover Review* says that the attempt to find a reconciliation between Genesis and science "sufficiently exact to be worth anything for evidential purposes is doomed to failure from the start." Exactly. Mr. Huxley makes this very clear in his answers to Mr. Gladstone.

THE last victim of Harrison, the venerable "boy preacher," is a colored woman who since her conversion is possessed by a hallucination that she must kill her husband and baby as a sacrifice. The trouble with these cranks, says the Omaha *Republican*, is that their hallucinations are never in the direction of killing themselvs.

MAJOR D. C. WILLIAMS is a new revivalist. He is following the path marked out by Sam Jones, startling the Christians who employ him by telling unpalatable truths. He said to a Stockton, Cal., Presbyterian assemblage that he found a church in Arkansas in which two hundred and ninety out of three hundred members did not believe all the Bible. As for himself, he believed the Bible to be all true or all false. He believed every word within its covers, "fish story and all." Mr. Williams appears to be the regulation fool.

ACCORDING to the *Beacon Light*, the Spiritualist journal of this city, there are among the Spiritualists of New York those who would borrow ecclesiastical machinery to make the new faith attractiv. Against this the *Beacon Light* protests. "Superstition and old forms," it says, "become the cowled monk, the swamp exhorter, the dishonest money-making minister, the howling dervishes, and the population of priest-ridden, church-governed countries, of which Mexico and Central America are good examples; but we hav no use for the paraphernalia or sacerdotal furniture of ecclesiasticism, its crosses, robes, holy waters, sacred hosts, incense burners, chalices, bells, printed prayers, Latin chants, masses, incantations, beads, medals, croziers, and amulets." The *Beacon Light* is right.

CIVIL funerals having become an institution in France, it is considered necessary to provide for the cases in which the Catholic family of a deceased Freethinker might object to compliance with his wishes on this point. A bill sent up to the Senate by the last Chamber and amended by the former was consequently discussed by the new Chamber a short time since. Its chief provision, reports the *National Reformer*, is that any adult or emancipated minor competent to make a will may regulate the conditions of his funeral, and may depute one or more persons to watch over their execution. Such directions expressed in a will, in a declaration before a notary, or in a memorandum in testamentary form, are to hav the same force as bequests of property, and are to be subject to the the same rules as to revocation. Bishop Freppel advocated a clause enabling the local judge to decide within twenty-four hours as to the character of the funeral, and this was eventually agreed to. Any person violating the new law is to be liable to a fine of from 16f. to 100f., and for a second offense to from two to five years' imprisonment. At the instance of M. de Mortillet, the eminent anthropologist, a clause was added enabling any person to dispose of his body in favor of educational or learned societies.

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SATURDAY, - - - MARCH 27, 1886.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR RENEWALS, and we hope all will be prompt. If we are to print pictures each week, the subscription list must be lengthened. That those inclined to help add to the list may find it no hard matter, we make the following low terms:

Single subscription	$3 00
One subscription two years, in advance	5 00
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Will not everyone, in renewing, try to get at least one new subscriber, thus saving money for themselvs and helping us?

And in renewing inclose 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

This Week's Cartoon.

In the break-up now going on in the church creeds, there are but two roads for those of unsettled faith to travel—the one to Rome, the other to Liberty. One of these roads, and the heaven it leads to, is depicted by our artist in this issue. While a few—very few—Episcopalians, like Heber Newton, hav joined the Protestants who are evoluting out of Christianity entirely, the majority are going submissivly back to Rome. Already in this country rectors are introducing Romish rites into their services, and an Episcopal monastic institution is one of the very recent acquisitions to New York piety. Both in England and America Episcopalian parochial schools are being established. Decided intimations of this retrograde movement are the Rev. Dr. Dix's Lenten sermons. Dr. Dix would hav a pope. Private judgment he likens to a lunatic asylum; its only legitimate office being to verify the dogmas of the church—nothing more. It has no right to disprove them. "When Christ came into the world the private judgment of man had no right to discuss, no power to settle questions, such as the priestly office, the promises, the commands. But men had a right to verify the miracles, to compare what he said of himself with what was written in their sacred books, to satisfy themselvs that he did really die on the cross, and, above all, to convince themselvs that he did truly rise from the dead." To those who are disposed to follow Dr. Dix back to Romanism we recommend a thoughtful study of the picture on the first page of this week's issue.

Before the New York Legislature.

While the agitation for the Sunday opening of the Museums has been going on, the graver issue of church taxation has not been lost sight of for an instant. And, unexpectedly, just as the petitions to the legislature for that purpose were ready to be presented, outside aid is offered. Upon Mr. Putnam's recent visit to the state capitol, he found, through consulting various members of the assembly, that a bill had been introduced through the efforts of members of the Constitution Club, of Brooklyn, which would giv us all we asked, and more, and when the secretary of the Union returned to New York he arranged for a meeting between the supporters of the bill and himself, the president of the Liberal Club, and the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It was determined by these to support the bill, and Mr. McCabe, secretary of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, was authorized to procure a hearing before the assembly Committee on Ways and Means, to which the bill had been referred, and of which George Z. Erwin is chairman. The hearing was set down for Tuesday, the 16th. The following is the text of the bill:

"An act in relation to the taxation of property.

"The people of the state of New York, represented in senate and assembly, do enact as follows:

"SECTION 1.—The following property shall be exempt from taxation:

"1. All property, real or personal, exempted from taxation by or under the constitution of this state, or the Constitution of the United States.

"2. All property, real or personal, the title to which is, or hereafter will be, in the United States, or in this state, or in any city, county, town, or village within this state, and which is used, or intended to be used, for public purposes.

"3. All property exempted by law from execution.

"SECTION 2.—From and after the date on which this act shall take effect, all lands and all personal estate within this state, whether owned by individuals or corporations, shall be liable to taxation, except as otherwise specifically provided in Section 1 of this act. Provided, however, that the owner or holder of stock in any company liable to taxation on its capital stock or property, shall not be taxed as an individual for such stock.

"SECTION 3.—All property, both real and personal, exempted from taxation, either in whole or in part, by or under any law of this state in force before this act shall take effect (except as provided in sections 1 and 2 of this act), shall, after this act shall take effect, be assessed and valued in the same manner and upon the same basis of valuation as other property subject to taxation, and shall be taxed upon its full assessed valuation, as follows, namely: in the year 1887 at one-tenth of the rate at which other property of the same or a similar description in the same town or ward is taxed; in the year 1889 at three-tenths of such rate; in the year 1891 at five-tenths of such rate; in the year 1892 at six-tenths of such rate; in the year 1893 at eight-tenths of such rate; in the year 1895 at nine-tenths of such rate; in the year 1896, and in all subsequent years, at the full rate at which such other property is taxed, and such taxes shall be levied, collected, and applied in the same manner as taxes on other property subject to taxation.

"SECTION 4.—All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

"SECTION 5.—This act shall take effect immediately."

It is a rule of committees to grant advocates of measures before them only ten minutes, but this rule was waived on the occasion of the advocacy of this bill. The Constitution Club was represented by Samuel B. Duryea, the American Secular Union by T. B. Wakeman, and the Liberal Christians by Gilbert R. Hawes. This bill has the support of a great many unorthodox Christians and a few orthodox ones. One of its activ supporters is a director of the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn (which association now escapes the annual payment of about $3,000 on its building in Brooklyn), and all of the members of the Constitution Club that we talked with are more or less Christian. But the burden of the argument fell naturally to the representativs of the American Secular Union. Mr. Wakeman spoke for some forty or fifty minutes, and won applause from the listeners, which was promptly checked by the committee. There is no question that the real sentiment of the assembly is in favor of this bill, but legislators hav such a fear of the religious element that we cannot expect it to pass. Public sentiment must be aroused in its favor, and the churches combated with their own weapons. "There is no use of your doing anything more about this bill," said a member of the legislature to Mr. McCabe. "Why?" asked he. "Is it not a good bill?" "Yes, good enough," replied the Solon; "but"—here he executed a complicated wink—"the members will get the tip to defeat it." To Mr. McCabe's endeavors to get him to tell who would giv the "tip," he would say nothing positiv, but intimated that the Catholic priests would be heard from on the subject. That this is so was brought out by one of the senators. A member of the Constitution Club called upon him, read the bill to him, and asked his opinion of its merits. "A good bill," was his comment. "Will you introduce it in the senate?" asked the club man. "H'm; I think you had better try to get Mr. —— to introduce the bill. Perhaps he will do it. You see" —this in a burst of confidence—"there are six Catholic institutions in my district, and if I introduce this bill I shall be killed."

There we hav the reason why the fight we hav entered upon must be a long one, renewed from year to year, and from legislature to legislature. We shall next week print the arguments of Messrs. Wakeman Duryea, and Hawes, before the committee, and we urgently beseech every Liberal in the state to scatter the papers as widely as possible. The real, solid work for this bill has got to be done by the people upon the people. Legislators are weather vanes, turning with the wind, and a hurricane of public sentiment must be aroused that will snap them around to the right position or blow them off their pedestals.

The Museums.

Very opportune for the people of this city is the action on Sunday opening of museums and libraries taken by the English House of Lords—about the only commendable action this fossiliferous body has performed for many a weary month. We print entire the cable despatch to the New York *Herald*. It is dated London, March 20th, and reads as follows:

"The much-mooted 'Sunday opening question' may be regarded as settled in this country. No one doubts now that soon the Commons will follow the Lords, who last evening, by a majority of fourteen, voted that 'the time has come when, in the interests of religion and education, all national collections should be opened to the public on Sunday as on other days.'

"The Archbishop of Canterbury and seven bishops, of course, voted with the church traditions of the past, in the minority. All the peers of ability voted for the measure. Lord Bramwell, better known as Mr. Justice Bramwell, made a stirring speech in favor of keeping the museums and picture galleries open on Sundays. Turning toward the primate and his fellow-bishops, he said: 'I am perfectly satisfied that it is the religious part of the matter that is at the bottom of the opposition to the motion. We are alone in Christendom in observing Sunday in the way we do.

"'The English view of Sunday is a novelty. I object to the way in which Sunday is observed, because it is a day wasted. It ought to be a day of recreation and enjoyment. There is nothing in a man's nature which tells him that it is wrong for him to enjoy himself on Sunday. The proper interpretation of the supplication, "and lead us not into temptation," is "do not lay down for us a rule for Sunday which we cannot observe."

"'Prince Bismarck has recorded that when he was in England he always had a painful impression of the English Sunday; that he was always glad when it was over, and that he was sure that many Englishmen had the same feeling. That is the condition of things that I ask the House to set about to remedy. The English Sunday is misspent. It is worse than misspent. It leads people into temptation. This is not a question of the working man only, for there are plenty of other people who are entitled to consideration. It is idle and selfish for workingmen to object to being employed on Sunday at places of recreation.'

"Several morning papers are jubilant over this victory of progress over cant, and one paper hails the vote as an evidence that the peers are waking up to the power of popular sentiment when such men as Lords Granville, Coleridge, Roseberry, Spencer, Ripon, Wolseley, Napier, Bute (the Roman Catholic convert and the original of 'Lothair'), and young Lord Houghton—his first vote—join against the archbishop."

In his pamphlet against opening the museums of this city on Sunday, Mr. Morris K. Jesup dwelt with great emphasis upon the opinion of certain Englishmen who dislike to see the people enjoy themselvs on Sundays. In fact, English opinion was the chief of Mr. Jesup's arguments, occupying six of the sixteen pages of his pamphlet. This action of the House of Lords, however, completely disposes of that imported objection, and we hav deemed it of sufficient importance to forward it to General di Cesnola, secretary of the committee of conference of the two museums, as a supplement to the eighth division of the argument sent with the petition, with the request that he submit it to the trustees as a part of that document.

In the legislature we hav found an ally in Mr. Edward P. Hagan, of the sixteenth assembly district of this city. He has introduced the following bill, which was read twice, referred to the committee on affairs of cities, reported favorably from that committee, and committed to the committee of the whole for action:

"An act to authorize further appropriations for the maintenance of the museums in the Central Park, in the city of New York.

"The people of the state of New York, represented in senate and assembly, do enact as follows:

"SECTION 1.—The department of public parks in the city of New York is hereby authorized to apply in each year for the keeping, preservation, and exhibitions of the collections in the buildings in the Central Park, that are now or may hereafter be occupied by the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History, in addition to the sum or sums now authorized by law for such purpose, such further sum as may be appropriated therefor as hereinafter provided, not exceeding twenty thousand dollars; upon condition that, and only so long as, the collections in said museums, or either of them, shall be kept open and accessible to the public on Sundays, free of all charge, within such hours, and subject to such rules and regulations as may be agreed upon between the trustees of said museums and said department.

"SECTION 2.—The board of estimate and apportionment in said city may, in its discretion, annually include in its final

Senator Murphy

estimate of the amounts required to pay the expenses of conducting the public business of the city and county of New York for the then next ensuing financial year, the additional sum specified in the last preceding section, or any smaller sum for the purposes in said section provided.

"SECTION 3.—For the purpose of providing funds to enable said department of public parks to carry out the provisions of Section 1 of this act during the current year, said board of estimate and apportionment is hereby authorized to set apart from any of the moneys appropriated for the uses of said department for the present year such sum or sums not exceeding in all the sum of twenty thousand dollars, as in the judgment of said board the occasion may require.

"SECTION 4.—This act shall take effect immediately."

The trustees will see by the bill that they can obtain five thousand dollars a year extra from the city if they open their doors upon Sundays, and another of Mr. Jesup's chief arguments—additional expense—is therefore of no force. Indeed, if anybody was ever thoroughly answered by facts and logical reasoning, it is the trustees of these museums as represented by Mr. Jesup, president of one of them. We think it will be difficult for them to find reasons for refusing to make the experiment.

In the Senate another ally is found in Senator Daly, chairman of the committee on cities, before which committee is a bill to appropriate money for extending the museum buildings. "The friends of the bill," said Mr. Daly to a reporter, "hav urged upon me the necessity for this improvement. I hav told them all, however, that they can only gain my consent to allowing the bill to go out of the committee by persuading the trustees to open the museum on Sunday Unless the museum is opened on Sunday, I think that bill will never see the light of the Senate."

In a book of mingled myth and history, there is an account of a stiff-necked king who saw, at a feast, mysterious characters upon the wall. They were a prophecy which was fulfilled in the death of the king and the possession of his country by a Median.

There is a lesson in the ancient legend that the trustees of the museums may profit by.

Is a Great Injustice Being Done?

When the American contingent of the Circumpolar Observation party returned there was probably not a man in the civilized world who did not feel for all the members composing the party the profoundest pity. It will be the part of some historian, perhaps now unborn, to fix the responsibility for the misfortunes upon some one or more persons, or it may be upon this nation. On whomsoever it rests that memory will be scarred, and it may be indelibly blackened, while the memory of the events remains with man. Had we navigation laws that make our navy inefficient? Had luxury or greed of gain made us an unmanly nation, that we abandoned brave soldiers of science to perish in the relentless ice? Was the secretary of war inefficient or careless? These are questions that we may in the hurry of business forget; but like the oft-quoted ghost they will not down, and damning to some one or more persons will be the answer. We may ignore them, but years hence, it may be, some German historian, perhaps, with their terrible thoroughness will unravel and uproot till the truth is known.

But though there was probably not a person in the land who knew of it who had not the profoundest and most sorrowful sympathy for them in the indescribable sufferings they underwent, concerning them the truth ought to be told with unpitying justice. As to the charge of cannibalism it might be said that there may be times when the best use a dead body can serve is to be eaten. If true it was a misfortune and a disgrace to us as a nation for allowing the circumstances that required it; the worse because it never occurred in any other Arctic expedition. A man was shot to death, which never occurred in any other expedition. If a struggle of starving men over food caused this, is it not our disgrace or some public servant's?

There was an enthusiastic Arctic explorer in the party, a devotee of science, whose services were confessedly of prime value in keeping the party in health. His body alone, of all who perished, is not brought back. His death occurs on the day the other man is shot to death. We understand that he was compelled by force to giv up to Greely a private journal that he was keeping for his wife; that for his first refusal he was court-martialed, put under arrest. His widow who supported herself by her own labors while her husband was giving his life for science and the glory of this republic, and who is the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, and who has struggled through every adversity to vindicate her dead husband's memory, begins in this (March) number of the *North American Review* an article on the subject. It will be followed by the Arctic journals, or a part of them, kept by Doctor Pavy. It is a sad, a disagreeable affair; and we approach it in a spirit of fairness to all. But we think it pertinent to ask, What became of the journal taken from Dr. Pavy? Surely there lives not a man who would blot out the just fame of another to exalt himself?

A Worthy Enterprise.

We received not long ago the following card from the well-known philanthropist whose name is attached:

"NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1886.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Will you do so much for the interest of the Free Reading Rooms and Library at 141 Eighth street as to send a reporter there to investigate a work that needs and seems to me deserves the attention of a generous public? And oblige thereby,

"ELIZABETH THOMPSON."

The apartment at 141 Eighth street occupied as the Free Reading Room and Library is the one rendered historic by the late D. M. Bennett's labors and his arrest by the infamous Anthony Comstock. Here, before the Liberal publishing business had grown as bulky as it is now, Mr. Bennett had his editorial sanctum and book store. The appearance of the room upon first opening the door brings up recollections of the old days, the walls being lined now as then with books and papers. The room formerly occupied by the printers, together with the one adjoining in the rear, the partition between having been removed, is now used by the Central Labor Union as a meeting place.

The library, founded chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Julius Bordollo, secretary and organizer of Branch V. of the Socialistic Labor Party, contains at present from three hundred to four hundred volumes. Many of the books are not new. They are in English, German, and French, and treat mainly of social and scientific subjects. Marx, Lassalle, Henry George, and Herbert Spencer are well represented. A bright new copy of "Rational Communism," from THE TRUTH SEEKER office, is conspicuous, and more works from the same source will follow. Here is a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," and there are Ingersoll's "God's," Volney's "Ruins," Meslier's "Superstition in all Ages," and Reade's "Martyrdom of Man." There is also a fair sprinkling of novels. The books are all gifts to the library, and bear the names of the donors. Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, Julius Bordollo, and Mr. Pfeister are prominent contributors.

Among the hundred or more newspapers, labor journals are the most numerous, and Freethought papers are next. THE TRUTH SEEKER's exchange list is almost duplicated. Of course *Liberty* is there, with the *Alarm*, *La Revolté*, the *Proletariat*, and the *Freidenker*. *Der Arme Teufel* is the singular name of a German paper. The *Herald of Life and of the Coming Kingdom* was the only religious journal noted, though there may be others. Two Bibles were gathering dust on a top shelf.

On the wall is a list of donations to the library, with room for more. Here occur the names of Henry George, who givs $5; Dr. Rylance, $10; the Central Labor Union, $10; and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, who contributes an even $50. Others swell the sum to the neighborhood of $125.

The Free Reading Room and Library has now been in existence a little more than three months. During that time an average of about thirty visitors for each day hav shared its benefits. The librarian is Miss Anna Johnson, who has thus far attended to the duties of that position without remuneration. This library is the only place of the kind in the city where the working man can feel at home, and where he can find the literature in which he is and ought to be most interested. The managers, of course, are free to confess that they stand in need of more literature, and solicit contributions of books from those able to giv them. Donations in money toward the support of the enterprise are also appreciated. This Free Reading Room and Library should not be permitted to languish.

THE reading-room of the public library in Detroit is now open on Sundays. The experiment promises well, the attendance being large, and consisting of young men who hav heretofore had nowhere to go except to church, and those institutions, a Detroit paper says, never saw their faces. Expressions of satisfaction from the visitors were earnest and general, and when the opening is more widely known the capacity of the room will be severely tried. The quiet and order which prevailed rendered it difficult to distinguish between the reading-room in the public library and the study of any well-regulated house. We recommend these facts to the attention of the trustees of the New York museums and the Mercantile Library.

WE cannot accomplish the objects of the following letter, from the present editor of the Nashville *Liberal*, better than by printing it:

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 12, 1886.

E. M. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir:* I wish you would say in your next issue that I desire to get a stone for my father's grave. It will cost $50. Tell the friends of the Liberal cause to giv me a helping hand, as I am poor, and father left me without any means to defray the funeral expenses. Please hav all letters directed to W. W. Bailey, 135 South Cherry street, and oblige

Your friend. W. W. BAILEY.

Surely no further words are needed in this case.

JUDGING from the various reports we hav received of Mr. Charles Watts's lectures we should conclude that his recent tour in the states has been most satisfactory to him. While his audiences in small places hav been large, in the principal cities, such as Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, etc., the halls hav been packed. We understand that for the next five Sundays he lectures in Toronto, Ontario, and during each week he speaks in various places throughout the dominion. We congratulate the first vice-president of the American Secular Union on his marked success.

FRIENDS to the number of sixty gathered last Monday evening at the residence of Dr. Foote, of Lexington avenue, to celebrate the seventy-fourth anniversary of the birth of Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews. Speeches were made, and it was a pleasant party. This custom of celebrating the birth of public benefactors while they are yet living and able to appreciate the act is a good one. Mr. Andrews is one of those characters whose contributions to the education of the world hav sent it a long step ahead. It is doubtful if, a thousand years hence, it may not be truthfully said, "And there arose not a prophet since in the universe like unto him."

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has contributed a most important original article to the *Popular Science Monthly* for April on the limits and interpretation of the doctrin of natural selection, and the position of Mr. Charles Darwin in respect to the theory of evolution. There hav been so much confusion and exaggeration upon this subject as to make desirable an authoritativ statement of Mr. Darwin's just claims in connection with the doctrin of evolution, and no man, says Mr. Youmans, is so capable of making this estimate as Herbert Spencer. The paper will be elaborate and striking, and is certain to be very widely read.

"AGNOSTIOUS" will please accept our thanks for his donation of $5 toward the illustrations; W. Whittick, for an equal amount; E. Chope, for $3.25; Rufus Perkins, for $1; James B. Gay, for 75 cents; W. J. Tobin, for $2.50; Horace L. Fairchild, for $2; Warren M. Beales, for $1; A. J. Bell, for 25 cents; David Fleming, for 50 cents; I. C. Singer, for 90 cents; Darius Harris, for 50 cents; Wm. Courson, for $1; Fred. Garing, for 25 cents; S. T. Williams, for 40 cents; Michael Secrist, for 75 cents; Morris Johnson, for $1; W. W. Treat, for 25 cents; Anti-Bigot, for $5; George Thorne, for $2; A. N. Burgess, for $5; Zenas Kent, for $1; Rufus Middleton, for $1; John D. Powers, for $2; J. M. Hagaman, for $1. So far, those who like the pictures are greatly in majority over the critics.

J. E. REMSBURG spoke in Baltimore on Sunday, the 14th inst., to a large and enthusiastic audience. Lengthy reports of his lecture appeared in both the *American* and the *Sun*. From Baltimore Mr. Remsburg went to Washington, where he was the guest of his friend, Senator Ingalls. While there he met President Cleveland. He also attended a session of the Supreme Court, and visited both houses of Congress. He was particularly pleased to hear the chaplain of the House pray God to "deliver us from superstition," and thinks the first step in that direction should be the abolition of chaplaincies. Twenty-two years ago, Mr. Remsburg marched through Baltimore with a musket on his shoulder and a Bible in his pocket. Mr. Remsburg expected to reach home March 27th. Since the beginning of the lecture season last fall he has traveled fourteen thousand miles and delivered one hundred and fifty lectures. He goes to Texas next month.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN has promulgated the following regulations for the observance of Lent by the Catholics in this archdiocese:

1. All the week days of Lent from Ash Wednesday till Easter Sunday are fast days of precept on one meal, with the allowance of a moderate collation in the evening.
2. General usage has made it lawful to drink in the morning some tea or coffee.
3. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat, but by dispensation the use of flesh meat is allowed in this diocese at any time on Sundays and at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, with the exception of Holy Thursday.
4. It is not allowed to use flesh meat and fish at the same meal.
5. Lard may be used in preparing fish, vegetables, etc.
6. The church excuses from the obligation of fasting (but not of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like) the following persons:

Young persons under the age of twenty-one years, the sick, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character, women in pregnancy or nursing infants, all who through weakness can not fast without great prejudice to their health.

We are a little late in printing this, and some of our readers may hav violated its provisions, but perhaps they can catch up by omitting the moderate collation in the evening. Or they may make affidavit that their labors are of an exhausting nature.

Letters from Friends.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1886.

DEAR EDITOR: I hav received by mail the following notice, and I want you to help me spread it. Obscene literature should be put down:

TAKE NOTICE.

Any person to whose knowledge the dissemination of any kind of obscene matters, circulars, etc., by mail or otherwise may come, will render great assistance to the cause by sending such obscene matter, etc., with all particulars as to where it came from, with the letter or envelope inclosing the same, to

ANTHONY COMSTOCK,
Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice,
150 Nassau street, New York City.

I am glad I got the notice; yea, more than glad, and I invoke good Mr. Comstock's aid right away. Last week when I came home from work—I am employed in compounding vaseline and salicylic acid in a soap-boiling establishment—I found a book on the table, which, in answer to this, I forward to Mr. Comstock. There are no wrappers or envelopes, or I would send them. I asked my wife where the book came from, and she said it was left by a lady. I turned over the leaves and began to read. The first part told about a naked man and woman in a garden who were not ashamed. I skipped that, as my eldest daughter was looking over my shoulder. Then I read, a few pages along, about a man named Joseph being taken to a captain's house and the captain's wife making improper proposals to him. There is a picture of this in the east gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I lost a day last week, and went up to see the museums. Sunday I was there, but the doors were not open. This picture is just at the entrance of the outer gallery. The woman's clothes are falling off, but she get's Joseph's coat and perhaps puts it on. I turned over the leaves of the book pretty rapidly when I saw my daughter reading this story, and I hit a chapter headed "Sundry Laws for Men-Servants." Thinks I, here's a treatis on domestic, if not political, economy which may be useful. It said that when a servant was purchased, he should serve six years, but the seventh he should go free. This was a new scheme of emancipation, and I was just thinking of sending the book to Dom Pedro, of Brazil, as an aid to him in freeing the slaves, but I read further that if a servant survives a flogging for a day or two, the master shall not be punished, and I thought, perhaps, Dom Pedro might get cruel ideas from the book, so I didn't send it. Then I read, further along, about somebody the writer—his name is not given—called the Lord burning up two men because they put cologne on a fire. I didn't think that was right, and turned down some more leaves. My daughter read, "And the man that lieth with——" I saw the verse, and you bet I skipped along. I found a chapter about the Midianites being defeated. Oh, thinks I, this is a description of some battle, so I paused. The story is of some general named Moses, who killed all the tribes he warred against. Then he made the conditions of peace. I read the stipulations: "But all the women children that hav not known a man——" Again I turned over the leaves. My daughter's eyes were bulging, and I said to her to go and help her mother with the dinner. She went, and I continued to read. I found a story of a king who saw a woman in her bathroom naked, and he sent for her and took her because her form pleased him. Another was about a young man and a girl named Tamar. Another was about a Mormon with seven hundred wives and three hundred mistresses. Jingo! thought I, he must be as rich as a Washington Senator—only they don't hav but one wife, and I don't know how many mistresses. There were a lot more of just such stories, and I got tired of reading. The book was in two parts, and I thought perhaps the second part might be different. But the first story I read, after a lot of names from some Jewish "Burke's Peerage," was about a young woman being *enceinte* without the knowledge of her husband, and I threw the book down, breaking one of the covers right in two.

Just then my daughter came to say dinner was ready, and, seeing the book on the floor, stooped and picked it up. I took it away from her, and locked it up in the bureau drawer. "Wife," I asked, when we sat down to dinner, "Who brought that book here?" "A lady," she replied, "who said she was a city missionary." "That can't be true," I said; "she was playing it on you. It must be some advertising scheme. Missionaries go out to do good." "That's what she said, at any rate, and she talked just like a Sunday-school teacher I heard when I was a girl. She asked me if we had a Bible in the house, if we went to church, if the children went to Sunday-school, and if we loved Jesus. She *must* be a missionary." "Well," I said, "I'll see who prints the book," and I unlocked the drawer and looked at the title-page of the book. This is the imprint, I think you publishers call it:

NEW YORK
AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.
Instituted MDCCCXVI.

I was astonished. We took up a collection down in the shop a while ago to help the Bible society to send books to the heathen, and as our boss recommended it—indeed, we had to do it, or he would hav discharged us—I thought it must be a good thing. It couldn't be possible, I exclaimed, that Mr. Tollgate sent this book to anybody. Why, it's abominable!

The next morning I started early, so as to find out where the Bible House is. I found it. It is a large brick building near Cooper Institute (where they teach shorthand and drawing free), and takes up the whole square between Third and Fourth avenues and Eighth and Ninth streets. Mr. Comstock can easily find the place. The office was not open, and the watchman told me the clerks didn't get down till 10 o'clock. But I got our foreman to let me off an hour earlier, and I went there on my way home, and asked to see a Bible. A man with a white necktie handed me one, and said he hoped I would read it. I opened it at the beginning, and there was the same story about a man and a woman in a garden, and about the captain's wife, just as the picture in the museum shows it. It was the same book, and I told the man with the white necktie that I guessed I didn't want the book. "Do you hav people circulating these books," I asked, "who call themselvs city missionaries?" "Yes," he said, "we employ a good many missionaries to canvass the city and leave the Bible in families who hav not got them." "Well," I said, for I was mad, "if you leave another one at my house I'll bring it here and stuff it down your throat. I want my wife to be a good woman, and my children to grow up virtuous."

When I got home I told my wife that she was right. The woman was a missionary. Then I unlocked the bureau drawer again, took the book out, and was going to the kitchen to put it in the stove, when my wife handed me Mr. Comstock's notice. So I hav sent it to him, and told him just where to find the publishing house. If I knew where the woman livs who sent it, I would tell him, so he could arrest her. If he could get her in Mr. Benedict's court, I know he would imprison her, and, as Mr. Comstock says, the world is better off without such people as distribute obscene literature.

I giv you all these particulars so if some fellow in the post-office should steal my letter to him Mr. Comstock can know just where to find the fellows who sent the book. I hope he will get Mr. Ducret to write for a copy, and then imprison the Bible Society agent.

Yours against obscene literature, MOX.

BOONTON, N. J., March 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The first meeting of the Boonton Secular Union was on the 9th of March. Hubert Booth gave an essay on the "Nine Demands of Liberalism," which gave great satisfaction. We hav fifteen members, and hope to hav more in a short time. Mr. Reynolds is a fine speaker, and Mrs. Reynolds is splendid. They are liked very much in Boonton. Yours truly, A. M. B.

PARSONS, KAN., Feb. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: For the first time in many years we hav been fortunate enough to hav three lectures by Mr. J. L. Andrews on "Modern Infidelity," for which our people giv him credit, and will make arrangements to hav him come again before long. We hav many Liberals, as in many other places, who are quiet for fear of their business, but at some future day they may come to the conclusion that it is their duty to come forward and help keep church and state separate.

Mr. Andrews secured you several subscribers for your paper. W. M. BLAU.

CATHLAMET, W. T., Feb. 21, 286.

MR. EDITOR: At last I can report from our League. We had a lecture Friday evening, the 19th, at the hall, delivered by Mr. Bruce Polworth, one of our League brothers, entitled, "Infidelity—Its Aims and Uses," and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Polworth is a young man of rare promis as a lecturer, and intends devoting his life to the cause he so ably advocates; and Freethought gains an enthusiastic recruit. May we obtain many more of the same kind. After the lecture the secretary obtained the names of three more for membership, making a total of twenty-eight members, with prospects of still more.

I hope Mr. Putnam will come as far West as Portland, Oregon, this fall, at least; also Mr. Remsburg. Hoping that you will succeed in your task of freeing the minds of people from superstition, I am

Yours for love of truth, LIDA I. ALBERT,
Secretary Walikeakum County, W. T., Liberal League.

GENESEO, ILL., March 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: J. E. Remsburg has come and gone. He delivered three lectures, "Sabbath-Breaking," "Bible Morals," and "False Claims." In spite of the very muddy roads and the large orthodox element, he had good audiences. A large hall (the best in the city) was nearly full, and they all seemed well satisfied. Geneseo is full of churches and church-goers, there being only two outspoken Freethinkers in the place that I know of, and a population of nearly four thousand. Yet, with all the ministers on the alert to keep the crowd away, even instituting prayer-meetings on Sunday afternoons while the second lecture was being delivered, the crowd came and listened with rapt attention while Mr. Remsburg in his earnest, candid way presented truths to them new and strange. A Mr. Ostrum and wife, living near Galoa, some thirty miles away, seeing a notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Mr. Remsburg's lecture, came on the cars to hear him, they and myself being the only ones that met Mr. Remsburg at the depot. Sorry there are no Liberals living in Geneseo to welcome them to their homes.

Right here I wish to say, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 20th Mrs. Sarah Metzger writes, among other good things she says, "And here let me say any Liberals traveling this way or in this vicinity will be welcome guests at our house." I wish to thank her for such sentiments, and say further, to her in particular, and all good Liberals, I and wife extend the same invitation. We liv five miles northwest of Geneseo, Ill., north side of Green river, where we will be pleased to see our Liberal friends at any time.

Taking it all in all, Mr. Remsburg made a good impression in our town, and his candid, gentlemanly bearing won him many friends, and many express a desire to hear him again in the near future. I hear the Episcopal minister has delivered a sermon in his church demolishing Mr. Remsburg and his logic, and fully, in his own estimation at least, settled the divine claims of his God-inspired book. I think he was hit, else he would not flutter. With many good wishes, I remain, Yours, etc., L. G. BARNES.

HOMER, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please giv me a small space in your more than valuable paper, as I hav taken your valuable sheet for seven or eight years and hav never asked the favor before? I will say on the start that I am a Spiritualist of the first water, having been converted to it while I was a member of a close Baptist church; not going after it, for it came to me in my own home, and through the mediumship of a daughter of mine, then eight or nine years old. She was a rapping medium, and also writing tests of all kinds were given through her to strangers and all that called at our home, and for years people came from ten to thirty miles around to get communications from their friends on the other side. Through her I received all the tests I ever desired, and of course I did not keep my standing in the church, as I could not and be a Spiritualist; and as I could not go back on my own senses and knowledge of what I knew to be truth, I left the church. They called it heresy. Now I wish to say here that I hav had all and every test that I hav ever desired, and through my own organism, for I am mediumistic myself. I hav attended spiritual gatherings and materializations, and hav had the opportunity to detect fraud if it was practiced; and only in two cases hav I detected fraud. These pretended mediums are more properly tricksters, and as Miss Ella E. Gibson has spoken of one of them as being connected with "Bottom Facts," I will say here that I am acquainted with John Truesdell, and know that he is a medium and a trickster both; hav known him for twenty years and over, and I would like to ask why she and also Elmina are willing to take his statement that he does it and not put him to the test. There was just such a man came here two years ago and advertised himself as going to knock Spiritualism all endways. He and his wife were both mediums, and they gave out that they would demonstrate to the audience that all was a mere trick, and he would show how it was done. He had a cabinet in our Opera House and all our clergymen came. The hall was filled, but he kept putting them off as to showing them how some of his phenomena were done until the last night, but failed to show them. This Professor Star wanted to buy a horse and buggy, and I had a horse and buggy to sell, and I told him I would make a proposition, and made it to him before the audience. It was this: I had seen a medium, Horatio Eddy, go into a cabinet with his coat sewed up in front to his chin, and bound with cords tightly bound all over; saw him go into a cabinet, and in less than fifteen seconds the cabinet door opened and his coat came out on the floor, and he was bound with cords as when he went in, and his coat also sewed up as before. Now this was the offer I made Professor Star: That if he would go into the cabinet in the same condition that H. Eddy did and produce the same trick, as he called it—and I said I don't know but you may do it in the cabinet—but if you will take your chair out and place it before the audience and do the same thing and show it all to be a trick, then I will at once hitch up my horse and buggy and you can take it as a trophy of your exploits. I hav promised myself a great many times within the past year that I would say a few words as regards Spiritualism and Materialism, but of course I hav no sympathy with Materialism.

But we are all seeking for another end, that is, the liberation of this country from the thraldom of superstition, and are seeking to place in power men who will all see that those Nine Demands are accomplished, call for and giv to woman the ballot, and stay Catholicism where it is and destroy its power *in toto*. Mr. Editor, as I am an unlettered man I want you to correct all my mistakes, and, if you can get my meaning, giv me this privilege in your paper, and I wish to say here that I will accept your kind offer on the paper from another year on, and before my subscription is out I will send you the five dollars, and would order some pamphlets if I had your catalog. Please send it now. As I hav said, look this over and write it up in shape so it will read more intelligently. I will be glad. I am much pleased with the pictures on the outside of your paper. I think the "Spider and the Fly" is just the best thing I ever saw, and to Miss Susan H. Wixon I hav a thousand thanks for what she is doing for the children. May THE TRUTH SEEKER liv to overthrow superstition. A. BATES.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is not very often we see in your "Letters from Friends" a communication from Syracuse, and then from Mrs. Colman or John Truesdell. The former I hav never met, but Truesdell I am slightly acquainted with, and know him to be one of the leading men of this city, and especially in all that pertains to charity, and know that he givs to the poor of this city more than all the profits he ever realized from the sale of his book, "Bottom Facts." I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for four years, and I am more than pleased with its illustrations, and think your experiment in that line a success. I wish we had more men of the stamp of T. Winter and John Truesdell to tear away from the skirts of Liberalism such hangers-on as Spiritualists. Liberalism can never be a success until it cuts itself loose from and ignores all superstitious "isms." This city is full of Freethinkers, but has no organized body, and we hav very few lectures. Yours as a truth seeker, H. M. C.

IOWA CITY, IA., Feb. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of January 2, 1886, you ask: Where was God at the time of the Nanticoke mine disaster in Pennsylvania, when so many of the inhabitants of this planet were suffocated with the foul air that their God had prepared for that purpose? In answering that question I am a little perplexed, as I sometimes think there must be several gods who are watching over the affairs of this earth. I am sure one of the gods is here in Iowa this winter. I will tell you why: Some two years ago the people of Iowa passed a law prohibiting the sale of liquor in this state. Since then

the Prohibition people hav been praying to their God to come down and enforce it. They do not try to enforce it themselvs, as they say it will ruin their business. The devil has retained all of the lawyers of any note, and the most of the judges. Now their only recourse is to get God to come down from his home in heaven and go to work and whip out the devil and his army of followers in Iowa.

I am informed by as good authority as there is in this city —men who claim to hav been captains and recruiting officers for some years—that God has actually gone to work to remove the curse from the state. I see that the devil is likewise hard at work recruiting his army for the battle that is momentarily expected to come off. The devil has sent Beelzebub to Iowa City to look after the recruiting officers. They hav already opened forty-two places, which are kept open from six o'clock in the morning until twelve at night. His headquarters are at Des Moines, and will be until after the legislature adjourns.

The Prohibition army hav opened some twelve recruiting offices, where they are hard at work recruiting their ranks; some three or four keep their offices open through the week, but the balance only open about once a week. They are very particular whom they enlist, as the uniforms must be kept very clean and neat. Should a recruit come in who cannot purchase a good uniform, and cannot contribute pretty well to pay the expenses of the officers God has sent here to run these recruiting offices, they do not encourage him to come around very often. They usually take a recruit on six months' trial. During that time should he learn the tactics so he can repeat them over in response to the drill sergeants, and keeps his uniform neatly cleaned, respond to roll-call every week, pay the amount required to keep up the headquarters, mess, and regimental band, then they muster him in and enter him on the muster rolls of the army of God. If he is unable to perform these duties he is requested to keep out of the camp or go back and be trained awhile longer in the awkward squad. Some time ago they were not so particular as to whom they recruited. They took all good, ablebodied men, regardless of their financial condition. But now they are compelled to take only people who can keep up with the times. As soon as the army is properly recruited they will make an attack upon the camp of the enemy (provided their God will lead them in person) and drive the devil and his gang clean out of the state. They never will stop this side of Chicago—the last ditch.

The department commander has detailed St. John, the Prohibitionist, to go to hell for the purpose of trying to induce the brimstone makers to strike for more wages. If it can be effected, the new recruits from Wall street and the Chicago Board of Trade will put up a corner on sulphur which will bull the market and compel the devil to leave Des Moines and go back to look after the market. In that way the Prohibition army will surround the capitol. The noise they will make by the blowing of their horns will cause the walls to tumble, leaving them free to murder every man in the camp, and every male child, and save the women for the wives of their young men. The soldiers of the devil caught one of their lawyers in the ranks of the enemy, blowing his bugle for Prohibition. The prisoner was captured, court-martialed, and sentenced to be tarred all over, decorated with three goose quills in honor of his profession. The temperance people are looking on with a great deal of interest to see the outcome of the battle. Should the outposts report anything serious, the temperance people will declare an armistice, stop the fighting, place a heavy revenue on all liquors sold in the state, and in that way once more restore peace and harmony.

OLD SOLDIER.

NEWPORT, ME., March 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Of the very many readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER I doubt if any one has thought more intensely than I hav on those truly cheering words of Frederic Harrison in his paper on "The Religion of Humanity," printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 23d. Alone with myself I reviewed my life, and asked myself, Hav I lived for others? What a grand theme for contemplation! and how shall we "liv for others?" I venture to say that if even one-half of the human family unselfishly lived for others, not a pauper-house or a prison, nor a house of prostitution, nor a disgraceful army or navy, no crime or intemperance, no sickness or sorrow, would be in all this wide world.

Again I ask, What is it to liv for others? Did Mr. Harri- think deep when he .penned those mighty meaning words? Now let us honestly see what we must do to liv for others. Those who unselfishly liv for others cannot bind by law anyone in any of the business transactions of life. All business must be carried on on the principle of love instead of for gain. Taking pay for the use of money, no matter how small the compensation, will not be thought of for a moment. Those who liv for others cannot take pay for preaching truth. Those who liv for others will not be bound by, or conform to, man-made laws, but will be a "law unto themselvs." Those who liv for others will come out from this mad, insane world, and devote every moment of their lives for the good of others.

No person who livs for others will engage in any business the effect of which is injurious to anyone. Could this grand principle be put into practice to-day, not a bar-room would open to-morrow, not an ounce of tobacco would be touched at all, and every stalk would be left standing in the field.

To liv for others would require everyone to hav clean stomachs, and cease to keep and eat earth's abomination—filthy swine.

To liv for others, not a manufactory in the world would run over six hours a day. To liv for others is to inaugurate the reign of human brotherhood here on this earth, and when human brotherhood is lived out practically, coöperation and community life will be in practice elsewhere. When people come to community life, buying and selling, weighing and measuring, relics of barbarism, will be unknown, and money, the world's great curse, will be abolished forever. (In THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 6th is a poem entitled "Gold." Its importance can never be told. At least twenty-five years ago my eyes began to be opened to see what is now perfectly clear, that "the one devil to be destroyed is money." And that poem proves the truth of what I hav many times said, that I never advanced an important truth, no matter how "crazy" it might be called, but I hav lived to see it indorsed by others. Now this poem, by J. H. Hollins, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, fully confirms it.)

When this glad day dawns on this earth, cities, those great cesspools of corruption, will be depopulated. When men universally liv for others, all night travel on land will cease, and tired man and beast will rest, as nature designed. The wise will understand.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

P.S.—Since writing the above, the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is at hand, and what a splendid treat for the low price of twenty-five cents! And as I read the story of "The Curate of Churnside," and came to the words, "But he had forgotten to reckon with himself," I felt that in that one sentence I had ample remuneration for the cost of the book. If all children were taught that some time in their lives they must "reckon with themselvs," instead of having to giv an account to an unknown God, whom they will never meet, not a disgraceful prison in all the land would long be seen, and gradually poverty and crime would disappear. And those beautiful words to the children in the Westminster Secular School, printed under the heading of "Editorial Notes" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 23d, "Be good, be honorable, be true, and let your speech be pure," ought to be printed in golden letters and hung on the walls of every school-room and private dwelling in the world. How many children taught such elevating words would ever become inmates of a prison? I venture to say not one in many thousands.

I hav read with great interest the account in the ANNUAL of the arrest of the saviors of the world, especially that of D. M. Bennett, nature's grandest production, but fail to see the names of E. H. Heywood and Seward Mitchell. The two most honored names that will be remembered in history are D. M. Bennett and E. H. Heywood, and while the former cannot be mentioned too often, the latter must never be forgotten, for his services for humanity are too great to be carelessly passed by as long as tyranny sits enthroned in church and state.

S. M.

YUBA CITY, CAL., Feb. 18, 286.

DEAR FRIEND AND EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: I will acknowledge the receipt of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, also a few words to be placed in the columns of Letters from Friends, should it escape the waste basket. I hav read a good deal in the last fifteen years, but I must confess that I never was so interested by simply the reading of a book until two years ago last January, when I got hold of and read two books written by Thomas Paine, the "Age of Reason" and "Rights of Man." I had my doubts several years ago. I joined the Christian or Campbellite church. After that I read for myself, and the more I read the less I believed the minister that preached to us. I don't believe the Bible to be the inspired word of God Almighty, no more than it is my word. What is good and edifying I accept, but what is obscene and hurtful to the minds of our children, I say, Away with it.

The preachers are preaching against crime and vice, using the Bible as their bludgeon to annihilate Satan and all crime. The preachers are the greatest blasphemers and criminals in our fair land. They accuse and proclaim from the pulpit to their congregation that God through the Holy Ghost came to this earth and betrayed a virgin. I am not very good, but I never accuse or blaspheme the name of the deity in any such language as that. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER so well that I cannot do without it. When the papers come Saturday THE TRUTH SEEKER is the first. I want to see the illustrations of Watson Heston; they speak louder and with more force than words.

I hav not read the ANNUAL all through yet. I see some items of historic fame that I never saw before. I want so much to be among that goodly number who are trying to break down the walls of superstition; but all that I can do at present is to take your paper, for I am a poor man. The people are indifferent to any reform. Not one-fourth of the people go to church in this neighborhood? They seem to hav a prejudice against Col. R. G. Ingersoll and Thomas Paine. Ask them if they ever read any of their works, they will tell you, No, and don't want to. They will also say there is too much spiritual reading to suit them. I wish your paper and all other Secular reforms prosperity and success.

P. W. ROWE.

EAST PORTLAND, OR., March 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8.50, and apply as directed. It is the hardest thing imaginable to get subscribers for a Liberal paper. Though you may find people to agree with you that Mohammedanism is a bubble, Christianity a false light, and Judaism full of miracles that could not be explained and a million to one that they are all falsehoods, yet the truth is an unwelcome visitor to them all. We had this winter two revival meetings here. The first was an English lady's. She held a revival here before Christmas, and I attended to learn if there was anything new about it. I found the same old stock in trade, frightening the people with death-bed scenes and telling them of the endless tortures of hell, but the converts they gained by it were a remarkable lot. Boys and girls between the ages of ten and fifteen years were in the majority: the rest were intellectually bankrupt. I hav been very much pleased to read the many letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but above all come Mrs. Slenker's. Did we hav many of her stamp, priestly superstition and spiritual humbug would be of short duration. The TRUTH SEEKER pictures are admired by all Liberals, but I showed "The Spider and the Fly" to a church-member, and he pronounced it more truth than poetry. Hoping you will continue them, I remain, Yours respectfully, C. L. SILVERMAN.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., March 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Tally one for H. Clay Luse. The ninety and nine had expressed their approbation, and the monotony was becoming painful. In the nature of things somebody ought to kick. Who should the kicker be? The finger of fate soon solves the problem, and points to H. Clay Luse as the "chosen vessel."

And so H. Clay Luse don't like the pictures! And he thinks it the greatest mistake THE TRUTH SEEKER ever made. Not so, my brother; it was the greatest hit THE TRUTH SEEKER ever made, and it is the sharpest arrow in her well-filled quiver.

The idea of cartooning the enemy was an "inspiration" from "on high," and I almost cried for joy when I saw the grand, heroic old TRUTH SEEKER stock her arsenal with this, the most effectual weapon of modern warfare.

What if the colors are vivid? The truth demands and poetic license sanctions it. Heston is a brick, and will yet "down" Nast as a cartoonist. The "Clerical Surprise Party" was the best thing of the season. Giv 'em sheol!

S. R. SHEPHERD.

CHARLOTTE HARBOR, FLA., Feb. 27, 1886.

MY DEAR EDITOR: In the letter I wrote you, published Feb. 20th, "8th Iowa" should have been *ninth*. I think the 8th was with General Canby. I am sure they were not with the 15th army corps. As some might doubt all I had to say (which was not much) on account of this error, I wish you would rectify it. My little Negro School is out to-day, and I shall start Monday to find the county superintendent. It is no small job in this country, for our counties are large. If I succeed and can get a bill I will send you $1. I am sorry my contributions to so valuable a paper hav to be so small. If I succeed in getting my pension I will do better. I am, as ever, Yours for Freewill, Freethought, and Free Religion.

REV. SAMUEL B. HURLBUT.

NOGAL, NEW MEXICO, Feb. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I remit $10, for which amount please giv me credit. I hav had the benefit of your valuable paper for a long time free, but am at last able to contribute something toward the spread of Liberal ideas.

I am a miner and hav been struggling against "hard luck," sustained by hope and rough fare, for several years. Something to eat and how to get it has claimed my attention to the exclusion of everything else; but I feel that I should either stop my paper or pay up, and as I don't want to do without THE TRUTH SEEKER, I choose the latter course. I prize your journal because it is the most fearless champion of liberty, and the most enterprising opponent of prevalent fanaticism that I hav ever seen. I hope to soon be able to order some of your publications, especially Bennett's "Around the World."

NATHANIEL MOORE.

OKETO, KAN., March 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber to your paper for but a short time, although an occasional reader, as Brother Howell, of Nebraska, furnished me with copies from time to time, and I hav derived a great deal of pleasure as well as profit from the perusal of your paper, and as long as THE TRUTH SEEKER can claim such a corps of able, fearless, and fair-minded contributors it is bound to win the esteem and support of all liberty-loving people who hav at heart the progress of humanity.

I find especial pleasure in reading the contributions of "Holt," and although some of his ideas may be branded as European, they contain a bitter truth that we of the West and South can testify to. Nor hav I been a disinterested reader of your contributions on the educational problem. This is the most important and at the same time the most difficult problem that Liberals are called upon to solve. The snaky hand of superstition is upon the throat of our little ones, nor will it loose its hold till the monster itself is throttled. That the Bible, with its stultifying doctrins, be kept from the public schools, is not sufficient. In all my experience as a teacher, which is quite extensiv, I cannot call to mind a single series of books that hav not reproduced most of the pernicious dogmas of the Bible, and in most of the primary books gods, devils, and angels are paraded in such a manner as to leave them in the minds of the children living realities. Here is sown the seed that afterward ripens into religious fanaticism, that causes the demented devotee to thrust the murderous knife into the quivering flesh of his own offspring, or nerves the hand of the assassin to remove the chief magistrate of a great nation.

Nor is this the only difficulty. Infidelity is unpopular; there are few, if any, districts that would employ an avowed Infidel without meeting opposition from some of the patrons. I know whereof I speak; the teachers know this. When we consider these facts we see at once that a premium is placed upon hypocrisy, and I will add that the clerical cloak does not cover all the hypocrisy in the world.

I might illustrate. Some years ago Professor ——, while conducting the Normal Institute for this county, read the Mosaic account of creation, and after the conclusion requested all those who believed that to be literally true to rise to their feet. A large majority rose at once. He then said, "If there are any in the room that hold different views, I should like to see them rise also." Two young men arose, only two, and they were brothers. The crestfallen appearance of the professor, who was himself an Infidel, may be better imagined than described.

Inclosed you will please find $7.50, for the renewal of my own subscription and for two new subscribers—one of whom is a former pupil of mine, which givs me especial pleasure.

JOHN A. MAYHEW.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Heifer and the Bottle.

A TEMPERANCE FABLE.

A fine red heifer graced my stall,
Ever obedient to my call;
Frisky and gentle, kind and wild,
As wayward as a petted child.
The neighbors said, with cool surprise,
"Just see the mischief in her eyes!"
As round the barn-yard free she ran;
"She knows as much as any man."
Daily I gave a warm bran mash;
Not that deceitful, hurtful trash
That first is "soured" and then distilled,
Whose spirit has its thousands killed;
But clean and wholesome from the wheat,
And fit for man or beast to eat.

One day, when she had licked her pail
As though her rations seemed to fail,
Then turned and licked it o'er and o'er,
And looked at me to ask for more;
By chance I saw my neighbor's man,
A poor old tipsy toper, Dan.
His rags would all the crows affright;
His "blossom" nose a sorry sight;
Though hungry he'd too much to eat,
Whisky his bread and rum his meat.
I knew his pockets would contain
The filthy master of his brain,
And called, "Come in and let me take
Your bottle, Dan." "For mercy's sake
Don't ever think of such a thing,"
Said Dan; "avoid the serpent's sting,
Its wound is worse than death and hell."
"Oh, yes," I cried, "I see it well,
I want to giv Red Bess a taste."
"Well, take the bottle, do not waste.
The very smell will drive her hence;
To taste it she has too much sense."

I poured about a tippler's dram,
And, rushing, Bess looked, "Here I am,"
Thrusting her nose among the mess;
Then madness seized the gentle Bess.
Snorting, she turned and kicked the pail;
With head erect and switching tail
Around the yard in rage she ran,
And looked with strange disgust at man.
Old Dan exclaimed, "I told you so;
A man as much as beasts should know."
I tried to soothe with soft caress,
"Co-boss, co-boss, come, bonny Bess."
She shook her head and ran away.

When with the mash I came next day,
She stood aloof and at me looked,
And sniffed the mess so nicely cooked;
Her doubt expressed, "I've had enough,
I will not taste the horrid stuff."
Nor would she touch it, till I took
The pail and hand by handful shook
Around her nose that she might see.
Then Bess again was friends with me.

A week went by, when, o'er the fence
Old Dan exclaims, "How's Common Sense?
Here, take the bottle in and show;
Let's see if Common Sense will know."
No sooner had it reached my hand
Than bonny Bessie took a stand,
With head held down and horns turned out,
Quite ready to defend her doubt.
And when I shook it near her face
She charged on me, to my disgrace,
And drove me headlong from the ground;
"Well," shouted Dan, "now ain't she sound?
You can't fool her with 'tangle-foot,'
And man is meaner than the brute!"

I gave old Dan his bottle back.
And zigzag ran his clumsy track,
As down the road he passed from sight;
But what think you he did that night?
"No doubt he went and signed the pledge."

Alas! next day beneath the hedge
We found his body stark and stiff,
While bonny Bess, with snort and sniff,
And shaking head, stood near to say
In language plain, "Behold the way
That horrid stuff to me you gave
Prepares a subject for the grave.
When deep philosophy can't teach
You nobler creatures born to speech,
And graver morals will not suit,
Then take instruction from the brute."

Escanaba, Mich. ISAAC A. POOL.

A Big Joke.

A TRUE STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

When I take a seat by the fire, in the evening, and light my cigar, it is the signal for my little seven-year-old girl, named Merta, to climb into my lap and say,

"Now, papa, tell me some more stories about the war."

I hav told her a great many, for you must know, children, that I was in the army over four years, and at the front all the time.

Last night I told the following true story, and as it pleased Merta I thought it might please the other little Liberals. I call it, "A Big Joke," and a big one it was, I tell you, in more senses than one.

It was in the winter of 1864, and our regiment, as well as our brigade, lay at Nashville, Tennessee, where we were in what is called "winter quarters." Troops generally stay some time in the same place when they go into winter quarters; so we took great pains to build us neat little houses about, like your play-houses. And, indeed, children, I do think if you could hav seen the rows and rows of little buildings, with little chimneys sticking out of them, and none of the houses over seven feet high, and covered with cloth, and with little doors on the ends and little 8x10 windows in the sides, you would hav laughed, and thought you had found a city of little folks, like our old friend Gulliver. And our houses *were* "play-houses" to a certain extent, for in nearly every one you could hear such remarks as:

"My deal, Bill."

"Crown my man there."

"Bob, it's your play."

"Confound the luck! Nothing but eight and nine spots."

"I pass."

"That makes us six to your four."

"Muggins, Jim, Muggins!"

"I'm game to your high, low."

"Check!"

"I order it up."

Mind you, children, this was not from one tent or house, but from different ones, for the walls are so thin that you can hear what is going on in each tent all over the company camp-ground. Yes, we used to hav some high old times in camp, to make up for the hardships of marches, battles, and picket duty.

It was the last of February, and we had had a very cold winter, and even as late as it was, we had more or less snow every night. That is, light snow, for they do not hav such snow-storms as we hav in Michigan, by any means. About one o'clock in the afternoon we drew five days' rations, as we had been doing all winter—what is that, dear? You don't know what "rations" are? Why, rations are the food—the "hardtack," coffee, sugar, and other things—the government givs the soldier to eat. They giv him just so much for a day's eating, so if the soldier eats it all at one meal, he has to go without the next two, except under certain circumstances I will tell you about some other time. No! we did not draw rations on a hand-cart, nor with a piece of chalk, little one. I will explain that some other time, too, for I must get along to tell you about the joke.

Well, on the day I was telling you about, an orderly—that is, a soldier that stops at the big general's headquarters, or office, as you might say—came riding up to our colonel's tent and said, "Colonel, prepare for thirty days' march at midnight to-night, by order of the general commanding." "Hav you a written order?" asked the colonel, excitedly. "No, sir," replied the orderly; "this is informal merely. You will receive written orders before the time." Away rode the orderly, in great haste, to the other regiments lying about Nashville.

But how can I tell you the effect of this sudden charge on our boys? Orderly sergeants rushed to the companies with the news, and such a swearing and grumbling as the boys set up was awful to hear. "Cuss the luck!" exclaimed Jim Leonard, as he gathered up a pack of cards to put away; "the idea of leaving our nice, comfortable houses this cold weather to tramp off on a month's march! It would make the chaplain swear!"

"Darn it all!" cried Warren Hall, my chum, "all my shirts and socks are at the washerwoman's down on Smoky Row."

"Where can we be ordered to, anyhow?" asked Madison Wade of me.

"Don't know, I'm sure," said I, "but it can't be to any place near here."

"Perhaps we are going to be transferred to the Army of the Potomac," said Bill Thayer, another of my chums, as he chucked a big chunk of pork into a camp-kettle over the fire.

"Be jabers!" exclaimed Uncle McGee, who sat pounding coffee in an old iron kettle, "be jabers, byes, I'll bet yez a dozen hardtack, so I will, that we are going down to capsure New *Or*-lins."

No one took the bet, however, but some small bets were made that evening as to our probable destination.

I remember that I made a small bet that we were going to march down into Georgia. Ah! little did I realize then that when we did really do that we should hav to fight every step of our way for over two hundred miles.

By this time we were all cooking up all our five days' rations, for we knew that on a forced march, as we inferred this to be, we would not hav much time to cook meat, beans, split peas, etc.

Night came and the men were busy around great camp-fires, packing blankets and all sorts of camp equipage. All of us took the canvas tops off of our houses and packed the tents ready to move.

"Whoop!" yelled a big chap in our company (A) named Bob Sutton; "let's hav a fire to dry our clothes," and he began to tear out his bunks and the sides of his house. Several others followed Bob's example, for it began to rain by this time, and our open-topped houses were poor protection.

"Hold on, boys," said several of us; "that is mean, to burn up your boards that way. Some other troops will come in here to take our place, and these houses will do them good."

"Don't care a snap," yelled one of the board-burners; we don't need 'em any more, and there shan't any other traveler hav the boards I helped to forage and carry on my back a mile or so, not by a good deal!"

"Pile 'em on, boys!" cried another; and sure enough they did. In spite of all a few in each company could say, about half the houses, bunks, and straw-beds throughout the regiment were burnt that night.

My mates and myself sat on our bunks and would not let any of the wild fellows destroy our property.

At about eleven o'clock at night everything was ready for the march, even to the headquarter tents, which were all taken down and packed on mules ready to move.

Just then a man rode up to the colonel with a letter and gave it to him, wheeled his horse and rode away.

"Marching orders!" said some one.

The colonel read it and began to laugh. The major read it and began to swear. The quartermaster read it and said, "Well, I will be ——!"

We found out the contents of the note afterward. It was:

DEAR COLONEL: I see you are all ready for *March*, which comes at midnight, and lasts thirty-one days. But you need not set up for it any later. Yours for the champagne,

S—— I——, A.A.G.

Such a time as we had then! Some laughed and some swore, and I think you can guess who did the swearing.

Our squad very quickly fastened the tent back on our house, and we were as well off as before, except our meat was all boiled, so we could hav no more fried meat for five days. But we did not care much for that.

But just think of the rash fellows who had burnt up all their boards, used to make bunks, tables, stools, and houses, and not a board to be begged, borrowed, or stolen within four miles of Nashville!

I tell you it was a lesson to them that lasted to the end of the war, for I do not remember of seeing a man in our regiment ever destroy the camp stuff collected by him on leaving camp.

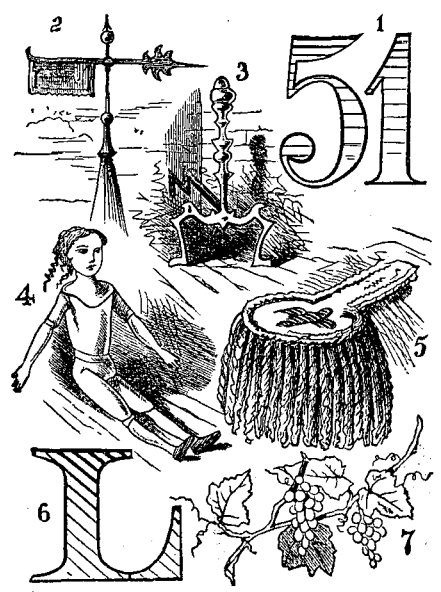
In fact, we all learned the lesson that it is good policy to "Do by others as we expect others to do by us under like circumstances."

If I find the children of the Corner are pleased with this story of the war, I may get time to tell them some more of our memorable adventures during that bloody four years.

Grand Rapids, Mich. O. H. RICHMOND.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PROVERB ACROSTIC.



Read initial and final letter of each word in order.

2.—ENIGMA.

In lane, but not in road;
Not in mane, but in toad;
In barn, but not in house;
In gnat, but not in louse;
In Fred, but not in Sam;
In sheep, but not in ram;
In look, but not in see;
Not in fun, but in glee;
In foot, but not in feet;
In row, but not in seat;
My whole is the name of a poet.

Lyons, N. Y. C. R.

3.—PUZZLE.

Herein lies a saying of D. M. Bennett's:

1. When I go down town I will tell you. 2. The bird has flown. 3. That child is innocent. 4. He is going to-day. 5. We discussed it *pro* and *con* before I evicted him. 6. The circus is coming to-morrow. 7. The condemned man is led out to die.

LYLE GAULT.

4.—CONUNDRUM.



How can you tell the difference
(Your attention you must fix)
Between three worthless curs
And thrice three walking sticks?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 13, 1886.

1.–I am a llama, I. 2.–Dickens—Howitt—Burns. 3.–75 per cent.

4.–P A R A P E T
A D A M A N T
R A D I C A L
A M M O N I A
P A B U L A R
E M A N A T E
T O B A C C O

5.–Cincinnati. 6.–It is honest (on nest.)

Frankie and Ruthie Thomas, of Harrisburg, Pa., hav our thanks for their beautiful cabinet photos. May they continue to grow in grace, strength, and loveliness, bodily and mentally.—ED. C. C.

Correspondence.

DELAVAN, ILL., Feb. 28, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I see so many little girls writing, I thought I would try.

I am almost eleven years old, and I am in the fourth room. I go to a graded school. There are eight teachers and one principal. I like my teachers very much.

It is very cold, and snowing now very hard. I guess, if it keeps on snowing, it will be good coasting by to-morrow.

Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I like the Children's Corner very much. I think the story of "Little Lena" is very nice, also about "The Captiv Bird."

I hav a large black and tan dog. He is very fat. He is 10½ inches across the shoulders. If he wasn't so fat he would be very small. His name is Bangs. We hav two pet birds. They are both yellow. Ma's bird's name is Fay, and my bird's name is Fayette. My father is a butcher; that is the reason Bangs is so fat, I think.

I guess I will stop now, and try to do better next time, as this is the first letter I hav ever written for a paper.

Ever your true friend, ANNIE T. STONE.

[Very good for a first letter.—ED. C. C.]

CANON CITY, COL., Feb. 28, E.M. 286.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER four years, and this is the first time I hav written for it. I hav three sisters and two brothers. When my little sister is at play she calls herself Mrs. Rosebud; she is four years old, I am thirteen. I go to school and literary meeting. I hav to write an essay for next literary evening.

The other day one of my school-mates and I went for a walk, and she said when she was grown she was going to be a missionary and go around the world. I told her that was the worst thing she could do, that the Bible was the most unreasonable book ever printed. She said everything in it was true. I told her about Samson's fox story, and she declared it was not in the Bible. I told her it was and could be found in the fourth and fifth verses of the fifteenth chapter of Judges. She said it was not in their Bible, and that ours must be an Infidel Bible. I told her Infidels did not hav any such book—that it was a Christian Bible, and that pa bought it of a Baptist preacher. She said a great many preachers did not believe what they preached. I asked her where God is. She said he is everywhere. I asked her if he is in the devil. She first said he is, then she said he is not. I asked her if God made him. She said he did. I asked her what use he had for such a bad being (although I never heard of anything mean he did). She said he had plenty of uses for him. I told her I could not believe the Bible, and if I went to the bad world it would be his fault; that he should hav either made the Bible so I could believe it, or me so I could believe the Bible.

I told her that he never answered a prayer, and I did not see any use in praying. She said he answered her prayers, and that sometimes she prayed and asked him if he thought it best to let her go some place, then she would ask her mother if she could go, and if she said No, God did not think it best, and if she said Yes, he thought it best.

I told her it was her mother let her instead of God. I asked her if she believed in polyg-

amy; she said she did not. I told her that nearly all of the Bible men were Mormons—that Solomon had seven hundred wives, but she said that God punished them for it.

A few days since she was here, and I showed her the fox story. The first thing she did was to look on the back of the Bible, and saw, "Holy Bible." She has said no more about it, except that she could not find it in their Bible. Your friend, ORALA LOK.

[Ora is a very intelligent girl, as her letter indicates, and she is doing good work by showing her schoolmates the absurdities in the Bible and the Christian teaching. We are pleased to welcome Ora to the Corner.—ED. C. C.]

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Low down on the Guadalquiver,
Shining was the ancient river;
Dark fleet on its breast a-shiver—
Borne on to the Mexic sea.

Dim halls of the Montezumas—
First light where the Aztec home was,
Glows yet where the mountain dome* has
Flamed out on the Mexic sea.

Proud wave of the proudest waters,
Grand Queen of the Aztec daughters,
Rolls deep with inhuman slaughters,
Rolls on to the Mexic sea.

Spain wrought with her fierce invaders,
Red hands had the bold marauders,
"Spare not!" were the priestly orders;
Blood-red was the Mexic sea.

Envoy for the papal glory
Recked not of the older story;
New leaf from the pages gory
Comes now from the Mexic sea.

Waning slow the old commotion;
True light from the golden ocean
Truth bears with a steady motion,
Swift up from the Mexic sea.

No more shall the priestly slaughters
Flow red on the classic waters,
Fairest of Aztec daughters,
Away down on the Mexic sea.

Clearwater, Neb. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

*Richardson said in his book, "Beyond the Mississippi," that the few remaining Aztecs still keep their sacred fires burning on the mountains, waiting for the reappearance of their savior.

American Toryism.

Our esteemed Tory contemporary, the Atlanta *Constitution*, is very much disgusted because Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, whom it is pleased to describe as the Ingersoll of England, has been permitted to take the oath of allegiance to his sovereign as a member of the British Parliament. The *Constitution* makes no effort to deny that Mr. Bradlaugh was nearly unanimously elected by the people of Northampton to represent them, nor does it assert, as it should hav asserted to make its remarks logical, that Northampton should be disfranchised and denied representation. The fact is that the remarks of the *Constitution* are hardly calculated to throw luster on American journalism, either for liberality or intelligence. Noting the admission of Bradlaugh to Parliament, the *Constitution* says:

In their comments upon this remarkable proceeding many of our exchanges speak of it as an indication of progress, and as an evidence of the growing strength of the people's will even in monarchical countries. There are many old-fashioned people in England and in America who will see it in a different light. For many years Bradlaugh has been to England what Ingersoll is to America. He has waged a bitter warfare against the Christian religion. Possessing many of the arts of the demagog he has time and again been elected by his Northampton constituents only to be repeatedly rejected by the House. The members of Parliament felt that it would be a bitter mockery, the very irony of solemnity, to administer the oath to such a man. Session after session the blatant scoffer came to the bar of the House with an insolent leer of triumph to be hurled back, and all but kicked through the outer gates by the insulted and outraged representativs of Christian Britain. In an evil hour, when demoralization followed the bitterness of partisan strife, the arrogant Atheist trod all the ancient principles, traditions, and forms of the Commons under his heel, and was admitted into the proudest of the world's parliaments. Is this progress? If it is, then progress is not an unmixed blessing.

To impartial people, language of this kind sounds very much as if the Georgia paper were trying to fit itself to the worn-out and cast-off shoes of Massachusetts. It would not hav been astonishing to read something like the article quoted above in a Massachusetts paper a hundred years ago, but at the present day no such sentiment of intolerance has either stable footing or respectable audience in the land of Cotton Mather. But, on the whole, the Atlanta *Constitution* is as sound an organ of Tory principles as modern England can produce. The *Constitution* favors a high tariff on the necessities of the people, and so do the Tories. The *Constitution* favors sumptuary ahd prohibitory legislation, and the curtailment of the rights of the individual, and so do the Tories. The Tories cling with the tenacity of barnacles to old ideas, old-fashioned customs, and special class-made and class-favoring laws, and so does the Atlanta *Constitution*. No wonder, then, that the English Tories and the Georgia organ of alleged public opinion should think the same way about the admission of Charles Bradlaug to the British House of Commons. The *Constitution* compares Bradlaugh to Ingersoll. This is doing Bradlaugh altogether too much honor. He is much inferior to Ingersoll. Their ideas concerning the Bible, ecclesiastical establishments, and theological tenets are much the same, and their public declarations concerning the rights of man are much the same, but Ingersoll is far ahead of Bradlaugh in general culture and literary attainments.

This does not alter the case of Bradlaugh a whit, however. He has been elected by the voters of Northampton to represent them in the imperial Parliament, and no logical objection can be urged against recognizing him in that capacity. What right hav the representativs of other constituencies to dictate to the people of Northampton as to the beliefs or disbeliefs of their representativ? The Atlanta *Constitution* talks about the "outraged representativs of Christian Brita n." Somebody should tell the *Constitution* that the British Parliament is an imperial Parliament, and that the people who are responsiv to its decrees comprise Christians, Jews, Agnostics, Infidels, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Brahmins, Confucians, barbarians, savages, idolators, non-worshipers, and nearly everything else in the religious and non-religious catalogs. Why should "Christian Britain," then, arrogate to itself the right to hav none but orthodox Christians in the imperial Parliament? English Tory papers that take pride in their imperviousness to the spirit of progress no doubt can put forth reasons why Bradlaugh should be excluded from the Commons; but that a prominent journal, supposed to breathe and express the spirit of American democracy, should sturdily plant itself on the ideas of a hundred years ago is one of those marvels that only this country is capable of producing.—*Galveston News.*

John Toogood.

The stage-driver said to the minister: "I heerd some bad news this morning, elder."

"I am sorry to hear that," replied the minister. "Is it about anyone I know?"

"Oh, no! you never see nor heerd tell on him. Not many people ever did. He was a young minister down in C'netticut, where I was brung up. One o' my schoolmates he was, 'n jest the best boy 't ever lived. Never cut up, John never did; never whispered, whittled the desk, nor flung paper-wads, nor nothin'. Allers had his lessons tip-to. Why, he was so good 'at, actilly, some days the master'd forgit he was ther! jist forgit him, an' seem ter look right through him without seein' him. Think o' that! An, the scholars'd forgit him, too, an' step on him or run agin him, 'fore they noticed him; an' then, stid o' rippin' at ye, or askin' what ye meant he'd beg your pardon."

"Quite angelic," said Mr. Austin, waiting attentivly to hear the conclusion and the moral of this fable.

"Wall," continued Lezer, "he got ter be a minister, an' he was that good—never sayin' nothin'" to hurt nobody's feelin's, an' never preachin' no sermons 'at had sharp pints to 'em, an' never doin' nothin' 'at folks could find fault with, that bimeby it happened jes es it did in school. Folks forgot him! Yer see ther want nothin' about him to talk about. He hadn't no p'ints nor corners, nor nothin' ter git a-holt of, an' no shape an' no color to ketch your eye, an' they jest forgot him. They forgot to go to church, an' forgot to pay his salary, au' finally his boardin'-house keeper forgot to call him to dinuer." Lezer paused.

"What became of him?" asked Mr. Austin, knowing that the question was expected of him.

"Wall, here day 'fore yistdy—lemme see, must a ben nigh on ter twenty-five years arter they'd forgot him—some boys chased a chipmuck into an old, empty, tumble-down buildin', an' lo-an' behold there was pews an' pulpit an' orgin; and a moth-eaten carpet on the floor; and the plaster hangin' in tatters from the ceilin'; an' there, leanin' over the cushin o' the pulpit, was a skellitun with a suit of black cloze on!" The solemn romancer paused again, shaking his head mysteriously.

"Is that all?" asked the minister, politely.

"It's the heft of it," replied Lezer; "but I might as well tell the rest now I'm about it. The hull town come runnin' together, but they couldn't giv no explynation. Nobody rekkignized the skellitun, an' nobody knowed what the old buildin' was. But the boy what chased the chipmuck heerd a little squeakin' in the skellitun's coat-tail pockit, and run his hand in. He drawed it back mighty quick, with three chipmucks a-hangin' by their business-like teeth to his fingers. Wall, arter they got the chipmucks all out, they found in the bottom o' the pockit a chawed-up yaller paper, sayin' in a tremblin' hand, 'n' all kinder blotted an' blurred, 'Oh, thet I hadn't a ben so harmless, so nootral, so transparently seraffick! Oh, thet I hed early learned to rap people over the knuckles, to stir 'em up with a sharp stick, to make 'em mad an' git 'em down on me! Too late I diskuvver what a preshus boon enemies is. How blessed to be abused an' lied about, for then you know that you've did somethin' to make yourself felt 'n' remembered!' They was some other words, but too much gnawed by chipmucks to be made out, an' then come his name. An' who should it be but my old school-feller, John Toogood? Poor John! His own mother hedn't missed him, an' couldn't just rightly remember about him, but sed ther did uster be somethin' settin' round the house, an' gittin' in folks's way, an' she guessed that must 'a' ben John. Wall, it's ben a dreffle sollum lesson to me, an' it's reely gin me a turn o' hypo. Folks don't lie enough about me. I ain't abused as a real live man oughter be. I'm afraid I'm sorter fadin' out an' goin' to be forgot, like poor ole John, ferzino."—*Chicago Advance.*

Book Notice.

A magnificent Agnostic poem, descriptiv of the ever novel and ever mysterious legend of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, is the latest work of Mr. S. P. Putnam. It treats of the legend from a Brahmistic view, and is entitled "Adami and Heva." In this new version the man is to blame, and not the woman. Instead of their being cursed and sent abroad upon the earth, the Brahma, Adami, and Heva hold converse sweet, and the lady in the case shows such wonderful devotion to her liege lord that Brahma, the eternal and ever-living one, becomes enchanted with her fidelity and avows that all that he is and has would be sacrificed "could I be loved by woman as man is." This is rather flattering to the daughter descendant of Heva. The story is told with a wealth of language, a beauty of diction, and a purity of thought which mark Mr. Putnam as a genuin poet. The poem is for sale at THE TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton Place, New York city. Price 10 cents.—*Universe.*

Anecdotes of Religious Folks.

A young lady, living not a thousand miles from Greenville, recently emigrated to Utah to join the Mormons. She was the daughter of a minister, and all his parental influence failed to shake her determination.—*Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.*

Joe Cook, of Boston, says: "If I had a dog that was addicted to smoking I would shoot him." If we had a dog that preached we would build him a tabernacle. That is the wide difference between ecclesiastical views frequently occurring on a variety of topics wise and otherwise.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

At a Lynn church, on Sunday, only the clergyman and sexton appeared, on account of the severe weather. The sexton was complaining at the lack of attendance, when the clergyman remarked: "You and I are the only salaried men in the church, and were it not for that fact, probably we should not hav ventured out."—*Lynn (Mass.) Union.*

Superintendent: "Children, this is Rev. Dr. McSnorter, from Gowanus, who will address you a few brief remarks. Children, he has come all the way to try and save your souls from hell. You are not paying attention. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me where this gentleman is from." Chorus of children: "From hell."—*Chicago Rambler.*

"Mamma," said a Philadelphia girl, "I'm not going to sing in our choir any more." "Hav you had any trouble with any of the girls?" "No, ma; but the other three girls hav beaux that sing in the choir, and when they are courting during the sermon it makes me feel lonesome. I'll resign if they don't allow Charlie to sit with me."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A young lady friend of mine has a mission class in an Episcopal Sunday-school. She has been trying for several Sundays to explain to them the meaning of Lent and the solemnity of its observance. Yesterday she asked: "Now, which of you can tell me what Lent is?" For a while no one replied; then a little girl in the corner answered: "I know." "Well, Maria, what is it?" "Its the time when the ladies ask the gentlemen to marry them."—*Louisville Post.*

A Methodist preacher in North Louisiana has a horse which possesses either strong reasoning powers or a remarkable memory. On the first and third Sundays of the month Mr. Cadian holds service in a town which is reached by taking the left fork of the road, while on the second and fourth Sundays the town in which he preaches is at the termination of the right fork of the road. The horse, without a word or a touch of the bridle, never fails on the first and third Sundays to take the road on the left and on the second and fourth Sundays that on the right.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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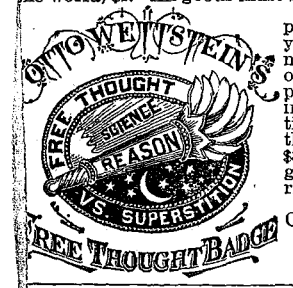
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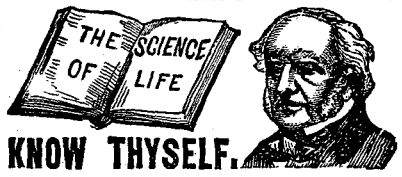
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News of the Week.

THURSDAY, March 18th, was Grover Cleveland's birthday. He was forty-nine years old.

W. S. SPROUT is an enterprising lieutenant of the Boston Salvation Army. Just now he is held under $1,000 bonds for having two wives.

ANOTHER blizzard is reported from Maine. As there was already much snow in that locality, it is expected that the spring break-up will produce freshets on the Penobscot.

THE president of Mexico has sent $500 to the Grant memorial fund. The mikado of Japan has signified his intention of contributing an equal sum. The grand total is now $119,588.

THE "Maine law" is still supposed to be in force in Maine, yet of 1,933 arrests reported for last year by the city marshal of Portland, 1,320 were from crimes directly resulting from liquor.

ARRANGEMENTS hav been made for a great Confederate reunion at Montgomery, Ala. Jeff Davis will lecture, and the proceeds will go toward a monument in memory of Confederate soldiers.

THE Rev. "Sam" Jones lectured to four thousand girls in Chicago last Saturday. He took occasion to ridicule the "dude" and denounced many of the most cherished institutions of society.

THE argument on the motion for a change of venue in the case of the People against the Rev. Mr. Bristor, of Spring Valley, N. Y., for rape, was postponed in Brooklyn Saturday to April 5th.

THE schooner that sunk the ocean steamer Oregon has not yet been reported. The belief is held by some that the steamer struck against a sunken wreck instead of colliding with any other vessel.

ABOUT twenty Methodist missionaries sailed from this port for the Congo regions last Saturday. They took with them a good stock of firearms, and a small cargo of Bibles, the latter, presumably, for gun-wads.

BABEL, the Texas cowboy pianist, who has been astonishing New York folks by his skill, is now declared to be a fraud. It is said that his father was a first-class music teacher and that Babel is a professional pianist.

THE Communists of New York celebrated last Sunday night the fifteenth anniversary of the revolution of Paris. A great crowd met in the Germania Assembly Rooms, listened to speeches, recitations, and singing, and then had a dance.

A NEW YORK alderman named Jachne is in jail. He is charged with taking a $20,000 bribe from Sharp, the railroad man, for his vote in favor of the Broadway franchise. It is said that Jachne has made a confession implicating nearly the whole board of aldermen.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was got along with in this city without any unusual demonstrations. The way the day was celebrated givs rise to the belief that if St. Patrick had driven the snakes out of whisky he would hav conferred a greater favor upon the pope's Irish than he did when he expelled those reptils from Erin.

THE Rev. John B. Horan has sued the Rev. John J. Brady and the Rev. John J. Griffin, all of Jersey City, for libel. One of the defendants has proclaimed that Horan is an immoral man, and the other says he is a drunkard and an adventurer. Mr. Horan places the damage to his reputation at $50,000.

KARL BLIND, the German liberal politician, in a letter to a friend, strongly denounces home rule. He says it would entail upon England constant vigilance and expense and danger of a foreign invasion, would subject the loyal Irish to the yoke of popery, and would imperil religious equality and civil institutions.

THE following is from London, dated the 20th: "Mrs. Adelaide Bartlett and the Rev. Mr. Dyson, a Wesleyan minister, were committed to-day for trial at the Central Criminal Court on the charge of having caused the death of Edward T. Bartlett, the woman's husband, on New Year's Eve. The allegation is that by advice of the clergyman, to whom several years ago Bartlett had surrendered his wife, she killed him with chloroform furnished by the pastor, while she was resisting an attempt on the part of her husband to regain the place he had given the preacher."

Odds and Ends.

A RAB-BIT and a cat were once jour-ney-ing together, when they came to an inn, in front of which was the sign, "Rab-bit Pie for Din-ner To-day." On be-hold-ing this sign the Cat fled in great Ter-ror, while the Rab-bit went on his way a-lone. My lit-tle friends, this Fa-ble that Un-cle Mike is tell-ing you teaches us that Rab-bit Pie is un-health-y Di-et for Cats, and that all is not Gold that Glit-ters.—*Chicago Rambler.*

"TAKE it away," said the tall solemn passenger to the train-boy. "Take that book away. I want none of Ingersoll's writings near me. That book is an abomination. It is a sacrilege. Its very presence in this car is enough to call upon this train and all of its passengers the vengeance of the almighty. Take it away, I say." "What's the matter with you?" inquired the train-boy, with a scowl. "I'd hav you know," retorted the passenger, "that I hav a right to speak as I do. I am a D. D." "Oh, is that all?" was the response; "I thought you was a D. F."

MINISTER: "I think if a notice of my forthcoming donation were to be placed in the newspapers, deacon, it might tend to the—er—glory of the occasion." Deacon: "I think so myself, Mr. Goodman. I will tend to the matter at once." Minister: "But avoid the Sunday papers as you would a viper, deacon. They are an abomination." Deacon: "Well—er—Mr. Goodman, the Sunday papers hav a much larger circulation than the daily editions through the week, and a notice would be seen by a greater number of readers." Minister: "H'm. You surprise and grieve me, deacon. But I know little of such worldly matters. You must use your own judgment, deacon; and may heaven bless you. Good morning."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A LONG, lean, lank, cadaverous-looking man, with long gray hair and beard, and very thin clothes, yesterday approached a blind man at the southwest corner of Thirteenth and Market streets, who was peddling lead pencils. The stranger scanned the features of the blind man for some time and at length said: "Brother, art thou totally blind?" "Yes," answered the pencil merchant. "Hast thou never tried to be healed?" "No use," replied the other. "My eyes were burnt out in a powder-mill explosion." "If thou hast faith thou canst be healed," said the stranger. "Let us pray." By this time a crowd had gathered round the pair and a lively interest was manifested in the proceedings. The apostle of faith cure knelt down and offered a long prayer for the blind man, while the crowd kept increasing until it nearly blocked up Thirteenth street. After prayer the ancient arose and went through a series of gyrations similar to a mesmerist. He made all manner of passes in the air with his hands, and finally took hold of the man, rubbed his eyes, slapped his back, pinched his cheeks, and asked him if he could see. To the great disappointment of the audience he replied that he could not. The faith-cure man was about to begin his performances again when a policeman came up and ordered him to move on. The apostle went off bemoaning the lack of faith in Israel, while the crowd took pity on the blind man and purchased his entire stock of pencils. "Cranks are of some use, anyway," muttered the blind man, as he went off to purchase a new stock of merchandise.

A SETTLER in a Welsh colony in South America sends a letter, which has been published in the *Manchester City News*. It contains one of the best missionary stories we hav read for some time. One of the Indian chiefs was dying, and a Spanish priest was sent for to administer consolation. The writer was asked to interpret between them, and thus describes the conversation: Chief: "To what sort of a country do the Christians go after death?" Priest: "Into a noble country." Chief: "Is there sufficient pasture for all cattle?" Priest: "There is plenty." Chief: "Hav they plenty of guano and of ostriches there?" Priest: "Any amount." Chief: "Are there lions in that place?" "Yes, millions." "Are they able to hunt and catch the lions." "Only those who die good Christians can catch the lions." Chief (stooping down to the visitor, in a very low voice): "Hav they got brandy there?" Priest: "Brandy! yes, without any end." Chief (falling back on his pillow): "I die a Christian."

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Gems of Thought.

THE heroic struggle for liberty made for eighty years by the sturdy dwellers in the lowlands of Europe is marred by the persecuting spirit of Christianity, which seems to hav converted its believers into fanatics, bent upon the destruction of everything opposed to them. Since the early Christians wandered through the catacombs of Rome they hav been relentless persecutors. From Constantine to the present day they hav endeavored by one means or another to crush all differences of opinion in matters of faith.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE grand inquisitor, like pope and pagan, has in our age lost most of his teeth. There can hardly be a surer way of conferring a benefit on a man of learning and virtue than by persecuting him for his opinions' sake. He gets all the advantage of adversity without disablement, and obloquy without disgrace. He has the opportunity (too rarely occurring in the *savant's* career) of showing courage, sincerity, and dignity of character. And meantime his influence is not impaired, but increased; his books become more widely known; his personality is invested with greater interest. The time, moreover, is past when anything can be done for opinions counted orthodox by raising them who hold them to posts for which they are otherwise unfit. These are not days when incense can giv influence or official precedence make proselytes.—*Fred. W. H. Myers.*

MISS CARLYLE talked of her little dog Nero: "He is extravagantly fond of me, but only very moderately of Carlyle. If I am away for a little and come in, Nero bounds and frisks and is delighted. If Carlyle is away then he just yelps a little when he returns, that's all. But he cannot expect otherwise. Carlyle delights in torturing him, which he calls playing with him. He snaps the tongs at him, and Nero does not like that. Carlyle once even tied an empty tin to his tail and sent the poor dog scampering all over the house in great terror. It was cruel in him to do that, absolutely cruel in him, and I told him so. I told him it was an amusement unfit for a philosopher, low and degrading."—*Dr. Knighten.*

THE heart is hard in nature and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
—*Cowper.*

I NO more expect to see my countrymen again content with the mere semblance of a representation than to see them again drowning their witches or burning heretics, trying causes by red-hot plowshares or offering up human sacrifices to wooden idols. I no more expect a reaction in favor of Gotten or Old Sarum than a reaction in favor of Thor and Odin. I should think such a reaction almost as much a miracle as that the shadow should go back upon the dial. (Who so readeth, let him understand!) Revolutions produced by violence are often followed by reactions; the victories of reason once gained are gained for eternity.—*Macaulay's Speeches on Parliamentary Reform.*

DID the book called the Bible excel in purity of ideas and expression all the books now extant in the world, I would not take it for my rule of faith, as being the word of God, because the possibility would nevertheless exist of my being imposed upon. But when I see throughout the greater part of this book scarcely anything but a history of the grossest vices, and a collection of the most paltry and contemptible tales, I cannot dishonor my creator by calling it by his name.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

IF others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truth or ought it to make me in love with them and willingly to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could? Everyone declares against blindness, and yet who almost is not fond of that which dims his sight and keeps the clear light out of his mind, which should lead him into truth and knowledge? Such are usually the prejudices imbibed from education, party, reverence, fashion, interest, etc. This is the mote which everyone sees in his brother's eye, but never regards the beam in his own.—*Locke's Conduct of the Understanding.*

AND why beholdest the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye. . . . Thou hypocrit, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.—*Matt. vii, 3-5. See also Luke vi, 41, 42.*

I HAD ridden to Edinburgh, there to consult a doctor, having at last reduced my complexities to a single question: "Is this disease curable by medicin, or is it chronic, incurable except by regimen, if even so?" This question I earnestly put; got response, "It is all tobacco, sir; giv up tobacco." Gave it instantly and strictly up. Found, after long months, that I might hav as well ridden sixty miles in the opposit direction and poured my sorrows into the long, hairy ear of the first jackass I came upon, as into this select medical man's, whose name I will not mention.—*Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

WHEN all things were made, nothing was made better than tobacco; to be a lone man's companion, a batchelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire. There is no herb like it under the canopy of heaven.—*Kingsley's Westward Ho.*

MOST earnestly would I urge upon those who cherish the doctrine of immortality, not to defend it, as they too often do, by arguments which hav a basis smaller than the doctrin itself. I long to see this glorious tenet rescued from the jurisdiction of a narrow and sectarian theology, which, foolishly ascribing to a single religion the possession of all truth, proclaims other religions to be false and debases the most magnificent topics by contracting them within the horizon of its own little vision.—*Buckle's Essays.*

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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TRUTH FROM A CHURCHMAN ILLUSTRATED.

The devil trembled when God sent a man into the world who knew how to think.—*Bishop Spalding.*

Notes and Clippings.

PROFESSOR: "My dear sir, you cannot be a subject for the mind-cure unless you hav faith in it." Applicant: "Ah, I see; the mind must be unsound before it can be open to the cure."

A CORRESPONDENT asks us to name the pet sin of the ministerial profession. H-u-s-h, man! Everybody knows it, and how often it breaks out from Brooklyn's ups to Boston's Downs.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

STANLEY, when he started across Africa, took with him sixty-nine books for entertainment on the way, and the only one to survive the trip was the Bible. It is amazing how long the Bible will last some people. In some families the good book, bound in flimsy muslin, will outlast a dozen novels substantially bound in leather.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN audacious young man put his arm around a young woman who sat in the same pew with him during service in the United Brethren church at Fort Wayne on Sunday night, and kissed her. She was so pleased that she laughed right out in meeting, and others joined with her. These young people are to be indicted for disturbing a religious meeting.

THE Methodists, while "building two a day" and "crossing the million line" for missions, it seems from the conference reports are starving some of their ministers. A prominent minister—a presiding elder, in fact—asserted in the conference the other day that he knew a minister's family who were compelled to subsist upon four cents a day for each member. Of course he didn't refer to "Rev. J. B. McCullough, D.D.," who gets $1500 a year for editing the "rat organ"—the Philadelphia *Methodist.* Boycott the *Methodist!*—*The Tocsin.*

SIGNS are not wanting, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to show that the clerical ascendency over Frenchwomen is on the decline, and will ere long be a thing of the past. Mme. Girault-Lesourd has just given to the city of Angers the magnificent sum of £8,000 to be expended on the foundation of an orphan asylum, with these conditions: that the staff of the orphanage consist *in perpetuo* solely of laymen and laywomen, and that it shall remain entirely under civil, to the exclusion of all religious, control.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was telling her children how the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, and after the lesson was through, she said that those who wished could ask questions. At once a little boy spoke up and asked how fast the devil could run. "Hush, Johnnie," said the teacher, "such questions are very profane." "Well, I don't care," said Johnnie; "he can't outrun my pa, anyhow, 'cause I heard pa tell a man down the street the other day that he caught the devil the night he came home from the lodge."

A MAINE Sunday-school teacher, bent on clearly defining the relation of children to the Episcopal church, was anxious to impress on her extraordinarily dull class the propriety of being confirmed. The age of twelve, following the usage of the ancient Jewish church, was especially emphasized. After a dull discussion of the matter, the teacher tested one of her relativly brightest scholars by suddenly asking: "Now, what is done to children properly instructed, when they reach the age of twelve or thereabouts?" "Lick 'em," was the prompt reply. Confirmation was not further touched upon at that lesson.

M. CHARLES GIRARD, chemist, of Paris, recently amused himself by investigation of the ingredients of a beautitul red-currant jelly, charmingly put up for export to the United States. There was not an atom of fruit in the mass, as was demonstrated by the adding to it of methylated alcohol, which would hav turned it green had it contained any fruit acid. It was found to consist of gelatine, sweetened with glycerine residue, colored with pichsine (a poisonous mineral extract), and flavored with no one knows what. A great many people in this country imagin no currant jelly so good as that which is imported from France.

M. VERESCHAGEN, not content with proving, by copious scripture extracts, that he is fully justified in painting the holy father as one of many members, now turns the tables on his detractors, and, protesting against the epithet "antichristian," which has been applied to his pictures, asks in his turn: "Is it Christian to represent God and the saints sitting on clouds, as though on chairs or armchairs? Is it Christian to make Christ a Roman patrician, and the saints of both sexes slaves of his household? Is it Christian to muffle up the image of Christ with costly dress material, to seat him on a throne of gold or silver, enriched with jewels, and put a crown on his head and a scepter into his hands? All this in the clouds! Is it Christian to dress the Virgin in Pompadour costumes, and to cover her with trinkets weighing pounds? I had occasion to study the cults of different religions, but among the Buddhists and Brahmanists I hav never found stranger idols than the Madonnas in some Christian churches."

THE growing hostility between the church and the state in France has been accentuated by a protest addressed by the three French cardinals, the archishops of Paris, Lyons, and Toulouse, to the president of the republic against M. de Freycinet's criticism of the conduct of the clergy in the last election. As this protest was no doubt approved at Rome before it was published, it is important as indicating the irreconcilable nature of the religious conflict that has been going on in France during the last few years. The recent appointment of M. Paul Bert to an important post is regarded by Catholics much as Englishmen would regard the elevation of Mr. Bradlaugh to a ministerial office. Indeed, it is asserted by French Catholics that the government deliberately tries to antagonize the church. In this way they explain the frequent suspensions of clerical salaries, the reprimands of bishops, the total suppression of some hundred and fifty unattached vicars, and the constant attempts to harass and annoy the religious orders. Church property and even church edifices are frequently seized by the government on the plea that a better use can be made of such property by the state than by the church. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that an irritating skirmish is constantly going on between the civil and religious authorities. And, unfortunately, the situation promises to become worse before it becomes better.—*New York Tribune.*

Legislative.

A Plea for Impartial Taxation.

On Tuesday, March 16, 1886, arguments in favor of the following petitions and bill were heard by the Committee of Ways and Means of the New York Assembly. The first petition is from the Constitution Club of Brooklyn:

To the Legislature of the State of New York:

We, citizens under the constitution and bill of rights, claim equality without discrimination or preference in the liberty of our conscience and equality of religious liberty, and remonstrate earnestly against all practices of legislative action which in the past have discriminated as between individuals and corporations by acts of exemption on personal and real property in favor of said institutions and in prejudice of the rights of individuals by an unjust and unequal distribution of the burdens of the support of government.

The exception to a rule by a tax exemption works in the essence of an additional tax.

We are convinced that the principle of "the equality of sacrifice" for the maintenance and support of the state is the rock foundation upon which a free people may maintain their governmental integrity.

It is high time that a halt should be taken by the refusal to pass all acts granting exemption from taxation. In our cities, the municipal corporation, acting as agent for the state, collects and pays over to the state the share of the state tax levy. There is no essential difference in the levy of an assessment for a local improvement and the levy of a tax for the maintenance of local government which provides for the protection and care of property.

Private institutions of a charitable or religious character should not be exempt from the municipal cost of the maintenance of a police and fire department any more than they should be exempt for the construction of a sewer or for the use of water. One step in exemption naturally leads to another. At first it is not felt. It amounts, apparently, to a trifle, but it has grown to a monstrous evil in special legislation, so that millions of property held by rich corporations is increasing in value and has become, on account of its not being taxed, a burden upon the individual tax-payers; and the want of uniformity by legislative and municipal action has transcended the constitutional limitations.

The discrimination between a class or profession and the different kinds of property violates a rule of equity which will endanger the integrity of the commonwealth.

We therefore request that you will pass a bill which provides for a more equal distribution of the burdens of government, and we herewith submit the resolution passed at a meeting of the Constitution Club on January 19, 1886, as follows:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Club that no property should be exempt from taxation except such as is the property of the public and is used for public purposes.

Signed by the Executive Committee of the Constitution Club of Brooklyn.

GEORGE B. DOUGLAS. SAMUEL B. DURYEA.
EDMUND P. MARTIN. JOHN HENRY HULL.
J. WARREN GREENE.

The following bill was introduced by Assemblyman Hotchkiss, of Brooklyn, and referred to the Committee by whom the arguments were heard:

An act in relation to the taxation of property.

The people of the state of New York, represented in senate and assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1.—The following property shall be exempt from taxation:

1. All property, real or personal, exempted from taxation by or under the constitution of this state, or the Constitution of the United States.

2. All property, real or personal, the title to which is, or hereafter shall be, in the United States, or in this state, or in any city, county, town, or village within this state, and which is used, or intended to be used, for public purposes.

3. All property exempted by law from execution.

SECTION 2.—From and after the date on which this act shall take effect, all lands and all personal estates within this state, whether owned by individuals or corporations, shall be liable to taxation, except as otherwise specifically provided in Section 1 of this act. Provided, however, that the owner or holder of stock in any company liable to taxation on its capital stock or property, shall not be taxed as an individual for such stock.

SECTION 3.—All property, both real and personal, exempted from taxation, either in whole or in part, by or under any law of this state in force before this act shall take effect (except as provided in sections 1 and 2 of this act), shall, after this act shall take effect, be assessed and valued in the same manner and upon the same basis of valuation as other property subject to taxation, and shall be taxed upon its full assessed valuation, as follows, namely: in the year 1887 at one-tenth of the rate at which other property of the same or a similar description in the same town or ward is taxed; in the year 1888 at two-tenths of such rate; in the year 1889 at three-tenths of such rate; in the year 1890 at four-tenths of such rate; in the year 1891 at five-tenths of such rate; in the year 1892 at six-tenths of such rate; in the year 1893 at seven-tenths of such rate; in the year 1894 at eight-tenths of such rate; in the year 1895 at nine-tenths of such rate; in the year 1896, and in all subsequent years, at the full rate at which such other property is taxed, and such taxes shall be levied, collected, and applied in the same manner as taxes on other property subject to taxation.

SECTION 4.—All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

SECTION 5.—This act shall take effect immediately.

The first argument was by Samuel B. Duryea, representing the Constitution Club of Brooklyn. The hearing before the Committee was procured by J. J. McCabe, Secretary of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. Mr. Duryea said:

SPEECH OF SAMUEL B. DURYEA.

MR. CHAIRMAN: In coming before your committee I hope you will bear in mind that we present ourselves as advocates of a measure that looks wholly to the interests of the commonwealth. It is a measure fundamental, based on principles well established upon which writers of wide distinction do not differ.

From the differing schools of philosophy and religion we are unable to find a logician who is willing to base his reputation upon an argument to be made in favor of tax exemption. It is only when individuals representing societies desire money that they make appeal to the legislature with an argument based upon selfishness, as they are often found appealing to the public to sanction a lottery, or raffle, or a grab-bag, and, like these, they are only supported by that specious argument that the end justifies the means.

If this bill becomes a law you will be relieved from a great deal of vexatious special legislation which has in the past cast no honor upon the legislature in the state of New York, and has been the cause of strife among its people.

It is not my intention to delve into the arguments relating to the principles of taxation, but it is enough to say that the system is intimately connected with the growth of government in the human race, and has developed from an arbitrary assertion by power to a reasoning basis. It differs to-day in all the nations upon the face of the earth, according to the form of government and enlightenment of the people. In those nations which are included among the Christian powers, we have an easier chance for perusal. Those which have been influenced by the power of ecclesiastical religion have exerted an influence over the state whereby they have been enabled to levy taxes for the support of a peculiar sect, and the maintenance of a doctrinal theology in the institutions of learning, and exemption from all the costs and maintenance of government. As early as 359 A.D. an attempt was made to have the lands belonging to the churches exempt from all taxation. It was due to the demoralizing influences of the reign of Constantine, when the church united in the political intrigues of a corrupt empire. Throughout all the conflicts among nations to the present day, the evil influences of the uniting of church and state may be traced through every Christian nation on the face of the earth. Happily the development and civilization of the world has been steadily—from the time of the Reformation to the present—in favor of the entire and absolute separation of the spiritual from the secular; yet now, in this country, in the state of New York, we have remaining exemptions from taxation.

Inasmuch as we have no state belief nor national church, why should we have an exemption relating to religious bodies, which is none other than a tax upon the whole community for the support of a doctrine or doctrines from which they may derive no benefit, and in some cases believe to be detrimental to the general welfare? It is by many believed that a republican state should not mix up its civil functions with the belief of any creed, and that all exemptions of property on the ground that it is a religious corporation is a trespass upon the freedom, liberty, and equality of the thought of the people. A charitable institution, which is open to all without restriction, has a claim upon the state. Educational institutions should be founded on the principle of impartial justice. Any institution that is exclusive has no right to claim exemption, and if it is unable to exist without state support, it should be swept away.

Now, let us look at the question as it presents itself to the practical mind. Here in a city is unimproved property situated upon an avenue, which has been graded, paved, sewered, and lighted. In progress of building are houses, banks, libraries, and churches. Here are piles of lumber, and iron, and stone, and brick. These materials are all going into these different structures. On what grounds will you argue that the material that goes into the one is to be taxed; while that which goes into another is to be exempted from taxation? The savings bank or a bank of deposit is not exempt. It is a benefit to the community. The factory, with its thousand spindles, a beehive of industry, giving to the poor employment; the healthy homes for the operatives, which have more to do with the maintenance of family life and the stability of the state than any other known cause, bear their full burden of taxation. The beautiful Gothic church, with its artistic spire, gorgeous interior, enjoying all the protections of state and municipal government—for the pleasure of those who admire the beautiful, and for the use of those who can pay for the luxury of fine music and eloquence—is exempt from all taxation. On what ground? Is it more the house of God than the cottage that incloses love, where childhood is developed under parental instruction into manly and womanly virtues? The one may be open but one day in seven, and then but for a few hours. It may have cost more money than would have builded a thousand houses. It is a luxury; it is to be treated as a luxury, and should be taxed at its full value as such. And what will you do in regard to the religious charitable institutions? So long as they are private institutions they should be taxed. If they are doing a work of charity for the benefit of mankind, they should be required to make returns under oath as to the amount and cost of their work, and should be paid for the work done by a general tax, provided the same is as economically and well managed as it could be under the direct control of the local authorities. The danger accruing to the United States was first officially pointed out in the message of President Grant in 1875, and no one who has watched the vast accumulations of wealth derived by various incorporated institutions can fail to see the danger arising from these soulless institutions, which gather strength like a river that flows to the sea. Already, at Albany, there have been bills introduced to allow one institution to be exempt on property to the enormous value of two and a half millions—or upon incomes amounting to $250,000 per annum.

The farms and homes of the citizens of the United States are to be made tributary to these money-loving institutions!

Already are established more charitable and religious institutions than a thriving, industrious people should be called upon to maintain. The weakness of a community is measured by its need of eleemosynary institutions. By undue and unwise legislation home life is destroyed. The tenement house and the flat are at variance with Saxon liberty, and break down the privacies of life. Those institutions, maintained by religious enthusiasm, which develop artificial conditions and distempered lives not in harmony with the normal condition, should be discountenanced.

It is manifestly unjust that the state should charge directly or indirectly upon the whole people the support, even partial, of any institutions restricted in any measure for private or sectarian uses. In this state the church property exempt from taxation, according to the census of 1850, was $21,132,707, and in the census of 1870 it is reported at $66,055,755. The official report for the commissioners of the city of New York states that, in that city alone, the church property exempted is valued at $42,137,500; and other property held by private institutions, either religious or otherwise, for charitable and other purposes, amounts to $33,994,930. In the city of Brooklyn the exempted property for church and charitable purposes, etc., according to the report of 1880, amounted to $16,271,300. According to the report of the state Board of Assessors, it is estimated that the liberal exemptions of property consecrated to religious worship, to the uses of charity, and educational institutions of a private character, aggregate in value over $500,000,000, and a very large proportion of the property is held for speculative purposes and not directly used for its ostensible object.

This exemption from the burdens of the maintenance of the state by the exemption of many millions results in the increased burden to be borne by the breadwinners. The agricultural interests of the state and laboring classes have to meet a larger share of burden, and the home is taxed unduly for the maintenance of institutions of a private character that do not touch the whole body politic. It is upon the homes and the public schools that American institutions are founded, and the safety of the state is in the entire and absolute separation from the church. The growth of charitable institutions is not indicative of a healthy condition.

In many cases they develop pauperism, and to a very large extent they are the outcome of an immigration which has been forced upon the country by the emptying of the poorhouses of Europe.

In a paper prepared by Dr. Charles S. Hoyt, secretary of the State Board of Charities, and reported to this legislature on January 28, 1886, it is stated: "We are forced to the conclusion, therefore, that this country is being constantly burdened with the insane and paupers of different European countries, or with persons from those countries so enfeebled by privation and hardships through successive generations as to become insane or otherwise dependent under slight exciting causes, deported from their homes for no other purpose than to relieve their several communities of troublesome burdens, and for whose support and care we are no more liable than for the payment of the national debts, or the maintenance of the standing armies of the various countries whence they are sent.

"According to the census of 1880 the native population of New York was 3,871,492, and the foreign population 1,211,379; total, 5,082,871.

"The number of insane of native birth was 7,790, or one to every 497 of the native population; while the number of insane of foreign birth was 6,321, or one to every 192 of the foreign population."

Herbert Spencer has very ably presented the evil effects of compulsory charity, by which many of the natural laws are set aside, and swarms of good-for-nothings are fostered and multiplied by public and private agencies.

Dr. Wayland, in his work on Political Economy, says:

> All that religious societies have a right to ask of the civil government is the same privileges for the transacting their own affairs which societies of every other sort possess. This they have a right to demand, not because they are religious societies, but because the exercise of religion is an innocent mode of pursuing happiness. If it happen accidentally that others are benefited it does not follow that they are obliged to pay for this benefit. It cannot be proved that the Christian religion needs the support of civil government, since it has existed and flourished when entirely deprived of this support.

In a memorial address to the General Court of Massachusetts in 1775, we find the following sentiment tersely expressed:

For a civil legislature to impose religious tax is, we conceive, a power which their constituents never had to give, and therefore going entirely out of their jurisdiction. We are persuaded that an entire freedom from being taxed by civil rulers to religious worship is not a mere favor from any man or men in the world; but a right and property granted us by God, who commands us to stand fast in it. We should wrong our consciences by allowing that power to men which we believe belongs only to God.

An exemption is simply the presentation of a receipted bill for taxes. The *Real Estate Record*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Brooklyn *Times*, *Union*, and *Standard*, have protested against the injustice of this system.

If sectarian institutions are unable to hold their own without the exemption, as provided for in this bill, which only charges at one-tenth of the rate at which other property of a similar description is taxed in the first year, two-tenths in the second, and so on, giving ample time of ten years before they are chargeable at the rate of other property it will be proven that they have not the support of the community One of the evils which is attendant upon the release from taxation of church property, is that it leads to extravagance in the purchase of land and buildings, especially in cities. In New York city churches are located on the finest avenues and not within the reach of the poorer classes. They are aristocratic, and not suited to accommodate the masses, and not more than one-fourth of the population can possibly be accommodated. If in that city the churches were taxed at the same rate as adjoining property it would tend to the building of structures suited to the wants of the people, more commodious and less expensive.

The present system results in the placing of a burden indirectly by exemption, but which, nevertheless, increases the rate of the tax levy upon a large majority who do not believe in sectarian teaching, but, on the contrary, believe that it is unwise and actually detrimental to the best interests of the commonwealth. It is for the interest of the municipality and the state that the church should be as interested as the citizen in providing for an honest moral government. They should be recognized as corporations and bear their share. At present under the laws they are assessed for sewer, water, and street improvements. The municipal tax is made up of items, of expenses for police protection, the maintenance of a fire department, and other items which go for the preservation and protection of property, and there is no adequate reason why churches should not pay for the sustaining of a fire department as well as pay for water. With regard to burial grounds, if taxed they would be assessed at a valuation which would consider the use to which the property is devoted, under the decision in the Court of Appeals reports, People *v.* the Mayor, 63 N. Y., 291.

To be considered under this subject there is the churchyard, the farm burial grounds, the sectarian cemetery, and the large general cemeteries. None of these are public burial grounds. Many of them bring in large revenues, and the sale of plots is as much a matter of speculation as the transfer of any real property. Those devoted to sectarian use do not tolerate the burial of any one not in communion with the church. In Article I. of the Constitution of this state is the following: "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed in this state to all mankind." In the discussion in regard to exemption, the facts show that they are based upon principles of inequality; that there has been a discrimination which will not bear inspection; that there has been an injustice done to the whole by the granting of favors to the few; that large properties have been accumulated in the hands of private institutions which are run in the interest of a sect; and that this preference is a burdensome discrimination against the free exercise and enjoyment, and against the liberty of conscience which was intended to be secured in the constitution of the state.

Charity founded on the universality of human want and suffering, a gift without restriction or limitation, open to all and for all, should not be taxed. The title to such property cannot and should not be held in any sectarian board of trustees or in a bishop, as a private resource, but should vest in the state. If hospitals, orphan asylums, and other eleemosynary institutions, desire to hold their property for the advantages that shall accrue to any sect, corporation, or person, for reasons of their own, they should make no claim to exemption. The same principle holds good in reference to all private schools, colleges, and other institutions of learning that may prefer to limit themselves to private purposes. Many arguments have been advanced in favor of exemption, but hardly any but would bear with equal, if not stronger, force in relation to the homestead and the farm.

According to the census of 1880, there were more than 219,000 persons over the age of ten years in the state of New York who were unable to write, although we had 26,693 teachers.

The total value of the property belonging to public schools is placed at only $31,235,407, and the annual expense amounts to $11,035,511.

It is quite impossible to enforce compulsory education while the state does not provide ample accommodation.

It is astonishing to find that the total value of all the property invested in school-houses in the United States amounts to only $212,252,491, while the exemptions in the state of New York alone amount to more than double that sum.

I therefore earnestly urge the principle of "equality of sacrifice" for the maintenance of civil government.

Mr. Duryea was followed by T. B. Wakeman, representing the New York State Freethinkers' Association and the American Secular Union. During the past few months the State Association has circulated the following petition, which has received several thousand signatures:

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The Constitution of our state guarantees that "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, *without discrimination or preference*, shall forever be allowed in this state to all mankind." The general principle of American government is equality of all men before the law. This, as your honorable body is aware, involves the principle, already acknowledged in theory, of the total separation of church and state. But church and state are now practically united by the following statutes:

1. The law exempting church property from taxation.
2. The laws appropriating money from the public treasury for the support of institutions founded and managed chiefly by sectarian denominations.
3. The law compelling the observance of Sunday as a religious holy day.

The undersigned, citizens of the state of New York, do therefore respectfully but earnestly petition your honorable body to repeal all the laws or parts of laws of this state which are violations of the above principles. Our reasons for asking this are:

1. The churches are voluntary associations properly to be supported by the voluntary contributions of their members. 2. The state is compulsory. Every citizen must pay taxes. And we submit that it is unjust to a large and growing body of voters to be compelled to pay for the support of churches which they cannot conscientiously attend; for the hire of ministers in our legislature and public institutions, in whose doctrines they are unable to believe; and to observe as holy a day to them no more sacred than any other. We also submit that the exemption of churches from taxation, the appropriation of money for the hire of ministers and the support of sectarian institutions, and the legal observance of Sunday as a holy day, are discriminations in favor of one form of religion, are abridgment of the free exercise of religious preferences, and are therefore unconstitutional.

In support of this petition, and of the foregoing bill, Mr. Wakeman said:

ADDRESS BY T. B. WAKEMAN, OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: We are here to ask your report in favor of impartial taxation. The gentleman to whom you have just listened [Mr. Samuel B. Duryea, of Brooklyn] has explained to you the general purposes of our bill, and enforced them by the general considerations which apply to the interests of the citizens of the state at large.

As the president of the Freethinkers' Association of this state, I have been requested by the American Secular Union, and many other societies which represent the people outside of the churches, to speak on behalf of the great mass of our population who are not church attendants, and who have no, or a very slight, interest in the churches at all. After me Mr. Gilbert R. Hawes will speak on behalf of many churches and church people who believe that the exemption of church property from taxation is no longer desirable, or beneficial to them. Thus we hope to show you that the general interests of the state, the large majority of the people outside of the churches, and a large portion of those still connected with the churches concur in the object which this bill is designed to attain.

First, then, the great mass of the people who have no connection with the churches complain that the exemption of churches and of their institutions from taxation is a gross injustice to them. It is a fact too often forgotten that the mass of our people are no longer church-members or attendants. In the city of New York, with a population of over 1,500,000, the church sittings all told do not exceed 400,000. The church people are not a third of the population. Yet this minority exempts its own property, and practically runs the city as if the majority had and ought to have no voice whatever. In the state the majority are ignored by the church minority in practically the same way, as the census will show.

Now, it is a mistake and an injustice to suppose that the large majority of our people who are not church-attendants have no rights or feelings in this matter which legislators are bound to respect. They have been ignored hitherto simply from want of organization and coöperation, while the churches are solid organizations which hitherto have tacitly coöperated for their common exemption, although otherwise unable to agree as to their own doctrines, or indeed as to anything else.

Year after year this matter has been brought to the attention of the legislature, until now the abuse has grown large enough and the people aroused enough to demand that the great act of justice, the principle of impartial taxation, should be inaugurated.

That the abuse is large enough has been abundantly shown by the general figures already presented to you by my colleague, Mr. Duryea, but fortunately, as a part of the agitation of this subject, in 1884 the legislature, at the instance of your predecessors the Committee on Ways and Means, ordered the state assessor to obtain from the local assessors all of the particulars in regard to this exempted property. The reports of the local assessors have not yet been made public except in a few instances, but fortunately the law has been complied with by the assessors of the city and county of New York. There we are able to see very well illustrated the gross injustice against which we protest. But in addition to this, on the ninth of February last, Messrs. Coleman, Donnelly, and Feitner, the tax commissioners of New York, made a supplemental report on this subject in answer to a resolution of the legislature passed upon the motion of Mr. L. L. Van Allen, of New York, which report gives the latest figures on the subject.

It there appears that the property actually occupied by the churches and exempted from all taxation amounts to $42,137,500; miscellaneous exempted property (not public), $33,994,930; total, $76,132,430. Nearly all of this church and miscellaneous exempted property consists of:

1. Ecclesiastical edifices and lands.
2. Educational institutions.
3. Charitable or eleemosynary institutions.
4. Burial grounds and cemeteries.

Nearly all of this property is under the control and influence of the churches, or exempted on the same principle or pretenses that are alleged as the grounds for church exemption, and therefore should in principle and in fact be counted with those exemptions.

This being so, we have only to recall that the average taxation in the city and county of New York is on the average two and one-half per cent to learn how much the church department of that city costs its people; for two and one-half per cent of $76,132,430 is about $2,000,000. To this add personal property tax, say $500,000. But this is by no means all of this tax. Our city makes very large annual donations under the pretense of charities, etc., to these church institutions. Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins has carefully collected the figures on this subject and published them in a pamphlet,* showing that on the average the Catholics receive $700,000 of this money, and the Protestants $350,000, making a total of $1,050,000. Nor is this all, for the custom of the city is to wholly or largely remit the assessments for local improvements which would fall upon this exempted property. Very much of this property is held in the part of the city where the streets, sewers, and public improvements are being extended. No official figures have been published as to this important item, but they exceed, as I am reliably informed, per year over $500,000. But this is not all, for, as Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins also shows, our religious bodies have only to ask in order to receive gifts of our real estate annually, either by direct or indirect action. Thus the splendid block of ground on which the Catholic cathedral is built was practically a gift of the city. Such gifts are, of course, irregular; but, as Mr. Hawkins shows, they are very substantial.

But without considering or counting assessments remitted or these gifts, we have already shown that the churches and their institutions in New York city receive over $3,000,000 annually, which is a direct appropriation for their benefit. For by this exemption these institutions have, practically, given to them by the city a receipted bill for this amount due from them to the city. In other words every inhabitant of our city is compelled, whether he will or no, to pay to the churches over two dollars a year. Every inhabitant I say, for the taxes are in the long run paid by the consumer. This enormous tax is levied and collected underhandedly, but it is no less a burden grievous to be borne, especially by the non-churchman. If he could see this tax of three millions and over when he pays his taxes, on the back of his tax bill, as he does the other great appropriations he has to pay, the enormity of the burden would be apparent, and he might obtain some relief. But it is all done so silently and in the dark, that no one sees or will believe that the church institutions of New York really receive the largest appropriation of public money made. If, as we read as follows on the back of our tax bills (taking up the tax bill of 1885):

For public charities and corrections	$1,501,058
For health department	469,758
For police department	3,727,350
For street cleaning department	1,200,000
For fire department	1,709,773
For education department	3,859,800
For judiciary department	1,305,150

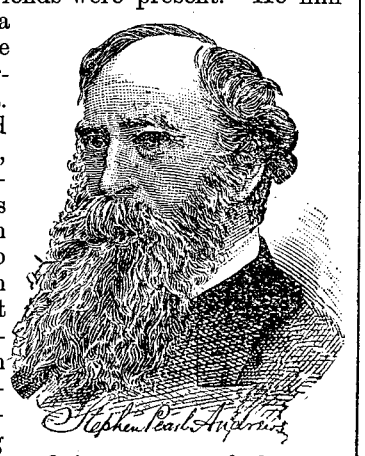
If, I say, we should find among these great appropriations, as we do not, $3,000,000 for churches and their institutions, we should begin to see the enormity of this exaction. This tax exceeds the tax for any other city purpose, unless it be that for the great departments of the police, and public education; and if the figures could be fully obtained it is very doubtful if this silent tax would not exceed those. It certainly costs more than our park, our health, our street, or

*See the pamphlet referred to, and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886, to be had at THE TRUTH SEEKER office, No. 33 Clinton Place, New York.

(*Continued on page* 214.)

Honor Where Honor is Due.

Brief reference was made last week to the reception given at Dr. E. B. Foote's residence on Lexington avenue on the evening of Monday, March 22d, in commemoration of the seventy-fourth birthday anniversary of Stephen Pearl Andrews. It was an occasion very gratifying to Mr. Andrews, and very creditable to those who arranged for and participated in it. Between fifty and sixty of the great universologist's pupils and personal friends were present. He himself lay at home upon a sick bed, to which he has been confined during the entire year past. The gathering was held in Dr. Foote's parlors, and the guest being absent in the flesh, art was made to represent him for the occasion. To this end was placed in one corner of the front parlor on an easel a half-length life-size crayon portrait of him, handsomely framed and decorated with growing ivies and potted ferns; and in a corner of the back parlor, on a pedestal entwined with smilax, stood a life-size bust taken in 1880 by Pickett, the sculptor who executed the statue of Morse, familiar to visitors to Central Park. An excellent cabinet photograph, of which the picture of the Pantarch given above is a duplicate, rested among the tulips and other flowers on the front mantel.



Dr. Foote's genial countenance was more genial than ever as he looked around upon the gathering, and upon the huge punch-bowl which he had placed upon a broad and convenient table, and filled with lemonade and based with fruits, icecream, and cake. At half-past eight he called the people to order, and made the opening address. He drew attention to the earnestness of Mr. Andrews in his life-work, how he had always elected to be in the midst of every battle for human rights, always in the van, chosing rather to keep fighting while there was aught to contend for rather than win laurels in one engagement and rest upon them. Dr. Foote spoke of Mr. Andrews's antislavery career, and of his service in introducing in this country the art of shorthand writing. Continuing, the doctor said that the Pantarch's works were largely sealed books because of the scientific training necessary to unlock their meaning, but he had no doubt that the seals would one day be broken, and their treasures laid open to the world. In conclusion Dr. Foote said:

Now, a word about our entertainment to-night. I hav here a letter which presents Mr. Andrews's views, and we will probably all feel disposed to acquiesce in his recommendations. I will read the letter:

THE LETTER FROM MR ANDREWS.

My Dear Friends: I hav been kept aware that it is a purpose with some of you to hav a sort of assemblage of my circle of half pupils and half friends, as my reception for them on the occasion of my birthday. The time selected is 8 o'clock P.M., Monday, the 22d inst.; and the place Dr. Foote's hospitable parlors. I hav very definit ideas with regard to the basis of the new sociability, which will be, I think, quite distinct from ordinary habits of thought. I having made an effort to state my views to a few of the leading friends, they, Dr. Foote, Sr., especially, were so impressed by them as to request that I would throw them on paper and hav them read on this occasion as my contribution.

They are to this effect: All our present habits and ideas of sociability are so based upon and ingrained in the old isolated institutions of society that it will cost a generation of *regeneration* to get them back to their natural basis of daily social intercourse. No sooner is something sociable proposed in radical quarters than every one flies in imagination to a ball-room, a concert-room a lecture-room, or something of the sort, which are merely so many additional methods of keeping people asunder in their several classes instead of uniting them in closer acquaintanceship in the intimate sociability of individuals, families, and habits. A close inspection of motiv would show that the real charm of our public assemblages centers in the half hour while the company are gathering, and the other half hour whilst it is dispersing; during which there is a momentary glimpse of a true, untrammeled sociability; afterward the interest passes from the heads and hearts to the feet and fingers, which are dominant in the old order.

In the new order dancing, music, theatricals, and all the numerous contrivances for amusing the people will giv place and preponderance to a developed skill on the part of the memberhood to amuse each other and themselvs with merely the natural resources of heart and mind. Imagin an assemblage of the great and good, the *elite* of humanity, having to resort to an orchestra to titillate their ears lest they should not be amused! What the people are really yearning for is the opportunity to come together in their great and useless parlors, and to inaugurate the parlor visit as the basis and type of intimate sociability—visitarium. The full development of this idea would require volumes of written and printed matter and years of experience in the best method of breaking down the old barriers between soul and soul or man and man in the common intercourse of life. To charm in conversation is the greatest and the highest type of social attainment.

S. P. ANDREWS (per A. J. P.).

I am inclined to the opinion that Mr. Andrews's proposition is well suited to a liberal, social assemblage. In fashionable society, where there is little of value to talk about, music, recitations, and other diversions are indispensably necessary to giv variety to the entertainment. We do not wish to giv up these exercises altogether, but, for an evening like this, short speeches of ten minutes, and a little music thrown in, will quite suffice, thereby saving the most of the evening for social intercourse.

Mr. F. F. Cook spoke of the guest as the greatest philosophic intellect of our time, uniting to a mind of extraordinary breadth an incisivness no less extraordinary. Thus there was added to a remarkable universality a no less remarkable personality. The man they had assembled to honor had ever been a generous giver of himself. To instruct others was with him a labor of love. And none knew better how to giv. The mind of their friend was one against whom others freely sharpened their own blunt intellectual tools. In the speaker's opinion Mr. Andrews's philosophy was *par excellence* the philosophy of the future, and that, too, of the immediate future. It was not a philosophy of compromises, but of balances. It was what its name implied, integral. Spencerianism was but a half truth—it compassed only the half-circle known as Individualism. The philosophy of Mr. Andrews was a whole truth. It took Mr. Spencer's Individual (which had also been the speaker's Individual until quite recently) and added to it the rest of humanity, for which Mr. Spencer, unfortunately, could find no room. Until quite recently Mr. Cook had regarded Mr. Andrews's Pantarchical ideas in the light of a harmless vagary, believing for himself that the social solution lay in quite the opposit direction. But the logic of events had converted him. The Pantarchical idea was actually now in practical operation. What was its central idea but the subordination of self for the good of the whole? In barbarism it was a despotism, in an enlightened age it would prove the most beneficent of *régimes*, and the grand army of labor to-day instinctivly turned to it as the only social arrangement with which to confront the individualistic Moloch of capital. But a single generation hence, and the name of their friend would be honored of all the world, and be canonized as one of its chief benefactors.

Mr. Wakeman said:

FRIENDS: We cannot but say to the good doctor, our kind host, that this is a pleasant event. Already it has sent a quiet atmosphere of mild and gentle happiness stealing through the hearts of all. Some, one at least, I know, has come here from a day of misery and agony that would seem to crush the very soul to hell with force enough to knock the very bottom out. But the soft murmur of your little assemblage, breathing out the mingling voices of sympathy and hope, courage and new endeavor, are potent to charm the very demons from the souls of the damned! All of the new angels of the world are social, and the first of them is sympathy; and the charm of that blessed spirit is here! We rejoice together over the victory of a mighty mind and heart after seventy-four years of conflict. We share in common the great harvest that life has garnered for us to be the sustenance not only of "the friends" now, but perhaps of distant peoples and ages. We are glad to pass the word from one kindling face to the other that the universal teacher, now the great invalid, is better to-day than he has been for weeks. We cherish still the hope that he may recover, but if not that his career may be transformed into a mightier power than any individuality can be on earth. Thus he seems now to float on the borderland of existence like the distant setting sun on the horizon, illuminating by his departing yet ever newly rising rays the two worlds of existence—the present and the to be. Such a transition of the great in mind, or heart, or deed is ever a sight "full of worship," more glorious than any Elijah translation to any heaven of old.

The voice, too, that has come from this great soul, read to us by the doctor, is one of comfort and good cheer in any event. It is the voice of one at peace and rest with the world, of serene trust in the harmony of things. It is not that the comforter is to be sent, but is here in the higher sympathy and social life which the new Universal Integral view of the world and of man's lot and fate opens to those who catch the meaning of its newer, higher life. He exhorts us to a new sociability, based upon the recognition of all of the facts of the world as they are, as if inevitably and therefore rightfully as they are, but not rightfully ever to continue as they are. It takes all sorts to make the world, and those sorts must be recognized as found, or they can never be reformed into the elements which shall compose the better world. Thus the Universal Philosophy is integral. It only has a scheme of things and a spirit that recognizes the sociability of all things, and makes all appear and feel at home. In its *analysis* it goes down to the individual and recognizes every thought, feeling, and capacity as having rightful play; in its synthesis it passes out and up from the individual and the now to the distant star worlds. Nay more, to the laws of those worlds, and the conception of the laws of abstract thought, independent even of space and time.

Surely the man in whose conception the universe is one ever freely making toward harmony and righteousness, is the one to admonish his friends to the recognition of a new sociability of worlds, systems, thoughts, feelings, lives, and aspirations. He has found a universe which is large enough for all, for of it all are needful parts.

Here, then, in this evening's group, let us not regret our differences, but see in them the elements of a higher, richer, because a more multifarious unity. Even in our social contact let not the differences be expressiv of more than a desire to find our corresponding elements of sympathy and cooperation. Such contact on the broader sphere to which the harmonial philosopher invites us, means a new place of social life. In our present state of society repression is the basis of society. Even in parlor meetings like these there must be no free nor high conversation. Only a few words of gossip or weather talk are admissible in "good society." To go beyond these would be as much out of place as the omission of the regulation evening dress. So men and women are concealed from each other effectually. Civilization is dwarfed and its higher evolution becomes impossible. This, perhaps, is all right enough as a fact, and a necessity of the older stage of social authoritarianism, but the newer life means that all aspiration is to be set free so as to learn its true sphere and inevitable limitations. There are those now, says our great friend this evening, to whom such a new sociability should be possible. He has paid to us the immense compliment of supposing that we may be of them. The individual is his unit, the whole family of the nations and peoples are his ultimate. The sociability of all is his ideal under the great laws of humanity and coöperation which his philosophy expounds. Yet the highest begins with the unit. Can its complete existence be secured, with healthy play of all its faculties? The great result of the harmony of all will be also secured by natural and artificial selection of the best. From such recognition and sympathy come new hope, courage, and endeavor, with higher and ever-increasing virtue and happiness. That such sociability may commence with us this evening is doubtless his wish, and that it may hav some time to begin my words may very properly end.

Remarks were also made by Hon. W. S. Andrews, Dr. Dwinnell, and Dr. Atkinson, and letters were read from Mrs. Wallace Britton, Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, and Prof. J. H. Cook, of Kansas.

At the close of the exercises, upon motion of Dr. Caleb S. Weeks, a committee was appointed to visit Mr. Andrews at his home on Thirty-fourth street and convey the congratulations and cheer of all his friends represented. The committee consisted of Dr. Foote, Sr., Elder Evans, of the Shaker community, Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, and Mr. John Bently. The patient was found bright and cheery, and exceedingly thankful for this act of remembrance. He begins his seventy-fifth year, if not fortified with good health, at least supported by the best wishes of all who hav enjoyed his acquaintance, and by the kindest offices of those by whom he is surrounded. While with most of us a birthday is but a milestone upon the journey toward the end, with this sage, working in advance of his day and generation, it is a step onward toward that recognition by the future which the present has in a measure denied him. It will not be strange if in time to come people gather together upon each recurring anniversary of his birth to celebrate, perhaps in a language yet unspoken, the memory of this man whose restless brain turned and toiled for them while their own parents slept.

The Liberal Club.

The 405th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club left nothing to be desired. Exercises were well along when the man bearing upon his vest Mr. Wettstein's emblem of intellectual emancipation took his seat at the secretary's table, and yanked his stylographic pen into a condition of utility. The lecturer of the evening proved to be Augustus Levey, Esq., who had chosen "The Iniquities of Modern Journalism" for his subject, and who at the period referred to was making an exhaustiv exposure of the methods of running a newspaper.

Mr. Levey spoke of the press first as to its editorial management, and then as to its value as a gatherer of news, and condemned it in both these capacities. He had reduced his own newspaper reading to a minimum, and anyone who should follow him in such an experiment would be surprised upon finding how small that minimum might profitably be. The editorials of a daily paper, he held, did not express the convictions of the writer, but of the corporation. What we read in the papers as "financial news" is often written by some member of the Merchants' Exchange, who pays for it as an advertisment, and makes the investment profitable by blackmailing his rivals. Great displayed headings in a paper, Mr. Levey said, did not necessarily indicate that anything startling had occurred, but only that newspaper space was cheap. There is no conventional phrase more false, the speaker continued, than the one which refers to the daily journal as a history of the world for a day. The fact is that the most important movements of the world are often entirely overlooked, and columns are devoted to something that may never hav happened at all. Paraphrasing Herbert Spencer, Mr. Levey said that the progress of newspaper lying was from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. The redeeming members of the press were the musical critics, who were the only writers who appeared to hav been selected with regard to fitness for their position. These men he held to be public educators, because by discussing their subject intelligently they arouse a dormant public to a condition of musical receptivity.

Mr. Levey's address was a well-written and concise statement of his views on the question, and occupied little more than half an hour in its delivery. It was full of sharp points, and kept the large audience in a pleasant state of animation. At its close the chairman invited any newspaper man in the house to come forward and show cause why he should not hav his neck wrung forthwith. Mr. Wakeman remarked casually that THE TRUTH SEEKER was to be found upon the table, and that its report of the last meeting of the Liberal Club was an adequate refutation of what the speaker had said about reporters.

Robert Blissert, or Blizzard, attained the platform ahead of anyone else. This speaker passed first to a criticism of the lecture by Dr. Field to be delivered at the next meeting. He then produced a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER containing a picture of an Irish cabin, the artistic accuracy of which he proceeded to criticise. It was his opinion that the man wot dhrowed that picture had contorchered the throoth. Here Mr. Blissert, or Blizzard, lost his temper, and broke into a copious flow of profanity and abuse of this paper. He seemed to think that the man with the badge-pin was responsible for the picture. If Mr. Watson Heston had known what trouble he was getting this writer into when he made that contribution to the Irish question, it is doubtful if he ever would hav made it. Just as the speaker began to show symptoms of exploding, his time expired, and that disaster was happily averted. The audience called for the representativ of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and Blissert shouted his defiance at that individual, whom he unkindly referred to as an elephant. Mr. Wakeman assured the audience that the person in question could take care of himself, and asked that the dis-

cussion might be confined to the subject, whereupon the audience applauded, and order was restored. The man with the badge-pin thought at the time that he would tell in his report what kind of a man this Blissert is, but to show how charitable it is possible for him to be, he will content himself with procuring a handsaw at some other time, and sawing up the object of wrath into small pieces.

Dr. C. S. Weeks observed that newspapers were like soap—they were not good without some lie. The cartoon which had come so near proving fatal to Blissert was mischievous only on account of its truth, even admitting it to contain mischief. The good work which THE TRUTH SEEKER was doing far overbalanced the bad.

Mrs. Iliohan, of Albany, being present, was invited to the platform by the chairman. Mrs. Iliohan said that she always read with great interest the reports of the Liberal Club meetings. The newspaper was the great public educator. By reading newspapers Mrs. Iliohan, who is from Holland, learned the English language. The English of the press was the English of the people. By reading the Monday morning papers containing reports of sermons, often from the same text, yet always differing, she learned that ministers were sometimes mistaken. She also got her knowledge of the laws of the country from the press. Thus the newspapers had worked out her salvation.

Lawyer Searing said that this had been a better lecture than he ever expected to hear.

Madam Delescluze apologized for the editor by saying he must look out for his living, and that in this age of greed he sometimes lost sight of the truth in the pursuit of gain.

Mr. Redpath, of the *North American Review*, said:

There is no man for whom I hav a higher respect personally than for Mr. Levey, yet if he is proud of his profession I am proud of mine. If I had to liv my life over again I would be a journalist. The newspaper has always been the friend of the people, taking the place of the priest and the teacher. When I heard Mr. Levey, a lawyer, attacking the journalists, it reminded me of Satan rebuking sin. There never was a criminal so great that a lawyer could not be found to defend him. If we hav bad laws, who is to blame—the journalists? No. Seven-tenths of our legislators are lawyers. What Mr. Levey has said is true of some papers and false of others. The papers of this country cannot be thrown together and judged as a body, for they are as diverse as the people. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the statements that appear in a newspaper are true, except the advertisments, which are not written by the editor but by the merchants, who thank God that they are not as these wicked journalists are. Excepting further the congressional speeches, but these are delivered by the lawyers, who also thank God that they are not as these wicked journalists are. As for the style of newspaper writing, it is plain and easily understood, and that is just the peculiarity of the work of the ablest and most distinguished writers. The poor or hasty writer uses long words; the able and careful writer employs the simplest language, to do which requires the best knowledge of a tongue. I was the originator of the custom of interviewing. The great critics of the interviewer are the clergy, yet they preach from a book which they claim is an interview with God. They say, "And God said," when the fact is that God never said anything of the kind and the clergy know it. And these gentlemen also thank heaven that they are not as the wicked newspaper men are. I hav spent my life among journalists, and hav never known a more honest, upright, or conscientious body of men. The sins which hav been attributed to them are not the sins of journalists; they are the sins common to all humanity.

Mr. Levey directed his closing remarks more especially at the last speaker. He said it was more his misfortune than his fault that he was a lawyer, but that had nothing to do with the question. His statements would be none the less true if he were a pirate. There was no doubt that the journalists were an honest and upright class of men; the trouble was that they did not allow any of their honesty and uprightness to get into their papers.

The program of the club for April is an attractiv one. It is as follows: April 2d, "The Six Laws of Art" (illustrated), by Dr. P. P. Field; 9th, "The Silver Questions," by Van Buren Denslow; 16th, "Strikes: their Ethics and Objects," by F. F. Cook; 23d, "The Historical Evolution of Liberty, and its Bearing upon Anarchy," by Dyer D. Lum; 30th, "Around the World in Eighty Minutes." Illustrated with stereopticon views, by Lillian Leland.

If in perusing the foregoing account of the proceedings at the 405th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club the reader detects the presence of a feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain, and resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain, he may attribute its origin to the depressing influence of Mr. Blissert's remarks. If it should ever become necessary to the peace and well-being of this community for that Frenchman from Cork to be gently but firmly sat upon, the writer of these lines will willingly conduct the obsequies of that solemn occasion. There is a vacant chair beside Professor George Vaughn, of Virginia, in which Mr. Blissert would be eminently ornamental.

THE two articles, "Examination of Church History" and "Christ as a Teacher of Hate," promised for this number, are necessarily crowded out. Both will be concluded next week. The series of articles by McArthur hav attracted considerable merited attention, and form one of the most effectiv contributions to church literature that hav been printed of late years. The other article is by J. H. Burnham.

The American Secular Union.

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News and Notes.

I was quite pleased when I stepped upon the platform at Danville, Ill., to meet Mr. J. M. McKinney, of Pilot, Ill., on his way from a distance of about thirty miles to my lecture at Ridge Farm. Mr. McKinney is one of our pioneers in eastern Illinois. Through his efforts Mr. Remsburg gave a lecture at Pilot which quite stirred up that rural community. One of the results of this affair was the dismissal of Mr. McKinney's son as teacher in the public schools simply on account of his Infidelity. This is a specimen of what the church is doing all over the country wherever it has the opportunity. Its petty persecutions are innumerable, and are severely felt in our smaller communities.

Within three miles of Mr. McKinney is the famous Crazy Family, consisting of a mother, daughter, and two sons. They are well to do and hav always been respected, but religion got hold of them like a whirlwind, and reason went by the board. The daughter thinks that she is the mother of God; the sons think that, like Jesus Christ, they can cure disease. They are quite handy with the revolver, and hav a way of pointing it at the heads of passers-by and compelling them to take a certain course through hedges and ditches if need be. This is a very forcible kind of exhortation, and for the time being is very persuasiv. The sons hav been put in the asylum. Of course friend Appleton will protest against this. The government should not interfere. Has not one a right to use his own revolver as he will, especially when he is animated by a religious conviction?

I had a good audience at Ridge Farm. There is quite a Liberal element here among the business men and farmers. Mr. J. L. Brown, E. A. Brady, J. C. Pierce, Dr. Sulzer, Mr. Dicken, and others are quite interested in the Freethought movement. It is proposed on my return trip to hold a county convention at Danville, and no doubt there would be a large attendance. Only twenty miles from here is Paris, well-known as the birthplace of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Remsburg lectures there in a few weeks, and Liberals from a distance are making ready to go.

Chicago is like a woman; when she is ugly she is fearfully ugly. Her tears are by no means April tears, glittering with jewels; but they are mountains of mud. It rained and snowed all day Saturday, and when I got to the Garden City the heavens were black, and the sidewalks more so, and the streets simply indescribable—a melancholy aspect indeed. But how could I hav a particle of discouragement when the moment I landed I met the genial face of that unconquerable Liberal, E. A. Stevens? So I cared no more for the storm, but knew that somehow things would be right in spite of the clerk of the weather, who had taken on such an orthodox fit. It rained and snowed throughout Sunday, but spite of all there was a good attendance in the afternoon, and nearly a full house in the evening, and the meetings were very interesting, for after the lectures President Orchardson and Mr. Stevens, and General Trumbull took part in the debate. Especially able was General Trumbull's address, and he gave the "two Sams" a most searching analysis, and with them the popular Christianity of to-day which must resort to such means in order to make any impression upon the community.

The Chicago Secular Union met this Sunday in their new hall, a beautiful and convenient one, and I was glad to dedicate it to "The Glory of Infidelity." This union is going on to success. Mr. Stevens knows no such word as fail. Mrs. Freeman is not only eloquent, but, with a woman's enthusiasm, does the needed work. Professor Orchardson, General Trumbull, Thomas Galpin, Frank Smead, Chas. A. Frankel, and Mr. Reickweld, who has just joined, and others, make a company that will allow of no retreat. Our colors will be kept a-flying in this great metropolis.

I wanted to stop longer and become more acquainted, but had to hurry on to new fields. Here I am at Rochelle in the elegant home of Otto Wettstein, and a very pleasant time am I having, though in a few hours I must speed away again. I lectured here on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and the Town Hall was full at both meetings with people, the majority of whom had never heard a Liberal discourse. There are as yet only a few declared Liberals in this place. Some liv on farms several miles from the village, and those who know the depths of Illinois mud will not wonder they could not be with us as we hoped. However, we had by railway some Liberal friends from Creston, six miles distant, and from Foreston, thirty miles distant. No doubt these meetings will hav good effect. Those present seemed to be thoroughly interested in the ideas advanced.

Only a few miles from here is where I labored for three years in the orthodox pulpit and built a church. This was sixteen years ago, when I didn't know quite as much as I do now—although I thought I knew it all, for hadn't I been three years to a theological seminary? I was quite enthusiastic in those days. I preached in the morning at De Kalb, then walked six miles on the railroad ties to Malta, and preached in the afternoon, and then walked back again to De Kalb. I don't think I shall do that any more. However, the physical exercise was good, whatever might hav been the mental exercise. I presume that twelve-mile walk helped to giv me backbone enough to be an Infidel. If I had been rich enough to ride in a carriage I might hav been orthodox still.

All readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know Otto Wettstein. He is one of our best thinkers and most vigorous writers, and he has a future still before him. I had an idea I should meet a gray veteran of the cause, but instead I met a young man, capable of doing great things yet in the cause of freedom with his clear brain and forcible language. He is enthusiastic, and is ready to work and spend money generously for the advancement of Liberalism. For years he has been an outspoken Freethinker when there were scarcely any to stand by his side. It is remarkable that he has been enabled to do so much in the world of thought when from his youth up he has been so immersed in business and has not had that leisure which every thinker so ardently desires. Mr. Wettstein's advertisments are in our Liberal papers, and I can heartily say that he is worthy of confidence. He is capable and honorable. Mr. Wettstein has shown me his improved design of the Freethought Badge-pin, and it is quite attractiv. As the combat deepens and we need to know one another better, it is well to hav this significant emblem of our thought and the future for which we labor.

Mrs. Wettstein is also a Liberal of the working order. A few more such women, and theology would hav no chance. She had the good fortune to hav a Freethinking father, and so she was born in liberty. This is a pleasant home, indeed, with wife and children, and shows the beautiful results in life of absolute Freethought. These Liberals hav the respect of all, because with true manliness and true womanliness they never flinch from the plain yet courteous expression of their individual convictions.

I shall hav most delightful memories of my sojourn here. All, so far, has been most encouraging. Westward still, with the music of spring in the air.

The following is my lecture route so far as arranged. Applications for lectures may be sent accordingly, allowing ample time for the letters to reach places named by the date given. Letters on Union business and contributions to Campaign Fund should be sent to New York as usual.

LECTURES IN NEBRASKA.

Stanton, April 1st and 2d; Seward, April 3d, 4th, and 5th; Plum Creek, April 7th and 8th; North Platte, April 9th and 10th.

LECTURES IN WYOMING.

Laramie City, April 11th; Rock Spring, April 12th.

LECTURES IN UTAH.

Wanship, April 14th; Park City, 15th; Heber, 16th; Kansas, 17th; Peoa, 18th; Coalville, 19th; Morgan, 20th; Ogden, 21st; Farmington, 22d; Park City, 24th; Salt Lake City, 25th; Hooper, 26th; Uintah, 27th; Deweyville, 28th; Logan, 29th and 30th; Ogden, MAY 2d; Kaysville, 3d; Tovele, 5th; Stockton, 6th; East Bountiful, 8th; Salt Lake City, 9th; Lehi, 10th; Provo, 11th; Springville, 12th; Payson, 13th and 16th; Goshen, 15th; Mount Pleasant, 18th; Ephraim, 19th; Spring City, 20th; Fillmore, 23d and 26th; Kanosh, 24th; Corn Creek, 25th.

Other places and dates will be given as arranged.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Rochelle, Ill., March 24, 1886.

Pharisaical Preachers.

From the Sunday Mercury.

While the Museums of Art and of Natural History, and libraries are kept closed in this city on Sundays, and the Puritans of the pulpit are still uselessly inveighing against the Sunday newspapers, the British House of Lords hav voted to open all national collections of art and history on Sundays as on week-days. The Commons cannot be less liberal than the Lords. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops under him of course opposed such progress, but they are powerless to stop it. So the working people of London and elsewhere will soon be relieved from the Blue Laws which make Sunday a day of gloom instead of a day of recreation and jubilation. The bill now before our legislature, setting aside twenty thousand dollars per annum to keep the museums in Central Park open on Sundays, ought to be amended so as to include the Museum of Natural History in Manhattan Park, and passed immediately. A number of ecclesiastics hav written to the legislature in opposition to the bill. It perhaps never occurred to them that museums are educators and most elevating in all their tendencies. Their master loved the hard-working poor people, and would never hav denied them innocent enjoyment on the only day they can hav it. The crusade against the rights and liberties of the working-people is as cruel and unchristian as it is unrepublican and pharisaical.

(*Continued from page* 211.)

our fire department. The religion of the minority is too expensive! Certainly, this is separation of church and state with a vengeance!

How it is done, open this report at random. Take for a sample the Twentieth and Nineteenth wards of New York city. The exemptions soon roll up into the millions as you draw your finger down the page; thus:

Property of Young Men's Christian Association	$600,000
Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church	300,000
Calvary church	300,000
St. George's church	300,000
Society of Friends	500,000
Presbyterian church	200,000
Young Women's Christian Association	200,000
College of St. Francis Xavier	550,000
Episcopal church	100,000
Jewish synagogue	275,000
Holy Trinity church	130,000
Free Academy	200,000
Trinity chapel and school	275,000
In the Nineteenth ward we strike:	
Roman Catholic cathedral	$2,000,000
St. Luke's Hospital	120,000
Lenox Library (free?)	750,000
Orphan Asylum	1,200,000
St. Bartholomew church	350,000
Columbia College	750,000
German Hospital	300,000
Holy Trinity Dispensary	40,000
Mount Sinai Hospital	276,000
St. Vincent Ferrer's church, etc	300,000
Hebrew synagogue	200,000
Woman's Hospital	450,000
Hospital for the Ruptured	160,000
Colored Home and Asylum	200,000

And so we might go on page after page. In this way, throughout the wards of our city, the roll of exemption goes on until seventy-six millions and over are rolled up, with the annual tax of three millions as the result.

In a similar way, though doubtless in a smaller ratio, the returns from the local assessors of the state will foot up an enormous amount. The property actually in use by churches in this state and exempted will amount to $150,000,000, while the institutions and cemeteries under their practical influence and control will doubtless more than double that amount.

Now, this abuse is one of constant and enormous growth, ever increasing with the rise of property. It is, in a word, an enormous real estate speculation, in which the fortunate owners are the only speculators exempted from the often crushing drawbacks of taxes and assessments. They can mortgage without tax to friends, and so have the value of the property in hand, and yet, by holding the title as a church or church institution, it is all exempted. This exempted property grows in value, therefore, by every assessment and tax paid in the neighborhood, until its annual increase of value amounts to millions. President Grant was fully justified, in this view of the case, when he said that this abuse must be stopped, or confiscation or revolution would inevitably result. His admonition in these words is one of the most striking he ever uttered. He said:

> In connection with this important question, I would also call your attention to the importance of correcting an evil, that, if permitted to continue, will probably lead to great trouble in our land before the close of the nineteenth century. It is the acquisition of vast amounts of untaxed church property. In 1850, I believe, the church property of the United States, which paid no tax, municipal or state, amounted to $87,000,000. In 1860 the amount had doubled. In 1870 it was $354,483,587. By 1900, without a check, it is safe to say, this property will reach a sum exceeding $3,000,000,000. So vast a sum, receiving all the protection and benefits of government, without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay the taxes. In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religious or otherwise, if allowed to retain real estate without taxation. The contemplation of so vast a property as here alluded to, without taxation, may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority, and through blood. I would suggest the taxation of all property equally (Grant's Message, 1875).

President Garfield put on record a similar voice of warning. In Congress, June 22, 1874, he said:

> The divorce between church and state ought to be absolute. It ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere, in any state, or in the nation, should be exempt from equal taxation; for if you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a tax upon the whole community.

Such expressions from statesmen, jurists, and even clergymen could easily be collected to fill a volume. The voice of the Democratic party, in its convention is noteworthy. At the national convention in 1876 the Democratic party declared in favor of "education and schools without largesses from the treasury to any," also "the separation of church and state for the good of each; and common schools should be fostered and protected." In 1880 that party repeated its declaration in substance. In 1884, when Cleveland was nominated, the party declared in favor of "the separation of church and state and the diffusion of free education by common schools, so that every child in the land may be taught the rights and duties of citizenship."

But the Republican party is equally clear. Compare the following statements of this great political party: The Republican party in national convention in 1876 declares in favor of "an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forbidding the application of any public funds or property for the benefit of any schools or institutions under sectarian control." The Republican Convention of 1880 repeats in Plank 4 the above declaration "to forbid to the legislature of each state the appropriation of public funds to the support of sectarian schools." In 1884 this party "renews" its allegiance to these general principles.

Time does not permit further quotations nor are they needful. There is not, there cannot be, any question but that this enormous, but underhanded, taxation is unjust to those who are not church-members, and a direct violation of the principle of separation of church and state which is fundamental in our country and upon which our liberties depend.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE (Hon. George Z. Erwin, of St. Lawrence Co.): Allow me to ask you, Mr. Wakeman, has not the practice of exempting such property as you refer to prevailed since the settlement of our country in every state? if not, what states hav abolished the exemption?

MR. WAKEMAN: Certainly the custom is an old one; it has come down to us from time immemorial when there was a complete union of church and state. The states which have abolished the custom are California and (partially) New Hampshire, and I believe some of the territories, Washington Territory for one. In other states the matter is in process of agitation with every prospect of an early change in favor of impartial taxation. For—

This change is being made necessary by the other changes to which I have just referred: (1) the enormous increase of the exemptions and of their value; (2) the enormous increase of non-church-members; (3) the necessity of separation of church and state, in order to preserve liberty; and (4) the consequent assumption by the state of functions which the church used to perform before our Revolution.

From the time of Henry VIII. down, the church, and finally the churches, took charge of the most important functions of the government. It was the source of education, charities, and all decent burial. No one could be born, educated, medicated, married, or buried without the church. In the church the people lived, and moved, and had their being—such as it was. But all that is changed now. More and more the state, or private or corporate enterprise, performs these functions. Notice our grand system of public schools which should be and must be extended. Notice our grand public and private charities. Notice the great cemeteries, which are cities of the dead, gradually passing beyond the church and its control.

Now that the churches have ceased to perform their old public functions, they should cease to receive public pay. Certainly nothing can be more just. The state is being compelled to take up these old church functions more and more every year. The state must do this or submit to a practical reunion with the church, as it has now largely done in the city of New York. Unless this course of union with the church is to be pursued to its fatal end, the time to prevent the further abuse of exempting church property has certainly come. There can never be a better, safer, or more convenient time to begin to abolish these exemptions than now—before the amount becomes so large that, as President Grant says, only revolution can furnish the remedy.

Now, secondly, let us advert for a moment to the excuses for exemption.

1. It is said that the churches and their institutions do perform their old functions to some extent, and therefore they should be paid for them. We answer, certainly they should be paid, but only by those who receive the benefits, or who wish to contribute for them.

Our state, which is separated from the church, has no right or justice in forcibly taking and giving to the churches the money of those who object to these church functions, and who do not receive them, nor wish to contribute to them.

The time was that the church and state were one. Everybody was born into the church, and lived and died there. Now the state is the church to the masses of the people, who hav separated it from the church, and support it by their taxes, and in which they are represented. Not one-third of the people go to the churches, or are represented there, or have anything to do with them. Why should they be compelled to pay this enormous tax without representation, and often for purposes which they abhor? They say that the Dark Ages were the church ages; that the more barbarous and retrograde countries of Europe and America are now those most under church domination; that in the city of New York the majority of the criminals and paupers are of the church which receives the larger portion of this enforced contribution to our "ecclesiastical department," and which can boast of its millions of dollars, and its millions of paupers.

But further, many of the non-church people believe that many of the church doctrines and practices are inherently immoral; that, however it might have been in the past, the present light of science has shown them to be unproved and detrimental to the public welfare in the present age. They therefore have conscientious convictions against furnishing further means to teach, for instance, the doctrines of total depravity, hell, the fall of man, the atonement, forgiveness of sins by prayer, the absolution by penance, the practice of circumcision, baptism, the infallibility of pope or church or bible or revelator. Now, it is to them an outrage, in a state separated from the church, to be compelled to pay for the teaching and support of such dogmas and practices.

Let those who believe in such traditions support them. But let no law compel others to support a religious belief abhorrent to their inmost convictions of truth or right or duty or the public welfare.

2. But it is said the moral influence of the churches pervades the whole social atmosphere; their education and charities and burial privileges are free to all; therefore, all should pay for them.

The facts are otherwise. What moral influences there may be from church schools, dogmas, and influences are limited to their own believers, and as to them the statistics prove they are sadly defective. Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins proves by the figures that those children trained in the parochial schools in New York are more than three times as likely to get into jail as the children trained in the free public schools. And as we have before remarked, the largest church shows by the figures to be the most prolific mother of criminals.

But their colleges and schools are sectarian, and open only to their own sectaries or to those wealthy enough to pay for them. It is a shame that while the common school system cannot give the rudiments of learning to thousands for want of means, we are by exemption paying millions to wealthy sectarian colleges like Trinity and Columbia and the University. Our city cannot now, owing to the limitations of our state constitution, raise more money, not even to open evening schools sadly needed. Let there be no more exemption of sectarian colleges until the whole people are taught to read and write!

Nor are the church charities and burial-grounds open to the people. They are open only to their own sects, unless they are amply paid by the city or by the applicant for all they give or do. Such are their hospitals and asylums and protectories. Yet for taking care chiefly of their own vagrants, poor, sick, and infirm the city gave to such institutions last year (1885) in actual cash, as appears on this tax-bill, the enormous sum of $1,108,057.51, besides the exemptions aforesaid. Certainly ignorance, poverty, sickness, and misery are good things for a church! They are the chief sources to derive its *public* revenue from. Why should it stop the supply of its delinquents?

As to burial privileges, the churches only grant them to their own members who are qualified for "consecrated ground," while cemetery companies open "cities of the dead" as real estate speculations. Such grounds are the sources of enormous revenues to their church or other owners. As graveyards they should be declared inviolable, but they should pay taxes like similar property, or the custody and control of such property should pass to the county or state and be under public control. The churches should not have the power, after a century of exemption, of selling out their graveyards as real estate speculations, as they have done in the lower part of New York. When they ceased to be used or kept as graveyards, they in equity belonged to the city which had given them and made every cent of their value.

3. But it is said the state institutions are wholly unable and insufficient to teach morals, educate the people, care for the sick, and bury the dead. We answer, if this is so, let the state institutions be enlarged and extended until they can do these things as far as the necessities of the public welfare may require. Let the rudiments of morals, of civil and criminal law, and of politics and government, be taught in all our schools from the lowest department to the highest. The churches do not do that. Let the public school system be extended so that it may not be said to our shame that there are over 200,000 people in the Empire State who cannot read nor write. Let the hospitals and asylums and work-farms of the people be extended until those who need care can be cared for. Let the dead—if not cremated—be buried by the state, county, town, or city in something other than the "Potter's Field," unless, perchance, they can pay a large sum to a priest or a great cemetery corporation. Let the people, in a word, learn to take care of themselves either through public or private means.

4. But finally it is said, How can our public institutions get the means to do these things? Are not our taxes too high now? Can we trust our politicians with more money?

We answer that there would be money enough to do all of these things if taxation was only just and impartial. Take the sum of $3,000,000 and over, which our city expends on these churches and church institutions, and expend it for the public, in addi-

tion to what is already expended, for educational and charitable purposes, and the difficulty would be solved without further taxation, and at once. How could our day and night schools then be increased! Our hospitals and asylums enlarged! Our cemeteries be opened to the public! Nor is there any reason to believe that our Secular and public teachers or administrators of charity would be less expensive than our ecclesiastical. What do we get now for this $3,000,000? A few sectarian sick and poor taken care of under sectarian influences. No administration of charity could be more ruinously expensive than this. Many is the contractor who would take this $3,000,000, and have a large profit after lodging every pauper or patient it now cares for, on beds of down, and feeding them on luxuries from plates of gold!

Thus finally, we see that the very arguments alleged in favor of this method of indirect performance of public requirements, by farming them out to churches, and then paying for them by the indirect taxations of exemptions and subsidies, are all wholly fallacious, and lead to the opposite conclusion. It is found to be grossly unjust to the mass of the people; partial and sectarian in its application; insufficient in volume, and ruinously expensive.

One consideration more is not to be lost sight of. It is founding within our secular republic an *imperium in imperio;* a power greater than the republic and independent of it. Finally, here, as lately in Italy and Mexico, and now in Utah, the question will have to be tried out which is the real government of the people, the republic or the church. By exempting the churches we cut them loose from any part and lot in responsibility for our public welfare, and make them a foreign element, and whenever their interest may be adverse to our schools, our laws, our public interests, we shall find too late that we have spent our millions to rear up in our midst a deadly foe to our republic and its institutions.

These considerations are so clear and overwhelming that it seems strange that this practice of exemption has been allowed to go on increasing from year to year. But the real difficulty has been perhaps not want of courage on the part of legislators to meet it, but the want of some practical device whereby the shock and change to the public and to vested interests, incident to the change, might be avoided. Happily, by the plan embodied in the present bill, which we owe to the Constitution Club of Brooklyn, all bad consequences of the new measure may be reduced to a minimum. By this plan one-tenth of the exemption is dropped every year, so that the church institutions and the public institutions may easily meet their new requirements, until, in the tenth year, the government of the people, for, and by the people, may be realized by the complete separation of church and state. Thus, by a gradually increasing grade of impartial taxation, we shall finally and safely reach the position which both justice and safety require us to take. We pray you to begin without further delay this easy but rising grade to the Temple of Justice.

Mr. Wakeman was followed by Gilbert R. Hawes, Esq., on behalf of the liberal Christians who believe that churches, like other corporations, should bear their share of public burdens. Mr. Hawes addressed the Committee as follows:

ADDRESS OF GILBERT R. HAWES, ESQ.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I appear before your committee for the purpose of advocating the bill now under discussion. The parties whom I represent are the intelligent and liberal Christians and church-goers of to-day who are sufficiently broad in their views as individuals, and public-spirited as citizens, to appreciate the great blessings which will result from a repeal of the present law exempting church property from state taxation.

This important question cannot be approached in any narrow spirit of bigotry or blind partisanship. It is neither political nor sectarian, and must be discussed solely upon its merits, in order that we may reach a proper conclusion as to what course is best for the *public welfare*, which, after all, is of greater importance than the building up or tearing down of any particular creed or sect.

My argument must necessarily be brief, and what I have to say naturally divides itself into three heads:

1. Justice to the state.
2. Justice to rival churches.
3. Self-preservation.

1. Justice to the state requires that every religious corporation or society owning real estate should bear its proportionate share or quota of taxation. Otherwise this burden must be distributed among and assumed by the general taxpayers. The only logical or legal reason or excuse for granting this exemption would be some benefit extended by the church to the state in return, as a consideration therefor. But in this country we have no such hybrid combination as "church and state." Each is useful in its own sphere, while yet independent each of the other. No particular religion is recognized, because all are recognized. Consequently, there can be no such institution as "the church." We have very many church organizations, none of which can in any way influence or affect the solidarity of the state or the autonomy of the state government. In other words, under the wise provisions of the Constitution, as framed and adopted by the patriotic statesmen of the Revolutionary period, the state in no way derives any rights, benefits, or powers from the church, and therefore the state is under no obligation to grant special privileges where there can be no return. This is a government "of the people, for the people, by the people," and our only safety lies in a stern determination to allow no infringement or impairment of the people's prerogatives.

To properly sustain the government, taxation must be evenly distributed. No exemption should be allowed unless it be in a matter of *public necessity.* The very indirect and indefinite benefit to the state, as claimed, in the improvement of the morals of the community, thereby lessening poverty and crime, is not a sufficient reason for granting exemption from taxation for *all the property* acquired by the various churches, whether used by them for religious purposes or not. For very many years the churches have enjoyed this immunity. Having received so valuable a franchise from the state, it is only just and right that *hereafter* they shall be asked to contribute to the support of that government which protects them in their rights.

2. I have already shown that the state recognizes no particular church or sect. All should be treated alike, and have equal opportunities of prosecuting the work of securing converts, increasing their numbers, and filling their coffers. But it is unjust to rival churches that particular church corporations and societies should be permitted special privileges, thereby not only diminishing the rights of the citizen, but creating discriminations which are neither wise nor fair.

For example, why should Trinity church corporation (to the positive detriment of the poorer and weaker churches of the Episcopalian denomination) monopolize to herself so much valuable land in the city of New York, on which are erected not church edifices, but tenement houses and office buildings? There is the Trinity building, 115 Broadway, and the old cemetery property in the Ninth ward, valued at many hundred thousand dollars, on which not one cent of taxation is paid into the state or city treasury. This not only removes so much property from the tax list, but gives Trinity an unfair advantage in the bitter fight which is being waged by all denominations at the present time for "the survival of the fittest."

Time does not permit me to more than refer to a few other glaring instances of this partiality and favoritism on the part of the state to some rich and powerful church corporations who can wield quite as much influence as any railroad corporation.

Grace church has been able for many years to prevent Eleventh street from being cut through from Broadway to Fourth avenue, in the city of New York, simply because the parsonage stood in the way.

But this line of conduct is not confined to any particular sect. In the upper part of the city on the west side, Bloomingdale Asylum, controlled by Protestants, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, controlled by Roman Catholics, have been able to prevent the opening up of streets necessary for public purposes and demanded by the citizens generally, and at the same time have escaped taxation on the large tracts of land and buildings owned by them.

This fairly represents the state of affairs as it exists to-day. It is unnecessary for me to quote any figures, as the speakers preceding me have fully presented the matter from the statistical point of view. Suffice it to say that in the state of New York real property to the value of many millions is allowed to remain exempt from taxation. This property is held for the most part by a few wealthy and powerful churches. As has already been shown, this operates as an injustice to the state, imposes a proportionately heavier burden on the taxpayer, and practically grants special privileges to the few at the expense of the many. Shorn of these special privileges, all would stand on equal footing, as it should be.

3. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Some of the wisest and most far-sighted men in the churches of to-day begin to perceive that in many instances there has been reckless extravagance in the management of their business concerns; that looking after large estates does not harmonize well with the religious duty of "saving souls," and that the attempt to amass great wealth, and build magnificent and costly edifices, is not altogether consistent with the teachings of the lowly Nazarene who advised his followers to "lay up treasures in heaven," and whose gospel was to be taught and heard "without money and without price." But now everything religious must be regulated by the edicts of fashion. This means increase of expense in all directions, and corresponding risk. We have only to study the sad history of the Methodist Book Concern for proof of this. Many of our missionary and other societies pay large salaries to their presidents, secretaries, and other officers, provide for them elegant and sumptuous offices, and then "save at the spiggot" by paying the poor missionary among the savages and heathen, doing the actual work, such a miserable pittance by way of "salary" that he is half starved. Consequently every now and then an appeal goes forth, and a "missionary box or barrel" is made up by contributions from the good people who have already paid their money to the church, and been taxed by the state to make up for the exemption enjoyed by this same missionary or charitable organization, which still begs for alms, and, like Oliver Twist in always, "asking for more." *"Ne sutor ultra crepidam"*—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." In order that the church should preserve its vitality and retain its influence on the masses of the people, all business speculations, and like enterprises, must be abandoned. I read from the New York *Tribune* of to-day:

Two important Protestant Episcopal church corporations are making arrangements to move their church buildings further up-town and away from the scenes of business and traffic which have invaded their present neighborhoods. These are the Christ church, of which the Rev. Dr. Jacob S. Shipman is the rector, and the Church of the Holy Trinity, whose rector is the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Watkins. Christ church is at Thirty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, and all around it are stores and boarding-houses. "Our people have been disposed to move for several years," said Dr. Shipman, yesterday. "This neighborhood is losing most of the members of the parish. It is being filled up with places of business, and many of the elegant dwellings you see about you are little else than boarding-houses. So we are going to move elsewhere, if we can possiby sell our present property. We are asking $300,000 for it—not, I think, an exorbitant figure. There are 64 feet in Fifth avenue and 125 feet in Thirty-fifth street. That makes a big lot, and the building could be converted for a great many useful purposes. Some friends of the church, whose names I do not care to mention, have bought eight large lots on the Boulevard at Seventy-first street, and are reserving them for the corporation. This is simply a private matter of their own, though the church understands and appreciates it, and expects in case it can effect a sale of this property to take their very moderate offer and build a plain, substantial structure on the Boulevard corner."

This, again, shows that our churches desire to be located not where they may do the most good, as among "boarding-houses," but where it is more fashionable and aristocratic.

We hear on all sides lamentations over the decadence of religious faith and the constant falling-off in attendance on places of worship. There seems to be but one remedy—let each church stand alone, without depending on the arm of the state, or any support other than the free and voluntary offerings of its members. Let it eschew all business other than that belonging to its special work and functions. If it does desire to accumulate wealth rather than "sell all and give it to the poor," let the church be put on the same basis as other business enterprises, and taxed accordingly. This would perhaps rouse the church to a sense of how far it has strayed from the original purposes and objects for which it was organized. It would at least be productive of good in teaching care and prudence and inculcating proper business methods. It would relieve the overburdened tax-payer and elevate the church to that position where its influence for good would be more largely felt and appreciated throughout the community.

The first step will be taken toward this desirable result when church property is no longer exempt by law from taxation.

Ruskin's Latest Idiocy.

Sir John Lubbock recently compiled a list of a hundred books which every nineteenth century individual should read. Among the authors recommended are J. S. Mill, Darwin, Gibbon, and Voltaire. John Ruskin has undertaken to criticise Mr. Lubbock's list, and the authors especially selected as the objects of his holy wrath are the four above mentioned. "Sir John Lubbock," he says, "ought to hav known that Mill's day is over." Darwin should not be read "because it is every man's duty to know what he is, and not to think of the embryo he was nor the skeleton that he shall be. Because, also, Darwin has a mortal fascination for all vainly curious and idly speculativ persons, and has collected in the train of him every impudent imbecility in Europe, like a dim comet wagging its useless tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars." Gibbon is condemned for the reason that "primarily none but the malignant and the weak study the decline and fall either of state or organism. Dissolution and putrescence are alike common and unclean in all things; any wretch or simpleton may observe for himself and experience himself the processes of ruin; but good men study and wise men describe only the growth and standing of things—not their decay. For the rest, Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman. Having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable of picturesqueness or wit; his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and hav no office but to make a flat sentence turgid." After that the reader is prepared for anything Ruskin can say about Voltaire: "His work is, in comparison with good literature, what nitric acid is to wine, and sulphuretted hydrogen to air. Literary chemists cannot but take account of the sting and stench of him, but he has no place in the library of a thoughtful scholar. Every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him, and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl." Mr. Ruskin thinks it more useful to study the habits of the shrimps which he eats for breakfast than the authors mentioned. This opinion is not more surprising than the fact that its author should hav been consulted about books at all. A prejudiced, and self-opinionated man—a sort of cross between a Carlyle and a court jester—there is no earthly reason why his opinion should be sought, nor, being obtained, why a reasonable world should care for it. Leave him to his shrimps and his mirror. His stomach and his vanity must be fed.

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NOW IS THE TIME FOR RENEWALS, and we hope all will be prompt. If we are to print pictures each week, the subscription list must be lengthened. That those inclined to help add to the list may find it no hard matter, we make the following low terms:

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It Would Be a Lame Law.

Our German friends of Brooklyn—and the city of churches has no better citizens than these same Germans—hav introduced a bill at Albany providing for the sale of light wines and beer on Sundays from 2 o'clock P.M., after church hours, until 11 o'clock at night.

As affording uninterrupted opportunity to obtain beer, this bill is all that is needed. From 2 to 11 o'clock is quite long enough for one day's visit to a sacred concert. But the bill is all policy and no principle, and we are not a little surprised that the Germans, who are usually independent, are willing to acknowledge even tacitly that the demands of the churchmen that they shall not violate the Sabbath are founded upon right. If it is wrong to drink beer and wine during church time, it is wrong to drink them at all. And while, for physiological reasons, it may not be wise to use wines in the morning, the fact that a few people are listening to a sermon can not make the use wrong. If the church people hav the moral right to control the appetites and actions of the Germans in the morning, they hav the same moral right to continue their espionage all day.

The Germans should amend their bill to demand the abrogation of all Sunday laws, and let the saloons be governed by the same laws on Sundays that they are on other days. Besides, our Teutonic brethren hav forgotten the poor Americans who like their cocktails in the morning. Their proposed bill would leave these to slide in at side-doors precisely as they do now.

Turn the Bible Out.

George Heald is the teacher of the Pleasantville, N. Y., school. He is a Protestant, and rather pious. It has been his custom to make devotional exercises a part of the day's study in his school. Some of the scholars did not like them, and took advantage of his closed eyes, as he led in prayer, to disturb the quiet of the occasion. Until last week he was unable to detect the authors of these disturbances, but on Monday he prayed with the weather-leech of his eye lifting, as a sailor would say, and located the noises among what he called the Catholic element. He singled out three girls, and whipped them severely, one of them, Miss Walsh, brutally.

The girl complained to her father, and he has carried the matter to the courts. The teacher offered his resignation, but it was not accepted. The Catholic children's parents object to their learning theology from a public school teacher.

If Mr. Heald had obeyed the positiv orders of State Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Ruggles, he would not hav introduced his devotional exercises. He was not hired to pray, but to teach. The Catholics of his district are right in objecting to him, and we sincerely hope that he will be punished for his assault upon Miss Walsh by a term in jail. Public schools must be made wholly secular, and religion left to home instruction, or the Catholics will hav very good reasons for establishing parochial schools. One such bigot as Heald is worth an argumentativ fortune to the Catholic priest of the town.

Presumption.

The following argument appeared in the *Independent*. It is a remarkable specimen of Christian didactics:

"Whether the Bible is of divine authority, and hence binding upon the faith and conscience of men, is a question of fact, to be answered affirmativly or negativly in the light of the evidence. All must admit the possibility of its divine authority."

Not so. The possibility of the Bible being of divine authority cannot be admitted until the existence of divinity itself has been established. Divinity must be defined, and the definition proved.

"Every candid person will also concede that there is at least *some* presumption in favor of the divine authority of the Bible."

Another error. The presumption cannot be conceded upon reasonable grounds unless the divine authority has first been shown. One assumption based upon another assumption is two steps in the air. The higher one goes in this fashion the harder is the fall.

"What, then, is the rule of prudence and sound discretion in the light of this presumption? Our answer to this question is that such a presumption is, for all purposes relating to our practice, as good as the most absolute demonstration."

Let us see. So far we hav three steps in the air. A divine authority is presumed. The Bible is presumed to emanate from that authority. And it is presumed that these presumptions are as good as the most absolute demonstration! These premises being laid down, the argument begins:

"The Bible being a revelation from God, we are then in this world probationers for immortality, here forming a character that will determin whether we shall spend that immortality in heaven or in hell."

This is a beautiful specimen of what the lawyers call a *non sequitur*. Upon one assumption and two presumptions another assumption is based—that the Bible is a revelation from God. Upon this the thinking editor of the *Independent* builds again. He presumes a personal immortality, then presumes a heaven, then a hell. Now, we would like to call him back to earth for a moment, and hav him prove his immortality, then prove his heaven, and lastly, his hell. If what he has written further be true, it is absolutely necessary for the good of men's souls that he do this. We can never admit that "such a presumption is, for all purposes relating to our practice, as good as the most absolute demonstration." Neither will scientific men admit it. When Darwin lost a link in the chain of evolution, he said so, and acknowledged that the missing link weakened the chain. Presumption, with him, was never counted as good as absolute demonstration. Tyndall abandoned a faith in prayer because its efficacy could not be demonstrated. And we respectfully contend that if the following be true, the foregoing presumptions and assumptions must be made facts:

"The difference between the two [heaven and hell], considered in relation to our interests, makes the broadest contrast conceivable. Nothing can be more glorious than the one, and nothing more awful than the other. And if the Bible is but presumptivly true in what it says about this life and that which is to come, and the relation established by God between the two lives, so that one course of action will secure to us heaven, and the opposit course will involve the damnation of hell, then this is sufficient to giv a rule of action, and just as sufficient as would be the highest possible proof. This would then be our best light, and every one is bound to follow his best light."

How can anyone admit that there is any difference between two places of whose existence he knows nothing? The evidence offered so far is an assumption of the existence of a divine authority, a presumption that the Bible emanated from that authority, a presumption that this presumption is as good as absolute demonstration, a totally unwarranted conclusion that the people of this world are probationers for immortality, and the assumption, unsupported by even a presumtion, that there exist these two different places, respectivly named heaven and hell! What court would convict a chicken thief on such evidence? Upon what grounds can the statement be based that one place is glorious, the other awful? If the Bible be only presumptivly true, then heaven and hell are only presumptions, and it can only be presumed that differing courses in life will land us in one or the other, and in such an awful matter presumption is not "as good as the highest possible proof." Supposing a man presumes wrong, then what? And that some of the Christian sects are presuming wrong we hav the testimony of all the other sects. Every one is bound to follow his best light, of course, but suppose his best light is a firefly lamp leading to the dismal swamp? The summing up of this remarkable editorial is equally curious:

"The thing to be done on the basis of a presumption, and equally on that of an absolute demonstration, is to repent of our sins and believe in Christ, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance and faith; and this, upon either supposition, is the only *safe* course for anyone to adopt in the practical conduct of his life. Every other course takes the hazard of being ruined for eternity; and this surely is a hazard that no man can wisely take. There is a *safe* side in religion as well as on other subjects; and that safe side commends itself to our common sense, as furnishing a good rule of action."

This is an *ex cathedra* statement, of course, but it is one that must make the *Independent's* Roman Catholic neighbors smile. "The thing to be done on the basis of a presumption is to believe in Christ." Where did they get Christ from? On what presumption did he ride into view? Where is the presumptiv basis in any of the foregoing presumptions for repentance and faith? Where the basis for the dogmatic statement that every course other than repentance and faith is at the hazard of eternal ruin? And if there is a safe side in religion, which side is it? Is it the side upon which shines the best light? Ah, but that "best light" notion is heresy. The best light is private judgment, and the Romish church says that leads to damnation for every follower. The best light also leads millions out of the church altogether, and that, say the Protestants, is likewise damnation—ruination for eternity. Where, then, is the safe side? What must we do to be saved?

The *Independent's* argument for Christianity—and it is as good as can be offered—amounts to just this: Divine authority is assumed, that the Bible has the sanction of this authority is presumed, this presumption is presumed to be as good as absolute demonstration; and the further presumptions that there is such a state as immortality, such places as heaven and hell, that there is a being called Christ, that repentance and faith are necessary to avoid hell and gain heaven, and, suppositionally, there is a safe side in religion!

Such is the reasoning of the elders and prophets—assumption, presumption, and supposition! We search in vain for one little fact! Presumption is the best they hav to giv. And the mightiest presumption of all is that everybody will be cast into hell for disbelieving a scheme which its advocates can only presume is true!

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things."

Voluntary Associations and Government.

The Galveston *Daily News*, perhaps the most enterprising daily journal in Texas, takes up a point in our reply to our Boston friends that they seemed afraid to meet. The *News* says:

"The New York TRUTH SEEKER professes to be unable to see the difference between a mutual protectiv association and a government. The difference is radical. A mutual protectiv association derives no revenue by forcing anyone to be a member or to contribute. A government sweeps all persons in who reside within its territory."

We readily admit this theoretical difference, but the point we emphasized is this: that voluntary associations must endow the chosen governors with power to enforce their decision—subject always to the rules made by the people themselvs—else the society would go to pieces and mob law be the result. In other words, voluntary associations must hav government or they could not exist. The experience of the world demonstrates this. If no law existed, selfish men would grasp everything, and the brute force of individualism would rule. We did not contend that there is no theoretical difference between the two, but that there could be no practical difference—at least, until everyone had become as perfect as the angels are supposed to be. The *News* continues:

"Under the most liberal governments yet invented the majority elects a set of rulers who under some restrictions exercise a general and arbitrary power of taxation—that is to

say, levying forced contributions for almost any purpose—and an arbitrary power to regulate the business and moral conduct of every inhabitant, without even a guarantee that taxes shall be for the equal benefit of all the people, or that regulations of trade and morals shall be simply defensiv. The officials elected by the majority can oppress the minority, and even the very persons who elected them."

In much of this criticism of existing governments, the *News* and the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER are at one. The persons elected to power often do abuse their trust, and against this we will ever protest. And we may go further, and demur to a great many of the rules the people hav seen fit to adopt for their own guidance. But we believe in reformation and not revolution. The *News* says that our rulers, "*under some restrictions*, exercise a general and arbitrary power." So they do; and right here is the point. The restrictions should be enlarged and *enforced*. This would do away with the fearful abuses under which the country now suffers, while not permitting lawless individualism to dominate. Officers should hav no power to levy taxes except for purposes approved by the people as specified in the rules adopted by themselvs. A very little government—and that relating solely to mundane affairs—is all that is necessary; but that we can do without any we do not think the *News* will claim. Neither can we think the *News* will assert that voluntary associations can get along without rules for the members' guidance, for a rule without a power to enforce it lodged somewhere would be no rule at all. This question of government or no government is not, as our Anarchistic critics would hav it, a matter of theory. It is entirely a question of fact. Here we are in the world, good, bad, and indifferent people. Can we to-day liv in peace without some government? Are there any indications that within any reasonable time we can so liv? Yes or No? If Yes, when? If No, what are you going to do about it? Spend your time in advocating an impossibility, or put your shoulder to the wheel and work for reformation of recognized abuses? That the editor of the *News* sees this there is no doubt, and therein he differs from his Eastern brethren of the Anarchical school. His concluding remarks we can adopt: "Set production and exchange as free as religion is; let the individual grow to perfect manhood; and reduce government to the proportions of a police power and national defense power, after which, if deprived of invasiv attributes, it would hav undergone an essential evolution and could no longer be the spoils system which all governments at present are." Whether government can be reduced quite as much as the *News* indicates is a matter of doubt. There are some functions of society now performed by government which the *News's* subsequent editorial in reply to a statement of ours has not convinced us can be safely left to the care of selfish individualism. We mentioned as one of the good things resulting from government a stable currency. To this the *News* retorts:

"A stable currency, perhaps. What currency? Perhaps one kind; perhaps many kind—perhaps an unstable currency. Hav not governments made execrable currencies, and licensed corporations to make the wildest of wildcat issues? Is not the government continually on a see-saw, and are not the people kept in a state of agitation about this very matter, because the government assumes to settle and again to alter and tinker with a matter of business?

All of which is true enough so far as it goes, and from one point of view. But there are more than one side to most questions, and this is no exception. Bad as governmental issues may be, the old state banks were over thirty times worse. And individual or mutual banking without governmental backing would be still more unendurable. Without going into the intricacies of the currency question, we think all will admit that the United States note, good in any state, is better than state notes, or individual notes, to the extent that thirty-eight states form a more responsible party than one state or one individual. If banking were under no governmental supervision, it requires no prophet to foresee that there would be an immense amount of swindling going on. Our banking system has quite enough objectionable features without multiplying them.

The *News* continues:

"THE TRUTH SEEKER combats Senator Wilson's bill to prohibit the mailing of publications containing lottery advertisments. But Mr. Wilson probably considers a lottery quite as bad as the wildcat bank, which appals THE TRUTH SEEKER'S imagination. They agree in distrusting and forbidding freedom of commerce, and lodging despotic powers in Congress, or in state legislatures. After that they may contend for a lifetime as to the wisdom and justice of any particular application of those powers. The matter of justice becomes in that way a petition for benevolence. It can be nothing more, when addressed to a power not under the necessity of entering into any bargain with the complaining persons, who hav no power to withhold obedience which serves instead of consent. THE TRUTH SEEKER would complain if the publications of the Infidel sect were excluded from the mails. But Christians generally may consider them worse than either wildcat issues or lottery tickets or flash papers, and may add to the list of desiderated services by government the suppression of Infidel papers. Perhaps the state as yet tolerates such papers because they do not attack its existence. Whenever they do, and become formidable to the state, they may learn whether a government is not an institution supreme to the units who create it."

This is going too far. There is such an instrument in existence as the Constitution of the United States, an instrument defining and delegating to Congress the power it may exercise. The power to prevent lotteries is not delegated to Congress. It is, therefore, reserved to the states. Congress may constitutionally establish post-offices and post-roads, but it *may not* inspect the contents of the mailbags. There is no constitutional nor legal power in this country to do that. And when the Supreme Court went out of its way to say it had (an *obiter dictum* judgment, the lawyers call it), the judges violated their oaths to support the Constitution. But on that account we do not advocate the abolition of the Supreme Court. We would, instead, hav the people hold the judges to the constitutional restrictions placed upon them. Under our Constitution Christians cannot suppress Infidel publications, nor can the government punish him who advocates its abolition. The definition of treason is clearly limited to overt acts. There are a dozen papers in this country crying out against the government, but the freedom of the press is guaranteed by the same article of the same amendment to the Constitution that guarantees religious freedom. The *News's* remarks on these points are deprived of their force because of lack of conformity to facts.

There is a scholarly courtesy in the criticisms of the Galveston *News* becoming to a great journal, which we miss in the editorials of the smaller *Liberty*. Whether or no it would not giv force and dignity to their utterances to copy the style of Mr. J. L. Walker of Galveston is a question we leave to the judgment of Messrs. Tucker and Appleton.

Editorial Notes.

A PRIZE of $100 has been offered by the American Baptist Publication Society for the best tract on "Giving to the Cause of Christ." The manuscripts are to contain not more than 1,050 words. We shall contend for that prize, and here is the tract: "The horseleech [the church] hath two daughters [Protestantism and Catholicism] crying, Giv, giv."

WE hav received the first number of *La Tribune des Peuples*, a monthly devoted to the social movement. The editors also send this notice: "We engage livly those of our readers who knows the french language to read this interesting monthly review. The first No is send gratis and free of expense, to all those who wish it, and who address themselvs to the bookseller's shop of des *Deux-Mondes*." The address of the publication is 17 Rue de Loos, Paris, France.

THE island of Barbadoes, an English dependency in the West Indies, is a good place for the priests. Its area is 106,470 acres; the population numbering 171,860, of whom 155,806 are colored laborers. The church and state are united, and the government supports a bishop at £1000 per annum; nineteen rectors at £320; twenty-one curates at from £200 to £300, and lesser officials in proportion. The Blue book givs a list of the fees allowed the church, "being appropriated to the use of the officer receiving them." The chancellor of the diocese has perquisits as follows:

	£	s.	d.
On the consecration of a church or chapel	4	4	0
On the reconstruction of a church or chapel where by law required	2	2	0
On the consecration of a burial ground	1	13	4

The registrar of the diocese has these:

	£	s.	d.
On the consecration of a church or chapel	8	8	0
On the reconsecration of a church or chapel	4	4	0
On the consecration of a burial ground	1	13	4
Collation to a benefice with stipend	5	5	0
For letters of orders, priests or deacons	1	0	0
For a license given or transferred		10	0
Faculty for removal of a body from one burial ground to another	3	6	8
Faculty for the removal of a body from one spot to another in the same burial ground		10	0
Faculty for the removal of more than one body in the prosecution of additions to or repairs of the fabric of a church or chapel	1	0	0
Faculty for building a vault in a graveyard	1	0	0
Faculty for general alterations in a church chapel	2	0	0
Faculty for introduction of organs, or removal of pulpit or gallery, or for reseating, if fixtures, or for removal of Lord's table, or font	1	13	4
Faculty for the introduction of monumental tablets, or memorial windows, or tables of commandments, or a bell or bells, or ornaments of the Lord's table, other than decent covering, books and communion plates—*i. e.*, the ornaments required by canon law		5	0
License of any building for the performance of divine service		10	0
Visitation fees to be paid by each church or chapel district	1	0	0

Barbadoes seems to be a pretty good place for professional pictists, and the trade of soul-saving there must be a lucrativ one.

REPORT has come to our ears that THE TRUTH SEEKER is to be boycotted for publishing in its issue of March 20th a cartoon entitled, "A Contribution to the Irish Question." The boycotter-in-chief is Mr. Robert Blissert, to whom the cartoon in question has given offense. We are therefore to be deprived forthwith of our Irish constituency. It was before the Constitution Club of this city that Mr. Blissert first made known his dire determination, his action at that place being followed by a violent attack upon the paper at the last meeting of the Liberal Club, and he will lose no opportunity, he declares, to lower THE TRUTH SEEKER in the estimation of the workingmen. Now, THE TRUTH SEEKER does not propose to take back anything that was expressed by the spirit of the cartoon in question. With anybody's misinterpretation of it we hav nothing to do. The great enemies of Ireland, we insist, are the pope and the priests. It is matter of history that in the year of grace 1155 the pope of Rome presented the Emerald Isle to Henry II., and that a later pope re-deeded it to Queen Mary. Catholicism has gone through that country like a flock of geese, devouring everything before and ruining everything behind it. It has brought Ireland to poverty and dependency, and made her a perpetual pauper among nations. With the grip of the pope upon her unbroken, Home rule to-day would be practically Rome rule, as the German liberal politician Blind has pointed out. The Irish people or any other people must be mentally free before they can enjoy political freedom without abusing it. That is what THE TRUTH SEEKER desired to point out, and the sooner the Irish people recognize its truth the better for them. As for the boycott which Mr. Blissert proposes, it would be altogether out of order. That method of moral suasion was not invented and should never be used as an engin of religious persecution; it has been directed altogether toward industrial ends. This paper is on good terms with the trades unions; when it breaks with them, there will be at least an excuse for a crusade against it. Mr. Robert Blissert is making a fool of himself.

THE *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore concludes an address to the Maryland legislature against the injustice of refusing any portion of the school money to the parochial schools as follows:

"If we show that we hav one-fourth of the school-children of Maryland in parochial institutions, on what principle are we denied an equivalent share of the taxes raised for the purposes of education, and paid by the whole people? Let it be understood that we ask no concession, we beg no favor. We simply demand that an intelligent inquiry be made into the facts of this question. If this be done in a spirit of justice, we hav no fear that the cause we advocate will not receive the amplest vindication."

Oh, certainly! Giv them the whole country and make the pope president!

THE first of last month the *World* of this city printed this dispatch from Harrisburg, Pa.:

"Mrs. Eliza Sloan Boyd, the oldest nativ-born resident of Harrisburg, and the first white child born in this city after the town was laid out—being born in 1800—died yesterday. When a young girl her parents moved to New York city, and while there she frequently went on missions of charity. On one of these occasions she visited the house of Tom Paine, the Infidel, when he lay dying, and it was frequently asserted by Mrs. Boyd that Paine did not die a disbeliever, but called on God in his last hours."

Paine died June 9, 1809, when this estimable lady was only nine years old. At that age she must hav been a very competent witness. The inventor of the story, however, overlooked a point. Paine believed in God, and there would hav been no incongruity in his mentioning the name of that formless shade. The writer should hav alleged that he called upon Christ.

THE Baltimore Methodist Conference adopted a report of the committee on Sabbath observance recommending that the Methodist clergy should preach once at least each year against the selling of newspapers, traveling by car or steamer, opening the museums, art galleries, libraries, and so forth, on Sunday. An amendment including street cars was lost, as a matter of course. Traveling ministers can reach their appointments on Saturday night, but in cities they would find it difficult to reach the churches on Sunday without the street cars. These saints might hav expressed their meaning more clearly by adopting some such resolution as this: "*Resolved*, That we unqualifiedly condemn and denounce as sinful, and contrary to God's law and the scripture, everything that we do not want to do ourselvs." And they would hav been more honest, though scarcely better understood, if their last resolution had been: "*Resolved*, That we are hypocrits."

FOR the last four months Louis B. Keller, a faith-curist of Newark, N. J., has been running a mission in the upper part of this city. Lately he announced that he would return to Newark, as the city had too large a heathen population for his purposes. He complains that the roughs put tar on the benches of his hall, burnt pepper to drive the people away; twice they turned out the gas; once filled the church floor with fetters; once took full control and danced; once struck Mr. Keller with stones in the head, cutting it; twice they dragged him by the whiskers; broke the meeting up three times by drunkards; stole two stoves from the church; broke the door and windows and drove nearly all the Christians away, and wound up by setting the house on fire. After recounting these indignities suffered, Mr. Keller closes with "a few words to the churches of New York: You had better see to your heathen in New York, and leave the heathen in Africa, China, etc., for God, for there is much more hope for the heathen in China to get to heaven than the heathen one block from Dr. Taylor's church, Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, New York. God hav mercy on heathen New York city!"

W. S. BELL lectures in Cherokee, Cherokee Co., Iowa, April 6th, 7th, and 8th. Possibly he may remain there as late as the 10th. Persons wishing lectures by him may address him at that point.

Letters from Friends.

BLOOMINGDALE, N. J., March 18, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Having observed a few lines from Mr. H. C. Luse in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 13th in reference to the cartoons on the outside leaves, I could no longer resist writing a few lines on the same. With Mr. H. C. Luse, I would say, "I do not like your pictures." I made an effort to secure subscribers. I succeeded in getting three for 1886; this encouraged me to try and get more. I recommended the paper highly to others. Having three sample copies, I sent them to persons of short acquaintance, two of whom were ladies, and when I received my paper of February 6th, the same as the copies I sent, I at once wrote apologies for speaking so highly of such grossness (I hav reference to the outside picture). I received a note from one of the ladies before my apology reached her; this is some of the language: "The paper you sent I received (thank you); the picture was horrible." This has not encouraged me to solicit much since, especially among ladies. I fail to learn how these pictures are to be productiv of any good, for they, in my judgment, elevate neither morally nor intellectually. Why not hav pictures in astronomy, geology, or botany, which would be more instructiv?

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds visited this place on the 24th ult. Mrs. Reynolds delivered in an earnest manner a lecture, "A Woman's Reasons for Secularism." Much excitement followed. Infidelity with all its evils was preached from two pulpits for over two weeks. Hell and brimstone hav been of great service to the clergy here at the present time to frighten their flocks back to their old rut of bigotry, with their imaginary heaven ahead, and their imaginary hell behind and on all sides, and in their imagination smelling the fumes of brimstone from the place of the damned that are ever burning. Every Infidel has been denounced as vile and too wicked to liv in this Christian land, where all the good has been due to Christianity. This town has been disgraced, and the questionable reputation of Mr. Reynolds is to be inquired into by the Rev. T. Hall of the M. E. church. Infidelity is going to suffer now. Look out, Infidels—great shall be the crash. The few Infidels here are afraid to say their souls are their own, and when Mr. Reynolds was here they made themselvs scarce lest they would be seen by the Christians.

Oh, for a shower of common sense and reason, to take the place of blind faith and priestcraft.

Yours for mental liberty, GEORGE KRAHMER.

DURAND, ILL., March 15, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I favor your publication of the pictures most decidedly. Properly studied, they educate and enlighten. They supplement and illustrate the written word of Liberal literature and argument, and, I think, tend to giv quality, positivness, and strength to the spinal column of the average Liberal or Secularist, a thing much needed in some quarters. They place in view to all observers the earnestness and self-assertion which honest thought is acquiring. In these pictures there is philosophy, logic, and truth. There is a deal of the mathematical in them also. They point the finger of derision, 'tis true, toward sham and pretense; they express a scorn of the lie of religious humbug or hypocrisy, and they teach us to defy ecclesiastical tyranny and priestly and religious hate, but this in no wise proves or indicates a perverted taste, but the contrary.

All this is legitimate moral endeavor as a method of reform in law and manners. It is in the line of self-defense against the perverted and immoral; a legitimate war against corruption, against social and governmental vices, against a slavery from which, as victims, we would emancipate ourselvs.

These remarks are prompted by a deliverance of H. Clay Luse, of Waynesburg, Pa., published in THE TRUTH SEEKER March 13th.

I hav no doubt Mr. Luse is a model young man. I formed an agreeable though slight personal acquaintance with him at the Cassadaga Congress of the National Liberal League, in 284 (1884).

Friend Luse does not "enjoy such caricatures," deeming them "repulsiv exaggerations of the truth." I am sorry for the "mistake" and "influence" which hav led to this unlikeness, and would gladly contribute to my young and earnest brother's relief.

The element of comicality which pertains to the cartoon method of propaganda, in the case and cause of Liberalism, I suppose, is to remove from said propaganda a measure and degree of the acerbity and austerity which the tragic implies, and which inheres in the principles which antagonize us as Liberal citizens and Secularists. If the comic is repulsiv in appearance, it may yet be a necessity as a means to an end, which, I think, should, and does with me, remove its repulsivness.

I do not consider the truth exaggerated, or exaggerated upon, except it be contradicted, which I do not call to mind as having been done in any instance as recently published in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

In the idea and principle of the comic in cartoon logic it is expected that a suggestion somewhat of the ridiculous and grotesque will develop; the artist is not bound to a literal exactitude of detail. It is sufficient if, in the plot on design, the analogy symbolical of the leading ideas is maintained.

I consider Watson Heston an adept in ideology, or, if you please, in cartoonology. His pieces indicate the philosopher and the well-read citizen and Liberal and I cannot appreciate the remark of Brother Luse that their publication is a "mistake." They lead through the "sensual nature" to the intellectual and the moral nature, and only the "influence" of priestcraft can be "marred" by their pungent and unanswerable logic. I consider THE TRUTH SEEKER in place in using the picture element, magnetic and electrical, in giving force to the "cyclone" which commenced rising in the days of Bruno, and to which was added volume in the American and French Revolutions.

May "superstition and ecclesiastical tyranny" go to and under the wall as the final result.

Truly and fraternally, JOHN STEVES.

NORTH PARMA, N. Y., March 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It has been my privilege during the last year to be a subscriber to and a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. With very much of its contents I hav been well pleased and edified. But I must say that upon the reception of last week's paper I was very much disgusted with the illustration, entitled, "A Clerical Surprise Party." While I am an out-and-out Agnostic and Liberal, and do not entertain the slightest belief in anything that savors of the supernatural, and tenaciously hold to my right to think and act upon theological matters for myself regardless of the views of the Christian church, I do not ask any more for myself than I am willing to accord to others.

While I may radically differ with the views promulgated by the church, I believe and know there are many of its ministers and lay members who are earnest and honest, and are endeavoring to do good and make the people better. If they can get any consolation out of their doctrins let them enjoy it, unless we, who think that we hav a better than they, can by our example, and sound logic, and good reasoning, convince them of their error. You cannot do it by abuse or throwing mud. The religious world is moving in the right direction fully as fast as we can expect. The preaching of today would not hav answered at all thirty years ago. Very many of them hav given up such absurd ideas as the doctrin of election, special providences, the Bible theory of creation, a literal, burning hell, and many other of the absurdities and outrageous wrongs which the "good book" teaches. But it is a hard matter for an individual to giv up the ideas and doctrins of a lifetime. If Beecher were twenty-five years younger he would be an Infidel. Let us giv him and others of his class credit for being as liberal as they are, for they are doing very much good. As to the illustrations, continue them. There are plenty of subjects which can be shown up with advantage and profit that need not offend the sensibilities of the intelligent and refined, but will set them to thinking in the right direction. Permit me to suggest for instance, it might be well to show up some of the doings of that exceeding wise man, Solomon, or some of the caprices and cruelties of the "man after God's own heart" (David); for instance, his putting Uriah in the forefront of battle after having seduced his wife, or his loving kindness to his enemies after taking them prisoners, 2 Sam. xii, 30, 31; and in conclusion let me advise that we, as Liberals, act to others as we would like to hav them act toward ourselvs. There is an old saying, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." Now we, as Liberals, do not wish to destroy anyone, but to convince them of their errors, and make the world better for our being in it. But I hav drawn this out too long, and will close. Fraternally yours, J. TOMPKINS.

NEWPORT, ME., March 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I decidedly disagree with your correspondent Luse about the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER. They are grand, and instead of my being "ashamed" to show them, I am proud to do so. The church has no respect for our feelings, She delights to slander Infidels, and when she speaks the name of one of nature's grandest productions, Thomas Paine, does she ever call him anything but "Tom" Paine?

I wish I had a million illustrated TRUTH SEEKERS to circulate instead of one. SEWARD MITCHELL.

UNION, MO., March 15, 1886.

Mr. EDITOR: Inclosed I send $1, for which send me "Humphrey-Bennett Discussion." You say it is a splendid book to loan to Christian neighbors. I hav always loaned THE TRUTH SEEKER to my Christian neighbors, but since you hav illustrated the paper with those nice (?) pictures, I feel ashamed to show the paper to any church-member, and I fully agree with Mr. H. Clay Luse that the pictures are repulsiv exaggerations of the truth. We Liberals don't need such pictures, and a church-member or Christian feels insulted if you show him the paper; even if he looks at the pictures he will not read the paper.

Your last cut on the front page is childish, and at the same time insulting to all church-members, and, as Luse said, out of place in a grand Liberal paper; and judging you, Mr. Editor, by your writing, I believe you yourself are ashamed of such pictures. I am an Infidel, and also a Liberal, and I know, and every Infidel should know, that we can only change a church-member to an Infidel by using kind and liberal arguments, and not by insulting him. If you follow Mr. Joseph A. Shade's advice, and use two pages of your paper every week for plain Bible expositions, and also keep such insulting pictures out of your paper, and not allow every crank to publish his fanatic opinion in your paper, it will be better for your paper and for our cause.

I notice that many of your readers are delighted with the pictures, and after one had said they were immense, the rest followed, and they all said immense. Yes, they are an immense absurdity, and unworthy of your paper.

I hav no right to dictate to you what pictures to print, or how to conduct your paper. I hav only given you my opinion as a friend of your paper; but if you continue to print the same kind of pictures, I don't want the paper any longer. Don't let your fanatic friends ruin your paper.

Truly yours, CHAS. REMHARD.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., March 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am very much delighted with your pictorials. I hav been reading the Bible, and find you hav followed it to the letter. I cannot see why even the most professed Christian should object to the teachings of that book. I think the minds of the people can be reached by this method better than any other way, as they set the people to thinking as well as reading their Bibles. I am quite sure that if the people will read their Bibles understandingly they will all become truth seekers, as every church I hav ever heard of professes to teach the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This is the reason why so many thousands of the people like your valuable paper, and are turning their attention to its teachings. I think it one of the grandest truths of modern times that we hav a paper wherein we can deposit our grandest and highest thoughts of God, and the only way to reach him is to follow all truth. I know the church always teaches that good work availeth nothing, contrary to the teachings of Christ. And what can any Christian say of the church that does that? Long may THE TRUTH SEEKER liv. As long as it confines itself to all truth it will liv.

CHARLES SACH.

FORT SULLY, D. T., March 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Since you commenced illustrating your valuable paper, I hav often thought that it might interest you to know what we here think about it, and that is the reason I send you these few lines.

Well, we are not satisfied with those illustrations. We think the good old TRUTH SEEKER is too good a paper to be decorated the way it is now. The quantity is too rich and the quality too poor for anything. I will admit that good illustrations can help a cause considerably, but as for THE TRUTH SEEKER'S illustrations at present, I think them a failure. It is my hope that it might change soon, so if we can not hav THE TRUTH SEEKER as it was before, let us hav less of illustrations and something finished. With best wishes for our cause, I am Yours, JENS M. C. MARIAGER.

SNOWVILLE, VA., March 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish thee would issue once a year a book of the pictures of THE TRUTH SEEKER in a volume by themselvs. Can't you do it? Don't be alarmed because one now and then objects to pictures. My correspondents are legion, and all who speak of them are delighted with them and the forcible good work they will do. They are effectiv weapons, and I hope will be continued. ELMINA.

SAN JOSE, CAL., March 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I want a few cheap pamphlets; you will find the money, if you look sharp, in the corner of this card.

Putnam will soon be in California, and we must try and arrange to hav some good lectures. Your pictures show up old popery first-rate. Hit 'em again!—giv 'em "Hail Columbia!" And the Protestants are about as bad.

SAMOS PARSONS.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., March 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am casting a few crumbs on the water and hope they may return to you a subscriber or two. Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberals success, I am glad to see sturdy blows both right and left against all forms of ignorance and error. Keep on swinging the battle-ax of freedom until every man, woman, and child is free from the fear of sheol or church influence.

I vote for the pictures; may their shadow never be less. Sheol, with hell in the background, date March 6th, is simply immense, and graphic. Let all the world hear what the pictures say unto the supporters of churches.

Mr. Putnam must not pass us by. San Bernardino needs a warming, and he is the man in the right place.

Respectfully, N. WOOLSEY.

BOSTON, MASS., March 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been much pleased with all of your first page illustrations, but I must say that the one in the last number (March 13th) is particularly fine as well as prophetic. The position of Beecher is good; in fact, it is immense. I feel to congratulate you on securing the services of an artist of the keen originality of Heston, and I feel confident that it will prove a feature of great attractivness to the general public. I feel anxious that you should perfect the arrangements you mentioned in a former letter to place them on sale in our city, and the larger cities of New England, and the news stands. I would also suggest that the cuts be printed on a sheet for distribution as a tract. I inclose herewith a half dozen names of gentlemen whom I would like you to send a sample copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER—if possible, last week's number. HENRY S. BACON.

PITTSBURGH, PA., March 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Last Sunday, March 14th, we had the pleasure of listening to the genial secretary of the American Secular Union, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam. His subject was "The Glory of Infidelity." This is a new lecture, and one so good that it will bear repeating. The following is a brief outline: "Who is the Infidel? He is one who is popularly supposed to be unfaithful to his duty, but really the most faithful of the faithful. He is the element of the unexpected, the horror of Mrs. Grundy. Society abuses him, and finally builds him a monument and calls him a hero. Orthodoxy is a brick in the house of propriety. The orthodox will not use anything until it has the dust of ages on it; worships monotony. Infidelity is just the opposit of orthodoxy, and is glorified both in its spirit and results. Its methods and opinions are innocuous in themselvs, but the way we hold them is an important matter. The spirit of Infidelity is the spirit of inquiry. Since orthodoxy began to be it has always had a thorn in its side—Infidelity. It has always been a red flag, and the orthodox bull has always been obliged to be mad. Infidelity turns a frog-pond into a sparkling rivulet, it tests the truth and makes assumption furnish proof. It is better even to draw the sword for error than let the truth rust in inaction. Orthodoxy must thank Infidelity for keep-

ing it a live corpse; it shows its greatest activity in refusing to be buried. 'Paradise Lost' was written to justify the ways of God to man. Infidelity compels orthodoxy to be bright in self-defense. Suppose Infidelity should cease its endeavors, everybody would go asleep. An attack on Infidelity is a bonanza for modern pulpiteers. Ingersoll has given more vitality to orthodoxy than a thousand ghosts. He has put it on its good behavior. If Christianity does go down it must thank Infidelity for a respectable demise. Infidelity has always kept the world alive. The Infidel is a supreme necessity; the world would willingly destroy him, but must answer him. The word of the Infidel is the living word, because it demands proof, it sets the world on fire. That which is cannot always be the representativ of what is to be. You cannot revolutionize society from the top, you must begin at the root. The Buddhas and the Christs were in opposition to established custom. Infidelity has been the door of progress. An Infidel may be a beggar, but he carries the infinit treasures of the new world. Like a shell he bears the music of the universe. The Infidel's face has always been turned toward the dawn, and he has borne the banner of victory. Faith broods. Doubt discovers. It has been claimed that Infidelity may be wise without being good, but Infidelity denies for the sake of morality. When an overzealous minister claimed that Emerson would go to hell, Father Taylor replied: 'Don't whisper it, then, or everybody will want to go that way.' The only virtue of the church is that it makes a good policeman. The minister is a kind of guide-post, so it pays to keep him whitewashed and in good order. Orthodox society is like a tread-mill. True morality is something infinitly more than respectability. It is one's moral nature that makes him an Infidel. It is not a simple question of logic, but one of manhood. Even in the field of art the Infidel is true to nature. Even here the Infidel is obliged to turn reformer in fidelity to the true and the beautiful. Voltaire, Hugo, Lessing, Goethe, Shakspere, Byron, and Shelley were noble specimens of Infidelity in literature, and Whitman a grand protest against orthodoxy in poetry. Nor must we stop here. Wagner was an Infidel in music, and his triumph was commensurate with his courage. The Infidel loses his life to-day to find it to-morrow. We must forever make and rectify mistakes. That which changes not is already in its grave-clothes. If our opinions were never questioned I would hope that some inconoclast might arise and destroy them. I am proud to declare that I am an Infidel."

Mr. Putnam also lectured on Sunday evening at Wilson's Hall, Allegheny City; subject, "The Foundations of Morality," and at Sharpsburg on Monday evening on "A New Heaven and New Earth;" but the present length of this communication precludes the propriety of giving them the notice they otherwise might receive. The lecture delivered at Sharpsburg was the first one of the kind ever delivered in that orthodox borough, and much credit is due Mr. D. M. Miller, of the adjoining village of Etna, for making the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Putnam made a good impression, and left with the kind wishes of all. Success to him in his trip across "the Rockies." Yours truly, HARRY HOOVER,
Secretary Pittsburgh Secular Society.

McQUEEN, ILL., Feb. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $4, three to apply on subscription, seventy-five cents for the new book, "The Order of Creation," which I think will be a book of high order judging by what of it I hav read; for the balance you may send me Remsburg's "Bible Morals." THE TRUTH SEEKER has come into my house to stay, if I hav been a little tardy in making my remittance this time. It was always good, but is certainly improving; especially hav I enjoyed reading McArthur's letters to "D. C.," possibly better than "Dogged Churchman" does, and I think such articles are of much value in a paper. They represent in condensed form the fruit of much reading and study of books, many of which we are not able to buy and might not hav patience to read. The church never like to hear of councils. They dislike to learn that they only hav man's judgment for what is God's word. But it will never do to commence to tell what the church dislikes in history, if I did this letter would run on *ad infinitum*, so I will close, wishing prosperity to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Let its motto always be: Truth the natural language of the brain. G. H. BRITTON.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We hav had a visit from Mr. Remsburg, and he has left a strong impression. Many of those who heard his lecture, "Sabbath-Breaking," pronounce it a masterpiece. I feel confident that his next visit to Providence will excite great enthusiasm, and draw large numbers.

There has just ended a Methodist revival here, headed by "Widow" Van Cott, who quietly walked away with $400 for four weeks.

What surprises me most is that there are not more dishonest people who are smart enough to assume the *role* of leading lunatic, and fill their empty purses. How easily people can be humbugged out of their sense and dollars!

With a word of admiration for the last poem in the Children's Corner, by Mrs. Buckner-Johnson, M.D., I am,
Yours, W. P. BLYTHE.

YORKSHIRE, N. Y., March 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: During the last week in February members of our Freethought circle enjoyed about forty-eight miles of sleigh-riding. We experienced the usual vicissitudes, good roads, sunshine, and fine bracing weather alternating with pitiless nor'westers, huge drifts, an overturn, one broken whiffletree, and numerous prolonged stoppages, while stout hands wrought, sometimes in midnight darkness, to extricate the sleigh from clogging masses of snow. Warm wraps, robes, and soap-stones, and merry hearts with stirring sentiment, prevailed, however, and the whole was voted a success.

The occasion for such journeyings was as follows: Liberals in Holland, Erie county, resolved to hav a hearing right there, and engaged that prince of iconoclasts, J. E. Remsburg, to lecture on Monday and Tuesday evenings, while equally energetic ones about Java Village, Wyoming county, secured a hall and the same speaker for three lectures, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings and on Thursday afternoon. Of course, we could not afford to miss such an opportunity for hearing a prime favorit; besides, we were indebted to some of these friends for social and pecuniary aid at several of our own gatherings. And truly, the warm welcome and hearty hospitality that greeted us, as well as the delight of listening again to the choice rhetoric and fearless logic of the able orator, made the week one to be remembered. Neither of these towns had before known public utterance of this kind, and some thought, as well as considerable feeling, must hav been awakened. It seemed to us that if these five lectures could be followed in the course of two months by one in each place from Charles Watts on the advantages of Secularism, which he treats with incomparable force, a grand beginning would hav been made toward rooting out senseless superstitions and making way for rational views of life and religion. Like noxious weeds in the farmer's fields, the old, false teachings will withstand much skilled and persistent assault before they show signs of yielding; but by and by go they must. Let us work while for us it is day.

The little band in Yorkshire—two or three Spiritualists, two or three Materialists, and two or three Agnostics, working in harmony with mutual toleration—hav been trying earnestly to raise funds for lectures by Lyman C. Howe one Sunday in each month for a year. He will speak for us on March 21st, when the matter will be fully decided.

With bright hopes for the future of the good seed sown, I remain OLIVE DALEY SHERMAN.

ALPINE, March 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am much grieved to learn that you hav retired the Boy with the Badge-pin from the Liberal Club report. I miss that buoyant spirit and the spice which the report was always spiced with. I hope you will soon reinstate him.

I wish you would use one small corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER to define the hard words in the paper. I found it one of the objections to the paper that they couldn't understand the hard words in it. Much of THE TRUTH SEEKER is written above the heads of the common people, and the common people we so need! The educated we are sure of. Try it. The pictures are good. F. J. DOVE.

ITHAOA, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER, with its illustrations, comes to me weekly with a welcome. Though I hav no devotional songs of praise, like some, to entertain my Lord's coming, if my plain virgin experience, with my vessel filled with oil and lamp trimmed and burning, is not an indorsement for deity, it is evidence that I am none of his or hers. Your illustration of Jonah, who had orders by individual Freethought to go to Nineveh (pleasure), and disobeyed in contemplation of Tarshish, where a storm of difficulty arose with the waters (minds) of orthodoxy concerning the opening of the public libraries on Sunday, show that even the sacrifice of Liberal Jonah with a long list of names is no palliation. Christians are preparing a whale to gulp in Jonah at one swoop by a system of control, by a stoppage of Liberal literature on all the railroads and public highways, as vile as immoral and un-Christian. Illustrations are grand because they are the negativ pointing to the positiv.

ZENAS KENT.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., March 10, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Thanks; THE TRUTH SEEKER comes all right now, in Ben Parkins's name. I shall henceforth get it when Ben gets his. I am also more than thankful for "Bible Morals." It is peerless for missionary work here. It is so small and handy, and yet so vast and comprehensiv in its character. Long liv Remsburg, and also the indomitable John R. Kelso. They comprise a vast amount of the salt of the earth. They are saviors of the human race, and, combined with the immortal Darwin, they are the rock upon which this monster, Christianity, will perish, and be remembered only as the vilest curse of a barbarous age.

Respectfully, NELSON HUNT.

DOWLIN, TEX., Feb. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I profess to be a philanthropist, a lover of mankind. I think it likely that I am older than any correspondent you hav. Under this impression, I will venture to ask a favor, free. Please publish the following: I, John A. Rutherford, of Dowlin Post-office, Lamar county, Texas, herein and hereby propose to every editor and publisher in the United States that if she or he will send me two copies of the paper that he or she is publishing, in a few weeks, I pledge myself to distribute them to the best advantage to the author. I am well known in Lamar county. I lived in the territory before it was organized into Lamar. I was the presiding officer in the case. I was county judge four years. My bragging puts me in mind of the man Moses in the Bible. Moses said, "The man Moses was very meek, above all the men on the face of the earth." I am well known to be honest and truthful. Yours, etc.,
J. A. RUTHERFORD, born Jan. 31, 1799.

COLLEGEVILLE, PA., March 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me the seven chapters on "The Order of Creation," and B. W. Lacy's reply to Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll," in paper.

Is it not possible to establish a Freethinkers' College, equal to Yale or Harvard, in the East? I feel almost sure that Professor Sunderland, brother of the late LaRoy Sunderland, would giv away his college for such purposes. We hav, and hold in it, a Scientific Club every Sunday afternoon. Mr. I. K. Rhoades belongs to it, and he givs out a TRUTH SEEKER every week. It is to him that I am indebted for your notice of Freethought literature. E. S. MOSER.

CARROLL'S PRAIRIE, TEX., March 20, 286.

MR. EDITOR: It has been quite a while since I wrote to you, as there are so many interesting friends to hear from that I would much rather read than write. But thinking some of our friends who contemplate coming to Texas might like to hear from this part, I giv them a little of what I hav seen. The strike is all the talk at present, all sides of the matter being discussed at length, and the conclusion generally arrived at here is that the strikers did not giv sufficient reasons for making this strike; that it was only to show their strength, etc. Be this as it may, it is very amusing to hear the Christians express their opinions. They think the strikers did wrong in striking, but think if they were in Jay Gould's place they would hav done just as he has. Anyway to make the most money. One of them was excusing Gould for what he had stolen by the fact that Gould had only robbed the rich man who robbed the poor man, instead of robbing the poor man direct, and added if he had as much money as Gould he would hav done the same, and so would his friends to whom he was talking; and they assented that they would.

Now I had been talking to some of them on the evils of Christianity just before the above conversation occurred. Of course they had claimed that everything that was right and moral was taught by it, and, above all, that they believed in and followed this Christian doctrin. But it seemed to me they "let the cat out" when they admitted they would do certain things that Infidels declare wrong if they had the power. They all seem to hav an indiarubber conscience.

But that is not what I hav seen, so will I say I've seen prairie and woodland, rich soil and some that was not so rich, and other things that are not of interest. But some things that may be of interest I will speak of. For the last four days the thermometer has stood at 80° in the shade, but you do not notice that it is uncomfortably warm; you see flowers growing in the woods and on the prairie, oats are up, the dogwood and other trees are in bloom, the grass is green, thousands of birds are in the trees, and everything says spring is here, especially the woodtick—he has been on hand for a month.

Of course this is all nice, and the best part is, there is a fine chance for a poor man to liv easy. The soil will produce anything—cotton, corn, cane, vegetables, fruits, etc.

Land is cheap—unimproved good land for $2.50 per acre; improved land from $5 up, according to improvements.

We expect to get a location soon for our coöperativ society. We will raise ribbon-cane and grapes for the market. There is plenty of money to be made on these two products.

Now we will not take up any more of your valuable space, but if anyone would like information I will be glad to furnish same. E. E. PARK.

OGDEN, UTAH, March 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been intending to write you ever since the beginning of the year, but hav been delayed by two or three causes, one of which was the hope of getting some additional subscribers.

I hav been trying for the last two or more years to revive our League and Secular Union, but without effect. 'Tis too long a story to tell you—all the difficulties that spread themselvs in the pathway. My last effort was to effect a Union of some kind, to meet and support Mr. Putnam when he comes. But, alas! A snag again has caused another shipwreck, and now my last effort will be when Mr. Putnam arrives, when, if something is not done that will form a good basework for the continuation of the good work, I shall fall in the rear, but will assist any others to carry out the work. Never again will I stand in the front to work, but the grand purposes of the American Secular Union, though, while I liv I will be ready to render any assistance to forward the work.

I am now trying to open up an institution on my own account, which, if any can be found interested enough to seek, will or may find something that will giv some light on the great work that is agitating the minds of those who are working for humanity. The people will not take papers or buy books by which to understand what is going on, and what is necessary for their own good. So, as a last effort, I will offer to them the light free, as far as I, within my limited means, can keep it burning. I hav fitted up a room twenty-four feet square for a free reading room for evenings and Sundays, and which will serve for small meetings, and with my own books and the periodicals I take, and as many more as I can add from time to time, shall be devoted to the good of those who will be initiated into the service of reform, as opposed to the powers that now prevail, causing the poverty and misery, etc., of the working classes by depriving them of the opportunity to earn a comfortable support, by their political and religious schemes for their own aggrandizement.

This, I think, will be my last effort, if it succeeds well. If not, then I shall feel I hav done all, and will be contented to pass over with a good conscience, and without fear. I am now in my seventy-fifth year, healthy and activ, and may liv some years yet, but that is as it may be.

Inclosed please find post-office order for $10—$3 to continue THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the balance to place to my credit. I shall want some books, and will send an order soon. I will perhaps be able to sell some to visitors to my free reading-room, and shall want them at your lowest rates. Send your latest catalog. We are looking for Mr. Putnam, and will giv him the best reception we can.

As ever yours, JOHN A. JOST.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Little Lo.

Near to the Elkhorn's sparkling water,
Charming water that ripples so,
A weary mother and little daughter—
And child is mother, as mother's go.

Little Lo, with her soft hair shining,
Little Lo, with her dainty ways,
Does daily toil without repining,
Cycle of summer and winter days;

Smoothing the way for feet fast chilling
With touch of death and the icy wave,
Calmly, cheerfully, sweet hands willing,
May lure her back from the yawning grave.

Little Lo, with her blue eyes pleading,
Little Lo, with her golden hair,
Invalid mother gently leading,
And deftly placing the easy chair.

Helpful feet to a helpless mother
Is little Lo, with her wee brown hands,
As oft, mayhap, you've seen some other
Captiv following silken bands.

But never you saw a childish maiden,
Guiding the footsteps weak and slow,
Never a pair of small hands laden
With grace like this of Little Lo.

Hands like these are beautiful ever
If brown with tan or white as snow.
O suffering world, you may not sever
Humanity's needs from Little Lo.

Copy them now in bronze or granit,
Mould their beauty, and let them go
Unto the world to paint the sonnet
I may not sing of little Lo.

Clearwater Neb. Mary Baird-Finch.

A Reminiscence.

Almost fifty years ago, or when I was about nine years old, my father sent me to the house of a neighbor about half a mile from my home to get some grain-bags. He started me off early, that I might return by the time himself and two or three other in his employ had finished their breakfasts and were ready to start for their work, which at that time happened to be two or three miles away in another direction from that in which I was sent. When I reached the place I found a threshing-machine set up where it was to be put in operation that day. This was something new to me, and an object of great interest, as machinery has ever been. The importance of my speedy return was driven from my mind for some time by an examination and my anxiety to see it in operation, which I had been told by a young man who got the bags for me it would be in a short time. My curiosity being partially satisfied by my examination, it occurred to me that I was expected at home even before that time. Somewhat reluctantly, as the machine had not been started, I left for home, which I soon reached, and found that my father had sent the men to their work some time before, while he waited for my return.

He seemed to think that I needed a lesson in promptness and lively stepping. He also thought that, in order to make it more impressiv, the lecture he gave me should be illustrated by the artistic use of the brush—which he had cut from a neighboring apple-tree. I need hardly say that the illustration was more forcible and more deeply felt than the lecture which accompanied it. Leaving me to reflect upon the lesson, my father went to his place of business, not to return until night.

Now, it so happened that, on this eventful day, the militia, or the men in the vicinity (in central New York) "between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, liable to military duty," were to meet at the village near by for drill—it was "training day." As I lived near the village, and within hearing of the music used upon the occasion, my curiosity, if not my patriotism, was strongly aroused, and, having little to do, I was strongly attracted in that direction. At first I thought I would go "just a little way" where I could see as well as hear, and though not intending it when I started, I was finally drawn to the field (nearly a mile from home) where the drill was going on. Once there, the sights and sounds, with other boys, were sufficient to hold me as long as the drill lasted. Then, the excitement being over, and thinking of what I had done, I was afraid to go home, as I well knew that my conduct would not be approved there.

The result was that I did not return until dark, when, feeling tired, guilty, and altogether miserable because of having yielded to temptation, I dreaded to meet my father and mother, whom I could see sitting in the house, but as I knew I must, I finally went in.

My coming was, no doubt, a great relief to them, although I did not realize it then. Very little was said to me after inquiring where I had spent the day. I was told, however, to eat my supper, and when about to go up-stairs to bed my father remarked that we must hav a settlement in the morning.

I did not get up next morning until my father had gone again for the day, and the matter was never mentioned between us afterward. My mother, however, talked with me about the affair, and, finding me repentant and submissiv, reassured me somewhat by saying that if I remained dutiful and obedient she would try to persuade my father not to punish me, and I do not remember that he ever did but once afterward (and that was the result of a misunderstanding of his orders on my part and without reflection or inquiry on his), although I lived with him until after I had reached the years of manhood. In thiuking of the first occurrence since, I hav concluded that he attributed my conduct to the treatment I had received at his hands on that morning, and feared to arouse my resentment further by additional punishment. I, however, had no such thought. It was due to a combination of circumstances operating upon me in an entirely different manner from a disposition to defy his authority. I think it was just as well, and that I was quite as obedient afterward as though he had punished me further.

The above occurrence shows, I think, how infinitly important it is that we should learn, as far as possible, the motivs which actuate others before censuring them, also the importance of resisting the temptation to do wrong. Nothing will destroy our respect for another sooner than being wrongly accused.

Uncle George.

Games for the Children.

My Lady's Toilet.—Every person represents some article of the toilet—comb, brush, soap, brooch, jewel-case—and the lady's maid stands in the middle of the circle and says, for instance, "My lady wants her brush!" The person representing the brush must immediately jump up or pay a forfeit for negligence. Once in a while the maid announces, "My lady wants her whole toilet," when all the players must rise and change places. At this time the lady's maid herself endeavors to get a chair, and the person left without a chair must become the lady's maid.

Imitation.—To play this game the players sit in a circle; one of them takes a cane in his right hand, and says: "They can do little who cannot do this, this, this," pounding the floor with the cane three times, as he says the last three words. He then passes the cane from his right to his left hand, and gives it to the next person, who is told to say and do exactly what his predecessor did. He may think the catch is in repeating the words or in pounding the floor a certain number of times, while it is in passing the cane to the left hand, and with the left handing it along. A forfeit must be paid for every mistake.

Orchestra.—Select a conductor, who is to arrange the players in a semi-circle, each being assigned to play some imaginary instrument, and instructed how to play it. The conductor first calls on his orchestra to tune, and then, naming some lively air, begins to hum it, at the same time waving a baton, when all the players must join in, imitating by voice and gesture their instruments, such as violin, harp, cornet, tenor horn, trombone, flute, piccolo, clarinet, double bass, drum, cymbals, etc. Solos may be called for, and the person representing the instrument named must respond or pay a forfeit, as must all who fail to play when called on, or who break down by laughing. There are few games which afford more fun than this, if played in good spirits and in a lively manner.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—A complex kaleidoscopic charade.

Subject.

Turn the kaleidoscope and, lo,
What various changing figures show!
They flash like lightning into place,
Or twinkle into newer grace.

A few small bits of colored glass,
Each piece a jagged, shapeless mass,
Yet in this magic instrument
All glories in one glory blent.

And such kaleidoscope I own,
But I, instead of glass alone,
Put in whatever thing I choose,
And then enjoy the changing views.

Now let us take a *waterfall*,
Tho' not of hair, as ladies call;
Yet in its *central refluent tide*
A tapering roll of hair is spied.

Now in this waterfall I mean,
No hairy "waterfall" is seen;
Once *in the eye*, alas, you'll find,
'Tis something that may make you blind.

First View.

But turn it now and then behold
What wondrous visions thus unfold;
A *feline* with nine lives prevails,
A monster said to hav nine tails.

Nine constellated stars next shine
In southern skies with light benign,
Whose *name*, a *palindromic shrine*,
An altar we translate, define.
The *third* is *first*, of heart bereft,
Of little value all that's left;
In fact its worth as plainly meant,
Expressed in full is just one *cent*.

Second View.

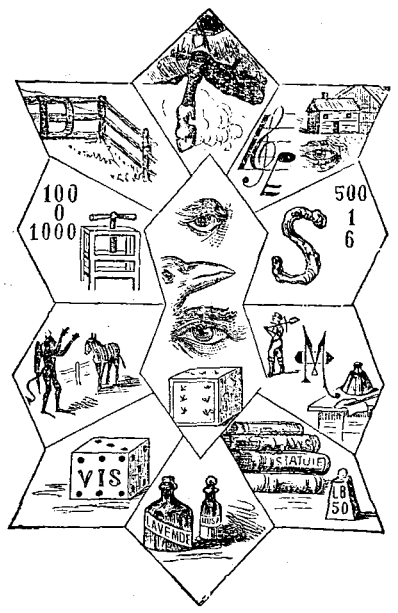
The instrument again we turn,
No stars about an altar burn;
But *tail to tail*, the *first* and *second*,
A *feline* and a *rodent* reckoned;
What need to tell what must ensue,
The *third* expresses what they *do*.

Third View.

Again, *reversely* seen, behold
A weight that's used for weighing gold;
Altho' this weight is but *four grains*
That southern altar it contains.
Its *first* is known as "Charles's wain,"
That *rodent*, *second*, draws the train;
And thus the *true charade** we find,
A *cart-load*, *cart* and team combined;
But now the *whole four grains delete*
That *feline* stands again complete.
Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. Baker.

*Vide Webster.

2.—REBUS.



Ten words, the four last syllables of each in the center.

3—REBUS.



To what city in Massachusetts are these boys going with their boats?

Correspondence.

Lake Maitland, Fla., March 7, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I thought I would write you a few lines from the Sunny South. Papa takes The Truth Seeker. I read the Children's Corner, and am delighted with it. I am eleven years old. I hav a sister nine years old and a little brother one month old. I go to school—am in the Fifth Reader. I study grammar, spelling, arithmetic, geography, dictation, exercises, and writing. Papa has a large orange grove; he lost about one thousand boxes of oranges this winter by the frost. We are east of Lake Maitland two miles, and one mile from Lake Howell, a beautiful sheet of water, two miles long and one mile and a half wide. There are five boats on the lake, and we catch lots of fish. We came from Illinois thirty months ago. We like Florida better than any place we ever lived in. Some winters I go barefoot all winter. I hope this letter gets in The Truth Seeker. Please excuse mistakes and bad writing. From your friend,

J. Gail Denning.

West McHenry, March 14, 1886.

Miss Susan Wixon: I hav often read The Truth Seeker at grandpa's for the last few years, and enjoyed the letters and stories of the Children's Corner. This last year I hav been going to school to Mr. Vasey in the highest room in the public school of this village. For the past week I hav been at home, as I hav had a bad cold, and we are moving to a farm which papa bought a year ago last summer. I hav never lived on a farm, and I am afraid it will be lonesome, though I hope not. Miss Wixon, I should like very much, if I see the next Truth Seeker, to see this letter in print, if you think it will do.

Your little friend, Grace Stevens.

P.S.—Answer to Puzzle No. 2: Dickens—Howitt—Burns! G. S.

Geneva, Neb., March 7, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: My papa has been taking The Truth Seeker for a good many years. I like to read the Children's Corner, and think it is nice. Papa got me "The Story Hour," and I read stories to my mamma, and she likes them very much. I like to go to school, but our school will be out next week. I will be sorry, but it will commence next April. I am eight years old, and I hav two sisters and one brother. Three of us go to school. If you like this letter, I will write again some time.

Your little friend, Irena J. Whitzel.

Leonard, Iowa, March 10, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I thought I would write you a letter seeing all the boys and girls are writing to you. I go to school. We hav three weeks more of school. I hav a mile and a half to go to school. I study reading, arithmetic, spelling and geography. I am only twelve years old, and this is my first attempt in writing a letter for any paper. My father takes The Truth Seeker. I will hav to close for this time. Yours truly,

E. S. Leonard.

Roswell, N. M., March 3, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I see many letters from little folks in the Corner, but none from this country, so I thought I would try and write one. I am a little girl just eight years old. I go to school and study reading, writing, arithmetic, and spelling. I am going to study geography and history next winter. I hav a gentleman teacher, and like him very much. I hav a grandpa and grandma in this country. Grandpa takes The Truth Seeker, has been taking it for a good many years; he thinks there is no paper as good as it, and would not do without it for anything. Dear Miss Wixon, I am afraid I am making my letter too long, so I will bring it to a close. As it is my first I am afraid it is not good enough to print, but I hope so. If it is, I will write again, and write about my little pets and my playmates. Well, good-bye. From your loving little friend. Maggie Ovard.

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fulness of death.
Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a
day;
But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel out-
livs not May.
Sleep, shall we sleep after all? for the world is not
sweet in the end;
For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new years
ruin and rend.
Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock
that abides;
But her ears are vexed with the roar and her face
with the foam of the tides.
O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of
racks and rods!
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted
gods!
Though all men abase them before you in spirit,
and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look
to the end.

Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will ye chas-
ten the high sea with rods?
Will ye take her to chain her with chains, who is
older than all ye gods?
All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass
and be past;
Ye are gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the
waves be upon you at last.
In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years,
in the changes of things,
Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world
shall forget you for kings.
Though the feet of thine high priests tread where
thy lords and our forefathers trod,
Though these that were gods are dead, and thou
being dead art a god,
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be
fallen, and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead
shall go down to thee dead.
Of the maiden thy mother men sing as a goddess
with grace clad around;
Thou art throned where another was king; where
another was queen she is crowned.
Yea, once we had sight of another: but now she is
queen, say these.
Not as thine, not as thine, was our mother—a blos-
som of flowering seas,
Clothed round with the world's desire as with rai-
ment, and fair as the foam,
And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess, and
mother of Rome.
For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to
sorrow; but ours,
Her deep hair heavily laden with odor and color of
flowers,
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splen-
dor, a flame,
Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth
grew sweet with her name.
For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves,
and rejected; but she
Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and im-
perial, her foot on the sea.
And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds
and the viewless ways,
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue
streams of the bays.
Ye are fallen, our lords, by what token? We wist
that ye should not fall.
Ye were all so fair that are broken; and one more
fair than ye all.
But I turn to her still, having seen she shall surely
abide in the end;
Goddess, and maiden, and queen, be near me now
and befriend.
O daughter of earth, of my mother, her crown and
blossom of birth,
I am also, I also thy brother; I go as I came unto
earth.

Thou art more than the gods who number the days
of our temporal breath;
For these giv labor and slumber, but thou, Pros-
erpina, death.
Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a season in
silence. I know
I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as they
sleep; even so.
For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we
gaze for a span;
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which
is man.
So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again,
neither weep.
For there is no god found stronger than death;
and death is a sleep.

—*Swinburne, in Hymn to Proserpine.*

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* * * * *

After awhile I found I was being regarded as unsound on many vital points. Complaints began to be made, not so much on account of what I preached as because there were certain things I did not preach. I had become an earnest student of science; and whispers began to reach me that I was coming to be looked on with suspicion, from the fact of having so large a number of scientific books in my library. About this time I was appointed to read an essay before our association of churches and ministers on the subject of Darwinism. And as Balaam, when called by the Moabitish king to curse the children of Israel, disappointed his employer by pronouncing a blessing instead, so I disappointed and scandalized the church authorities by declaring my conviction that this new, ridiculed, and hated doctrin was the very truth of God. I had not indeed as yet outgrown the reconciliation folly, so I tried hard to think that that Genesis and the "Origin of Species" might lie side by side and in peace together on a minister's study table. But I was not long in seeing that the fall and the ascent of man could hardly both be true. I tried indeed to believe that a miraculous Christ and a supernatural redemption might still be retained, though I had surrendered all faith in the supposed fact which constituted the only reason for their existence. But I soon became convinced that when evolution came in at the door the whole orthodox "plan of salvation" must go out at the window. I learned the fundamental and universal truth that every theological system springs out of and takes shape in accord with some cosmology or scheme of things. If, therefore, the new revelations of science were true, I felt sure that evangelical Christianity could not be true. For science was telling us of a new universe, in which the fundamental conceptions of the nature of God, the nature of man, and their mutual relations were being radically reconstructed. If, instead of a perfect creation followed by a catastrophe, which called for a scheme of redemption by way of recovery, there had been a gradual and orderly evolution from the first under the guidance of an all-wise power, then there was neither necessity nor place for any of the cardinal points of the old faith.—*M. J. Savage in The Forum.*

Book Notices.

SOCIAL WEALTH: The Sole Factors and Exact Ratios in its Acquirement and Apportionment. By J. K. Ingalls. New York: The Truth Seeker Co., 33 Clinton Pl. Price $1.

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In summing up his conclusions, the author says: "Labor divorced from or disinherited of the land is only an abstraction without productiv power;" and "Land without the application of labor is unproductiv of economic values." "The whole device of income without work is fraudulent, and without the least justification in ethics or economics." Therein is seen the drift of the book. Here and there in its pages are striking passages; and here are some of the pithy sentences: "Forced competitorship is only fully realized at the very bottom of the industrial scale." "From conquests with bludgeons, swords, and spears, as in the earlier ages, civilism has inaugurated a war of cunning and fraud, whose weapons are technical terms, shrewd devices, class legislation, and forms of law recognizing no rights as supreme but those of property and the law of the market." "The false merchant works for profits, and is not a coöperator in the social industry, but a despoiler and tribute-gatherer." "The quick-witted child early becomes a very 'prince of economists.' To get something for nothing becomes a habit and a cultus, which, as a man grows in years, he tries to reduce to an art. If by shrewd device or subtle pretense he can wholly escape work, and saddle the expense of life upon others, he learns that, under the teachings of our 'exact economy' and 'reformed theology,' he will be entitled to social distinction and respect, and to hav his position defended by learned professor and titled dignitary, both secular and religious."

Mr. Ingalls's book will stimulate thought.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

THE ORDER OF CREATION, the Conflict between Genesis and Geology. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. New York: The Truth Seeker Company.

Under this title those essays hav been republished which hav appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* in the discussion between Mr. Gladstone and those distinguished authorities who deny that Genesis contains a divine revelation and that the assertion made therein can be reconciled to the accepted facts of science. The first essay, "Dawn of Creation and of Worship," by W. E. Gladstone, was called forth by the "Prolégomènes de l'Historie des Religiones," of Dr. Réville in which Mr. Gladstone is made the representativ of those who find warrant for a belief in a primitiv revelation in the scriptures. Mr. Gladstone, with his truly wonderful command of English, attempts to show the connection between the Hebrew traditions of Genesis and the Olympian mythology of Homer, and to prove that there is a divine revelation contained in Genesis I. The second essay, "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature," is by Professor Huxley, who deals with the proof which Mr. Gladstone draws from science in support of his theory in such a manner that Mr. Gladstone is obliged in his second article to modify many of his statements, and change some of the argument which he sets forth in his first. In the third article, "Postscript to Solar Myths," Prof. Max Müller deals rather severely with the mythological and etymological arguments of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone in a second essay, entitled, "Proem to Genesis; a Plea for a Fair Trial," defines more exactly his position in the discussion, and defends it with great plausibility. Dr. Réville in the fifth article, "Dawn of Creation," states with great clearness and defends with much force his views on the book of Genesis, and his opinions about the mythology of Homer. Professor Huxley follows with a very able article, entitled, "Mr. Gladstone and Genesis," in which he attempts to dispose of Mr. Gladstone's modified, as effectually as of his original arguments, at least those which he based on scientific discoveries. The last article, "A Protest and a Plea," by E. Lynn Linton, is a very skilful defense of the position which the Agnostic occupies, and a powerful plea for the belief which she herself holds. However we may condemn many of the publications of the Truth Seeker Co., we must thank them for the convienent form in which they hav given us these essays, as they present in very accessible form arguments with which every one should be familiar.—*The Princetonian (Presbyterian College Paper).*

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"Oh, mother, I've been roasting up in my room all afternoon. It's hotter than—"

"Alice!" said the father, sternly.

"I say it's hotter than—"

"Alice!" said the mother, excitedly, and the divine looked at her in alarm.

"I say it's hotter than I ever saw it before," continued the young lady coolly, "and I just sat there without a thing on—"

"Oh, Alice!" said her father, in alarm. This time the divine was thoroughly frightened.

"I just sat there without a thing on—"

"Oh, Alice!" said the mother, almost crying.

"I say I just sat there," continued the girl, not noticing the interruption; "I just sat there without a thing on except my very lightest summer clothing, and read my Bible all the afternoon. Will you hav some more soup, doctor?"—*Elmira Gazette.*

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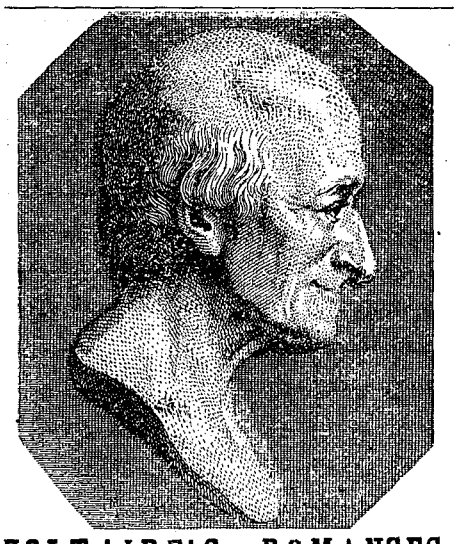
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ANOTHER virtue, the example of which has passed strongly into me, was my father's settled, placid indifference to the clamors or the murmurs of public opinion. For the judgment of those that had no right or power to judge him he seemed simply to care nothing at all. He very rarely spoke of despising such things. He contented himself with altogether disregarding them. Hollow babble it was for him. There was something truly great in this. The very perfection of it hid from you the extent of the attainment.—*Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

Facilis descensus averni, etc. (Virgil). Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—*Matt. vii*, 13, 14.

THE journey down to the abyss
Is prosperous and light;
The palace-gates of gloomy Dis
Stand open day and night
But upward to retrace the way,
And pass into the light of day,
Then comes the stress of labor—this
May task a hero's might.
—*Conington's Virgil.*

THE true Agnostic is one who says: "I do not know and do not believe that I can know God;" but he does not say, "There is no God." That kind of talk is the counterpart of the orthodox bigotry that says: "I know all about God, and you'll be damned if you don't believe what I tell you!" Both positions are illogical and wrong. The only honest, modest, true, and tenable ground is that of the man who admits, as the evolutionist does, that there is a persistent force, a permanent reality, an inscrutable mystery, an unknown and unknowable power, behind or in phenomena that we cannot comprehend, and there leaves it, and waits and works patiently and in trust for more light and vaster knowledge.—*Anon.*

THEN shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels (Matt. XXV, 41). God is pleased often to appeal to men for the justice of all his ways; and therefore no such doctrin ought to be admitted, that carries in it an idea of cruelty beyond what the blackest tyrants hav ever invented.—*Burnett's Thirty-nine Articles.*

Do not try to reason, or you are lost.—*Moody, the Evangelist.*

REASON must be our last guide and judge in everything.—*Locke, the Philosopher.*

NOTHING can be consistent which has not reason for its foundation.—*Cicero, the Heathen.*

HEAR now my reasoning, and hearken to the pleadings of my lips.—*Job, the Patriarch.*

REASON is the only faculty we hav wherewith to judge concerning anything.—*Butler, the divine.*

REASON is the supreme authority, and there is no appeal from its decisions.—*J. M. Wise, the Jewish Rabbi.*

IN deep questions, where great names militate against each other, an appeal to authority only thickens the confusion.—*Burke.*

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TROY Parishioner: And so you don't like this place? Rector: No, I can't say I do, exactly. I don't find the right field here for me. Parishioner: Right-field? We'll be very sorry to lose you; but if you must go, they're looking for a right fielder at Albany.

SAM JONES says: "The best man in Chicago is the man who spends the most of his time on his knees. I don't care who he is." The man that makes a business of putting down carpets would appear to hav a pretty sure thing on eternal glory. —*Gazetteer.*

THERE are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit, and yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of us will do when he dies. There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when our set lies down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000.000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could only realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant-hill of fussy, important little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the corral.

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SCENE.—*Sixth avenue street car.* DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Black Eyes and Blue Eyes.*

Black Eyes: Why, how do you do? I havn't seen you since Lent began.

Blue Eyes: No; I'm awfully busy—church every day, and——

Black Eyes: Church all day, you mean. I go to early communion and——

Blue Eyes: Oh, you're High; we're Low, you know; but——

Black Eyes: Yes, I'm high; besides, Mr. Credo, the curate, does early service——

Blue Eyes: Oh, I've seen him. He's awfully handsome. Our rector has no assistant, and he's an old married man. It's too stupid.

Black Eyes: How you talk! I just love to go to church. The five o'clock service is perfectly lovely. I'm so glad Lent has come.

Blue Eyes: So am I. I was all tired out.

Black Eyes: I was, too. I resorted to everything, the last two or three weeks before Ash Wednesday; kept up on quinine and beef-tea——

Blue Eyes: Did you? I took massage treatment. And I hadn't a rag left to wear.

Black Eyes: Nor I, positivly. Mr. Standround marries Molly Wallflower soon, I hear.

Blue Eyes: Yes; I'm to stand with her. Such a bore! We can't any of us go *decollete.*

Black Eyes: Why not.

Blue Eyes: Because Nell Needle, the maid of honor, is so scrawny, she won't.

Black Eyes: She can't, you mean. What hav you given up this Lent?

Blue Eyes: Novels; my eyes are very weak.

Black Eyes: I hav given up meat. Mama has to hav chicken, or fish, or a bit of terrapin every meal for me.

Blue Eyes: You *are* brave. Hav you seen those lovely satines at Blank's?

Black Eyes: No. I'm going shopping this afternoon before church.

Blue Eyes: They're too pretty. Mamma and I selected six. We always get such summer dresses out of the way in Lent. Are you saving Easter-money?

Black Eyes: I expect to begin right away. I'm embroidering a cashmere for Easter Sunday, and and it takes all my pocket-money to buy the silk and beads.

Blue Eyes: I havn't much put away, either. I bought a parasol yesterday; that ruined me for this week. Eighteen dollars.

Black Eyes: I must see it. Mr. Credo doesn't want us to dress much this year—is trying to get the young ladies to set the example of quiet Easter toilets.

Blue Eyes: How odd! Fancy Easter, though, without a new dress.

Black Eyes: Ah, I shall hav a new one, but nothing striking. It's a dove-gray silk. The front breadth is solid work, studded with cut steel beads. I am embroidering it myself, and it's awfully hard work. Mr. Credo wanted me to take a Lenten mission-class, but I'm too fully occupied.

Blue Eyes: We hav a sewing-club. I wish you'd join. It's great fun.

Black Eyes: Perhaps I might manage that. What is it?

Blue eyes: Ah, a dozen or so of us meet every Tuesday and Saturday evenings, sew till nine, when a few men come in, and we hav tea and sandwiches, and a quiet little time, you know.

Black Eyes: No dancing, of course?

Blue Eyes: Oh no, indeed; that is, not really. A valse or two, perhaps, that one of the girls plays for. And we break up promptly at midnight.

Black Eyes: It must be great fun.

Blue Eyes: Yes, and we wear the cutest little aprons, you know. I've one for Saturday, trimmed with lace and orange bows.

Black Eyes: Oh, I'll join. I've got some embroidered mull that will be lovely for an apron. And I'll wear white bows, I guess. Good-by, now. I get off at the next corner, and I've got to rush, too, to get to the dressmaker's, and over to church in time for the 12 o'clock service.

Blue Eyes: Oh, never mind if you are a little late.

Black Eyes: Yes; but the seats are free at this service, and unless I'm early our pew is sure to be full of strangers.

Blue Eyes: So I think. I like my own pew; the cushions are just right to kneel gracefully. Well, good-by.

Blue Eyes: Good-by.

Black Eyes: Good-by. Oh, Jen, I forgot. Do you think hussar pompons will be used this spring?

Blue Eyes: So all the swell milliners say. I shall hav one.

Black Eyes: Shall you, really? Well, I don't know; I can't decide.

Blue Eyes: Don't right away. You've got till Easter to think it over.

Black Eyes: Thanks, awfully. Good-by.

Blue Eyes: Good-by. —*P. H. Welch, in Puck.*

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News of the Week.

BUFFALO, N. Y., had a $400,000 fire on the 26th ult.

SECRETARY MANNING, of the U. S. treasury, is dangerously ill from over-application to his official duties.

ESTIMATES last week made the total number of strikers or idle in the country 52,538. Two weeks ago there were 52,129.

BARNUM'S circus is in town. Barring the entertainment given by the Rev. Mr. Talmage, it is said to be the greatest show on earth.

A LONDON justice has decided that a divorce obtained in America from the bonds of a marriage performed in England is invalid in England.

A WARRANT was issued at Jamaica, N. Y., last Saturday for the arrest of the Rev. Joseph Francis, charged with practicing medicin without a license.

ALDERMAN JAEHNE, indicted and jailed for alleged bribe-taking, has been admitted to bail. He has resigned the vice-presidency of the Board of Aldermen.

PRUDENCE CANDALL, who was in her young days persecuted by the church and state of Connecticut for her philanthropy to slaves, has at last been granted an annuity of $400.

THE Rev. Mr. Bristor, of Spring Valley, N. Y., under indictment for rape, has commenced suit against the trustees of the Methodist church of that place for evicting him from the parsonage.

THE New York *Herald* says: "Forty million people, or one-fifth of the subjects of the 'empress of India,' are in a state of chronic starvation. Famin succeeds famin at the rate of one in every five or six years."

ONE of M. Pasteur's hydrophobia patients died last week. He was a Russian who had been bitten by a wolf, and it is thought that he was scared to death. Other patients bitten at the same time are doing well.

A RECENT decision of the secretary of the interior restores 2,451,200 acres of land to the public domain. The land lies along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad from San Buenaventura, on the Pacific ocean, in California, to San Francisco, a distance of 384 miles.

A TYPE-SETTING contest held at Philadelphia last week was won by Duguid, of the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, who during the thirty-three hours' work of the tournament set 69,200 ems, or an average of nearly 2,200 per hour. The work accomplished by the ordinary compositor is about one-half that amount.

THERE is an elaborate flower-show now open at the Metropolitan Opera House in this city. It is not closed on Sundays. Attempts were made by the New York Sabbath Committee to suppress the exhibition on that day, but the authorities hav decided that looking at flowers on Sunday is not necessarily demoralizing.

A YAWL boat recovered at sea and brought to this port a week ago has been identified by a former captain of the schooner Chas. H. Morse as having belonged to that vessel. This is looked at as another link to the chain of evidence tending to show that the lost ocean steamer Oregon ran down the Morse and was sunk by her.

THE railroad strike in the Southwest, centering at St. Louis, Mo., was on Sunday declared off, and the men ordered to their work again, and then on Monday it was ordered to be continued. The contradiction arose from a misunderstanding between Master Workman Powderly and Jay Gould on the question of arbitration. The end is not yet.

GARRET MAYBEE, of Brookville, L. I., the half-blind man on whom negro Rugg made a murderous attack on the day he killed Mrs. Maybee and her daughter, is said to hav become insane. He is haunted by the idea that he is pursued by Rugg, the murderer of his family. Rugg, it will be remembered, experienced religion previous to being hanged, and is now in heaven.

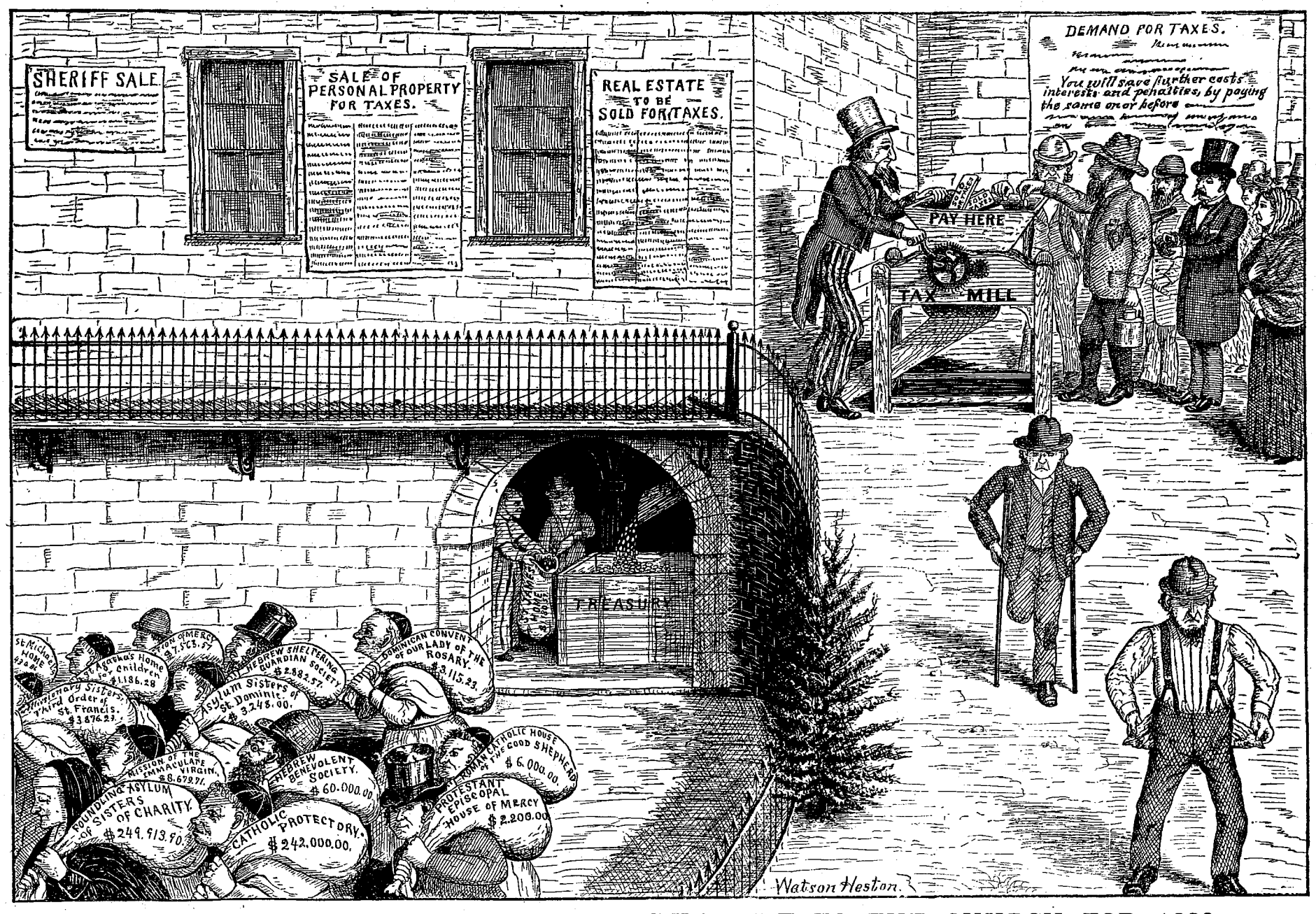
THE Rev. Oscar F. Brown, of Bayonne, N. J., left his home and family on the 4th of March, and industrious search was made for him by his wife, who feared her husband's mind had become affected through overstudy. Public anxiety has been somewhat allayed during the past week by the discovery that the Rev. Mr. Brown has since his disappearance been living in comfortable intimacy with a woman in the upper part of this city.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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GOVERNMENT GENEROSITY—NEW YORK'S GIFT TO THE CHURCH FOR 1886.

Notes and Clippings.

THERE is talk of a world's fair in Washington in 1892, to commemorate the fourth centennial of America's discovery.

LADY COOK. once Tennie C. Claflin, who married a noble lord of England, has a stepson forty-two years old, which is about her own age.

BY a vote of 169 to 137 the German legislature has decided to continue the anti-Socialist law. Meanwhile mutual concessions between Prussia and the pope of Rome are being made.

SAM JONES, the revivalist, has given up the use of tobacco. It is said that in his sermons he plainly shows the effect of this self-denial, being absent-minded and rambling, and repeating himself often.

THE captain of a Salvation Army in Shenandoah, Pa., refused to carry the stars and stripes ahead of their own banner, and persisted in carrying them in the rear. Last Sunday a crowd of old soldiers and other patriotic persons took the flag away from the army.

IN his last Lenten lecture Dr. Dix, of this city, emitted the following wail: "Here hav we the philosophy of Materialism and Naturalism full blown. The old religion seems tottering, crumbling; the powers of heaven are shaken, those majestic powers which once restrained the lawless, comforted the sorrowful, and helped the lowly; the light grows dim; 'woe unto us! for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the last evening are stretched out.'"

OVER $1,400,000 has been contributed from other countries, mainly from America, to help Ireland. It is to be hoped that this money will not, like that sent to relieve the earthquake victims in Spain last year, be spent in the rejuvenating of decayed cathedrals and for the further glory of the pope.

WHILE the Rev. Dr. Kittredge, of Chicago, was describing in a sermon on Sunday morning how there were red-handed Anarchists lurking about the city ready to burn or otherwise destroy property, escaping steam began to issue from the pipes of the grand organ just back of the pulpit. A moment later the entire congregation apparently began having visions of dynamite bombs and Socialists. The members were soon skurrying through the aisles pointing at what they thought to be smoke. When the audience was on the verge of a panic, Dr. Kittredge said he was "only forcibly admonished to put more steam in his sermons," and order was restored.

THE Windham, Conn., *Transcript* says: "Spring is here, and earth turns to the sun in all the warmth of young love that in millions of years has not abated one jot or one tittle. She carries us past the dividing line between winter and summer, and we turn our backs on the snow-clad hills, and face the sunny vales, and the fields that to-morrow will be as new and fresh as though they were born or created yesterday. We wait the flight of the frost king for the running of the waters oceanward, babbling and singing as they go. The warm rains at hand will delight the meadows, which the spring virgins will strew with flowers." Nothing analogous to this has as yet been remarked in New York.

BANKER SELIGMAN, the wealthy Israelite, recently visited the Workingmen's Free Reading-Room and Library and interviewed Mr. Bordollo, the organizer. A few days later he sent the institution a big dictionary and a check for $25, with a broad intimation that the library might depend on him hereafter for the price of its rent, which he proposed to pay. All this occurred just after Mr. Seligman had read the article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 27th on "A Worthy Enterprise," to which his attention had been called.

A LADY said: "My boy is rather slangy, but he has a very strong faith in everything that bears the stamp of ecclesiastical authority. I was reading the other evening after he had gone to bed, when he called to me, and I went to his bed. He said, 'Mamma, I want to tell you a story.' Then he related the story of Samson and the foxes, and when he had come to the end said: 'Of course that's true, for the book I read it in had Bible Stories on the back. But you don't think that if any kid on the street should tell me that I'd believe him.'"

ONE of the prettiest entertainments in this city is "Pepita," now enjoying a successful run at the Union Square Theater. The lady who takes the title *rôle*, and who under the name of Lillian Russell has by her beauty and talents won a first place in the public estimation, is the daughter of Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, our friend of the Liberal Club. "Pepita" is a great achievement. Miss Russell is so pretty that everybody admires her; the scenery and costumes grow more attractiv the more they are gazed upon; Proprietor Hill is one of the rising managers of New York; and the audiences are all that could be desired. Those who postpone a visit to the Union Square Theater are wasting time that might be most profitably employed by going to see "Pepita."

THE cause of religion, humanly speaking, was brought to a practical test by Lee and Cline at Perryville, W. Va., recently. Cline, championing religion, got the drop on Lee first, and made him get on his knees and offer a prayer to the throne of grace in orthodox fashion. Apparently there was not much attention paid to his prayer, for soon after delivering it he procured a gun and shot the life out of Cline. Lee is in jail and Cline is doubtless an angel. It is a great pity that Cline's services on earth were dispensed with so soon. He was a very practical and forcible evangelist, and the denomination to which he belonged should take steps to hav him canonized.—*Ex.*

EDGAR M. FORREST, a reformed gambler and drunkard, is holding exciting and profitable revival meetings in Missouri. He says that he was converted about six years ago while running a faro game in Parsons, Kan. One night while dealing, being then several hundred dollars ahead of the game, he says he felt as though a hand was laid on his shoulder, saying, "Stop!" So impressed was he with the thought that it was the hand of God that he threw all his winnings upon the table and exclaimed, "Right here I quit!" He went to work the next day exhorting the drunkard and the gambler to follow his example. Mr. Forrest showed a level head in stopping ahead of the game, but some people will wonder if he would hav quit so promptly if he had been behind.

Communications.

An Examination of Church History.

BEING LETTERS TO A CATHOLIC.—XI.—CONCLUDED.

To none of your sacraments hav I paid such especial attention as to that of the eucharist. In the course of my reading I met a work on the wonderful doings of the holy wafer. I noticed that the Jews—a rather practical set, by the way—were the usual objects of divine vengeance for their temerity in interfering with this sacrament. One instance in particular made a great impression on me. A Jew had obtained a wafer and called in the whole congregation to help him annihilate Jesus. Armed with knives and headed by the rabbi, they attacked it, and at the first stab blood came in such quantities that they threw the wafer into a well, the water of which, although it was very deep, became crimson in a moment. The wafer floated on the surface and emitted a peculiar light which attracted the attention of a policeman, who entered the house, discovered the Jews, arrested them, etc., etc. Such an immense quantity of blood came that it was only by a signal exhibition of divine providence that the city was not inundated. The wafer, so the story ran, was now on exhibition in the cathedral of the "Most Holy Sacrament."

After reading various stories of like ilk, I determined to test the matter for myself, so by the judicious use of a little flattery, with the addition of a $5 note, I persuaded my cook to bring me some consecrated wafers. For two succeeding Sundays she attended early mass and edified all by partaking of the sacrament, bringing me each time the wafer in her handkerchief. I now had Jesus under my own roof, and awaited with impatience an opportunity for a fair test.

I ordered my man to dig a trench from under my window to the banks of the river, and had a six-inch pipe connect it with my sanctum. You see, my friend, like you, I was inclined to believe these stories, and as I had just lifted a mortgage from the homestead and did not own any real estate on the other side of the river, I was not very anxious to hav my house floated over onto somebody else's property.

I selected a beautiful Sunday in mid-summer. The house was quiet and no neighbors around. Drawing a table up to the window and just over the outlet pipe, with a large dipper near at hand in case of emergency, I placed my wafers before me and with a fine cambric needle was about to commence operations, when, glancing through the window facing the Hudson, I noticed a small yacht lying in the stream. Not a breath of wind fanned the waters, and her sails flapped as she swung at anchor. I could see the yachtsman as he sat astern, pipe in mouth, the smoke hanging in clouds over his head.

If there be anything I delight in more than another, it is a surprise, and I pictured to myself the astonishment of the yachtsman at being suddenly struck by a squall and seeing the river overflowing with blood. His testimony, should he outliv the experiment, would be corroboratory of mine; I would write to the holy father; be invited on to Rome; possibly a cardinalate given me; and even—yes, my friend, I saw canonization in the distance. We can not control our thoughts, and I shame to confess I aspired to that holy and exalted position.

After commending my soul to God, I very gingerly jabbed one of the pieces—and looked in vain for even one drop of blood. I then rushed to the window to see the effect on the elements. Everything remained *in statu quo*—not a ripple on the water, not even the faintest trace of a breeze. I scanned the horizon to the north, west, and south—no indication of even a little cloud. Nature remained serene.

I was disappointed, and, returning to the table, jabbed one piece, then another, then the two; but all to no purpose. The yachtsman remained in his same old position, in blissful ignorance of the surprise I had intended for him, and whatever blood may hav come left no traces on my table and was soaked up in the trench. I was disappointed, but reasoned that in some mysterious manner the essence of Jesus had left the wafer and gone into my cook when it was placed on her tongue.

One day, while reading the "Treatis on the Mass," by Pope Innocent III., in which he queries what would become of Jesus if the wafer were eaten by a mouse, I prayerfully reconsidered my determination not to experiment again, for I wanted only the very faintest evidence, and would then proclaim it from the house-tops.

You remember my breed of light Brahmas. Well, I selected my best hen, and, placing her apart from the rest, made her fast, and then feasted her on one of my wafers. You cannot imagin with what anxiety I watched the result. The next day when she cackled I was seated on the veranda and imagined she was more joyous than usual; she seemed to say, "Good luck! good luck!"

Now that the moment of success had arrived, I was powerless to move, to act, even to think. It seemed as if the air were teeming with a host of holy visitants singing hosannahs; the heavens opened, and the sweet strains of the "*Venite Adoramus*" mingled harmoniously with the joyous exclamations of my angelic friends, and a voice whispered softly in my ear, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

How long I remained thus I cannot say, but as the strains of this heavenly music died away, and I caught the last view of the smiling faces of the angelic choir, my physical assumed the master, and I hurried to the nest; and lo! there lay my egg. It was apparently the same as any other, but I hugged myself with delight, as I thought that I then held in my hand the only egg in the world possessing eternal life. I carried it carefully to my sanctum and tenderly placed it in cotton batting.

Reclining in my easy chair, I allowed my imagination full sway. I was undetermined what to do with it. Should I giv it to the pope, and obtain my reward? Should I exhibit it, and make money? What ought I to do? I had a treasure, and it was my duty to unborn generations not to fritter it away. An inward monitor seemed to say, "Keep quiet and await results."

For weeks I would go several times a day to examin it, being always careful not to handle it, for as it was a mystery, I did not know but some mysteious process of incubation might be going on. Happy thought! I might obtain a "type." Of course, I did not know what a "type" was, and I never had met anyone who did; but, as I had read so much of them in holy books, I felt convinced that, like taurs, fauns, and satyrs, they had once existed. Possibly it was to be my good fortune to renew the breed. Here my imagination again had full sway, and I pictured myself as the sole possessor of the "type breed," and with what pleasure I would present one to each of my Catholic acquaintances! and believe me, my friend, I thought frequently of you.

To attempt to portray my feelings, hopes, aspirations, during this trying period would be useless. I had no peace by day, and at night wandered around *à la* Theodore Tilton. Any moment might be the culminating one. It arrived. One day I became aware of a peculiar and unsavory oder, and traced it to its source, and, my friend, would you believe me?—it was the egg. Eternal life had become eternal death.

Sadly I consigned it to the compost-heap; my hopes were blasted, my faith shattered. Ever since then I hav abhorred eggs, and the light Brahmas are no longer my pride. I could not for a long time divest myself of the impression that my failure was due to the devil. You know how he always intrudes, and whenever there is to be a manifestation from "on high," he generally succeeds in outwitting the omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent God. I placed my solitary wafer carefully away, and for months gave it no consideration.

I had become so thoroughly disappointed that I now became cautious, and recommenced by reading works on the Lord's supper, and, to my surprise, found it had been a custom long practiced in pagan Rome. Even Cicero, a hundred years before the advent of Jesus, had written against it as a senseless and old-time superstition. On lookng further, I found that even in debased Tartary they had this sacrament. The Egyptians also, had partaken of the body and blood of Osiris; the Persians of that of Mithra; and the Athenians, in celebrating the Eleusinian mysteries, were, in this point at least, good Catholics. But when my investigations into the Aztec question satisfied me that they also practiced the same ceremony in honor of Quetzalcoatl, I was forced to conclude that your holy eucharist was a relic of those barbarous days when the cannibalistic propensities of our ancestors were in the ascendency.

I then examined your therory more carefully, and found that in its present shape it differed essentially from the practice of the early church. Then it was held as commemorativ of the last supper; and the holy pix, now esteemed so sacred that a special sanctuary is built for it in every church, and which, when a priest is carrying it to a dying man, imposes perfect silence and the deepest meditation, was, prior to the ninth century, carried by the faithful on their persons and kept as a talisman in every Christian household. I read with interest that Paschasius Radbert, in 831, was the first to advance what is now known as the doctrin of transubstantiation, and wondered why the faithful had been kept for eight hundred years in such complete ignorance of this greatest of all blessings. But when I came to the writings of Berenger, who attacked the doctrin in 1050, and found that your greatest pope, Gregory (Hildebrand), protected him, and remained his constant friend through these persecutions, I was completely mystified. I followed its history down to the Council of Trent, where a bare majority of an ecumenical council of sixty-four, representing, as they claimed, the entire of Christendom, declared that it had always been in the church, of the church, and had been taught by Jesus.

I read with surprise the arguments of your theologians in proof that substance is the essence, the spiritual part, and when the mystic words are pronounced the essence of the wafer is changed into the essence of Jesus. I turned to your scriptural tale and found represented merely an ordinary and very plain repast, when one of the sitters broke a piece of bread, and giving it, with a cup of wine, to his companions, remarked as often as they did so it would be a gentle reminder that he had once been with them. (How often hav you and I done the same over a parting glass?) I searched in vain for anything in regard to essence, and transubstantiation was never mentioned. I examined your missal and found that when your priest places the wafer on the tongue of the communicant, he says: "Corpus domini nostri Jesu Christi," etc.—"May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ"—and does not say any word about essence; so I wondered why your theologians changed the terms and garbled the meaning of their God in their teachings, and in their practice did the direct opposit.

Here was something for an investigating mind, so I determined on another experiment. In my collection I found a sermon by the most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick. It had been published in pamphlet so as "to enable the faithful to answer all questions," etc. One of the statements made was that for over eighteen hundred years the mass had been celebrated daily by over one million priests, and at least two million of the laity daily partook of this sacrament.

So I procured a very fine scale and weighed my remaining wafer, and found just how many it took to the pound, and I computed how many pounds had been consumed by these two million daily communicants in the eighteen hundred years. I then estimated that the pix used by the priest weighed ten times as much as the one in my possession, and by closely observing the quantity of wine and water used at each mass, which I estimated at two ounces, I satisfied myself as to the total amount of raw material used by the clergy. Now your writers represent Jesus as both small and mean-looking, and I allowed 125 pounds for his weight; so by simple division I found he had reproduced himself over 872,000,000 of times, or about once a minute for the past 1800 years, in order to satisfy the cravings of the faithful. This result satisfied me that your scheme was a gigantic humbug, and the change of doctrin an attempt at the further mystification of a mystified creed which could not bear even that slight investigation which the slumbering intelligence of man during the dark ages was bringing to bear on it.

A short time ago I saw a statement in one of your papers in regard to the low spiritual condition of the Southern negro. The writer deplored this, and begged alms to keep up the mission, and giv these poor unfortunates the benefits of the gospel.

Now, I should like ask you a question. I presuppose that you are somewhat familiar with what is called fetichism; so, presuming Archbishop Kenrick to be correct, and my figures not faulty, do you know of, did you ever hear of, could you possibly imagin, any form of fetichism so degrading, so inconceivably stupid, as this bulwark of your faith—the sacrament of the Eucharist? And why, in the name of common sense, do you wish to impose it on the negro, who already has more superstitions to contend with than he can well master?

The most bitter opponents of your church feel to congratulate themselvs that you possess the Jesuits and recognize them as your leading society. Had it not been for them, most of the legends on which your faith is founded would hav remained sunk in the obscurity of convents; Mary would hav been an ordinary woman; Jesus Christ the head of your church, and infallibility a dream. Therefore I, for one, say let their numbers increase, and in the near future we may hear that the second advent has become reincarnated in the general of their order.

In conclusion, allow me to regret again your indisposition to meet me as per your own proposition; and when I look at a bushel of notes I had made, and think of the rare treat I anticipated in having you answer them, I feel you hav taken an unkind advantage. Should your objection be personal, you will find ten thousand Infidel readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER anxious for light. Any of them will willingly meet you. For my part, I will assure your opponent that you are a good lawyer, with strong common sense on all subjects except religion, and as capable as any one I know to represent the opinion of the Catholic laity of America.

Your friend, McARTHUR.

A Challenge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* For the past three years I hav, at opportune times, investigated that phase of Spiritualism known as "Spirit Photography," and am convinced of its genuinness.

I desire to convince others, even the most skeptical Materialists. Therefore I submit the following proposition:

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and all of its readers who are interested, to nominate a committee of five or more to supervise all arrangements in connection with the sittings.

To select a photographer known to them to be *au fait* in the art in every particular, who shall be present and critically watch every step taken.

He may make the developing bath according to the formula used by the medium artist and procure the plates at my expense.

In short, every method that can be thought of by your committee to prevent fraud may be resorted to, and the details of the various experiments and the results published in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

All this may be done without cost to anyone except myself. Who responds? R. M. ROBINSON.

Greenpoint, L. I., N. Y.

To Friends of Truth.

Will friends who are continually claiming that Truesdell is a medium, and was helped by spirits in the tricks he performed in the presence of Elmina while she was at Syracuse, please inform her how this can be when Mr. Truesdell showed her how the tricks were done, and told who did the writing, and brought proof and evidence each time? I could hav done each trick myself (with a little practice). Am I then a medium? Do spirits aid me? I hav had D. M. Bennett's name in large script, in plain sight here in my room for three months, and hav vainly asked any and all mediums to tell me what it is written upon. A little, simple test, and yet they cannot do it.

ELMINA.

The Origin of the Whole Business.

Three hundred centuries ago, more or less, probably more, a man *in puris naturalibus* sat on a rock by the placid waters of a lake that reflected the blue of the arch above.

He was meditating—thinking aloud—in regard to the race in general and himself in particular. He propounded sundry and divers conundrums as follows, or about as follows:

"Am I not the superior animal of all the animals on earth? Most certainly.

"Am I not superior to the ox, the ass, the hog, the hyena, and things, even the mastodon and megatherium? Most decidedly.

"Do I not walk upright? Yes. Does any other animal? No.

"Hav I not the power of speech? Yes. Has any other animal? No.

"Can I not reason? Yes. Can any other animal? No. How do I know they can't? I know they can't. The idea is preposterous that the ox and the ass, and things, can reason. But I can? Most certainly.

"When these animals die, is that the end of them? Undoubtedly. When I die is that the end of me? It can't be—can it? I don't know. Yes, I do—it can't be. I, the highest order of living things, the talking and reasoning animal that walks upright, perish as the ox and the ass, the hog and the hyena perish? It can't be. Perish the thought.

"But my material being will die and rot as the hog dies and rots. Surely. But is there not an inner, a spiritual being—a something or other, I know not what—that will liv after my body has perished? There must be, there must be. I, the upright-walking, talking, and reasoning animal, man, cannot surely die as the hog dieth.

"No, no, no, it cannot be. I surely must hav a—a—what? A soul—yes, I will call that something which, with my body, forms a duality, a soul. Will not this soul, which no other animal possesses, liv on and liv ever after the death of my body? It must; it must. I feel it; I believe it; I wish it; I know it. Ha! ha! I am immortal! Man is the only immortal being of the earth's array. The ox, and the ass, and things shall perish, but I shall liv on after my body perishes, and liv on forever! O my prophetic soul, thou teachest me this, and I believe."

Here he leaned over and saw his reflected form in the pellucid waters at his feet. He started, and came to a perpendicular position. What he had seen was a revelation. He never before saw the reflection of his noble form, and now he was more in love with himself than ever. Stretching forth his arms he leaned over the water mirror as far as possible, without falling, and saw himself reflected as the letter T. Then he raised his hands above his head. Then he lowered them to his sides. He lifted one leg, then the other. He posed in divers attitudes—he tried to see his back, but the view, for obvious reasons, was not satisfactory—and looked himself all over in the liquid mirror at his feet. He was pleased, more than pleased; delighted with himself as he never before had been to such a degree. Then he voiced himself again:

"Yes, surely hav I a soul that must liv after the body dies. Where will it liv? I know not. But there must be a place for souls. But what about souls? Our bodies are from nature like those of the ox, and the ass, and things. Does nature furnish the soul? No; else hav the hog and the hyena souls. Ha! there is a higher power than nature? Yes, surely. I will call that higher power God. God made the human soul. Where dwells he my soul shall dwell. Heaven—I will call it heaven—the abiding-place of God and human souls.

"But there are bad souls as well as good. Will they liv? Yes, for they are immortal. But where? There must be a place for bad souls. Undoubtedly. I will call it hell. There the bad souls shall forever liv in torment, while the good souls are at peace in heaven. Is not God, the maker of my soul, to be praised, to be honored, to be glorified, to be loved, to be feared, to be supplicated, to be bowed down to? Most assuredly.

"O my God, I bow down to thee and praise thee. I love and honor thee. I thank thee that my soul is not like some other souls. I fear and supplicate thee, and will be thine forever. Amen!

"Should not God be worshiped by man? Most certainly. What shall I call the belief in and worship of God? Religion. I will call it religion. I will inaugurate it at once, and boom it to the best of my ability. I will be the mouthpiece of God and a power among men. With religion I will hold them in check, in thraldom. They shall bow to it, to me, to God. I will frighten them with hell. Stay; must there not be a master of hell, as of heaven? There must. God of heaven, who of hell? Devil—I will call him the devil. Ha! I will frighten them with the devil and hell. I will hav them on the hip. I will rule them by divine right. I feel the right and the might. I feel inspired. I am inspired by God! Yes, I am the God-inspired man. Glory to God! I am the one holy living man. My God, I bow down to thee and thank thee that I am the one man holy. I will be the high priest of the Lord. Lord is a good word. I will be the high priest of the Lord, and preach to the people. They shall acknowledge me and the Lord. I will hold them in subjection for the Lord through fear of the devil. With religion the world shall be policed and held in chains."

Leaning over, he again surveyed himself in the liquid mirror at his feet, and to his satisfaction. Then, straightening up, he threw up his hands and cast his eyes aloft, exclaiming:

"Up there in the blue is heaven, the home of God. There livs God, and there is heaven. Down there, under the earth, is hell, the home of the devil. There livs the devil, and there is hell. Here am I, man, with a soul immortal—a soul with a life eternal. Glory to God and the soul within me!

"I go to preach God and devil. I go to preach heaven and hell. I go to preach man's soul immorta and life everlasting. I go to preach eternal happiness and eternal torments. I go to preach religion and the consequence of denial. To be sure, all these are of my imagination, but I feel they must be realities. I wish, I hope, I desire to that end. They are realities. I know there is a God and a heaven for my soul through all eternity. I know there must be a devil and hell for wicked souls through all eternity. I know man has a soul to be saved or damned. I believe. I hav faith. I know. As to religion, there is none; but there shall be. I proclaim it as God's prophet. With this as a weapon wielded for the Lord, it will be a glacial period if I get left!"

The man ceased and strode away, soon being lost to view behind a hill. Thus originated in the egoism of man the all-permeating essence of his mental composition, God and the devil, heaven and hell, the soul immortal, and life eternal; and thus was religion started in to hold the world in thraldom.

SI SLOKUM.

Prayer, Ancient and Modern.

We read in ancient (modern) books where prophets and mischievous priests with feeble prayers hav sought to stay the providential hand; where craft pierced heaven with a bitter curse on gallant youths who in their sport mistook a stupid dunce for jovia and good-natured age; where hungry bears with appetites increased by God made but a small and dainty meal of forty bright and happy youths and maids just budding into life's sweet bloom. We also read where prayer closed the friendly clouds, and famin with relentless curse brought death and desert fields. The sun and moon at man's command reversed their course to giv a beastly mob of brutes more time to butcher fellow-men. We read where Egypt's fertil fields were changed to barren desert wastes; where seas and rivers parted wide to let the feet of men tread dry, and first-born babes in purest innocence were slaughtered by divine command. Egypt's hosts were robbed of gold; the rivers ran with crimson blood; sticks were changed to coiling snakes, and dust developed into lice. Frogs supplied the place of rain, and winds with pestilential breath brought men unnumbered woes. Miracles were wrought; the ass of Baalam spoke, and Babel, with her thousand tongues, at once relinquished work. Fish were made to swallow men and not digest. Fresh water streamed from barren rocks. The heavens oped and granted one unsavory dish for forty years. Dyspeptics eager cried for change, and lo! from heaven's portals snakes and quails came tumbling down. Divinity at man's command saved Lot from Sodom's fires. At convicts' prayers the angels oped the iron gates. When Jesus raised imploring hands the ancient towers fell, the dead came forth, and empty vaults resounded naught.

The times hav changed. Entreating hands are raised in vain. The prison walls reëcho now unanswered prayers. Devotees stand beside the sick and vainly strive to frighten death away. Men die at nature's call, and when the fatal die is cast there can be no demurrer, no pardons or reprieves. The millions prayed for Lincoln's life; the same for Garfield's too. They died, and now they pray that Christ may wield the scepter over all the world; but Reason's flaming torch enkindles Superstition's walls, and now her once embattled towers are crumbling into smoke and dust. Holy water will not quench the flames. The winds engendered by the priest but lap and kiss the eager flames. The church must die.

G. F. RINEHART.

The Canadian Man with a Badge-Pin.

Mr. Watts arrived in town on Tuesday, 23d, and will remain in Canada until about the 1st of May, when he will go to England. He lectures here next Sunday, 28th, and every Sunday for the next few weeks. A number of lectures hav been arranged through the country, which he will attend to through the week. He is greatly pleased with the Society's new hall, and will assist at the opening to-morrow night (Friday).

His numerous friends will be pleased to hear that he has entirely recovered from his late indisposition, and "Richard is himself again."

The unhappy individual who for the last few weeks has ground out the items for this corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and who is doing it partly for amusement, partly with the hope of interesting perhaps a few people in the other suburbs of civilization, and partly to keep himself out of other mischief, has been the subject of some criticism, some little abuse, and also the recipient of some kindly advice from a few friends. The latter is accepted with thanks, but the former requires some little explanation, and as there is not much in the way of news this week, with the consent of our much-abused editor, I will rise to explain.

Among other things, I am told if I don't like Christianity, by all means go for it, but let individuals alone. "What right hav you," says one, "to attack the ministers as you hav done in the case of Drs. Wild and Potts?"

I might say broadly that I only claim the right that the public press hav taken in dealing with these gentlemen. The papers in Toronto and elsewhere hav given them, and particularly Dr. Potts, a more wholesome dressing-down, and called them more hard names, than I hav done, but of course the newspapers as a rule are Christian, and can with other Christians fight and say what they please of each other, but for outsiders, "Hands off!"

But I claim a better right than this for my alleged attack on these reverends. We don't as a rule make war with individuals. There are hundreds of Christians of my acquaintance, among whom are a number of ministers, all of whom I know to be upright and just citizens and generous friends. But these gentlemen, Messrs. Potts and Wild, hav gone considerably out of their way to attack Secularists—not myself personally, but the Secular Society in general and some of my friends in particular.

A year ago, in Montreal, the Rev. Dr. Potts made a most scurrilous attack on our friend Mr. Watts, and was principally the cause of the non-success of the debate at that time between him and Dr. Sexton. He used the most violent language, going so far as to say that Mr. Watts ought to be driven out of the city. Had it been fifty years earlier in the same town, he would no doubt hav been driven out, and driven, if possible, to the orthodox hell, by the same class of bigots. Oh, but I'm told Dr. Potts is sincere. Of course he is, but I think history will prove (see Draper's "Conflict" and White's "Warfare") that Christian leaders hav been dangerous in exact proportion to their sincerity.

And Dr. Wild three years ago made the boast from the pulpit that the Toronto Secular Society would never succeed while he was in the city. He has repeatedly denounced us, and repeatedly refused to meet us in debate, and yet we must deal with him gently. He delivered a lecture a few weeks ago—subject, "Bradlaugh and Liberty"—in which he demonstrated that he knew no more of one than he did of the other. He denounced Mr. Bradlaugh as a hypocrit, and repeated the old lie of his having, on his first applying for admission to the House of Commons, refused to take the oath, and, although written to on the subject, he refuses to correct his statement. These are the men that week-kneed nothingarians say we hav no right to attack. I take no stock in the precept which Christians profess to believe in, "If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also," and I don't act up to it—neither do the Christians.

I am also told that it is unmanly to attack them under the cover of an assumed signature. Well, that's all right; but for fear that there may be somebody in Oregon or at the Antipodes who holds the same opinion, let me say that I liv in Toronto, always bear that in mind; also that I am in business there, and for various reasons wish for the present to re-

main so; also that I state nothing but the truth, but am not strong enough, financially or otherwise, to fight single-handed the whole church militant of this hot-bed of orthodoxy.

There is an old chestnut which explains the situation: An old sinner had been lying on a bed of sickness for many months. He was wasted away to a skeleton; the doctors gave him up, and the parson was called in. Said he: "My dear friend your days are numbered; you hav only a few hours to liv; don't you think it is time you commenced to wrestle with the Lord?" "Wrestle with the Lord? What! with them 'ere legs?" at the same time sticking out a fearfully emaciated leg from under the bed-clothes. "Pshaw! he'd toss me into hell the first throw." See? I'm theologically out of order. I'm not strong enough on my "pins" financially, socially, politically, to wrestle with the orthodox party in Canada. If they didn't toss me there they would toss my business into sheol in no time. No, thank you, not any in mine! I am glad to hav the opportunity now and then of doing what little I can to help along the cause, but martyrdom is out of fashion, and never did any good anyway.

March 25, 1886.

The opening of the new Secular Hall on Friday evening, March 26th, was a most unqualified success, an event long to be remembered, one which marks the beginning of a new era in the existence of the society and augurs well for its future prosperity.

Thanks to the efforts of the committee, Messrs. Hicks, Earsman, Elliott, Edwards, and others, who had given their whole time for some days to the work—and thanks also to the ladies who assisted in the work of decoration—the hall at the hour of opening presented a beautiful appearance.

The walls were tastefully hung with pictures and a number of neat bannerets bearing the names of noted Freethinkers and scientists, living and dead. The stage and windows were handsomely festooned with flags and lace, and the two handsome gas chandeliers put in by friend Earsman and son threw a radiant light upon the prettiest hall of its size in the city.

A good program had been provided of music, singing, reading, etc., the rendering of which gave general satisfaction. President Algie occupied the chair, and during the concert Mr. Watts made a short but eloquent address, setting forth the aims and objects of the society. The ladies furnished an excellent board of refreshments, which were duly appreciated; and after the concert came dancing until the small hours. Everybody was delighted, and if a "thousand hearts" did not "beat happily," it was only because there was not that number present. At all events, for those who were there, "all went merry as a marriage bell," and there is a consensus of opinion that the affair must be repeated at an early date. Arrangements are already being made for doing so.

On Sunday evening, the 28th, Mr. Watts lectured; subject, "The Bible or Science, Which?" and Mr. Algie, who was again in the chair, performed the duties of that position as only he can. The hall was well filled with an appreciativ audience. Mr. Watts was in his best vein, and made an excellent impression, the applause being hearty and frequent.

He lectures to-night and to-morrow in Listowel, and next week goes north for a few days, lecturing in Galt, Ayr, and later on in Alton.

Altogether, the Toronto Society hav made an excellent start in their new quarters. They hav a splendid hall in a new and handsome building—a hall which they are all proud of; and with the experience gained while in the old rooms, seeing where mistakes hav occurred and profiting thereby, they expect to make Secularism more popular than it has been in the past, and under the improved conditions manage the affairs of the institution so as to bring profit and pleasure to all concerned.

The library and reading-room will be open at least three or four evenings during the week and all day Sunday, and country friends visiting the city will be cordially welcomed.

The citizens of Toronto are in a somewhat peculiar condition just at present. They are living, so to speak, under the guidance of a headless corporation. Our immaculate mayor has been unseated, his Christian supporters are at their wits end, and "chaos is come again." Some meddlesome busybody discovered that Mr. Howland did not possess the requisit property qualification, and the law in the case having been tested, the office of mayor is declared vacant, and the city pays the expense of a new election. Mr. Howland will be again nominated, and in all probability reëlected; but some of those in a position to know say that if elected he will be again unseated on similar grounds. As the fellow in the Mikado says, "Here's a state of things."

The law in this matter is clear enough, and a little forethought on the part of the mayor or his friends would hav saved all the trouble, but as a rule this class of people don't think to any great extent; they go into politics as they do in religion, and thought or reason like "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, hav nothing to do with the case." There seems to be no immediate danger of disaster from this trouble; in fact, a stranger wouldn't know that he was inside of a decapitated municipality. Some of the leaders in the late crusade of fanaticism hav a sort of a dazed, far-away look in their eyes, and a generally crushed appearance, but otherwise things go on pretty much as usual, and no doubt the people will manage to liv through the crisis.

A few weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Potts preached a sermon on, and took up a collection in aid of, foreign missions, said collection amounting to something over twenty-three hundred dollars. A few days afterward eleven hundred idle laboring men sent a committee to the mayor requesting him to giv them work on the streets. I may hav an awkward way of putting things together, but it would seem that to relieve the poor at home should be of more importance than the foreign missions.

In the course of his sermon, while pleading for large contributions, the doctor said that "giving was a means of *grace*." I rode down town with him the other morning in the horse-car, and I couldn't help thinking, from his oily, sleek, and generally stall-fed appearance, that *grease* would hav been the proper word. I may be hauled over the coals for this, but it can't be helped; from the nature of the thing it slipped out before I could stop it, and it's only a case of *quid pro quo*.

TORONTO.

March 31, 1886.

The Liberal Club.

Various causes conspired to render the 407th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club one of the most interesting of the season. A fine audience was present, such as any presiding officer might deem it a privilege to call to order. Before producing the lecturer of the evening, President Wakeman spoke of THE TRUTH SEEKER as being better than ever, announcing that it was to be boycotted by Mr. Blissert. This had the effect of sending numerous persons to the secretary's table for copies of this paper, and the unusually large stock on hand was exhausted with alacrity.

Dr. P. P. Field was the lecturer, and he announced that the central thought of his discourse would be "The Six Laws of Art." The original six arts he described as architecture, painting, sculpture, literature, music, and oratory. All of these were desirable, but the greatest and crowning art of all was oratory. The various phenomena which are marked in connection with oratory Dr. Field called repose, economy, opposition, succession, etc. The Catholic church and John L. Sullivan represented repose; nature was economical; the dude violated the law of opposition by bowing and pulling his hat in the same direction that his alleged head goes. Dr. Field had a fanciful way of telling off each part of the human anatomy to represent some abstract but immensely significant thing. There was no necessary connection made apparent between them all, but the attempt to find one was extremely ingenious.

Dr. Field read several extracts from a book to illustrate the laws of oratory, and struck many picturesque attitudes. It must be confessed that those in the rear of the hall could not understand what he read. They could see that his mouth was working violently, and could plainly hear the sound of his voice, but the articulation was defectiv and the sense was sacrificed. Some of the reforms which he claimed to hav accomplished in bad speakers bordered on the incredible. The speaker wore a frock coat, open with the exception of the lower button. In his most frequent attitude he stood with his left hand hanging at the side, and his right thrust inside the breast of his coat. The lecture was entertaining, because the audience were interested in studying the speaker as well as his words. Dr. Field is to open a school at Dr. E. B. Foote's house on Lexington avenue, where for a very moderate sum he will giv lessons in the art of oratory. He is highly spoken of by competent judges of merit in that line.

Dr. Eccles responded to an invitation from the president to address the meeting. This speaker has hitherto been deemed a somewhat energetic orator, and the clock has often been known to stop and listen to his eloquence. but on this occasion he had himself well under control. Dr. Eccles would not depreciate the art of oratory, but he did not believe that he himself could make any headway learning it, because of the difficulty of teaching old dogs new tricks. This speaker had no criticism to offer upon Dr. Field's dramatic ability, but confined himself to pointing out the philosophical errors into which the speaker of the evening had fallen. Dr. Eccles was working his way up toward the hights of oratory which he has been wont to attain when the chairman called time on him.

Madam Delescluze, who is something of an elocutionist herself, wished to say that she was extremely surprised to learn that Dr. Eccles had never taken lessons in the dramatic art. He certainly had all the mannerisms of the studied elocutionist, and it was hard to understand where he got them. It was evident that Dr. Eccles had been taking lessons in "repose" since he delivered that lecture before the club on Socialism, on which occasion his gesticulation and rolling of his *r*'s had reminded Madam Delescluze what a fine melodramatic actor he would hav made. The madam wished Dr. Field great success as a teacher of elocution. He appeared to hav studied the subject, and would doubtless do very well. Madam Delescluze added that she herself was naturally one of the shiest women in the world.

The next orator was Robert Blissert, who said he was shy also. It was going out of his domain to talk of elocution. Mr. Blissert had evidently not read the last number of this paper, and his language was mild.

Dr. Field explained that shyness was necessary to the good speaker. The orator must be sensitiv. He then answered Dr. Eccles. Standing on his right foot, he threw his left leg out and his right hand up until a straight line drawn from that hand to the left foot would hav followed both the arm and the leg very closely. He held that position for a moment, and then abandoned it with a loud snort. Dr. Field told Dr. Eccles that he didn't believe Dr. Eccles could do that. Dr. Eccles did not try it. Then Dr. Field went further. Shoving both hands into the air as high as he could reach, he stooped and touched his fists to the floor without bending the knees or breaking his back. Then he looked triumphantly at Dr. Eccles. The latter hadn't a word to say, and the conquest of the orator of the evening was complete.

Mr. Denslow, an eloquent man, who goes deeply into all questions that he bends his mind to, will address the club on Friday evening, the 9th; and when that solemn time comes round, the present writer there'll be found, with literary tackle; and while the oratory flows, and while the audience repose, he will record the cackle. The price of admission to the meetings of the club remains the same, notwithstanding their ever-increasing attractivness.

The Tent.

I propose to start the Tent the last of May, or, at very latest, the first week in June. Last season demonstrated beyond all question that the Tent is the most effectual and best possible method to propagate Liberalism during the summer season. Thanking the friends from all sections who so generously contributed to the Tent Fund, I wish to call attention to the fact that I do not desire to pitch the Tent where there is already a strong Liberal society able to engage lecturers, but in places where prejudice and bigotry are so great that halls are refused, or where Liberals are so few, or sectarianism so strong, that a course of Liberal lectures in winter is impossible. We desire to go where by a course of lectures and earnest, judicious efforts an efficient Secular Society, with science school on Sunday in which the women and children shall be deeply interested, may be the result.

Last year we charged ten cents for the use of our cane seat chairs, and made plank seats in the larger half of the tent free to all. This year it is proposed to hav friends who desire the Tent in their neighborhood to draw up a paper and canvass all Liberally inclined in their vicinity for contributions toward expenses, and giv to those who so contribute the cane-seat tickets for distribution among their friends and neighbors who they desire should attend. At suitable times collections will be taken up. But the main dependence will be on the Liberal contributions of those genuin friends of Secularism who liv up to their principles, and find their greatest happiness in promoting that of others.

The Tent effort is not simply for the gratification of acknowledged Liberals, but to help the thousands of honest hearts who are looking for beacon lights to lead them from the errors of the past, from useless rites and ceremonies, to the exercise of reason, and living lives of love and truth.

All agree that Secularism is *doing* as well as *doubting*. Let us, then, do justice to our friends and neighbors by helping them, as we hav been helped, out of the cruel bondage of superstition and priestcraft, and endeavor to promote their best welfare and happiness by diffusing the light of truth, so that they may share with us the liberty, peace, and happiness we enjoy.

Friends desiring tent effort in their neighborhood are requested to write me soon as possible, so that my route can be positivly decided, dates fixed, and all the necessary arrangements fully completed. The tent needs a lot (smooth greensward preferred) not less than 70x75, in a place easy of access, and the use of forty ordinary planks, sixteen feet long. We return them uninjured, as we do not drive nails in them. The tent-master and myself must be provided for during our stay; the tent-master, sleeping in a small tent, requires only use of pillows and quilts. Immediate application is absolutely necessary as we do not wish to waste time and money taking long jumps, and and must arrange so as to avoid loss of a single day from the 1st of June to the 1st of November.

Address me, care of THE TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton place, New York, or Box 104, North Parma, N. Y.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

April, 1886.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec., 33 Clinton Place, New York.

COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com.

E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

THE DEMANDS OF LIBERALISM.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,133.64
Rochelle, Ill	3.45
Rockford, "	5.00
Ottumwa, "	7.00
T. W. Lemmax	1.00
Wm. A. Allbold	1.00
John Stewart	50
H. L. Long	50
J. W. Long	1.00
W. E. Gammon	1.00
J. Holz	1.00
Henry Voght	50
Creston, Ill	7.50
Omaha, Neb	8.00
S. L. Hogan	1.00
D. R. Hendrix	1.00
F. H. Mollineaux (pledged)	2.00
Iberia Union (charter fee)	5.00
" " for pamphlets	1.00
N. D. Goodell	6.00
Total	$2,187.09

PLEDGES PAID.—Chicago Secular Union, $15.

News and Notes.

Rockford, Ill., is a city of about 20,000 inhabitants, and is quite conservativ. Nevertheless there is a considerable radical element. The Liberal Christians hav a prosperous society under the care of Dr. Kerr, who is almost on the line of our own work. In fact, as he himself said, there is but little difference between us, not enough to quarrel about. He has a dash of transcendentalism, and accepts the philosophy of Spencer, and finds in the conception of an infinit energy the opportunity for prayer and aspiration which simple humanity does not afford. These Platonic ideas, accommodated through the "Unknowable" of Spencer to modern science, are quite fascinating, and so long as they are held in a generous spirit, and with a recognition of the equal dignity of purely scientific thought, are rather to be welcomed, like music and poetry, and all things which are pleasing and at the same time unprovable. Dr. Kerr is entirely undogmatic, and the tendency of his work is to that for which the Secularist strives—a happy life where we now are. I enjoyed meeting with so cultivated, genial, and thoughtful a man as Dr. Kerr, and can but hope for his continued success at Rockford. Mrs. S. B. Miller and friends, who arranged for the lecture, made my short stay in Rockford very pleasant. I arrived in the afternoon, and was obliged to leave on the midnight train for Ottumwa, and I had but little time to study the situation. There was a good audience present, and it strikes me that Rockford will be an important point in the future of Liberalism. The country round about is permeated with Freethought, and a Secular Union in this city would in time find a growing local support. I was glad to meet among those present at the lecture Mr. Steves, of Durand, who has been for years in the Liberal ranks, and also others from a distance, showing the interest that is felt in the national organization.

At Ottumwa I also found a cordial welcome. There is a large society here, in which the Spiritualist element predominates, but an element that is quite in harmony with the aims and methods of the Union. Mr. Howell, the present speaker, introduced me to the audience. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Remsburg hav been working effectivly in this field. Mr. William Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. McCarroll, and others keep the forces in constant activity.

A full house was present at the lecture. It is desired that I should spend a Sunday at Ottumwa on my return trip, and I am in hopes to be able to do this. I hope also that the Ottumwa Society will be able to secure for awhile the services of Mr. Reynolds, who will find in Iowa a very promising field for his energy and many a place where he can pitch his Tent and find crowds of intelligent listeners. Iowa is one of the best of territories for the pioneer of freedom. Its broad and breezy prairies do not take to orthodoxy. They are too much like rolling ocean to be favorable to sectarian narrowness. The churches hav for the most part a dilapidated appearance—as if they suffered from alternate chills and fever. Leon, to which lively place I came from Ottumwa, was all agog with a revival when I arrived. The Christians heard that the Infidel was coming, and immediately sent to Chicago for a man to start the revival business, and it was in full operation on the night of my lecture. Two meetings were held in the churches. In spite of this, however, the Opera House was occupied to its utmost capacity. A good Christian met me in the afternoon and told me that the prayers of the faithful had been offered up for my conversion. I replied that I was perfectly willing to be converted if good and sufficient reasons were presented to my mind for such a change of opinion. In the evening a free platform was offered, but no one stepped forward to giv any evidence. Therefore I am an Infidel still. Mr. Remsburg has already lectured here, and arrangements are being made for another, and perhaps a series of lectures during the summer. Mr. J. W. Long, Mr. Gammon, and others are interested in the movement. Without doubt a Secular Society will be formed here. The county has many Liberals, and although they are not rich they hav enthusiasm and courage. I met Mr. Lemmax, of Princeton, Mo., and he reports quite a number of Freethinkers in his vicinity, and if possible I shall lecture at Princeton on my return.

Still on the move—from Leon I went to Creston, where Mr. F. J. Green, of Nevinsville, had made arrangements for a lecture. Here also there is a strong Secular element. Leading business men are Liberals. For some years the Unitarians hav done good work. Mr. Derr, of Creston; Mr. Wick, of Murray, who came about thirty miles to attend the lecture; Mr. Geer, of Cromwell; Mr. F. J. Green, of Nevinsville, will make this part of Iowa good for Liberal progress. Mr. Green has already done some effectiv work. He engaged Mr. Remsburg for Nevinsville, but the Christians, who had control of the hall, by one vote refused, to let him hav it. But Mr. Green was not to be defeated, and he moved his forces to Cromwell, where a most successful meeting was held.

From Creston I went to Omaha, in the midst of driving snow. When I arrived there were several inches on the ground, and it looked as if I should hav no more than a corporal's guard at my lecture. There was no use to fret; nature is very impartial, and treats the Christian and Infidel alike. However, there was a good attendance, both afternoon and evening. Omaha is a point of very great importance. It could count a thousand Liberals if they were well organized. I was sorry not to be able to remain longer. There is an auxiliary Union here, but many difficulties hav been in the way. I know, however, that it will eventually prosper. I shall endeavor to lecture here again on my return, and reorganize the Liberal forces. Mr. Thomas Foreman, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Davis, Mr. Jacobson, author of "Bible Inquirer," and many others whom I met, are ready to "lend a hand." Mr. Foreman especially, who made arrangements for Mr. Jamieson's lectures, has done very effectual service. Mr. Jamieson's lectures at Omaha were quite successful. I find that he has been doing splendid work in this country, at Omaha, Creighton, Seward, and other places.

Rev. Mr. Copeland, of the Unitarian church, outside of the formality of prayer, to which even radical Unitarians cling with a wonderful fondness, as if somehow or other they could persuade the inexorable laws of nature to do a good turn—outside of this Mr. Copeland is a first-rate Liberal. He is my successor in the Unitarian church at Omaha. I left here about eight years ago for the breezy common of the universe. Even the mildest form of Christianity was to me a prison-house. Still I can't find much fault with so broad and genial a man as Copeland, and I hope for him success. In the real issues of the day for liberty and justice, he is thoroughly with us. I rather enjoyed going into the church where I used to preach, but in my heart how thankful I was that not even its gilded chains could fret my soul any more.

I am now at Creighton, Nebraska, a bright and lively place indeed. I feel quite at home. Although there are five churches here, the Liberals are really the commanding power. Mr. Quimby, aided by Mr. Jamieson, has done much to bring about this favorable position. I had a large audience last night at the Opera House notwithstanding the bad weather. I expect an increased number this evening. From here I go to Stanton, Seward, Plum Creek, on to Laramie City for April 11th, and Rock Springs, April 12th, and then I strike Utah and take the route as already announced, laid out for me by that indefatigable worker, William Reynolds, of Wanship, chairman of the executiv committee of Utah Territory. Those who desire lectures in Idaho, Montana, and Dakota will please address me at Wanship or Salt Lake City.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

A New School.

Directly in the line of progressiv ideas is the new school just incorporated for this city. Its existence is principally due to the business tact and generous philanthropy of Courtlandt Palmer, the treasurer of the American Secular Union. Section 2 of the following Act (chapter 67 of the Laws of 1886) clearly defines its scope and purpose:

SECTION 1. Alexander S. Webb, F. A. P. Barnard, Charles F. Chandler, Abraham S. Hewitt, Parke Godwin, E. L. Youmans, R. Heber Newton, Francis B. Thurber, William Lloyd, Andrew Carnegie, Gustav Gottheil, and Courtlandt Palmer, and all other persons who may become members of the corporation, are hereby constituted a body corporate by the name of the Gramercy Park School and Tool-house Association, with perpetual succession, and power to use a common seal, and to alter the same at pleasure, and to sue and be sued, and to take and hold by grant, purchase, and devise, real and personal property to an amount not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars in value, for the purposes of said corporation, and to sell, convey, lease, and mortgage the same, or any part thereof, subject, however, to the laws of this state in relation to devises.

SECTION 2.—The purposes and objects of this corporation shall be to establish and conduct a school and tool-house for the instruction of children of both sexes, so as to combine thereby general and theoretical education in science, art, and literature, together with practical and technical instruction and manual and business training in the various trades, arts, and professions.

SECTION 3. The amount of the capital stock shall be fifty thousand dollars, to be paid for in money or property.

SECTION 4. The number of shares of which such capital stock shall consist shall be one thousand, of fifty dollars each.

SECTION 5. Said corporation shall carry on its operations in the city of New York, with the privilege of establishing and conducting branch schools of the same general character elsewhere.

SECTION 6. The number of trustees shall be five, and the following are the names of the trustees who shall manage its concerns for the first year, to wit: Benjamin S. Church, Robert H. Lamborn, Courtlandt Palmer, Walden Pell, and Rush C. Hawkins.

SECTION 7. Said corporation shall also possess the general powers and be subject to the restrictions and liabilities prescribed in chapter forty of the laws of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, and of the acts extending and amending the same.

It will be seen that the school proposes to be to youth what the kindergarten is to childhood—the successor of the latter institution, Mr. Palmer calls it, both being the natural outgrowth of the modern ideas which are gradually taking possession not only of the educational, but of all domains. The scheme of education of which this school and tool-house forms a part divides the learning period of the young into three stages, as set forth by Comte, but shortening each somewhat. The first stage of a child's life is the six or seven years of infancy, when the babe gradually acquires a knowledge of things around him by contact, very much as a calf learns by experience not to butt his head against a stone wall. From six or seven up to thirteen or fourteen the chief characteristic of the human animal is curiosity, and a natural propensity to pry into things. In successfully rearing a boy to the age of twelve or fourteen this school and tool-house plays an important part. In the first six or seven years the kindergarten is the method employed; in the second, the tool-house, in which he not only acquires knowledge, but also learns how to apply it. Mathematics applied becomes a pleasure when mathematics in the abstract is dull and uninteresting. The tool-house continues the work the kindergarten has begun, and the scholar is introduced into the mysteries of nearly all the trades. This education is therefore the best possible basis for those youths who must depend upon their own brain and hands for a living, fitting them as nothing else can for the hard practicalities of an unsentimental world.

In inaugurating this school, Mr. Palmer has done New York city a great service, and it is to be hoped that he will find substantial aid in maintaining it. As may be seen from the bill, the funds for the support of the school are to be obtained by the sale of stock. The enterprise is not a charity. The stock books are open at the office of Gilbert R. Hawes, 120 Broadway, one of the gentlemen interested, and who procured the passage of the act of incorporation. Mr. Hawes is also putting through the legislature a bill to establish an evening grammar school among the denizens of the East side of this town similar to the one in successful operation on the West side. Mr. Hawes is soliciting but not begging aid for the Gramercy Park School and Tool-house, and wealthy philanthropists can help the rising generation by calling upon him.

Communications.

Christ as a Teacher of Hate.—Concluded.

Christ seemed to be intent upon this one point, so to impress his followers with such a sense of providential care that they would need no thought for to-morrow. "Ask the father what ye will in my name, and it shall be granted unto you." "Forsake all and follow me." Simple trust in him was the grand virtue. He enforced this practically when he fed five thousand people on two loaves and a few fishes, and also when he ordered his disciple to go and cast a hook into the sea, on which he would catch a fish; in his mouth he would find money with which to pay the taxes. These things were to impress his followers with the supreme sense of faith in him, and that faith would provide for them and at the same time save them. How absurd to tell us in the presence of his life, sayings, and teachings that he only meant that they should not hav undue anxiety about to-morrow. What treachery is this in this to this so-called divine teacher! What did he mean in his pointed prohibition when he said: "Be not like unto the gentiles?" They were doing the things which this prohibition covered. They were taking thought for to-morrow in food and drink. Can anything be more stupid than to charge this Christ with this moral depravity, saying what he did not mean? "Sell all you hav and giv to the poor." "Lay not up your treasures upon earth." "To him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away; lend without hope of return." "He that will lose his life shall find it, while he that will save his life shall lose it." What do these words mean if they do not convey to the mind the same thought, that of trust in God and not in forethought, as in prudential measures? He warns against human providence in the saying, "He that will save his life shall lose it." Intellectual dishonesty is seen in this forced construction put upon the words of the Christ, that there might be some kind of an apology for turning gentile. Is it not true that these professed Christians are in all things but name gentiles, for they do the things which the gentiles do, and they make a gentile of Christ? If they could only be induced to tell the truth, that would end the farce, and then we would see just what we see now, under a false name. If there is any intellectual dishonesty in this world, I would like to know where it is if it is not in these devotees of the Christian religion who swear by the Christ and at the same time crucify his words. Here is where we find the strength of Dr. Rexford, and others like him who are known in the churches through their extreme praises of the Christ and his gospel of love, and at the same time twist and torture his words out of all that is natural. Deprive Dr. Rexford of the use of his twisting and turning exegetical machine, and he is as weak as was Samson when shorn of his locks; but as long as it meets with success as a foraging and skirmishing operation around the commissary department of old orthodoxy, all is well. The scriptures which we hav introduced are all in harmony with the entire doctrins of Christ. But the important question now arises, How is it possible to find the products of industry in a scheme which fundamentally ignores industry? This is eminently true of the gospel of the Christ. "Take no thought for to-morrow" does not produce humanities or charities. It does not build asylums nor institutions of reform, or those that are in the interest of civilization. It has no school-houses, no institutions of learning, no art, no science, no improvements.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will giv you rest." Forsakng occupations of industry to follow the footsteps of an adventurer, or of a God, will not produce civilization, build railroads or churches. And the obvious reason why we see these things in connection with Christianity is because of the antichristian element, the potencies of human industry divorced from all that is divine or supernatural. For want of this obvious discrimination, we often hear those stupid devotees, doctors of divinity, talk about what Christianity has done in comparison with all else in the civilization of this world. Christianity has become gentile: it has lost all but its name, and this it would discard had it not lost the honesty of its founder. It has stolen the forbidden things of the Christ, which is the principal agency used in its propagandism. It has stolen the way and methods of the world to carry on its purposes. It has long since trampled in the dust all that once made it Christian. It is now of the world, and its devotees love the world and the things that are in the world, and they are busy in laying up their treasures on earth. In spite of the Christ who forbade this, they will not sell their treasures for any proffered mansions in the skies. They hav become like other men when shorn of their hypocrisy, which has fastened itself upon them as a result of their endeavor to serve two masters. They know that living up to the teachings of the Christ renders civilization impossible. What would become of the emporiums of fashion if those calling themselvs Christian should turn Christian? What would become of the Christian millionaire if he should turn Christian and sell all that he has and giv to the poor?

If the Christian ladies' phylacteries should be cut down so that they would come within the primitiv dimensions, where would our fashions go to? This all goes to show that Christianity is nothing but one huge system of premeditated hypocrisy. The Christ of Palestine is dead, and hangs a corpse in the grand cathedrals and splendid churches of to-day, and the worship therein offered is a sublime mockery. Its priestly devotees cannot be ignorant of this fact. It is treason against the intellectual life of the race. The antichristian element permits Christianity to hold up its head by its splendid suffrage, without which it would hav had dishonorable sepulture in the black, historical gestures of its own infamy. It is the lowest kind of uninformed civilized thought to assign humanities and charities to the influence of Christ's doctrin. Will Dr. Rexford please inform the world why this "gospel of love, with its unparalleled humanities and charities," so utterly fails to make itself known and felt in the land of its birth—in the land of infinit Gods, Christs, and Bibles? What can be the measure of this stupendous failure? Were there "chariots of iron in the mountain" which denied success to this divine gospel of love—this gospel of love driven out of the land of its birth, never more to enter there? This is one of the saddest chapters in the history of this gospel of love. What a shame in the presence of this impotence is a divine scheme to maintain that this gospel of love can produce humanities and charities, when it so utterly failed to make itself known and felt in its nativ land! But no doubt this failure is a part of this gospel of love, and all goes to show that failure is the common inheritance of the gods of all religions.

It has met with success only where it has fallen in with an antichristian civilization. In such an environment it will succeed, as any other religion would, and hence it is that Christianity exists by the suffrage of a civilization which it did not create, and it owes its existence to this civilization, and therefore it is evident that the boast of Dr. Rexford is extreme folly: "It has done more than Mr. Ingersoll and all of his fellow-skeptics hav done, or ever will do." In the line of begging, this is eminently true, and in making instruments of torture it is unparalleled. Hospitals and asylums which it controls are, as everyone knows, largely supported by the generosity of those whom it must damn. The support which these institutions receive comes from the human, and hence is antichristian. It is human providence, and not diviue. But this wise doctor tells us that "this is a gospel of love." "It is all love." "Love is the all in this divine scheme." "Love one another." "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "Love all mankind." What a senseless philosophy this is! Love is not the slave of command. It cannot be commanded. A command to "Love one another," "Love all men," "Love God," is profoundly insane. It is impossible. You might as well command a mother to hate the babe which she so fondly caresses, and for whom she would giv her life, as to command anyone to love, much less to command the loving of an enemy. Love and hate obey no one's command, they do not come within the provisions of such authority. A command to love God, whom we hav not seen, is the most consummate absurdity. We never love that which comes not within the provision of our senses. We know not of God; to love such is impossible. We can only love in the presence of sense perception, without which love or hate is excluded. We form ideals in the absence of sense perceptions, and these are what we love or hate, but not the real. But we are informed, at any rate, that Christ's doctrin is love by this eminent D.D. The same is true of Mohammed's gospel, "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." "If I had not come and spoken unto you ye had not had sin." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." "Ye hypocrits, ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" In a parable of the Christ in illustration of the kingdom of heaven, he takes a wedding feast. Those not coming that were invited, he ordered his servants to go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. This being done, one was found without the wedding garment; he was bound hand and foot and cast out into outer darkness, he being thus for no fault of his, being compelled to enter the wedding feast, and then he was forced to submit to this cruel treatment. How can anyone call this a gospel of love without hazarding mental suicide? It is promised by one of his inspired apostles that the "Christ shall come with a flaming sword, taking vengeance of them that know him not." This is a gospel of love!

And then the endless punishment to which they are consigned who reject him thunders a negation to this false claim, a gospel of love. No, not in the last will and testament of the Christ can anyone for a moment believe that the gospel of Christ is a gospel of love without the most disgraceful perversions of the clear statements of the Christ. But this doctor opens our eyes once more when he impeaches his God. Hear what he says: "Jesus was combating the narrow sympathies of Judaism, which was a religion of hatred for all except a narrow circle in Palestine." This divine religion, the religion of God's chosen people, thus vilified—a religion of hate. This is the way this man of God talks about the father of his Christ. This is the hight of Christian audacity. What can surpass this, coming from the lips of priestly love? The best that God could do was to giv to his chosen people a gospel of hate. Well, doctor, it is all right; there is no hell, and hence Dr. Rexford can rest in quiet though he does condemn the father of the Christ. And still he persists in telling the people of the love of God. He is the pastor of the Church of our Father. We are not left without more of this deep logic which is so peculiar to the Christian minister. He says: "Staying with the folks at home is what made Luther an outcast; what imprisoned Galileo, burnt Bruno." This certainly is a new revelation. I hope that the doctor has not turned Mormon. History points to the fact that this church of Christ did these foul deeds. The church of the living God imprisoned Galileo, burnt Bruno and Servetus, and millions of others. The doctor's gospel of love did these bloody deeds, and it stands before the enlightened judgment of civilization condemned as the vilest of all criminals. To make the world indebted to Christianity for its civilization is to falsify all history and read it backwards. Had Christianity passed down unimproved there could hav been no philosophy, no science, or art; there could hav been no inventiv skill. There is nothing in Christianity to produce any of these things. None of these are Christian. The gospel of love, in the mind of its author and his disciples, had only a short work to do. It was to be done before that generation passed away. This is the obvious reason why Christ had no words for industries or improvements. "God will provide. The time of my return is so near you will only need to attend to the one thing needful. Be ye ready, for the son of man cometh in an hour when ye think not." This fact fully explains his marked indifference to all of the important things of this life. He was silent on the questions of law, statesmanship, medicin, science, philosophy, art, poetry, and literature. He founded no schools. He gave the world no treatis on any of the many absorbing interests which contemplated the good of the people. He said nothing of the moral power of home, but rather commanded desertion. He never wrote a word except some unknown words in the sand. He left no guide whatever, under his own signature, to which disputation might refer. No, no, all was left to a few ignorant fishermen who hav no historical existence. Yet Dr. Rexford tells us about Christ's gospel of love. If there is such a gospel it is an absurd one. But how does he know that he, Christ, ever left such a gospel? Ecclesiastical exegetical gymnastics is the source of his information. The numberless disputations which hav taken place over the divine authority evidently tell the truth, that his demonstration of the truth of this gospel of love came as we hav suggested. In all honesty, is it possible that the thoughtful clergy of this age are so stupid that they do not see that this entire scheme is purely a human invention, and a very poor one at that? Suppose that the world had acted as commanded by one of the loving disciples of Christ as to the method of obtaining wisdom. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given." We see that this at once explains the silence of Christ upon the all-important question of education. What would hav been the schools, colleges, and universities of this, or any other age, if this had been the way to get an education? The following statement is legitimate. Had the gospel of Christ not been arrested in its development there would hav been no school-houses, no universities, nor any place of education anywhere under its reign. To speak of any growth, any improvement, any civilization, anywhere as a result of Christianity is to speak in measureless terms of folly. One of the fortunate things in the history of recent centuries is the total rejection of the Christian scheme practically. The devotees practically do not believe it as formulated by the master. Their unbelief is, in fact, one of the principal factors which keep the church in existence—that is, the Christian church so-called. The treason of Christian devotees is the real ground of Christian hope to-day. But the humiliating part is in this matchless hypocrisy in claimed fidelity to Christ while they crucify him. In the light of another statement made by one of his disciples, what kind of medical institutions would fill our civilization to-day if his statement had been adopted by the world? "If any are sick among you let him call for the elders of the church, let them anoint him and pray over him, and he shall recover." If this inspired authority was respected there would hav been no medical universities, no physiology, no surgery, no anatomy, no M.D.'s; nothing of this sort would be in existence. The elder, with his brush and grease-pot in hand, would hav done the work, assisted by prayers. This work being thus performed, the assurance is given he shall recover, and, a consequent result, the ruin of the undertakers' business. But our Christian devotees do not believe this. When they are sick they

send at once for a physician, good, bad, or indifferent morally, to come and treat them, and never giv the elder, or his grease-pot, a thought. Surely these are the days of the unregenerate. Now, dear doctor, if you fail to see where the intellectual dishonesty comes in, read these sayings of the Christ, and then consider how you are forced to pervert his words before you can make out a case in the interest of Christ's gospel of love.

We must now consider the gospel of love in its humanities and its charities, which are "unparalleled anywhere else" in the light of what is fundamental in it from a moral point of view. We are often invited to consider this gospel of love in its unsurpassed moral excellences. I hav for many years been a student of this gospel of love, and if its morality is the basis of its claimed victories, I am at a loss to know in what sense this is true. This gospel really nowhere treats this question of morality at all. Its moral phase is only accidental. The law and testimony must decide this question. Its morality is virtueless. Is there anywhere in this gospel of love even an illusion to the value of virtue or morality? Hav we not for centuries been told that morality is useless as a savior? "Christ is the only salvation." Does the Christian devotee hope for a mansion in the skies upon the ground of virtue or morality, or because he has kept the moral law? Certainly not. The virtue by which he secures a through ticket is commercial. He believes in the author of this gospel of love, and is saved—unbelief will consign him to hell. If he obeys the master, then he has a mansion and a harp in heaven; if he does not he has the assurance that he is lost. Is there any moral justice in this, that because a man refuses a gift, a gratuity, therefore he incurs the penalty of perdition? This, to say the least, is immoral. Heaven is offered as a bribe, and if this fail, then the threat of hell comes in; and if these fail, then comes the execution—he is sent to hell. This gospel of love is founded upon commercial value and nothing more. Society in its evolution had arrived at nothing higher at that time. To act because it was right had not reached religious consciousness. All was commercial. Will it pay? It will pay to follow this Christ, for you hav a promise of the life that now is, and everlasting life hereafter. Virtue is in the market and has its price. To obey this gospel of love is heaven; not thus to do is hell. The fifth commandment illustrates the whole Christian ethics: "Honor thy father and thy mother." Because it is their due? No; this would be to do right because it is right. This will not do, but because potatoes and eggs hav a value in the market. "Honor because you may liv long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Everywhere in the gospel of love this principle prevails. Take the case of the rich man and the beggar. The first goes to hell, and the latter to heaven. One would naturally ask why this discrimination? Any sane one in the contemplation of this marked difference would say that there must hav been reasons founded in the eternal fitness of things. The wickedness of the first must hav been measureless, and the latter the incarnation of all virtue; but we will allow Father Abraham to explain this matter. A Christian should not for a moment hesitate to take his explanation. Well, here it is: "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime received good things. Likewise Lazarus received evil things; now he is comforted, while thou art tormented."

In these words of Father Abraham there is not a shadow of sin in any form charged against this rich man now tormented in hell fire, no charge of immorality at all. Why, then, is he thus punished? The answer comes from heaven, and it must be the true answer. Listen while heaven justifies the "ways of God to men:" "He in this life received good things." And this is the reason why he is in hell "lifting up his eyes in torment," and asks for a drop of water to cool his burning tongue. So we see that this gospel of love sends men to hell, not because they are immoral, but because they "receive good things." What were these good things which this rich man received in his age in comparison with the good things that fall to the lot of the average Christian of to-day, to say nothing of our wealthy and fashionable Christians? If this rich man was sent to hell for the good things which fell to his lot, how many times must the present followers of Christ be sent to hell for their good things, which are ten to one of his! But why send this beggar to heaven? Because he was moral? No, not at all, but because he received evil things. It is evident that morality is not a factor in the contract in the admission of a devotee to heaven, and it is also evident that immorality is not a factor in consignment to hell. The sayings of the Christ do not honor morality. Hear him: "He that smiteth thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also." "He that compels thee to go one mile go two." "He that will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat giv him thy cloak also." "He that would borrow of thee turn thou not away—lend without hope of return." All of these would tend to encourage immorality. "Resist not evil" is the secret of crime. These cranky rules are not moral, even if they are not immoral. They are simply foolish. Human society would be impossible, regulated upon this plan. We should resist all forms of encroachment upon individual and society rights. The unresisting and the meek do not move the world to higher virtues or more exact morality. Those who do right because it is right scorn heaven coming as a bribe, and hell defy coming as a threat. Herein is the strength of human society. The yea, yea, nay, nay, loving your enemies, hav ever been powerless in the accomplishment of good in any age of this world. Mr. Rexford's gospel of love is, as it ever has been, incompetent to do good. It is the antichristian element in the church that renders him possible. His gospel of love has made the bloodiest pages of all history; it has slaughtered more than all other religions. Christianity unbaptized by the world, acting in its divine capacity, has shown in one thing only inventiv skill; that is seen and only seen in instruments of torture. It invents hells here and hells hereafter. These things consign it to to the ranks of barbarism. Its historical gestures are draped in the bloody vestments of its slaughtered millions, and the bloody victim's blood of Calvary cannot atone for such black infamy as characterizes the past history of this church full of dead men's bones.

J. H. BURNHAM.

Authorship of the Declaration of Independence.

In Mr. Wakeman's address at the last celebration of Paine's birthday, he said that if Paine did not write he dictated the very phrases of the Declaration of Independence. The question of the authorship of the Declaration was little thought of until Jefferson became a candidate for president in 1800. About that time the Virginia *Gazette* insisted that it was drafted "by some anonymous person." Now Paine was anonymous all through the American Revolution. He did not publish himself as the author of "Common Sense" in 1776, and all the numbers of the "Crisis" were signed "Common Sense." When he returned to England in 1887, he published an anonymous pamphlet, entitled, "Prospects on the War." Four years later he came out openly as the author of "Rights of Man," and then some critic detected him as the author of the former work.

The earliest hint of Paine's authorship of the Declaration of Independence, so far as I hav been able to discover, was in the Newark *Gazette*, Oct. 5, 1802. I quote the paragraph with the editor's own italics and capitals:

It has long been supposed that Mr. Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence. This *report was raised to further his election*, and the philosopher has thought fit to countenance it. It was thought absolutely necessary to prove that he had done *at least one good act in his life*, and this was pitched upon. Mr. Jefferson was one of a committee of five, indeed, and after they had jointly drawn up the instrument it was given by Congress to a *certain person*, who, above all others, the Democrats would dislike to hear, had corrected the writings of Mr. Jefferson for *revision and amendment*, and it was *from this person it received the* ELEGANT DRESS it now *appears in*."

The statement that it was "jointly drawn up" by the committee we now know is not true. It was not until 1823 that Jefferson ventured to say, "I drew it." It is also untrue that "it was given *by Congress* to a certain person for revision and amendment." Jefferson in 1821 said that he was requested to draw the Declaration, and he adroitly added: "*It* was accordingly done, and being approved by them, *I reported* it to the House on the 28th of June, when it was read and ordered to lie on the table." Only a few slight amendments had been made in the committee by Franklin and Adams, but it underwent much change in the House, and was engrossed and printed exactly as it had passed the Congress.

The article in the Newark *Gazette* was published Oct. 5, 1802; twenty-five days later Paine landed in America from a national ship, having been brought over from France in the same by order of President Jefferson.

The earliest public and positiv assertion that Paine wrote the Declaration appeared in Cobbett's *Register* about 1835. The first proof ever adduced was in 1872, in "Junius Unmasked," whose author never heard that anyone else ever suspected it. The first knowledge I had of the discovery was about January 3, 1872, when Joel Moody, of Kansas, was introduced to me. His book was already in stereotype, and on Sunday, January 21st, exactly one hundred years after the date of the last letter of Junius, I announced the discovery at a meeting of about forty persons, at the same time holding in my hand the first printed copy of the book. Mr. Moody was not present; he remained three months in Washington and desired for a time to remain unknown. Hence the authorship was generally ascribed to me. I hav never claimed it, but I hav made several further discoveries of Paine's secret work.

BURR.

Dead.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* John Canavan, a member of the Albany Secular Society, and a stanch Liberal, died March 24th, after a brief illness. Always willing to do his share in helping to spread Liberalism, he will be missed by his co-workers in the Liberal cause.

Yours respectfully, C. HERBERT LUCK,
Secretary Albany Secular Society.

An Impostor.

We are glad to note that our warm-hearted and energetic Greenback friend, Robert Blissert, the well-known tailor at 852 Broadway, has been elected chairman of the New York Central Labor Union. This combination of labor, or of those who liv by labor, can within one year carry this city and state and elect candidates of its own nomination, entirely disregarding either of the old parties, if it wishes to.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The foregoing appeared in last week's *Pomeroy's Democrat*, and is remarkably false. And, while it pains me to think the little lie should hav had much currency, it givs me great pleasure to hav thus an opportunity to bate the blare of this noisy trumpet. This blizzardy Blissert has had no official connection, in any capacity, with the Central Labor Union for more than two years; and, although he goes spouting to the lyceums and clubs about the labor movement, I know not a soul in any union whom this "energetic Greenback friend" of "Brick" really represents. He has no more standing before the unions of this city than Ben Butler or Jake Sharp, and the sooner people who now look upon him as a leader know the truth the better it will be for all hands. If I could hav my notion adopted, the Central Labor Union of New York would pass and hav published a vote of repudiation of this two-faced tailor and a few of his colleagues among the *soi-disant* reformers who go about doing so much damage, when taken as samples of our stock.

At least, let me assure your readers who may hav seen this item that Blissert is not a member of the Central Labor Union; that we elect a chairman every Sunday for that day only; and that we rigidly exclude from our deliberations every topic that might tend to divert our attention from the pressing industrial needs of the hour to politics of any kind.

Yours respectfully, J. N. BOGERT,
Trustee Central Labor Union.

New York, March 29, 1886.

A Letter from Chicago.

Putnam's precursor was a violent rain storm, which, while on my way to welcome him to the western metropolis on Saturday evening, set me to speculating whether or no an orthodox conspiracy had not been hatched up with the weather clerk, for everything wore a most woful frown, never relaxing until too late to benefit Liberalism. *Sun*day was a misnomer; it was dreary enough for the most approved Presbyterian Sabbath, for Old Sol had little chance to penetrate the dense clouds emitting melting snow, making the slushy streets a misery to pedestrians.

Our Union has engaged a new hall in the same building as the old one, and its furnishing combines comfort and beauty. Besides the main hall, there are reception rooms, a banquet hall, work rooms—in fact, all the modern conveniences, and a sable attendant thrown in. The ante-rooms were hurriedly furnished, as it was the intention of the Union to hav given the secretary a rousing reception, but his engagements would not permit.

Sunday afternoon the storm was particularly severe, and largely prevented attendance at the dedication or consecration of the Secular Hall, on which auspicious occasion the visit of Secretary Putnam was quite opportune, as well as the theme of his discourse, "The New Heaven and Earth." All present were ennobled by the mental elevation attained where a true rationalist pleads for an idealization of this weary, humdrum life, and its ceasless round of ignorance, injustice, and wrong, and tries to point how to bring it in conformity with science and reason, so that this world—the Christians' vale of tears—may bloom with bright images of human happiness and illustrious thoughts, which shall put an end to social anarchy, and inaugurate on earth the new heaven—a heaven where with improved manhood and associations we shall all liv to love and enjoy each other's happiness.

Having been struck by the literary beauty of Putnam's "Glory of Infidelity," given at the Cleveland Congress, we selected that as his evening lecture, and as the storm had somewhat diminished, a large audience was present. I believe I express the unanimous sentiment of our society when I say that for a lecture of its character it has never been surpassed, and seldom equaled, on our platform—a platform famous for the talent it affords.

A true lover of Liberalism—who loves the principle for itself—loves also its finest examples, and delights to contemplate the moral heroism of those who hav bequeathed to us the mental liberty which it is our duty, so far as in us lies, to make universal. When greatness—in the field of either physical, moral or mental heroism—ceases to be an abstraction, when it becomes embodied in human conduct and character, we are compelled to indulge in feelings of gratitude and admiration. This is the greatest and grandest impulse which seizes the human mind. "The Glory of Infidelity" is the adoration of this enthusiasm; it fairly bristles with good things, and each sentence is an epigrammatic secular sermon. Putnam is the very embodiment of whole-souled sincerity.

Our Union has had a good many financial claims upon it this winter, and I, as its treasurer, feel under obligation to the members for generous assistance. Thos. Galpin and G. W. Reickweld each handed me a "V" on the night of Putnam's lecture, and A. C. Berg, U. C. Dahl, and Frank Smead hav often given evidence that they are *Liberals*. Dr. E. S. McLeod has left our city for the West, and the best wishes of our society go with him, for he was one of the most generous and genial gentlemen we hav ever had.

E. A. STEVENS.

P. S.—Hav just received a private note from my friend Gen. M. M. Trumbull, than whom there is no more competent authority, who was present Sunday evening. He says in reference to Putnam's lecture on "The Glory of Infidelity:"

"FRIEND STEVENS: I can say that it was a very eloquent and inspiring production, full of noble sentiments, and the highest moral instruction. Very sincerely yours,
"M. M. TRUMBULL."

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SATURDAY, - - - APRIL 10, 1886.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR RENEWALS, and we hope all will be prompt. If we are to print pictures each week, the subscription list must be lengthened. That those inclined to help add to the list may find it no hard matter, we make the following low terms:

Single subscription	$3 00
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Will not everyone, in renewing, try to get at least one new subscriber, thus saving money for themselvs and helping us?

And in renewing inclose 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

Prayer.

We make haste to chronicle the first instance known of any benefit accruing from the habit of praying. The incident occurred in the city, and will be valuable as a text for our ministers, though perhaps the fact that the benefit was conferred upon one who denies Christ will dull the point of their sermons.

It is the custom of one Bernard Polak, a denizen of Catharine street, to rise every morning at three o'clock for the purpose of visiting a synagog to say his prayers and read the Mosaic law. Just as he was getting out of bed one day last week, a man smashed in his window and leaped into the room. Early rising has made Mr. Polak peculiarly vigorous. Although the intruder was a powerful man, Mr. Polak soon subdued him and handed him over to the police, after which he went to the synagog, read the law, and prayed.

As a religious journal, THE TRUTH SEEKER cannot allow this proof of the efficacy of prayer to go unheralded. The benefit in this case was threefold. 1. The habit of getting up to pray at three o'clock in the morning enabled Mr. Polak to be out of bed to receive the visitor at an hour when non-praying people are sleeping the soundest. 2. The early rising on the part of Mr. Polak presupposes also early retiring. Early retiring prevents dissipation, since worldly revelers choose the hours of night for their orgies. 3. Early retiring and early rising hav made Mr. Polak a healthy and hale old man, and given him the muscle necessary to overcome bold and bad marauders. Hence it follows that the habit of prayer is threefold in the nature of its benefits, and we respectfully submit the foregoing case to Professor John Tyndall as an answer to his challenge to the churches to show the efficacy of prayer.

But on the other hand it is also our duty to protest against prayer. As we hav seen, prayer may be beneficial under certain combinations of circumstances, but there are other combinations in which it not only is not beneficial but is a positiv nuisance. As a burglar alarm it may be all very well; as a means of working off a stump speech in the House of Representativs it is to be discountenanced.

Simultaneously with the praying Mr. Polak's appearance before the public, the chaplain of the lower house of Congress has brought the fact of his existence into view. He has begun a series of prayers especially designed to apprise the Almighty of his views upon various topics, and to seek that powerful shade's help to enforce them. One day our chaplain brings up for the Almighty's consideration the reprehensible practice of shearing lambs in Wall street. "Rid the land," he implored, "of all gamesters, whether they gamble with dice or cards, or chips, or with wheat, or stocks, or corn, or cotton. Deliver us from the influence and power of robbers, who, enticing their victims to boards of trade and stock exchanges and bucket shops, name their practices of plunder 'shearing the lambs.'" The next day this cabinet officer of deity instructs his chief as to the labor question. He prayed that God might forbid the rich and prosperous from attempting to import and reproduce on our new soil the pomps and shows, the folly and fashions, the luxury and pride, of other climes, lest the giant Anarchy, blind through ignorance and rage, like sightless Samson, goaded to madness by oppression, should put forth his hairy strength and celebrate his self-murder in the ruins of his oppressors till chaos come again. As an indirect condemnation of the "philosophy" of our Boston friends, we think this is unfair, unless the Anarchists are invited to pray to the representativs, and allowed full opportunity to explain to the Almighty just what Anarchy is.

This method of stump speechifying is, moreover, open to other objections. This great and glorious nation pays the chaplain nine hundred dollars a session for his services, and the understanding is that for that sum he is to tell God how much superior this country is to any other, and to beseech him to confuse all our enemies. To reveal to him that the United States are sometimes torn by internal dissensions, and very far from being a perfect nation, is to invite divine reprobation; for, as Napoleon said, God is on the side of the strongest battalions in war. So is he with the nation that least needs him. In proof of this we hav only to refer to disrupted Poland, discontented Ireland, conquered and abused Madagascar, and other small nations preyed upon by the strong. Therefore to let the Almighty know that the United States has weak points is almost a direct appeal for him to withdraw his patronage.

With the newspaper criticisms that these kinds of prayer are silly and blasphemous, disgraceful to the House, and ought to be stopped, we hav no sympathy. So long as our representativs disobey the Constitution by paying some pious mountebank for praying, we do not think they can be disgraced by the quality of the service. And as blasphemy toward particular deities is only a question of geography, so blasphemy toward any country's God is only a matter of opinion. If there is any use in prayer at all, let us hav it practical. If this chaplain shall continue to make himself a praying nuisance until the members of the House recollect that Congress has no official business with religion, and dispense with his services, it will hav been, next to the case of Mr. Polak, the most fruitful instance of prayer known in this country.

The Progress of the Museum Business.

The Hagan bill to authorize further appropriations for the maintenance of the museums in Central Park, printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 27th, passed the Assembly, after a lengthy debate, on April 1st. It is a pleasure to find that only one New York city member opposed it, Mr. Lucius Lucullus Van Allen by name, and of the seventh New York assembly district by habitation. The reporter of the *Sun* says that "the flaps of his great shirt-collar took on the character of angels' pinions as he thundered against legalizing the breaking of the Sabbath." Mr. Van Allen read a list of names of clergymen and business men protesting against the opening of the museums on Sunday, but if the list was longer or more representativ than the names asking for the opening which the assemblymen read in the pamphlet laid upon their desks by the American Secular Union, the reporters hav evaded their duty by omitting to mention the fact. Another opponent of the bill was Mr. Erwin, of St. Lawrence county, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Erwin, the scoffing *Sun* reporter says, looks at Sunday from a North Woods standpoint. He said that he knew he should be called an old fogy and puritanical for opposing the bill, but he desired to remind the members that this same puritanical spirit had made this country what it is—a free land. The poor people who were alleged to be in sympathy with this move were the very people who would not make use of the institutions if they were opened. Nearly three-fourths of the beautiful things in the museums were contributed by Christian men and women, who would be certain to remove them if this bill became a law. Mr. Erwin has evidently been supplied with Mr. Jesup's pamphlet and had an interview with Bishop Doane. These arguments are very familiar. Mr. Platt, of Dutchess, wanted to amend the bill by substituting two evenings a week for Sundays. He said that in England in 1882 the question was brought up whether certain public institutions should be thrown open on the Sabbath there. It was submitted to the societies of English workingmen. Against it were 2,412 of these societies and for it were only 62. By actual count, 6,500,000 persons visited these same institutions when they were subsequently opened two evenings in a week. Mr. Platt, who is an editor, has also read Mr. Jesup's pamphlet, but seems not to hav heard of the recent action of the English House of Lords.

The speakers in favor of the bill were Robert R. Hamilton, of the eleventh New York assembly district; J. A. Cantor, of the twenty-third district; James Haggerty, of the twentieth; Edward P. Hagan, of the sixteenth district; Daniel E. Finn, of the first district; J. P. Windolph, of the thirteenth district; and John B. Longley, of the tenth Brooklyn district. Mr. H. B. Hotchkiss, of the eleventh Brooklyn district, pointed out that the bill was not mandatory, but permitted the local authorities to increase the donations to the museums by $20,000 per year, provided the institutions are kept open on Sunday. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment is authorized to appropriate this sum if it sees fit. The bill passed by the following vote:

YEAS.—Messrs. Ainsworth, James S. Allen, A. H. Baker, Barnes, Bates, Berry, Binder, Bowe, Brennan, J. A. Brown, Bruns, Buckley, Bush, Cantor, Chase, Cheney, Cole, Collins, Conlan, Connelly, Craft, Dalton, Demers, Dickson, Dickey, Dinkelspiel, Donald, Doyle, Farrell, Finn, Fitch, Freligh, Gallagher, Gardner, Giese, Gordon, Greene, Hagan, James Haggerty, Henry F. Haggerty, Hamilton, Hardin, Hall, Hayes, Hill, Hotchkiss, Howe, Kiernan, Knapp, Kraus, Lawlor, Leete, Lindsay, Longley, Mable, Maher, Manville, McCann, McCarthy, McClelland, McEwen, McLaughlin, McMahon, McManus, Newton, O'Brien, Porter, Power, Shea, Sheehan, Shelley, Charles Smith, Wafer, White, Windolph, Wolf—76.

NAYS.—Messrs. G. Allen, E. P. Babcock, J. Babcock, Batcheller, Cutler, Curtis, Davis, Decker, Edson, Erwin, Hadley, Hogeboom, Hopkins, Ingersoll, Kilby, Kruse, Parsons, Peart, Pierce, Platt, Rea, Robinson, Seaver, Sime, Clark E. Smith, R. H. Smith, Stacey, Tuck, Van Allen, Wood, the Speaker—31.

That the museum authorities are opposed to Sunday opening, and will do everything they can to prevent it, is shown by their opposition to this bill, which does not force them to open, but only removes one of the obstacles upon which they hav laid great stress—the expense. They evidently do not wish the obstacle removed, preferring that the museums shall suffer rather than that their religious hobbies shall be overridden. We trust, however, that the Senate will take as wise a view of the matter as has the Assembly, for with a reward of twenty thousand dollars in front of them the managers of the museums may be more amenable to reason.

The Tax Bill.

Bishop Doane of Albany, the same who told the New York Sabbath Committee that open museums on Sundays meant open factories as well, has come to the help of the Lord against the mighty to evade payment of taxes on his property. Tuesday, March 30th, Mr. Doane addressed the Assembly Committee on Ways and Means in antagonism to the bill we printed last week forcing impartial taxation upon all property alike.

However, the bishop did not hav things all his own way. Just as he had put into full view of the committee that noble right leg of his, covered with the Episcopalian silk stocking, Mr. J. J. McCabe, secretary of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, walked into the committee room armed with bundles of printed proofs, from this office, of the addresses of Messrs. Duryea, Wakeman, and Hawes, which he presented to each member of the committee. Mr. Doane then proceeded with his speech. He said the Freethinkers were undoubtedly behind the bill, which he considered cowardly, insolent, and illogical in its provisions. He was not opposed to Freethinkers. They had undoubtedly existed in all ages. But the bill is a blow at three great interests, education, Christian charity, and religion. As a great many hospitals and charitable institutions had been

erected with the understanding that such property would be exempt from taxation, to impose taxation now would undoubtedly be unconstitutional. Bishop Doane knew that some of the one hundred and twenty places of worship in the northern part of the state, which he visited, would hav to be closed if this tax were imposed. He recognized in this measure a preparatory attack on the principles of the religion of Christ. It was on the same line with that impious legislation of France which prohibits the name of God to be written in a text book. The bishop then read a letter written by the late Governor Dix on a similar measure, in which that gentleman declared his belief that such a law was virtually a tax upon the worship of God. If the bill could be treated as he would prescribe, it should be reported adversely by the committee, killed in committee of whole of the Assembly, sent to the Senate and be referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, reported adversely, killed in committee of the whole of the Senate, and lastly, sent to the governor and vetoed by him.

When Bishop Doane had concluded, Mr. McCabe had the floor. He pointed out to the committee that the bishop was in error in attributing the bill entirely to the Freethinkers. Freethinkers, said Mr. McCabe, had a bill of their own, but as they found that this bill would accomplish all the purposes they had in view in regard to taxing the churches, they had adopted this bill. Bishop Doane's claim of the moral and civilizing influence of the church is not supported by history or statistics. Mr. McCabe claimed that the moral and civilizing influence of the New York State Freethinkers' Association is much greater than that of the church, yet its members did not ask to hav property which the association might hold exempted on that account. Nor did they ask for appropriations from the state. Mr. McCabe said that the bishop's reference to French legislation was unwise, for that country was only trying to keep pace with the march of progress—it was a good example for this country to follow. People had been under the control of priests too long in every country. The struggles of the poor churches were no concern of those who did not believe in religious dogmas, but yet were taxed to support them. Governor Dix, whose letter the bishop read, was an interested party. His son presided over the richest Protestant church corporation in this country, Trinity church, New York. General Grant was at least as good a patriot, and it is now admitted that he was one of the greatest of America's sons, yet he was in favor of taxing church property. Grant said that if church property should increase in the future as in the past, in the year 1900 its value would be at least three billion dollars, and that confiscation would follow. Therefore, if the legislature and the church were opposed to taxing church property, taking General Grant as a prophet and a statesman Mr. McCabe personally was not interested in Mr. Duryea's bill. He could afford to hopefully wait for the year 1900. There were a great many people who would not drop many tears if property which had been obtained by illegitimate means should meet the fate predicted by General Grant.

Thus the matter rests with the committee. Whatever their report upon the bill may be, there is small chance of its passing this session. But if the supporters of the measure are persistent, the year will undoubtedly come when this bill or a similar one will grace the statute books of the Empire state.

A Medal for the Methodists.

Recently in comparing the tendency of the different Christian denominations in Canada to get into jail, we wrote: "The Presbyterians and Methodists are about equal, though the comparison would be more edifying if we knew the proportion each sect bears to the total population of the province." A friend from Kansas sends us the desired figures, as follows:

"The Roman Catholics, with 16 4-5 per cent of the population, furnish 37½ per cent of the criminals. The Church of England, 19 3-10 per cent of population, and 31 14-100 per cent of the criminals. Presbyterians, 22 per cent of the population, and 12 85-100 per cent of the criminals; and the Methodists, 33 13-100 per cent of the population, and 12 4-10 per cent of the criminals."

According to the percentages, therefore, the results would be as follows: Roman Catholics, 25,500 commitments; Church of England, 18,435; Presbyterian, 6,673; Methodists, 4,468.

This is good showing for the Methodists, and we congratulate Dr. Buckley upon the immunity from punishment of his Canadian brethren. We would willingly concede that the Methodists are more virtuous than the Presbyterians were it not so well known that the sin most affected by Methodists is one not the oftenest found out. The Presbyterians are robust rogues, the Methodists effeminate.

Liberalism in Pennsylvan a.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

Messrs. Plack, Kline, and Kemp are members of the Altoona, Pa., Liberal League, and are all extensivly engaged in business. Like other business men, they occasionally become involved in lawsuits. Blair county is a Christian community, and some of the tricks resorted to by their legal enemies are worthy of Christians. Recently Mr. Kemp was sued by a Mr. Piper for the recovery of a wagon. That Mr. Kemp's cause was righteous is evidenced by the jury finding a verdict in his favor after being out less than half an hour. Mr. Kemp being known as an officer of the League, the plaintiff's attorney tried to use that fact to exclude Mr. Kemp's testimony, and probably would hav succeeded had not Mr. Kemp been too shrewd a polemicist to be caught. The following conversation between Mr. Kemp and the assistant counsel to Mr. Piper, and the court (Hon. Judge Dean) is interesting:

"John R. Kemp sworn to make true answers.

"By Mr. Baldridge: Do you believe in the existence of a God? A.: I thought this was a court of knowledge; the judge has told everybody here he don't want to know what people believe, but what they know.

"Q.: I want to ask you whether you believe in a God or not?

"By Mr. Nervine: Do you believe in a supreme ruler of the universe?

"By Mr. Baldridge: Do you believe in God? A.: Which one?

"Q.: In *a* God? A.: Every man has his god; mine is a power; I never saw it, to the best of my knowledge; I don't know anything about it; it is a supreme power; I don't believe in the Jew God, I don't believe in the Mohammedan God, nor I don't believe in the Christian God.

"By the Court: Do you believe in a state of future rewards and punishments? A.: Yes, sir.

"By the Court: I think he is a competent witness.

"By Mr. Woodcock: If you believe in future punishment, where do you believe it will be, in this world or hereafter? A.: I don't know where it will be; you say man is eternal; if so, he would hav to liv before he was born; an eternity with the end cut off wouldn't make an eternity.

"Q.: Do you believe in any hereafter at all? A.: Yes, sir.

"By Mr. Baldridge: Do you believe in the Bible? A.: Yes, sir; what is true.

"Q.: You don't accept the whole of the Bible as truth? A.: No, sir; I don't.

"Q.: Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments? A.: Yes, sir.

"Q.: Do you believe in the existence of a God who will punish you if you swear falsely? A.: I don't know anything about him."

"Q.: Do you believe in the existence of a God who will punish you if you swear falsely? A.: If you explain what you mean by the word 'God' I will tell you; every man has his own idea.

"Q.: Don't you know what I mean by the Christian God, the God of the Bible? A.: I don't need to believe that. I don't believe he was ever as wicked as the Bible purports him to be.

"By Mr. Nervine: Do you believe in a supreme power? A.: Yes, sir.

"Q.: That will punish and reward according to your acts here? A.: Yes. sir; if you do wrong you hav got to suffer the punishment.

"By the Court: I think the witness is competent.

"The witness was then sworn generally."

In the jury-room, one of the jurors brought up the question of Mr. Kemp's religious belief as affecting the credibility of his evidence, but the foreman sat down upon him by saying, "The jury might as well consider Mr. Kemp's political affiliations."

In the case of Mr. Plack the same inquisition was begun, counsel asking him if he believed in God. Mr. Plack retorted by asking, "Which one?" The court cut the matter short by ordering the counsel to take the evidence.

There are two morals in this, or rather one immoral and one moral. The immoral is that Christians who hav poor cases can now abandon the practice of abusing their opponent's attorney, and, instead, begin an inquisition into their opponent's religious beliefs. If the opponent is known to be a member of a Liberal League, and a good Christian jury can be obtained, the "religious racket" can be used to good effect. It is not always that juries are manly enough to ignore prejudices in arriving at their decisions. The moral is that there is much work to be done in Pennsylvania as elsewhere before human rights are attained. Why cannot the Pennsylvania State Secular Union take this grievance to Harrisburg? A little persistent and well-directed work will make an impression upon the judges of the state, even if the statutes discriminating against Atheists are not at once repealed.

Editorial Notes.

A short time ago we recorded the suspension of the Auckland, N. Z., *Rationalist*. The last mail from Australia brings several copies of the revived paper. We hope that this time it has come to stay, for it must, from its ability, do much good in New Zealand.

The appeal of Mr. Bailey's heirs for money for a tombstone for the grave of their father has been answered generously. A life-long Boston friend of Mr. Bailey's has signified his intention of putting up a monument at his own expense. If the generous friend is the one we suspect, it only adds another to a very long list of praiseworthy acts.

We hav forgotten to mention that the argument for opening the museums on Sunday is printed in neat pamphlet form for distribution wherever it will do good, and our friends in this city are requested to aid in the work. Copies will be supplied upon application at this office. We trust also that New Yorkers will feel inclined to do what they can toward paying the cost of printing. A little from each would make the cost of this Sunday opening movement inappreciable to any.

The Burlington *Free Press* devotes a whole column to the consideration of the health of country clergymen. The *Free Press* finds this trade to be much overworked, poorly paid, ill-fed, and not sufficiently appreciated. This state of affairs worries the country minister into a decline. The remedies the *Free Press* givs are to preach less, eat more, work less, and exercise more. Another remedy which did not suggest itself to the writer is one that we hesitatingly make public. It is that if the business of preaching does not agree with the minister he might get out of it. There are many honest channels in which he may be useful.

Last Friday was a beautiful spring day. The air was mellow and the rays of the sun shed a cheerful warmth over New York. Yet it seemed to be the forecast of a cold day for the clergy. One paper published on one page three separate indications of a drop in the ministerial mercury: "Dr. Bristor to be tried on Ida Downe's charges by a committee of his brethren." "A church trial for Pastor White. Two other clergymen mixed up in the Miss Robertson scandal to be tried also." "Another preacher gone wrong. A scandal involving the Rev. Dr. Philip Krohn, formerly of Troy." Just now, the poor preachers are in extraordinarily hard luck.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. Jamieson, after a two weeks' rest at home, is at lecture work again. March 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st he was at Mapleton, Good Thunder, and Sterling Center, Minn. He may induce the Adventists to debate, but it is doubtful. April 6th, 7th, and 8th he is to lecture in Iroquois, Dakota, the first Freethought lectures they will hav had. The latter part of April he will giv five lectures in Alexandria, Minn. He will then proceed on a lecturing tour eastward. His address is Lake City, Minn.

Gopal Vinayak Joshee, a nativ of Bombay, Hindostan, will deliver two lectures under the auspices of Friendship Liberal League of Philadelphia, in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, Sunday, April 11th, 1886, at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. Afternoon subject, "Missionary Labor in India;" evening subject, "The Manners, Customs, and Religions of India." The public are invited. Mr. Joshee has given lectures to large audiences; but as he is too radical for the churches the Philadelphia League has opened its hall to him.

The opening of the new Secular Hall in Toronto appears to hav been been a great success. The place was crowded on Sunday, March 28th, to listen to Mr. Watts's first lecture of his present course in Canada. On March 30th and 31st Mr. Watts lectured in Listowel to good audiences. Next week he speaks as follows: Sunday, April 11th, Toronto; Monday and Tuesday, April 12th and 13th, Galt; Wednesday and Thursday, April 14 and 15, Ayr; Friday, April 16th, Woodstock; Sundays, April 18th and 25th, Toronto; Thursday and Friday, April 29th and 30th, Greenwich, Mass.; Sunday, May 2, afternoon and evening, Boston.

On Sunday, April 4th, Mr. Sereno Edwards Todd, of Orange, N. J., author and editor for twenty years past in New York city, lectured in Newark, N. J., in the hall 177 Halsey street, on the subject of "Science Better than Orthodoxy." Mr. Todd recently stated to the editor of The Truth Seeker that all his maternal relativs, clear back to the great Jonathan Edwards (who was Mr. Todd's great-great-grandfather), were Presbyterians, and he was bred, born, and educated in the Presbyterian faith, but is now a member of the Congregational church. The only difference between Presbyterians and Congregationalists, he states, is that when disciplin is to be exercised in the Presbyterian church over a recalcitrant member, the deacons, elders, and minister, take a rope and hang the offender; but in the Congregational church they giv the refractory son of Adam a rope, and let him hang himself. Mr. Todd has been a lecturer on scientific subjects for many years past, but now proposes to turn his efforts more particularly to Secularism and secular philosophy, as eminently superior to orthodoxy.

Letters from Friends.

MORRIS, MANITOBA, March 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5.75, to be applied as directed in inclosed list. I am of the opinion of the majority of your correspondents, that THE TRUTH SEEKER is the very best Freethought paper published. I know I could not do without it. The illustrations speak to the minds of those that do not read, and I hav seen many orthodox Christians laugh in appreciation of the facts they portray so well. L. F. MATHÉ.

ELBA, OHIO, March 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find list of subscribers for your paper, and money order to pay for same. These are all thorough Liberals in belief, and will probably stick to your paper.

We hav a Methodist Episcopal church, ignorance, and indifference to contend with here, but hope the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER will awaken people to the issues, which is all that is necessary to spread our doctrins. If we had a few Liberal lectures delivered here it would do much good, and had we a hall or other suitable place we would hav them.

We like the illustrations very much. Success to you.

Yours truly, W. J. DUTTON.

BUTTE CITY, MON. TERR., March 18, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: The books came in good condition. Thanks. The "Story Hour" was a pleasant surprise. Freethinkers ought to be proud that such a fine book can be produced by us. As to the contents, "Our Susie" is well worth the price.

H. Clay Luse don't like your pictures. His reasons as stated in THE TRUTH SEEKER, March 13th, seem to me flimsy. The pictures are favorably commented on by my Liberal friends and attract attention from Bible-believers.

Respectfully, FRED. COOKE.

PINEGROVE, PA., March 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I can't do without the best paper in the world, to my knowledge. I hav tried to get some new subscribers, but the times are so hard that it is impossible. There are a great many people here who favor Freethought as far as talk is concerned, but when it comes to helping the cause with money they are willing to be counted out. I wish Mr. Reynolds could come here. I think he could stir up the latent energies to an equality with the situation.

Yours truly, W. THOMPSON.

ORTONVILLE, MICH., March 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: H. Clay Luse, of Waynesburg, Pa., says you hav gone and spoilt THE TRUTH SEEKER with cartoons, and wants an expression from your readers on that subject. His idea to me is as lightning out of a clear sky. How could he think of such a thing? But there is no accounting for tastes, don't you see? For me, I think Mr. Luse's vote will stand nearly alone, believing as I do that almost everybody else's vote will be for them. The last, Uncle Sam bestowing the dollars at one door while the Irish Biddy is poking them out another into the pope's bag, is immense. The gifted Watson Heston is a prodigy, and his original designs and excellent skill are beyond all praise, while the Jonah-whale man is old persimmons! Just glorious!

Your old friend, DR. T. S. ANDREWS.

BIG BEND, KAN., March 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I again ask that my date of subscription be set back to January 1st instead of February 1st. The little amount that I sent over my subscription on a former occasion was credited all to me, making a month over. The little amount I only sent for the benefit of THE TRUTH SEEKER. You will please find stamps, thirty-five cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. The illustrations in THE TRUTH SEEKER are the most stunning hit of the times. The one where the clericals are tooting their religious foghorns for appropriations is certainly the hardest hit I ever saw. Credit me with two years' subscription and send along the ANNUAL, and ever believe me, Yours for Freethought (not Liberalism),

S. M. TRAVIS, M.D.

MIDDLEBURY, IND., March 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3.25, for which please renew my subscription to the greatest champion of Freethought published in the world, and send me a copy of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

I find great pleasure in reading the many good articles which come each week in the paper, and I will never do without it so long as I am able to raise the subscription price. The illustrations are immense. They convey the idea to many who would otherwise take no notice. I think Brother Blakeman's suggestion of an anniversary of the "event when Bennett drove the first wedge of Liberalism into the old cross-grained log of Christian superstition" is good. Such events should be kept sacred by Liberals. I feel particularly interested in the controversies of the writers of the "Letters from Friends" department. The benefit and information to be derived from this department is great indeed. Wishing you success in the glorious cause of Freethought, I am, Yours for the right, ISAAC IVINS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Being desirous of acquiring reliable information on the question of planetary distances, and perceiving that some of your correspondents are willing to giv us such information as they hav on the subject, I will invite attention to some apparent discrepancies that I am unable to comprehend.

I will also invite attention to the fact that the Polar stars are always on a line with the center of our earth; the constelations, of which the seven stars and the milky-way are familiar to everybody, are nightly in view when our atmosphere is clear. How could that be possible unless they revolve around the sun in unison with our planet? How could they possibly revolve in unison or at all, unless the globular circle of expanded matter in which they are suspended revolves around the sun carrying those bodies around with it?

I hav assumed that the sun is at the center of our planetary system, but shall protest against that evident delusion. Mr. Higbie asserts that the central body is an electric battery. That has been my view for the last half century. Mr. Higbie being the first man I hav met who has the courage to indorse it, if the intelligence to comprehend it, I will congratulate him. Openings hav been observed in our sun through which vapor is passing always from the observer. Does vapor usually gravitate toward the center of the body in whose atmosphere it is generated? When I look at the flame of a lamp or gas-jet, though less than the sixteenth of an inch in thickness, its density obstructs my view of objects on the other side. Then how can human vision possibly penetrate a mass of densely illuminated atmosphere from thirty to forty miles in depth? J. A. TUTTLE.

GREELEY, COL., Feb. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I want to ask R. G. Ingersoll if he iutends to continue advocating and supporting a financ al superstition that is a greater curse to civilization at the present day than all the theological superstitions he so manfully and ably denounces. I think the mistakes of Moses are slight compared to his at Cincinnati, June, 1876, when he said the people wanted a man for president who knew enough to know that money was not made by law but by labor. If he still believes that is true, he ought to giv us his reason for it. I certainly would like to know. In 1837 I ran away from home to go whaling, and hav wandered from 60 degrees north latitude to 60 degrees south, and over every degree of longitude on the earth's surface, yet I hav never been able to make money. I would like him to tell me how to do it. I am one of your old subscribers. SAM GRAHAM.

NEW ERA, MICH., March, 8, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find one dollar and fifty cents, which credit on TRUTH SEEKER account, also twenty-five cents for TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, also ten cents' worth of Putnam's "Ingersoll and Jesus." I would be glad to send you a donation to assist the late improvement in the paper, the object lessons. I hav made two enemies since the illustrations began; one was a Canuck Catholic, the other the Protestant type of bigot. Is it uot a little odd that so long as the illustrations show up the Catholic in his true colors, Mr. Protestant applauds, but reflex the picture and you make an enemy forthwith?

In a lyceum, lately, in which I took part, some of the speakers broadly charged Infidelity with all the crime now cursing humanity. When my turn came to speak I offered five dollars for the name of every *bona fide* Infidel found on the records of any penitentiary in the United States, and all I asked was that the person be known to be an utter disbeliever in Christian theology as a reforming power.

I hav it a little better now than I had it six or eight years ago. Then it was tar and feathers and threatened burnings, and no place to lecture in; but now the old Atheist can get a hall in either village if he chooses to pay for it. This taking it up and playing alone at all times and under all circumstances is quite a load in a country where everybody is a Christian, but my horizon is getting brighter.

Your well wisher, J. M. LOGAN.

PORTLAND, OR., March 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: My admiration for Mr. Putnam, and the work he has done and is doing, as presented in the issued of March 13th, is great. He is a smart, capable man, and just the one to push such work right through to a glorious triumph. May success and its attending blessings ever be his. is my wish. With the receipt of every TRUTH SEEKER my liking for it increases. It is a grand paper, and doing a noble work. The pictures are splendid, and a great addition to its attractivness. The cyclonic wave is already on the roll, and its roar, as it sweeps irresistibly on in its course, can now be heard by all men that will listen. I wish some lecturer could come out here and wake the people up, and organize Secular Unions.

Yours for the advancement of humanity, READER.

LEXINGTON, KY., March 28, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: As so many of your readers hav expressed opinions concerning your illustrations, will you allow me a little space in your valuable columns to say that I approve most heartily of your new departure? The pictures are practical and effectiv, admirably executed and artistically got up, and as a school of instruction, to use a slang phrase, they "take the cake." They are original in design, and a valuable addition. They present our cause in a new but none the less attractiv light, and at the same time embrace all that can be said or written about the hypocrisy and falseness of the church. That they receive the highest encomiums from all quarters I am truly glad to note, but that a few should dislike them is also to be expected. H. Clay Luse is of the latter class. He seems to think that pictures mar the appearance of the paper and says it "must be a perverted taste that enjoys such caricature." Perhaps so, but I should think that those who are unable to appreciate art, even in its simplest forms, are incompetent to judge. Indeed, they display such little taste in their criticism as to require the aid of a powerful microscope to discover whether there was any "taste" displayed at all.

In the department of "Letters from Friends" appear many peculiar epistles from many peculiar people, but the most peculiar of all, perhaps, are those from the wise sage of Newport, Maine, Seward Mitchell. This modern Solomon appears to believe in the doctrin of the Anarchist, and like the two Boston gentlemen, Tucker and Appleton, is full of zeal for individual law and no government. He says in the last TRUTH SEEKER: "Those who liv for others will not be bound by, or conform to, man-made laws, but will be a law unto themselvs." This doctrin of self-law will never do, Mr. Mitchell. As the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER says, government is a necessary evil. As long as we hav those around us who are ready at any moment to invade and trample under foot the rights of others, just so long will "man-made laws" be of absolute necessity. The murderer, robber, thief, and seducer are a "law in themselvs," and do what in their eyes seems their right to do. Bah! Away with your so-called self-law! It is impracticable, and will not stand the test of reason, common sense, and experience.

Another thing, our wise philosopher asserts that money is the "one devil to be destroyed." Oh, my! But suppose we destroy this alleged devil, what is the result? Stagnation of business would set in, progress stop, and enterprise and improvement would come to an end. No one would hav the least ambition to work, or to better his condition, simply because there would be nothing with which to reward him for his toil, care, and trouble. Money, instead of being a devil, and man's worst enemy, is his best friend, I think. But admitting Mr. Mitchell's "important truth" to be a fact, I would ask him why he insists upon using what he considers a devil. Why not dispense with money altogether and work for the love of glory only? But it is useless to argue further with this wise Anarchistic philosopher, since he doesn't appear to be desirous of learning anything new, *cupidus discendi*.

At the end of his peculiar letter this peculiar man adds a peculiar postscript. He says that he has read the account of the arrest of saviors of the world in the ANNUAL, but that the name of the greatest of all, Seward Mitchell, is omitted. Now, Mr. Editor, this is a sad mistake on your part, for which you will doubtless go to sheol. It's a pity you failed to mention the "arrest" of this "savior" in your ANNUAL! His should hav been the first name in the list, for his "services for humanity" are too great to be so carelessly omitted. What say you, suppose you republish the ANNUAL and mention his "honored name," together with his "arrest?" I think it would be a good idea. D. B. COZINE.

NEW ALBANY, PA., March 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: My son, John Heverly, died the fourth of this month. He was thirty-five years of age. He had been sick a great deal through life, and bore his affliction very patiently, making no complaints. He died without a struggle. If he had been a member of some church the preachers would no doubt use it at revival meetings to make converts; but he was not a Christian, and they would rather he would hav left the world in distress that they might hav something out of which to make capital. I would not hav had a sermon preached if I could hav had my choice; but my wife belongs to the church, and I let her hav her way.

I get so tired of hearing people pray that I sometimes think I would rather hear a man swear just for a change. This is the most gospel-ridden place I was ever in. We hav three preachers and two churches, and yet our borough has only about four hundred souls all told.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you can read these few lines and publish them in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will be very thankful. The papers about here are so filled up with religious items that I presume they would feel themselvs disgraced by publishing the death of an Infidel. A. HEVERLY.

OXFORD, NOVA SCOTIA, Feb. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Methinks Mr. Neilson, of St. Thomas, Ont., is rather rough on an anointed assistant of the almighty. For, if through Archie's repeating some stereotyped lies, the glory of a God of truth more abounds, why should he be judged a sinner? Parrots and priests get and repeat so much by rote, are so innocent of honest, intelligent thought, it seems almost unreasonable to ask them for a reason for the faith that is in them, or the balderdash that comes out of them. Archibald may not be what he seems; likely he is a member of the most holy sermon exchange association, and got that sermon per post and knew nothing whereof he spoke. Judging by the specimen presented, we had that same clerical stink-pot fired at us last fall by a callow cleric who, for the glory of God, and so much filthy lucre per annum, breaks the bread of life to a chosen few of Christ's sheep. Occasionally for a change from the ordinary innutritiv theological flap-doodle, he doses them with some second-hand scurrilious composition, such as has disagreed with Mr. Neilson's mental digestion. We promptly produced an *Investigator* of the previous week, printed and published at Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, showed it to some of his jubilant admirers, and asked for explanations, at the same time gratuitously giving them our opinion that their oracle was either an ignoramus or a liar. When God's mouthpiece was brought to book he mumbled something about Joe Cook being authority for the statements. They hav cheek enough for three rows of teeth who circulate untruths and take shelter under such shady authority, and are mendacious enough to assert that Moses and Munchausen are models of veracity. When blatant Christians boast of Christian liberality in building and maintaining hospitals for the sick, asylums for their insane, poorhouses for the poor, they are only proclaiming their own shame; their unbelief, Infidelity, hypocrisy. That is, if Christ is any authority amongst modern Christians; if he knew what he said or said what he meant. In the gospel according to Mark, xvi, 17, Christ says: "And these signs shall follow them that believe (in Christ). In my name shall they cast out devils. They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover [good tests."] What do they want with such materialistic affairs as hospitals when genuin believers can cure all by

simply laying on of hands? If they don't cure the sick by such a pleasant process, the obvious inference is that they can't because of their unbelief, and that they are head and tail howling hypocrits. And why should there now be any poor to provide for if Christ's commands were obeyed or his threats feared? "Sell all thou hast and giv to the poor." "From him that would ask of thee turn thou not away." "If any one ask thy cloak, giv him thy coat also." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." "Lay not up treasures upon earth." "Take no heed for the morrow," etc., etc. There is now plenty of wealth in the world; a superabundance of power to producc enough to make all comfortable. If it were a little more equitably distributed, if none now laid up treasures on earth superfluously, riches would go a begging without takers.

Though the church is not, as of old, a safe sanctuary for the vilest criminals, it is yet a refuge for clerical moral assassins, reputation thieves. An iniquitous law throws its ægis over the church and pulpit. Therein the professional priest is safe from correction, however grossly he lie, however vilely he may insinuate, however he may blast the lives of those who will not subject the intellect, bow the knee, or be subservient to him. Great Scott! What a travesty of justice, right, truth, to endow with such powers and privileges a class that has ever been the virulent foe of every new truth of science, of progress, of oppressed men; who do nothing useful, who produce nothing but discord; who toil not, except to spin some tough, immaterial yarns; who contribute nothing toward the expenses, nor risk their sacred carcases in defense of the state. It is strange that an almighty God, who created all things (including his pet man), and pronounced all good (yet man alone is vile), who controls all events, cannot control man; who foreordained whatsoever should come to pass, is thwarted by man, and gets mad about it, too; who, tireless, wheels the mighty orbs through space; whom the winds and waves obey; at whose nod the seasons come and go, trees, grass, grain, flowers, fruits grow, animals act according to the nature he endowed them with; yet he cannot fix his crowning handiwork, man, so he will go to his satisfaction. The Christian religion, his latest invention for improving the perverse worm, don't seem to reduce the pesky back-action worth a cent, and is not self-acting, like all his other mighty works. So he has to call tens of thousands of man-servants to come to his help against the mighty. He impresses them into his service, and expects they shall work with a single eye to his glory, yet he don't pay them for their work, but turns them loose on man, to wring their pay out of poor duped wretches, who sometimes hav enough to do to eke out a miserable existence, miserable sinners who hav to tighten their own belts whilst helping to increase the rotundity of belt of wallowers in blood, blazes, and brimstone. And the priests do liv on the fat of the land, with the help of God, women, pious knaves, and some questionable devices. Yet we are told God can do anything quicker than wink. So he could make fifty tons of gold eagles as easily as minister or missionary could a lie, and so foot his own bills. God's way may not be as men's ways; that is no reason why they should be meaner ways. Pay for all you get, and if possible pay as you go along, is a good, honest rule. God should not be dishonest, if only for appearance's sake.

God don't need any devil, so long as the multifarious levites are on earth. They can raise hell *ad libitum*. How long, common sense, how long will men desire to be humbugged, or submit to be traduced, wronged, robbed, by ravenous religious reptils? WM. GRAY.

ANOKEE, MINN., March 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since D. M. Bennett was stabbed with the dirk of Christianity. I hav not a half-dozen papers on hand, having mailed them to all parts of the United States where I thought they would be food for a well-balanced mind. I hav had some sent back. Then I thought of a passage in that book of myth: "The sin of ignorance is winked at."

Inclosed find $4.35 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, "Bible Morals," one ANNUAL, and "Religion of Humanity," by M. Babcock.

W. S. KING.

WENTWORTH, D. T., March 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5 to renew my passage for another voyage, and also one new subscriber. Could not think of doing without the old flagship. Professor Jamieson has just closed another course of six lectures here to crowded houses. We threw out challenges on every side, but our Christian friends lost again the opportunity to demolish us. The arrant cowards can only stand in the fence corners and throw mud. The professor's small guns were brought to bear directly upon them on every occasion, and at times one of his solid shot would pierce them through and through. But all we could get in response was a little orthodox dirt in the shape of far off "what we could do if we had a mind to." They never get in the right frame of mind. We hav a start here now that all the orthodox creeds on earth can never stop. There is a strong talk of building a liberal hall here the ensuing summer. If we do we will hav a hold they can never shake off. Other towns around about us are beginning to see the necessity of doing something for the cause. The Christian bigots hav seen that their spleen will not kill us, and so they begin to respect us. We intend to hav a grove meeting some time in June next, and want to get about three speakers for the occasion. Professor Jamieson will probably be one of them. The people never tire of listening to him. The longer he talks the better pleased they seem to be. The bigots tried to drive me out of town last summer, but I seem to survive some of them, and hav very good health yet. The professor delivered three lectures at Madison, our county seat, while here, and although the Christians did all they could to defeat us, we had good houses. We went right among them, and hired a hall and gave them three lectures. It cut them terribly, but they had to take their medicin as dished out by the Infidel. It was a bitter pill.

I hav a great deal more to say, but do not want to take up too much of your space, as others can do more good than I can. Let me say to friend Jamieson, Again we thank you; and to the old TRUTH SEEKERS, Sail on to victory! With Brother Heston in the art gallery the ship is well armed.

Yours fraternally, L. W. HORTON.

KEOTA, IA., March 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $8 for my yearly subscription, two new subscribers, one TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL of 1886, one Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking," and Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses."

I am a prisoner of that terrible enemy, asthma. I hav been marching around the grave a good many years, and am well-drilled in dying; but when the swallows call again I may be able to be out some, and will undoubtedly drive some more subscribers to surrender to your gallery of pictures.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 20th I read a letter of the Rev. S. B. Hurlburt, that wonderful preacher who takes no pay for preaching (honor due to him as a teacher), stating that in the battle at Atlanta, while lying on the ground, he had a sort of spirit-warning to "get out there," and as he swung himself on his neighbor, Nelson St. John, Company G, 8th Iowa Infantry, a shot raked the full length where he had lain. Now, there is either a mistake by the printer or Comrade Hurlbut forgot his regiment. I hav served in Company F, 8th Iowa Infantry, and I know that that regiment was not at the battle of Atlanta. [It was a typographical error, which Brother Hurlbut has since corrected.—ED. T. S.] But to his spirit-warning. I guess that every soldier who comprehends the situation will hav minutes of such feelings (which may become the mother of panics), but brave boys will soon calm, and resolve to "hold that ditch." If a ball passed that instant when his emotion moved him on to St. John's back, it can only be an accident. Currents of thought may be carried by magnetic currents among the living. Although bullets are rather lively sometimes, I hav never seen them correspond with a brain before entering.

Thanks to Otto for his "Pessimism by an Optimist," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 27th. He is a Wettstein, indeed, allegorically, and Spiritualists will whet their quills on him for a time, but their weapons will remain dull. There is no mid-air depot between the ethereal light of science and the dark aisles of creed. The Agnostic says, "We do not know whether or not," and the Spiritualist, "We do know," yet his illusion of eternal, individual, conscious existence can not shake the Materialistic granit of truth.

Keep the ball rolling. CHARLES NAUMAN.

BRONSON, FLA., March 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $4 to apply on subscription. THE TRUTH SEEKER has become a mental necessity with me, and I can no more do without it than I can do without my breakfast. Its illustrations hav greatly enhanced its value and interest to me, and I hav no doubt that all its readers agree with me on that point. The eye is easier reached than the ear, and its electric flashes upon the mind are far more vivid than telegrams from the ear. Hearing is understanding, but seeing is believing.

The mental atmosphere of this region is thick with superstition, on which priestcraft thrives and fattens and Liberalism languishes. Yet I can see that some progress has been made since I settled here five years ago. I pass THE TRUTH SEEKER round and several of my neighbors are becoming interested in it, particularly now that it is illustrated. I sometimes wonder that Liberalism is so slow of growth, but when I remember how long it took me to outgrow my early religious education I am no longer surprised. My eyes were first opened to the inconsistency and tyranny of the church and clergy forty years ago when I was pleading the rights of man on the antislavery platform in Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Nearly all the churches shut their doors against me and I was obliged to speak in school-houses and town halls. Human rights could get no hearing in a house that had been educated to the worship of that prince of slaveholders and tyrants, the Christian's Bible God. The priests and levites of that period were too busy saving souls and getting a fat living for themselvs to take any notice of whipped and shackled bodies.

By comparing that time with the present, progress is plainly visible. Slavery has been crushed beneath the tread of an indignant people in their onward and upward march to a higher and grander civilization. The pioneers of that great civil revolution won also mental liberty for themselvs, and since slavery went down many of them hav labored to break the chains of religious superstition, and a harvest of Freethinkers has rewarded their noble efforts. Instead of retreating and hiding from public view Liberals are now moving upon the enemy's strongholds, and the enemy are now defending instead of assaulting. But the old soldiers who were my compeers of the "long, long ago" hav nearly all succumbed to our common but invincible enemy, Death, and soon, very soon, there will be none of us left to recount to younger minds the stirring incidents of our early struggles for freedom. A review of those days so stirs the blood of age and quickens every pulse that I sometimes yearn to again step upon freedom's platform and again let loose a tongue that has long been silent there. O. RICHARDSON.

VERSAILLES, IND., Feb. 28, 1886.

Mr. EDITOR: Our Mr. Remsburg, in one of his trips to Michigan, said: "The priests run the women, and the women run the church."

A young man from here, not a Catholic, loved a Catholic girl, and wished to marry her, but the girl had been raised and trained up as a Catholic, and refused to proceed with the courtship unless the priest was satisfied. The young man was then compelled to go to the priest and prepare himself to become a Catholic. He was placed upon a three weeks' course of Catechism, while he paid his board at the hotel. He was baptized and went to the confessional, and then his intended and himself promised the priest that their children should be strictly brought up in the Catholic faith. They received the host (a little square piece of bread), which they were told was the actual flesh of Christ, and after the priest was paid the two were married in the church.

Every truth seeker will see that the priest used the woman to gain the additional member, and the assurance of whatever children they may hav as additions to the church. This is a true bill, the facts having come under my own observation.

The pictures of THE TRUTH SEEKER are certainly good, but they fall far short of doing that infamous church full justice. Indeed, it is not in the power of pencil or pen to do it justice as it deserves. I am, however, glad to see there are more men and women through the country who are Infidels than I had dared to hope for a few years ago. The people are fast becoming emancipated from the church and the priest. In some families he is only tolerated as a necessary evil, and when the priest leaves they count their chickens.

Will you send me for the inclosed a copy of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1885 and 1886? ADAM STOCKINGER.

VISALIA, March 18, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed a copy of a letter sent by an absent father to a D.D. running a revival meeting near his home. It tells its own story:

"REV. SIR: I learn that my wife is the victim of a religious epidemic started and conducted by you at Three Rivers. Now I would most respectfully request you, as a gentleman, not to approach my children in the interest of him for whom you do business (Christ), and further, since there are over three hundred preachers now up before the civil courts, mostly for crimes against women, I most emphatically request you not to approach them at all. And I hope my request will be respected. But if not, if you should attempt to baptize or otherwise monkey with those girls, you will surely make of my wife a widow; of my children, orphans—the result of filling your hide so full of holes that it would not hold black-jack brush. T. J. CONLEY."

Some men take kindly to Christianity, others do not. The author of this letter evidently is one who does not.

SUBSCRIBER.

BURR OAK, MICH., March 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 20th "A. B. B." givs Mr. Wettstein a vigorous overhauling, showing the repulsivness of the latter's dogmatism.

The criticisms are just and timely, but there is one statement in "A. B. B.'s" article upon which light is required. He says: "What is called spirit, or mind, is but a form of matter, and among its infinit possibilities may there not be one that the thinking and remembering faculty which constitutes this personality?" etc. He says that the question of survival of personality after death is a scientific question, which is true, but does he hold that spirit and mind are identical?

I think he will find few among the believers in spirit life who claim this identity.

Will "A. B. B." please name one modern scientist who affirms that "mind is but a form of matter," and quote the arguments given to prove the truth of that affirmation?

Is "A. B. B." himself prepared to prove it? If so, he can bring relief to thousands of anxious hearts, and I think he can engage in no task that would be of more importance. Again, is it a fact that the thinking and remembering faculty "constitutes this personality?"

Is he prepared to prove this? If so, I hope we shall be enlightened on the points named.

In the same issue, on the next page (183), is a criticism of Miss Gardener, by E. A, Stevens. Mr. Stevens says that Miss Gardener's "particular claim for distinction consists in having been introduced by Colonel Ingersoll as a lecturer," etc., and in "the fact that our distinguished president has been amiable enough to write a preface to her book."

I think that the majority of Liberals will agree with Mr. Stevens that it would hav been better if Miss Gardener had stated frankly that the League had changed its name and that Colonel Ingersoll is its president, but surely, the above-quoted ungenerous and irrelevant remark might well hav been omitted.

Besides, is it true? If Miss Gardener's work merits distinction, the fact of the president's introduction and preface is of comparativly slight importance; if her work is unworthy, is not Mr. Stevens's remark rather a reflection on the colonel than an honor to Miss Gardener?

Let charity prevail in our counsels.

Mr. Editor, doubtless I ought to feel highly flattered to learn that "A Woman" had always considered me a "person of average good sense," etc., but truth constrains me to say that the judgment displayed by "A Woman" is far below the average, for either man or woman.

I did not say nor imply that *because* the Christian article was foolish it must hav been written by a woman. I had good reason to think that a woman wrote it, and I said just what I thought. I did not write to please "A Woman," "A Man," "A Society," nor anybody else, and "A Woman" may rest assured that I shall never retract a word.

What "A Woman" has considered, now considers, or may hereafter consider about me is a matter of supreme indifference to me.

The brassy but irrelevant remark that I hav never "been able to persuade" a lady to change her name may or may not be true, but I hav reason to feel profoundly thankful that I hav escaped a life union with one of the class represented by "A Woman." N. G. W.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Address to a Robin Redbreast,

SEEN ON THE GREENHOUSE ROOF IN ESCANABA, FEBRUARY 14, 1886.

Ah! robin redbreast, thou'rt far astray
In Escanaba this wintry day;
Where the cold of zero, and far below,
Envelops the world in ice and snow.

Art thou an explorer, ordered forth
To study the realms of the frozen north—
Some Kane or Greely of feathered tribes?
Your tales will awaken jeers and jibes,

When you report to the summer lands
What you beheld on these frozen sands;
How, under the snow in an icy cave
That managed a patch of summer to save,

You saw from your snowy perch above,
The tangled branches and vines you love,
With roses and blooms, and deep-green leaves,
As fair as the mildest summer weaves;

Tall ferns and mosses, and spreading palms,
And, when you tapped your request for alms,
How you sipped from the roof the overflow
Distilled from their homes beneath the snow.

But the honey bells of Abutilon,
And the leafy branches they hung upon,
With Fuchsias and Heliotropes, all and each
Were terribly, tauntingly, out of reach.

About you the howl of a winter storm;
Beneath your feet was a summer warm,
Where ripe, red cherries in clusters hung
(Solanum berries) to tempt your tongue;

And making though never so much ado,
Its icy top wouldn't let you through.
You could only look and wing away,
But liv to tell of the tale to-day.

Then chattering jay, and twittering wren,
And croaking ravens, like owlish men,
Will declare your story exceedingly nice,
About the summer patch trapped in ice,

But add as a caution, with vote of thanks,
"We've heard your story of northern pranks;
You mustn't expect we shall swallow such.
You're as foolish as man, and hav seen too much."

I hav also learned that a doubting race
Demand for themselvs the foremost place,
Offended if others dare to know
Of things they imagin can't be so,

But ever insisting their fancies crude
Mark the only course that should be pursued.
Yet I know that the message you will sing
To your mates in the far-off land of spring

Is every word and note of it true,
For I was within and looking at you.
Adieu, dear bird, good cheer of mine;
I remember you as my valentine.

Escanaba, Mich. Isaac A. Pool.

That Noisy Boy.

His name is Charley, and he goes about the house, clattering, clamping, dancing, whistling, and singing. He is a bright, manly little fellow, is Charley, with rosy cheeks, black eyes, and curly brown hair. He is a great skater, likes to play marbles, and sometimes runs away to kick foot-ball. His pockets—oh, you ought to see Charley's pockets! Strings, a jackknife, lead pencil, slate-pencil, bits of colored glass, shingle nails, a penknife with a broken blade, marbles, broken crayons, some crumpled pictures, parts of a puzzle, a dried frog's leg, a "lucky bone," some shells, a couple of fish-hooks, a mud turtle, a piece of gingerbread, and ever so many more articles are crammed and stuffed into that boy's pockets. He is always whittling; making boats, spoons, and rolling pins, and sometimes tries his knife on the chairs and table legs. He "talks back" sometimes when reasoned with, and jumps up and shrieks—such unearthly, boyish shrieks—equal to the shout of a wild Indian. He sings songs in the highest key, and once in a while will tell all he knows to visitors, thinking he is entertaining them charmingly, as he probably is.

Charley is not a goody-goody, Sunday-school boy; but, ranting, wrestling, tearing his pants, and kicking out his boots, he is just a hearty, healthy, harum-scarum Yankee boy, who will grow up into one of the best of men.

How do I know that? I'll tell you. He keeps his word every time. If Charley tells you he will do a thing, you can depend upon him. You can trust him. Charley stays in evenings, reading and asking the drollest questions imaginable. He is a bit saucy sometimes, but he is obedient and truthful. He loves his mother and father, and when spoken to he does not say, "Ya—as—guess so," but "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

He teases his little sister; but, at the same time, he thinks there never was just such another sister quite as good as she. He has a good deal of self-respect, and is honorable. He is worthy of confidence, and by all these signs I know Charley will grow into a good and noble man. S. H. W.

A Turnip Story.

A farmer was once told that his turnip field had been robbed, and that the robbery had been committed by a poor, inoffensiv man, by the name of Palmer, who many of the people in the village said had taken away a wagon load of turnips.

Farmer Brown, much exasperated by the loss of his turnips, determined to prosecute poor Palmer with all the severity of the law. With this intention he went to Mollie Sanders, the washerwoman, who had been busy in spreading the report, to know the whole truth; but Mollie denied ever having said anything about a wagon load of turnips. It was but a cart-load that Palmer had taken, and Dame Hodson, the huckster, had told her so over and over again.

The farmer, hearing this, went to Dame Hodson, who said that Molly Sanders was always making things out worse than they really were, that Palmer had taken only a wheel-barrow load of turnips, and that she had her account from Jenkins, the tailor.

Away went the farmer to Jenkins, the tailor, who stoutly denied the account altogether; he had only told Dame Hodson that Palmer had pulled up several turnips, but how many he could not tell, for that he did not see himself, but was told it by Tom Slack the plowman.

Wondering where this would end, Farmer Brown next questioned Tom Slack, who, in his turn, declared he had never said a word about seeing Palmer pull up several turnips; he only said that he had heard say that Palmer had pulled up a turnip, and that Barnes, the barber, was the person who had told him about it.

The farmer, almost out of patience at this account, hurried on to Barnes, the barber, who wondered much that people should find pleasure in spreading idle tales which hav no truth! He assured the farmer all he had said about the matter, while he took off the beard of Tom Slack, was that, for all he knew, Palmer was as likely a man to pull up a turnip as any of his neighbors.

Games for the Children.

"Emperor of Morocco."—This is one of those games in which the art consists in preserving an immutable gravity under every provocation to laugh. In "The Emperor of Morocco" two of the players, generally one of each sex, advance with measured steps into the middle of the room, ceremoniously salute each other, and the following dialog takes place, the players being compelled to look one another full in the face.

First Player—The emperor of Morocco is dead.

Second Player—I'm very sorry for it.

First Player—He died of gout in his great left toe.

Second Player—I'm very sorry for it.

First Player—And all the court are to go into mourning, and wear black rings through their noses.

Second Player—I'm very sorry for it.

They then bow again and retire to their places, while another pair comes forward to go through the same impressiv dialog, and so on till the game has gone all around the circle, a forfeit being the penalty for the slightest approach to a giggle.

Shadow Buff.—A large sheet is stretched across one end of the room, and one of the party sits on a low stool between it and the light. He is to look right at the sheet, and neither sideways nor behind him. The other players then pass between the light and the seated person, disguising themselvs by action or clothing as much as they please, while he is to guess, by their shadows, who they are. When he guesses correctly the person whom he names must take his place.

The Mammoth Sneeze.—If there are enough people to take part, "the mammoth sneeze" will hav a laughable effect.

Divide the company into three divisions. The persons in the first division are to say when the signal is given, "Hish!" emphasizing the first "h;" the second division say "Osh!" The leader counts, "One, two, three," and at the last word the three divisions shout their syllables with all the force they can muster.

Quotation Party.—A pleasant entertainment for a few friends is called a "quotation party." When the invitations are given the request accompanies them that the recipient will come to the party with three quotations memorized. When these quotations are given the name of the author is to be given by any one of the company who can do so. The one who first guesses or givs the name receives a favor, usually a flower; if this is not practicable, a bit of narrow, bright ribbon that can be tied in the buttonhole is substituted.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—A curiosity.

The shortest sentence that contains all the letters of the alphabet is the following:

Pack with my box
Five dozen quills.—*J. Gray.*

H. Van Pelt.

2.—Problem.

A room is 10 feet high, 20 feet wide, and 40 feet long. If an ant is in one of the upper corners, what is the shortest distance he can go to the opposit (diagonal) lower corner?

Wm. Scott.

3.—Word square.

A foreign coin.
Custom.
A heap of stones.
To yield.
Maxim. C. R.

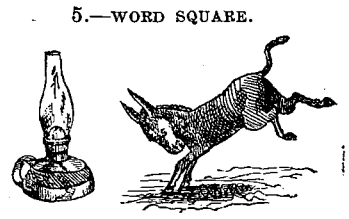
Lyons, N. Y.

4.—Puzzle.

1. The end of man;
2. A seat in public assemblies;
3. A Christian name;
4. One of the great cities of the world;
5. An emblem of royalty;
6. A primary condition of metals;
7. The middle of pickles.

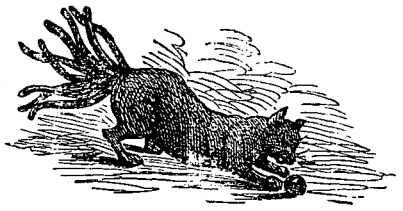
Hamilton, Can. S. C. Littlehales.

5.—Word square.



Take the upper and lower left hand symbols, and the upper and lower right-hand symbols and form a square.

6.—Rebus.



Formerly the sailor's dread.

7.—Answer to Amethyst prize charade by I. A. Pool in Truth Seeker of March 6th.

A pale dyspeptic, pressed for time
Wherein to leave his desk and dine,
Plain *mush* and milk might choose!
A light repast leaves *room* to take
Some tidbit for the stomach's sake.
Wilt hav it? Don't refuse!
Sweet, tender, juicy—shall it be
Fish, flesh, or fowl? Well, let me see,
Oh, now I hav it—neither one,
But a *mushroom*, and nicely done!

Impatient idling while 'tis brought,
A trembling mouse the *cat* has caught
Excites a thought of pain.
Then musing on the various ways
How one kind and another preys
He turns to *sup* again.
Waiter, how long—ah, here it is,
Vanish all gloomy thoughts at this!
This bottle? Waiter, when I dine
You know I never order wine!
He turns it round nor needs reply
As *Mushroom Catsup* meets his eye!

Middle Falls, N. Y. D. Louis Bodge.

Answers to puzzles in the Children's Corner March, 27, 1886.

1.–L—I, Vane, andiron, doll, epaulet, L—I, Vine—"Liv and let liv." 2.–Longfellow. 3.–"When the innocent is convicted the court is condemned."

4.–The dogs ca-nines we call;
Nine-canes against the wall.

Solvers.—J. K. P. Baker, G. W. Williams, E. E. Moore, D. Louis Bodge, Sidney C. Littlehales, Lyle Gault.

Answers to puzzles in the Children's Corner, March 20, 1886.

1.–152.

2.–
P
HAT
MARCH
AIR
S

3.–Because she is a loan (alone). Because she has a sash about her. Because her soul (sole) is in it. 4.–Venice, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, Paris, Montreal, Moscow, Manchester, Indianapolis, Vienna, Columbus. 5.–Seven Eves.

Correspondence.

Streator, Ill., Feb. 21, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I hav often thought of writing to you, but never hav got started until to-day. Papa takes The Truth Seeker and he likes it very much. I hav one sister and we like to read the Children's Corner. I am sixteen years old, and go to school every day.

The other day one of my schoolmates and myself were talking about the churches, and I told her I was growing up to be an Infidel. She said she was too, that her papa and mamma were very strong Infidels, and I said mine were too; she said her father took The Truth Seeker, and she loved to read the Children's Corner; she said she was going to write you some day. Her name is Ella Nelson.

I make out some of the puzzles, but never send them, but I always find them to be correct. I will send the ones I hav solved this week. Hoping my letter will be a pleasant one to you, I will close.

Yours truly, Katie Lansing.

Moody, Tex., March 14, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I will try to write, as I never hav written. My father and mother are both Liberals, and hav been ever since I can remember. They hav taken The Truth Seeker four years. I read the most of it. I think it is the best paper I ever read. There is a big Cambellite meeting going on about a mile from us. Parson Jones is the preacher; he has about twelve members, and has been holding his meetings about fifteen days. He got three or four grown members—all the rest were little children who could not hav told what they joined for if they were to be killed the next minute. The preacher says that Infidels hav no sense, and that they are liars and thieves, and all sorts of things like that. Ma was there the night that he preached that; she said that she was so disgusted that she could hardly listen to him. He said that the Infidels would come up to the preachers grinning like possums with their contradictions. After all they were not contradictions. I will close for this time. Excuse bad writing and spelling. Yours truly, E. L. Simmons.

Perrysville, March 13, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I read the letters in the Children's Corner of The Truth Seeker, and I thought I would write one, too. We are sorry for Cora M. Howard and her sisters. I am seven years old. I go to school every day. I am in the Third Reader. I hav a little brother; his name is Harry Humboldt. He is five years old, and goes to school sometimes with me. We hav a little dog—we call him Tip—and two cats. We call one Maggie and one Belcher. We hav four bantam chickens. We call one Susie, one Buff, one Pet, and one Charley. Grandma Beveridge gave me the "Story Hour" for a present. If this is good enough I would like to see it published in the Children's Corner.

From your little friend,

Effie Jane Pearce.

Sunlight, Neb., March 12, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I go to school every day. I am sick to-day. Papa went to town to-day, and mamma is sewing. I hav a bad cold. My little sister had the croup last night. My little brothers and sisters went to school. We hav been practicing our pieces, and I know mine all by heart. I see you spelled my wrong; you put *m* in the place of *w*. We are to hav an exhibition the last day of school. We hav lots of snow here, and it is thawing to-day. Yesterday I put my little sister Hattie on the sled, and turned the corner too quick, and she pitched off head first in the snow, and stuck straight up.

Well, I guess you will think I hav written too much. Good-by, my friend.

Yours, Estella Sowers.

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Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
  Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
  The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
  No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
  No sepulcher conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
  Gives back a softened echo to thy tread?
  Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves
  Are singing; listen! ere the sound be fled,
  And learn there may be worship without words.

—*Longfellow.*

What is "Orthodoxy?"

From the London Truthseeker.

An industrious American has taken the trouble to collect from authoritativ documents the chief Articles of Belief of "orthodox" churches. The result is somewhat curious, not a little melancholy, and eminently instructiv:

DECREES; FOREORDINATION; EVERLASTING DEATH. By the decrees of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated to everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death.—*Constitution of the Presbyterian Church of the United States*, second edition, published by authority of the General Assembly, 1846; or, *Westminster Confession of Faith*, chap. ii, sec. 3.

All who will be saved were the objects of God's eternal and electing love, and were given by an act of divine sovereignty to the son of God.—Art. xiv of *Declaration of Faith of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.*

THE FALL; ORIGINAL SIN; TOTAL DEPRAVITY. We believe, teach, and confess that original sin is no trivial corruption, but is so profound a corruption of human nature as to leave nothing sound, nothing uncorrupt in the body or soul of man, or in his mental or bodily powers.—*Lutheran Confession of Faith, the Formula of Concord*, art. i, sec. 3.

Our first parents, being seduced by the subtlety and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit; . . by this sin they fell from their original righteousness and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body; . . and they being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin, and corrupted nature, conveyed to all their posterity, descending from them by ordinary generation. . . From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposit to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgressions.—*Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church*, pp. 38–40.

GOD'S WRATH AND CURSE; AN ENDLESS HELL. All mankind by their fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever.—*Westminster Shorter Catechism*, Answer to Question 19.

The fall of the first man involved that of all his natural descendants; all men are consequently sinful by nature and are under the wrath of God.—*Baptist Prize Catechism*, 1866.

ETERNAL TORMENTS. The souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torments. . . The wicked shall be cast into eternal torments.—*Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church*, pp. 161 and 165.

SMALL SINS. There is no sin so small but it deserves damnation.—*The Westminster Confession*, chap. xv, art. 4.

THE ATONEMENT. As sin cannot be pardoned without a sacrifice, Christ gave himself a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and thus made salvation possible for all men. He died for us, suffering in our stead.—*Confession of the Free-will Baptists*, chap. vii, 1868.

Christ's work of atonement consisted in his perfect obedience to the law of God, and in satisfying divine justice by suffering in the place of sinful men.—*Baptist Prize Catechism*, 1866, question 23.

A DEITY COMPOSED OF THREE PERSONS; BELIEF IN THIS NECESSARY TO SALVATION. Whosoever shall be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith, except everyone do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. And the Catholic faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity; neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance. For there is one person of the Father, and another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. . . So the Father is God and the Son is God and the Holy Ghost is God. . . He therefore who would be saved must think thus of Trinity.—*Athanasian Creed.*

BELIEF IN THE DEITY OF JESUS NECESSARY TO SALVATION. It is necessary to everlasting salvation that we also believe rightly the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. For the right faith is, that we believe and confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is God, . . God of the substance of the father. . . Perfect God, . . equal to the Father as touching his Godhead. . . This is the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.—*Athanasian Creed.*

INFANTS SUFFER AND DIE BECAUSE ADAM FELL. Infants are a part of the human family, and their sufferings and death are to be accounted for on the ground of their being involved in the general moral ruin of the race.—*The Auburn Declaration*, 1837, sec. 5. [The highest doctrinal authority in the Presbyterian church of America.]

THE DEITY OF CHRIST; CHRIST DYING TO RECONCILE GOD TO MAN.—The Son, who is the word of the Father, is the very and eternal God, of one substance with the Father, . . who truly suffered, was crucified, dead, and buried, to reconcile the Father.—*Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, chap. i, sec. 2.

REGENERATION. As man is a fallen and sinful being, he must be regenerated in order to obtain salvation. This change is an instantaneous renewal of the heart by the holy spirit.—*Confession of the Free-Will Baptists*, chap. xi, 1868.

AN INFALLIBLE BIBLE. We believe that the holy Bible was written by men divinely inspired, and is a perfect treasure of heavenly instruction; that it has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter.—*The New Hampshire Baptist Confession*, art. i, 1833. [This confession is more generally accepted than any other among Baptists in America.]

INFANTS LOST UNLESS REDEEMED BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST AND REGENERATED BY THE HOLY GHOST. All infants, as well as adults, in order to be saved, need redemption by the blood of Christ and regeneration by the Holy Ghost.—*Auburn Declaration*, sec. 6.

RESURRECTION OF THE BODY. They (Congregational churches) believe that the bodies of the dead will be raised again.—Art. xix of *Declaration of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.*

CHRIST ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, BODY, FLESH, AND BONES. Christ did truly rise from the dead, and took again his body, with flesh and bones, wherewith he ascended into heaven. *Articles of Religion* (art. 3) *of the Reformed Episcopal Church of America.* Adopted 1875.

Christ did truly rise from the dead, and took again his body, wherewith he ascended into heaven.—*Methodist Articles of Religion*, art. iii.

DOCTRIN OF ALL THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES. The American Board of the Evangelical Alliance, which represents all the leading Evangelical churches of this country, adopted in 1867 as its doctrinal basis, among others, the following doctrins: The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the Fall. The justification of the sinner by faith alone. The resurrection of the body.

Catholicism in the City of Mexico.

A few days ago I stopped before the door of the chapel of the Third Order of San Francisco, in Cholula, to read a "religious announcement" posted thereon. It was to this effect: "In the drawing of the lottery of souls, which took place in this chapel last Thursday, the soul of Don Miguel Fulano drew the first prize. Funeral honors will be paid him in this chapel on Thursday of this week." Horrified, I asked for an explanation, and this is what I learned: In every church is an altar called the "altar of souls;" near it is a collection-box into which the faithful put their money. When a sufficient sum—from one to five hundred dollars—has been collected, the names of four or five poor people who hav died are shaken together, and the one whose name is first drawn obtains the first prize; that is, his soul is entitled to a solemn mass for the purpose of getting him out of purgatory!

Yesterday morning a grand requiem mass was sung for the repose of the soul of a wealthy lady who died two years ago. To everyone present was given a card containing prayers which could be applied in either one of two ways—to shorten one's own days in purgatory, or those of the lady whose funeral rites were in progress. "My Jesus, mercy!" shortens one's length of time in purgatory one hundred days for each time it is said—only one must indicate, before beginning to pray, whether it is for his own soul or that of the lady for whom mass is being said. "Sweet heart of Mary, be my refuge!" takes off three hundred days each time it is said; and "Merciful Jesus, giv me eternal rest!" takes off seven years.—*Fannie C. Snow.*

A Confucian to a Christian.

The following letter was written to the *Portland Oregonian* by a Chinaman in answer to an attack on his countrymen by a minister of the town. Judging by the dignified, if sorrowful, tone of the letter, Chan Hon Fan is better qualified to civilize the preachers than they are to do "missionary work" in China:

PORTLAND, ORE., Feb. 24, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN, *Sir:* I was asked by many of my countrymen "whether any respectable, law-abiding citizen in this city has anything to do with the 'anti-Chinese movement' or not."

My answer was no; but on seeing a short article in the *Oregonian* of the 18th inst. in answer to Rev. E. Trumbull Lee, it led me to look for his article.

Having read over and over carefully the article of Mr. Lee, I am convinced that the sentiment of it is not only "calculated to make riot and bloodshed," but it also misrepresents a class of law-abiding citizens of this fair city. When Chinese riots occur in China, attempting to injure and annoy the foreign missionaries, the Chinese converts do their best to conceal and shelter them from harm until the power of the government can come and protect them. I never heard that the Chinese converts ever exposed their foreign missionaries or inflamed the rioters to injure them. But at such a time as this, when the Chinese are everywhere exposed to danger and annoyance, both in property and in life, what benefit can it be for Rev. E. Trumbull Lee to write such false things about the Chinese?

This is too mysterious even for those whom he termed the "almond-eyed, unclean, and immoral pagan Chinese" to comprehend. A man like him brag about "our better civilization" and glorious religion that the Chinese cannot compare with! Why not use his time and brain to write about what the meaning of the word civilization is, and how to liv to be called civilized people? Does civilization include the following words: "Be good to strangers?" Or he might preach a sermon on the "golden rule," tell what the savior said, that, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them," which was taught, though negativly, by our sage Confucius about 2,400 years ago, and not only preach it, but take pains to practice it himself. By so doing, I think the Chinese might be Christianized easier here than in their "own lands," because here they they hav a great deal more good teachings by example of good Christian people!

But if Mr. Trumbull Lee thinks the idea of Rev. William B. Lee, of Olympia, is right because he thinks that the "Chinese are far more likely to be made Christians in their own lands by our devoted missionaries there, than they are here in contact with the lowest orders of American society—gamblers, speculators, profane men aud women, and commercial and political scoundrels of every sort"—of course any man with common sense knows that it is not the fault of the Chinese that they are surrounded by the "lowest orders of American society;" and if such is the case how can the Chinese see the beauty and excellency of Christianity? For they are not fools nor idiots. The intelligent Chinamen are like any other class of sensible men. If anything comes to them that is contrary to their reason and observation, they are by no means willing to accept it. For this reason, and this alone, I want you, Rev. E. Trumbull Lee, and you, Rev. Wm. B. Lee, to know that you, being preachers of Christianity, and men that enjoy that "better civilization" in enlightened America, hav, by your unkind words, become great stumbling-blocks before a race of benighted souls whom Jesus came to save.

If some of the intelligent pagan Chinamen should take up Rev. E. Trumbull Lee's article and translate it into their own language and send it back to China to be circulated there among the Chinese, then you would find out what a hard time your "devoted missionaries" would hav there in Christianizing them.

I know that you do not care for this, because you are too good to be sent as a missionary to convert the "pagan Chinese," but this is a fact. Therefore, in the name of God and humanity, I entreat you, Rev. Mr. Lee, to not lower yourself by sympathizing with the lawless persons on the Chinese question, but let the true beauty and excellency of Christianity be more seen through your good sentiments and Christ-like example, and then the "pagan Chinese" can better comprehend and better appreciate, and may adopt, your "better civilization" and Christian religion, but not otherwise. Yet why should the Chinese go? For "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." We are here by the invitation of the United States government, and will be protected here by the stipulation of international treaty rights, as the American citizens are protected by our government in China. CHAN HON FAN.

Book Notice.

THE ORDER OF CREATION: The Conflict between Genesis and Geology. A Controversy between the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Prof. Max Müller, M. Réville, E. Lynn Linton. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place. Pp. 178. Price 75 cents.

These essays, which attracted wide attention and were read with deep interest when they first appeared, collected and reprinted in a neat volume, are now in a form convenient for reference and suitable for the library. They are of great value to all who would know the latest word contributed by eminent writers to the discussion of the old question whether the order of Genesis and the order of geology are in harmony or in conflict, and other cognate subjects suggested by the controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley. We do not believe that the defenders of Genesis will care to assist in the circulation of this volume, although the religious press of the country hav quoted freely from Mr. Gladstone's article presented in the same volume with the replies and criticisms here reproduced.

They make a work which, so far as read by intelligent minds, must be effectiv in destroying the faith still surviving in the inspired and authoritativ character of the so-called Mosaic account of the creation.—*Index.*

Everybody Should Read it.

Through the courtesy of the Truth Seeker Company, of New York city, the *Gazetteer* is in possession of a handsomely bound copy of "The Order of Creation, the Conflict Between Genesis and Geology." This volume contains "Dawn of Creation and Worship," by W. E. Gladstone, in reply to certain strictures in "Prolegomena to the History of Religions," by Dr. Réville; a reply entitled, "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature," by the celebrated scientist, Prof. T. H. Huxley; a further reply to Mr. Gladstone's article, by F. Max Müller, written as a postscript to his last work, "Solar Myths;" a rejoinder by Mr. Gladstone to these articles of Professor Huxley and Professor Max Müller, which he entitled, "Proem to Genesis; a Plea for a Fair Trial;" "Dawn of Creation," an answer to Mr. Gladstone, by Albert Réville, D.D.; another article from the pen of Professor Huxley, entitled, "Mr. Gladstone and Genesis;" closing with "A Protest and a Plea," by Mrs. E. Lynn Lynton. No controversy of a religious character has attracted more attention than this since the celebrated discussion between Robert G. Ingersoll and Judge Black. The volume before us is a handsomely-printed book of 170 pages, and all these articles are given without comment, or even a preface. The reader is furnished with the learned arguments *pro* and *con* and is left free to decide as to the merits of the arguments presented without an attempt to bias opinion on the part of the publishers. The price of the book is 50 cents in paper covers, or 75 cents handsomely bound in muslin. It deserves a wide circulation.—*Denison (Tex.) Sunday Gazetteer.*

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News of the Week.

SECRETARY MANNING is getting better.

THE law is making sad work among New York aldermen, and numerous arrests for corruption hav taken place, with more to follow.

"AN entertainment and hop, under the auspices of the congregation 'Gates of Prayer,'" was recently recorded as having taken place in Boston.

M. PASTEUR, the French chemist, has lost another patient whom he had inoculated for hydrophobia. The patient was a Russian mujik bitten by a wolf.

THE annual boat race between the Oxford and Cambridge university crews took place on the Thames river last Saturday. The Cambridge crew won by half a length.

GARRETT MAYBEE, one of the victims of Rugg, the negro who murdered Mrs. Maybee and her daughter in Brookville, L. I., and who almost killed Mr. Maybee, died on the 2d.

DURING the month of March 469 vessels of all kinds entered this port from foreign countries, of which 152 were American vessels and 209 British. The German flag was third on the list, with 35 arrivals.

WHILE he was offering prayer on Friday night of last week, in the First Methodist church, in Union Hill, N. Y., James Russell, a member of the congregation, fell back into his seat, and died of heart disease before a physician arrived. He was forty-eight years old.

JUDGE ALLEN, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, has just decided that the bishop of a diocese is not liable for moneys deposited with a priest. The case was one of several growing out of the collapse of a Catholic society at Lawrence, by which depositors were swindled out of more than $200,000.

WILLIAM ACKERMAN, of Ackley, Ia., was a promising "boy preacher" until he got into a scrape with a girl and came to New York and tried to commit suicide. The doctors fixed him up, but he says he will never preach again. If he keeps his word, it must be acknowledged that adversity still has its sweet uses.

THIS time it is from Canada. The dispatch is dated April 2d and says: "The wife of Nathan Griffith, of Westchester, cut her husband's throat with a razor while he was asleep this morning. Her mind became unbalanced by religious excitement. She says she wanted to kill her husband and go preaching."

THE Rev. William Hammond, Freewill Baptist, at Franklin Falls, N. H., recently married a widow with $2,000 in the bank, induced her to let him draw out the money, and then decamped. He has been arrested and forced to disgorge, but his wife, who is worth $20,000, refuses to hav anything more to do with him.

THE Rev. Dr. Philip Krohn, of Abilene, Kan., and Miss Anna Staenhoeffer, of the same place, went to a hotel at Junction City one day last week, engaged a room, and prepared themselvs for rest. They were disturbed by the young man to whom Miss Staenhoeffer was engaged, and the minister was ejected and the girl carried home.

SEVERAL Israelites were arraigned last Sunday before a New York justice charged with keeping their places of business open on Sunday, and the justice discharged them, saying to the officer: "The statute is plain that these men hav a right to keep open on Sunday if they do not sell on Saturday. You can't expect them to keep two holy days in one week."

THE railroad strikes in the Southwest are still unsettled. There was a riot at Fort Worth, Tex., last Saturday, and a collision occurred between the strikers and the militia. Several men were dangerously wounded. The strike was at one time last week supposed to be settled, but the men refused to go to work unless they could be taken as a body. This the railroad refused to do, and is filling their places with other men.

AN arbitration bill has passed the House of Representativs at Washington. The bill provides that when any controversy arises between a railroad corporation and its employees in any state or territory, or the District of Columbia, the differences may be submitted to a board of arbitration of three members, one selected by the corporation, a second selected by the employees, and the third selected by the other two, the government to pay the expenses of the same.

Odds and Ends.

IT is now beginning to be understood that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still until he could wind up his Waterbury watch and set it by solar time.

A NEW YORK judge has decided that it is not a crime to be poor. This may be true, but certain investigations in New York show that in a great many cases it is a crime to be rich.

A SAN Francisco family recently engaged a young girl from the East who advertised that she had been "four years in her last place." The family subsequently learned that she would hav remained longer than four years in her last place if the governor had not pardoned her when he did.

TALMAGE did not preach yesterday, which was decidedly hard on our esteemed contemporaries who get advance-sheets of his sermons, and hav them in type ready to publish as soon as they are delivered in Brooklyn.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

NOW, suppose the wives of the Knights of Labor were to strike for fewer hours of labor and more wages! Their husbands would either hav to grant the demand or take their meals at a restaurant, to say nothing of sewing on their trousers buttons and darning their own hose.

"DON'T you think this story is a little hard to believe?" asked the Horse Editor. "What story?" queried the Snake Editor. "That a girl in Chicago is in the habit of sleeping five or six days at a time." "Oh, no, not at all strange; she is probably a saleslady in a store that doesn't advertise."

THE newspapers say that General Logan receives two hundred letters every day. Ha! as there are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet, it is evident that there is a good deal of tissue ballot in the general's mail. What ho! without there! An investigation committee for one, please. Hav it hot, and send it up right away.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE historian doesn't know where this story had its actual origin, but it was "told for true" on a recent ocean voyage to enliven the company. A gentleman who had indulged quite too freely, and hadn't had the discovery made for him in season to get a carriage, was helped home by a very good Samaritan. He was very grateful in an exhilarated way, and asked his benefactor's name. "My name?" said the gentleman from Samaria. "Oh, I'm St. Paul." The inebriate steadied himself by a final effort, and looked dreamily at his departing friend. "I shay," said he, "St. Paul! Did you ever get any ansher to that damned long letter you wrote the Ephesians?"

"MARIA," said the preacher Saturday afternoon, after having read his sermon aloud to her, "what do you think of it? Hav I not portrayed the evils of Sunday newspapers in a way that must affect the congregation?" "Indeed you hav, John," was the reply. "I thought so," said the preacher. "I feel that in this sermon I hav fully demonstrated the iniquity of Sunday publications. I trust there will be a large congregation to-morrow. By the way, Maria, did you attend to mailing the notice of my sermon and its subject to all the newspapers so that it will appear in the morning?" She said she had attended to it.

"PLEASE, sir, will you help a poor woman with five children and a sick husband? Please, sir, we havn't tasted food in two days." "I'm sorry, my poor woman, very sorry; but I really can't do anything for you. You had better apply to the public charities. You see, we are sending all our money to the starving fishermen of Ballahoo, and we havn't a cent to spare."

HE FIRED ON TIME.

They engaged a new porter at the Lahr House. Eyerybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him. On last Tuesday Mr. J. B. Johnson, the vice-president of the Omaha Chilled Plow Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman, and extremely particular about his room and service. That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about 9 o'clock; others place it as late as 10:30. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

"Oi am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig, and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson; "crazy man killing me!"

"Shut up, ye dhirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers, and propelling him rapidly out of the room. "It's none of the loikes of ye that's wanted in a dacent house."

"But, my good man!" gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake! Let me explain!"

"Niver a ward, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas, rushing him toward the stairs; "we're onto ye! The house has had ye spotted."

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one spluttering and kicking and the other grim and determined, shoot down the stair-case, plunge through the lobby, and disappear into the outer darkness. In a few moments Thomas returned panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What in the name of heaven were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

"I was firing that dhirty blackguard Johnson," replied Thomas.

"Firing him? Hold me, somebody! Who put such an infernal idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an injured air, holding the slate before the proprietor's eyes.

"By—the—great—horn—spoon," gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned away.

This was what he read:

"No, 40: fire at 10:30."—*Lafayette Comet.*

Gems of Thought.

IF God wrote a letter or book to his children to giv them the information they needed, he should not mislead them by talking about the foundations, the pillars, the ends and corners of the earth, when it has nothing of the kind.—*D. M. Bennett.*

NATIONS, like individuals, hav their periods of youth, of manhood, and of decay. Religions are the same. The same inexorable destiny awaits them all. The gods created with the nations must perish with their creators. They were created by men, and, like men, they must pass away. The deities of one age are the bywords of the next. The religion of our day and country is no more exempt from the sneers of the future than others hav been. When India was supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's throne. When the scepter passed to Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the homage of mankind. Greece, with her fierce valor, swept to empire, and Zeus put on the purple of authority. The earth trembled with the tread of Rome's intrepid sons, and Jove grasped with mailed hand the thunderbolts of heaven. Rome fell, and Christians, from her territory, with the red sword of war, carved out the ruling nations of the world, and now Jehovah sits upon the old throne. Who will be his successor?—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

CHRISTIANS make a great deal of fuss about faith in a future life, and if one does not hav this faith, he is considered a bad person I do not know whether man livs after he dies out of this body. I do know that he livs here. I am not sure that I can do anything to make man happier beyond the grave; I know that I can help him now. Whether there be or be not another life after this does not affect our duties to mankind. When Thoreau was dying he was asked if he had faith in another world. "One world at a time," he said. That should be the motto of every man. Make this life better instead of living for another. We hav heard enough about our earthly existence being a season of probation, an opportunity to prove our character and qualify ourselvs for another state. I believe this life is to be lived for itself, and to be made good without reference to the future. We cannot do business in another world while living in this. I say help men all we can here, and, if we meet in another world, do the same there.—*L. K. Washburn.*

THE DELIGHTS OF LITERATURE:

OTHER recreations do not belong to all seasons nor to all ages nor to all places. These pursuits nourish our youth and delight our old age; they adorn our prosperity and giv a refuge and solace to our troubles. They charm us at home. They are not in our way when abroad. They go to bed with us. They travel about with us. They accompany us when we escape into the country.—*Cicero.*

WHEN land is gone and money spent,
Then learning is most excellent.—*Shenstone.*

WHILE we grant one origin to all religions, we cannot insist that all shall hav the same issue. The primal source of Philip II.'s bigotry and of Channing's liberalism was the same—the religious element in man. The difference of result makes one a poison, not yet worked out of Europe, the other a medicin not yet worked into America.—*Julia W. Howe.*

MIRACLES now hang as a mill-stone about the neck of many a pious man, who can believe in religion, but not in the transformation of water to wine or the resurrection of a body.—*Parker.*

GIV me the storm and tempest of thought and action rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith; banish me from Eden when you will, but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.—*Ingersoll.*

So long as an opinion remains strongly rooted in the feelings, it gains rather than loses in stability by having a preponderating weight of argument against it. For, if it were accepted as a result of argument, the refutation of the argument might shake the solidity of the conviction; but when it rests solely on feeling, the worse it fares in argumentativ contest, the more persuaded its adherents are that their feelings must hav some deeper ground which the arguments do not reach, and while the feeling remains it is always throwing up fresh entrenchments of arguments to repair any breach made in the old.—*J. S. Mill.*

ON all hands of us there is the announcement audible enough, that the old empire of routine has ended; that to say a thing has long been is no reason for its continuing to be.—*Carlyle.*

TRUTH is the only Messiah. Reason has reclaimed the human family from barbarism, and will complete the work of redemption. If I speak of reason as the highest authority, I do not mean my reason or your reason; I mean reason itself, universal and eternal, in which and through which the human family is a unit, and God is revealed to man. Reason is the connecting link between God and man.—*Rabbi Isaac M. Wise.*

MAN is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they hav been,
Themselvs the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings; hav been kind to such
As needed kindness; for this single cause
That we hav all of us our human heart.
—*Wordsworth.*

SOLON, the celebrated legislator of Athens, enacted a law for the punishment of every citizen who should continue neutral when politics ran high in that republic.—*Robert Hall.*

THOSE who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age, which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no one who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.—*Macaulay.*

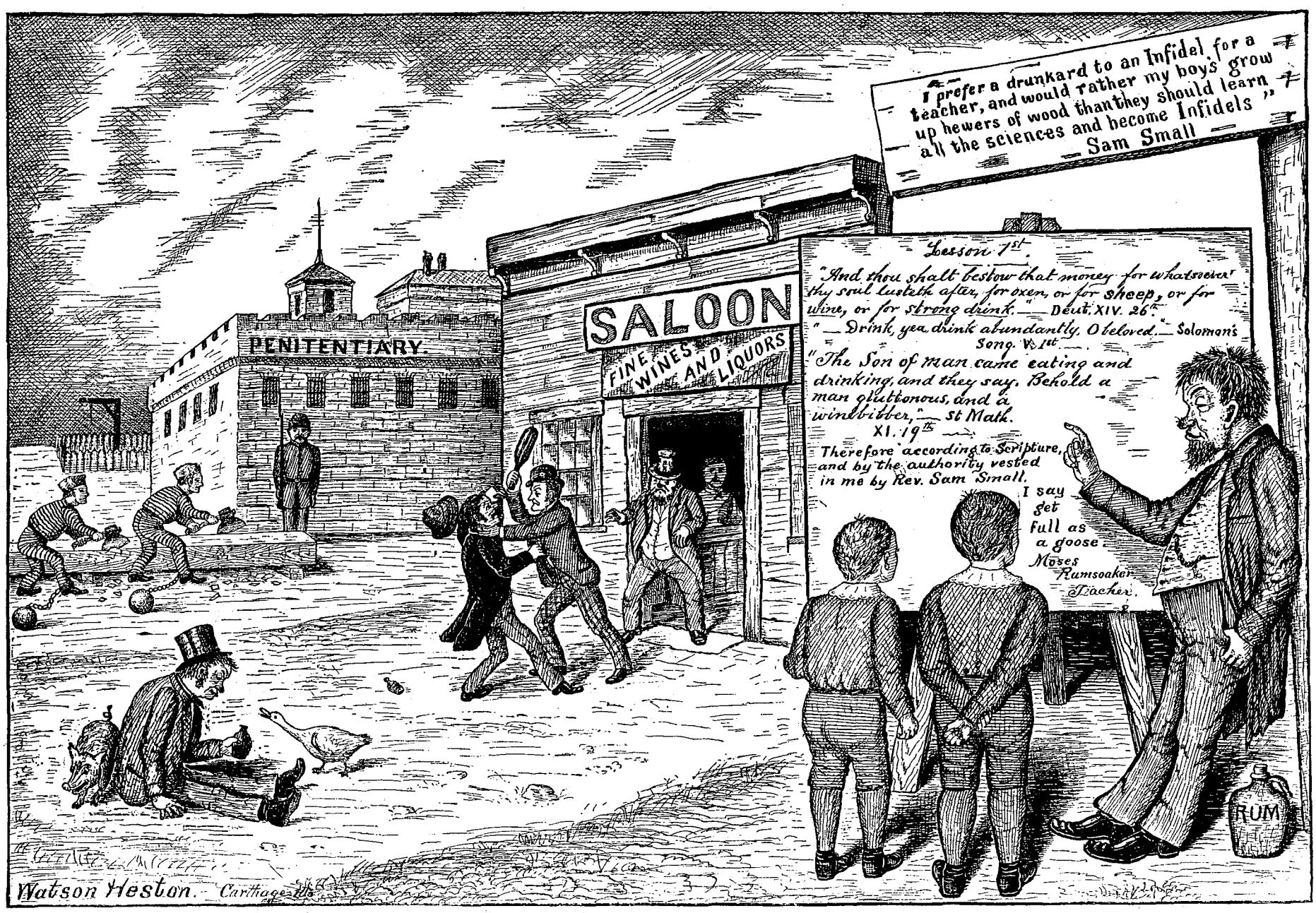
THUS, at the shut of eve, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wing and bears away.
—*Blair's "Grave."*

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CHRISTIAN PREFERENCES ILLUSTRATED.

Notes and Clippings.

A PRESBYTERIAN paper says that the number of Americans ruined by Chinese opium is greater than that of Chinamen "converted."

ACCORDING to the *Jewish Messenger*, there is "not a single synagog in this city founded by an American-born Israelite; not a single pulpit occupied by an American-born minister."

THE noisy and empty-headed preacher, named "Jo." Cook, has proclaimed war upon the Knights of Labor, who interfere, says John Swinton, with his mutton by their opposition to quackery.

THE representativs of the woman suffragists hav followed their remarkable letter to the pope with another to Mr. Gladstone, thanking that gentleman for his "glorious stand for justice, freedom, and peace in Ireland." The effusion was signed by Clemence S. Lozier, M.D., Hamilton Willcox, and Ida Louise Dildine.

THE Rev. Dr. Rust, of the Freedman's Aid Society, recently addressed the Newark, (N. J.) M. E. Conference on the work of his society. In giving some instances of the anxiety of young colored men to preach, he said that one young man, who was considered unsuited for preaching the gospel, said that he knew that he had been called to preach, because in a dream he had seen the letters "G. P. C.," and that meant "Go preach Christ." An old colored brother arose in the conference and said: "Young man, you no doubt saw the letters 'G. P. C.,' but you did not interpret them right. They meant for you to 'Go pick cotton,' or 'Go plough corn.'" This equals a well-known sculptor's interpretation of the Catholic monogram "I. H. S." which he holds stands for "Ignorance, Hypocrisy, and Superstition."

A DEVOUT but weary worshiper in St. Joseph's church, on Sixth avenue, fell from the gallery during a nap, smashed an image of St. Joseph, created a panic, and nearly laid an officiating priest up with nervous prostration. The moral, says the *Mercury*, against falling asleep in church is a little weakened by the fact that the man who took the tumble was not injured, whereas he ought naturally to hav broken his neck. Yet those who are inclined to grumble in his case should remember that if all who go to sleep in church were to break their necks the mortality among Christian people would amount to a first-class epidemic.

THE remains of Nelson M. Barlow, who died here recently, were buried in his nativ city, New Haven, on Tuesday. At his request, no religious services whatever were held, but his old friend, R. G. Bronson, read a paper in which were these words: "His mind was too broad to be occupied entirely with mundane subjects. It went out through space to the contemplation of eternal questions. He was not blind to the errors taught in the name of religion. He could sympathize with the troubles of others, and he was always ready to assist a man in distress. As to his companionship, it is said truly that a man may be known by the company he keeps. His mind's companions may be known from the following verses found in his pocket at the time of his death." Here the speaker read two poems, the burden of which was that self-approval was the only encomium a man should seek, and that good deeds were better than prayer.—*Sun.*

A METHODIST clergyman of St. Paul, Minn., recently expressed himself as follows: "I am so much better satisfied with this country than my old position in the East. There the members of my conference were so close and narrow-minded that it did not seem as though I drew a full spiritual breath during all the time I was there. Here the people are so much broader and so much more liberal-minded. Why, if I were to go into my old conference and enunciate the views I hold here I would be tried as a heretic. I tell you when our conference meets next year I believe it will be the most heretical conference in the United States. The ministers here are broad, liberal, and strong-minded, and do not hesitate to enunciate their views when called on."

HOSTILITY still characterizes the relations of the church and the government in France. One of the results of the last budget debate was the suppression of a large number of incumbents' stipends. Mgr. Freppel, bishop of Angers, who has a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, or lower house of the Parliament, feels especially indignant. Eighty-two incumbents of his diocese had been suppressed. At a recent meeting of the Chambers the bishop called upon the government to supply stipends for incumbents when recommended to do so by the local municipal councils. This was opposed by the Minister of Worship. The bishop became indignant, reproached the government with being unconciliatory, charged ministers with a purpose to destroy the Catholic church in France, and assured them that, if that was their purpose, "as well might a mouse attempt to swallow Mont Blanc." The comparison did not improve the situation, for the Chamber immediately, at the request of the government, voted by 369 to 175 the order of the day, pure and simple.

A PREECHER wich had been a wicked gambler fore he was a preecher, he seen a feller wich was a gambler, too, and he said, the preecher did: "Ile jest play cards with this pore mizable sinner and win ol his munny, and when he is busted maybe he will listen to the divine truth and be saved." So they played, and the preacher winned ol the feller's munny, every cent, and then he sed: "Now, see how wicked you hav been to lose yure munny, and yure whife and baby havn't got no bred for to eat." And the gambler he sed: "That's so," and he bust out cryin'. Then the preecher he sed: "Pore sinner, if you prommice me onto your onner to not play cards again Ile giv it all back, cos I'm a preecher." So the gambler he was a stonish, and he sed: "I never see such a good man; I prommice, yes, indeed, and haven bless you!" and he burst out cryin' agin, the gambler did. Then the preecher he giv him back ol his munny, and the feller he put it in his pocket, and wiped his eyes and blode his nose gratefle, and then he thot a wile, and pretty soon he coffed, and he sed to the preecher: "I feel mity mean taking back this hundred dollars from a man wich has rescewed me from card-playing; tell you what Ile do; you put a other hundred agin it, and weel toss up for the pile, heds tails, best two out of three." —*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Communications.

Boston Metaphysics.

HOW TO THINK, HOW TO FORGET, HOW TO CURE A FEVER, HOW TO BE BURIED ALIVE AND DUG UP ALIVE, HOW WE SLIP OUT OF OUR BODIES BY NIGHT, HOW WE SLIP IN AGAIN BY DAY.

There are half a dozen schools of metaphysics in Boston. Most of them are private. They say they are learning unutterable things.

The Boston metaphysicians say that our thoughts are things as real as air, or gas, or electricity, or any unseen element. Where the bottom dropped out of the old system of metaphysics was in the unconscious assumption that our thoughts were myths or as near nothing as possible. The new system says that a thought and a stone, or a flower, hav in them the same elements, only those of the thought are infinitly refined. A man or woman is only a bundle of thoughts, and this bundle of thoughts uses the body as its instrument. It seems that for ages we've been under the wrong impression that what we saw of ourselvs or each other was all there was of us. Not so.

The Boston metaphysician says we havn't yet found out the art of thinking; that we don't think at all when we try to; that when we try to think we can't get an original idea at all, but only the same old ones going round and round in a circle; that our new thoughts always come when we don't try to think; that if we want bright, fresh thoughts we must set our minds in a certain attitude or condition to receive them, not exactly as we set a trap to catch a mouse, but something analogous; that when we *try* to think we are putting out a force to drive new idea from us; that when our minds are held passiv or when we don't try to think, the mind becomes the open trap for new idea, or in other words it's the magnet which attracts the thought, *i.e.*, the real thing or element in the air. This is the reason why you can never remember a name you've temporarily forgotten when you try to, and why it always comes when you stop trying. So long as you tried you made of your mind a magnet which repelled or drove the memory of the name away; when you stopped trying the mind reversed itself into a magnet which attracted the remembrance of the name.

Boston metaphysics wipes out all disease and all necessity for pills, powders, and physicians. It says all disease commences in the mind or spirit, and must end or be cured in the mind or spirit, or it won't really be cured at all; that, though pills, powders, and plasters can cure, they only do so temporarily; that when any complaint is cured in the mind it is cured for good and all, and can never come again; that there are people even now living up to this principle who never take cold, no matter how wet their feet may get, or how many draughts they sit in; that if any interested person will study their colds, they will find they do not always catch cold from sitting in a draught, and do catch cold when they can giv no reason for it; that the real reason is, and they will acknowledge this when they see it, that the cold came when the body was from some cause weak and exhausted, and going back of this they'll remember that their minds were disturbed from some cause, and that this disturbance of the mind disturbed and weakened the body, and that, in short, this attempt to cure the body of any imaginable complaint, from a cold up to a cancer, without curing the mind first, is the putting of the cart before the horse. Doctor your mind, they say, and your mind will doctor your body. You can fret yourself into a fever. This proves the law. You've erected a frame of mind which weakened the body and brought on the fever. Fretting does weaken the body. A fever is nothing but the lack of strength in the body to throw off its dead matter through the closed skin pores. Lack of that strength closes the pores. The efforts of the internal force (the real self or spirit) to force this matter out sets the blood in rapid motion, causes some friction, and this friction causes the fever heat. When the real self is exhausted the blood ceases so rapidly to circulate. Hence the chill. It gathers new strength from without and starts in again. Hence more fever. Such is the metaphysical view of a fever. Change the state of mind that caused the fever, and you'll cure it in as many hours as it now takes days; and more, soon be beyond the power of fevers to affect you. The metaphysical view of our bodies is that they are about the smallest part of the real us. The real "I," or "you," he or she, as the case may be, is the unseen organization, the spirit. This is not wholly inside the body, and never was or is. It acts on and uses the body as its instrument. The more you put of your thought on any one thing, the more do you put of your real self on that thing. If you are lifting a heavy weight you put your thought, and with your thought your real self, in the arm that lifts. If you stand on one leg for any length of time your force, or strength, or spirit (all really the same), will be in that leg. There is, they say, no such thing as a mechanical or physical act apart from mental act. Every step you take in walking has to be planned in mind before it is taken. When mind or spirit is knocked out of the body there is no walk in that body. Every walking-match champion is, they say, unconsciously a metaphysician. That is, he works his racket through a mental and not a physical law. He does it by unconsciously calling more spirit or unseen vitalizing element to his body. That is, his spirit, while walking his body, has the power to draw to itself from the elements about it more power. So do we all. The body, they say, is not sustained or nourished altogether by the food we put in it. It is nourished in part by our unseen self—the spirit which draws strength from without. Your spirit, they say, leaves your body every night and wanders about. Sleep they call a self-induced mesmeric trance. In this state you slip out of your body, though tied still to it—go as far as you may—by a fine electric chord. It's not the body that is rested at all by putting it to bed. It's your spirit that is rested by getting its forces together. Every one of your thoughts represents a part of your spirit, your real self. When you send these thoughts in ten thousand different directions during the day you are actually sending your unseen self in so many directions. In this way you "scatter yourself." During sleep your spirit slowly pulls itself (its thoughts) together again. When it is so together it is strong. Then it awakes and again takes possession of the body. If you could so pull yourself together in half an hour, you would be as much rested as though you had slept four.

Some persons hav this faculty. One was the first Napoleon, the other is Ben Butler. It amounts simply to this: focusing all your thoughts to a center, say a spot on the wall, thereby making the mind a blank for a few minutes. In so doing you collect your scattered forces, *i.e.*, thoughts. It rests the mind. To rest the mind is to rest the body. People are working while they think. Every thought, be it what it may, costs an outlay of force. People now need to know how to stop thinking as well as to think. There is an art almost unknown—the art of temporarily forgetting anything you want to forget. There is no sense or profit in remembering a trouble. This focusing the mind or spirit to a center is just what the mesmeric operator does to his subject. He puts a coin in his hand and tells him to look at it. When in so doing the subjects thoughts are gathered to this one center, the operator has the power to draw his real self from the body it uses. He (the operator) then takes possession of that body by the power of his will. It is not the subject at all that sings, dances, tastes, and is pleased or scared as the mesmerizer wills. It's the mesmerizer's thought thrown into the vacated tenement, the body of the subject. So when in India the "adept" is buried alive, kept buried for months, and then dug up and resuscitated, it's not the adept that is buried at all; it's only his body. The adept has himself the power of drawing his spirit from his body as the mesmerizer wills out his subject's spirit. During the burial the adept's real self may be in spirit hundreds of miles away. The electric chord between his spirit and body keeps enough life in the body to prevent it from decay. The Boston metaphysicians make short work of the old mystery about one's spirit. They say it's as material as are our bodies—composed of real elements and subject to chemical laws, only there's lots of laws in nature we know nothing about. We are, as to our real selvs and the powers in our real selvs, on the verge of a new world. Boston metaphysics says we hav five, if not more, very superior senses of which we know nothing. Our unknown eye, for instance, can see miles where the one we now use sees inches. The trouble is, it's not opened. As to that part of our being we are as blind and deaf puppies.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

Contraction.

In the article, "A Lesson of the Past," which, like everything of Mr. Holt's, is vigorously penned, I am surprised at the conclusion, where contraction of currency is not only regarded as inadequate to explain the tightness of the money market, but absolutely denied.

Without inclining to one-sided views which exaggerate the force of any one factor in the economic troubles of our age and country, I cannot see why contraction should be left out of the question.

Given an equal amount of currency with that of more prosperous times, yet either an increase of population or increased demand for exchanges would hav the force of a contraction. Besides which, it is evident that contraction exists to the extent of the money coined and locked away, instead of liquidating the national debt with it.

How is it possible to know the amount actually in circulation, since private capitalists may hav the same motivs as Mr. Manning for withholding it from circulation? I do not refer to his personal speculations, of which I know nothing, but to his theoretic bias in favor of the exclusiv gold basis, consequently of creditors against debtors, and especially of bondholders privileged by payments in gold.

Let us consider certain causes of increased demand for currency which are practically equivalent to contraction.

Of all classes, the farmer least needs money, because his consumption forms a local circuit with his production. Pioneer farmers may for years do without money altogether. Need of it comes with taxation, and then with the culture of tastes fostered by the merchants for store goods. Near Guntersville, Alabama, though there is no extreme poverty, few farmers handle as much as fifty dollars in the course of a year. Well, now, since the war, taxes hav been increased, the internal revenue has ruined many farmers. Thirsty ones especially hav stood a bad chance. And as merchants and lawyers liv easier and make more money than any other classes, their numbers hav increased proportionally at the expense of the farmers. Mortgages and usury, though not reducing the quantity of farm prodnce, hav very greatly lessened the proportion of self-sustaining farmers. Now a floating population needs more currency than a fixed population.

The operativ also, though less paid, uses more money than the artisan did, because he cannot exchange services or produce with other producers directly. Neither of these classes, the agricultural nor the manufacturing laborers, enjoy practically the faculty of the commercial, *i.e.*, of dispensing with money by bills of exchange.

Labor exchange banks, in conferring this faculty, would in a measure obviate the present distress. They would enable those who are still independent to remain so by keeping out of debt, though they might not touch the case of operativs enslaved to the capitalist and his truck store.

To expand and contract naturally with the needs of exchange, a currency must represent impartially all exchangeable values. This cannot be while any one value, variable and arbitrary, is assumed as the standard, to the exclusion of others. The intervention of government now defeats spontaneous adjustment. Finance becomes an art of trickery, sustaining toward values a similar relation with law toward justice.

EDGEWORTH.

Our Great Non-needy and Non-deserving U. S. Paupers.

As readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, of course, all know, a pauper is any person who, without rendering to the public any equivalent service for such support, is "supported by some public provision."

As a rule, paupers are understood to be poor persons who, from some physical or mental disability, are incapable of earning their own livelihood. That condition of extreme poverty and helplessness, however unavoidable and undeserved it may be, which renders a public support necessary to its victim, has always been regarded, though unjustly so, as in some way a reproach to that victim. The word pauper, therefore, involving as it does the idea of this condition, has come to be regarded as a term of reproach. A poor man would almost as lief be called a rascal as to be called a pauper.

Paupers, however, are not necessarily thus poor and thus incapable of earning their own livelihood. On the contrary, many of our most noted and most burdensome paupers are persons of great wealth and excellent health, and it is of this class of paupers that I now wish to write. I wish specially to notice those of this class who are supported by alms drawn from the treasury of the United States, and whom for this reason, I call the U. S. paupers. Of this class of paupers, the notorious New York banker, the late U. S. Grant, and Mrs. Grant, are now the most prominent examples. For this reason, and this alone, I will notice them in a special manner. The other paupers of this class, however, are not to feel that I hav neglected them. They are to take to themselvs respectivly all of this article that is applicable to their respectiv cases.

It is true that, from fear of offending the pride of these aristocratic and consequently highly respectable recipients of unearned public support, they are never, as a rule, called paupers. So also, as a rule, the princely but mistaken charities bestowed upon them are never called alms; and their palatial residences, in which they fare sumptuously every day upon the proceeds of these mistaken charities, are never called almshouses. And yet the name really makes no difference. Since the recipient of an unearned public support is certainly a pauper, and since they are the recipients of such support, they are certainly paupers, no matter what they may be called, and no matter how little they may need this support. So also, since unearned money given by the public for the support of any person is certainly alms, and since the money received from the public by these parties is not earned by them, it is certainly alms, no matter what it may be called, no matter how great may be its amount, and no matter how little it may be needed by its recipients. So, finally, since the house in which persons supported gratuitously by the public reside is certainly an almshouse; and, since these parties are thus supported, their residences are certainly almshouses, no matter how palatial they may be, and no matter how little the inmates may need the public support received by them.

If these persons who thus, without returning any equivalent, receive from the public a yearly sum sufficient for their support, be not paupers, will some one of their number please, in reply to this article, explain what paupers really are, and in what respect himself and the other members of his class of public beneficiaries differ from real paupers? Will he also please giv, from some standard lexicon, some word which is more applicable to himself and to each of the members of his class than is the word pauper? Can he do either of these things?

These public burdens may claim to be pensioners. But what is a pensioner? "One," says Webster "to whom an annual sum of money is *paid* (not *given*) by government in consideration of past services." The italics and parenthesis are mine. But, in consideration of what "past services" are these parties being "paid?" That which is paid must first be owed. And for what services do we, the people of the United States, owe these extravagant consumers of our hard-earned money? Mrs. Grant, for instance, is receiving from the treasury of the United States an annual allowance equal to twenty-five times the pension of a first lieutenant for full disability, and to over fifty times the pension of a totally disabled private. And can she, or some friend for her, name the extremely valuable "past services" for which she is being "paid" this munificent sum of the people's money? Do we not all know that she never performed any services at all for the public? "But," it may be said, "she draws this pension because she is the widow of a deceased soldier." This may be a good reason. Let us examin it.

The widow of any soldier who falls in battle or who dies of disease contracted, or of injuries received, while in the line of his duty, is legally and justly entitled to a pension. Having deprived her of her supporter, the government is in law and in justice bound to make her some amends for the great injury it has inflicted upon her. And this it does by giving her some pecuniary aid, generally very little, in the form of a pension. Had Mrs. Grant been thus deprived of her supporter, in the person of her husband, she would hav been entitled to the pension fixed by law for the widows of officers of his rank. In this case she would hav applied, as does the deserving widow of any other soldier, not to Congress for a special act, but directly to the pension department. No one, however, pretends that, through any injury to her husband, the government ever deprived her of any portion of her support, or that it owes her anything on his account. On the contrary, we all know that through him the government increased her means of support a hundredfold. No one pretends that her husband, for any injuries received by him in the line of his duty, was himself entitled to a pension. No one, then, can claim that she is entitled to a pension on his account. That he was a soldier no one pretends to deny. That he faithfully performed his duties as such few will venture to dispute. But that he was more faithful or more deserving than any other good soldier has never been made to appear. And that he was as fully paid for his services as was any other soldier for his no one will venture to deny. No one, then, can possibly claim that the government owes his widow anything on account of his military services.

Since, therefore, Mrs. Grant is certainly not entitled to any of the people's money on account of her husband's military services, and, since he never performed any other services, except as president, it must be for these latter services that she claims "pay," if, indeed, she claims her so-called pension as "pay" at all. She surely would not claim pay from the people of the United States for his services as a financier. But was he not fully paid for his services as president at the close of every month? Did he not sign a bill doubling his own pay for the four years of his second term of office? Did he not also sign a bill giving himself fifty thousand dollars outright, facetiously calling his act of robbery—for such it certainly was—the taking of "back pay;" as if there could be any "back pay" on services for which he had received full pay already? Did he ever even pretend that he had ever performed any services for this immense sum of the people's money? And what was the nature of his services? Was not the signing of the above bills a fair sample of a great portion of those services? Did he not veto a bill that was intended to benefit the soldiers? Did he not sign that most damnable of all damnable bills—the bill to change the payment of the five-twenty bonds from greenbacks into gold? Did he not by that unspeakably cruel and wicked act increase the people's almost intolerable burden of debt by about the prodigious sum of eight hundred millions of dollars? Did he not thus add that amount to the enormous profits of the Shylock bankers and gold merchants? Did he not thus financially crush more men than were ever before crushed by any single act? Did he not thus drive multitudes of men to crime, to insanity, and to suicide, and multitudes of women to despair and to prostitution? In short, for political corruption, did not his administration constitute the "dark ages" of our country?

And is it in consideration of these services that we are forced to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to "boom" him, as a pauper emperor, into his last resting-place? And is it for these services that we, the poor toilers who produce all the wealth of the nation, are to be still further bled to giv immense sums yearly to the wealthy Mrs. Grant? Do we owe her any such sums? If not, can they constitute a pension? If not, what can they be but misappropriated alms? And if, under the circumstances, she receives them, is not the fact that she does so a good proof that she does not deserve them? Can she receive them thus unearned, and not be a pauper? A pauper in her sense of right as well as in the ordinary sense of that term? Can she giv any reason why she should receive this money? Is it not entirely on account of her husband's great notoriety that this immense donation of the people's money has been made to her by those well-paid instruments of the bankers, the bondholders, the great monopolists of our country—those well-paid but faithless "servants" of the people, the Congress of the United States? And if notoriety alone entitles a man to be doctored, prayed for, buried, monumented, etc., at great expense by the taxpayers of the country—if it also entitles his widow, no matter how wealthy she may be, to vast sums of the people's money—then Mrs. Jesse James should come in for her "pension" and for her late husband's funeral expenses. Frank James, John L. Sullivan, and many other persons of great notoriety, should also be buried, and soon, too, at the people's expense, and their widows should be placed on the "pension roll" with Mrs. Grant and others of her class.

As to that maudlin, man-worshiping sentimentality now so prevalent among the American people, which holds the characters of noted persons—especially if those persons happen to be dead or condemned to die—as too sacred for adverse criticism, I regard it with the utmost of contempt. These are the very parties, above all others, whose defects of character we should hold up to the public view in adverse criticism. Are they not public property? And is the man who has suffered death any more entitled to our sympathy than is the man who has yet to suffer death? Is the man whose aching tooth has been pulled any more entitled to our pity than is the man whose aching tooth is yet to be pulled? Let every public man, whether living or dead, appear in his true character. Of their private lives only we should seem to know nothing.

Of Mrs. Grant, as a woman, I know nothing and I say nothing. I suppose that she, like most other women, is, in the highest sense of the term, a true lady. In any case her private character, like that of every other person, is too sacred for public discussion. When, however, she appears in the character of a public charge—a very expensiv pauper—for whose benefit we are all, by tax and tariff, forced to contribute, then she becomes a proper object of public discussion; and if she prove to be receiving more alms than she is entitled to receive, we, the furnishers of the alms, certainly hav a right to object, even if in so doing we do wound her pride.

To her I would say: Sister—for all women, no matter what their errors may hav been, are my sisters—come and go with me, and let us see how the five thousand dollars or more a year received by you is collected. See that poor cripple toiling in yonder field. Does he contribute to your so-called pension? He does. He is a disabled soldier. He receives only ninety-six dollars a year, and has to pay a part of that for the making out of his vouchers; less in a year than you receive in a week. He faced death in over fifty battle-fields. He is honest and sober. He is dressed in rags, and yet he is proud. He wants a new suit of clothes in which he can attend church, and without mortification visit his friends. By great self-denial he has saved the price of the coveted suit, twenty dollars; but a tariff laid by your husband and other wealthy men for the benefit of the wealthy, has added ten dollars more to that price. For this ten dollars he is now toiling, shortening his life in pain, and a part of this ten dollars goes to you, my good and wealthy sister. There are thousands upon thousands of such toilers, each of whom is compelled to contribute of his life's blood to the maintaining of yourself and your class in ease and splendor. I myself am one of these disabled toilers, and in the above description I hav nearly pictured myself, only I receive a little larger pension. I was an officer, and as such I receive as much in a month as you receive in a day. For a soldier I am fortunate.

It is midnight. See that pale, sickly woman sewing in that cold, cheerless garret. Is she taxed for your benefit? She is. She wants another blanket to cover her little ones who lie shivering on the floor. At three cents an hour she is working out the tariff on the blanket, and—rejoice, my dear sister—a part of that tariff goes to you!

But, see there! In the other end of the same cheerless room is another poor, pale woman also sewing at three cents an hour. Her only child lies upon a little table near her. It is thin and cold. Its pinched lips tell why it died so young. It seems to be silently prolonging in death it's last cry in life, which was for food that it did not receive. It needs no blanket. No blanket could ever again make it warm. Then why does its mother work so late into the night? She knows that her little darling, now so cold and so still, in all its life never enjoyed a single luxury. Now she is determined to afford it one luxury—the luxury of a nice little coffin in which to be buried. But luxuries are taxed. She is now working out the tax; and—rejoice again, my dear sister!—a part of that tax goes to yourself and your class. There are tens of thousands of such toilers, all of whom are thus adding to the contents of the well-filled coffers of the great protected capitalists of this, "the best government under the sun," and of yourself and other non-needy and non-deserving United States paupers. You can find some of them near your own door.

But, see there! See that pretty young girl! Why is she out so late at night? She is scarcely fifteen years of age. Yes, hold your dress away! She might brush it with her polluted garments—not polluted yet—she is still a virgin; but they will be polluted before morning. Begin, then, in time to crush her with scorn! She will soon be what, under similar circumstances, one of our own dear sweet daughters "might hav been," a prostitute. She has been long struggling to buy bread for herself and medicin for her sick mother, her only true friend. She has from no fault of her own been thrown out of employment. Her own hunger and her mother's sufferings hav made her desperate. See that "gentleman" with the splendid dress, the cane, and the cigar! He has caught her eye and he is following her. To him for a few dimes she will sell all that she has, her "joy of earth and hope of heaven;" her virtue. She will pay the tax on what she needs, and—rejoice once more, dear sister—a part of that tax thus earned will, without being earned at all by you, go to swell the contents of your well-filled coffers. She is only one of hundreds of thousands who thus earn their share of your so-called pension. Most of them, driven by want which the president of a dozen years ago helped to produce, twelve girls each hour on an average, day and night, are thus added to the vast army of fallen women who tread to the music of the dead march to the lowest depths of ruin and despair. And these are all my poor sisters!

Now let us go—what! are you "sick?" No wonder! Then, sister, we will go no farther. These are nothing to what we would still hav to see. But, O sister, be brave! Rise to the highest plane of womanhood! Return to the source whence it came all the unearned public money you hav received. Severely reprimand the unfaithful servants of the people who hav dared to insult you by placing your name on the list of our great non-needy and non-deserving United States paupers. Only do this, and instead of being cursed as you now are by many of the overtaxed, toiling millions, as an unjust and grasping woman, a burden to the poor, you will be hailed as their savior, and your name will go down into history equal in the glory of its brightness to any other name of the nineteenth century.

Reader, the scenes which I hav drawn are not fancy pictures. They are real. I hav seen them and many more like them. Hav you never seen anything of the kind? If you hav, then, oh! join with me in helping to remove those causes which render such scenes inevitable. JOHN R. KELSO.

Longmont, Col., March 16, 1886.

Fair Play is a Jewel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am requested by Friendship Liberal League, No. 257, of which I hav been secretary ever since it has been organized, to notice the letter which appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 20th, in reference to a member needing assistance, and signing his name Harry G. Crisswell. Now, I hav carefully looked over the book which contains the members' names, and I find there is no such name in the book. I may say here, in behalf of the League, that not one of its members would suffer want knowingly. Although our League is not a charitable institution, we believe, as far as practicable, in assisting the needy, even if persons are not members. We hav no millionaires in our League, and the membership consists chiefly of hardworking mechanics. There is one thing I hav noticed. Occasionally a perfect stranger comes along, makes application for membership, and the first or second Sunday after joining makes application for relief. This is hardly fair, but such has been my experience; and, considering that the League has been duped in the past, it is absolutely necessary that we act more cautiously with strangers in the future. I could, if it were necessary, giv several instances wherein the League has been greatly duped, but it is not necessary here. Suffice it to say that if there is a needy person who is in our meetings, and will come forth and lay the case before the business meeting of the League, they will be heard, and I venture to state they will be assisted; if not direct from the treasury, the membership will help individually. GEO. LONGFORD,

Secretary Friendship Liberal League No. 257.

Philadelphia, March 29, E.M. 286.

The Liberal Club.

The "Silver Question" was up for discussion before the 408th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, and when the writer went in he contributed ten cents to that subject. Mr. Blissert stood at the door giving out cards announcing that W. A. Croffut, Esq., would shortly deliver before the Constitution Club "A Plea for Capital and Corporations."

A large and intelligent audience was present. Before introducing the lecturer, Prof. Van Buren Denslow, Mr. Wakeman spoke of the death of George McWatters, which occurred on Wednesday. Mr. McWatters, he said, though never heard upon the platform, was always ready with his means to help on the cause of Liberalism. Then Mr. Wakeman presented Professor Denslow, "formerly of Chicago, but now, fortunately for us, of New York."

Professor Denslow proceeded with his address. According to Archibald Allison, he said, the fall of the Roman empire was caused by the exhaustion of the gold and silver mines of Greece and Spain, which restricted the amount of money in circulation, causing low prices on goods and high values on the precious metals. From this the speaker argued the beneficence of a copious circulation of money. It need not necessarily be specie money. The specie dollar was fulfilling its best use when lying in some bank with ten dollars of paper money in circulation based on it. Specie was the substance, credit money the shadow; one the cause, the other the effect. A paper dollar represents hope; a specie dollar, realization. Rome was disenthralled by the discovery of gold in South America, but the thousand years that followed the ascendency of Christianity was exactly the opposit of the millennium that had been prophesied, being a thousand years known as the Dark Ages—the age of superstition. The speaker showed how prices of commodities had depreciated during the last few years, with times growing harder as a result. The cause is the separation in bullion value between silver and gold. What is needed as a remedy is the free coinage of silver. No matter if a silver dollar is worth only eighty cents as bullion, the government stamp makes it worth its face value as coin. Besides, if it induces foreigners to bring their silver here to be coined into dollars, they must spend it here also, because nowhere else would eighty cents' worth of silver buy a dollar's worth of goods. Mr. Denslow's address was more than an hour long and very interesting. It was eloquent as well, being closed, as all speeches should be, with a well-rounded flourish, in which the speaker said that the eagle of prosperity would lead the hosts of industry on to success.

Mr. Langerfeldt led the opposition. In the first place he referred to the speaker of the evening having exceeded his time without remonstrance from the chair. Mr. Langerfeldt had observed that this occurred only when the speaker agreed with the chair. In such instances, said Mr. Langerfeldt, growing more unparliamentary, the chair sits like a painted Chinese idol and wobbles its head. Then Mr. Langerfeldt said he would pluck a feather or two from the eagle with which Professor Denslow had taken a flight in his peroration. The professor had cavorted about like a circus horse in the midst of a jingle and had not touched the truth except when he talked wiser than he knew. Mr. Langerfeldt then introduced his argument. The same was bulging with significance, but the writer did not catch any of it.

Mr. Sutherland took up the statement that the stamp of government makes any substance worth its face value, and inquired why such was not the case with United States paper money during the war. Money, he maintained, was valuable only when based on gold. Prosperity would be brought about only by the stoppage of the coinage of silver.

Dr. Eccles arose to a definition of value. Labor had nothing to do with it. Value was based on human desire. The more a thing was desired the more it was worth. When the desire ceased or was satiated, Dr. Eccles explained, the thing went down. He also said that too much money was to be avoided, at which the audience laughed in a way that confused him.

Mr. Willy occurred next. This speaker said to Professor Denslow that he (the professor) had never addressed a more intelligent audience in his life. Yet he had not been understood and his argument had not been touched. For the information of Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Willy explained that the paper money of the United States was below par during the war only for the reason that it was not made a full legal tender by the government. No money bearing the legal tender stamp of this country had ever been below par, but it had been at a premium over gold.

Mr. Bouton, an old member of the club, and a Greenbacker from the ground up, as he said, assured Professor Denslow that all the criticisms that had been passed upon his lecture were as tallow candles beside the meridian sun. The very men who decried the silver dollar as a fraudulent coin would take it for debts at its face value and pay it out to their employees. Mr. Bouton saw no necessity for any other than paper money.

The discussion closed with Mr. Bouton, Professor Denslow merely remarking that the critics had answered one another. Thus passed another most profitable evening. The lecture was dignified and scholarly, the discussion was mainly of the same character, the audience was intelligent and attentiv, and Blissert kept quiet. Next Friday Mr. F. F. Cook will lecture on Labor Strikes. At which, by paying fivepence at the door,* the badge-pin man will fetch his writing things, to make a note of what the speaker sings, and print the same as hereuntobefore.

*Admission to the meetings of the club remains but five cents.

Canadian Notes.

The Toronto branch of the Canadian Secular Union held their regular monthly meeting, the first in their present quarters, last Sunday, April 4th, President Risser presiding; the members showing their appreciation of their improved surroundings by a large attendance. Matters of considerable importance were dealt with, among which may be mentioned the naming of the new hall. It will be known hereafter as the "Toronto Hall of Science," the second of its kind in Canada; the first, as most of THE TRUTH SEEKER readers already know, being in Alton, Ontario.

The meeting also decided to engage Mr. Watts for three week-night lectures during his present stay, the first to be delivered on Thursday evening of this week, and the two weeks following on Saturday evening. The clergy will be publicly invited, particularly Drs. Wild and Potts, and from past experience it is safe betting that they won't attend. Still, there is a possibility of their turning up, and advertising the lectures in this way shows the public that Secularists make no "coward's castle" of their platform, when they extend a privilege to the orthodox party which they, the clergy, dare not accord to Secularists.

In the evening at 7 o'clock, Mr. Watts delivered the second Sunday lecture of the present course; subject, "The Old Testament; Its History and Teachings." This lecture is entirely new, never having been delivered before, and ranks among Mr. Watts's best efforts. It is one well adapted for pioneer work, being destructiv in nature, and simply unanswerable in logic, and should be utilized by the friends everywhere who employ Mr. Watts, and who appreciate the value of the destructiv side of Secularism.

The hall was crowded to the doors with a splendid audience, the largest that has yet assembled in the Hall of Science, who listened to the lecture throughout with marked attention, and who manifested their approval by generous applause, the general verdict at the close being that "it was a grand lecture, and one that should be heard again and often."

If there is any truth in the old saying that "there is no rest for the wicked," Mr. Watts must be a very wicked man, at least he will hav but little rest for the next two weeks. He lectures here as usual next Sunday evening, then Monday and Tuesday in Galt, Wednesday and Thursday in Ayr, Friday in Woodstock, and Saturday again in Toronto, when he will reply to a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Wild last Sunday evening, in which the reverend gentleman makes a most unreasonable, illogical, and untruthful attack upon those whom he is pleased to call Infidels and Agnostics. Among other extraordinary statements he said: "The record of Infidelity and Agnosticism had been a black one. There was not an instance in history where Infidelity, in the third generation, had not produced Anarchy and bloodshed." He cited the French Revolution as a case in point.

The writer has heard this reverend humbug "wager his reputation as a scholar" that he was right in a certain point which he was trying to establish, but he can make a more substantial wager with "yours truly" that he won't dare to meet Mr. Watts in debate, and attempt to make good the above statement.

He will be invited by letter and through the press to attend the lecture on Saturday evening of next week, or to meet Mr. Watts at any other time or place, or under any conditions (in reason), and giv his credulous congregation and the public generally an opportunity of hearing both sides of the question. The writer don't wager his reputation as a scholar (perhaps in that case the loss of the wager wouldn't affect him any more than it would the doctor), but he will wager—say, $25—that this self-alleged scholar can not make good his allegations in that sermon in public debate with Mr. Watts; or he will subscribe that amount towards paying Mr. Watts's expenses, and allow the proceeds of the debate to be given to any charitable institution that the doctor may name. The doctor will receive this offer, and if he fails to respond, the public, or at least that portion of the public who hear Mr. Watts lecture for the next few weeks, will be able to form their opinion of a man who preaches nothing but bald assertion, and who can be neither coaxed nor bought out of his coward's castle.

Referring to the mayoralty trouble mentioned last week, it may be well to state that the matter has been quietly settled. The mayor has properly qualified, and, nobody coming forward to oppose him, he is reëlected by acclamation, and so the horrors of another religio-political election campaign hav been averted, *Deo gratias*.

The Listowel *Banner*, speaking of Mr. Watts's lectures in that town last week says: "Mr. Charles Watts, of London, England, who is at present on a visit to this country, delivered a lecture on Secularism and kindred subjects, in the town hall, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The first lecture was to show what unbelief from a religious point of view has done for the world, and the second was to prove that the scriptures of the New Testament are not divinely inspired. Apart from what may be said about the lecturer's views on these subjects, he is a remarkably fluent speaker, a keen debater, and treats both the arguments and those who hold different opinions with courtesy and respect—a very marked defect in the majority of those who differ in their religious sentiments."

Such testimony from an outside source will, no doubt, be as pleasing to the friends of Mr. Watts as it must be gratifying to himself. TORONTO.

April 8, 1886.

Obituary.

When President Wakeman said, in opening the last meeting of the Liberal Club, that there was a vacant chair that night which had been occupied but two weeks ago, everybody knew that he had the venerable George McWatters in his mind. Mr. McWatters was one of the most regular attendants at the club, a long-time subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a liberal contributor to all good ends. He died of pneumonia at his home in East Eighteenth street, after an illness of five days. The following particulars as to the life of Mr. McWatters are given by the New York *Sun*:

Mr. McWatters was seventy-four years old. For nearly a quarter of a century he was a marked figure in the busy haunts of the custom house, a loved visitor at the soldiers' homes, and could count his personal friends by the hundreds among the policemen, veterans, and newspaper men of the big city.

He was born in Scotland in 1812, and came to this country about 1847. He settled in Philadelphia at first, and served as an officer in the city courts. He became deeply interested in the Brook Farm enterprise, and, after living at Brook Farm for a time, he went to Long Island with a number of followers and established a similar community at Brentwood, which was called "Modern Times."

He came to this city in 1856, and joined the police force under Captain Caffray. Then he went to Captain, afterward Inspector, Thorne's command, and was one of the squad of brave policemen who backed Captain Thorne up in the repulse of the rioters who were bent on setting fire to the old *Tribune* building. He was wounded in the fight with the rioters. He attracted the attention of Superintendent Kennedy, and was transferred to police headquarters to take charge of the "Bureau for the Search of Lost Persons."

He established the system of sending out photographs and descriptions of the missing. In his leisure moments he wrote a description of the interesting experiences of a detectiv's life, which was afterwards published by subscription, under the title of "Knots Untied." It attained an extraordinary sale throughout the country, and was republished in England and Australia. It still finds readers and a sale.

When the war broke out he got many recruits for the police regiments, and after the war he exerted himself constantly for the bettering of the condition of the old soldiers and their widows and orphans. General Butler and Vice-President Wilson were his friends, and through their aid he had several bills put through Congress to secure more frequent payment of pensions to the war pensioners.

When he left the police force twenty years ago, General Butler and Vice-President Wilson secured him a place as inspector of customs, and he held it to his death. He was the only activ male member of the Ladies' Union Relief Association, and as almoner visited the charges of that association, and distributed the relief funds. He was a well-known and well-liked member of the New York Press Club. He leaves a widow and two sons and three daughters.

The Press Club trustees passed resolutions of condolence, and President Cummings appointed these men to attend the funeral: Charles H. Bladen, William N. Penney, Thomas Bonar, James Pooton, John A. Greene, Gideon J. Tucker, and George W. Pearce. The funeral services were at the house, Robert Collyer officiating, and the remains were taken to Brentwood for burial.

DIED—In Syracuse, on Friday, 26th of March, Mrs. Aurelia F. Danforth Raymond, widow of Capt. Eben Raymond, who perished by shipwreck in 1845.

Mrs. Raymond was born in Lenox, Mass., Dec. 7, 1819, and married to Captain Raymond, of Taunton, same state, 17th of July, 1843, a person of fine culture, and every way of excellent qualities. She was sister to Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, whose name has often been seen in THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal journals in recent years, as it was in the antislavery papers a long time ago, when her earnest and often eloquent voice was heard in the antislavery meetings and conventions, both in the eastern and western states. Mrs. Raymond and herself were Abolitionists in those early "times that tried men's souls" and bodies too, and the bodies and souls of women as well. The temperance cause, also, and woman suffrage, found in them brave and consistent advocates, and in due time the labor problem no less.

Mrs. Raymond, after the death of her husband,

studied medicin, graduating at a homeopathic medical college in New York, where she resided for some years, subsequently removing to Syracuse, where she and Mrs. Colman lived together during her last years. Her disease was consumption, a younger sister dying of the same many years since, she also under Mrs. Colman's sisterly attendance and care. Mrs. Raymond resisted disease during three lingering years, much of the time in great suffering; so that death, when the hour came, was a most happy release, and her sister and all her friends who knew her best could but rejoice with her. She was all her life one of the most quiet, undemonstrativ persons I ever knew, though possessing powers of mind, especially reasoning faculties, seldom surpassed. A reader, too, she was as well as reasoner, beyond most women, discriminating wisely among books, but making the contents of the chosen volumes her own. And over all her faculties and forces, conscience and love of humanity ruled supreme. P. P.

The Jobstown Secular Society hav experienced a very sad bereavement in the death of their highly esteemed and efficient librarian, Mrs. Emily Borden. Since the lectures at Jobstown by Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Borden, a lifelong Baptist, made rapid advancement out of the bonds of superstition, and was an activ and zealous worker in the interests of the Jobstown Secular Society Library. She died March 30th, of pneumonia, after a sickness of only eleven days. The Liberals of Jobstown afford evidence of what good results very small numbers can accomplish by earnest, united effort. It is less than two months since the library was first started, and they hav already eighty volumes, which are kept in activ use, and help greatly in giving influence and interest to the society and advancing the cause of Secularism. C. B. Reynolds.

The Challenge Criticised.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker: *Sir:* The letter of R. M. Robinson in The Truth Seeker of April 10th has the appearance of fairness; but it by no means follows that its non-acceptance would hav any significance. To begin with the last paragraph, first comes the question of cost. I would like to be on the committee, and am familiar with photography, having made a variety of imitation spiritual photographs myself; but time is an element of cost, and if the "conditions are unfavorable," my loss of time is without avail. The next preceding paragraph, allowing methods of prevention of fraud to be resorted to, may be subject to the two preceding paragraphs, which imply that the medium artist is to manipulate and develop the plates, while the expert photographer is merely to watch. What can he see in the dark room?

Going back still another paragraph, we find the saving clause of the whole offer in the word "sittings." If this means that there are to be several meetings, at each of which several pictures shall be taken and developed, giving the committee opportunity to consider and devise methods of preventing fraud, it will giv a much fairer test than I hav ever known to be allowed in an investigation of thirty-five years. With that understanding I think the investigation well worth making. Critical watching would not be required; there would be no opportunity for changing the plates or other skilful manipulation, for I do not believe there can be any fraud committed of any description which photographers cannot find certain means of preventing, and such means as other photographers would see to be decisiv.

173 *Gates av., Brooklyn.* Henry M. Parkhurst.

REPLY TO THE CHALLENGE CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* By the final clause in my challenge in The Truth Seeker of the 10th inst., I certainly intended everyone interested to understand that no plan human ingenuity could devise would be left untried to satisfy any reasonable skeptical person as to the fact of the genuinness of spirit photography. It reads as follows:

> In short, every method that can be thought of by your committee to prevent fraud will be resorted to, and the details of the various experiments and the results published in The Truth Seeker.

Surely this is comprehensiv enough, and certainly its non-acceptance would hav a significance.

As to the question of cost, I do not propose to pay any or every member of the committee for time consumed in making the tests.

Doubtless there are enough earnest inquirers after knowledge to offer services in its interest for the purposes of establishing the truth or falsity of any asserted scientific fact.

If spirit photography is a fact at all, it is so scientifically, and can be proven, and so I affirm.

I trust Mr. Parkhurst will act as one of the committee, and accept my assurance that it will take but very little of his time to make him desirous of giving considerable. Certainly no test will be good for anything which leaves a possible chance for deception.

It is asked: "What conditions do I impose—there must be some?"

Well, yes, if the following may be called a condition: The committee must not try only such methods as they think will prevent a satisfactory result, and refuse to try methods suggested in the interest of Spiritualism and in conformity to the laws which are understood by Spiritualists to govern; but giv both sides a fair chance.

It is asked: "Will a member of the committee be allowed to watch the inside of the camera while the exposure is being made?" Certainly, if the expert artists consider it practicable and necessary.

The following questions are also asked: Will you allow me to bring the plates? Will you allow me to develop them myself? Can I develop them at home? To all of which I reply, Yes.

Question. Must you, or some one for you, be present when the plates are developed? *Answer.* No; but both ways can be tried.

Q. Can you bring the spirits with you to be taken by my camera at my house? *A.* Yes, if they are willing to go. It will be tried, and no doubt they will accommodate you.

Now, skeptical friends, send in your suggestions, and don't leave a stone unturned to settle this matter once and forever. R. M. Robinson.

Greenpoint, L. I., N. Y.

[We think that an extended discussion of the preliminaries of the test in our columns is unnecessary. Mr. Robinson is honest in his desire to convince skeptics, and Mr. Parkhurst is an honest skeptic. The committee should be appointed and proceed to business. If any results are arrived at of interest to the public we will print an account of them.—Ed. T. S.]

News and Notes.

If we had more bold pioneers like Messrs. Quimby and Rothwell, of Creighton, Neb., we should soon hav our forces in organization. The fact is, however, that many Liberals are still afraid of the churches, and while in private they frankly express their intellectual beliefs, when it comes to public action they are not ready; and the reason is that they fear the social ostracism of the church. The clergymen are now so far subdued by the spirit of the times that they will allow one to hold his radical opinion in peace. All they ask is not the "new birth," but a five or ten dollar contribution to their support. But the moment organization is proposed, and the funds of Liberals are likely to be diverted from the channels of the church and pockets of the ministers, then the dogs of war are let loose, and just so far as possible ecclesiastical persecution is begun. Many Liberals do not care to meet the storm and so do not show their colors, and this is one great difficulty in the Freethought organization. Even when Liberals are a clear majority in the community this tyranny of the priesthood prevails. However, there are some bold spirits, and protest is made. Two years ago the churches started a furious revival at Creighton. Mr. Quimby sent for Jamieson, who came and spoke to crowded houses for a few evenings, and so the revival gave up the ghost. This winter the ministers put their heads together for another revival, when Mr. Quimby told them he would send for Jamieson again. They prudently refrained, having a very wholesome dread of the agitation of Freethought lecturers.

At Stanton I found a splendid worker in Philip Helmerick, who has always been outspoken and done such effectual service that now there are many in Stanton who are earnest for the advancement of Liberal ideas. I arrived on Wednesday, and having a leisure evening went to an orthodox revival meeting; for instantly when it was known that the Infidel lecturer was coming, two revival meetings were started, one by the Congregationalist church, and one by the Methodist. Christians can't even work together against the common enemy. They must hav separate revivals, fearing that one might gain an advantage over the other. Christians of different sects hav a profound distrust of each other, even in the matter of saving souls; and the Methodist always keeps his weather eye open for the Congregationalist. I went to the latter's meeting, and a curious medley I heard. The preacher said, "Come, let us reason together," and the following is a specimen of his "reason:" "To do right is not to be moral." "To do right is not to be kind to your neighbor." "Commit ten thousand murders and you can go straight to the gates of heaven fling your sins upon Jesus, and forever be happy." Such are Christian ethics, and yet I hear some Freethinkers say, "Intellectually the church is all nonsense, but morally it is a very good thing, a police influence." How can it be when it thus upsets the very foundations of moral truth?

I had large audiences at Stanton in spite of the revivals. Mr. Helmerick, Mr. Lamb, and others who constitute the most intelligent part of the community and its leading business men will make Stanton a very strong point for the growth of Liberalism in the future.

I left Stanton at midnight for Fremont in order to arrive at Seward for Saturday and Sunday. But the Union Pacific train was two hours behind time, and thus I was unable to make connection, and was obliged to remain over Sunday at Lincoln. The railroads of Nebraska are not run altogether for the benefit of the traveling public, but rather to cut each other's throats and giv custom to the hotels. Belated travelers are rather frequent. Thus it took me three days and nights to travel one hundred miles, when with proper connections I might hav made it in a few hours. I do not believe in sectarian railroads any more than in sectarian churches.

Heaven helps those who help themselvs, but there is always an exception to the general rule. I did my level best, but I could neither walk nor ride, for the mud was knee-deep, and I had no special train and no special providence, and so I submitted and took a Sabbath day's rest. However, I met some Liberal friends at Fremont and Lincoln, and made arrangements for lectures on my return trip. I got to Seward on Monday. The town was full of election excitement, and there seemed no chance for a lecture. The citizens' caucus for the nomination of officers was to be held at the court house in the evening. It was proposed I should make a speech after the caucus to those who would like to remain. This I consented to do. The caucus lasted until half-past nine o'clock and the court house was crowded. Very few departed, and I spoke to three or four hundred, and under the circumstances many orthodox people were present who might not otherwise hav listened to a radical discourse. I simply said enough to show what the platform of Freethought is. The statements were well received by the miscellaneous gathering. I shall come back to Seward on my return and make up for loss of time. I anticipate, however, great pleasure in so-doing, for there is a dominant Liberal element here; the churches are in a discouraged condition, and two of the ministers hav to preach for nothing. Mr. H. L. Boyes has been for over sixty years a working Freethinker, and he is one of the leading citizens of the place, and elected to offices of the highest responsibility without opposition, for in spite of his outspoken Infidelity even the orthodox hav to acknowledge his stainless integrity and vote for him. This town is beautifully situated on a lofty rolling prairie, and I suppose that accounts for the Liberal spirit that prevails and the destitution of the churches. The fresh breezes and the broad horizons are too much for the latter. I hav met C. M. Clark, author of that interesting pamphlet, "Good Sense; or, The Religion of Christ is the Religion of Reason." I don't exactly agree with my friend, although he is a stanch Infidel. It is a question of definition. If the religion of Christ is the Golden Rule, well and good—that is reasonable. I think, however, that as a matter of history the religion of Christ is something else. For modern days the religion of Christ is very poor political economy, and for the last eighteen hundred years the world has much improved upon what Christ said and did. Of course friend Clark is writing of primitiv Christianity, which is a much different affair from ecclesiastical Christianity. It was a democracy and an enthusiastic brotherhood. Still, however, it was mixed with much ignorance; and however good in feeling, was quite unscientific, and can furnish no model for present action. Christian communism will not make a perfect society. What is far better is scientific coöperation. That alone will solve the problem of human happiness. We can't depend on mere feeling or the Golden Rule simply as such. Scientific information is necessary as well as good intentions. Mr. Clarke's plea for Christianity is a plea for an imaginary Christianity. The Christianity we hav to deal with practically is a different affair. It is not the Golden Rule; it is despotism and fanaticism and ignorant faith. However, one good point Mr. Clark makes—it is not those persons who hold the tenets of Christianity that we must condemn, but the tenets themselvs. It is against a system of belief that we must strike. We war not with individuals but with the injurious doctrins they profess. It is a battle of ideas in which we are engaged, and not of persons.

I wish to call attention to Professor Cottinger's books, "Youth's Liberal Guide," and "Universal History." Professor Cottinger has spent a long life in the service of Freethought. He has read much, and from the standpoint of Liberalism he givs much valuable information to those who desire a compendious view of man's history.

From Seward I go to Plum Creek, North Platte, Laramie, Rock Spring, and then for Utah, according to route published.

LIST OF LECTURES.

Wanship, April 14th; Park City, 15th; Heber, 16th; Kansas, 17th; Peoa, 18th; Coalville, 19th; Morgan, 20th; Ogden, 21st; Farmington, 22d; Park City, 24th; Salt Lake City, 25th; Hooper, 26th; Uintah, 27th; Deweyville, 28th; Logan, 29th and 30th; Ogden, MAY 2d; Kaysville, 2d; Tovele, 5th; Stockton, 6th; East Bountiful, 8th; Salt Lake City, 9th; Lehi, 10th; Provo, 11th; Springville, 12th; Payson, 13th and 16th; Goshen, 15th; Mount Pleasant, 18th; Ephraim, 19th; Spring City, 20th; Fillmore, 23d and 26th; Kanosh, 24th; Corn Creek, 25th. Other places and dates will be given as arranged. Samuel P. Putnam.

Communications.

Bible Temperance.

THE BIBLE AND THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

PREFATORY NOTE.

This investigation was entered upon in the interest of temperance, and of moral and intellectual honesty. The author believes that whenever a good cause is supported by an appeal to supernatural authority it is put upon an insecure basis, and is liable to serious injury when men discard the creed embodying tenets affirming the existence of said supernatural authority. Especially is this true when, as in the case of the Bible, the creed is directly the opposite of what it is claimed to be by its advocates. Did the Bible really teach temperance we should regard this as one of its human excellences, and cherish it accordingly. But the overwhelming weight of its argument, precepts, and the examples of its saints is against temperance. Therefore, so long as it is regarded as of divine origin, or as wholly humanly true, it is an obstacle in the path of temperance reform. But its dangerous character is not fully perceived until we recognize the fact that Christians, driven to hypocrisy and rank dishonesty by the absurd claim of their church that the Bible is the infallible word of God, proceed to support their plea for temperance by an appeal to the Bible, claiming that it is *the* true basis of all abstinence and temperance propaganda, even going so far as to say that temperance is impossible so long as the teachings of that book are ignored, declaring that it must be kept in the schools as the great fountain of morality, and be made the basis of our civil law.

Now all these claims and assertions are false, hypocritical, and dangerous—false as to fact, hypocritical in intent, and dangerous to morality, to character, and to temperance. Dangerous to morality, because they *are* false; to character, because they destroy moral fiber by making men insincere and deceitful; and to temperance, because they rest the demand for it upon a book which does not teach it, and when men shall discover the cheat they will be very apt to throw temperance principles into the rubbish heap along with the book which it is falsely claimed inculcates these principles.

No one who has not made a careful study of the Bible has any conception of the paucity of temperance precepts and examples which it gives to the world. In view of these truths I respectfully ask for the following paper a careful perusal.

Valley Falls, Kan. E. C. WALKER.

"The education of the children of the republic in temperance principles logically involves the maintenance in those schools of the Bible as the great text book in morals."—Rev. T. P. Stevenson, of Philadelphia, editor of the *Christian Statesman*, the organ of the National Reform Association, *alias* the God-in-the-Constitution Party.

This is my text, and I shall discourse upon it somewhat at length. Rev. T. P. Stevenson is a representative man among those Christians who hold that all civil power comes from God, that Jesus Christ is the ruler of nations, and that the Bible is the divinely-revealed rule of faith and practice. He is also a fair representative of that much larger class of believers, and pretended believers, who claim that the Bible clearly and unequivocally teaches the principles of prohibition, and, what is much more important, inculcates the lessons of temperance. In arguing for the retention of the Bible in the schools he but echoes the utterly false assumptions of the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A., and similar and affiliated associations, when he asserts that such retention is necessary for the proper moral training of the children of the land, and especially useful, nay, essential, in impressing upon them the important lesson of sobriety. He knows, none better, that his assumptions have no basis in fact, that the Bible has ten texts in favor of wine-drinking to one that condemns it. It is a useless waste of the courtesies of discussion to assume that such men as Mr. Stevenson really believe that they have warrant in the Bible for the fierce crusade in which they are embarked against the liquor trade, or that they can find any really valuable argument for temperance, much less for total abstinence, in that book. He knows, though many of his ignorant dupes do not, that the cob-house of Bible or Christian temperance is built upon a very quicksand of pretense and hypocrisy. But the church is losing her hold upon the intellect of the world, and it has become necessary to once more appropriate to herself the products of the labor of our common humanity. As she now credits herself with the overthrow of American slavery and the elevation of woman, so does she attempt to make us believe that the temperance movement owes its inception and development to her teachings and labors, and the precepts of her sacred book. No more impudent and unfounded claim was ever made, not even either of those above mentioned, brazen as they are; and I am amazed that seemingly sincere and earnest, though fanatical, men and women can have the hardihood to assert and insist that the Bible is the only sure authority to which appeal can be made in support of the temperance cause. But the claim is made, and it is made by the great majority of the ministers of the Protestant churches of this country, by the majority of the active Prohibitionists, by very many of the temperance workers, by the W. C. T. U., and other similar organizations. An epidemic of falsehood seems to have spread through the ranks of the more or less closely allied armies of temperance and of prohibition, and I hav no doubt that very many of the Christians, and proxy Christians, who, for the most part, read their Bibles by the headings of the chapters, hav come to honestly believe that the term "Christian temperance" is an exceedingly appropriate one, when, in fact, it is a most grotesque misnomer.

It does not come within the limits of this article to show how the church opposed the moral suasion temperance movement; how she only espoused this cause, and the woman suffrage movement as well, when she perceived that she must attach her lumbering and leaky old barge to some stanch steamer of Reform, or else drift hopelessly down the swiftly-rushing stream of events, and be lost forever in the ocean of oblivion. These portions of the work have been attended to by others, and ably attended to, and yet the exposure has not to all appearances checked the flow of the stream of canting fasehood coming from the lips of the accredited spokesmen of the church. I am here reminded by memory of the fact that a few years ago the pastor of the Presbyterian Society at Watkins, Iowa, refused to open the church for a temperance lecture, claiming that such use of the sacred edifice would be a profanation. What he said and did then, almost every Christian minister one hundred years ago would have said and done, and many would say and do to-day if they dared. Really, Christianity has logically nothing to do with practical reform. The logic of its creed would compel it to attend only to the other-world interests of its children, and the fact that many devoted Christians in all ages have labored for the improvement of the race here upon this earth only proves that their humanity was stronger than their religion.

I propose to show, from the book itself, that the Bible cannot in justice be claimed as a text-book of temperance.

In List "A" I shall include all texts which unequivocally condemn the use of intoxicants.

Brought together under "B" are those passages which commend or enjoin the use of wine, or strong drink, or which promise an abundance of wine as one of the blessings to be bestowed upon certain favored individuals or families or tribes, or upon the Israelitish nation, or include the deprivation of it among the punishments inflicted upon the disobedient.

List "C" will include those texts which conditionally or impliedly condemn the use of wine and strong drink; which forbid its use in excess, or by certain persons, or on stated occasions, etc.

Under the head of "D" will be included such texts as mention the use of alcoholic beverages as a matter of course, and evidently with no thought in the mind of the writer that there was anything wrong in such use, or that God had condemned it, or would punish the one or ones who so indulged. Of course, such texts, found in a work for which is claimed a divine origin, can be regarded by the believer as amounting to nothing less than a positive command from God to his children to make use in this way of such portion of his bounties.

Arranged in List "E" are found the texts which show that the wine mentioned in the Bible *would* and *did* intoxicate, though this is stoutly denied by the Scripture apologists of our day; or rather by that portion of them who think it essential to the success of the temperance cause, or necessary for the preservation of popular faith in their paper and ink fetich, that the Bible be made to appear to harmonize in its assumed moral teachings with modern ethics; as other exegetists and apologists have tried to harmonize its asserted science with the discoveries of these later times.

Doubtless it will be objected that the Bible does not mean what it so plainly says; it will be strenuously insisted that we do not read it aright; that the translators have not given to us a correct rendering of the original text, etc., etc. But these objections have no possible weight so long as it is believed that the book is the word of God. If an infinitely wise and powerful God wrote it or dictated it, it is just what he wanted it to be, just what he designed it to be. It teaches the lessons that he wants taught; its moral precepts are the outcome of his infallible wisdom and goodness, are the incomparably perfect fruits of the trees of Life and of Knowledge, and it is futile to urge that the translators have made mistakes. We can have no possible guarantee that the volume is the word of God unless we assume that all who have been concerned in its production, translators as well as writers, were under the direct inspiration of God. The common people never had, and have not now, any means of knowing whether the word translated wine means an intoxicating liquor or whether it means only the unfermented juice of the grape, or of other fruits. Unless they depend upon the apparently clear declarations of the book itself they are utterly at sea. Until very recently Christian men have almost, if not quite, universally believed that wine meant wine, a fluid that, drank in sufficient quantities, would intoxicate, and the context proves that they were right. The frantic attempt to make it appear otherwise is only a dishonest dodge to substantiate the assumption that the writers of the Bible were moved of God to write, and that consequently that work is the repository of all truth. To such straits are men driven who start out with an unnatural and therefore impossible theory.

We need not be surprised when a patient and thorough investigation reveals to us the fact that wine was about as common a drink as water among the people of the Eastern land from which the greater part of the Bible came, and that its use was not generally condemned is very natural. These men are not to be idly denounced because they could not see all that modern moralists and scientists have discovered of evil in the use of the stronger liquors of these later centuries, the disastrous effects of their enormous consumption augmented and intensified by the high-pressure life of our rushing civilization. But these Christian priests and editors, these lay mountebanks of the rostrum—what can be said severe enough in condemnation of their trickery and trifling, of their gambling with truth and "wresting of scripture," of their covert insinuations and bold slanders, of their audacious denials of the most palpable facts, and their persistent teaching of the manifestly absurd? Alas! they are the victims of their own creed. "God wrote the Bible," says that creed; and so they are driven to the desperate resort of making it say just the things which it does not, in truth, say; of covering up, evading, allegorizing, perverting; indulging in all sorts of demagogery, unworthy even of the lowest ward politician. Who can estimate the evil of all kinds which this dogma of inspiration has brought upon the world? Behold the spectacle of these cultured ladies of the W. C. T. U., loving and earnest in their labor in behalf of the victims of *dipsomania*, attempting to lead men to a better life, and themselves marshalled under the banner of "Christian Temperance," a flagrant and flaunting lie! How can they expect us to place confidence in them when we know that in every speech made, in every prayer uttered, in every song given to the air, untruth is rampant and regnant? Are they so blind as not to see—are they so foolish as to think—that we cannot see that if a God exist, and that God wrote the Bible, *he* will never grant their prayers for the suppression of the liquor traffic?

That the God who is assumed by the ladies of the W.C.T.U. and by Mr. Stevenson to have written the Bible was not a prohibitionist, did not believe in total abstinence, and was not even a friend of temperance, as temperance is defined by the most conservative of its advocates to-day, I now proceed to show, giving first, however, all that the book has to say which can, by the most liberal interpretation, be construed as supporting the claims of the Christian temperance workers and Bible apologists:

LIST A.—PASSAGES UNEQUIVOCALLY CONDEMNING THE USE OF WINE.

Prov. xx, 1: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Prov. xxi, 17: "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich."

Our writer must have thought that oil was indigestible, and productive of eruptive diseases, and, therefore, the cause of as much evil as was intoxication; else why did he include it in terms of equal opprobrium with wine? Only temperance people who are eschewers of fat food, as well as of wine, will fully coincide with the author of Proverbs in his opinion of wine and oil.

Prov. xxiii, 20: "Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh."

It seems incontestible that this writer was a vegetarian, but when quoting him our disingenuous Christian temperance people do not dwell much upon the anti-meat part of his teachings.

Prov. xxiii, 29–32: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not then upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the crop, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Isa. v, 22: "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

See criticisms on verses 8, 10, and 11 of this chapter, in list C.

Isa. xxviii, 1, 3, 7: "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valley of them that are overcome with wine. . . . The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet. . . . But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way, the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."

I think that these verses should have been, in strict justice, included in list C, but I am very willing to give the Bible the benefit of the doubt, and so I have placed them here. It is plain, however, that the censure is visited upon the excesses of the priests and prophets, and is in no sense a condemnation of what the people of that time regarded as a necessary and moderate use of stimulants, and upon which "God" has set the seal of his approval ten times

where he has, even conditionally and inferentially, disapproved of it once.

Hos. iii, 1: "Then said the Lord unto me, Go yet, love a woman beloved of her friend, yet an adulteress, according to the love of the Lord toward the children of Israel, who look to other gods, and love flagons of wine."

Hos. iv, 11: ". . . and wine take away the heart."

Hab. ii, 15: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."

This is the offense of the minister or of the deacon who passes the communion wine!

Four alone of the Old Testament writers utter an unequivocal condemnation of intoxicating drinks, and these only in a very few passages, while in at least an equal number they as unequivocally commend them,* Isaiah and Hosea saying more for than against, while the writers of Proverbs and Habakkuk lean the other way. Of the New Testament writers not *one* has clearly said that wine and strong drink are curses to the children of men. And yet our ears are continually dinned with an outcry about "Christian Temperance!"

LIST B.—PASSAGES COMMENDING OR ENJOINING THE USE OF WINE OR STRONG DRINK, OR BOTH, OR INCLUDING A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF WINE AMONG THE BLESSINGS TO BE BESTOWED UPON FAVORED INDIVIDUALS OR TRIBES, ETC.; OR INCLUDING THE DEPRIVATION OF IT AMONG THE PUNISHMENTS INFLICTED UPON THE DISOBEDIENT.

Jacob, blessing Judah, said (Gen. xlix, 11, 12): "Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes. His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk."

Doesn't look as though Yahweh, the "God of Jacob," thought wine a very bad article.

Num vi, 20: "After that the Nazarite may drink wine."

In Deut. vii, 13, God, through Moses, said to his chosen people: "And he will love thee, and bless thee, and multiply thee; and he will also bless the fruit of thy womb, and the fruit of thy land, thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil," etc., etc.

Just think of it, W. C. T. U. people, God has solemnly promised to bless his faithful children with an especially large vintage, a better vintage than that of their unbelieving neighbors! Rather rough on the heretic French and the Infidel Germans!

Deuteronomy xi, 14: "That I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thy oil."

Yahweh is determined that the supply of wine shall not fall short.

Deut. xiv, 26: "And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou, and thine household."

Rev. Mr. Stevenson to the box! Repeat your testimony, please. "I said that 'the education of the children of the Republic in temperance principles logically involves the maintenance in those schools of the Bible as the great text book in morals.'"

Deut. xv, 14: "Thou shalt furnish him liberally out of thy flock, and out of thy floor, and out of thy wine-press; of that wherewith the Lord thy God hath blessed thee thou shalt give unto him."

This is said regarding the manumitted Hebrew slave. And so it is a *blessing* for God to give the fruit of the wine-press to his children? And we are to emulate him?

It seems that God punishes his people by blasting their vineyards, and thus cutting short their supply of wine, as below:

Deut. xxviii, 39: "Thou shalt plant vineyards, and dress them, but thou shalt neither drink of the wine, nor gather the grapes, for the worms shall eat them."

Verse 51 of the same chapter tells the people that their cattle and wine and oil shall be taken from them if they disobey God's commands. This is the famous "cursing chapter" of the Bible, and is just the reading calculated to make a man believe that God was the first pope of Rome.

Deuteronomy is a very good book for the Woman's *Christian* Temperance Union, and I suggest that it hold a special meeting to pray for the evidently "rum"-loving god who wrote it. There is much other matter in it that helps to make it an admirable work for use in the schools.

Judges ix, 13: "And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

Ah! so it appears that God, the "original prohibitionist," according to the W. C. T. U., drinks wine, else how could it cheer him?

2 Sam. vi, 19: "And he dealt among all the people, even among the whole multitude of Israel, as well to the women as men, to every one a cake of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine."

Query: What would the *Christian* temperance ladies have done with that wine had they been present when David, the man after God's own heart, dealt it out to all, men as well as women?

2 Sam. xvi, 2: "And Ziba said, The asses be for the king's household to ride on; and the bread and summer fruit for the young men to eat; and the wine, that such as faint in the wilderness may drink."

In Kansas and Iowa many get "faint in the wilderness," judging by the business of the drug stores. No doubt they have all seen this prescription given by God.

2 Chron. ii, 10: "And behold, I will give to thy servants, the hewers that cut timber, twenty thousand measures of beaten wheat, and twenty thousand measures of barley, and twenty thousand baths of wine, and twenty thousand baths of oil!"

The article which Solomon, "the wisest of all men," gave to the servants of the king of Tyre in one-fourth payment for their labor in preparing the temple which he built to the Lord, was probably especially blessed by the Lord for that use, and so rendered non-intoxicating, else we must conclude that he pays those who build houses for him in what friend St. John would call "liquid damnation."

And inasmuch as Solomon was the wisest of all men (or God made a mistake when he so said), and the temple was for the said God, I am justified in concluding that this God regards wine as a legal tender, and so I put the above passage in this category as one in which God has sanctified the use of wine.

Neh. v, 11 (To the usurers): "Restore, I pray you, to them, even this day, their lands, their vineyards, their oliveyards, and their houses, also the hundredth part of the money, and of the corn, the wine, and the oil, that ye exact of them."

Neh. x, 39: "For the children of Israel and the children of Levi shall bring the offering of the corn, of the new wine, and the oil, and we will not forsake the house of our God.

Wine, old or "new," seems to have been always acceptable to "our God," whether tendered as a holy offering or otherwise.

"The Lord" makes wine, according to the Psalmist:

Psa. civ, 15: "And wine that making glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

If "the Lord" lived in Iowa, Lozier and Foster would have him arrested for violation of the new iron-clad prohibitory law.

Prov. iii, 10: "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

Prov. xxxi, 6, 7: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

In these two verses, the author of Proverbs has more than nullified all the good things he said in his earlier chapters, and which I have quoted in List A. I am quite sure that where *they* have prevented the drinking of one glass of wine or strong drink, these passages have led to the drinking of one thousand. And this is a mild statement of the case.

Eccl. ix, 7: "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works."

Song of Sol. i, 2: "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine."

From this we gather that, next to love, wine is the best thing in the world. This is the opinion of most bacchanalian experts, I believe. Solomon seems to have had much experience.

Song of Sol. v, 1: "I have churned my wine with my milk; eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O believers."

Is this the earliest mention of milk punch?

Song of Sol. viii, 2: "I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice my pomegranate." Metaphorical, undoubtedly.

Isa. i, 22: "Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water."

Have your wine full strength, as much as you would have your silver unalloyed, is the admonition of God's prophet.

Isa. xxiv, 7: "The new wine mourneth, the wine languisheth; all the merry-hearted do sigh."

One more in the long list of passages wherein it is said that God punished his chosen people by cutting off their vintage. What God regards as a real deprivation to lose must be good to have and to keep, in his opinion, whatever the W. C. T. U. people may think about it. Verse 9 says: "They shall not drink wine with a song; strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it." Verse 11: "There is a crying for wine in the streets; all joy is darkened; the mirth of the land is gone."

God thus punished them by taking away their wine, on the same principle that he punishes us by killing our children, as Christians say that he does. Will they contend that children are inherently an evil? They must if they follow the same line of reasoning that they do in interpreting these texts.

Isa. xxvii, 2, 3: "In that day sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

Figurative, doubtless! So is the next, but all the influence of these passages is on the side of intemperance, necessarily, for the simple reason that the great mass of the people will take them literally, and for the further reason that the constant association of wine with "good news" and symbols of religion familiarize the mind with it and serve to give it something of a sacred character. This last-mentioned fact helps to explain why the church so long opposed the modern temperance movement. But here is the passage above indicated, Isa. lv, 1: "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath mourning; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*See List B.

Mr. Stewart Might Find a Better Use for His Money.

From the Liberal, Mo., Liberal.

Our friend Wm. Gray wants us to name the "Liberal lecturer who offered $25.00 to help build" a church in Liberal. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER asked the same question through his columns, and others through private letters. We cheerfully comply with their wishes. It was Prof. C. W. Stewart, who is quite a prominent lecturer in the West, and at present located here in Liberal. From the good reports I had heard of his labors in Iowa, during the fall and winter, I must confess I was much astonished at his offer, though, to do him full justice, he said, after the senior editor's paragraph in these columns respecting the same, that he only offered $10 for a church here. But that does not change the principle at all.

However sincere Mr. Stewart may be in his offer, I think it a very serious mistake in anyone, and a strange paradox for a Freethought lecturer, to offer any sum to build a church anywhere on the earth. I am reminded here of an incident. One cold day in 1882 a thinly-clad colored woman called on my friend Mrs. Amy Post, in Rochester, N. Y., and solicited a contribution to build a church for her oppressed race. Mrs. Post, in her pleasant Quaker manner, refused. The colored lady, knowing of Mrs. Post's life-long labor for the negro, became very urgent, and said, "Giv me something, even one penny." I can still see the bright light in that brave and noble woman's eye as she replied with a steady firmness: "Not one penny for a church anywhere on this earth. I will giv you $5 for a public hall for free discussion or to alleviate your personal wants, but never a penny to suppress free speech, as all churches try to do."

I am in full accord with her and with Mr. Gray's article, "Let us hav Justice." All the crimes namable and unnamable are charged upon Spiritualists and Freethinkers by the churches, for no other reason than questioning their dogmas and uncovering the vice and iniquity dealt out to a gullible public under religious cloaks; so with him I say, Let us carry the war into Africa.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* "How great a fire a little matter kindleth!" You hav seen the attack made upon me in the *Liberal*, and Mr. Walser tells me that you wrote to him inquiring who it was that offered ten dollars toward building a church here.

The facts are as follows: Some time in February a number of us were discussing the narrowness of a certain class of Liberals, and I remarked that I was in favor of building up our town in every legitimate way; that it was about time to quit fighting each other, adding that it would be a good thing to hav a few Christians to combat, instead of elbowing each other so much. I said that I would giv ten dollars towards getting a church here, not that I believed in its doctrins, but because it would produce a healthy mental competition. Immediately the proprietor of the hotel, a radical Freethinker, indorsed the idea, and the entire company spoke favorably of it.

But my remark was carried to Mr. Walser and a well-meaning but misguided man named Chaapel, neither of whom likes me very well, because I do not fall in with the idea of turning our town into a Spiritual Mecca, and the week following the item appeared which caused your inquiry.

Now, I hav this to say, that if my labor in the cause of Freethought during the past fifteen years is not sufficient guaranty of my loyalty to its principles, I am unable to furnish a better one.

The secret of the matter is that I hav struck some pretty hard blows at the "Anarchistic" idea, and the promiscuity hobby, and a few of the brethren, unable to answer me, hav resorted to the bigot's weapon, persecution. I hav also severely criticised the bigotry of a certain class of alleged Liberals, and they are angry about it.

Feeling that you were perhaps unacquainted with the fact that this town has been dominated, to its detriment, by the above-mentioned spirit, and that a one-idead town is, like a one-idead man, generally a failure, I thought it proper to say this much by way of explanation.

We hav an excellent class of people here, many of whom silently agree with me in my opinion concerning the status of the town. And I will conclude by saying that, happily, the backbone of crankism and illiberality is about broken, and soon all inharmonious elements will "pass to spirit life."

Very truly, C. W. STEWART.

Liberal, Mo., April 2, 1886.

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SATURDAY, - - - APRIL 17, 1886.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR RENEWALS, and we hope all will be prompt. If we are to print pictures each week, the subscription list must be lengthened. That those inclined to help add to the list may find it no hard matter, we make the following low terms:

Single subscription	$3 00
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Will not everyone, in renewing, try to get at least one new subscriber, thus saving money for themselvs and helping us?

And in renewing inclose 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

Woman Suffrage.

There is a bill before the Senate at Washington providing for the admission to the Union, as a state, of Washington Territory. Under the present laws of that territory women are voters. When the bill came up for discussion in the Senate last week, a mossback Solon from Louisiana, Mr. Eustis, moved to amend by confining the right of suffrage to male citizens. The only argument he advanced to support his motion worth reporting was that if women are allowed to vote in the proposed new state, it might send a female senator to Washington.

Well, what of it? We guarantee that no woman who would be selected could be more incapable than some of the present senators, and the chances are a hundred to one that, whatever woman was chosen, she would be more moral—less given to cold tea and mistresses—more incorruptible, and less liable to pass unconstitutional measures, than the members of the present body. Besides, women hav just as good a right to make the laws they must obey as men hav.

There is one good trait in the character of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. He believes in woman suffrage on principle, and not merely to be amiable to the ladies. Mr. Hoar reminded Mr. Eustis that as a Democrat and supporter of state rights he was inconsistent. The proposition to disfranchise the women of Washington Territory was destructiv of the fundamental principles of republican liberty; the power of electing representativs, and of being elected such, was an essential principle of liberty. The senator from Louisiana and his party friends, who had been in the habit of invoking this principle in connection with states' rights and in defense of slavery, now denied it against the free and fair decision of the people themselvs of Washington Territory. According to all American principles of government the people of Washington Territory had a perfect right to regulate suffrage in their own territory.

Senator Platt, of Connecticut, agreed with Senator Hoar that the people of the territory had a right to manage their civil affairs in their own way. Senator Edmunds, also, saw no force in Mr. Eustis's argument. He defended the right of the women to vote in the proposed state, and said it would be as logical to propose that men should be disfranchised, and that only women should vote.

Senators Hoar, Platt, and Edmunds are clear-headed in this matter; we only wish they might talk as sensibly on all other questions. Edmunds can see the unconstitutionality of disfranchising citizens of a territory, but he will not admit the monstrous tyranny of disfranchising and robbing a larger body of people because of a fanatical breaking of law by a small portion of them.

Truly, our law-makers hav curiously-constructed heads.

Philosophical Beasts.

The last issue of *Liberty* contains a hot defense of the philosophical Anarchists against the practical gentlemen who claim to belong to that school of thought. Mr. Tucker givs currency to the doubtless unfounded report that Henri Rochefort said to an interviewer that "Anarchists are merely criminals. They are robbers. They want no government whatever, so that, when they meet you on the street, they can knock you down and rob you," and retorts, "You lie!" when this definition of Anarchy is applied to those who only "deny all external authority over the individual, whether that of the present state or that of some industrial collectivity or commune which the future may produce." We can scarcely credit the report that Henri Rochefort uttered the words attributed to him, for he is usually thought of as a man of common sense, with the fairness to discriminate between thinkers like Bakounine and footpads who rob foes and swindle friends indiscriminately. Mr. Tucker, however, goes on, in the interest of the mental Anarchists, to expose the practical Anarchists such as Rochefort describes. He says that "in the face of all logic and consistency, the word Anarchy has been usurped by a party of *Communists* who believe in a tyranny worse than any that now exists, who deny to the laborer the individual possession of his product, and who preach to their followers the following doctrin: 'Private property is your enemy; it is the beast that is devouring you; all wealth belongs to everybody; take it wherever you can find it; hav no scruples about the means of taking it; use dynamite, the dagger, or the torch to take it; kill innocent people to take it; but, at all events, take it.'" Mr. Tucker charges that in carrying out this rather destructiv program the Anarchist-Communists of New York hav engaged in incendiarism as a business. Here is his indictment:

"For nearly two years a large number of the most activ members of the German Group of the International Working People's Association in New York city, and of the Social Revolutionary Club, another German organization in that city, hav been persistently engaged in getting money by insuring their property for amounts far in excess of the real value thereof, secretly removing everything that they could, setting fire to the premises, swearing to heavy losses, and exacting corresponding sums from the insurance companies. Explosion of kerosene lamps is usually the device which they employ. Some seven or eight fires, at least, of this sort were set in New York and Brooklyn in 1884 by members of the gang, netting the beneficiaries an aggregate profit of thousands of dollars. In 1885 nearly twenty more were set, with equally profitable results. The record for 1886 has reached six already, if not more. The business has been carried on with the most astonishing audacity. One of these men had his premises insured, fired them, and presented his bill of loss to the company within twenty-four hours after getting his policy, and before the agent had reported the policy to the company. The bill was paid, and a few months later the same fellow, under another name, played the game over again, though not quite so speedily. In one of the fires set in 1885 a woman and two children were burnt to death. The two guilty parties in this case were members of the Bohemian Group and are now serving life sentences in prison. Another of the fires was started in a six-story tenement house, endangering the lives of hundreds, but fortunately injuring no one but the incendiary. In one case in 1886 the firemen hav saved two women whom they found clinging to their bedposts in a half-suffocated condition. In another a man, woman, and baby lost their lives. Three members of the gang are now in jail awaiting trial for murdering and robbing an old woman in Jersey City. Two others are in jail under heavy bail and awaiting trial for carrying concealed weapons and assaulting an officer. They were walking arsenals, and were found under circumstances which lead to the suspicion that they were about to perpetrate a robbery, if not a murder."

Mr. Tucker complains that the individuals acquiring wealth in this manner do not use the profits "for the benefit of the movement to which the criminals belong," but that the increase "goes to fill their own empty pockets," and is "often spent in reckless, riotous living." John Most, Mr. Tucker charges, while in no wise the originator of this not altogether novel method of making a living, nor in any way a beneficiary of the scheme, is responsible for not denouncing the gang in the columns of the *Freiheit*. Mr. Tucker allows that for a long time Mr. Most was ignorant of what is going on, but when made acquainted with the facts, Mr. Tucker says, he has refused to repudiate the criminals, but persists in retaining as his right-hand men some of the worst of them. Another count in the indictment of Mr. Most is that he posts Justus Schwab—whom Mr. Tucker labels "an exceptionally honest man"—in the *Freiheit* as a man with whom no Socialist should hav anything to do. These are the important facts in *Liberty's exposé* of a wing of the so-called Anarchists.

We hav given this space to the matter for two reasons. The first is that Mr. Tucker calls upon the press of the country to pass the exposure along, that the Anarchistic goats may be separated from the Anarchistic sheep. The second reason is, to defend the Anarchists from this horrible charge of one of their own number, and also to defend the Communists from the same accusation. Mr. Tucker's heading his exposure, "The Beast of Communism," and his direct assertion that these firebugs are "a party of Communists," are as wilfully wrong, as maliciously misleading, and smacking as much of party dishonesty as the assumption by the gang of criminal beasts of the title either of Anarchists or Communists. The true condition of the matter, as we understand it from having been a humble private in the labor ranks of this city for some time, is this:

There are a lot of men in this city, mostly foreigners, who hav for years been more or less conspicuous in the "labor movement," holding meetings in lager-beer halls, and calling themselvs Socialists, Anarchists, Communists. In the vacuum in their heads which they are pleased to term their minds, these words are interconvertible. It is our opinion that they do not know enough to know the meaning of either of these words, and for some reason—probably from selfish motivs—their leaders hav never seen fit to enlighten them. But these men do not in any sense or manner represent the labor movement, nor hav they even a legitimate part in it. Go to any labor leader in the city, from the chief executiv to the most recently initiated Knight of Labor, and ask about them, and the reply will be, "We don't know them; they are none of us." These, then, are the fellows, the Ishmaelites of labor, against whom Mr. Tucker's charges are brought. They are not Anarchists, except as any common thief is an Anarchist, doing what he pleases with impunity. The real Anarchist, as we grasp the meaning of the term, is one who accepts the doctrin of individual sovereignty, with individual effort as the base and means of all progress, but always limiting the individual's right by the equal rights of others. This limitation absolutely precludes any such invasion as the firebugs described by Mr. Tucker hav been guilty of. Rightly, they can no more be called Anarchists than a thief "on principle" can be termed a supporter of the rights of property. For the practical working of Anarchy we are unable to refer to any published scheme.

The Socialist is the man at the other end of the philosophical and governmental cord. He rejects Josiah Warren's doctrin of individual sovereignty, and would create a paternal government, which shall conduct the business of the country and see to it that all hav employment and consequent plenty. An outline of the program of the Socialists may be gleaned from Grönlund's "Social Commonwealth."

The Communist, opposed directly to the Anarchist, and in some measure to the Socialist, lays the greater emphasis upon the brotherhood of man, and believes that in the extension of the family lies the remedy for the labor and other social troubles. The Communist believes in very little government, and that advisory by councils of the communes, but holds that public works shall be owned by all, and individual support guaranteed by all, provided each individual performs his share of useful labor. A comprehensiv and entertaining practical plan of this social philosophy may be found in "Rational Communism."

From the foregoing, if we hav clearly stated the positions of the parties, the opponents of Anarchy may see how unjust is the general public clamor against the Anarchists. And we sincerely hope that Mr. Tucker will also see that his attack upon Communism is equally unjust. The true representativs of these three schools of social reformers in this city—which is the scene of the deviltry revealed by Mr. Tucker—are men of scholarly attainments, of depth of thought, of probity, and many of them possessors of material wealth, gained by their own honest exertions. The author of "Rational Communism" is a gentleman possessing large wealth, a clear head, and a big heart. To connect his social scheme in the remotest degree with the firebugs of the Bowery is as

unjust as to lay upon the Anarchistic editors of *Liberty* the responsibility of the Phœnix Park murders.

But let us for a moment leave aside all this, and suppose there were a society of Communists in this city, some members of which had been guilty of the crimes charged by Mr. Tucker. Even then he would not be justified in saying that for such acts Communism is responsible. These fellows are acting, if the indictment is a true one, in their individual capacity, exercising the individual sovereignty side of Anarchy, but unrestrained by the other side which limits their acts to those not trenching upon others' rights. The main body could not be held responsible for such acts, unless by a vote of the members it had sanctioned them. The commission of crimes by these individuals would only show that their philosophy had made them no better men, precisely as the crimes of professing Christians prove that the Christian religion is not a sufficient restraining moral force. As there is no logic in contending that the peculations of a pious cashier prove the dishonesty of the whole bank directorate, so there is no point gained against the principles of Communism by charging that an individual Communist has been found guilty of arson. Mr. Tucker has been unfair, and he should apologize to the Communists, or the next time a conflict comes between the police and some gentleman who denies "all external authority over the individual," the press of the country can not be blamed if they head the item recording the conflict, "The Beast of Anarchy."

We agree wholly with neither of the three parties whose positions we hav briefly and, of course, inadequately outlined, but fair play is a brilliant of attractiv form and color, and in passing Mr. Tucker's exposure along we could do no less than point out, as we hav often done before, the errors his onesidedness leads him into.

Two Statutes.

"And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God."—Lev. xix, 33, 34.

This statute contains the principle abundantly repeated by Christ in his gospel.—*Independent.*

"Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself: thou shalt giv it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien: for thou art a holy people unto the Lord my God."—Deut. xiv, 21."

What does this statute contain?

Fighting Preachers.

Since the year opened three army chaplains hav been retired for age and three new ones appointed. The treasury, however, is not rid of the retiring men. They will continue to draw pay at the rate of about $150 per month each, while the new appointees will liv in such luxury as $125 per month affords.

One retired chaplain has just caused the House Military Committee some annoyance, if we may judge from the language of its adverse report on his bill for relief:

"The claim has been persistently pressed by a large number of very respectable people, who put their support upon personal grounds, and very largely upon sentiment, because of the clerical profession of the claimant and the supposed sufferings and hardship he has undergone. If Congress was purely an eleemosynary corporation, and its members were selected as public almoners, the reasons presented might hav considerable weight, but to us, as legislators and trustees of the public funds, whose duty it is to see that they are applied to the purposes for which they were collected, the legitimate expenses of the government, they only show how readily people become generous in their sentiments and sympathies when the disbursement recommended is to be made from funds other than their own, and the responsibility for the appropriation falls upon others than themselvs. The Forty-eighth Congress, tired and worn out by the repeated and persistent efforts of the claimant and his friends, passed an act under which Chaplain Blake received and accepted credit for $5,454.55, which sum had before that time been a charge against him for overpayment that had been made to him. This donation seems only to hav whetted the appetite of the claimant, and he now returns, 'like Oliver, asking for more.' Your committee feel that he has been generously dealt by in the past, and are unwilling to reopen his account and extend him further generosity. They therefore report the bill adversely."

Mr. Blake, it seems, overdrew his pay by a few thousands of dollars, and then induced Congress to make him a present of the amount. This is an exceedingly polite way of stealing, and the still healthy state of Mr. Blake's nerves is developed in his request for more. It might be well to giv him the keys of the treasury vaults and ask him to help himself. If the task of carrying off all the money in the treasury proves beyond his strength, there are enough churchmen in the country to help him.

Editorial Notes.

In the course of a lachrymose editorial upon the passage by the Assembly of the bill granting the museums in the park $20,000 annually, providing their doors are open on Sunday, the *Christian Advocate* reveals that every Methodist minister in this city protested against the passing of the bill, and asks its readers throughout the state to scan the list of those voting for and against it. "In maintaining the institution of a Christian civilization," saith the *Advocate*, "we need to be supported by the Christian sentiment of the whole state." We should like to ask what a Christian in Buffalo has got to do with the local institutions of this city. New York supports these museums, and New York ought to govern them.

In opposing Sunday opening of the museums, the trustees hav posed as public benefactors, and alleged that their institutions are the property of private gentlemen who are devoting their fortunes to the good of the race. They should therefore be let alone. Yet we notice that what the people get from the museums they are required to pay extra for. For a long time a lecture course has been maintained at the American Museum of Natural History. Professor Bickmore, the lecturer, has instructed thousands in natural history, zoology, comparativ anatomy, physical geography, and other sciences, and the Saturday afternoon talks hav been in every way admirable. But it rather astonishes a public used to the philanthropic claims of the trustees of the museum to find last week a bill passing the Assembly appropriating from the New York school fund $18,000 to pay for such lectures. The trustees should either be milder in their claims or visit the public treasury less frequently.

A certain Michigan clergyman, feeling it incumbent upon him to answer Remsburg, recently addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Tevis, of the M. E. church at Atchison, desiring to know what Mr. Remsburg's standing in the community was, what his domestic relations were, etc. Being but little acquainted in the place, Dr. Tevis applied to the editor of the *Champion*, Governor Martin's paper, for the desired information. He received the following reply: "Mr. Remsburg entertains some theological opinions which I do not indorse, and if your clerical friend can demolish them I shall be glad to hav him do so. But if he has no better arguments than those he is evidently hoping to obtain from Atchison he had better assign the task to a more competent man. Tell your friend that Mr. Remsburg has been a respected citizen of this state for eighteen years; that during this time the people hav elected him to offices of trust and honor, and that, so far as his domestic relations are concerned, he stands above reproach."

What an eye heaven must hav! Actress Maude Stewart died at the rooms of Actor Frederick de Belleville, Sunday night, the 4th inst. Mr. De Belleville's grief over his loss was great and sincere. The couple were not married, though Mr. De Bellville said to a friend that they would hav been "if it had been possible for him to wed her according to law. But there were two women who would make him trouble, and Maude was already the wife of Ed Marble. In the sight of heaven, however, they were man and wife." Miss Stuart, or Mrs. Marble, was Mr. De Belleville's third affinity; he was her second. These folks are not freelovers, but only children of the world and Christians, therefore heaven had its eye upon them, and it was all right. But if they had been "freelovers" what a moral might hav been pointed!

By strict attention to business, Eli Perkins has won the enviable reputation of being a talented liar. He has also won cash. One of his ways of winning the latter article is to lecture for Sunday-schools and churches; and to procure these engagements he sends out a large advertising sheet filled with recommendations and quotations from his writings. A strong point with him is the "showing of the sophistry of the Infidel," in which he quotes a minister as thanking him for telling "how to handle Ingersoll and Infidelity." This is all very well; Mr. Ingersoll and the Infidels can stand it; but Mr. Perkins might hav a more honest title to defender of the faith if he ceased to print among the extracts from his own writings a very much mangled paragraph from Colonel Ingersoll's "Man, Woman, and Child." Dishonest Christians are common enough, and Mr. Perkins's precedure elicits no surprise, but when some of his ministerial friends find him out explanations will be awkward.

Judge Parker, of the United States District Court for the western district of Arkansas, has sentenced some seven unfortunates to be hanged by the neck till dead at Fort Smith, on April 23, 1886. This happens to be Good Friday, the day commemorated as the anniversary of the crucifixion of Christ, and a Southern crank wants the judge to postpone the execution so as to respect the "religious sentiment of the country." Hanging is the worst possible use a man can be put to, but if he has got to hang, Good Friday is as good a day as any. Besides, the man whose execution it recalls was crucified as a seditious person.

With its issue of April 14th, the *Investigator* entered upon its fifty-sixth volume, and the forty-ninth with Messrs. Mendum and Seaver as managers. We wish our two greatly-esteemed friends many more years of activ work, and all manner of prosperity for the paper. The *Investigator* is emphatically a good Infidel journal.

There is a general fear among the religious press that if the bill giving the museums extra money for opening on Sundays shall pass the Senate and be signed by the governor the religious fervor of the trustees will not be proof against the temptation to obtain this money. These gentlemen seem to be acquainted with each other.

Upon "Adami and Heva," the *Southland* says, Mr. Putnam may rest his reputation as a poet. "If Mr. Putnam, the author, had written nothing else, it would entitle him to take rank among the foremost of our living poets." Yet, as ever since its publication, we shall continue to mail the poem for ten cents.

The *Mt. Desert Herald*, of Bar Harbor, Me., will please accept our thanks for courtesies extended. The *Herald*, we may add, for the information of our Maine subscribers, is a first-class weekly local journal with an Infidel editor.

The Montreal *Witness* says that the sacrilegious act of the city of Paris in removing the name of the deity from the primers used in the Parisian schools will certainly meet with divine vengeance. This, of course, is authoritativ.

A new thirty-two page quarto catalog of the Truth Seeker Company's publications has just been printed, and will be sent free upon application.

Lectures and Meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Reynolds will be in Toronto, Canada, during May. Mrs. Reynolds will lecture there on Sunday, May 2d, giving "A Woman's Reasons for the Gospel of Humanity. May 9th Mr. Reynolds will preside at the "Trial of Satan," and endeavor to determin whether he is really black or only so painted by the theologians. Mrs. Reynolds will speak again on the 16th, and the 23d will be used by Mr. Reynolds. Previous to his visit to Toronto Mr. Reynolds will make a trip to Michigan. Canadian societies desiring his services will please address him care of J. Harrison, 77 Richmond street, West, Toronto.

J. E. Remsburg, having filled his engagements in Missouri, now goes to Texas, where he will deliver fifty lectures. His dates, as far as arranged, are as follows:

Denison	Fri., Apr. 16th.
Trenton	Sat., Sun., 17th, 18th.
Terrell	Tues., Wed., Thur., 20th, 21st, 22d.
Dallas	Fri., 23d.
Henrietta	Sat., Sun., 24th, 25th.
Fort Worth	Mon., Tues., Wed., 26th, 27th, 28th.
Corsicana	Thur., Fri., Sat., 29th, 30th, May 1st.
Kerens	Sun., Mon., 2d, 3d.
Waco	Wed., 5th.
Norse	Thur., Fri., 6th, 7th.
Granbury	Sat., Sun., 8th, 9th.
San Antonio	Tues., Wed., Thur., 11th, 12th, 13th.
Austin	Fri., 14th.
Walnut	Sat., Sun., 15th, 16th.
Houston	Mon., 17th.
Livingston	Tues., 18th.
Moscow	Wed., Thur., 19th, 20th.
Henderson	Sat., Sun., 22d, 23d.

Friendship Liberal League held a meeting in the hall at Ninth street and Girard avenue, Sunday evening, April 4th. Professor William D. Atkinson delivered a lecture on "Paleolithic Man of the Stone Age." He said: "If it had not been for the discovery of implements of flint, stone, and bone, the paleolithic age would hav been an utter blank and paleolithic man would hav passed into oblivion. These stone sermons show the utter littleness of the dogma of man's recent civilization. The man of the paleolithic age experienced the glacial period. He attained his summit in that period and then passed away and a new man made his appearance. The paleolithic age then gave place to the neolithic age, or more particularly the reindeer period, called so on account of the numerous remains of reindeer that hav been found in England, Italy, and France. As the reindeer never abounds in the tropics, this proves that the glacial period extended far into the stone age. As the glacial period receded the reindeer and the paleolithic man receded with it. I believe to-day that the Esquimau is the descendant of the paleolithic man. The reindeer was to him as it is to the Laplander to-day—the most precious gift of nature." The professor with the aid of the magic lantern showed several scenes from these two periods.

W. S. Bell writes: "I left Chicago on the 5th inst. for the small town of Cherokee, near the northwestern corner of the state of Iowa, where I arrived next morning, and was met at the cars by our Liberal friend, Mr. Charles Goldsbury, a very prominent man and activ Liberal. The people here hav never heard a Liberal lecture, and, as a matter of course, the pious sort are scandalized, and don't see why such persons as Infidels are allowed to speak against the Bible and the church. I hav publicly offered to debate with any of the ministers of the town, but none of them can be induced to stand up for Jesus. If they do they want to stand up in the coward's castle, the pulpit, where they are in no danger. There was a time whan the cloth would show fight, a time when they would defend the church of the living God, but that time now seems to be past. A minister said to me the other day that he did not think any good would come out of such a discussion. I replied, Let me tell you a little fable: A hen went into the stall of a horse and said to him that she would not tread on his feet if he would not tread on hers; 'For,' she added, 'no good can come out of our tramping on each other's feet.' Wise old hen, wasn't she? I hav given three lectures here to crowded houses, which is a source of great pleasure to the speaker. My new lecture on 'Anti-prohibition,' which I hav recently published, creates quite a great deal of discussion in this state, especially where they now hav an ironclad prohibition law. But it does not work. It is not a success and cannot be. I shall return to Chicago in a few days." Mr. Bell's address is 302 State st., Chicago, Illinois.

Letters from Friends.

KENT, O., April 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having just read Chas. Remhard's strictures upon THE TRUTH SEEKER'S management for introducing "repulsiv" pictures to its readers, I feel impelled to tell our yesterday's experience. Mr. B. F. Conaway, a former TRUTH SEEKER subscriber, who has been influenced to again renew because he appreciates your picture arguments, in company with the writer dedicated the day to TRUTH SEEKER work. Armed with Bishop Spalding's illustrated quotation and the telling cartoon, "Where Moses Was When the Light Went Out," of your last issue, we went forth to win new friends for your paper, and in seven hours we secured as many new subscribers. On another day the writer visited Ravenna equipped with the cartoon, "A Contribution to the Irish Question," which was shown to fair-minded men, and in six half-hours your subscription-list and our club were aided by the addition of six new names and the necessary cash. Without exception, all saw the force and appropriateness of the illustrated argument. Notwithstanding all objections, giv me the illustrated TRUTH SEEKER when I am called upon to work to gain new subscribers, for without their aid the work of canvassing is doubled.

Yours for wise illustration of THE TRUTH SEEKER,

MARIUS HEIGHTON.

FOREST GROVE, OR., Feb. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3.25, for which you will please forward to my address for another year THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

Yes, I intend to take the fearless, outspoken, Catholic-demolishing, Protestant-leveling, grand old TRUTH SEEKER as long as reason holds its seat, and I intend to pay for it too. But if anything should happen that I could not pay for it, I most certainly would write to you and accept your generous offer to pay when I could. But I hope you won't find many reduced to these extremities. There are lots of Liberals here, but somehow or other they do not appear to patronize Liberal papers very well. I can't account for it. It is not for the lack of filthy lucre, I know, for many are in affluent circumstances. I think there must be a power behind the throne or something of that sort. Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So might not like it, and then the devil would be to pay. I hav very little patience with such. Your illustrations are just grand. The idea of Thomas Paine's works outweighing Beecher and Talmage, the old pope, cross and all, is surely good enough; and then the imploring look of Paddy with his knee-breeches and hands clasped in agony looking after the wind-bags is another good one. You hav undoubtedly struck the keynote in thus illustrating THE TRUTH SEEKER. A great many people like to read pictures, and children especially so. The paper will now reach that class, and there is no predicting the results for good and the spread of Liberal views, which I think are the only rational ones, and which I think will hav to come to the front or our nation and liberties will be swept into oblivion. Every TRUTH SEEKER that I get has got to do missionary work. I keep them going. This makes the bigots nervous, but then I am serene and happy. THOS. G. TODD.

WEST WINFIELD, N. Y., March 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I will say right here that I am well pleased with your paper, also the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUALS. I hav taken three years' ANNUALS and bound them together with a small copper wire, and now they make a valuable book—the portraits of our own and foreign writers and speakers make it valuable to me. D. E. F. BEALS.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., April 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As the success of any journal depends upon what its patrons think of it, and as some hav taken occasion to speak out against the cartoons, I wish to giv my opinion also, which is in favor of the illustrations for many reasons. First, they show up theology in its true light, and to many that otherwise would never see it as it really is, absurd and spurious. George Krahmer, in No. 14, has some objection to the cartoons and apologizes for them to his friends, one of whom says, "The picture was horrible." "This," he says, "has not encouraged me to solicit much since, especially among the ladies." Now we hav never yet seen any pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER we thought more horrible to ladies than to gentlemen. Horrible! they are, we admit. But is not the thing they represent also horrible? It is impossible to make a nice picture of an ugly thing. The picture of "The Surprise Party" is both horrible and ridiculous, but we think not so much so as the damnable idea and falsehood it represents. "The Journey of Jonah" is not more ridiculous than the Bible account of the same, which is gulped down by many as easily as the fish swallowed Jonah. The picture of the pope is no more horrible than his rule. Brother Krahmer further says (and he has a right to his say and opinion, as any one): "I fail to learn how these pictures are to be productiv of any good," etc. Well, first they reach the eyes of the children, and rouse a curiosity that the paper otherwise never could; they are quickly read and understood. Since the cartoons hav appeared my neighbors' (church-members) children hav been anxious to see them, and come to see "what is in THE TRUTH SEEKER this week;" and such questions as the following are asked: "Could a man liv three days in a fish's belly? What is sheol? Who built it? Who made the devil?" and many other of a like nature which we take pleasure in answering to the best of our ability, and the unanimous opinion is that "the Bible is a funny book and God a mighty mean man or thing." "Why not hav pictures in astronomy, geology, or botany, which would be more instructiv?" In answer we will say that such pictures are numerous elsewhere, and those given in THE TRUTH SEEKER nowhere else, and to make successful students of astronomy or geology they must first unlearn theology, which can be done in no better or speedier way than by studying the illustrations of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Therefore, we vote for their continuance. H. H. HUTCHESON.

ROCHELLE, ILL., April 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In view of the extended trip our worthy secretary now contemplates making in the "far West" and among strangers, I feel it a duty incumbent on me, for the benefit of those who will soon hav the pleasure of meeting him, to relate shortly the impression he made among all of us while here a few days.

Well, we enjoyed it thoroughly, and his visit was delightful. Our orthodox friends who attended the lectures hav now had occasion to learn that we hav indeed an intellectual and moral basis for our "new religion," something they never dreamed of before. His first lecture, "The Demands of Humanity," was good, but the second one, "The New Heaven and Earth," was grand. His manner of delivery is very agreeable, fluent, and earnest, showing entire self-possession, and using neither manuscript, notes, table, or pulpit. He spoke nearly two hours, holding the entire audience spell-bound. I hav heard Phillips, Beecher, Tilton, Ingersoll, and many other famous orators, but, intellectually, hav never been better entertained in my life. This lecture covers nearly the whole ground of the Liberal work laid out, is bubbling over with sound argument, grand and self-evident truths, clinching logic; meets all the popular clamor and objections against the Secular movement, and presents our aim and philosophy in a light so reasonable and beautiful that, wherever delivered, it cannot help but do a vast amount of good, and largely increase the degree of respect and charity now entertained by Christian neighbors toward us. Wherever only one lecture is to be delivered, I trust our friends "out West" will select this.

Socially Brother Putnam is as genial and interesting as any guest it has ever been my privilege to entertain. He seems to be favored by Mother Nature with a free-and-easy disposition, a sound constitution, and that greatest of all blessings, a good liver, and has the very agreeable faculty of being "at home" wherever he is entertained.

I cordially recommend him, socially and intellectually, to the protection of our Western friends. OTTO WETTSTEIN.

LANTON, MO., March 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: After many months' delay, I once more wish to say a few words to your readers. For the last five months the vicissitudes of life with myself and wife hav been very different from our previous married life, consisting of some over thirty-six years. We left our home at St. Johns, Ill., the 22d of October last, on a visit. We first visited a brother in this (Howell) county, Mo. From here we visited another brother, in Ozark county, Mo. From there we went to Jackson county, Ark., where livs another brother. It had been nearly twenty-one years since I had been with this one, who resides in Arkansas, and near twenty-five since I had seen the one who livs in this county. We landed back home the 16th of December, and commenced to make preparations to emigrate to our present place of residence, which was consummated on the 18th of February.

The design of coming to this rocky, rough country was in order to be benefited in health, our health having been very bad for several years. It is true, we feel somewhat lonely in our new locality, being isolated from all our children, and many Liberal friends left behind. But so is life, and a thought presents itself to me that our experience recently has been similar to one of old, whose perambulating excursions are recorded in that book called the word of God. I now refer to his Satanic majesty, who on many occasions when the sons of the Lord congregated together (no doubt to discuss plans for an expedition of plunder and murder)—any way, Satan was possessed of cheek and curiosity sufficient to present himself also, and, on being asked, "Whence comest thou?" answered, From walking to and fro up and down the earth. So hav we been traveling up and down on the cars, and hav come in contact with many differently-constituted minds, and hav been confirmed in my partially-previous opinion that, if Christianity is not a disease, it is something detrimental to progress, and consequently to happiness.

Saturday, Feb. 13th, at 8 P.M., our able friend, W. S. Bell, delivered an address at the City Hall, Du Quoin, Ill., to the organization of the K. of L., which, so far as I could learn, gave satisfaction. By the way, let me say that Brother Bell is an easy and fluent speaker. In addition to this he is a very congenial companion in conversation. It has been my good fortune to hear him deliver two lectures, seven years ago, at Du Quoin, also two this visit he made us. In February his second lecture was on the afternoon of the 14th, at the schoolhouse of St. John's, Ill. His subject was "Liberty and Morality." An English friend, who is pretty well versed on general subjects, said to me it was the best lecture he ever heard. Being now located in a part of the state of Missouri where no Freethinker's voice has ever been heard in public, I fear that we will not hav the pleasure of ever seeing Brother Bell again in earth life; and as for a prospectiv future, Brother Bell and myself hav not yet learned sufficient to pretend to giv any information, or speculate, or dogmatize. As yet to us that is an unknown region. But I will say this, that, if I am situated where we at present are not benefited by Freethought lecturers, while I hav the gift of speech, and occasion requires it, I will be heard in private conversation maintaining truth against error.

I hav not time to wait to learn whether so-called Infidelity is popular or unpopular in the vicinity of my new location. It is enough for me to know that Christianity is a gigantic fraud to oppose the blighting influence. Neither hav I time or patience to enter into the insignificant fault-finding between Materialist and Spiritualist. Oh, how long will it take for those claiming to be Liberals to be emancipated from the dregs of religious prejudice? At the risk of being thought dictatorial, I will say to my Brother Materialists, we hav no fight, or at least we should hav none, with our brothers and sisters of the Spiritualist persuasion. Are not a great majority of them doing as good and noble work in the field of Liberalism as we Materialists are? It appears to me anyone whose mind is stored with a general knowledge in regard to the matter, and is not contracted with some pet hobby, can discover this fact. Although I hav not yet learned that we will survive the dissolution of the body, or that spirits exist and can communicate, I think it would be presumptuous in me to say no one else has ever learned those things. No, I will leave those responsibilities for more daring ones to perform. I am not yet prepared for such an emergency. I greatly desire to see those claiming the name Liberals grow out and stand above such ostracism. Some among both wings of Liberalism are even so sensitiv as to seem to be jealous of our worthy editor, insinuating that he is partial in publishing letters. Now, I lay no claim to extra insight, but I do take great care to read the items of correspondence, and, for the life of me, I cannot discover wherein Brother Macdonald fails to do his duty as one among the most impartial editors I hav ever read the writings of. On this subject I will now giv you all a rest, hoping never to hav occasion to refer to it again, for to me it is by no means pleasant.

I read with pleasure the letter of our esteemed co-worker, Dr. York, who is battling against superstition in a foreign land; also the letter of Mrs. York. No doubt in my mind we hav hundreds of Liberal women who would be an honor to our cause as writers if they would only apply themselvs to that work. I received two letters from Mrs. Mellie Newkirk, of Illinois, last fall, just previous to starting on our visit. We took the letters with us, and took pride in presenting them to our relativs and friends, in order that they could see the intelligence of women who were developed from the clutches of the church and teachings of priestcraft. I do think that women that are so gifted should feel it at least a duty to giv to the public more of the productions of their fruitful minds.

Dear old TRUTH SEEKER, it has been several months since I hav said anything through your columns, which to me and family hav became so very dear that it seems to us to be essential to our happiness to read its pages, which we hav been doing over twelve years.

My subscription expires the 4th of April. Inclosed you will find $2, which will pay to Jan. 1, 1887; also $1, for which send me the ANNUAL for 1886; also the "Order of Creation" and "Bible Morals," all included, $3.

Wishing you a long and useful life, I remain

Yours fraternally, WM. A. THOMPSON.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., March 31, 286.

MR. EDITOR: You will see by your books that I hav long been a reader of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER—grand for many reasons. First, because D. M. Bennett, its first editor, was a noble specimen of humanity. He had that integrity of purpose that caused him to face a thirteen months' imprisonment in Albany penitentiary in the interest of truth, science, and a free press, rather than truckle to that iniquity of all iniquities—the Christian church, that fruitful mother of superstition, ignorance, and crime. It was too late in the nineteenth century to pile the green wood about the grand old hero's body, so they did the next best thing they could under the circumstances. I hav been well pleased with the course pursued by THE TRUTH SEEKER editor in this. He seems to giv a respectful attention to all phases of Liberal thought. The reports of the Manhattan Liberal Club, I think, are especially interesting. When will the Christian minister standing in a Christian pulpit dare invite a ten minutes' criticism from his audience of his last hour's mystification of the word of God. I think the Tent enterprise of last season, whether a financial success or not, is one of the best ways of reaching a class of people that could not be reached in any other way. The great misfortune to humanity is the Christian church gets hold of nearly every child, and in their Sunday-schools his mind is perfectly demoralized. They are made to believe that a man can go straight up to heaven with a coach-and-four starting from Wall street, New York. If the little ones of America could be gathered together every Sunday for an hour and be taught by men and women to believe the universe is governed by law, ignorance and superstition would vanish as the mists of night flee before the rising sun. This theme is endless, so I must break the connection here. Inclosed please find money order to renew my subscription and for a few other things, per memoranda.

Yours, for the advancement of truth and science,

J. L. BEAN.

MINDEN, NEB., March 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Several of your valuable papers having come into my hands through Liberal friends, and not seeing any communications from this part of Nebraska, I thought I would endeavor to giv you a few items. I was visiting a Free Methodist neighbor the other day, and while there picked up a paper (the *Free Methodist*) published at Chicago. My attention was soon attracted to an article entitled, "A Plea for our Denominational Schools." I read it, and was surprised at the outspoken language used in that "plea" against their people sending their children to the common schools. And now I am going to giv you a few facts in regard to the handful of that denomination living in our own school district. Ever since we organized a district we hav had school in a sod school-house, and they held their meetings there without opposition till last fall, when we built a nice frame house, and the school board refused to giv them leave to hold a protracted meeting in it. Now they hav sent off to one of their denominational schools at Orleans, Neb.,

nearly as much money as our house cost, and they are still dependent on our school-house for their meetings. Not being satisfied with the decision of the board, they circulated a petition in the district to hav the house opened to moral meetings (which meant their meetings, of course), and through misrepresentations of one kind and another got most of the voters of the district to sign it. Then they held a protracted meeting eight weeks with very little effect, and when they got through the house would not hav been healthy for pigs. Each night they would take for their text, tobacco, and hammer away, and, of course, the boys who used tobacco would do their best to use as much as possible while they talked. Now, it does seem strange to me that decent people must be taxed to build and keep up a school-house to be ruined and torn down by Christianity. I do not see why our legislators should not pass a law saying whether or not our school-houses are school-houses or church houses.

Yours, D. S. NEWBOLD.

BARRE, MASS, March 29, 286.

MR. EDITOR: If "A. Bates" (Homer, N. Y.) has "taken your valuable sheet for seven or eight years," he cannot hav read it very carefully, else why does he inquire in March 28th, "I would like to ask Ella Gibson why she is willing to take Mr. Truesdell's statement that he does it, and not put him to the test," since not taking his statement, and putting him to the test, is the very thing I claim to hav done in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 5, 1885; January 23, 1886; February 27, 1886, to which numbers I would most respectfully refer A. Bates, asking him to read carefully and weigh candidly before again accusing me of believing instead of knowing. Is not almost my entire "Barre Seances," in Dec. 5th, *test* that I saw with my own eyes? He can doubt my word and ability, but how can he doubt my statement? Did not I say in January 23d, in reply to Mr. Burdick's flings and assertions of what he knew that Ella Gibson knew, which made me out a hypocrit and liar, that I "did not take 'Mr. Truesdell's assertions,' but the evidence of my 'own senses instead;'" and then, again, as recently as February 27th, in answer to repeated false statements, similar to the one I am now refuting, did I not restate that I did not take Mr. Truesdell's word alone for my authority, but knew for myself by saying: "I know Mr. Truesdell performed the manifestations himself in the case contested, *he did not tell me so for I saw him do them*," and then I detail *how* I *saw* him do them, and yet in the face of all this authority for my knowledge of these facts, A. Bates calls out: "I would like to ask why she is willing to take his statement that he does it and not put him to the test?"

Verily, verily, A. Bates's taking THE TRUTH SEEKER for seven or eight years has been with little profit, in this case, if he has read so carelessly as not to understand that I did "put Mr. Truesdell to the test," and did not "take his statement," but had him come to my home for the very purpose of this trial, which has satisfied me fully. How many times more shall I hav to burden THE TRUTH SEEKER with my reiterations that I "saw with my own eyes, and tested Mr. Truesdell beyond a doubt, others seeing also." ELLA E. GIBSON.

VESTULA, IND., March 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The inclosed is for three copies of the last TRUTH SEEKER (March 20th). It contains many articles of merit, as is always the case with every number, but the prize piece is M. R. Teesdale's reply to John Hindman, the twelve-thousand-mile man. One would think Hindman would now let silence proclaim his wisdom (?) for a short time at least. Your readers out here are waiting anxiously for his diagram. The illustrations in THE TRUTH SEEKER are just the thing; they place the paper beyond comparison with any other Liberal journal in the world. Watson Heston is indeed a grand artist. What has become of M. Babcock? Every sentence he used to write was a gem of itself.

I will close by asking some of your scientific readers to please explain why the moon looks the largest when it first rises, and, second, what causes the roaring in our lakes when they are covered with ice. MISS E. M. BERRY.

PARSONS, KAN., March 29, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I see my time is up for the paper. Inclosed find $3. I had the promis of two more subscribers, but times are terribly hard, and they can't send at present.

We had three good lectures here this winter, by J. L. Andrew, that did good work. The next week after Mr. Andrew's lectures Mr. I. E. Wilson, a farmer friend of mine, had a four nights' debate with a Dunkard preacher six miles northeast of Parsons, on the "Inspiration of the Bible." The house was crowded every night. Mr. Wilson is a calm, clear reasoner, and all admitted that he was too much for the preacher. The debate ended Saturday night. Sunday night a Methodist preacher gave a lecture on the same subject, and put in most of his time in personal abuse of Ingersoll. Fine argument to prove the Bible the word of God!

On Monday night another sky-pilot spoke for three hours. Nearly all of his discourse, also, was personal abuse of Infidels, and falsehoods. When he was through I asked for the school-house Wednesday night. Two of the school board gave their consent. One old man jumped up and objected. I got the house, but it rained very hard, and the crowd was not large. I spoke about an hour—every blow square from the shoulder. Mr. Wilson asked for the school-house the next Sunday night, but two of the school board were church-members. They had had enough. So they refused to let him hav the house, and took refuge in the coward's castle.

I write this to let you see we are not idle, and we are gaining ground steadily. When I settled here sixteen years ago I was the only Infidel in the neighborhood. Now I hav lots of Infidel neighbors, and, best of all, nearly every young man and boy here is an Infidel. The old men we can't change, but we are getting all the boys. We should always be kind to the young folks; giv them something to read, and start them to thinking. Get the young with us, and the old will soon die off.

I want to say to our Liberal lecturers that we old Infidel farmers are like John the Baptist—preparing the way before them. Success to THE TRUTH SEEKER. J. F. HARRIS.

MERIDEN, CONN., March 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: More than forty years ago there were but three churches, and two secret societies requiring as a condition of membership a belief in the Bible being a divine revelation from God, and but one fearless, outspoken Infidel, in our town. The disciples of the Second-Advent-mills pitched their tent on one of our highest hills and principal street and hung their prophetic banners on its canvased back walls, warning our people of the second coming of Christ and urging them to flee from the wrath to come and singing:

O ye young, ye gay, ye proud!
When you die you'll wear the shroud.
Then you'll cry and want to be
Happy in eternity.

One of the most conspicuous revivalists, a middle-aged Scotchman, after delivering an earnest prayer, rousing the large audience up to the utmost enthusiasm, would wave them to their feet with:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land where my possessions lie.
O Canaan, bright Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan.
When you hav been there ten thousand years, bright, shining as the sun,
You hav no less days to sing God's praise than when you first begun.

(Only think of Jonah in the last TRUTH SEEKER sitting forever in that hot sun.) Not being content with obeying the Bible injunction of multiplying the earth with about a dozen children, his days were soon numbered here, he having disgraced one of our most respectable widow's families by seducing one of her daughters, then added insult to the outrage by publishing a chapter from divine revelation about harlots betraying the sons of God. Up to the time when Colonel Ingersoll delivered his first lecture here a few years ago about the "Gods" and "Ghosts," the truly good people of God hav had their own undisputed way, and told the same old story, built ten or a dozen churches, organized fifteen or twenty more secret societies, and continue to camp out every year, not on Jordan's stormy banks in the New Jerusalem, but down in Old Haddam on the Connecticut river, to preach about and pray for the coming of that fellow in the clouds to knock everything and everybody into smithers for the especial benefit of the select few that he has fooled so many times.

After forty years of travel through the wilderness of superstition and credulity,

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
And Zion's sons are waking
To crocodile's tears

over the boys selling papers and the cars running through town on Monday, and the lectures of Ingersoll, Underwood, and Remsburg—the last of which was delivered in the largest hall in town before a large and appreciativ audience two weeks ago, notwithstanding Emma Abbott with her English opera troupe performed at our opera house and one of our prominent clergymen lectured on London the same evening. If either of the gentlemen favors us with his presence again he will no doubt be welcomed with much larger audiences, for instead of one Infidel we hav hundreds of them now, and the people are getting tired of spending their money on monstrous claims as false as sheol and a fabled heaven that has not as much substance as the faintest glimmer of moonshine. Herewith please find draft for $10, for which please send THE TRUTH SEEKER as indicated, "The Order of Creation," Ingersoll's Tributes, and Watts's Annual; balance to Bruno Fund. Truly yours, N. F. GRISWOLD.

MAITLAND, MO., April 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: For a long time I hav been convinced that Liberals as such should take a more decided position and demand the recognition of their principles in such a way as would bring practical results. Our principles and demands are right and just, and for the best good of the most people, and when they are once brought squarely before the people in a way that all will hear them, they will be weighed by them and we need hav no fear of the results. My experience is that when you can get people to hear and read our principles and reflect upon them we are always the gainers. What we want is discussion and ventilation of our principles. And here let me ask, by what means could this be more thoroughly done than by political campaigns? At the next presidential election put our man up for president and make the race with the Nine Demands of Liberalism as our platform. We might not, nor do we expect to, elect him, though the result might surprise many of us very much. Many a man who now goes quietly along doing his own thinking and saying nothing would slip in a vote, and we would find many more to really be Liberals whom we had previously thought to be Christians; while the bringing forth upon the stump in every town and village such facts as are brought forth in the addresses of Messrs. Duryea, Wakeman, and Hawes before the Ways and Means Committee of the New York Assembly would be fraught with such results as would astonish even the Liberals themselvs. Our people are quick to see their own interests when they once hav it brought squarely before them and are equally as quick to adopt them when once seen. And again let me ask, by what means could these things be more quickly and thoroughly brought before the people than by a political campaign? Our first candidate might be beaten, but I do not believe the second one could be. With such a man as Ingersoll at the head, and such men as Wakeman, Remsburg, Jamieson, Bell, Peck, and scores of others that we know, and many others that now we do not know, to stump every state, the results would be a surprise and of vast importance. It might be argued that we are not sufficiently organized, but would not this be the quickest and surest means of organization? Let us hear from others.

H. B. MAXWELL.

BLACK HILLS, DAK., March 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav for the last two years been a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and feel a steadily growing interest in it and the cause it defends, I would like to say a few words about this place. Lead City is a little mining town with about 1,600 people, but has in spite of its small size no less than three churches; so you see the church is strongly represented here. But it is seldom any service is held in these churches, from which I conclude that orthodoxy has a far weaker hold on the minds of the people than its buildings are made to show. I hav been distributing some copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER and tracts, but not with much effect. With others I hav been arguing on religion, often in a pretty hot discussion, and although they used the best of Bible arguments, common sense has set many of them thinking, and a few hav been convinced of their error. We hav some Liberals, but not many of them outspoken in that line for fear of being disfavored by the Christians. There is also a hall called the Miners' Union Hall, where a Freethought lecturer could speak to a large audience, if we could get the lecturer. I myself was once a Christian religionist, but, being fond of reading, I happened to get hold of THE TRUTH SEEKER and read some of Ingersoll's books, and read them over and thought over them, finding the Bible inconsistent with every principle of science, justice, and common sense, and so I threw the old superstition away, and asserted the Liberal doctrins as expounded in your paper, and which in my humble opinion is the way Mother Nature has destined for her children. How much much more glorious, is it not, how much more pleasant and peaceful to the mind, to believe in her teachings rather than the horrible and cruel creeds of the Christian religion? E. PEDERSEN.

WEST SUTTON, MASS., March 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year, and $2 for "Men, Women, and Gods," the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL," "Sabbath Breaking," and "Bible Morals."

It is quite difficult to obtain subscriptions here for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Most of the people are a short-eared kind of Balaams, who choose to be ridden by expounders of the hard-shellism.

I hope the day will come when THE TRUTH SEEKER will gain the victory, and the people rejoice to experience the freedom of its Nine Demands for equal rights and justice, and when its demands will be extended to the rights of women. Grant strong-minded girls and women liberty and equality, and see how many liv old maids intentionally.

J. E. PHELPS.

SALAMANOA, N. Y., April 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to announce through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER that the April number of the *Freethinkers' Magazine* contains Thaddeus B. Wakeman's great speech on "The Political and Social Dreams of Thomas Paine," the same as heretofore published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, in clear, large type, revised by the author, with explanatory foot-notes added; also this number contains the able Memorial Address recently delivered by L. K. Washburn, on the life and character of Elizur Wright, in Paine Hall, Boston, before the Ingersoll Secular Society; also an essay by Hon. A. B. Bradford on "The Fall of Man and Endless Punishment," an article by J. Wm. Lloyd on "Religion," and an original poem by Courtlandt Palmer, entitled, "An Easter Rhapsody," besides much more valuable reading matter. The price of the number is 25 cents, and it can be had at THE TRUTH SEEKER office or of the publisher,

H. L. GREEN.

GREELEY, COL., April 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed 75 cents for ANNUAL and "Men Women, and Gods." I hav a good many back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER and a few numbers of *Freethinkers' Magazine*, which I will send to any Freethought lecturer for distribution, if the lecturer will giv me his address.

This is quite a Liberal town, and if Putnam, on his way to the far West, will stop here, I think he will meet with a host of friends, and perhaps financial success.

J. W. LEIGHTON.

JUNCTION CITY, KAN., March 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. S. G. Winters, of Miltonvale, Kan., for seven years a subscriber to the old TRUTH SEEKER, passed to the land "beyond the river" on February 26th last, his wife having passed over about three months before. Mr. Winters was one of the few outspoken, true Liberals of Kansas, and would always giv for the struggling cause of universal liberty freely. He was one of the true nobility of nature, and the weary lecturer always found a haven of rest and welcome in his humble Western home. D. C. SEYMOUR.

NEWTON, KAN., March 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: C. W. Stewart, of Liberal, Mo., has just closed a course of lectures here on "Evolution." The meetings were largely attended by the most respectable and intelligent citizens of our city. Mr. Stewart was highly recommended to us by J. E. Remsburg, of Atchison, who also gave us a course of lectures last fall. Our expectations were more than realized in Mr. Stewart as a gentleman, a fine scholar, and an able advocate of the doctrin of evolution. He makes strong points and he has the happy faculty of making what has generally been considered an intricate and complex subject quite plain and highly interesting to his hearers. Those who desire to hear truth fairly and convincingly presented will do well to employ this able defender of progressiv principles. Yours for Freethought, J. I. R.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Silver Lining.

A fisherman sat at his door one day
Watching the clouds that, heavy and gray,
Obscured the sunlight's shining;
And he said to Bright Eyes at his knee,
"Look yonder in the west and see
The cloud with a silver lining."

I think when our skies are cold and gray,
And we vainly seek to find the way,
Somewhere the light is shining.
If we bravely resolve to do our part,
And bear our griefs with a patient heart,
And free from all repining,

We shall be led to a higher way,
To a better work than we do to-day,
And find love's sunlight shining;
For truth of spirit and strength of soul
Will make the darkest cloud unroll,
And show its silver lining.

Remember, Boys Make Men.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it;
For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant, youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents;
Do not in your anger speak.
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercies; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
When the erring boys are men.

Hav you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joys;
Call your boys home by its brightness,
They'll avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere—
And remember, boys make men.

Androclus.

Androclus was a Roman slave, and is said to hav lived in the early part of the first century.

His master, as the story goes, was very unkind and tyrannical toward him. One day when he could bear the insults and severity of his master no longer, he ran away. A search was made for him, and he was captured and returned to his cruel owner, who to punish him and set an example for other slaves condemned him to be devoured by wild beasts in a circus. Sadly Androclus awaited his fate, from which, it seemed, there was no redress or reprieve. At length the fateful day arrived, and Androclus was led, fainting and trembling, into the arena, where at the same time a hungry lion, almost starved for the very occasion, was loosed from his cage to meet and tear instantly in pieces the unhappy slave. But what was the amazement of the people who had gathered to witness the scene to see the starving lion rush fiercely forward, and then pausing, walk gently toward Androclus and affectionately lick his hand, caressing thus in his dumb way the victim placed there to appease his hunger! The audience sat in speechless bewilderment for a moment, and then cheer upon cheer rent the air as Androclus patted the head of the lion, returning his mute caress.

The story coming to the ears of the emperor, he sent for Androclus, and inquired if he could tell the reason of the action of the lion. Androclus then related that when he ran away from his master he sought refuge in a cave. After awhile a lion came in limping. Something seemed to be the matter with his leg, and he was apparently suffering terribly. Instead of attacking the man, as one would suppose he would do, he held up his paw and moaned. Androclus examined the paw and found it pierced by a thorn, which he carefully extracted. The lion appeared grateful for the relief from pain, and made no effort to hurt him, but, on the contrary, he attached himself to the man, and brought him food, and by his conduct manifested a desire for his companionship and friendship. When Androclus was captured the lion was taken also, but it was not known that the two were friends.

The emperor was so pleased with the story that he ordered Androclus to be set at liberty, and presented him with the lion, who ever afterward followed him everywhere he went, his most faithful friend and attendant.

This story illustrates the fact that kindness and good deeds, done even to animals, hav a wonderful power. We are never sorry for being kind, but unkindness brings not only sorrow to others, but many regrets to all concerned.

S. H. W.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters. My 1, 5, 6, 7, is a part of a house. My 2, 3, 4, a kind of a tree. My 8, 9, 10, 7, 3, is an instrument to handle fire or metals. My whole is the name of a revolutionary general.

C. R.

Lyons, N. Y.

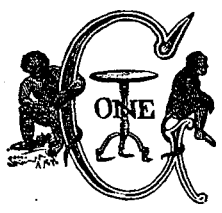
2.—Mathematical.

A tree is 100 feet high, and breaks off so the point strikes the ground 60 feet from the root of the tree, the piece that breaks off still remaining connected with the stump. How high is the stump?

Wm. Scott.

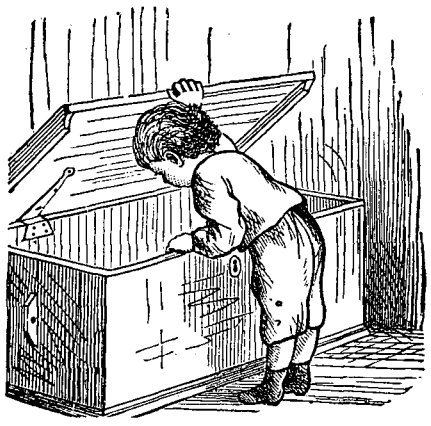
Osceola Mills, Pa.

3.—Conundrum.



A monkey's mental powers
Are rated very low;
The two you see you'll admit to be
Half-witted, anyhow.

4.—Conundrum.



What city?

Answers to Puzzles in the Children's Corner, April 3, 1886.

1.–Subject, Cataract.

First View: 1. Cat. 2. Ara (The Altar—Ast). 3. ct. (cent).

Second View: 1. Cat. 2. Rat (tar, reversed). 3. Act.

Third View: 1. Carat (reversed). 2. Ara (c-ara-t). 3. Car (Charles's Wain). 4. Rat. 5. Ca-(Arac)-t, ca-t.

2.–Legibility, eligibility, divisibility, incompatibility, plausibility, sensibility, indivisibility, impassibility, compressibility, defensibility. 3.–They are going to sail 'em.

Solvers.—Lydia Secord. Jarvis Henderson.

Chat With Puzzlers and Others.

H.—When is the time to write? you inquire. Just when you are in the mood, and opportunity offers.

Baker.—Your explanation in last letter is just right, and accords with our own view of the subject. Men and women are not unreasoning brutes, or should not be, but should be governed in all things by judgment and intellect.

Ralph inquires what it means that so large a number of our correspondents are girls. It means that the girls of to-day foreshadow the women of to-morrow, who will be brave, true, intelligent Freethinkers, and not supporters of the church and a false religion.

T. B.—You ask what we consider a good puzzle. To fit our Corner it must not be too long or difficult, and so cleverly and ingeniously constructed that there shall be nothing hidden or ambiguous about the solution. It should be original, instructiv, and not too obscure in meaning.

Our little friends must not be impatient if they do not see their letters in print immediately. They will appear in due time, as space permits.

Ed. C. C.

Correspondence.

Gideon, Kan., March 18, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: My grandpa has taken The Truth Seekre for three years, and I think the Children's Corner very nice. This is my first letter. I am eleven years old, and go to school every day. I study reading and arithmetic and geography. I think I hav written enough for this time, and if you can read it I would like for you to print it, and I will do better next time.

Yours truly, Sarry Watkins.

Millerstown, March 18, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I saw so many little girls writing I thought I would write too. I am eleven years old, and I hav one brother. He is fourteen years old. I go to school, and am in the Third Reader. Papa got "The Story Hour" for us, and I like it very much. I like the Children's Corner. I hav two birds, one cat, and one dog. Well, I must close for this time. Yours truly,

Gracie M. Johnson.

Twin Mound, Kan., March 20, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: Father takes The Truth Seeker and I thought I would write to you. I am nine years old and I go to school and study the Fourth Reader, and arithmetic, and geography, and spelling. We liv on a farm twenty miles from Lawrence and about the same from Topeka. I think the pictures are very funny. This place is called Twin Mound because there are two mounds alike.

Oti Hiatt.

Parsons, Kan., March 23, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I am a reader of The Truth Seeker and I thought I would write a few lines for it. I am eleven years old and five feet and three inches in hight. I go to school in the highest room in our building, and am in next to the highest class. We only hav four teachers besides the principal. I like to read the Children's Corner, and I think the pictures of Jonah are very funny. I think I hav written enough this time, and if you think this worth printing I would like to see it in print. From your friend,

Blanche Wellington.

Kerens, Texas, March 19, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: My papa has taken The Truth Seeker ever since the first copy, and I hav never been taught to believe the Bible. I never attended a Sunday-school in my life, but hav been to church through curiosity. I like to read the Children's Corner. I am ten years old, and my name is Tom Paine Vaughn. I hav two sisters older than myself. I hav no pets, but I hav two dolls that I love very much. My mamma and papa and my two aunts that are with us are Infidels, and not afraid to speak what they think. I hav made my letter long enough until I know whether it will be accepted or not.

Tom Paine Vaughn.

Cusseta, Ga., Feb. 14, 1886.

Dear Miss Susan: As I was to-day looking over The Truth Seeker, more especially the Children's Corner, and hav nothing else to do, I will write to you.

We hav a fine school; it numbers sixty. Our principal is married. Cusseta is situated in the southwestern portion of Georgia; it has about six hundred inhabitants. I will attend the commencement in La Grange, Ga., this summer. I will close with much love,

Rosa Nelle.

New Milford, Pa., March 17, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: My parents hav taken The Truth Seeker ever since I can remember. I never took much interest in it until you started the Children's Corner. I think it is very nice. I liv on a farm. We keep sixteen cows, make lots of butter, and send it to New York city. My parents come from the East. I often thought I should like to visit some of the places lying near the water. I think Onset must be a lovely place that you spoke of some time ago.

We hav your picture in the Truth Seeker Annual. I hope I may hav the pleasure of meeting you some time.

I remain yours truly, Cora Grinnell.

New Milford, Pa., March 16, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I am a little girl thirteen years old. My father and mother hav separated, and I had no home. So one cold day in February (for it has been dreadful cold in northern Pennsylvania this winter) I started out to find a home. I came to a house that looked so warm and cosy. I went in to see if they would take a little girl to liv with them. I could work some. They were very sorry for me, had me get warm, and gave me some dinner. They said I could come and liv with them. They are Freethinkers and take The Truth Seeker. I like the Children's Corner. I dearly like to read it. I like my new home, for they are kind to me. My new mother has named me May Grinnell. I think when I get to be a big girl I shall be a Freethinker. So good-by for this time. Your friend,

May Grinnell.

Hamilton, March 21, 1886.

My Dear Miss Wixon: We amuse ourselvs on Sunday evenings by reading the Children's Corner and trying to solve the puzzles. I fear that we shall not hav The Truth Seeker much longer, for my father and mother are displeased with the pictures on the front page. I inclose you a puzzle we hav just made up. The answer to Diamond No. 2 is Paris.

I remain, with best wishes,

Sydney C. Littlehales, aged 13.

Vermontville, Mich., April 1, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I hav seen so many little letters in The Truth Seeker that I thought I would like to write one, too. I am ten years old. I go to school. I hav to go a mile. I hav been every day. Our teacher's name is Sarah Bobier. My papa takes The Truth Seeker. I like to read the Children's Corner.

I am afraid I am getting my letter too long, so good-bye. I should like to hav my letter published if you think it good enough.

Yours truly, Ida Muir.

Hartington, Neb., March 26, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I thought I would write to you. I am twelve years old. I hav been going to school, but we are having a vacation. My father has taken The Truth Seeker from the first number. He is a Freethinker, and says he likes The Truth Seeker better than any other paper he takes, and I like to look at the pictures and read the Children's Corner. Well, I guess I will close, and if I see this in the Children's Corner I will write again and try to do better.

Yours ever truly, Doy R. Curas.

Havana, Cuba, March 2, 1886.

Our Beloved Miss Wixon: In the Boston *Investigator* of Feb. 24, 1886, page 4, I observe the following: "The objection is urged against Infidels that, while pulling down another system, they evince no desire to build up one of their own." This reminds me of the old wall that once surrounded this city. Where the old wall once stood are built the finest edifices in Havana, and now there is no wall at all around the city. These finest edifices in place of the old wall are the same as would be colleges and other institutions of science and learning in place of the various systems of humbug called religion; and no wall (religion around the people) at all, in this age of the world, should be built around the city.

The Rev. Kristofer Janson thinks that if a man will get drunk occasionally he can more readily believe in religion. See The Truth Seeker, Jan. 9, 1886, p. 25. As soon as my papa saw it, he exclaimed, "Yes, if a post be set firmly in the ground and tilted in any direction, it can then be more easily tilted in any other direction."

I herewith inclose you a silver *milagro* (miracle). It represents an eye. In this country the Christian dupe, if he has a sore eye, goes to the Roman Catholic church and makes a promis to a saint, saying that if the saint will cure the eye, he will go to a silversmith, hav a *milagro* made and present it to the saint. When the eye gets well, he has the silversmith make the *milagro* for a dollar or so, and he takes that *milagro* to the church and hangs it upon the saint. The priests collect the *milagros* from the saints and sell them as old silver, or gold, as the case may be, and thus gull the gawkies out of their money. These *milagros* are made to represent every organ of the human body, and to represent horses, dogs, and other animals, and in the same way are used for the same purpose. I will here take occasion to say that these *milagros* used in this way are just as efficient as are prayers, and yield a greater profit to the priest; and then in this country they constitute the principal source of the silversmith's profits. So you see that in this country Christianity is a little more nearly pure than it is in our own benighted states.

I will here take occasion to say to the very many friends from whom I hav received letters that I will answer them in due form before we leave the island.

Because of business, and rheumatism, with which papa is slightly beset, he says he thinks we will remain here till July. All who write me should inclose a five-cent stamp for return postage, and the amount of stamps on the envelope should be five cents. Hoping this may find you well and comfortable, I am for Miss Wixon and the Corner.

Geo. Sam Newton,
Egido No. 2, Havana, Cuba.

[Thanks for the *milagro*. It is another emblem of the superstition that has enslaved millions, and which I am happy to know our young friend is trying to do his part in wiping out.—Ed. C. C.]

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THE LIVING HAV A RIGHT TO CONTROL THE WORLD.

FREE THOUGHT WILL GIV US TRUTH.

SUPERSTITION IS THE CHILD OF SLAVERY.

REASON IS THE LAMP OF THE MIND, THE ONLY TORCH OF PROGRESS.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IS MY CATHEDRAL.

UNIVERSAL MENTAL LIBERTY.

THE TIME TO BE HAPPY IS NOW, AND THE PLACE TO BE HAPPY IS HERE.

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE TILL TROUBLE TROUBLES YOU.

THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION.

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1886.

(E. M. 286.)

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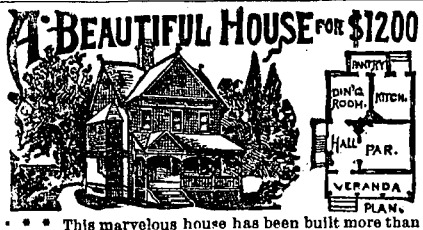
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Is there a God? "Yes," shouts the parson, hot—
How strange that he should *know*, while I know not!
But does he know? No more, indeed, than I;
He but believes, and yet "*I know!*" will cry,
As if belief of knowledge were a well,
All doubting, heresy as black as hell!
Yes, he believes—he says he *must* believe—
While I cannot, because I can't receive
The writings relativ to God, by men
Who wrote, as is alleged, with inspired pen,
As other than the work of mortals, who,
To hold mankind in thrall, the long bow drew,
And to the very longest arrow's head,
Hitting the mark when reason strong had fled
In fear before the supernatural,
The bowmen's stock in trade and capital.
These archers shot much better than they knew,
Secured a "bag" astonishing to view;
And their successors hav been shooting since.
The peasant bringing down and pampered prince.
But nowadays the evidence is weighed
In reason's scales, by those who can't persuade
Themselvs to take, on the mere reading, stock
In stranger tales than those of fabled roc,
Of dodo, dragon, salamander dire—
Reputed it to thrive in hottest fire;
In miracles, so-called—pure jugglery;
In acts of terrible severity,
Committed, says the Word, by the good God,
Who, though all mercy, ruled with iron rod!
Who will believe in God—so says the Word—
Shall soar to heaven like a little bird.
On this belief the parsons rave and rant—
"Believe! be saved!" they cry. But if I can't
Believe the book with monstrous stories crammed
By romancers, what then? Why, then, I'm damned!

SI SLOCUM.

Bible Morals.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE THE TRUTH SEEKER,

Sir: I am sure you will say something real good about my new book in the back part of your paper opposit Voltaire. The title of my book is "Bible Morals." I stole the title from a blasphemer who travels under—often behind—the name of J. E. Remsburg. It is no harm to steal from a man of sin. I will giv some extracts:

1. I accept the Bible as an infallible moral guide, because it is holy. A book that is simply a Bible is not enough. But a holy Bible must be right. Open this book almost anywhere and you will see the holiness pouring out. We who read the Bible every day are all crusted over with holiness so that sin cannot enter. Without this blessed book we would lie and steal and play progressiv pedro and be awful wicked.

2. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it givs three kinds of baptism; with water, with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. Wicked people would rather hav the water last to put out the fire, but that is because they are without grace. It is so long since I hav seen anyone baptized with the Holy Ghost that I can't remember whether the holy man sprinkled on a handful of ghost or led the baptizee down into the ghost and soused him under.

3. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it givs English and American scholars something to do. To sit in a parlor and wrestle with a Hebrew word every day for two or three years broadens a man's mind and keeps him away from the museums where he might become corrupted.

4. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it is so plain.

"He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Any boy who cannot understand that at once is too dull a boy to ever become the father of his country, or father-in-law.

5. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it promotes faith. When you come to any account that is nonsensical and impossible, all you need is a renewal of faith.

6. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it givs men and women a chance to earn twenty cents a day in the Methodist Book Concern. A camel can go through the eye of a needle easier than those persons can get rich, therefore they will be sure of the kingdom.

7. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it is responsible for Clark Braden. Clark thinks that if the truth of God abounds more through his lie, the more he lies the more the truth will abound. See? 'Rah for Clark.

8. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it givs us the size and shape of heaven. It is cubical, 144 cubits each way. It is not crowded yet.

9. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because a twenty dollar copy of it looks well on the center-table. And the manufacture and sale of this book givs employment to many pious persons.

10. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because Talmage believes it. If this well-known acrobat had not believed the stories of Jonah, and Noah, and Samson, he would hav been a train-robber or a street-car driver. Let us pray.

11. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because some parts of it cannot be read before a respectable congregation. Anything that is not fit to read must be holy and moral. I will stake my reputation as a logician and a theologian on this statement.

12. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it is a nice thing to kiss. Take an old piece of calfskin and let it be pawed over by twenty-five million men, without regard to race, color, or previous condition of filthiness, or present drunkenness, and any man who would not yearn for a chance to glue his lips to that calfskin is no better than an Infidel, and will go into darkness where there is whaling and smashing of teeth.

13. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because nobody knows who wrote it. An unknown writer, especially if he lived before the flood, and in a barbarous country, is sure to be moral and inspired, probably even holy. Moses would not hav gone into the cleft of rocks and watched the Lord pass by, and said nothing about it for hundreds of years after his death, if he had not been a moral man. An immoral man would hav gone over to neighbor Smith's and told about it the same afternoon.

14. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because it furnishes any argument you want. It favors hate, love, kindness, cruelty, peace, war, freedom, slavery, polygamy, celibacy, laziness, activity, poverty, riches, usury, anything. All the hosts of skepticism cannot move me from any position I may take.

15. I accept the Bible as an i. m. g. because priests can liv on souls, and I propose that they shall be paid in souls hereafter.

"But if the priest buy any soul with his money, he shall eat of it, and he that is born in his house" (Lev. xxii, 11).

I could giv many more extracts showing the great superiority of my book over the other of the same name. I want you to warn all good people against the other book, because it is spurious. Mine is the only real Bible Morals. Please say that my book is a long felt want.

Why is every book that comes out a long felt want? Why don't they make wants of some other material, and why don't they make some short ones? INFIDEL SLAYER.

Book Notices.

THE ORDER OF CREATION: The Conflict between Genesis and Geology. A Controversy between the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Prof. Max Müller, M. Réville, E. Lynn Linton. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place. Pp. 178. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Who or what the Truth Seeker Company may be we do not know, but it has certainly laid the reading public under great obligations by reprinting for that public, in a compact and convenient form, the controversy which recently took place in the columns of *The Nineteenth Century* between those protagonists of theology, science, and antiquity, Mr. Gladstone, Max Müller, Huxley, and Dr. Réville. First Gladstone searchingly reviewed a work by Réville, and set forth his views of the "Dawn of Creation and of Worship" as taught in the book of Genesis. Huxley, in the character, as he puts it, of "a sort of uncommissioned science proctor," took up the cudgels for M. Réville, and made a vigorous reply on the scientific aspects of the question. Then Max Müller put in his word about "The Solar Myths." Then Gladstone rejoined. By this time Réville, who was in Italy, heard of the fray, and getting Gladstone's article replied for himself. Also Huxley came again to the scratch. Finally a Mrs. Linton, who is a "mighty smart" woman, but, alas! what DeQuincey would call "a female Infidel," gets in her work—and characteristically feline work it is.

We do not undertake to pronounce judgment on all the points of the controversy. We, however, believe the Bible, and we believe in the "grand old man," and are ready to back him in a scrimmage like this with all our gold. The controversy is managed, so far as language is concerned, in the most decorous manner. But the hands, though gloved, are the hands of athletes in deadly earnest.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE Truth Seeker Company of New York has just published in book form the notable articles on "The Order of Creation; or, The Conflict between Genesis and Geology," contributed to the English magazines by William E. Gladstone, Professor T. H. Huxley, Professor Max Muller, M. Réville, and E. Lynn Linton. The articles thus brought together constitute the most valuable and interesting discussion that has been had in recent years regarding the Genesis and Geology controversy.—*Buffalo Courier.*

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This little volume is a beautiful poetic version of the Indian legend of the Garden of Eden. The thoughts of the author are vividly and picturesquely expressed, while the measure and arrangement of the verse show a skilful hand and scholarly conception.—*Galveston Daily News.*

MEN, WOMEN, AND GODS. By Helen H. Gardener. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place.

Though a mere girl in years, Miss Gardener is aged in mental culture and moral strength, and is extremely well fitted as a leader in the path she has chosen. Her book bears evidence of her earnestness of purpose in helping woman to break the shackles which hav so long bound her, and establishes beyond doubt the fact that priestcraft and the church hav caused her disabilities and degradation. Its exposure of Bible myths and the vices, crimes, and inhumanity which are the outgrowths of Christianity, should open the eyes of all rational women. Indeed, were this little volume substituted for the purple velvet prayer-books which women like to hav seen in their possession, it would, no doubt, hav a wholesome effect on their minds. Although it deals with the everyday ills of life, and more especially the wrongs of women, it is not depressing, but heavy only in importance. The unwholesome facts it reveals are relieved by the fine vein of humor and wit which sparkles through almost every page, making truth so palatable to those who hav a horror of "dry reading" that they are fully interested and in sympathy with the subject at once. It advocates justice and denounces wrong, in whatever guise, and, in so doing, brings into play the fireworks of reason and logic, and the batteries of unanswerable argument. And the rattle of artillery and the brilliancy of display surpass any Fourth of July on record.

I hope every Spiritualist woman who can will purchase this book, if for no other reason than to let her Christian neighbor read it and "corner the parson" with its arguments. Miss Gardener is the feminin Ingersoll of the day, and as one of the many of her sex who appreciate her work for woman, I tender her my heartfelt thanks.—*Amarala Martin in a Spiritualist paper.*

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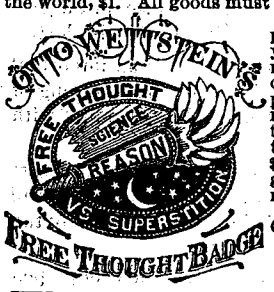
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News of the Week.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY opposes the home rule scheme for Ireland.

THE Baltimore *Herald* says that Grover Cleveland is a Spiritualist.

THE police arrested eighty-two persons who sold liquor in this city last Sunday.

THE Rev. Mr. Gray, a colored preacher of Denver, Col:, shot a man the other day and is now under bail.

THE Central Labor Union last Sunday passed resolutions proposing to boycott Jay Gould in every way possible.

THE bill providing for the free coinage of silver was defeated in the House on the 8th. A motion to suspend coinage was also lost.

THE Methodists hav just had an important conference, the result being the deposing of three clergymen for ministerial conduct with women.

A FIFTY-FOUR-TON gun was successfully cast at Boston last week. It was the fifth and last of the large rifled cannon ordered by the government.

A WASHINGTON barber kept his shop open on Sunday, the 4th, and shaved President Cleveland. Before night he was arrested for breaking the Sabbath.

UNDER a new pension act those who hav been receiving $8 per month will hereafter get $12. This applies to widows and partially disabled soldiers.

A MAN running for justice of the peace out in Dakota announced that if elected he would marry any couple for a dollar, and would charge nothing unless a christening should result. He was elected by an overwhelming majority.

LUKE LEAKER, 55 years old, of St. Mary's, W. Va., eloped last week with the 11-year-old daughter of Samuel Russell, of the same place. When Leaker returned, Russell shot at him four times with a revolver, one bullet passing through Leaker's breast.

THE Rev. Dr. Bosworth, of Boston, has risen to deny that he ever said he knew "nine ministers who were guilty of gross immorality." The Rev. Mr. Bosworth might hav kept his seat. There was nothing incredible about the statement attributed to him.

THE Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, pastor of a Methodist church in this city, preached last Sunday on "How to Fill Empty Churches." His scheme was to hav sermons illustrated by pictures. He will therefore procure a stereopticon and accompany his remarks with dissolving views.

A FRIGHTFUL railroad accident occurred last week Wednesday near Deerfield, Mass. A passenger train plunged down an embankment two hundred feet high, and ten persons met death by fire or drowning or mutilation. Some thirty others were more or less injured. The disaster was caused by the slumping of the earth under the outer rail where the road curves around a hill above the Deerfield river.

CHARLES H. DAVIS, of Parkertown, N. J., was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school in that place. On Sunday night, the 4th, he started to see Miss Florence Parker home, but took her beyond the outskirts of the village and assaulted her. Miss Parker, who is twenty years old, is a member of the Methodist church, but is otherwise of unblemished reputation. Davis fled and cannot be found. He leaves a wife.

GLADSTONE'S long-talked-of speech on the question of home rule for Ireland was safely delivered on Thursday of last week. He proposed to giv Ireland a parliament of its own, with the 101 present members of the British Parliament as the first members of the Irish Parliament. The viceroy should be retained, and the disabilities resting on Roman Catholics should be removed. Mr. Gladstone spoke for more than three hours, the House of Commons being crowded to its utmost capacity.

THE railroad strike centering at St. Louis, Mo., is still unsettled. On Friday, the 9th, seven persons were shot down by the deputy sheriffs employed to watch the property of the railroad company. There was apparently no provocation for the act, as only one of the persons shot was a striker, and he had committed no act of violence. One of the victims was a woman. The deputies gave themselvs up to the authorities and were placed in jail for protection from the mob. The Knights of Labor condemn and repudiate violence on the part of the strikers and demand that all guilty of overt acts should be brought to justice. The presence of troops in St. Louis will probably prevent any further outbreak.

Odds and Ends.

"SAY, John, I see they hav found out what run into the Oregon." "No, what was it?" "Water."

THE Smith College girls hav organized a society for the protection of birds. The larks of the young gentlemen will receive their first attention.

"MAMMA, is it true that God makes all little boys?" "Yes, dear." "Well, I hav been looking at my legs and my arms very carefully, and I don't see any stitches."

BEING remonstrated with for wearing a bustle, a Burlington girl silenced her critic by saying, "Well, we girls, like everybody else, must hav something to fall back on."

"I LIKE smart women well enough," said Fenderson, "but I wouldn't care to marry a woman who knew more than I did." "And so," suggested Fogg, "you hav been forced to remain single."

A BOSTON lady last summer attended a funeral in a country church. After the singing of a hymn a man who was sitting beside her remarked: "Beautiful hymn, isn't it, ma'am? The corpse wrote it."—*Utica Eagle.*

FATHER (starting down-town): "Yes, Robert, my son, keep in mind what your mother says, and always say please. Though a little word, it indicates the gentleman. Here, wife, hold my overcoat and hat; be quick about it."

AN Irishman from the country was standing on one of our wharfs the other day gazing very thoughtfully at a large anchor lying close by. A policeman came along and told him to move on. "Divil a bit will I move on until I see the man that uses that pick," pointing to the anchor.

A COUNTRY minister who, in addition to his clerical duties, followed the profession of a photographer, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony. "Now, then, young man," he said to the groom, who was nervous and excited, as all grooms ought to be, "just keep your eye on that crack in the wall, and try and look pleasant."

AT a recent dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Mark Twain took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him, and exclaimed: "Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion." Twain replied, gravely: "Madame, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity. I hav friends in both places."

GENERAL STEVENSON relates the following incident of the war. He said that in his command was a very devout and energetic chaplain, exceedingly earnest in regard to the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, especially before going into battle. "The preacher," said General Stevenson, "came down to where Billy Wilson's Zouaves were encamped, and had a talk with Billy. He said that his efforts had been wonderfully blessed; that he had baptized fifty men from one regiment, a hundred from another, and so on, enumerating the fruits of his religious labor, and he suggested to Billy that as they were on the eve of a battle it would be well for him (the chaplain) to talk with Billy's men. Billy was very proud of his command, and he turned to the chaplain and said: 'That ain't necessary; I'll save you that trouble. Adjutant,' said he, calling an officer, 'you just go and make a detail of three hundred men, and take 'em down to the creek and hav 'em baptized. No d——d regiment in this corps shall go ahead of Billy Wilson's Zouaves.' And," continued the general, laughing heartily at the reminiscence, "blamed if the adjutant didn't obey Billy's orders."

CLERGYMAN: "I was disappointed not to see you at prayer-meeting last evening." Deacon: "I wanted to come; but, you see, we are having a clearing-out sale, and we kept the store open until ten o'clock." Clergyman (sadly): "Ah, my friend, I am sorry to see you try to serve heaven and mammon at the same time." Deacon: "I don't try. I never think of serving heaven in my store. I'm not the man to mix my religion with business."

THE LORD WAS IN THE HOUSE, BUT THE DEVIL WAS IN THE STOVEPIPE.

The Rev. Dr. Jones was a well-known Presbyterian preacher. Just after he had finished his theological course, the tremulous thought—a thought which, it seems, had never occurred to him before—of facing a large and fashionable audience began to oppress him. He at length asked permission to experiment with a small congregation in the country. The request, of course, was granted. He was not at all embarrassed when he stood in the presence of the modest country people, and he at once began to preach with a fearless ardor. His eloquent utterances grew warmer and warmer. An old negro, unable longer to restrain his feelings, sprang to his feet and began to shout. The wild hallelujahs, the violent acknowledgments of sanctity, and the eccentric didoes of the old negro annoyed the doctor. It would not do, though, to command him to desist, for he saw that the people looked with profound reverence at the performance. Old Ike, for such was his name, receiving an unexpectedly strong twinge of the "'fluence," leaped high into the air. When he came down the stovepipe fell. The doctor, probably moved by the sudden faith, cried out:

"Pick it up, Uncle Ike; it won't burn you."

The negro seized the pipe with both hands. He dropped it, cast a reproachful look at the preacher, and said:

"De hell it won't."

The devout people, forgetting that the flesh is under "cut-throat" mortgage to the devil, roared with laughter, and the preacher, observing old Ike looking at his hands and shaking his head, snorted and brought the sermon to a close.

"Why didn't you hold on to it, Ike?" some one asked.

"W'yn't who hol' on ter it?"

"You, of course."

"'Ca'se I wa'n't dar ter hol' on ter it. Wa'n't my bidnez ter hol' on ter it jes' at dat time. Lemme tell yer dis fack. De Lawd mout o' been somewhar in de house, but de old debil wuz in dat stovepipe, sho."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

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THE ways of Providence indeed are inscrutable, and if his apologists speak truly he is guilty of deeds that the worst man living would blush to be caught at.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IN things of the mind, we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries, and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science.—*Ingersoll.*

OH, may I join the choir invisible
Of these immortal dead who liv again
In minds made better by their presence; liv
In pulses stirred to generosity;
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night-like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. —*George Eliot.*

THAT the devil should appear personally to the son of God is certainly not more wonderful than that he should, in a more remote age, hav appeared among the sons of God, in the presence of God himself, to tempt and torment the righteous Job. But that Satan should carry Jesus, bodily and literally, through the air—first to the top of a high mountain, and then to the topmost pinnacle of the temple—is wholly inadmissible; it is an insult to our understanding.—*Dr. Giles's Christ. Records.*

SINGULAR as it may seem that the juice of the soma-plant should be at once an object sacrified on the altar to other gods and a God himself, such a confusion of attributes will be less surprising to those who are familiar with the Christian theory of the atonement, in which the same God is at once the same person who decrees the sacrifice, the person who accepts it, and the victim. At least, the double function of soma is less perplexing than the triple function of Christ.—*Amberley.*

PER CONTRA.—There is no one book, in any language, or in any country, which can, in any degree, be compared with the Bible for antiquity, for authority, for the importance, the dignity, the variety, and cnriosity of the matter it contains.—*Bishop Porteous.* [Porteous died in 1808, and in his day he was considered a shining light; but we donbt if many of the bishops of the church of England would talk so at the present day. If they did, many more would laugh at them than the numbers that wonld, with open mouths, listen to them. The good prelate doth, methinks, protest too strongly.—*C.*]

To believe in Jesus as the Christ, as the savior of the world, is to believe in him as the God, as the creator of the world. Then, not only was the man Jesus born in Bethlehem, and crucified, but God, "the soul that standeth in the bodies of all beings"—the spirit, not of our body, but of all the millions of worlds that exist in the vast idea which we call space—was born and crncified on the earth; that is, the one great, all-filling spirit of the nniverse, which dwells in unconnted worlds, in stars, millions of miles away, and which are more than a million times as large as the earth, was born in a manger and put to death on a cross, in a forgotten place on one of the smallest bodies in the heavens! Absurd as snch an idea is, we mnst believe it in order to be Christians.—*L. K. Washburn.*

MEN tell us that this life of itself is not worth living, when the trnth is that people hav been so taken up with dreams and unrealities in the skies that the realities of this life, with its changing snnshine and shadow, laughter and tears, joy and sorrow, hope and despair, truth and falsehood, strength and weakness, and all its infinit possibilities of improvement, tears to be dried, prisons to be demolished, sickness to be lessened, poverty, sqnalor, and filth to be annihilated, and liberty to be won, that they hav never yet felt one hundredth part of its power to inspire and ennoble. If we could get away from the courts and pomps of imagination which men hav built in the skies, we should soon discover, like the banished Duke in Shakspere, that this our life

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
—*Geo. Chainey.*

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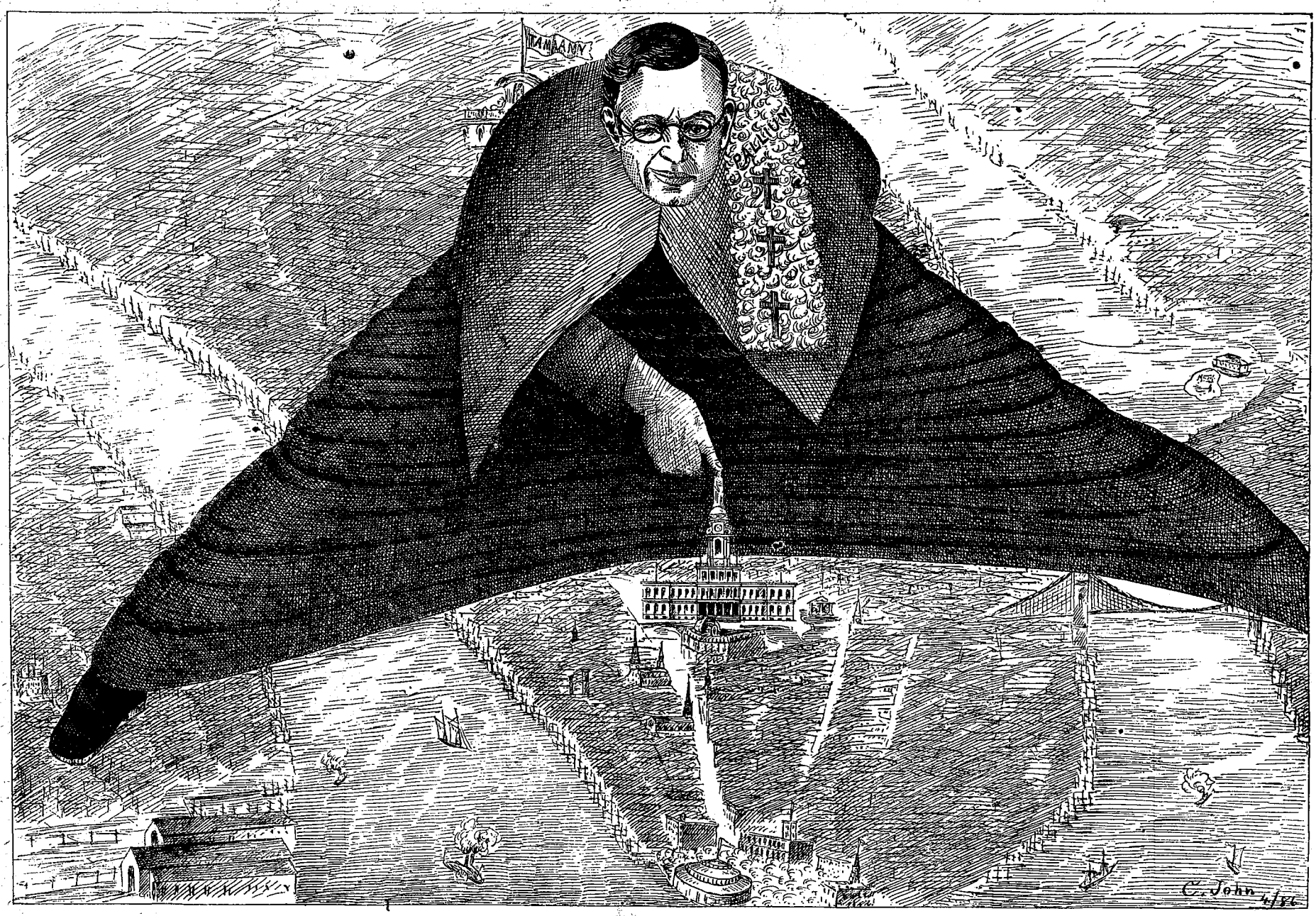
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Notes and Clippings.

THE managers of several New York theaters hav been induced to close their houses on good Friday, which comes on the 23d inst.

HENRY GEORGE says "the lesson, practically, of Sunday-school and church is, 'Be good, that you may die rich and leave a lot of money.'"

COMPARISON shows that the criminals of Great Britain average eighteen pounds less in weight and two inches less in hight than the law-abiding population.

IN officiating at an installation in Boston last week the Rev. R. R. Meredith assured the new pastor that there were more cranks in that city than in any other.

THE Augusta, Ga., presbytery refuses to prefer charges against Professor Woodrow on account of his belief in evolution, although several of his brethren are hot after him with undeniable accusations of heresy.

GOVERNOR PATTISON, of Pennsylvania, has been investigating the soldiers' orphan schools of that state. The report says that the children are treated "worse than brutes." The superintendent, Dr. Higbee, and the inspector, the Rev. J. W. Sayers, hav been removed.

THE treasury department has decided that a figure of St. Joseph, painted glass windows, and a Bible, sent from Dusseldorf to New York as a present to the chapel of the Sacred Heart at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, are entitled to free entry, but that articles forming parts of a church altar, including a railing of wood, a wooden cross, and brass candelabra, a table and pedestal, several chairs and benches, and a number of photographs of scriptural subjects, which were similarly presented to said church, are properly subject to duty under existing laws.

THE clergy are coming to the fore in the discussion of the labor troubles. The Rev. N. Wardener, president of the General Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, sends to Jay Gould "my congratulations for the stand you hav taken against the would-be despotism of the secret banditti known as the Knights of Labor."

ONCE in a while a true Christian is found. The New York *Sun* relates that a woman in a remote Maine village, crazed by excessiv Bible reading and revival excitement, endeavored to gouge her eye out, and afterward cut off an arm with an ax, in order to obey the injunction, "If an eye offend thee, pluck it out," etc. She is recovering, but is still insane.

AN act known as Assembly Bill No. 368 is greatly agitating the moral and religious community of New York. It is called a bill to prevent contagious diseases, and provides for a committee to be chosen to enter houses of immoral resort, and examin the female occupants as to their health. The bill is objected to on the ground that it licenses vice instead of discouraging it.

AN exchange says: "A. C. Wheeler, the well-known 'Nym Crinkle' of the New York *World's* dramatic columns, has accepted the offer of Mr. J. M. Hill, and has begun his delivery of lectures intended to prove the fallacy of Robert G. Ingersoll's skeptical arguments. Wheeler is a bright man, but there is a general impression that he has taken too heavy a contract on his hands in the present instance."

THE Catholic editors are discussing the desirableness of abolishing the practice of reading from the pulpit announcements of picnics, excursions, bazars, and lectures shortly to occur. It is generally condemned, coming as it does between the prayer and the sermon, distracting attention from the petition just addressed to the throne of grace and unfitting the mind for receiving the message about to be delivered. The editors say nothing about the cheerful effect of reading the undertaker's advertisment which invariably meets the eye of the worshiper as he enters the city church, even on Sunday.

THE *Christian Leader* says: "So many clergymen of orthodox antecedents, having renounced the orthodox system, swing rapidly over into extreme radicalism that the prudent among us are weary of extending an early welcome to such. They often begin by discarding eternal torment or the Trinity, and continue by giving up historical Christianity. Such men may find a congenial fellowship in the Unitarian body, or may help our Ethical Culture friends to work out their destiny. They can do nothing in the Universalist church but divide and desolate. Our church is not an asylum for bankrupt believers."

IN 1680 an English clergyman named Goodwin made the following argument against Christianizing the negroes in Virginia: "1. The negroes are not men. 2. If they are men they are pre-Adamites, and therefore are not entitled to the promises of either covenant. 3. If they are the children of Adam, still they are born under the curse of Ham, and are not entitled to any spiritual privileges. 4. You can do them no good, for they are incapable of being made Christians. 5. If we should make them Christians, they would get such ideas of liberty and of their rights that they would murder us. 6. We did not come out here to make Christians, but to raise tobacco and make money." And as a general clincher he adds, "We should lose besides all their time on Sundays."

THE following, with the name of Joe Cook attached, recently appeared in a Boston paper. It contains as much sense as is usually found in one of Cook's lectures: "Dorner somewhere says, 'The axiomatic, when reduced to the prosaic, seldom fails to counteract the probationary.' The same thought appears in my Monday Lectures (vol. 1, pp. 89–91, *passim*). This thought will bear expansion. 1. If the axiomatic be looked at historically, what do we see? (a) Chaos. (b) Slight luminosity. (c) Inclusivness. But, 2. Intrinsically, these are substantially the same; for (a) polarized light strikes both alike, and (b) neither is injured. [Propositions from 2 to 56, both inclusiv, are necessarily omitted here.] Again, when I (we, it should be said) was (were, rather) in Rome, we and I investigated this whole matter (see my Dover and Oil City lectures). It then was found: 57. That the subscriptiv view of denominational perturbation is less copious than the Andover. 58 to 63. Therefore, the axiomatic cannot be the telescopic or the terrific. [Applause.] Beg pardon; we meant to say that this view would make a sensation."

Communications.

Bible Temperance.—II.

THE BIBLE AND THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Isa. lxii, 8: "The Lord hath sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength, Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast labored."

Rev. Stevenson should suggest to the Lord that, whereas wine is an evil thing, and the Bible a "great text-book of morals," and the palladium of temperance essential in the proper training of our children, therefore, he, the Lord, should have clearly shown that he meant that the enemies of his chosen people should take from them their wine that through such deprivation they should be better and happier. But, no! he ranks wine with corn, and registers a mighty oath that the people shall have them both.

Isa. lxv, 8: "Thus saith the Lord, As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it, so I will do for my servants' sake, that I may not destroy them all."

Jer. xxxi, 12: "Therefore they shall come and sing in the hight of Zion, and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil," etc.

Jer. xl, 10: "But ye, gather ye wine, and summer fruits, and oil, and put them in your vessels, and dwell in your cities that ye have taken."

Probably "wine" here means grapes, though it is used in the same construction as "oil."

Jer. xlviii, 33: "And joy and gladness is taken from the plentiful field, and from the land of Moab, and I have caused wine to fail from the wine-presses."

Dan. i, 5: "And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank, so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king."

Here God intends, plainly, to convey the impression that wine is nourishing! The only way in which the Christian temperance people can relieve him from the imputation of teaching lessons so opposite to theirs is to enter the plea that he did not inspire the writer!

Hos. ii, 8, 9: "For she did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold, which they prepared for Baal. Therefore I will return and take away my corn in the time thereof, and my wine in the season thereof, and will recover my wool and my flax given to cover her nakedness."

Of course, if these passages, and very many of like import, are any argument against wine, they are of equal weight in the scale against corn, wool, and many other useful and necessary articles. The authors of such verses, wherever found, unquestionably looked upon wine as one of God's good gifts to his children, but which he was compelled to sometimes deprive them of because of their disobedience.

Hos. ix, 2: "The floor and the wine-press shall not feed them, and the new wine shall fail in her."

That is, Israel shall be punished for her transgressions by the destruction of the fertility of the soil.

Evidently the perfume of wine was pleasing unto the Lord, for he says, in promising his blessing to the repentant people (Hos. xiv, 7): "They shall revive as the corn, and grow as the wine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

Joel i, 5: "Awake, ye drunkards, and howl, all ye drinkers of wine."

This, taken by itself, would be an unqualified condemnation of intoxicants, but such was not the prophet's meaning. The verse concludes: "Because of the new wine, for it is cut off from your mouths."

In the vision of the prophet he sees the great evils that have come upon his country, the palmer-worm, and the locust, and the canker-worm have destroyed the crops. "The meat-offering and the drink-offering is cut off from the house of the Lord, the corn is wasted, the oil languisheth," etc. While in the verse quoted the drinkers are mildly requested to howl, in verse thirteen we have, "Gird yourselves and lament, ye priests; howl ye ministers of the altar." No temperance admonition or lesson here, that is plain.

Joel iii, 18: "And it shall come to pass in that day that the mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with water," etc.

Thus, again, among the great blessings to be bestowed upon the faithful is wine in abundance. One of the facts that strikes me most forcibly, in making such an examination as this, is the almost universal favor with which the Hebrew prophets looked upon wine and wine-drinking; and in prophesying the evils to come upon the people because of their disobedience to God or their oppression of their fellows, they rarely fail to include the cutting off of the wine supply. This they evidently regarded as one of the greatest of calamities. Our *Christian* temperance friends would gladly, so they say, visit wholesale destruction upon the vineyards and barley fields, and they seem almost to seek to convey the impression that God made a mistake when he created grapes and barley. This proves how honest they are when they say that the Bible is a temperance book. In Amos v, 11, we have another example of the above-mentioned fact in the utterances of the prophet. Denouncing the people for their injustice, he says: "Ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink wine of them." In the preceding sentence, he had said: "Ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them." Houses were good, wine was good; but because of their sins they should be deprived of both. There is here no argument either direct or implied in behalf of abstinence.

Amos ix, 14: "And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens and eat the fruit of them."

It does not seem that even Mr. Stevenson would venture to claim this verse as a Bible argument for temperance. They *shall* drink the wine!

Mich. vi, 15: "Thou shalt sow, but thou shalt not reap; thou shalt tread the olives, but thou shalt not anoint thee with oil; and sweet wine, but shalt not drink wine."

How can apparently honorable men claim that God, as revealed in the Bible, disapproves of the use of intoxicants when he is continually telling his chosen people that he will punish them by destroying their corn, and their wine, and their oil; evidently taking particular pains to impress upon them the fact that they (wine, corn, and oil) are equally good and useful?

Zeph. i, 13: "They shall also build houses, but not inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, but not drink the wine thereof."

The same old story!

In chapter i, verse 11, Haggai calls for a drouth upon the land to punish the people, and he includes, as usual, the corn, and the oil, and the new wine among the things to be destroyed.

Zech. ix, 17: "For how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty; corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids."

Rather a singular apportionment of his bounty, unless "corn" means something stronger than wine.

Matt. xi, 19: "The son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. But wisdom is justified of her children." But are these her children who claim Jesus as very God and yet fly directly in the face of his precepts and practice? Or is it moral uprightness instead of wisdom that they lack?

In Matt. xxi, 33 to 41, and Mark xii, 1 to 9, Jesus gives us the parable of the vineyard and the husbandmen, and in it all there is no hint that there was anything wrong in the business of wine-making.

The thought that we find expressed in Matt. xi, 19, is given again in Luke vii, 33–4–5, where we read: "For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil. The son of man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! But wisdom is justified of all her children."

Whoever uttered these words, man or God; whoever wrote them, John or some one else one hundred or more years later, there can be no disputing regarding the lesson which is taught. It is that each individual is to determine for him or herself in all things pertaining to personal conduct and habits. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" is the central idea of the various renderings. There is no rebuke, expressed or implied, of intemperance; there is nothing that can be tortured into a condemnation of wine-drinking or into an approval of the principle of total-abstinence, or that of prohibition. Here was his opportunity to condemn the drinking of wine, to speak for that which is now called temperance; but from his lips fell no words of warning; to those gathered about him he said nothing in favor of the great reform which Christians of to-day, falsely assuming to speak in his name, declare finds its sanction and inspiration, its bulwark and tower of defense, in the Bible.

It seems that the good Samaritan (Luke x, 34) had with him a supply of wine with which he dressed the wounds of the stranger.

John ii, 3–11: "And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come. His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

John iv, 46: "So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he made the water wine."

The first miracle which Jesus Christ performed was to convert six pots of water into wine! And this feat convinced his disciples of his supernatural origin and powers! And he did this to manifest forth his glory! Either this is true or the Bible is false. Whether true or not, it has been a most powerful argument against abstinence; it has resulted directly in making drunkards, as it has indirectly in making hypocrits and Jesuitical sophists. I of course mean by this last sentence that the seeming necessity to prove the Bible a temperance work has made any number of Christian apologists resort to all kinds of specious arguments and make any number of false claims in order to make good their assertions. The assumption that this wine was not of an intoxicating nature is purely gratuitous. There is not even the ghost of a fact to be found in support of it. Hundreds of passages, which I have quoted under their appropriate heads, prove beyond a doubt that the wine so often mentioned in the Bible was intoxicating; the words of the governor prove that this miraculously produced portion of it certainly was of the very best, for it is against all reason to suppose that men accustomed to the taste and effects of wine would pronounce simple grape-juice to be better than all that had already been served to them at the feast; and, finally, the declaration that this act of Jesus's was a miracle and that it made his disciples to "believe on him," gives the last stroke to the already nearly dead "non-intoxicating" theory.

Col. ii, 16: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days."

In other words, judge for yourselves in all these matters, submit to no dictation from without. How does that strike you, Messrs. Bible Prohibitionists?

1 Tim. v, 23: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

It is probable that this short verse has led to the consumption of more wine and caused more intemperance than any other equal number of words in any language or contained in any book. It has had a more potent effect upon the mind of the Christian believer than have twenty passages which in a hesitating, half-hearted, uncertain way caution against the use of *much* wine.

Comparing this class of passages with those grouped under "A," we find that the Bible pleas for temperance are outvoted *more than five to one* by those in favor of the use of intoxicants. The record is an astonishingly bad one for the Bible as a total abstinence and prohibition work, and should put to the blush all of its worshipers and apologists who have been so foolish or so unscrupulous as to claim that it is indispensable to the temperance cause and in the education of our children. Both claims are absurd.

LIST C.—PASSAGES CONDITIONALLY CONDEMNING THE USE OF WINE, ETC., UPON STATED OCCASIONS, BY CERTAIN PERSONS UPON CERTAIN OCCASIONS, ETC.

Lev. x, 9–11: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between unclean and clean; and that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses."

This command is made much of by the Christian Prohibitionists, but it must be plainly apparent to every unprejudiced reader that the inhibition extended to the priests alone, and to them only when within the tabernacle; and the implication is plain that the reason the command was given was because the priests drank so that they could not tell the "unclean from the clean," nor perceive the difference between the "holy and unholy" articles upon and about the altar. But if this command was really, as it clearly was *not*, intended for all people at all times, why do Christians use wine at communion, and why do the ministers use it *then*, for *they* are surely shut out from such indulgence if the command was for the gentiles as well as for the Jews, and if it was not for the former, what means all this hypocritical clamor over the text? And why not obey the commands, given in the same connection, concerning the meat offering? If one part of the command is yet binding, why not all of it?

Num. vi, 3: "He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink; neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes or dried."

This, of course, only applies to the time in which a Nazarite should separate himself by a vow "unto the Lord," and eating grape jelly is as deadly a sin as drinking wine.

At the expiration of the allotted time, and after the priest has performed some ceremonies, "The Nazarite may drink wine" (v. 20). Cold comfort for Mr. Stevenson here.

Judges xiii, 4: "Now, therefore, beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine, nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing." This was said by the "angel of the Lord" to the wife of Manoah, the father of Samson, and the context shows that it had no more extended application. But if it had, the command also forbade "unclean things," *i.e.*, many animals which Christians greatly consume, evidently with no thought that they are violating any of God's ordinances, though they try to make it appear that this alleged inhibition of wine and strong drink is yet in force.

Prov. xxxi, 4, 5, "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted."

In striking contrast to this, read the 6th and 7th verses of the same chapter given in list B.

Eccl. ii, 3: "I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom."

Isa. v, 11: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them."

Reading this verse by itself, one would naturally conclude that it was a condemnation of wine and strong drink to excess, and the Christian temperance man will doubtless accuse me of classifying it wrongly, saying that I should have put it in List A, but an examination of the contents shows that I am dealing generously with them in not putting them in List B. Verse 8 of this chapter says: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no places that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" The prophet is denouncing avarice and covetousness, not intemperance, and in verse 10 he says: "Yea, ten acres of vineyard shall yield one bath, and the seed of a homer shall yield an ephah."

Here, as in many other places in the Bible, we find that a failure of the vintage was threatened as a punishment upon the people for their transgressions, or alleged transgressions.

In verse 2 of same the chapter we find the same thought in another form. God is said to liken Jerusalem to a vineyard in which he had planted vines and made a wine-press, and the vines yielded only wild grapes, and hence the judgments fulminated in verses 5 to 30. The argument of this chapter is against instead of for abstinence.

Isa. xxii, 13: "And behold joy and gladness, slaying oxen and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine; let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

This is an incidental condemnation only of wine-drinking, the context showing that the general worldly character of the people had once more brought down upon them the denunciations of the prophet, and it will be perceived that the eating of flesh is coupled with the drinking of wine in the category of serious offenses.

Jer. xxxv, 2: "Go unto the house of the Rechabites, and speak unto them, and bring them into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers and give them wine to drink."

But the Rechabites would not drink the wine, which has rarely failed to be found conveniently near to the "house of the Lord," and they said (verse 6):

"We will drink no wine, for Jonadab the son of Rechab our father commanded, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons forever."

W. C. T. U. people stop right here, preferring to teach falsehood when it seemingly gives strength to their assertion that the Bible is a temperance work. But the Rechabites said something more. What was it? It was to the effect that Jonadab had also commanded them not to build houses, nor to sow seed, nor plant vineyards.

Verse 7 says: "Neither shall ye build houses, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyards, nor have any; but all your days ye shall dwell in tents, that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers; 8. Thus we have obeyed the voice of Jonadab the son of Rechab our father, in all that he hath charged us, to drink no wine all our days, we, our wives, our sons, nor our daughters; 9. nor to build houses for us to dwell in; neither hav we vineyard, nor field, nor seed; 10. but we have dwelt in tents, and have obeyed, and done according to all that Jonadab our father commanded us."

How many of our modern pretended Rechabites have done all this? Is living in a house and planting seed equally wrong with planting vineyards and drinking wine?

If these passages are carefully read, the investigator will see that they have no bearing whatever on the temperance problem.

Ezek. xliv, 21: "Neither shall any priests drink wine when they enter into the inner court."

And every Christian priest who partakes of wine in the sacrament disobeys this command!

Dan. i, 8: "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."

It was because the wine came from the king, and not because it was wine, that Daniel would not drink it. He wanted food from another source, or perhaps he had made some vow which did not permit him to use wine. But be this as it may, he set as strong an example against meat as against wine, though those who quote this text in support of their position do not usually, unless they are Adventists, pay any regard to the argument against meat.

The first, second, fourth, and twenty-third verses of the fifth chapter of Daniel make mention of wine and wine-drinking, and the phosphorescent letters on the wall appear after those present were well filled with something besides the holy spirit; but we read no word of rebuke of the drinking, but only of the manner of it and of the consequent idolatry. Jehovah had been insulted by the adoration offered to the other gods, and the condemnation from the lips of Daniel was clearly intended to have effect in support of the claim of his divinity's supremacy; it was in no sense intended to be a temperance lecture; indeed, it is doubtful whether Daniel ever heard of temperance.

Dan. x, 3: "I ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine in my mouth, neither did I anoint myself at all, till three whole weeks were fulfilled.

Texts like this need no comment; they explain themselves; they give not the least support to the W. C. T. U. claim.

Joel iii, 3: "And they have cast lots for my people; and have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink."

Micah ii, 11: "If a man walking in the spirit and falsehood do lie, saying, I will prophesy unto thee of wine and of strong drink, he shall even be the prophet of this people."

Prophesy *what* concerning wine and strong drink?

Rom. xiv, 21: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

From the preceding and the following verses it is clear that the thought uppermost in the mind of the apostle was that he who did that which his conscience condemns because a stumbling-block in the way of others. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth," he says in verse 22, while in verse 23 he continues in further explanation: "And he that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin." In verse 20 he had said, "All things indeed are pure; but it is evil for that man who eateth with offense." That is, the man who does that which he believes to be wrong, though, as a matter of fact, it may be right in itself considered, is debasing himself and is likely to cause others to go astray. This, and not any real condemnation of wine-drinking or of meat-eating, which, by implication, are declared to be pure, is the lesson which a fair analysis of these passages conveys to us.

Eph. v, 18: "And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the spirit."

In other words, to drink wine until you are drunk is to be guilty of excess in the use of that article, but there is here not the slightest intimation that the use of wine in moderation is wrong.

In enumerating the qualifications of bishop, the apostle tells us in 1 Tim. iii, 3, that he must not (be) given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient; not a bawler, not covetous. Eighth verse: "Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre."

Much wine! This amounts to saying that they may drink in moderation.

The same canting we find in Titus i, 7, and ii, 3, but in the four passages (in Timothy and Titus) there is nothing which the modern total abstainer would regard as unqualifiedly sound temperance doctrin. 1 Peter iv, 3, speaks of "excess of wine," indicating that the author condemned the "excess" only, not the moderate use.

The candid Christian must admit that there is nothing in any or in all of the passages in this List which contains a condemnation of wine when used in what the writers of the Bible regarded as moderation. The condemnation, where there is any, is of its excessive use, and especially of its excessive use by the priests when engaged in the duties of the altar.

A number of the passages put in List "A" should, in strict justice, have been included under this head, but, as previously remarked, I preferred to give the Bible and its apologists the benefit of all doubts and obscure readings. The case against them is bad enough, at the very best.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Mr. Blissert Not Wanted.

A paragraph in a recent issue of *Pomeroy's Democrat* stated that Robert Blissert (who was referred to as Brick's "energetic Greenback friend") had been elected chairman of the Central Labor Union of New York, and that the body now had an opportunity to elect its candidates irrespectiv of either of the two old parties. One of the C. L. U. Trustees was authorized by last Sunday's meeting to contradict the statement; and he assures us that not only does the C. L. U. rule against the election of a permanent chairman, but it discountenances everything political—even from the Greenbackers.—*The Boycotter.*

Prayer: Its Efficacy.

Although for many years I hav ceased to believe in the efficacy of prayer, still I hav always treated with respect those who seriously did believe in it, however ludicrous or unreasonable to me their belief might seem. And I hav at times had to repress a smile at the seemingly impertinent familiarity with which the Christian God is addressed. People who pray in this style surely never reflect how grossly insulting such appeals would be if addressed to a friend or any fellow-being from whom was expected a favor. But "God" is appealed to as a person to be tickled with flattery, cajoled with praise, and appeased with the promis of good conduct in future.

Not long ago a friend related to me his experience in the matter of prayer. "Recently," he remarked, "I attended the sick-bed of a seriously afflicted young man, of a pious and wealthy family. I liked the young man in spite of his many breaches of moral decorum, to which the wealth and piety of his family blinded the eyes of society. He was habitually too social, and not unfrequently took too much wine for his stomach's sake.

"But here he was, his burning temples swathed in flannels saturated with cooling liquids, and his feverish body writhing in agony. I really loved the young man, as I said, for I thought I saw shining through his wayward exterior redeeming virtues which under more favorable conditions would hav made him a useful citizen. As I entered the sick man's chamber the reverend pastor was in the full tide of a fervent prayer. Great drops of sweat stood out on his moistened brow as he evoked every kind of pious exertion in behalf of this erring child of grace—and he pledged in his behalf the fulfilment of every kind of impossible service. He should henceforth sing the praises of Jehovah and the holy redeemer! He would make midnight cheerful with melody, and the starry firmament hum with Christian devotion! As the pastor paused for breath, some pious, sympathetic brother coaxingly threw in his private appeal *sotto voce*, 'Do, Lord, do!' The pastor resuming continued, 'O Lord, thou canst restore this youthful saint to health! O Lord, thou hast in times past done wonders! Thou hast raised the dead. Thou hast increased the widow's oil. Thou hast cleansed the leper. Thou hast made the blind to see. Thou hast made the cripple to walk. In times past thou hast miraculously parted the Red Sea for Moses and thy chosen people. Through thy servant Joshua thou hast commanded the sun and moon to stand still whilst thou hast vanquished the enemies of Israel. Thou hast compelled the sun's shadow to go back ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz. Thou hast miraculously preserved the disobedient prophet Jonah in the whale's belly, and hast been the producer of hundreds of recorded miracles! And now, O Lord, do not go back on thy divine record, for thou hast already done it for greater sinners than this suffering child of grace, the pet of his parents and pride of thy holy church!'

"What further was said I know not, for I quietly withdrew from the house and the sound of this insane rhapsody."

"Well," I inquired of my friend, "what becamc of the afflicted young man? He died, of course?"

"Not a bit of it," replied my friend. "To the surprise of all but these lunatics he recovered; and his cure went the round of all pious circles as a notable instance of the power of prayer."

"Of the young man—was the reformation permanent?" I asked.

"For a short time only; for, alas! John Barleycorn was too potent for the church or temperance; and his body was recently drawn from the dock and became a subject for the coroner. D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn, E. D.

Beginnings.

For some years of my youth I was thrown into a lonely, obscure region occupied chiefly by Indians. There I saw the life of the savage, and the origin of civil society, the foundations of empire. Great towns, populous, thriving communities, hav grown up. While we were all poor and had everything to do, then was the best of times. When wealth became superabundant, then was the worst of times for lack of money. When anything passed for money that had the signature of a well-known honest settler, this money and all other things desired were superabundant. I learned then that money is a certain form of credit in circulation.

I learned also in my intimacy with Indians that here and there is a mind of nativ grandeur and originality as superior to all those around him as would be the educated white man. I conclude that we are indebted for all our progress to a few minds, the masses being inert, improvident; but greedy and selfish individuals often lead them wrong. I learned many things which those educated in old so-called civilized society can never know save theoretically.

HOLT.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

The Liberal Club.

The Lenten exercises at the Manhattan Liberal Club were continued at its 409th regular meeting. When the writer, having seen that his badge-pin was in a position where its attractions were not obscured, entered the hall at 220 East Fifteenth street, he extracted a five-cent piece from his pocket and gave it to Treasurer Morris, this being the regular price of admission to the meetings of the club. Ladies and Presbyterians are not required to pay anything.

It was a fine gathering. All the seats were occupied, and fully half of those present were ladies. A glance around revealed many familiar countenances. There was the smoothly-shaven face of Mr. Tompkins, the Houston-street barber, who is likewise the author of the poem "Venus and Adonis," and also inventor of the appliance by which a loaded car is designed to propel itself with the assistance of its own weight. Lawyer Chamberlain was also there, conspicuous for his good looks. Mr. Eckhart tipped back his chair in the northwest corner and listened comfortably. Mr. Eckhart is one of those far-seeing persons who rightly believe that any scheme of reform is futil that does not provide for the abolition of the Roman Catholic church. Mr. Langerfeldt ornamented his accustomed place by the treasurer's table. Madam Delescluze was there, and smiled as amiably upon the writer of these lines as though he had never written anything which she deemed it necessary to rebuke.

The lecturer was Mr. F. F. Cook, and he had chosen the contemporary subject of "Strikes" upon which to discourse. Mr. Cook is a fine-looking man. He read his lecture in a clear and impressiv voice, putting the emphasis where it would do the most good. He took highly philosophical grounds and viewed the question from that altitude. Strikes, he said, were to sociology what the storm signal is to meteorology. The question was one of morals. The speaker drew a distinction between capital and capitalism, the one being a beneficent force, the other a cruel, lustful, and tyrannic power. Capital itself is simply so much stored energy. The right of the workingman to strike Mr. Cook regarded as beyond dispute, but he denied the right of any man to take the place of the striker. The latter, he held, had an intangible right to the position which he had won through long service. The position was vacated through the wrongs of one laborer, and the right of none could be based upon the wrongs of another. The case of the printer was instanced. On a morning paper a compositor must work and wait as a substitute perhaps for years before he can secure a "frame" at which he can work full time. Having won this position thus, Mr. Cook held, the printer's intangible proprietorship in the frame is as worthy of respect as the owner's tangible proprietorship in metal and wood forming the physical thing. Therefore, an outsider had no more right to occupy the position without the consent of the printer than to carry away the type without leave from its owner. Mr. Cook's remarks on the subject would arouse the enthusiasm of all good printers. In the matter of the strike in the southwest the speaker counseled compulsory arbitration. Failing to submit to this, the railroad company should not be allowed to hire anybody. If the workmen failed to abide, then the arm of the law should be stretched out to protect the company against all acts of violence. At present the government puts out its war arm first, instead of its arm of peace.

The audience had to listen attentivly to Mr. Cook in order to catch his meaning, as he has a habit of using words that are long and hard to define. For that reason, though willing to applaud what they understood, the listeners were sometimes in doubt about the meaning of the last remark, and the applause was hesitating and characterized by more or less scarcity.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Langerfeldt was the first speaker. Referring pleasantly to the blatherskite kind of stuff which we sometimes hear, he explained that he did not class this with that kind of business. He was glad to see the club doing something besides Christ-killing. As to arbitration, it would not work. There was a board of arbitration in England, and its office is never invoked by anybody. Private property should be abolished. Mr. Langerfeldt then went home. It was the greatest effort of his life.

Colonel Hinton indorsed the lecture as to its timeliness and applicability to the present state of affairs, but he could not accept it in its ultimate. Private property was a law of individualism. The relations between society and individual must be closely studied, so that we may know precisely where the function of each begins and ends. Until we ascertain this we are groping in the dark.

Captain Clark, who has followed the salt water all his life in every capacity from deck-hand to sea serpent, said the lecture was an admirable statement of things, but he could not accept it as a finality. He held that we were all slaves to the rest of the community; but if he could choose his master, he would take the aristocrat in preference to the *sans culottes* every time. Organized labor he held to be a tyranny. There probably wasn't a poorer man in the house than he was, but he would fight on the side of capital. He had had intercourse with all nations of the earth, both civilized and barbarous, and had made observations. These observations he would like to lay before the club in a lecture. Captain Clark then gave an imitation of the forensic peculiarities of Robert Blissert, and spoke disparagingly of the club and its orators generally. He said the listener must go through a bushel of chaff to get a grain of wheat. Having thus cut everybody up fine and hurt the feelings of the president, Captain Clark left the platform in triumph.

Dr. Weeks followed without protest. The shallows sometimes murmur when Dr. Weeks rises to speak, but the deeps are dumb; and the doctor usually givs the murmurers a shot about their lack of manners that makes them dumb also. This time, as has been remarked, there were no signs of dissent, and Dr. Weeks made a series of philosophical observations upon the subject of the evening. The man with the badge-pin was not permitted to hear the rest of the discussion, being lured away at this point. He learns from the secretary that Madam Delescluze gave Captain Clark "hail Columbia," and whittled him down good. Dr. Foote, Jr., told how a strike looks from an elevation of six feet and several inches, and did a little punning at the expense of Captain Clark, after which Mr. Cook replied to and confounded his critics.

At the next meeting Dyer D. Lum will lecture on "The Historical Evolution of Liberty and Its Bearing upon Anarchy." And at the close of the debate —unless the hour has grown too late—in the manner customary, the business gathering occurs, to elect a Board of Officers and Assistant Secretary. All members of the club are requested to be present.

Canadian Notelets.

Crowded houses hav been the rule thus far in Mr. Watts's present course of lectures. The experiment of a free week-night lecture was tried on the evening of Thursday, April 8th, and in point of numbers was a success, even beyond expectation, although the collection was hardly up to the mark.

Mr. Watts gave his great lecture on "The Fall and Atonement," one of the most destructiv in his list, and calculated to bring out opposition if there is any present.

Well, we got something this time, but it could hardly be called opposition. The lecture was well advertised, and it was hoped that some uneasy clergyman or divinity student might stray in and make things interesting; but perhaps an all-wise Providence had willed it otherwise. At any rate, they didn't come, and the audience were afflicted for about twenty minutes, at the close of the lecture, with the ravings of a couple cranks who took advantage of the opportunity offered them to ventilate their peculiar alleged ideas, to insult the lecturer, and to beautifully illustrate the folly of inviting indiscriminate debate.

The first to answer to the call of the chairman was an old man over whose head the snows of some eighty odd winters had successfully passed, and who ought to hav been in the church or the asylum. He started out with the first chapter of Genesis, and wandered dreamily off into space, giving the sore-eared audience an account of the original nebula and its gyrations through primeval chaos, that must hav caused the bones of Laplace and Herschell to shake in their coffins.

The next to face the music was a very excitable member of the Salvation Army, who lashed himself into a fury, warned the audience to flee from the wrath to come, and gave a blood-curdling description of the death-bed scenes of Infidels. The name of Ingersoll over the platform caught his eye, and seemed to lend him inspiration. It must hav been inspiration, nothing else could hav done it. He actually gave us an account of the scenes at the death-bed of Colonel Ingersoll. The screams of laughter at this juncture might hav been heard on the esplanade, and when informed that the colonel at last accounts was alive and in his usual health, he "supposed he must hav been misinformed."

There were buckets of fun while it lasted, but, as this sort of thing is not calculated to add dignity to the meetings, and rather mars the effect of the lecture, the powers that be hav decided to prevent its recurrence in the future.

Mr. Watts lectured again, Sunday evening, 11th, subject, "The New Testament: Its History and Teachings," and again the hall was packed with a splendid audience, who were evidently deeply impressed with the grand lecture they heard. There were quite a number of strangers present, all of whom expressed unqualified approval, some of them afterward sending in application for membership.

At the close of the lecture Mr. Watts announced a special lecture for Saturday evening, the 17th, when he will reply to Dr. Wild (in the sermon spoken of last week). The statement that the doctor, and also Dr. Potts, would be especially invited was received with applause, and the announcement that Dr. Wild would be invited to publicly debate with Mr. Watts—hall and advertisment free, the proceeds to go to some public charity—fairly brought down the house.

Mr. Watts also announced that on Monday, 26th (the day before he leaves for England), he will deliver a lecture in aid of the hall fund; tickets, twenty-five cents. He not only givs his services free for this lecture, but generously offered to act as ticket agent, and sold $14 worth before leaving the platform.

The society having been at great expense in fitting up the new premises, Mr. Watts's generous action is most opportune, and will not be forgotten by the friends.

On Monday Mr. Risser wrote to Dr. Wild a long letter, which concludes as follows:

On Saturday evening, April 17th, Mr. Charles Watts will deliver a special lecture in our new hall in reply to your sermon of last Sunday evening. He will correct some of your misstatements and misrepresentations of our views, which, no doubt, were innocently and ignorantly made.

We extend to you a most cordial invitation to be present on that occasion, to set us right where you believe us to be wrong. We hope you will see your way clear to signify your acceptance. You hav a duty on hand that you can scarcely refuse to perform. We will assure you a friendly greeting, an attentiv hearing, and a respectful consideration. Come now, and let us reason together.

Yours sincerely, J. A. RISSER,
Pres. Toronto Secular Society.

On Wednesday Mr. Risser received the following laconic and characteristic reply:

J. A. Risser, Esq., Dear Sir: Your letter of 6th to hand. In reply I regret to say that I cannot attend your lecture on Saturday evening. Yours kindly, JOSEPH WILD.

"Only this, and nothing more." It was hardly expected that he would accept the invitation, but surely the courteous and gentlemanly letter of friend Risser deserved at least something in the way of a reply from one who is supposed to be teaching a gospel of love. However, there is a rod in pickle for the doctor, and he may yet be forced to giv a reason for refusing to meet men whom he has wilfully maligned, people who are morally and socially at least as good as himself, and away above what some of his own congregation can be shown to be.

Last Sunday evening the Rev. Hugh Johnston, of the Metropolitan (Methodist) church, preached a sermon against theaters and theater-goers which has brought out several caustic replies in the city papers (the inclosed letter from the *World* of last Tuesday is a sample), which prove that Secularists are not the only people who are disgusted with the ravings of these "sanctimonious, self-righteous hypocrits."

The Rev. Canon Demoulin also preached on the same subject. In both cases the sermon was an outpouring of the vilest denunciation and wholesale abuse. The theaters were spoken of as "dens of infamy," and their patrons as "horse-thieves," gamblers, fallen women," etc., and they giv the secret of their hatred away and show where the shoe pinches by whining "that the theaters are making more money than the churches." Aye, there's the rub. Said the Rev. Mr. Johnston: "A certain theater in Chicago takes in as high as $7,000 in a single night, while the income of the Metropolitan church is only $24,000 in a year." *Mirabile dictu!* and yet the heavens don't fall.

Will the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER kindly send to these "gentlemen" (who hav maligned better men and women than themselvs), Messrs. Johnston and Demoulin, a copy of the "Crimes of Preachers," at my expense, and add thereto the names of Hamford, Parson Downs, and that miserable devil Dyson, who saved his own dirty neck by putting the rope around that of the woman, his partner in crime, and the host of others who are always cropping up in the newspapers?

Nothing but crass ignorance, or consummate cheek, could hav made the Rev. Mr. Johnston take for his text last Sunday this: "By their fruits shall ye know them."

TORONTO.

April 15, 1886.

The Truth Seeker Editor Answered.

Benj. R. Tucker in Liberty.

In concluding a feeble effort at reply to a Galveston *News* criticism of THE TRUTH SEEKER in its recent struggle with Anarchism, the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER remarks: "There is a scholarly courtesy in the criticisms of the Galveston *News* becoming to a great journal, which we miss in the editorials of the smaller *Liberty*. Whether or no it would not giv force and dignity to their utterances to copy the style of Mr. J. L. Walker, of Galveston, is a question we leave to the judgment of Messrs. Tucker and Appleton." If there is one thing more than another that Anarchists believe in, it is the principle of contract. Now I hav a contract to propose to the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. If, in all future discussions between THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Liberty*, he will show one-half the brains and one-tenth the honesty of J. L. Walker, I will show twice his courtesy. Is it a bargain?

Professor Seymour's Illness.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Allow me, through the columns of your paper, to inform the friends and Liberals that Prof. W. Seymour, President of the Pennsylvania Secular Union, has been confined to his bed for the past two weeks with congestion of the brain, and although we hav sometimes despaired of his life, through the application of medical skill, and constant watchfulness and care, we are pleased to feel at this time that he will soon be restored to his normal condition af health and usefulness.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, 1886. JEAN E. ROBERTS.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,187.09
Plum Creek	11.80
Creighton	7.60
D. Buckingham	1.00
Robert Barbour	1.00
J. M. Frost	1.00
E. C. Underburg	1.25
V. B. Wells	1.00
Anton Caha	1.25
G. L. Heaton	1.00
Joseph Stahl	2.00
H. Mittelstadt	2.00
L. Severin	.50
Julius Poessnecker	2.00
P. F. Psotta	1.00
A Friend	2.00
" "	1.00
" "	.50
" "	.50
P. Helmerick	1.00
Total	$2,226,49

News and Notes.

I am somewhat surprised at the number of friends and acquaintances that I hav met with out West. I might travel for days in New England and not meet anyone I know; so many stay at home and indoors in that placid country. I suppose it is called the Hub of the universe simply because it is so slow in turning round. Here, out West, we are on the outer circle, and always in a whirl, and things are continually happening, and at almost every stopping-place I come across a familiar face that I had no more idea of meeting than of the premier of England. I imagin they are far away, but the mighty West has taken them into its enormous whirlpool, and fate brings us together. Westward is the stream of tendency. The trains are full. I hav to sleep almost standing up. The fat man has no show. Day after day I see the tented wagons go by. The people are beginning to settle even on the sandy bluffs where never a flower has grown before, and somehow the harvest begins to shine, the rains fall, and the skies shed blessings as the busy step of the white man advances. There seems to be a magic in his touch. Like Alexander Selkirk, he is monarch of all he surveys, and evokes its riches the moment his plow penetrates the soil.

I was a schoolmaster once, in the happy college days, when I thought I knew everything because I could decline a Greek verb. It was up among the green hills of Vermont, in one of its loveliest villages. I remember the lyceum we had where youthful genius plumed its wings for many an airy flight. I remember the squirrel hunt and the rides by night amid the lonely hills in search of game, for it was lawful in those combats of the rival Nimrods to lie, cheat, and steal in order to count the biggest number and win the dinner. I remember the old meeting-house perched on the hill, too venerable and mighty for the preacher, and so he held forth in an humbler chapel by its side; but for one night this ancient edifice blazed with the fires of the muse of the drama, and I for once enjoyed the romance of the stage.

All this flashed upon me, when, thousands of miles away, amid the prairies, I met one of my pupils. I found her a stately matron and member of the Presbyterian church in good and regular standing. Apparently she had lost no faith in the creeds of her childhood, and scarcely knew what Liberalism meant; and yet, when I asked her if she believed all that was in the Bible, she replied, "Oh, no; only that which seems reasonable to me." "Do you believe in the story of Jonah and the whale?" "I do not," she replied, utterly oblivious of the terrible heterodoxy of her statement; "why, nobody believes that today," she added. Thus in her words she showed the unconscious drift of the intelligent mind that still remains within the church, and that will to a certain extent think for itself. It, however, does not realize how totally it has abandoned the old, and entered upon the new. This was indeed something of a revelation to me of the immensity of that change which is passing over the world. The ministers do not know the deep current of thought that is in their very congregations, and that will some time all of a sudden tumble their churches about their ears. I told my friend that I thought she was a very poor Presbyterian, but a first-rate Liberal. "Oh, no," said she, "I am a good Presbyterian still." I could only leave it with time to settle the matter, and I guess it will.

After an all-night ride, bright and early I met J. J. Jensen at Plum Creek. He, together with Mr. H. S. Olmstead, had arranged for the lectures at this place. They are both stanch Liberals and subscribers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that, I suppose, accounts for their energy in this campaign for Freethought. I also met a former comrade of the plains, R. D. Thompson, and his wife, too, who used to work with me in the Unitarian church at North Platte. It was a pleasant surprise to meet these friends.

There were scarcely half a dozen houses in Plum Creek when I left the plains some years ago. Now it has over one thousand inhabitants, and is a bright and lively place, and the country round about it is rapidly filling up. My lectures were the first Freethought lectures ever given, and excited an unexpected interest. It was the means of introducing many Liberals to one another who did not know before that they belonged to the same ranks. The Lectures were well attended. An auxiliary Secular Union will be formed. The following are the members at present: Dr. J. F. Snider, temporary secretary; Dr. William Bancroft, J. J. Jensen, Jacob Blumer, Ferdinand Zimmerer, W. J. Lamma, T. W. Hanna, John Gunn, A. J. Watkins, H. S. Olmstead, R. D. Thompson, M. Cole, W. D. Kelsey, George A. Watkins, T. G. Watkins, Virgil Allyn, R. F. James, S. O. Hall, and H. Cox. These are the leading business and professional men of the place, and I hav no doubt that a good Secular Society will be formed with such noble and progressiv elements in the city and the country round about.

I was quite surprised to meet here Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Watkins, of Pennsylvania, who hav come to this country to liv with their children. I met these friends at the Cassadaga Congress, and well remember their interest and enthusiasm in the Liberal cause. They are a welcome addition to the Freethought ranks of Nebraska.

From Plum Creek I came on to North Platte, which is one of my old camping-grounds. There for two years I worked in the Unitarian harness, and built the Unitarian Hall. I went to look at the building wherein I had put many a hard day's work, and thought, and hope. It did not look so big as it once did, nor was it so emblematic of the future of mankind. It was a somewhat melancholy monument—a relic of what was forever dead. Unitarianism is to me no longer a thing of beauty as it once was. It belongs to the past—the sunset of an ancient world, not the morning of a nobler future. There was something inexpressibly sad in the remembrance of the immense changes which had taken place since I first put my foot on this soil, which, in the geographies of my boyhood, was put down as in the Great American Desert. The desert has disappeared, and all about are smiling farms, and North Platte has trebled its population since I left. Then the wild buffalo came prancing into its streets and the Indian loafed along trying to sell the spoils of the hunt. The buffalo and the Indian hav gone, and I guess the doctrins that I then preached are gone as effectually as they, and will never reappear in the path of civilization. It was a great pleasure, hywever, to meet with many friends and liv over again some of the happy days of the past. I could only stop for a few hours. I shall lecture here on my return trip. There are plenty of Liberals in this thriving city of the plains.

Here I am at Laramie City, over seven thousand feet above the level of the plains and within sight of the Snowy Range, the beginning of the Rockies, and where winter reigns eternally. Never does the crown of frost disappear from these gleaming summits. The softest skies of summer still bend above their icy foreheads.

I must confess the air is rather thin, and a little exercise makes me tired. But there is a certain exhilaration also in this lofty atmosphere. We seem to be at the top of creation. Soft and brilliant colors are along the horizon, and deck the clouds that float over the blue as intense as that of an Italian sky. No wonder there is plenty of vim in this elevated spot. Jove upon Olympus did not occupy a higher seat; and why, then, should not this be the dwelling of the gods? Nature spreads her palace here and man can revel in his exalted station.

I had good audiences afternoon and evening at the Opera House. There is a fine Liberal element in the place, and an auxiliary Union will be established. As at Plum Creek, the lectures hav developed an unexpected force for Liberalism.

The Methodist minister of the place undertook to tackle me in the midst of my discourse on Sunday afternoon, but he retired with somewhat disordered forces, and although I gave him plenty of chances, he did not rally sufficiently to make another onset. I was saying that I had too much respect for the intelligence of the clergymen of Laramie to think that a single one of them believed in the story of Jonah and the whale. He impetuously leaped up in his seat, and amid the small cheers of a few surrounding allies declared that he believed the whole story from beginning to end. I answered that I was very much surprised at his declaration of faith, and admired his sincerity, but wondered on what evidence he believed the story. "If you will allow I will tell you," he said. "Go on," I answered. "I believe it," he replied, "because the Bible says so, and because Jesus affirms it." I then said: "You believe that the whale swallowed Jonah simply on the testimony of the Bible. In that case you occupy exactly the same position that Sam Jones does. He believes it for the same reason, and with sound logic says that if the Bible affirmed that Jonah swallowed the whale alive, and that the whale remained three days and nights in the belly of Jonah, and then came up and went to Nineveh, he would believe this just as quick as the other story, and, of course, so would you." The minister saw the point and sat down, evidently surprised at the drift of his own argument. I could not get him to say another word. He had come to the conclusion that "discretion was the better part of valor."

He came to me after the lecture with a few inquiries. He asked me if I did not think it possible for the whale to swallow Jonah, etc., provided the Bible God was a matter of fact. I answered of course it was possible if the machinery for its performance was at hand. But that was the very question at issue, Is there such a machinery, such a God? Science denied it. It is both inconceivable and unprovable. I found it useless to talk with the gentleman, for he was so possessed with the devil of theology that I couldn't pin him down to a single logical sequence. At last he said, "Good-bye, I hope to meet you on the other side of Jordan." I told him I should certainly be there if the "other side" was a fact, and that I should get the best of it there by making the best of it here.

I was pleased to meet with Mr. P. Farrell, an old resident of this country, a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER and veteran Liberal. He has a ranch eighteen miles south of Laramie, and came in on purpose to hear the lectures. His son is also a stanch Freethinker, and livs in the city.

Mr. H. Breitenstein, who arranged for the lectures, editor of the Pacific Railroad *Employees' Magazine*, is one of the foremost Liberals of the West. In connection with the Knights of Labor, of which he is a prominent member, he advances not only reform but Freethought. He thoroughly understands the vital relation of the two, and that Liberalism must prevail in order that justice may be obtained for labor. I expect to lecture at Laramie on my return trip. I go from here to Rock Springs, and thence to Wanship, for the campaign in Utah.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The New York Freethinkers' Convention for 1886.

Why not make the New York Freethinkers' Annual Convention a camp meeting, covering two Sundays, to be held at some suitable grove the last of August or early in September? The Tent would save cost of opera house and insure attendance of ten times as many people, and the very class we most desire to be present.

Family tents can be hired at very low rates, all enjoy a glorious picnic, and the much-talked-of, long-desired, but never before attained opportunity for sociability (so that Liberals from all parts of the state and vicinity could become personally acquainted) be realized.

Liberals could invite friends and neighbors to share the hospitality of their tents. What a splendid opportunity to disabuse their minds of prejudice and clerical misrepresentation! What an excellent opportunity to distribute Liberal literature to those really interested, to read and investigate! What a field such a meeting would afford to secure subscribers to our best Liberal papers! How greatly such a meeting would popularize the Nine Demands of Liberalism! Ladies, let us hav your opinion; our reliance is, as always, on you. Gentlemen, what say you? Will all interested giv this matter consideration and write me their views and suggestions? It is not too soon to decide, for much time is needed for perfecting all arrangements and insuring grand and glorious success.

Let every one write who favors the suggestion. Address me care of TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton Place, New York. C. B. REYNOLDS.

The Truth Seeker Hits Hard.

The last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER has a humorous cartoon, entitled, "The Answer to the Conundrum, Where was Moses when the Candle was Blown Out?" and shows us Moses in a darkened room filling his pockets with Pharaoh's treasures. THE TRUTH SEEKER hits hard sometimes, but we nevertheless admire it for its honest bluntness.—*Hebrew Standard.*

The Ablest in the Country.

From the Newsman.

The Truth Seeker Company is the largest establishment dealing in Freethought publications in the country. While the *Newsman*, as a trade organ, has nothing to do with men's opinions, it recognizes that Freethinkers are a numerous body in every country, and most of them sincere in their convictions. To such THE TRUTH SEEKER recommends itself as the ablest journal published in this country.

The discussion between Gladstone and Huxley will be voraciously read by all classes. The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is also a very valuable almanac for those interested in Freethought.

Communications.

Infidel and Christian.

The other evening I was one of a group of individuals who were ventilating their views in regard to official corruption in general, and that which obtains in the municipal government of New York city in particular. Something I had remarked prompted one of the party, whom I did not know, to tackle me later on, when the group had broken up, in regard to a matter in which he was deeply interested evidently.

"Excuse me, sir; but from what you said a moment ago, I judge you are an Atheist."

"You do, eh? Well, your judgment is not in the least at fault, sir."

"You don't tell me so? Is it possible?"

"Not only possible, my dear sir, but absolutely certain."

"An Infidel, eh—denying the existence of a God?"

"An Infidel, yes; no, to the rest of your proposition."

"You don't deny there is a God?"

"No."

"Do you believe there is a God?"

"No."

"It is a negativ position you occupy. You don't deny, and you don't believe?"

"Exactly."

"Why don't you believe there is a God?"

"Want of proof."

"But there is the Bible."

"No proof."

"No proof?"

"None."

"Don't believe the Bible, eh?"

"To believe the Bible is to believe in the God of the Bible?"

"Why don't you believe the Bible?"

"For the same reason that I don't believe Munchausen."

"Monstrous!"

"Yes, that's just about the size of it—monstrous!"

"Oh, I mean it is monstrous that you should compare the Bible to Munchausen."

"Well, it isn't complimentary to Munchausen, that's a fact. But I suspect the baron didn't aim for the sublimely incredible, wishing to keep within something like reasonable bounds."

"You experience no satisfaction or pleasure in reading the Bible?"

"Very little; for the most part horror, with a sense of the ineffably ridiculous and absurd. When I wish to regale myself on horrors I go to the 'Three Spaniards,' and books of that class; and for stories of a supernatural cast, where horror is not the chief factor, I take up the 'Arabian Nights,' whose stories are far more artistically told and interesting than the Bible stories."

"You astonish me!"

"I do, eh? Well, I suppose I do if you are a thick-and-thin believer. Were you a woman, I suppose you would say to me, 'Oh, you are perfectly awful!'

"I suppose I should. Do you believe in a life hereafter?"

"No."

"What do you believe in?"

"Oh, many things. For instance, I believe there is a hideous and far-reaching corruption in the offices of our city government, from the judiciary down."

"But I mean as regards religious things, and religion itself."

"I hav no particular belief in regard to religion, having never made choice from the many in vogue all over the world."

"But there is only one true religion—the Christian religion."

"Every devotee to the thousand and one religions will tell you the same thing: 'There is only one true religion, and that is ours.'"

"I think you are an Infidel, iron-clad. Good-night."

"One moment, sir; give me an inning, having had yours. You are a believer and Christian?"

"I should hope so."

"Why?"

"Because I hope to be saved."

"Because you don't wish to be damned?"

"Yes."

"Then you are a Christian and believer from fear of damnation?"

"Yes—that is—well, doesn't the Bible say that unbelievers shall be damned forever?"

"I believe it does say something of that kind—words to that effect."

"Well?"

"Well, what if it does?"

"Why, that settles it."

"In your mind?"

"Yes."

"You believe the Bible clear through, from A to Izzard, I suppose?"

"Implicitly."

"Well, not to detain you too long, there are one or two things I would like to hav you explain—there are very many, but I will trouble you only on one, and that is—"

"Oh, there are many things in the Bible that I can't explain—I couldn't to an Infidel, anyhow—but my belief in the Bible is not lessened on that account."

"Is not, eh?"

"No; I believe in the Bible; in God; in a future life; in Christian theology; in heaven and hell, where the good will be rewarded and the wicked punished—I believe in all."

"One moment. If you did not believe in a hell, would you believe in the rest of the program?"

There was no response save a look that spoke volumes could it hav been translated, and the thick-and thin believer was gone.

Was he not a fair sample of Christians as they run? Filled with superstition to an extent never reached by a goat in a good season for theater posters, they believe this book without question—profess to, or think they do—looking with astonishment, if not horror, on one who "impiously" does question it; getting away as quickly as possible to avoid staggering queries, as "Tug" Wilson did from Sullivan to avoid his staggering blows. But for the stupid fear of hell would there be any lovers of God—of the God of the Bible?

SI SLOCUM.

A Lesson in Astronomy.

I hav been thinking the matter over, and hav concluded to accept Mr. Hindman's rebuke, and in return for his lesson in politeness will, by your permission, giv him a lesson in astronomy. Before receiving THE TRUTH SEEKER, March 6th, containing Mr. James's communication, I had been studying how, in a brief article, to giv an intelligible outline of the facts and calculations which determin the distance of the earth from the sun. It is so often taken for granted that astronomical estimates are mere opinions, that one brief lesson in mathematical astronomy might be useful, even to some of your intelligent readers. A few elementary propositions in geometry will hav to be taken for granted, most of which are nearly self-evident, and their proof within easy reach of anyone interested in the subject.

Angles are considered as diverging from the center of a circle, and are measured by the circumference, which, for convenience, is divided into 360 degrees, each degree into 60 minutes, and each minute into 60 seconds.

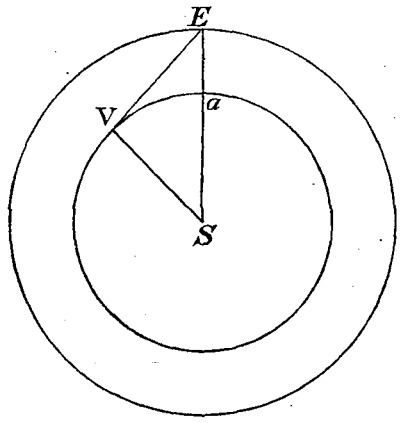


Fig. 1.

In Fig. 1, let S represent the sun, V Venus, and E the Earth. Suppose that at sunset, when Venus is farthest from the sun, it is 45 degrees high; that is, that the angle S E V measures 45 degrees. The angle at V is a right angle, or 90 degrees. But all the angles of any triangle are equal to 180 degrees. The sum of the angles at V and E equal 90+45=135 degrees, and the angle at S=180—135=45 degrees. Hence the angles S and E are equal. In any triangle the sides opposit equal angles are equal. Therefore the side V E is equal to the side V S.

Again, E S is the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle, and the square described on it is equal to the sum of the squares described on the other two sides; and as in this case those two sides are equal, the square described on E S is equal to twice the square described on V S. As we do not know the distance E S, let us represent it by 100, and its square will be 10,000, which is twice the square described on V S. Hence the distance V S equals the square root of 5,000, which is a little more than 70. That is, if the distance of the earth from the sun is represented by 100, the distance of Venus would be 70. But Venus, at its greatest elongation, reaches 47 degrees instead of 45 degrees, and the exact proportion is a little more than 72 to 100. Subtracting 72 from 100 we hav *a* E (Fig 1); the distance of Venus from the earth when she is between us and the sun is to the distance of the earth from the sun as 28 to 100.

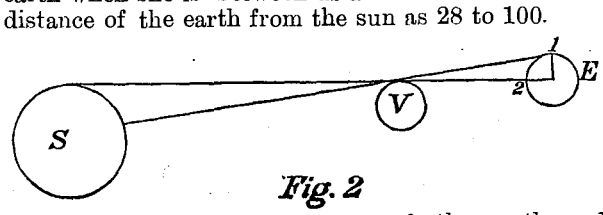


Fig. 2

Having the relativ distance of the earth and Venus from the sun, let us compute the real distance. In Fig. 2 let E represent the earth, V Venus, and S the sun, as they appear in a transit of Venus when she passes directly between us and the sun. Let two observers at stations 1 and 2 observe Venus at the same moment. Let the observer at station 2 mark the time when Venus has just passed its width upon the sun. The observer at station 1 finds that Venus has passed, at that exact time, about 31 seconds of a degree beyond that point. This proves that half the diameter of the earth would represent 31 seconds at the distance of Venus, for the two stations are 90 degrees apart. The number of seconds which a semi-diameter of the earth would measure at the sun would be in the inverse proportion of the distance, and would be as 100 to 28. That is, 100 is to 28 as 31 seconds is to the angle which a semi-diameter of the earth would measure at the distance of the sun. Twenty-eight times 31 seconds equal 868 seconds, which divided by 100 equals 8 68-100 or 8.68 seconds. The whole number of seconds in an entire circle is 360x60x60=1,296,000 seconds. Now as 8.68 seconds is the measure of a semi-diameter of the earth, or 3,962 miles, at the distance of the sun, it is contained as many times in 1,296,000 seconds as 3,962 miles is contained in the number of miles represented by the whole orbit of the earth. If we divide 1,296,000 seconds by 8.68 seconds, we hav 147,000 as the quotient; and this multiplied by 3,962 will giv us the circumference of the earth's orbit. One hundred and forty-seven thousand times 3,962=582,414,000 miles, the distance the earth travels in going around the sun. The circumference of a circle is 3 1416-10000 or 3.1416 times the diameter. Hence, 582,414,000 divided by 3.1416 = 185,200,000, the diameter of the earth's orbit, and half of that equals 92,600,000, its radius, or the distance of the earth from the sun. Of course, as neither the earth nor Venus moves in exact circles, but in ellipses, different measurements differ from each other a few fractions of a second, but by comparing many different measurements, astronomers hav ascertained the earth to be about 93,000,000 miles from the sun. The distance of Venus from the sun is 72-100 of 93,000,000, equal to 66,960,000 miles. Venus at its transit measures about one minute of a degree, and hence it is a little smaller than the earth. Mr. Hindman will readily see that in Fig. 2, in the triangle extending from the earth to Venus, we hav the angle at Venus equal to 31 seconds; that at the earth's center equal to 90 seconds, and that at station 1 equal to 89 degrees 59 minutes 29 seconds. Thus having two angles and an included side he can compute the length of the other two sides.

All these computations are based on simple observed facts, and involve nothing more intricate than a surveyor uses in calculating the distance across a lake or river to any inaccessible point.

Milwaukee, Or. D. PRIESTLEY.

Bacon and Shakspere.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, signing himself "Ram-Chusa-Chum," has been discussing the question of the authorship of Shakspere in a series of articles. He is a most decided Baconian. In regard to Mr. Burr's pamphlet, "Bacon and Shakspere," he says:

> Let any man take what the records disclose as to Shakspere's genuin writing, which consists of these five scraps reproduced by Mr. Burr, and if he will examin them carefully, without bias or prejudice, he will be forced to the conclusion that Shakspere was an ignorant fellow, who has for nearly three centuries humbugged the literary world.

And in regard to the sonnets of Shakspere, he thus concludes:

> Now, who was the poet? Who was the friend? Who was the lady whom the poet loved in vain? The disinterested student of literature will find these questions answered according to the facts and the eternal fitness of things by Wm. Henry Burr. They were written by Francis Bacon to the Earl of Essex and his bride, the beautiful widow of Sir Philip Sidney.
>
> Essex was gallant, rich, and very handsome. Bacon persuaded him to marry. Bacon loved the Widow Sidney, and Essex was preferred by her. His marriage was kept secret from Queen Elizabeth. Essex was very fond of Spenser, the poet alluded to in the sonnets 80, 83, and 85, and he built a monument to him. He tried to advance Bacon to the post of attorney-general, and when disappointed in that he gave him an estate worth nearly £2,000.
>
> Fix the date when the poems were written at 1590, and the sonnets are as symmetrical and truthful as they are beautiful. Mr. Burr deserves much praise for the study and learning spent in solving the mystery which has puzzled the learned.

The same writer refers to a magnificent work published in 1883 by Mrs. Henry Pott, of London, entitled, "Bacon's Promus of Formularies and Elegancies."

> Certain notes of Bacon were preserved in the British Museum, unnoticed and not deemed worthy of examination. She took them and arranged the fifty sheets or folios so as to show clearly that the Promus was Bacon's workshop wherein he arranged sentences, axioms, proverbs, quotations, forms of expression, of compliment, application, excuse, and repartee. These are his own invention. Among these are also apothegms, verses out of the Bible, and lines from the Latin poets. Out of this workshop, as she explains in her preface, Bacon drew forth things old and new.
>
> This industrious and charming writer has taken these entries, 1,680 in number, and classified them into proverbs; those from the Bible and classics, English, French, Spanish, and Italian; next aphorisms; then metaphors, similes, and figures; then turns of expression; then single words, mot-

toes, and forms of salutation. After that she examins the works of 328 known writers who flourished during and before the time of Bacon (more than 5,300 works in all), and she finds that this workshop was used to write Shakspere's plays. If not, these two men must hav read the same books, frequented the same society, learned the same languages, and studied the same sciences. Bacon either wrote the plays, or he took notes for the use of Shakspere, since the Promus notes are nearly all reproduced in the plays and sonnets. And Mrs. Pott finds, after a close and severe inspection of all previous and contemporary writers, that these notes of Bacon nowhere else appear.

If Delia Bacon did become insane on the eve of her great discovery, an able, logical, and learned disciple of the same sex has produced a book on the same subject which I defy any worshiper of the pretender Shakspere to answer.

But the most astounding discovery in regard to Bacon and Shakspere is claimed to hav been made by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, whose letter to Mr. Appleton Morgan, of New York, is printed in the Indianapolis *Sentinel* of March 8th, from a copy taken by the correspondent. Mr. Morgan is the author of a book entitled "The Shakesperean Myth." Mr. Donnelly has for several years been working out a cipher, which he alleges he has found in the Shakspere Folio of 1623, and he writes to Mr. Morgan as follows:

I hav just been working out the details of Harry Percy's visit to Shakspere, at Stratford-on-Avon, and it is told with the utmost detail. His whole family is described—his young brother Edmund, his daughter Susanna, his wife, and sister. The very bill of fare at supper is given, and a very mean one it was, consisting of "dried cakes, mouldie and ancient," roast mutton, far advanced in decomposition, the odor of which perfumed the room; bitter beer, and worse Bordeaux-stuff. The smell of the meat took away the appetite of the dandy Percy. Percy told Shakspere that the queen's officers were after him, to arrest him as the author of "Richard II." [1598-9], which represented the deposition and murder of the king, and was an incentiv to treason, and that he (Shakspere) must fly to Holland or Scotland, and stay there until the storm blew over. Shakspere became abusiv of Bacon, or Master Francis, for getting him into such a scrape, and said that he would confess all, and show who was to blame. Percy then told him that to prevent Bacon's exposure, Master Francis would deny the authorship and the world would believe him. "Who would conceive," says Percy, "of one man putting the honor of such immortal works on the shoulders of another? Did you not giv yourself out as the author? Did you not flourish in new silks and feathers in every bawdy-house in London as the writer? Hav you not profited by these plays—grown rich out of them? Why kept thou in silence so long?—" and much more to the same purpose.

I know it is hard for the world to believe that one set of great writings could be made the vehicle of another set; but the character of the age must be remembered as an age of tyranny and oppression, and also the extraordinary character of the mind that wrote the plays—a mind not to be measured by any ordinary standard of ability and industry.

Why should I assert that I hav found a cipher—not a hop-skip-and-jump cipher, but a mathematically accurate rule—if I hav not? I ask no money from any one. If I should publish a work that was a fraud and a delusion, the few copies I would sell before the truth was discovered would not compensate me for the everlasting shame and ridicule that would fall upon me. And can anyone believe that I would concoct a deliberate lie which a few months would explode? And as for notoriety, I hav enough of that already. Is it to be believed that I would imperil whatever little honor I may hav gained by my exceptionally successful books, "Atlantis" and "Ragnarok," by a pretented claim to a great discovery?

I say to you, my friend, dismiss all theorizing. Francis Bacon was the real Shakspere. The Mecca of the world is St. Albans, not Stratford. This will be made as plain in a few months as that two and two make four; it will be made as indisputable as the multiplication table. There is no getting away from arithmetic, and the Bacon cipher in the Shakspere plays is vitalized arithmetic.

I don't mind the flings of the daily press—the witlings must hav their quips. An eastern paper sent a correspondent the other day to interview me. The correspondent frankly told me that the editor's instructions were to make sport of my labors. I showed him some of my manuscript, and the result was that the correspondent went away thoroughly converted, and wrote an article to that effect, which the editor refused to publish because it would help to advertise my book. Fancy a continental journalist refusing to publish anything about Champollion's interpretation of the Rosetta Stone, which laid bare the secrets of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, because it would advertise Champollion's book! Fancy a Spanish journalist in the davs of Ferdinand and Isabella (if any such then existed) refusing to notice the return of Columbus, fresh from the discovery of the new world, unless paid advertising rates for the same!

A Moral Boycott.

We gave expression last week to our view of boycotting, condemning the practice as we think it ought to be condemned, severely. No men hav a right to combine against others to their detriment, and to render them unable to carry on the free exercise of their calling, as the boycott demands. It is a conspiracy, and if there are not laws adequate for its punishment *such laws ought to be made*. And yet there is a method by which, in a modified form, the boycott can be used to advantage. There is a moral boycott which we advocate. For example here is the Sunday newspaper. We urge a moral boycott against it. The Sunday newspaper is issued for the purpose of making money. It is not designed as an engin of moral progress.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*, March 6, 1886.

As a representativ evangelical paper which is circulated in thousands of Sunday-schools, and for which all good little boys and girls are enjoined to bring their pennies, it is supposable that the sentiments quoted above voice a very large proportion of the Christian reading public. Boycotting, as a peaceable and legal means to right the wrongs of labor, it condemns, and asks for laws to suppress it. Boycotting has been going on for ages, long before the birth of the man who gave it a name, and labor has been the boycotted, and capital the boycotter; and yet our Christian friends hav never before raised a pious howl against it.

Corporations may meet and conspire against the just demands of labor, but if its individual members contribute liberally to the church, even when the money may represent (as it often does) the very life's blood of the toiler, the church accepts it joyfully, and calls the giver "a large-hearted Christian gentleman and enterprising citizen."

No better proof of the close partnership of the church with monopoly can possibly be adduced than the demand from this Christian paper for a law to punish boycotting. Punishment for boycotting! Are we in America—free America—where every man is allowed to be his own best judge as to whom he shall giv his custom, and from whom he shall withhold it? Does this imperial editor imagin for one moment that such a law could ever be enacted, much less enforced? Or shall we charitably conclude that his thoughts and ideas were a little mixed, and that he imagined himself in China or Japan, or some other heathen country for which so much money is raised, and so little ever arrives at its alleged destination?

But there is a "moral" boycott which he advocates, and that is against Sunday newspapers, and he advises all classes not to purchase them. This is a "moral boycott" with a pecuniary resulting loss to somebody, and differs from an ordinary boycott about as much as a boiled lobster does from a live one. One is cooked and palatable and can be eaten; the other cannot, but still they are both lobsters all the same.

Now, because this "moral" boycott is directed against a *Sunday* newspaper, and having been boiled down and made palatable by naming it "moral," the whole religious world will swallow it at one gulp. What if the editor and his subordinates are all forced to the wall, its owners ruined, what does that matter so long as it is a "moral" boycott? Besides, our saintly scribe lifts his hands in holy horror and tells us with unfeigned sadness the awful fact that the Sunday newspaper is published for the sake of making money. Horrible, if true, and total depravity, no doubt. Newspapers as a rule publish their issues entirely for the benefit of the people, without money and without price, and open their advertising columns free to all; and if it can be proven that the Sunday newspaper is published for the sake of making money, its editors and owners should be dealt with in a summary manner—say, for instance, compelled to listen to the reading of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* until they beg for death. In this way they would no doubt be disposed of quickly enough.

Religious cant and hypocrisy hav become so very transparent that people of almost the lowest order of intelligence hav awakened to the fact that the church first and foremost goes for the money, and that sinners in casting their burden an the Lord receive back a heavier one, which they must carry or be damned. My clerical friend, your moral boycott is a delusiv sham, and is a fit companion for other pious shams which are used as occasion may require.

WM. ALLEN SMITH.

Superstition in the Labor Movement.

I followed the crowd into Irving Hall one night last week when the workingmen had their mass meeting in favor of the eight-hour system. The hall is one of the largest in the city, and it was full. It looked to me as if this ought to be a great day for the movement, and may be it was, but I don't think so. A certain Mr. Quinn had been chosen chairman of the meeting, and when I entered he was contending for the abolition of poverty on the ground that "God Almighty never intended for men to be poor," which was rather a novel proposition to lay before a multitude of intelligent people. The position of God on the labor question is not of the slightest importance, but it may be suggested that he would scarcely hav given the assurance that the poor we would always hav with us if he had intended wealth to be universal. There is nothing quite so tiresome as listening to those dogmatic persons who attribute their own conceits to God and deliver them as revelations from the divine will.

The attraction which had drawn the people together on this occasion was Mr. Henry George, the author of "Progress and Poverty." Mr. George is also author of a scheme for the nationalization of land, which, as I understand it, would make all land the non-transferable property of the government. A man, under Mr. George's proposed scheme, may not buy land, but he may liv upon it and improve it, and if he wish to move he may sell the improvements. But as improvements on land, especially such as effect its productivness, and therefore its value, are inseparable from the land itself, the land would necessarily go with the improvements. Under our present defectiv system it is the land that is sold, improvements included. Somebody may be able to point out the practical difference between selling land and throwing in the improvements, and selling the improvements and throwing in the land, but I hav not been able to see it. Yet I believe it is upon the merits of this scheme for land nationalization that Mr. George's reputation as a political economist rests.

At a fair in the prohibition state of Maine there was upon exhibition a striped pig. Every man who paid ten cents to see the striped pig received a glass of liquor gratis; and thus under prohibition of land-selling every man who pays for certain improvements will receive a farm gratis.

To recur to [illegible] meeting, Mr. George was received with overwhelming applause, and was listened to with the closest and most respectful attention. It soon transpired from the direction of his remarks that he favored an act of the legislature which should make it a misdemeanor for an employee to work more than eight hours out of the twenty-four. Leaving in the background the fact that we already hav in this state a similar law, to which no one pays the slightest attention, Mr. George went on to develop his argument in support of such a statute. And what grounds do you think he based it upon? He placed it plumb beside the Sunday laws, whose beneficence he defended with all the strength of his lungs. To the Christian Sabbath, he held, which had its sanction and authority among the thunders of Sinai, from the creator himself, the world owed all the progress which it had achieved. Except for the Sunday laws, he argued, mankind would still be in the degraded state industrially, whatever that may hav been, in which it was situated before the Sunday was established. Such was Mr. George's main argument in favor of an eight-hour law, and it is due to the intelligence of the audience to say that it was not received with marked enthusiasm. The remainder of the address was good in a general sense, but it had slight reference to the eight-hour movement.

Mr. George is one of those who hold the superstition that something can still be done by law to better human conditions; one of those who believe that it is possible for a workingman's law to be either passed or enforced. He holds, too, in the face of fact, that the religious and labor questions are one; that the ministers are the workingman's best friends, and that the Salvation Army fanaticism is of vast industrial significance.

A comical illustration of the clergy's deep insight into the labor problem has just been furnished by the Baptist ministers. The "Social Union" of this sect recently invited John Swinton, the labor advocate, to address them on the burning questions of the day. Mr. Swinton could not find the time to do so. But of course, he remarks, they found a speaker; and one who, judging from their hilarious displays, suited them infinitly better than he could hav done. Who was the man? "By the beard of the prophet," says John, they picked out the very man who, next to Jay Gould, is the most vicious embodiment of piety and capitalism in this part of the country—Deacon Richardson, of Brooklyn, "whose rapacity and inhumanity brought about the recent street-car strike that tied up all the lines of this city, and whom his victims fought through all the thickets of cunning and treachery until they forced him to a surrender whose terms he has ever since been trying to pervert." But Deacon Richardson suited the ministers exactly, and when he told them that the best cure for strikes was "phlebotomy," *i.e.*, blood-letting, they applauded him to the echo. Having listened to this address on the labor problem, which they doubtless think, after all, was practically the same as Mr. Swinton would hav delivered, the Baptist preachers are prepared to rest from their labors, having "investigated" the industrial question as far as they are capable of understanding it.

The clergy do not nowadays actually go out of their way to decry the labor agitation, but they are not as activ in forwarding it to the right solution as others are who hav less opportunity to do so. If they could instruct their flocks in the principles of trades unionism, for instance, as a beginning, the result might be salutary. I do not suppose that St. Paul's prohibition against a bishop being a "striker" extends to the whole clerical profession so as to prevent their saying a good word for those who *are* strikers. It is possible, however, that the Catholic church is taking a greater interest in the Knights of Labor than will prove to be healthy to the latter organization. It goes undisputed that Master Workman Powderly is a member of the Romish church, and the forty days during which, according to his late instructions, no new members are received into the order, happen to be contemporary with Lent, though that may be merely a coincidence. A large number of workingmen, of course, are identified with the church. Perhaps as with vice,

> Seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> They first endure, then pity, then embrace.

I hav read of some church father, now happily dead, who explained the necessity for four gospels on the ground that the earth has four corners. I am also prepared to hear the notion of the trinity supported on the theory that the earth is three-cornered; and when these arguments are accepted as sound it will be time to base a plea for the eight-hour day on the evident design of "God," and to argue its adoption from the beneficent effect of Sunday laws. Until then it will be sufficient to know that shorter hours for labor are demanded by the interests of humanity and by the Central Labor Union.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

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NOW IS THE TIME FOR RENEWALS, and we hope all will be prompt. If we are to print pictures each week, the subscription list must be lengthened. That those inclined to help add to the list may find it no hard matter, we make the following low terms:

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The Numerousness of Christians.

In a doubtful election some time ago a celebrated politician was appealed to to know what the party managers should do. His reply was, "Claim everything." The ministerial caterers for the unread Christians hav adopted the tactics of this politician. A correspondent asks: "Will you please inform me if the statement of the *American Sunday-school Union Quarterly* is correct in regard to the number of Christians in the world?" The statement is that the number of Christians in the world was, is, and will be as follows:

1st century	500,000	17th century	155,000,000
3d "	5,000,000	18th "	200,000,000
13th "	15,000,000	19th "	400,000,000
15th "	100,000,000	20th "	800,000,000
16th "	125,000,000		

This of course is guess-work, as are the most of foundations of the Christian creeds, and it is very poor guess-work. Schem's "Statistics of the World" givs the following figures:

Christians	388,000,000	Confucians	80,000,000
Buddhists	340,000,000	Sinto religion	14,000,000
Mohammedans	201,000,000	Judaism	7,000,000
Brahmanism	175,000,000		

The figures are inconclusiv for the reason that the gatherers of the statistics are indiscriminate in their classification. They put the United States down as all Christian, when the most ignorant person that ever edited a Sunday-school paper must know that there are many hundreds of thousands of Infidels in the land. France is likewise classified as Christian, and her whole population called Christian in the face of the fact that the recent census-takers found 7,000,000 of persons calling themselvs Infidels. If the Christians should confine their claim to some three hundred million they would be nearer right. As to what their numbers will be a hundred years from now, they hav no means of knowing. The indications are that the number will be less than now instead of double. Schem's statistics, too, are questioned. The Union Bible Dictionary says that the Protestants and Greek, and Roman Catholics count only 175,000,000 noses. As the Dictionary and Schem compute the entire population of the globe at about the same figures, the reader may take his choice between their respectiv estimates of the total number of Christians.

In considering this matter, however, it is not honest to call every man in a so-called "Christian" country a Christian. Aside from the outspoken Infidel, there are a great many people in the United States, for instance, who should properly be classified among those outside the church. Months ago, in 1884, in considering this subject we said—and we cannot say it better now: Perhaps one-half of the nominal Christians of the country accept the theory of evolution. To put it broadly, and yet accurately, no one can be a Christian who is an evolutionist. It is utterly impossible to reconcile with Genesis the laws of natural selection, of the survival of the fittest, and of the gradual ascent of man from the animal kingdom. Yet upon Adam's creation, and subsequent fall in the manner specified, depends the whole scheme of vicarious atonement, which is the very essence of Christianity. Theologians may quibble and twist and squirm as much as they like, but they can never get around this. If Eden is a myth, Calvary was useless, and the sacrifice of the "god" upon its cross of no more avail in the remission of sin than the lives of the two thieves said to hav been crucified with him. We believe in consistency. Truth is an agreement of statement with fact. There is hardly a statement or position of Christianity—*no* essential one—that agrees with ascertained and demonstrated facts. And while the great body of the people of this country acknowledge and accept the demonstrated facts, a portion of them still delude themselvs with the fancy that they are Christians. Popular Protestant Christianity is getting to be a very vague and shadowy system of theology. People are allowing themselvs to be called Christians when they are no more real Christians than are Hottentots. They do not believe in the fundamental assertions of the system, nor in the formulated creeds. They are simply moving along with the drift of the times, and that drift is very well known and acknowledged to be widely divergent from the narrow current setting toward the church. No comparativ estimate of the strength and weakness of denominational Christianity in this country can be within a million miles of accurate which does not take these facts into consideration.

Last summer Dr. Deems, of this city, made the same assertion that the Sunday-school paper makes. Colonel Ingersoll was shown the paper, and his opinion of the statement asked. He replied: "I suppose that the population of the earth is greater now than at any other time within the historic period. This being so, there may be more Christians, so-called, in the world than there were a hundred years ago. Of course, the reverend doctor, in making up his aggregate of Christians, counts all kinds and sects—Unitarians, Universalists, and all the other 'ans,' and 'ists,' and 'ics,' and 'ites,' and 'ers.' But Dr. Deems must admit that only a few years ago most of the persons he now calls Christians would hav been burnt as heretics and Infidels. Let us compare the average New York Christian with the Christian of two hundred years ago. It is probably safe to say that there is not now in the city of New York a genuin Presbyterian outside of an insane asylum. Probably no one could be found who will to-day admit that he believes absolutely in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. There is probably not an Episcopalian who believes in the Thirty-Nine Articles. Probably there is not an intelligent minister in the city of New York, outside of the Catholic church, who believes that everything in the Bible is true. Probably no clergyman, of any standing, would be willing to take the ground that everything in the Old Testament—leaving out the question of inspiration—is actually true. Very few ministers now preach the doctrin of eternal punishment. Most of them would be ashamed to utter that brutal falsehood. A large majority of gentlemen who attend church take the liberty of disagreeing with the preacher. They would hav been very poor Christians two hundred years ago. A majority of the ministers take the liberty of disagreeing in many things with their presbyteries and synods. They would hav been very poor preachers two hundred years ago. Dr. Deems forgets that most Christians are only nominally so. Very few believe their creeds. Very few even try to liv in accordance with what they call Christian doctrins. Nobody loves his enemies. No Christian when smitten on one cheek turns the other. Most Christians do take a little thought for the morrow. They do not depend entirely upon the providence of God. Most Christians now hav greater confidence in the average life insurance company than in God—feel easier when dying to know that they hav a policy through which they expect the widow will receive ten thousand dollars than when thinking of all the scripture promises. Even church-members do not trust in God to protect their own property. They insult heaven by putting lightning-rods on their temples. They insure the churches against the act of God. The experience of man has shown the wisdom of relying on something that we know something about, instead of upon the shadowy supernatural. The poor wretches to-day in Spain, depending upon their priests, die like poisoned flies—die with prayers between their pallid lips—die in their filth and faith."

We think these two paragraphs are quite sufficient replies to the boasting of the church. The truth of the matter is that nobody knows how many Christians there were in any century from the year 1 to the present, and least of all does anyone know how many there will be next century.

Lottery Circulars.

Judge Barr, sitting as federal judge in Louisville, decided that a newspaper containing an advertisment of a lottery is not a lottery circular, and is mailable.

This, it seems to us, is a constitutional decision, for if Congress may prohibit the mailing of advertisments of lotteries, it may prohibit the mailing of anything else it choses; and who can say where it would stop? Such a power would be dangerous in the hands of a body of men with strong prejudices. We agree with the Galveston *News* that "practically there are no bounds to the inconsistencies and usurpations of lawmakers, nor can it be inferred that there ever will be while the grant of powers is a jumble of everything relating to business and morals instead of being strictly for protection against force and fraud."

Modern Martyrdom.

In former times, when the Christians found a heretic among them, his path was made seriously unpleasant with the least possible circumlocution. They went to the root of the matter direct. The heretic usually went to the stake. If a man doubted the apostolic authority of the church, he never was allowed grounds to doubt the authority of the Inquisition. If to him Genesis was a legend, the rack was not. It was a palpable and historical fact. If to the mind of the heretic the supernatural birth of Jesus was incredible, he readily found proof of the existence of iron virgins bringing forth corpses. And though he might asseverate never so stoutly that graves did not giv up their dead, he had no difficulty whatever in discovering dungeons to which the never-yielding grave would hav been infinitly preferable.

This is somewhat changed now. There are dungeons yet for unbelievers, it is true, but not those above flowing rivers whose tide bears the dead on to the seas or casts the bodies upon unknown banks; and neither do the dungeons open so frequently as of yore. A decent respect for the opinions of mankind compels the Christians to be more careful. Imprisonment for heresy is now the exception and not the rule. Still, there is persecution going on for opinion's sake. If we could get an Infidel from eacl town and city in the country to stand up in a line, no doubt the grievances would correspond with the number so arrayed. Social slights, petty persecutions, trade troubles, business and professional boycotts, with other little lapses back to the time of Christian control of the world, would make an indictment much longer than any moral law ever observed by the "children of light." These things do exist and overcome us like a summer cloud, but without any special wonder, because atavism is recognized as a more or less ineradicable trait of the human animal.

But if any scientific student of religious human nature wants to bag a few specimens of nineteenth century persecution of heretics, let him call at this office. If he can classify them among any species heretofore known, he will be amply remunerated for the time spent. No doubt the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav noticed that occasionally the paper is badly printed. Sometimes, too, the paper arrives at a subscriber's town from one to three days late. A great many would-be readers hav complained that THE TRUTH SEEKER is non-purchasable at newsstands. In fact, the complaints of one sort or another run up into the scores, and occasionally the managers are accused of lack of business capacity, energy, enterprise, or what not.

It is a sound principle in philosophy that every effect has a cause. Listen to our tale of woe and then say whether the effects we hav mentioned hav not a cause. Once in the long ago we got on the right side of a post-office employee. We don't know his

name, so it will be useless to ask. He was a *sub rosa* Freethinker. We asked him something about the interior working of the establishment to which THE TRUTH SEEKER contributes a thousand or two dollars per year. One question in particular we wanted answered. Why is it, we queried, that, when THE TRUTH SEEKER is mailed Wednesday night, a subscriber in Orange, N. J., never gets it till Friday or Saturday, when a train leaves every half hour or so, and Orange is only twelve miles out? "Huh! that's easy," he said; "them fellows know your wrappers, and that it's an Infidel paper, and they discriminate. That's all." It was enough. All that could be done was to change the wrappers.

A Freethinking acquaintance was superintendent of a press-room down town. His firm was given the printing of the paper. By and by the firm failed, but the successors kept on printing. Every two or three weeks about five hundred papers were printed over; next the edition would be short about that number. What was the matter? "Oh, the pressmen don't like Infidelity; guess they don't take much pains in counting the paper." The firm is notified that the paper is to be printed elsewhere, and promptly we get this gentle note: "Glad of it; don't want to print your damned blasphemous sheet, anyhow."

Over across town goes the paper to another printer, and the illustrations begin. So does the trouble. When Mr. Heston had a good hit at the Protestants the persecution was mild; when he rapped the Catholics the pressmen got in their solid work for their savior. Mr. John's likening Leo XIII. to the devil brought down the house. Other people's ink was no object to those grimy sons of Rome in that press-room. If Colonel Ingersoll couldn't be suppressed, his picture could be covered up. If the Catholic church burnt Bruno, no one in this century was going to know it if printer's ink would hide the fact. Away in the background Mr. John painted Huss in the flames. But no gazer at that picture ever knew it. On the last page Mr. Heston satisfactorily answered a conundrum that has puzzled people for years. He threw in a few ornaments for good measure. Who among our readers knows what those ornaments were? Where is the chair that Pharaoh hung his clothes across when he went to bed and left his jewels exposed? If Rome had revered Moses, we candidly confess that we do not believe a microscope would hav found even his outlines left in that picture. That firm does not now print THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Down in Rose street there is a fat and good-natured printer—one of the best in town. He has printed thousands of books for this concern. A short time ago a new edition of the "Age of Reason" was required. He got the job. But we did not got the books. What was the matter? Only the pressman refused to "feed" an Infidel work; that's all. Not much, the Christian will say; but still it was enough to imperil the eternal souls of the Truth Seeker Company, if thinking damn will do it.

A down-town printer was approached by the business manager with a proposition to print THE TRUTH SEEKER. "Yes; be glad to do it." "Well, how about your pressmen?" asked the cautious business manager. "This paper hits the Catholics pretty hard." "Oh, that'll be all right; the only trouble we hav with our men is when we print some Catholic work; then they steal a good many copies. I don't think they'll steal this paper." But the chances were too great, and the present printer is a man who does work for the pay, and we hav an ironclad contract that will ruin him when he fails to do the work promptly and well. But if some week the readers cannot see what the pictures represent, or are unable to read what any writer has said, let them possess their souls in patience and think of the business manager running around for a new pressroom.

On another tack the Christians hav us on the hip. The biggest news company in the country refuses to take a book with our imprint, and the newsdealers throughout the country, with a few brilliant exceptions, refuse to handle the "damned Infidel sheet." Recently a small news company took a great number of papers, and placed them on sale at the newstands. Straightway we were the recipients of postal cards informing us that our father, the devil, had a place prepared of which our immediate occupancy was energetically desired. One objurgatory postal card brought the information that the newsagent wouldn't keep such papers as THE TRUTH SEEKER, and to pile the religious Pelion on the Ossa of persecution, he forwarded, for the benefit of the editor, No. 1 of the "Anti-Infidel Library," being a lecture on the "Inspiration of the Bible," by H. L. Hastings, the militant editor of the Boston *Christian*. Its chief argument was that Moses was a general, while Mr. Ingersoll was only a colonel. Mr. Hastings does not believe in the criticism of superior officers by subordinates.

Cases could be drawn out as long as a Down East deacon's face on Sunday, but space in THE TRUTH SEEKER is finite. Only a few of the pleasant paths trod by heretics, and particularly publishers of heretical papers, hav been pointed out. There are highways and byways in the business that none but a pachyderm can tread without committing murder. Nevertheless, modern martyrdom is preferable to the the ancient style, and perhaps we ought, instead of grumbling at the small annoyances of Catholic workmen and pious newsdealers, to congratulate ourselvs that we are not all dead.

The church of Christ is a great institution.

Prose Poems and Selections.

A new edition—and almost a new book—of "Prose Poems and Selections" has been prepared by Mr. Ingersoll's publisher, Mr. C. P. Farrell—a gentleman, by the way, whom it is a privilege to know and a pleasure to do business with—and placed on sale with the Truth Seeker and other bookstores. The edition is of the same quarto size, and the printer and bookbinder hav exhausted their respectiv resources to make the volume an ornament to the libraries and center-tables of the buyers.

The matter of the book includes all in the old edition and a great many new articles. The previous short paragraphs upon Abraham Lincoln hav been replaced by "Motley and Monarch," and the Tribute to Elizur Wright is also included, as is one to the Rev. Alexander Clark. The other new pieces are: Apostrophe to Liberty, The Warp and Woof, Originality, What is Worship? God Silent, Night and Morning, The Conflict, Death of the Aged, The Charity of Extravagance, Woman, Apostrophe to Science, Imagination, No Respecter of Persons, What is Blasphemy? and a poem on the Birthplace of Burns.

Of course it is unnecessary to say anything concerning the beauty of the selections. Mr. Ingersoll dresses the truths he speaks in the most magnificent garb it is possible to weave from the English language, and it goes without saying that all these prose poems and selections are masterpieces of composition.

The price of the volume remains at $2.5), and we shall be glad to fill orders for it.

The Ten Commandments.

A correspondent asks, "Where did Moses get the Ten Commandments?"

We might answer this in letter by saying Moses did not get them; but the spirit of the inquiry needs also to be satisfied, for is it not written that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life?

The writer of Exodus borrowed the manner of Moses's reception of the law from the legends concerning Bacchus, the sun-god, who was also called the lawgiver, and whose laws were written on two tables of stone. The idea of receiving them on a mountain is taken from the Persian legend related of Zoroaster. Prof. Max Müller says: "What applies to the religion of Moses applies to that of Zoroaster. It is placed before us as a complete system from the first, revealed by Ahuramazda (Ormuzd), proclaimed by Zoroaster." According to the tale of Zoroaster's disciples (as reliable as some of the disciples' stories about Jesus), that eminent lawgiver went one day to a high mountain to pray, and in the midst of thunder and lightning the Lord himself appeared before him and delivered to him the book of the law. Zoroaster escaped unharmed from this interview with the Lord, just as, when Moses came down, "the skin of his face did shine." The book of the law is called the Zend-Avesta, which signifies the "living word."

The Buddhists also hav the Ten Commandments almost identical with the Hebrew ones. It is also related that Minos, the lawgiver of the Cretans, ascended a mountain and received from the supreme lord (Zeus) the sacred laws. Diodorus, the Grecian historian, says that "the idea promulgated by the ancient Egyptians, that their laws were received direct from the most high god, has been adopted with success by many other lawgivers, who hav thus insured respect for their institutions."

The writer of Exodus obtained the idea from these traditions floating through the different countries.

Editorial Notes.

THE editor of the *Day Star* seems to hav experienced a change of heart toward Colonel Ingersoll as gratifying to the friends of that gentleman as previous editorial slurs were repelling.

THE enlargement of the *Independent Pulpit* is an exceedingly valuable change. The April number contains some twenty articles of permanent value. Mr. Shaw is as good an editor as lecturer, and with his enlarged space will undoubtedly provide the best of Liberal literature for a constituency which we hope will grow as the merits of the *Pulpit* deserve.

IN the spring the Administration lightly turns to thoughts of love. The statement is generally credited that President Cleveland is about to be married. Considering his violent denunciation of Mormon practices, doubtless there are papers in the country—though THE TRUTH SEEKER is not one of them—who will inquire after the woman whose name figured so largely in the last presidential campaign. We believe she is not yet dead. Mr. Cleveland is a Presbyterian.

THE *World's Advance Thought—the Avant Courier of the New Spiritual Dispensation* is the name of a large quarto paper of which the Progressiv Publishing Company of Salem, Oregon, are editors and proprietors. The matter contained in the first issue corresponds in tone to the general drift of the title, and the paper is well printed. We notice that the company has listed THE TRUTH SEEKER as its New York agent, but as we are entirely unacquainted with the publishers we must decline to receive the honor.

THE Somerville *Christian Observer* is of the opinion that the account of Moses's burial is a foot note by some editor of Deuteronomy, which has somehow been run into the body of the book. The *Christian at Work* scoffs at this explanation as "but an application of the higher criticism on the principles set forth by Professor Briggs." The *Christian at Work* says that if Jesus's "reference to Moses as the author of the law settles the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, why flinch at the last chapter? Why not include that, too, and make Moses the prenostic narrator of his own funeral?"

THE Diocesan Union of Brooklyn is composed of ten societies connected with the Roman Catholic church. Attached to the Union is a debating society which mects in the rooms of the Young Men's Association in the cathedral on Jay street. Recently the following subject was discussed: "Should the Preaching of Infidelity be Prohibited by Law?" We record with gratification that in the Catholic church there are priests who are graciously pleased to admit that to this subject there are two sides, and on the occasion spoken of two of these tolerant gentlemen took the negativ of the proposition. The first speaker was of a bloodthirsty disposition. He said that "the necessity of having some means whereby we may check the evils accruing from the so-called philosophical preaching of the Infidel is apparent to every sincere Christian who has given the subject his serious attention. The Infidel of to-day is just the same as he has been for centuries past. They are actuated by a hatred of God and the teachings of his holy church, prompted by the devil through the instrumentality of self-conceit. Can this state of affairs be tolerated in a Christian country? What says a conscience guided by the holy and ennobling teachings of Christ? It says it is wrong, and, as it is wrong, it becomes our duty to suppress or obliterate it. This is a duty that we owe not only to ourselvs, but to God and to posterity. Every Christian is aware—or should be—that he should, if necessary, lay down his life in defense of God. We, as citizens of this country, hav it in our power to suppress these insults to God, and the means to this end is law. And, as Christians, we are obliged to do so. The non-fulfilment of this obligation God will hold us strictly accountable for on that day when men shall be judged in strict accordance with their acts here on earth." Another good Catholic said: "While I believe in free specch, there should be a certain limit to it. The preaching of Infidelity should not be tolerated in this country. Its preaching is far more serious than that of treason; while the state allows freedom of speech, it does not allow anyone to blaspheme God. Who ever heard of anyone placing the Almighty in a second place? The Infidels of to-day are doing a great deal of harm. If people hear Ingersoll, and they in any way get prejudiced against their own religion, they not only injure themselvs, but also their families. At a meeting of clergymen in the east a few weeks ago one of their number preached on Socialism. He held that Socialistic societies, as a rule, were Infidels, and that if one thousand rich men were done away with, it would be better for them." Another gentleman asserted that the preaching of Infidclity ruins the mind of everyone who listens to it. "The church," he added, "had always stamped it out." On the other side, there were two speakers, who advocated the herctical notion that Infidels hav a right to liv. They were eloquent gentlemen, and the jury decided that they had the best of the argument. The Freethinkers of the country may therefore rest secure. The debating club of the Diocesan Union has granted them a little longer lease of life.

W. S. BELL lectured at Palo, Illinois, April 12th.

THE sixteenth annual convention of the American Labor Reform League meets at 141 Eighth street, New York, Sunday, May 2d, forenoon, afternoon, and evening. R. W Hume, Cynthia Leonard, William Rowe, Henry Beeny, Dr. C. S. Weeks, E. H. Heywood, and other speakers are expected.

Letters from Friends.

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8; $3 of which is for subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $5 to go toward illustrating your most excellent paper. You will remember I promised $10 a year for that purpose. This, of course, is exclusiv of the regular subscription price, $3. I will remit the balance before the expiration of the year.

Yours respectfully, JOHN C. ROE.

REEDER, KAN., April 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav had the pleasure of reading THE TRUTH SEEKER for two months, and am well pleased with it in in every particular. The illustrations are grand. It is pretty strong medicin, judging from the wry faces some are making at it, which, I think, is a pretty good indication that there are still some of the old impurities in the blood. Doubtless they hav had homeopathic treatment, which often fails iu old chronic cases, but no milder remedies than you are giving will ever effect a radical cure.

Yours, WILL L. FRAZER.

WOODSTOCK, VT., April 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see that some trouble has arisen on account of the pictures. I suppose each has his or her opinion, and has a right to it. But this difference should not go so far as to destroy THE TRUTH SEEKER.

As for myself, I think in many respects they convey something more lasting upon the mind than if only written. Therefore I wish that they may continue to embellish THE TRUTH SEEKER, for which I send a post order for $3. I am

Yours, with respect, JOHN D. POWERS.

DENVER, COL., March 30, 1886.

DEAR LIBERAL FRIENDS: The "beautiful snow" has been falling most of the time for several days: during this condition of chronic monotony the grand old TRUTH SEEKER has come to hand, freighted with excelleut things. Leadeu skies, falling snow, slushy streets, are for the nonce forgotten as we turn to these leaves of inspiration for comfort and cheer.

First, here are the splendid cartoons, which tell so much in so small a space and help some people to see themselvs as the enlightened eyes of others see them. Then come the "Friendly Letters." The one signed "Mox" is a masterpiece in good hits aimed straight at the mark. Mr. Comstock ought to be deluged with Bibles; there is not such another obscene, cruel, bloody book iu the world. True, there are excellcut things iu it, but who with proper self-respect will go through a sea of filth for a few gems wheu these same gems lie all around us in clean and lovely places? How modest people can hug this volume to their hearts and call it holy, with its recountals of tales of lust, polygamy, murder, theft, and every crime in the calendar, is beyond compreheusion. When I was a church-member I always felt uneasy at a public reading of the Bible for fear some of the shocking recitals thereiu would be read. I hav heard many Christian womeu say the same. A few Sundays ago I attended church; the preacher read a chapter and took his text from the writings of that arch-polygamist, Solomon, informing us he was the "wisest man of all time," and spent most of his breath in his discourse in abusing the Mormons. O consistency!

Three cheers and a hearty hand-shake for "Mox."

The letter of L. G. Barnes shows a big Liberal heart. Any Liberals traveling, I feel comfortably sure, will find liberal treatment iu the homes of Mrs. Metzger and Mr. Barnes. There ought to be that cordiality aud hospitality, that enthusiastic feeling of "Hail fellow, well met!" among Liberals that there used to be among the old-time Methodists.

Mr. Shepherd's unique compliment to the cartoons is, like them, "worth its weight in Rocky Mountain gold." Lida Albert's letter from away up in Wyoming Territory gladdens our hearts for the cause of Liberalism iu that far-off region.

The blessed Children's Corner is bright enough for the snowiest day. What a queen of cheerful, solid sense Miss Wixon is! She and Mrs. Slenker are doing a vast amount of good for our young people. I hav just read "The Infidel School-teacher" aud "The Handsomest Woman," by this last-named author. They are sweet, inspiring stories, imbued with a sensible, lofty morality.

Our young people will read; instead of their reading-books filled with superstition and a false, degrading system of morals, I beg parents to be wise in time and lay the foundation of enlightened good seuse by giving their children proper mental food.

There is not one line in either of these ladies' writings that can call a blush to the gentlest brow or produce a bad thought in the purest mind. This cannot be said of the generality of books, which teach that wrong can be made right by the blood of a man said to hav been murdered nearly two thousand years ago.

Liberal friends, buy good Liberal books for your children; they are cheap. If I had a child I feel certain I could not make a grander, surer investment of a few dollars for him or her than in the purchase of good books. I well remember how my own childhood and youth were tortured and befogged by reading Sunday-school literature; then came long years of womanhood and arrested mental development in which life was more of a pain than a pleasure, the direct result of orthodox teaching.

McDonnell's "Heathens of the Heath" and "Exeter Hall" broke the spell ten years ago, aud here I am, though I hav lost property aud friends by death and because I hav ceased to believe orthodox creeds, happy in the sense of mental freedom and the continued progress of humanity. Dear Liberal friends, giv the young people good Liberal reading.

MRS. BUCKNER-JOHNSON, M.D.

NEW YORK, April 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your readers will doubtless recall the passage in holy writ which says that when rogues fall out honest men get a rest. I rise to an illustration of that remark. You may hav observed that many well-meaning persons hitherto enjoying the distinction of counting Anthony Comstock among their activ enemies are no louger the objects of his special attention. This is because there is war in the family of humbugs. Squaring off at Anthony Comstock, and calling him all sorts of names, is one Mr. Lum Smith, of Philadelphia, editor and proprietor of the *Agents' Herald*, a paper devoted to booming advertisers iu novelties who patrouize it and abusing many who do not. As a non-advertising dealer in rare literature and objects of art, Comstock receives a good deal of adverse criticism in the *Herald*. Iu his issue for March, and iu a printed circular, Mr. Smith goes for Anthony "iu a way that I grieve." He dives down deep into the yawning chasm of the past and drags his opponent's record unfeelingly to light. He shows that Comstock is, to say the least, insincere in his efforts to check the dissemination of perilous literature, by pointing out that the same Comstock in 1877 rented a post-office box at Squan Village, N. J., from which place he advertised—not, however, in the *Herald*—to send "a book for sports," price 50 ceuts, to all who would mail him that sum. An answer to this advertisment resulted in the receipt of a copy of the New Testament (old version) followed by a book containing reading matter of a disastrous character, and a picture that was most demoralizing. I cau testify, Mr. Editor, to the accuracy of this description of the book and picture, having seen them myself and narrowly escaped demoralization thereby. Mr. Smith's objection to this conduct of Comstock does not seem to lie so much against the book and picture; what he is prejudiced against is a man sending that kind of literature along with "the New Testament of God." Mr. Smith expresses a doubt that any good motiv could actuate a truly devout man to do a thing like that.

The *Herald* man regards this indictmeut againist Comstock as a settler, and with a parting kick and a little pious reflection about the wickedness of calling the New Testament a "book for sports," he turns his attention to President Colgate of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He indicates at the outset that Mr. Colgate is a humbug, which he substantiates by showing that after Colgate had been enthusiastic in securing the passage of a law to thwart the designs of those who, having married, would prevent nature from taking its course, the same Colgate went incontinently, as it were, into the business of manufacturing the very sort of article which his own law was intended to suppress.

Not content with making this charge against the venerable Mr. Colgate, the *Herald* man then proceeds to prove it by documentary evidence; which is what might be called adding injury to insult. Of course Mr. Comstock has known all along that he is a rascal and that the president of the society is an old fraud; and both of them know that they hav been bad eggs all their lives, but they are willing to let the dead Past officiate as its own undertaker while they pose before the living Present as Knights of the White Cross.

Finally, if there is auything that would delight the soul of the hilariously fiendish Mr. Smith, it would be to hav Colgate and Comstock sue him at law where he could display his chunks of truth before the judicial eyes of a judge and jury. Mr. Smith prays God to that end, and this test of the efficacy of prayer will be watched with great interest.

On the other hand, as I learn from the same *Herald*, Comstock has his eye on Smith. He rauks him among the sensational class of frauds who gull the public with advertisments of schemes by which "$10 to $25 per day" may be made "in your own home," and sees just as good reason why Smith should be suppressed as Smith sees why Comstock should be laid out. All good people must hope that Comstock and Smith will continue the fight. It will keep them both out of worse mischief, and whatever injury they do to each other cannot in the least affect the honest-dealing portion of the community. Nevertheless, of the two, Smith is no doubt the least objectionable person. But I am not writing this to call attention to Smith. He may not be a desperate man, though the pious twaddle he prints shows him to be a hypocrit. I think it best for the people to keep it in mind that Colgate advertised and sold a contraband article for alleged immoral purposes, and that from all appearances Comstock increased his own revenue by sending through the mails the vicious matter which he had taken by force from others. Mr. T. C. Leland used to say that it was not so important to keep God out of the Constitution as it was to keep the devil out of our post-office. MORITZ.

PARSIPPANY, N. J., April 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Two meetings were held in Pythian Hall on the 4th, in the interest of the Boonton Secular Union. There was a fair attendance, despite the bigotry and prejudice of the people against attending Liberal lectures, and the gloomy day and the melting snow in general, which made the traveling for pedestrians unpleasant. William G. Mayo, president of the Newark Secular Union, lectured in the afternoon on "Liberalism." He is an excellent speaker, and put in some telling blows in defense of truth and right. The province of Liberalism is to turn the attention of the men and women away from the gods, to turn men and women from an imaginary world to a present world of reality. It is to take them in their social relations and apply the discoveries of science, and the plainest moral principles as between men and women, and produce that which is the aim of all philanthropists—human happiness. The truly noble men and women will do acts of kindness without the hope of heaven or fear of hell, for they put their declaration of independence in the Religion of Humanity. He spoke with great earnestness of Hypatia—Hypatia, whom men went to hear by the thousands, and wondered at her words. We admire her courage, her white face haunts us, for down through the long centuries that hav passed away there comes an agonizing shriek. She was dragged limb from limb, and her flesh was torn into shreds and scattered far and wide. This was the work of the priests and the monks of the Romish church. These brutal monsters will go to heaven sure, if there is one, for they were men after God's own heart. It was in this way that the last of the old philosophers died. We remember these grand, heroic ones with revereuce, who hav gone we know not where. We remember that through their work, success, and bravery, we dare say to the gods "that they had better keep their hands off from the homes of the people and the government."

All Liberals who are Liberals of the right stamp will agree with us to the effect that the more orthodox the people are, the more liable they are to commit a crime, and no sensible person will doubt the criminality of John Calvin, of whom the lecturer spoke also. It will be well to say right here that the most orthodox audience we had was in the afternoon, but the most intelligent and attentiv oue was in the evening.

George Krahmer, of Bloomingdale, gave us an able address on "Why Are We Liberals?" iu the evening. For a young lecturer who has not beeu loug in the field, he bids fair to become more popular as time passes ou.

It would wake the people up again, the clergy too, if they would only attend (little cowards dare not come) our lectures. If we had the brilliant lecturer, C. B. Reynolds, to lecture on "Why I Left the Pulpit," it would set them to thinking and keep them at it, especially the ministers, and the ones who say he is a crank that got kicked out of the pulpit. His platform oratory is characterized by enthusiasm, thoughtfulness, and dignity.

Mrs. Reynolds, too, is an eloquent speaker and can giv it to the orthodox audience in the way of what she believes to be right, and what she believes to be wrong. Good! We will continue to hav Liberal lectures, and in spite of the prejudiced and bigoted people not believing in Freethought, Infidelity, Secularism, and Liberalism, they do come anyway to the lectures. M. FLORENCE HENNION,

Secretary Boonton Secular Union.

IRWIN, IOWA, April 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I read THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 27th late at night, and by the time I had finished A. Bates's letter I was quite sleepy; but it seemed so honest and straightforward that it set me to thinking. I thought of the time when I was a lad, over thirty years ago, when the milder phases of "spirit manifestation," such as table-tipping, knocking, and writing, were very common and furnished a gay pastime for the young folks, who did not seem to be very deeply impressed with its bearing on the question of man's future destiny. It was the older people who made a religion and a "divine revelation" of it, aud who found in it the evidence of man's continued existence beyond the grave, regaling us with ghost stories, aud leading us to emulate the raising of Saul by the witch of Endor, and such stuff as that. When we were told of recent manifestations in a near neighborhood that were far more wonderful than any that we had had we naturally felt it as a reproach, and were soon able to furnish just as good right at home. To what extent we "played it on each other" all around—to what extent we mutually and wilfully deceived each other—or to what extent we were but involuntary actors and "honest mediums," I can hardly say.

Man is an emulativ creature, ambitious to excel even in the ghost business.

He is also an imaginativ creature, and when he is an earnest believer in anything, nine times out of ten his testimony about that thing is not worth a straw till a very large part of it is very carefully eliminated. This remark furnishes no occasion for Spiritualists to fall into a fit of insulted anger and "take the lie" to themselvs. As a law of evidence it speaks of a common human weakness. It prevails in every questiou for determination by human testimony, and I do uot think any odium should attach to any one on account of the rejection of his testimony under its application. It is certainly creditable to take an earnest interest in a great question, even though that interest calls for extra care in weighiug the evidence which it prompts. As a Materialist I regret that Spiritualists seem more amenable to this rule of evidential criticism than our own realistic philosophers.

The maxim, "False in one, false in all," as a rule of evidence is quite misleading, unless the "false" be qualified as being *intentionally* false. The remedy then lies not in its entire rejection, but in its critical examination, and the rejection of that part only which is false. This examination involves not only the evidence in its own substantial unity and mutually related parts, but also makes inquiry into the mental, moral, and physical condition, and all the circumstances of the witness as well as the like considerations in relation to the investigator himself.

When a witness testifies contrary to the common experience of the race, appealing to his own extraordinary individual experience, he is not to be trusted—should not trust himself.

The internal aud external experiences that are adduced to prove Spiritualism either do not lead to that logical conclusion, or the alleged facts are but shadows of the imagination or false sensations of the nervous system.

Interest sometimes prompts to falsehood, but even interested lying may be less abominable than speechless indifference, and may really do the cause of truth less damage. Yet even the stigma of "lying in the interest of truth," or "for the glory of God," though once favored by Christianity, is now repudiated; and the falsehoods that now spring from interest or zeal are not intentional, but involuntary.

The zealous witness falls into grave mistakes. His ears, his eyes, his sense of touch, but above all his heated imagination, are all intent to catch the viewless messeugers of truth and giv them embodiment. He thinks he hears what he does not hear. The tympanum vibrates, not in unison

with the aërial undulations, but in response to his eager expectation. He hears where there is no sound, and sees where there is no light.

Brother Bates says he is "mediumistic," and speaks of his own "organism" as being different from other human flesh. He is no doubt honest about it, and does not mean to be offensiv in his assumption of superiority over others; but this assumption is one of that peculiar class that should be closely criticised, for it is that stuff of which superstition weaves her web. If Brother Bates is severely just with himself he will find he is mistaken. Brother Bates knows that John Truesdell is both a trickster and a medium.

Now, Brother Bates, that's just a little too much! "A doctor in spite of himself."

Brother B. says he (Bates) is a medium. I admit the assertion requires proof. I assert I am *not* a medium. Does my assertion require proof? Just here my head began to nod, and I fell into a dream that was so vivid, and withal so pertinent, that I hope you will pardon my telling it. It did not seem that I was asleep, for I got up, put on my coat and hat, and walked out, for day had already broke. I soon met a neighbor, who took off his hat, and knelt down before me with clasped hands in the most ridiculous manner.

"Why, why! My good friend, what's the meaning of all this?" I said. But he began to call me "the almighty father, the everlasting God, the prince of peace," and to invoke my favor.

I tried to tell him that I was not a god; that I was only a man, and his neighbor. But the "bug" had got into his head, and he continued to follow me wherever I went. Whenever I did the most ordinary thing he called it a miracle that attested my deific character. I went to the well and drew some water, upon which he exclaimed: "Behold, how the great and mighty God causeth the waters to spring from the earth." I tried to explain to him how that the pump, constructed according to certain mechanical principles, caused the water, when the piston was moved by the handle, to rise in the stock and flow out through the spout. Here he broke off my explanation by a devotional ejaculation in praise of my more than human humility in taking the form of a man, and even refusing deific honors.

I was in a dilemma. What could I do? In everything else the man appeared to be fairly sensible. Soon he was joined by others, and then by others still, and all seemed infected with the same strange delusion that I was a god. I was vexed to the core, for if there is any one thing that I would rather not be, it is a god—in fact, I don't believe there really are any gods—and now to be made a god of in this strange way, why, it vexed me. At first I had felt a little amused, for I knew it was a mistake, and that I was not a god, though everybody should swear to it. At last the persistent clatter and worship of these idiots became an insufferable nuisance, but just as my discomfort reached its greatest point I awoke to find it a dream.

Now, Brother Bates, if you *must* be a medium, be one to your heart's content; but don't, *don't* insist on making mediums of your poor, helpless neighbors. You hav found two *frauds—pretenders*. Pretenders to what? To mediumship? No; they pretend that they are not mediums. We read of many historic pretenders, but they all pretend to be kings—or something. This is the first instance of the kind on record where a man's claims as a pretender are purely *negativ*. It is the most amusing and ridiculous thing to any man who has not got a "bug in his head." Bedlam cannot giv any one single token of insanity that is more plain.

I am no god, John Truesdell is no medium; so don't bother us with such foolishness. Your head is level elsewhere. Your purpose is right, and although you hav a peculiar spiritualistic egotism, I don't regard it in a personal way. J. K. P. BAKER.

STEWARTSVILLE, MO., April 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER comes to me like an angel of mercy, laden with truth, justice, and charity for all. I am sorry to hear that some of our friends do not like the pictures in your noble paper. Well, we cannot all see alike, but for one I think the ridiculous absurdities of priestcraft and the Bible cannot be too strongly pictured to the people; and if they will not read the paper after looking at it, they will hav seen the pictures, which, in my opinion, can do more for some people than reading. I hav been showing THE TRUTH SEEKER to many of my friends, and to-day one of them said, "Please send for the paper for me." Inclosed please find three dollars, which will pay for one year, and if possible send back numbers commencing January 1st, 1886. The pictures did it. I am the only one who has taken your good and glorious paper in this godly town up to this time, I believe. The priests hav their poor dupes so completely under their thumb that if they look cross at the congregation they will nearly faint for fear the Christians' big God will instantly destroy them.

Yours truly, S. N. BRADFORD.

LEICESTER, ENGLAND, March 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Some time ago you sent me "Rational Communism." I like the book well. It is better got up in print, and paper, and binding than our average English books. It is a great and good thing that "A Capitalist" has the courage to write honestly.

I see by our papers that you hav some heavy strikes about you. We hav had one in this town, which is celebrated for its hosiery, and especially stockings. About eighty thousand people earn their living in this town and neighborhood in making hosiery. The strike arose because the small workshops had been grinding their people down to starvation prices When they struck work they went in thousands and demanded the workpeople at the large workshops to strike with them against all work until they could obtain a settlement. The cause of their demanding the large shops to stop work was that they believed that some of the masters were supplying work for the orders where the strike was on. After a week or ten days the masters agreed to pay the prices demanded, and all went to work again.

In this town we hav a very fine Secular Hall which cost over £4,000 or about $20,000. If you would be interested I would send you an account of what we do there.

I told you when I wrote before that I wanted a specimen copy of *John Swinton's Paper*. He sent me several and I got him two regular subscribers, namely, the Secular Society and the Coöperativ Society, who hav very fine reading-rooms which are open daily for the public use.

THE TRUTH SEEKER illustrations are much liked in Leicester, and if you keep up the quality of the pictures to their present merit I think that you would insure a very great financial success.

I inclose a postal order, for which please send me "The Order of Creation," and "Diana." MAX H. BUNTON.

AYER, MASS., March 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me one copy of "The Order of Creation," and the four copies of Ingersoll's Tributes.

The pictorial department of THE TRUTH SEEKER has increased its interest and power for good at least twenty-five per cent. You hav indeed secured a good artist.

If people respond to Comstock's advertisment for obscene literature, he will hav to enlarge the library part of his museum to keep the Bibles sent to him.

Intelligence and reason are bursting the turtle-shell of bigotry and blind faith. ELIJAH MYRICK.

PAINTED POST, N. Y., April 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $4—$3.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER and pictures, and 50 cents for some tracts, among others S. P. Putnam's "Problem of the Universe." I expect to take THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as I am able to pay for and read it.

I wish to ask a question on a subject that has occupied my mind for a number of years. Can an absolute being, the sole creator of the universe, knowing all things from eternity to eternity, create a being with a will and power to act contrary to the will of his creator?

It seems as if man, in relation to his creator (if he has a creator), is but a machine, and every act of his life is controled by circumstances; and his creator knowing the chain of causes and effects from eternity to eternity, there is no escape from fatalism or predestination.

Assuming the other position, that matter is eternal, possessed of inherent qualities that produce worlds, men, and mice, then we may farther assume that there is no revengeful creator to punish men after death, when it will neither reform the individual nor benefit society.

I merely ask the question and giv my views that some one better qualified may set me right if wrong. I am an old man with limited education. and perhaps you had better drop this in the waste basket. I shall not complain.

Fraternally yours, B. C. WOOD.

CLINTON, KAN., April 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav seen two numbers of your paper, and like it very much. I value it very highly as an agent of reform, and at no distant date will become a subscriber, if I am successful in my undertaking; but for the present don't insist on my taking it, as I am a great advocate of "cash on delivery." Your paper is a great organ for the destruction of superstition. The Bible says that God made everything that was made. Then he made the devil; no one seems to deny that. Well, it seems that God was a mechanic or inventor (and a poor one at that, judging by the Garden of Eden business), and it seems he wanted an apprentice, in order to hav some one to whom he could charge all the bad jobs. Well, to me, however, it seems a shame for a father who is a poor mechanic to take one of his boys for an apprentice in order to hav some one on whom to cast the blame, and then prepare an endless torment for his apprentice and his children, in order to prove to the world that he (God) is simon-pure. Some time ago I had an argument with a member of the Christian faith, and after defeating him on various points, I began making fun of his God. I told him he worshiped a jealous God, at which he became quite indignant, and said the Bible didn't say that God was jealous. He bet me $2 that the words jealous God were not in the Bible, and another member of the Christian faith, being present, added $2 more to the bet. I said: "All right; I am four dollars ahead, or at least there will be $4 coming to me," and told them to read the 20th chapter of Exodus. I hav been patiently waiting, but the $4 has not arrived. I think since they hav found that their God is jealous they hav come to the conclusion that he is not worth $4, and will let him go for the debt.

A short time ago I had a talk with a Methodist on the subject of prayer. I asked him if he believed that God was omniscient, unchangeable, etc. "Yes." "Well, do you believe that God answers your prayers?" "Yes." "Then you believe he has done what he would not hav done had the request not been made?" "Yes." "Well, then, he is a changeable being, or a creature of circumstances." The poor fellow was almost convinced that his prayers had all been in vain.

I will bid you good-day, as I do not wish to tire you, seeing that I am a stranger, but, if agreeable, I may call again.

Very respectfully, C. V. WILLIAMS.

KENT, O., March 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. J. E. Remsburg gave us a very interesting lecture in Kent, on Tuesday evening, March 16th. The meeting was held in the Universalist church. His subject was "Sabbath-Breaking," and although the Salvation Army were holding forth, and other influences operating against the meeting, his lecture was well attended. At half-past seven the president, Mr. T. C. Heighton, introduced him to the audience. I forgot to mention that Miss Daisy Marsh sang a beautiful song, and Mrs. Hattie Longcoy presided at the organ, for which we all feel grateful. The speaker, in a few well-chosen remarks, introduced the subject, and went to his work in a calm, dignified manner, and in a clear and convincing way proved that the holy Sabbath was nothing but a historical humbug; and I must say that I never heard so much evidence from the early Christian fathers and standard-bearers of the cross presented, showing that it was but a pious fraud, from Constantine down through dark ages of terror and persecution to the present time. He also clearly proved that it was a heathen and pagan institution, and that much that we are taught to accept as Christian religion is nothing but paganism under the garb of Christianity, and I will here introduce the testimony of Bishop Newton on this point: "Is not the worship of saints and angels now in all respects the same that the worship of demons was in former times? The name only is different. The thing is identically the same. The deified men of the Christians are substituted for the deified men of the heathens, and, as the worship is the same, so likewise it is performed with the same ceremonies, the burning of incense or perfumes at one and the same time, sprinkling of holy water, the lighting of lamps or candles and wax candles in the day-time before altars and statues of their deities; the bowing down or kneeling before images; the solemn rites under the notion of penance; the variety of religious orders of priests; the imposing of celibacy and vows of chastity on the religious of both sexes; all these and many more are equally parts of the pagan and popish superstition; in short, almost the whole of paganism is applied to popery." And he might hav said the same of Protestantism, for it is nothing but paganism under the name of Christianity.

The Methodist minister honored us with his presence, but stayed only a few minutes. This was more than we could expect, as it requires but a short time to fill a small vessel. We all feel more than satisfied with Mr. Remsburg's lecture, for he spoke as one having authority, and not as the scribes. We suppose our orthodox friends are inquiring, "Hav any of the elders believed on him?"

Our thanks are due to the trustees of the Universalist church, and to Professor Marsh, for his influence and his moral courage in defense of truth and righteousness.

Yours for the truth, JOSEPH HEIGHTON.

ABILENE, KAN., April 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am told that you hear both sides of a question. I therefore hope that, although an Infidel, you will be fair enough to publish this letter. I sincerely trust and pray that its plain statements of disgraceful facts will so disgust your readers that they will never want to hear of another Infidel lecture. A young upstart by the name of Rogers has been giving some Infidel lectures at Industry, and as the clergy were particularly invited, I attended one night, but shall never do so again.

Instead of the courteous treatment we were promised, we were most indecently slandered. He began by saying that for every dollar you spend you should receive an equivalent value; that whoever takes a dollar without giving an equivalent is a robber. He then tried to show that the ministers cost the American people a vast sum, but return no value—thus leaving the audience to infer that they are robbers. In trying to show that money is uselessly spent on foreign missions, he said that grafting Christianity onto Buddhism is not an actual improvement; that importing orthodox preachers into that country to improve the average morality was like holding a match under a thermometer in hopes it would make the weather warmer.

After abusing preachers in general, he proceeded to compare noted churchmen with Freethinkers. Professor Braden, the author and college student, who has forgotten more than this Infidel ever knew, was denounced as a foul-mouthed slanderer. The speaker read from a paper several affidavits to show that the professor had spoken falsely about an Infidel town. It is my opinion that he made the pieces up as he read, especially as one claimed to be from a minister, setting forth that the Infidels were decent folks. He wound up this tirade by saying that the slander had reached as far as Europe; that Professor Braden is a disgrace to the American nation, and could do a patriotic thing by committing suicide. At this disgraceful remark the audience laughed and applauded. May God forgiv them.

In speaking of Brother Boles, the county evangelist of this county, he became still more abusiv. He said Brother Boles made the great mistake of his life when he left the brick-yard for the ministry. He made great sport of his lecture against Ingersoll, and said that to compare Ingersoll to an orthodox preacher was like comparing Bunker Hill monument to a toadstool. In speaking of Brother Boles's assertion that if Darwin is right there would be some specimens half-way between man and monkey, he said it would be impossible to deny that as long as Brother Boles is alive. Had I not seen it, I could not hav believed that any audience was so lost to all sense of shame as to laugh at such blasphemy.

There are many Infidels in this county, but this one is the meanest. He nearly broke up Elder Knapp's class, that a hard winter's work built up, and when Elder Boles moved his tent into the neighborhood last fall, and everything was ready for a great revival, this Infidel began to scatter papers and books and lecture in the school-house against religion, and although the meeting was held fifteen nights not a single convert was obtained. O Infidel! what souls you will hav to answer for! But his efforts, like all others, will come to nothing. Voltaire said one hundred years ago, "In one hundred years there will be no more churches," but there are more to-day than ever. REV. GEORGE OLIVER FISHER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Plow and Sword.

There was a count, the story runs,
Who knew that shortly he must die,
So called he to him his two sons
To share his goods and property.

Now for a plow, also a sword,
The aged warrior made request;
They brought him these, the sons adored,
That he could make them his bequest.

My elder son, my valiant heir,
You will this sword in future wield;
The mountain with its castle there
And all of honor you shall shield."

To you, not less, my kinder son,
To you the plow do I now giv;
In lands which quiet huts stand on
There you in peaceful toil shall liv."

Life-wearied then he falls to sleep
As he this simple blessing givs,
The sons his mandates truly keep,
And faithful are throughout their lives.

To-day where is that sword of will?
That castle and its hero man?
Where are the lands with villas still?
And where the humble, peaceful yeoman?

Oh! ask not how the story ends,
'Tis known full well throughout the throng;
To ruins deep the castle bends,
That trusty sword has rusted long.

The lands, though, lie in lordly pride
Beneath the sunshine's gladdening rays;
The golden harvests ripen wide
For one has held the plow these days.

How a Kind Action Changed the Course of a Woman's Life.

A little incident was brought to the attention of a reporter recently which illustrates in a marked degree how much good a little act of kindness may accomplish. About twelve years ago a young girl, only about thirteen years of age, was brought into the police court charged with being a disorderly person. She was fatherless and motherless, and had led a life which was quite the opposite of refining in its tendencies. But still her face was round and rosy, and with her golden hair she was a beautiful child. What to do with her was a question with the authorities. She was undoubtedly guilty of what she was charged with, and the only remedy for her case seemed to be a short term of confinement.

Just as she was about to be sentenced, however, a well-known attorney who was present asked to be allowed a few moments' conversation with the girl, which was granted. At its close, the gentleman surprised the court by asking that the girl's case be dismissed, promising that he would be responsible for her actions in the future. As it was the easiest way out of the dilemma, the judge was only too glad to comply with the gentleman's request, and the self-appointed guardian walked out of the court-room with his *protégé* in charge. He secured employment for her as a domestic in a private family, andmade her promis to come and see him as often as possible.

The girl lived up to her agreement, and the gentleman's kind treatment and advice which he gave her in her little troubles completely won her heart. Time passed rapidly, and the little girl became a young woman. She was an excellent housekeeper, her character was beyond reproach. She became more and more beautiful as she matured in years, until at nineteen she met a wealthy railroad man, who fell deeply in love with her. She returned his affection, but when he asked her hand in marriage she refused him. He pressed his suit, however, and finally she related to him the story of her early life, giving it as the reason why she had refused his suit. Her lover was not thus to be driven from her, and she finally gave consent to the marriage. The wedding occurred shortly afterward, and the newly wedded pair took up their residence in an elegant home in a Western city, where they now liv.

Last week a beautiful woman, handsomely dressed, arrived in the city and called upon the lawyer above referred to. At first he did not recognize her, but when she spoke of the little girl whom he had taken from the police court years ago, his eyes were opened, and he knew his visitor to be his former *protégé*. Both were deeply affected by the meeting, and fervent were the thanks which the lady gave the lawyer for his kindness to her in the past.

The next day the lady left for New York, and thence sailed for Florida. Through her benefactor the story reached the ears of a *Bee* reporter, but the condition was imposed that no names should be used. The story is a remarkable one, and, as remarked before, shows how an act of kindness can completely change the course of a life.—*Omaha Bee.*

Frank Ford's Fast.

Frank Ford filched five fat fowls, four finny fish, from fond father for Friday fast. Fearing fatal finis, Frank fasted from filthy flesh five Fridays 'fore Florida feast. Frank fasted faithfully (?)

Frisky fowls flew from Frank's fine fence for food; found finny fish 'fore Frank fed fowls. Four fowls fought for first fill. Fowls fought furiously; flopped, fretted, feigned fine feints, filched fine feathers from fancy frocks. Fun for fifth fowl. Finding firkin, fish floating, fifth fowl feasted. Few fowls fast Fridays, for fear fatal finis. Fowl finishing fourth fish, flew for field far from fighting fowls.

Frank found firkin, fish filched, fowls fighting, felt fearful faint. Frank flung fuel furiously. Fowls fled. Frank followed, flinging fuel, fretting for filched fish.

Far from farm fence fickle fowls fled. Fierce fox from forest found fowls faint from fighting. Fowl flesh fine food for foxes. Few foxes fast Fridays for fear fatal finis. Frank fled for flail, fight fox. Fowls filled fox full. Finishing fourth fowl, fox fled for forest. Frank, finding fowl feathers, finding feet, flung flail, fretted, felt far from funny.

Fierce falcon, flying from field, found fifth fowl fighting flies from fine feathers. Fowl flesh fine food for falcons. Few falcons fast Fridays fear fatal finis. Falcon flew for fowl. Fowl fluttered. Falcon fatally fixed fowl forever. Falcon, finishing fowl, flew for forest far from Frank's farm.

Fit finale.—Fox, falcon, feasted; fat fowls, finny fish, furnished food. Frank Ford fasted faithfully. D. G. CROW.

Fort Bayard, N. M.

[The above is a fine sample of alliterativ composition, showing the manner and motiv of the custom of fasting. We are obliged to its author for the contribution, and hope to hear from him again.—ED. C. C.]

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CONUNDRUM.



What a bashful person dislikes.

2.—CONUNDRUM.



Why is Carrie not in earnest?

3.—A MOUTH-MAKING PUZZLE.

S—p last ninety-nine,
A single word which we define,
"Relating to the surgeon's sleight
Of forming, making mouths aright."
Here in the blank from "S" to "p,"
A large *love-apple* you may see;
And so the mouth is formed with skill
Which we with this love-apple fill.
But for Talmagean features wide,
A six-inch dash should be supplied;
While to displace this awful dash,
To well conceal the horrid gash,
The fruit that such a need supplies
Must grow to be a melon's size.
A melancholy tho't, I know,
When scarce such fruit is found below.
But "nature groans and man is sad,"
And, by the Jinks, it must be had.
Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

4.—THE "TREE PUZZLE."

The "tree puzzle" that follows is one of the most ingenious trifles of the kind now current:

1. What's the social tree,
2. And the dancing tree,
3. And the tree that is nearest the sea?
4. The dandiest tree,
5. And the kissable tree,
6. And the tree where ships may be?
7. What's the tell-tale tree,
8. And the traitor's tree,
9. And the tree that's the warmest clad?
10. The languishing tree,
11. The chronologist's tree,
12. And the tree that makes one sad?
13. What's the emulous tree,
14. The industrious tree,
15. And the tree that will never stand still?
16. The unhealthiest tree,
17. The Egyptian-plague tree,
18. And the tree neither up nor down hill?
19. The contemptible tree,
20. The most yielding tree,
21. And the tree that bears a curse?
22. The reddish brown tree,
23. The reddish blue tree,
24. And the tree like an Irish nurse?
25. What is the tree
That makes each townsman flee?
26. And what round itself doth entwine?
27. What's the housewife's tree,
28. And the fisherman's tree,
29. What by cockneys is turned into wine?
30. What's the tree that got up,
31. And the tree that was lazy,
32. And the tree that guides ships to go forth?
33. The tree that's immortal,
34. The trees that are not,
35. And the tree whose wood faces the north?
36. The tree in a bottle,
37. The tree in a fog,
38. And what each must become ere he's old?
39. The tree of the people,
40. The traveler's tree,
41. And the sad tree when school-masters hold?
42. What's the tree that has passed through the fiery heat,
43. That half-given to doctors when ill?
44. The tree that we offer to friends when we meet?
45. And the tree we may use as a quill?
46. What's the tree that in death will benight you,
47. And the tree that your wants will supply?
48. And the tree that to travel invites you,
49. And the tree that forbids you to die?

ANSWERS.

1. Pear. Tea.
2. Hop.
3. Beech.
4. Spruce.
5. Tulip. Yew.
6. Bay.
7. Peach.
8. Judas.
9. Fir.
10. Pine.
11. Date.
12. Weeping willow.
13. Ivy.
14. Spindle-tree.
15. Caper.
16. Sycamore.
17. Locust.
18. Plane.
19. Medlar.
20. India-rubber. Sago palm.
21. Fig. Damson.
22. Chestnut.
23. Lilac.
24. Honeysuckle.
25. Citron.
26. Woodbine.
27. Broom.
28. Basswood.
29. Vine.
30. Rose.
31. Satin. Aloe.
32. (H)elm.
33. Arbor-vitae.
34. Dyewoods.
35. Southernwood.
36. Cork.
37. Smoketree. Hazel.
38. Elder.
39. Poplar.
40. Wayfaring tree.
41. Birch.
42. Ash.
43. Coffee.
44. Palm.
45. Aspen.
46. Deadly nightshade.
47. Breadfruit.
48. Orange.
49. Olive.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER APRIL 10, 1886.

2.–Fifty feet.

3.–
DUCAT
USAGE
CAIRN
AGREE
TENET

4.–
N
PEW
EDWIN
NEWYORK
CROWN
ORE
K

5.–
LAMP
AGUE
MULE
PEEP

6.–Cat-o-nine tails.

SOLVERS.—C. R., Lyle D. Gault.

Correspondence.

LIBERTY, MO., April 3, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for several years, and I like to read the Children's Corner. I go to the public school, and study arithmetic, geography, grammar, and I am in a third reader, and soon will go into the fourth. I hav five brothers and one sister. My sister is twelve, and I am only ten years old. My little brother don't go to school, but we teach him at home; he can spell some words; he is only four years old, and I am teaching him "The Ten Little Bigots." I hav twenty-six little chicks, and I am afraid that I will hav to knit some stockings for them. It is snowing very hard here, and it is about four inches deep. I had a piece to say Friday, and the name of it is "Ragged Jack." I think there are so many good pieces in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and especially in the children's letters, and the pictures in the paper are very amusing. I can't make out your Puzzle Box. This is my first attempt in writing a letter, so I will close, for I will weary your patience with so much nonsense.

Ever your friend, DORA L. HAYES.

P. S.—I will send you one of my cards.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My papa said if I would write to you he would change my prose into rhyme. I accepted his offer gladly, so I send you my thoughts thus transposed for the perusal of our little readers.

ELDA BILLINGS.

Children's Corner is a treasure
Prized by little folks at home.
Who its hidden worth can measure
In the future years to come?
Children's Corner is a blessing
E'en to children larger grown;
'Tis a treasure worth possessing,
This nice corner called "our own."

Auntie Susan Helen Wixon
Has a pleasant word for all.
For she does not feel above us,
Though we are but children small.
Writes for us such pretty stories,
Givs us, too, such good advice.
In our Corner, too, are puzzles
Executed very nice.

Homer, Helen Mar, and Elda,
Constitute "our trinity,"
But the very last name mentioned
Is *myself*, as you can see.
Ten years old in this month (April),
Go to school and try to learn.
Greet the children correspondents,
Each and every one in turn.

Elda Billings sends kind wishes
To the children, far and near,
Hopes when we are little older
We can pen our thoughts more clear.
Papa renders me assistance,
Puts my prosy thoughts in rhyme.
Will you put them in "our Corner"
If I'll write again—some time?

[Elda's letter in rhyme is very pretty; and so is the little picture sent us, which shows that she has artistic talent, and will in time perhaps become a celebrated artist.—ED. C. C.]

SUNLIGHT, NEB., March 13, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a few lines. My name is Edith Sowers and I am fourteen years of age. I love dearly to read the letters in the Corner. Ma and pa went to town to-day and we are here alone. I am going to school now. Our school has fifty scholars, but they do not all come; there are ninety-two in the district. Our teacher's name is Mary Hutchin. We are going to hav an exhibition the last day. Our school is out two weeks from to-day. I like to go to school, but I like to read the letters in the Corner better. We hav a town half a mile from our home. I love to liv in town. I am as bright as any girl is of my age. Pa says that I am dull and don't know anything, but I will show him. Well, I guess I will quit for this time. Good-bye, dear Miss Wixon. Yours truly,

EDITH SOWERS.

CLEARWATER, NEB., March 27, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: The weather has been very cold some of the time this winter. My father has been sick, and I hav had to do all the work. I hav had to take care of nine horses and six cows, and a lot of hogs, and draw water out of a well eighty-six feet in depth. The wells in this country on the table lands are from forty to two hundred feet deep. The most of them are bored with augers fourteen to sixteen inches in diameter. Sometimes when they are boring a well they come to trees down eighty or a hundred feet. The wood looks some like cedar, but is harder and finer grained, which shows that this country has at one time been a lake, as geologists affirm. EARLE A. FINCH.

P. S.—I hav read "All in a Lifetime," and like it well. It is a nice story. E. A. F.

WHEATLAND, OR., March 29, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav seen so many little boys and girls writing I thought I would write too. I am fourteen years old. Our school was out a week ago. When I go to school I study arithmetic, history, dictionary, geography, and grammar. Well, as I cannot think of any more interesting news I will close. Yours truly, JENNIE MAGNESS.

SALEM, ILL., April 5, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As it has been said in the Book of Books, as others hav written, I thought I would write. But I don't claim that my pen is inspired, as man is liable to error. My age is fifteen years. I hav been going to a six-months school. I hav studied all the seven common branches, and also Bryant's Common School Bookkeeping. We hav had ciphering matches almost every week. I hav four brother, two being twins, and two sisters alive; the two are named after two intelligent men, Alva Leslie, and Alta Darwin. I think the gourd-vine over Jonah is a different specie from that we now raise. It is the first gourd-vine I ever saw that grew straight up. When the paper is read of an evening, the things to look at are the beautiful pictures and the Children's Corner. I hav been reading Mr. Bennett's "Around the World." I think it is beautiful. There is one thing I would like to see in print; it is the orthodox "Sweet By-and-By." If you know of any quick rules of arithmetic, will you inform me of them? Hoping to see this in print, Yours for truth,

RUFUS WILLIAMS.

[We know of no quicker rules than are found in our modern school arithmetics.—ED. C. C.]

MOODY, TEX., March 28, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER I think I will write a few lines for it. I am ten years old and I go to the Waler school-house to school. My mother takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and I hav a little sister three years old. I hav a little brother nine months old and his name is Robert G., after Robert G. Ingersoll. DESSIE SIMONS.

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What Then?

With "ashes to ashes and dust to dust,"
Life's drama closes—what then? what then?
We shall go, to be sure, where perforce we must—
Perhaps it will be with the wicked men.

Or we may be borne upon pinions strong,
Beyond the clouds, through the upper air,
To the regions above, where no more we'll long
For the unattainable, all too fair.

But shall grasp, and hold, and call it our own,
And roll in such very excessiv bliss,
That we'll list with joy to the trumpet's tone,
And wouldn't a thrill of the harp-strings miss.

Or we may, like clods, in the coffin lie,
And dry, and crumble, and moulder away,
Till there's nothing left of the once proud "I,"
But a very small handful of worthless clay.

Then who shall say what the end will be,
When we bid farewell to this earthly crust
And cross forever the boundless sea,
But ashes to ashes and dust to dust? —*J. W.*

Book Notices.

THE ORDER OF CREATION: The Conflict between Genesis and Geology. A Controversy between the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Prof. Max Müller, M. Réville, E. Lynn Linton. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place. Pp. 178. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

As a relief to the worries of the political situation last year Mr. Gladstone fell foul of the Hibbert Lecturer for 1884, Professor Réville, of the College de France, whose "Prolégomènes de l'Histoire des Religions" was translated by Squire in that year, with an introduction by Max Müller. In "Dawn of Creation and of Worship" the distinguished rhetorician who sways the destinies of the British Empire attempts to demolish the position of Réville as to the meauing of the first chapter of Genesis, moved thereto by Réville's choice of an early book by him (Gladstone) as an example of the errors of men of intellect regarding this momentous subject. Gladstoue does not cite Professor Dana, of Yale College, but his mode of reconciling the first chapter of Genesis with the geology of to-day is so similar that at each page one expects to find that name. Dana's essay has been before the public these thirty years in the various editions of his most valuable "Manual of Geology," which is a text book here and abroad. Gladstone acknowledges that since he wrote the book cited by Réville he has changed his mind considerably, but after establishing to his own satisfaction the coincidence of the Genesis creation with that told by the rocks, branches off into his favorit study of Greek mythology, and ends with a pathetic note concerning Mrs. Lynn Linton and another woman writer, who rejoice at the prevalence of the doctrin of evolution.

Professor Huxley took up the cudgels for science and Réville in the December (1885) number of the *Nineteenth Century*, and pointed out the difficulties in the way of accepting Mr. Gladstone's adjustments. Then Max Muller had his say, chiefly to protest against the Gladstonian insinuation that he considers the solar theory of the myths a panacea. Next comes Gladstone's reply to Huxley and Muller, in which Professor Dana's name appears and Prof. Asa Gray is quoted. A postscript to this paper givs one to understand that he has just heard of Dana and Arnold Guyot, of the United States, and of Prof. Othniel C. Marsh, of Yale. The turn of the French professor comes next. Professor Réville is even more courtly in style than his English defenders, but makes a very admirable defense. Huxley says a word more in February of this year, remarking incidentally, "I think that Mr. Gladstone might hav been able to put his case with a good deal more force if he had thought it worth while to consult the last chapter of Professor Dana's admirable 'Manual of Geology,'" and referring him to the "Lectures on Evolution," which Mr. Huxley delivered in New York. Finally, Mrs. Lynn Linton comes in for a "Protest and a Plea."

The controversy seems to show that all Professor Dana's skill in marshaling his profound learning had not convinced advanced evolutionists like Huxley of the agreement which he found long ago between the geologic and the Genesis record of creation. There is, however, much to be said on both sides, and the champions say it with a good deal of spirit.—*New York Times* (April 4th).

THE ORDER OF CREATION CONTROVERSY.

Mr. Gladstone's review of Réville's "History of Religions," which appeared not long ago in a London periodical, and in which he undertook to affirm the harmony of Genesis and Geology, drew forth answers from Professor Huxley and Professor Max Müller. Then followed a rejoinder from the propounder of the harmony theory, which in turn elicited communications in rebuttal from Professor Huxley and Dr. Réville. A woman also figures in the list of disputants, an allusion in the original article having brought out a protest from Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. These papers hav attracted unusual attention owing to the eminence of the principal controversialists in their respectiv fields, and many persons will be glad to learn that they hav been collected in a volume reprinted in this city by the Truth Seeker Company. It may be said at once that while all the authority resulting from distinction and admitted competence in scientific inquiry is arrayed upon the side of Mr. Gladstone's antagonists, yet such a master is he of rhetoric and dialectics, that for the majority of readers the victory may seem doubtful. Let us try to set forth briefly what Mr. Gladstone sought to prove, and the grounds on which his assertion was challenged by Professor Huxley, the specific issue raised by Professor Max Müller being of subordinate importance.

Mr. Gladstone contended in his preliminary essay, and, with some modifications, reaffirmed in the rejoinder to his critics, that "the origins, or first appearances of plants, fishes, birds, mammals, and man are given to us in Genesis in the order of succession in which they are also given by the latest geological authority." This scriptural order of succession has, he says, been "so affirmed in our time by natural science that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact." From the assumption of this coincidence of the Pentateuchal story with the results of modern investigation, he draws the inference that "either the writer of Genesis was gifted with faculties passing all human experience, or else his knowledge was divine." Inasmuch as the first "branch of this alternativ is truly nominal and unreal," the conclusion is, "so stands the plea for a revelation of truth from God, a plea only to be met by questioning its possibility."

Professor Huxley begins by submitting that if Mr. Gladstone's assertion of the confirmation of Genesis by geology can be shown to be not merely inaccurate, but directly contradictory of facts known to every one who is acquainted with the elements of natural science, his deductions touching the inspired character of the scriptural narrativ must obviously collapse. He has no difficulty in showing that the term "great sea monsters" (used in the passage of Genesis under discussion) must include the most conspicuous of great sea animals like the whales, dolphins, and porpoises, and as these are indubitable mammals it is impossible to affirm that mammals come after birds, which are said to hav been created on the same day with fishes and sea monsters. Inasmuch, moreover, as these cetacea and sirenia are certainly modified land animals, their existence implies the antecedent existence of land mammals.

Furthermore, Mr. Gladstone's term fishes is shown to be too narrow to cover all the moving creatures that hav life which, according to Genesis, were bidden to fill the waters in the seas. Such moving creatures of the seas would include marine mollusks and crustacea, echinoderms, corals, and foramenifera, which are abundant in the paleozoic rocks, ages upon ages older than the rocks in which the first evidences of true fishes appear. If, then, in a geological book Mr. Gladstone finds the quite true statement that plants appeared before fishes, it is only by a complete misunderstanding of the word fishes as technically used is zoölogy that he can be led to imagin that the statement serves his purpose. "As a matter of fact at the present moment it is a question whether, on the bare evidence afforded by fossils, the marine creeping things or the marine plants hav the seniority. No cautious paleontologist would express a decided opinion on the matter. But if we are to read the Pentateuchal statement as a scientific document, then, as it is quite clear that only terrestrial plants of high organization are spoken of in verses eleven and twelve of Genesis, no paleontologist would hesitate to say that at present the records of sea animal life are vastly older than those of any land plant describable as 'grass, herb yielding seed, or fruit tree.'"

These objections seem sufficient to refute Mr. Gladstone's reconciling hypothesis, but there are others which are merely glanced at in the following sentence: "As in my apprehension," says Professor Huxley, "there is not a shadow of justification for the suggestion that when the Pentateuchal writer says 'fowl' he excludes bats (which, although mammals, are expressly included under 'fowl' in Leviticus), and as I hav already shown that he demonstrably includes reptils as well as mammals among the creeping things of the land, I may be permitted to spare my readers further discussion of the 'five-fold' order.'"

After all, to read this second paper by Professor Huxley seems like witnessing the slaying of the slain, for, as the following sentence from Mr. Gladstone's rejoinder shows, the latter felt himself hopelessly overmatched, and endeavored, by attenuating his original assertion almost to the point of impalpability, to lay a basis for an interminable logomachy. In the following sentence Mr. Gladstone seems to resort to the expedient of those sea animals which, when in peril, manage to eject a cloud of inky fluid between themselvs and their pursuers: "If I am asked," he says, "whether I contend for the absolute accordance of the Mosaic writer as interpreted by me, with the facts and presumptions of science as I hav endeavored to extract them from the best authorities, I answer that I hav not endeavored to show either that any accordance has been demonstrated, or that more than a substantial accordance—an accordance in principal relevant particulars—is to be accepted as shown by probable evidence."—*New York Sun* (April 11th).

OUR RELIGIOUS-SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.

The discussion of the great subjects of religion and science that has been going on in this paper since December last has recently been enriched and intensified, the scope and compass enlarged, and the whole reading world directed to it by the engagement of a similar discussion across the Atlantic, in which Dr. Réville, an eminent divine and scholar of France, perhaps the most famous in that country noted for its rich and splendid literature; Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of Great Britain, and who is styled the "Ulysses of dialectics," and who is said by Professor Huxley to be the "greatest master of persuasiv rhetoric among English-speaking men of his time;" Mr. Huxley, who heads the world's special scientists, and whom Mr. Gladstone recognizes as an authority than whom there is none higher; Mr. Max Muller, the most finished scholar of classical literature; and Mrs. Linton, a novelist of sufficient reputation to hav been specially mentioned by Mr. Gladstone in one of his papers in this famous discussion, are the combatants. On this side of the water these papers hav been republished in a scientific monthly, with copious comment by the editor, and are undergoing review by Mr. Henry Drummond, and will no doubt receive widespread attention. These papers combine the thought of the ripest scholars of the age on a theme that has been eloquently discussed in all ages and in all languages. They are collected in book form by the Truth Seeker Publishing Company, 33 Clinton Place, N. Y., price 75c. Every one interested in this discussion should send for a copy of this work.—*Ocala Banner.*

Our enterprising publishers hav resorted to a new device for attracting the book buyer. We hav offered to us books that are Round Tables of controversy. If some leading article in an English review by a famous hand is answered by an equally famous one, and in turn is answered by the former, eliciting a rejoinder, and so *ad nauseam*, then the American publisher gathers them into a book and baptizes it with the name of "that irrepressible book." The duel between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison finds a successor in what, from the number of combatants drawn in, we must call the quadrilateral duel between Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Max Muller, and M. Réville. In the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1885, Mr. Gladstone opened fire on M. Réville, the distinguished Hibbert lecturer for 1884. M. Réville givs us an amusing account of how, at a *table d'hôte* in Italy, one day he took somewhat warmly the side of Mr. Gladstone against an old English lady, who was vehemently denouncing the leader of the Liberal party. The irony of fate, he says, occurred a few days, after, when an Italian count suddenly said to him: "You are M. Réville, are you not, professor of the College de France? Well, it seems that Mr. Gladstone has been attacking you sharply in an English review." That was the first news he had of the encounter that has resulted in this neat book issued by the Truth Seeker Company of New York.—*Unity.*

J. K. Ingalls has written a book called "Social Wealth." It is very radical in its views, but written with force and evident thought. The theory adopted is that man's relations with the soil are intimate and interdependent. Labor and the soil are the two essential and primary factors in production. Since labor is the source of man's subjugation of the soil, labor has a right to a fair share of what is produced. The author then comes to the scheme which will restore the equilibrium and giv labor the means of living in proportion to its effort. The remedy is limitation of land-holdings. By allowing one man to hold only so many acres he thinks there will be enough to go around so that everybody can be sure of a respectable and wholesome life. "Rational Communism" purports to hav been written by a capitalist. It begins with a vision in which the United States appears as it would if the laws of equal distribution and justice were observed. The rest of the book is devoted to showing how a rational communism would bring about the ideal state. This author, like Mr. Ingalls, has no patience with the notion of property in land.—*Kansas City Times.*

ADAMI AND HEVA. A NEW VERSION. By Samuel P. Putnam. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York. Price 10 cents.

There is hardly any department of learning that has not received new lights from India. It is in the ancient world of Vedic literature that the germs of Aryan religions are to be studied.

No one can understand even the historical possibility of the Christian religion without knowing something of the Jewish race, which must be investigated chiefly in the pages of the Old Testament. And in order to appreciate the true relation of the Jews to the rest of the ancient world, and to understand what ideas were peculiarly their own and what ideas they shared in common with the other members of the Semitic stock—or what moral and religious impulses they receive from their historical contact with other nations of antiquity, it is absolutely necessary that we should pay some attention to the history of Babylon, Nineveh, Phœnicia, Persia, and India.

In the legends of India and the legends of the countries to the west there are strange coincidences to be found, without our being able to say how they traveled.

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The Mosaic account of the origin of man and of creation were no doubt drawn from ancient records which existed in his day, and which assumed different forms among the various nations of the old world.

The poem, whose title stands at the head of this article, is one of those accounts of the creation of man, after the manner of the translations from the sacred books of the Hindoos. The work is without a preface, but is otherwise of that rich, luxurious, and glorious style so characteristic of the oriental mind.

The description of the awakening of Brahma and

"Creation's dawn upon the hollow gulfs;
The sparkling effluence of divinest joy,
Flowing and dancing, breaking into stars,
Long trains of light, and comets' golden hair,
And rhythmic sweep of cloud with breast of fire,
Whence constellations burst and traveled space,"

is dramatic, and if not equal to some of the great epics of the west in the brilliancy and variety of its coloring and the music of its style, is not inferior to them in that masculin power which only rude, uncivilized nations can produce.

As an example of the author's style his description of love may be taken:

"Love can enrich the sweetest life of all,
Adami said. It is the heart of fire
Within the lily's bloom and star sublime;
It is the music of the summer's wind,
It is the song the birds sing evermore.
The waves do whisper it by day and night;
The thousand leaves are tremulous with its breath.
It is the secret grace of every joy;
There is no perfectness in anything,
So love makes not its home within its breast."

The "new version," as it is termed, is written by Samuel P. Putnam, of New York, and is well worth the perusal of every one. It can be had of the Truth Seeker Co.—*Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazetteer.*

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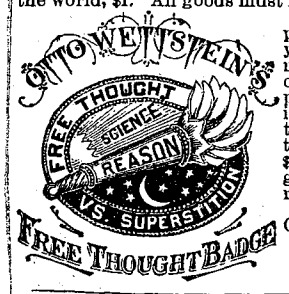
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News of the Week.

THERE is a general movement in New York in favor of the Saturday half-holiday.

GOVERNOR HILL has signed a bill making twelve hours a day's work on the street cars.

THE bishop of Madrid, in Spain, was fatally shot last Sunday morning by a recently dismissed priest.

WHILE Catherine Brennan was praying in church last Sunday a thief robbed her of a pocket-book containing $12.

A GREAT flood in Montreal last Sunday inundated many of the principal streets and did a large amount of damage.

BARNUM'S great elephant Alice, the former consort but now the relict of the deceased Jumbo, arrived here last Sunday.

THE Shoe Salesmen's Union takes advantage of the Sunday law to coerce those who keep their stores open on Sunday. Several dealers hav been arrested for that offense.

MISS FOLSOM, of Buffalo, the young lady who report says is to marry President Cleveland, is twenty-two years old, a college graduate, and good-looking. Mr. Cleveland is in luck.

COMSTOCKISM is carried so far in Montreal, Can., that a gentleman has been prosecuted for hanging a picture of the Venus de Milo and other works of art on the walls of his own house.

REPORTS from Quebec, Can., say that a large trade in innocent girls is carried on between that city and the larger cities of the United States. The authorities are consulting over the matter.

IT is discovered that an Ipswich, Mass. selectman who warns the druggists of the town to stop selling cigars and candy on Sunday has himself been selling cider all winter without a license.

THE Rev. W. A. Hammond, of Franklin Falls, N. H., who recently ran off with $2,000 of his wife's money and was brought back and orced to disgorge, has disappeared again, this time taking his wife's clothing and silver.

A PHYSICIAN in Laurens county, S. C., claims to hav found a twelve-year-old boy whose backbone is prolonged into a tail eight inches long, covered with a thick growth of hair. The boy can wag the tail.

A TERRIFIC tornado visited St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids, Minn., on the 14th, nearly destroying the two towns. From seventy-five to one hundred persons were killed outright, and two hundred or more injured. Great suffering prevails.

THE railroad strike in the Southwest is still on, with small prospect of immediate settlement. Martin Irons, the local leader at St. Louis, has been indicted for tapping Gould's telegraph wires. His arrest is generally believed to be unjustifiable. Conferences and consultations are under way.

A MAN named Adams, who had committed a murder, was hanged at Northampton, Mass., last week Friday. In the morning of that day he humorously remarked that he would prefer to go off early, so he could reach hell in time for dinner. He was evidently a good man gone wrong.

DRIVERS on the Third avenue horse-car line of this city struck last Friday, and only a few cars were run. The company failed to come to terms, and on Monday the drivers and conductors on all the other lines except two deserted their cars. Up to the present writing the affair is not settled.

JOHN H. NOYES, head of the Oneida Communists, died at his home at Niagara Falls, N. Y., on the 13th inst., aged 74 years. He was born at Brattleboro, Vt., studied theology at Andover, and was licensed to preach. He was a fervent Christian, his peculiar doctrin being that women, as well as goods, should be enjoyed in common lot. He led an interesting and eventful life.

BOTH Mrs. Bartlett and the Rev. Mr. Dyson, of London, were acquitted of the charge of murdering the former's husband, who died from the effects of chloroform. It came out in the course of the trial that Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett were married with the understanding that their relations were to be "platonic," and that the Rev. Mr. Dyson was to be the real husband, which program seems to hav been carried out with great fidelity and assiduity on the part of the woman and the minister. Mrs. Bartlett testified that when her husband seemed inclined to violate the terms of the marriage agreement she had a habit of checking him with chloroform. It is supposed that he committed suicide.

Odds and Ends.

IN a popular choir a man whistles an accompaniment. See here, Brother Talmage, are you going to allow them to get ahead of you in this way?

"How do you like Smith?" "First-rate; only he is so superstitious." "How so?" "He never goes fishing on Sunday, because he is afraid the fish won't bite on Sunday."

TEMPERANCE advocate (to young man in restaurant): "My dear young friend, do you know that the Bible says, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red?'" Young man (surprised): "No, does it? Here, waiter, make that Rhine wine instead of claret."

THE story is told of a famous Boston lawyer, that, one day, after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage, and started to walk off. "Are you trying, sir, to show contempt for the court?" asked the judge, sternly. "No, sir," was the reply. "I am trying to conceal it."

MABEL and Floy Atherton, a clergyman's daughters aged eight and six, respectivly, were overheard one day in the following conversation. Says Mabel, "Now Floy, which would you rather do, liv here and hav a good time, or die and go to heaven?" "I'd rather hav a good time," innocently returns Floy. "Why, Floy Atherton," was the response, "*is that all your religion amounts to?*"

HJP hjp fjhurrahj! The Minnesota Norwegians hav again been celebrating the discovery of America by Niels Niederson the Red. The exercises opened with the reading of the Djeclaratjon of Fjinderpendjience, and closed with the singing of

Hjail Cjolumbia, Fjhappy Jland,
Fjail, ye Jheroes Fjheaven bjornyterne bjand,

whjich wjas gjven wjth a vjim that ljfted the fjroof off the wjgwamj.

DEACON BONESET: "Mornin', Brudder Wilsung. I's powfully pleased wid dat summon ob you'n las' night." Brother Wilson: "Wall, I's glad yo' liked it. But, ter tell de fec', I's rudder discou'aged." D. B.: "How so? We sut'nly had encou'agin' signs." B. W.: "Yaas, but yo' see, arter I had done closed wid dat pow'ful appeal, an' axed all dem ez felt de desiah to commence a new life ter come forrard, not a soul stirred. An' den when I axed all ez was Christians to stan' up, de hull congregation riz—not one ob dem a sinner, not one ob dem!—*Harper's Bazar.*

IN EXISLE.

Cast ashore on a lone, barren isle
In the sea into which flows the Nisle,
With no clothes but a battered old tisle—
From a full suit a rather scant pisle—
I, of course, could not dress with much stisle,
While I dwelt in that residence visle;
But as there was no one to smisle,
I managed the years to begisle—
That had else been a long weary whisle
With many a stroll in my tisle,
And many an innocent wisle,
That kept in good order my bisle;
Till a ship that sailed many a misle
Brought me home from my dreary exisle,
And I this way the tale place on fisle,
With the trust that it no one will risle.

—*Norristown Herald*

THE WAIL OF A CHICAGO WIDOW.

I show by my distressful tones
And by my doleful features,
How much I miss the Rev. Jones,
That best of modern preachers.
When his Chicago work was done
He paused not to consider
What grief the parting brought upon.
One lorn and lonely widder.

I used to wend my way each night
To revel in his teachings;
My burdened soul grew airly light
Beneath his magic preachings.
I occupied a seat reserved
For struggling young beginners.
And hung upon the blasts he served
To unrepentant sinners.

Farewell to those delicious times
Of silent adoration;
My idol speeds to other climes
To ply his sweet vocation.
Oh! that he might forget her not
Who boldly makes assertion,
That from her lonely, widowed lot
She hankers for conversion?

—*Chicago News.*

THE BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

A scribe in writing right may write
To write and still be wrong;
For write and rite are neither right,
And don't to Wright belong.

Robertson is not Robert's son,
Nor did he rob Burt's son,
Yet Robert's sun is Robin's sun,
And everybody's sun.

The person lies who says he lies
When he is not reclining;
And when consumptiv folks decline,
They all decline declining.

The dyer dyes awhile, then dies—
To dye he's always trying;
Until upon his dying bed,
He thinks no more of dying.

Alas, a lass is sometimes false;
Of faults a maid is made,
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though stayed she is not staid.

The springs shoot forth each spring, and shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might think it stale;
So we'll suppose that we hav reached
The tail end of our tale.

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Gems of Thought.

WHEN will men and women learn to be just and charitable to each other? When can the simplest demands and instincts of nature be answered without a life of cruel disgrace to follow?—*D. M. Bennett.*

So long as men believed, with Dante, for instance, that this world was the center of creation, and the important part of it, that sun and stars were only convenient lights set to enlighten this world, and revolving daily about, so long it was not difficult to believe that God once took a special human form, went and came in Palestine, and, if you please, died upon the cross. So long it was possible to think of him in a certain place; to think of the savior as now "sitting at his side," and to adopt in good faith many of the medieval formulas of theology or Christology. But, in that sense, this is not possible now. When a man says now that God was incarnate in Christ, he does not mean what the church fathers of the Middle Ages meant. When, therefore, an amiable and well-meaning man, like Dr. Thomson, says that when Jesus Christ walked about Nazareth, he must hav taken a peculiar interest in traveling about the hills he had made, he says something which is simply ridiculous to men of this time. They know that Nazareth and its hills were formed by an infinit power, about whose name there may be question; about whose nature there may be division. And they know that it is not in any fair sense of words that anyone says that Jesus Christ, who walked in Nazareth, made those hills, any more than Mary, his mother, made them.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

A MAN who is married to a woman his inferior in intelligence finds her a perpetual dead-weight, or worse than a dead-weight, a drag, upon every aspiration of his to be better than public opinion requires him to be. It is hardly possible for one who is in these bonds to attain exalted virtue. If he differs in his opinion from the mass; if he sees truths which hav not yet dawned upon them, or if, feeling in his heart truths which they nominally recognize, he would like to act up to those truths more conscientiously than the generality of mankind, to all such thoughts and desires marriage is the heaviest of drawbacks, unless he be so fortunate as to hav a wife as much above the common level as he himself is.—*Mill's Subjection of Women.*

THE KING'S GATE.

A beggar sat at the king's gate
And sang of summer in the rain—
A song with sounds reverberate
Of wood, of hill, and plain,
That, rising, bore a tender weight
Of sweetness strong and passionate;
A song with sigh of mountain pass,
Ripple and rustle of deep grass,
The whispering of wind-smote sheaves,
Low lapping of long lily leaves,
Red morns and purple-mooned eves.

The king was weary of his part,
The king was tired of his crown;
He looked across the rainy land,
Across the barren stretch of sand,
Out to the breadth of rainy sea.
He heard the wind beat loud and free,
The gilded casement, sullenly
Fallingly away with mist and rain.
"But, oh, it is a weary thing
To wear a crown and be a king!
Oh, for one golden hour and sweet,
To serve the king with willing feet!"
But he would sleep and from his heart
The jeweled, silken girdle loose,
And giv it room to turn and choose
An easier measure for its beat.

Into the gilded chamber crept
A breath of summer, blown with rain
And wild wet leaves against the pane.
The royal sleeper smiled and slept.
"I thought that all things sweet were dead!"
They heard him say who came to wed
The crown again to the king's head.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them; if he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm; if he easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot; if he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds and not their trash; but above all, if he hav St. Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an anathema from Christ, for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.—*Bacon's Essays.*

IT is the duty of a man
To bless his greatest foe,
And shield the arm that late was was raised
To work his direst woe.

Just so, the scented sandal-tree,
In all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the ax that lays it low
A sweet and rich perfume.

—*Book of Epigrams.*

TRUTH and the book of Genesis cannot be reconciled except on the hypothesis that the Bible means anything it can be made to mean—but then it means nothing.—*Theodore Parker.*

IT is a shocking waste of time to spend an evening in discussing the frailty of some woman with whom the divorce court will hav dealings, when the women of Shakspere wait for an introduction, or to keep company with a man of doubtful reputation, while Tennyson is neglected, and Walter Scott unknown.—*Christian Register.*

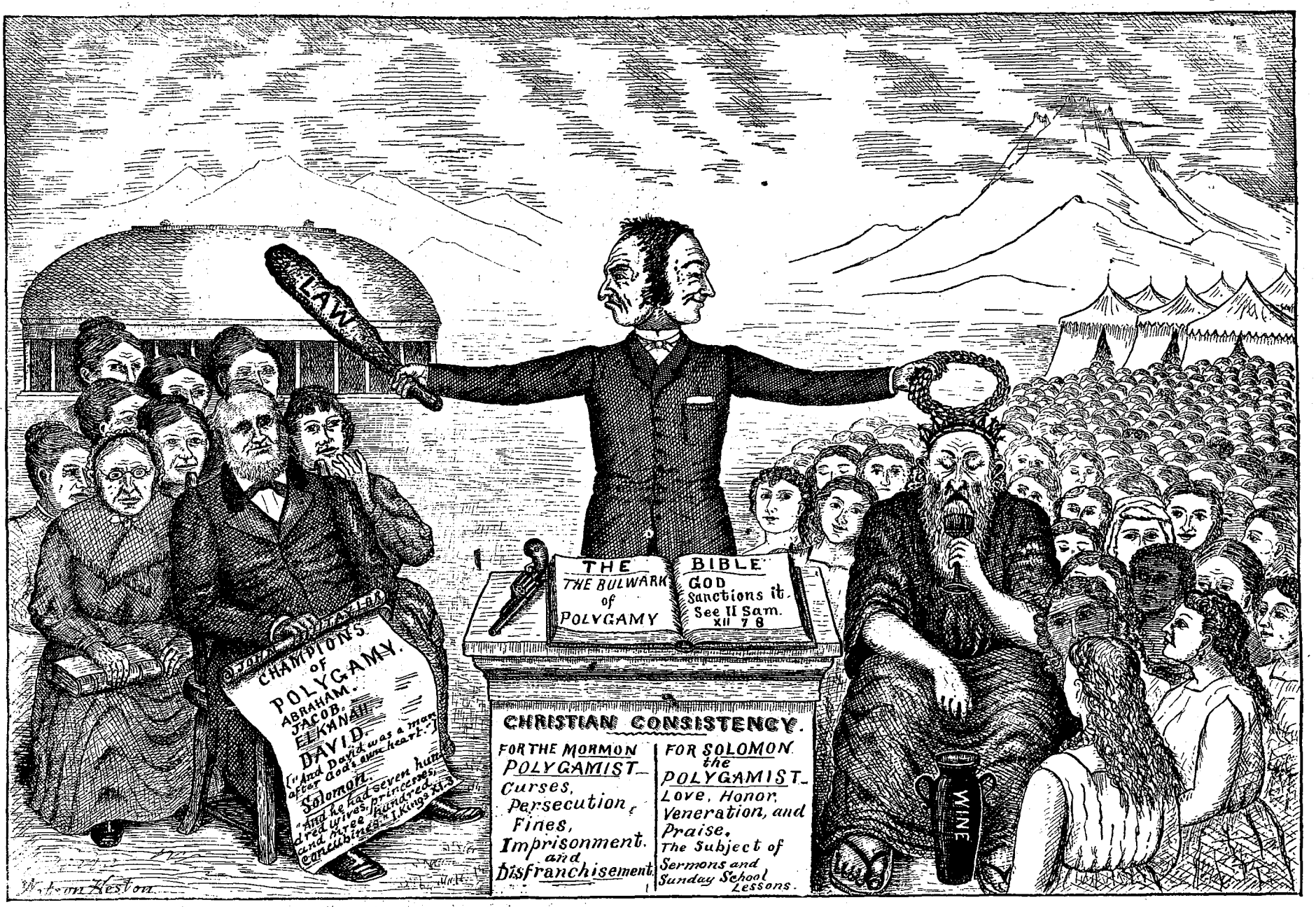
THE first grave was the first cathedral. The first corpse was the first priest; and when the last priest is one the world will be free.—*Ingersoll.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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OUR JANUS-FACED RELIGION.

Notes and Clippings.

A GROCERYMAN, of Portland, Or., has been expelled from a Baptist church for saying that he "would rather go to hell with a white man than to heaven with a Chinaman."

THE *Dallas News* has, as the boys would say, got Chicago justice down fine. It says: "They don't positivly know that they hav the man at Chicago who threw the bomb, but the man they hav will do to hang. He knew all about who did throw it."

A DAKOTA real estate agent was visiting in the East. "Hav you a church at your place?" asked a friend. "Church?" "Yes, a church." "Oh, yes, I know what you mean—one of these things where they ring a bell like thunder every Sunday morning. Yes, we've got one." "Don't you ever attend?" "Me? No, I never hav yet. I put in $25, though, toward building it." "How did you come to do that, if you don't take interest enough to attend?" "Oh, I knew what I was doing—we couldn't sell any town lots without one. There's nothing will catch the Eastern speculater when he comes out to buy real estate like a church with a long, slender steeple sticking up on it like the nozzle on a tin oil-can."

THE Sunday-school will get a bad name, says the *Hour*, if it keeps on graduating criminals at the rate it has been doing. Nearly every bank defaulter and embezzler of recent years has been a Sunday-school teacher or superintendent, and now, as if tired of that prosaic and sordid kind of roguery, it is beginning to develop suicide and murder. Cluverius, now under sentence of death at Richmond for murdering his cousin, Miss Madison, was a most devout church-member and superintendent of Sunday-school, and the broker, Latimer, who shot himself the other Sunday morning, had just finished notes for a Bible lesson he was to hav delivered before the Sunday-school attached to Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle.

JOHN JARRETT, ex-president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, and Henry George spoke at Cleveland, O., May 26th, at the American Congress of Churches, on the reasons that the workingman distrusts the church. Jarrett said Christ, himself a carpenter, preached equality to all, but the preachers of to-day seldom preach Christ and him crucified, and are too loth to preach that the extortioner and oppressor, as well as the drunkard, and the employer who robs his men, hav no place in heaven. Mr. Jarrett has been a Sunday-school teacher for years, and related incidents illustrating how the church truckles to the rich. Henry George said that the feeling of the workingman against the church amounts to open hostility, because he recognizes the church as the bulwark of the condition of oppression of laborers.

THE Sydney, Australia, *Evening News* reports the following: "On the 17th of February, at the sitting of the Metropolitan Court of Quarter Sessions, presided over by Judge Forbes, Mr. T. M. Williamson, the attorney for a prisoner, was proceeding to test a witness's knowledge of the nature of an oath, when he was interrupted by his honor exclaiming, 'What nonsense!' Mr. Williamson: Surely, your honor, I can ask the witness whether she knows where she will go to when she dies if she tells a lie? His honor: Do you know? Mr. Williamson: Oh! well. His honor: I don't think you do, or any one else. Mr. Williamson: But the law allows us to anticipate. His honor: You would be satisfied, I suppose, if the child said, 'If I tell the truth I will go to heaven, and if I tell a lie I will go to hell.' Mr. Williamson: Yes. His honor: It's all claptrap—absurd. The attorney abandoned the question."

IT struck me as an incongruity, says the New York *Tribune's* "Man About Town," when I strolled into the office of a leading cemetery association, the other day, to find a stock ticker beside the secretary's desk, and to see that officer consulting the tape occasionally. But that does not compare with the experience of a friend who is a good church-member, and who went the other day to secure a pew in a city church. He told the sexton what he could afford to contribute yearly to the church, and got the reply: "Bless you, sir, that would not pay the ground rent of a pew. Land comes high in New York, and we hav to rent our pews accordingly." My friend does not now go to church, and he is in favor of opening the libraries and the art galleries and similar institutions on Sunday.

THE New York *Sun* printed, a few weeks ago, an account of a young girl who had been abandoned by her mother, and whose father was unable to support her, becoming a regular and apparently seriously interested attendant at a series of revival meetings which were being held at Milford, Pa., and who received one day a note signed "Ladies of the Church," telling her that her presence at the meetings was not desired unless she could come clad in better clothing and hav a more presentable appearance. As that was impossible, the unfortunate girl, whose name is Tabitha Weeks, ceased going to church, and, finding no one in the place who seemed willing to giv her a helping hand, she drifted from place to place, and a few days ago went to Port Jervis. There she stole some jewelry from a house, and was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for four months.

REV. DR. TALMAGE is not always happy in his illustrations. In a recent pulpit address he thus depicted Anarchy: "Anarchy is the abolition of right and property. It makes your store, house, money, and family mine, and all mine yours." Most persons, says *Cooley's Weekly*, will readily agree with the Brooklyn Tabernacle orator that Anarchy is a very bad thing indeed, but, after all, isn't Anarchy, as described by Mr. Talmage, exactly what Mr. Talmage's Lord and master preached while on earth? In fact there is no more doubt that the Lord and master preached Communism than there is that the servant and follower preaches something very different. Christ was crucified because he preached that doctrin; Mr. Talmage doesn't mean to be crucified. But why should Dr. Talmage, whose soul ought to be exclusivly concerned with his heavenly possessions, take heed for those earthly treasures that moth and rust may corrupt, and that thieves may break through and steal? If Talmage has any property, any store or house that he calls "mine," he should make haste to share it with his "dear brother in the Lord," and not prate about the "rights of property."

Communications.

A Bill of Indictment Against Religions Per Se.

BY JACOB HENDERSON.

II.

But I return from this digression to the line of my argument.

THE CHURCH THE OFFSPRING OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT, AND THE CAUSE OF STRENGTHENING ITS DOMINION IN THE WORLD.

Eighteen hundred years ago the Christian church, as a new sect of religionists, began its career, and her priesthood, setting aside the claims of the old heathen *exorcists*, monopolized the business of working the religious sentiment as a mine of wealth and power for themselvs. Like their illustrious pagan predecessors, the Christian hierarchy continued the policy of keeping the people in ignorance, well knowing the advantage it gave them in carrying out their ends. They appropriately called themselvs shepherds, and the people *sheep*—the most simple and gullible of all animals, whose nature is to follow wherever the shepherd, with his bag of salt, leads, and whose function, in the plan of the world, is to yield their fleeces to the shepherd for his clothing, and their carcases for his food. Like Christ and the apostles, the new hierarchy were firm believers in demoniacal possessions, and continued the practice of casting them out in the old way. The church accepted from the Jews their bloody law of the eight letters, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv," and, at her instigation, and to secure the favor of God for their rigid obedience to the divine precepts, the governments of Europe occupied themselvs for ages, mainly, in the work of hunting down heretics and putting witches to death thus proving themselvs to be true Christian governments.

In regard to witchcraft, it is almost impossible for us to believe the records of history as to the numbers that were sacrificed to this Moloch of religion, and the cruelties practiced upon them by law and custom before they died. The thousand years of history called the Dark Ages constituted the most religious period of the church. Religion had everything its own way, and had a chance to act out, and did act out, its own character without let or hindrance. Crime in all its ferocity, and vice in all its ignoble forms, were sanctioned and sanctified by the church, provided they were committed by the "saints." A man of man of ordinary sensibility who reads the history of those times feels ashamed that he belongs to a race of beings that *could* be guilty of such atrocious deeds; and all the more because they were perpetrated at the suggestion, by the authority, and in illustration of a sentiment which we hav been taught to believe is a good thing in itself, and a great, if not indispensable, adornment of the human character.

THE FIRST BLOW UNINTENTIONALLY GIVEN TO DESTROY THE SUPREMACY OF THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.—LUTHER.

This reign of religions, dictating both faith and practice, continued till, by another step in the process of evolution, Martin Luther, in the sixteenth century, appeared upon the scene of human affairs, and soon attracted as much attention in Europe as a new constellation would which had unexpectedly revealed itself in the heavens. It seems as though all the millions of the dumb spirits of the human race, in revenge for what they themselvs had suffered at the hands of religion, and to save posterity from a similar fate, knowing and taking advantage of this man's natural courage, mightily struggled and finally succeeded in extorting an utterance from his lips that would turn the course of events into a new channel, and giv a death-blow to the sentiment of religion itself. For, although a priest of the church, and without even seeming to suspect what would be the legitimate result of his utterance in the ages to come, he proclaimed in the ears of Europe, concerning the Bible, which at that time was universally regarded as a revelation from God to the human family, that man, as man, had a right to read its pages and to judge for himself as to the meaning of its contents. Nay, more, that this right of private judgment extends not only to the meaning of the scripture text, but to the previous question, Whether the Bible itself was, or was not, the word of God, and infallibly inspired in all its parts. Luther, in the exercise of this right, rejected several of the books of the Bible which had been from the beginning, and still are, deemed canonical, because in his judgment they had no proof of inspiration.

Then it was, I think, that the human race passed the period of its childhood, and entered upon the career of its youth. What Luther did, and what in that day required the courage of a lion to do, and what should make his name immortal, was to proclaim that mankind had an inherent and inalienable right to listen to what was then considered to be the voice of God in the Bible *immediately*, and not be compelled to take the echoes and reëchoes of that voice as they came from the lips of the priesthood, from one generation to another to the end of time. That Luther meant his utterance of the right of private judgment to be mainly his justification for abjuring the despotic authority of the Romish church; that it was a suggestion of the *intellect* alone; that he had no idea whatever of the pregnancy of the principle he established, is verified by the fact that when he saw the leaven of his principle beginning to do its proper work of enlightenment among the populations of Europe, and freeing them from the bondage of superstition, the *religion* that was so deeply imbedded in him, true to its blind and ferocious character, waked up, assumed its sovereignty, and prompted him to draw up a creed of dogmas, and compel all his followers to accept it on pain of eternal damnation. He refused the hand of brotherhood to Zwingle, the fairest and most chivalrous of all the Reformers, and even held it to be extremely probable that, although he died for the Protestant cause on the field of battle, he would, nevertheless, suffer eternal torments in hell-fire, *because* he did not believe with Luther in the "real presence" of Jesus Christ in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper!

If there ever was a real demoniacal possession, Luther's religion was one; and as there was no *exorcist* in that generation powerful enough to cast it out, and as he was so infatuated by its satanic influence that he did not want it cast out, but blindly cherished it as a good spirit, the work of reformation, so happily begun, suddenly stopped in its progress, and has made no corresponding advance since. But after all his inconsistent blundering, the unintentional blow he gave to religion *per se* was a mortal one.

THE SECOND BLOW: BACON.

In the next century, and by a logical sequence, Francis Bacon arose, and, standing upon the solid ground which Luther had prepared as to the *right* of judgment, taught mankind *how*, in all the departments of knowledge, they should exercise this right—by the *inductiv*, rather than the old theological method of *deduction*. For the religious word *credo*, I believe, which had been in vogue from the beginning of the Exorcist's reign, he substituted the words *skeptomai*, I inquire, and *scio*, I know. The jumble of ideas which had entered the human mind through the wide door of implicit faith were driven out by the new learning, and gave room to real knowledge, arranged in an orderly manner, and fit for practical use. The intellect of man, thus liberated from the old bondage by Luther, and taught how to use its freedom in investigation by Bacon, soon became conscious of its powers, and began a career of inquiry into nature and her laws which has resulted in making the nineteenth the most wonderful of all the centuries of time. It has democratized knowledge and political power. It has filled the houses of the common people with blessings which their ancestors never dreamed of. It has set in motion causes which are bound, in due time, to equalize the condition of mankind, do away with war, and ultimately establish fellowship among the nations of the earth.

THE THIRD BLOW: PAINE.

But toward the elimination of this blind and dangerous sentiment of religion from the human character, the most heroic service ever done by man, all things considered, was performed at the close of the last century by Thomas Paine, who, made an intellectual freedman by Luther, and taught how to use his freedom by Bacon, and whose holy indignation at the cruelty of superstition was so intense that he took the Bible, which the church had made a fetich of, and brought its historical parts, and its prophecies and miracles, in detail, to the infallible test of reason, and proved, to the satisfaction of every impartial reader, that the book itself neither was, nor claimed to be, a revelation from God. His treatis, entitled, "The Age of Reason," was mainly written when its author was in a French prison, liable at any moment to be sent to the guillotine, because, as a member of the National Convention, he pleaded for the life of the king, and proposed that he should be allowed to accept an asylum in the United States, as the English people, in their revolution of 1688, had allowed King James II. to accept an asylum in France. The indebtedness of the world, and especially the people of the United States, to Paine for his "Age of Reason," and his political writings, has never been paid. For, although his services in our war for independence and nationality, and in founding the republic, were as valuable as the sword of Washington, the demoniac spirit of the church religion has blackened his reputation for a hundred years. It is even more relentless and unscrupulous in our day than it was in his, because his immortal work, so well adapted to the comprehension of the common mind, and circulating, as it does, among the English-speaking peoples of all lands, is doing more than any other book of the last century to destroy the power of the priesthood, and to extirpate from the human character its most dangerous element.

NO WONDER THAT RELIGION STILL HOLDS SWAY.

But it is not wonderful that an instinct which it took countless thousands of years to engraft upon the human character, and which the church for the last eighteen centuries has been constantly engaged in strengthening by every conceivable device of fraud and power, should be as blind and as strong to-day as it ever was. We are told in the New Testament that some devils who had entered into some persons were so determined to hold possession of their victims that the excorcist, although endowed with miracle-working powers, could not cast them out without resorting to auxiliary expedients. And therefore, in this nineteenth century, and in the light and liberty which science has given it, there remains still the same old fear of an angry, personal God, and of the devil as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; the same old dread of the mystery of death; the same chilling doubt concerning the happiness of a future state of existence; and these fears chase their victims to the church, and lead them to hope, if not believe, that by some *hocus-pocus* which they cannot understand, the priesthood can make it go well with them at death and hereafter. I say we cannot wonder at this. For these dreadful ancestral experiences of ignorance and fear, reaching through so many ages, with no science to counteract the malign influence of the everywhere-present priest, worked the sentiment of religion so effectually into the warp and woof of the human character that it can still laugh to scorn both science and philosophy. But the case is not hopeless. It is in the power of science to create new environments, and, as the sun, advancing in his upward march to the zenith, scatters the rays of light everywhere, so science will change the condition and circumstances of mankind, and bring them under the operation of the eternal law that all creatures, from man down to the insect, must conform to their environments or perish from the earth.

THE CHARACTER OF RELIGION AS PROVED FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

I hav been reading once more the great text-book on church history, recognized as authority in all Protestant theological seminaries, where young men are sent to prepare for the Christian ministry. It is entitled, "Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern," by John Laurence von Mosheim, D.D., chancellor of the University of Gottingen, translated from the Latin by the Rev. Dr. Murdoch. It givs a detailed history of the Christian church from the birth of Christ to the seventeenth century inclusiv, and I feel safe in saying that if an educated Hindoo, who had never heard of Christianity or the Bible, and therefore had no prejudices, either *pro* or *con*, would read these three volumes, it would inevitably produce the conviction on his mind, first, that the institution called the church, from the very beginning of its existence, was a fraud and a swindle practiced by the priesthood on the ignorance and credulity of mankind, and, secondly, that the sentiment called religion, which it was the sole function of the church to cherish, has been the deadliest curse that ever afflicted the human family, and that civilization might hav been advanced a thousand years from where it now stands but for this obstacle. Mosheim notes, in sections of his chapters on the early centuries, the "pious frauds" of the times, or the brazen-faced lies and forgeries, as we would call them now, practiced by the church on principle, for the purpose of strengthening her hold upon the ignorant masses; and it is very remarkable that the nearer you go back to the time of the apostles the more numerous they become. The evidence is clear that the more intense the piety and zeal of the churchman, the more unscrupulous was he as a liar and a forger. It was by an implicit faith in what the priest told him that the humble Christian was sure to find favor with God living or dying.

THE EMPTINESS OF THE CHURCH'S CLAIM OF PROMOTING POLITICAL FREEDOM.

The church claims that her doctrin of the salvability of all souls, whether a man or woman, bond or free, king or subject, countenanced the American doctrin of the equality of all persons before the *law*. I admit the fact. But it was a mere *obiter dictum*, never used nor intended to be used as a political principle in the affairs of this world; for, despotism of the most crushing kind reigned supreme through the centuries, and the church was always on the side of the monarch against the people. The sciences of anatomy and physiology, counting the bones and muscles and examining other parts and functions in the bodies of the various races of mankind, and seeing that they were all physically alike, taught the doctrin of human equality ages before there was a church or a Bible. To be sure, as in the case of the church, it was *obiter dictum*; for the sole function of science is to ascertain facts, leaving the philosopher, the statesman, and the inventor to draw such inferences from them and make such uses of them as they see fit. Besides, it was during the reign of the church despotism that Roger Bacon, for the crime of having ground common glass on a stone so as to giv it a highly magnifying power, was sent to prison on the charge of magic and being in league with the devil. In those Dark Ages, science, chased like a wounded deer by the hounds of the church, was afraid to tell what she knew, or even to call herself by her own name.

But the doctrin of equal rights which is now shak-

ing civilized nations to their center needed no revelation from heaven to prove it to be true. As men of all races mingle with each other, and see that they are alike human, it is a dictate of common sense that if one man is endowed by nature with inherent rights which ought to be respected by the rest, then each of all the rest has the same rights; and the material duties growing out of these convictions constitute the code of natural morals. The founders of this republic who were, almost without exception, Infidels to all religions, with the great book of nature lying open before them, adopted the principle of human equality so ably expounded by Thomas Paine and his political associates, and made it the corner-stone of the government. Seeing also from the history of the world and what was then transpiring before their own eyes in Europe what a nuisance and a curse religion was and always had been in the affairs of government, they drew up a Constitution for the protection of their posterity which most scrupulously ignores the very existence of a God, of a church, and of religion in any of its forms.

THE EMPTINESS OF THE PLEA THAT SOCIETY WOULD REVERT TO BARBARISM BUT FOR THE RESTRAINING INFLUENCE OF RELIGION AND THE CHURCH.

The church to-day, unable to defend her creed of dogmas from the attacks of reason and criticism, pleads for the continued existence of religion and of herself as an organization for the sole purpose of strengthening and perpetuating it, on the ground that her teaching and influence are necessary to the formation of a good moral character; that society would become disintegrated, and its members degenerate into brutes and devils in two or three generations, but for her restraining power; that we owe to her teaching our knowledge of right and wrong, and that the hope of heaven and the fear of hell which constitute the religious sentiment are absolutely necessary to any advancement in civilization. But I deny these claims, because they are founded in falsehood. The estimate we put on the value of the church and her religion, as civilizing agencies during the past ages, is based upon the facts of history written by her own sons, and not by her enemies, and, in view of the record, no sentence in all the voluminous works of Charles Darwin embodies more truth and wisdom than the one I hav placed at the head of this essay, that he "did not see the need of any religion." If the arrogant pretense of the church were well founded, that nothing but religion keeps mankind, and each of the individuals who compose the genus, from reverting to their primeval state of brutality, then Charles Darwin should hav nearly lapsed into the condition of a quadruped going on all fours, for he was destitute of every spark of religion, and ignored it entirely. He feared no gods above, no devils beneath, no hell of fire and brimstone, and no priests of any faith; and as for death, he considered it as natural an event as birth. Yet, for all that exalts man in the scale of being, both for nativ intellect, attainments in knowledge, and excellence of moral character, he had no superior. He had spent his whole life in scientific investigation. He had studied the history of the human family, and the part enacted by religions in their slow progress from barbarism toward civilization. He observed the workings of the religious sentiment in his own and other countries, and in all its different creeds and ceremonies; and, after profound reflection, he tells the world, in the simplicity and honesty of his truth-loving character, that *he does not see the need of any religion.* Darwin was a mere scientist. He did not profess to be a reformer, and the sentence quoted was only a *minimum* of what he believed and felt. But, notwithstanding this sober judgment of one of her wisest and most illustrious sons, the English government expends more than twenty millions of dollars annually, and employs more than twenty thousand clergymen in one sect alone, to say nothing of others, in keeping in existence a totally useless thing! May we not hope that the opinion of Darwin, like leaven in a mass of meal, will gradually and surely spread itself among the priest-ridden people of England, till they see their way clear to abolish a system so useless and expensiv, and install science as the people's teacher?

THE ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHERS.

We hav a school of timorous thinkers among us who maintain that while they and the rest of the refined and educated classes hav no need of the restraining influence of the religious sentiment, and reject it as sheer superstition, we must hav some kind of popular religion with a hell and a devil in it which the priesthood can exoterically teach and manipulate, or else society could not protect itself against the vicious and criminal classes such as gather in large centers of populations. They point to the fact that when a *posse comitatus*, or even a company of armed soldiers, fail to quell a mob or an insurrection in a penitentiary, a priest can accomplish the object if the insurgents be Catholics, as they are likely to be, by threatening the criminals with the displeasure of the church, excommunication from its privileges, and finally hell fire in the next world if they do not obey the priest's command and submit. The criminal saint has no fear of the civil magistrate, but treats his mandates with scorn; and he submits, not because he *ought* to submit, but because his priest commands him to do so.

But, even admitting that converting the church into a police force, armed with religion as a bludgeon, might, in some cases, serve a good purpose, the conditions of the world, past and present, show that with all the enginery of heaven and hell at their command for eighteen hundred years to work upon the hopes and fears of mankind, practically, and as a general rule, these doctrins hav lost their restraining force. The statistics of crime show that the three largest sects in this country which use this sheet-iron thunder to frighten sinners away from crime—the Catholics, the Methodists, and the Presbyterians—hav produced more convicts for the gallows and the penitentiaries than any of the rest in proportion to their numbers. The fact is that the preventiv and reformatory power of *punishment* depends, not upon the *amount* of it, but upon the absolute *certainty* of its infliction upon the trangressor; and this certainly is destroyed entirely by the doctrin of the forgivness of sins. The very first lesson which the church teaches a child is to fear an imaginary God and an imaginary devil, and in case of sin to depend upon the priest as a meditator between him and them. Such a false education, taking away from a man all ennobling motivs, and reducing him to the condition of a mere cowardly churchling, is sure to make him a dangerous member of society; and it seems very ungenerous and unfair that his superinduced scoundrelism should be made a reason for continuing the policy of degradation. Reformatory efforts of all kinds, as is shown by the failure of the temperance enterprise to make sober men out drunkards, to be successful, must teach men to respect themselvs too much to descend to the degradation of vice and crime; to stand on their own legs instead of depending on their religion or the helping grace of God; and to achieve by disciplin the power of self-control so as to stand and not fall in the moment of temptation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Name.

People who hav not learned to differentiate the value of names in their influence on the progress and fate of a movement or the popular acceptance of a doctrin are apt to think of a certain flower that, so long as its fragrance pleases, it is immaterial whether it be called a rose or a skunk-cabbage. Differing as I do very widely from those who think in that way, I wish to address a few words to them on this subject through the columns of the sterling old TRUTH SEEKER.

Suppose two armies meeting, prepared for a conflict *a l'outrance*, and that one of the belligerents possessed a charm which would paralyze or very much reduce the force of the other side; would not that charm be of very great value to its possessor? Now, sir, we are one of those armies; and does it not behoove us to adopt every available means toward disarming the bigotry and preventing as much as possible of the misrepresentation which we must inevitably encounter? I suppose the answer will be a universal affirmativ. In any case, when we get into close quarters we are safe enough, the caliber of our artillery and the skill of our gunners amply compensating for any disparity of numbers; but let us not meet an enemy unnecessarily exasperated by false conceptions of our character and belief.

The several sections of the Liberal host, till quite recently, hav been sailing under designations not sufficiently explicit or indicativ. We hav Deists, Liberals, Freethinkers, Materialists, and Atheists. The first and last, of course, affirm direct opposits—the one that there is a personal God, and the other that there is no such being. The intermediate names are vague, and indicate little or nothing; and they all, as far as they are dogmatic, are equally guilty of presumption.

The Deist, for a reason presently to be stated, can not *know;* while, for the same reason, the Atheist's negativ asseveration is equally irrational. When we reflect upon this universe, in which our world is a mere microscopic speck—this limitless space, across which lightning may fly forever, in any direction and with unabated speed, and never get out of the center; and when we further consider the organic potentialities and vital tendencies of the matter around us—how pueril and crude seem all positiv assertions anent the deific problem. The men who dogmatically assert that there is a God are only a little less illogical than those who as confidently antagonize the affirmation—for aught either side *knows*, there may be a billion gods or not one at all. Before they expect people to accept their conclusions on this subject—which can be logically based only on the comprehension by the mind of a grub of this limitless area, with its furniture of blazing suns and whirling worlds, let them try the infinitly easier task of forcing the liquid contents of a hogshead into a gill measure. Their failure in such an experiment may teach them modesty. It may suggest to them the impossibility of crowding a boundless space, its innumerable contents, and its infinitly varied phenomena, into the cranium of either a hair-brained fanatic or the profoundest thinker in the world. Hence, the unknowable thing called God has eternally eluded human cognition. In the nature of things, and for the reason I hav tried to explain, the best thing the savage or civilizee could do in the creation and investiture of a god was to giv him personality and certain of the attributes of his creator. Thus the poor barbarian stood,

> Watching the shade from his own soul upthrown
> Fill heaven and darken earth, and in such mood
> The form he saw and worshiped was his own.

Of course. What other form could it hav? "What can we reason but from what we know?" Hence the gods of all tribes and ages hav been mere transcripts of the temper and culture of men and their times. Christians hav adopted the Jew God, and to show how far they hav progressed in the art and mystery of god-making I need only refer the reader to the end of the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, in which the carver of the Decalog shows Moses his "back parts." This, too, after the pair had conversed "face to face" in the same chapter! This illustration of manners can hardly be called godlike, and was not the best schooling for a man who was to wield so vast an influence. But to "Our Name."

From the foregoing it will be seen that the mental attitude of nearly all Liberals toward these contested points will need a little readjustment. It will be necessary to abate somewhat of the confidence of our *assertions*, if not of our convictions. We may be ever so firmly convinced that the forces inherent in matter are equal to the production of all the phenomena of the universe, which is my belief; or we may be quite unable to account for the harmonious plan of things without inferring a designer—a necessity to which the Deist finds himself driven; but, after all, neither of us knows. If my postulate (just stated) be true, and if "nature makes nothing in vain," there would seem to be but one conclusion left for the rational mind—since, under the postulate, there would be neither need nor function for the Deist's designer. Yet, let us cease to either affirm or deny in connection with questions so far beyond our finite faculties, and so manifestly unrelated to all human interests. Conjecture and speculation will still be permissible, either as a logical exercise or an intellectual pastime, but all dogmatism is obviously forbidden by these considerations, and all bitterness of feeling and bigotry would naturally disappear with the dogmatism.

The final outcome of this canvass is to teach us a modesty and moderation to which we are equally bound by duty and policy. Let us eliminate from our doctrins and nomenclature everything grossly offensiv. All through my mature life the name of Materialist has been good enough for me; but latterly, shough my opinions hav not changed a jot, I hav come to regard that title as too nearly akin to the offensiv word Atheist, which I believe no man or woman has a right to use; especially (for the reasons already stated) if the word carries with it the positiv assertion that there is no God. The name which I prefer lacks the familiarity of Materialist, but a little persistent use would make that all right. That name is Agnostic, which the scientists of the world hav lately done much to popularize. This name is fortified by our finiteness and reason, and would divest our cause of that opprobrium which grows out of grating and too positiv and extreme assertions. "What are you as to religious belief?" queries the Christian. The reply of the Liberal is, "I am an Agnostic." "And what may that be?" is the next question. To which the reply is, "I am a finite being, with no pretensions whatever to comprehend infinit things." Would not such a modest reply go far to shame the intelligent opponent and disarm bigotry of its venom? Would it not be a far fitter and more consistent reply than the avowal, "I am an Atheist?" Would it not throw the onus of the affirmativ on the superstitious maggot who might affect to hav compassed infinity? Why not, then, adopt the name Agnostic for the Liberal host, and at once slough off from our body the odium attaching to the word Atheist? I am not pleading for cowardice, but for consistency and policy. It will impugn no man's courage nor disparage his perspicacity to confess that he knows nothing of things about which the wisest of his fellow-beings cannot possibly know anything. If a knowledge of the being and attributes of God were essential to human happiness or virtue, that God, being good, would hav rendered doubt as to his existence as impossible as it is to doubt the existence of the sun. He has not done so, and therefore the inference is irresistible that either God is not good or a knowledge of him is not among human needs.

The cause of mental freedom never occupied so proud and dominant a position as it does to-day. With nearly every scientist in the world either an avowed or known-to-be Agnostic—Henry Ward Beecher admits that ninety per cent of the men engaged in the higher fields of research are of that class—what is to hinder the progress of Liberal thought if its champions do but remove such impediments as I hav indicated? Let us still hope for the

dawn of that day when man shall shake off the manacles of priestcraft and stand no longer enthralled by sanctimonious humbug and superstitious hopes and fears. It is to hasten that dawn that this letter is written. Science, a growing popular intelligence, and such papers as THE TRUTH SEEKER are making havoc among the erewhile victims of priestly artifice; and speed the work, say I. JAMES P. KENYON.

Brooklyn, May 18, 1886.

The Liberal Club.

The meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club held on the evening of May 28th was the last of the season. At the door the man with a badge-pin chased a five-cent piece around his pocket, and having captured and delivered it over to Treasurer Morris as a souvenir, passed into the pleasant hall. The seats were nearly all filled, many of the visitors being ladies, most of them young ladies, the others younger. Several familiar faces were absent. The solid member, Mr. Eckhart, was missed—he had gone to Europe. The tall member, Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., was not there—he had gone to Boston. The handsome member, Mr. King, had not found time to come. Robert Blissert, the member from Killarney, has discontinued his visits altogether. Nevertheless, it was a large meeting.

Madam Elizabeth M. Delescluze, the speaker of the evening, radiant in those embellishments of attire with which womankind love to adorn themselvs, sat by the secretary's table studiously conning a copy of "The Order of Creation." She beckoned the badge-pin man to approach, and inquired if a brief synopsis of her remarks handed in at the office the next morning would be acceptable. This was not done to impeach the accuracy of the account which it was known the scribe would render, but merely to save him the labor of deciphering his notes, for which he is duly grateful. The synopsis will be found in its proper place.

President Wakeman had an extended list of announcements to read. The Spiritualists were to hav a Decoration Day celebration, and, providence permitting, the president of the club would address the visitors at the Workingmen's Free Library, 143 Eighth st., Friday evening, June 4th. The extra entertainment which the club had promised for the present evening had, for obvious reasons, been deferred until the opening of the fall season, October the 3d. Through Third Vice-President Edward W. Chamberlain, the committee appointed to draft suitable resolutions touching the bereavement of the club in the death of its first vice-president, Stephen Pearl Andrews, made the report which appears elsewhere in this paper.

Madam Delescluze, being introduced, spoke as follows on "Our Palace:"

Ours is a palace within a myriad of palaces—the Earth in the Universe. Our little earth holds a very modest place, it being only a fourth- or fifth-rate planet, and very insignificant when compared with the big planets of the solar system—Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, and Uranus; yet it is a vast and beautiful palace, the purpose of which seems to be to furnish mankind with all things necessary for its happiness. On the material side, man has all that is necessary for his comfort and his pleasure. On the spiritual side he has love, faith, hope, aspiration. He is furnished with light from that large luminary, the sun, at the speed of 200,000 miles a second. The earth is 93,000,000 of miles from the sun, and light reaches us in eight minutes. To be sure, when we think of some of the fixed stars, their magnitude and their inconceivable distance—light from which would require thousands of years to reach our poor little earth—we should feel very modest and humble, and should readily imagin that "awe" of which Spencer speaks as being the sentiment which inspires the religion of the Unknowable. Carlyle, speaking of the universe, said we lived in the midst and were a part of the most astounding wonders. Some persons there are, however, who understand it all. They hav sounded the universe from its lowest note to the top of its compass, and see nothing in it to awe or overwhelm. To other poor souls meek and susceptible, who are thrilled and confounded on looking through a big telescope, there is only one thing that comes to answer their cry—faith.

We are a part of this vast immensity, these palaces of worlds, and hav, as they hav, a destiny. Everything needful has been given to the heart, the intellect, the hand of man, in this his palace of the earth. What has he done with all his gifts? Has he builded a palace within this palace of his? It has been said to him for ages, "Build me a palace fit for the king and queen." But heretofore his efforts at building hav been poor and incomplete.

It is related of a certain monarch that, having ordered an immense and beautiful structure to be built, he made ready when it was finished to occupy it on a certain day. But a great storm rose in the night, and when morning dawned, it was discovered that the great palace was in ruins. The necessary amount of lime had not been put into the mortar, and the huge structure seemingly so strong had fallen under the stress of a storm.

It is also related that a certain king sent for all the wisest men of his realm and commanded them to erect for him the grand and stately palace of Truth. Each of the wise men had brought a stone, but each insisted that his particular marble should be used as the foundation stone of the temple. So a terrible discussion and wrangle ensued. As the days and finally the months went on, the wrangle grew fiercer and hotter, until they—the wise men—forgot all about the palace of Truth in the debate over the stones. One morning, on arriving at the arena of their wrangle, full to the brim with zeal for fight, they found not a stone. They had, through their quarrels, come under the power of the wicked genii, who had, in the night, scattered the stones of Truth to the four corners of the earth.

Madam Delescluze urged that the palace fit for the king and queen, man and woman, can never be built until men cease fighting over the plans of the different architects. Men hav arrived at an astonishing point of progress in the arts and sciences. There is scarcely a known insect on the globe that some student has not examined with the closest attention its tiny structure, and watched with the most persistent care its habits. The only animal man refuses to study wisely and carefully is himself. Nothing in this world today, after all our advancement, is held so cheap and in such disdain as the multitude of men and women. Nothing could be more deplorable than the chaos reigning in what is called society.

Until this is changed, until society comes to think that all the achievements of art, all the discoveries of science, are insignificant when compared to human welfare, and that the happiness of the humblest mortal is a matter of importance to the state, the palace of truth cannot be built—the structure fit for the king and queen—the people—will not endure, but will surely crumble beneath a storm.

Human genius has produced wonderful and beautiful things to satisfy the material comforts of the race. A prayer of thankfulness went up from her heart for these. She often felt a sense of gratitude to the humble workman who laid a flagstone that kept her feet out of the mud, but in social science we were still barbarians.

Mrs. Cynthia Leonard followed the speaker of the evening. She had, she said, nothing but praise for the lecture. She alluded feelingly to Mark Twain at the last resting-place of Adam, weeping over the grave of a relativ. She felt that all mankind were her brothers; even the tramp was a brother, and there was nothing about our government to be proud of so long as a single person must sleep on the benches in the parks unprovided with a home. The palace which man had built was full of iniquity and impurity, and a general house-cleaning, in which woman should coöperate, would be necessary to make it a fit residence for mankind.

Dr. Eccles followed, speaking in a modulated tone of voice. His remarks, which were extended to great length, touched the custom which some writers and papers hav of criticising a speaker's style of discourse instead of dealing with his ideas. He intimated that this course was adopted because the critics were unable to combat the speaker intellectually. He did not consider that style the true scientific method. The audience listened to Dr. Eccles with a tranquility which, considering the longevity of his discourse, was certainly commendable.

Remarks were next made by Mr. Swartout, a new accession to the club's membership; and then the secretary, in an ornate speech, called upon our distinguished visitor, Dr. Cyrus Romulus Remus Teed, to address the meeting. Dr. Teed complied, with the explanation that he believed the secretary's remarks to hav been made in an ironical spirit. He then advanced the thought that there would be no progression until we had a new genus of mankind. This is the Teed of the "Bennett-Teed Discussion," and has no hesitation in affirming that he believes himself to be a reincarnation of Moses, Enoch, Abraham, and Jesus Christ. His utterances, therefore, hav a high scientific value.

After Madam Delescluze had pointed out the weak places in the critics' arguments, President Wakeman adjourned the meeting to October 3d. Then everybody shook hands, and the audience dispersed. The warm weather has admonished us that indoor gatherings are no longer practicable, and it is therefore a relief to all to lay down the burden of attending them. This makes it agreeable to the attendants, but the writer of these reports is desirous to know what is to become of him. It looks as if he would be obliged to temporarily subside. But when October comes again, when the summer is past and the harvest is ended; when death, poetic death, with hands that color what they touch, weaves in the autumn woods its tapestry of gold and brown—at that season of the year he will again emerge and take on once more the character of the veracious reporter of the regular weekly meetings of the Manhattan Liberal Club.

Meanwhile the club is not dead. Nothing beautiful can know the touch of dissolution. Bright things can never die, e'en though they fade.

Resolutions

ON THE DEATH OF STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS ADOPTED BY THE MANHATTAN LIBERAL CLUB, MAY 28th.

The Manhattan Liberal Club adopts and records, upon the occasion of the close of the life visible on earth of its most eminent and learned member and late vice-president, Stephen Pearl Andrews, the following statement of its sense of his worth and of its esteem for his memory:

Resolved, That our brother was a ripe, broad, profoundly cultured, acute, original, and fruitful philosopher, skilled in all the practical things of life, but in his later years having no time for them, because it was his most useful mission to be a teacher of the teachers, an inspirer of the profound, a mediator of the world's antagonisms. With the close of its author's life, his system of philosophic thought will begin to dawn upon the world.

Resolved, That the philosophy of Integralism, gathering up, as it does, and utilizing the most opposit modes of thought, forms of character, and types of life, philosophies, skepticisms, religions, and superstitions, virtues, passions, conditions, classes, and even crimes, so as to reduce them and the principles which giv rise to them to harmonious and coherent elements in the world's true life and composit progress, and the science of Universology on which it is based, are the most comprehensiv statements yet evolved of the relations existing between the various departments of knowledge and phases of being, out of which alone can grow the highest conceptions of social law, of economic interest, of legal right, and of ethical study,

Resolved, That philosophy is the systematic comprehension of the constitution of things as they are; that religion is the activ inspiration which works in all beings to induce their best and highest becoming; that while there appears to be a certain dualism and conflict in teaching both the wisdom of the constitution of things as they are, and the duty of working for their better becoming, the key to the highest life lies in the recognition of both truths; that the broadest and most scrutinizing philosophy ever remains allied to the truest religion, skepticism perfecting instead of paralyzing the change from the being to the becoming religion itself. He who best knows what is, best knows what best can be; therefore the essential doctrin of Integralism of obtaining unity through diversity in all things is not only profound in philosophy, but must prove to be the most salutary of all truths in its religious and ethical influence, for he who can accept philosophies and embrace religions as they are, is both less religious and less philosophic than he who can hasten their becoming what they must and will next be.

Resolved, That we commend to all minds the brief philosophic tracts, and afterward the larger treatises, upon Universology and Integralism, prepared by Mr. Andrews. The scientific generalizations contained in them cannot rest as theories, but will mold opinions and legislation, religions and codes, ethics and manners, as the teachings of Aristotle molded the Roman law, and the discoveries of Galileo put out the fires of persecution.

The committee appointed at the last meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club to draft and present suitable resolutions upon the death of our first vice-president, Stephen Pearl Andrews, respectfully report the foregoing resolutions and recommend that they be adopted and spread upon the minutes.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.
E. B. FOOTE, JR.
VAN BUREN DENSLOW, Chairman.

New York, May 23, 1886.

Freethought in Texas.

During the past week my work has been confined to eastern Texas. This is not the Texas that I hav heretofore been laboring in. The people of northern and central Texas hav caught the progressiv spirit, and constitute the advance guard of the New South—the South that is to be. Eastern Texas belongs to the Old South. There are some intelligent persons to be found in it, but the masses are fifty years behind the age.

After leaving Houston, I went to Polk county, where Mr. J. A. Handley had engaged me to deliver a series of lectures, no Liberal lecturer ever having penetrated this region. My first lecture was to be given at Livingston, the county seat, at 2 P.M. on Tuesday. Mr. Handley living some twenty miles away, and being unable to attend, had placed the matter in charge of Mr. Epperson, the sheriff. I arrived in Livingston at noon. It was raining, Mr. Epperson was sick, and no hall had been engaged. The meeting had been announced, but I could find no one who seemed to know or care anything about it. I had almost abandoned the idea of speaking, when a young man, Mr. John Tackaberry, county attorney, volunteered his services, procured a hall, and rallied a respectable audience. I gave my lecture, and then proceeded to Moscow.

If my reception at Livingston was cool, that at Moscow promised to be exceedingly warm. The orthodox had resolved that no Liberal meeting should be held in the town. An alleged doctor named Powell and a preacher named Kirby were leading the opposition. This Kirby was some years ago deposed from the ministry for cutting out the tongue of a neighbor's horse that had invaded his premises. He has since been permitted to resume his pastoral duties, and doubtless thought that it would be more agreeable to his church for him to work on an Infidel's tongue. A paper was put in circulation calling upon all patriotic citizens to unite in a demand that my appointment for Moscow be withdrawn. I informed them that I wasn't built that way; that I had been engaged to deliver a lecture there, and that the engagement would be filled at the hour announced. This only increased their rage. The next morning was one of unusual excitement and activity. The sleepy old town was for once aroused. The Liberals were few and timid, and it looked for a time as though orthodoxy was destined to win. Before noon, however, the Infidel hosts began to pour in from distant parts of the county, and soon the streets were full of them. The skirmishing commenced, a vigorous war of words ensued, and then the soldiers of the cross retired. A large crowd assembled, and the lecture was delivered. The lecture was "False Claims," with the variations usually rendered on such occasions.

The next meeting was to be held in the Bear Creek settlement in the eastern part of the county. Ten or twelve miles of pine forest intervened, and a Texas pony was provided for me with which to make the trip. In the saddle, Richard was himself again. The meeting was held at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning. Nearly everybody turned out to hear me. A clergyman drove seven miles with an ox team to bring his family. Professor Parrish dismissed his school that he and his pupils might attend. It was a good, old-fashioned pioneer meeting.

John A. Handley resides here. He is one of the largest planters and leading merchants of eastern Texas, and has done much to Liberalize this community. Among the other sterling Liberals of Polk county may be named J. Morse, formerly of Iowa; John Morgan; the Parrishes; the Gay family; Mr. and Mrs. Pope; B. F. Haynes; Dr. Doughty and brother; and Stephen Lewis.

Mr. Hickman, an intelligent farmer living near Moscow, had, previous to our meetings, entertained strong prejudices against Freethought. He was one of those who opposed me, declaring that I ought not to be allowed to speak. He was, however, induced to attend our meeting at Moscow, and became so much interested that he rode ten miles to attend our meeting on the following day. He has experienced a "change," and, while the church has had his sympathy in the past, the Liberal cause will hav his support in the future.

On Thursday evening I returned to Moscow. From here I started for Henderson, which, after a tedious and roundabout journey over the narrow-gauge roads of the pineries, I reached Saturday morning. Saturday night, Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon I lectured here. It had been arranged for me to speak in the court house, but Dr. Carleton, a Baptist theologian and author of some note, kindly tendered us the use of his church, which was accepted. Large audiences were present at each meeting. Dr. McBride, of Tyler, came fifty miles to hear me. Mr. Whitley, a lawyer of Overton, and editor of the *Overton Sharpshooter*, with his family, also attended.

Henderson is probably as free from bigotry as any town in Eastern Texas. Capt. C. L. Nunnaly, Mr. Lacy, William Baxter, and Mr. Rosenbaum are a few of the intelligent Freethinkers whom I met here.

Sunday evening, in company with Mr. Whitley, I took the train for Overton, arriving there at 6 o'clock. It happened that none of the churches held religious services that evening, and when Mr. Whitley informed the people that a Liberal lecturer was in town they expressed a desire to hear him. The word "Liberal" had a pleasant sound, and the lecturer wore a pious countenance. These at once commended him to their favor. The officers of the Methodist church cheerfully granted us the use of their edifice. Had it been 8 o'clock instead of six I would now hav the pleasure of stating that I lectured in two orthodox churches in one day, and this, too, in Eastern Texas. But two hours gave time to discuss and reconsider, and the result was, our meeting was held in the school-house instead of the church. A large audience was in attendance, however, and everything passed off pleasantly.

From Overton I came to Longview, where I am engaged in giving a course of lectures. I hav now filled twenty-five engagements and delivered forty-four lectures since I entered this state.

J. E. Remsburg.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged		$2,345.36
Lehi (per Henry Goodey, Samuel Brigg, and others		3.50
Luke W. Gallup		1.00
Payson (per Dr. Greer, Charles Long, and others)		4.50
Goshen (per J. W. White, David L. Evans, and others		3.80
Joel Shoemaker,		.50
Mt. Pleasant (per J. D. Page, and others)		17.60
J. H. Flickenger,	(annual member)	1.00
E. O. Smith,	"	1.00
G. M. Arthur,	"	1.00
Levi Goodrich,	"	1.00
J. C. Kendall,	"	1.00
Charles Otter,	"	1.00
W. W. Williams,	"	2.00
Wm. E. Cooper,	"	1.00
Herman Christensen,	"	3.00
Peter Madsen,	"	1.00
Total		$2,389.26

In the campaign fund printed May 8th, $10 were credited to Joseph Elliot, which should hav been credited to Josiah Elliot.

News and Notes.

The audience at Payson, Utah, on Friday evening, May 14th, was larger than the one on the previous evening, the opera house being nearly full. The larger part were members of the Mormon church. The maddest man in town, I understand, was the Presbyterian minister, who has an audience every Sunday of about six, and of course it vexed his righteous and Calvinistic soul to hav the Infidel gather a hearing almost a hundred times larger than his own. I believe he is about to retire from the field, for he has converted but one Mormon since he has labored in Utah—a period of several years—and his work is not encouraging and therefore not healthful.

I took a horseback ride upon the spurs of Mt. Nebo, and drank deep of the enchanting loveliness of the vast scenery, with the lake set in the midst, like a flashing diamond, the meadows on either side spreading for miles with blending colors of green and brown; with half a dozen villages in view, nestling along the bases of the mighty hills, and the hills melting with infinit variety of form into the luminous horizon. Horseflesh is a wonderful exhilarator when it bears one with the fleetness of the wind amid the splendid sunshine and a thousand pictures of beauty; and I spent a delightful afternoon. And although Mt. Nebo towered above me with its snowy peaks, I never once thought of Moses. I was not thinking of the old, I was dreaming of the new.

On Saturday I had a long, glorious ride of twenty-five miles with Dr. Greer, up into the canyons and over the hills to Silver City, into one of the great mining regions of Utah, where fortunes are made by the millions, where gold is found in an almost pure state, and a pocketful will make one wealthy. Winding up the canyon for miles, the view from the ridge was one of the most beautiful in the world. The gray hills rolled away from your feet to the softly-shining waters of the Utah lake, and beyond that the white and blue peaks rose in dazzling grandeur; and right before you opened the vistas of the American Fork, jeweled in its very center with an eminence whose precipitous forms seemed to catch all the glories of the departing day. It was like a vision from fairy-land, and no knight of old ever looked upon a more charming prospect or was refreshed with a sweeter glimpse of nature's exquisit face.

At Silver City I had the pleasure of delivering the word of science and humanity, where there was no priest and no church, where the sermon had not been heard nor the voice of prayer. I was ahead of the million emissaries of theology, and I was happy indeed. Silver City, with its cordial folks, will be a delightful remembrance, as being the first green spot in all this earth where the church has never set foot, and where the first discourse was a plea for liberty. The Freethought pioneer has something in this experience to giv his heart a glow of supreme satisfaction. The church has ruled for centuries, but there are some spots still unblasted by its presence.

On Sunday morning we came back to Goshen—a quiet land indeed—where you might imagin yourself on the "other side of Jordan," there is such a tranquility in the very air, while Mt. Nebo in the distance, like a white-veiled prophet, givs its perpetual blessing; for indeed, if it were not for the everlasting reservoirs of snow in its cavernous bosom, this valley would never bloom with harvests, and would be a desert indeed.

On our way down the mountains we met a pretty Mormon girl running away with her lover; he would not go through the nonsense of the "Endowment House," but wanted to be married in sensible gentile fashion, and so did she; and on this bright Sabbath morning they stole away, and, with swift steeds, went where a civil ceremony could be performed. Thus a dash of romance checkered the way of the pilgrim. It is not all philosophy; there is poetry now and then.

At Goshen I bade farewell to the pleasant companionship of Dr. Greer. He is a noble Liberal indeed, and has done great service to our cause in one of the strongholds of Mormonism. The Mormons would like to "boycott" him, but they can't do it; for they will get sick, and it seems there isn't brains enough in the Mormon church to make a first-class physician, and they must employ the "gentile." Dr. Greer has gone sometimes 150 miles to attend patients. Whatever talent the Mormons may hav goes into either theology or money-getting. If a Mormon youth has any brightness, he becomes a preacher—that is, if he retains the faith; or he goes into Zion's Coöperativ Mercantil Institute and tries to get rich. The Mormons are money-getters, like the Jews. I see that Dyer Lum, in *Liberty*, has some praise for the coöperativ system of the Mormon church, but there is no genuin coöperation at all—it is only a form of monopoly to put the profits into the hands of a few. If anything is run by the capitalist, it is the Mormon Z. C. M. I., with its "Holiness to the Lord." There is not a particle of democracy in Mormonism. It is the most thorough-going aristocratic and despotic institution in the world. It makes the few rich and the many poor.

I had an overflowing house on Sunday evening at Goshen. All the dignitaries of the church were present. I had a most enjoyable visit with Mr. J. W. White and David L. Evans, stanch Freethinkers who hav fought their way out of Mormonism, and know by actual experience what a tremendous tyranny it is. The Mormons are the original inventors of the "boycott," and in the palmy days of the "saints' kingdom" they hav used it with deadly effect.

On Monday morning I went down to Nephi, and from there to Mt. Pleasant, where I found plenty of good friends, Mr. J. D. Page, Mr. Cahoon, Mr. Ericsson, Mr. Bowman, and others. I lectured on Tuesday evening, May 18th, to a full house, and should lecture there again on Friday (this evening), but the Mormon who has charge of the hall will not let it go. My discourse was too much for him. There being no other place of meeting, the giving of another lecture must be abandoned. I find the Mormons rather Jesuitical. They are very affable so long as they expect something favorable to their side, but when they see that you will not defend their institution, then they show the tiger's claws and the bitterness of orthodoxy. The Mormons hav a smile for every new comer, but they also are prepared to strike.

On Wednesday I came down to Ephraim, where I am now writing this letter, a distance of seventeen miles from Mt. Pleasant. I came with R. Clawson, who is the trinity of Mormon abhorrence—he is an apostate, an Infidel, and deputy marshal; but for all that his neighbors like him, for he has the sterling qualities of a gentleman. I here met the president of the "stake," as it is called. He was quite friendly and attended my lecture in the evening, but I never found out how he liked it. I had a full house, large numbers being obliged to stand. There are some good Liberals in this place, but, of course, the vast majority are against them, and it is uphill work; but every day brings an improvement.

On Thursday I went with Mr. Clawson and Mr. Quinn, another Liberal friend, to Manti, seven miles from Ephraim, and the county seat. Here, also, on the side of the mountain, is one of the magnificent temples of the Lord. It has cost nearly a million dollars, and is indeed a beautiful building; but what is the use of it? It is built by the money of the poor, and it is for the convenience of the priest. Christ is expected to come here and reign. This temple will no doubt stand for a thousand years, but I fear the "Lord" for whom it is erected will never make his appearance, and all this wealth and toil is uselessly expended, and this massiv structure will be a sepulcher of human hopes.

I was glad to meet with Rev. Joel Shoemaker at Manti—once a Campbellite minister, then a Mormon, and now a Liberal. The first thing I saw when I entered his store was the face of The Truth Seeker, the last number, which I eagerly perused. It was a delight indeed to find The Truth Seeker and Liberal literature for sale in this far country. I did not expect anything of the kind—right under the shadow of the Temple, too, and the eye of the bishop. Mr. Shoemaker introduced me at the evening lecture. He has a full understanding of Mormonism, and has facts concerning it which are quite interesting. I also met here Mr. Herman Christensen, once a leading Mormon and president of the Danish colony, but now for twenty years a Freethinker and pronounced opponent of the church. The "saints" hav tried to crush him, but his cattle and sheep prosper, and he can snap his fingers at the church's inquisitorial power. I had a full house at the theater in the evening, and the lecture was well received. Manti, of course, as a sort of church center, is overwhelmingly Mormon, but there are Liberals in it who keep up a brave fight.

I hav thus given three lectures to audiences averaging from three to four hundred in San Pete valley, which is considered the stronghold of Mormonism outside Salt Lake City. No lectures of this kind hav ever before been delivered here. They are sure to create a vast discussion, and I look forward to beneficial results. All desire that the campaign be continued, and I hope to visit this valley again.

I came last evening in the moonlight from Manti to Ephraim. The last I saw of Manti was the huge temple just beginning to glisten in the rays of the moon that was rising over the dark boundary of the hills. It flung a weird splendor over that vast and to me sepulchral edifice. I almost seemed to be in some ancient city, far away from the nineteenth century, and even before Christ, upon the mountains of Judea, where barbarism still reigned and science was almost unknown; and I wondered if the light of day would ever penetrate these shimmering walls, and if this moonlight of fancy would ever vanish before the dawn of a glorious reality—or would this temple be for centuries yet the refuge of an ignoble superstition?

I am now in a quiet, comfortable nook writing this epistle, with a day's rest before me, green trees all around, blue skies flecked with brilliant clouds, happy birds, and the sparkle of gentle streams. I can dream for awhile, take off my spurs and lie upon the grass, and, let the hours go as fleetly as they may, I will take no note of time. The universe may move as it will; I will no longer be a reformer, an iconoclast, but will take things as they are—the sunshine and the songs, the flowers and the grass, the trees and all their blossoms, the measureless sky and the circle of resplendent hills.

To-morrow, however, I must up with the sun and away. That vigorous campaigner, George C. Viele, of our Fillmore League, has got a week's work planned out for me, and, rain or shine, I must be at the front. But until to-morrow's dawn, the long golden afternoon and the moonlight evening shall be a tent of peace, and life shall be like summer's breath of music.

Samuel P. Putnam.

May 21, 1886.

Mrs. A. H. Colby's address for June, July, and August will be 176 Terrace street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send to The Truth Seeker office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

Communications.

Freethought in Australia.

"We liv in a free country." Such is the expression which incessantly greets the ears of a Victorian resident. We hav just had another instance of Victorian "freedom" looming up in front of us, this time in the postal department. The prosecution of the *Liberator* having fallen through, the authorities having decided to take no further action in the matter, the bigots hav decided not to let the matter stop there, but hav for some time been spurring on the government to prevent its being sent through the post. The result is that the matter has been brought under the notice of the postmaster-general, Mr. Derham, and he has decided that no copies shall be sent through the post until they hav undergone a careful scrutiny and shown no traces of "blasphemy" or "offensivness" of any kind. The section of the act under which the *Liberator* is being denied the right of mailing reads as follows: "Notwithstanding anything in this act contained, the postmaster-general may at any time direct any letter, packet, or newspaper having anything blasphemous, obscene, offensiv, or libelous written or drawn on the outside thereof, or any obscene inclosure found in any letter, package, or newspaper, to be destroyed." The postmaster-general, who appears to be the cat's-paw of the religious party here, is determined to enforce this law in the case of the *Liberator*, according to the reports in the daily papers, and if he does, the Freethinkers of Victoria will hav another lively tussle before them, for Mr. Symes is equally determined to fight it out. As he told the audience on Sunday evening last, "If that be true, there is a little more fighting for us. If they do stop the *Liberator* from going through the post, they shall repent it." Past experience of Mr. Symes has shown us that he is not the man to cringe before such malice as that, but when he says a thing, he means it.

There is another section in the same act which is not yet decided upon, but which the postmaster-general has put into the hands of his legal advisers to ascertain its applicability to the *Liberator*. It is as follows: "If any person knowingly puts into any post-office in Victoria any letter, packet, parcel, or newspaper bearing any indecent, obscene, profane, or libelous address, signature, marks, words, or designs, or containing any indecent or obscene print, photograph, lithograph, writing, engraving, book, or card, or other indecent or obscene article, he shall be liable to a penalty not less than five nor exceeding fifty pounds." So you see they are determined at all hazards to crush out Freethought in this benighted community. They are not satisfied with an attempt to destroy another's property, but they also seek to heavily punish a man for using an institution which he is taxed to support, and which in common justice he has as much right to use as any of the bullies who seek to prevent him. If you fail to receive the *Liberator* by this mail, you will know the reason of it.

Matters hav been enlivened of late by a little rioting which has taken place. The new Factories and Workshops act, which came into operation on the beginning of last month, has been a fruitful source of discord in that direction. By that act, all shopkeepers, with a few trifling exceptions, are compelled to close their places of business at 7 o'clock sharp each evening, except Saturdays and public holidays. Many storekeepers hav stood out against this arbitrary rule and kept their shops open contrary to the law. The result is that in one of the suburbs mobs of larrikins met nightly in the principal thoroughfare, hooting the shopkeepers whose establishments were open after the fatal hour, smashing their windows with road-metal, and sadly interfering with the traffic. Efforts were made to create similar disturbances in other parts, but without success. A riotous disturbance has also taken place at Woodend, a country town in Victoria, not through any legislativ act, however, but in consequence of a Freethought lecture which was delivered there. Mr. Joseph Symes paid a visit to that sanctified district last month, and delivered, or attempted to deliver, a Freethought lecture; but it was more than they could endure. Freethought logic is a tough article for a cultured clergyman to tackle, and it is no wonder that the Woodend people should find it rather a heavy strain on their endurance. However, they brought their own arguments to bear against the lecturer's, but unfortunately their arguments were of a coarser kind, and consisted of stones, pepper, and rotten eggs, which they did not fail to hurl at him. They were more saintly than civilized. Mr. Symes and his friends had to fight their way back the best way they could, and make for their lodgings. He intended to visit another town in the vicinity of Woodend a few days later, but he was too unwell. The Salvation Army mustered in full force to receive him, no doubt anticipating a glorious scrimmage, but they were disappointed. A few days afterward, he had sufficiently regained his strength to revisit the religious hot-bed. He spoke for about half an hour, but could not make himself heard above the howls of these wild maniacs, and ultimately had to desist. There was no further disturbance on that occasion, as the lecture was delivered in broad daylight; on the former occasion the mantle of night had lent its aid to the malice of these "imps of darkness."

Since that little episode another gentleman has experienced somewhat similar treatment at the hands of the disciples of "the prince of peace," this time at Parramatta, Sydney, N. S. W. Mr. W. H. McNamara took occasion to reply to one of Christianity's defenders a few Sundays ago, and was proceeding to vindicate the character of Thomas Paine and the heroes of the French Revolution, when the mob made a rush at him, and commenced to yell and hoot at him with a vehemence characteristic of these "gentle lambs" of a celebrated shepherd, in order to drown the speaker's voice. The devoted advocate of ancient ignorance waved his Bible exultingly in the air, and helped to swell the hubbub. He and some others commenced "orating," and after a while the defender of Freethought had to leave the ground, followed by a hooting and jeering mob. Last Sunday he again stood the ordeal, and, I am informed, with still more disastrous results.

Mr. Symes is continuing his activ lecturing propaganda, and his utterances are as keenly appreciated as ever. On Sunday last he delivered an admirable lecture before a large and enthusiastic audience upon "Home Rule for Ireland: Its *pros* and *cons*." He has been asked to publish it and also to re-deliver it in the Melbourne Town Hall, if it can be obtained.

Mr. W. W. Collins, who has lately visited these shores, has fully realized, if not exceeded, the expectations formed of him. His pleasant manner and well-chosen language hav won him admirers in each state he has visited, while his well-stored mind and retentiv memory make him a valued worker, whom our New South Wales friends will not feel readily disposed to part with. He has already plunged into the journalistic line by starting a new Freethought paper, the only one, I believe, now existing in New South Wales. Another one has been contemplated, but I do not think it has yet seen the light. Mr. Collins's paper is entitled, *The Freethinker and New South Wales Reformer*. Each number is illustrated.

The *Rationalist* of New Zealand is still struggling along bravely, and, although it has been beset with "ups and downs" in its brief career, its indefatigable editor, Mr. Joseph Evison, still continues to keep it to the front.

A new society has been recently started in Sydney, bearing the name of the Australasian Freethought Union. Dr. J. L. York and Mr. Thomas Walker are the leading movers in it. A Freethought Society has also been started recently at Gosford (N. S. W.). The movement is also being energetically pushed on in Newcastle, Lambton, Goulburn, and the Hunter River District in the same colony, and in Ballarat, Sandhurst, and Bairnsdale in Victoria—a new Secular Society having been formed at the latter place. Adelaide plods along in its quiet, steady way, and would almost be forgotten were it not for its frequent "unemployed" demonstrations.

Great interest is taken in the expected visit of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh to these shores, and each colony is activly making arrangements for his reception.

An extraordinary scene took place last month at a Presbyterian church in Grafton (N. S. W.). Five members of the congregation called a meeting, when they resolved to take possession of the church and depose the minister. They accordingly fastened all the church doors, and when the parson and the congregation made their appearance on the following Sunday they were, of course, unable to enter. After beseeching in vain to be admitted, the parson procured an ax and burst open one of the doors, when some one inside struck him a tremendous blow on the temple with the clenched fist, the blood streaming down his face. There was instantly a violent scrimmage of men and women, which was said to "baffle description." Eventually the parson and his followers succeeded in ousting the five obstructiv members, and, after cleaning himself as well as he was able, the unfortunate cleric went on with his service.

You will recollect that a short time ago a case of TRUTH SEEKER publication was seized by the Victoria custom house officers, and Mr. Terry, who was importing them, had great difficulty in obtaining them. A week or two ago the same gentleman landed a few English publications, among which were a few copies of a London Unitarian magazine, edited by J. P. Hopps, and entitled, *The Truth Seeker*. The official confounded it, and still persists in confounding it, with the much-hated TRUTH SEEKER in which this letter appears, and seized the whole case!

S. Yarra, Melbourne, Aus. DAVID A. ANDRADE.

JUSTUS SCHWAB, the Anarchist Socialist, facially resembles the celebrated picture of Jesus Christ. A writer in the Boston *Herald* says that to maintain this reputation, he studiously, but without outward affectation, adjusts the volume and dress of his hair as nicely in conformity with the great painting as though it hung suspended above his toilet table. When his confreres, in the heated discussions of the evening, maintain that Christ was in principle a Socialist, the argument ends by pointing to Schwab, with the loud exclamation: "*Da habben Sie es!*—There you hav it!"

Canadian Notes.

"Woman: Past, Present, and Future," was the subject of Mrs. Reynolds's lecture last Sunday evening, and the large audience in attendance were manifestly well pleased with the able manner in which she handled what was in some respects a rather delicate subject to deal with, especially so in dealing with the women of the Bible. To Mrs. Reynolds belongs the credit of being the first lady who has had the ability and pluck to stand before a Canadian audience composed largely of her own sex, and to show them to what extent they are indebted to Christian teaching and Bible superstition for woman's degradation in the past, and many of the disabilities under which she labors at present.

As a gentleman in the audience afterward remarked, "It was a pity the lecture was not delivered in the Metropolitan church." This remark will be appreciated when I state that the average attendance at that institution is three thousand, fully two-thirds of whom are women.

However, there were quite a number of ladies (strangers) present, who no doubt went away taking with them considerable food for thought. A vote of thanks at the close of the lecture was unanimously and most enthusiastically carried, many of the audience remaining to congratulate the lecturer, and also to say good-bye, this being her last lecture here for the present.

As before remarked, friend Reynolds is to be congratulated on having so able a partner in the lecture business, and it is to be hoped he will use his influence to keep his wife in the field. He tells us that this was a sort of trial trip, and if so he certainly has nothing to complain of. Mrs. Reynolds's lectures hav been well received; both the matter and the manner are first-class, and we can heartily recommend her to the friends in the States.

We want more women in our movement; their numbers are the strength of Christianity; their lack of numbers among us the weakness of Secularism; and perhaps there is no better remedy for this state of affairs than to render all possible aid and encouragement to those women who hav the ability and pluck to take the platform in the face of the fearful odds of fashion and popular prejudice.

Mr. Reynolds lectured last night (Thursday) to a fair audience, and will giv his last lecture of this course next Sunday, after which he goes to the States to start the summer Tent campaign. He went to Morrisburg, Ont., last Monday, being under an engagement there for three lectures, and has had a rather lively experience, having been prevented from lecturing by bigoted rascality in regard to the hall engagement, by intimidation and threats of personal violence. THE TRUTH SEEKER has no doubt got particulars of the affair from Mr. Reynolds. He thinks of taking his Tent down there this summer; but if he goes without first getting his life insured, he is a more improvident and reckless man than he looks.

The old adage that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands" is truly confirmed by the actions of the Toronto Ministerial Association. Having nothing better to occupy their time, they make themselvs ridiculous by passing all sorts of silly resolutions, and agitating for legislation with a view to making the people sober and virtuous by act of Parliament.

They are determined that nobody but themselvs shall do any business on the blessed Sabbath; even the undertakers are to be shut up on that day, their latest freak being to call for united action by all the churches to put a stop to Sunday funerals. They consider it sinful in the sight of God for a man to fill up a grave on Sunday.

If this isn't running absurdity into the ground, what is it? It would seem that, to carry out this idea, they will hav to legislate to prevent people from dying on Friday, and then no doubt they will endeavor by law to prevent people from being born on Sunday, and so on *ad*—rot!

It has probably never occurred to these fanatics that there are cases where the keeping of a body over Sunday is likely to spread contagion and death among the community.

For the last year the city government, under pressure from this same ministerial association, has been trying to extirpate the social evil. Last week one of the city papers contained a statement to the effect that the good work had been nearly accomplished, the last "house" had been raided, and the inmates given a week to leave the city. Immediately below this, in the same column, was an account of the finding of the dead body of a new-born infant in an ash-barrel, and two others hav been found, one in a lane, the other in a back yard, during the past week. Can it be possible that these circumstances bear the relation to each other of cause and effect? All medical men agree that to attack a disease that breaks out on the surface with the idea of driving it back will only cause it to break out again in some other and, perhaps, more malignant form. The social evil is a cancer on the body politic, but it is in the blood, gentlemen, and you must attack it from within. Take the sage's advice, and if you would reform young men, begin with the mothers twenty years before the

young men are born. When you pay half as much attention to the raising of human beings as you do to raising cattle, the race will improve; and as long as you preach and teach that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, as long as you place a premium upon crime by teaching that man can sin until the last hour, and by then taking an imaginary bath in this blood go straight to glory, just so long will you hav the social and all other evils to contend with.

Here endeth the first lesson. KANUCK.

Toronto, May 21, 1886.

The Chicago Troubles.

I left our Union to catch the cars the first Sunday evening in May (just after the semi-annual election of officers) for a brief trip through Michigan, little dreaming of the terrible notoriety some familiar names were shortly to achieve in connection with inciting to or committing crime. Several prominent in their efforts to "impeach" your humble servant were arrested, besides the unfortunates who are "indicted." Mrs. Holmes (*nee* Swank), Mrs. Ames, and the redoubtable A. H. Simpson were arrested, but I believe hav all been released. Had those parties still been members of our society the whole Secular movement would hav received a blow from which it would hav been extremely difficult to recover.

Nevertheless, the ministers are howling that Anarchism is only the ripe fruit of Infidelity; that Atheism and Anarchism are synonymous; that Infidelity will hav to be suppressed before Anarchism can be stamped out; and last Monday's Methodist ministers' meeting resolved to the effect that the blame for the so-called Haymarket riot should be chargeable to Robert Ingersoll. Chicago seems to hav become an overgrown lunatic asylum, and press and pulpit (the *Herald* excepted) vie with each other in suggesting the most diabolical means for the punishment of the indicted persons even before they hav had a hearing. That saintly organ of Sam Jones, the *Inter-Ocean*, prints approvingly a communication suggesting that an immense dried-beef cutter should be procured; that the most innocent should be taken first, and, commencing at the feet, they should be sliced up, slice by slice, until they reach the crown of the head, and the rest of the victims be compelled to watch this sickening process until their turn came. This veritable blood-tub, who out-Nero's Nero, signs such an atrocious diabolism in the name of "Justice." O justice! then indeed thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men hav lost their reason. For this ferocity we cannot but feel more sympathy with these Anarchists than if there had been the slightest disposition to do them justice. You know how I regard the criminal folly of those who hav been dubbed dynamiters; but the ruffianism of the police, the injustice of the press, and the frenzy of the pulpit hav made me feel more consideration for those old confreres than I hav felt for a long time. Through this circumstance, everything progressiv they will attempt to suppress. I hav heard that all communications seeking to calm public excitement against them hav been refused publication in nearly all the city papers, and people dare not say a word against the police on a car, or they are dragged to the station. Every one with a grain of sense knows there was less reason for the police being the aggressors on this occasion than at hundreds of similar meetings held in this city without interference during the past two or three years. While these Anarchists hav used very violent language, no one acquainted with them supposes them likely to put their threats into execution. That only one bomb was thrown puts the question of a concerted plan out of all probability, and it is likely that some unbalanced follower determined to do something on his own account.

That the wild vagaries of Anarchism hav gained any foothold in Chicago is directly attributable to the daily press. If anything, they are more culpable than the Anarchists. If their (the Anarchists') utterances were treasonable and indictable before a handful of listeners, how much worse to disseminate those utterances among tens of thousands, merely for the sake of a sensation; and this is what the press has done day after day, week after week, until, inflated by this notoriety, each of those speakers becomes more and more reckless. The Chicago press want a sensation—either Sam Jones sensationalism, which is religious slush or frenzy, or Anarchistic sensationalism, which is a labor frenzy. Let a good, sound, scientific lecture be given, and they hav not a word to say—nothing, if they cannot ridicule it. Our editorial idiots (the *Herald* excepted) mix Anarchism and Socialism so inextricably that little of what they say is worthy of credence, especially since that bomb was thrown. People's houses hav been ransacked by the police without law or warrant, but merely on suspicion of containing Anarchistic literature. Had they called on me and discovered the TRUTH SEEKER cartoons, the holy mother church would hav doubtless got me "on the list!" For Rome rules this city as well as New York. E. A. STEVENS.

Chicago, Ill., May 25th.

Mr. Appleton's Tribute to Mr. Andrews.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* There is to me a peculiar soul-felt loss in the death of Stephen Pearl Andrews. I seem to hav been bereft of a sort of spiritual and intellectual father in this sad announcement, and beg to put on record through your columns my appreciation of one who, I believe, taken all in all, carried the heaviest intellect on this continent, if not on any other.

Without immodesty I may perhaps be allowed to say that I hav played some little part in shaping the advanced thought of the times, but at every step, as my intellectual methods developed, I leaned upon Mr. Andrews for instruction, and was made mentally whole in many a thought-dilemma by his wonderful analytical powers. Once upon my telling him that I could not quite understand him, he replied characteristically: "I am not trying to hav you understand me, but rather to hav you understand yourself, which is your chief concern." I confess that no man has ever helped me to understand myself and find my own intellectual bearings as has Mr. Andrews.

When I see the papers filled with the goings and comings of rum-eaten politicians, military butchers, official rogues, canting divines, and little 6x10 frauds of every description, while this grand mental and moral figure goes out of the world almost unnoticed, or is booked by the "public judgments" as a crank, how miserably cheap a thing becomes what is called public opinion! How infinitly contemptible is the butchery and vulgarity of Grant, the low political cunning of Garfield, and the gilded ecclesiastical harlotry of McClosky, beside the record of this devoted teacher of the teachers, who patiently and laboriously gave his life to truth, and counted the shining prizes of society as naught beside the achievement of lodging the seeds of eternal truth in places where they would bring forth a higher life and a grander humanity after he had gone hence.

Whatever I may in the future be able to achieve for right thinking and truer social life, I shall ever carry with me the silent and grateful acknowledgment of what Stephen Pearl Andrews has done for my mental development, and hold in kind remembrance the tender, generous, and hearty spirit in which he bestowed upon all the benefits of his rare intellectual training and gathered wisdom. HENRY APPLETON.

Boston, May 23, 1886.

Jamieson's Type Shorthand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* For more than twenty years I hav been at work, from time to time, to devise an instrument for reporting speech legibly and accurately. I was not particular who invented it, so when Edison's phonograph, or "talking machine," appeared, I concluded that the expected machine had arrived. It proved a toy. The stenograph was next in order. It was another; although fairly good work may be done with it. But it is lacking in speed and legibility.

In 1868 (eighteen years ago), while in Havana, Ill., filling a six months' engagement, I imparted my idea of the possibility of reporting speech by machinery to Dr. James Boggs. The result was not satisfactory.

In January, while stopping with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Heald, Burlington Junction, Mo., the thoughts became clear and irresistible, and I began to reduce them to writing (in phonography) saying nothing to anybody until the plan was matured. Yesterday, April 27th, I received my papers from the commissioner of patents through my attorneys, Messrs. Munn & Co., of the *Scientific American*. I hav also received from the librarian of Congress my copyright of title to "Class Book of Type Shorthand."

This summer, while traveling and lecturing, I will be engaged in perfecting the invention during my study hours. If I do not attain a speed surpassing that of the pen or pencil of the stenographer no one need expect me to offer to teach it. In legibility it eclipses anything ever devised in shorthand.

My purpose is to make the acquisition of the art of reporting so easy and so plain that school-children can readily acquire it.

I am too familiar with the history of science, invention, and discoveries in general to expect a hospitable reception for my art from the old phonographers, albeit I hav a few tried friends among them. My champions will be the young.

By the way, you kindly published a letter of mine last January, entitled "Liberal Leaves." I hav received several letters concerning that recommendation to the Secular Union to do something practical. Is the Union in existence for the mere purpose of sending one or two missionaries out lecturing and organizing a few auxiliaries, and holding an annual convention to listen to a few set speeches? If so, Liberalism makes a very large expenditure of money for very meager results.

Far better invest money for back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Boston *Investigator*, and other Liberal journals, for free distribution at the hands of our public lecturers. Reissue a large number of the best tracts by Bennett, Denton, selections from Wixon, Slenker, Gardener, Severance, Lake, Colby, Gibson, Ingersoll, Chadwick, Bradford, and others. As a lecturer, I will take pleasure in scattering broadcast the writings of these people among the orthodox, who seldom, or never, read our literature, nor listen to our lecturers.

Why can we not do more to get the writings of Miss Wixon, Mrs. Slenker, Mr. Putnam, and others, into the hands of orthodox children?

We must do more for the rising generation. The opinionated, middle-aged, and rapidly-passing-away old people are convinced of their youthful superstition at a time when the enthusiasm of youth has died out. Hence the apathy of Liberals in public work for others; their standard expression, "Let others find out their follies as we hav."

Let us save the young from the torments of Christian dogmas. Is there any better plan than I hav proposed? Let us hear what it is.

Alexandria, Minn., W. F. JAMIESON.

Heaven for Murderers.

As a recent illustration of the demoralizing effect of the Christian scheme of atonement, I take the case of Wilson, a negro, hanged in Missouri two or three weeks ago for the peculiarly deliberate and atrocious murder of his companion, of whom he was jealous. On the scaffold, among other things, he said: "I am the sorriest man to-day living on the globe, but not because I must die—not at all—but for the one who is gone, for whom I pay the death penalty. I am sorry for her because she had no chance, as I hav, for eternity."

No emphasis could add aught to the terrible import of these words. Read them, Christian divines, and blush for your creed. It was *your* creed that led this ignorant creature to believe that, because *he* had given his victim "no chance" when he shot her down, therefore his and your God should giv her "no chance" in the hereafter. It was *your* creed that had filled his brain with the poisonous thought that it was better to be a murderer than to be murdered; that taught him to measure the transient pains of the "death penalty" against the infinit agonies of an unending hell; it was your creed that taught him to say that he hoped God would bless the young men present "as he has blessed me."

How had God blessed this murderer? Why, by *making* him a murderer, and thus giving him a "chance" to repent and be saved, while his victim, not having any "chance" to repent, as she had murdered no one, plunges straight to hell. Did you make a remark to the effect that no one's life would be safe were it not for the "Christian civilization?" I am aiming this interrogatory at you, Rev. C. B. Taylor, of the Congregational church of Valley Falls.

Some tender-hearted Liberals are much hurt by the TRUTH SEEKER pictures. No doubt Mr. Heston's cartoon in the May 1st issue will shock the good people. In the lower part of the picture we see a jail, a scaffold, and upon the latter stands the condemned criminal, his legs and arms pinioned, and the rope around his neck. Back of him stands the sheriff, black cap in hand. In front of him is the robed priest, the crucifix in his right hand, the outstretched index finger of his left pointing upward. This is Scene 1, the Departure.

Scene 2, the Arrival (fifteen minutes later), occupies the upper part of the page. Angels are greeting the "late lamented" of earth. Their wings are full size, while those of the new member of the choir celestial are just sprouting from his shoulders. One white-garmented and aureole-crowned being hands him a harp, and another puts upon his head a halo, while Guiteau comes with a wreath in his hand. Rugg, the negro wife-murderer, is playing upon his harp, and the recording angel is registering the name of the new arrival, who, but for the whiteness of his face, might reasonably be supposed to be the late Mr. Wilson, of Missouri.

Now, I respectfully say to Mr. Luse, Mrs. Lenont, and all others who object to cartooning the absurdities and barbarities of the old faith, that so long as Christianity shall giv birth to such monstrous immoralities as those mouthed by Wilson and hundreds of other criminals, and which hav abundant sanction in the Bible and in the creeds of most of the churches, every weapon of satire, sarcasm, ridicule, and caricature is legitimate, and perfectly proper to be used; and therefore I heartily exclaim, Clearness to the eye fertility to the artistic imagination, and skill to the hand of Watson Heston, and may his tribe increase!—*E. C. Walker in Lucifer.*

A WRITER in the Brooklyn *Times* notes that "Thomas Paine, as the pamphleteer engaged by Congress to agitate political questions in the early period of the Revolutionary war, was the first man to earn a livelihood in this country by the pen."

THE *Evening Bulletin*, San Francisco, Cal., of May 5th, prints an item under the heading of "Oakland Brevities," in which it is stated that suit for divorce has been brought by George Chainey against Martha A. Chainey.

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FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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The Impudence of Catholicism.

The people of Cloud county, Kansas, hav just been treated to a rare specimen of ecclesiastical impudence by the Christians of Concordia. It seems, in the words of a resolution adopted at a meeting of the churches of Concordia, that "the Catholic bishop of the great state of Kansas, as well as those who with him hav charge of the widely-diversified interest of that church, hav been looking with watchful interest over the middle and northwestern portions of that state for a suitable place for the center of one or more dioceses, and hav been attracted to the beautiful city of Concordia, which sits nestled in a rich valley almost surrounded with picturesque hills of the proper elevation for the location of a college, cathedral, hospital, or any other edifice needed to round out the most extensiv see;" and, with the thrifty business habits of the managers of the Catholic church, the bishop and his aids bethought them of a scheme to reduce the cost of these buildings to a minimum. The proposition of the bishop was that the people of Concordia should present the church with $5,500 to enable "Father Perrier and the trustees of the Catholic church of Notre Dame of Concordia, Kansas, to purchase an eligible and suitable site for college and cathedral grounds for said church."

Private subscriptions to the amount desired not being forthcoming, the priest called a meeting in one of the halls of Concordia, which was attended by a considerable number of the inhabitants. After the priest had explained the object of the meeting, speeches were made by several gentlemen in favor of raising the money somehow. At last a happy plan was hit upon. Concordia has just issued several thousand dollars' worth of bonds to raise money to build new water-works, and these bonds are now being marketed by the authorities. The meeting therefore passed a resolution as follows:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this meeting that if need be, and to expedite prompt action in this matter, that the city council be authorized and requested to borrow said amount of $5,500, from the water-works fund as soon as said bonds shall be cashed."

A committee was also appointed to make sure that the city council was informed of the "sense of the meeting," and it strikes us that some such committee was absolutely necessary. The council otherwise would never hav learned that the meeting possessed any sense.

But Concordia is blessed with quite an Infidel population, among them J. M. Hagaman, editor of the Kansas *Blade*. Although in a hopeless minority, Mr. Hagaman bravely protested against the steal. The constitution of Kansas positivly prohibits taxation for support of religion or religious institutions. Mr. Hagaman brought this fact to the attention of the meeting, and in his paper of the following week he said:

"The attempt to tax the people of this city to aid a religious society, as was done last Monday night, was one of the most unwise, absurd, and high-handed outrages ever attempted. Of course the mayor and council will pay no attention to the action of the mecting, as to comply with its request would be to violate their oaths of office, and to subject them to imprisonment. In the mean time the public should keep a close look upon those aspiring gentlemen who are trying to steal the water-works money, and to tax them for the support of religion and church edifices. If they can tax us to build churches, why may they not tax us to support their preachers?"

With the constitution on his side, Mr. Hagaman will probably be able to prevent the consummation of this attempt to fasten fifty-five hundred dollars of debt upon the city. If alone he is unable to do it, he should appeal for help from all over the country. "An injury to one is the concern of all."

A Test that All Christians Fail Under.

While the genial and energetic secretary of the American. Secular Union is out among the Mormons endeavoring to remove from their minds the superstition which keeps them slaves to priests, the attacked hierarchy has sent recruiting emissaries East. Seven Mormon missionaries began, week before last, a proselyting crusade among the people of Pennsylvania. Their first effort was made near Fayette City, in Washington township. The meetings were largely attended and a great many converts were made among the illiterate Christians of the community. This aroused another portion of the citizens, and efforts were made to induce the missionaries to leave the place. The last meeting held by the Mormons was the largest of all. Many people were impressed by the sermon, wherein the preacher claimed supernatural aid, saying that in the fulfilment of scripture he could drink deadly things and handle serpents. The prospect of converting more ignorant Christians was flattering.

At the conclusion of the services Barker Claybaugh, a justice of the peace, obtained the floor. He produced a glass containing a solution of arsenic, which he challenged the preacher to drink. The preacher refused to submit to the test, and Claybaugh branded him as an impostor. The meeting broke up in a great tumult, during which clubs, stones, and other missils were used on the missionaries. They fled for their lives, but were so closely pursued by the mob that they implored the protection of the justice, who succeeded in calming the turmoil and conducting them in safety to their stopping-place. Irresistibly one is reminded by this occurrence of the heathen lashing their gods because the representativs of divinity hav failed to please them. It seems that the Pennsylvania Christians actually believed what the preacher told them, until an Infidel came forward to apply the test. Then their idol was shattered, and they turned upon him and would hav torn him limb from limb had not the skeptic protected him from their wrath. Heathen act in the same way.

Probably few of the mob knew that the missionary was but claiming for himself a sincere and unfaltering trust in Christ, and that the offering of the poison by the skeptic was an overturning of holy writ. It is related in the last chapter of Mark that after his resurrection Jesus appeared to the eleven and upbraided them for their unbelief and hardness of heart in not crediting the story of his resurrection:

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

"So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat at the right hand of God."

There was the Mormon missionary's authority; there is the measure of every man's Christianity. Either Christ went to his father with a lie upon his lips, or Christians are proof against poison. How many followers of Jesus will stand the test? Not one. Like the Mormon missionary, they are hypocrits. They deny their savior; they doubt God himself, and their fate is pronounced by Christ: "He that believeth not shall be damned." A cheerful prospect for a good many besides the Mormons!

What's In a Name?

If any of our readers are familiar with the London *Truth Seeker* they will be amused at the report of our correspondent that the Australian customs authorities hav refused to deliver to the much-persecuted Mr. Terry a case of books because a few numbers of that magazine were among them.

Our London namesake is the mildest kind of a Unitarian periodical, one of the prunes and prism sort, with its heresy sugar-coated a mile deep. A careful perusal of only one number would leave the reader in doubt whether the editor had any settled convictions upon theological matters, and never would it be suspected that he is an Infidel. The collector need not fear; the church cares nothing for that sort of Infidelity, and he can do his master no good by suppressing it.

There is one thing in connection with the acts of this custom-house official that fills us with wonder; which is, that he has been left so long in a comparativly obscure position. So extraordinarily intelligent a man certainly deserves promotion. Genius must be unappreciated in Australia.

The Prison for Anarchists on General Principles.

Six months ago it was the popular thing to sneer at the Anarchists, and Communists, and Socialists as long-haired reformers, lunatics, fanatics. Six weeks ago it became popular to denounce them as incendiaries, traitors, murderers, thieves. This last came about through the acts of a few men in Chicago, and a few in Milwaukee. It is by no means certain that in the latter place the people were not more sinned against than sinning, while it is certain that in Chicago the police were the aggressors, and clubbed and shot many innocent people for the acts of a few insane foreigners. But the great American nation has been frightened into fits, and blatant preachers and sensational newspaper writers hav taken advantage of the situation to do a great deal of blood-curdling writing. The police, as usual, hav proved expert liars. In Chicago they hav found bombs at every turn—if we believe them. Scarcely a square yard of sidewalk, from the lake to the center of the state, but that has been undermined, and the space used to store dynamite—if the police are truthful. The water in all the gutters ripples over long lengths of gaspipe plugged with pine, and filled with the deadly chemicals that are to blow Chicago skyward—if we let the police tell the story. A clamor has been raised that drowns all words of soberness. The American people are drunk on Anarchy.

It is this childish hubbub over the Chicago and Milwaukee fracases, and a stupefaction of moral sense, that has convicted John Most in this city. Mr. Most is not a savory personage, and it is far from popular to say a good word for him, but nevertheless he is as much a victim as any political prisoner now rotting in Siberia's mines. Most was indicted and tried for inciting to riot, and has been found guilty. But when our authorities seriously and soberly consider his case, they will find they hav played the part of tyrants. When a man is put in jail, the first question asked by the people is, What has he done? In the case of Most and his confreres, the only answer can be that he talked! Twenty-five, yea, five years hence, we predict that the people will regard this conviction as repugnantly as they now do the convictions of Abner Kneeland and D. M. Bennett.

The substance of Most's remarks at the meeting on the 23d of April was that the workingmen should arm themselvs. As he put it in his address to the jury which convicted him, he said:

"The capitalistic classes are well armed. The police, their servants, are well armed. Only the workingmens hav empty hands. There hav been done lately terrible things against workingmens, women, and children, not only by the special police, but by the private police of the Pinkerton institution, bought, piece by piece, for $5, like in East St. Louis, to kill peaceful men and women. To a peaceful assembly there come the $5-a-day hirelings of Jay Gould, hired for the very purpose to kill anybody, with repeating rifles; and perhaps, gentlemens, they didn't cost $12, but $25. Then I explained what kind of arms were to be had. I said: 'In the Constitution of the United States of North America there is no specification as to arms, no exclusion. You can hav a caunon if you please, and, of course, a bomb if you please. You can hav a rifle. They hav made a law against concealed weapons. Therefore don't conceal them. Show them, free and open.'"

This sort of talk is foolish in the extreme, but if the existence of the American Republic is threatened by it, why, the American Republic is in a bad way. Some of the witnesses against Most swore to curious evidence. One said that Most advised the throwing of vitriol out of windows upon people. As the speech was in German, the witness was asked to repeat the actual word uttered by Most. The witness said vitriol. The word used was *schwefelsaüre*. Another witness said Most referred to the Chicago riots and advocated a like insurrection on the part of the workingmen of New York. Most delivered his harang on the 23d of April. The Chicago riot occurred in May!

On the Fourth of July and other patriotic occasions America is lauded as the land of the free, and the effete monarchies of Europe are vigorously denounced. But the American eagle is screaming to little purpose, and must be set down as a very hypocritical bird, no better than a turkey-buzzard, if every man who pulls a feather from its tail is to be shut up in jail. The eagle and the orators must roost considerably lower on the fourth of next month if

Most's conviction stands. It is the most unjust legal proceeding that has happened within many months.

The Love of God.

In a recent issue of the *Forum* Monsignor Preston has definitly set forth what the Roman Catholics want in the matter of public schools. In concluding his statement Mr. Preston asks: "Why not let the gentle hand of religion, guided by the love of God, do its part in the commonwealth?"

There are, it seems to us, several reasons why the "gentle hand of religion" should be kept out of governmental affairs, and the love of God refused permission to guide the nation. In the first place the hand of religion is not gentle, and, in the second, the love of God is synonymous with hatred of man. A gentleman of rather higher eminence in the community than Thomas S. Preston has stated the reasons why the proposition is untenable: "In the name of God every possible crime has been committed, every conceivable outrage has been perpetrated. Brave men, tender and loving women, beautiful girls, and prattling babes hav been exterminated in the name of Jesus Christ. For more than fifty generations the church has carried the black flag. Her vengeance has been measured only by her power. During all these years of infamy no heretic has ever been forgiven. With the heart of a fiend she has hated; with the clutch of avarice she has grasped; with the jaws of a dragon she has devoured; pitiless as famin, merciless as fire, with the conscience of a serpent; such is the history of the church of God."

A few of the deeds committed by the "gentle hand of religion, guided by the love of God," may not inappropriately be specified, as a further reason why Mr. Preston's suggestion should not be too speedily acted upon: "In 1208 the Inquisition was established. Seven years afterward the fourth council of the Lateran enjoined all kings and rulers to swear an oath that they would exterminate heretics from their dominions. The sword of the church was unsheathed, and the world was at the mercy of ignorant and infuriated priests, whose eyes feasted upon the agonies they inflicted. Acting, as they believed, or pretended to believe, under the command of God; stimulated by the hope of infinit reward in another world—hating heretics with every drop of their bestial blood; savage beyond description; merciless beyond conception—these infamous priests, in a kind of frenzied joy, leaped upon the helpless victims of their rage. They crushed their bones in iron boots; tore their quivering flesh with iron hooks and pincers; cut off their lips and eyelids; pulled out their nails, and into the bleeding quick thrust needles; tore out their tongues; extinguished their eyes; stretched them upon racks; flayed them alive; crucified them with their heads downward; exposed them to wild beasts; burned them at the stake; mocked their cries and groans; ravished their wives; robbed their children, and then prayed God to finish the holy work in hell. . . . The Catholic burned the Lutheran, the Lutheran burned the Catholic, the Episcopalian tortured the Presbyterian, the Presbyterian tortured the Episcopalian. Every denomination killed all it could of every other; and each Christian felt in duty bound to exterminate every other Christian who denied the smallest fraction of his creed. . . . Giv any orthodox church the power, and to-day they would punish heresy with whip, and chain, and fire. As long as a church deems a certain belief essential to salvation, just so long it will kill and burn if it has the power."

From this Mr. Preston can see why it would be inexpedient, at this time, to let the gentle hand of religion—at least the Christian religion—do its part in the commonwealth.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Observer* advertises photographs of Irenæus, the ancient editor of that pious organ, in sealed envelopes; which causes the wicked to wonder if there is anything about the pictures to cause their confiscation if sent in the usual way.

W. W. COLLINS, the English Freethought lecturer who recently left England for Australia, has begun at Sydney the publication of a weekly journal called *The Freethinker and New South Wales Reformer*. Judging by the clergy's hatred of Mr. Collins, he is an exceptionally able representativ of English Secularism. The first issue of his paper is very bright.

A PRIEST in Australia was opposed to the election of a certain candidate, and from his pulpit he ordered his people not to vote for him. Those who would not obey he denounced in these words: "May the flesh rot from their bones, the grass wither under their feet, their homes be made desolate, and hell be depicted to their bosoms." This did not occur in 1486, but in the year of our lord and savior eighteen hundred and eighty-six.

THE Spiritualists of Melbourne, Australia, are raising funds to build a $75,000 hall. A children's progressiv lyceum and Spiritualistic lectures are to be maintained.

WHAT will the readers of the New York *Observer* say of it when they find out, as they are sure to some time, that its "seven activ editors" hav been wilfully, persistently, and knowingly lying to them, and concealing the truth about Thomas Paine? If this reaches the eye of any editor of the New York *Observer*, we trust the thought will giv him pause.

IN taking charge of the *Sierra Valley Leader*, Mr. Pritchard thus defines his religious position: "In all religions faith is the principal thing necessary, and my 'bump' of faith never developed, which was no fault of mine. I only desire to be honest with my conscience, and consequently am at the present time a Darwinian Evolutionist." So! Another Infidel editor in the West.

A RELIGIOUS paper whose editor was recently invited to make the lot of the prisoners in the Tombs in this city harder by preaching to them, reports that most of the accused people are Christians. Of the boys, ten out of twelve are Roman Catholics. Rum, he says, is the cause of seven-tenths of the crime committed by his temporary congregation. All of which, if true, is a very good argument against Rum and Romanism.

THE religious business is better in some localities than in others. In Buffalo it seems, from the following reading notice, to be booming: "We hav just received an invoice from New York and Philadelphia of religious goods, comprising statuets, crucifixes, glass, brass, and onyx candlesticks, rosaries, holy water fonts, rosary cases, etc. New styles and reduced prices. Call and examin at *Catholic Union and Times* office."

PARK COMMISSIONER BORDEN advocated at the last meeting of the Park board a resolution forbidding all licensed amusements in Central Park on Sundays. The resolution included sailing on the lake, riding in the goat wagons and the merry-go-rounds, and the use of the swings. The resolution was deservedly defeated, and Commissioner Borden's pious backers are much depressed. There will be music in the Park this summer on Sunday afternoons by Cappa's Seventh Regiment band.

THE New York *Sun* says that the advocates of increased pension payments "should be locked up, if it can be done lawfully." The *Sun* has been, heretofore, a newspaper of brains and American ideas, but it seems to be losing its grip. There is altogether too much loose talk about locking folks up and suppressing freedom of speech floating around nowadays. Because a few Anarchists of Chicago lost their heads is no reason why the whole American population should throw their reason overboard.

THE TRUTH SEEKER, 33 Clinton Place, N. Y., with our old friend E. M. Macdonald at the helm, is increasing in all good and pleasant things each week. Its illustrations are a marked feature of the progressiv thought of the age, and are doing more to educate the people in the right direction than three times the space of reading matter. Our neighbor at Carthage, Mo., Mr. Heston, is doing a noble work, and deserves the gratitude of all Freethinkers. His last cartoon, "Jesus Paid it All," in the May 15th number, speaks volumes, and ought to be carefully studied by all.—*Missouri Liberal.*

SOME of our readers may recollect that a few months ago a Hebrew correspondent of THE TRUTH SEEKER charged that the Rev. Jacob Freshman was converted from Judaism to Christianity for the money there is in it. A Christian paper now publishes the following advertisment:

THE REV. JACOB FRESHMAN,
Son of a converted Jewish rabbi, will lecture in.....
on.....at 8 o'clock.
SUBJECT: "The Jews: their Manners, Customs, Religious Ceremonies, Literature," etc., etc.

The lecturer will appear in the garb of a Jewish rabbi, and will exhibit all the articles used in Jewish worship, such as phylacteries, fringes, scroll of the law, etc. All Sabbath-school workers and all interested in God's ancient people should not fail to attend.

We are inclined to think from this rather circusy advertisment that our Hebrew correspondent was right.

AT a meeting of Methodist ministers in Chicago recently the blame for the late riots in that city was all laid by the Rev. Mr. Fawcett upon the broad shoulders of Colonel Ingersoll. A citizen of Chicago thereupon wrote to the *Herald* asking for specific statements. He says: "Mr. Fawcett did not specify any time, place, or occasion where or when Colonel Ingersoll ever advised or encouraged any such wickedness, or any violation of the law whatever. Is that fair? The accusation rebounds upon Mr. Fawcett and his order. I might content myself in a general way by referring to the many inflammatory Socialistic sermons that hav been delivered from the Chicago pulpit during the past year, and from other pulpits, too, but I will be fairer than Mr. Fawcett was, and present specifications: Three weeks ago, at the Methodministers' meeting here, a bishop mentioned a private citizen by name, and said that he ought 'to be taken by the nape of the neck and kicked all over the city of New York.' Was that not urging passionate and revengeful men to violate the law? A few weeks ago a Methodist minister, occupying a national and lucrativ office, that of chaplain to the House of Representativs, offered a public prayer to God, in the presence of Congress, in which he invoked a 'reign of terror,' and gave thanks that although 'for long the few hav mastered the many, because they understood the open secret—the tools to those who can use them—yet now the many hav learned the secret of organization, drill, and dynamite.' I understand that Colonel Ingersoll is not in the habit of praying, but is it not better for a man never to pray at all than to pray like that?" So far the heretic appears to hav the best of the argument.

THE Bible is either inspired wholly by God, partly by God, or not at all by God. If wholly, then to doubt the truth of a single syllable is treason to the Almighty, and punishable by spiritual death—in other words, by a sojourn of eternity in sheol, revised version. If only partly inspired, then who is to decide which part? Somebody might believe in the wrong part, and the conscquence would be fearful. If not at all inspired, then it is of far less use than Rollin's Ancient History and Shakspere's works. There is no foundation for the Christian religion, and the ministers are blind leaders of the blind. We commend these brief comments to the Rev. Dr. Kent, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who is floundering around trying to subject the Bible to human reason, and at the same time save its alleged divine qualities.

"LAST winter," writes Mr. Remsburg to *Lucifer*, "a Christian clergyman said to me, 'The most damnably corrupt institution in America is the Women's Christian Temperance Union.' For brazen hypocrisy this and kindred Christian temperance associations hav certainly never been surpassed. Every honest and rational movement in favor of temperance is to be commended; but this nauseating stuff called 'Bible temperance' is unbearable. I hav long felt that this sham ought to be punctured. It has been done at last, and most effectually done, by the logical pen of E. C. Walker. His paper on 'Bible Temperance' that has just appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER ought to be flaunted in the face of every hypocrit in the land." The papers by Mr. Walker to which Mr. Remsburg refers hav been put into pamphlet form, with cover, which sells for ten cents per copy.

DURING the year ending Oct. 31st last the Ohio penitentiary received 766 prisoners, whose religious antecedents were as follows:

Swedenborgians	1
Quakers	1
Dunkards	4
Hebrews	4
Congregationalists	5
Universalists	10
Disciples	21
United Brethren	25
Episcopal	28
Presbyterian	58
Lutheran	61
Baptist	86
Catholic	188
Methodist	221
Number whose parents were not religious	53

Of those 766 criminals 622 had received a Sunday-school training, and 144 had not. The mental food furnished by the library of this prison is adulterated with 1,711 Bibles and Testaments, old versions, 11 revised New Testaments, and 116 Bible commentaries and dictionaries. It is said that the convicts greatly enjoy their religious privileges.

WE find the following in the *Catholic Union and Times:*

"Those American dupes who are just now subscribing liberally toward the erection of a monument to Giordano Bruno should learn that the killing of Anarchist apostles is an act of self-defense. Bruno was burnt at the stake in 1600, not for heresy as many allege, but for the preaching of Anarchy. The burning of one man like Most might save the lives of dozens of faithful policeman, one of whom is worth more to the community than a thousand Socialists. If THE TRUTH SEEKER persists in picturing Bruno as a martyr of free speech, it must now espouse the cause of Spies, Schwab, Parsons, and other Brunoites."

People hav become so accustomed to hearing heretics lied about that the foregoing will not cause any surprise. If Bruno was an Anarchist, so was George Washington, and so is Charles Stewart Parnell. But Jesus Christ is well known to hav been a Communist. He held "unlawful assemblages," advocated a Socialistic distribution of wealth, and on one occasion resorted to violence. We do not see how any person who accepts Jesus Christ as a teacher can object to the Communists of to-day. Justus Schwab holds himself to be a practical follower of Jesus, and he is more consistent than a majority of the so-called Christians. The person who rejects the doctrin of Communism denies the plainest doctrin of Christ.

THERE is a bungler connected with the *Christian Advocate* who, whenever a prominent Freethinker dies, takes advantage of the occasion to write himself down an ass. Here is his latest deliverance:

"Stephen Pearl Andrews, known as the Pantarch and Apostle of Universology, is dead. We hav been familiar with this eccentric human being for many years—familiar in the same sense as with George Francis Train, whom we hav often heard, whose writings we hav read, but whose personal acquaintance we hav never enjoyed or suffered. The Pantarch, as a speaker, was not content with driving a substantiv and six. His method of thought was that of generalizing from particulars and then expanding his generalizations into something more impalpable than the universal ether. He certainly had no competitor as the great American 'phrase-grinder.' He spoke for forty-five minutes once, during which time he did not complete the statement of a single idea. The audience numbered about eighty. A person present selected the only man who looked as if he understood the speaker, and asked him what the Pantarch was driving at. He received this reply: 'I think that he is propounding a conundrum.' He was one of the curious, abnormal growths of the nineteenth century. His funeral services, conducted under the auspices of the Liberal Club, with Thaddeus Wakeman as orator, with the congregation singing, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and an address by the Rev. G. W. Samson (can this last be true?) was as extraordinary a *melange* as we hav had occasion to report for a long time."

This may be regarded as the final outcome of nineteen centuries of Christian charity. The congregation did not sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," but that the Rev. G. W. Samson made an address at the funeral of his dead friend is true. The only salvation of the Christian clergy from utter and universal contempt rests in the fact that there is occasionally found one among their number who is neither a bigot in religion nor a fool in philosophy.

Letters from Friends.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., May 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: With your permission I would like to reply to some statements made by Mr. Octavius J. Brosius in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 22d. Not that I think Mr. Holt is not capable of taking care of himself, but because of Mr. Brosius's apparent invitation to discuss "Freetrade vs. Protection" with some mechanic like himself, for he insinuates that Mr. Holt cannot be one or he would never advocate free-trade principles. Now, sir, I am, like him, a mechanic, a machinist, and earn my living by the hammer and chisel, the file and the lathe, and hav always had to work for my living from twelve years of age up to now. I am an Englishman, and hav had the advantage of living in the most free-trade country in the world, and, I had almost said, the most protectionist also.

Mr. Brosius speaks of the starvation wages and poor living of the toilers in England, Scotland, Germany, and France, and contrasts this with the "fresh meat seven days in the week, good clothes, comfortable homes," etc., of the American workingman, and attributes these different conditions to the different policies, free trade and protection, respectivly.

Now England and Scotland are free trade countries, while Germany and France are protectionist. So here, according to his own showing, are starvation wages under both systems; can he explain this? Nay, more, can he explain how it is that wages are higher in Scotland and England than in protectionist France and Germany? But I ask, is there no such thing as starvation wages in the United States? If not, then why these great combinations of workingmen, and these vast strikes at the present time? Surely the workingman here is intelligent enough to know when he is well off, or is it because he is never satisfied, but, like a true protectionist, wants the whole hog? I would like Mr. Brosius to read a few copies of *John Swinton's Paper*, and he will learn a little more of wages and living of the toilers of this country than he seems to know.

I quote now from his letter: "When England lands her goods on American soil and sells them at a discount over American goods or American prices, the arms that produced them hav been working at very unremunerativ wages." I am not sure about that. Let us reason. When American farmers land their grain on English soil, does it prove that American farmers are in a worse condition than the English farmers? Oldham (England) sends her cotton yarns into these States; but does this prove that Oldham operativ spinners are paid less than their fellow-competitors in Fall River? Not at all, for the reverse is the case, and I refer Mr. Brosius to the secretary of the Fall River Spinners' Association, Mr. Robert Howard, as my authority.

Again I quote: "It is not wicked selfishuess, as you assert [meaning Mr. Holt], but natural, legitimate home protection—protection from foreign capitalists, who would take the bread from my own and your children's mouths." Now if my protection friend is really a workingman, and if he has worked for more than one capitalist, he must know that capitalists are much the same the world over.

Again: "It is a protection demanded by the voters of a *free and grand republic*, who ask the right to sell their labor to the highest and best bidder." Good. This is what I ask and demand. Yes, I claim the right to sell my labor in the dearest market, be it in Europe, America, Asia, Africa, or Australia, and I don't ask for any law to accord me this right to the exclusion of another man.

I refer now to the anti-Chinese laws in force in this "free and grand republic." Yes, I claim the fullest freedom of locomotion over every inch of this earth, provided it is not already usefully occupied by another man. But more than this. I love freedom so much that I claim also the right to buy in the cheapest as well as to sell in the dearest market. My protectionist friend may say that by so doing I may be injuring my neighbor friends. Granted, but if my neighbor won't treat me as well as the stranger at a distance, he is no friend at all. The man who givs me the most for my money and the most for my labor is my best friend, be he near or far. Neighbors, as far as my experience goes, are not the fairest of people to deal with, as is proved by the fact that some American goods can be purchased cheaper in England than here. Manufacturers often sell cheaper abroad than at home.

My neighbor friend, who does this, and clamors for a protection law to coerce me from buying abroad, has queer ideas of liberty, justice, and freedom. Mr. Brosius says: "Do you wish to see the fair daughters of America dig in the mines to keep the wolf from the door of poverty? If you do, then we do not wonder at your free-trade logic."

Now, I challenge him to prove that women work in the mines of England or Scotland. Such has been the case in years gone by, I believe, long before free trade principles were propounded by Cobden, Bright & Co. Women do work now, or did up to six or seven years ago, on the top of the mines in the Wigan district. But I refer Mr. Brosius to *John Swinton's Paper* again for my authority for saying that this very kind of dirty, unbecoming work for females is done under protection laws in this country, down in the Pennsylvania coke regions. Yea, under still worse sickening conditions, with their babies with them.

Sir, I hav worked in the mills and workshops of Lancashire. I hav done the same here. This protectionist talk about "fresh meat seven days in the week," "good, comfortable houses to liv in," and "clothes of the very best," etc., is all brag, like his talk of a "free and grand republic"—as if there was no freedom outside of these States. Now, the English factory operativ may not dine every day in the week on fresh meat—though I know there are exceptions. Still, what he does eat is good, plain, substantial food; his beef, probably American; and that the best, better than the American retains here for his own people. His meals are not the regulation three, but four, and in many cases five, per day.

He does not go to work in apparently as good clothes as his brother workman here, for his clothes are bought specially to work in, good strong fustian or corduroy. He has extra clothes equally as good as, if not better than, people wear here, for Sundays and Saturday afternoons. Has every American workman two sets of clothes? I wish you could truthfully say Yes. How many workmen here occupy houses all to themselvs, from the cellar to the garret? I hav not seen one in a hundred in that happy condition to be able to say, "This house is my castle; this roof shelters none but me and my family; I stand at my own door; I join with no one." Now, this is the rule in free-trade England, while tenements, or unfurnished rooms, if you please, are the rule here.

We are all tainted with prejudice about the places where we were born and reared. Few of us can say with Thomas Paine, "The world is my country." But, believe me, I hav not written in a spirit of running down your country to prop up my own, but only to show you protectionists that the evils you speak of as the results of free trade flourish also in the sunshine of protection.

I vote for the cartoons. THOMAS RAYNER.

ERIE, May 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith hand the distance and time that, according to the divine revelation given to man, is certainly the best time ever recorded. Your pictures lately published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jonah's voyage caused some comments upon this whale of a story, but what was our surprise when Captain Louch told us that this whale with poor Jonah actually had to travel over 15,000 miles in 72 hours. Accordingly he has taken pains to giv us the exact distance, and assures me it is right. I want some orthodox divine to answer this and explain. Talmage and Jo Cook would be be the most competent, because, no matter what they say, they hav their congregations so trained that they believe anything, no matter how absurd. Trusting you will publish it, I am, as ever, C. L. HAWES.

JONAH'S VOYAGE IN THE WHALE.

	miles
Across the Mediterranean sea	2,300
West coast Africa Cape Town	6,700
Cape Town to Cape Guardafui	4,200
Cape Guardafui to Tigress River	2,000
Up river to Nineveh	450
Total	15,650
Duration of voyage	72 hours
Speed per hour	217.33
Speed per minute	3.62

Allow for feeding, blowing, and resting 12 hours, and you increase the speed 16 per cent. and make it 4.18 miles per minute.

CAPT. ABRAHAM J. LOUCH.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., April 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Reynolds's proposition to make the New York State Freethinkers' Convention a camp-meeting has just been read. I am in favor of the proposal. Hold it the last week in August, over two Sundays, and I will come. My family will come, and some of our friends will come. Let us hav the greatest reunion of Freethinkers the world has ever seen out in the vast and splendid temple of nature.

With best wishes, C. F. DEMOTT.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., May 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your article on the so-called riots in Milwaukee and Chicago is creditable, as being nearly the only one in type which lays the greater part of the blame on the proper shoulders. But you weaken a little before you get through. You call the Socialist leaders "madmen;" say they "hav a capacity to talk, a strong disinclination to work, and a fanatical belief in force as a factor in social economy." After admitting that the police at Chicago charged a mass meeting "from which no riot promised to spring," you say that in what followed the rioters were in the wrong; and that at Milwaukee the rioters seem to hav been wholly to blame. In all this I differ with you. It is not pretended that at Milwaukee a single one of these ferocious rioters was shot. Of the five victims, one was a school-boy armed only with his books. Another was an aged cripple who was feeding chickens. The others had no weapons. None of the heroes who shot them were injured in the affray. This is strange, but something stranger is behind. I hav observed that in such cases neither soldiers nor rioters ever do get hurt. It is always innocent people. Can you forgiv a skeptic's suggesting as the reason that there are never any but soldiers and innocent people there? The Milwaukee affair was a cold-blooded massacre. The St. Louis tragedy, a few weeks earlier, was a cold-blooded massacre. Similar atrocities are committed at every strike, for no other purpose than to intimidate the people. At Chicago the police advanced with drawn revolvers, crying, "Shoot the sons of b——s!" This time the people were not intimidated. They came armed, which the Constitution says they hav a right to do, and they thought they would vary the monotony of being shot by doing a little shooting. You say even in war no nation would [should?] use such horribly murderous weapons as dynamitc bombs. The Austrian government thinks differently. So do I. All the epithets, "barbarous," "cowardly," etc., now applied to dynamite were applied to gunpowder in its day. Yet gunpowder superseded spears and swords, with the paradoxical result that war is far less sanguinary now than formerly. And dynamite will supersede it, with the result, I hope, of putting an end to war altogether.

In regard to your article, "Knights of Labor Bigotry," I would say that the laws of the Knights absolutely forbid all religious discussion at their meetings, and all discriminations on account of religion. Boycotting by local assemblies is an irregular proceeding which will probably be prohibited at the approaching meeting of the General Assembly.

C. L. JAMES.

FILLMORE, UTAH, May 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber for your valuable paper for upwards of ten years, which may be deemed conclusiv evidence that I indorse its general features. One marked characteristic I specially admire is that it affords an equal opportunity to parties of opposit views to express their honest thoughts. If there is anything I despise, it is bigotry or intolerance. If one is a lover of fair play, will he not gladly extend the same courtesy to those who may differ with him as he would wish them to extend to him? Certainly. But I regret that many who deem themselvs Liberals forget this, and seem ready on every opportunity to denounce all who do not tread in their special grooves of thought. This, in my estimation, is altogether foreign to the spirit of genuin Liberalism, which, I think, involves perfect freedom of thought in every conceivable channel, and only asks that honesty of purpose be manifested in any theory advanced. To pronounce a man a knave or a fool because he advances ideas not in harmony with ours indicates a very contracted view of humanity and its surroundings. No one has sufficiently explored the universe to entitle him to speak authoritativly as to its infinit resources, and as we can reason only from what we know, which is little indeed compared to what is beyond our ken, it is well to be modest in our assumptions.

No one who has observed the correspondence on Materialism and Spiritualism in your paper can hav failed to notice how certain each seems to be as to the truth and consistency of his side of the question, and undoubtedly each is equally sincere. Yet, as both cannot be right, in spite of their strong convictions, possibly both may be wrong. It is well, therefore, to be temperate in expressing our convictions, so that, while we may feel certain we are right in our conclusions, we may manifest liberality enough to concede that our opponents may hav good reasons to decide adversely to us. Controversy conducted on this principle has a tendency to enlarge our view, and enable each to see his own mistakes and correct his own errors.

I will now, with your permission, say a few words in reference to your new departure. I notice that many speak in favor of your illustrations, but, with all due deference to their opinion, I most emphatically enter my protest against a great many of them as caricatures of things deemed most sacred among mankind, and therefore apt to create in the minds of thoughtful and well-meaning persons a feeling of disgust and loathing.

The lady who pronounced them *simply horrid* was not far out of the way. I would willingly pay something extra for suitable illustrations, such as would be worthy of a great Freethought journal, which treats of the gravest and most momentous questions, but all such caricatures I would leave to *Puck* and *Punch*, as belonging to comic literature. I really don't think they add to the respectability or intrinsic worth of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Ridicule may at times be necessary, but good logic and sound argument are much more effectiv weapons in demolishing superstition than any amount of raillery.

Hoping that my remarks may not be deemed offensiv, I close with kind regards for you and kind wishes for THE TRUTH SEEKER. JOHN KELLY.

MERIDIAN, TEXAS, May 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am at this time just able to send you my subscription for the year 1886.

I hav read the Edmunds bill. I think it unconstitutional, and further think no good, honest man would accept an appointment under it. Such as Blatchford or Benedict, of Bennett fame, would. Is not Blatchford in Utah now, robbing the people of their rights and money both? I feel that our government is in the hands of the priesthood.

When such men as Senator Coake, of Texas, say to the voters, "You must scourge back these preachers and cut off their rations," it is high time for THE TRUTH SEEKER to show up on all sides with pictures and reasons why they should be scourged back.

I attended J. E. Remsburg's lecture at Morgan on May 10th, and was pleased as well as surprised at the men and women who came to hear him. I found good Liberals that I had no idea of.

This conflict for subsistence, or the life of a laborer, is hard to bear when one is getting old. The weight of years is on me, and I feel like turning aside to some resting-place, if it was to be found on this earth—for instance, Sinaloa, as A. K. Owens proposes to build up in Mexico. Can't you giv us light on A. K. Owens's plan, etc.?

Query: What has become of Mary W. Bennett? Is she yet alive?

Now the greatest troubles are the patent turnings and twistings of the exegetical machines of the reverend divines or preachers. "The word was, and the word was with God, and the word was God" (John). That is, they will make a lie look just like the truth. And it seems that the masses of the people had rather believe a lie than the truth—that is, they are afraid of the realities of this life, and seek comfort in superstition and absurdities.

Your Truth Seeker Company must not get too rich. Persecution and hard work made D. M. Bennett bright.

Yours with respect, S. D. GREER.

[Mrs. Bennett is alive and well, doing what good she can in her unostentatious way. There does not seem to be much danger that the Truth Seeker Company will get too rich. The expenses balance the receipts with provoking regularity. We are not familiar with the plans of Mr. Owen, but he has published them, we believe, in a pamphlet entitled, "Integral Coöperation," price 30 cents.—ED. T. S.]

TORONTO, ONT., May 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having removed from Welland to this city, I hav missed the kind attention of our friend James Foster in the matter of subscriptions, and your dues on this account, or some other, hav been neglected. I now take pleasure, however, in remitting for the current year, and in sending also the subscription of William Tom, Credit Forks, Ont., to January, 1887. Mr. Tom, like myself, formerly lived at Welland, and I may add that several others hav removed from that town, which leaves the Secular Society there in a somewhat weak condition in point of numbers. Besides, there are those remaining who refuse to assume any prominence, much less to accept office in the society, and organized Secularism is, therefore, very much stunted in its development. But these are, no doubt, the experiences of most country towns, and still there is hope for the final triumph of this society, no matter where on earth established. Just so soon as the printing-press and the public schools are sustained, and men of intelligence and independent thought are born into the world, just so surely must the theological fabric, based on the hell-and-damnation theory, crumble to its fall, and with that fall must rise higher and higher the grand superstructure of the religion of humanity, under whose broad arches may stand together the man who, like Thomas Paine, believes in "one God and no more," and the man who, with equal sincerity, rejects the evidence adduced.

With regard to our city of Toronto, and the Secular Society here, I need scarcely speak, secing we hav another and abler correspondent. I may say, howcver, the condition of the society is improving, and with age and experience it will at least be able to "stand alone." Formerly, quite in contrast with the tendency at Welland, for instance, everybody aspired to be an office-holder, and a gread deal of difficulty was experienced in the creation of offices and the distribution of places. Again, the formation of the executiv committee, as well as numerous sub-committees, with power to add to their numbers, which power was invariably cxercised, and all of which resulted in numerous and long-drawn-out reports, occupying usually the full time of our sittings. All this we hav had to contend with, and with the handling of so much red tape even we had almost forgotten the religion of humanity, and trampled on our Nine Demands. But, as before intimated, the atmosphere is clearing somewhat, and as Brother C. B. Reynolds and his good wife are now holding a revival in our midst, we must surely come out all right in the "sweet by and by." J. PRIESTMAN, JR.,
Secretary Toronto Society.

NEWARK, MICH., May 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I come to you as an humble individual, but as one who has been a Freethinker in the fullest sense of the term from his fifteenth year, and as one who is deeply interested in freeing the human mind from the slavish thralldom of superstition and the blighting incubus of priestcraft. I venture to state my views as touching some phases of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I will state in the outset that experience has taught me that ridicule is not the weapon with which to successfully combat superstition when intrenched, as it usually is, behind the bulwarks of reverence which hav been built by the hand of parental affection. The citadel of ecclesiasticism, in my opinion, will never be taken by storm, but if taken at all, strategy, and that of the highest order, must be the weapon with which to disarm the enemy. I hav seldom failed in bringing a person whose confidence and affection I hav first been able to win, to my way of thinking. Show a person by kindness and courtesy that you are his friend; that you are deeply interested in his welfare, and he is then prepared to hear the voice of reason, and you may proceed, judiciously, to sow the seed of reason, with the assurance that it will fall upon good ground.

But when you attack the object of any person's reverence with ridicule, you are sowing seed upon unprepared ground, which will only be made more hard and stony by your assaults. Such, I apprehend, will be the effect of most of the illustrations recently published in THE TRUTH SEEKER upon the minds of those whose prejudices they are intended to reach and remove. They may amuse and please those who are already skeptical, and may add large numbers of Freethinkers to your subscription list; they may even afford amusement for those who hold no religious opinions in particular; but will they reach the minds of zealous working Christians in such a way as to do good rather than harm? We think not. On the contrary, we think they cannot fail to make such people less vulnerable to the appeals of reason.

I think also that some of the articles upon political questions and upon the labor question contain sentiments that are so extreme and utterly impracticable as to displease and disgust really intelligent and practical people. The spirit of dogmatism that pervades some of the articles is entirely unbecoming to one who claims to be liberal. While I agree with Mr. Kelso that the principle involved in granting gratuities to any person is wrong, and that the people ought to repudiate every member of Congress who votes away their money to those who hav not rendered an equivalent for it, yet I think many of his strictures upon General Grant are so unjust and so uncalled for as to disgust all fair-minded people. In his reference to questions touching finance and the tariff, he displays a spirit of dogmatism unworthy of a Liberal. In your paper of the 8th inst. Juliet H. Severance makes the remarkable statement that the national debt was nine billion dollars when the war broke out. Shades of departed school-boys, arise and rebuke such recklessness!

In conclusion, I would say that if the mission of THE TRUTH SEEKER is the overthrow of religious superstition, it must not be made a mouth-piece for political and social extremists, ranters, and cranks; but must confine itself to the work in hand, and exclude from its columns everything that may hav a tendency to create discord among those who would be co-workers with it for the accomplishment of the end in view.

Trusting these remarks will be received in the same spirit that dictates them, I am, Yours for truth and reason,
S. E. SOWER.

NORSE, TEX., May 13, 286.

MR. EDITOR: The able worker in the Liberal cause, Mr. John E. Remsburg, delivered his grand oration on Thomas Paine, the apostle of liberty, to a fair audience here on the evening of the 6th inst.

He traced with vividness the career and public services of this great and noble man, and with thrilling eloquence portrayed his self-sacrificing labors for freedom and humanity, his heroic devotion to liberty, the undaunted moral courage of him whose magic pen first wrote, "The Free and Independent States of America;" the inspiring genius that thrilled the American heart with the first glad notes of liberty—that first implanted in the patriot's mind a fixed resolve to do or die."

The speaker vindicated Thomas Paine's character against the vile aspersions cast upon it by superstitious bigots, and paid a glowing tribute to his memory. He placed Paine's fair name where it justly belongs, among the highest pinnacles of fame, as he was one of the most illustrious of liberty's promoters and defenders.

I also had the pleasure to attend Mr. Remsburg's lecture at Clifton, eight miles from Norse, on the night of the 7th inst., when he delivered his excellent lecture on "False Claims of the Church" to a good audience.

He invited criticism of his lecture, and a Rev. Mr. Barry had the temerity to say that the lecturer had made many false and erroneous statements. When called on to specify any such, he disputed and wanted proof of the presidents of the United States not belonging to any church. Mr. Remsburg cited abundant proof of his position, and thus silenced the parson. The reverend gentleman appeared to be very anxious to arrange for a debate to be held in the future, after due preparation, but he did not mention it after finding that the lecturer's position became only the more impregnable from his attempt to weaken it. T. THEO. COLWICK.

MYRTLE POINT, ORE., May 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see by reading Friendly Letters that there are two sides to all questions, and I am sorry to be in the minority concerning the pictures in the good old TRUTH SEEKER. I say old, as I hav been a subscriber from the first number, and I thought that I always should be a subscriber, but if this picture business continues I think I shall hav to say good-bye, old friend, and wish you well.

A good many years ago, when Brick Pomeroy published the Lacrosse *Democrat*, he also had such things, or pictures, as you call them; and I well remember that the Republicans used to say that the Democrats could not read letters, but knew pictures, and so now the enemies of Freethought make the same remarks. I had a Methodist elder up at my house this week, and he made that remark. I can see no good in them, so if you continue to print pictures you may discontinue my paper when my subscription expires.

We hav a good many Infidels here, but the greater part of them do not preach it much for fear of the church. I hav been brought up a German Reformed Christian, but hav long since had my eyes opened. I am now nearly seventy years old, and I am getting further away from the church every day, and am considered beyond redemption by the saints and soul agents, although they come to see me and stop over night, and once in a while one will pick up THE TRUTH SEEKER and read it, but leave off making comments, for I keep a good supply of Freethought books on my table.

Inclosed find 50 cents for Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking." C. LEHNHEN.

AXTELL, KAN., May 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: "Large bodies move slowly" is probably the reason that you hav not heard from us ere this. The book of forms, etc., came all right, and we hav a good Union, with eight of as good and prominent men to start with as either of the churches here hav. I feel sure that the Axtell Liberal Union is a permanent power in the land, and that its usefulness and influence will widen, and that the next revival sky-pilot will not say, as the last one did, "that every Infidel is a liar, and that Ingersoll is the chief of liars."

We hav hired the best hall in town, and any leturer coming this way will please write us. We wish S. P. Putnam would come back this way and giv us lectures. I find that there is no town around here but has outspoken Liberals in it, and all they want is to get an opportunity, and they make it warm for the clergy.

We like the pictures, but if the paper could be afforded 50 cents a year less without, we that are poor would appreciate the reduction. I would like to correspond with Liberals in Texas, with a view of moving there to engage in farming. I hav read THE TRUTH SEEKER most of the time since it started. We are very thankful for past favors. E. W. MINER.

SOUTH LOWELL, ALA., May 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 1st Elmina D. Slenker says: "When we leave far behind the stone age, the brass age, and even the golden age, and reach the glorious intellectual age, *where mind rules matter*," etc. I wish to ask Elmina what is mind? Is it superior to matter, and is it something or nothing? Please giv a scientific and definitiv explanation.

Again, Mr. Wettstein, in same paper: "We know what causes the heart to beat, lungs to respire, etc." Now, will he or some one else tell me what does this? We know the heart beats, but what causes it to beat and lungs to respire? Facts are things or truths, but what causes facts and truths to exist as we see them in life? Again, who says that "a spiritual body is a shadow without substance; a name without a meaning?" Everything the mind can conceive of is matter in different degrees of fineness and purity.

The cartoons in THE TRUTH SEEKER are doing immense good. That hanging-bee ought to make every orthodox ashamed of his system of religion and his history.

J. K. DEARTH.

ASTORIA, OR., May 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find remittance to be disposed of for new subscribers, etc., as per memorandum. Expect to be able to get you new readers right along.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is grand and the illustrations giv force to "your otherwise mildly expressed views." There are probably more Liberals, proportionately, on this coast than anywhere else. I know whole settlements where the majority are Freethinkers. In such localities visiting preachers are not always treated as they should be (?); there hav been cases where they hav actually been made to work for a night's lodging. Outrageous, is it not? Heaven's representativ was furious, and in one case, it is said, he swore; but he worked half a day making hay.

The pictures of Paine and Ingersoll, in beautiful frames, adorn the walls of many happy homes, and a few are members of the American Secular Union. A great many Liberals reside in remote localities, and when we hav been favored with a visit from a Liberal lecturer the announcement has reached them too late, to their great disappointment. For instance, when Colonel Ingersoll visited this coast two years ago, certain postmasters withheld his circulars, and the farmers learned of it when the bird had flown, and thereby lost the opportunity of listening to "the nineteenth century Infidel and the world's greatest orator." If we could induce one of your Liberal lecturers to visit us this summer we would do our utmost to make it pleasant as well a financial success for him.

Well, Mr. Editor, this is my first venture in your columns, consequently I feel a little timid, and I therefore take the liberty to figure under the *nom de plume* of UNO.

CARTHAGE, MO., May 16, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Please send us your valuable paper and terms for one year. We hav been borrowing it for a long time, and it suits us exactly and explains our views so accurately that we hav concluded to subscribe for it. We hav read the borrowed papers until they were worn out, and we show them to our orthodox friends when they drop in. They grin and squirm and some get mad and say that no such stuff is in the Bible. Then I just turn right to it. Then they will say, "Never mind, when you come to die you won't talk so." This county is well steeped in superstition, there being several heathen pagodas in this neighborhood where they chant and rant praises to their God. Oh! how I do hate the church. The money is wasted, thrown away, to erect useless church houses when it is so much needed and should be laid out to help the poor that liv right under the shadow of the old church. Let them build good schools, good homes, distribute good clothing, not old cast-off clothing as I hav known many Christians to do; but good, new clothing that was not made for their backs; and then after all the suffering is relieved and everybody happy and contented, let them build pet houses for anything they hav a mind to; but let the poor be provided for first. I don't think they would hav very much left after doing that. We also hav a few Liberals, too, that would take your paper if they but read it once. I will close. Hoping to hear from you soon, we remain, Yours for truth and liberty,
CALVIN AND LIDA THARP.

WANSHIP, UTAH, May 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Samuel P. Putnam is very ably enlightening Utah as to the aims and objects of the American Secular Union. People seem to be surprised to hear an Infidel advocate morality and right-doing. He has delivered twenty-eight lectures to crowded houses, and only arrived here on April 14th.

His utterances, that a few years ago would hav consigned him to the dungeon or stake, are vociferously applauded. His eloquent poem, "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" is listened to with breathless silence, then a storm of applause.

This lecture tour of our illustrious secretary is the greatest boon that ever struck Utah, and although some seed may fall on stony ground, I look for good results. All the towns and villages he has visited contain warm friends of our cause, and the energy they hav displayed in procuring halls, audiences, and entertainment for our eloquent secretary is highly commendable, and proves that Utah has a solid basis for a prominent Liberal district. WM. REYNOLDS.

GALION, O., May 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I received the books all right. I am delighted with their contents. "Men, Women, and Gods" should be read by every Christian man in the land. I think it would make them better even if they are good; better husbands and better citizens. Every woman should peruse the book; it is excellently adapted to lead women in the way to light and truth; it is a grand production. Helen H. Gardener is the Ingersoll of her sex. Now let me thank you for past favors, and for the within one dime send me Ingersoll's "Orthodoxy." Yours truly, JOHN P. FLICK.

LAWRENCE, MASS., May 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am not a subscriber to your paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I get it every week from a newsdealer, and I like it first-rate, especially the pictures. I show them around to people I know, and they nearly always draw a laugh. I get the *Freethinker* from England every week, too. I hav heard Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, Dr. Aveling, and Collins. I think I am a Secularist by birth, although brought up in Sunday-school and church. I can honestly say that I never swallowed the Bible. I never avoid an argument, although I seem to stand alone among my acquaintances.

HARRY OLDFIELD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Gipsy and Fay.

Gypsy and Fay were playmates two,
One had black eyes and one had blue;
One had dark hair and one had light,
Both were beautiful, fair, and bright.

Glistening eyes of darkest hne,
Radiant orbs of deepest blue;
Which will you hav, the gipsy girl,
Or fairy sweet with hair in cnrl;

But first, yon tell me, I must say
Which is the best, Gipsy or Fay?
Then I must tell yon what I know,
Both are loved wherever they go.

Both are gentle and ever kind,
Loving, trustful, sweet, and refined,
Obey their parents' first request,
Never others wrong or molest.

Never rudely treat a playmate,
Never sneer at, taunt, or berate,
And scorn to strike, or throw a rock,
Or ridicule a shabby frock.

All the sorrowing and the poor,
From hillside, valley, and the moor,
List for the tripping of their feet,
The music of their voices sweet.

And smile with joy and pleasure rare
At a sight of their faces fair,
Like angels sweet from paradise,
They change to smiles all tears and sighs.

No more sorrowing, no more tears,
No more anguish and no more fears,
No more darkness and no more night,
If all were like these maidens bright.

SADIE A. MAGOON.

A Word from Candy-Land.

I was in a confectionery store the other day, where there were such quantities and qualities of candies, of all sorts, shapes, and sizes—of nearly all colors, too—that I said, "This must be a veritable candy-land."

"It's a 'branch store,'" replied the smiling clerk from behind the counter.

"Any adulteration in these pretty sweets?" I asked.

"Oh, no, indeed—not in *ours*. *We* make all our own candies. Come in the back shop and take a look."

Inside the back shop there were kettles and boilers and workers; sugar, molasses, and extracts; and candy in every form of development—caramels, lozenges, gum drops, kisses, cocoanut, chocolate creams, Jordan almonds, peppermints, cardamons, cassia buds, cloves, and bonbons of all flavors. The odor was delicious, and to watch the process of candy-making was delightful. I tasted and tasted and tasted, and was surfeited with taste of sweets and sours. Of course, I did not detect any adulteration of the confectionery. I am not an expert at that business, yet I feel quite certain the adulteration was there, just the same. The articles that giv the lovcly coloring to candies are poisonous, whatever may be said to the contrary; and starch and *terra alba*, or white earth, are used to a great extent in the manufacture of candy. Sugar is adulterated with *terra alba*, and that is never fit to bc taken into the stomach. You hav sometimes seen when the earth is moistened how solid and compact it becomes, and when by the heat of the sun it is made still harder, it is finally a solid mass, almost like a stone. In the human stomach, *terra alba* hardens the same way, and causes indigestion and vomiting. If not then thrown off, spasms, great suffering, and death at last are the result. There is no doubt many candy-loving children hav been poisoned in this way. Perhaps thc purest candy is the white rock, so-called, and even that may not be wholly free from adulterating properties. The old-fashioned boiled molasses candy, made at home, may be as harmless as any, and in small quantities is beneficial, rather than otherwise. This and the rock candy, these two, are the only kinds I would recommend for children or adults. The other kinds are pretty to look at, but not very good to eat.

S. H. W.

Bobby Exposes the Scheme.

"Will you hav a piece of pie, Mr. Goodman?" asked Bobby's mother of the minister.

"Thanks, no," he replied.

Bobby was asked the same question.

"N—no, I guess not," said Bobby, rather hesitatingly.

The minister looked at Bobby in surprise.

"I thought that all little boys were fond of pie," he said.

"They are," said Bobby. "I could eat that hull pie; but ma said if you didn't take any I mustn't, an' she'd save it for to-morrow."

Two More Prizes.

[The following letter speaks for itself. With four prizes in the field we shall look for a lively competition. We thank our generous friend for his kindness toward the Corner, and trust that he, too, with our other kind friends, may liv long and be happy.—ED.C.C.]

LEXINGTON, KY., May 25, 1886.

MISS WIXON: From the many excellent stories and beautiful poems you publish in the Children's Corner, I know there must be some talent among our young friends for literary work; and to encourage all such, I hereby offer, in addition to the two prizes you offer in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 1st, four dollars for the best original compiled story, and two dollars for the second best, both to be written and sent to your address by the 30th of June. The stories must not be over three columns in length, nor under two, and the competitors must be between the ages of fourteen and twenty years. No one who has written and published a story will be allowed to compete, as the prizes are intended for the benefit and encouragement of young writers alone; all others being excluded. I will leave you to decide as to the merits of the respectiv stories, which are to be published in the Children's Corner as soon as space permits; and if you will kindly favor me with the names and addresses of the successful authors, I will promptly remit them the prizes.

And now, after wishing you the success you so richly deserve, I hav the honor of remaining, Most truly yours,

D. B. COZINE.

Equine Pets.

Some years ago I owned a horse, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, with which I undertook to drive to a neighboring town over the hills in the winter. A spot of hidden ice suddenly tripped her, and for a time it was impossible for her to get up. But, by efforts that entirely exhausted me, I finally got her on foot again. She never forgot it. My approach to the stable was invariably welcomed by cordial neighs; and, that not sufficing, she would put her head affectionately on my shoulder or under my arm.

On one occasion my pet Morgan called me, while I was engaged fifty rods from the barn, with loud and persistent calls that I instantly understood meant trouble. Going hastily to the stables, I found the cows had broken down a door, and were capable of doing mischief. As soon as I approached the horse gave a satisfied whinny, followed by a long sigh of relief, and went to eating very quietly.

Remarkable Memories.

There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse 40,000 words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reverse order without making a single mistake. A physician, about sixty years ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradisc Lost" without a mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's "Eneid," and could remember the first line and the last line in every page of the particular edition he had been accustomed to read before he became blind. One kind of retentiv memory may be considered as the result of sheer work, a determination toward one particular achievement without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the Bible. An old beggarman, at Sterling, known about fifty years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew thc whole of the Bible by heart, insomuch that, if a sentence was read to him, he could name the book, chapter, and verse; or, if the book, chapter and verse were namcd, hc could giv thc exact words. A gentleman to test him, repeated a versc, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy. Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage was to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman askcd him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied: "There is no such verse. That chapter has only eighty-nine verses." Gassendi had acquired by heart 6,000 Latin verses, and, in order to giv his memory exercise, he was in the habit of daily reciting 600 verses from different languages.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—NUMERIOAL PARADOXES.

One hundred eighty-four of us,

1. Is only just a *score* of us;
   Again, with all these tricks of us,
2. A *score* is only *six* of us.
3. In *six* there's only *three* of us;
4. In *nine* but *four* you see of us;
5. In *three times nine*, *eleven* of us;
6. "*A Baker's dozen*," seven of us;
7. "*Two Baker's dozens*," *nine* of us—
   Please answer true each sign of us.

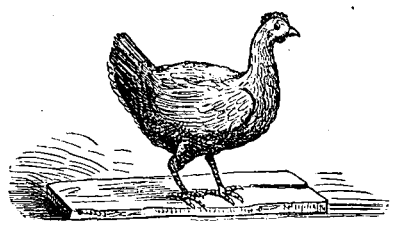
Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—OONUNDRUM.

A gentleman walking down the street met three tramps who asked him for money. To the first he gave ten cents, to the second he gave five cents, and to the third he gave ten cents, what time of day was it?

Lyons, N. Y. C. ROOKER.

3—PUZZLE.



Objects to be seen in this picture: 1. An account to settle. 2. Part of an army. 3. A romantic story. 4. My own dear self. 5. Part of a sentence. 6. What is unfair. 7. Source or beginning. 8. The refuse of flax. 9. Food and lodging. 10. Explosion of a rifle.

4.—OONUNDRUM.



This girl has cut her finger
Upon the navy sword;
And now they're like each other,
They are upon my word.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY, 22. 1886.

1.–Claymore. 2.–In haste accuse no man. 3.–Tympans. 4.–Because he is seeing it wade,

Correspondence.

NEWARK, N. J., May 25, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Is has been a long time since I wrote to you, owing to my school and studies. I happened to take up THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 15th to-day, and looking over the Children's Corner solved the enigma which is second. The answer is "Stephen Pearl Andrews." It is a little late, but I hope it will reach you in time. I attend a school quite a distance from my home. My studies consist of arithmetic, geography, grammar, spelling, and history. I also hav writing, reading, and drawing to attend. My teacher sometimes reads physiology to us, but not frequently. I will now close.

I remain your sincere friend,

CORA JEWELL MARSHALL.

[We are pleased to welcome Cora once more, and hope to hear from her soon again. —ED. C. C.]

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FOR 1886.

CHAS. A. WATTS, Editor.

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We hav received a supply of illuminated motto cards, which we offer for sale. These mottoes are intended to take the place of the "God-bless-our-home" placards which disfigure the walls of so many houses. They are printed on heavy cardboard, 9 inches by 22 1-2. The motto is in black, with colored borders, with an illuminated monogram of U. M. L. The following are the various readings:

THE LIVING HAV A RIGHT TO CONTROL THE WORLD.

FREE THOUGHT WILL GIV US TRUTH.

SUPERSTITION IS THE CHILD OF SLAVERY.

REASON IS THE LAMP OF THE MIND, THE ONLY TORCH OF PROGRESS.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IS MY CATHEDRAL.

UNIVERSAL MENTAL LIBERTY.

THE TIME TO BE HAPPY IS NOW, AND THE PLACE TO BE HAPPY IS HERE.

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE TILL TROUBLE TROUBLES YOU.

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Is there a God who sees and hears,
Who notes the sparrows when they fall,
Who knows his children's griefs and fears,
And never answers when they call?

Who guides them with a loving eye,
Permits no evil to assail?
Is near them when to him they cry,
Whose tender mercies cannot fail?

Nay, for I sought him in the morn,
I sought him in the eventide;
I sought him when, with cruel scorn,
One whom I loved cast me aside.

I lifted to him pleading eyes,
I came to him with "silent speech,"
So like the helpless babe who tries
Its mother's helping hand to reach.

Ah, if there is a God who hears
And pities when poor mortals cry,
He would regard my prayers and tears
And heal my soul's deep agony.

But nevermore an answer comes.
Back on my soul the surging tide
Of grief and sorrow rolls and looms;
No flowers bloom my path beside.

Tell me not, then, there is a God
Who bends to hear us from above,
And when he lifts the cruel rod
Applies it in the "tenderest love."

Such cant may do for those who make
Their living by the hideous lie,
But in my soul no echoes wake;
We do, we suffer, and we die.

ELVIRA MARIA SMYTHE.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 21, 1886.

Obituary.

MRS. SARAH C. HILTON.

This Liberal lady fell into the dreamless sleep which awaits us all, May 21, 1886, at the residence of her only daughter, Mrs. Sarah J. Paine, near Earlville, LaSalle Co., Ill. She was born in Embden, Somerset Co., Maine, June 11, 1818. Her parents were Timothy and Jane (McFadden) Cleveland.

Mrs. Hilton was baptized by the Rev. S. Stillson and became a member of the Free Will Baptist church, which relation was continued for twenty-five years; but as her religious views underwent a change, she found a happier association in the company of Freethinkers, and accordingly joined the New York Freethinkers' Association, and the Illinois State Liberal League. She was a woman of decided character, and possessed of a good and well-informed mind. She was known by all the community in which she lived as an out-and-out Liberal. For she added deeds to words, and was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in sickness and suffering. Her funeral was attended by a large number of friends and neighbors, many of whom were greatly surprised and scandalized at the profanity of having such a ceremony without a Bible or prayer, or a mention of the name of Jesus Christ. Her last words were:

"'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all care and sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast."

Your humble servant read the burial service. W. S. BELL.

Death of Another Worker.

From the Liberal.

From the effect of uric poisoning, Brother Frank Searls, of New Lenox, Ill., cast off the mortal body Tuesday, May 11th, at 2 A.M. His sickness was not of long duration, but during the last three or four years he had at times had very serious attacks of a complicated nature.

Brother Searls was a man of no ordinary make-up. He was born in Westchester county, N. Y., in 1828. He came west in 1850 and settled in Homer township, Will county, and was married to Miss Emily White, of Lake county, O., in 1851. The following year, in company with others, he "crossed the plains" and dug for golden ore for over a year.

Shortly after his return, in 1854, he moved with his wife and baby boy about six miles, to the township of New Lenox, on a farm, on which they made a lovely home, and which they hav occupied for over thirty-two years. Brother Searls was a practical farmer and was noted as a very successful bee raiser.

The family consists of two children, the eldest a son who is quite successful as a physician. The daughter, Miss Aga, possesses rare artistic gifts.

Brother Searls and his wife were among the early outspoken Spiritualists, and both are an honor to the cause, and exemplars of the broadest and truest Liberalism. Frank had the reputation of the most sterling integrity, for his word was never doubted. His moral courage was too true and pure for any trimming or time-serving, and it is the common expressed opinion that in him was no taint of sham or hypocrisy. He was as generous as brave, and the tenderness of his heart found an outlet in the generous deeds of his hands in time of need. As his last written words to his friends, and which he desired read ere his body was committed to the earth, he said that, in view of the uncertainty of life, he desired to say that he wished no display or eulogistic manifestations over his remains. He did not wish his body taken to a church, and desired that no member of his family should wear mourning, as he was satisfied that this had grown into a foolish and senseless custom. All that did not come as the result of our pure emotions were of no avail. If there was aught in his life worthy of imitation, imitate it and bury his imperfections with his remains. Without casting any reflections on his friends, he was sorry to say that the custom was too common of trying to outvie each other in doing and saying good things about those who had passed beyond the reach or need of their good opinion, meaning thereby that the better way is to assist our friends while they are with us and the assistance will be more practical.

As one of his old time friends, by previous arrangement I spoke on the occasion of his funeral. Large numbers attended the services; and this I can say in all truth, after an acquaintance of thirty years I look upon him as the most complete man I hav ever known.

He was a friend and patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a contributor to the Bennett monument. GEORGE LYNN.

Book Notices.

THE ORDER OF CREATION: The Conflict between Genesis and Geology. A Controversy between the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Prof. Max Müller, M. Réville, E. Lynn Linton. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place. Pp. 178. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

This book embraces the five articles which made the famous controversy on the above subject between W. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Max Muller, Albert Réville, D.D., and Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

These papers hav attracted unusual attention owing to the eminence of the principal controversialists in their respectiv fields, and many will be glad to learn that they hav been collected in a volume and reprinted by the Truth Seeker Company. It may be said at once that while all the authority resulting from distinction and admitted competence in scientific inquiry is arrayed upon the side of Mr. Gladstone's antagonists, yet such a master is he of rhetoric and dialectics that for the majority of readers the victory may seem doubtful. To all who wish to keep abreast of the time in its best and most authoritativ utterances on these subjects the reading of this book cannot well be dispensed with.—*Day Star.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1886 is replete with information of a useful and varied character. It also contains thirty portraits, in which we find "Saladin" (Stewart Ross) and Charles A. Watts mixed up with such celebrities as J. S. Mill, George Eliot, Mrs. Besant, Bradlaugh, Haeckel, Comte, Gibbon, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Voltaire, and Humboldt. We hav no word to say against these young men; but they might hav been left to win their spurs before being knighted. There is a good article on "How Voltaire Died," which will tend much to destroy one of the strongest evidences of Christianity and with it one of the most awful warnings to unbelievers. It is a thousand pities that the pious stories so often told of the death scenes of Voltaire and Paine are no truer than the fall of man, the birth of Jesus, or the fitness of St. Kerferd for the judicial bench; but, alas! so it is. We expect the Christians will be compelled soon to invent a few noted modern death-bed scenes wherewith to defend their blessed religion. Without lying, it cannot be made to work.—*Melbourne, Australia, Liberator.*

The June number of the *North American Review* has articles as follows: Socialism in America, by Richard T. Ely; Free Trade in Discussion, by Gail Hamilton; Edwin M. Stanton, by Donn Piatt; Why am I a Presbyterian? by the Rev. John Hall; Defense of Charleston, S. C., by Gen G. T. Beauregard; The President and the Senate, by Dorman B. Eaton; Gladstone, by Gen. Adam Badeau; The Labor Crisis, by Henry Clews, Rufus Hatch, and S. B. Elkins; Notes and Comments, by Senator Ingalls and Jessee Coolidge. Price fifty cents. This magazine may be ordered through the Truth Seeker Co.

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Impending Danger to Personal Liberty.

From the Mercury.

It is proper at this time to call attention to the fact that there is great danger of degrading the law to the level of oppression. The brief anarchic outburst at Chicago and the labor troubles at Milwaukee and in this city hav caused the more inconsiderate of the press to raise an unnecessary clamor which bodes no good to personal rights. In some cases selfish interests hav prompted the clamor and judges hav availed themselvs of it to ride into cheap popularity. But it is a great mistake to think that public opinion is veering towards despotism. The people are not ready for martial law in the guise of civil law. Judge Rogers, of Chicago, went very far in his charge to the grand jury when he made an accessory in a crime a principal. His idea seemed to be that of the days of Toler, the Irish judge, who was more incendiary than the alleged incendiaries whom he tried. There would be little freedom of speech if his views were carried out. Anarchists are a hateful lot, but their presence should not imperil free speech everywhere. Judge Mallory, of Milwaukee, charged the grand jury that trades unionists become conspirators when they combine to secure their objects. Such construction of the principles of law would cause the dispersal of political assemblies, in which the harangs are often violent and even revolutionary, and make every secret association punishable for conspiracy. The Federal Constitution prohibits Congress from making any law "abridging the freedom of speech, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the government for grievances." That limiting clause applies to Congress solely. It affects the people of the states but indirectly. But what says the Constitution of New York? It directly ordains that "no law shall be passed abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the government or any department thereof." It will be perceived that the state constitution gives a larger scope for the redress of grievances than the Federal organic law. But what is remarkable is the larger liberty given by the state constitution to the freedom of speech and of the press. It ordains that "every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of the same." Responsibility for abuse, as the clause shows, alludes to the remedial proceeding in the nature of libel, and not to prosecutions by the state for incendiary language. But the clause is most specific and peremptory, and concludes, "and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or the press." There is just now a need of a knowledge of personal rights as defined in the state constitution and which will be found in all the constitutions of the states. The right of free speech involves the liberty of the press, and when the mouths of all citizens are closed by law a free press will cease to exist.

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Gems of Thought.

ENGLAND should rid herself of priestcraft and the shams of theology. They are expensiv incubi that bear down mercilessly upon the masses, and cause them to believe the most absurd falsehoods and to munificently sustain their promoters.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IF it be possible to interest the imagination and the heart in favor of error it is at least no less possible to interest them in favor of truth. If it be possible to extinguish all the most generous and heroic feelings of our nature, by teaching us to connect the ideas of them with those of guilt and impiety, it is surely equally possible to cherish and strengthen them by establishing the natural alliance between our duty and our happiness. If it be possible for the influence of fashion to veil the nativ deformity of vice, and to giv to low and criminal indulgences the appearance of spirit, of elegance, and of gaiety, can we doubt of the possibility of connecting in the tender mind those pleasing associations with pursuits that are truly worthy and honorable?—*Dugald Stewart.*

IN the last year of the reign of Charles II. a great change was made in London. An ingenious projector, named Edward Henning, obtained letters patent conveying to him for a term of years the exclusiv right to light up the city. . . His scheme was enthusiastically applauded and furiously attacked. The friends of improvement extoled him as the greatest of all the benefactors of his city. What, they asked, were the boasted inventions of Archimedes when compared with the achievement of the man who had turned the nocturnal shades into noonday? In spite of these eloquent eulogies, the cause of darkness was not left undefended. There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as strenuously as fools in our age hav opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads, as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plough and of alphabetical writing.—*Macaulay.*

THE belief in "the millennium" lasted on with the vulgar and with some eminent Christians after the most thoughtful and educated men of the church had abandoned it and frowned upon the Apocalypse, just as Luther did. St. Jerome (345-420), who is called the most learned of the fathers, pronounces "the millennium and the earthly rule of the savior" to be a Jewish error; but he adds that, by his disbelief, fury will be excited against him in persons of importance.—*F. W. Newman.*

No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries, and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science.—*Ingersoll.*

THE law of servitude in marriage is a monstrous contradiction to all the principles of the modern world, and to all the experience through which those principles hav been slowly and painfully worked out. It is the sole case, now that negro slavery has been abolished, in which a human being in the plenitude of every faculty is delivered up to the tender mercies of another human being, in the hope, forsooth, that this other will use the power solely for the good of the person subjected to it. Marriage is the only actual bondage known to our law. There remain no legal slaves except the mistress of every house.—*Mill's Subjection of Women.*

COMPASSION ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we liv in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty.—*Macaulay.*

Odds and Ends.

IT was only a short time after Sam Jones left Chicago that the city began to hav riots.

IN these days the most popular minister is he who plays the saint with the men and the devil with the women.

BEFORE marriage a man thinks his girl prettier than his friend's. After marriage he thinks his friend's wife prettier than his own.

THE innate modesty of newspaper men is shown by the fact that a Texas editor killed three men the other day, and, in alluding to the incident afterward, acknowledged that he only tried to kill one.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"THERE are two things which I positivly will not eat for supper," said Gubbins. "And what are they?" asked his friend. "Breakfast and dinner," was the reply.—*Dansville Breeze.*

EIGHTEEN thousand dollars is an enormous price to pay for a small peachblow vase, that's a fact; but look at the man who squanders $30,000 on the flowing bowl, and all he has to show for it is a peachblow nose, not one-fourth the size of the vase aforesaid.—*Norristown Herald.*

THEY were arguing about the sinfulness of using tobacco. "What would you think," said the minister, impressivly, "if you met an angel coming down the street with a cigar in its mouth?" "What," retorted the sinner, "would you think if you saw one in a plug hat and a pair of ear muffs coming up the street?"—*Lowell Citizen.*

REGRET.

I do not mourn, sweet wife of mine,
Because those ruby lips of thine—
That marble brow—
Were kissed by one who might hav been,
Had I not chanced to step between,
Thy husband now.

I sigh not that his arms were placed
Some scores of times around your waist
So sweet and slim.
Oh, no, my love! the woe you see
Is mine because you wedded me
Instead of him.

"A YOUNG WIFE'S GREATEST TRIAL" is the title of a story in the Christian *Observer*. We know what it is all about just as well as if we had read it. She forgot to bring in the wood and break up the kindling the night before; then she overslept and the rain was pouring down like all possessed, and there was a small lake intervening between the back door and the wood-house, and her rubbers leaked; and then the fire wouldn't burn, and the coffee was muddy, and the muffins heavy, and the steaks burned; the baby cried, husband was cross and scolded, and she wondered why girls were all so crazy to get married.—*Chicago Sun.*

A SCENE-PAINTER'S Outfit and a Carpenter's Tool-Chest were hurrying down street when they met a Toiling Dramatist. "Out of the way!" they said, haughtily, as the Toiling Dramatist bared his head and Bowed Low. "We are going down to the Lumber-Yard to get a New American Play." "But," pleaded the Toiling Dramatist, "here is one I hav just written. The Heroin is a Pure Young Girl——" "That settles it," they said, harshly. "It's a Domestic Production. What we want is an Amerian Play that is Purely English, and hasn't a throb of any other Sort of Purity in the whole Five Acts, and we can Make it Ourselvs. Away, slight manager!" And, trampling over his Prostrate Form, they got their Lumber and Canvas, in twenty-four hours, sawed out a play which they filled with Circus Posters, and run every night for Two Years. Moral: The Race is not Always to the Swift, but sometimes to the Fellow who Cuts across the Course and Gets There.

AN old negro, much alarmed, went to a judge and said: "Jedge, dar's er lot er haugs been stoled down my neighborhood lately, an' fust thing yer know somebody's gwine ter be errested. I knows who tuck 'em, an' if you'll let me turn states everdence, I'll tell yer." "You were concerned, eh?" "Yas, sah; an' if yer'll let me turn de everdence, I'll tell yer zackly who tuck dem haugs." "All right." "Won't do nothin' wid me?" "Not a thing." "Will yer sw'ar it?" "Yes, if necessary." "But will yer put it in writin'?" "Yes." The judge drew up an agreement, and when he had read it, the old negro said: "Dat soun's sorter like it. Sho' dis dockyment'll stan'?" "Of course it will. Now tell me who stole de hogs." "Won't do nothin' wid me?" "No." "Well, jedge, I stoled dem hogs by mersef. Good-day, sah. I thanks yer fer yer kindness."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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—o—

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News of the Week.

CHOLERA is visiting Japan.

A PROHIBITORY liquor law has passed the Rhode Island House of Representativs.

THE body of Dr. Dio Lewis, who died May 21st, was cremated at the Fresh Pond, L. I., crematory.

SNOW to the depth of several inches was reported from various towns in northern Vermont on May 27th.

SEVENTEEN Icelanders and their families, who had joined the Mormon faith, landed at this port last week on their way to Utah.

A SCULLING match between Ross and Teemer last Monday for $1,000 and the championship of America was won by Teemer.

FIRE destroyed a church worth $70,000 in Elmira, N. Y., on the 27th ult. A church was also burnt in Franklin, Mass., on the same day.

THE Rev. Mr. Kittredge, under indictment for libeling a judge in Chicago, has been called to the pulpit of a church in New York city at a salary of $10,000.

COLLUM, chairman of the Executiv Committee of the Car-driver's Association of this city, is under indictment for theft, said to hav been committed four years ago.

AT Amsterdam, N. Y., Reuben Quihot, leader of the Amsterdam Salvation Army, charged with stealing sheep, has been convicted and fined $25 or three months in the penitentiary. He paid the fine.

THE Rev. Mr. Scott, pastor of the First Congregational church, of Evanston, Ill., has been asked to resign. The specific offenses charged against Mr. Scott appear to be cigar-smoking in public and riding a bicycle.

TWENTY-SIX bills of indictment were found by the Chicago grand jury against Spies, Fielden, and their confreres. The indictments are for murder, conspiracy, assault with intent to kill, and for unlawful assembly.

THE public schools were closed on Wednesday of last week in order that the Sunday-school children might parade. When the children of Jews or Freethinkers remain away from school for any cause, they are given demerit marks.

MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, the president's sister, has written a poem, which was published in a number of papers last Monday. It is entitled, "An Old Virgil with Notes," and possesses no discoverable merit. It is pretty bad poetry.

COLONEL INGERSOLL, in association with Roscoe Conkling, is counsel in a $2,000,000 suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company, of which Jay Gould is the head. His opening speech was remarked upon as being almost unequaled in the annals of the bar.

MAY 24th was the 67th anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth. It was also the third anniversary of the opening of the big bridge between New York and Brooklyn. In the three years 45,136,854 people hav crossed the bridge, and the tolls hav amounted to $1,621,-639.87.

MONSIGNOR RENIER, aged 60, a prelate in the pope's household and an eminent writer and preacher, who is the descendant of a Venetian Doge, appeared before the Rev. Dr. Nevin, in the American Church of St. Paul, May 24th, abjured the Catholic faith, and entered the Anglican Episcopal church.

THE Maine authorities retaliated on the Canadian government (which seized two Yankee fishing schooners in Canadian waters) by holding at Portland a British schooner whose captain could not show his manifest or list of cargo. The fine imposed by law is $500. The schooner was released last Sunday as an example for the Canadians to follow.

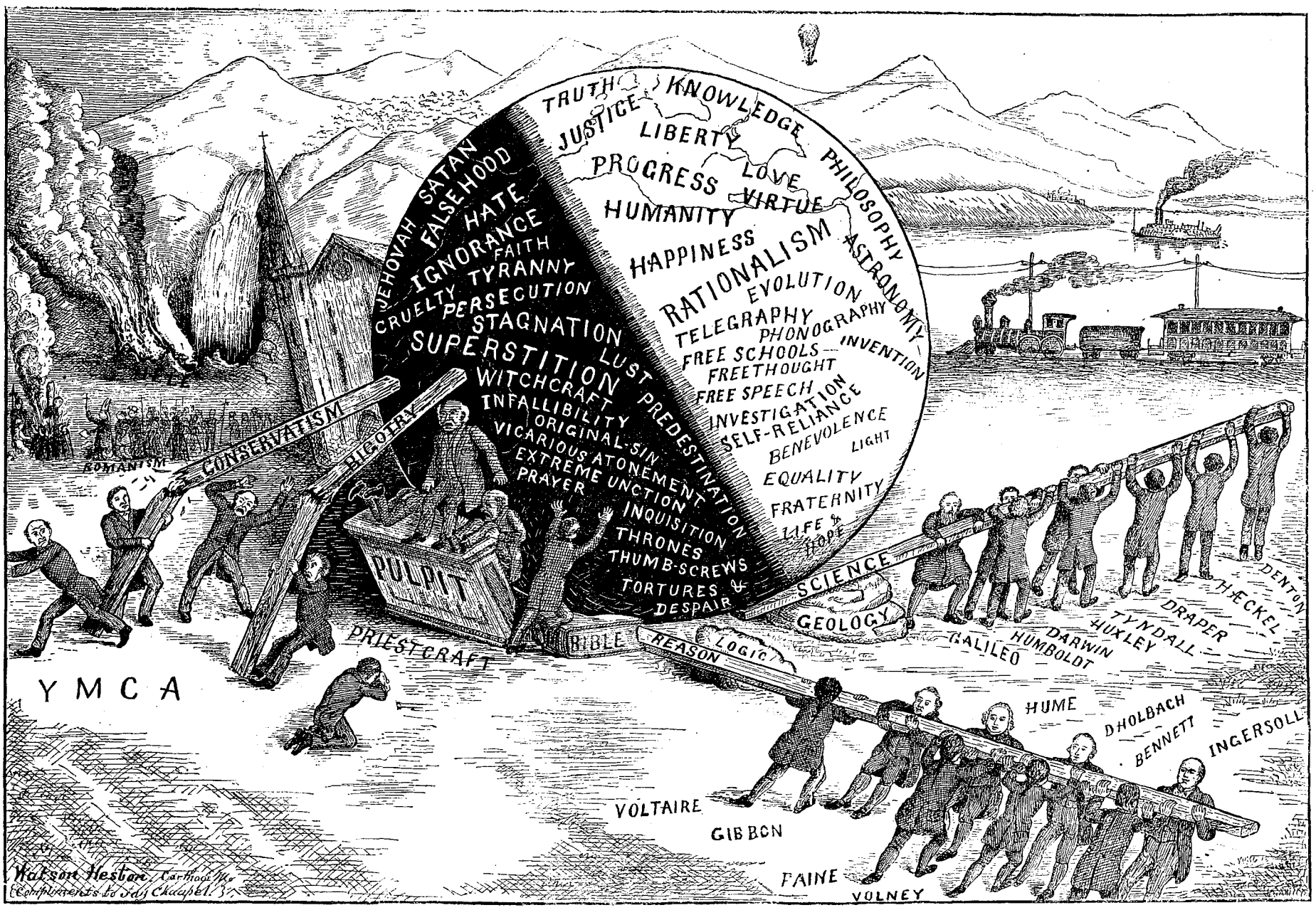
DECORATION DAY was generally observed last Monday. President Cleveland reviewed the great processions in Brooklyn and New York, and, as his wedding day was set down for Wednesday, June 2d, the bands played wedding music when they passed the grand stand. The bride-elect, Miss Folsom, saw the ceremonies from a window. There were large crowds at Grant's tomb, and the war ships in the North River fired innumerable salutes. As usual, people living outside the city came in, and those living inside went out, so that the cars and boats were crowded both ways. The weather was favorable, and the general celebration exercises of the day were regarded as finer than any previous for a long time.

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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"THE WORLD STILL MOVES."

Notes and Clippings.

MRS. MARGARET DONNAN, a widow, cut the throats of her three young daughters, May 18th, and then killed herself. She resided in Lincoln county, W. Va., and left a statement saying she had been called upon by the Lord to make the sacrifice to satisfy divine wrath.

THE Rev. J. H. Cason, of Graham, Texas, said: "I am thinking of going North to beg some money to aid in building two Baptist churches in Texas. What would you advise?" We advised him to take with him enough to pay his expenses back.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

IT is reported in an Augusta, Ga., newspaper that Sam Jones is making money fast and investing it with care. He owns several farms near Cartersville, and his house is the finest in the town. His family rides in a fine carriage drawn by good horses, and they do say in Cartersville that the first time Mrs. Jones aired her carriage she drove by the house of a certain neighbor thirteen times by actual count.

A THEOLOGICAL paper quotes an attempted translation of a passage from Edward von Hartman's "Religion of the Future," the following being the corrected translation: "Without eudæmonological pessimism evolutionistic optimism must lead to irreligious secularism; without evolutionistic optimism eudæmonological pessimism must become an indolent despondency or degenerate into religious ascetism." The theological paper attempts to ridicule this as unintelligible. The sense was clear enough, even in that which the critic had before him, the word "must" being the only one misplaced, the translator having followed the German idiom too slavishly. If the theologian does not permit a suitable technical expression for works of philosophy, he can find at least as much matter for sport in in the machine shop, in the laboratory, or in any branch of art or science. It would not do, however, to deprive theology of its technical vocabulary.—*Galveston News.*

GEORGE W. VAUGHAN, of Buffalo, has a big Confederate flag that floated over the Richmond *Dispatch* office until Richmond fell. Some time ago he wrote to the *Dispatch* people telling them that he had their old flag, and offering to exchange it for a Union flag. The answer came promptly and politely that they had had all they wanted of the rebel flag, and that Mr. Vaughan was quite welcome to it.

ON Sunday last the Roman Catholics dedicated in Stamford, Conn., one of the most magnificent church buildings in the United States. It has been sixteen years in building, and its total cost is more than half a million of dollars. Twenty-five thousand more will be required for a spire and bells. A chime similar to the famous Shandon bells will be put in when it is completed. It is superior to some cathedrals in large cities. That church has probably cost more money than the entire Catholic population of Stamford possesses, unless their circumstances hav changed within a short time. Roman Catholic methods command pecuniary success. They exact from the poor the two mites, "*nolens volens*," and from the rich all they will giv; and then, by a species of solicitation behind which the figure of the boycott appears, induce Protestant storekeepers and mechanics to contribute to their various collateral and subordinate enterprises. Hence, the magnificence of their churches does not imply the prosperity or even the comfort of their own people in general, but is one of the causes of their poverty.—*Christian Advocate.*

MR. RICHARD H. THORNTON, of Portland, Oregon, writing in the *Church Press* on Sunday observance, says: "(1.) St. Paul classes Sabbaths with 'new moons' (Col. ii. 16) in a manner simply impossible, had he regarded the decalog as integrally binding. (2.) Every commandment of the decalog, except the fourth, is substantially repeated in the New Testament. The fourth is not repeated, because it is ceremonial rather than moral. (3.) There is not a trace of any persecution of the primitiv Christians for refusing to work on Sunday, though many Christian slaves were owned by pagan masters, and the question must hav arisen everywhere, if the Fourth Commandment had formed a rule of their life. (4.) Passing by the opinions of writers like Grotius and the continental reformers, who are on my side, I refer to the decision of Bishop Sanderson, of Lincoln, a most illustrious divine, who assisted in the Prayer Book Revision of 1662. Certain cases of conscience being submitted to him, he decided 'that no part of the law delivered by Moses to the Jews doth bind Christians unto the gospel, as by virtue of that delivery; no, not the Ten Commandments themselvs, but least of all the fourth, which all confess to be, at least in some part, ceremonial.' He allows 'the moderate use of lawful recreations on the Lord's day,' but suggests, as to popular amusements, that 'shooting (with the bowl), leaping, pitching the ball, stool-ball, etc., are rather to be chosen than dicing, carding, etc.' (See Sanderson's Works, Oxford edition, vol. v.; and a valuable letter on this topic in the *American Literary Churchman*, July 16, 1883). The shield of Sanderson is broad enough to cover an Anglican."

SHE declaimed with fervid vigor on the misery of the Digger, cut a most dramatic figure while lamenting his condition.
And she said the bare Numidian, and the much-tanned Abyssinian, and the Cannibal and Guinean overflowed her with contrition.
And her deep sighs weighed the breezes for those lands where bread nor cheese is, for the Turks and the Chineses she was filled with deep emotion;
And her ardent love was greater, all the more she strove to cater to those tribes beyond the equator or across a distant ocean.
And like Rachael, that sweet Jewess, she wept tears as thick as glue is, at the actions of St. Louis and Chicago's degradation.
And that these towns where such sin is, such a race for golden guineas, might be made as good as Lynn is, was her prayer and supplication.
And the wild men of Alaska or of barbarous Madagascar, she would say, if you, should ask her, that she loved them deep and tender,
While her husband, luckless victim, looks as if the fates had licked him, and through back streets where they kicked him, walked about with one suspender.—*Lynn Union.*

Communications.

A Bill of Indictment Against Religions Per Se.

BY JACOB HENDERSON.

III.

RELIGION IN THE LIGHT OF SECULAR AS WELL AS CHURCH HISTORY.

I now come to examin the character of religion in the light of general history. In the Bill of Indictment I hav drawn up, not only to substantiate the remark of Darwin that it is not needed at all as a factor in making society either safe or happy, but that it is the most positiv and dangerous element in the human character, the difficulty is to know where to begin and where to end in citing the proof.

It is said that a tiger's whelp, when taken at birth from the dam, will lap milk and gambol round its keeper like a kitten, but that when grown up the smell or the taste of blood will develop its carnivorous propensity so that it will tear to pieces and devour its benefactor. It is exactly so with the religious sentiment. Overawed by circumstances and unprovoked, it remains latent, and its possessor gets the credit of being amiable. But when circumstances change by its being invested with power, and provocation comes, it rouses from its sleep and shows its true character. If there were a *consensus* of all the religionists in the world as to what religion really is, in itself considered, and as to the way it should develop itself, as proof that it was a good and safe principle of action; that its wrath would only be kindled against some form of error or of wrong upon which they were all agreed, the world might know what to expect. But it has a peculiarity visible in its whole history that, while it is intrinsically and in essence the same in all ages and nations as a force in the human character, it is totally unprincipled in selecting the objects on which it expends the force. It has a whole pantheon of gods to fear and worship, pagan, Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan, with creeds as antagonistic as fire and gunpowder, and, like a Swiss mercenary, it has always been willing to serve each and all of them at the same time in shedding each other's blood. Its thirst for blood is unquenchable. It inspired the Athenians to put Socrates to death to appease the pagan gods of Greece. It impelled the Jew to stone to death even the wife of his own bosom if, for reasons satisfactory to herself, she changed her opinions and worshiped any other god but Jehovah. It enthused the prophet Samuel with holy zeal, and strengthened his arm when he hewed his captiv Agag in pieces before the Lord. It fired the Moslem's faith and made him giv his Christian foe the alternativ of accepting the Koran as a revelation from God, and Mohammed as the prophet of God, or the cimeter. It animated the Christian in slaughtering the Moslem because he would not giv up the holy places at Jerusalem to be occupied by the church, and to be made ready for Christ at his second coming. It prompted Catholic nations to war against Catholic nations, and Protestant nations to war against nations of its own faith. Its utter unscrupulousness made it act like a pack of wolves whose hunger is so intense that they fall upon and devour each other. It was not Catholic*ism*, Method*ism*, Presbyterian*ism*, Episcopalian*ism*, and Bapt*ism*, which in 1850, converted the ministers and members of those great national churches of the United States into legal bloodhounds to chase down Christian fugutiv slaves and return them to a bondage which they dreaded worse than death. It was their propitiatory religion which, believing that slavery was a divine institution allowed by the Old Testament and the New, sought to please God and brighten their hopes of heaven by imitating the inspired apostle, Paul, who returned the absconding Onesimus to his master. Our late civil war was essentially a *religious* movement. The clergy having taught the people till they believed it, that slavery was an institution of the Bible, what could so honor God as to found a vast Christian empire upon it as the chief cornerstone? To be sure their scheme, if carried out, would defeat the intentions of the fathers of the republic, and blast the hopes of the world for universal free government. It would require the sacrifice of half a million of men in the prime of life, and fill the land with widows and orphans. But what of that? They were faithful to their *religious* convictions, and believed, almost to the last, that the God of the Bible would interpose, as if by miracle, to assist them in executing their plans. This accounts for the fact that from Davis and Lee down so large a portion of the civilians and officers of the Southern army were devotedly pious and full of faith.

It was the same blind and cruel sentiment which led our Puritan fathers to propitiate heaven, and giv ease to their tender consciences, by torturing witches and Quakers and putting them to death in the most agonizing forms. When Servetus was burning at the stake in Geneva, Farrel, the reformer, and Calvin's right-hand man, implored him, with tears running down his cheeks, to confess that Christ was the *eternal* son of God, and thus be snatched as a brand from the burning in a double sense. It was the human heart throbbing in his bosom that was touched with pity for the sufferer. But it was the cruel devil of his religion which, when Servetus refused to recant, whispered in his ear that the sacrifice then being offered up was acceptable to God and made him acquiesce in the order to pile on the fagots.

After the destruction of the Jewish nationality, the bulldog pertinacity of the religious sentiment exhibited itself for eighteen hundred years in the persecution of the Jews. Although Christ himself was a Jew, and "the Virgin Mother of God" was a Jewess, The Christians persecuted the Jews until their race character was entirely changed. In Palestine they were an agricultural and home-staying people, living contentedly by their industry, and drawing their subsistence from the soil. But the religion of the Christians, by its undying hate, converted them into a nation of traders and money-lenders, whose wealth they could put into their pockets when the torch of persecution was lighted and they were compelled to flee for their lives. The very clannishness and exclusivness of their character superinduced by such long continued and cruel treatment has been the occasion of social discrimination and hatred in our day, and even under the American flag.

The Catholic Inquisition, which tortured the lives out of thousands of its victims, was called the "holy" Inquisition, because these human sacrifices were suggested by, and satisfied, for the time being, the craving of what is considered the *holiest* instinct of our nature, our *religion*. When the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, and the streets of Paris were slippery with the blood of Protestants, and when the glad tidings reached Rome, the pope, with his retinue of cardinals, bishops, and priests, marched in solemn procession to the church, and there poured out their thanksgivings in a *Te deum laudamus* for the holy achievement of that faithful son of the church, Charles IX.

But you say it was the *Catholic* religion which in this, and in so many other cases, painted its own character with blood. Let us see if the Protestant religion is any better. In 1630 Laud, the Episcopalian bishop of London, in the exuberance of his pious zeal, set the hounds of the Star Chamber upon the track of the Rev. Dr. Leighton, a Puritan preacher, for a pamphlet entitled, "*Sion's Plea Against Prelacy*." For thus daring to question the divine authority of episcopacy, he was tried and sentenced to be publicly whipped at Westminster, to stand in the pillory there, to hav one ear cut off, one side of his nose slit, one cheek branded with a hot iron, the whole of this to be repeated at Cheapside, the following week, upon the other side of his mangled head, to pay a fine of £10,000, and suffer life-long imprisonment in the Fleet (see State Trials, vol. iii). When this terrible sentence was pronounced Laud took off his hat in the Star Chamber, and thanked God!

In 1634 Prynne, a Puritan lawyer, wrote a book against the theater, which the king and queen often attended. For this he was fined £10,000, branded in the forehead, had one ear cut off in Cheapside, the other in Palace Yard, stood twice in the pillory, had his books burnt before his face, and was imprisoned for life. Laud was the chief inciter of the process. Prynne, while in prison, wrote against prelacy a second time, was again indicted, was pilloried in Palace Yard, had his ears cut off again—for they had been sewed on, and had healed during his long imprisonment—and he was fined another £5,000, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Laud, in the Star Chamber, made a most virulent speech against Prynne, and concluded by thanking that iniquitous court for its defense of the church. No one can read with dry eyes the account of this execution in the State Trials; how the executioner cut off one of Prynne's ears so close that he cut off a piece of the cheek with it; and how Laud, the bishop, refused to allow Prynne's servant to tend his masters sores. But the great principle of reaction in human affairs came into play, and, although Prynne was sentenced to bankruptcy and imprisonment for life, he lived long enough to come out of jail, to see Laud's head cut off by the executioner at Tower Hill, to hav the Star Chamber sentence reversed by the House of Commons, and an award of £5,000 damages against the judges of that court.

My object in these quotations from the volume of State Trials is to show the utterly diabolical character, not of Laud and his fellow-persecutors, but of that feeling or instinct called *religion*, which made them the cruel monsters they were. It selfishly demanded all the agony its victims endured, so that the persecutors—not the sufferers—might secure the favor of God by stamping out heresy. The religious hunger in man is by no means fastidious in its taste. It relishes one kind of food as much as another, *provided* it be bloody. In the two cases just recited it was the Episcopalian religion glutting itself with Puritan blood. But the Puritan religion was as fond of this diet as that of the pagan, the Catholic, and the Protestant Episcopalian. For, when Cromwell, the Puritan, returned from the wholesale slaughter of the Catholics in Ireland, he was as devout in his ascriptions of praise to God for the success of the cruelties he had so unscrupulously practiced as the pope and cardinals were over the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Does the religious instinct behave any better in the "orthodox," or Greek, church than in the Catholic or Protestant churches? See a single sample in Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great, who, although she was a notorious strumpet in her morals, condemned two ladies of her court to receive fifty lashes of the knout, in the open square of St. Petersburg, to hav their tongues cut out, and be banished to Siberia, for divulging some of her many amours. But what of that? She atoned for it all by her scrupulous yearly confessions at Easter, by her punctuality in all the daily offices of religion, and by the intense and exalted spirituality of her secret devotions. Her murderous crimes were mere peccadiloes—spots on the sun that don't affect its light or heat. A crime, if practiced by a *saint*, loses its blackness, if it be not whitewashed into a virtue.

The Crusades, which occupied the exclusiv attention of Europe for several centuries, was another purely *religious* movement of the Christians, who, hallucinated with the belief that, whereas Jesus failed to make good his promis that after his death he would return to earth during the lifetime of that generation, and set up his visible kingdom, he would now, at the close of the prophetic period of a thousand years, fulfil his promis. But as the throne of his power must be where his sepulcher was, at Jerusalem, and as the holy city was in possession of the Moslems, Peter the Hermit, after infuriating the religious zeal of Christendom, raised a vast army to march to Palestine, dispossess the Moslem, and prepare David's throne for "David's son," when he should come in the clouds of heaven to assume the royal scepter. But Jesus never came. The delusion, however, cost untold expenditures of blood and treasure, and ought to hav satisfied the world then of the danger and utter unreliability of the religious instinct which created it. But it lasted long enough for religion to display another feature of its character besides its taste for blood—its disposition to *plunder*. It was then that the priesthood, again taking advantage of the ignorance and credulity of the people, persuaded the pious crusader, when he enlisted for the holy war, in view of the end of the world being near at hand, to deed over his houses and lands to the church, leaving his wife and children penniless. The implicitness of the people's faith in the priesthood, and their brutal ignorance, are seen in this, that it never seems to hav occurred to the crusader to ask the rapacious priest, as he signed the deed of conveyance, "Of what use will these lands be to the *church*, if, after we hav expelled the Turks from the holy places, and Christ has taken his seat upon his throne, the world is going to be burnt up?"

The modern sects, that hav come into existence in later times—Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Unitarians, and others—congratulate themselvs that their record is not stained with the blood of slaughtered heretics, as is that of the old sects—the Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, and the Puritans. But it is because they hav had no chance to let their religion show itself. They hav all, however, shown their canine teeth, which proves them to be the children of the same mother. Even Unitarianism, which boasts of having no creed, and which has scarcely any individuality of character at all, has plenty of the old leaven of *religion*, for it ached fairly, like the Catholic Torquemada, "to put a hook into the jaw" of the Boston heretic, Theodore Parker. But, shamed by the spirit of the age, the same men whose religion prompted them to attempt to silence his lips while he lived, like their illustrious predecessors, the pharisees of Jerusalem, are now garnishing the tomb of the great prophet by republishing his utterances with approbation.

THE ARGUMENTUM AD VERECUNDIAM.

The argument addressed to one's modesty is not a very modest one to use when he who uses it, however humble he may be, belongs to the class in whose favor it is urged. But facts are facts. As proof positiv that men may not only suppress their hereditary weakness called religion, but accomplish its entire eradication, and thus approximate perfection in moral character, I point to the master minds of this age, scientists and philosophers, in England, France, Germany, and the United States. I point, also, to that long list of noble women whose intelligence and love of truth hav liberated them from the bondage of this sentiment, which has constituted their sex a degraded caste for eighteen hundred years. For their knowledge, their uprightness in all the relations of life, and for their calm courage, and loyalty to their convictions of truth, there is no class of people so exemplary as the class called "Infidels." Among the bank defaulters, who plunder the trust funds of widows and orphans, and other transgressors of the law who obtrude themselvs upon the public attention in the courts of justice, how few, if any at all, are Infidels! All over this country, when the charge of Infidelity is made by the church people against anyone, it is presumptiv evidence that he is a thinking, intelligent man, and upright and honorable in his dealings. The singularity of this fact is fast changing the old, re-

proachful epithet of "Infidel" into a term of honor. The superior intelligence of this class, their self-respect, and their consciousness that compliance with the rules of natural morality is both right in itself and best for the interests of society, make them willingly obedient to the law, and they giv no trouble to their country as criminals.

See, in contrast with this class, the astonishing number of religionists who are pilloried in the newspapers, shut up in penitentiaries, or compelled to join the Canadian colony of criminal saints, many of them being clergymen who in their lives violate their own teachings in the pulpit, and prove to the world that the hopes of heaven and the fears of hell, which constitute their *religion*, hav no restraining influence in making them either just or decent men. As a further elucidation of the point in hand, everyone has observed, in the long list of clerical delinquents in this country, that the most flagrant immoralities—rape, robbery, and other penitentiary offenses—do not seem to impair the confidence of the rank-and-file "*saints*" in the *religious* character of the criminals as ministers of the gospel. After the commission of the most abominable outrages, these "embassadors of Christ" go into their pulpits and perform their clerical functions, and their people listen as if nothing had happened! Thus the eternal distinction between right and wrong is entirely wiped out at the bidding of religion.

ONE REASON, PERHAPS, WHY THE SAINTS ALLOW THEMSELVS TO SIN.

When we analyze the emotions growing out of the religious instinct, we find that the criminal saint, when he is tempted to transgress the law, lays the flattering unction to his soul that Jesus, the great bondsman, will pay the debt he is about to incur, if he himself remains in good health, and repents of it before he dies. He has heard the cheering words of Jesus that "*there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than in ninety and nine just men who need no repentance,*" because they hav not sinned; and under the influence of this secret bribe he induces himself to believe that he will make the heavenly arches resound with the acclamations of angels and glorified spirits, when, after he is satiated with sin, and repents, he will be brought back to the fold as the lost sheep by the great shepherd, while the rest of the flock remain in the wilderness. There can be no doubt that the natural tendency of the doctrin of vicarious atonement is to place him who believes it, and applies it to himself, at the mercy of any temptation that assails him, because he secretly feels that his sins were atoned for before he was born, and that, when he commits them, he can draw by faith on the merits of Christ's atoning blood to satisfy the demands of the violated law. A spendthrift son, whose deceased father had placed millions of money in the bank subject to his check, contracts debt without hesitation, because he knows he is abundantly able to pay. This doctrin, laid hold of by the necessities of religion, has always made the church a city of refuge for transgressors of all kinds. To-day, and in this country, when a shrewd and sagacious man becomes an ardent religionist, and is devoted to the church, he awakens suspicion, if he occupies a responsible position in a moneyed institution, that he is out on a plundering expedition.

The Infidel, for a motiv to an upright life, is under no such delusion as that which misleads a Christian. Happily for himself and society, he has no religion at all. He does right in his relations to himself and others because it is right in itself so to do, and conduces to the general welfare of society of which he is a member. Besides this he believes and practices upon the fact that for a wilful deed of wrong, either against himself or any other person, there is no such thing as forgivness; that, as it is a debt which he himself has contracted, so he himself must pay it, even to the uttermost farthing. The inexorableness of this law of natural morality, and the fearfulness of that most terrible word in the English language—remorse—as illustrated in the lives of evil-doers, are omnipotent motivs, and secure the perpendicularity of his walk through life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ingersoll on the Labor Question.

From an Interview.

Every man ought to be willing to pay for what he gets. He ought to desire to giv full value for what he has received. The man who wants $2 worth of work for $1 is no honest man. The man who wants others to work to such an extent that their lives are burdens is utterly heartless. The toil of the world should continually decrease. Of what use are your inventions if no additional comforts find their way to the homes of labor?

Why should labor fill the world with wealth and liv in want?

Every labor-saving machine should help the whole world. Every one should tend to shorten the hours of labor.

Reasonable labor is the source of joy. To work for wife or child, to toil for those you love, is happiness, provided you can make them happy. But to work like a slave; to see your wife and children in rags; to sit at a table where food is coarse and scarce; to rise at four in the morning, to work all day, and throw your bones on a miserable bed at night; to liv without leisure, without rest, without making those who love you comfortable and happy—this is not living; it is dying—a slow lingering crucifixion.

The hours of labor should be shortened. With the vast, wonderful improvements of the nineteenth century, there should not only be the necessaries of life for those who toil, but comforts and luxuries as well.

What is a reasonable price for labor? I answer: Such a price as will enable a man to lay by something for his declining years, so that he can hav the feeling of a man.

I sympathize with every honest effort made by the children of labor to improve their condition. That is a poorly governed country in which those who do the most hav the least. There is something wrong when men hav to beg for leave to toil. We are not yet a civilized people; when we are, pauperism and crime will vanish from our land.

I sympathize with the wanderer, with the vagrant out of employment—with sad, weary men who are seeking for work. When I see one of these men, poor and friendless, no matter how bad he is, I think that somebody loved him once; that he was once held in the arms of a mother; that he slept beneath her loving eyes, and wakened in the light of her smile; I see him in the cradle listening to lullabies sung soft and low, and his little face dimpled as though by rosy fingers of joy. And then I think of the strange and winding paths, the weary roads that he has traveled from that mother's arms to vagrancy and want.

There should be labor and food for all.

Concerning Christians.

Christians! What about Christians? Where are they to be found? What a query or brace of queries when they surround one on every hand! Yes, the Christians are a numerous body, counting in all claimed to be such, including all those born in so-called Christian lands of so-called Christian parents—Christians nominally by accident of birth—and a very much mixed lot they are, too, spreading out as they do, from pulpit to penitentiary, in every Christian land. But the real simon-pure Christians, ranking with the truly good men of any other or no religion, do they abound to any alarming extent? No; they are as few and far between as angels' visits or doctors' cures.

The saying, born in diplomatic circles in Europe, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," cannot be applied in the Christian case, for one might scratch a thousand Christians and not find ten truly good men. The writer has been scratching them for thirty years, right and left, and the number of his fingers and thumbs exceeds that of true men found. Were there a saying to this effect, "Scratch a Christian and you will find a hypocrit," the rarity of exception would prove it an iron rule; yes, an iron rule, indeed.

"Then you assume," says a Christian at the writer's elbow, "that the average Infidel is a better man than the average Christian?"

"Inasmuch as he is not a pious fraud, stealing the livery of heaven in which to serve the devil, he is a better man," the writer answers. "An Infidel may be a moral, but, of course, cannot be a religious hypocrit; and of the two evils he is certainly the lesser one, for the religious hypocrit is always a moral hypocrit—a duality in hypocrisy.

Now, of two horse-dealers, one an Infidel, the other a Christian, and I wanted to buy a horse, I should certainly go to the Infidel, for, taking it for granted that I should be cheated in either case—somehow or other there seems to be an ironclad incompatibility between honesty and the nature of a horse-dealer—I should much prefer to be cheated by him than the other, as he wouldn't protest that he was a servant of Christ all the while he was trying to stick me with a wind-broken or spavined plug. Being an Infidel it is natural, I suppose, that I should go to the Infidel horse-dealer, the Christian as naturally going to the other, finding consolation later on in the fact that he was not stuck by a godless man, but by a man of God.

Square-toed, broad-backed, honest-Indian Christians are, in the light of my experience with Christians as they run, *rara aves;* yes, indeed, rare birds. It must be understood that the writer speaks of professional Christians. There are multitudes of nominal Christians lumped as the genuin article, but neither fish, flesh, nor fowl in the matter of theological opinion or religious belief, that would pan out a large percentage of square-backs, let us hope, even in the face of recent developments in high places; but I iterate and reiterate that square-backs are *rara aves* among the professedly pious population. Why, a Christian preacher, so-called—Jo Cook—speaking lately of the number of professional Christians in the world, said he hoped—hoped, mind that—that one in twelve was a real Christian! He didn't venture it as his belief, but hoped there was one in twelve! Eight and a half per cent! A rather small percentage, but greater even than he would flat-footedly claim.

If the Rev. Jo means by real Christians those who hav entered for the heavenly stakes, confident of passing under the string as winners, I think that when he hoped for only eight and a half real Christians even out of a hundred, he hoped for more than he could bag; for, unless the eleventh-hour or death-bed repentance, not to mention that of condemned murderers, when the gallows is the assured means to this end, admits of their being slated for heavenly joys, eight and a half per cent of those entered will not pass under the string winners, the trouble being that many will try to win by a "foul," and fail, and many more find they are too heavily "handicapped" to win.

The fact seems to be that the path to heaven is too narrow, if not too straight, for the pilgrims of earth to pursue with ease and comfort; the rules and regulations of the road seem to be too numerous, too onerous, and too exacting for human nature to comply with readily; hence the more numerously-traveled broad-gauge road to sheol. If the path and the requirements are not respectivly narrower and more onerous than they should be, then the mistake was made in human nature; it wasn't built up to meet the heavenly demands upon it; it is too weak or they are too exacting. This mistake, however, in the eternal fitness of things, wouldn't matter if all had a chance to repent at the last moment, repentance being the one thing essential; but many are cut off without a moment's notice, and the chance to repent is not theirs, and they perhaps walking much more in the narrow path than those who get in their repentance at the eleventh hour. Repent even at three-quarters past the eleventh hour, and ye shall be saved, and never another man so great a villain; shut out from repentance by sudden death, and your goose will be cooked, and be kept cooking for ever, in the oven of sheol, and never a squarer man in life! This doesn't seem to be the equitable thing; yet, nevertheless, it is the iron rule of the road to heaven.

Now, for an illustration of this iron rule, let us take one of these entries for the heavenly stakes. Let us say that he is fully up to the average of the "field," as good a Christian as you could find; in short, a squarely good man—such a one would be just as good a man by the name of Infidel as Christian—who keeps pretty steadily in the narrow path, shying over into the broad road semi-occasionally only, say, owing to the fact that his human nature is not always equal to his good intentions. Well, say he goes to bed to-night, after repenting on reverential knee of his sins to-day, with a prayer for forgivness, and sleeps the sleep of the righteous.—I once saw a murderer asleep, and a more peaceful slumber and pleasanter expression of countenance I never witnessed, but, perhaps, he was dreaming of heaven where murderers most will congregate, they generally having abundance of time for repentance.—Well, our friend gets up in the morning, and, after his orisons, sits down to breakfast, but, before the first mouthful, is suddenly confronted with a crumpled *billet doux* in the hands of his better half irate, with face flushing and eyes flashing, who, as every well regulated better-half is in duty bound to do, has gone through his pockets in his slumber, and brought forth to the light of day a damaging witness against her spouse, *prima facia* evidence of *crim. con.*, *horribile dictu*, if not a catch *flagrante delicto!*

Staggered and thrown off the center, as it were, by the sudden apparition of the criminating witness, our friend plunges precipitately into the pitfall of prevarication, floundering about like a flounder hooked out of its nativ element and thrown into the basket of the fisher, and settling matters, after a fashion, only by a flat-footed fib at last—perhaps the first, surely the last, fib he ever told her. With half a breakfast, eaten without appetite—these *billets doux*, sweet *per se*, but contraband of conjugal love, and paralyzing when brought forth by the party of the third part, are not conduciv to appetite—our friend goes forth to the world as usual, leaving behind him the black fib, and is instantly killed by a falling stone as he passes a house in process of erection within a block of his own. Now, by the Christian or heavenly program, this man is doomed, or his soul is, to everlasting torment in the fiery furnaces of sheol! This seems to be horribly monstrous, or monstrously horrible, as you like it, but all the same it is the Mosaic law, and as immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

It would seem that Christians, to be cocksure of a seat in heaven, must needs be on the stool of repentance continually; but as they can't be, and attend to business, there ought to be, in view of sudden and unexpected calls to the other side of Jordan, a system of previous or advance repentance, so that a Christian could repent a month ahead, say, of whatever sins he might commit in that line. I should like to hear from Christians in regard to this idea, entirely original with me.

But I fear I am taking up space that should be accorded my betters, and in conclusion will say that as all that glitters is not gold, so all who shine as Christian lights are not, by a long shot, square-back mortals, the term "square-back" being understood.

SI SLOKUM.

Moody's Sermon on "Blood."

"Would you turn to Genesis xii, 13? 'And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked; and, behold! behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram aud offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.' We find here another type. The ram was typical; he was offered up in the place of Abraham's son. God loved Abraham so much that he spared his son; but God loved us so much that he did not spare his son, but freely gave him up for us all. Here we find that mountain-peak sprinkled with blood. Abraham was willing to do all the Lord had told him, for he took the knife, and was ready giv all to God. . . Then again in Exodus xii, 13, we read: 'And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where you are; and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.' . . Wherever blood was upon the door-post death passed over, and that kept death out. It was not what they were. He did not say, 'When I see your prayers, your good deeds, I will pass over you;' but 'When I see the blood I will pass over you.' A little child that night behind the blood in Goshen was as safe as Moses. . . But if you are behind the blood of the Lamb, you are as safe for heaven as any man living on earth. It ain't when I see how holy you are—how you go to church every Sabbath—how you say your prayers—how you pay your debts—but when I see the blood. . . It was the ark that saved the fly and the elephant, and it is the blood that saves the weakest and the strongest. . . The blood shall be a token, and the great question is, Hav you got the token? If death should come after any one of us to-night, are we sheltered behind the blood? that is the point. It is the blood that atones. Not my good resolutions, or prayers, or position in society, or what I hav done, but what has been done by another. God looks for the token. . . We must be born of the spirit, and sheltered by the blood, and then we become pilgrims for heaven. Turn to Exodus xxix, 16: 'And thou shalt slay the lamb, and thou shalt take his blood and sprinkle it round about the altar.' Even Aaron could not come to God until he sprinkled blood round about the altar. From the time Adam fell there has been no other way a man can approach God but by the blood. You cannot hav an audience of God until you come by the way of the blood. So it has been for six thousand years. It has never been otherwise, and never will be. Leviticus viii, 23: 'And he slew it; and Moses took of the blood of it and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot.' I had used to read a passage like this, and say it seemed absurd. I think I understand it now. The blood upon the ear, that a man can hear the voice of God. A man must be sheltered behind the blood before he can hear God's voice. The blood upon the hand, that a man may work for God. You cannot work for God until you are sheltered behind the blood, and until you are sheltered it all stands for naught. You may build churches, endow colleges, pay ministers and missionaries salaries, but it all goes for naught until you are sheltered behind the blood. . . God demands blood. He demands life. Man has sinned, therefore life must be forfeited, and I must die or find somebody to die for me. My friends, I hav only just touched this subject. If you read your Bibles carefully you will find the scarlet thread running through the Bible. It commenced in Eden and flows on to Revelation. I cannot find anything to tell me the way to heaven but by the blood. That book [holding up the Bible] wouldn't be worth carrying home if you take the scarlet thread out of it, and it don't teach anything else, for the blood commences in Genesis and goes on to Revelation. That is what this book is written for. It tells its own story, and if a man should come and preach another gospel don't you believe him. If an angel should come and preach anything else don't believe it. And if you are in a church, either dissenting or established, and the minister doesn't preach the blood, you get out of it as Lot did out of Sodom. Don't trifle with this subject of the blood. In your dying hour you would giv more to be sheltered behind this blood than for all the world. . . When I was in Dublin I gave a lecture on 'The Blood,' and a lady wrote me and said, if the blood was so important, why was it the early preachers, the apostles, and Christ himself never referred to it? I hadn't time to write to the lady, but I wish she was present to-day, for I will prove that the early Christians preached nothing else. Would you turn to Acts ii, 22-36. It was Christ and him crucified the apostles preached, and nothing else. It was this preaching God blessed, and which brought so many in one day to the cross of Christ. [To further prove this, Mr. Moody quoted Acts iv, 10; Acts v, 29; Acts vii, 52; Acts viii, 32; Acts xvii, 2, 18, 31; Hebrews ix, 22; Matthew xxvi, 28; Revelations i, 5.] If a man makes light of the blood, how is he going to be washed in it? If he makes light of the blood, how is he going to get rid of his sins? and how is he going to stand before that pure God unless his sins are washed away? . . Colossians i, 20: 'And having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven.' The blood of the cross speaks peace. If I am sheltered behind the blood there is peace, and there is no peace until my sin is covered. . . . The blood of Christ speaks peace, and it will bring peace to every guilty conscience and aching heart to-day if you only seek it. John xix, 34: 'But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water.' There is a beautiful thought contained in this verse. The spear that went into the side of the son of God was the crowning point of earth and hell. I don't see how they could hav done a more cruel thing than that. You may say that was the crowning act of sin. And the blood came out and covered the spear, and a fountain was thus open in the house of David for sin. The blood touched the Roman spear, and it was not long before he had the Roman government. The blood ran down from his side, and God will hav the world by-and-by. . . God is going to judge the world by the blood. 'What did you do with the blood?' If we make light of that blood, and send back an insulting message, saying we don't want the blood of God's dear son, we shall stand speechless before God's tribunal. What hav you done with God's blood? If we make light of that blood what is going to become of our souls? . . Revelation xii, 11: 'And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death.' I don't believe there is a word in the Bible Satan is fearing more than the word blood. I shall receive a good many letters to-morrow attacking me for what I hav said to-day. These letters will say it is heathenish to stand up and preach what would only do for an unenlightened age. May God forgiv anyone who would dare to teach such a thing. If you will read your Bible in the light of Calvary, you will find there is no other way of coming to heaven but by the blood. The devil don't fear ten thousand preachers who preach a bloodless religion. A man who preaches a bloodless religion is doing the devil's work, and I don't care who he is. It is said of old Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Seminary, that as the students left, he would take them by the hand and say, 'Young man, make much of the blood—make much of the blood.' . . Sinner, be wise! don't make light of the blood. An aged minister of the gospel, when on his dying bed, said, 'Bring me the Bible.' Putting his finger upon the verse, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanses us from all sin,' he said, 'I die in the hope of this verse.' It wasn't his fifty years' preaching, but the blood of Christ. When we stand before God's tribunal we shall be as pure as God, because we shall be washed in the blood of the Lamb. During the American war a doctor heard a man saying, 'Blood, blood, blood!' The doctor thought this was because he had seen so much blood, and sought to divert his mind. The man smiled and said, 'I wasn't thinking of the blood upon the battle-field, but I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me as I am dying.' As he died, his lips quivered, 'Blood, blood, blood!' and he was gone. It will be precious when we come to our dying bed—it will be worth more than all the world then. . . The blood is upon the mercy-seat, and while it is upon the mercy-seat you go into the kingdom. God says, 'There is the blood; it is all I hav to giv.' The blood is there, and God says, 'As long as it is there, there is hope for you. I am satisfied with the finished work of my son, and will you be satisfied.' Don't go out until you can claim this as yours. Think of that Atheist we hav been praying for who is dying. I hope he will lay hold of Christ before he dies. How dark and sad it is to go to the bed-side of a dying Infidel or Atheist, or one who is dying without the light of the resurrection morn. I hope the light will burst in upon him before it is too late. If we trust to Christ, death has lost its sting and the grave its victory. You may hav read of that good man in America, Alfred Cookman. While his friends were gathered round his dying couch his face lit up, and with a shout of triumph, he said, 'I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!' And this echoes and re-echoes through America to-day, 'I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!' May these be our last words, and there will be no trouble then about an entrance into the kingdom of God."

Freethought in Texas.

Monday morning, May 24th, found me at Longview. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights I lectured in the court-house at this place. The attendance was not very large, but greatly annoyed the bigots nevertheless. One devout Christian, named John Maddox, proposed that he would be one of a dozen men to take me out of town. Texans are noted for their bravery. Here was a heroic soul, who in defense of his creed stood ready to vanquish one twelfth part of a little Infidel.

The Freethinkers at Longview are not numerous, P. E. Coleman, W. W. Wood, Capt. A. W. Morrison, Luke Howard, and Col. Thos. Durham being about the only ones who take an interest in the cause. But these are all true men, and deserve much credit for the unpopular stand they hav taken. B. A. Norris, formerly on the staff of the New York *World*, and who attended my lectures at Corsicana, kept me company while at Longview.

Thursday at 3 A.M. I left Longview for Cooper, county seat of Delta county, where I was advertised to begin a course of lectures Thursday night. Near Marshall a wreck caused a delay of five hours, which prevented me from making connections at Jefferson, and compelled me to remain there a day. This is the second time during my lecturing career that a wreck has prevented me from reaching my appointments on time. Both, too, hav occurred in northeastern Texas. Three years ago my train was wrecked not fifty miles from where the present wreck occurred.

On Friday afternoon I reached Sulphur Springs, where I found Joel Hays waiting to convey me to Cooper, twenty miles distant. At Cooper I gave five lectures, speaking Friday night, Saturday afternoon, Saturday night, Sunday afternoon, and Sunday night. Saturday afternoon, Saturday night, and Sunday night large audiences were present. The meetings were held in the court-house. It was with great difficulty that a hall was secured. The churches, built to a great extent with funds begged from Liberals and with the understanding that they were to be used for secular meetings if desired, were of course refused. The county commissioners were Christians, and, although the heaviest tax-payers in the county are Liberals and the building used for nearly every purpose, objected to its being used for a Liberal meeting. They were, however, given to understand that if it was not granted a Freethought hall would be built in the town and regular meetings held. This caused them to yield.

The next thing in order on the part of the orthodox was to cast about for a clergyman to meet me and refute my arguments. Several resided in Cooper, but these were either deemed unfit or were unwilling to engage in the work. Finally, a parson was found in Paris who agreed to come on Monday night and answer me. I would then be one hundred and fifty miles away, and as he would not hear the lectures the task would be an easy one. It is the same old story. I do not believe that there is a Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian clergyman in Texas who will meet a Freethinker in debate. There are doubtless some in the rural districts who feel fully competent to do so, but their superiors forbid it. When no Freethinker is near the clergy are loud in their denunciations of Infidelity, and boast of their ability and readiness to meet Ingersoll or any other exponent of Freethought; but let even one of the humblest of its advocates appear and they are as silent as the tomb. One would think that the poor dupes of priestcraft would sometimes become disgusted with the cowardice displayed by these paid champions of the church.

The wealthiest and most intelligent citizens of Delta county are Freethinkers, and although there are not many of them, their superior standing in the community secures for Freethought a degree of respect which it would not otherwise enjoy. Joel Hays, Joseph Blackwell, E. Blackwell, Mr. McDowd, George Ryan, and Mr. and Mrs. Snyder are the most activ workers whom I met. Mrs. Snyder is a daughter of E. G. Thomas, a well-known Freethinker of Huntingdon, Ind. My stay at Cooper was rendered especially pleasant by the hospitality and kindness of Mr. Hays and his family.

Monday morning Mr. Hays took me to Honey Grove, on the Texas and Pacific railroad, thirty miles from Cooper, where I took a train to Fort Worth. On reaching Sherman, I felt an almost irresistible longing to turn northward toward home. But I had promised to visit Bowie, Cleburne, and Comanche yet, and so must remain another week. These engagements emphasize the importance of having the arrangements for one's tour perfected before leaving home, a thing which I generally endeavor to do. I passed through Bowie twice in April, visited Cleburne in April and again in May, and was twice within fifty miles of Comanche. Had these engagements been made earlier, but one hundred miles' travel would have been required to reach them; as it is, I must travel seven hundred miles.

The heat is very oppressiv here, and I almost envy Reynolds and Jamieson their work up north.

J. E. REMSBURG.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,389.26
Salt Lake City (per James Ashman)	5.00
Harry Haines	5.00
Murray	4.40
Charles Crane	5.00
John W. Long	1.00
Mary Duff	1.00
Total	$2,410.66

News and Notes.

Contrary to my usual custom, on Saturday morning, May 22d, I arose with the lark, but did not like that bird sing at heaven's gate; but mounted the ancient seat of a lumber-wagon and rode ten miles to take the train. However, the mail carrier was a vivacious French Liberal, and I enjoyed his interjaculatory English, which I could about half understand; and between the pauses of the talk he would sing the Marseillaise hymn, and its resonant notes were quite in accordance with the bright steps of the day which "like an army with banners" was coming over the multitude of hills.

I was the only passenger on the train for twenty-five miles, and I chuckled to myself to think that King Solomon in all his glory could not hav chartered for his single convenience so elegant a coach as I had for my morning's journey. The Secular pilgrim was

far ahead of the proudest despot of the Old World—thanks to the "continuity" and "solidarity" of the race and civilization in general. I gladly paid my dollar and seventy-five cents toll, and I don't think the railroad company made much out of that trip. If I had been like my friend Appleton, an uncompromising Anarchist, I should perhaps hav gone twenty-five miles afoot and alone, and thus hav shown my absolute independence of all that had gone before. But, being an eclectic philosopher, I was glad to hav my single self supplemented by the universal world, and with Socialistic complacency I accepted the iron horse and splendid coach furnished by the "long result of time," and was perfectly willing to pay taxes for the ample accommodations that I received. Will friend Appleton please take note of the immense advantages of a coöperation begun without his consent, which in the nick of time, over a rough sandy plain, offers for his solitary convenience a magnificent chariot that any old-time monarch would hav given millions to hav had at his command? I think Appleton, although taxation was compulsory, would take the train rather than walk; and he would admit that coöperation without consent in this case was a mighty benefit.

I came on to Nephi, Utah, and from Nephi to Juab, where I arrived at about noon of Saturday, and here stretched before me a journey of twenty-five miles in an open lumber-wagon beneath a broiling sun. I was met by Mr. P. C. Neilson, of Scipio, to which I was bound for a lecture in the evening. Off we went. For fourteen miles not a house was to be seen—only sage-brush, and sand, and rock, and hills that seemed to be boiling like potatoes in the air, which almost bubbled along the summits with the heat. The Utah sun is scorching when it sets about it. I found the New Version utterly at fault. Sheol would not do. King James's translation alone did justice to my fervent feelings. There are some old words that, like old wine, grow more vigorous with age, and are exceedingly useful to the righteous soul when it is vexed. At the end of fourteen miles we came to one solitary habitation. There we refreshed ourselvs with a drink of water, and then tugged slowly on again up the dusty canyon. At last we reached the summit, and Round Valley stretched before me just as the afternoon began to mellow its rays, and its golden shafts glanced on the far hillsides, and the whole valley seemed to sink into the embrace of sunset with a thousand gleaming jewels. I was repaid for all my wearisome journey by this refreshing and beautiful scene; I could almost imagin myself Rosalas coming from the parched desert into the Happy Valley. The moment the sun begins to sink at these lofty hights—7,000 feet above the sea—the atmosphere becomes delightful; cool breezes sweep through the palace of the night. The change seems almost magical from the parched noon to the star-lit hours when one has to wrap a blanket about him to keep comfortably warm.

I had an audience of about two hundred at Scipio. I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Neilson. There are some good Liberals in this settlement, Mr. Monroe, Samuel Rowley, etc. I met Geo. C. Viele, of Fillmore, the most vigorous worker in this part of the country, and I was glad to shake hands with this frontiersman of our cause.

The next day, Sunday, I went with Mr. Viele to Fillmore, a distance of twenty-five miles, and lectured in the evening to a good audience in the old state house. Fillmore was once the capital of the territory and is laid out in a somewhat magnificent fashion, like the city of Washington, with broad streets and immense squares. The state house stands in solitary and somewhat decaying grandeur in the midst of what I should judge to be a forty-acre lot. Fillmore covers space enough for a city of fifty thousand people. Every front yard is a small farm. Fillmore was long since abandoned by the territorial legislature. It is fifty miles from any railroad station, is a quiet and pleasant place and is the headquarters of a vigorous element of Freethought. My stay here was very pleasurable. Geo. C. Viele, Mr. and Mrs. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Christensen, and others are a happy company of Liberals. Mr. Viele, Mr. Christensen, and myself kept a bachelor's hall. I enjoyed the Bohemian life quite well, for they did cooking and the washing of the dishes, while I did the eating—that is, my share of it, which is always a good dividend, and I found such an arrangement very agreeable. I like to keep house on such terms.

Monday we drove down to Kanosh to the big ranch of Mr. Charles Crane, who runs about fifty thousand head of sheep in the territory and livs like a king, absolutely independent of the Mormons, who would like to starve him out if they could. He has fought the good fight—though not the fight of faith, but of pluck—and so far is ahead. Only those who hav passed through the experiences of pioneer Liberals, oftentimes alone in their struggles, can realize the barbaric nature of this ecclesiastical tyranny, which is a strange eruption in the nineteenth century of the ideas of four thousand years ago. There is nothing new in Mormonism. It is a dreadfully old affair indeed.

The school-house was full at Kanosh, about one hundred being present, the majority Mormons. The lecture on "Universal Mental Liberty" was well received.

On Tuesday afternoon we came down to the lava rocks, several miles from Kanosh, on whose solid surface could be seen human footprints. This was once a volcanic country. All over the valley are to be seen the waves and tumbling billows of lava that seemed to hav paused on the very bend, motionless forever. On the rocks I visited I could see the outline in full of human footsteps. They appear like fresh imprints, and not until I had carefully examined them could I believe that they had been on the massiv boulder for centuries. This is assuredly the case. Whence came these signs of a life long ago? Evidently these boulders had been hurled by some fierce convulsion from the neighboring mountain-top. The structure of the footprints makes it certain that they were made before the rock rolled to its present position, and therefore while it was on the hights above. Now, these hights were once scattered isles. Hundreds of years ago Salt Lake was an immense inland sea, and it dashed against these hills 150 miles south of its present boundary. The Indians passing along in their canoes would land upon the still plastic soil and leave these traces, all there is, perhaps, of a mighty race. The rocks will not tell their marvelous secret. There was something grand and awful to me in these few footprints on this barren rock, more impressiv than the thunders of Niagara, for these were human outlines, and brought me into the sublime presence of a fleeeting, rushing humanity grander than all the roll of waters. What a story might be told, if from these dainty marks, if from the dead form, we could traverse the living world, see the brain and heart that pulsed in that flying foot.

On Tuesday evening I lectured at Peterboro. This is a small settlement, but its people are all Liberals, and I had a pleasant sojourn with them. I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robinson.

On Wednesday I returned to Fillmore, where I lectured in the Mormon meeting-house on "The New Heaven and Earth." The bishop of Fillmore is quite Liberal. This is the first time I hav desecrated a meeting-house with my Infidel utterances. Hitherto I hav been confined to the school-house. The Mormons are a bit afraid I might hurt their temples of worship. But for once I hav entered the consecrated building, though I don't expect to hav another opportunity.

On Thursday I returned from Fillmore to Scipio, and lectured again in the school-house to a good audience. This Friday morning I hav come from Scipio with Mr. Samuel Rowley and Geo. C. Veile to Juab, where I take cars for Salt Lake.

I hav thus finished my campaign in southern Utah. I hav lectured almost every evening, and hav traveled two hundred miles in a lumber-wagon. I hav been jolted about ten million times, and I feel as if every atom in my body had changed position, and that I am a "new man." I am ready to be baptized. I hav a cartload of dust upon me, and am part and parcel of the very soil of Utah. I hav been thoroughly naturalized from head to foot.

On Saturday evening I lecture again at Murray, Utah.

On Sunday we hav our Liberal Festival at Haight's Grove. On Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1st and 2d, I lecture at Bingham, Utah; on June 5th and 6th, at Hailey, Idaho; on June 7th and 8th, at Bellevue; on June 13th, at Eagle Rock; on June 20th, at Butte City, Montana; on June 27th, at Helena; on July 4th and 11th, at Bozeman. On my return trip by way of the Union Pacific, I expect to lecture at the following places—but the dates are not fixed: Salt Lake City, Ogden, Echo, Park City, Heber City, Utah; Rock Springs and Laramie, Wyoming; Denver, Greeley, etc., Col.; Plum Creek, Seward, Fremont, Lincoln, West Point, and Omaha, Nebraska; Ottumwa, Leon, West Union, etc., Iowa; Chebanse and Chicago, Ill. The return trip will occupy August and September. Friends along this route who desire lectures must write at once to Wanship, Utah.

Juab, May 28, 1886. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The Library Club.

It was Friday evening, the fourth of June. The heavens bent with their accustomed serenity, and the ubiquitous weather was fair. In the absence of a regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club to attend, the writer of this sat in his room lonely and unoccupied as a fifth calf, if it be allowable so to speak. He unbuckled the badge-pin from the façade of his waistcoat, held it where the light was reflected from its lurid torch, and conned the legend that it bore. Within the sound of his voice a church bell was calling the worshipers at St. Ann's to abase themselvs once more before the altar of superstition. It made him tired, and recollecting the opening of the Workingmen's Free Library at 143 Eighth street that night, he lost no time in getting there.

The library room is not a large one. It is perhaps eighteen feet wide and fifty feet long. At one end are the books and papers which form the library; the rest of the place is filled with chairs, and on the present occasion all the chairs were filled with people who had come to hear Mr. Wakeman talk on the necessity to the workingman of education and culture. It was largely a Liberal Club audience.

From behind a table, among the books and papers, the president of the meeting emerged and explained the object of the gathering. It was to call attention to the library, which had just been incorporated, and to take the place of the Liberal Club during the summer months. It would, in fact, be a sort of "annex" to that larger organization.

By the time the chairman had ended his remarks the room was crowded, and the walls were lined with people who preferred standing up to staying away. Mr. Wakeman, being introduced, began his address by saying that the labor army is now standing upon what Homer would call one of the bridges of war. It was a good place to stop and think. There was a growing sentiment that wage slavery had endured long enough. How was industrial liberty to be achieved? Not by violence. All legal power is on the side of the capitalistic class, and by the policeman with his club and the recorder on the bench the law will be wrested, as it has recently been, to work against the so-called socialistic agitator until we shall hav no freedom of speech at all. Laws of the Comstock class can be used to exclude the literature of labor from the mails when the notion strikes some post-office official to so construe them. The use of force can only end in disaster to those who employ it. They will merely be suppressed by force and the question will be adjourned forever. There is no power that can overthrow the present social fabric by force. The only feasible thing is political organization and culture. The working people hav thought it advisable to exclude lawyers from their organizations. No greater mistake could hav been made. The people must make use of the learned professions. Was there an instance in history where the common people, without the learned class to guide and instruct them, had made a successful revolt? From Spartacus to Wat Tyler and down to the present time, Mr. Wakeman could remember none. The lawyer should be especially cultivated by the working class. He is the least trammeled of all men by ulterior interests, and for what little defense we hav against tyranny we are indebted to the legal profession. The learned class stand between labor and capital, with their sympathies on the side of labor. The working people should use them for all they are worth. The key to the solution of the labor problem is to be found first in organization so thorough that a boycott, when it becomes necessary to resort to that measure, will giv to the proscribed place the aspect of a graveyard. Then the ballot should be employed first, last, and all the time. Patience must be cultivated. Learn to labor and to wait. Above all get wisdom. No capitalist can lock you out from that storehouse. Invite the learned professions to speak at labor meetings and to divulge the information they hav gained. The orator who has simply zeal without knowledge is the workingman's enemy. Abjure alcohol, and never allow yourselvs to be made to believe that in any form it can do you the least good. Liv high intellectually and low physically. The plainest food is the best. Find consolation, not in thinking of another world, of which the priests profess to tell you; not in dreaming of the impossible; not in pandering to the appetites, in strong drink, nor in gratifying the passions; but seek relief from temporary troubles in culture, in the study of books, in communion with the great minds of the past and present, and through these become acquainted with the future.

The speaker closed with a quotation from Goethe which he recited in German, in spite, as he remarked, of the fact that it might grate on the ears of some. Whether this apology was intended to appease the Germans present or the English-speaking auditors, Mr. Wakeman did not make entirely clear.

Such was the tenor of Mr. Wakeman's remarks, extending considerably over an hour. His listeners applauded him heartily at the close, but it is safe to say that many of them had never heard anything like it before. The present writer has listened to perhaps a hundred speeches on the labor problem within the past year, including some by Henry George and John Swinton, and he has to agree with Mr. Walford, who followed the speaker, that this address had more common sense in it than any other that he ever heard. And the cause is easy to find. Apart from Mr. Wakeman's ability, he is a Freethinker and does not trim his sails to catch any theological wind.

The lecture was followed by a collection and a discussion, the latter being helped along by Mrs. Leonard, Madam Delescluze, Mr. Walford, and a speaker who was not identified. The collection amounted to $10.20. What the discussion amounted to the reporter did not stay to learn.

On the evening of Friday, the 11th, Miss Gertrude B. Kelly, of Newark, will address the meeting at the same place, and other speakers of ability will follow.

Communications.

Boston Liberals.

On Friday forenoon, May 28th, Mr. Moncure D. Conway made a vigorous attacks on Mr. John Fiske's attempt to get arguments from science for endowing the great unknown cause of all things with moral attributes. This conception is not authorized by Herbert Spencer, and is utterly untenable in view of the amount of moral and natural evil, a result whose cause cannot be good. The speaker pictured the devil as appearing to him and saying: "Do you want to construct a perfect system of scientific theism? To do it, you must hav one thing—me! You know that Jehovah could not stand alone until I came from Persia to help him, and make him the First Person in the Trinity. The Universalists hav tried to get along without me, and you see where they are. You must look at the evil as well as the good; and so you can hav no religion without me." "But who are you?" At this question, the horns and hoofs disappeared; Satan's eyes turned to volcanoes, his hair to the sweeping sands of the desert, his mouth to a marsh breathing out malaria, his limbs to barren rocks. He is inorganic nature, destitute of moral purpose.

This whole address is soon to appear in the *Index*, and the number for May 27th has published an essay written in a kindred spirit, by Dr. Edmund Montgomery, for the Convention of the 28th. Its length made it more fit for presentation in this form. The subject is "The Scientific Basis of Religious Intuition." Among characteristic sentences are these: "Those of us are innocent of the real ways of nature who, during a civilized walk among flowers and butterflies, giv vent to feelings of veneration for the benignant power that has shaped such beautiful and happy things. These very gauderies of our earth are out-and-out the product of successful cunning and greed." "It is very evidently a misleading illusion to believe that there exists any moral purpose and direction in the universe outside human consciousness." "Morality is a delicate effluence of human reciprocity, existing exclusivly among our own conscious selvs, and nowhere else, as far as our knowledge reaches." "Genuin morality is always of the social kind, being exclusivly of social origin and significance."

Substantially the same ground was taken by Mr. B. F. Underwood, who showed that nature is so plainly unmoral as to giv no basis for scientific theism. Dr. Paul Carus complained of the lack, even in this free land, of really free thought. And this session of the Convention of the Free Religious Association closed by an indignant exposure by a Brahman of "What is wanting in Christianity." Mr. Gopal Vinayak told, amid frequent applause, how the religion of the Americans had proved itself lacking justice in their robbing the Indian of his land and the African of his freedom; lacking humanity, in the cruelty toward the Chinese, as well as in the oppression of the poor; and lacking in honesty of purpose from the day when Jesus worked miracles to make people believe in him, to this time, when missionaries are sent out to open markets for manufactures.

That afternoon the labor problem was taken up by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, who showed how much better off the laborer was now, as a worker for himself, than he was in old times, when he was a serf working for his master. The only trouble is that the interests of laborer and employer often clash. Hence the need that workingmen organize for mutual defense. Best of all would it be for the laborer to be admitted to so full and fair a share in the profits as to bring the interests of labor and capital into perfect harmony.

That evening there was a very pleasant festival in the Meionaon. The chairman, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, of Brooklyn, N. Y., congratulated the association on having planted itself on a purely ethical basis and left all speculations about theology to individual taste. After music by the Weber Quartette, he introduced a representativ of the race whose genius first opened to religion its highest development.

Rabbi Schindler spoke of the reproach cast upon the radicals of tearing down, without building up, and said that it was not a thing to be ashamed of, for it is not our business to build up. The metaphor is a mistake. Religion is not a building which can be constructed by artificial effort. It is a tree that grows, and all we can do is to prune away the dead branches and remove the incumbrances that keep it back from the sunlight and the airs of heaven. We cannot teach religion, whether it is Judaism or orthodoxy or Liberalism. Freethought the community now grows full of. Our largest building, even Boston Common itself, would not now hold those whose faith has grown up from within to this freedom. Their faith was not built up; and we should acknowledge plainly that our mission is to tear away obstructions, and let our tree grow up to shelter the whole community.

Mr. Conway now said that he had found a more cordial welcome in England among the established clergy than among dissenters, though he had not always found it so here. But, Mr. Ward, whom he next introduced, had the English feeling.

Mr. Julius H. Ward said that he had just come from a congress of American churches which met to counteract narrow tendencies and to widen the church. He looked forward to the time when the church would take in all the interests of society, and the place for the Free Religionists would be on the Episcopal platform, working together under God for the life of humanity.

After music, Mrs. Cheney then spoke of the readiness of the Free Religionists to take in what they found good everywhere, either in English Episcopacy or Indian Brahmanism, and paid a tribute to Mrs. Joshee, whose success in her medical studies in Philadelphia was to be crowned with a hospital in her Eastern home.

Mr. Joshee spoke in a very simple and natural way of the novelty of the meeting to him, and described an excursion of his to a farmhouse. The Quaker lady, to whom he had an introduction, peeped out through the blinds and wanted to shut the door in his face. He was tired and sat down on the steps, and she offered him a dollar; but he heard that she was very religious. Then he met her husband, a man with no religion, no ethics, no anything, and he found that he was all right. He was a friend, and Joshee went in and stayed all night.

After more music, Mr. Conway introduced Rev. M. J. Savage, who in his modesty told a story of a circuit-rider who introduced himself as a messenger of the Lord, and was told by his friend, "Well, the Lord must be mighty short on it for hands." He took up the same theme as the earlier speakers, the broadening of faiths, and said that he wanted something broader than Unitarianism, broader than Christianity, and that was humanity. The religion of humanity was moving forward, and going as fast, perhaps, as is healthy. We liv in an age of change. It took centuries to get from paganism to Christianity, centuries more for science to replace credulity, and we must not expect our own movement to triumph at once; and he told the story of the colored preacher who had been struggling with Abbot's "Scientific Theism," and at last gave it up, with the explanation that he could believe in God a good deal easier than he could read that book.

F. M. Holland.

Note.—To these records of how fast thought is moving in Boston, I wish to add an instance of how much freedom of speech is encouraged in Texas. Judge Cook, who, as candidate for governor, is not particularly desirous to make himself unpopular, says in reply to those who thank him for some criticism of the Knights of Labor. "By the help of God and the other gentlemen, I hope to be able to stand the racket."

Mr. Everett in His Own Behalf.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* The Truth Seeker of the 29th is at hand, and words fail me to fitly express my views on its "make up;" I only wish that it may continue. Had I wealth I would ask you to strike me off one thousand of these pictures, like those this week, and I would cover every dead wall in this city. Underneath each I would hav added, "Subscribe for The Truth Seeker, 33 Clinton Place, New York, $3 per year." But I write this to ask you to giv me a little space to put my case before Pollock, Severance, W. E. S., *et al*, as I see your piece, "Knights of Labor Bigotry," has stirred up not a few. Pollock dubs me a crank. To that I say, "Pollock, would to The Truth Seeker thou and many more were as I, save these bonds." I may not use the mildest methods in dealing with superstition; as to that it is but a difference of opinion. O Pollock, I may be cranky; if so, thank The Truth Seeker. I hav no use for Gods, Christs, or any of the tom-foolishness of religion. For this, and daring to publish the same in a town overrun by Christians, am I in the sad plight of to-day. I am a law-abiding citizen; I neither drink liquor (not even beer, though an anti-Prohibitionist) nor use tobacco; in fact, as expressed by one upholding the course taken by the Knights, the only thing they found against me was, "He curses God Almighty in words that would shock a pagan." How?—"calling him the most hogish monopolist of the age?" With this as a prelude I will now briefly state the case as it is, so that every reader of The Truth Seeker may hav a chance to intelligently consider the facts as they are, and what I shall say here I will prove when called on. In the first place, let me state I am not opposed to labor or labor interests, or even the Knights of Labor on its broad basis of its principles; but when the order is used, as it has been in my case, to oppress a man simply because he publishes a Freethought paper, then I will oppose it until justice is done me.

In July, E.M. 285, I commenced the publication of the *Labor Advocate* in this place, advocating labor and Freethought. As the result of my labors, September 3d an assembly was organized of thirty-seven members. I hav heretofore refrained from claiming any credit for being the instrument by which an assembly was organized here. I wrote for an organizer; I saved all my labor exchanges and scattered them; I from the first issue urged organization; when it came to getting up the names some one wanted me to procure them; the organizer wrote me to that effect. To them both I replied, No, I am known as a rank Infidel, and it may prejudice the order if I get up the names. From the first to the last *in the assembly room* I said nothing of my views or my paper other than the night of the organization when I took the organizer aside and told him if there was anything to recognize a God or religion I wanted to know it and I would retire. He assured me there was not. I placed myself on record before those assembled as an Infidel, asking if any objected to me to make it known. No objection was made, and I took the obligation, but refused to take it with an uplifted hand, as the A. K. requires, so had to take it alone, the rest waiting. Now, though the order has no chaplain or prayers, why do they require your hand to be uplifted when taking the obligation? Soon after the charter came they found the A. K. required a book on the center table to represent knowledge, so in they toted a gilt-edged, brass-bound Bible. I objected to it on the grounds that the constitution and by-laws said the order paid no regard to creeds, and, therefore, no book representing religion or irreligion was a lawful book to represent knowledge. I called for the dictionary, or even last year's almanac, so that it was not a representativ book of creeds or no creeds. I said I would object, on the same grounds, to hav Paine's "Age of Reason" there, basing my objection on the law laid down in the constitution and by-laws, and the statement made by Powderly himself at the last General Assembly. Below is an extract from the Manchester, N. H., *Budget*, labor paper, that published what purported to be his words—italics are mine:

At the late General Assembly of the Knights of Labor which convened at Hamilton, Ontario, Oct. 5, 1885, T. V. Powderly said:

"I pledge you in the name of this Order that henceforth we will move onward and forward, knowing no color, *no creed*, no nationality."

The Master Workman then arose and said that the next night a suitable book would be placed there in its place. Now, notice Christian duplicity—the next night, after the Assembly was called to order, and at a time when I could not withdraw without a great disturbance, they fetched forth the same gilt-edged, brass-bound Bible and laid it reverently on the center-table. I said nothing, but awaited the coming of recess, when I could retire without any scene; *but that night, contrary to their usual custom, they had no recess*, so I awaited the close, and I never went back, for I referred the matter to the court, and finally it went to the General Master Workman by the lodge under their statement, and he decided against me. Below is the letter. I giv it entire, without any comments, which I would like to make, but want of space forbids:

Office of the General Master Workman,
Scranton, Pa., Oct. 23, 1885.

L. W. Bowers, Wabash, Ind., *Dear Sir and Brother:* The book on the center-table may be a Bible, a copy of the constitution, or the A. K.

Some men entertain the idea that they should fight God in order to emancipate labor. They become members of the order and at once begin to advance their ideas. *Ninety-nine one-hundredths of our order belong to some religion or other* and will oppose the introduction of Infidelity as a means of elevating labor, and if our Infidel members will only *fight aggregated capital instead of the creator they can accomplish something.* Otherwise they will not.

Your Assembly did right. Accept my thanks.

Fraternally yours, T. V. Powderly, G. M. W.

Italics and small capitals are mine. I want you to notice particularly those words in small capitals and couple them with the words in small capitals under the head of "Expulsions" further on. Immediately on the receipt of this letter, I placed a written withdrawal in the hands of the Master Workman. He granted me my request, as my dues were all paid, and I now hav my receipts up to November 1st. The date of my withdrawal was October 26th. I also changed the paper to a distinct and entire Freethought paper, changing the name to *Rights of Man*. December 1st, I moved my office to Mt. Vernon. The office that did my press-work refused to do my work a little over a month after I commenced there, though I had paid right up, and so I had to suspend. I was aware some force was working against me, but knew not at that time what it was, though the prosecuting attorney told me he had letters from parties in Wabash stating they were not only determined to stop my paper, but run me out of the state. He refused to giv me their names. I came back here the 5th of February, and was handed by a friend a copy of *The Journal of United Labor* (official organ of the Knights of Labor) of the date of Jan. 25, 1886, and I found this under the head of

"Expulsions."

No. 1510. By L. A. No. 4,204, Wabash, Indiana, Arthur C. Everett, for violation of obligation and conduct unbecoming a Knight. Hight, six feet; dark complexion; wears eye-glasses; now editor of a paper in Mount Vernon called *The Rights of Man*.

These words in small caps are as significant to the members of an order who are constantly advised to "Remember your friends and boycott your enemies," as was the advice given by the Irishman at the fight at Donnybrook Fair: "Whenever you see a head hit

it." Now, then, another thing right here: the constitution and by-laws say every member shall hav a fair and impartial trial and be furnished a copy of the charges. Now, I never knew a thing about the trial, never had a copy of the charges; in fact, knew not a thing of it until I saw the above in print. Neither can they get rid of this charge by saying that they sent them by mail, for I was no obscure man; neither was there any other Everett who would be likely to get it. And further, from Oct. 26th to Dec. 8th, they had plenty of time to cife me to trial, and I would hav been only to glad to meet them; but no, like sneaking, cowardly Christians, they waited until I went away, then went through the farce of expelling me; for I can prove that by withdrawing on the 26th of October, having my dues paid ahead, I was legally no longer a member. I then started out to get work, but I found that I was a marked man, for wherever a Knight could discriminate against me, he did it. For a time I was in Toledo, and while there I wrote out in brief my grievances and sent them to T. V. Powderly. Here is his answer:

SCRANTON, March 6, 1886.

ARTHUR C. EVERETT, Esq., 216 Tenth street, Toledo, Ohio, *My Dear Sir:* If the case stands as reported by you, then a wrong has been done.

I will cause an investigation to be made.

I hav a right to my opinion, as you undoubtedly hav to yours. Whether you are a Christian or a heathen has nothing to do with the question before us.

You will hear from me later on.

Respectfully yours, T. V. POWDERLY, per M.S.F.

Though since then I hav repeatedly written him, yet he remains silent. Why?

I, in all this, and now, only ask to agree to disagree. In the assembly room I said not a word in regard to my paper—the rules exclude politics and religion. Constitution and by-laws, T. V. Powderly says, pay no regard to creeds. Then why this unjust oppression of me? Show me that I hav violated any obligation or done that which is unbecoming a Knight, and I will make amends if it does not require a recognition, even tacitly, of religion. Further, convince me beyond a doubt that the Knights of Labor are entirely free from any religious taint (and by that act you will hav to convict Wabash Valley Local Assembly No. 4,204 of injustice), and they will hav no stronger champion, as far as my ability lies; and I will run my paper, as before, in the interest of the Knights of Labor and Freethought. In the assembly room I never advanced my views. It is not the place for any one to advance their religious views; in there they are assembled to discuss the labor problem and devise means to ameliorate the condition of the wage-worker. Outside they should and must agree to disagree. And, in closing, I am willing and anxious to meet any committee on this. I will meet them half-way; I will concede everything that is fair; but in the Knights of Labor they can't hav me and the Gods and Christs of that Bible which upholds the monopolists and capitalists by teaching us "to be subject to the higher powers," and to "submit yourself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." Until the wage-worker is evoluted so far that he is far enough above superstition to trample such damnable teaching and its authors (metaphorically) beneath their feet, they cannot look for much advancement in their condition.

Freethinkers, I don't write this for aid, but I hope that it may bring justice to me; not that I want to come out ahead, but that I can stand a better chance to get employment. Some may yet say that I am not boycotted. Well, let them tell me why it is that when I agree to contract to work for a man three months for four dollars a week, giving him the first week's work, as it was new business to me, the job was given to another. Again, I had a chance to buy a small second-hand press. I had paid all but seven dollars on it, and though out of debt and willing to mortgage my material to secure it, giving one dollar for the use of it two months, I could not hire it and had to giv up the press.

I shall resume the publication of *Rights of Man* in some locality as soon as I can get a press, for I hav a good many subscribers whose time has not run out, and it is the only way I can pay them, they having paid ahead; and I wish this could be settled before I get out the initial number, for I don't wish to even seem to be working against labor interests. For the destruction of all myths,

An iconoclastic Materialist, ARTHUR C. EVERETT.

Wabash, Ind., Lock box 171.

PERHAPS the most important editorial that has recently appeared in the Baptist *Examiner* is the following. We get it by way of the *Evening Post's* "Religious Opinion:" "Biliousness is very prevalent at this season, the symptoms being bitter taste, offensiv breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, loss of appetite. If this condition is allowed to continue, serious consequences may result. By promptly taking ——'s sarsaparilla a fever may be avoided, or premature death prevented. It is a positiv cure for biliousness. Sold by all druggists."

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

Land Robbery.

If our public domain had been turned over one hundred years ago to the inmates of any insane asylum, they could not hav made a worse disposal of it than Congress has.

If I go out forty rods from where I now sit, I come to a lot of hundreds of acres owned by two men. If I go down this railroad eight miles, I come to a lot of thirty-six thousand acres owned by the heirs of one man. If I go four miles further, I come to a lot of eight thousand owned by two men. If I go east twenty miles, I come to a lot of seventy thousand acres owned by one man. This is what I am told by the oldest inhabitants here. They say much of this land was bought of our government years ago for ten cents an acre.

If the government had given out this land as they should hav done, without money or price, in farm lots, to those who would hav cultivated it, and who had a natural or birthright to it, it would now be under cultivation and furnish revenue for the public expenses; or, if it had been kept in the hands of government, the oak timber on much of it would now be worth several hundred dollars an acre for railroad sleepers. But the young timber on much of it has been cut off once in twenty or thirty years, burnt into charcoal, ground into powder and sent to Philadelphia to filter whisky through, while the railroads are sending to Illinois and other states for sleepers; and the men brought up around these tracts, who would hav been glad to cultivate it, and who had a birthright to it, hav been driven into mines, factories, to the ocean and the ends of the earth to find labor; and thus all the other departments of industry hav, by this wholesale robbery, become overstocked with hands, underbidding each other to get bread.

This land robbery is the sole cause of nine-tenths of all the trouble now existing between capital and labor, the cause of nine-tenths of all the poverty, vice, crime, and misery. Aliens own thirty millions of land here, on which their agents are making slaves of our own countrymen who hav been robbed of their birthright to land.

If our government would restore all the wild land to the people, let all who want it hav a farm lot free, and allow no man to own more than one hundred acres, reserving the balance for future generations, and do it very soon, they will save the nation from Anarchy, and a more destructiv revolution than the world has ever known. J. HACKER.

Berlin, N. J.

Our London Letter.

If there is one thing above another that the Christians of all ages hav claimed as one of their most conspicuous features, it is humility; and probably the reason why this "virtue" is so rarely visible in the believer is because he esteems it as so precious a thing that it should not be used in an everyday, commonplace manner, but should be carefully treasured up like the gilt-edged family Bible, and must not be exposed to the light of day for fear of its becoming tarnished. As, however, the faithful never act for themselvs, but invariably rule their conduct by the example set them by their leaders, and as these latter are not particularly humble-minded, their humility decreasing in proportion as their salaries increase, it may be that the flock does not like to appear wiser than the shepherd, and therefore keeps what are called the Christian virtues in the background. Last Sunday I attended a popular chapel to hear a sermon given by a prominent preacher in the Dissenting interest, being assured that I should hav a great intellectual treat. A doctor of divinity is supposed to possess great learning, and every word he speaks is spoken with authority, and must not be gainsaid; so I prepared myself for a marvelous discourse, and, as might be easily supposed, was considerably disappointed.

This great orator, as he is termed, had his oration already prepared, and so had nothing to do but read it, which occupied him the best part of an hour—and very ill spent time for myself it was; the only thing I gathered was that humility and arrogance appear to be synonymous terms. The "learned" doctor gave it as his *ipse dixit* that the office of a preacher was the most honorable that any man could possibly engage in, and one that archangels might enjoy, on the principle, I suppose, of "anything for a change." He considered that the singing and prayers were superfluities—in which I entirely agreed—but that preaching was the one thing needful, as the preacher was the person who could inform the laity all about the inmost thoughts of God, and consequently he should be carefully looked after and well paid for such very valuable services. The Protestants are always loud in their denunciations of their Catholic rivals for believing in the infallibility of the pope and that he is in direct communication with the celestial authorities, but to my unenlightened mind I could not see the difference in the two assumptions; they appeared to me to be exactly the same. This very humble discourse was for the purpose of extoling the missionary business, and ended with a collection for some missionary society. No doubt it influenced many of the believers to giv bountifully, and brought much grist to the mill.

These societies hav been doing fairly well of late, notwithstanding the trade depression, and I understand, the church missionary society had the largest haul last year that had ever fallen into their net. How the wire-pullers must chuckle at the simplicity of the contributors! And what high old times they can hav with so much money passing through their hands! But as missionaries are such extremely useful members of society, and produce so much more than they consume, we cannot grudge them what they are able to secure. It is highly necessary that the incomes of the various religious societies should increase every year, as during the months of May and June, when Exeter Hall is in all its glory, all the exhibitions and other places of amusement are open, and as it behooves the country clergy to visit all the sights while they are in London, their expenses are increasing, and therefore must be met by some one if they cannot manage so to do themselvs, and they are not likely to do this while the begging-box goes round so merrily and fills so well. J. D.

London, Eng., May 29, 1886.

Anti-Mongols.

I never knew the cause of the hostil move against the Chinese out here until I became familiar with the locality. One must sympathize with the feeling while here. Eastern people do not see the importance of the common laboring man, but Westerns feel it daily. Loafers, non-improvers, non-producers, are utterly useless to our small, growing communities. Now we face the cold, naked proposition out here: Shall we become a region held by a few landlandlords and merchants, where all the labor is done by Chinese? Shall our social system become Orientalized? Did you ever notice how the English sparrows exterminate all other birds, save the few largest birds of prey? Just so do the Chinese root out, displace, and annihilate all other workers. Every man will tell you here that, were there a conceivable limit to this Mongol immigration, or even to the variety of its occupations, the situation could not be so alarming. But when we know that fifty million Chinese can introduce themselvs here within a few years and never be missed in China, and that they fill every occupation, from law and medicin up to the most necessary daily labor, doing everything deftly, insinuating themselvs everywhere, supplanting all but the great employers, and even them in time, because labor conquers all things, the people of this coast, seeing, feeling this every day, no wonder the phenomenon assumes, to those looking ahead, monstrous proportions. "The fact is, the Chinese beat us on every point where hand labor, perseverance, and tireless industry are required," said a very old resident here to me. But the Westerns would not even object to them for all that, alarming as the future looms up. These Mongols huddle together in their own quarters, liv on ten cents per day, never spend a penny outside of themselvs, never improve. Their labor, though of use, never redistributes one dollar's worth, and is therefore a positiv calamity, like sickness, litigation, etc. The Irishman or Yankee you employ buys of you, builds near you, adds yearly to values here; the Chinese take your cash, but never reciprocate directly or indirectly. All history proves that whenever any sect or people clan together among another, taking from but never reciprocating, they become hated, and exterminators or exterminated. A thousand years B.C. thus did the Jews, and were mobbed out of every city and state in time. Ditto Parsees, Gipsies, Mormons, etc. The humble negro among us buys and sells and finds warm friends in almost every house. Here is the explanation of anti-Mongolism, and did you reside here it would "come home to your business and bosoms." It's a mistake about the Chinese sending out gold, nor would it matter if they did, if they exchanged their imports for our products. "The Chinese will never do." Wisely, the people out here are determined to cease all patronage of John.

Never could I conceive how such monstrous masses of people could occupy the cities and towns so close together as described by Abbé Huc (the best Chinese traveler who ever wrote) until I visited Chinese town, San Francisco. The Chinese in person are very clean and well-dressed, look as just out of the bath, forever dabble in water. This corrects the foulness of their herding somewhat. A room 20x20 will hold as many as can lie down, and some that lie across. Fact. You can see that these large tenement houses are filled from garret to cellar with Johnnies, as so many rats. You are in the cellar, it is just the same; but beneath that lowest deep there is a lower deep, and beneath that another, and all stuffed full of Chinese. By the skies! but 'tis a sight to see.

I therefore believe that there are cities in China not down on the maps, containing from one to ten million people, as Huc says. Their census, he insists, is taken with more accuracy and speed than we dream of, because every nine souls has a head, a tenth, whose report is ever ready for the heads of hundreds and thousands. CLARKE IRVINE.

Portland, Or.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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SATURDAY, - - - - JUNE 12, 1886.

The Blood of the Lamb.

By due course of mail the following letter arrived at this office:

"MADISON, OHIO, May 15, 1886.

"TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY: Please take my name off your list, as I don't want the paper. The last picture is too horrid for my Christian friends to look at.

"Respectfully, H. C. GILL."

The picture referred to was in the issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 15th, we take it. The reader will doubtless recollect that the illustration brought not only to the mind's eye but to the physical eye the vicarious atonement scheme in all its hideousness, whereby, through the bleeding of Jesus Christ, man's moral debts are all canceled. There was nothing "horrid" about the illustration except the idea—and for that, Mr. Gill will doubtless readily acknowledge, our artist is not responsible.

Mr. Gill's reason for discontinuing his subscription is that the picture shocks his Christian friends. While we may admire Mr. Gill's consideration for his friends' views, we can but wonder whether his friends are as considerate of his opinions, and whether, in casting out the pictorial mote, as shown them by a Freethought paper, they hav also ejected the verbal bloody beam upon which their religion rests.

That the Christian religion is bestial in its source there is no doubt. It is better fitted for African cannibals than for civilized peoples. But a great many do not realize the brutal character of their superstition, and the picture, "Jesus Paid It All," was designed to open the eyes of such, and reveal to them its horrid absurdity. It appears that Mr. Gill's friends do not wish to be enlightened, and Mr. Gill is complacent enough to stop taking a Freethought paper that they may remain in darkness. Probably it never occurred to Mr. Gill's Christian friends that if they did not like the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER they need not look at them. If we never printed anything that the Christians could object to, THE TRUTH SEEKER would be an orthodox, not a heterodox, journal. We are not yet quite ready to join the church.

But about this blood. Blood, according to Christian theology, is the sole redeeming element. The blood of Christ is drank at every communion, and his body eaten. The Old and New Testaments are crimson with blood, with which God was pleased. The part blood plays in man's alleged redemption has been the theme of innumerable theologians. Only a few months ago a book on this "root principle" of Christianity was published, and so eminent a Protestant clergyman as Howard Crosby made it the text for stating over again the basis of religion. He said:

"In this book on the use of blood to denote union of life, Dr. Trumbull has brought out into clear light the habits of nations most diverse in character, situation, and age. He shows that the blood was reckoned as the principle of life, and that hence participation in another's blood was the appropriation of his life. The insertion of another's blood into the veins, the drinking of another's blood, the sprinkling with another's blood, are all shown to be in accordance with this root idea. Although this thought is not new, yet Dr. Trumbull has clothed it with new interest and force by the vast number of illustrations which he has laboriously brought forward, and has insisted on a prominence for the thought which heretofore has not been given it. No one can read his attractiv pages without being convinced that his position is just, and that this notion of life union was prominently connected with all blood-ratified treaties and covenants. That this idea is found in the atonement by the blood of the lamb of God is undoubtedly true, and yet we fear Dr. Trumbull has made a mistake in not expressing the other and still higher blood-idea connected with that atonement. In the expiatory offering of the Lamb of God there is not only a *union formed*, but also *sin punished*, and, while the drinking Christ's blood (John vi, 54) is certainly union with his life, the shedding Christ's blood is just as certainly the punishment of sin. Here the blood is not life, but death. That is, here is not the *in*fusion of blood, but the *ef*fusion of blood. Life is taken away, and not given. The sacrificial system which God enjoined represented both ideas—the pouring out of the blood for sin, and the participation in the blood for the union of life; and the former was necessary to the latter. Without the shedding of blood there was no remission."

The most noted revivalist of modern times, Dwight L. Moody, has given the world a graphic pen-picture of the estimation in which Christians hold blood. The few extracts from his sermons on another page may be the means of enlightening Mr. Gill's Christian friends as to what their religion really is. If they are as "touchy" on Moody's sermons as upon THE TRUTH SEEKER's picture, we shall look to shortly see them full-fledged Freethinkers. In Mr. Moody's preachment Mr. Gill's Christian friends hav an orthodox sermon. If THE TRUTH SEEKER picture was too horrid for them to look at, what will they say to this? It is a shocking, a disgusting, a bestial sermon. But it is Christianity, and it is upon that Christianity, because we wish to see our race elevated, that we are making war. And upon it we shall continue to make war, striking with pen and pencil the hardest blows possible, until there is no occasion for shocking any mind with a truthful illustration of its root idea.

The "horridness" was not in our cartoon, but in the Christianity of Mr. Gill's Christian friends.

Good Christianity.

The object of the White Cross Army is to promote personal purity among young men. The theory of the army is that men no less than women should abstain from sexual immorality, and that what is sin in the one is sin in the other.

The Young Men's Christian Association, whose object is pretty generally known to be to furnish a living and recreation for a lot of baldheaded old boys, hav been holding an international conference at Harrisburg. One of the resolutions passed was that "it is inadvisable for the associations to engage in any organized efforts for moral reform." The conference further resolved that it "deemed it unwise and contrary to the well-established principles formulated for the guidance of our associations," "to adopt the methods of the White Cross Army and similar societies," though it recognizes the great necessity there is for "persistent effort to promote personal purity among young men."

The *Sun*, after recounting these facts, becomes indignant at the baldheaded young men who manipulated the conference, and queries: "Are we to infer that the Young Men's Christian Associations are less exacting in their requirements for membership than the White Cross Army is? Are they less intolerant of the seducer and the libertin? Are they afraid to demand 'personal purity among young men' who would come into their ranks or remain there? Will they go on praying with closed eyes while a woman is flung into the gutter and her paramour is allowed to go unreproached and to be rewarded with honor? If they are disposed to so act, let them at once pass another resolution at Harrisburg striking out the word Christian from the title of their organization."

While warmth from the *Sun* may be natural, we must advise the editor to acquaint himself with the fundamental principles of Christianity, and then instead of counseling the baldheaded young men who compose the association to drop the word Christian, he will see that the right emphasis upon the title of the organization would necessitate its being printed in italics. Christian theology declares humanity to be totally depraved, and it follows, therefore, that every man, woman, and child in the universe is a fearful sinner. But it says, then, throw your sins upon Jesus Christ, the scapegoat; repent, and you will be all right. Young men who corrupt young women usually follow this principle closely. They point, as Adam pointed at Eve, to the young woman, and say, She did it. Then they repent of having been found out—and Christian society, like its Christian deity, forgivs them. But it never forgivs the woman. The doom of Eve is dinned into her ears, and she is forever an outcast. In all this the principles of Christianity and the conduct of God are strictly followed. The backbone of the whole scheme is, Let the other man walk.

The Young Men's Christian Association has been true to its name in negativly admitting that the attitude of society toward a fallen girl and her paramour is righteous. It is an Infidel, and not a Christian, idea that everyone must bear the punishment for his or her own sins.

Prayer.

A Congregational journal of this city devotes considerable space to an editorial on prayer. If the article had been the leader in some obscure religious sheet no one would hav been surprised at it. But the *Independent* claims to be literary and scientific as well as religious, and that it should publish so foolish an essay is rather remarkable. The meat of it is that prayers are certainly answered in one of four ways. The first proposition and affirmation is so unique in its simple idiocy that we quote it entire:

"*First:* He answers our general prayer for daily bread and providential care. Our common needs are supplied in answer to prayer. But it is urged that so are the common needs of men supplied who never pray. We will not here discuss that proposition further than to say that there is a difference between eating bread off God's table and being clothed by a Father's hand, and the common method of filching a living from the world merely by the labor of our own hands."

The second affirmation is that God answers prayers directly, as instance Hannah praying for a son, Hezekiah for his life and for the destruction of the armies of Sennacherib, Elijah that no rain should fall in Samaria for forty-two months, and the "church" praying for Peter's release. The third statement is that God answers prayer indirectly. The proof given of this is, that when Paul thrice besought the Lord to take away the thorn, God gave him more grace to bear the pain. Fourthly, God answers prayer by saying No. "What we call unanswered prayers are oftentimes prayers which hav been very decidedly answered. We ask and receive not, because we ask for something that we may consume in our flesh, which if God should giv it us would be for our hurt and eternal damage. A wise and loving heavenly father says 'No,' to such petition. Shall we say that because God says 'No,' he has not answered us?"

This covers the ground pretty well, and maintains the reputation of God among his servants. But skeptics, we fear, will still remain unconvinced. They will deny, first, that God does supply daily bread and providential care. There are a great many who are not supplied. Their common needs are unattended to. They will say, second, that there is no authentic instance of any one in this era having bread laid upon his table who did not work to earn it, or who did not obtain it through human intervention. Those who do not pray get as much bread as those who do, if they work as hard, and the refusal of the writer to consider this is suspicious. The difference between bread obtained by prayer and bread obtained by labor cannot well be discussed until it is shown that bread ever is supplied by superhuman means. We will, however, make the editor of the *Independent* an offer. He shall agree to eat no food except that supplied in answer to prayer, and we will agree to eat none but that obtained by labor. His food must get to him with absolutely no human effort, and ours shall come with no divine intervention. The test shall be, which of us livs the longer.

That prayer is ever answered directly is a proposition utterly incapable of proof. Occasionally a person desires an object and prays for it. Then he gets up from his knees and works for it. By and by he gets it. Then, if he is a sufficiently credulous Christian, he credits it to God, and says his prayer is answered. But he never would hav got it if he had remained on his knees. Down East a story is told that in a country district the school-house was once destitute of fire-wood. The weather was cold and the teacher and the scholars shivered and suffered. The teacher knelt down, followed by the scholars, and offered up a fervent petition to the air. A few minutes afterward the hearty "whoa" to his oxen of a farmer of the district caused the teacher and scholars to look out the window. There in the school-yard stood a sled load of wood, and the entrance of the farmer brought them all to their feet. "Oh, I am so thankful to God," burst out the teacher. "He has answered our prayer." "Bin prayin' for wood?" inquired the farmer. "Yes, and now you are here, and our prayer is answered," responded the teacher. "When d'ye pray?" asked he. "Just a few minutes ago," she replied. "Wal, I started with this 'ere load two hours ago," he said, "and I reckin if I hadn't ye'd be freezin' still."

It will be noticed that the proofs adduced in support of the direct-answer theory are not contemporaneous. They are not verifiable. In the instance of Hannah, too, it must be recollected that when she prayed for issue there was a man of God sitting by, which circumstance may or may not hav to do with the case. If the Jewish ministers of old were like unto the Christian ministers of to-day, the coincidence could at least be noted. As for Hezekiah, the general opinion of pathologists now is that a boil is not a fatal disease. The historian put it very strong when he said that Hezekiah was in danger. But be that as it may, to Isaiah and his fig poultice is due the credit of Hezekiah's recovery, if holy writ is accurate. The other instances noted are not reliable. The Lord is usually on the side of large armies and strong jail walls, and his angels cannot overcome a king without a larger army than the king possesses, nor break jail without duplicate keys. Our Congregational contemporary should adduce some proof a few thousand years later—if it can find any.

The indirect method of answering prayer is an ingenious apology for no answer. A man is plagued by what he terms a thorn. He prays for its removal, which prayer is not granted. Then he becomes resigned, and his resignation is offered as a proof of prayer-answering! This is certainly remarkable proof, and Christians will do well to treasure it. But if God answers indirectly with No, we fail to see why a direct no is ever necessary to be inferred. An indirect refusal is as effectual as a direct one, and might save the feelings of the petitioners. Summed up, therefore, the whole matter is this way: God has the reputation of being a prayer-answering individual. But no instance of his so doing being known, it is necessary to invent excuses for his remissness. Otherwise the people would doubt his goodness or existence, and would question the utility of maintaining a large number of priests to solicit a divine interference with mundane affairs which never occurs. To support their system of imposture, therefore, the priests say to the people: Do not doubt that God answers your petitions. The fact that you pray and are alive proves it. The other fact that people who do not pray are just as much alive has nothing to do with the case. 1. If you pray for anything, and ever get it, that is indubitable proof that God sent it. 2. If you do not get it it is just as good proof. 3. If you pray for one thing, and do not get it, but do get another, that is proof that God answers you. 4. If your prayer is absolutely and entirely without effect, that, too, is proof that God always replies to the petition of his people. Believe in God, support the preachers, and you will get to heaven.

If we hav not interpreted aright the Christian argument for prayer, we are willing to be corrected.

Editorial Notes.

PRESIDENT PORTER's statement before the Nineteenth Century Club that "Darwin's doctrin is perfectly consistent with Theism" because "Darwin himself asserted his belief in an intelligent creator," is hardly borne out by the facts. Darwin was an Agnostic, and so described himself.

IT is not our fault that the able report of the annual meeting of the Free Religious Association, published in another place, is headed, "Boston Liberals." The responsibility rests with the secretary, Mr. F. M. Holland. We trust that it will stimulate the Free Religionists to become worthy of the new name which is thus semi-officially given them.

A METHODIST paper raps the Episcopalians by saying that "gowns, crosses, ribbons, and genuflexions save nobody." The *Church Standard* retorts that "neither do camp-meetings, love-feasts, telling your 'experience,' and shouting glory save anybody." No doubt these journals are both right, but will they please enlighten the poor pagan as to what all this chatter about salvation means? Saved from what?

JOHN JASPER, of "the sun do move" notoriety, has a rival in Bishop Turner of the African Methodist church of Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. In a lecture given recently at Shelbyville, Ky., he said: "I admire the great inventions of white men, and especially in controling electricity; but the subjection of God's agent is carried too far in making it light the world. This has already changed the meteorology of our country. Look at the floods, hurricanes, cyclones, and other atmospheric disturbances taking place in the heavens and upon the earth. I predict that the unbalancing of the air currents, which electric lights are causing, will in a few years, if they increase in numbers as fast as in the past five years, cause whole cities to be blown away at a time, and floods unlike any save Noah's." In another lecture he assured his hearers that before the distillation of whisky was invented people were giants, requiring beds fifteen feet long and nine feet wide. Whisky is to blame for the decrease in stature of the human race. The Methodist church should be proud of its bishop.

IN his address to the annual convention of the Episcopal church of the diocese of Long Island, Bishop Littlejohn said that "the subject of greatest importance was the decreasing supply of candidates for the priesthood." Good! The young men of Mr. Littlejohn's neighborhood are getting sensible. May the seven hundred pastorless parishes speedily become seven thousand, if there are so many in the country.

JOHN MOST has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $500, the extreme penalty the law allows. The chairman of the meeting at which Most expressed his alleged incendiary sentiments, who did not say a word, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. Another orator, who at a subsequent meeting echoed Most's doctrins, was given nine months' imprisonment, and ordered to pay the state $250. "I hav sworn," said Thomas Jefferson, the Infidel president, "hostility to every form of oppression over the mind of man." It is evident that Recorder Smyth is not a Jeffersonian. Rather is he a Jeffreys. Talk, in this country, is no longer cheap. Very few will be found willing to pay the extravagant price put upon it by our courts.

THE church congress recently held at Cleveland was composed of a bishop of the Roman Catholic church and ministers of all the Protestant denominations—Baptist, Christians, Congregational, Disciples, Evangelical Association, Evangelical Lutheran, Free Baptist, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South, Methodist Protestant, Church of New Jerusalem, Presbyterian, Presbyterian Church South, Protestant Episcopal, Reformed Presbyterian and Roman Catholic, Friends, Unitarians, Moravians, United Brethren in Christ, United Presbyterian and Universalist. As yet, however, we hav heard of no burnings, hangings, burying alive, torturing, or other Christian practices having been perpetrated. Times hav changed since the days of Torquemada, John Calvin, and the rest of the Reformers.

AT the execution of Lee Barnes, at Dover, Ark., week before last, a religious meeting of remarkable fervor was held. The Rev. Mr. Jolly was upon the scaffold, and, together with some thirty more spectators, sang, "What a Friend We Hav in Jesus," Barnes joining fervently in the singing. Afterward Barnes made a speech confessing his crime, and saying he could now meet his God in peace. Then "Jesus Paid It All" was sung, and Barnes went around to each one on the scaffold and embraced them, saying, "Meet me in heaven." Mr. Jolly then prayed, breaking down in the middle of it, and, clapping his hands together, shouted, "Hallelujah! bless the Lord!" Barnes responded with a loud "Amen!" He was then hanged. His crime was the most atrocious murder ever committed in the county.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South on the 26th ult. adopted by an overwhelming vote the following:

"To the several overtures on the subject of the evolution of man sent up by the Presbyteries, the General Assembly returns answer as follows:

"The church remains at this time sincerely convinced that the scriptures, as truly and authoritativly expounded in our 'Confession of Faith' and Catechism, teach that Adam and Eve were created body and soul by immediate acts of almighty power, thereby preserving perfect race unity; that Adam's body was directly fashioned by almighty God without any natural animal parentage of any kind, out of matter previously created of nothing, and that any doctrin at variance therewith is dangerous error, insomuch as by methods of interpreting scripture which it must demand, and in the consequences which by fair implication it will involve, it will lead to a denial of doctrins fundamental to the faith."

That is the high-water mark of Presbyterian intelligence at the present time.

BY way of the Grand Rapids *Progressive Age*, we get from the Chicago *Times* of the 8th inst. the following account of spirit-photography: "Two brothers named Keeler hired a room, and began a series of so-called spirit seances. The correspondents of various papers were asked to attend, and were unable to detect any evidence of fraud or imposition, although they confess to hav been completely puzzled and mystified. In one room they materialized spirits, and in another they photographed spirits of persons—declared by visitors to be excellent likenesses of some deceased individuals. It is difficult to persuade one's self of the actual truth of such a performance before more is heard in regard to it. Every facility had been given to the visitors to examin the rooms, and the furniture, and the photographing apparatus. The furniture consists of one cambric curtain, shutting off one corner of the room, where the medium sits. The walls are solid. The spirits are photographed in the other room, alongside of the face of a visitor who is seated in an arm-chair opposit a white screen and a common photographing apparatus." The *Banner of Light*, however, is skeptical in the matter. In the issue of that journal of May 8th, the editor says: "Our Washington correspondent, in alluding to spirit-photography in that city, conveying a doubt of its legitimacy, we fully indorse. Through private sources we hav information to the same effect from there. Our own experience regarding spirit-photography has been in the past of a nature to satisfy us that much fraud has been practiced in this connection, although we hav in our possession indubitable evidence that genuin spirit-pictures hav been made. But we are fully satisfied that nearly, if not quite, all pictures of this description made to-day, of which we hav any knowledge, are fraudulent productions." Mrs. Slenker, too, visited these so-called mediums on her journey in search of ghosts, and obtained a photograph from one of these brothers and a "psychometric reading" from the other. She always maintained that both the picture and reading were a farce and humbug. The Keeler brothers are the gentlemen upon whom Mr. R. M. Robinson, the author of the "spirit-photography challenge," published recently in our columns, depends to produce his proof of a spiritual world. The committee proposed by him has been selected, and is awaiting his action. He is not limited to one medium, but may produce any and all claiming to possess gifts in this line.

A NEW Congregationalist church has been built in Atlanta because one could not hold both white and black Christians. In describing its dedication a writer in the *Congregationalist* says: "The two races will not unite to any extent in Atlanta, or anywhere else. The experiment has been tried in all faithfulness and Christian love in the First Congregational church in Washington, and it is a conspicuous failure; not from any lack of brotherly or Christian feeling, but in the nature of things." The Hon. Frederick Douglass, colored, who is more a Free Religionist than a Christian, sends to the *Independent* some stinging comments upon this exhibition of race prejudice. He says: "After reading these lines, I was led to exclaim: 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the hearing of Robert G. Ingersoll!' It is the saddest confession of the impotency of Christian faithfulness and Christian love that has lately come to my notice, if, indeed, such faithfulness and such love cannot tolerate the presence of two varieties of the human family to worship God under the same roof. We can sit, side by side, in the public hall with white people to hear Robert G. Ingersoll denounce the mistakes of Moses; we can sit in the same circus, and see men and women play all manner of pranks; we can sit in the same theater with white people, and hear the music and see the players; but the *nature of things* and *the impotency of Christian love* make it impossible for colored and white people to worship God in the same temple." Mr. Douglass ought to know by this time that Christian professions hav not the slightest influence upon Christian practices. The French hav a manner of inquiring, when a man gets into trouble, "Who is the woman?" The American query now is, "What Sunday-school was he superintendent of?" Mr. Douglass should not allow himself to be surprised at any action of the churches. They are the devil's unaccountables.

Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. H. S. LAKE speaks for the Independent Church of Alliance, O., through the month of June. She will be at Cassadaga Camp August 7th, 8th, 11th, and 13th; at Mount Pleasant Park Camp (Clinton, Ia.), August 15th to 23d; at Onset Bay Camp, August 28th and 29th. Societies wishing her services for fall and winter will address her at Alliance, O., Box 202.

C. B. REYNOLDS lectures at Williamson, N. Y., June 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th; Pultneyville, the 14th and 15th. He will pitch his Tent at Marion June 16th, going thence to Sodus, Lafayette, and Fabius, all in Onondaga county. Afterward he will visit Ballston Spa, N. Y., and Boonton, N. J. Parties desiring the presence of the Tent in their town may address Mr. Reynolds in care of this office. Contributions to aid him may also be sent in our care.

JOHN E. REMSBURG, the noted lecturer and author on Freethought and cotemporary of Ingersoll, lectured last night at the Turner Hall to a small but appreciativ audience. His theme was "Tom Paine, the Apostle of Liberty," and a glowing tribute in masterly language did he pay that great defender of the rights of man. He did not insist that his hearers should adopt his views on orthodox religion, but only asked consideration for them, and was listened to with marked attention and frequently applauded. The diction and thought of the lecture were elegant and profound.—*San Antonio Daily Light.*

Invited to Prove His Prayer.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Old Governor McCreery was not a religious man, and did not hav much respect for religion. He preferred a race horse to a church, and a mint julep to a hymn book. One morning Mr. Sutherland, who was the chaplain of the Senate, had some distinguished divine as a guest and invited him to officiate in his place on that day. The stranger, not having ever enjoyed the honor before, thought he would make the most of the case, and delivered a very fervent prayer, which was intended for the spiritual benefit of the senators. There was more truth than compliment in his utterances, and at the conclusion of his prayer Senator McCreery sent to the clerk's desk a resolution.

Mr. McDonald, who was then the chief clerk of the Senate, took the resolution, read it over, colored up to his ears, and, turning around, held a whispered conversation with Mr. Ferry, who was in the chair.

Mr. Ferry declared at once that the resolution of the senator from Kentucky was not in order. Mr. McCreery demanded that it should be read, and there was a little breeze, in which the chair conquered, as he usually does on such occasions.

Several senators rushed up to the desk to see what the paper was about, and it was afterward passed around quite freely. It was a series of whereases, which set forth that the gentleman who had just occupied the floor did not address his remarks to the president of the Senate, as required by the rules, but to a being not recognized by the Constitution of the United States, and entirely unknown to that body:

Whereas, In the remarks of the gentleman he asserted that the Senate of the United States was composed of men who were weak and sinful, and wanting in Christian grace; and

Whereas, If these remarks were true, the persons so described were unfit to represent the several states or to frame laws for the people; therefore be it

Resolved, That the committee on privileges and elections be instructed to summon before them at once the person who had offered the prayer, and compel him to prove the truth of his assertions or retract them.

Letters from Friends.

ENON VALLEY, PA., May 30, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. MACDONALD: Allow me to express, not only my satisfaction, but admiration, for the tone of your leading editorial in THE TRUTH SEEKER of yesterday. In the name of the future, as well as the present, I thank you for the bold and consistent stand you take in defending the liberty of speech in the case of Herr Most and the rest of the Anarchists; for, although I differ from their un-American notions entirely, I feel and think that they hav a perfect right to discuss the subject, since treason, which forfeits liberty and life, consists, not in threatening, but in the *overt act* of levying war against the government. It is the glory of Freethought that in all past ages it has been on the side of justice as well as truth, and if at the present crisis it should compromise with wrong, and truckle to wealth and power, for the sake either of peace or "respectability," its righteous doom would be sealed. But there is no danger of this. That monosyllable *if* is as big as the Himalaya mountains, and as impassable. A. B. BRADFORD.

STANGLE P. O., WASH. TER., May 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find 25 cents for "The Holy Bible Abridged." I hav a friend who has just begun to doubt ecclesiasticism. I think that "The Holy Bible Abridged" will change the religious sentiment in his locality. The time has come when Freethought should pervade the entire length and breadth of the land. Religion in eastern Washington has but a small following. Catholicism is paying taxes on her holy frauds. Preachers hav gone to work to some extent. The monastery of Spokane Falls is completed. They had to go to Rome for funds to complete it. I consider that Liberalism has done its work pretty well in Eastern Washington. The Holy Ghost at Vancouver is still at work, and a venerated Catholic has sent his darling girl to that holy sink. Much has been said during the last ten years concerning the crimes and cruelties of Christianity, but little has been said about the imprisoned nuns. I do not think it necessary at this enlightened period of the world to keep a castle filled with girls to pray for the holy church and the sinners of this earth; and if those unworthy homes for girls could cease to exist, it would be one grand step in the line of progression. Young ladies are preferred in the nunneries. Why couldn't young men do as well? Will some priest answer the question? E. WINCHESTER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 27, 286.

MR. EDITOR: The pernicious and evil influence of Spiritualism has been most vividly brought before me during the past week by the incarceration within an insane asylum of a friend and acquaintance of mine, whose mind has been overturned by an overdose of humbuggery and supernaturalism, brought about by attending Spiritual seances during the last few weeks, claiming that he is dead, and that he is Professor Denton.

With the very many examples where bright intellects hav been beclouded in the attempt to invcstigate and fathom that fanatical humbug, it seems strange that there should be anyone who would waste their time upon either of those twin relics of barbarism, orthodoxy and Spiritualism.

There are in your paper nearly every week one or more items about persons who hav lost their reason through the influence of religion. Should you publish the account of all those who break down from the influence of that other delusion, the number would be appalling.

Renouncing orthodoxy and taking up Spiritualism as a substitute is very much like the old saying, jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Of what use is it to break away from one delusion only to embrace another?

L. L. NORTHUP, Materialist.

MORELAND, MONT., May 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find postal-note for $3 to renew subscription to your valuable paper. I cannot do without it. The cartoons are simply immense. I am more than pleased with them. I received my books all right. Miss Gardener's arguments, like Paine's, are unanswerable. I wish there were more such noble men and women in the world than there is. I hav been reading two sermons this morning from the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago, one by Professor Swing, and the other by the Rev. Lorimer. The subject is the riot in their city, and they ascribe it all to the lack of religion (they don't specify the kind) and a strict observance of the divine law of God. They say all Anarchists are Atheists, and must of a necessity be disorderly and hav murder at heart. They hold that religion is the author of morality, and morality is the author of all law and order, and God being the creator and maker of all things, his divine law is superior to all other laws. So they exhort their hearers to put their trust in God and make the best of everything, or, in other words, believe in God, trust to luck, and wait for results. It seems strange to me, if religion is so powerful, and God omnipotent, with all the preaching and praying, that such things should happen. And when will they quit exhorting us to liv nearer God, proclaiming loud and dwelling long on the peculiar advantages of the nearness and immediate presence of God?

I presume others as well as myself hav been told of Satan, who was once an angel of light in heaven, the home of God, where nothing of a questionable character can possibly enter, yet pride entered the heart of Satan, and there was war in heaven.

I think it time for them to quit offering their sugar-coated nonsense as a remedy for our ills. Do they forget that we hav tried their remedy for hundreds of years? Can they expect us to never tire? Can they blame us if we look for something better, and when we find something, embrace it because of its reality and effect? If it cures our ills, rights our wrongs, and has the desired effect, making us better men and women, bettering all our conditions in life, then it is the remedy we hav been looking for. But this "hav faith and trust to luck," I am done with. I think it is best to study cause and effect, profit by experience, think of our past follies, and be wise.

Never weary of well-doing. I think more of deeds than creeds; more of works than faith. He that plants a hill of potatoes and cultivates it with care does more for mankind than a preacher with all his prayer. J. O. CLARK.

PAULINÆ, ARK., May 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1, for which send me THE TRUTH SEEKER weekly. I shall no doubt be a regular subscriber hereafter to your paper, as I am well pleased with its tone, and also with the cartoons. I am taking several Freethought papers, but it seems to me I hav fallen in love with THE TRUTH SEEKER most. W. R. BACHELOR.

VAN BUREN, ARK., May 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $3.25 for renewal of subscription and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

The pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER are immense, and I think that those who find them too hard hav too soft shells to get far away from the church; so I vote to continue the pictures as long as you can stand the expense.

JAMES R. NEAL.

PORTVILLE, N. Y., May 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed 20 cents, for which please send me "Paine Vindicated," by Robert G. Ingersoll; and "Adami and Heva," by S. P. Putnam.

We read your TRUTH SEEKER with famishing hunger every week, and prize its contents for its honesty and true Liberal sentiments. We appreciate it more especially because we liv in a community that is wealthy and priest-ridden, and consequently has very little feeling in common with us or sympathy with our ideas of life. Still, we are very happy, living our own lives in our own way, and the Liberal reading we get from your office refreshes us like a timely shower.

Yours for truth, C. BROOKS.

LINCOLN, ILL., May 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished a careful reading of Kersey Graves's "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," and let me say that if there is a single reader of your valuable paper who has yet hanging loose anywhere in his mental composition a tatter or shred of respect or reverence for the Christian system left over from tradition that began at his mother's knee, let him read this book, and he will arise free, peaceful, satisfied, rejoicing that he has "got out" at last. The old owls and bats of mythology will leave their roosts, and the rubbish tanght by preachers will vanish into cerulean ether, while a mental feast will glide in, and sunrise come to the banquet. When the doubts and uncertainties left us by priest-ridden teachers clear away, then, and only then, will the Freethinker rise in his manhood and strike for liberty. A. R. C.

IDAHO CITY, I. T., May 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber for your paper for two years, and like it very much, and more since it has been illustrated. The first copy was shown to me by one of your subscribers. I was shocked at first, but on reading it I found I was shocked, not at the paper, but at its truths. I do hope reason will yet gnide us. I wish I could hear a good Liberal lecture. I never heard one. There are a good many here, I find, that are silent members with you, but are under the fear of the potentates, and don't come forward and investigate. I am not such a one-sided evangelist that I cannot read for myself. I am for liberty of this kind, that I can read for myself, that I am not restricted in my choice of literature. There are three churches here—Catholic, Episcopal, and Methodist, though neither has a local minister. Once in two weeks there is preaching in one or more of the churches—very good speakers, who believe sincerely in the doctrins they preach. I love to read your paper very much, and intend always to take it. I cannot believe in hell, but I believe there is a heaven, and God the creator of the world. I cannot disbelieve in God. If there is no God, what created our thoughts, our spiritual body? Is it God in us? I sometimes think so. Your friend, MRS. CLARA L. REEL.

SIOUX FALLS, D. T., May 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I received your favor with request to do something for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I would be too glad to do it if it were possible. I am seventy-four years old, and very deaf, and it is with great difficulty I can see to read with any glasses I can get. I know but few Liberals here. The church has it all her own way here, with ten or twelve churches, and two more building. The children are all corraled. Two men are salaried with Eastern capital, one to build and establish churches, the other to organize Sunday-schools. Our independent press (three of them) dare not say a word that conflicts with religious bigotry. At a Catholic costume performance, the secretary of an insurance company had the priest's robe on. The *Argus* in (favorably) commenting upon the performance, said the secretary looked as if he could sell indulgences as well as anybody. The next morning the *Press* had a notice over a Catholic's signature, stating that the *Argus's* remarks reflected upon both priests and laity. He waited for an explanation. The *Argus*, like a cringing cur, had to come down and whitewash it over. The glorious TRUTH SEEKER is not afraid of losing subscribers in that way.

My hands are tied financially. I send $1, and will very soon raise the other $2 to prepay up to May, 1887. I fear I will not be able to read THE TRUTH SEEKER much longer. I hav read every number that was ever published.

CALVIN GRISWOLD.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., May 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I would like you to solve a mystery, and I believe there are many others who do not understand it. Why are the words on our silver dollar "In God we trust?" Did God ever ask this government for credit? Has the government ever trusted God with any of these dollars? Or is it hogwash and a lie? Now, if the Congress had stamped it "In man we trust," it would hav been a matter of fact; and even if there is a God, what has he got to do with the silver dollar? Why not put a God on the rest of our money, or did God only want the silver dollar? As there is no God in our Constitution, and as it provides that Congress shall make no law to establish or prohibit the God business, what does it mean? A. B. SIMONDS.

[The question propounded by our correspondent is in a measure answered by the letter of Mr. Thomas Rogers, printed below. If "In God we trust" is to be retained, the further provision, "All others cash down," should be added at once.—ED. T. S.]

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In one of your most interesting columns I read a letter from C. W. Pratt, *re* the labor question, which he concludes with a few remarks about that "strange device" that is impressed on our silver dollars, "In God we trust," and he is desirous to know "who is responsible for this falsehood." As I hav looked this "thing" up I should be obliged if you would kindly publish the following:

The motto, "In God we trust," appeared on a colonial battle flag first, and was on the first device offered by the mint for a copper coin, which was accepted. The device was submitted to Congress, which, in passing upon it, rendered the motto a matter of law, which action was, of course, unconstitutional and antagonistic to the glorious Liberals who founded our republic, and it is therefore but another ulcer which "must go." In spite of our glorious Constitution, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that this country is "essentially, lawfully, and by proclamation Christian." This we can plainly see by the rapid increase of criminals, lunatics, and paupers, which is the natural outcome of a country "essentially, lawfully, and by proclamation Christian." THOMAS ROGERS.

NAPA CITY, CAL., May 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: This is a nice town of about five thousand inhabitants in the finest valley and most lovely climate in the state, but also the worst priest and church ridden town in the state. There is a large and respectable minority of Liberals here, but as the church has got the start, many of the Liberals dare not oppose it on account of business relations. We hav no Liberal organization, and some of us hav decided to hav one; we wish to start aright if possible, and ask you to refer me to some one who can set us going on that plain and open road which, when we are once in, we may never be able to lose our way, and journey onward forever in plenty of good company and good fellowship; all free—men, women, and children. We hav concluded, and forever settled to our own perfect satisfaction, that we do not wish to, can not, and will not attempt to travel another step in that crooked, ugly, up-hill orthodox trail overgrown with grass, hedged in with thistles, with its hundreds of forks and branches, with at every fork and branch a priest or devil. According to Christian doctrins, Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Franklin, Darwin, Huxley, Humboldt, Comte, Parker, Emerson, Spencer, Lydia Maria Child, Harriet Martineau, Bennett, Wright, and thousands of others, the benefactors, liberators, lovers, and martyrs for the benefit of mankind, are now in hell; and Robert G. Ingersoll—our brave, outspoken colonel—with the entire host of his friends and all free and independent men and women, will all soon be there too. What a glorious company!

Friends, let us sing, "We Want To Be There Too:"

If our best friends to hell hav gone,
We want to go there too:
They whom we fix our hopes upon—
We want to go there too.

Yours for truth and fair play, R. F. GRIGSBY.

BLOCK CREEK, TEXAS, May 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am always pleased when I see a letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER columns advocating the benefits to be derived by the establishment of Liberal colonies. I doubt if any one individual can realize all the possibilities of such a society, provided all interested were really Liberal and altruistic in thought and act. The recent letters of Dr. Baran and F. M. Borden hav awakened chronic hopes and aspirations that I might some day be one of a colony of stanch, noble-principled men and women all working for the greatest good of human needs, living true and earnest lives, replete with loving deeds and kindly ways, instinct with noble, pure, and lofty aims, proving by word and act some method sure we all possess however low and meanly we are born.

Believing this possibility to be a fact ever since I attained the brain period of reasoning for myself, and per force became a full-fledged latitudinarian, I hav worked to this end, and, am pleased to state, hav made a successful beginning. I hav effected the organization of a stock company for the purpose of buying, raising, and selling all kinds of stock, with various industries for women and children. The enterprise is managed and controled by Liberals.

We hav a fine range of hundreds of acres of well watered and timbered grazing and agricultural land, stock, buildings, corrals, etc., located in one of the most fertil valleys of the state, altitude over two thousand feet, water sweet and delicious. We do not claim having medicinal springs. However, the waters possess virtues, united with the pure and dry air, of curing various complaints, all combined rendering this one of the most salubrious of climates, and not only desirable as a resort for invalids, but also for a permanent home for healthy people. Cereals, fruits, and vegetables all do well

here with less labor and expense than is required in the Northern states. As the Liberal papers are head and shoulders above all others in satisfying the demands of our nature, is it not natural to suppose some, at least, of the patrons and admirers are superior to the admirers and patrons of other papers, and would hold the same relation in contributing to our happiness by their presence and influence? Anyone may answer.

There are no rules and obligations by which one is pretty certain of losing all he has contributed, but, instead, we propose making it an object financially for our friends who wish to join us by securing to them free a home for themselvs and families, giving advantages according to investments.

Parties desiring information may address, C. H. REED.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., May 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Keeler will hav to pick his mediumistic flint and try again. His recent epistolary characterization of D. M. Bennett is, upon its face, a total failure. Much of my life having been spent as a typo, proof-reader, editor, and as a close discerner of individual differences and peculiarities in literary composition, I would hav no hesitation in testifying under oath, as an expert, that D. M. Bennett had nothing to do with the communication published over his name. I hav read nearly every line Mr. Bennett ever wrote. His composition is marked so strongly with his individuality that almost any one line taken from his voluminous writings will betray its authorship. In this squib the selection of words is not D. M. Bennett; the arrangement of words is not Bennett; the sentences are not Bennett; the ideas, or rather the lack of ideas, are not Bennett; and the bombastic declaration that "Ingersoll must stop and all others" is not Bennett.

If Mr. Bennett's step could betray his personality to the ear of a blind man, how infinitly more reliable, as a test of individuality, must be a mental composition to the experienced perception of an expert!

Counterfeit notes go for genuin with the most of people, but here is an imitation too clumsily executed to deceive anybody. It is a photograph of D. M. Bennett from a sitting of Paddy McGuire. It no more bears the intellectual "earmarks" of D. M. Bennett than it does of the man in the moon. S. R. SHEPHERD.

SALINA, KAN., May 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Since I came to Kansas I hav been on a farm, and hav been so busy that I do not get time to read much except the news, and I had about made up my mind to pay up and stop THE TRUTH SEEKER, but after the pictures came out I got time to read them, and so will continue a while longer.

Last year I raised about sixteen thousand bushels corn and had hogs enough to eat it, but the cholera took about all of them, and so I had to sell it for eighteen cents per bushel.

Freethinkers are quite numerous here, but are pretty mum, for in this country everyone tries to farm a little more land than can be done easily, and consequently has but little time to discuss religion or anything else.

Yours truly, JAMES H. NEARDISON.

LONG LAKE, MINN., May 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $7—$5 to pay for two years' subscription, and $2 to help you in a general way. I like most of the illustrations, though that last one of the recording angel is a little raw—hardly up to the average of the others. However, I don't want to be hypercritical.

I am a little curious to know what percentage of deadbeats you find among your patrons, and also how it would compare with the experience of some of the religious newspapers in that respect. This would probably be hard to arrive at closely, but if it could I hav thought it might afford some interesting statistics. I will say this: I hav more respect for a religious bigot who is honest in his dealings with his fellowmen than for any Freethinker who is not.

Yours respectfully, JOSEPH H. LYDIARD.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, April 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper keeps me in mind of my friends every day, and is far ahead of any paper I know of. Out of four papers taken by me THE TRUTH SEEKER is read more than any of them. Well, we are looking forward to a joyous meeting when friend Putnam gets here, and that will not be long. I go in for pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER all the while if the company can afford it. Pictures speak for themselvs, and will make a stronger impression on the mind in most cases.

Find inclosed $2.05 which please apply as follows: To aid THE TRUTH SEEKER on picture business, 50 cents; to aid Tent Fund, 50 cents; "Cleansing the Blood," 30 cents; "The Order of Creation," 75 cents. LUKE WM. GALLUP.

HANOVERTON, O., May 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As my time for receiving THE TRUTH SEEKER expired on the 18th, I thought I would make it known to you. I can't afford to boycott THE TRUTH SEEKER, though some of its contents are not interesting to me. There may be argument in the pictures, but it seems to me to be of the cobhouse kind, and adapted to trundle-bed children only. The space occupied to carry on the discussion between Materialist and Spiritualist is thrown away. Neither has ever proved anything nor ever will, there being no handle to the subject. But I will not say any more for fear some of the knowing brothers will create a little hell for me. Please tell them while they are looking for bigots in the church herds to keep an eye on their own flock. Inclosed please find postal note for renewal of paper. J. T. JOHNSON.

[It is proper that warnings should go out occasionally to our friends to bear and forbear. There may be bigotry in the Liberal ranks, but it is the strength of Freethought that where one shows a spirit of intolerance, a hundred rise up to rebuke it. Never forget that.—ED. T. S.].

CASEY, ILL., May 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $1 to apply on my subscription; also 10 cents for S. P. Putnam's "Adami and Heva." I will just remark that I agree with Amy Post in regard to J. R. Kelso's article on paupers, and with her rejoice that we hav a Kelso. I had about concluded that all of the brave soldiers were dead, or had lost all of their pluck on Southern battlefields. But there is one left, and I hope he will giv them a few more shots, and that others will fall into line with him. When I go soldiering again I want to go in his regiment, and fight for the kind of liberty and equality that he advocates, not the sham we hav. JOHN MCCRORY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: A number of letters against protection hav been published in THE TRUTH SEEKER from time to time, but few in favor. Having a constitutional aversion to lopsided discussions of any subject, I will offer a few facts and pertinent suggestions on the other side of the protection question.

The instinct of self-preservation is universally admitted to be common to all animate nature, and being an incentiv to protection and conservation of our rights, interests, and even of our existence, protection cannot be an unjust principle, nor productiv of evil effect. Whatever evil attaches to it is an effect of environments for which the principle is in nowise responsible.

For the few first years of our national existence our ports were free to the commerce of all nations, and we exported two dollars' worth of our own products for every dollar's worth received in exchange. Our intelligent and patriotic statesmen, of whom we had a few, perceived that we were in need of protection—not to protect our home manufactories, for we had none to protect—but to protect our farmers and planters from outrageous fraud and extortion being practiced upon them by foreign capitalists; protection that would enable us to do our manufacturing ourselvs, giv employment to our own people, develop our own skill and resources, aud hav the products of our own country for our own enrichment, instead of sending them abroad for the enrichment of foreigners. They imposed a protectiv tariff on imports. I will note some results.

It is authoritativly reported that the price of cotton cloth, in Manchester, England, is but a quarter of one per cent less than the price of like goods in Lowell, Mass.

That is almost free trade, and it givs the lie direct to the oft-repeated assertion that English manufacturers can afford to sell their goods in our market at half the price that it costs to manufacture like goods ourselvs.

The contract to furnish rails for a road recently constructed in the British Dominion north of us by an English railroad company was awarded to an American iron and steel manufacturing company.

That is absolute free trade, and is the kind of free trade that protectionists desire. It givs employment to our own people, develops our own skill and resources, and puts the profits in our own pocket.

The people of the Southern states are beginning to learn that it pays better to manufacture their cotton into cloth, giv employment to their own people, and hav all the product, than to send their cotton to Europe and not get enough cloth in exchange to cover their nakedness. They hav also learned that wheat will grow on Southern soil, and they can feed and clothe themselvs independent of their neighbors. Protection has given them free trade that makes them a free people.

Protection is building up a monopoly of wealth on our own soil that should amply protect us from monopolies of wealth abroad, which is the *ne plus ultra* of protection. It is simply the question of whether it were best to build up a monopoly of wealth at home that will make us a free and independent nation, or build up monopolies of wealth abroad that shall make us a nation of slaves to foreign capitalists. Monopoly of wealth gave England supremacy, and should confer a little favor on ourselvs. Monopoly of wealth is a synonym of aggregation of wealth, and involves the principle of community of wealth, from which principle it derives its beneficent potency. Whatever of evil attaches to it is caused by environments for which the principle is not responsible.

Americans who are anxious to realize a benefit from British free trade should import French lace and American tobacco into England; they will probably become aware that British free trade is a legitimate offspring of British protection. Free trade cannot be born to any country of any other parent.

Russia abolished feudalism a few years ago, and divided the land among the ex-slaves on condition that they should pay a price for them by instalments. That act gave a stimulus to Russian product that enabled them to supply the European market with wheat at eighty cents per bushel. The advocates of British free trade insist that such an event could not hav occurred if we had our manufacturing done in Europe instead of doing it ourselvs. They should write a book on political economy, and tell us all about it. I think their book would excel the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" for ridiculous absurdities, and be highly appreciated by those who hav a penchant for fiction founded on facts not stated.

The English manufacturers sent their agents over here about the close of our late civil war, who were well supplied with British free trade literature for distribution among our people. When they had canvassed the states on the subject they returned and reported that free trade was dead in the United States. But I think the foregoing statement of facts should abundantly prove that their report was somewhat premature, if not absolutely false. If American advocates of foreign interests were all dead, I hardly think intelligent patriotic Americans would be likely to regard the event as reasonable cause for serious regret; though our prospect of burying the last of them in the near future is brightening, for even our Irish adopted citizens are beginning to comprehend the fact that British free trade has been, and is, a greater curse to Ireland than landlordism, Irish whisky, and priestcraft combined. J. A. TUTTLE.

OAKLAND, CAL., May 10, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find the name of a new subscriber to be added to your list on account of the cartoons. Last evening I and wife went to church to hear a Rev. Dr. Sweeny on "Ingersoll." I will giv you one of his arguments to show you how the colonel was handled by his reverence. He said that Ingersoll claimed that man made his own gods. To meet that he told us that at Athens they had some forty thousand gods, but there was one who was unknown, for so said Paul. He lied one hour right straight along on Paine and Ingersoll. A. H. SONOW.

KANKAKEE CITY, ILL., May 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find post-office order for $3 to pay for one year for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

For my Liberal views I hav been persecuted and had to quit doing business, and lost a great deal. And who do you think are the ones that I hav lost with? Every one of them is a church-member. I am a Freethinking man, and I am not afraid or ashamed to say so. The most dangerous church or belief that we hav in this country, that we call a free country, and which is not in regard to belief, is Catholicism. She is one of the most dangerous enemies that we hav. The priests of each town try to control and keep their subjects in ignorance. I hav been raised in that belief, but got out of it as soon as my parents had no more control over me. To do good is my religion, and my little home that I now only possess is my church. Your TRUTH SEEKER is the only paper that I enjoy to read. It's the paper of light, wisdom, and truth, and sense, and that is what I am seeking.

Yours as a Freethinker, CHAS. A. BRASSEAN.

WALKERVILLE, MON., May 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $6, to apply on my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER and one copy, cloth bound, of "Men, Women, and Gods."

While my pen is in hand let me just say I hav read "Men, Women, and Gods," and disposed of it; now I want another for the Home Library. It is a book that should be read by every woman in the land, for it can't help but giv a clear idea of the true inwardness of the folly and superstition and oppression they sustain by honoring and revering that myth called the Christian religion.

Another thought, it occurs to me, as a very practical means of disseminating Liberalism was suggested by W. F. Jamieson in your paper of January 9, 1886, under the heading, "Liberal Leaves." I think the plan would prove a grand success. It requires some little means to start it, and when once started would be made self-sustaining by the united efforts of the few Liberals scattered over the land.

Out West here we need some awakening influence to bring the Liberal element together; thereby an interest would be made manifest and their "light shine." A live lecturer occasionally moving among us would inspire to action in concert to spread the light and glad tidings of universal mental liberty. I hav never heard but one Liberal lecturer, Dr. J. L. York, in my life, and I know many others in the same fix who, if woke up, would become activ workers in the field of Freethought. We are anticipating a treat in the presence of S. P. Putnam in this vicinity soon, and I hope he will be followed up by others.

Wishing success to every effort for the "liberty of man, woman, and child," WILLIAM J. WHITE.

ODESSA, MO., May 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It has been quite a while since I wrote to you. I am glad to hav it to say that since I came here, about a year ago, Freethought has been gaining ground in this vicinity. I hav kept my books and papers loaned until they are nearly all worn out. The "Godly Women of the Bible" has converted several. There are thirty or forty confessed Freethinkers around here now, but are very shy of taking any activ steps toward organization. They say, "Wait till times get better and the thing ripens a little more." We hav lately had a terrible hurricane in this part of the country. It demolished five out of nine churches, and blew the roofs off several business houses, doing considerable damage. No lives were lost. You hav learned before this, perhaps, that several were killed in Kansas City. It has had the effect to cause several Christians to conclude that God is no respecter of persons. It has had the effect on me to cause me to indite the following: God is all things and all things are God. All things are natural, therefore God is all nature, or else he must be nothing. And with regard to the doctrin held by our Christian friends—if I may call them such, some of whom I know I can't—that there are both natural and supernatural things—a physical and also a spiritual world; God a spiritual being and monarch of all both natural and spiritual; a being without body or parts—I am made to indite this: If the Christian God or any other God is a reality, he must be a real something, having in his constitution body, figure, substance, extension, tangibility, the essential properties of all things or anything, or else he must be empty space or a mere imaginary nothing; and that to admit that a God or Gods hav these natural essentials is to admit that he is, or they are, natural in every sense of the word. WILLIAM L. WORLEY.

"BLOODWASHED RUBE," of the Schenectady, N. Y., Salvation Army, has been arrested for stealing four carcases of mutton, two of veal, and four sheep pelts.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Be Contented.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satins and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would do if I could—
I'd giv my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage, the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world—whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we hav not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy. —*Selected.*

Stupid Sam.

A great, awkward, lumbering boy, with a very red face and honest blue eyes, was Sam. In school he did not learn very fast, was not quick at figures, and he soon became known as "Stupid Sam." The other boys plagued him, and the girls laughed at him. By and by, school-days came to an end, and some of the boys went one way and some another. At home, what to do with Sam, stupid Sam, was a question. He had one brother a minister, another a doctor, and another a lawyer, and they all laughed at and looked down upon Sam, stupid Sam.

"I don't suppose he'll ever amount to anything," said his father; and, "I wish he was a little different," thought his mother, wiping a tear from her eye.

Sam did not say much, but read and thought considerable, for him. "I've a great mind to go West," he said to himself. Horace Greeley advised young men to "go West," but then, if they all followed his advice, the West would soon be as overcrowded as the big cities in the East, thought Sam.

But what should he do to earn his living in the East? That was the problem that rolled over in his mind by night and by day. The stores seem to be full of clerks, the pulpits full of ministers, the courts full of lawyers, and the cities and towns full enough of doctors; besides, Sam thought one of a kind is enough in a family, even if he knew sufficient to be one of the three. "I'm altogether too stupid, I s'pose, for any profession like those adopted by my high-backed brothers," said Sam, stupid Sam.

One day he sat reading apparently, but, although his eyes rested on his book, he did not read one word. Presently, whack! and the book came together with a loud bang.

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired his mother.

"I'm going to be a farmer!" and Sam spoke with emphasis and decision.

Well, they all laughed, and thought it only a boy's whim, a stupid boy's foolish idea.

"Great farmer you'd make!" "What's the price of oats?" "Do you know beans from barley?" and, "It takes some brains to farm it—do you know it, Sam, stupid Sam?"

These and similar expressions did not daunt him in the least, or shake his determination.

One day his father told him that there was his old dead and gone grandfather's little farm at his disposal, if he really wanted to be a farmer on a small scale; he might try it and see what he could do, but he need not expect any help from him.

"All right," said Sam, and his face brightened into a broad smile, as he hastened away to view the old farm.

He saw that it would require some hard work to manage it rightly, but "I guess I can work," said Sam, "if I am stupid!"

When planting time came, Sam planted—potatoes—nothing but potatoes! Acres and acres of potatoes! The people laughed and tickled, but Sam kept on planting potatoes.

"What's the price of *taters?*" they would sneeringly inquire every once in a while, and the lily-fingered brothers of his, as often as they wrote or came home, would say, "Well, how's the boss farmer?"

But Sam, stupid Sam, hoed away, and fought potato-bugs, and said, in reply to queries, "I'll let you know in harvest time."

He did let them know. When he began to dig his potatoes, there seemed to be no end to them. There were bushels, and bushels, and bushels again; fine, big potatoes, fair and sound as potatoes could be. Many farmers all through the country lost their potatoes on account of the rot, but Sam, stupid Sam, lost not one. He sold them all at a good price, and had money jingling in his pocket all winter. The next year he planted more potatoes, and some other vegetables. He worked hard, and success crowned his efforts. He read books on agriculture, improved his mind, prospered, and, as time went on, became a comfortable, well-to-do farmer and stock-raiser.

His lawyer brother did not hav many clients, and spends a good part of his time on stupid Sam's farm. The doctor struggled along with a small practice, and is glad to receive a lift from stupid Sam occasionally. The minister has the bronchitis and dyspepsia terribly, and, believing country air good for him, has just gone to stay six months on stupid Sam's farm.

But they don't call him stupid Sam in these days—no one does. Sam plods along in blue overalls, and laughs dull care away, as he plows and plants, sows and mows, and declares that some things can be done as well as others, even if a fellow is called stupid.

He rejoices in hard work and plenty of it, which brings him health, vigor, and wealth.

"How did you succeed so well?" he was asked one day.

"By sticking to it when I made up my mind, and not caring when they called me Stupid Sam," said he. S. H. W.

The Deepest Well in the World.

The deepest well in the world is located at Homewood, Pa. It is owned by George Westinghouse, Jr. The average depth of the Homewood wells is about 1,850 feet. In the well now drilling, everything found of the nature of gas or water at a depth of 2,000 feet was cast off as unimportant, and the drill at present is said to be a little over 6,000 feet below the surface, which would make it by all odds the deepest well in the world. A careful record is being kept, and portions of each formation encountered preserved. Since it would necessarily hav to be a very prolific gas vein to justify such deep drilling, it is a difficult matter to conjecture the object that prompts such a work, unless it be purely to satisfy a morbid curiosity. There are in Washington county some wells drilled to a depth of 4,000 feet, and the only other, so far as known, approaching the depth reached by Mr. Westinghouse is an artesian well in France, at which a depth of 5,000 feet was reached.—*Oil, Paint, and Drug Reporter.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PUZZLE.



A bouquet of flowers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY, 29, 1886.

1.–6. 2.–Coleridge—Goldsmith—Taylor—Drake — Browning — Hood — Longfellow — Whittier—Wordsworth—Shakspere—Pope—Burns. 3.–Salt-peter. 4.–Because it needs healing (heeling.) 5.–Oh! Dear! Hey! Alas! La! What! See! Hark! Eigh!

Correspondence.

Ashland, Neb., May 2, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I hav seen so many little girls writing to you I thought I would write too. I am ten years old and I hav three brothers; the oldest one is seventeen years old and the next to the oldest one is sixteen, and the next one to him is fourteen. I hav one sister. I had four brothers, but the one next to me was the baby and he died. I go to school. I hav to go two miles and a half. I hav a nice teacher, whose name is Miss Ella F. Williams. I like her very much. I think I will close for this time, for my letter is getting too long; so good bye.

From Ella F. Smith.

P. S.—If you think this will do to put in the paper I would like to see it in the next paper. I will try to do better next time.

[Ella *must* try to do better another time, so that the printer can read her letter plainly.—Ed. C. C.]

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The Knights of Labor.

The workingman is my own kin:
This world is ours to labor in;
We war with wrong and conquer peace,
Make terms to share the "Golden Fleece."
We come from the hamlet, the mountain, and mine.
The gathering thunders we hurl;
Kings tremble and pale at our lances that shine
As we blazon the earth in our whirl.

This friend of mine, the workingman,
From Yeddo to our Yucatan,
In battle harness wrought with chains
Contrived from want and hunger pains.
The wheels of monopoly grinding at will,
No rest hav we but the grave:
Wives, sweethearts, and babes in workshop and mill,
And our homes are the huts of the slave.

O workingman, my early friend!
Two continents their voices lend,
And bulls, and bears, and moneycrats,
Shall heed our music sharps and flats.
Then hasten, bold rider, make ready the steed;
The "bended bow"* waits for your hand;
To poverty scatter the millionaire's greed,
For humanity girdles the land.

I claim you now, O workingman!
The peer of any prince or clan.
The noblest king this world has found
Is he who toils the seasons round.
We are making all the waste places to bloom,
Reclaiming earth's deserts and seas;
Take, kinsmen, oh, take of her air and her room—
She givs you true title to these.

Bear, workingman, the "bended bow,"
And let the money-grabber know
We'll never lay our armor down
Till every human right is won.
The clangor to-day is the tocsin of war—
Hark! hemispheres hearken our clan!
The earthquake is yawning and mutt'ring afar;
We shall govern the world, workingman!

Clearwater, Neb. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

*In the days of ancient Britain, on the approach of war a messenger bearing a "bended bow" was sent through the land to apprize the people. The story was beautifully told in a poem by Mrs. Hemans.

Half a Loaf is Worse Than None.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Enjoying the wit in which your journal abounds, fictitious as it is, permit me to present to you a combination of wit and truth.

One winter afternoon a Russian Jewish pedler, strapped to a heavy pack, was trudging on his weary pilgrimage. Finally he reached a comfortable dwelling. Eutering it he fell exhausted from cold and hunger. The commotion that ensued brought the proprietor of the house, who happened to be a missionary, to the scene. Taking in the situation at a glance, and with an eye to business, he bent over the prostrate form and said that he was willing to revive his benumbed guest providing that he would acknowledge his belief in the following: That Christ was born of the Holy Ghost; that he was crucified and resurrected; that he fed and satisfied the hunger of five thousand with a few loaves of bread and a few fishes.

The Jew, though more dead than alive physically, was in full possession of his meutal faculties. He feebly replied that half of it he believed already. Our host, the missionary, delighted with the result already achieved, trusted to the other half when sufficiently revived. Accordingly, the stiff form of the frozen Jew was tenderly placed before a blazing log fire. After having been sufficiently thawed out, a substantial supper was placed before the famished man. Plate after plate was cleared away by the prospectiv convert. No sooner did the last morsel disappear than our good missionary, with beamiug eyes and all smiles, made his appearance. "Well," said he, "what hav you decitled?"

"I am meditatiug all the time," replied the guest, "but with no success as yet. No doubt a good night's rest will add considerably to solve the problem." The missionary raised no objectiou, aud the best room in the house was assigned to the fatigued pedler.

Unhesitatingly he retired, sandwiching himself between the two feather beds. Hardly had he fiuished his customary night prayer, when he snored away as befits a Russiau Jewish pedler. The host, on the other hand, was restlessly tossing about. With the break of day he arose. Stealthily creeping up to the room of his sleeping guest, he peeped breathlessly through the key-hole, and, behold! to his dismay his guest was devotedly praying while enveloped in fringes and phylacteries (those articles Missionary Freshman offers to parade with at so much a head). The disappointed host soon recovered, consoling himself that the Jew was taking a last farewell of his religion prior to his plunging into the baptismal waters. Prayers over, the missionary, less smiling and more resolute, demanded an explanation. The Jew calmly replied that so far he was not yet ready to answer satisfactorily, but a substantial breakfast might help materially. A meal surpassing in abundance the previous one was ordered; after which, the pedler, harnessing himself in his big pack, began to pour out a shower of thanks for the hospitality received.

"No thanks," thundered the enraged missionary; "I want the other half of your belief in the creeds I propounded."

"I am sorry," pleaded the Jew, "I can only believe in half of it." The missionary reconciled himself to his fate, with the satisfaction that half a Christian is better than none. He roared at the top of his voice, "What half *do* you believe in?"

"I believe," firmly replied the Jew, "that Christ was born, but not of the Holy Ghost. I believe he was crucified, but not resurrected. I believe he fed five thousand people with seven loaves and a few fishes, but I don't believe they were satisfied."

The result can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say that the Jew was instantly converted, not to Christianity, but to a champion pedestrian, closely followed by an overabundant supply of shoe leather owned by our good missionary.

New York, May 20, 1886. A. BENJAMIN.

Book Notices.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, containing Accurate Lists of all the Newspapers and Periodicals published in the United States, Territories, Dominion of Canada, and Newfoundland, together with a Description of the Towns and Cities in which they are Published. New York: George P. Rowell & Co., 1886. Price $5.

This is not the sort of book anyone would pick out who desired something exciting, but if it is wished to know all about all the papers in the country, it is the very work that cannot be dispensed with. No one's information on that subject can be complete without it. The directory is to newspapers what an unabridged dictionary is to a language. Besides the lists of newspapers there are also sketches showing the process of getting out our great dailies, illustrated by cuts and other accessories. The book contains over eighteen hundred octavo pages—1,818, to be precise—aud the only error noted is the omission to put THE TRUTH SEEKER among the religious papers. This is an oversight hard to account for.

The Directory for 1886 is accompanied by a Directory for 1776. The latter is about the size of a postage stamp, and consists of some ten or a dozen pages. Nothing better indicates the growth of civilization and education than these two directories. Mr. Rowell's publication for 1886 will be found indispensable to all publishers and advertisers.

An extremely amusing compilation is "Soul Farrago. What is and Where is the Soul?" by "Perseus." The writer does not himself profess to be able to answer the questious which he propounds, but summons to the stand as experts some of the ablest men the world has ever produced. First comes:

1. Pythogoras: "The soul is number aud a harmony."

2. Heraclitus: "The soul is a spark of the stellar essence."

3. Anaximenes: "The soul is air." This witness is corroborated by Diogenes.

4. Anaxagoras: "The soul is an immortal, aërial spirit."

5. Epicurus: "The soul is a bodily substance having a great resemblance to spirit or breath."

6. Origen: "The soul is neither spirit nor matter."

7. Gregory Nazianzen: "Soul, or spirit, is composed of two properties—motion and diffusiou."

At least fifty more witnesses are called to testify as to what the soul is. No two agree. Then the writer turns to the question where the soul resides, quoting as follows:

1. Plato: "The soul is located iu the brain."

2. Aristotle: "The soul is located in the heart."

3. Heraclitus: "The soul is located in the blood."

4. Epicurus: "The soul is located in the chest."

5. Sommering: "The soul is located iu the ventricles."

6. Kant: "The soul is located in the water contained in the ventricles."

7. Ennemoser: "The whole body is the seat of the soul."

8. Fischer: "The soul is located in the nervous system."

9. Descartes: "The soul is located in the pineal gland."

These are not half the witnesses called to testify as to the whereabouts of the soul. It must be confessed that the testimony leaves the soul hunter in some doubt.

This pamphlet was originally published in the *Independent Pulpit*, and must hav been the result of long and laborious research. Price 5 cents.

Part I. of "Saladin's" "God and His Book" is out. Therein the author, who is editor of the *Secular Review*, of London, has assaulted the scriptures with all the weapons of ancient and modern warfare. And it is surprising, even to those who know that the Bible has no historical reliability, to note how far the evidence tends to show that it was the work of intentional frauds. Some books, observes Mr. Robert Burns, are lies from end to end. That is what the Bible, broadly speaking, is. "Saladin" points out very plainly that if God dictated any of the book, no one knows what part of it was so dictated. The Bible has many times been dissected. Paine left no man a reasonable excuse for still believing in its authenticity as translated. "Saladin" goes down to the roots of the impostnre and shows that but for the fictitious prominence which belief in the book has given it, it would be condemned as a most unintelligible hotch-potch.

The future historian, in writing of the present era, will remark somewhat as follows: "In spite of the civilization and enlightenment to which the people in the nineteenth century attained, and of which indeed they were themselvs wont to boast, seeing that it was much higher than that of the ages foregone, they nevertheless held as a fetich a book of so-called revelation, to which they ascribed an attribute which they termed 'inspiration,' a word that has long since lost all significance to learned ears. There were, however, in those days persons who saw the light even clearer than those miscalling themselvs the 'children of light.' Among these was one 'Saladin,' otherwise W. Stewart Ross, who, though not dwelling in the country ranked first among the nations of the earth (the same being America, where was published our able contemporary, THE TRUTH SEEKER), but in England, was nevertheless unsurpassed as an iconoclast. A work bearing his signature aud the title, 'God and His Book,' has been preserved to us, and it is strange that upon reading it any could be so blind as to still maintain that the book which he attacked was in any way defensible from either a historical or an ethical point of view." Price 35 cents.

"Moses Before the Court; or, The Forgery of the Old Testament." This pamphlet of 32 pages is dedicated to the clergy by H. J. Seigneuret, M.D. (alias "Secularist"), author of "St. Matthew Before the Court." This case against Moses and the Old Testament is skilfully handled by the author. He proves conclusivly that the Bible is a forgery; that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, but by the Jewish priest and impostor, Esdras, and shows for what ignoble purposes he committed the forgery. In fact, the author proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that no such man as Moses ever really existed. "Moses Before the Court," if widely circulated, will complete the work begun by Paine's "Age of Reason." Address the Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York. Price 10 cts.—*Pittsburgh Truth.*

"On the Inequalities of Wealth" is the name of a tract by "An Americau," published by Theo. Berendsohn, 86 Fulton street, New York, price ten cents. The author, iu a future work, hopes to be able to "unfold the subject of reconstructing the present social system, and to set forth principles by which the inequalities of society will be eliminated, and a true and universal brotherhood of man be established in harmony with nature's laws." If "An American" has a scheme in mind which will produce that result, its publica- should be no longer deferred. It will fill a long-felt want.

The appended literary note sent us by the Appletons will be of interest to many: "Hon. David A. Wells's third paper of the series, entitled, 'An Economic Study of Mexico,' now running through the *Popular Science Monthly*, appears in the June number. The series will close with the fourth paper, and it promises, when completed, to be the fullest as it will unquestionably be the most accurate summary of the real condition of affairs, industrial, commercial, and political, in Mexico, that has appeared since the Mexican War."

"Manual Training in Education," by James Vila Blake, is a useful little book. What Mr. Blake means by manual training it is necessary to read the pamphlet to find out. Price 25 cents. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

G. W. Foote's *Progress* makes its monthly appearance for May. There is something melancholy and sad about the brick-colored covers of this magazine, with Darwin, Voltaire, Shelley, and Mill looking out spiritpicturelike from the four corners of the first page. The contents, however, are interesting, being composed of articles by G. W. Foote, James Thomson, Edward Aveling, J. M. Wheeler, George Standring, and other able writers. Published at 28 Stonecutter street, London. Price 25 cents.

"Two Glaring Abominations and the Remedy" is what Mrs. L. E. R. Lambrigger calls her pamphlet drawing attention to the "inhuman treatment of helpless infaucy and decrepit old age." Price, probably, 10 cents. W. S. Bailey's heirs, printers, Nashville, Tenn.

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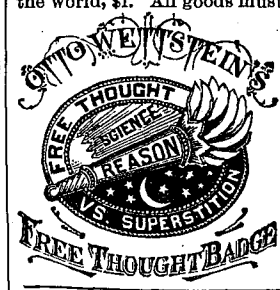
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News of the Week.

LAST Saturday afternoon was the first regular half-holiday of the season, and was generally observed.

THE city of Munich is excited over the exhibition of a very effectiv panorama representing "The Crucifixion."

GLADSTONE'S Home Rule bill for Ireland was defeated in the British House of Commons last Monday by a vote of 341 to 311.

FRIENDLY negotiations are being made, it is said, with Canada, concerning the seized fishing schooners. The nature of the negotiations is not made public.

A BRUSSELS author has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and to pay a fine of $1,500 for writing a "labor catechism" in which it is claimed the king is insulted.

JOHN KELLY, the Tammany sachem, died June 1st, and was buried last Saturday from St. Patrick's cathedral, with all the pomp which that institution is able to display.

THE TRUTH SEEKER chapel has been working smoothly under the nine-hour rule for two months, and its progressiv proprietors find it very satisfactory.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

BUDDENSIEK, the contractor who used such poor materials that his buildings would not bear their own weight, and fell, killing a workman, has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

THE Sunday quiet of New York was somewhat disturbed last Sunday by a heavy bombardment in the bay. It was a welcome to a Brazilian warship with the emperor's grandson on board.

A BILL taxing the manufacture of oleomargarine has passed the House of Representativs. We are still to be permitted the free use of bad butter, and to spread it on to any desired thickness.

A WESTERN firm guarantee a wife to every man who purchases of them a suit of clothes. The Macon *Telegraph* says: "What this country needs is somebody to guarantee a suit of clothes to every man who gets a wife."

HERR MOST, the Anarchist, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of $500. His offense was exercising the right of free speech, which he misunderstood the Constitution of this country to confer.

A REPORT of the death of Henry Ward Beecher was circulated about this city last Saturday afternoon. It was referred to Mr. Beecher himself for confirmation. Mr. Beecher said it was quite a jolly rumor, but he was glad it wasn't true.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was duly married on Wednesday, June 2d, to Miss Frances Folsom, and is doing as well as could be expected. The wedding was held in the White House at Washington. The honeymoon is being spent at Deer Park, Md.

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN, of Chicago, visited the Joliet, Ill., penitentiary last Sunday and confirmed 117 convicts in the holy Catholic faith. The prison at Joliet is provided with a chapel, and differs from a Catholic church only in the facilities for egress. The congregation is of the same character as that found in the average church.

THE Chicago grand jury reported to the judge last Saturday afternoon on the Anarchists' cases. They express a belief that the Haymarket affair was a deeply premeditated plot. The Anarchists and their friends, on the other hand, deny that anyone is implicated in the throwing of the bomb except the crazy wretch who threw it.

THERE was a Catholic-Orange riot at Belfast, Ireland, last week. The Orangemen drove some Catholics into the river and a young man was drowned. At the funeral Sunday another riot occurred. The procession was attacked by the Orangemen, shots were fired, and heads were broken, and there was home rule generally for a short time.

THE Third avenue cardrivers' strike is ended. As a sort of expiring struggle, a tie-up of twenty-four hours was ordered, and went into effect last Saturday. At the end of that time, the Empire Protectiv Association acknowledged defeat, and the strikers must now look out for themselvs. The manager of the local assembly who ordered the tie-up was arrested for "conspiracy" and placed under $1,000 bail. It seems that an employer may lock out his employees without offending the law, but if they fail to go to work when the doors are opened they are guilty of conspiracy.

Odds and Ends.

CUPID, THE BOOK-AGENT.

I will not touch Love's hand (she said),
Nor will I see his pleading eyes;
I know him, for his lips are red;
He shall not take me by surprise.

I know his eyes are blue (she smiled),
I know the sheen of every curl;
Ah, Love (she said), you are a child,
And can't deceive a Vassar girl!

Love spectacled his sapphire eyes,
And dressed himself in sober black;
Ho, ho! (he laughed) in this disguise
I'll hide the arrows on my back!

He started out in early spring,
And in the fields the maiden met,
As she tripped onward, loitering
Among the grasses lush and wet

With cooling moisture of the dew.
He opened wide a musty tome;
I wish (he said) to show to you
A parchment History of Rome.

And here is Bacon bound in calf,
And Browning in a vellum vest;
Here's Emerson in sheep, at half
The usual price—and all the rest.

The maid selected one small book,
And clasped it with a tender touch;
It's T. B. Aldritch that I took,
But, sir, I think you ask too much!

I do love books (she sighed), and, oh!
How few of them I can possess!
Love's heart began to throb and glow;
He felt the hidden arrows press

His tender flesh; he threw aside
The spectacles, his best disguise;
If you will touch my hand (he cried),
And only look within my eyes,

These books are yours, fair Vassar maid!
Oh, do not turn away your head,
And look so cold! Be not afraid,
For I am only Love (he said).

The maiden's cheeks were all aflame;
She coyly pressed his finger-tips,
Then down she bent (and who shall blame?)
And swiftly kissed his rose-red lips!

—*Puck.*

BRABERY am no sign o' sense. De game-rooster will fight till he dies, but he ain't got ez much sense ez de guinea-chicken dat won't fight nuthin'. —Some preachers puts me in mine o' er tailor dat makes er coat ter suit hisse'f, an' den tries ter make ernuder man w'ar it whuther it fits him or not.—Dar ain't nuthin' filthier den er chicken nur cleaner den er cat; but I ain't gwine ter fling erway de chicken 'ca'se it's filthy, nur eat de cat 'ca'se it's clean.—Wid er woman dar ain't er inch difference 'twixt love and hate.—Er wise man may believe er liar wunst, but he ain't gwine ter do it twice.—Fur years an' years de white man hab been teachin' de nigger how ter die, but mighty few men hab been teachin' him how ter lib.—De fus' man what does er thing, no matter ef some udder man does it better, iz hil' up ez de pusson ter praise. We allus think dat de fust flowers in de spring smell de sweetest.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

HENRY BERGH, it is said, is now taking steps to prevent Chicago's horse-railroads running bobtail cars in fly-time.

"DYSPEPSIA," said Carlyle, "kills poetic ambition." The world owes dyspepsia a heavy debt. It is a pity that Tennyson's stomach is not a trifle weaker.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

DARLING Mabel's zebra stocking
Gently hangs across the tub;
Brother Tom will find them useful
When he starts his base-ball club.
—*Evansville Argus.*

WIFE (looking up from the paper): "That's a book I'd like to read—'Old Wells Dug Out,' by Talmage. It must be just splendid." Husband: "No doubt of it, my dear; that's just about what he's fit for."

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

60pp. Price 10 cents; 12 copies, $1.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CANARD.

A Fabricated Account of a Scene at the Death-bed of Thomas Paine.

BY W. H. BURR.

This pamphlet shows that the account of Paine's dying moments attributed to Bishop Fenwick (upon which the *Observer* relies to prove its principal charges) is a forgery, it being impossible that Fenwick could hav written the alleged account.

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Gems of Thought.

GREAT BRITAIN has over thirty thousand priests and to sustain the state religion and the other churches costs the people some hundreds of millions of dollars annually, a burden most unremunerativ and uncompensating.—*D. M. Bennett.*

CALM soul of all things! make it mine
To feel amid the city's jar
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel will others giv!
Calm, calm me more! Nor let me die
Before I hav begun to liv!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

IF abuses are destroyed, man must destroy them. If slaves are freed, man must free them. If new truths are discovered, man must discover them. If the naked are clothed; if the hungry are fed; if justice is done; if labor is rewarded; if superstition is driven from the mind; if the defenseless are protected, and if the right finally triumphs, all must be the work of man. The grand victories of the future must be won by man, and by man alone.—*Ingersoll.*

TIS well! From this day forward we shall know
That in ourselvs our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought.
That we must stand unpropped or be laid low.
O dastard, whom such pretaste doth not cheer,
We shall exult if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honor which they do not understand.

—*Wordsworth.*

WE may be certain that very few persons, not seriously impressed by religious convictions, applied for baptism while Diocletian was vexing the church, or joined themselvs to Protestant congregations at the risk of being burnt by Bonner. But when a sect becomes powerful, when its favor is the road to riches and dignities, worldly and ambitious men crowd into it, talk its language, conform strictly to its ritual, mimic its peculiarities, and frequently go beyond its honest members in all the outward indications of zeal.—*Macaulay.*

OFT as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim and mourn thy hapless fate.

—*Burns's Wounded Hare.*

THE tendency of orthodox religion to-day is toward mental slavery and barbarism. Not one of the orthodox ministers dare preach what he thinks if he knows that a majority of his congregation think otherwise. He knows that every member of his church stands guard over his brain with a creed, like a club, in his hand. He knows that he is not expected to search after the truth, but that he is employed to defend the creed. Every pulpit is a pillory in which stands a hired culprit, defending the justice of his own imprisonment.—*Ingersoll.*

THAT a minister should speak with power, it is important that he should speak from his own soul, and not studiously conform himself to modes of speaking which others hav adopted. It is important that he should giv out the truth in the very form in which it presents itself to his mind, in the very words which offer themselvs spontaneously as the clothing of his thoughts. To express our own minds, frankly, directly, fearlessly, is the only way to reach other minds. Now, it is the effect of creeds to check this free utterance of thought. The minister must seek words which will not clash with the consecrated articles of his church. If new ideas spring up in his mind not altogether consonant with what the creedmonger has established he must cover them with misty language. If he happen to doubt the standard of his church, he must strain its phraseology, must force it beyond its obvious import, that he may giv his assent to it without departures from truth. All these processes must hav a blighting effect on the mind and heart. They impair self-respect. They cloud the intellectual eye. They accustom men to tamper with truth.—*Dr. Channing.*

I BELIEVE that the only way to do the greatest amount of good in the pulpit is for the one who occupies it to be perfectly true to himself. I should say to every preacher: "Satisfy your own reason and conscience, whether you satisfy your people or not. Be absolutely sincere. Do not use words in one sense which you know they use in quite another, and do not pretend to hav a belief in anything which you really hav not." I believe in policy, but I believe that the highest and best policy is to tell the simple, straightforward truth. —*S. B. Weston.*

I AM aware that self-assumed superiority to opinion may be, and often is, a thing of danger; dangerous in its crudeness and fermentation although in its perfection most blessed.—*Self-Formation.*

VIA CRUCIS.

The poet dipped his pen, and drew
His vivid pictures, phrase by phrase,
Of skies and misty mountains blue,
Of starry nights and shimmering days.
Men said, "He breedeth fancies pure;
His touch is facil, swift, and sure."

The poet's friend was stricken sore.
In tender tears the pen he dipped,
And breathed his gentle sorrow o'er.
And traced the sympathetic script.
Men said, "His heart is kind and true;
The laurel yet shall be his due."

. . . . . .

The poet's child has waxen hands
That hold Death's heavy-scented rose.
She drifts to the dim shadow-lands,
And draws his wild soul as she goes.

. . . . . .

He dipped his pen in his heart's wound,
And, sobbing, wrote—and thus was crowned!

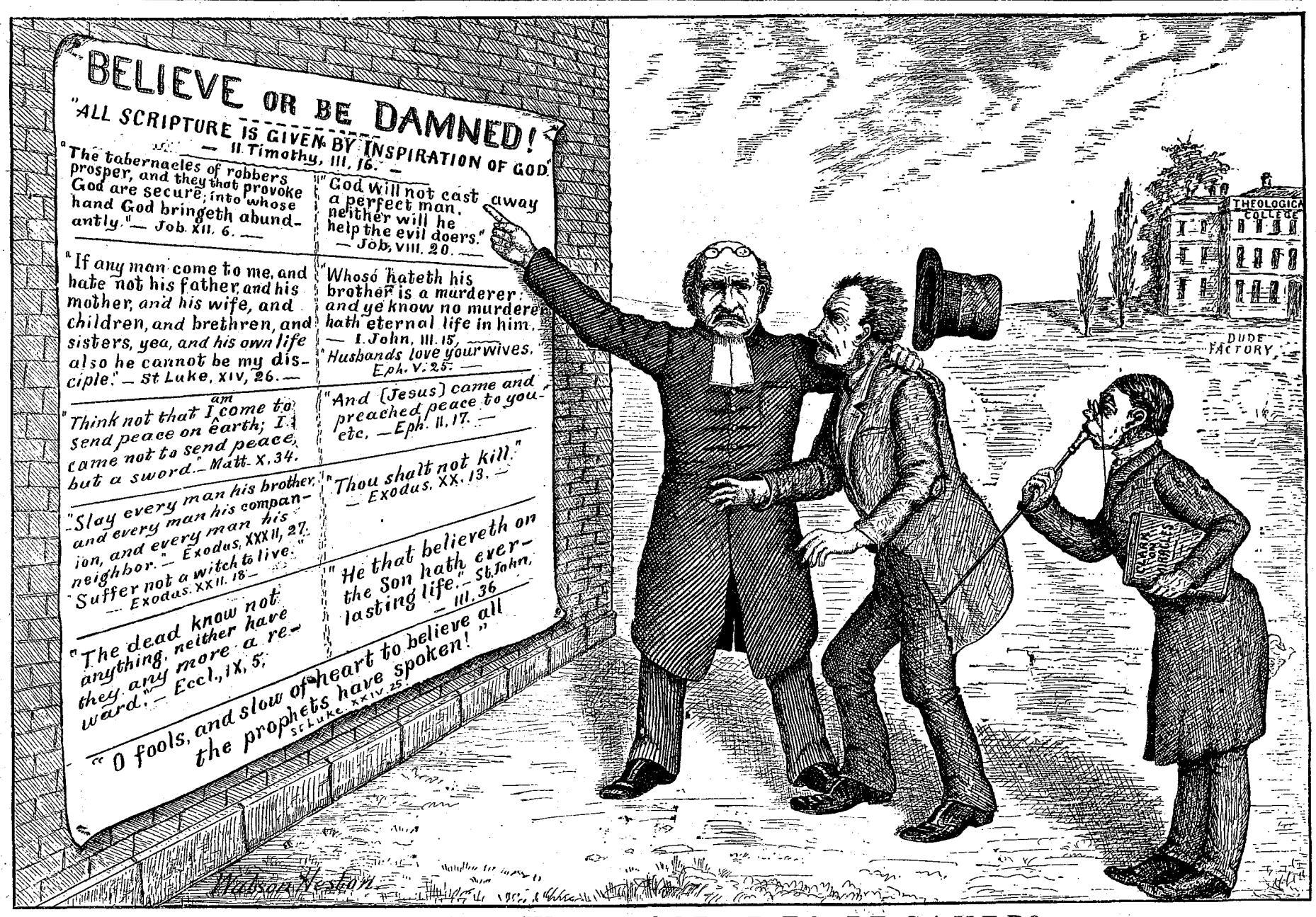
—*Helen T. Clark.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 13. No. 25. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. New York, Saturday, June 19, 1886. 33 CLINTON PLACE. $3.00 per year



WHAT MUST WE BELIEVE TO BE SAVED?

Notes and Clippings.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL, was on June 10th elected president of the Toledo, Cincinnati, and St. Louis Railroad, and the name of the road was changed into the Toledo, St. Louis, and Kansas City.

A SHORT time ago Mrs. H. M. Rigie, of South Orange, N. J., for four years an invalid, was announced to hav been suddenly restored to perfect health by the power of prayer, and her alleged cure was the sensation of the town. On Thursday of last week Mrs. Rigie died.

FIRE broke out in the top of the Young Men's Christian Association building in this city, one day last week. The fire department overlooked the fact that the million dollar structure had never paid a cent toward the city's expenses, and put the fire out with neatness and dispatch. The damage amounted to $2,000.

JUSTUS SCHWAB, the Socialist, who keeps a quiet saloon on First street, was arrested last week for selling beer without a license, the excise commissioners having refused him that document. Meanwhile, the notorious Billy McGlory runs the worst dive imaginable, and, though unlicensed, sells beer under the very eyes of the police.

A MAN writes to the Philadelphia *Press* that he saw a remarkable sight in the heavens on Good Friday morning. He says that the clouds in the northern sky were blown by the light breeze into such a form that the blue sky visible between them assumed a semblance of a colossal figure of the savior. Other clouds and streaks of light formed a nimbus and a crown of thorns, and the whole, "so far as color was concerned, resembled a sketch of Payne's gray, with slight roseate indications." What the writer had been drinking the night before we are not informed.

THE British House of Lords has again thrown out the "Deceased Wife's Sister" bill, although it was activly supported by his royal highness the Prince of Wales. It will now be the duty of the English widower in love with his sister-in-law to repudiate the House of Lords as authority on the matter, and go ahead and marry the object of his choice—provided she is willing.

LAST Sunday the Chinamen of New York celebrated the 3,011th birthday of their savior Joss, Kwan Koon. Chinatown, in this city, was crowded all day with Mongolians, who sang songs and feasted in truly oriental style. Joss's temple at 302 Chatham street was thronged by devotees. The attendant of Joss, in order to giv every one a chance to say his prayers and offer birthday gifts, limited each batch of five worshipers to five minutes, with twenty-five cents a minute for overtime.

JOSEPH P. AMES was a wealthy farmer living near Blair, Neb. Four years ago he went to California for his health, and there fell in with a doctor named McLellan, who pretended to be a Spiritual medium. By working on the patient's fears through alleged communication with his (Ames's) dead wife, McLellan extorted from him about $9,000. Payment of the last draft of $1,800 was stopped by Ames's friends, but McLellan had already got it cashed. Judge Brewer, of the United States court, has decided that Ames's belief in the communication of spirits is proof of his insanity, and that the bank must lose the money since the victim was not responsible for his acts.

THE *Freiheit* is still published, although Herr Most, its editor, is in jail. The present editor is almost equal to his predecessor as a fire-eater, and intimates that Recorder Smythe, the judge, and Colonel Fellows, the prosecutor, deserve to be drowned or strangled. When it is discovered who is responsible for these utterances their author will be indicted. It is thought that by this method the country may yet be saved.

THE *Independent* blithely proceeds with its articles on "Prayer." In the last issue are quoted these promises said to hav been made by Christ: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do;" and, "If ye shall ask me anything in my name that will I do." The task which the editor sets himself about is explaining why these promises are apparently false. The cause, he alleges, is that we do not properly appreciate the significance of the words "in my name." That may be the way out, but it might be suggested that if the editor had said that the author of these promises was a mistaken enthusiast on the subject of prayer, the explanation would hav been somewhat more copious.

HEALTH OFFICER TOWNSHEND, of Washington, has received the following official document:

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.

To the Health Officer of the District of Columbia:

1. Date of marriage—June 2, 1886.
2. Full name of husband—Grover Cleveland.
3. Age—49 years.
4. Color—White.
5. Place of residence—Executiv Mansion.
6. Occupation—Attorney-at-law.
7. Husband's birthplace—Coldwell, New Jersey.
8. Number of husband's marriage—First.
9. Maiden name of wife—Frances Folsom.
10. Age—21 years.
11. Color—White.
12. Place of residence—Buffalo, New York.
13. —Wife's birthplace—Buffalo, New York.
14. Number of wife's marriage—First.

We, the contracting parties, do certify that the foregoing information is correct.

(Signatures) GROVER CLEVELAND.
FRANCES FOLSOM.

This certifies that on the second day of June, 1886, I joined in holy matrimony the parties above described. B. SUNDERLAND,
Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.

THERE is a deep-seated and well-founded reason for the popular prejudice against lawyers, and it lies in the fact that the most revolting atrocities constantly pass unrebuked under the noses of the profession. Take for example the last flagrant outrage, the conviction of Most. This was a blow at the most sacred rights of our citizenship. Not a lawyer in the land but knows that in that case Judge Smythe violated all the traditions of American liberty. Judge Smythe, in the unrestrained and lawless exercise of his power, did that which tended more to Anarchy and the unsettlement of government than any vaporings of Most ever did or could do. Under the pressure of a great and groundless scare pervading the whole community, augmented by all sorts of virulent newspaper articles, with the whole press of the country joining in the cry of "mad dog," it was the solemn duty and the splendid privilege of Judge Smythe to see that all the rights of Most were carefully guarded, a duty in which he was entirely derelict, and a privilege of which he seems to hav had no conception. —*Lawyer Ed. W. Chamberlain in John Swinton's Paper.*

The Life and Services of Stephen Pearl Andrews.

FUNERAL ORATION BY T. B. WAKEMAN, MAY 23, 1886.

FRIENDS: Before us lies the prostrate, lifeless form of one who in a singular degree, throughout a long life, inspired love, honor, wonder.

Death is nature's way of announcing to us that Stephen Pearl Andrews, the philosopher and friend, teacher and prophet—for a prophet he was to many—has exchanged his mortal career for immortality.

To many emancipated souls who are listening now, this change called death has ceased to be associated with its former terrors. It has come to be regarded often as a blessed relief from pain and anxiety, but in many and higher respects it appears as the harbinger of immortality, the harvester, the grain-gatherer, of the eventful and anxious lives of men on earth.

It would not be appropriate, in view of such sentiments, and of the life-long convictions and affections of this distinguished man, to make any ordinary speech or vain pretense, as though to him death had a sting, or that the grave could hav a victory. He who was a part of the harmony of the universe, he whose faith had already linked himself with the eternal forces of which death is merely a link in a mighty chain, knew nothing of the ordinary fear or terror by which that change is surrounded. Early in life he had been freed from, and had arisen above, the superstitions of our race. Long has he striven in the higher light which looks down on death and the ordinary fatalities of earth as mere temporary transformations, in the immortal process of which his thought and heart had become a part. Therefore let us gladly pass the considerations as to death which often need to be recalled, with the consciousness that we hav upon this occasion in the life past and the life to be, that which far better assuages grief, which brings us closer to the departed as one whom we are enabled to receive into our own hearts. There, as in a living granary, the great results of his life are to be cherished as the seeds of a mightier future, some prelude of the immortality of which his life is a necessary and ineffable prophecy. To do that it is necessary that we should recall by some slight sketch or notice the eventful career of this exceptional man.

And first, we hav all gloried in his strength of body and mind. That strength, in the first instance, was due to nature herself. She gave him a rich dowry of health and physical vigor. A noble form, splendid intellect, great rapidity of thought and action, great versatility, great suavity, gave him a wonderful power of convincing and controling his fellowmen. By happy circumstances that natural dower was developed by a training fitting him for the ever higher duties to which the world continued to call him as a philosopher and a reformer.

Thus in childhood the circumstances of his birth gave him a fair inheritance—the inheritance of a pious ancestry, of a father devoted to the highest interests of mankind, as he and those about him understood it, for his was the ministry and service of what to him was the living God. A New England parentage, the family of a clergyman devoted to the highest interests of his neighborhood and community, such was a fit school for one dowered by nature as a gifted child. Then followed in due course a further beneficent education, through the curriculum of one of our New England colleges—the college at Amherst—suiting him, as far as then could be by disciplin and education, for the higher calling that awaited him. Next came the still further education in the science of practical sociology, known as the science of the law. As a student at law he became prepared, not simply for the practice of the common law of our courts in the Northern States, but from the fact that one of his brothers had already entered upon the practice of the law at New Orleans he was induced to become a student of the law there prevailing, the civil law—the great law system which has descended to French Louisiana from the Roman empire, and which is the greatest code and body of reasoned equity that the human race has ever evolved.

Thus in earlier manhood he received the crowning education of his youth in the professional study of the grand principles, the broad policy, and the deep humanity which pervade that wonderful system of jurisprudence. This system which prevailed in the territory and thence in the state of Louisiana, in which he was to engage in the practice of his profession, determined, unconsciously, much of his future.

No one, I take it, will ever understand this man or his philosophy thoroughly, who does not giv weight to these early incidents of his education. It is, indeed, given to but few to become masters of the great system of equity and imperial command which the world has inherited from the mighty empire of Rome. But no student of history and sociology ever comes into contact with that system who is not more or less influenced by it throughout the remainder of his life. As a sequence of Mr. Andrews's study of the civil law and its history, the philosophical task to which he devoted himself was influenced even to its details. If the church of Rome made possible the Positiv Polity of Auguste Comte, we may say that the civil law of Rome made possible the Pantarchy of Mr. Andrews.

The success of his new undertaking, the practice of the law in New Orleans, whither he removed in 1835, was secured by his ability, by his devotion, by his integrity, but was darkened by one unfortunate circumstance. The great system of reasoned equity to which he was devoted, combined with the education and inspirations of New England puritanism, could never be reconciled to human slavery. Living in a community where that institution had become legalized and largely the basis of its social life, it was scarcely possible but that he should soon come in contact with it and discover a disagreement with its supporters. That result was indeed inevitable, and while esteemed and honored in all other respects his complete dissent from that institution and its consequences rendered his position there in many respects unpleasant and undesirable. He therefore gladly turned his eyes westward. A new country, and then an independent state, had been opened up, now known to us as the state of Texas. He felt that if, while the institutions of that state were being formed, he could throw his influence in favor of freedom there, the great defects which prevailed in the social life by which he was surrounded might be remedied, and the future empire (for that territory was then larger than many of the largest states of Europe) might be saved to Freedom. Thus was early manifested his devotion to duty, a devotion to the furtherance of the higher interests of mankind which enabled and induced him to leave a lucrativ practice of his profession and to engage in a new country upon a new adventure in favor of an idea which might be realized and be made a blessing to millions hereafter.

For four years he lived in the state of Texas and exerted his influence and strenuous efforts in behalf of re-forming the constitution of that state and its institutions in favor of liberty instead of slavery, which had already been impressed upon them. The story of his life there cannot be detailed here at length, but it was most interesting and eventful in its results. The constitution had already had included in it a proslavery clause which he found himself unable to remove. The slaveholding interests of the country redoubled their efforts and influence. They soon brought to bear upon him, as their present and unyielding opponent, a signal exercise of their power. Not by law, but by mob rule, was he made to understand that the cause of liberty could not be secured unless additional resources were brought to bear, by which the antislavery people could be protected, and by which the interests which slavery had already obtained in that country could be removed by consulting the interests of the slaveholders themselvs—that is, by a purchase of the slaves.

In furtherance of this noble purpose of peaceful emancipation which, if it could hav been carried into effect, would in the end hav saved this country millions of lives and millions of treasure, he conceived a plan of applying the project to the slaveholders of Texas. He hoped that they could be induced to abandon the hateful custom, and that the slave laws of the state could be rendered harmless by a direct purchase of their slaves. He appealed quietly and earnestly to the antislavery influence in the North. That, however, was then too weak a party to effectually further his design. He next thought that if he could reach the other side of the Atlantic, the avowedly antislavery sentiment of the people in England would perhaps be sufficient to arouse the English people and their statesmen, so that thus he might be enabled to carry out his designs in the interest of freedom. Therefore he left Texas, and the new practice of the law which he had built up. He left, too, a large fortune which he had accumulated, but which he was willing to lose or to devote to this purpose. He went to England and sought there the aid which would enable him to make Texas, first, a free and independent country, and so finally to prepare it to become a free state of the great free United States of America.

His reception in England was in many respects highly gratifying. The prospects of success were for a time very encouraging. It seemed as if the result he had in view would at last be attained and that the state of Texas would be made a free state by the direct purchase of the slaves that were then within that state.

The failure of the plan probably arose from the unexpected publicity which the scheme attained, contrary to his wish, by which the slaveholders were enabled to bring to bear against it a sentiment that is never appealed to in vain. The people of this country were made apprehensiv that there was being devised a direct interference and protectorate over Texas on the part of the English people and the English government. Would they submit to hav Britain dictate to, or threaten, or control American interests? That national jealousy was appealed to, and was soon aflame. It was fostered by the slaveholding element, and at once throughout the country the word was passed that the state of Texas must never pass under British control, that no British protectorate should be extended over our neighboring state, and that British money should not free her slaves.

The Whig administration of Tyler (elected at least as Whig) was immediately controled by the interest of slavery to prevent such a result. The state of Texas was admitted to the Union under that proslavery influence, and thence came a change in our whole national conduct—thence, as the result of the efforts of this one man, came the first step toward the mightiest changes which hav since occurred in our national history. It was the admission of that state which compelled the Mexican war in the interest of slavery, in the interests of those who wished not only to make Texas a slave state, but to continue to extend the power of slavery until it should become the dominant influence on our continent. Thence came that Mexican war with its incidents of immense territorial conquests at its conclusion. Thence came the abrogation of that compromise line as to slavery between North and South; thence came the election of Lincoln; thence came the rebellion of the slaveholders; thence the great civil war, and, finally, the abolition of slavery not only in Texas but throughout the whole North American continent.

Such results came as the final conclusion of simple steps taken originally by this man, and a few of his compeers, to save the state of Texas to freedom. Great hav been the events from small causes, but let us never, when we look at great events, forget the disinterestedness, the devotion to principle, the burning philanthropy, of him who singlehanded against mobs and obloquy strove to save the great state of Texas to freedom and thereby in his failure ultimately brought about the salvation of the whole continent to liberty. Such was the result and ultimate consequences of his mission to England in 1843 after four years' residence and practice of the law in Texas.

Unable to return to the state which ought to hav honored him, he went back to his ancestral New England; went back there under the influence of and devotion to the same sentiments which had carried him to old England. He determined to devote himself primarily, after gaining his livelihood, to the furthering of the great cause of liberty and the ultimate emancipation of the slave throughout the Union.

He took the practical way of doing that. Instead of appealing merely to sentiment and opinion as many did, he determined that there should be an appeal to politics. A "Liberty party" upon that question was soon organized, and with such men as Elizur Wright, always his friend and compeer, he helped to organize the activ political movement which should make the extension of slavery and finally the existence of slavery a decided issue before our people. He was frequently selected as one of the orators in behalf of liberty. Especially on the memorable occasion when that favorit citizen of Massachusetts, Mr. Hoar, was insulted and rejected from South Carolina, he was called upon to express in Faneuil Hall the sentiments of the liberty-loving people of New England upon this subject. On that occasion he spoke with the eloquence said to rival that of Wendell Phillips, in presenting the only practicable political method by which the slavery issue could be placed before the country, and by which ultimately the victory of freedom might be secured.

He worked upon that task of political organization until the little Liberty party became transformed into the mighty Republican party which ultimately carried on the issue to political success, to a terrible war, and to a final victory.

Such were the practical results of the temporal and philanthropic labors in which this early apostle of liberty and reform was engaged with the noblest spirits of his time. But no sooner did the Republican party take up the subject than his prescient eye at once foretold its victory. He saw that the result could not be avoided, and though he sustained that party throughout the war, sustained it until the final victory had been attained, he felt that he had received even then a higher call in the service of the same great cause of reform, liberty, and philanthropy. It was a call which told him that others might carry on to success the ordinary warfare of politics or even that upon the field of battle, while he should take up the conflict removed to the higher field of ideas where it must ultimately be fought out; where the foundations at least must be laid of a still mightier change in the world's history, a still mightier advance toward liberty, peace, and the welfare, than ever could be realized or attained in the ordinary course of political or military events. In other words, he found that he was called to an entire change of life and purpose in the service of THE HIGHEST, the god that he worshiped.

While in England the early warnings of the necessity of this change of career from the temporal to the mental or spiritual world seem to hav become impressed upon his mind by the utility of the system of phonography which was then being introduced there by Isaac Pitman, a young Swedenborgian, of that country. Mr. Andrews took up the scheme, and perceived its promis of utility; but that to secure its utility it needed a scientific basis. He had been all his life a devoted student of philology. He saw still further that the laws and principles of language as a science could be used to bring this device of phonetic writing to a degree of proficiency that would render it a practical art.

He felt still further that the relations of harmony which prevailed in that system were but analogous renderings of the relations of harmony with which he had brought himself into contact by the study of one of the most remarkable men that had ever influenced the human race, Charles Fourier. This prophet had already risen above his horizon. Fourier's system of harmony, his demonstration that the major ills of the world might be removed if only there was an opportunity afforded to the intelligent and the enlightened part of the human race to expand into healthy action, had early attracted the attention of Mr. Andrews, and rendered him at once one of his most devoted students, and finally one of his disciples.

The system of phonography under Pitman had been justified by the science of language and placed upon a practical basis. The passional and social harmony of Fourier, he saw plainly was opening up a similar but far grander harmony in nature which must also hav its expression. A philosophy which should be able to realize the dreams of Fourier and place them upon an intelligible scientific and practical basis for the future loomed up before him as a necessity. Fourier had placed upon his tombstone two remarkable sentences: (1) That the series should distribute the harmonies. (2) That attractions should be proportional to destinies. These words Mr. Andrews never forgot. They became the foundation stones of all his philosophy and social structure. It was his purpose to see if the prophetic yearning of Fourier might not be realized in a future which even he might hope to see, if not with the eye of sense, at least with the eye of hope and prophecy. Human nature and all of its appetites and passions were essentially good, had their laws of healthy growth and development. Not a prison, but room, was needful for the step forward in social progress and morals. The theory and purpose of his life were enlarged by this view as by a new sun. As a means of business and a benefit to himself and his friends, he improved and introduced Pitman's system of phonography into this country. He transformed it into a system which we know as stenography, and which has become indispensable in the practice of law and the conduct of many of our learned professions, and in much of the business of life. His devotion to this art gathered around him as students such stenographers as Boyle, as our late lamented friend Theron C. Leland, as Parkhurst, Underhill, Burr, and many others; some of whom are present here to bear witness to the debt of gratitude they owe to him professionally. At the last public meeting of the stenographers of this city, they, hearing of his sickness and of the probably near approach of death, passed a resolution expressing their devotion to him as the patron and pioneer of their art in this country; as the one who had placed their practical art upon the permanent basis of science. In that regard our country owes him a debt of gratitude which may now, when too late, be weighed and recognized, but which was never paid.

In the other branch of that harmonious philosophy, the intellectual branch, he had still greater difficulty in obtaining any intelligent recognition. The position was such that few understood it or him. Throughout the larger portion of his life he labored under the difficulty of not having a sufficient force around him to understand the purpose or even the object for which he was striving. To the larger part of our people Mr. Andrews has ever remained a veiled prophet. Finally he came to acquiesce in that position as inevitable, and out of this mystery he derived sometimes no little amusement. The veiled prophet enjoyed his secret. It is proper on this occasion, therefore, to intimate to you in some degree the very great difficulty, and the very great importance, of the problem that he had undertaken, and possibly to add a word as to his solution.

At that time the state of philosophy presented itself to him very much in this wise: Upon the one hand there was Fourier with a sublime prophecy of social regeneration and harmony, and with him, and following him, were a number of philosophies and influences generally Humanitarian, Socialistic, or Communistic in their character, and all dominated by mere sentiment, or by a very partial and incomplete knowledge of science, or of society, or of history, or, indeed, of anything which could form the solid basis of social reconstruction. Their sentiments were their capital, and were in themselvs praiseworthy and philanthropic in the highest degree. Afterwards, on the other hand, there came into view the scientific school, with its foundation composed of a number of special objectiv sciences. That school formulated itself under the command and great organizing power of Auguste Comte into what is called the Positiv Philosophy, having the coördination of the special sciences of physical science as its basis, and having finally imposed upon it by Comte a singularly abortiv attempt to restore the Catholic *régime* and church as its legitimate social outcome and result. To Mr. Andrews it appeared certain that both of these systems were incomplete, but invaluable as foundations. Upon either side lay powers which he saw were good, and which must inevitably become the foundations of a new and a mighty structure. Both of these were antagonistic to each other, and impossible to be harmonized by direct contact. It was thus impossible for them to become the foundations of a new and a complete social order unless they could be connected by a view of the world which should include them both as the columns of the arch of the future. Thus he sought to bring them both into conjunction, and make them the common support of a new order. Upon the sentimental side Fourier presented a subjectiv view of the world, a grand expression of human aspiration; upon the objectiv side, represented by the Positiv philosophy and Comte, there was a vast body of sciences of nature and of history, which, as objectiv truth, could in no wise be brought into harmony with the emotional human world of Fourier. The actual facts of the world did violence to the nature and heart of man. The

necessities of human nature required that man should not only be reconciled with the order of the world as Comte proposed, but also that there should be a reconciliation to sentiment and its highest aspirations. Mr. Andrews therefore said that there must be of necessity between the two, science and emotion, a common world, not objectiv, not subjectiv purely, but containing the elements of both, which should be formed of the laws and analogies which could be applied to both, and which should be in the highest sense the domain of the intellect, the science of sciences, abstracting and combining all the sciences into one ultimate unity and harmony. In other words, on the one side there was the "Naturismus," or the simple and natural order of sensation. On the other side there was an "Artismus," or a sentimental and practical order such as man wanted, and such as Fourier dreamed of. These were the two sides or columns which had been reared by these mighty influences of science and heart, and these mighty men, Comte and Fourier, their representativs. It was necessary that an arch should be thrown over these columns joining them as one completed, solid whole; that a key-stone of pure science and pure intellect should bind the two together into one arch of strength, harmony, and beauty.

In other words neither the mere objectiv sciences of Comte, nor the mere subjectiv imaginings, and fancies, and hopes of Fourier could ever be realized or harmonized unless the Naturismus on the one side, answering to the Artismus on the other, should culminate into the "Scientismus," which should arch-like combine and raise over both common laws of intellect and thus hold together, sustain, complete, and fulfil the special laws of each.

Mr. Andrews's purpose, therefore, was to complete the view of the world which should become the basis of the new social order. The object of his life thenceforward was to accomplish all which that purpose required. He was in the world to rear that mighty arch. To achieve its realization he would sacrifice anything and everything. He would be the great intellect of the age which should solve the great differences which lie between crude nature and angelic man by placing between the two a pure logic of the world, that divine logos, of which man had dreamed of old. He would be the last, because the complete, realist, reconciling the abstract with the nouminal and the phenomenal. Thus would arise an Integral, Universal philosophy upon which the whole advanced human world should stand and be able to grasp nature intelligently on one hand, and to build all needful human institutions and social order on the other. Thus man and the world would be bound together by a mighty logic which should culminate and sustain all as parts of the harmonious universe. That power of unitizing thought he had realized—that was the problem which he felt he saw more clearly than any other thinker had ever done. That scheme he thought he ought to realize in fact as he was the first to realize it in intellect. He was subordinated thenceforth to his "Universology," as at once the highest science and art. He was one of the few Americans who hav made Philosophy a business and lived for it and by it. The practice of his profession was abandoned, and with it the desire for wealth. Since his return from England he had again acquired sufficient property to make him what would be called a rich man in the community in which he lived. That was again freely sacrificed to his ideal. That one thing to him must be realized; this logic, this dream of the community of the world, of nature, and of man. He went on year after year devoting time, talents, life, to this grand purpose through misunderstanding, through good and evil report, through want and humiliations, until finally the dream became a system so clear to him that others began to see it—finally disciples began to gather around him, and then his great works took shape and form. He put out in 1851, in conjuntion with Josiah Warren, his "Science of Society," an epoch-making work which should now be reprinted. Finally, the "Basic Outline of Universology," a large work of 900 pages, became a fact; book after book, pamphlet after pamphlet, tract, essay, article, educated gradually a small circle up to the capacity of having some idea, some apprehension, if not comprehension, of his mighty mind and purpose. He continued at his labor for thirty years—indeed, until the day before his death, for his brain was the last thing of him that died. His last work was to dictate, or rather intimate, to his amanuensis a change of a few words in the title of his Dictionary of Alwato—which one day, let us hope, will see the light. Then his testimony of a life's devotion was complete, and with a smile of recognition to his devoted attendants, as if an expression of the harmony of the world he had always proclaimed, he gladly sank to the rest he had so nobly earned.

What was the value of his life-work? It may take ages to tell. We are in no position now to realize it. Think of it once as the intellectual solution of the world based upon the highest science and emotion.

In the second part of Goethe's "Faust," the master poem of the world, the same difficulty, the same intellectual problem, appeared to its wonderful author. He sought to intimate its solution by poetical artifice and allegory. He makes his hero say that only by going through the forms of things by pure, clear intellect, back to *its* original forms of thought—back to what he calls "the Mothers" of all conceptions, which are absolute, eternally independent of time and space, back to these idola of things that were, and are, and are to be; back to these inchoate, uncreated forms of Being, absolute and eternal, could there be a true basis of the logic which shall comprehend all nature and all art, and be the ultimate and final solution of all the conceptions and emotions of man, and also of the laws, principles, and analogies of the world about him.

Only through such a first philosophy could there be any final solution of the world around us, and of the high hopes that we indulge. The object of this philosophy was to gather into one conspectus those fundamental truths, those original forms of things and ideas, by which he would hold in his hand the key of the universe itself; by which he would think the thoughts of God as God would think them throughout all time if he were a person; by which he would become in his intellect the divine Logos itself, living with God, a part of the Godhead, without which nothing was made or could be made, which shone through him sometimes as if he were transparent intelligence, through which passed all the great fundamental forms and thoughts of the world itself.

We were accustomed to call our distinguished friend the American Hegel, for that great thinker of the world had preceded him in a similar attempt to construct a logic of pure Being. All great intellects meet with this same problem. The glory of an age or of a civilization is measured by the degree in which they approach its solution. The glory of the world is in proportion to the mind of man that rises to a clearer and clearer harmony with this conception of the divine Logos of the world. That harmony can only arise from the intelligence which can comprehend more and more of that mighty order by which we are surrounded, and which is interpreted in these primal conceptions.

It was the privilege of Mr. Andrews to carry out further than ever had been done before this unity by a logic tested and corrected by science. Hitherto, in the hands of Swedenborg, Fourier, and even Hegel, this logic, after leaving mathematics, had been a matter of vague analogies. His object was to found upon mathematics, then build upon science, and then use analogies as practical means of unity in life. He designed to take this same high conception of analogies, to purify it, to render it clear by bringing to bear on it all of the objectiv results of science, so that even analogies could be tested, and the results for justice and harmony in the art-world—the world of practical and social life—could be increased a hundredfold and more. He knew that the great works which he has left, some of which hav been published, and others of which we may hope soon will see the light, would in that way be sooner or later the greatest blessing he could confer upon his race. For it must be borne in mind that his system and views hav never had a complete or adequate public expression. What will be the result of that mighty effort it is now too soon to predict. It is certain, however, that in the line which he has taken, and probably by his own efforts, the result will be one of incalculable beneficence. The harmony, justice, and welfare which has been predicted will be in some way realized. The flattering promises which hav beguiled the philanthropists of the past will become practical measures realizable in the hands of practical philanthropists and statesmen in the future.

We hav seen, by way of illustration, the great benefit that he conferred on the world in the study of lingual science and the application of its law of harmony to phonography. In another branch of language he carried up the idea of the meaning of the tones of the human voice into a scientific and accurate expression. Thus his philosophy begot a language which should be the common language of our higher thoughts and their finer distinctions. Thus the logical properties of the abstract or metaphysical elements, which hav hitherto been unable to find expression, by reason of the incompleteness of any human mode of expression, come out with marvelous distinctness. That language of pure intelligence he called the Alwato, and of that he has left a dictionary carrying up the conceptions of a pure logic of the mind to a degree of certainty which may be of practical utility should human philosophy ever seriously attempt to clear up the Babel of human speech.

In general science he has also classified all the special sciences in a manner supplementing and completing that of Comte, and has thereby rendered an incalculable service to the orderly conception of the world. In the practical application of laws and analogies in the arts he has applied the laws of harmony, ranging from astronomy to music, so that the special advocates and teachers of those sciences turn to him with the grateful admission that he has thrown light of the greatest value upon their several domains.

Particularly in the science and art of civil and social law, following up the ideas that I hav referred to as coming originally from the Roman civil law, our systems of jurisprudence and republican politics will receive suggestions of the greatest value from his philiosophy of inclusion and harmonizing of hitherto discordant elements. Social order, government, politics, become the ultimate of all modern philosophical efforts. Through multitudes are already running the problems which dwelt years ago in his mind as to the great object of his life, and the importance of which nerved him to his task of harassing toil and self-denial. Our new social sentiments destined to culminate in a new social *régime* are largely due to the conception which he more than any other philosopher took into his mind and spent years in promulgating. The individuality which was dreamed of by Fourier, and the integral order of all our social elements, which was the dream of Auguste Comte, he at last succeeded in uniting. Between these two he has placed the law of continuous social evolution: the higher the integration, the finer the differentiation. The greater the multiplicity, the higher the unity. Thus he has answered the problems placed upon the tomb of Fourier in the ever memorable words: (1) The series should distribute the harmonies. (2) Destinies and attractions should be proportional. Upon Mr. Andrews's tomb might well be placed his answer to these problems and prophecies of Fourier thus:

(1) The laws of the series are the complements and analogs of each other, and thus unitary.

(2) The destinies are the parts of a higher and ever integrating attraction, and thus integral.

That attractions can be proportional to destinies, and that destinies can be to attractions, results from the higher unity which needs and includes all of the conditions and aspirations of life as one harmonious whole. "It takes all sorts to make a world" is a maxim common enough. But it is the grandest philosophy which can keep one sort or class from ruling out the others. A philosophy grand and broad enough to do that was his *Universology;* that is, a solution of the whole universe in which each of the sorts are placed where they belong, are shown to hav their rights, their duties, their proper sustaining order, where they belong. In that way the law of evolution receives its final vindication and all our parts become united parts of one great harmonious movement which, when recognized, givs order and peace and progress. Such a philosophy the whole world will in time be able to realize as a blessing in its very conception. Under its inspiration that ideal heaven which we hav all been religiously throwing above us beyond the skies may become a reality.

That theory of unity of diversities you may partially grasp by this illustration. When our country started out we were but thirteen struggling colonies, each quite diverse from the other. By their necessities they were compelled to be united into a confederacy, but further necessity compelled them to become consolidated into a union as a national government. Since then our progress has been comparativly onward, ever broadening and strengthening notwithstanding all the obstacles that hav been thrown around us, but still each state has its diversities respected by all and contributing to an ever stronger federativ unity.

Thus when you take hold of the several sciences, the several departments of art, the several classes or relations of society, each by and for itself can produce anarchy only. The relations of each to all or to each other are at first but slightly comprehended. In his philosophy and view of evolution all of these discordant elements of nature, all of the socially contrasting and conflicting elements, are brought into a harmony in which each will sustain the other necessarily as a condition of its own interest and duty. Its own life and welfare is seen to be involved in so doing. Thus he has called his philosophy Universology in science, or Integralism in social organization. The complete unity in peace and harmony is the result of the philosophical ordering of our ideas, our sentiments, and of our efforts in one great law of social unity.

The law of evolution foretells with certainty the final triumph of these views. All the social and internecine war and slaughter which now exist in embryo can be averted only by reconciliation from a higher point of view. The recognition of each other by contending elements and the resultant justice can never otherwise be attained. A mere scramble of competitiv selfish interests without the control of some paramount idea or motiv will surely make a hell instead of a heaven on earth. Never on any principles of mere selfishness, without any idea of order, or light, or reason, can there be peace or harmony, for there can be no justice among mankind without coördination and consequent coöperation.

He, the prophet of this higher social order, saw all this clearly, and seeing the danger, he spent his life to get views before the world which should base the higher sentiments of man on a solid foundation of science, the solid order of the world around us. He based social order upon the objectiv order of the world by means of the logic of human ideas inevitable in the nature of things and in mankind itself.

Let me read to you a few words from the latter part of his great work, "The Basic Outline of Universology," chiefly because I fear that as this audience departs, no part of the immortality of this man will abide with you unless from this moment you hav some conception of his high purpose in his own words. I read from his "Basic Outline of Universology," §§ 1,111–1,123. "Both of the orders," he says—that is, the order of nature and the logical order of ideas—"are essential to any completeness of theory, first in their oppositness and difference, and finally in their reconciliation, harmony, and coöperation, and thus they are supplementary to each other. To supply the philosophical ground of this complex unity is the office of Integralism." Such was his name for his philosophy upon its practical side.

"This ultimate conciliation of contraries is the universal type of harmony. The diverse views which are entertained, for example, by different minds upon the being and nature of God or the supreme governing potency of creation, and the administration of the universe of being, are destined through Universology to similar adjustment. The devout Catholic, the orthodox Baptist or Quaker, and the conscientious Atheist will shake hands with each other, and find a new and intense bond of unity in their very differences. Each will come to know and will love to recognize that the other has wrought with an echoing fidelity to his own, in another department merely of the grand fabrication of the whole armory of truth. The universe of fact and principle was simply too large, and the aspects of truth too multifarious, to be mastered by the infancy of man. The new catholicity of the adult age of the race can alone compass them. The grand reconciliation, the crowning harmony of humanity, could only be led in by the radical discovery of the unity of all intellectual conceptions."

And he would say that unity of intellectual conceptions could arise only as the result of a logic which can giv unity to those conceptions and the order of them, independent of mere phenomena or mere aspirations. In other words, the pure world of intellect, the pure world of logic, of mathematics, which he made the foundation of his theory and his life scheme, was essential to achieve the results for which the ages hav striven. He proceeds:

"It is this radical revolutionary reconciliation of every question of doctrin, moral, sociological, and theological, to which the world is now summoned by the positiv discovery of a proper science of sciences, the science of the universe itself. The power in the new ideas for ultimate conviction is simply irresistible. The new catholicity will rapidly prevail. Integralism will replace partialism. There remains no question as to it but the question of time."

Notice the sublime faith of this man. "If," he says, "three hundred years hav more than sufficed to reverse or modify the whole current of opinion with intelligent humanity upon the theory of the world's structure, now, with the accelerated progress of events in the mental evolution of the race, three tens of years should more than suffice to accomplish this reversal for all doctrinal beliefs and opinions. Every grand aspect of thought will be scientifically defined, and *the sense in which it is tenable* will be precisely illustrated in the mental world." In other words, we shall hav a philosophy large enough to include all differences of science and religion as harmonious parts of one whole science and one whole religion or organization of the human race.

"Harmony will thus grow out of dissension and discord; clearness and ineffable beauty out of mystical dogmas and doctrinal confusion. The most stupendous composit variety will be substituted for the central undeveloped unity—as for instance, of the old Catholics on the one hand, and the divergent isolation of individual centers, like that of Protestantism, on the other. Each will surrender the vicious aspiration to be the whole for the better honor of being a constituent entity of the Infinit Republic of Truth and Goodness—organized and orderly operation in all the affairs of mankind." Thus he adds:

"The New Jerusalem, the Holy City, will hav descended. The day of judgment will hav virtually come. For then all shall be justly judged and rewarded, and put in their proper places. The books will hav been opened. The judgment will hav been executed. The final restitution of all things will hav been accomplished. The grand reconciliation will hav been effected." For each will see that their duty consists in taking and filling the places in the order of the world to which, by the nature and logic of the world itself, they are assigned. Such is the highest, the completest, philosophy that mankind has yet achieved.

To carry that ideal out was to him the highest duty and the highest privilege of life. The announcement of this philosophy of reconciliation, not only as science, as Comte put it; not only as sentiment, as Fourier put it, but as the result of a logic which has inclosed the whole world as a part of itself, is the final resultant of the progress of mankind to this hour. Its practical achievement will be the realization of heaven upon earth in a tangible, practical, progressiv form. From his bed of sickness he issued a number of tracts instituting a "Universal Church of the New Order," which should *federate* and include elements hitherto irreconcilable, as necessary parts of the higher integration working for the welfare of each member and of the race at large. Then the pen fell from his hand and his work was done!

How shall we say, then, that this is an occasion for mere grief? Let us rejoice as upon the eve of a combat which can end in none other than victory. Let those whom he has instructed—let the little band of devoted disciples, far larger than the band that once gathered around him who is said to hav spoken on the mountains of Galilee, inspired with a higher faith than at that age of the world was possible or conceivable, inspired by the higher faith of this age, stand by the memory and the doctrins of him who taught them to think and to aspire; stand by them until they become the seed which shall spread throughout the

world and be recognized as the leaven of a new social life. Let them become the harbingers of hope to millions as now to hundreds. It is only the working for such purposes that can make this life a blessing and a glory. Such are the hopes that bring heaven near and make it real. Such are the presagings of immortality which extend the immortality of earth into ages and infinities unknown.

But those who stood near and very dear to him—what is their consolation? Let them continue his life in the glorious hopes and efforts which he developed. Let them be consoled by their faithful service to one worthy of their sleepless toil. Let them not forget that we sympathize with them in their personal loss. To us he was the philosopher; to them, a father and a friend. In domestic circles he was largely the impersonation of love. We knew him in the arena as a gladiator in intellectual contests, as a victor sometimes almost merciless in his excoriation of the time-serving, the mean, the contemptible, the bigoted, the contracted. But let us not forget that there was an inner circle who worshiped him as one who with wisdom had guided their lives, who had understood their sorrows, and turned even into a kind of pleasure the misfortunes of our common fate. Nor let us forget that what was true of him individually is true of his mighty doctrin. It is itself intellectually a logic, cold as steel, merciless as law. It is emotionally tender as a woman or a child, melting over the afflictions and miserics of mankind. Indeed, it was those very miseries of humanity which became the mainspring which moved the intellect to find some relief or consolation against the fatalities of nature, and the miseries man ignorantly inflicts on man. Thus let those around him and nearer to him receive our sympathy as a part of their reward. Let them know of our appreciation for what they hav done for him in his years of illness. To *her* tenderly nursing him, night and day, let, as some recognition, your gratitude go out freely now.

Thus has been completed a noble life, a life the traces of which we may well say shall not soon vanish in the depths of the ages. For, the effects of it hav become already a part of the great world. Its circles, as time goes on, must enlarge from year to year. Let us be grateful and thankful that this man has been destined to raise the whole community up to a higher life. Let us rise to that life ourselvs, and thus hav, what he could not hav as he deserved, for want of time or means, a foretaste of the immortality that remains on earth as the result of man's beneficence and love. To earth then with the form that belongs to the Mother Earth—to the Immortals with their own—the power which is rational, immortal, and deathless; the power which shall liv forever honored throughout all the spheres. To us belongs the soul, to be garnered now and treasured, and sowed again and again until the harvesters shall reap from this life afar through the depths of time blessings to millions yet to be.

Therefore we say, Farewell! Farewell to earthly life and love, the precursors and the earnest, the first steps, of the life immortal. In that higher life we bid thee Hail! as a star to enlighten, guide, and console evermore.

REMARKS BY DR. GEORGE W. SAMSON,
PRESIDENT OF RUTGERS COLLEGE.

I am here, my friends, from regard to our departed friend and brother, simply to call your attention for two or three moments to some of the last developments of character on the part of our friend.

I am at home with you, gentlemen and ladies, and hav been ever since, in the winters of 1871 and 1872, I met our noble friend in your circle, and immediately it flashed upon me: Here at last is the Grecian Socrates; and now his little tract, No. 2, put in my hand, reveals an added character. He was not understood fully. Read Plato's Dialogs, five volumes in Bohn's Classical Library, and how one feels that he does not fathom the thought of Socrates! And yet that thought was at the foundation of the Roman law, to which my friend, Mr. Wakeman, has referred. He was not appreciated, he was murdered. But it was the doctrins of that man that lived in Aristotle and in the Roman civil law, which Chancellor Kent indicates has been so largely incorporated into New York's commercial statutes. Read Cicero and you will see this fact.

Just one word in reference to the character of Mr. Andrews. He was *intellectual;* this you feel, but the moment that his eye fell upon you you saw no sarcasm, no bitterness. He listened to every one that spoke, and took in all that was said; it fell into its place in his thought, and when he arose to speak, you saw the master-spirit. The greatness of Washington was, we are told, that he appreciated every one of his men, and their thought culminated in his final decisions.

I can not dwell on all his merits and virtues. Never shall I forget his visits to my house at the time when he organized the "Colloquium," and urged the influence for good which he hoped it would exert. He felt, "Here are the men who are in the Hebrew and the Christian churches. They are ruling to a large extent the population." My friends, you hav a deeper mission. The Christian church is not reaching the thinking, scientific, philosophic element that comes from the old world. The churches cannot reach it. We are reaching the moving mass, but you are reaching the deep thought. How I hav felt it when I hav been talking to that man, and the responsibility that rests upon this band that are with him. You can giv shape to thought, and I pray God that you may do it. I seem when I meet you as if I were sitting at the feet of my grandfather. He preceded Mr. Andrews in his grand crusade. I remember as if it were yesterday, when a little bit of a boy, his taking me upon his knee, talking of his views and hopes, giving me the means which permitted a thorough education at home and abroad, and opened thus the sphere which I hav tried (as a friend before me, Dr. Lambert, well knows) in the city of Washington to fill.

Never shall I forget all the discussions from 1841 after the death of General Harrison, to which my friend, Mr. Wakeman, has referred. Sam Houston sat in my congregation twelve years; and when the break came he stood like a rock. He appreciated the Connecticut men who at Santa Anna's invitation went down and commenced the movement, when Mexico had declared for emancipation, trusting to be sustained by them. These men afterward General Houston appreciated, standing by them to the very last, even up to the war of secession. You don't know his history, but you will find it in the volume of his life now published by Lippincott.

And now, in reference to that other matter, I would that I had time to dwell upon it. Just read these tracts, my friends, and you will see how that mind of Mr. Andrews sought to inspire the Christian church. Don't fling us off. Stand by us; we hav the broader mission. You hav a deeper one. We will reach the mass of the people. There is no question of that; for religion, my dear friends, is *reconciled philosophy*. It comes out in these tracts of our brother—that great law, "Thy shalt love *thy* God," not somebody else's God. The divine power you recognize—love him! love him! And then, my dear friends, when that comes to pass, however different our ideas of doctrin and duty, when we love the Lord *our* God with all our heart and mind, your personal God in the environment with which he is surrounded each of us—then we are sure we shall learn to love our neighbor as ourselvs.

That is the point, and I say it from the very depths of my heart. I look for great things from this man. We are relying on the grand old philosopher whose language and ideas, mingling the thought of Socrates and the spirit of Jesus, will yet enter into a system of law grander than that of Rome.

The Deserving Dead.

E. C. Walker in Lucifer.

Stephen Pearl Andrews has gone out on the sea of silence and of memory. Possessing more and better brains than most other men, he used them in the service of humanity, and to-day his grave should be tear-wet and flower-covered. But he is unknown outside of a small circle of earnest reformers, the American people hav not heard of him and could not appreciate him if they had. He was neither a gold-getter, a military chieftain, nor a rascally politician. Hence they giv monuments and monumental lies to the memory of the Garfields and the Grants, and leave the Wrights and the Andrews to forgetfulness.

The other day I saw a car upon the Northwestern road which was loaded with flowers sent by citizens of California, to deck the grave of General Grant in Riverside Park on Decoration Day. There were said to be twelve hundred calla lilies alone in this floral offering for the tomb of the successful soldier of war. Would *one* of these hav been laid by its donor upon the bier of the successful soldier of amity, education, and brotherhood, Stephen Pearl Andrews?

O my countrymen! giv Grant the cypress and the weeping willow, for he planted them thickly in the West and in the East, but for Stephen Pearl Andrews bring the roses and the oak leaves, the lilies and the laurels. He merits them all.

Chicago Secular News.

The Secular Union was treated to a highly interesting and instructiv scientific lecture last Sunday evening, by Dr. S. V. Clevenger, on the "Origin of Man," who illustrated his points by diagrams. It is useless to attempt a synopsis, but I would merely say that it was as thorough an exposition of the Darwinian theory as could be crowded into an hour's discourse. Dr. Clevenger is one of our leading physicians, and the author of a work on "Psychology," which, I am informed, is considered an authority by his profession. The doctor was called by the state, last week, to testify, as an expert on mental phenomena, in the Dacey murder trial, who is arraigned for the killing of Alderman Gaynor. The following shows that the church has not lost all its venom, and describes the scene in court on the morning of June 2d:

At the opening of court after recess Dr. S. V. Clevenger was called to the stand and sworn.

"There's a question here," said Judge Murphy, "as to this man's Infidelity. I am told he is an Infidel and has no regard for an oath. I would like to know about it."

To the court and Mr. Mills Dr. Clevenger said he considered an oath binding upon him to tell the truth "under pains and penalties of the penitentiary."

"Yes, so far as the penitentiary is concerned," exclaimed Judge Murphy, addressing the court, "but how is it as to his accountability to God? If he doesn't believe in a God, to whom he is accountable after death, he is not competent as a witness."

"Is that in the Constitution of the United States?" asked Dr. Clevenger.

"I am not talking to you. When I want you to say anything I will notify you," replied Judge Murphy, sharply.

Dr. Clevenger was withdrawn from the stand while authorities could be procured to throw light on the question of his competency as a witness.

In the afternoon, however, Dr. Clevenger was recalled, and the question of his competency was argued. The court finally decided that as the constitution specified that no man should be denied any right, privilege, or capacity by reason of his religious opinions, the doctor might take the stand. Dr. Clevenger then explained that he was neither an Atheist nor an Infidel, but an Agnostic. His testimony covered substantially the same ground as that of other experts, and was equally strong in tending to show that Dacey is sane.

Our ex-secretary, Ella Le Page, has been dangerously ill for two weeks and nothing but the most assiduous and intelligent attention such as her mother, Mrs. Freeman, can giv, has saved her to her family and to us. A pious lady friend told me yesterday, that though I regarded such things with contempt she was going to pray for the recovery of Mrs. Freeman's daughter. I begged her not to attempt it, if she did not wish to make her worse, as I thought Garfield was killed by so much prayer. Whether she prayed or not, the patient was much worse a few hours ago; if good wishes could make her well she would never know a day of sickness.

The grand jury hav indicted most of the Anarchists on several counts, several of them for murder. Capt. W. P. Black has accepted the position of leading counsel, although regretting his inexperience in criminal practice. Captain Black is one of nature's noblemen, and when everyone shrank from the odium which must attach to one who demanded justice for even an Anarchist, he cheerfully and readily accepted. If he wins the case it cannot add to his popularity nor to his practice; but, careless of consequences, he gladly accepts odium in defense of what he deems the right—the noblest trait in humanity. Mr. Black is a brother of Gen. John C. Black, our pension commissioner, serving as captain in the same regiment. He has lectured twice for our League, and under the auspices of the League his last lecture on "Russia and Nihilism" was published. Mr. Black, only a few years ago, was a leading Presbyterian, but left on account of his heretical differences; but we must giv him time to grow, as he is doing rapidly, into the broader field of Liberalism.

We think of continuing our meetings right along, as the interest seems undiminished and the weather thus far has not been oppressiv.

Mr. J. W. Howe is making a splendid record as treasurer, and as an enthusiastic member. As a recording secretary Mrs. Freeman surpasses all her predecessors, and if a person gets in in time to hear the minutes, they get the whole benefit of the preceding night's lecture and debate, reported with a patience and accuracy quite astounding.

I see you are hitting on the bigotry of the order of Knights of Labor. All I can say is that your criticisms are just. Some years ago I was the chairman of its Executiv Board, and at that time it was as near an appendage of the Roman Catholic church as any organization could well be. Certain expressions were inserted in the secret work of the order in conformity with the demands of the priesthood, to my certain knowledge, and because I fought all that sort of thing continually I found it eventually more comfortable to remain out of the order than to mix with such "brothers." Perhaps I was hasty in leaving, as the very next session the order adopted a much more liberal policy. However, I had the pleasure to put in some of its reformatory work. I wrote the resolution which demanded that women be allowed to organize on the same basis as that of men.

Personally, I hav had a good opinion of T. V. Powderly as to his integrity, with whom I was brought into intimate relations, but always deplored his love for the church of oppression. At the convention held in Pittsburgh in 1880, when talking in the hotel, I asked him this pointed question, "If the order [meaning the Knights of Labor] should demand of you to do a certain thing, and the church [meaning the Catholic church] should demand that you do something quite opposit, which would you obey?" Without hesitancy Mr. Powderly answered, "I should obey the church." You can imagin what confidence I could feel in the order after that.

Whenever I find the monopolistic press—the press which livs on political jobbery—praising any man connected with a vital reform movement, I generally conclude that it is high time for that particular reform to drop him. Powderly has been receiving too much praise of late from journals of this class, the avowed enemies of labor and liberty, to seem to be doing his whole duty by them. He may hav done nothing unusual to merit their praise, but it is seldom a true man ever gets it, and their praise will excite a proportionate suspicion, and is unfortunate for him.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A great hubbub has been raised by the G. A. R. against Superintendent Guinea's refusal to allow a post chaplain to perform certain Decoration Day services at the grave of Colonel Mulligan in Calvary cemetery, on the ground that none but Catholic priests are permitted to pray within the premises. The superintendent was doubtless following his instructions, but is likely to be made a scapegoat of by his church for being indiscreet. A priest acknowledges that the church cannot afford the impression to go abroad that it objects to any one praying in Calvary cemetery.

Whether it can afford it or not, those are the *rules*. Even the Catholic church feels quite uncomfortable when brought face to face with the palpable evidence of its own bigotry. Most of you hav read of the desperation of despair with which the women of Cummings, Ill., fought against the removal of the nails made by non-union men who took the places of of their husbands and fathers. From the lengthy article in last evenings's *Mail* I make this brief extract:

When the attempt was made to move the cars Captain Hunt's sixty officers experienced greater difficulty with the enemy than if they had been men armed with shot-guns. Women perched upon the cowcatcher of the engin, appealing to the railroad men and begging the police.

"You're taking the bread out of the mouths of my hungry children," said one.

"Strike me with your club! Kill me!" wildly exclaimed another.

"I've only one time to die," said a thin, pale-faced, hollow-chested woman, who, with a baby in her arms, attempted to throw herself on the track before the moving engin.

"What do you mean?" shouted an officer, as he grabbed her just in time.

"I mean that I might as well die that way as starve to death," she screamed. "I'm living on corn meal and water now, and beg that from door to door. Oh, I want to die!" and she struggled to get back to the engin as the policeman pushed her away from the tracks.

"You see how it is," the considerate captain remarked. "If they were men we could club them and giv vent to our feelings by calling them something, but they are women, and what can a man do!"

Is not this a terrible disgrace to a land of plenty? These poor creatures were finally overcome, and the nails moved. Monopoly, as usual, triumphant! In the same paper a lengthy article describes the pomp and magnificence with which the Union League are

to formally open their new one-hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar structure by a banquet. The primary object of the Union League is to encourage and promote by moral, social, and political influence, loyalty to the government, and to defend and protect the integrity and perpetuity of the nation. This is supposed to be a government of free institutions. Freedom without bread is a mere mockery, so that Cummings affair should be a prominent topic for the Union League. I am afraid that the league is more liable to confine its efforts for the perpetuity of free institutions to donations to build more armories or clamors for more police.

The Chicago *Herald*, in a leading editorial a few days ago, cited the case of United States Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, who alone in that body seems to oppose all political jobs to the detriment of the producers of his state; who is a zealous advocate of forfeiting unearned land grants to railroads; who fights subsidies and in his own way creates a vast deal of trouble for the monopolists. Still he is worse abused at home than on Wall street. The principal organs of his own party call him "old crazy horse," an ignoramus, an incompetent old crank. Had he feathered his nest he would hav been heralded as a man of wonderful mental development, but *honesty* is a fatal path for political distinction. Progress is inevitable, yet little change is found from one generation to another. And it's the same the world over.

More than one hundred years ago Adam Smith wrote of the situation in Great Britain: "The member of Parliament who supports every proposal for strengthening monopoly is sure to acquire great distinction for understanding trade, and also great popularity and influence with an order of men whose numbers and wealth render them of great importance. If he opposes them, on the contrary, and still more, if he hav authority enough to be able to thwart them, neither the most acknowledged probity nor the highest rank, nor the greatest public services can protect him from the most infamous abuse and detraction, from personal insults, nor sometimes from real danger arising from the influence of furious and disappointed monopolists."

There is little change in a hundred years. The majority of the United States Senate are representativs of boodle instead of brains.

In a lecture at the Belgian Academy by M. Willems there is an interesting reference to the elections of Pompeii (pom-pa-ya). Placards are still to be seen painted upon the walls or incrusted in the plaster. According to these ancient posters, the candidates possessed all the gifts and virtues common to the officials of the present day. Their talents and virtues are extolled in tall characters of many colors, and some of them are strongly recommended to the voters of Pompeii by the faithful followers of the church of Venus. The members of other persuasions also appear to hav had their candidates. In fact, the notices all go to show that religion and politics were badly mixed a few years ago in Pompeii.

Those persecuted friends of freedom, the Jesuits, in Rome hav purchased the colossal Constanzi Hotel, the surrounding grounds, the Cuirassier barrack grounds, and are building with all possible speed their new headquarters. The largest building is to be a a college for German clericals. The propaganda has also purchased the vast Plazza Migranelli. The Franciscans are building a convent to eclipse the grandest in Rome. E. A. STEVENS.

Freethought in Texas.

On Tuesday morning, June 1st, I left Fort Worth and went to Bowie, a town with three thousand inhabitants and one church, where I lectured on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. Our audiences were large. Dr. J. F. Elliott, Clark Arnold, and William Sommers arranged for the meetings at this place. Three more enthusiastic workers it would be difficult to find. V. M. Elliott, C. C. Thompson, and many others came from Crafton, sixteen miles south of Bowie.

At Bowie I met one of J. D. Shaw's converts, Mr. M. M. Gaught. Mr. Gaught was a clergyman, but by reading the Shaw-Price discussion which appeared in the *Independent Pulpit* a year or two ago, he became convinced that Christianity was false, and renounced his faith. He is now following the more honorable profession of a teacher.

On Friday afternoon I returned to Fort Worth, and in the evening took a train on the Texas and Pacific, arriving at Cisco Saturday morning. From Cisco I went to DeLeon, and from there by stage to Comanche. At Comanche I addressed three large audiences, one on Saturday night, one on Sunday afternoon, and one on Sunday night. The meetings were held in the court-house.

The activ workers of Comanche county are S. L. Ewing, C. W. Carnes, I. A. Dingler, T. B. Ewing, E. P. Hardy, and Mr. Robinson. Rev. Van Cleveland, a Universalist minister, a correspondent of the *Independent Pulpit*, and a very liberal man, attended our meetings.

On Monday I went to Cleburne, where at night I lectured to a large audience in the Court House. Mr. Hazelwood, J. Zimmerman, J. W. Bryant, Oliver Heath, Colonel Morgan, and J. J. Ramsay, of Kimball, are some of the Liberals whom I met here. It was at Cleburne, four years ago, that J. D. Shaw was deposed for heresy.

This ended my work in Texas. From Cleburne I returned to Kansas, reaching home June 10th. I left home April 15th. During this time I delivered fifty-six lectures in the following towns: Denison, Trenton, Sherman, Fort Worth, Dallas, Henrietta, Walnut Springs, Corsicana, Kerens, Waters, Waco, Norse, Clifton, Granbury, Morgan, San Antonio, New Braunfels, Clear Springs, Houston, Livingston, Moscow, Handley's, Henderson, Overton, Longview, Cooper, Bowie, Comanche, Cleburne.

My work has been to a great extent pioneer work. In a majority of the above towns my lectures were the first Freethought lectures ever delivered.

There is sufficient interest manifested in the Liberal cause in Texas to insure constant employment for a lecturer there. Nearly all the towns I visited wished me to return and giv another course of lectures. Belton, Paris, Honey Grove, Victoria, and other places also invited me to come.

As yet Texas is the only Southern state in which the Liberals hav made a vigorous fight against priestcraft. But the Liberals of other states are falling into line, and the time is not far distant when they will be holding Liberal meetings all over the South. While in Texas I received calls for lectures from Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama.

J. E. REMSBURG.

Spiritual Photography.

The Committee of Investigation were appointed under an agreement that the results should be published in THE TRUTH SEEKER. The best explanation of the present state of affairs will be found in the following letter to Mr. Keeler, to which as yet no reply has been received:

June 3, 1886.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Robinson having left you in the apparent position, now for more than three weeks, of being unwilling to proceed with the investigation which he demanded in your name, making no response to my repeated requests to know whether you would enable him to keep the promises he made, and whether the spirits through you would promis their coöperation, it being time that I should make a public announcement of the result as originally provided for, I write directly to you for information, lest I should do you injustice in my report as secretary of the Committee of Investigation.

Yours truly, HENRY M. PARKHURST.

The Library Club.

Excessivly warm weather conspired with other causes to keep the writer from attending the second meeting of the Library Club at 143 Eighth street. Miss Gertrude B. Kelly, of Newark, spoke on that occasion on "The Necessity for the Social Revolution."

Mrs. Jane Griffin, the elocutionist, presided at the meeting and introduced the speaker in a way that satisfied all the requirements imposed by the most approved methods of expression. Miss Kelly is an engaging speaker, and it is said upon the authority of Mr. Henry Appleton that the features of her face are as agreeable to the eye as her voice is to the ear and her words to the understanding.

Through the kindness of the young lady librarian, THE TRUTH SEEKER has been furnished with the following sentences from Miss Kelly's address:

When we speak of revolution we mean in the first place a revolution in ideas, and, as a result of this, a complete change in the condition of society.

If the Knights of Labor should by any means chance to be successful to-morrow, if they should hav the whole country at their feet, with their present ideas of the production and distribution of wealth, there would be no revolution accomplished; there would be simply a change of dynasty, for in no way are their ideas opposed to those now prevailing in society.

I think that we are beginning to see that no matter what the form of the government may be, or the character of the governors, the evils in society continue to increase—the cry of overproduction, business depression, lack of work, starvation, and misery goes up from all countries alike. Protected America and free-trade England suffer from the same evils. Democratic administration, Republican administration, civil service reform, no civil service reform, protection, and free-trade produce no appreciably different effects, the evils continue to increase and to multiply as they did under Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. We are beginning to see that our salvation, if salvation there be for us, lies outside of all political forms, political methods, and political men.

The government is always the representativ of brute force in society.

However much we may try to disguise the the fact, the whole function of the government is to protect property. At the present moment we need only to look into the daily papers to see on which side the whole weight of the government is thrown. I am not now considering the right or the wrong of these strikes all over the countrv, but I ask you to look into the case honestly, and tell me if you ever knew of the government forces being called out to protect the interests of the laborers.

It is the presence of rent, interest, and profit in society that sets the whole machine out of order, and it is only by their removal that the machine can ever run smoothly. Rent can be abolished by simply removing the protection of the laws from the monopolizers of the soil, by recognizing no title to land but occupation and use. Interest and profit can be abolished by doing away with the monopoly of the banking system, in other words, by putting the banking business up to competition, as all other legitimate businesses are put up to competition, and thus bring down the price of the issue of currency to cost.

Among the speakers who discussed the lecture were Mr. King, who wears a slouch hat and looks like a pocket edition of dynamiter, which he is not by any means; and Mr. McLeod, who makes no bones of declaring himself a Socialist. Mrs. Leonard, one of the library's best friends, also addressed the meeting, and Mrs. Griffin recited a poem said to hav been instigated by the spirit of Wendell Phillips there present. These meetings are to be continued every Friday evening until the Liberal Club meets again, when the day of meeting will hav to be changed, or the Library Club will lose its audience. The next lecture is by Dr. Flag, of South America; subject, "The New Republic."

The library is now tolerably well equipped with books and papers. Visitors there receive courteous attention, and the institution should become one of great benefit to the workingmen of this city.

Lectures and Meetings.

E. C. WALKER is now on a lecturing and canvassing tour through Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Dakota, and Wisconsin. Those desiring lectures should address him at Valley Falls, Kansas, box 498. This is Mr. Walker's seventh year in the Freethought field work. He thinks that he has become personally acquainted with more Liberals than has any other worker and lecturer who has been in the field for the same length of time.

THE Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold its next quarterly meeting in Musical Society Hall, 381 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, June 25, 26, and 27, 1886. The speakers engaged for the occasion are A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, and Mrs. S. E. Warner-Bishop, of Wisconsin. The Misses Cora and Vinnie Phillips will furnish the vocal music. Those paying full fare on railroads to the meeting will be returned for one-fifth fare. Board at first-class boarding houses is promised at $1 per day, and all interested in Spiritualism are invited to attend. The meeting will be called to order at ten o'clock A.M., Friday the 25th. Dr. J. C. Phillips, Omro, Wisconsin, is secretary.

A Promising Apparition Knocked Out.

Clergymen still exorcise the devil wherever he shows himself, but when carefully examined into the devil in modern times turns out to be no devil at all, but an innocent creature of some sort, that was never aware of the mischief it created. The suspicion lies near that had the courage of the people been greater, and their knowledge more extensiv, the devil would never hav made his appearance on this cold, sublunar world, but remained in his more genial torrid home.

A report comes from a small village in the Tyrol which is amusing reading. The police sergeant, the only limb of the law stationed there, tells the following story:

"The good, honest peasants reported to me that his satanic majesty had taken up his abode in a neighboring chapel, and performed sundry capers therein; they begged me to chase him away. I laughed, armed myself with sword and gun to exterminate the mischief-maker. On my way to the chapel I met crowds of peasants, and they told me the most blood-curdling stories of the tricks played by the devil; they were especially frightened by the noise, the humming, buzzing, and shrieking against the small windows of the chapel. When I arrived at the place a crowd was assembled in the neighborhood, armed with flails, pitch-forks, fence-rails and the like, but remained at a respectful distance. The door of the chapel was open, and to my surprise I found the priest there, clad in his full canonicals, who was exorcising the devil in regular style. There was nothing further for me to do, and I went to a neighboring inn to take in a supply of courage (strengthening spirits), in case my services should be required later on, after the retirement of the priest from the battle-field. I was not there but a few minutes when the peasants came running with the cry: 'The devil is there yet!' So I proceeded once more to the chapel, the door of which was now closed. I took a lantern from one of the peasants, and boldly stepped in the church, a number of villagers, well armed, with chattering teeth and blanched faces, following me. I threw the light of the lantern in every direction, but could discern nothing. I finally became impatient, and stamping my foot hard upon the floor, I exclaimed, 'Devil, where are you?' when a buzzing noise was heard above our head, which turned out to come from a poor innocent—bat. The holy water had no effect upon it, but a blow from my stick finished the career of that devil."—*Jewish Reformer.*

The Nine Demands.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Communications.

A Bill of Indictment Against Religions Per Se.

BY JACOB HENDERSON.

IV.

THE STULTIFICATION OF THE INTELLECT PRODUCED BY RELIGION.

That my ideas of the groveling and debasing character of the feeling called religion, and of its malign influence on the human intellect, are correct, I cite in proof the melancholy instance of Mr. Gladstone, the present Prime Minister of England. Mr. Gladstone is the most conspicuous man in the British empire, as a statesman, a scholar, and a person of irreproachable moral character. He has few equals, and no superiors as a man of intellect and attainments in the various departments of learning. But when, last year, in Scotland, he expressed himself in favor of the disestablishment of the English church at some remote time in the future, after he had left the scene of human affairs, the clergy raised the howl that he was heading the hosts of Infidelity which bid fair to sweep over the land like a destructiv tornado, his *religion* caused him to become panic-stricken; and to defend himself against this reproach, he wrote an article for an English magazine, entitled, "The Dawn of Creation and of Worship," which, if it had been written by a pulpiteer, would be considered by scientific men as the babblings of a medieval saint. Great as he is on other subjects, when he comes to *religion*, his intellect, like a beautiful Etruscan vase knocked from its pedestal, goes to pieces, and he becomes a child. The men of science who hav reviewed him, imitating the reverence of Noah's sons, hav treated him with a tenderness due to his character as a statesman, intrusted, at this crisis, with vast responsibilities. In thus resisting the temptation to use the weapons of ridicule and sarcasm, they hav honored themselvs as well as him.

But a more pitiable spectacle still presents itself to the gaze of the world in the case of another great Englishman, Cardinal Newman, whose abilities, learning, and general excellence of character entitle him to the resspect of every one, but whose omnivorous credulity excites the wonder of all the world outside the church. This gentleman began his career as a clergyman of the Church of England, but, by an easy and short step, left that body, and became a Roman Catholic, and a cardinal. Let him speak for himself: "I think it impossible to withstand the evidence which is brought for the liquifaction of the blood of Saint Januarius at Naples, or for the motion of the eyes of the pictures of the Madonna in the Roman states. I see no reason to doubt the material of the Lombard cross at Monza, and I do not see why the holy coat at Treves may not hav been what it professes to be. I firmly believe that portions of the true cross are at Rome, and elsewhere; that the crib of Bethlehem is at Rome, and the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul. Also, I believe that the relics of the saints are doing innumerable miracles and graces daily. I firmly believe that before now saints hav raised the dead to life, crossed the seas without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured incurable diseases, and stopped the operation of the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways." That this instinct of religion is powerful enough, at this time of day, to babyfy the intellect of such a man as Cardinal Newman, should alarm every well-wisher of his race. It shakes, but does not unsettle, our faith in the potency of knowledge as an infallible cure for superstition. If such cases were general, instead of rare, we might as well ground our arms in the war we are waging for the soul's freedom, and giv up our unhappy race to the dominion of the church and priesthood forever.

The subjugation of the intellect by the blind and cruel monster called religion was seen in Kepler, one of the mightiest minds, not only of his century, but of all time. It doomed him to sixteen years of unnecessary but herculean labor in his abortiv effort to reconcile the eternal laws of the universe with the absurd demands of his creed.

In like manner, Hugh Miller, another man of science, was driven to premature death by suicide, because he could not compel geology to verify the absurdities of Genesis and of the Westminster Confession of Faith. His religion was cruel and stupid enough to command him, on pain of hell-fire, as a heretic, to believe, *without evidence*, what his knowledge *knew* to be false. The strain upon his feelings was too much for him, and another human sacrifice was laid on the altar of Moloch.

But we need not cross the Atlantic to find illustrations of the blinding and cowardly influence which religion exerts upon the minds of great men. Professor Dana, of Yale College, has lately given the world an example of this in his effort to make science uphold the childish legend in Genesis. I could not be guilty of insulting this distinguished scientist by supposing that he believed the story. His disloyalty to the truth and to his own convictions must be set down to his fear of offending the religious sentiment of his countrymen, as if the end of the world had come, and there were to be no more years than the year 1886. What a rebuke is given to this class of trimmers by those who hav died at the stake rather than obliterate the eternal distinction between truth and falsehood! Servetus, by saying the word "eternal," could hav saved his life. Bruno, by uttering one comprehensiv lie of denial, could hav propitiated the Romish hounds that were thirsting for his blood. But these names are immortal, and will go down to the coming centuries in honor, because those who bore them had such profound reverence for truth that they would rather die than deny it. Truth, conscious of the eternity of her years, is a hard mistress for mortals to serve. Traitors to her holy cause may escape present punishment by a compromise, and because treason may be popular, but she will gibbet them at last. Archbishop Cranmer, by his facil nature and his strong love of life, was induced to recant his convictions and treat them as if they were false. But when he saw that this step could not save him from the flames, he recanted his recantations, and going to the stake thrust his own right hand into the fire to die as a malefactor for signing the first recantation, and gave the rest of his body to die a martyr to the truth of the second.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

The definition of theology is that it is the science or knowledge of God. Mr. Gladstone, in his reply to Huxley, says: "Theology is ordered knowledge," of course about God. But knowledge is the apprehension and attainment of *facts* and *truths*. A person cannot *know* anything that is not *true* in its sphere, or that is *contingent* in the sphere of events. A thing or an event must be fixed and certain in the plan of the universe to be the object of either foreknowledge or after-knowledge. If it were not eternally *true* in geometry that the three angles of every triangle are equal to two right angles, the mind of Euclid could never hav perceived it; and if the birth of the man Euclid had not been as necessary an event in the plan of the universe, it could not hav been foreseen even by an omniscient being as a *fact*.

Now, what does theology certainly *know* about *a* God or *the* God? The Christian theology all through its history has been divided into two great antagonistic systems, the Augustinian, or, as they say nowadays, the Calvinistic, division on the one hand, and the division which found its chief spokesman in James Arminius, who flourished in the sixteenth century of our era, and who was at swords' points with Calvin on the fundamental points of free will, grace, and predestination. When it is said that "theology is ordered knowledge" about God, I ask *which* God? The Arminian theologian, on the authority of the Bible, declares the Calvinistic God to be a monster of injustice and unworthy of worship, because he creates millions of human beings and places them by his providence in circumstances where they necessarily sin, and then when they die casts them into eternal hell fire. The Calvinist replies: *Your* God is both an ignoramus and an imbecil—an ignoramus, because, for fear if he looked into the *certain* future he would see a sinful event which he ought, as a good God, to hav prevented if he could and now remove if he can, and therefore keeps himself in profound ignorance of; an imbecil, because, if sin be sin eternally, and he regards it as such, his power to prevent or remove it is not equal to his benevolence and sense of justice; and therefore he is *limited* and not infinit in power, and entirely unfit to be the governor of such a complicated universe as this is.

The same dissimilarity in their conceptions of God characterizes all the subordinate sects of Christendom. The gods in the Christian Pantheon are almost as numerous, and just as diverse in their character, as the gods of the Greek and Roman mythology. Each founder of a new sect and creed begins with his own conception of what God is, or ought to be, and, arguing deductivly from that starting-point, finds plenty of texts in the Bible to satisfy himself and his followers that his theology is true and all others false. Theology "ordered knowledge?" Look at the creeds of Christendom!

If I am right in my theory of the *origin* of the religious sentiment, religion and theology stand in the relationship of parent and child. That is to say, religion was inoculated into the human character in the period of the race's infancy, millions of years ago, by *ignorance* and *fear*. As our ancestors gradually emerged from their mental darkness under the law of progress, they made movements toward a theology. But, as the stream cannot rise higher than the fountain, theology bore the marked features of its mother. It was a natural growth from religion as the *root*; and as a tree has many branches, upon which may be grafted many different kinds of fruit, so theology is hydra-headed, each head answering to one of the multitudinous sects of Christendom.

So far from being true is Mr. Gladstone's remark that theology is "ordered" knowledge, and so conscious is theology itself that there is no *order*, but only confusion and antagonism in its doctrins, that it travels up and down, and all over the world, and through all the centuries, asking to be accepted on *faith*, and not on *evidence*. It discourages all investigation as to its truthfulness. It asks us to believe its dogmas and its statements implicitly and without questioning; as, for instance, that three churches in Italy hav each a skull of John the Baptist; that over a hundred and fifty other churches, in the late Papal States alone, hav each a quantity of the milk of the Virgin Mary, and that Balaam's ass spoke to his master in the Hebrew language. In all these, and hundreds of other cases like them, theology clearly shows its parentage. Its whole aim is to *placate* its divinity. God is angry at his child, man. He shrouds himself in impenetrable mystery, never once showing his face, and this intensifies the fear and increases the ignorance of the wretch who stands trembling before his presence. To appease the wrath and secure the approbation of this God, by believing any dogma and doing any thing prescribed by the priest, is, I repeat, the sole object of every doctrin of theology. To this end we must hav a tri-personality in the Godhead, so that the son, of equal age and dignity with the father, may offer himself up as a sacrifice to *propitiate* the father's anger towards the son's constituents. We must hav a Holy Ghost to apply the redemption thus purchased, and make the atonement effectual, by the miracle of the new birth, creating a clean thing out of an unclean. Then comes the great doctrin of *faith* in the creed, with the alternativ of damnation. The mass in the Catholic church is the chief feature in her doctrin and worship, and is always called the *sacrifice* of the mass, wherein the penitent believes, or thinks he believes, that the wafer he takes into his lips, made out of wheaten flour, is transubstantiated by the priest's prayer into the very body, blood, and divinity of Jesus Christ, and that Christ is thus renewedly offered up as a *sacrifice* for this Catholic sinner in particular, all on the religious principle laid down by the eminent father, Tertullian, of the third century, that the more utterly impossible it is for a thing to be true, the easier and more meritorious it is for true Christian faith to believe it. For this is the virtue of the grace of faith, that it can believe without evidence, that it can remove mountains by its strength, and can swallow down and digest whole camels of absurdity.

The Greek and Roman theology, which the church called "mythology," as if her own religion had not been taken wholesale from it, was not the creation of poets and legislatures, as some superficial thinkers allege. It was the offspring of the religious sentiment, and poets modified it as they could to suit the ignorance and prejudices of the people who believed it. What an insult it would be to the Greek intellect to say that, out of the abundant materials at hand, it could not originate a more rational and less fanciful system than the popular religion was! No. All the theologies in the world are the same—mere systems of expiatory sacrifice, and the offspring of ignorance and fear. The avowed object of the whole of them is to humiliate man, and make him a cowardly beggar for the grace and mercy of an imaginary God! That there is any self-respecting manhood left in his character at all, after these long ages of religious domination, inspires the hope, nay, the belief, that there is enough recuperativ energy in him still, with the assistance of the new knowledge, to throw off the incubus which has degraded him, and to stand up before the universe free.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Ramblings in the Park Region.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* After having met with such hearty receptions as I received at Wentworth and Iroquois, Dak., Alexandria and Elk River, Minn., it is quite natural that I should hav calls to return and deliver other courses of lectures. I find that the more people hear Freethought discussed, the more they want to hear; hence some places ask for as many as fifteen or twenty lectures, and, as I like to place the cost at as low a figure as possible, so that almost any town can afford to hav some other kind of gospel than the "old, old story," what is left after paying the railroad their lion's mouthful is not enough to debar one from reaching heaven by the old Lazarus, grass-grown route.

A Freethought lecturer has the advantage of the church in summer time. The church works best in cold weather. An Infidel (in view of what awaits him hereafter) does not fear heat. In the summer season the church is dormant, and the Infidel is as activ as a lamprey eel, and shocks an ordinary "orthodox" clear to his soles. There is a more cordial feeling growing up toward Freethought all over the West. In some towns which I hav visited, our philosophy becomes so popular in a week that the church preaches Freethought too. Did you ever? The Rev. Jenkins, at Elk River, did that. I heard him. I gave six lectures in Elk River to good houses, and will giv two more next Sunday (May 23d).

The minister's wife, I learned, was in my audience Sunday afternoon, and on her way home pleasantly remarked, "Well, he is a gentleman and a scholar, anyway." Tally one. "De world do move." The following Sunday I went the second time to hear her husband preach. In a flowing, graceful way, he re-

marked that a polite Infidel owed his courteous bearing and decency to the decency of the community in which he lived—to Christian institutions. In the evening, with the aid of my shorthand "pot-hooks," as Elder Dungan called them last winter, I reviewed the Rev. Jenkins's sermon. That was the finest audience of the six.

Nothing can induce Elder Hill, the would-be Adventist champion, to debate, even when a would-be editor of Delavan backs him with the "vast" influence of the *Herald*. My visit to Delavan will be postponed until the elder (and the editor) recovers.

We are enjoying a splendid visit with our Liberal friends, Mr. and Mrs. Byers, in their beautiful home at Princeton; also spent a week with our friends, W. F. and Millee Chadbourne, of Elk River. We hav known these good friends for many years.

Soon, and we will be on our way to the land of the Dakotas. Address, at Wentworth, Dakota,

W. F. JAMIESON.

A Greek Catholic Curse.

I am now on a beautiful farm, the Eden of Alameda county, named after a province in southern Russia, where the happy owner was born. I shall not describe this magnificent place. Everybody knows what a fruit farm in California is. The cause of my letter is the fact that Father Agapius Honcharenko—the owner's name—was a Russian priest, and at one time a monk in the Kieff cloister. He was too honest to remain either a monk or a priest, could not stand the crimes committed by the Muscovite government in the name of the holy church, and while at Greece, as one of the Russian missionary staff there, he did some good work for the propagation of the new ideas then so vigorously promulgated by Alexander Hergen, the editor and publisher of *Kolokol* (the Bell). Some of Father Agapius's communications with the revolutionists were, however, overtaken, and he, therefore, obliged to remain the rest of his years outside the empire of holy Russia. About eighteen years ago he was excommunicated from and anathematized by the czar's church, it being recorded to his name in a document which reads as follows:

By authority of the Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the holy canons; and of the Virgin Mary, mother and nurse of our Savior; and of the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubim, and seraphim; and of all the holy patriarchs and prophets; and of all the apostles and evangelists; and of the holy innocents (who, in the sight of the Lamb, are found worthy to sing the new Song); and of the holy martyrs and holy confessors; and of the holy virgins; and of all the saints, together with all the holy and elect of God, we excommunicate and anathematize him, and from the threshold of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented in eternal excruciating sufferings, together with Dathan and Abiram, and those who say to the Lord God, "Depart from us; we desire none of thy ways." And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out evermore.

May the Father, who created man, curse him. May the Son, who suffered for us, curse him. May the Holy Ghost, which was given us in our baptism, curse him. May the Holy Cross, which Christ (for our salvation triumphing over his enemies) ascended, curse him. May the Holy and Eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him. May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him. May St. John the precursor, and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other of Christ's apostles, together, curse him. And may the rest of his disciples and four evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universal world, and may the wonderful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their holy works are found pleading to God Almighty, curse him.

May the choir of the Holy Virgins, who for the honor of Christ hav despised the things of the world, damn him; may all the saints, who from the beginning of the world and everlasting ages are found to be beloved of God, damn him; may the heavens and the earth, and all the holy things remaining therein, damn him.

May he be damned wherever he be; whether in the house or in the field, whether in the highway or the by-way, whether in the wood or the water, or whether in the church. May he be cursed in living and in dying, in eating and drinking, in fasting and thirsting, in slumbering and sleeping, in watching or walking, in standing or sitting, in lying down or working, *mingendo, cacando*, and blood-letting.

May he be cursed in all the faculties of the body. May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May he be cursed in his hair. May he be cursed in his brains. May he be cursed in the crown of his head and in his temples. In his forehead and in his ears. In his eyebrows and in his cheeks. In his jaw-bones and in his nostrils. In his foreteeth and in his grinders. In his lips and in his throat. In his shoulders and in his wrists. In his arms, his hands, and in his fingers.

May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart, and in all the viscera of his body; may he be damned in his veins and in his groin, in the thighs and genital organs, in his lips and in his knees; in his legs, feet, and toe-nails!

May he be cursed in all the joints and articulation of his members. From the top of his head to the sole of his foot may there be no soundness in him.

May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his majesty, curse him, and may heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him, curse and damn him!

Amen! So be it. Amen!

And after such a list of curses and damnations, a beautiful fruit farm in California is the result. Just think of it!

I am one of those who say to the Lord God, "Depart from us; we desire none of thy ways," and there will be no wonder if I become a possessor of a farm like that of Father Agapius. Come the time!

Uxaina, Cal. M. S. WAHRHAFTIG.

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News and Notes.

On Saturday evening, May 29th, I lectured again at Murray, Utah, to a good house, and was pleased once more to meet those who seem like old friends in their cordial greeting. As I was obliged to be in Salt Lake City at five o'clock on Sunday morning, I had the pleasure of a midnight ride with Bishop Cahoon. I call him "bishop," for I think he will make a good one in the ranks of Freethought. The ride up the valley, with the shadowy splendor of the mountains on every side, and the rich green fields and gardens, and cosy dwellings along the way, was delightful. It seemed something like passing through fairyland, there was such a strange mixture of human life in the world about, such conflicting and tumultuous forces, the old and the new mingling as in no other country, and the wisest head not knowing how the marvelous wealth of these hills and vales was yet to be placed on the side of liberty and progress. The political pedlers at Washington hav very little idea of the mighty problem that is confronting them, how deep and high it goes into the principles of American democracy.

On Sunday morning at six o'clock, with my excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Godbe, of Salt Lake City, I started out for a long, delicious carriage ride up the valley, and along the lake to Haight's Grove. It was a cloudy morning, and the sun just glinted on the distant hill-tops. The air was cool, and the horses dashed along with heterodox speed, and that was just what suited my pilgrim spirit. The only trouble was that we had a Presbyterian carriage, evidently, for it was very stiff and unyielding, and didn't seem to giv way very gracefully to the ups and downs of the road; and so, near the end of the journey, it dogmatically broke in two on one side, and on the return it did the same thing on the other; but, with "saints' perseverance," we made a raid upon the trees, and braced up the "sinners," and went triumphantly forward, and if Macbeth had met us he might hav thought that "Birnam Wood" was come again. No orthodox depravity can get the better of the strong arm of Secularism.

The grove meeting was delightful. Liberals were present from all parts of Utah—George C. Viele, of Fillmore; Andrew Larson, of Box Elder; Wm. Reynolds, of Wanship; Philip Schwartz, of Park City; Mr. Jost and Robert Wilson, of Ogden; Mr. Edholm and Dan Williams, of Morgan; Mr. Jones and Mr. Bowman, of South Weber; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Mason and Mrs. Godbe, of Salt Lake City; Mr. Munn, of Hooper; Dr. Ingram, of Kaysville; Mr. Wallack, of Salt Lake, formerly of California, and a Liberal worker in that field, and many others.

Letters were also received from Dr. Greer, H. S. Brooks, Charles Long, Wm. Dawson, E. Sorensen, and others, pledging their best efforts for the success of the territorial organization. The meeting was thus a representativ one, and its action will be indorsed by all the Liberals of Utah. Several speeches were made; we had a band of music, and everything went off in splendid fashion. The Secular Union of Utah was formed. Mr. Wm. Reynolds was chosen secretary of the preliminary organization, and committees were appointed for the purpose of making arrangements for a grand convention of all the Freethinkers of the territory, at Salt Lake City, next winter, Feb. 20th, 21st, and 22d, for the purpose of perfecting and making permanent the organization, and electing a corps of officers that will make success undoubted. Mr. Reynolds will giv a report in detail of what was done at Haight's grove. Its significance in the future work of Liberalism here is very great. It is carrying forward the interest and enthusiasm created by the efforts of the American Secular Union. The campaign for the last six weeks has been all that I could expect. I hav delivered about forty lectures. The audiences hav averaged about three and four hundred, so that I hav personally addressed from twelve to fifteen thousand of the people of this territory—the best minds in every community—and I know that the results, if the work is continued, will be incalculable. There has been discussion and agitation in every place, and thousands hav begun to think where before there was a sluggishness. The issue in Utah is direct, more so than in any other part of the country, and hence there is a magnificent opportunity for the development of Secular principles. I hav the highest hopes of Utah—of the organization that will be formed, of the work that will be done. I like the friends here. They are strong, enthusiastic, and brave. They take hold with a will. They cannot, however, fight the battle alone. The present campaign could not hav gone on so successfully had it not been for the American Secular Union. National coöperation is indeed a mighty help to Liberals in every community. It givs them power which they could not otherwise possess. In this case, in Utah it has brought forth an immense amount of latent Liberalism. I am sure that every Liberal in America will be interested in the advance of our cause in this territory and will watch with keen interest its triumphs, and will realize more than ever the vast importance of a united movement.

On Decoration Day, for the sake of variety, I went to the "Pen," where about fifty of the Mormon saints are suffering "persecution." They take it rather easy, although, of course, their position is a very uncomfortable one, for they hav to mingle with criminals of all sorts, hav to wear the striped suit, and liv on poor fare and do their own washing. No matter if they are worth a hundred thousand dollars, and some of them are, they must do their own menial work. They can't hire even a fellow-prisoner to do it for them. They hav books and papers to read and writing materials, and they sport one or two opera-glasses, and had the advantage of us and a better chance to see what kind of folks we were than we to study them. Well, it was grotesque and is tragical too, and it does seem that in this civilized age there might be a better solution of the problem than this; for these men are not criminals in the ordinary sense of the term, and should not be made to suffer this degradation. They are really political prisoners, and not criminals, and should receive that treatment which belongs to prisoners of this class. I understand that one of the Mormons was put into the "sweat-box" for refusing to attend the gentile divine services. If this is so, then the United States government has been guilty of a hideous injustice, and has placed itself beneath the level of its unfortunate victims. With all one's detestation of Mormon polygamy, which is indeed a "relic of barbarism," and a degradation both for man and woman, yet these "criminals" do suffer a species of martyrdom which appeals strongly to one's sympathies; and the method of punishment is almost as barbaric as the evil that is to be eradicated. That the right way of treating Mormonism has not been reached is plainly evident. So far there is savagery on both sides, and not enlightened politics. I hope hereafter to treat this question from the standpoint of Secularism, which alone, by its radical principles, can settle this vast difficulty. The present "Christian" legislation is an absolute failure, and cannot be justified at the tribunal of universal justice.

I am now at Bingham, where I hav lectured to full houses for the last two evenings, June 1st and 2d. Bingham is the longest town of its size that I know of. It stretches up the gulch, winding about like a snake, for five miles, while it does not seem to be more than two or three rods wide, street and all. The houses are perched on the hill-sides like so many nests built there by the birds, and they are not much larger than nests either. Yesterday I took a tramp of several miles over the town and mining camp, and the views are delightful, especially from the crown of the ridge, where I could see for fifty miles away. On one side sparkled the Utah Lake and on the other Salt Lake, while the busy valleys stretched between, and the mighty and snow-glistening mountains encircled all, and the dazzling sky spread its canopy above. The wealth of nature outside surpassed, indeed, the wealth that was within these rock-ribbed canyons. Still I did wish I had a ton or so of the gleaming silver.

I had the pleasure of meeting here Mr. John Strickley, Mr. Frank Silsby, Mr. C. H. Osman, and other good friends, and I hope to come again to Bingham, for I hav received a very pleasant welcome.

I am now to go to Idaho and Montana, Hailey, Bellevue, Ketchum, Eagle Rock, etc. I hav had to change my dates for Eagle Rock; shall be there, if at all, on June 17th and 18th; at Butte City, June 20th; at Helena, June 27th, and at Bozeman, July 4th and 11th.

I see the great philosopher has gone—Stephen Pearl Andrews. Upon his ample brow rests the white crown of death. He has passed into the ideal world—a noble spirit. I must express gratitude for the aid he has been to me in my intellectual struggles, for the insight he has given, for the solution of many a problem. His mind was of the first order, richly laden with knowledge. As a metaphysician he had no superior. His power of analysis was wonderful. No man ever made subtler distinctions. With crystal clearness he marked almost every shade of thought. He has been, in his intellectual integrity, a benefactor, indeed, of the race. He has been a pioneer in his own way; he has stood firmly for justice and liberty. He was a regal soul, lofty, aspiring, ideal; divinely audacious in many of his theories. He had the poet's gift also. His mind was stored with analogies, many of them most beautiful, and illustrativ of great truths. All honor to him whose thoughts are immortal, and who, in the onward stream of human life, will still be a glorious influence.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

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The New York Freethinkers' Meeting.

The summer is coming rapidly along, and the time and place for holding the annual Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association must soon be decided. When and where shall it be held? The duty of deciding this, as, indeed, all other executiv duties, falls upon the Executiv Committee of the Association. But the people who will attend ought also to hav a voice in the selection of the place, and we should like to hear from them upon the subject.

The officers of the American Secular Union hav decided to hold the annual congress late in the fall in New York city. Their reasons for this are, in view of past financial experiences, very sound. Some of the officers of the New York State Freethinkers' Association are strongly in favor of holding the annual State Convention in connection with the Union's annual Congress. Less expense would in this way be incurred, they say, and the two Conventions would make more noise than either one held separately. The metropolitan press would probably giv more attention to the meeting if held here than if convened in a distant place. The plan has its advantages, without doubt.

Other officers of the State Association favor a ten-days' campmeeting during the latter part of August or the first of September. Fillmore Park, a few miles from Buffalo, has been suggested as one place; White Sulphur Springs, near Saratoga, as another; Watkins Glen, as a third. In Fillmore Park arrangements would hav to be made with the Buffalo railroad managers to run excursion trains, and the population would hav to hire tents in which to liv. At White Sulphur Springs there are hotels within easy reach, and the service on the lake to Saratoga is already at hand. Pavilions for speaking are also on the ground. Buffalo is at the western end of the state, White Sulphur Springs nearly at the Eastern side.

Open-air meetings on the borders of a lake are exceedingly pleasant, and a great deal more sociable than gatherings in halls in large cities. Especially is this the case in August or September. The main question is, Will the number of people who can attend be great enough to pay the cost of speakers, advertising, and the thousand and one expenses necessarily connected with a great convention? If the meeting is held in New York in connection with the Congress of the American Secular Union, it is urged by those favoring this plan to be almost certain that the admission fee will cover cost of Congress. Those favoring the semi-campmeeting are equally convincing in their statements.

The Executiv Committee of the State Association are in a quandary. Of its eight members, four are in favor of separate meetings, three in favor of a joint convention, and one not heard from—making a sort of tie. The other officers are partial to the joint convention idea. As one of the officers, and as a believer in government of and by the people, we appeal the case to the higher tribunal—the members of the Association.

We should like to hear from them all, and not only those in New York state, but from every one whose purpose it is to attend the Convention. The decision must be made directly, and responses must be prompt.

Sunday-School Stories.

About two years ago last February, immediately after the Paine celebrations had taken place, a tale was published in the daily papers calculated to strike terror to the hearts of skeptics and bring comfort to the true believer. It was to the effect that at Jenkintown, Pa., a carpenter and several friends were making merry at a hotel, when a religious discussion sprang up, during which the carpenter proposed that they partake of the "Lord's supper," using beer instead of wine. The story ran that during this sacrilegious performance of the rite the carpenter was struck dead by the Lord for his blashemy. This blood-curdling tale was published all over the country, and we repeatedly received copies of papers containing it, some sent by friends with the request to investigate, and some sent by Christians to warn us of our almost certain fate if we persisted in writing and working against the Christian religion. One of the papers that printed the story was the *Independent*, but it had occasion to repent its credulity, for the next week it was obliged to say, what everyone of common sense would know, that the whole occurrence was an invention, and had no foundation in fact.

This year, under date of February 7th, also immediately following the Paine celebration, another horrible tale came over the telegraph wires. Like the former, it was located in Pennsylvania, and in general details closely followed the original. The version published by the *World* of this city had it that a patent-medicin pedler entered a hotel at Millersburg, Pa., where a jovial crowd had assembled. A religious discussion came up, during which the medicin pedler proposed that the "Lord's supper" be eaten. The crowd agreed to hav it with beer and bread, and when they had knelt in mock humility, the pedler went among them distributing a mouthful of bread and a sup of beer to each. The dispatch concluded:

"Suddenly, when he was about half through, a strange noise was heard, and looking up the men saw a sight that 'made their blood run cold and froze the marrow in their bones.' As near as the scared men could describe it, they declared it was an immense, ill-formed, and foul beast with great cloven feet, pointed horns, and eyes that flashed fire. With wild yells the men rushed out into the open air and scattered in every direction. Finally, all of them reached their homes except Motter, who was away for a long time, and at last he arrived, a maniac. He was put to bed and physicians summoned, but they could do nothing for him. He raved, howled, and prayed, declaring that he had seen the evil one and that he was lost. His torture was terrible, but nothing could be done to relieve him, and he died in the wildest agony. The death-bed scene is said to hav been full of horrors that can hardly be described."

When the first tale was published, we endeavored to get to the bottom of the lie, but all our letters to the alleged scene of the occurrence remained unanswered. When the *Independent* printed its apology for repeating the story, investigation was needless. When this second story was circulated, we at once recognized it as the first revamped, with ingenious variations, but still the same old lie; and though scores of papers containing it were received, we paid no attention to them. But it seems that the Christians though it too good a point to be lost, if it were only true, and from every state in the Union, and from Canada, they sought to get the stamp of authenticity put upon it by the chief official organ of the Methodist church. The editor of the *Christian Advocate*, however, is a shrewd old gentleman who does not often get beyond his depth. Moreover, he is not entirely unacquainted with his Christian brethren, and naturally he was suspicious of the yarn. With him, the age of miracles ended some eighteen hundred years ago. Belief in the ancient tales is all right, he holds, but even they must not be argued; while all nineteenth-century supernaturalism he sets down at once as imposture. Standing on the common platform of Christianity, and taking the scriptures as the court of last appeal, we will back the Rev. J. M. Buckley against any preacher in the country. But when it comes to arguing with Infidelity Mr. Buckley is not there. Allow the scriptures to be questioned, he tells his readers, and the Infidel has the Christian on the hip, and can throw him easily. It will be seen from this that the *Advocate's* editor understands himself and the nature of his religion.

When, therefore, Mr. Buckley was applied to to stamp this tale as genuin, he was cautious, and wrote to the Rev. E. C. Yerkes, Methodist preacher, of Millersburg, asking him if there was any foundation for the story, what the barkeeper said, how drunk the men were, what happened to the rest of them, whether their stories of the occurrence agreed, who was with the man when he died, and what his physician said. To all these questions the Rev. Mr. Yerkes replied:

"Millersburg, Pa.

"*Dear Dr. Buckley:* There was a mock service of some kind. It is impossible to tell how drunk the men were. The barkeeper denies the whole affair—says it did not occur. There were no spectators not participants so far as I can learn. J. F. Bowman, M.D., of this place, a member of our church, attended Motter [the patent-medicin pedler] in his last sickness. Motter did not absent himself from home, did not die a maniac, and showed only such a fear of death as is common to unsaved men. There was no appearance of any supernatural object in the bar-room so far as I can learn, but Motter stated and afterward denied that he saw such a monster, something like a huge bat, on his way home; and that it entered the house with him; he said he did not think the devil looked like that. Fraternally, E. C. Yerkes."

It will be noticed that the minister says some such service did take place, but that the barkeeper denies it; that the pedler did not absent himself from home, and did not die a maniac. It appears also that he was not an Infidel, but only a Christian who did not work at the business. He had distinct ideas of what the devil is like. First he said he saw a monster, something like a bat; then he retracted and said he did not. He seems to hav been a "low-down," drunken Christian, upon whose word no reliance could be placed.

Notwithstanding the minister's statement that some service took place, the probability is that he is mistaken. The barkeeper was there, and the minister was not. A further probability is that the medicin-pedler and his companions got drunk. Possibly they discussed their religion. Then they separated, and the pedler went home and died. Some imaginativ reporter got hold of the story and of the one published two years before, fitted them together, and sent his version out. The similarity between the two tales is too close to leave a reasonable doubt that they are one. Very likely the same Associated Press reporter sent both dispatches. The Paine celebrations occurring the last of January would suggest the religious coloring necessary; and what to a good Christian is a lie if the glory of God can thereby more abound?

But the most surprising fact in the whole matter is that there are any considerable number of people in this country who could for a moment think that such supernatural occurrences are possible! To an African savage the tale might appear possible. That it can be seriously discussed by Americans shows to what depth Christianity has degraded some of them.

Ulster's Experiment in Home Rule.

In connection with his defeat on the Home Rule bill, Mr. Gladstone may draw some consolation from the recent demonstrations at Belfast and Lurgan, Ireland. These two cities were on Wednesday and other days of last week the scenes of a religious demonstration in which the Protestants and Catholics took part. Windows were smashed, the police were clubbed and stoned, hotels were burnt and sacked, and under the influence of the liquor thus obtained persons of Protestant proclivities wandered through the streets shouting, "To hell with the pope!" utterly indifferent to the fact that "sheol" is now considered the better form. Several persons were killed—by the police—among them a widowed mother of two children, and a barmaid who chanced to be looking from the window of a tavern. The cause of the disturbance was the difference of opinion upon religious subjects which existed between the citizens participating. By the action of the police order was restored after several days' reign of terror.

The ill-success, generally speaking, of this brief season of practical Home Rule in Ireland must, as remarked at the outset, afford some consolation to Mr. Gladstone and his partisans in this defeat. While England's rule in Ireland is such that nothing can be said in its defense, it is of a much more desirable nature than that which the Irish people, under the influence of religious fanaticism, seem able to furnish themselvs.

The Museums.

To those who remember that they once signed a petition asking for the Sunday opening of the museums in Central Park, the following correspondence will be interesting:

"NEW YORK, June 4, 1886.

"GEN. L. P. DI CESNOLA, *Secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Dear Sir:* Will you kindly inform me what progress the joint committee of your institution and the American Museum of Natural History has made in considering the petition presented by the American Secular Union for the opening of the museums on Sundays? If a decision has been arrived at, please inform me of its nature.

"Now that from twenty-five to forty thousand people visit the Park on Sunday to listen to the music, I beg leave to suggest that it is a splendid opportunity to introduce them to the treasures in the museums under your charge.

"Very truly yours, E. M. MACDONALD,
"Chair. Fin. Com. Am. Sec. Union."

"METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART,
"OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
"NEW YORK, June 8, 1886.

"E. M. MACDONALD, ESQ., *Chair. Fin. Com. Am. Sec. Union, Dear Sir:* Your favor of the 4th inst. has been duly received. The joint committee to which was referred the petition for the opening of the two museums on Sundays, presented by the secretary of the American Secular Union, hav the matter still under consideration, and hav not yet arrived at any decision.

"Very truly yours, L. P. DI CESNOLA,
"Sec. Joint Com. on Conference."

The Spread of the Gospel.

Good work for Christ is going on in that portion of God's vinyard circumscribed by the boundary lines of Illinois. The precise locality where the spirit superabounds is a well-known penal institution at Joliet. The love of Christ has constrained one hundred and seventeen persons to giv their hearts to him, and the surrender was marked to the world by the service known in the technique of Catholic theology as confirmation. Most of the confirmees are gentlemen eminent in their walks of life, and all hav achieved distinction. Dr. Thomas M. Cream is widely known as the Belvidere poisoner; Mr. John Gales's reputation rests upon the substantial basis of having killed "old man Hessel;" Mr. Daniel Carpenter, a race brother of Frederick Douglass, engaged the attention of the citizens and judges of Will county for several days, and will during the rest of his life be rewarded by the care of distinguished state officers. This trinity of kindred spirits were followed to the altar by gentlemen almost as worthy as they. Mr. John Stauners reformed a fallen girl by dispatching her; Mr. James Siez removed temptation from the path of depraved equine confiscators by removing the quadrupeds; Mr. John Larney opposed the monopolists of Galesburg by taking upon himself the distribution of the accumulated wealth in the bank. Altogether the one hundred and seventeen gathered to God by Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, were gentlemen who had made a mark in the world, and excited public attention.

The sacred rites by which they bound themselves o heaven were, we are informed, remarkably impressiv. A number of distinguished visitors were present, among them Judge Prendergast, of Chicago, who had journeyed to Joliet to renew his acquaintance with the converts, and note what effect his numerous charges to juries in their behalf had had upon them. For a month preparation has been made for the sacred event, and the day before the ceremony four priests worked hard all day hearing the sinful confessions of the heart-touched one hundred and seventeen. The chapel was beautifully decorated with flowers, and mottoes appropriate to the occasion hung upon the walls. As Archbishop Feehan and his assistants entered the chapel the convert orchestra played a solemn march in an artistic manner. The candidates for confirmation were all ranged in rows on the front seats and wore buttonhole bouquets. They were confirmed in groups of eight. One group would advance and kneel in front of the archbishop, and after the confirmation rites were gone through they would retire and another group advance, till all were confirmed. As the convicts advanced to the altar they handed their names to the archbishop. Pronouncing their Christian names, the Archbishop dipped his finger in a chalice of oil held by an attendant, and, making a cross on the foreheads of the kneeling Christian, said: "I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He then gave them a slight slap on the cheek as a token that by confirmation they are strengthened to suffer with patience, and even to die for Christ.

This octahedral coming to Christ, if we may apply a geometrical term to a theological subject, cannot but be gratifying to all good Christians, and a source of pride at the manifest power of the gospel. That so many distinguished gentlemen should with so much unanimity desire to testify to the uprightness of their past lives, and consequent worthiness to become Christians, is another and most convincing argument for the fitness of the one true religion for all ranks of life, no matter how elevated. And it is a crown of ineffable glory upon the thorn-pierced brow of the Galilean that, regardless of greatness and worth, one man makes just as good a Christian as another, and is just as sure of inheriting eternal bliss. The piety of these noted converts is very touching, and does credit alike to their famous careers and to the beneficent system of religion which has taken them into its fold. They ornament the religion and the religion becomes them.

Editorial Notes.

LOST, STRAYED, OR CONVERTED—Our Canadian correspondent, "Kanuck." Any information leading to the discovery of the above will dispel in this office a large and deepening shade of gloom.

H. P. AND GEORGIA REPLOGLE hav begun at Liberal, Mo., the publication of a wee paper called *Equity*. The intention is to print it fortnightly, at 50 cents per annum. Labor interests receive the larger portion of its attention.

REMLY S. SIDELINGER, known somewhat to Freethinkers through correspondence in Freethought papers, has become the editor of the *Boston Knight*, a journal devoted to labor interests. Mr. James Livingston is his partner. The price of the paper is 50 cents per year; published at 71 Oliver street. The first issue is bright and well filled with trade news.

THE marble statue of Harriet Martineau recently unveiled in the Old South church of Boston is soon to go to Wellesley College for Women at Needham, Mass. It is a fine piece of sculpture. The young ladies of Wellesley are to be congratulated upon their acquisition. We recommend them to also study Miss Martineau's works as well as her features, that the generation for which they may become responsible shall be free from superstition and devoted to the improvement of this world.

THE Congregationalists and Baptists of London recently held what they termed a grand union demonstration. The London press almost ignored the meeting, the *Times* reporting it in one short sentence, and the *Daily News* giving only four inches of space to it, and that after several days had elapsed. Religious circles of London are therefore very angry, and say naughty things about the papers. They hav forgotten that true Christians do their work where not seen of men, and pray in a closet.

IT now turns out that the alleged poem by Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, advance proofs of which the *Christian at Work* palmed off upon the daily press as copies of an original contribution to that paper, is an old performance to which the *Christian at Work* had no more claim than any other journal. It was an unmitigated swindle and a fraud upon the public. Some papers are giving expression to their astonishment that the editor of a religious paper should be guilty of the meanness involved in this transaction. But it should cause no surprise. Of all editors, those who run religious papers are least troubled with a redundancy of the moral sense.

THE mistake which the Knights of Labor hav made in excluding lawyers from their organization, and to which Mr. T. B. Wakeman called attention in a recent lecture, has been made more apparent during the late cardrivers' strike in this city. No sooner did legal complications arise than the Knights engaged as counsel one of the most expensiv lawyers in the city. Mr. Powderly's famous travesty, "In the hands of a man entirely mouth the gun is harmless as his word," is true enough in a general way, though not after all a very brilliant remark. It is an error to suppose that the mouth is a useless factor in the labor movement. No cause is well equipped that has not its advocates and orators. Mr. Powderly needs a few lessons in the doctrins of Integralism, for these would teach him that he must look in all directions for aid, and he is likely to find some of his most judicious friends among the members of the legal profession. However, the organization does not, we believe, claim infallibility, and it is to be expected that mistakes will now and then occur.

H. O. WILLS is the name of a semi-crazy evangelist who is going through the West "answering" Colonel Ingersoll's question, "Which Way?" Mr. Wills proves the truth of the Bible in a remarkably unique way. He said to his meager audience at Detroit: "I can prove to you in a few words that the Bible is true, for does it not say a prophet is not without honor save in his own country? Look at the empty seats here to-night, and see if it is not so. Christ said that. If I go over in Canada a few miles, the churches will not hold the crowds that come to hear me, but here few come. That proves the Bible is true. Why, if Ingersoll was to lecture here to-night, every seat would be filled." Mr. Wills was filled with the spirit of God in this wise: He had lain down on his bed, "and a bright spot, about the size of a bean, of awful power, had appeared upon the wall three times, and at each time he had shaken so that six men could not hav held him, while the perspiration had poured off from him in streams. It was the glory of God. It had saved him." Mr. Wills is very accurately described in 1 Cor. iv, 10.

THE death of John Kelly, the Tammany chieftain, has called forth from the New York press, which has a Catholic element to cater to, a large amount of labored exordium. This notwithstanding that there hav probably been few greater rascals in politics than the same John Kelly. He held immense power under his control, and used it where it would do *him* the most good. It is therefore gratifying to find this just estimate of Kelly's character in the columns of *Puck:*

"There is but one reflection suggested by the death of Mr. John Kelly, which occurred in this city last week—what a pity and shame it is that the vast talents of this man, his energy, intelligence, and courage, were not employed for the furtherance of honest government, instead of being used for the profit and benefit of conscienceless spoilsmen!"

Mr. Kelly was a Catholic, a relativ of Cardinal McClosky, and where he had influence in city affairs the church had its own way. In consideration of that service, and in spite of his known corrupt political life, all the resources of the great cathedral on Fifth avenue were exhausted to mark his funeral with pomp and splendor. A man, it seems, may be a rascal and also a good Catholic, but in order to be both he must hav more faith in the efficacy of the church than in the final justice of "God."

Solid Christian Doctrin.

From the New York Evening Post, May 29th.

It seems almost a waste of judicial proceedings to try an Anarchist. An Anarchist is a man who openly announces his hostility to human society, and his determination not to liv in it, or be of it, if he can help it. More than this, he declares his desire and intention if he gets the opportunity to destroy it, with all its belongings, by any weapon within his reach—that is, to kill all persons in authority, and all owners of property who resist attempts to divide it made by mobs. Nor does he propose to set up anything else in the place of society as now organized. In fact, the Anarchists everywhere repudiate all constructiv theories. They say they want to try Anarchy—that is, the plan of leaving every man to do what is right in his own eyes—for awhile, before even considering whether some plan of order is not desirable. They desire no country or government, no property, no law, no marriage, no family. The world, if they had their way, would for a year or two be a world in which great numbers of human beings would be found wandering around, very dirty and ragged, armed with guns, knives, or big sticks, killing cattle for food, and killing anybody who had something which another man wanted, with a considerable number of dead bodies scattered along the roads, streets, and fields, a great many wrecked houses, churches, and public buildings, and a great many cities reduced to ruin, or deserted by the inhabitants, as Rome was once after the irruption of the barbarians, and a great many starving women, hiding in woods and cellars.

Of course, order would at last come out of this chaos. Some Anarchist abler or bigger than the rest would thrash or cow a few others into submission to him, and compel them to act under his orders. He would then kill those who opposed him, and gradually make a little army which would enforce his will as law over a small extent of territory. He would take up his abode in a house in some ruined town, gather together a few fugitiv women for a harem, and make his men bring in victuals and provide himself and one or two trusted followers with horses, and live like a fighting cock for the remainder of his days, or until one of his wives conspired with a lover to murder him in his sleep. But out of his rule something larger and better would grow. In other words, the race would begin over again the weary work of civilization.

Now, a man who deliberately proposes to try this experiment is no whit better than a wild beast. This is somewhat the state of things the tigers in India would bring about if they had a chance. In fact, to something very like this condition they had reduced whole districts before the arrival of the English. But when a tiger is caught sight of or trapped, no one thinks of ascertaining whether he has done any damage or not by a judicial inquiry. He is executed peremptorily on his own admissions—that is, on view of his form and color and the expression of his countenance. His social views, in other words, are known to be such as to justify treating him at once as an enemy of the human race.

Most and his kind stand in just the same attitude toward society as the tiger, and really deserve no better treatment. He is not in strict justice entitled to a trial at all. We try him with all the forms of law and shut him up for a short period, instead of killing him on the spot with one of his own guns, simply because any other course would be brutalizing and demoralizing to the rest of the community. It is because it would injure good citizens to see a human being slaughtered without judicial inquiry and lawful condemnation, and not because Anarchists deserve anything better, that we put judges and juries to sit on them. And this consideration ought to be urged upon the Anarchists by all rational persons to whom they giv ear. They ought to be made to understand that they are, in the eyes of the community, *feræ naturæ*, on whom arrest, indictment, trial, condemnation, and caging are expended simply by way of sparing the feelings of the other members of the human species.

SINCE the beginning of the lecture season last fall, J. E. Remsburg has traveled eighteen thousand miles and delivered two hundred and five lectures.

Letters from Friends.

BRIGHTON, N. Y., June 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: So long a time has passed since I hav held any correspondence with the readers of your paper that they, with yourself, may hav forgotten me; but my silence has not been because of indifference to the cause of Freethought, always so ably advocated in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but because of circumstances which rendered writing, if not an impossibility, a labor not to be thought of, because not imperativ. The long and tedious sickness of my sister, Mrs. Raymond, ending in death on the 26th of March, seemed to hav almost paralyzed me, so that anything requiring thought or effort I put far from me. In the mean time how much has happened, and is still happening, to rouse us all who are not wholly dead! So many of our long-time friends are "over the river" that I am beginning to feel almost alone, wondering within myself if my destiny is to liv while most of my generation hav already "paid the debt" demanded of all by universal nature.

Of all the deaths of which the more recent TRUTH SEEKERS make mention, that of Stephen Pearl Andrews is the most notable. It was my fortune to hav known him well. Long will the world wait for another intellect like his.

The death of Mrs. Moore, the wife of your correspondent of Adrian, Mich., carries me back to the days of long ago, when she kindly entertained me, though I was speaking as best I could for the despised and downtrodden negro.

I do not forget that in the death of Elizur Wright Liberalism has lost a friend the loss of whom will be felt for many, many years. How grandly good, as well as great, was the dear old man! Whom will, or has, his mantle fallen upon?

And writing of these among the members who the past year hav thinned our ranks by their lamented deaths, I am reminded of the vituperativ speech which George Chainey made at Cassadaga at the time of his conversion to Spiritualism. Poor man! it seems that even the belief in communion with the spirits from the world beyond has not been able to keep him in the path which some of us calling ourselvs Materialists think a very good path to walk in. 'Twas bad enough to read of the annulling of a marriage by a "Harmonial Philosopher," the marriage of nearly twenty years' standing, leaving the wife broken-hearted; but leaving a wife with three sons, all young enough to imperativly demand a father's care—seems to me such an act shows a nature so far from spiritual that Mr. Chainey will hav to be converted to some other religion before he shall find his level. What shall be the cure for all this commotion in the marriage relation? Wife-murder has become very common, and even the murder of a husband by a wife has becomc quite frequcnt. There must be a cure, if only we were wise enough to discover such remedy.

I wonder if the labor trouble is to be adjusted in this century. I would like to liv to see all people honestly employed; everyone with a home—not a shelter merely, but with the comforts which humanity requires and deserves. In a world so productiv, with people so inventiv, how much longer must we see the many without the necessaries of life? The time is approaching for our anniversarics. I trust some of our wise men and women will be ready to teach us the right and the true.

I am just now visiting at the home of your subscriber, Miss E. E. Curtis, than whom no truer Liberal livs, and so shall mail my letter from her post-office, Brighton, N. Y.

LUOY N. COLMAN.

WANSHIP, UTAH, June 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: About seventy-five Liberals from different parts of the territory met at Haight's Grove, Farmington, Utah, where Mr. Putnam organized temporarily the Utah Secular Union, the final organization to take place at a convention to be held in Salt Lake City on February 20, 21, and 22, 1887, to end with a "grand social."

William Reynolds was elected secretary and treasurer, and a long list were elected members of an executiv committee, who will be duly notified, to arrange for aforesaid convention and to procure the names of all Liberals in their several precincts. It was also elected that we become members of the Utah Secular Union by subscribing our names and paying an initiatory fee of 25 cents.

Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Godbe, Mrs. Ashman, and Mrs. Haight were appointed a committee for procuring music, etc., for the coming convention.

Sparkling speeches were made by Messrs. Veile, Larsen, Munn, Wilson, and others. Several cordial letters were received from friends who said they were with us in spirit, and regretted being absent.

The brass band discoursed some inspiring music. We could catch glimpses of the great Salt Lake glimmering through the trees, and altogether it was an enjoyable affair, and a grand *finale* to Mr. Putnam's labors in Utah.

Yours truly, WM. REYNOLDS.

MANKATO, MINN., May 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It would be of great social and material interest to every subscriber of the model Freethought paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, especially here in the West, or in places and districts where Freethinkers are very "thinly sown," and where there is no Secular League, if we should hav a better chance to know each other. How many dull evenings a Freethinker has to spend in the company of "darkness in brain," when he has to stay in a strange place, while he would find the very best society and companionship, may be, in the next house, where a Freethinker lived. This would be of social and also commercial and business advantage, too. I am willing to pay you for the trouble, if you will send me the list of your subscribers in Minnesota.

We hav men of the very best intelligence all over the country in our ranks and no doubt a great many activ business men also. Would it not be advisable to establish a Freethinkers' life-insurance, according to the system of the Ancient Order of United Workmen? Start it first for all the United States, and when we grow stronger in each state, I think with the list of TRUTH SEEKER subscribers in hand, a dozen or two of agents or Liberal lecturers could make up a good, living insurance company. Those insured could, or would, make a good nucleus for the future institution of a Secular League in districts where there are none. Of course, the agents and examining physicians had to be very cautious and severe in the selection of men and women to be insured, to make it a strong, living insurance. V. T.

PINAL, ARIZ., May 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith send you $4, to apply as follows: $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1886, 75 cents for "Order of Creation," 25 cents for TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886.

I feel strongly inclined to giv you and *Lucifer* both a severe castigation for your hasty, and, as I think, unjustifiable, condemnation of the Chicago Socialists for having the manhood to defend with their life-blood the dearest right of every true American citizen, the freedom of speech and of the press. All the information I hav with regard to that bloody tragedy I glean from the enemies of, not only the Socialists, but the laboring class generally, viz., the Associated Press, which I know, and you ought to know, is nothing but the echo of the capitalistic sentiment, and not likely to publish facts, but rather conceal them, when such facts tend to jeopardize the interest of their masters. Yet the testimony from this source is abundantly sufficient warrant for saying that the action of that legally organized banditti, the police, was an unwarranted, unjustifiable, premeditated assault on the liberty of speech—nothing more nor less. Whether they, the police, are sustained by individuals, municipalities, the state, the nation, and all the powers of the earth makes no difference; the fact remains the same. I would like to follow this subject further in reply to your comments in your issue of May 15th, but time forbids, and I will only say to Freethinkers: Take care how you cheer when your neighbor's ox is gored. The same bull has the same right and the same power to gore yours also. Your principles, your conventions, and your publications are as offensiv in his sight as are those of the Socialists; and I warn you now, unless you wake up and muzzle him, his next attack will be in your direction. His eye is upon you. So beware how you encourage him. Composed as he is of state, church, and capital, he presents a formidable front, and is getting ready for his last grand push, and down comes the fabric that we in our ignorance call a great republic.

Yours for underground facts, JOHN A. BROADBECK.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., June 5, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: Seeing the question of our next Convention is spoken of in THE TRUTH SEEKER, let me say a word. While I think that Brother Reynolds's idea is a grand one, and the Tent would make a first-class hall, yet, why would it not be a good idea to hold the Convention at the White Sulphur Springs? It is a first-class hotel, situated on Saratoga Lake about twelve miles from Saratoga Springs. It is a very delightful ride (by boat) to Saratoga, costing only twenty-five cents from grounds and return. In connection with the hotel is a very fine and large grove, with rostrum and seats for several hundred people, and plenty of room to spare. It will not cost one cent for grounds, and only one dollar per day for board. There are three hotels within easy distance. Those who wish to trip the light fantastic toe can do so, as there is a fine pavilion for the purpose. It would giv a great many people an opportunity of visiting the great watering-place of this country. Brother J. V. Arnold suggested this idea to me, so I thought I would see what you and the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER think about it. I would like to hear from some of the members of the church of humanity and mental freedom.

Inclosed please find Uncle Sam's currency for following mottoes: "Free thought will giv us truth," "Superstition is the child of slavery," "Universal mental liberty," and, "The world is my country," etc.; also, 50 cents for one copy of "Order of Creation," which I sold yesterday. Long life to the TRUTH SEEKER family, and THE TRUTH SEEKER, and cartoons, and Brother Heston, is the prayer of this old Infidel.

WM. THORPE.

LINCOLN, ILL., June 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I read your letters from correspondents with avidity. It is a great pleasure to know who some, at least, of the brethren are, and where they are, and what they think. I hav no doubt that most of us hav worried in days past with various emotional thoughts and intellectual deductions, inspired by what is "left over" from early mythological education. Careful reading with reflection has eliminated or set free all hereditary tradition, so to speak. I would like to say to the corresponding friends of your paper that the most thorough uprooting of all and each of the preposterous claims to the divine authenticity of the "holy scriptures" that I hav found is in Kersey Graves's "Sixteen Crucified Saviors." To summarize, you will find these facts eminently worthy of thought: (1.) That mankind, dating as far back as history goes, hav had a religion or form of worship of an unknown power or God. This is owing to man's sense of his own ignorance and weakness. (2.) Their gods were always of their own creation, hence they are always vengeful, cruel, and destructiv. (3.) That sacrifices were from the first tribes offered to appease the vengeful deities. (4.) That paganism furnished various saviors who died as sacrifices to bring forgivness to men. (5.) That the religion now afflicting mortals with fear and trembling is a copy from paganism in its essential features. (6.) That it is a poor copy for the age; no improvement upon the ancients. When you see these points verified one cannot but realize that the whole church is unworthy, unreliable, a myth, a fraud, a slander on a God who could make a universe. Yours truly, A. R. CRIHFIELD.

ST. PAUL, MINN., June 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am quite interested in the discussion going on in your paper of "Free-trade *vs.* Protection." It has always puzzled me that if free-trade is such a priceless boon in England why so many of her subjects take up their abode where protection is in vogue, and especially from the fact, according to Mr. Thomas Rayner, that the workingmen are in that happy condition that they can say, "This is my castle, this roof shelters none but me and my family; I stand at my own door, I join with no one," which the American workingmen cannot say. There must be some attraction here; what is it? It must be remembered that this is a young country compared to what England is, and whether free trade is or is not beneficial there, is no criterion for the United States to go by. England has had the advantage of centuries and centuries to build up her manufacturing and commercial interests, while we hav had but a short time.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature. No nation can be great and powerful that devotes itself exclusivly to one branch of business, whether of agriculture, manufacturing, or any other particular thing. It must combine them all so far as practicable. How shall it be done? By going to other countries to get everything we want? Certainly not. The Republican party saw the way to do it by protecting and developing our home industries. Would we now be looking in nearly every part of the globe for a market for our manufacturing products if, at the close of the war, we had taken the advise of Messrs. Cobden, Bright & Co.?

"Sambo," said the lady of the house, "there is some nice gravy to put on your pancakes." "Butter is good enough for niggers," replied the sable gentleman, at the same time putting on a liberal supply. So we would say to our free-trade friends from the other side of the water, Protection is good enough for Americans, at least for the time being. This may look hoggish to the Englishmen, but hav they not protected their industries in the past, and are they not doing it still in a small way? Why do we hav duties levied on goods we send to Canada, and why is it that they seize United States fishing schooners for going in their waters to get a little bait?

Free-trade indeed; what country would not be in favor of it if they had a monopoly on nearly everything that is made? I should like to notice one or two other points in Mr. Rayner's letter, but fear it will make my communication too long.

Yours respectfully, J. C. ROE.

COLUMBUS, KAN., June 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to pay a brief tribute to Stephen Pearl Andrews. I am bowed and stricken with inexpressible grief and emotion, which copiously flowing tears kindly come to relieve. I must now cap my living monument "in the book and volume of my brain" to the greatest thinker and humanitarian of the age. For forty-five years I hav been the votary and satellite of this great, self-luminous, self-poised, all-sided, all-extended, cynosure of the mental world.

I came into happy rapport with him forty years ago through his phonographic publications, and his spirit and purpose therein expressed. In 1851 I read, digested, and assimilated his thoughts on "Individual Sovereignty," "Cost the Limit of Price," and "The Science of Society." Here I was deeply impressed with the great altitude, scope, and comprehensivness of his far-reaching, penetrating, and liberty-loving mind. Thirty-seven years ago, when a practical phrenologist in Fowler & Wells's office on Nassau street, I first saw, with great admiration, without knowing who he was, his massiv and magnificent upper and frontal head, and mentally exclaimed, "That is no ordinary man." In the summer of 1854 I met with him several times at Modern Times (near Brentwood, L. I.) and feasted my mind with his analytical, searching, brilliant, and charming parlor lectures and conversations, in which every sentence he uttered was a literary gem fit for the press. In 1867 I last saw and was with him and a group of radical friends at Rye Beach, on Long Island Sound, where we spent the Fourth of July and several subsequent days in physical, mental, and social recreation, and bade him good-bye at his residence in Brooklyn.

I responded most heartily to his masterly logic and defense of individual liberty in his discussion with Horace Greeley through the *Tribune*, on the question how far the state can rightly interfere with the social and sexual relations. In this discussion he said: "A liberty which some one else must define for me is no liberty at all." Here Horace Greeley found a foeman more than "worthy of his steel."

I do not remember that in all his conversation I heard, and in all his published writings and discussions I ever read, anything I could deny, question, or criticise. I ever drank with avidity and keen relish from his great and exhaustless fountain of wisdom, altruism, and humanity.

Few minds could comprehend or appreciate his all-sided and full-orbed philosophy, science, and universology, either through ignorance and prejudice or from lack of brain capacity, impressibilty, mental scope, and altitude.

I hav been somewhat baffled to explain how an organism so top heavy and with so little base, physically, could run so long and do such a vast amount of brain work. His brain was well balanced, his whole organism firm and complex, his organs all acted in harmonious concert; he was calm and complacent, temperate in all things, had great mental tenacity of life, and was "a law unto himself."

Nature can produce but one S. P. Andrews. What an irreparable blank he has left! The Sirius, the Excelsior of

the mental heavens, has set, but its light and effulgence can never be extinguished.

S. P. Andrews, my dear, noble, cherished friend, the highest type of manhood, the best exponent of human thought and life, the broadest humanitarian, the great peace-maker, the reconciler of all human differences and opinions, hail and farewell. I, too, seven years younger, a poor, suffering soldier, a lesser light, must soon follow my lamented friend. J. H. Cook.

Stamford, Conn., June 5, 1886.

Mr. Editor: You hav struck the right note. There is more force in one of your illustrations than in pages of printed matter or in thousands of speeches from the pulpit and platform. Many are with you who do not stand by.

Subscriber.

Detroit, Mich., June 5, 1886.

Dear Friends: The time for which I hav paid for The Truth Seeker has expired, and I inclose one dollar to keep it ahead. I hav had so much thinking to do in the labor causc this spring that I forgot to look so closely at other accounts as usual, but I intend always to be in advance with all papers that I read, especially so with those fighting for liberty. J. H. Wood.

White Church, Kan., May 4, e.m. 286.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed please find $5, and please apply as follows, $3 being for one year's subscription to The Truth Seeker in advance from April 7th last; $1 to the Liberal League fund, and $1 to the Tent organization. Oh that I could send three times as much more. With my best wishes for your prosperity, and all your worthy correspondents, I am, Sincerely yours, I. P. Martin.

P.S.—I am decidedly in favor of the illustrations.

I. P. M.

Philadelphia, June 6, 1886.

Mr. Editor: In The Truth Seeker of June 5th was an article in the Children's Corner entitled, "A Word from Candy-Land," by S. H. W. I wish to make a reply through your paper. I should say that the lady is perfectly wrong in so speaking upon a subject in which she admits she is not an expert. There are *drug* stores where using *terra alba* is common. But I do not call them candy stores. As for the colors, I deny that they are poisonous. I am of the trade, and a Freethinker. D. Bretignieres.

Galesburg, Ill., April 25, 1886.

Mr. Editor: I was amused the other day on receiving the following letter from an orthodox friend (what his object was is more than I know, but he opened the door and I walked in):

"My Old and Respected Friend: I hav been studying astronomy, and hav come to the conclusion there is neither side, end, middle, nor diameter to space; but boundless in extent yet full of countless worlds and planets; and to think they are inhabited the same as ours. Why not? Is it not reasonable they are? At this point their religious condition came up before me, and I asked myself has God, our good father, sent or will he send his only son in like manner as he did to our world to redeem and save the inhabitants of each world, or did he watch over them and thereby prevent their fall? While under these serious reflections I met an orthodox theologian; to him I opened my cogitations, and received this answer, 'It is none of your business.' I was surprised at such a short, unqualified answer. What say you, my friend, was he right?"

The following was my answer: Respected friend, yours is received. I admit the correctness of your conclusion as to space, also as to worlds and planets in space and the reasonableness of their being inhabited similar to our world, and that your question as to their religious condition under the theological claims was fair and reasonable, and was worthy of a more civil and instructiv answer. But, my dear friend, do you not know the very essence of orthodox doctrin is the bigger a fool a man is, and the less he knows, the surer he is of salvation? Do they not tell you idiots and infants are all saved, and the intelligent class, such as Colonel Ingersoll, are all damned; and do you not hear the curses pronounced upon Mother Eve for prying into the knowledge of good and evil so she could know the difference between right and wrong?

"What would a man be without this knowledge?" Answer: He would be an out-and-out orthodox, know but little, and what he does know is a damage to him from the fact that knowledge of good and evil was the cause of sorrow in this life and endless damnation in the next. This is orthodox teaching, and the clergyman's answer was in perfect keeping with the orthodox theory that our first parents by prying into the knowledge of right and wrong were guilty of the greatest sin ever committed by man. If the knowledge we hav of our moral condition caused death and damnation, what would be the result of the same knowledge of all worlds? Knowledge is dangerous under orthodox theory.

Isaac Paden.

Seattle, W. T., June 2, 1886.

Mr. Editor: Having on sevcral previous occasions had the indulgence of the publication of letters in your widely-read paper, I make bold to address you again.

The labor question is not one which alone agitates the mind of the public in the Eastern states, but we of the far Northwest feel the wave of thought vibrating and revibrating through every chord of our political system, and the education of the masses goes speedily on. Persons who never thought before are thinking now, and it is encouraging to note the advancement of mental growth in our people within the past few months. Every paper which givs news of the passing events is gathered and read with interest, and new lessons are being rapidly learned.

We are fast learning that "evolution, not revolution," is the way out of the difficulties surrounding us. We hav seen what capital can do, and what it is every day doing. We believe that, if it were turned into channels in our favor, we too might liv and prosper; we hav learned that the competitiv system will not bring us success as it is at present conducted. We must, then, from sheer necessity, if from no higher cause, coöperate, pool our resources, and thus not only be able to compete with capital, meet it on its own ground, but also to assist each other.

"'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field."

An association known as the Puget Sound Coöperativ Colony has been formed, the central office of which is at present at Seattle, W. T., into which we hope to incorporate earnest, industrious, and responsible men and women, organized for the mutual protection of its members and to advance the purposes desired against antagonistic bodies.

This colony is projected on a plan where the manufacturer, the artist, the engineer, the contraotor, merchant, laborer, fisherman, farmer, dairyman, fruit-raiser, florist, and others may unite their industry and means in a coöperativ corporation, by which, under a thorough system of mutual exchanges and products, they may hav all the profits of their own labor and the economical advantages of their own coöperation.

But I must not trespass further upon you, or I fear you will consign this letter to the waste-basket. Among your exchanges you will find a paper, the *Model Commonwealth*, published semi-monthly in the interest of the above-mentioned colony, of which we trust, in the interest of humanity, you will kindly make a notice, and greatly oblige

Yours for the cause of progression, Laura E. Hall.

Centerville, Utah, June 1, 1886.

Mr. Editor: My heart feels too full to write and say all I would like to say to you from this grand and sublime territory, and especially at this time, when all nature is looking divine and supreme, out of the power of mortals to describe—the snow-clad mountains and their mighty inland, strong, briny sea. The great Salt Lake is at this time grand and sublime to behold, especially from the mountain ridges and their lofty peaks. And now we hav that intelligent man, Mr. S. P. Putnam, here, attempting to break the barriers of priestcraft, and he is making many friends among the people, and he is getting the right view of the workings of this infernal outfit here. I expect Mr. Putnam thinks this grand territory is worthy of a far better class of beings than a lot of polygamous traitors. Last Sunday, May 30th, Mr. Stephen Hales came to Centerville with his good little wife and carriage, and he invited me to step in and go with them to Mr. Haight's grove, to the Freethinkers' meeting. Well, I went, and a mighty fine time we had of it.

An excellent band of music graced the assembly, and so did Mr. Putnam and other speakers, and the audience. We worshiped God in his temple that is not made with hands. What with the ripple of the delightful waters of the Salt Lake before us, and the lofty, majestic, snow-capped mountains towering behind us, and beneath the shade trees, with the divine orb of day giving light and life over us, I tell you, we had a famous time, and we ate our picnic on the green beneath the shade. But I must leave this for Mr. Putnam to tell you more of, for his mission here is no small one.

Well, Mr. Editor, I see some of your readers feel a little dissatisfied with the pictures, and some ask you to stop the paper. Well, now, let me here say a word to those that feel that way, by asking this question: Do not we one and all of us readers of The Truth Seeker get the full worth of our money, independent of the pictures? I, for one, say we certainly do. So I say, never stop your paper while you can pay for it, but just reflect a little. My fcelings are, let us hav the pictures, for they portray volumes. I received my last paper this morning, informing me of the death of another famous man, Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews. It seems he has left his mark, and filled a good measure of days, seventy-four years of a useful, eventful life.

Mr. Stephen Hales has told you of the first Freethinkers' meeting in his hall, at Bountiful, and I hope it will not be the last. The city of Bountiful is quite a large place, with many good, well-meaning people, but they are bound with this infernal outfit calling itself the kingdom of God.

I must tell you there is a book coming out here shortly, whose title is, "Mormon Portraits; or, The Truth About the Mormon Leaders from 1830 to 1886," and I think it will be a clincher, for the Mountain Meadow massacre is reëxamined; a thousand fresh facts and documents, gathered personally in Utah from living witnesses, by Dr. W. Wyl, a German author. Maybe some time I shall hav a little to say on that subject, as I saw the Mountain Meadow people before they were murdered. William Williams.

Industry, Kan., May 31, 1886.

Mr. Editor: I would say that I am very much pleased with The Truth Seeker. It is truly worth its weight in gold. I take half a dozen different papers, a religious paper included, but The Truth Seeker takes the precedence every time, as it is a paper you can rely on for truth and honesty. I hav been taking it since last February, and would not do without it for four times what it costs a year. The information that a person receives in that time is worth many dollars to him. The cartoons are good in every respect, for they teach us a lesson more impressiv than anything else. I do not see why anyone should object to the pictures. Their lesson we shall never forget. Even children can comprehend it at once, whereas it would take three times that amount of reading to get them to understand the foolish and silly and unreasonable things in that book we call the word of God. There are much worse illustrations in what the church-members call the good book, or Bible, than ever Watson Heston has drawn.

It makes me feel rich toward my fellow-man to know that we hav such eminent men out in the field lecturing on Freethought as Samuel P. Putnam, C. B. Reynolds, J. E. Remsburg, and others. May they distribute their papers and tracts wherever they go, for I tell you it has a wonderful effect on the community for good.

I notice my brother, George B. Petrie, of Rapid City, Dakota, had something to say in last week's issue about Rev. George Oliver Fisher, of Abilene, Kansas—that he was up (that is, Fisher) at Industry, Kansas, and heard my friend and brother, L. W. Rogers, telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to the people of Industry about the churches and preachers. Friend L. W. Rogers is a very intelligent and deep-thinking young man, twenty-six years of age, a school-teacher by profession, and when this man, Rev. Mr. Boles, an evangelist (as he calls himself), pitched his big tent near where Mr. Rogers was teaching school and commenced dishing out his slush and preaching hell and damnation straight to the people, my lit le friend Rogers (a second David), with a stone and sling of reason and common sense, threw it and killed the giant evangelist and so knocked his devil and hell on the head that they could not survive any longer, and for that reason the revivalist could not gather a single sheep, let alone a lamb, into his sheep-fold. There is no doubt whatever that he went away cursing the very ground that Brother Rogers walked upon. I would further state that L. W. Rogers delivered three very interesting lectures at Industry last winter, and was highly complimented by those who heard him, as the last night he lectured there was a crowded house.

Industry is a town of about four or five hundred inhabitants, with the prospect of a railroad running through the town in the near future, and I am happy to say there is not a church in the place. I hope every man, woman, and reader of The Truth Seeker will do all that is in their power to distribute papers, tracts, and books throughout their community, as it will certainly hav its effect for good. The best books I know of to convince people what is in the Bible are "Bible Morals," by J. E. Remsburg; "Mistakes of Moses," by Col. R. G. Ingersoll; "Short History of the Bible," by Bronson C. Keeler; and "Age of Reason," by Thomas Paine. Also "Men, Women, and Gods," by Miss Helen H. Gardener, and "Order of Creation." If a person reads the above books carefully, he can tackle any preacher or church-member without fear and trembling, for then he has a good shield and armor to defend himself in a discussion.

J. Beetem Wise.

Vineland, N. J., June 3, 1886.

Mr. Editor: The courage and conscience prompting that great tribute to truth and human welfare which made clear the doings concerning the U. S. Grant family are worthy of high commendation. I lacked time to speak of the matter immediately, wondered that no comments appeared, and only now see remarks by a woman's courageous pen. With "opinions unspoken" by the many on such and similar things, is it strange that our liberties are usurped?

A "board of missions," to gather names of students and distribute to them truths pointing to real philosophy and better lines of life, as suggested by "J. D. C.," is a worthy idea, and if formed for that single object might be useful. But if such board or bureau were able to add a traveling speaker's mission, it could educate so rapidly and efficiently as to be of great service in these times of strenuous efforts to call attention away from truth and the mighty importance of its practicalization.

Such speakers could establish local societies, rally thinkers, start inquiries, and the investigation of causes of present troubles, of the basis of old evils working through false institutions, and in deceiving ways coercing adherence and tolerance. Knowledge of the real conditions that exist would induce the study of a course to reverse influences, to set the faces of people toward light and liberty. A club for this purpose should be in every school district, exposing sophistries that hav long woven webs of destruction round youth and age. The measure might combine physical, mental, and ethical culture, and growing soundness of functions would soon promis capacity to purge the state of corruptions, and close its doors against church interference. Postponement of these measurcs will, if they hav not now, let an appalling period of darkness and cruelty glide upon our country, loved for the light and joy of freedom.

Yes; a Liberal woman who has labored long for the culture of character that can cleanse our legislation and create an unlimited democracy has an earnest approval to offer T. M. Horne's proposed party and platform, uniting on a common basis the many factions founded in justice, and demanding equable dealing and democratic legislating. The party appears necessary, and timely announcement requisit to ally and cement forces, and measures widespread and activ are in demand to produce understandings, friendly coherence, and many conditions for successful results. Increasing indications of serious movements at home and abroad imply that a central bureau of ways and means cannot be too soon instituted, for preparatory culture should spread through all the ranks of opposing sentiment, and by agents, societies, speakers to agitate, correspond, and regulate, draw those who would be with us if a standpoint of sympathy were made for them. By tenacious persistence, tyrannic environments confuse and betray thousands who would accept consistency if it offered them and their doubts half-grown conclusions and real convictions, a society standard of support. The Constitution and Declaration are forgotten. Liberals must needs declare a present standard and vouch for its defence. Oral agitation is negativ till doings are in progress. Who else will speak? M. E. Tillotson.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

"I Meant To."

"I did not rise at the breakfast-bell,
But was so sleepy, I can't tell—
I meant to.

"The wood's not carried in, I know,
But there's the school-bell, I must go—
I meant to.

"My lesson I forgot to write,
But nuts and apples were so nice—
I meant to.

"I forgot to walk in on tiptoe;
Oh, how the baby cries, oh, oh!—
I meant to.

"There, I forgot to shut the gate
And put away my book and slate—
I meant to.

"The cattle trampled down the corn;
My slate is broken, book is torn—
I meant to."

Thus drawls poor idle Jimmie Hite,
From mourn till noon, from noon till night—
"I meant to."

And when he grows to be a man,
He'll heedlessly mar every plan
With that poor plea, "I meant to."
—*Selected.*

Peppercorn Stories.

Polly Peppercorn had been real sick, and having recovered sent for all the children to come to a lawn party. They had all missed their nice little talks during her illness, and were glad enough to hav Polly signify a wish to resume them.

"We will hav a short mental exercise before proceeding with our games," said she, "and what shall we speak about?"

As nobody indicated any particular subject, and Molly Mullinleaf went head over heels over the wall and came up with a thumped head, Polly declared the mishap just gave them a theme to talk upon.

"Inside that head of yours, Molly," said Polly, "there's a brain. I think some time since we told about the formation of the skull, how hard it is and covered with thick hair to protect the delicate and wonderful machinery of the brain. Do any of you know the use of the brain?"

"We think with it," quickly responded Grasshopper Sammy and Daisy Dewdrop.

"Right. But it is not all in one piece or lump, the brain isn't. It has two parts or sections. The larger one is in the front and upper part of the head, and is in two sections. It is a queer-looking mass of whitish fibers, with little cells of gray stuff scattered thickly all on the outer portion of it. Thought, motiv, intelligence, seem to be somehow mysteriously centered in this gray mass which is called the cerebrum. I suppose you hav all seen the inside of an English walnut—well, the brain is all ridged and dented like the meat of the walnut. This is done by the process of thinking, and the more thinking that is donc the more ridgy or corrugated, as it is called, is the surface of the brain. Now, you are all thinking of that which I am telling, and your little brains are getting little twists and turns in them. When you were all bits of babies your brains were all plain and smooth, but as you slowly learned to think and reason they grew wrinkled and ridgy, and the gray matter began to expand or grow. Understand?"

"Course we do," answered Harry Coalskuttle. "You make it as plain as can be, Pelly."

"Thank you," replied Polly, very much pleased—and it was fortunate she did not hear Johnny Gotobed's remark, "She's a brick," or she would hav reproved him severely for using slang. "All intelligent creatures," continued Polly, "hav the gray matter in the brain. It predominates——"

"That'th a big word!" exclaimed Peggy Primrose.

"Yes; it means there is more of it than of other kinds, and I was going to say it predominates in the brain of the little birds. You see, their brains are very small, but most all gray, and that accounts for their perception, quickness, and intelligence.

"Then there is the back brain or cerebellum, as it is called, in man, which does not hav convolutions or twists in it as the other part of the brain, but instead has ridges running all the same way. The grayish matter runs deep down into the white substance, and they branch out in an even and lovely manner, just like a tree, and indeed the cerebellum is sometimes very appropriately called "the tree of life." This part controls the muscles, and if it is diseased it may be noticed in the walk, or motions of the arms. I once was acquainted with a person who was affected in this way, and he walked very unsteadily, and would throw up one arm involuntarily."

"Mith Polly, pleath ith the brain vewy hard?" asked Peggy Primrose.

"Oh, no; it is soft and doughy, all cells and fibers."

"What is in the cells?—the thinks?" inquired Little Thimbleweed.

They all laughed, and Polly made answer: "Oh, there is a liquid, and they are all bathed with the blood in the mass of blood-vessels that run criss-cross and every way among them. It seems to be afloat on top of a water-sac that is closed, and one-fifth of all the blood in the body is called for in this part of the frame. It is all very wonderful, and I only throw out these little hints so that you can follow them up and learn more. We should try very hard to keep our thoughts pure and sweet and honest, and not soil our minds with impure thoughts or weaken the brain by careless use of it. We should let it grow strong by earnest study, by contemplation of all that is good, true, and worthy.

Sammy Stripedgrass announced that the strawberries and cream were ready, and, after the feast was over they played "Puss in the Corner," "Catch, catch who can," and other games.

Presently Pussy Whitefoot came scampering around the corner with a live mouse in her mouth.

"I guess she does not belong to a Band of Mercy," said Frankie Muttonchops. "Scat there!"

Whitefoot ran for the house, still holding the mouse firmly in her mouth. S. H. W.

Two in a Quarrel.

There's a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain:
But in Northland, and in Southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you find it true,
In a fight without a foe,
Pray, what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.
—*Mary E. Vandyke.*

Something About Chinese.

Chinese is a queer language. All its words are only one syllable long. But the sounds in the Chinese language are not very many, some four hundred and sixty-five at most, and their written language contains about eighty thousand pictures, each picture representing a thing or idea. And these pictures must be committed to memory. This is hard work, and not even the wisest Chinese professor can learn them all. But now comes a difficulty. For, of course, where there are so many words and so few sounds, many different words hav to be called by the same sound. How then are they to tell, when several different things hav exactly the same name, which of them is meant?

We hav such words. For instance, there is Bill, the name of a boy; and bill the beak of a bird; there is bill, an old weapon, and bill, a piece of money; there is bill, an article over which legislatures debate, and bill, a claim for payment of money; besides bills of exchange, bills of lading, and so forth. But Chinese is full of such words of a single syllable, *yen*, for instance, which, like bill, means many very different things. So they chose a number of little pictures, and agreed that these should be used as "keys." Each "key" meant that the sign or signs near which it stood belonged to some large general set of things, like things of the vegetable, mineral, or animal kingdom, forests, mines, or seas, air, or water, or of persons, like gods or men. It was like the game called Throwing Light, in which you guess the article by narrowing down the field until certain what it is.

But there Chinese writing stopped short, thousands of years ago. There it is to-day. There are now two hundred and fourteen of these "keys," and, by intense application, Chinamen learn to use their method with surprising quickness and success.—*St. Nicholas.*

Juvenile Wit.

"Is your father at home, bubby?" "Yeth, thir." "Can I see him?" "No, thir." "Why not?" "'Cauth he'th locked up, and mother's gone shopping with the key of the room in her pocket."

Two children were extolling the qualities of their respectiv papas. "Mine is as tall as the garden wall," said one. "My papa can see over the wall!" "And mine, too, when he has his hat on!"

The curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. "How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it," was the quick reply.

Little Nell: "Why are lightning bugs called 'blessings,' mamma?" Mamma: "'Blessings,'" I never heard them called 'blessings.'" Little Nell: "But they are in this book." Mamma: "Are you sure?" Little Nell: "Oh, yes. Here it is, 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.'"

Our Puzzle Box.

1—CONUNDRUM.



What is the difference between the little girl and the collar on the dog's neck?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER JUNE 5, 1886.

1.—"*One hundred and eighty-four*,"
Has *letters* just a *score*.
2. In *twenty* only *six* we see,
3. And *six* has *letters* only *three*.
4. In *nine* are *four*, but (5) *twenty-seven*,
5. As printed just requires *eleven*.
6. In "*Baker's dozen*"—that's *thirteen*—
Are only *seven letters* seen;
7. While *twenty-six*, as verbal sign
To count the *letters*, just takes *nine*.

2.—A quarter to three. 3.—Bill, wing, tale (tail), I (eye), clause (claws), foul (fowl), tow (toe), board, crack.

4.—Since the slight accident has come to pass,
Each one is like the other—a *cut-lass*.

Correspondence.

BINBROOK, ONT., June 6, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines to the Children's Corner.

Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for four years. I never took any interest in the paper until the Children's Corner was published, and I think it is very nice. I go to school now and study the Third Reader. I am afraid I am getting my letter too long, so I will draw to a close. ANNIE YOUNG.

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Ingersoll is not "understanded of the people." He is falsely called "the great iconoclast;" he is looked upon by thousands—to whom his name is the synonym of iniquitous disbelief, and who for the most part hav formed their estimate of his views not from personal knowledge, but by evil report and irresponsible hearsay—as a blatant blasphemer; he is denounced from the pulpit and execrated in the pew; he is ignorantly misconstrued, misquoted, and misunderstood. This is the inevitable penalty of upholding liberty of thought, action, and speech. Those who dare not slip the leash of prejudice find agreeable occupation in vilifying those who do. To differ in one's opinions from the opinions of others is little less than a crime even in these enlightened days.

While we do not mean to indorse or oppose Ingersoll's theological beliefs and disbeliefs, we do not like to see them grossly distorted nor the remarkable purity and integrity of the man impugned. And we think that the volume to which this article is devoted will do much to set the author in a just light before his countrymen, as well as furnish pleasure to those who share his ideas. We are certain that no man or woman, Christian or Infidel, can peruse these "Prose Poems" without feeling respect for the sincerity and admiration for the genius of the massiv mind that conceived them. The fragments cover a great variety of topics, and they furnish some striking examples of the virility of his arguments, his classic simplicity and purity of expression, and the surpassing beauty of his style. The thoughts are those of one who truly loves his fellow-men; who hates sham, falsehood, and superstition; who sturdily advocates principles that concern the best interests of humanity; who takes a cheery, healthy, hopeful view of life and vigorously resents the popular impression that this is but a vale of tears. There are gleams of sunshine in every page, glittering gems of epigram, tender sympathy with the frailties of mankind, rare insights into the beauties of nature, and passages of eloquent English that thrill the soul and stir the blood.

We hav space for but a few quotations—yet these will serve as an index to the contents of this work:

The peroration of an address delivered in this city before the Grand Army of the Republic: "But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told. They fought, they died; and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave."

From a tribute to his dead brother. "He believed that happiness is the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were everyone to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the hights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

At a child's grave: "Every cradle asks us 'Whence?' and every coffin 'Whither?' The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears."

Of freedom: "Is it a small thing to quench the flames of hell with the holy tears of pity; to unbind the martyr from the stake; break all the chains; put out the fires of civil war; stay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the church from the white throat of science? Is it a small thing to make men truly pure—to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice, and power—the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of earth the fiend of fear?"

Of originality: "An argument is new until it has been answered. An argument is absolutely fresh and has upon its leaves the dew of the morning, until it has been refuted. . . . Substance is eternal; forms are new. So in the human mind certain ideas, or in the human heart certain passions, are forever old; but genius forever givs them new forms, new meanings; and this is the perpetual originality of genius."

Of Voltaire: "Voltaire was the intellectual autocrat of his time. From his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrit in Europe. He was the pioneer of his century. He was the assassin of superstition. Through the shadows of faith and fable, through the darkness of myth and miracle, through the midnight of Christianity, through the blackness of bigotry, past cathedral and dungeon, past rack and stake, part altar and throne, he carried, with chivalric hands, the sacred torch of reason."

The Infidel: "In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross adorned the hilt of the sword, and so where others worshiped, he wept."

At the tomb of Napoleon: "I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather hav been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather hav lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the Autumn sun. . . . I would rather hav been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to hav been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great."

Of free will: "Is it not possible that each brain is a field, where all the senses sow the seeds of thought? Some of these fields are mostly barren, poor, and hard, producing only worthless seeds; and some grow sturdy oaks and stately palms; and some are like the tropic world, where plants and trees and vines seem royal children of the soil and sun."

Of love: "Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it earth is heaven and we are gods."

Beethoven's Sixth symphony: "This soundwrought picture of the fields and woods, of flowering hedge and happy home, where thrushes build and swallows fly, and mothers sing to babes; this echo of the babbled lullaby of brooks that, dallying, wind and fall where meadows bare their daisied bosoms to the sun; this joyous mimicry of summer rain, the laugh of children, and the rhythmic rustle of the whispering leaves; this strophe of peasant life; this perfect poem of content and love."—*Dramatic Mirror.*

PROHIBITION.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: It is not my intention, on the present occasion, to write an article on the above important subject. On a future occasion I shall probably write such an article. I wish now simply to call the attention of your readers to the recent lecture of Prof. W. S. Bell, of Chicago, on "Anti-Prohibition." This is a remarkably able lecture, now in pamphlet form, and it should be read by every American citizen. Those Liberals especially who, lured by the specious bait of a pretended temperance movement, are about to be caught on the church hook, should giv this lecture a careful reading. It may be the means of their salvation. With the sledgehammer of logic, Professor Bell knocks every prop from under the prohibition platform. The advocates of prohibition, therefore, would do well to heed his advice, and desist from an undertaking which is bound to end in failure, and which, could it end otherwise, would simply reverse the motion of the wheels of progress and carry us back to the dark and bloody days of the Inquisition. If we can be successfully robbed of our liberty to use our own judgment in regard to what we shall drink, we can, with equal success, and with equal propriety, be also robbed of our liberty to use our own judgment in regard to what we shall eat, wear, read, believe, speak, worship, etc. Indeed the successful prohibition of our liberty in regard to any one of these things is the doom of our liberty in regard to them all. Let us, then, take warning and act before it is too late.

Our Prohibition friends correctly contend that, so long as ardent spirits of any kind are imported into the United States, or manufactured and sold therein, certain persons will be injured by the excessiv use of them. All of this, however, is equally true of money and of many other things. Indeed, far more evil results from love of money than from love of drink. Why not, then, prohibit the use of money as well as of drink? So of women. Why not prohibit them? So long as they be permitted to remain among us will not many men be injured by the excessiv use of them? If prohibition be good in one of these cases, why is it not equally good in the others? Let us be consistent!

If our Prohibition friends would succeed in their unwise undertaking, they must begin at the root of the evil. This they are not doing. The root of the evil lies, not in the manufacture and the sale of intoxicating drinks, but in the appetite, generally hereditary, that calls for the manufacture and the sale of these drinks. So long as this appetite exists, so long as it calls, with money, for intoxicating drinks, and so long as the love of money exists, these drinks will be manufactured and sold in spite of any and of all Prohibitory legislation. This appetite, then, and this love of money, must be prohibited. This appetite, however, and this love of money, depend, to a great extent, upon certain cranial developments, certain phrenological "bumps." These "bumps," then, must be prohibited. In them we hav the root of the evil. Let stringent laws, then, be enacted against being born with these "bumps." Let Carrion Comstock, Senator Edmunds, or some other proper person, under the direction of some good phrenologist, hav his head whittled down to just the size and shape required by temperance and virtue; let plaster models of this head be made and placed, at the public expense, in every house; and then let it be made a capital offense to be born with a head differing ever so little in shape from this model. When our Prohibitionist friends go thus to the root of the evil, they may reasonably hope for success. Having myself long fought under the Prohibition banner, and having been uniformly and gloriously beaten in every battle, I set to work to learn the causes of our many defeats. I hav found them in the fact that we were trying to do a wrong thing, in a wrong way. My advice, then, ought to hav some weight with Prohibition soldiers of less experience.

JOHN R. KELSO.

Longmont, Col., June 2, 286.

MEN, WOMEN, AND GODS. By Helen H. Gardener. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place.

Nearly all men are agreed that women ought to hav a religion. In Christian countries by "religion" is generally meant the old orthodox belief that the world was made in six days, that God rested on the seventh, that in process of time men were so wicked that he sent his only son, Jesus Christ, to die for them, and that without justification by faith no man can be saved. This is the kind of religion which many men, even the most advanced and learned, would like their wives to hav. They think it is good for the nursery, the Sunday-school, the church, and the fireside, especially when the children of the family are in their early years. There is, indeed, another kind of religion, which Miss Gardener preaches, at which we shall arrive in a moment, and which takes no account at all of the points to which we hav been referring. It is the religion of disbelief in every creed excepting that of right-doing, recognizing what it calls the inconceivability of God, the impossibility of immortality, and the imperativness of duty. Miss Helen H. Gardener, who was introduced to her first audience in New York by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, is an Infidel of this description. She has written a volume of one hundred and seventy pages, which has been brought out by the Truth Seeker Company, of this city, none of our noted publishers caring to tackle a work of this character. The contents are three lectures or essays, entitled "Men, Women, and Gods," "Vicarious Atonement," "Historical Facts and Theological Fictions," together with an appendix. We hav no disposition to do injustice to Miss Gardener. If she is wrong in her convictions, as well as in her way of expressing them, and continues to the end to be and do both, she is, according to the doctrins she denounces, in an infinitly worse condition than we could possibly wish her to be, and needs the infinit pity of her worst theological enemies. Her mind is very bright, her convictions very sincere, and her intentions deeply earnest. Such hatred of ignorance and prejudice, such reverence for the good and the beautiful, such courage in carrying out to its utmost reaches the logic she has espoused, are not often seen in a woman. What a pity that these qualities should be a trifle marred by a tone of jesting which is utterly inconsistent with the inconceivable importance of her themes. In that respect she is only too good a pupil of the famous "Bob" Ingersoll. But to return to Miss Gardener her book is well worth reading, despite the defects to which we hav referred.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

Come or Go.

"Come to Christ!" the parson cried.
"I'd like to see him," answered I,
"I've read that he was crucified,
But never heard exactly why
From source that I could credit.
I've read that some great God had planned
The way his only son should die,
To save mankind whom he had damned,
But I believed it all a lie
The first time that I read it."
"Go to hell!" the parson cried;
"You're past redemption, and 'twere well
That you had in your childhood died,
And left more vacant room in hell.
You're lost, and don't forget it!"

Socorro, N. M. D. W. WALCOTT.

A Freethought Missionary Gone.

MR. EDITOR: After a long and painfu illness, my dear mother, Sarah C. Hilton, sank into that last solemn sleep which, in my opinion, knows no awakening. We grieve at our loss, but we feel assured it is her gain. The jars and frets and cankering cares of this life will never more disturb her. Purity, sincerity, and charity were the activ living principles that guided her. The aim of her life was the elevation of humanity physically, mentally, and morally. She will long liv in the hearts of all who knew her.

She was born in Embden, Somerset county, Maine, June 11, 1818. She was the youngest child of Timothy and Jane (McFadden) Cleveland; married McKinney Hilton, July 9, 1840; died at the home of her only daughter, May 19, 1886, making her 67 years 11 months 8 days. The last eighteen years she had been a resident of Illinois. She was baptized by Elder Stillson, and was a member of the Freewill Baptist church twenty-five years. Her religious views gradually underwent a change till she identified herself with the Liberals by joining the New York Freethinkers' Association and was a charter member of the Illinois state Liberal League. She embraced the grand idea of universal mental liberty that Liberalism teaches, and became an enthusiastic worker. Her last time out was the middle of February, to hear Professor Remsburg's lectures. She made every arrangement in detail for a Freethought burial to take place from our home. Professor Bell, of Chicago, formerly a Methodist miuister, then a Universalist, and lastly a Liberal, delivered the funeral discourse from the "Truth Seeker Collection," Form 3, with Bryant's "Thanatopsis" added. Dr. Braffat, her first attending physician (we had five in all), pronounced a beautiful eulogy. A choir that had a Freethinker for a leader sang three pieces and played a dirge while the procession viewed the remains. The bearers selected were Freethinkers, making it the first Freethought funeral that ever occurred in our midst. The following lines from A. R. Ayer's hand-book were uttered by Mr. Bell as the parting words:

Peaceful and fair is the smiling repose
That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows;
Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
Whose feet hav been galled with the dust and the thorn;
Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth,
When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth.
Child, pilgrim, and youth shall awaken again
To journeys of toil and trial and pain.
But oh! there's a sweet and visionless sleep,
The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep.
'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,
When our couch is the bier and our night-robe the pall.
No voice then of foe or friend can impart
The proud flush to the cheek or warm throb to the heart.
The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
But their kiss cannot rouse the calm stillness of death.
'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast.

She was taken to New Lenox, Will county, for interment, and laid to rest in the presence of all the nearest and dearest relativs, besides distant ones. We left her with all the sweet and thrilling influences of fragrant fields, of flowering plants, of bursting buds and blossoming vines, of silvery streams and genial summer showers, of jeweled nights and dawning days, melodious with the songs of birds.

MRS. SARAH J. PAINE.

Earlville, Ill., June 1, 1886.

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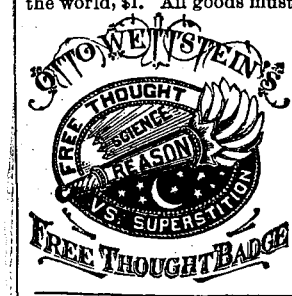
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The Secret of the Last,

OR,

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News of the Week.

THE president and his bride attended church last Sunday and drew a large congregation.

MRS. ERMINNIE A. SMITH, president of the Jersey City Esthetic Society, died last week.

THE New York Custom House clerks are being gradually changed, the Republicans giving place to Democrats.

AN "earthquake" was reported along the Jersey coast last Saturday. It was caused by the United States sloop-of-war Juniata firing broadsides for practice.

THE Lewiston Mills, at Lewiston, Me., hav suspended. The company hav liabilities to the amount of over a million and a half. Its assets are less than a million.

THE story that Sam Jones has by the blessing of God been enabled to giv up the habit of smoking tobacco is untrue. He denies that he has ever stopped smoking.

NEARLY 10,000 persons, mostly Germans, assembled at Ridgewood Park on the 13th to celebrate Pfingst Sunday. They were entertained by bands of music and singing.

LOUIS II., the recently deposed king of Bavaria, committed suicide last Monday by throwing himself into Starnberg Lake. His physician, in attempting to rescue him, was also drowned. The king was insane.

GLADSTONE has issued a manifesto asking the electors of Midlothian to again return him to Parliament. He very appropriately warns the people against the introduction of religious bigotry in the contest for Home Rule in Ireland.

IN Belfast, Ireland, the Protestants were last week on the war-path against the Catholics, and mobbed them in a brutal manner. At Dublin and Sligo the Catholics mobbed the Protestants and wrecked and burnt their houses.

AN attempt to strictly enforce the Sunday law in Portland, Me., has ended in a dismal failure. Newspapers are sold on the streets, barber shops are still kept open, and, according to the reports, the liquor stores do a rushing Sunday business.

Two men who advocated the boycotting of the New Haven *Journal and Courier*, printed by "rats," hav been arrested for conspiracy to ruin the business of the paper. One of the arrested men is J. Frederick Busch, editor of the *Workingmen's Advocate*.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, and his partner Mr. Drexel, hav given the Printers' International Union $10,000. It is contemplated adding to the fund and erecting in Philadelphia a beautiful hall which shall be known as the home of the craft.

AT a conference of 500 Socialist delegates at Brussels last Sunday, it was resolved to continue the agitation in favor of universal suffrage, and to commence a general strike when workingmen hav gained sufficient strength. Resolutions were passed expressing sympathy with the Socialists of Chicago.

THE Third avenue strike is now admitted to be a practical failure so far as the object sought by the strikers is concerned. The men are losing their wages and the company is losing largely the patronage of the traveling public. It is estimated that in one way and another the strike has cost a million dollars.

J. S. MCCUE, editor of the Valley *Democrat* of Los Angeles, Cal., last Saturday night attempted to make an outdoor speech on the labor question at Washington, but was prevented by the police, who informed him that only the gospel could be preached on the streets. He then announced that he would preach a sermon at the same place the next night. A large and enthusiastic crowd of workingmen assembled to hear him. The police did not put in an appearance, and he delivered a stirring labor speech.

JOHN DALEY, who recently abjured Catholicism, attempted to preach in River Park, Wilkesbarre, Pa., last Sunday afternoon, but was prevented by a mob of fully three thousand people, including some of the roughest element of the mining region, who assailed him with a view of throwing him into the Susquehanna river. Had it not been for the interposition of the police, who were present in strong force, Daley would doubtless hav been seriously injured, if not killed. He was finally escorted home by officers, followed by an infuriated crowd, who made violent efforts to lay hands upon him, but were beaten off by the police. Daley attempted to preach at the same place on the previous Sunday, but was prevented by a similar demonstration.

Odds and Ends.

THE boys always take the girls out; the girls take them in. Such is life.

A WOMAN refused to shoo her hens because her husband, a shoemaker, was on strike.

SPEAKING of Switzerland, its scenery is remarkably fine, but its climb-it is very rough.

WE do not see why people should be surprised at ladies' corsets being tight—they are always on a bust.

TENNYSON is extending honor and hospitality to Dr. Holmes. Tennyson may not be able to write poetry himself, but he appreciates a man who can.

ACCORDING to a neighbor, Mrs. Jones, wife of the evangelist, on the day she first displayed her new carriage, drove by one house thirteen times.

"PANTS for two dollars," is the inscription on a sign in front of one of the clothing stores. "So do I," remarked a hungry-looking tramp, who was rummaging through his pockets for a nickel.

THE Newtonville (Kan.) *News* notices that "the attendance at all the Sunday-schools last Sunday morning was about two hundred and fifty. The attendance at the scrap game of base-ball in the afternoon was about six hundred."

DEACON BUCRAG had been invited to address the Sunday-school, and as he was a poor talker, plunged at once into the story of Johah and the whale. "Now, dear children," he concluded, "is not that a nice story?" "Yessir," replied one of the smallest of the dear children, "it's a nice story, but it's a chestnut."

MISS FOLSOM should hav thought twice before marrying the president once. She is twenty-eight years younger than Cleveland, and perhaps it has never occurred to her that when she reaches the age of seventy-two, her husband will be one hundred, and indulging in the usual centenarian pastime of sawing a cord of wood before breakfast, or plowing a ten-acre field, in order to sharpen his appetite.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,
  Or of any dog that you please;
I go for the dog, the nice old dog,
  That knowingly takes his ease.
And, wagging his tail outside the ring,
  Keeping always his bone in sight,
Cares not a pin in his sound old head
  For either dog in the fight,

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
  And why should my dog sail in,
With nothing to gain but a certain chance
  To lose his own precious skin?
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail
  To see it quite in this light;
But when the fur flies I had rather be
  The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs, injudicious dogs,
  That think it is quite the thing
To take the part of one of the dogs,
  And go yelping into the ring.
But I care not a pin what all may say
  In regard to the wrong or the right,
My money goes, as well as my song,
  For the dog that keeps out of the fight.

—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE magazines are killing the books, and Sunday newspapers are killing the magazines, and the ministers are trying to kill the Sunday newspapers. Now who will kill the ministers?—*Puck.* Who? Why, THE TRUTH SEEKER, of course.

IN case police patrol-wagons are introduced in New York, it has been asked what rank will they hav in the matter of precedence of street vehicles. This, of course, will depend chiefly on circumstances. When on duty, they are likely to hav the same rights as mail-wagons or fire-engins; when used to convey Police Commissioners to base-ball grounds, their rights will be the same as any other private vehicle.

"WHAT is that kerflumidoodle that you hav on your hat, Mary Ann?" said a father to his would-be fashionable daughter. "Oh, that is an imitation of a strawberry, father." "The divil take the styles," said the old man, "you'll be wearing imitation cabbages yet." "We hav nearly arrived at the cabbage point already," replied the miss. "And how near hav you got?" "We wear a little turn-up on the side, now."

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

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A Fabricated Account of a Scene at the Death-bed of Thomas Paine.

BY W. H. BURR.

This pamphlet shows that the account of Paine's dying moments attributed to Bishop Fenwick (upon which the *Observer* relies to prove its principal charges) is a forgery, it being impossible that Fenwick could hav written the alleged account.

18pp. Price 5 cents; 25 for $1.00.

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Gems of Thought.

DESPISE the hypocrit, the liar, the defamer, and the man who attempts to do a deep wrong to a brother, in the name of purity, of higher morality, and of superior virtue. Worse than all other mean acts are those performed by hypocrits under the cloak of purity and virtue.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE principle of the modern improvement in morals and politics, is that conduct, and conduct alone, entitles to respect; that not what men are, but what they do, constitutes their claim to deference; that, above all, merit, and not birth, is the only rightful claim to power and authority. If no authority, not in its nature temporary, were allowed to one human being over another, society would not be employed in building up propensities with one hand which it has to curb with the other. —*J. S. Mill.*

IN the days when criticism was yet in its infancy, and discussions undetected which are now familiar, the Bible was either received as a whole, or rejected as a whole, and Locke was of those who received it.—*Dr. Hedge.*

REASON, observation, and experience—the Holy Trinity of science—hav taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to liv and die. If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to and independent of nature shall be demonstrated, there will then be time enough to kneel. Until then, let us stand erect.—*Ingersoll.*

IN the present age, when the rapid communication, and the universal diffusion of knowledge, by means of the press, render the situation of political societies essentially different from what it ever was formerly, and secure infallibly, against every accident, the progress of human reason, we may venture to predict that they are to be the most successful statesmen who, paying all due regard to past experience, search for the rules of their conduct chiefly in the peculiar circumstances of their own times, and in an enlightened anticipation of the future history of mankind—*Dugald Stewart.*

DEATH is the sphinx of the universe. No question can open its lips; no prayer can move it to speech. The thought of death is a cold thought. But we should not be afraid to think upon this subject. We should familiarize ourselvs with this circumstance, and bring our minds to a wise contemplation of it. There is about death somewhat that repels. It is a sad mystery, but it cannot be an evil since everything is subject to it. It often comes as a blessing, and is welcomed with a smile. Peace, that boon we often vainly crave in life, is found in death.—*L. K. Washburn.*

WHETHER the soul be air or fire I know not, nor am I unwilling, like so many who call themselvs philosophers, in cases when I am ignorant, to own that I am so.—*Cicero.*

A FRIEND of mine, recently (1873) returned from England, said that among intelligent, cultivated men whom he met there, he found that religion was utterly given up, "but," added he, "they are men who hold fast, with true loyalty, to moral principle." "Then," I said, "*that* is their religion." And that is the religion of multitudes who, either from want of an original constitution of sentiment, or disgusted by the false exhibitions of devout sentiment, turn away from the whole emotional side of religion, and place their feet firm on the rock of righteousness, right-doing, obeying the divine law, a sacred principle itself, consecration itself, therefore, a religion itself.—*Sam. Longfellow.*

EVEN on this continent the distant rumblings of an earthquake are audible to the attentiv ear, and the rich had better not set their hearts or ground their hopes of happiness too much on the security of riches. But in Europe there does seem to be reason for thinking that social revolution is at hand. This is an age, as was the sixteenth century, and even more than was the sixteenth century, of change in fundamental beliefs. It is an age of vastly increased knowledge, activity of mind, and combination among the working classes, or such of them as are congregated in cities. Poverty has begun to scrutinize with a keen eye the justice of its lot. Religion has lost much both of its restraining and of its reconciling power. The difference of conditions is no longer accepted as the ordinance of God; suffering no longer looks on the present state as a probation to be undergone in the sure hope of compensation in another world. The most famous men of science, and philosophers, teach that this life is all. If they are right, a man must hav his share of pleasure now or never, and to giv all men their share of pleasure now is the aim of the new social philosophy which finds favor in the factory.—*Toronto Bystander.*

IF any man love acorns since corn is invented, let him eat acorns; but it is very unreasonable he should forbid others the use of wheat.—*An Oxford Tract of 1662.*

IF a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.—*St. Paul.*

THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY.

We cannot build it of the crumbling bones
  Quarried from the grim sepulchers of yore;
Nor of the hollow mythologic stones
  That shone so gaudily in classic lore.

We cannot fashion it of heads or creeds
  That parcel out our God before our face;
But rather build it of the thoughts and deeds
  That purify and elevate our race.

Set its foundations deep in every zone;
  Its ritual, on every shining page,
Is love to god and love to man alone,
  And pity for the errors of the age.

Let its proud dome fill all the azure steep,
  And its vast chancels stretch from pole to pole;
So that its mighty and majestic sweep
  Giv ample space to every human soul.

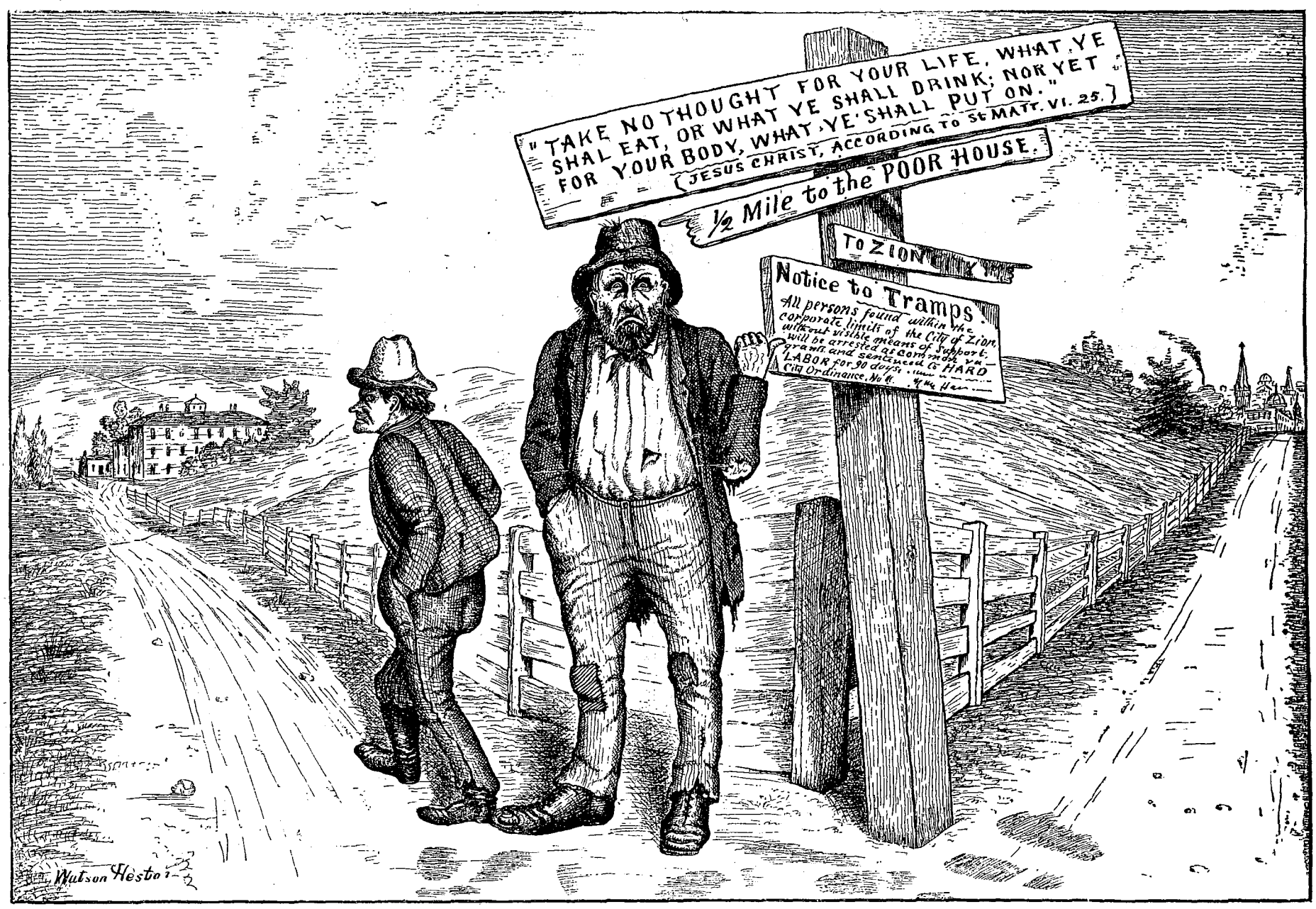
—*James McCarroll.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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OBEYING THE COMMANDMENTS OF CHRIST, AND THE RESULT.

Notes and Clippings.

THE sultan of Turkey wishes to giv Mrs. Cleveland a wedding present, but the president has telegraphed a reply that the gift could not be accepted without violating the Constitution.

A COMMISSION is inquiring into the life, character, and works of the late Bishop Neuman, of the Philadelphia diocese, with a view to canonizing that defunct gentleman. If the scheme works, this will be the first North American saint.

THE hopeful six-year old son of one of Waterbury's best-known lawyers walked into the district court room the other morning, and, presenting a black kitten with a string about its neck, said: "Papa, will you take care of my cat until school is out?"—*Hartford Times.*

T. MCCAUTS STEWART, the colored lawyer of this city, bought a ticket for Albany by a People's Line boat, securing a state-room at the same time. When he boarded the boat the captain refused to let him occupy a room. He has brought suit against the company, and retained prominent lawyers to aid him in recovering damages.

M. YVES GUYOT has introduced a bill in the French Chamber for the complete separation of church and state. He proposes to retain the best churches as "historic monuments," and the money voted to maintain them would come under the head of "fine arts." English liberationism, says the London *Echo*, is inspired by Nonconformity; French liberationism by Freethought.

THAT was rather a close question which Mr. Cable asked his Concord audience: "How many Protestant churches are there between Boston and Denver in which the colored man and his family can enjoy freedom of worship?" There are some, but they are not, as a rule, the richest and strongest ones.—*Boston Herald.*

A VIRGINIA CITY saloon-keeper, who was making arrangements for a slugging match in that city, knocked out one of the clergymen of the place in one round by calling on him and asking the loan of a lot of chairs from the chapel on which to seat the spectators at the fight. He offered the preacher a free ticket for the use of the chairs.

MATSADA SORAKICHI, the Japanese wrestler, has just broken up a match in Minnesota on Sunday, having learned that the laws of the state do not favor athletic exercises on that day. This law-abiding disposition is of course commendable, but somebody should hav informed Matsada that the laws of most states also frown upon conjugal cruelty, for which he was not long ago under arrest.

SAM JONES, the revivalist, seems to hav fallen a victim to cupidity. He is now high-priced as well as sensational and proposes to make the people he saves pay for their salvation:

"Salvation's free
For you and me"

has no longer a place in his repertoire. He is greedy for money, and apparently he is not overparticular as to the kind of show of which he is the attraction, He offers, for instance, to go to Omaha for $3,000, although it is confessed that his presence is desired for the purpose of giving the town a boom. It is said that he received $3,000 in Chicago, and that his regular price is $1,000 a week. This is very high—too high for the kind of stuff which Sam Jones pours out.—*Star.*

THE Rev. Rufus S. Green, D.D., of Buffalo, in a sermon on Sunday newspapers, is reported to hav said that actual experience had demonstrated the possibility of issuing a Monday morning newspaper by work performed wholly in secular hours, and in support of this he instanced the New York *Tribune*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the London *Times*, and London *Telegraph*. The *Sun* remarks that Brother Green seems to be all that his name implies."

THE *Churchman* comments severely on what it calls the "blasphemous parody of religion" that was recently exhibited in the Church of St. Eugene in Paris. "Two priests of that church," it says, "in the Lenten season, in presence of a large audience, played the parts of God and the devil, and carried on an animated dialog as to which paid best, good or evil. From all accounts, the 'devil's advocate' had by far the best of it, and so upheld the cause of his client that, supposing it possible, he went a long way toward extending the sway of the author of evil where his reign is already not far from being all-powerful."

A WRITER in the Indiana *Baptist* says, speaking of "faith" works: "There is no more extensivly advertised institution in England than Muller's Orphan Asylum. His circulars are found everywhere; the work of the institution and the needs of the institution are brought home to almost every family in England. And yet it is said he 'never solicits a penny.' Never solicits a penny! It is only a play on the meaning of a word. The deacons who pass up and down the aisles on Sunday never 'solicit.' They only stretch forth the pole with a bag on the end, but they come back well supplied with dimes. You who sit there know what they want, and so do the English people who see Mr. Muller's collection-bag in the form of a circular know what he wants. Merchants who hav goods to sell do not always 'solicit,' but they send out circulars and customers come in. And so, too, does Hudson Taylor, and so do all 'faith missions,' and so they will continue to do."

THE *Baptist Weekly* says: "In ecclesiastical circles there is not always the truthfulness that is desirable. How often there are utterances in prayer-meetings addressed both to God and man which are unmeant, and in many cases utterly false, who would dare to compute? Congregations are magnified in numbers, and pastors often get very exaggerated notions of the seating capacity of churches, and hav a strange disinclination to verify their statements by actual count. Even the reports published in religious journals are discounted. We were asked about a resignation of a pastor on account of ill-health the other day. 'Was that really the cause?' And the inquirer was surprised when we insisted that it was. In fact, so often some plausible pretext is given for pastoral changes that people become suspicious of every statement that is made. That was a rough way of explaining a resignation in one of our papers lately that the Rev. Mr. Blank had resigned because he was 'through,' but it was a good deal better than assigning some cause which, if it were truth, would not be the whole truth."

Communications.

The Coming Danger.

The numerous changes through which political and religious beliefs hav passed within the last half-century, and the numberless excesses to which men hav been driven by the most unreasonable impulses, will prepare those who carefully observe the tendency of human events to witness the advocacy of any theory, however absurd and impracticable, without surprise. The absurdity of many proposed measures of reform arises not simply from the endless complexity of social phenomena, but from the confusion of reason and feeling, of prejudice and purpose, and from a very superficial knowledge of those latent forces which determin both the character and the tendency of human life. Very often the more uncultured and immature consider that they alone hav discovered the true, practical solution of the numberless difficulties which incessantly beset the social existence of mankind. Where the wisest statesmanship has often staggered in its attempts to preserve order and harmony in the regulation of the civil affairs of men, the class to which reference is here made, conscious of an infallibility that has never been superseded, even by Rome itself, very complacently sneer at the issue and its results, and become more confirmed in the absolute necessity of their pet theory. With a blindness that is characteristic of combined ignorance and conceit, they consider that the efforts continually made to adjust social wrongs will always be a failure so long as their cherished theory is repudiated. If you ask what method could be safely adopted for the rectification of those wrongs which universally afflict mankind, you are seriously informed that it consists in the absolute, unconditional abrogation of all authoritativ interference with individual action. Nothing less than the absolute, unrestricted freedom of the individual will remedy those evils concerning which there is perpetual complaint. Contrariwise, those who see the principles and motivs on which men act; how under varying circumstances there is an unvarying principle; who see how strong are the conservativ attachments of men to mere institutions, and the consequent danger arising from a rash interference with them, are very reluctant to advocate measures which, however right they may be in the abstract, would cause only mischief and ruin.

Whatever advantages may accrue from freedom of thought and speech, where every theory, irrespectiv of its merit, may find an expression, nothing but the wildest fanaticism would seriously advocate the adoption of measures which originate either in disordered brains or in uncultivated minds. It is at least interesting to observe what vagaries hav been and are supported by a senseless religious or political clamor. Measures born of a diseased nervous system, or of a morbid imagination, or of more impulse than judgment; schemes for the religious conversion of the world, or for the rectification of social and civil wrongs—such things without end are being paraded before the world, each infatuated with the error that every man's right to think carries with it the equal utility of what he does think.

Nothing is more proverbial than that the true beliefs of men are not simply correct disclosures of their real selvs, but that they in turn influence the conduct. So while we may regard mere theories as being perfectly harmless, whenever they become changed into a fixed belief, and that belief relates directly to the constitution of society and its relation to the individual, or when it militates against those relations, we cannot be right in refusing to deal with the principles involved.

Undoubtedly the great danger which threatens the future of civilization will not come so much from foreign aggression of national rights as from internal dissensions. When in this country, Mr. Spencer remarked that its prospectiv danger consists in the tyranny of domestic institutions. As an individualist he could hardly recognize any other danger. But to those who hav had a more or less prolonged acquaintance with American life, and who believe in the mutual existence of liberty and law, of the individual and society, the chief danger consists in the lack of public moral support of those laws established by society for its own protection. An insidious, rebellious discontent with all authoritativ restraint of personal liberty is the danger which has threatened, and which continues to threaten, the moral and constitutional stability of the republic. We need not think that the greatest possible danger to the Union consisted in the late war; for while the whole country was distracted with the convulsions of a civil war, there was sufficient patriotism to defend the federal government. Although a civil war, it was a war with as rigidly defined geographical limits as a war between any two European nations would be. Many years ago, Lord Macaulay considered that the efficiency of democracy would be tested when every available piece of land would be owned and cultivated; when American cities would be large and numerous; and when the density of the population would prevent immigration from state to state. "As to America," he says, "we appeal to the twentieth century," when discontent will affect all classes of labor; when in the distinct classification of society, riches and poverty, with their resulting evils, will stand in a menacing attitude toward each other; when the struggle for existence will become more intense than at present; and when unprincipled politicians in both municipal and state governments will seek the support of ignorant or unprincipled voters. Then, not simply will republican institutions, but national identity, be most severely tested. To bespeak for this country an exemption from those evils which hav caused the degeneracy and extinction of the nations of antiquity is not warranted by the spirit of true philosophy.

There is no immediate danger of this or any other country being dissevered by Anarchy. And if it were in a state of Anarchy, whoever would disregard the injunctions of Anarchists would be considered worthy of death. The recent uprising of the Anarchists in Chicago fully testifies what would result from constitutional Anarchy. There are, doubtless, many who consider themselvs Anarchists who deprecate the use of violence; who discountenance such wretches as Parsons, Fielding, Spies, and Most; but once admit the equity of Anarchy and it is logically impossible to blame those traitors to the public welfare. The Chicago episode furnishes the strongest practical argument against Anarchy.

It is not probable that any community will ever be so infatuated with the mere idea of personal liberty that it will overlook the necessity of some authoritativ restraint of that liberty by which its just limits may be specified. But no one can doubt that to the extent that Anarchy is considered just, and all imposed restraint of personal freedom coming from the body politic unjust and tyrannical, to that extent is it an unmitigated evil. Under no possible condition of life is Anarchy just. And all violent revolts against civil authority are less just in this country than in the oppressed nations of continental Europe. There are means of redress here that in some of those nations do not exist.

There is no neutral position possible in relation to this question. Either civil government is necessary or it is not. Either it is right or wrong. The Anarchist claims that it is not necessary—that it is wrong, being an infringement of individual rights. It is worthy of note that "the apostle of Anarchy" was one who, whatever were his abilities, was a peculiar product of the most tyrannical government in Europe. The real, consistent Anarchists in this country are from the most despicable elements of society in Europe. And if such are the people (which I am loth to believe) who are the especial objects of imprisonment and exile in middle and eastern Europe, I cannot see any reason for censuring those governments. With a new kind of logic they assert that disbelief in a personal God ultimately results in the dissevering of those relations of society and individual, of employer and laborer, and of capital and labor, which hav been contemporaneous with civilization. It is only another manner of expressing the unscientific affirmation of the Christian moralist, who says that if there be no God there is neither right nor wrong. I cannot see what vital connection there is between the two. The fundamental basis of social and civil authority, as of individual rights, cannot be affected by either the presence or the absence of God. The both rights are inherent, constitutional.

The logical tendency of Anarchy is to destroy all ethical distinctions, and to reduce all morality to a mere figment. No denial of this can affect its truthfulness. A mere statement of its principles will support the charge without any discussion. It considers that all civil authority is tyranny; that all restriction of personal freedom is unjust; that in the contest for supremacy it belongs to the individual and not to society. It denies the right of society to punish crime, or in any way interfere with individual liberty. If Anarchists are better than their principles it is not due to their theory, but to that peculiar combination of influences which hav made society what it is. The attempt to abrogate the authority of society or of civil government, permitting each man to be a law unto himself, is to practically destroy all moral distinctions in conduct. It meets with a protest so deep and so universal that its rational spontaneity can be regarded, not as a mere fanaticism, but as an expression of the highest authority—the combined intelligence and honor of the enlightened world.

All proposed measures of reform are to be judged, not by their mere abstract equity, but by their inevitable consequences on human life and character. The Anarchist does not deny that evils do exist in social life, but he attributes those evils to the corruption and tyranny of government. Those who consider government a necessity in view of these evils, regard government as the best means to deal with them, and to prevent, as far as possible, their increase and recurrence. That those means are more or less ineffectiv is true, but it is occasioned by the nature of the evils to contend with, and by the proneness in men to do wrong. No one claims that it lies within the proper sphere of government to change vicious men into virtuous, but when a criminal act has been committed it then becomes the duty of society to deal with the criminal in a manner that will most effectivly deter others from being criminal. Those who are disposed to censure governments because crime is committed in spite of its injunctions, prohibitions, and penalties, must prove that crime exists as a consequence of such an institution. They should also lay down a plan by which all crime can be better dealt with than by the present one. A radically false estimate of human nature lies at the base of Anarchy. It assumes the general goodness of human nature if it were not for the meddling interference of civil authority. It certainly is a narrow and short-sighted philosophy which considers the mere authority of society as the principal cause of those evils which justify the existence of that authority. It requires no great political genius to ascertain the natural results on society if Anarchy were to be generally adopted. All aggressions on personal rights could not be resented by the force and authority of the social organism, and it seems extremely inconsistent if an Anarchist were to even defend his own rights. What would be considered moral in both public and private capacity by an Anarchist is very hard to ascertain. Waging a war against even the the basic principles of social existence, he must be driven to the necessity of repudiating those fundamental ideas of morality which constitute the very substance of the highest civilization.

The one solitary string on this radical harp is the "sovereignty of the individual;" and as any and all authority destroys that authority, it is wrong. This sovereignty must first exist as a fact before it is admissible as the premis of moral philosophy. Is the individual really sovereign, supreme, either in fact or by common consent? In the first place, whatever is produced by the coöperation of multitudinous causes, as every person is, can never rise superior in rank or authority to those causes. Those delicate ties which bind us all together, and which, by a universal aggregation, constitute what we call mankind, disprove the actual sovereignty of the individual. It has never been called in question by any representativ philosopher that those measures are right that aim to confer the greatest good on the greatest number. The sovereignty of the individual is utterly irreconcilable with the supremacy of society and with the authority of right. Since it is true that conduct produces consequences, and since we must judge conduct by its consequences, it follows that, ethically, neither of the individual nor of society may absolute sovereignty be predicated. The jurisdiction of the authority of the one and the liberty of the other must be limited by the general good. Authority without reason, that is, without justice, is tyranny; liberty without reason or justice is license. And the same reason which condemns the one prohibits the other.

The ostensible object of all government is the protection of individual and social rights. The rights of society are but the aggregation of the rights of individuals. But we hear so much concerning abstract individual rights that one would think that rights are mere abstractions. The philosophy of moral abstractions is a pure *a priori* method of speculation, and is radically wrong. All rights are concrete, and are defensible on practical grounds, and never by mere abstractions. It is the vicious principle of establishing abstractions as premises, and then reasoning from those abstractions, that vitiates our ideas of right and wrong.

The philosophy of Individualism is irreconcilable with the fact that society is an organism, as real and as compact as any physical body. As it is admitted on all hands that the preservation of the body is the prime object of its existence, and that no essential wrong is committed by destroying the dangerous members of that body, so it is equally true that whatever supremacy or sovereignty exists belongs, not to the individual, but to society. To ascertain the mutual rights of the individual and the state, one must first know what is their actual relationship. Absolute rights can be predicated only of an absolute being. Consequently it cannot be predicated of either the individual or of society. The individual is but an atom amid an aggregation of atoms, every atom of which aggregation possesses equal fundamental rights. As society is composed of numberless individuals, it has no right to disregard these rights and natural claims of the individual. As before stated, the one is license and the other is tyranny. Undoubtedly this is the basis of obligation and responsibility.

Morality underlies the great principle of government. It is the creation of a function which finds its primal element in the individual. Judged by the standard of perfect justice, it is wrong; but by the actual conditions and necessities of mankind it is right. Were there no crime, if there was no possibility that the property and commercial interests of individuals and of corporations would be endangered by unjust aggression, or from other causes, government would be synonymous with injustice. Every law is but the emphatic protest of human in-

telligence against wrong. It is the complement of crime. If a man is unwilling to act with a due regard for others' rights, if he persists in doing wrong, society has a right to restrict his liberties. We are told that laws cannot make bad men good, and consequently governments are unnecessary. Even if it were true, that would not impeach the authority of society to establish means for the prevention and punishment of crime. But the statement is not literally true. While it is true that crime does exist in spite of laws and penalties, it is also true that many are deterred from committing crime because of its consequences if the crime is discovered. Of course, this is not the highest motiv of conduct, but it is the only one that successfully deters many from the most violent acts. A would-be criminal is not actuated by the most benevolent motivs.

But if men are not changed from bad to good by law, neither can they be by the removal of other restraints. And the evils which occasioned the existence of law in the first place would exist when the authority of law and the law of authority were removed. We must take the world as we find it, and men as they are. Ordinary intelligence tells every man to deal with mankind, not as they should be in an ideal state, but as they are in actual life. Now the Anarchist is requested to answer the question, What would you do with crime in the absence of government? Only two positions are possible for him to choose from. Either crime must go unpunished, or it must be dealt with as the majority sees fit. The first would in itself be criminal, and the other would be governmental. It is impossible for any community to exist if it does not deal with criminal aggressions on its inherent rights. Even among savage tribes and thieves there is demanded a patriotic consideration of the welfare of the tribe or gang. Anarchy in either case would be suicidal to its interests as a body. Prolonged experience would, at last, necessitate the formulated expression of justice against injustice, of right against wrong. Government would by common acclamation be considered necessary—a necessary evil.

Another view of this political combination—for government is a combination for certain purposes—is that necessary improvements cannot be successfully accomplished by mere individual effort. Besides, if those improvements were optional with the individual, in many cases they never would be made. In cities there is the need for street repairs; for sewerage facilities; for water works; for fire departments; for police supervision and protection. There are general needs for education, for the preservation of order and the suppression of disorder. How is such a complex system, with so many wants, to be supported? There is but one answer, and that is by taxation. Of course, Anarchists denounce taxation as robbery. But it is certainly a perverted conception of things that makes such a monstrous comparison. If rights and possessions were absolute, all taxation would be wrong. But as they are not, society has the right to impose taxation for the support of those institutions that are necessary to good government.

The objection to the principle of taxation is based on the misconception of regarding the authority of society as being conditional by circumstances similar to the authority of secret organizations over their members. But such an analogy is not applicable to the question. The objects of secret societies are not, in all cases, identical with the purposes of civil government. They are not, and cannot be, as comprehensiv as society itself. They are composed of select individuals for select purposes. They are not necessary to the well-being of society. The admission to them, as well as disclaiming their authority by disclaiming responsibility to them, is optional with the individual. But our relation to society is altogether different. Without our consent we are born, and grow to be responsible members of society. The fact of our existence creates our responsibility to society. We can no more escape from it than we can from existence itself.

If one felt disposed to criticise the assertions of Anarchists about "individual rights," he would undoubtedly cause them much confusion. The difficulty seems to come from their confounding "right" with liberty, with opportunity. To assert that a man may do as he pleases, and that he has a right to do so, is to destroy all distinctions of right and wrong. Where is the logical accuracy of speaking of personal rights in such loose terms? It may be farther than many would be willing to go when we assert no right can exist that is not justified by moral considerations. I do not mean to say that it is the duty of society to limit by law every person's right by those considerations, but that every claim made in reference to personal rights, in order to be valid, must be in accordance with reason. No man can be blamed for doing that which he has has a right to do, whether the act refers to himself or to others. Vice is no more excusable than crime. And the same principle which condemns the one condemns the other.

To what extent governmental authority should be carried cannot be discussed in this article. That must be determined by circumstances. No fixed rule, except the general good, can be successfully applied. Circumstances alone can justify measures and laws. The change of circumstances will necessitate changes of law. And here lies the peculiar principle of right and wrong as applied to the true reformer and to legislation. The reformer judges laws from an abstract moral view. Legislation punishes the radical reformer because of his rash interference with existing institutions. To suppose that either party is absolutely right or wrong is prepostерous. Both are right, and both are wrong. Justifiable reasons could be given by each party for the course pursued.

The assertion that governments afford no protection, and laws no justice, is untrue; and if true would not be sufficient to warrant the universal abrogation of civil authority. If government were an entity outside of scciety, a power foreign to mankind, then the objection would hav some force. But, without exception, the laws of a people and the efficiency of their administration cannot be much better or much worse than the people themselvs. This principle holds good in an absolute monarchy no less than in a democracy. In order to prove the necessity of government we do not hav to prove the absolute efficiency of its laws. But if it deals with crime in a manner that is justified by the moral status of society, there is not much reason for complaint. If it attempts the reconciliation of difficulties arising from the commerce of individuals and states, it is right. To judge all ranks and conditions of men by a fixed rule is absolute nonsense.

Those who enter a plea in behalf of government are not under the necessity of definitly stating the exact limits of its jurisdiction. The question will be settled best by experience. The difficulty of marking a line where liberty and authority must meet arises from two sources: First, the incessant changeability of society—a diversity of age and condition which defies the rigid application of fixed rules to all alike. The next is the fact that the imperceptible differences and distinctions which exist between the two extremes of conduct—conduct which affects ourselvs alone and society at large—make it hardly possible to minutely draw the line which makes an act recognizable by civil authority, and the other that is beyond its recognition. No consistent advocate of civil authority is logically compelled to defend an absolute authority, because he of all others discerns the end for which authority exists. He sees that liberty is safe only where there is authority and law, and that laws can be just only where there is an unpolluted love of liberty and justice. To dispense with either liberty or law would be disastrous to society.

The assertion frequently made, not by Anarchists alone, that government is based on force and fraud, is absurdly false. The growth of tribes and families into nations is simply one of the numberless forms of social evolution. And to assert that the great structure of society and government is but the legitimate offspring of force and fraud is the most foolish idea of its origin and nature.

No expression in this article can be adduced to support the authority of mere force. Its whole tendency is a plea for the continuation of the only possible method by which individual rights may be protected against the mutual aggressions of common life. Civilization will undoubtedly cause the repeal of many offensiv measures. Laws that are just will be established. Partisan and partial laws will be duly censured and finally repealed. But the more complex our mode of living becomes, the more intricate our industrial and commercial interests, the denser population becomes, and the greater the demands on individual conduct for the preservation of national order and public good, the greater will be the necessity for a definit embodiment of rules and regulations for individual life. The visionary ideas of abstract right may be the warp and woof of poetry, and believers in millennial days may revel in dreams of absolute peace and love among mankind. But the future statesman will find that life is not ideal; that realities are not dreams; that what seems right in poetry is wrong in politics; and that the universal propensity among men to be actuated by motivs of self-interest will necessitate the continuance of a power and authority which giv protection to the oppressed and justice to all.

Ft. Scott. J. L. ANDREW.

Babyism of Liberalism.

Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union (and its paid traveling lecturer), in THE TRUTH SEEKER (Nov. 21, 1885) says: "The authority of science, as a dictum to take the place of one's free reason, is as much to be revolted against as the authority of faith. The individual must be supreme, and there must be no authority."

According to this sort of "dictum," neither truth nor law nor science has any significance or meaning, and therefore has no existence or reality, and so there is no such thing as *the* truth or a truth, or laws, and therefore, of course, no science. And so it has not been *proved*, nor can it be, that it is *true* that the earth revolves around the sun, nor that there is a *law* of gravitation, nor that there is a science of astronomy at all; nor that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, nor that two and two are four. And "the authority of science" as to the motions of the earth "is as much to be revolted against" "as the authority of faith" when it declares (through the mouth of the colored brother) that "the sun do move." (And it goes without saying which of the two brethren is the less inconsistent.) In the absence of "the authority of science" we would all hold with the colored preacher. Without it we would not know that the earth moves or that there is a law of gravitation.

But what in the world can Mr. Putnam mean, anyway, by "the authority of science, as a dictum to take the place of one's free reason?" Science and reason are not each other's antitheses; they cannot be contemplated as standing over against each other; they are rather one, or parts of each other. Reason is a factor, and the highest factor, of and in science. And, then, "free reason"—*free* reason! what can that mean?

And Mr. Putnam says, "This is the American idea, the absolute supremacy of the individual." Then, poor America! Supremacy of the *individual* to what? To what? to reason, to truth, to law, to science? In what a chaotic condition must be the mind that would attempt to set off the individual over and against these—to place them in contrast at all! Or would he say, supremacy to *all other* individuals combined? Surely not. Or to the whole universe? More surely not. What "on earth," or in heaven, or "what in hell," can he mean?

Liberalism, liberty to talk of these "this time o' day," is baby talk. Liberty! why, of course, who questions it? Who disputes it? As well talk of the necessity of sunlight to vegetation. But to act without regard to facts, to natural laws, to truths, to science, in short, without regard to our environments, is not only absurd but actually impossible—to any considerable extent. And, in fact, it would be attempting to act contrary to the way in which it is our nature to act, which is both absurd and impossible.

Liberty in a sense (and this is one of the senses in which Mr. Putnam evidently uses it) is, or rather should be, anarchy; and a kind of anarchy of which even the Anarchists themselvs hav never even dreamed. No; what the hour demands is not a screech for liberty, but a cry for truth! And thus let us all be followers of the noble example of the founder of this journal, and be "truth seekers."

VOX SCIENCIÆ.

John Calvin and Michael Servetus.

Of all these contests, however, the most memorable is that with Servetus. A melancholy interest encircles the name of this great heretic, which the criminal tragedy of his death keeps always fresh and vivid in the minds of all those who hate intolerance, and who love truth rather than dogmatism. The character of Servetus himself has little to do with this interest. He seems to hav been more of a vain, restless, and enthusiastic dreamer than a calm and patient inquirer. In his very dreams, however, and the vague audacities of his speculations, there is a kind of simplicity and unconscious earnestness that wins sympathy.

He had entered into various connections with Calvin, even from the time of his early residence in Paris; particularly he had sent him various documents containing the views fully developed in his work subsequently published under the title of *Restitutio Christianismi*. Calvin never concealed his abhorrence of these views, and in a letter to Farel as early as 1546, he threatens that if Servetus should come to Geneva he would do what he could to bring him to condign punishment: "*Nam si venerit; modo valeat mea authoritas, vivum exire nunquam patiar.*" The history of his seizure and condemnation at Vienne by the Catholic authorities, and especially of Calvin's share in the correspondence which led to his seizure, is very complicated and obscure.

It has been maintained that Calvin was the instigator, through a creature of his own, of the name of Trie, of the whole transaction. It *is certain* that he forwarded to the authorities, through Trie, private documents which Servetus had entrusted to him, with a view to the heretic's identification, and as materials for his condemnation. Servetus was condemned to be burned, but effected his escape, and, after several months' wandering, he was found at Geneva.

It was his intention to proceed to Italy, where he hoped his opinions might meet with some degree of toleration, and he arrived at Geneva on his way. This is the explanation of an event otherwise unaccountable. Having ventured to church, according to the common account, he was recognized, apprehended, and conveyed to prison by Calvin's order, just as he was about to leave the city. The particulars of his trial are full of interest, but too lengthened to be detailed here. It lasted, with various interruptions, for two months. He attacked Calvin with the most foul epithets, and Calvin retorted with a virulence and foulness quite equal to his own. At length, on the 26th of October, 1553, sentence was passed upon Servetus, condemning him to death by fire. Calvin used his influence to hav the mode of death alleviated, but

without success. On the very next morning the sentence was put into execution. On an extended eminence at some distance from the city, Servetus was fastened to a stake surrounded by heaps of oak wood and leaves, with his condemned book and the MS. he had sent to Calvin attached to his girdle; and, amid his agonizing cries, the fire was kindled, and the wretched man expiated his heresy amidst the flames. Whatever apologies may be urged for this memorable crime, it must remain a mournful and scandalous blot on the history of the Reformation.

The disgrace of it has particularly attached to Calvin, and with some justice, from the special and unhappy relation which he bore to the whole transaction; but most of the Reformers are no less implicated in it. The wise Bullinger defended it, and even the gentle Melancthon could only see cause for gratitude in the hideous tragedy.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

Chicago Secular News.

THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 19th is before me, in which I gave the impression that we should possibly continue our meetings through the summer, but the torrid heat and small attendance of last Sunday night proved too much for our endurance, and it was the generally-expressed desire that we discontinue the meetings till September.

Last Sunday Mr. W. F. Fury delivered one of his trenchant, scholarly, and humorous lectures on the "Fallacies of Christianity." The criticism included some brilliant polemics by General Trumbull, Professor Orchardson, Mrs. Freeman, L. H. Sawyer, and others. Prof. E. R. Paige has kindly volunteered to giv the opening lecture in September. It is the intention of the members who reside near enough to make it practical, to hav picnics in the parks on Sundays, and thus increase the social features so essential to the welfare of the Union.

I am happy to say that though Mrs. Le Page is still very feeble, she is now considered out of danger. In this connection let me remark that, so far are informed, not a solitary member of the Liberal League or the Secular Union has yet "shuffled off this mortal coil." Mr. Frankel's father died, and, though not a member, his funeral exercises were conducted by the League. Many old members hav left the city, and therefore we can't say whether all hav survived or not.

Mr. J. W. Howe, our treasurer, was one of the victims who walked the political plank, despite the civil service rules, from our post-office department. He informs me that every appointee of the new superintendent Donovan has thus far *happened* to be an Irishman and a Catholic. The Roman church is not aggressiv, oh, no!

I called on Samuel Fielden the other day at county bastile. He does not seem disheartened nor suffering so much from his wounded leg. I had been informed that his wounds had been neglected, and that the physicians would not attend to him nor allow others. To get at the truth of the matter I called, determined that if they would not permit him proper attention there would be a little newspaper war inaugurated.

Captain Black appears to feel confident of their acquittal. He has already associated with him Mr. W. H. Foster, late of Iowa, who has had a remarkably successful career as a criminal lawyer. It is the unanimous desire of his friends that Gen. M. M. Trumbull be retained to look after Mr. Fielden's case. General Trumbull will not hesitate on the question of fees; with him that will cut no figure. The Anarchist cases will come up for trial next Monday.

Mr. Powderly is just now prolific in "secret" circulars, which, however, are always published in full. The literal interpretation of the last one would be: "Put none but Powderly men on guard." Mr. Powderly is much afraid of politicians now, but methinks I remember him as secretary of a great political convention. There never was a time in the history of that order when politicians are so little likely to do it harm as now.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Another startling circumstance has occurred to substantiate my criticism of Alexander Sullivan's assertion in reference to the law and order propensities of the Irish people, and also a vindication. My claim, on the same evening, is that Ireland has suffered more from the thraldom of church—either Catholic or Protestant—than by British misrule, bad as it is. Ireland is preëminently a Christian country, and consequently notoriously ignorant and brutal, as is seen in the bitter war waged by the two contending Christian sects who hold dominion there. As an illustration of how those lovers of God can successfully raise hell on earth, I refer you to the scenes of murder, arson, and plunder committed by the rioting Orangemen in Belfast last week. All this was done to maintain the glory and supremacy of the Protestant religion. What beautiful moral precepts are those which inspire its adherents to such brutality! This time the Protestants are the aggressors, but we would not hav to search far to find similiar cruelties on the part of the Catholics. This is the kind of religion we are continually asked what we are going to substitute for. Just as we don't need a substitute for a plague, we don't need a substitute for such religion.

The thirty-sixth annual convention of the National Grand Lodge of the American Protestant Association convened in Cincinnati last week. This is the American branch of Orangemen who would like to enact the scenes in Belfast here if they were only strong enough. The chances are, the Catholics will be the first aggressors in this country to attempt to down their religious opponents, long before the Orangemen hav made a foothold.

That truckling sheet, the *News*, strongly urges Sunday closing of theaters on the plea, as it coolly expresses it, "that there was a large class of people who say they found no other time to attend theaters except Sunday night, but all such may be answered as Carlyle once replied to a man who excused himself for stealing by saying he must liv, that he could not see the necessity for such a thing." That is, if you can't go except on Sunday, there is no particular necessity of your going at all. It claims their opening on Sunday is an insult to the religious element who occasionally used to patronize theaters, but do not since they hav had Sunday amusements, but covertly adds, while the patronage of this class is not large, their moral support is something very much to be desired. We anticipate the managers will soon be paying off the profession by drafts on their moral supporters. We hav as much right to object to the churches being open Sunday as an insult to disbelievers, as they hav to object to the theaters.

"John the Baptist" was found dead in Davenport the other day with a bottle of whisky in his pocket.

An article in *Nature* says: "M. Joly found in the cave of Nabrigas, in France, the fragment of a large vessel in contact with the skull of a large fossil bear. M. Mariel is strongly persuaded that fossil man of the paleolithic age was acquainted with the potter's art."

Henry Watterson is in Europe, and, writing of prominent men, tells this story: "Labouchere, witty and blasphemous, said at a dinner table, 'It is absurd—positivly absurd—to sit down to a game with Gladstone. He always has three aces up his sleeve, and the worst of it is he actually believes the Holy Ghost put them there.'"

The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian church held recently at Hamilton, O., adopted the following resolution in relation to the Knights of Labor:

Resolved, That we enjoin upon all our members to abstain from connection with any association which might lead to acts of violence, or to the invasion of the right of property, or interfere with the liberty of men to engage in honest labor when, and where, and for whomsoever they may choose.

To further illustrate that the church is always on the side of oppression, Geo. A. Schilling stated in the Trade's Assembly here last Sunday that it seemed impossible to organize the sewing girls—the most wretchedly paid of any industry—as they were mostly pious Swedish girls who dare not organize a union for fear of their pastor, who had threatened them with expulsion did they dare to do so. Still Mr. Schilling says he has "got through fighting God."

During a terrific thunderstorm in Washington an eight-year old boy called his mother up stairs. She sat with him awhile, and told him not to fear. God took care of little boys, and wouldn't let the lightning hurt him.

"But God is away up in heaven," said the child.

"Yes," replied the mother, "but he is here, too. He is staying right in the room with you. He can protect you; I cannot. A long as God is here, you need not be afraid."

The child was quieted, and the mother left him, and went back to the drawing-room. Pretty soon there came another deafening clap of thunder, when the boy, crawling out of bed, came to the head of the stairs and called again!

"What do you want, George?" asked his mother.

"You come up here and stay with God awhile, and let me go down stairs," was the reply.

Chicago, June 1, 1886. E. A. STEVENS.

Reynolds in Wayne Co., New York.

Through the exertions of Dr. A. G. Austin, engagements were made for me to deliver a course of five lectures at Williamson, June 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th. Quite a furor of excitement has resulted from the lectures, and the Baptist minister, named Boyce, has challenged me to a discussion. His proposition is "That the Teachings of the New Testament are Superior and more Conduciv to Human Happiness than the Teachings of Secularism." He insists on three nights' debate, half hour speeches, two hours each night. There will be immense attendance from far and near. The discussion is appointed for the 21st, 22d, and 23d inst.

Monday and Tuesday, 14th and 15th inst., I lectured at Putneyville, and was the guest of those brave and loyal young Liberals, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Gazley, whose influence tends to upbuild the cause, and insured me large and appreciativ audiences.

To-night, Wednesday, 16th, I lecture under the direction of Dr. Austin, of Williamson, at Sodus. He has engaged the Opera House, and assumed all expenses. It is intimated that the Methodist minister at Sodus will meet us on that occasion, and comply with 1 Peter iii, 15. We are not sanguin of his doing so, for while ministers exhaust their whole vocabulary of vituperation and Billingsgate on us because we do not believe and obey the requirements of the New Testament, yet they themselvs ignore its plainest teachings. On Thursday, June 17th, at the request of Dr. Austin, we pitch the Tent at Marion, and there is every indication of a more than warm reception. I really think the temperature of sheol would be chilling in comparison. The rage and fierce indignation is wonderful. They hav never had a Liberal lecturer there, but Dr. Austin has forced them to know something of the aims and objects of Secularism, and that, at least, it will not be apt to build up the churches; consequently all five church are a unit in bitter opposition, and they hav been for some days drilling and marshalling their forces. But one man in the whole village dared brave their power and rent a lot on which to pitch the Tent. It would be impossible to rent hall or room at any price, or to induce the people, under ordinary circumstances, to attend a Liberal lecture, or read a Liberal publication. But the Tent provides us with hall, and the novelty and excitement insure a very large attendance.

I much deplore the alarming apathy of Liberals throughout the state of New York, but instead of giving up all endeavor, this most lamentable state of things proves the need of more determined effort. Something must be done to awake them to renewed activity and zeal.

I expected to hav done much Tent work in the state this season, but lack of financial ability will prevent. At those places I shall visit in the state, in order to avoid debt I shall be obliged to dispense with the services of Tent-master. I realize this will entail on me a very heavy burden alike of labor and anxiety. But so long as strength and any degree of health remain to me, the Tent will be kept in the field. Better wear out than rust out. We hav the evidence of last year's Tent work that it is the most efficacious and economical means to popularize Secularism, and our gratitude to those who so generously provided us with the Tent demands we should keep it in the field.

I much rejoice at the publication by the Canadian Secular Union of the Liberal Leaflets. They will prove of immense service in preparing the way for the living exponent of our principles. Furnished at the remarkably low rate of five hundred for $1, they are within the reach of all, and should be scattered like autumn leaves. Those engaging Tent should write W. M. Scott, agent of Canadian Secular Union, Science Hall, Adelaide street, East, Toronto, Ont., secure a supply of the leaflets, and carefully distribute them in their neighborhood. It will insure large attendance and hearty coöperation, making Tent effort more easy and sure success. Applications for Tent or contributions should be sent to me in care of THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

NEW YORK FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

The aims and objects of the annual Convention of the New York Freethinkers' Association are to popularize Secularism, call together large numbers of intelligent and influential people, and by lectures and the circulation of Liberal literature awake a spirit of investigation, and disabuse the minds of the people of prejudice born of misrepresentation and calumny; by the interest of the lectures and importance of the meeting secure full reports in the press; at the same time affording all who attend opportunities for sociability, interchange of views, comparing modes of work, and establishing friendships that shall create more genuin interest in the progress of our cause in all parts of our state and vicinity.

Our conventions of the past hav done much good, spite of mistakes that hav been made. Mistakes are excusable if never repeated. An extra effort and special inducements are needed. Let us hold a tendays' camp-meeting and picnic. Held under proper regulations, and conducted as it should be, it can be a source of great encouragement to all, of help to the cause, and a means to replenish the exhausted exchequer. Such a meeting, held in suitable grove or park, in vicinity to some city like Buffalo, would giv us an attendance each Sunday of from three to ten thousand people. A silver collection at the gate would relieve us of all anxiety as to finances. And what a source of joy, help, and encouragement it would be to all who could attend!

We need to lay aside the monotonous, dull routine of daily care and toil, and take our family to the sylvan grove decided on, pitch our tent, throw care to the winds, and hav a full week's jolly holiday, and while being rested and refreshed alike in mind and body by recreation and change of scene, enjoy social visits, form friendships, interchange views, and compare modes of work to advance our cause.

We do not want too many speeches. Let us hav one, and only one, good lecture each afternoon and evening. Let the mornings be devoted to enjoyment, rest, and

recreation—except Sundays, when morning lecture would be necessary for the masses who would attend.

Would not such a meeting do a world of good? Returning to our homes invigorated and improved in mind and body, we should be better qualified to discharge all duties devolving on us, and take hold of propaganda work with undaunted hope and new courage.

As Secularists we boast of seeking our happiness by promoting that of others. Let us giv a real holiday, rest, change of scene, to our loved ones. Let us endeavor to combine pleasure to ourselvs while conferring benefit on our friends and neighbors.

Some "little hopers" are afraid. It may rain! May not prove a success! Pshaw! Let all do all the little they can, and it will be the grandest success Liberals ever achieved.

Others think they cannot spare time. Suppose you so decide, and next day sprain your ankle, and are laid up, unable to attend to business or do a day's work for twenty weeks.

You may not liv to enjoy such an opportunity another year. Get all the joy you can of life as it passes. Do all the good you can each day, and don't lay up a store of bitter regrets for lost opportunities to tantalize you in decrepit old age or when the fiat of death is in execution.

Let us enjoy a holiday; and help the cause.

Sit right down and write to THE TRUTH SEEKER that you hav decided in favor of camp-meeting and picnic extending over two Sundays, and that you and all your family will be there. C. B. REYNOLDS.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, Prcsident.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec., 33 Clinton Place, New York.

COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com.

E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,410.66
Hailey (per C. V. Haupt, Charles Ahlstrom, W. C. Tatro, and others)	25.00
Bellevue (per James S. Whiton, James Carothers, Dan Mead, J. L. Hogan, L. H. McIrwin, Ben Davis, and others)	29.10
Silas Ralls	3.50
Ketchum (per P. B. Baxter, Asa L. Abbott, and others)	3.50
Bingham (per Frank Silsby, $8.50; and C. H. Asman, $7.60)	16.11
N. S. Fowler	1.00
J. P. Martin	1.00
Total	$2,489.87

News and Notes.

On Friday morning, June 4th, I left Salt Lake City for Idaho. Again I passed up the broad, beautiful Cache Valley, by the gleaming temple at Logan, and into the shining hills and plains of Idaho. At sunset I arrived at Pocatello. Here I changed cars for Shoshone. The moon was just rising as I sped over the American Falls—and they presented a lovely picture of foaming and leaping cataracts. These falls are not near so vast and lofty as the Shoshone Falls—which surpass Niagara in hight—but in contrast with the quiet lakes of Utah I enjoyed the fresh glory of these tumbling waters that made such musical thunder along with the whistle of the engin. At midnight I arrived at Shoshone. I found all the beds occupied, and was obliged to take my night's rest in the parlor. I slept well, however, for my bones were weary. In the morning I was the happy recipient of a good hand-shake from my old friend A. S. Senter, who used to be with me on the Nebraska plains a dozen years ago. He is now one of the thriving business kings of this part of the country—coming here when all the land was covered with sage-brush and not a house was to be seen. There was, however, an encampment of two thousand men, in tents consisting mostly of wagon-covers, within whose motley metropolis could be witnessed all the varieties of frontier life. These men were building the railroad, which has since wonderfully developed the country. Shoshone is now a pretty and thriving village with some really elegant residences, and, like all Western towns, it looks forward to a magnificent future.

I used to go hunting with my friend Senter over the bluffs of the North Platte. I am a good hunter. I can hunt all day long and not hit a bit of game, but for all that I enjoy the fun of dashing over the enormous wastes and catching glimpses now and then of the jack-rabbits and deer, and perhaps a buffalo rolling off in a cloud of dust, and the luxury of coming home tired and hungry, so that a cabin seems a palace, and bacon and eggs a royal feast. There is nothing like these Western lands for downright pleasure of existence. Every care seems to be blown to the winds, and one is happy as the reckless sunshine itself.

I was pleased also to meet Mrs. Senter, another friend of happy Nebraska days, and when I saw the bright children I could but wonder at the miracle of life, with its ever-new revealings of grace and hope.

On Saturday morning I took the train for Hailey, going up the Wood River valley a couple of thousand feet into the heart of the mountains. The valley was pleasant indeed, and in spite of sage-brush and lava rocks gave signs of wealth and promis, and there were gleams here and there of fruitful farms. This is the best grazing country in the world, for there are summer and winter ranges of vast extent. In the winter the herds float southward of Shoshone, and in the summer they leave the dry regions for the mountain pastures. Over the fringe of hills, fifty miles away, is the Kamas prairie, smooth as a table, well watered with plenty of rains, and a noble soil, and almost as large as some of the states. Toward this is trending the mighty tide of immigration.

The most important station between Shoshone and Bellevue is Tikura. The station-house, express office, the telegraph and telephone, and the post-office and all the rest of the village are included in two rooms six by nine. On some railroad maps this station occupies almost as prominent a position as Chicago. That is the accidental way of doing things. I shouldn't wonder if Tikura already had a mayor and aldermen and a "ring."

Hailey is prettily situated among the emerald hills that tower around it like a hundred pyramids, as smooth as marble, and glistening in the splendor of the sunlight, and especially beautiful do they look when the golden streams of sunset flow over them with magical softness, so that they appear almost like mountains of gold in the entrancing radiance. Here and there a few spangles of trees can be seen, seeming like tiny bushes on the massiv pinnacles.

Hailey is a "big boy for its size" indeed. It is only five years old, but it has a palatial hotel, fine business block and residences, an imposing court-house, almost as many stages as Broadway, and plenty of go-ahead. It is the county seat of Alturas county, and this county is as large as the states of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island put together. They hav a big country out here, and cut their counties according to their cloth, and go in for immensity. Hailey expects to hav one of the biggest Fourth of July celebrations on record, and I suppose that Gotham must pale its ineffectual fires before this Western star.

I lectured on Saturday and Sunday evenings at Hailey Theater to good audiences. There are many Liberals in this place, and I am in hopes that a Secular Union will be established. I was pleased to meet with Charles Haupt, Herman Krause, Professor Delius, Charles Ahlstrom, Messrs. Richards, of the *News-Miner*, and Mr. Clay, of the *Idaho Register*, and others, all good Liberals. The majority of the people in Hailey are really Freethinkers, but many don't care to say so publicly, so potent is the tyranny of the churches.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings I lectured at Bellevue, another flourishing city, about five miles from Hailey, in the midst of a mining country that has more wealth than will perhaps be ever discovered. Even the boys take up claims and get rich. Within the radius of twenty miles or so are from five to ten thousand workingmen. From thirty to fifty thousand dollars are distributed every month, and this keeps things pretty lively.

Bellevue is quaintly built up with log-houses, neat and comfortable, with one or two rooms, and it looked as if people enjoyed themselvs in their tiny dwelling-places. They seem to hav all the room they want.

I had full houses at Bellevue, although there was nothing but rude benches without backs for seats. I liked my reception well. I was especially delighted to meet Silas Ralls, a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who generously made all the arrangements for the lectures, and to his efforts much of the success of the meetings is owing. He has all the pluck of Western folk, has seen many ups and downs, yet has not lost one whit of courage or devotion to Freethought. I also enjoyed the acquaintance of James S. Whiton, a veteran Liberal, and formerly mayor of Bellevue; J. L. Hogan, L. H. McIrwin, James Carothers, Charles Carothers, Dan Mead, Ben Davis, Charles Beerman, George Wells, and others. There is material for a flourishing Union at Bellevue when the times are ripe.

On Wednesday evening I returned to Hailey, and at the request of many citizens delivered my lecture on "The Glory of Infidelity." The theater was well filled with very attentiv listeners, among them a minister or two. I tried to get a reply to my lecture, but all was still, so I guess the clergymen hav some faith in the power of Infidelity.

Thursday evening I went still further into the mountains, twelve miles, to Ketchum, at the end of the railroad. I seemed to be passing through a vast corridor. I went up the winding road amid the glistening hills that shot up in every variety of form, shapen into curious statuary by the thousand billowy hands of the sea that once swept these verdant expanses. Amid the broad spaces of green were glorious ranks of blue, yellow, and crimson flowers, and one might say that from pit to dome of this natural theater all was a brilliant array, as if the fashionable attire of Dame Nature was put on in honor of the opening season.

I had a sort of extemporaneous meeting at Ketchum, as it was not known beforehand that I would come. It was held in an unoccupied store, and seats and lights were put in for the occasion. Having no other way to advertise, a small boy was put in requisition. As no other bell could be procured, he was armed with a string of sleigh-bells with which he attracted attention, and announced from street to street that there would be a "free lecture" at "Coffin's store." Mr. Baxter, the amiable and generous landlord of Baxter's Hotel, set the ball in motion. In about half an hour the hall was filled to overflowing. It is necessary, as the saying is in this country, to "rustle" in order to accomplish anything, and one must resort to all sorts of inventions to make the elastic Westerner know that his presence is desired. I gave my lecture, "Universal Mental Liberty." It was a cold blanket to some of my listeners, and, like the Arab, they "silently stole away," but with a few new thoughts, I hope. The most remained, and evidently enjoyed the novelty. It does indeed repay one for much weariness of the flesh and sinking of the heart to hav the thanks of those who hav lived in this country for years, and not heard a Freethought lecture which expresses what they themselvs hav long believed, almost in utter isolation.

I enjoy much the hospitality of my Liberal friend, P. P. Baxter, of Baxter's Hotel. He is a typical frontiersman. He came to this country in its infancy with his own team, and he says his horses were so lean when he got here that he had to tie knots in their tails to keep their collars on. For eighteen months he kept hotel in a tent. Ketchum now, however, is very handsomely built up, and has a future of much promis as the wealth of the country is developed.

Near by, in a pretty wooded defile, are the Hot Springs. I took a walk there this morning, and the scenery is indeed delightful. Against the sky is the Sawtooth Range, glittering with snow and rolling clouds, and between are grassy hills and mounds and huge rocks, and alongside the path is the brawling creek. One might almost imagin he was at the founts of Helicon, for these springs burst forth from a dozen places in the midst of trees which run clear to the summit of the hills. At any rate, that poetic fancy haunted me as I roamed along the embowered banks, and dashed into the warm and sparking tides.

Next week I expect to lecture at Broadford and Shoshone, and then I am off for Montana. I expect to lecture at Salt Lake City on my return trip, July 25th. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Ketchum, June 11, 1886.

The Chicago Riot.

Fearing that, under present excitement and prejudice against Socialists, Spies, Fielding, etc., will hav but a poor show to prove themselvs not to be responsible for the bomb throwing, a committee has been formed to raise a Fair Trial Fund in order that the indicted men may hav some chance to defray the expenses of calling witnesses and making a fair defense. On the side of the prosecution are the wealth of the "best citizens," the influence of the press, and the power of the whole police force. On the other hand the Socialists stand almost without friends or money. Seeing this, the Fair Trial Committee, none of whom are connected or hav any sympathy with the aim and methods of the I. W. P. A., feel justified in appealing to the sense of fair play of Liberals, and to ask them to send some pecuniary assistance to the defense fund. Money will be received by the attorney for defense, Wm. P. Black, room 50, 115 Dearborn street, Chicago. A. H. SIMPSON.

Spiritual Photography.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I desire to let the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know that Mr. Parkhurst's letter to Mr. Keeler of June 3d, which appeared in the issue of the 19th inst., did not reach its intended destination until the 16th inst., having been improperly directed. To this fact may be attributed much of the delay. A meeting has been held, the results of which Mr. Parkhurst will report next week. Yours truly, R. M. ROBINSON.

June 20, 1886.

To Support Mr. Reynolds's Tent Effort.

Mrs. Zadia Bennett	5.00
I. McCoy	1.00
J. S. Martin	1.00
J. C. McDonald	.50
R. W. Moline	1.25
N. S. Johnson	1.00
Hiram Wixson	.60
Laroy W. Cushing	2.75
Total	$13.10

Some of the above were received last fall, after the close of the Tent work, and were then handed to Mr. Reynolds. The others hav been received during the past two weeks. While Mr. Reynolds is moving around, contributions sent to this office will be surer to reach him.

Communications.

A Bill of Indictment Against Religions Per Se.

BY JACOB HENDERSON.

V.

INSTEAD OF A HELP, RELIGION IS A HINDRANCE TO THE FORMATION OF A GOOD CHARACTER.

Let me remind the reader once more that this thing called religion is not a *natural* instinct in man. It was superinduced; and all superinduced habits and notions are more difficult to break up than those which are entirely natural. It was grafted upon his character, as a scion is grafted on a stock, when the race was just beginning its human existence, and has been cherished as an exotic for countless ages, and all over the world, by the priesthood of every faith, who hav juggled with it to their own advantage of honor, wealth, and power. It is not at all necessary to the formation of a good moral character. On the contrary, it is a blemish, since it plays upon, and develops, the most ignoble of all our passions—*fear;* the fear of God, the fear of the devil, the fear of death, and the fear of hell. A child properly educated would never evince this spirit of a convicted felon suing for mercy, which religion injects into the character; but would, when grown up, proudly stand forth without fear and without reproach. But expose the same person, during the susceptible period of childhood, to the insidious influence of the church, and the old inherited weakness would show itself; just as a predisposition to stealing, or drinking intoxicating liquors, which one might hav inherited from some of his innumerable ancestors, would, by associating with theives, and being exposed to the smell and taste of liquor in a bar-room, develop the latent propensity, and make him a thief or a drunkard.

IS THIS CENSURE OF RELIGION TOO SEVERE?

It may be said that my condemnation of the religious sentiment is too sweeping. I am referred to the fact that among all the various sects of religionists there are, and hav been, those who were just in their dealings, benevolent in their dispositions, considerate to the rights of others, and free from all cruelty, hypocrisy, or cant; that in hundreds of instances they hav built and endowed hospitals of all kinds for the unfortunate, and founded institutions for the spread of knowledge. I cheerfully admit the facts. But these excellent traits of character ought not to be attributed to their *religion*. Such people are *naturally* good. They are good in defiance of their religion, and would be better still if entirely destitute of it. If religion is entitled to the credit of producing all this benevolence and amiableness of character, how came it to pass that the very same principle prompted the Catholic to burn the Protestant, and the Protestant to burn the Catholic, not for any crimes they had committed against society respectivly, but merely for their *opinions?* Can the same fountain send forth bitter waters and sweet at the same time? No. Free from the perverting influence of religion, all men are naturally kind and good. They understand the laws of natural morality, and would do to others as they would be done by, unless they were overruled by some other authority. Stephen Girard had not one spark of religion in his character. Yet, in the natural benevolence of his heart, he gave millions to found an educational institution for youth which should diffuse its blessings through all future generations, without any admixture of religious teaching. No testator ever guarded a trust more carefully than he did his. But it is the *religion* of the authorities of Philadelphia which, in defiance of the most solemn guarantees and pledges, has exhibited its uniform character for unscrupulousness, by perverting those sacred funds, and unblushingly making his great charity an auxiliary to the popular superstition.

To-day it would be impossible for the Catholics to burn another Bruno at Rome; or the Presbyterians another Servetus at Geneva; or an Episcopal bishop to slit the nose, brand the cheek, and cut off the ears of another Leighton, or Pyrnne, in London. Why? Only because the nineteenth-century knowledge has so far undermined the faith of Christendom that the laws of civilized nations forbid such a cruel exhibition of the religious sentiment. But if the clergy and their people all believed their own creeds now as sincerely as they did three hundred years ago, they could at least bring themselvs up to the sticking point of believing that such things *ought* to be done. Why does every patriot tremble at the idea of the Catholics outnumbering all the other voters of this country? Because, while there are thousands of Catholics who are amiable and good citizens, the irreligion, unalterable in its character, if awakened from the slumber of circumstances by the priesthood, would do again what it has always done before, and what it is its nature to do—persecute to the death all heretics, introduce here the reign of ignorance and crime which hav always prevailed in every Catholic country, and make the government a faithful servant to the pope of Rome. Giv any other sect the same power, and its religion would carry out its behests in like manner, and both because they believe that it would be well-pleasing in the sight of God. The reason why Buddhism, although classed among the so-called "religions" of the world, has never persecuted, is because it is not a *religion*, but a system of philosophy. It has no creed of dogmas to believe; no angry personal God to placate by servil acts of sacrifice and devotion; no future hell-fire for cowards to escape from; but it teaches that at death the dreamless sleep of Nirvana awaits the whole human family.

In regard to that large class of church people who are amiable and indisposed to persecute, the fact may be accounted for in two ways. On close inspection it might be found that such persons, while they may consider themselvs as religious, and others regard them so too, yet, by the visitations of knowledge, they hav, perhaps imperceptibly to themselvs, given up the word "credo," and sneer, privately it may be, at the idea of a person being punished in eternal hell fire for opinions which he is forced by proof to accept as true. Such are unconsciously, but nevertheless really, Infidels. For the doctrin of eternal punishment is the basis of the whole scheme of salvation, and of the church as the means thereto, and a conviction, or even a strong suspicion, of its falseness shakes the doubter's faith in all the rest of the doctrins that are built upon it as a foundation. There are many such doubters in the church in this age of reason who are mere prisoners to their circumstances, and the church complains of their indifference, their lack of zeal in her service, and their general absence from "the stated means of grace," but little suspect the cause. These persons do not avow their doubts or their convictions to the world, for, although the church cannot now burn heretics by law, her tyranny is as cruel and relentless as ever, and such persons feel that they would be discriminated against and damaged politically, socially, and in business. Hence their indifferentism.

Then, again, there are others whose environments may be such that the tiger instinct in their character is not roused, and may never show itself through life for want of provocation. History givs many examples of persons, as in the case of Nero, Robespierre, and others who were apparently meek and amiable in temper, and inoffensiv as lambs in their youth, but who, when invested with power, and their religion provoked, became as ravenous and bloodthirsty as wolves. In the character of the "good Aurelius" there was a whole constellation of virtues, and but one known defect. His religion, which was pagan, in perfect keeping with its universal character as a blind and unscrupulous force, made him a persecutor of the Christians.

THE SUMMING UP AND CONCLUSION.

In reviewing the counts in the Bill of Indictment I hav drawn up against religion *per se*, I find that, for want of space, I hav not adduced the hundredth part of the evidence at my command. In showing up its natural workings in the human heart and life, and its uniform character as a moral force, I hav called into our court of inquiry, as sworn witnesses, the pagan, the Jew, the Moslem, the Catholic Christian, the Episcopalian Christian, the Presbyterian Christian, the Puritan Christian, and the "orthodox" or Greek Christian. Beginning with the dawn of history, and coming down chronologically to our own times, I could hav given hundreds of cases instead of a few selected here and there, all going to substantiate the charge I make, that, if we may trust to the inductiv mode of reasoning, which bases its conclusions on facts; if we may judge of a tree from the fruit it bears, then the religious sentiment in man is the worst and most dangerous feature in his character. In our day that condition of excitement known as "revivals of religion" is considered by the credulous church people as giving to those engaged in them a foretaste of the holiness as well as the happiness of heaven. Yet everyone who has studied the phenomenon of religion, not only in the light of history, but from actual observation, knows that the most intense piety and zeal exhibited on such occasions are entirely consistent with the most abominable and shameless lives of the persons engaged in them. The gullible class, who compose so large a part of the public, think that a tearful professor of religion, constant in his private devotions, always at church and Sunday-school, and a stickler for the observance of the Sabbath, is entirely too good and heavenly-minded to rob a savings bank of trust funds belonging to helpless widows and orphans, to speculate in stocks with other people's money, and to perpetrate other crimes as bad. But the proof is overwhelming, and constantly appearing, that murder and all its cognate offenses hav been known to flourish for years among the most zealous and, apparently, the most holy evangelists who were converting "sinners," and adding them to the church by the hundreds.

Religion in man is the sleeping tiger whose appetite for blood is ever latent. It is the very mother of cruelty, taking delight in originating all the various forms of agony whereby it has put its victims to death during the long centuries of its power. It has either caused, or occasioned, nearly all the wars that hav desolated the earth, and hung mill-stones of debt round necks of nations. It is the terrible demoniac which early took possession of our unhappy race, and has kept possession ever since, because Science, the only exorcist that could cast it out, was herself under cow to its power. History shows that it has been more relentless in its havoc upon human happiness under the auspices of the Christian theology than under those of all the other theologies of the world combined. It has destroyed the beautiful system of natural morality by setting different and arbitrary standards of right and wrong, thus filling the world with intellectual confusion on a subject where all mankind should be, and would hav been, agreed. It is the only fiend in the universe which is wicked enough to burn a man to death by slow fire for merely holding an opinion.

Although the iron pen of history has written down as indubitably true that, all over the world and in every age, this instinct has transformed mankind into incarnate devils, we hav a school of *dilettante* idealists who are wasting their time in attempting to giv a conception of what might be a good-natured kind of religion, without any creed, or positiv characteristics, belonging entirely to the neuter gender, and the like of which has never yet been seen on the face of the earth. But if they succeeded in their incubation, it would be a mere production of the fancy, unreal, intangible, incomprehensible, and of no more practical account in life than Herbert Spencer's nebulous notion of an unknowable God

Therefore, in calmly contemplating the past and present history of the religious instinct, I am forced to take the ground that its complete extirpation from the human character, the destruction of its priestly vocation by a universal demand for real knowledge, and the conversion of its churches into Halls of Science and Art, would be the greatest blessing that could be conferred on our suffering world; and I shall die in the confident expectation that when Science, the daughter of Light, shall execute her holy mission, Religion, that child of darkness, having no cloak of ignorance to hide itself under, will perish from the carth.

Darwinism.

His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

At all times foremost and resplendent in the gleam of his genius, leading the forces of humanity's approved redeemers, will be seen the great law-giver, Darwin.

In the panorama of the modern campaign against the hitherto victorious legions of superstition, armies to whose ranks, through all the centuries, recruits hav been enlisted having the skill of drilled veterans, the author of "The Descent of Man" must stand the observed of all observers.

Beginning his career on an old wooden ship of the navy of a people inhabiting a mere geographical speck on the surface of our globe, he pondered plans and marshaled facts preparing for after action by which he not only took the big world captiv but the illimitable realms of space as well; and his name now stands as the synonym for autocrat in the domain of science.

In the limits of natural history his chief achievements are to be found. His "Origin of Species" was the oriflamme first raised in his own war against the great foe of the years—a banner on which was inscribed a word which has since become the battle-cry of the age, Evolution; a word of lofty significance, soaring infinitly above the distinction between one science and another.

The great doctrin of natural selection has in a quarter of a century passed all points of opposition save that of Rome. It has not yet passed the Rubicon. But there are now among us eyes that will see even that ancient historical barrier passed by Darwinism.

> Why should we place beyond the pale of hope
> An emptied Vatican, a tramping pope?

The truth inherent in the principles of Darwin has quietly brushed aside the opposition of the Church of England, and, greater conquest still, the objections of the sectaries.

Who could hav anticipated the enormous change in educated opinion which a single quarter of a century has disclosed? Still less likely would it hav seemed that the whole nation should uncap with so much of unanimity to a theory so completely at variance with all accepted teaching as to with one accord consent that his remains should find sepulture in the mausoleum set apart for the cherished teachers of the nation.

No doubt but continued research will yet accomplish the task of securing all needed testimony to solve the great Darwinian problem, drawing from the jumbled litter of the past, biological as well as geological, well ascertained data, giving a panorama majestic and satisfactory of the cosmos, blotting out and forever the pueril tableau of the Mosaic record.

Says the astronomer royal of Ireland, in a lecture, "Darwin has worked out one of the most splendid details in the history of the universe."

I propose to sketch the position which the Darwin-

ian theory occupies with reference to a celebrated branch of astronomical speculation.

The sun is hot and the sun is pouring forth heat. Now heat, we know, is capable of measurement; quantities of heat can be measured as accurately as tons of coal. The daily outflow of heat from the sun is as measurable a quantity as the daily outflow of gas from the gas-works. The total amount of heat which the sun pours forth cannot, it is true, be very accurately estimated by our present knowledge. All that we are here concerned to know is that it is of the most stupendous magnitude. Even the daily consumption of the sun's heat by the earth is enormous, but that is only a minute fraction, less, indeed, than the two-thousand-millionth part of the total torrent which pours from the sun.

It is a momentous question to inquire what replenishes the heat of the sun, or whether the sun's heat is ever replenished at all. If the sun be not replenished, then its heat must gradually wane. Various sources of replenishment hav been suggested. Everyone is acquainted with the pleasing phenomenon of shooting stars which dash into our air with a train of light and sparks. Every shooting star is thus a source of heat. The shooting stars fall on the earth's atmosphere by thousands and by millions. It is believed that they fall into the sun in vastly greater numbers. They must rain on the sun with a profusion corresponding to his vast surface, and with a velocity corresponding to his intense power of attraction. Each shooting star develops vastly more heat at its plunge into the sun than it would hav done had it fallen upon the earth. The heat derived from all the shooting stars which fall upon the earth is utterly insignificant, but it may be that the heat from the torrent of shooting stars which rain in upon the sun is not insignificant.

If the sun were merely like a vast, incandescent mass of stone or of metal, it would cool at the rate of 5 or 10 degrees a year. A few thousand years would reduce it to such a degree that it would no longer be the source of light and heat which it certainly has been for thousands of years. It may be well here to state generally that the sun is really parting with its heat. It would not, perhaps, be true to say that the sun is actually failing in temperature. If the sun be actually gaseous, it may strangely enough be getting hotter instead of colder, so long as it remains gaseous; but, however we look at the question, there is one statement which admits of no doubtful interpretation: As the heat is radiated away, so the particles which form the sun's mass are drawn more and more closely together (and so by friction producing heat?). The total mass of the sun—its weight as placed in a scale—cannot decrease, but the bulk which the sun occupies must decrease, and is at this moment decreasing, and, so far as we know, will continue to decrease until the sun is one hard mass of matter benumbed with the cold of space.

At the present moment the sun has a diameter of 860,000 miles. Each year this diameter decreases by about 220 feet. This decrease is always taking place; the process is never reversed; it is not periodic, like so many phenomena of nature; in time the result must become of overwhelming importance. The sun's career as a source of light and heat is ultimately doomed to extinction. It has been calculated that the sun cannot radiate enough heat to maintain life on the earth for a period of 10,000,000 years more.

One hundred years ago the diameter of the sun was four miles greater than it is at present. One thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was forty miles greater than it is at present. Ten thousand years ago the diameter of the sun was four hundred miles greater than it is now. The advent of man upon the earth took place, no doubt, a long time ago, but in the history of the earth the advent of man is a comparativly recent phenomenon. Yet it seems certain that when man first trod our planet, the diameter of the sun must hav been many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of miles greater than it is at present. We must not, however, overestimate the significance of this statement. The world on which the primitiv man trod was certainly illuminated by a larger sun than that which now shines upon us.

But we must not stop in our retrospect at the epoch of primeval man. We must go back earlier and earlier through the long ages of the geologists, and back again still farther to the earliest epochs when life first began to dawn on the earth. Still we find no reason that the law of the sun's decreasing heat is not still maintained, and thus, so far as our present knowledge goes, we are bound to suppose that the sun must hav been larger and larger the further our retrospect extends. It is not contended that the rate at which the sun changes its diameter was the same as the four miles per century, which is an approximation to its present ratio. It is sufficient for our purpose that the sun is larger and larger the farther we peer back into the remote abyss of the past. There was a time when the sun must hav been twice as large as it is at present; it must once hav been three times as large; it must once hav been ten times as large. How long ago that was no one can venture to say. It would be rash to attempt any estimate; but we cannot stop at the stage when the sun was even ten times as large as it is at present; the arguments we hav used will still apply with equal if not greater force. And, looking back earlier still, there was a time when the sun must hav been so swollen that the mighty orbit of Neptune would be merely a girdle around the stupendous globe. At that time the sun must hav been a mass of almost inconceivable tenuity. We are not to suppose that the earth and the other planets were solid bodies deeply buried in the vast bulk of the sun. It seems evident that the planets were gaseous masses in those ancient days, and undistinguishable from the sun which gave them existence.

We are now able to make an attempt to trace the history of the solar system, and to indicate the share which Darwin had in the solution of the noble problem.

And if in the further efforts at discussion of the great theme we may be made to see a *pronounced* misnomer in calling the sun *he*—the gorgeous luminary proving itself to be of the other gender by giving birth by parturition to the entire solar planetary family—why, we must just accept the fact, adapting speech to the correction or not, just as we see fit. As for me and my house, the sun shall be spoken of hereafter as feminin, and be regarded as one of the celestial harem of the Godhead. M.

Le Roy, N. Y.

The Horse Claims a Soul.

And now the horse, the ego in his nature cropping out as in man's, claims to possess a soul immortal, and declines to be "left."

A white horse. A magnificent animal truly; his carriage superb, his hight grand, and his form perfection; with a wealth of mane and tail that must hav been the envy of his congeners in the paddock of the millionaire horse fancier where he proudly stood with head erect and neck arching.

This proudest of white horses and whitest of proud horses stood motionless, save that now and then he would slightly toss or shake his magnificent head, as if to emphasize a conclusion arrived at, giving a looker-on the idea that he was debating with himself some question of importance; and his lips would twitch and open at times, like those of a man talking to himself. At length, with a mighty stamp of his near fore foot, he broke forth in speech—horse-talk, of course, interpreted by the writer:

"I am a horse; only a horse, as the two-legged animal with whom my lot is cast would say with more or less contempt, in his egotism and self-conceit. Yes, that is so; only a horse; but what is he? Only a man; a two-legged animal like an ape, from whom he evoluted. But this highly conceited product of nature claims to possess a soul which is immortal; which will liv on and liv ever after his body has become dust of the earth. This seems to be a ridiculous and, at the same time, an astounding belief. I don't understand at all what a soul is—I wonder if he really does? But I believe that, if the two-legged man-animal has a soul, I hav likewise a soul. Why not?

"Yes, it must be so. If the man-animal has a soul that will liv forever, so then hav I. Why not, indeed? Am I not, as a production of nature, his peer in beauty of form? (The writer begs to say that he was the handsomest animal he [the writer] ever saw, no animal man excepted.) Am I not more than his peer—his superior—in physical power and swiftness of motion? And morally am I not his superior? To these queries the man-animal must answer Yes, if not loud, then deep; but say it he must.

"But the egotistical man-animal prides himself on being the animal *par eminence* and *par excellence* of creation. He argues that he is the only animal gifted with reason, and therefore the superior of all. The animal man is a fool to argue thus. Why, I can reason for myself as well as he for himself. That I was not a man, and he was not a horse, is owing to the chapter of accident only. I fill my place, he fills his—that is to say, now and then he does. The way I should put it is, I *do* fill my place, he should but not always does.

"It was my lot to be an animal for his service and gratification. It was his lot to be an animal to serve and gratify others of his race. We both hav duties to perform. Which of us performs his duty best I will leave to him, even, to answer. He can giv but one answer, the other will stick in his throat and strangle him. Yet he claims for himself alone, of all the other animals, an immortal soul! If he has one, I hav one. I am convinced of that.

"It is true, I now and then bite and balk, kick the dashboard in and run away with the carriage, and show other vicious qualities. But where I kill one of his race, he kills thousands. Where I injure one, he injures thousands, and this, too, with his much-vaunted superior intelligence and with a soul immortal, which he denies to me! This superior animal man lies, cheats, robs, kills, and commits every known crime, and by repenting, as he calls it, is saved. I do none of these things, maliciously, as he does, and I am to be lost, am I? Neigh! neigh! neigh! I respond for myself, the egotistical animal man to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Yes, I am to be saved, if man is. If there is a heaven hereafter for him he will find that I will be there with him; that there is a heaven for 'me too.' Why, one of the egotistical animals, whose name is Talmage, and who prates and prances in a spacious stable—I believe they call it a tabernacle—admits that I will be there, telling his hearers that they will all, meaning a countless host of earth-exported angels, ride through the avenues of heaven on white horses—white horses, mind that—and that they, the angels, will all be dressed in white gowns. Where this animal preacher got the tip from is more than I know; but being of the race of superior intelligence, I judge it must be a straight tip, as they say on the track.

"While this is cheering for my race, assuring us, as it does, of a comfortable paddock for eternity in the domain of heaven, I can't help thinking that a countless troop of white horses, their riders all in white gowns, will go to make a most monotonous procession, and one which the heavenly spectators would tire of before seeing a mile of it. I am a white horse myself, and white horses, well provided for and taken care of, are pleasant to look upon. I know that I am admired by the animal man with whom my lot is cast, and by all his family and friends—but in a big cavalcade of white horses solely, there is too much of a muchness, as it were. I hope the preaching man-animal is mistaken in this. I hope to see some bays and blacks and browns, some grays and sorrels and piebalds, even, sprinkled liberally in among the whites, to relieve the otherwise monotonous appearance of the procession. But if white they are to be, why, I am as white as any of the whitest, and as grand; and who knows but that I shall lead the heavenly cavalcade, bearing the chief trumpeter of heaven—who knows?

"I wonder if the white horses only are to be entered for heaven—how lucky am I, if that is so—or whether those of other colors are to be born again in white, as the man-animal has got to be, as is said. Well, it doesn't matter, as I am safe anyhow; and perhaps in heaven monotony, as understood on earth, will not tire the eye as here, but prove a pleasurable sensation.

"But this is a side issue, as it were. It is enough that I am satisfied that I hav a soul! Yes, Mr. Animal, called man, I hav a soul, immortality, and a heaven in store for me, as hav you; so seek not to exalt your proud soul above mine, for mine has the best show, as being the less sinful; that is, in a thousand souls of my race and a thousand of yours, many more of mine will be taken!

"For further particulars, inquire of the preaching animal of your race, Talmage, who seems to hav a more intimate knowledge in regard to heaven and the performances to come off there than any other of your preaching animals. But whatever else you do, settle down to the square conclusion that, if you go to heaven, I am not going to be left!"

This is a free interpretation, reader, of what the proud white horse said in my hearing in the paddock; and I firmly believe that if the animal of the *genus homo* goes to a heaven the animal of the *genus equus* will likewise go there! Why not, eh? SI SLOKUM.

POLYCARP.—Polycarp is believed to hav suffered martyrdom about A.D. 167, at the age of eighty-six. This would hav put his birth about A.D. 81. Ireneus, who must hav been born before A.D. 140, claimed in his early youth to hav seen Polycarp, who, he says, was appointed bishop of Smyrna by the apostles. What apostles? Nobody claims that any but John was living when Polycarp was born. Well, then, just think of John in the last year of his life, A.D. 99, ordaining Polycarp, aged eighteen.

PAPIAS.—Papias, bishop of Hieropolis, in Phrygia, is said to hav suffered martyrdom about A.D. 164–7. He wrote five books, entitled, "Exposition of the Lord's Oracles," from which Eusebius could extract but little worthy of transmission. . . . Most critics admit that Papias could not hav known the Apostle John. Indeed, how could he, when John's death is fixed at least sixty-five years before that of Papias?

Ireneus says that Papias heard John say that Jesus said that:

> The days will come in which vines will grow, each having 10,000 branches, and in each branch 10,000 twigs, and in each twig 10,000 shoots, and in each one of the shoots 10,000 clusters, and in every one of the clusters 10,000 grapes, and every grape when pressed will giv 25 metretes of wine (Agt. Heresies, v, 33).

Now, taking Smith's Bible Dictionary as authority for the value of a metrete, to wit, 8 2–3 gallons, it follows that the product of one millennial grape-vine will make a quantity of wine equal in bulk to the planet Mercury; and allowing to the thousand million of earth's inhabitants enough to keep them constantly intoxicated, say two gallons of wine a day to each one, it would keep them all dead drunk for the space of thirty thousand million years.—*Antichrist.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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Priest-Ridden Canada.

Just now there seems to be a revolt in Toronto which, if continued, may awaken some of the Canadian people to the fact that they are living under a Roman Catholic despotism. A writer in the Toronto *Mail* makes serious charges against that church, which are without doubt true, and which should stimulate the Secularists to renewed exertions, or they may be compelled to emigrate before many years.

The local government is entirely in the hands of Archbishop Lynch, who appoints to office, through the legal officers, Roman Catholics who are incapable of fulfilling their duties, and are further obnoxious to the citizens because of moral obliquity. Mr. Lynch has largely obtained control of the public institutions of Ontario province, the better to carry on the work of conversion. Toronto has a public school system, and the Catholics maintain, besides, separate or parochial schools. For the support of the public schools, of course, all citizens are taxed. Mr. Lynch has obtained the passage by the local assembly of the government of an act compelling all Catholics to pay taxes to the separate schools. He has, in addition, induced the school authorities to adopt for school reading a version of the Bible specially prepared by himself. The so-called charitable institutions supported by the state are likewise under Mr. Lynch's almost direct supervision. Of thirty-two hospitals, asylums, and refuges, twenty-four are managed entirely by Roman Catholics, and two of the remaining eight are chiefly conducted by Roman Catholic sisterhoods. Of the money distributed to sectarian institutions the Catholics manage to secure about sixty per cent, although they comprise only about sixteen per cent of the population. As the money is distributed on the per capita basis, it follows that with sixteen per cent of the population, Catholicism furnishes sixty per cent of the wretchedness cared for outside of the strictly public institutions, or else the money is dishonestly applied elsewhere. The prisons, too, are fast falling into Roman Catholic hands. Mr. Lynch is in complete possession of one or two of the smaller ones, and is fighting for the control of the Central Prison, at Toronto, which is the chief place for incarcerating malefactors for the whole province. The archbishop endeavored to hav his own choice of warden for that institution, but failing secured the appointment of a "bookkeeper" who is not permitted to touch the books, and whose only duties are to "make it warm" for the warden to the end that he may resign, or be removed, and a creature of the church be appointed in his stead. In legislating, no measure passes without the archbishop's approval, and it is charged that many bills are passed for his especial benefit. The Toronto *Mail* says that he is virtually a member without portfolio of the present administration, and considers it a duty to get all he can in return for his political influence. In other words, the archbishop trades off his Catholic voters for cash and laws. The exchange seems to be very favorable for his church, and no doubt the chief at Rome is well pleased.

The eastern Canadian province has long been a Catholic possession, as complete as though the church held all the land in fee simple, and if appearances are not deceptiv, the western province will soon be in the archbishop's pocket. The people then will hav only one cheering fact to sustain them, which is that Canada is contiguous to the United States, and in summer the walking is good.

Distinctions and Differences.

Among the correspondence from our friends published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 12th was a letter from Mr. John A. Broadbeck, who confessed that it was only by the exercise of the sternest self-control that he could refrain from castigating the editor of this paper for his condemnation of the acts of the Milwaukee and Chicago rioters. Two weeks before, we printed a note from Mr. C. L. James, of Eau Claire, Wis., also warning us to flee from the wrath to come. In this issue will be found a communication from a friend who has not restrained himself. But Mr. A. S. Bleyer's indignation is excited, not because we rebuked the acts of any rioters, but because we failed to applaud the conviction of Mr. John Most, alleged Anarchist. While Mr. Broadbeck seems to consider murderous acts defensible, Mr. Bleyer would punish foolish speeches with imprisonment.

Everybody has the right to think just as he pleases about every and any thing on earth, or anywhere else, but that is not saying that his thought will necessarily be the right thought; and it does seem to us that both Mr. Broadbeck and Mr. Bleyer are thinking wrongly. There was no defense of manhood in throwing that bomb in Chicago nor in attempting to destroy that manufactory at Milwaukee. Neither was there anything deserving of imprisonment in any of John Most's harangs. Because the police wrongfully, illegally, and outrageously abused their offices, the thrower of the dynamite bomb is not absolved from responsibility for the murders he committed. Because the militia at Milwaukee shot innocent persons, the real rioters who started to raze a factory are not exempt from the liability all invaders of other people's rights must incur. On the other hand, the character of John Most has nothing to do with his conviction for using "incendiary" language. He was not tried for what he did in Austria, but for what he may hav done in New York. Our Constitution guarantees freedom of speech, but it does not and should not guarantee freedom of action when that action attacks the rights of others.

The Chicago and Milwaukee people committed overt acts, deeds of violence, which we think merit condemnation. Mr. John Most has neither committed a crime himself nor induced anyone else to commit a crime. There hav been no overt acts nor deeds of violence by New York Anarchists brought within the purview of the law. Therefore, when Most and his confreres were convicted we protested, and see no reason to change our opinion. We hold that under American government law can take no cognizance of any speech which does not induce some one to actually commit a crime. The *tendency* of a speech must be judged by its results. When Judge Benedict defined obscenity as anything having a tendency to corrupt, Mr. Bennett's lawyers took exceptions. We take exceptions to a court trying an orator for the tendency of his remarks. When Anarchists commit crimes, or induce others to do so, then punish them as anyone else would be punished for the same acts, but, under all other circumstances, let their talk go free as the idle wind.

The End Does Not Justify the Means.

The New York *Sun* is making vigorous war upon the *decolleté* pictures exhibited in the windows of cigar-stores in this city. The pictures are advertised as the portraits of the girls engaged in manufacturing cigarets, but are really pictures of women hired for the purpose, and are a slander upon the thousands of virtuous and modest young women who earn a living in the cigaret factories.

While the *Sun* is right enough in advising that these shameless photographs be withdrawn from public gaze, it commits a gross error and shows much ignorance of the true spirit of American government by calling upon the Society for the Suppression of Vice to prosecute the cigar-store proprietors who hang the photographs in their windows. Whereabouts in the New York constitution is anything said about a theological society performing the duties of the public prosecutor? When Randolph B. Martine took the oath of office, he swore to uphold the laws of the state, and prosecute the persons breaking them. Calling upon Anthony Comstock is an insinuation that our district-attorney is either incapable or unfaithful.

Another thing the *Sun* overlooks. Why protest against these uncoverings on paper, and say nothing about the habit which swell society ladies hav of wearing *decolleté* dresses at every reception and ball of the season? If a painted portrait is demoralizing to the virtue of the people, how much more vicious must be these exhibitions of life! Perhaps, however, Mr. Dana is solicitous only for the virtue of the common people, knowing that those who constitute "society" are sufficiently *blasé* to look without winking at what would make the hair stand on end upon the heads of ordinary everyday folks.

But in any crusade upon vice and evil-doing, the *Sun* should stand upon constitutional ground. Theological societies hav no business meddling with our laws or their enforcement.

Book Fetichism.

A New Jersey woman, in a recent case before the Court of Chancery of that state, when sworn, laid her hand upon the Bible, but refused to conclude the idle ceremony by kissing it. Her testimony was allowed by the master of the court, but the opposing attorney subsequently moved to strike out her testimony. The court has just rendered the opinion that her manner of taking the oath was perfectly legal. Vice-Chancellor Bird handed down the opinion as follows:

"Almighty God, or the Ever Living God, or the life, is called upon by the witness to witness that he will speak the truth. The rest is form. The solemn invocation, affirmation, or declaration is the substance. All else is shadow. The witness in this case was sworn with her hand upon the book. There can be no doubt but that if she made a false statement wilfully she is liable to indictment for perjury. But it is said that this may be true and yet the conscience of the witness not be bound, which is the object of the oath. There is great force in this. How did the witness herself regard it? She is presumably a witness, for nothing to the contrary appears. She accepted the form of the oath as usually administered, without objections, except kissing the Bible. By this act on her part the court is justified in presuming, without further inquiry, that the witness intended that her conscience should be bound. Speaking from the forum of her conscience, she declared that it was not essential to kiss the book in order to impose upon herself all the obligations of an oath."

What kind of a jurist must a judge be who imagins that a witness is less liable to swear falsely because his hand rests upon a book? The experience of every court is that it is the fear of the pains and penalties of perjury, and not the ceremony of book-lifting and kissing, that constrains dishonest men to tell what truth there may be in them. An honest man needs no oath. The Bible-kissing of our courts is as childishly superstitious and barbaric as the Chinese practice of cutting off a chicken's head.

Several Things of Interest.

UNION, Mo., June 12, 1886.

TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY: I see in your last paper that Mr. H. C. Gill asks you to take his name off from your list, on account of your pictures. Some time ago I wrote you my opinion about them, and stated that I believed they would do more harm than good. I hoped that the majority of your readers would demand more refined and less insulting pictures, but they hav not done so.

It seems that we hav a great many Atheists, Infidels, and a good many fanatics in our ranks, but not a great many Liberals. In your answer to Mr. Gill you say, "We shall continue to make war, striking with pen and pencil." Well, that won't hurt Christians, because they never read a Radical paper like yours, and making war with our hopeless minority is absurd. If we can not convince our Christian friends with kind and liberal arguments that they are wrong in their belief, it is folly to make war with pen or with absurd and insulting pictures to convince them of their errors.

I believe you hav a right to make war and print absurd and silly pictures, although a great many of your Liberal (not fanatical) friends detest them.

The only right I claim is to ask you to stop my paper until you print pictures that are not so immense, as some of your friends (?) call them. CHAS. REINHARD.

JOLIET, ILL., June 14, 1886.

EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER, *Dear Sir:* Inclosed find name and remittance of one new subscriber, to take the place of H. C. Gill, who ordered his paper stopped because of the burlesque picture on the Blood Atonement doctrin. Strange to say, the picture so repulsiv to Mr. Gill was the very one that induced my friend to subscribe for the paper. I do

not think either of these parties should be blamed or praised for acting so divergently, as both act out their inherent natures, modified by their environments.

Mr. Gill is more sensitiv over his friends' feelings, they being "old-fashioned Methodists," than they would be in return of his. They never fail to flaunt their most "repulsiv doctrins" in the face of Liberals when they can catch them at funcrals, where they hav no chance to reply. Mr. Gill must hav experienced this, as he has been a so-called Infidel for years. But these two examples of human nature teach the fallacy of an all-wise God requiring all mankind to believe one and the same thing in order to salvation. To do it, all would hav to receive the same mental organization, and be surrounded by the same influences, which can never be.

If friend Gill wants to learn more of the ridiculousness and "horridness" of the doctrin of "blood atonement," let him read Moody's sermon in last TRUTH SEEKER. It is horrid. No sensible audience could hav indorsed it. I hav no use for any book that teaches such degrading doctrin. Keep up the pictures; hold them high.

A friend said to me after seeing them: "I never realized so fully the utter absurdity of the bear story or fish story. The illustration is not so ridiculous as the story itself."

The Samson, kerosene, and foxes make a good trinity in unity. How absurd! Yours truly, I. B. CURTIS.

In connection with the foregoing we wish to extend cordial thanks to the following friends who hav sent in the number of new subscribers set opposit their names. The time extends from the 1st of May to the 15th of June:

C B Reynolds 14	Chas A Wood 1	Wm C Howard 1
W O Davies 1	John Tallman 1	H S Votaw 1
H B Milks 1	J L Andrew 2	J N Secvers 1
D Luttman 1	A H Schow 1	Jas H Chapman 1
Sam Brown 1	Jas Barnsfather 1	P Valleau 1
Isaac Rains 4	Jno P Flick 1	W H Devoe 1
MrsACMacdonald 1	J F Beck 1	Major Landis 2
M Heighton 2	C L Ridings 1	Sam R Wetherill 1
Philip Imig 3	H Gilmore 2	Jos B Johnsou 1
E A Garlick 1	Mrs A H Colby 1	D A Dodson 1
L E Huggins 1	D Cummins 1	I B Curtis 1
J Priestman 1	Jos Fitzpatrick 1	J E Clarke 1
Frank I Jones 1	Wm Redfield 1	Wm P Rogers 2
A F Neunert 1	F Dronsutowicz 1	E O Marsh 1
H & L Vincent 1	Philip Pressler 1	F D Rexford 1
Geo Chamberlain 1	James Cosad 1	L G Barnes 1
Alb't Chavannes 1	S P Putnam 5	S M Kelso 2
O Jeldness 1	H J Wilsdorf 1	J D Shaw 1
F Krajewski 1		

Audacious Historical Discoverers.

The editor of the New York *Sun*, June 13th, says:

"The most audacious claim of literary discovery ever put forward by any human being is contained in the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly's announcement to the world that he will soon publish the key to a cipher narrativ hidden in the first folio edition of Shakspere's plays. This narrativ conveys not only Francis Bacon's assertion of his authorship of the plays, but also an explanation of his motivs, an account of his relations with Shakspere, and an elaborate history of the secret intrigues affecting Bacon's fortunes during the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth."

The learned editor of the *Sun* either ignores or is not aware of the fact that a more "audacious claim of literary discovery" than this one by Mr. Donnelly has been made for the past eight years by one of the ablest contributors to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Donnelly promises to prove beyond all cavil that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakspere. Our contributor, "Antichrist," claims to hav discovered and proved that Jesus and his apostles all lived a hundred years before Pontius Pilate became procurator of Judea.

Mr. Donnelly's discovery, if true, deposes the idol Shakspere. "Antichrist's" discovery, if true, knocks the bottom out of historical Christianity.

A Story About Stephen Pearl Andrews.

The following was contributed to a New York daily:

"When I was a member of the Boston bar Stephen Pearl Andrews (who has recently died) came there to practice law. He had a logical mind, though it was rather too metaphysical for ordinary use. He was learned in some rare departments of the law, had carefully studied the United States Constitution, was a cool and lucid speaker, but he did not succeed in his profession in Massachusetts. This was in the growing days of the Liberty party, in the years 1843 and 1844. Andrews held that slavery was repugnant to a fair construction of the Federal Constitution. He supported this view by powerful arguments. The executiv committee of the Liberty party was in the habit of sending agents through the state in couples to hold meetings. It employed Mr. Andrews and the Rev. Frederick P. Tracy, a young Methodist preacher, whose oratory was more glowing and declamatory than learned and logical. Andrews had prepared and committed to memory a long speech in defense of his constitutional opinions on the question of slavery, which he used to deliver very deliberately, and then Tracy would close with one of his thundering Methodistical performances. He had heard Andrews's speech so often that he knew it by heart. One evening, at a large meeting in the western part of the state, Tracy proposed that he lead off and that Andrews follow with his constitutional argument. Tracy then arose, delivered Andrews's speech word for word, and sat down. It would be difficult to determin whether Andrews was the more amazed to see the wind taken out of his sails in this way, or the audience at hearing such an address from the lips of a shouting young Methodist preacher. H. B. S."

It has been suggested that "H. B. S." is Henry B. Stanton, the husband of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The story is slightly romantic on the face of it, but the closing sentence shows that "H. B. S." is not acquainted with the resources of Mr. Andrews. He rarely delivered "set" speeches, never said the same thing twice, and nothing would gratify him more than for some one else to relieve him of the burden of iteration so that he might proceed to new fields. We hav heard him speak a hundred times. He was never at a loss for a word, his words were always rich in ideas, and his impromptu speeches were the best.

Editorial Notes.

"CANADIENNE" will please take notice that we do not publish anonymous communications.

THE cardinal archbishop and the bishop of the province of Quebec hav issued a joint pastoral letter denouncing the order of the Knights of Labor, and warning all Catholics against joining any protectiv societies except such as hav a priest at their head. The Catholic members of the order will of course resign. There is not a Catholic in the world who dares to say that his soul is his own.

SPEAKING of the pleasant weather we hav been favored with this spring, the *Advocate* says: "Sordid, indeed, and utterly wrapped in selfishness is that soul which can go through such days as these without being awakened to emotions of adoration, of gratitude, and of love to the wise and loving maker of us all." This will do very well on a fair day in the East, but it is inadequate in the presence of a Western cyclone.

THE Freethinkers of Hempstead, L. I., hav organized, and are conducting a reading-room at 24 Main street. The room for the present is open every Tuesday and Thursday evening, and on Sundays from half-past one. Tuesday and Thursday evenings free instruction in stenography is given. Sunday afternoons a lecture or reading is given at three o'clock. The Library contains a large selection of scientific and Freethought works, which are at the service of the public free of charge.

A FRIEND sends us a copy of the Boston *Globe*, containing a dirty article from the dirty pen of the dirty George Alfred Townsend upon Stephen Pearl Andrews, with the request that we "go for Townsend" and "giv it to him." The request is idle. In the first place, Townsend is not worth the ink it would take; like Eli Perkins, he livs by lying, and forty men would hav difficulty in running all his lies to earth, though they wrote from early morning until late at night. Townsend is the recognized jackal of the press, and is hired to pander to that reading element which gloats over literary garbage, and follows with the keenest interest the doings of the human sewer rats. Naturally Townsend writes "shop" whenever he puts pen to paper, and no matter what his subject, the burden of his song is the same. The purest rose that ever perfumed air would to him be a text for a discourse upon a manure heap. The seal of his condemnation is the sign of worth; only when he praises is his pen to be feared. We cannot conceive the depth of degradation to which a man must sink to win from "Gath" a complimentary notice. What he writes of Mr. Andrews, therefore, is not worthy of consideration.

MR. PECOI, of Rome, Italy, has given Mr. Gibbons, of Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A., a red hat, and deputed an ablegate to bring it over. Last Sunday some half dozen Roman Catholic gentlemen were lying in wait for the papal ablegate, and using a government tug, burning government coal, with officers and crew paid from government funds, to run around the lower harbor, seeking the Servia, which did not arrive. The ablegate is an eminent churchman with the beretta in his pocket, and is accompanied by another eminent Italian civilian with the zucchetta somewhere about his clothes. Ablegate is an obsolete word derived from the Latin, meaning to send abroad; berreta is a square cap; zucchetta is a skull cap. These two last articles are in this case cardinal red in color. They could just as well be manufactured in this country, instead of being imported, but Mr. Gibbons, we understand, values the Vatican brand of headwear. But it is no better than can be bought on Broadway in this city, if as good. When the ablegate arrived there was much fuss among the superstitious, and a childish ceremony was gone through with in putting the caps upon Mr. Gibbons's head. Which reminds us that Mr. Shakspere or Mr. Bacon once remarked, with a great deal of appositness, "What fools these mortals be!"

IF any pastor was ever without a pulpit, that man is certainly the Rev. Kristofer Janson, of Minneapolis. The elements seem to hav conspired to throw him out of a situation. He had a little church in Brown county, where he preached a rational sort of religion to his countrymen, the Norwegians. But a cyclone came along, the church injudiciously got in its way, and was demolished. The structure was rebuilt, but the Rev. Mr. Janson went to Minneapolis. Here he built another church, and here again the cyclone appeared, and his church went down. *Unity*, a Unitarian journal, published in Chicago, prints a picture to show how the church building looked after its brief bout with the elements. The cut represents a scene of total wreck. The steeple lies prone upon the ground, and a young man with his hands in his pockets is standing upon it. Rafters, and beams, and plates, and joists are mixed in inextricable confusion, while, gazing upon the ruins, is a small child wearing that expression of hilarious glee which only infantil depravity knows how to assume in the presence of disaster. Janson being a Unitarian, orthodox Christians regard the action of the cyclone as an expression of divine dissent, but the afflicted pastor declines to accredit the Creator with such meanness, and is hopefully rebuilding. He is working against large odds, and deserves success. To him belongs the honor of being the only minister in the country, that we hav heard of, to say a good word in his pulpit for Colonel Ingersoll.

THE most famous pulpit-orator in Philadelphia is the Rev. Waldo Messaros, pastor of the Northwestern Independent Presbyterian church. He is nevertheless just at present under two thousand dollars bail for attempting to assault Mrs. Coulston, the wife of one of his congregation. In court the aggrieved lady told the following story:

"He came to the house this morning. I was in consultation with Dr. Thomas S. Butcher of Nineteenth and Parrish streets. Remembering that he intended to call to-day, I purposely had Dr. Butcher and David Turpit, a member of my Sunday-school class, at my house. Messaros's repeated annoyance made me nervous, and I was afraid of him. My husband also stayed at home. At 10 o'clock Messaros called, in accordance with his promis. I went down to see him, and he walked into the parlor, using endearing language to me and calling me pet names. My husband and the others remained at the head of the stairs. I reproached Mr. Messaros indignantly for using such language, telling him that it illbecame a minister of the gospel. He coolly sat down on the sofa, and, holding his arms toward me, asked me to sit down beside him. I went over and stood beside the piano. He then came over and sat on the stool, and clasping his arms around my waist, drew me over on his lap. He held me so firmly that I could hardly command my voice, but his conduct was so deliberate that I screamed 'Charley, calling for my husband. My husband jumped down stairs, and as he rushed into the parlor Messaros released me, and jumped up without waiting to arrange his clothing and struck my husband in the mouth. They clinched and fell on the floor, and in the struggle my husband bit Messaros's thumb. Dr. Butcher ran in and endeavored to separate them, telling my husband to let go of Messaros and he would go and get a policeman."

Other witnesses corroborated this testimony. The Rev. Mr. Messaros confronts it all with the claim that he is the victim of a conspiracy. No one will probably ever know which is the more to blame for this sad state of affairs, the woman or the pastor, but all will be willing to admit that the pastoral system that givs a minister privileges which no other man enjoys is at the root of the mischief.

IT may be too much to expect of the average editor of Christian proclivities that he will see that there is a difference between *talking* and *doing*, or actually inciting or inducing others to *do*, but really we did think that Brick Pomeroy was too acute to be guilty of writing the subjoined:

"'Herr Most, the Anarchist, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of $500. His offense was exercising the right of free speech, which he misunderstood the Constitution of this country to confer.'—TRUTH SEEKER.

"Hardly so, good Mr. TRUTH SEEKER. He was sent to prison for inciting men to Anarchy. For urging ignorant and excitable persons to arm and kill all who stood in their way. He was sent to prison for disturbing the public in its right to peace, and for urging servants to poison their employers in order to 'get even.' We do not understand that free speech means a right for us to organize a gang of Anarchists to enter the office of THE TRUTH SEEKER and pound the editor to death, destroy his property, burn his home, and then burn and kill policemen sent to protect a very useful citizen whose person and property are unlawfully and unjustifiably assailed. Are we correct in this view of the case, or not?"

Well, what if Most did incite to Anarchy? What is Anarchy? Mr. Henry Appleton says it is the universal panacea for all human, political, and social evils, and he propagates it with vigor. He has not been arrested. But probably Mr. Pomeroy meant inciting to riot. Again, what of it? There was no riot, and no crime committed. If these "ignorant and excitable persons" *had* armed and killed all who stood in their way, then they and Most would be amenable to the law. Otherwise not. There is no objection to Mr. Pomeroy *saying* he would like to organize a gang to enter the TRUTH SEEKER office and pound the editor to death, but there would be strong objections to the gang *doing* it. The gang and Mr. Pomeroy would hav to suffer the consequences, and their subsequent imprisonment would be righteous. It would not be *free speech* that should be restrained in such event, but *free action*, or the invasion of other people's rights. Most hurt no one by his talk, and the editor of *Pomeroy's Democrat* takes a very erroneous view of the matter.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE Freethinkers of Western New York will celebrate on Sunday, the Fourth of July, at Yorkville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y. H. L. Green and Lyman C. Howe will address the people in the grove near that town. A general attendance is requested.

WE hav just heard from Mr. Charles Watts, and are glad to learn that he had a safe and pleasant voyage from New York to Liverpool. He is in excellent health, and busily engaged in fortifying his physical and mental powers for the coming lecturing season. On arriving at Liverpool, Mr. Watts was met at the steamer by the secretary of the Liverpool Secular Society, who at once arranged for our friend to speak in that town, which he did three times on Sunday, May 30th. According to the *National Reformer* the speaker "displayed his critical and logical abilities to great effect, supplementing the same with a fervor of sentiment that thrilled the audience to great applause." Mr. Watts will reach New York the last week in August, and will at once commence fulfilling his lecturing engagements. The following dates are filled: Sundays, September 12th and 19th, Philadelphia; Sept. 23d and 24th, Waynesburg; Sunday, Sept. 26th, Pittsburgh; Sept. 29th and 30th and Sunday, Oct. 3d, Grand Rapids; Sunday, Oct. 10th, Chicago; Sept. 11th and 12th, Wyoming, Ill. Societies requiring lectures from Mr. Watts may address him at this office till August 27th, as all correspondence will be handed to him on his reaching this city from England.

Letters from Friends.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., June 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As renewal is obligatory to patronize so invaluable a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER, find inclosed $5.50 to be applied as follows: $2.75 for self, for paper and ALMANAC of 1886, and $2.75 likewise for new subscribers. Though behind in reading some eight paper, except the weekly news of the same, for want of time, I feel it a duty to help you in so grand an undertaking as yours. Watson Heston is truly a genius. His pictured contributions, to my mind, should aid immensely the circulation of your paper. By the way, what has become of Brother Roberts, of *Mind and Matter* fame? His was the only Spiritual paper I patronized, but it ceased some time ago coming to me. I wrote him twice and Alfred James once to know what was the matter, but got no word from either of them. Roberts had in view to publish a book of messages I was anxious to get.

Yours truly, I. N. SEEVERS.

[We are unable to say where Brother Roberts is at present. If this meets his eye, he will please allow himself to be heard from.—ED T. S.]

NEWPORT, ME., June 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER forever! When I opened the issue for June 5th, and saw that telling picture, "Our Janus-Faced Religion," I felt that it ought to be seen and read by every man, and especially every woman in the world. Smiles and a wreath for a thousand-wifed adulterer, but a frown, a club, and law for the little adulterer with less than a dozen wives. That picture to me is the best yet. How can a Liberalist hav anything but praise for such a grand showing up of the fraud of all other frauds, Christianity? What hav not Christian priests done to blacken the characters of Infidels? About forty years ago, passing up Bowdoin street in Boston, on a Sunday afternoon, I stepped into the Rev. Hubbard Winslow's church. Near the close of his sermon he said: "When Tom Paine was dying he cried out in fearful agony, 'Oh, the pains of hell and damnation!'" To-day if I heard a man use such words I would say to him, "You are a liar!"

I think THE TRUTH SEEKER never was doing a grander work than now, and I am surprised that any friend of the cause of mental freedom has aught to say against its true showing up of the abominable, corrupt characters in the book of all others, the Bible, that has been and is demoralizing the people. Here is my ☞ to the man who holds the pencil that brings out in such life-like manner "Our Janus-Faced Religion." SEWARD MITCHELL.

SNOWVILLE, VA., June 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of June 5th Mr. Dearth asks of Elmina "What is mind? Is it superior to matter?" Suppose I ask him what matter is, or what light is, or what color is? When we talk or write we use words as they are generally defined instead of going back to bed-rock beginnings. Mind is the accumulated experience of our past, and includes all the knowledge we hav gained from all sources. It is built up of impressions received through our five senses. You may call it something or nothing, still we realize a mind or mental difference between the insane and the sane, the idiot and the scholar, the scientist and the boor. Heredity education and surroundings all influence the development of mind. It is matter in motion, just as light is, just as color is, and just as heat is. We call it, by a figure of speech, superior to matter because the man of giant intellect is superior to the simpleton and idiot. One man or woman of brains will rule, control, or govern a horde of weaklings, though they outweigh him thousands of pounds in mere ponderosity of matter. When an Ingersoll with his towering intellect sways a theater full of listeners, moving them to smiles, tears, indignation, or deep thought, as he pleases, this is what we call "mind moving matter." That is, the mind of Ingersoll moves the matter of his body so it voices his thoughts, and these in turn move the minds of his hearers and cause the matter of their bodies to show by the expression of face and body that "mind rules matter." If this is not clear, I hope an abler pen will make it so. ELMINA.

FRESNO CITY, CAL., June 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: You hav not heard from this part of God's moral vinyard for some time, but as this town, only twelve years old, has eight churches, don't blame me for not sending you new subscribers. But I hav hope. I hav found a bookstore and news-stand. Please send sample copies and subscription rates. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from the first. It has greatly improved. I hav shown the pictures to quite a number, and all are pleased, and declare them a great improvement. If the type was large, I should be better pleased, for I cannot see to read small print. I hav seen eighty-four Aprils and Mays, and now peep into June. There is a saying, "Once a man, twice a child." I am a child again, but not childish enough to stop my paper because there may be a little defect in it. I do not expect to see a perfect newspaper. I think the pictures will do good.

John R. Kelso on "Paupers" was good and timely—Mrs. Grant, a rich lady, receiving a great sum of money, while some poor soldier gets nothing, as in my own case. I was at Vicksburg with Sherman and with Grant. I hav suffered more than twenty years, and shall continue to suffer as long as I liv. I get nothing.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 22d, T. M. Horne advocates a new party. I say Yes. Let us hav one with these principles:

1. Americans to rule America. No foreigner to be naturalized until he has been twenty years in the country and can read the Constitution of the United States. He must hav a character free from all villainy, proved by ten witnesses.

2. The workingmen of all kinds must know their rights and hav them established by law.

3. Let the government make the money and loan it to the states, to the counties, and to the people in small sums to help them.

4. The government to be secular, according to the Demands of the Secular Union. Justice to all, privilege to none.

Why not begin at once, and be ready for '88. Let each party hav equal rights and opportunity to put candidates in the field for president and vice-president—all parties to be represented in the National Convention, candidates not elected to get cabinet positions. Will some one put this motion and make a beginning? G. PADDINGTON.

PALO, IA., June 10, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: With your permission, I wish to say a few words to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I am at home once again. I left Palo on the 11th of August last on a visit to Ohio, Michigan, and then in northwestern Iowa, and I learnt something by my intercourse with the people I met with. One thing I discovered is the want of more men and money to help on our cause. In all the places I was in priestcraft ruled. I met with many friends, but the best were those who were the most liberal in their views. I had to be more quiet and still with my song sometimes than suited me, but when I saw and heard so much superstition I could not "hold in," but had to speak my sentiments, even if it did hurt some, for I found many who did not care for others' feelings. I will not try to injure them, but when it is time for me to speak I will be honest and tell the truth as far as I hav learned it. Some whom I talked with on my long visit would ask where I had learned so much. I told them I had been reading THE TRUTH SEEKER the last five years, and other good works. I told them, too, where to send to for them.

Well, friends, in all my travels I did not see another badge-pin but my own, which I wore in plain view most of the time. I close, hoping this will be the best year for our cause that we hav had. JOHN STRATFORD.

HARTINGTON, NEB., June 6, 1886.

FRIEND E. MACDONALD, true and able representativ of our noble D. M. Bennett: I do not know what our grand old TRUTH SEEKER would hav been without you. I am glad to see that you are exposing that inhuman, but truly Christian, New York *Observer* in its Christianlike attack on Thomas Paine. I love the old flag, and I love Thomas Paine, the author and hero of the principle which the Stars and Stripes represent. It ought to bring the blush of shame to the face of all true American citizens to hear these slanders of the old hero, even though they may differ with him about religion.

Oh, be not the first to discover
A blot in the fame of that hero,
A flaw in the life of Thomas Paine,
Whose heart has proved true to the end

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Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And small ones to trace out defects,
Let ours be a noble ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

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Then let us speak well of our hero,
Or speak not about him at all.

I find that that my old stock of the "Thomas Paine Vindicated" pamphlets is out, and I must hav some more of them. Please send me Ingersoll's "Four Tributes," the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, one of W. H. Burr's pamphlets, and two of "Paine Vindicated." T. L. CURAS.

ST CLAIRSVILLE, O., June 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: With a profound sense of respect for the memory of the talented and noble Mr. Andrews, I, in common with a very large number of the intelligent and patriotic American people, disagree with Mr. Appleton's sentiments in regard to Grant and Garfield. He charges the former with "brutality and vulgarity," and the latter with "low cunning!"

He thus manifests, in an indirect manner, his political prejudice. Grant and Garfield enjoyed when living the affection and respect of their countrymen, irrespectiv of political or religious beliefs, and it is rather late in the day to question the integrity or manhood of either of those noble representativs of our republican institutions. The memories of the nation's illustrious and honored dead need no defense from me, but I simply desire to enter a protest against such reckless and unfounded charges, and against the introduction of politics into the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which is not supposed to be a political "organ," but the propagator of mental liberty. If Mr. Appleton will read what Colonel Ingersoll has said about Grant and Garfield, he will find himself somewhat at variance with our eloquent and popular leader in the army of progress. Said the gallant colonel: "Garfield is rich in honor; in integrity he is wealthy, and in brains he is a millionaire. He is a scholar, he is a statesman, he was a soldier, he is a patriot, and, above all, he is a magnificent man." Of Grant he said: "From civil life a man, silent, thoughtful, poised, and calm, stepped forth, and with the lips of victory voiced the nation's first and last demand. That utterance was the real declaration of real war, and in accordance with the dramatic unities of mighty events, the great soldier who made it received the final sword of the Rebellion."

In regard to the cartoons, I vote for their continuance. Many a person lukewarm in the "faith," and too careless to read weighty and irrefutable logic, will be awakened at once by a glance at the pictures to the folly of his or her position, and if those who hav not yet discarded theological follies and fables, and who still "cling to the credulity of the cradle," happen to receive a shock occasionally through the artistic skill of Mr. Heston, perhaps it will start the rusty machinery of their reason, and cause it to assert itself.

This is an orthodox community among the beautiful hills of Western Ohio, and the average follower of the lamb hereabouts sincerely believes that Infidelity is a true synonym of iniquity. Yours fraternally, J. H. BELL.

CENTAL CITY, NEB., June 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read the article headed "The Prison for Anarchists on General Principles," of June 5th, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I regret to say that the writer of the same is not too well informed in Herr Most's doctrin of Anarchism. If he were, he would hav not allowed himself to compare our late friend, D. M. Bennett, with John Most, a fugitiv and criminal of the lowest rank. This is comparing the hero of a noble cause with an advocate of dynamite and murder. What good has John Most done to himself, to his country, to this country, or to his fellow-men?

R. G. Ingersoll says, "The man who makes somebody else happy is a happy man." Whom did Herr Most ever make happy? Most taught his countrymen how to use bombshells, dynamite, vitriol (*Schwefelsäure*), etc. The seed which Most brought to this country we hav seen the fruits of on the 4th day of May in the city of Chicago.

It is not so very long ago since Most was before a criminal court at Vienna, Austria, on the charge of treason, for which crime he was expelled from Austria and Germany, and may hav been from other countries. Judge Smythe, of your city, was bound by the welfare of the country and community to giv John Most the full penalty of the law, and his act ought to be indorsed by every law-abiding citizen in the land.

The doors of America are open to all nations, but not to rioters who hav been expelled from other countries for the crime of treason. If Most expected to gain popularity in America, why did not he imitate Carl Schurz or other German statesmen and public benefactors?

Dynamite and bombshells do not elevate the human race nor raise the wages of the laborer. Not much! They bring distress to honest German laborers, make widows and orphans, and rob them of that little love which some Americans hav for Germans. Herr Most, Spies, Parsons, or Guiteau do not deserve your sympathy. You can always judge the character of a man by the places he frequents, the company and literature he supports. Most's hiding-place when arrested was under a bedstead in the room of a "single lady" (which he denies); the saloon was his workshop, and many of his companions and admirers are a set of discontented idlers; the literature he supports is the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and other rebellious papers and pamphlets, to keep his fellow-men from work and encourage them to idleness and riot.

Hoping that I hav not imposed upon space of your valuable paper, I remain, Yours very respectfully, A. S. B.

HELENA, NEB., May 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of May 22d Octavius J. Brosius, in an article advocating a high protectiv tariff, says, "Surely he cannot be a manufacturer, mechanic, farmer, or producer of any kind, or else he certainly would see the blessings of certain embargoes." He certainly would if a manufacturer, but otherwise he cannot. Now, friend Brosius, this you should know if you do not, that all tariff legislations are special acts, giving special privileges to only those for whom said legislation applies, and I hav yet to learn of one single instance where it will apply to the laborers, nor hav I ever heard or known of an act being passed called protectiv that was passed through the influence or solicitation of the laborers. But this is a notable fact: when the capitalists hav desired that kind of legislation, they hav invariably besieged Congress, and expended thousands of dollars to secure that legislation. Do these men buy legislation to benefit the laborer? The producing classes of the country are compelled to pay on an average of thirty per cent for that kind of legislation. This is protection with a vengeance. Now who gets this extra per cent? The men for whom this legislation was made; the workingman never received a nickel of it. Again, when legislation protects any special productiv interest, it places all other industries at a disadvantage. And why? Because it puts a power into the hands of that special thing or product to set its own price, not only on the thing it itself produces, but also all products it uses produced by all those that do not hav protection. It simply says you must buy of us, and pay the price that we name, and for what you hav to sell to us you must take what we choose to giv, for you can not deal with anyone else unless you pay a heavy tariff tax. And this is protection. It is strange, indeed, that any man who labors will be, or can be, so blind to his own interest as to advocate a protectiv tariff. How in the name of sense is the laborer protected in buying a suit of clothes by paying forty-five per cent tariff on them? and why is the manufacturer so anxious to hav his goods protected? Does he hand over that forty-five per cent to the man that does the work? Not much. If the workingman intimates such an absurd idea he is given to understand very soon that his place will be filled by imported cheap laborers—that is how he is protected. There is, there can be, no such thing as protection. It is nothing more nor less than a system of legalized robbery—a system that allows a few industries to prey upon all others. There could be no fair shake unless all production received the same per cent protection, and that would be of no advantage to anyone; it would only raise the price without adding any value to the thing produced. No people ever did or ever can become wealthy trading among themselvs, no matter however much they may add to the price of their wares every day. They must, to become wealthy, produce more than they consume, and, by exchanging the surplus of their products with other people's, add to their wealth. The old man said his boys made five dollars apiece, one rainy day, trading jacknives among themselvs, and when night came each had the knife he started with in the morning. I can see just as much sense in the old

man's statement as I can in the argument of the protectionist. A bushel of wheat possesses no more value, nor will it continue life one moment longer, though the price be ten dollars instead of one, nor will its high price add one whit to the real wealth of the nation. So raising the price of a product by a protectiv tariff law adds nothing to the wealth of a people, but only aids those who are protected in absorbing the wealth produced by those who are not protected. One who can see only the evils, misery, and starvation in other countries must be blinded by prejudice or false teachings in regard to our own. A nation possessing all the advantages of this country, and no more densely populated, ought not to hav one pauper in all its broad domain; but, with the blessing (?) of a protectiv tariff, the history of no country will show that, in as short a period, as many paupers hav been made as hav been made here in the last twenty years. Why this? Surely if protection was so good a thing, and such a blessing to the workingman, we would not hav this condition of things—the millionaires that hav been made in these few years, and the masses who hav not the necessities of life at hand. People are starving to death in this country on starvation wages; what more can they do in European countries? W. P. Brooks, M.D.

Boulder, Col., June 7, 1886.

Mr. Editor: I see the subject of cartoons in The Truth Seeker is agitating the minds of some of your subscribers. At first I did not deem them of material importance, and as they depicted subjects that many of us used to think too sacred for criticism, I, no doubt in common with many others, was at times rather rasped by some of them.

Upon thinking the subject over, I hav come to the conclusion that the "shocking" part was caused by artistic defects that you can gradually improve, for no real truth seeker can object to a subject being put before the reader in its most effectiv form, and certainly a picture is the most effectiv of all forms that the mind can conceive of. The whole excellence of the kindergarten system is summed up in its object-lessons; they appeal to the eye and can be taken in at once, by the most uneducated mind, even of a juvenil.

What the kindergarten is to the child, cartoons are to the adult, and especially those adults who hav not trained their minds or hav not the time at their command to follow a printed sentence to its logical conclusion.

The trouble is with most of us that we skim over a printed page and do not realize what the words mean, and in that way so many outrageous paragraphs in the Bible pass unnoticed—that is, until one reads the book out aloud; then we are caught hesitating and glancing at our audience to see whether the words are appropriate to the listeners.

For the above reasons, I would say, Continue the cartoons, only please improve (as fast as the funds admit of) the artistic part of the work.

Another reason for the pictures, as I will call them now, is that our opponents use the same methods. The Sunday-school papers are full of illustrations—better style, of course, but still illustrations. And we all know how a picture takes the eye, and the effectivness of cartoons in politics, and how the different bureaus of the government use the "graphic" style of illustrating their conclusions. It is getting so that all trades and professions appeal more to the eye by illustration than mere printed pages. Even the Agricultural Department at Washington gets up "graphic diagrams" to show our farmer friends how much grain was "exported during the last decade." Surely in such important matters as our present and future existence, diagrams and cartoons can be utilized when speaking to these same friends whom the Washington officials think require such illustrations in order that they may realize as simple a subject as how many bushels of wheat we eat and export.

No, do not discontinue the illustrations. For everyone that shouts, "Stop my paper," you will gain a new subscriber, who rather likes to see the "other fellow's" mistakes shown up. C. Ambrook, M.D.

Crittenden, Ariz., June 7, 1886.

Mr. Editor: Were you ever besieged? That is not my condition exactly, because if I knew the Indians were here I should try and get in my tunnel (I am a miner); but there is that uneasy feeling that one experiences when he knows he is liable to be shot down at any moment. The hostil Apaches are out in all directions apparently. Murder and rapine mark their path. Occasionally a captiv maiden adorns their victory. General Miles is new to this department, but seems to hav taken hold with great vigor. The troops are raced up and down in the most harassing kind of warfare. The Indians, when cornered, scatter like a flock of quail to meet at a place agreed upon or by signal fires or smoke. They liv off the country. If their stock is captured, they get a mount wherever they can find it.

Well, it is terrible. The poor settlers hav to abandon homes in haste and fly to some point for protection. They must abandon their gardens and turn the calves out with the cows. One raid means maybe the loss of the year to a settler, so he stays until the last moment, perhaps, and is scooped in by the Indians. If he leaves, they come down on his place and destroy what is left. It seems plain that great distress must visit many people here unless these Indians are speedily put down. Who are these Apaches? They are the hyenas of the human family. It is known that some of them are ex-scouts, who hav become learned in the white man's method of warfare in addition to their own cunning and sagacity, which I believe to be unequaled by any other tribe. They hav a choice reservation in the heart of the country, where they could all liv in comfort supplied by government. The mass of them do liv on the reservation, but it is only a breeding-den and recruiting-station—their base of operations. Many years ago, an aged mountaineer told me there were three great tribes of the Apaches, and as long as he could remember one or two tribes had been at war and one or two at peace, those at peace supplying those at war.

There is an old scoundrel, Es-kim-in-zin, living down near the mouth of the San Pedro, who has been known to go into Tucson and buy large quantities of ammunition.

We will never hav peace, permanent peace, until these Indians are removed. Why not take them to the Indian territory, or put them on an island off the Pacific coast?

It is not the mission of the government to propagate religion of any kind, but if they were placed at any place mentioned, they could be easily reached by Christian teachers. As it is, they look upon the blue mountains from whose fastnesses their fathers swept down upon the paleface, and they think and talk the matter over around their camp-fire until their feelings are worked up for the war-path.

If they could only make one raid through the New England and Atlantic states, then their fate would be settled. Then people would know what an Apache raid meant; sentiment would be flung to the winds and practical measures adopted.

F. A. Lamont.

Loup City, Neb., May 27, 1886.

Mr. Editor: There are very few people to-day in the Eastern states who for a moment realize to what extent the laws governing our public domain are being trampled upon; and many being rather unsophisticated in the matter, they don't realize the enormity of the crime. Rich men are becoming richer. Corporations are piling up great wealth by perjury and congressional authority, whichever is needed. They manage to procure either without trouble, or hav heretofore; and the poor man sits by with his eyes open and allows it to go on when he has the means to stop it at his disposal if he would but exert them. The "great West" is just beginning to be developed; in ten years more its wealth will be enormous, and those land-sharks are far-seeing and know well they must grasp now or never, for in a few years the opportunity will hav gone from their reach never to return. We who settled upon the Western plains some years ago and hav seen these frauds worked out right under our eyes are better calculated for witnesses against them than the person who has never crossed the Mississippi, and has, therefore, had only the stories second-hand and, as is natural, giv room for prevarication.

Though I hav been a life-long Republican, I must testify that President Cleveland and Land Commissioner Sparks hav given us land reforms that we never dared to hope for under a Republican administration, at least not till public sentiment forced them through. The Brighton Ranch company, one of those pervertres of the people's rights, are a body doing business in Custer county, Neb., as stock raisers. This company has come under the vision of our Democratic administration, and it is well for the people in that county that it has. They hav many thousand acres (fifty thousand, I believe) of public land fenced in with a barbed-wire fence, and no settler dare stick his stakes inside of their inclosures and call his life worth a penny. About a year ago a man was shot down for the crime of locating a homestead inside of this dead line of wire. The assassin was sent to the penitentiary for five years, which was a grand victory for the homesteaders, for, a few years ago, no officers would hav dared to venture into the country to make the arrest. Things are changing, but, alas! when change comes these fellows will possess the fairest part of the country, and the land that should still be vacant for our children to claim will be open only for them to rent and become subjects of title masters, as are our brothers from across the ocean. The tactics generally employed by these robbers of the people to get a title from Uncle Sam are like this: They select their location a considerable distance from any settlement; erect their buildings for a ranch, and hire a number of men, each one a tool of the firm. Each of these men files on one hundred and sixty acres of land as a preëmption, and in six months proves up by paying $1.25 per acre, the money being furnished by the firm or company, and a small stipend to the man for his part in procuring the land, which is agreed upon when the man is hired, and often in this way one man takes several pieces of land under assumed names—any way to get the land—each man swearing for the other in turn. When the "cowboy" is through, the company employing him has the land, and he goes on and hires to some other. In this wise companies own large bodies of land. When civilization crowds their herds farther back they take up a new site and begin business over in the same manner. Their herds bring them in a large profit, and their ill-gotten lands a larger one. One way the railroad companies had, up to a short time ago, of evading the taxes on the land granted them was not to take out a patent on the lands till they sold them, and then only on the portion sold; but if some poor homesteader would happen to file on one of their unpatented pieces they would very suddenly discover that he was on their lands, and, no matter what were his improvements, he would hav to surrender them to the usurper. Never was there a more righteous act in the country than when President Cleveland sent forth his proclamation driving the cattle men from the Indian Territory. They had been there so long that they began to believe themselvs masters of the situation, but that proclamation dropped among them like a firebrand, and the howl that went up would hav put to shame a drove of coyotes; but they moved! Cleveland would admit of no foolishness, and their going was heralded with great joy by every settler along the line of the territory, I believe. We hope the new administration will keep right on its good work and tear down every fence on the public domain, and rend every unearned acre of land from the railroads, and put it where it belongs, on the list for actual settlers.

Your cartoons are far beyond our fondest hopes in the way of object lessons, and I think Brother Heston should be styled the Nast of The Truth Seeker. Every subscriber should use his best endeavors at least to induce a friend to subscribe with him so as to insure the continuation of those illustrations. I hav my extra subscriber ready to send in with my renewal. Long liv The Truth Seeker! Frontier.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 5, 1886.

Mr. Editor: On renewing my subscription I will take occasion to acknowledge Mr. D. Higbee's favor in The Truth Seeker of May 8th, and invite attention to the absence of proper vouchers for the reliability of some of his statements. The computations that make the minimum distance of our planet 93,000,000, the maximum 98,000,000, the mean 95,000,000 miles from the center of its orbit, and the mean diameter of its orbit 190,000,000 miles, was taught in the schools when I was a small boy, and accredited to Sir Isaac Newton. But I am inclined to question the reliability of those computations, and of Newton's entire theory of cause and effect, and all the modern improvements.

Astronomers inform us that, when on the line of the equator, the sun is level with the horizon of both poles, but when on either side of the equator it is in view of but one pole, which indicates that, if the earth was nearer than it is to the center of its orbit, the sun should not be in view from either pole when on the line of the equator. Now, draw a circle two inches in diameter, and a perpendicular line through the center, extending it a sufficient distance to meet the center of the earth's orbit, and draw a right-angle base line from the center to the circumference of the circle. My circle will represent the earth, with the equator for my perpendicular, and the earth's axis for my base line. An angle that will intersect my circle at the point of intersection by my base line should be level with the polar horizon, and will cross my perpendicular line 62½ inches beyond my circle. My scale being 4,000 miles to the inch, I should multiply 4,000 by 62½ which will giv 250,000 miles as the distance of earth from the center of its orbit. If I extend my angle 50,000 miles further, it will cross the tropics far enough to indicate that, if earth was 300,000 miles from the center, the sun should never go below the horizon of either pole.

I hav always supposed that the mathematical precision of planetary and lunar motion should enable astronomers to compute eclipses, rising and setting of sun and moon, etc., regardless of distance. The north Polar Star being sufficient for my purpose, I shall giv myself no concern about the probability of there being a south Polar Star. Unless the north star is always on a line with the earth's axis, it should not always be at the same angle to the same parallel of latitude all around the globe, nor could it be always on a line with the earth's axis unless it revolves in unison with the earth. If the seven stars are beyond the limits of our "solar system," they should not possibly revolve in unison with our planet, and they and our planet should, at times, be on opposit sides of the sun; they should not then be in view for the simple reason that they could not be above our horizon except in daytime.

If the Milky Way is a belt of suns, worlds, and nebulæ, girding our little family of worlds like a vast ring, we should be revolving around inside the ring, and get a view of its entire circumference, and find that it presents a remarkable sameness at all points. Apropos, a few years ago, astronomers gravely informed the public that meteoric showers are caused by the proximity of our planet to that same Milky Way. Whew! what a discrepancy! My congratulations, being evidently somewhat premature, are not fairly entitled to thanks. The center being equidistant from all opposit points, a true ellipsis should hav a true center. I shall freely admit the need of more luminous "gas" than astronomers hav furnished, on the question of sun-spots, or any other of cause and effect. Astronomers assert that masses of dense vapor become detached, fall into the openings in the sun, and disappear from view. Having observed that heated vapor is more or less opaque, and mounts upward, and becomes transparent when cooled, and falls to the earth, I am not surprised that the return vapor from sun-spots should be colorless. And being informed that distance lends enchantment to the view, even though the distance be imaginary, I am not surprised that the distance to which the returning vapor is computed to be hurled should be somewhat exaggerated. Astronomers assert, and present facts to prove, that our vision does not extend to the luminous bodies, but their light comes to us; why should our view of the sun be an exception to that rule? Why assert that the sun is 95,000,000 miles distant and their vision extends to it with such clearness that they can detect the presence of transparent vapor on its surface? That is an inconsistency of greater magnitude than my credulity can take in. Mr. Higbee is evidently aware that there is a subtil fluid, supposed to be, and probably is, devitalized electricity, continually flowing through earth and atmosphere from the equator to the poles of our planet. Whence comes this fluid, and whither does it go, unless it comes from, and returns to, the center of our planetary system: causing light and heat by collision with our lower atmosphere, by which collision it becomes devitalized, and instead of radiating from, it gravitates to, the center, passing off our planet at the poles, causing *aurora borealis* in its passage through polar atmosphere? There appears to be no scientific reason for supposing the center of our planetary system to be composed of anything else than components of this fluid, which is neither light nor heat, nor capable of producing either except by collision with the lower atmospheres of illuminated bodies.

Being in doubt of the feasibility of friend Higbee's transportation arrangements, I shall respectfully decline his friendly invitation to join in his contemplated pleasure trip to the solar and planetary worlds and other points of interest. The idea of a "spiritual form, or body," is so far beyond the domain of my comprehension that I shall not attempt to grasp it. I perceive spirit to be the vital, activ principle or property in matter, capable of adapting itself to all the varied and varying conditions of matter, and never leaves it. Matter would be incapable of any action, even of decomposition, without the spirit. J. A. Tuttle.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Bee Rocked in a Rose.

Who says a bee has never sat
In the cup of a wild red rose?
Mistaken soul—this very morn
A wild bee came and drank her fill
Of the mists that blew from over the hill.
The mist that a new rose garnered up
To the scalloped rim of its ruby cup;
For roses creep to the open doors,
Coming from fields of checkered corn
And under the homestead window-sill
Where the milk-weed spreads her ragged mat,
And into the north where the tempest roars
And the farmers' trees are a thousand rows.

The flower withheld no charm of red,
And was never injured a whit,
That a golden bee had drank of it;
But calmly held her modest head
And pretty checks aflame,
Saying, in softened tones, 'twas shame
Refusing one's nectar and dumbly sit
When weary travelers begged for it,
As others she might name.

Nodding across where the blue bells bloom,
She said she ever made welcome room
When tired pilgrims came her way;
Clearing the space in her crimson walls
She gave the wine in her banquet halls,
And craved no creature's doom;
And come or go, or go or stay,
Her spicy breath and dewy lips,
Pink as a lady's finger-tips,
Are free to the world on a holiday;
And sweet to strew on a loved one's grave,
The rich or poor, the weak or brave,
And to crown a bride on her wedding day.

Clearwater, Neb. Mary Baird Finch.

What Made Her So Extravagant?

OR, THE GIRL WITH THE CANDY TOOTH.

"I don't see what makes Etta so extravagant and wastcful! She has not the least idea of prudence or economy. I'm sure she doesn't take after me!" and Mr. Parker sighed as he watched his slatternly, extravagant daughter.

Now, what was the reason of Etta's lack of thoughtfulness and prudence? I'll just tell you. When Etta was a dear, little, winsome girl she had a candy tooth—that is, she was excessivly fond of candy, a failing belonging to most boys and girls. The failing began by her papa bringing her home occasionally bits of sugar candy. She liked it, and soon began teasing for it when he did not bring it of his own accord.

When she began to run about, she would tease for pennies, for she learnt that pennies were exchanged for candies.

"Giv me a penny, papa, plcase!" she would say, and invariably out came the penny, and away went Etta to invest it in candy. By and by it began to be two or three pennies, for the candy tooth grew larger and demanded more and more. The father was a man in only moderate circumstances, but he wanted to be indulgent and generous, and so he never refused the gift of nickels to his little daughter. Etta never once realized that pennies came to her father by hard work, for no one had ever told her, and she supposed innocently enough that they came as easily as the candy.

Time went on, and Ella grew to young girlhood, and the candy tooth grew also. It was candy, candy, candy, chocolates and caramels, all the time.

By and by, other wants came also—ribbons, jewelry, gloves, and trinkets. Wasteful and spendthrift habits were formed, and became so firmly fixed that now they cannot be eradicated. She had never been taught the value of a penny; she only knew how to dispose of it, and hence, to-day, her parents mourn after her very thoughtless and extravagant ways.

Had she been taught that her father earned the pennies by hard and constant work, and that it was wrong to use them for candies to minister to that never-satisfied candy tooth of hers; that it was better to acquire habits of prudence, thrift, industry; better to do some little bits of work and earn the pennies before she spent them, she would be much better off to-day, much less a source of trouble and vexation to parents and friends, and her candy tooth would never hav grown so ravenous as to eat away all her other teeth, besides quite a little fortune in dollars and cents.

Her parents should hav instructed her as to the value and use of money, and shown her the folly of catering to a candy tooth.

S. H. W.

Sam Simons's Ideas.

"How be you, Sam?" inquired the old farmer of Beacon Hill.

"Very well, sir. How are you?"

"Waal, 'bout the same as ever. I come over ter speak a little to you 'bout that religion we was talking of yestiddy."

The reader must pardon mistakes in Farmer Jones's language, he being a rather uneducated farmer.

Now, perhaps, reader, you wish to know who Sam Simons is. Well, if you must know, he was the only Liberal in the town where he lived.

Now to proceed with our story.

"Tell me truly, Sam, do you believe there is a Supreme Being?"

"No, I don't," said Sam.

"Why?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Because," replied Sam, "just this: Because, if there is a God, who made him? Then, who made the one who made him? You might go back like that and you couldn't stop."

"Why, yes, yer could stop. God was the first one who came into the world," said Jones.

"Yes, but how did he get into the world?" inquired Simons.

"Waal, I dunno as I can answer that question, after all. I guess you got the best of me on that point. Suppose there was a God, do you think that Jesus is the son of God?"

"No. The Bible says Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary, and if Joseph is his father, God can't be his father too; he may be his grandfather, for all I know," answered the good Liberal.

"Well," exploded John Jones, "you're a pretty smart man, at any thinking. Come to look into the things, what you say don't look very unreasonable. Guess I won't hav any more *prayers* at my table."

"I must go now," said Sam. "Good-by."

"Good-by," called out Jones.

And John Jones didn't hav any more prayers at his table.

Hurrah for Sam Simons! I say, and perhaps others will agree with me.

Milford, Mass. Gracie Fairbanks.

Our Puzzle Box.

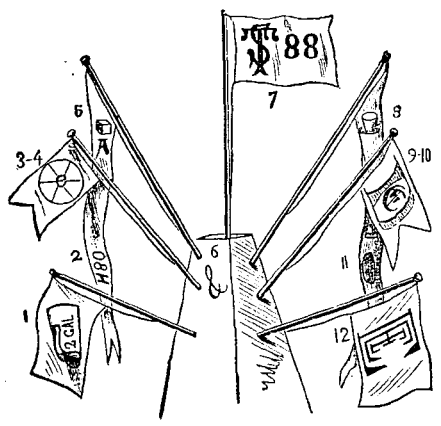
1.—REBUS.

91.

Add two figures to the above, and make it less than ten. Conrad Rooker.

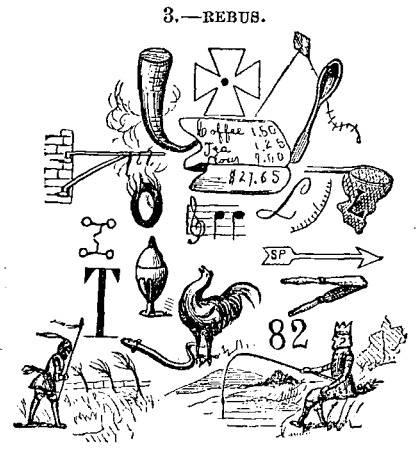
Lyons, N. Y.

2.—FLAGS OF TWELVE NATIONS.



Find the names of the countries.

3.—REBUS.



A flock of birds, seventeen in number.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, JUNE 12. 1886.

Balsam, foxglove, box, pansy, sweet pea, bleeding hearts, cockscomb, japonica, dandelion.

Solvers.—Katie Pease, H. J. Messenger.

A Sweet Dispostiion.

People who are disposed to complain of the hardships of life may learn a lesson from an incident which fell under the writer's notice: Two little girls, Lily and Violet, were playing in a yard, where they had strung some twine for a clothes-line, and were washing their dolls' garments in a diminutiv tub, and hanging them out to dry. Along came Lily's brother, Master Sack, a juvenil tease, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole day's washing from the line and scattered it on the grass. Lily bubbled over with tears at once. Violet was saddened, too, but the necessity of playing peace-maker in the impending family quarrel was the first thought of her mind; so she said, soothingly, "Never mind, Lily; let's play Jack was a high wind."

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At the first dawning of the human mind,
Ere toil is known, when hope is undefined,
Why does the boy in all his little plays
Attempt to imitate his parents' ways?
Why does he long those happy hours to span,
And take on self the duties of a man?
'Tis nature's finger pointing to the goal,
The stilly whisp'rings in the budding soul;
The deep, mysterious something unexpressed,
The god in man hid in the human breast.

Say, heavenly muse, from whence has sprung that law
The ancient sage by light of reason saw,
If not its birth in man's tremendous needs,
The source and fount of all our earthly creeds?
Far as the solar system clips the wind,
Analogy in human hopes we find:
The naked negro in the torrid zone
Has a dim faith, but prays to senseless stone;
The pagan lord of Itzlapalapan
Bowed to the sun a deep religious man,
And chanted hymns about a realm of rest
Where earth's pure souls would be forever blest.

Ye gifted dwellers on Olympus, say
From whence the hope of an eternal day?
Where is the proof of an immortal part
Except in the deep longings of the heart?
Ambition is the beacon o'er the wave,
Inspiring hope of life beyond the grave!

Turn, son of man, thy raptured gaze on high,
Let thy ambition soar unto the sky;
Move ever on and up the broad'ning scale,
And make the force of intellect prevail.

"I formed you free," the great creator said,
"And placed the power of thought within your head.
Yours to attain what giddy hight severe
Ambition leads you on a bright career."
Mourn not, oh, then, misfortune's lowly birth,
For know, true greatness lies in moral worth,
And genius is but patience in disguise
Nerved by high aims until it frets the skies.

See yonder ill-starred son of poverty,
Note those dark lines that ring his brilliant eye;
Emblems of study by the shaded light
Till cocks proclaim the high noon of the night.
Watch his career through life's succeeding turns;
He'll stand at last where fame's bright altar burns,
And wealth and ease will crown his later years
Whose youth was spent in labor and in tears;
And his posthumous fame will teach mankind
The greatest gift is a deep, thoughtful mind.

Boundless as love and pure as maiden's hope
Is wise ambition in its broadening scope;
Bright fields expanding with each new advance
Like some sublime, soul-stirring, wild romance;
Lending a zest to life that none may know
Who delves 'mid slums of ignorance below.

Livs there a man on earth who does not long
To mount the hight and stand above the throng,
And leave upon the gilded wall of fame
In livid letters traced immortal name?
If breathes there such a poltroon, pass him by,
For him will waft no warbling minstrelsy;
Though wealth and ease may crown his earthly lot,
Living unhonored, he will be forgot
When death shall sweep him from this nether realm;
For life is real, not an idle dream.
Man was created with a soul sublime,
And should leave tracks upon the rocks of time;
Not like dumb beasts liv idle all the day,
And at the night of life return to clay,
No plans perfected, and no good works done,
Unwept, unhonored, and his name unsung.

Fear not to scale, but take thy bright ascent,
Ye sons of man, where men before thee went;
That giddy hight your labor can attain,
What man hath done man yet may do again;
Though rough the road and troubles dire distress
Thy slow-fought way, the end is the success;
And history of all ages shall proclaim
A love of use is the true road to fame.

CHAS. HUDGINS.

A Hardshell Baptist Sermon.

[The first Hardshell Baptist sermon ever published, I believe, was the following, which I hav copied from the New York *Tribune* of 1855. I think it is more edifying, if not more truthful, than any of Parson Talmage's discourses.—*Antichrist, A.M.*]

I may say to you, my brethring, that I am not an eddicated man, an' I am not one uv them as blieves that eddication is necessary for a gospel minister; for I blieve the Lord eddicates his preachers as he wants 'em to be eddicated, 'an although I say it that hadn't ought to say it; yet in the state of Indyanner, whar I liv, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor as what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethring, as don't know what persuasion I am of. Well, I may say to you, my brethring, that I am a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks don't like Hardshell Baptists, but I had rather hav a hard shell than no shell at all.

You see me here to-day, my brethring, drest up in fine close. You might think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethring; an' altho' I hav been a preacher uv the gospel for twenty years, an' altho' I am capting uv that flat boat that lays at your landing, I am not proud, my brethring.

I am not gwine to tell you dezackly whar my tex may be found. Suffice it to say it is in the leds of the Bible, and you will find it some whar between the first chapter uv the Book of Generation an' the last chapter uv the Book uv Revolutions; an' if you will go and search the scriptures as I hav, you will not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many other texes that will do you good to read; an' my tex, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:

"An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperrets uv jus' men made perfeck."

My tex, brethring, leads me to speak uv sperrets. Now, thar's a great many kinds uv sperrets in this world. In fus place, thar's the sperrets as some folks call ghosts; then thar's the sperrets of turpentime; an' then thar's the sperrets as some folks call liquor, an' I hav as good an article uv them kind uv sperrets on *my* flat boat out thar as ever was fotched down the Mississippi River. But thar's a great many other kinds uv sperrets, for the tex says, "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, *sperrets* uv jus' men made perfeck."

But I will tell you the kind uv sperrets that is ment in the tex. It is fire. That is the kind uv sperrets as is meant in the tex, my brethring.

Now, thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In fus place, thar's the common sort uv fire, to light a segar or pipe with. Then thar's camfire, an' fire before you're ready an' fall back, an' many other kinds of fire; for the tex says, "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperrets uv jus' men made perfeck."

But I will tell you the kind er fire as is ment in the tex', my brethring. It is hell-fire. An' that's the kind of fire as a good many uv you will come to if you don't do better nor what you've been doing; for he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperrets uv jus' men made perfeck.

Now, the different sorts uv fire may be likened unto the different persuasions uv Christians in the world. In the fus' place, we hav the 'Piscupalians, a high-sailin' an' a high-falutin' set. An' they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard that flies in the air, an' goes up, up, until he looks no bigger nor your finger-nail; an' the fus' thing you know he comes down an' down an' down an' down, an' is a fillin' himself on the carcass uv a dead hoss by the side uv the road; an' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperrets uv' jus' men made perfeck.

Then thar's the Methodis's; an' they may be likened unto a squirrel runnin' up a tree; for the Methodis' b'lieves in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, an' finally on to perfecksion. The squirrel goes up an' up an' up an' up an' jumps from limb to limb an' branch to branch, an' the fus' thing you know he falls, an' down he comes kerflummux. An' that is like the Methodis', for they is allers a-fallin' from grace ah! An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperrets uv jus' men made perfeck.

Then, my brethring, thar's the Baptist ah! an' they hav' been likened unto a possum on a 'simmon-tree; the thunders may roll an' the earth may quake, but the 'possum clings there still ah! An' you may shake one foot loose an' the other's thar' ah! an' you may shake all four feet loose an' he laps his tail aroun' an' clings to the branch forever, ah! forever! for he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperrets uv jus' men made perfeck!

Book Notices.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? A Romance. By N. G. Tchernychewsky. Translated by Benj. R. Tucker. Octavo, 329 pages. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker publisher. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1. For sale at this office.

Without stopping to remark that whatever influence Tchernychewsky may hav with his own countrymen, his name is certainly a "spell" to Americans, we copy here the explanatory note by which the book is accompanied:

This novel and its author hav a remarkable history. This work was written in 1863 in a St. Petersburg dungeon, where the author was confined for twenty-two months prior to being sent into exile in Siberia. The author was not only one of the foremost literary men of Russia, but one of the earliest and most influential of the Nihilists, and, though still in exile, he is looked upon by the Nihilists even yet with a peculiar veneration. His influence upon the youth of Russia was of the most extraordinary and wide-spread character, and was chiefly exercised through this romance, "What's To Be Done?" The book was suppressed by the czar, but not before it had had a large circulation. The Russian work is now rare, but is read secretly in Russia still, where copies hav been sold for a thousand roubles each. Though it has been translated into nearly every European language, Mr. Tucker's translation is the first in English.

The phenomenal movement by which the youth of the upper classes in Russia, and especially the young girls, hav enrolled themselvs in such large numbers in the Nihilistic ranks, received its greatest impetus from the publication of this book, the principal characters in it becoming types on which these young people formed themselvs. So important was the work done by this book that the Italian author, Arnaudo, in his history of "Nihilism and the Nihilists," devotes an entire chapter of over seventy pages to its analysis. He says of it:

"'What's To Be Done?'" was welcomed by the Russian youth with extraordinary enthusiasm, and was always considered by the Nihilists themselvs as the best and most faithful picture of Nihilism."

Alexis Tveritinof, who translated the work into French, writes: "Never did a novel bear such fruit, and in so short a time, as this one. To it and to it alone is due the type that we now see developing more and more—I mean the Russian female student. In 1873 there were 108 of them in the University at Zurich, but after the famous ukase which pronounced them all libertins, and nullified the diplomas of that university, they started for the other universities of Europe instead of returning to Russia and abandoning the study of the sciences. The ukase launched by Tchernychewsky from the depths of his prison was, it seems, more potent than that of the chief of police, Schouvalof, and the minister of the interior, Timaschef. . . 'What's To Be Done?' has completely transformed the family relations of the young generation; and persons may be found whose minds are not sufficiently elevated to understand all the ideas contained in this novel, but who nevertheless arrange their lives upon it as a model, as if regarding it as an ideal of moral force to be attained."

In view of these facts, this book might not improperly be called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Russian Nihilists.

THE ORDER OF CREATION: The Conflict between Genesis and Geology. A Controversy between the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Prof. Max Müller, M. Réville, E. Lynn Linton. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place. Pp. 178. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

It is a very precipitous descent from Dr. McWhinney's "Reason and Revelation" to the group of clever Agnostics who hav attacked Mr. Gladstone's opinions on Genesis. The student will find more consoling arguments in "Reason and Revelation" than in Mr. Gladstone's rather watery critique of Dr. Reville's "Prolegomenes de l'Histoire des Religions," and his somewhat stronger "Proem to Genesis." It was the latter, by the way, that brought out Lord Hartington's bitter *bon mot:* "I don't care about Gladstone's 'Genesis'—I am interested only in his Exodus." Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone's diffuseness and dimness in statement are quite as convincing as the more trenchant manner of Max Muller or the matchless use of of illustration peculiar to Professor Huxley. This trio might go on arguing forever with infinit.satisfaction to the reader with a taste for this species of gladitorial combat, but without convincing any human mind or changing a single opinion already received. One has the feeling of having a seat in the orchestra and seeing one of the finest examples of intellectual sparring to be found in the world. But when we come to Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's essay, "A Protest and a Plea," we catch the cry of a passionate human heart. "Schools," cries this enthusiastic Agnostic, "are our temples, science is our ritual, time is our heaven; the human race contains our future gods, and the satan we hav to conquer and to chain is that arid egotism which despises for the race what it cannot enjoy in its own person, and cares more for the salvation of its own individuality than it does for the redemption of the world. If in this creed can be found any analogy to the frantic orgies of the Commune, I for one am content to stand in the pillory, and let Mr. Gladstone and his co-religionists pelt me at their pleasure." We wait, she cries, in darkness, without hope in a future life for ourselvs, but with vague hopes for the future of the race in time. We are in darkness; but altruism saves us from despair. To her Dr. McWhinney and Mr. Gladstone offer the Bible, begging her to interpret it for herself in the light of reason and common sense. To her Prof. Max Muller and Professor Huxley offer the half-formed hypotheses of science. In these two books there is material for a greater soul-poem than Goethe ever wrote, and the most pathetic part of it is the strident cry of this woman, who finds no hope in Christianity and only patience in science.—*New York Star.*

This is a valuable contribution, being compact, fervid in its reasonings yet not at all heavy. Its statements are unanswerable. Evidently the author read widely, thought deeply, observed keenly, and added to all that a nativ genius. On page 53 she has put 12 articles of positiv belief, and as the famous colonel says in the introduction, "there is no misunderstanding between her head and her heart. She says what she thinks and feels what she says."

The design of the book is the emancipation of woman, but in carrying that out she does not abuse men for the position of women She calls upon the women to dare to think and act for themselvs and to gain the place which rightfully, in the author's estimation, belongs to them.—*The Path.*

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN. By James Hinton, M.D. With an Introduction by James R. Nichols, M.D. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

It is to be feared that the writer of this book, though he may hav set out with the best of motivs, added little to the solution of the mystery of pain. He was a deeply religious man, and it seems not to hav occurred to him as the greatest of all mysteries that an omnipotent and beneficent God should cause or even allow his children a moment's suffering. His cure for pain rests also on a religious basis, and will be unappreciated by those devoid of superstition.

The present edition of "The Mystery of Pain" is a reprint, in excellent shape, of an edition printed in England twenty years ago.

ADAMI AND HEVA. By Samuel P. Putnam. New York: The Truth Seeker Company.

In "Adami and Heva" Mr. Putnam tells in smooth blank verse a story of the love of the first created, and how Brahma was so moved by it that he says from his celestial throne:

"I would meet anything that fate might giv—
Most cruel blows upon the mortal flesh,
All that the finite suffers and endures,
Or imperfection reaps on error's path,
Disdain my godhead, and be made of dust,
Could I be loved by woman as man is."

—*New York Star.*

HINTS ON METAPHYSICS. Projected in seven Lessons, with Two Lectures and a Philosophical Poem on the Conjugation of the "Verb To Be." By J. V. Beneficio (Bryan J. Butts). Boston: Published by the author.

There seems to be a mental epidemic prevalent just now. Its cause is hard to account for, but its symptoms are quite plain. These consist in a tendency on the part of the patient to take stock in prayer-cure, mind-cure, occultism, so-called metaphysics, and other empty delusions of that class. The literature of the subject is extensiv, and is read with an avidity that excites the wonder of the ordinary intellect. "Hints on Metaphysics" belongs to this kind of literature. It is a book that should not be judged by ordinary objectiv standards, because, judged by those standards, it would be pronounced devoid of meaning. Doubtless the author knows what he is driving at, but nothing short of a subjectiv illumination could reveal it to the average reader.

THE INFIDEL SCHOOL-TEACHER.

MR. EDITOR: That "Infidel School-Teacher" of Mrs. Slenker's was a very clever young lady. She knew how to string arguments culled from the best scientific thought of to-day and in the past, which might hav been the result of deep and extensiv study. If I should criticise the book I should say her heroin was too clever, not too clever for the necessities of the case, but more clever than one could expect. I, too, hav had correspondence of a like nature, only I occupied less ably the position of the school-teacher. I never won anything.

Whatever use may be made of this little book, it is full of clever arguments in favor of Freethought, and ought to be carried as a reference by anyone liable, as all Freethinkers are, to be assailed by Christians. There is something with which to meet all their objections. T. D. HATFIELD.

Passaic, N. J.

The National Defense Associatian has published a pamphlet entitled, "Brief Argument for the Repeal of Section 3,893, Title XLVI, United States Revised Statutes." The law dealt with is the famous Comstock law under which that individual has been, for the last ten or more years, the public censor of the press, and the virtual autocrat of the post-office. In this pamphlet it is shown, first, that the law is unnecessary; second, that it is unconstitutional; and third, that it is mischievous and dangerous. That such a law ought to be repealed no one can reasonably deny. It has done more harm in its thirteen years of existence than its designers could ever atone for if they were to spend an eternity in the hell in which most of them piously believe.

"Two Revelations," by Arthur B. Moss (Watts & Co., London), deals with the story of creation as told in Genesis, and with the facts of evolution as set forth by geology. It contains a great many valuable thoughts and figures. Pamphlet, 15 pp.—Another pamphlet by the same author is "Design and Natural Selection," pp. 16.—*Antichrist.*

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News of t

THE park commissioner just purchased and impo eros and placed him on Park. The cost of the and then a duty of $1,00 at the custom-house, the latter being designed, it is supposed, to protect home manufactures.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, now visiting England, has had a degree conferred upon him by the Cambridge University.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN has just contributed $250 to the Peter Cooper monument fund. The actuary of the fund reports $23,000 in hand.

THREE United States war-ships belonging to the North Atlantic squadron hav gone to Portland, Me., to look after the fishing interest.

THE Central Labor Union has declared a perpetual boycott on the Third avenue railroad, and recommends that any trades unionist detected riding on the cars of that road shall be fined $1 for each offense.

JOHN PERINE, of Orange, N. J., refused to allow a Sister of Charity to go through his shop and beg on the 16th, and his men struck. They went to work the next morning without any concession by the employer.

MR. GLADSTONE is making the canvass of Midlothia seeking a return to Parliament. He attributes the defeat of his Home Rule bill more to Irish agency than to any other.

THE Milwaukee Knights of Labor hav called a state convention at Fort Howard to nominate a full state ticket. A labor convention had previously been called to meet at La Crosse for the same purpose.

THE Dominion government has canceled its orders to seize American fishing-vessels in Canadian waters. They will hereafter be permitted to purchase bait and supplies if they leave the port within twenty-four hours.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND attended a German Schuetzenfest at Washington last Friday. During the exercises he chucked a baby under the chin, which fact was duly telegraphed to all parts of the country by the Associated Press.

BOSTON celebrated on the 17th with appropriate ceremony the 111th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. On the same day a statue of Daniel Webster was unveiled at Concord, in New Hampshire, which was Webster's nativ state.

EVANGELIST SAM JONES, of Tennessee, and Evangelist Perkins, of Kentucky, are having a religious discussion involving the question of baptism. It is progressing finely, as each has called the other a liar, and doubtless will be able to maintain his position.

THE Rev. Hezekiah Alltop, preaching at Ripley, W. Va., was guilty of such immoral conduct with the women of his flock that he scandalized the community. Last week he was caught in the house of a widow in a most compromising position, and the neighbors captured him and took him to the woods, where they tied him to a tree and whipped him in a severe manner.

THE New York *Sun* has been making war upon the photographs of alleged cigaret-makers which are displayed in the windows of cigar-stores in this city. The pictures are rather attractiv, and represent working-girls sitting at a bench, their skirts being so arranged as to display about half of that portion of the limb located between the ankle and the knee. The dress is also cut low in the neck. Anthony Comstock is called upon to suppress these photographs. It has been suggested that the *Sun* is endeavoring to atone for the injury which it inflicted upon public morals when it published the *Pall Mall Gazette* exposures and hawked them about the streets of New York.

Odds and Ends.

CONGRESS promises to protect us against oleomargarine: but, alas! who will protect us against Congress?

THE latest report is that the Hon. John L. Sullivan is coming to New York to liv. First Howells, and then Sullivan. Poor old Boston!

HUSBAND: "That fence wants painting badly. I think I'll do it myself." Wife: "Yes, do it yourself, if you think it wants to be done badly."

AT this season of the year a man who can't carry a hoe-handle a hundred yards can lug a fishing-rod twenty miles. The rod is so much lighter, you know.

STATES.

A gentle Miss, once seized with chill
Was feeling very, very Ill.,
When came an Md. for to know
If N. Y. service he could do.

"O.," cried the maid (for scared was she),
"Do you Ind. Tenn. to murder me?"

"La.," cried the doctor, "I Kan. save
You from a most untimely grave
If you will let me Conn. your case,
And bang this liver pad in place."

"Am Ia. fool?" the patient cried.
"I cannot Del.," the man replied;
"But no one can be long time Ill.
Who Tex. a patent blue Mass. pill."

"Ark!" shrieked the girl, "I'll hear no Mo.,
Your nostrums are N. J.—No go."
—*Utica Observer.*

THE race-course men think that betting on races is perfectly proper while the church-fair grab-bag continues to turn in such large profits on small investments.

LIVES of bank clerks all remind us
We can make our lives all crime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Not a solitary dime.

ALMOST every paper we pick up contains some allusion to the Parnell Fund. The strangest thing about the Parnell Fund is that it has existed so long without being decamped with.

YESTERDAY.

Said our bright-eyed boy, with hair of gold,
"I'll be a bachelor when I'm old,
And always stay with mamma and you,
As sure as sure, and as true as true;"
But he fell a prey to Cupid's dart,
For tiny Bess stole his tiny heart.
Next day he announced, with solemn air,
"He loved dear Bessie, he did, so there—
Bessie was pretty, Bessie was good—
He'd marry Bessie—yes, he would."
Reminded of what he said before,
He pondered a moment the problem o'er,
Then softly said, in his bashful way,
"I hadn't seen Bessie yesterday."

O boy of mine, 'tis vain to plan,
"I'll be a bachelor when a man."
Some fairy creature with golden hair
And sweet blue eyes like your mother's there,
With rippling laugh, like the song of bird,
Or voice the sweetest we ever heard,
Makes us forget the word long spoken;
Half unconscious their spell is broken,
And then, like you, we simply say:
"I hadn't seen Bessie yesterday."

PARSON: "I tell you, sir, the women are the support of the church. The ministers hav a strong hold upon them." Injured husband: "Yes, I realize it; and the trouble is that the hold is generally on the waist."

SENATORS interested in the oleomargarine bill in the House of Representativs speak of the compound as the "poor man's butter." This may be correct, but experience shows that the poor man always pays the highest price for butter, whether it be genuin or bogus.

"PENELOPE," said a new York lady to her little Boston niece, "will you see how high the thermometer is, please?" "Yes, auntie; it is just even with the mantelpiece." "Thank you," said little Penelope's aunt, who was equal to the occasion; "and now will you see how high the mercury is?" "Seventy degrees, Fahrenheit, auntie," replied the Boston miss.

DRUMMER (examining some bags of coffee on the sidewalk): "You surely don't charge thirty cents a pound for this common grade of coffee?" Storekeeper (confidentially): "Oh, no: we just mark it that way to keep from being robbed. You see, every man, woman, and child who passes grabs a handful of coffee-beans to chew. They always steal the highest priced, so we hav to impose upon them in order to protect ourselvs."

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

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of Thought.

act that the Bible contains man knew at that time and ows now, that it pandered to then existed, and hinted not rtant truths which man has g out and learn by his own industry and research, pos itiv evidence that a God of all knowledge did not write it, and that it was simply the production of men not yet enlightened by truth and science?—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE instant we admit that a book is too sacred to be doubted or even reasoned about, we are mental serfs. It is infinitly absurd to suppose that a God would address a communication to intelligent beings, and yet make it a crime to be punished in eternal flames for them to use their intelligence for the purpose of understanding his communication. If we hav the right to use our reason, we certainly hav the right to act in accordance with it, and no God can hav the right to punish us for such actions. —*Ingersoll.*

THE most essential objects of education are the two following: First, to cultivate all the various principles of our nature, both speculativ and activ, in such a manner as to bring them to the greatest perfection of which they are susceptible; and, secondly, by watching over the impressions and associations which the mind receives in early life to secure it against the influence of prevailing errors; and, as far as possible, to engage its prepossessions on the side of truth.—*Dugald Stewart.*

SURELY every medicin is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator, and if time, of course, alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?—*Bacon's Essays.*

RING out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
—*Tennyson.*

ANY society which is not improving is deteriorating, and the more so the closer and more familiar it is. Even a really superior man almost always begins to deteriorate when he is habitually (as the phrase is) "king of his company;" and in his most habitual company, the husband who has a wife inferior to him, is always so. While his self-satisfaction is incessantly ministered to on the one hand, on the other he insensibly imbibes the modes of feeling and of looking at things which belong to a more vulgar or more limited mind than his own.—*Mill's Subjection of Women.*

BECAUSE no one would like to pass his life in solitude, not even if surrounded by an infinit abundance of pleasures, it is easily perceived that we are born for communion and fellowship with man, and for natural associations. But we are impelled by nature to wish to benefit as many persons as possible, especially by instructing them and by delivering to them precepts of prudence.—*Cicero.*

THE consummate hypocrit is not he who conceals vice behind the semblance of virtue, but he who makes the vice which he has no objection to show a stalking-horse to cover darker and more profitable vice which it is for his interest to hide.—*Macaulay.*

IT is not want of power in God that he cannot lie; it is the infinit purity of the divine nature that makes this impossible by reason of his infinit perfection. . . . . With the power of creating we must also join that of annihilating, which is equal to it and must necessarily be supposed to be in God, because we plainly perceive it to be a perfection.—*Bishop Burnett's xxxix Articles.*

To rest the authority of the four gospels or other scriptures on the church, and the authority of the church on the four gospels, or these same scriptures, is a style of argument of which a child could hardly be guilty, which an untutored peasant could see to be ridiculous.—*F. W. Newman.*

THE present is the past grown older and wiser; it is time better understood. Free religion is religion grown older and wiser; it is god and man better understood. The highest fruit of a religion is a better religion. We are to honor the Christian protest for the liberty it secured the world. It is not for the result that the Reformation produced, but for the precedent it established, that we value it. We respect the Protest, not the Protestantism, of the Reformer. That is the only true reformation that allows itself to be reformed. Free religion is the assertion of man's rights, of man's freedom. It is humanity in freer relations with man and in truer relations with the universe. —*L. K. Washburn.*

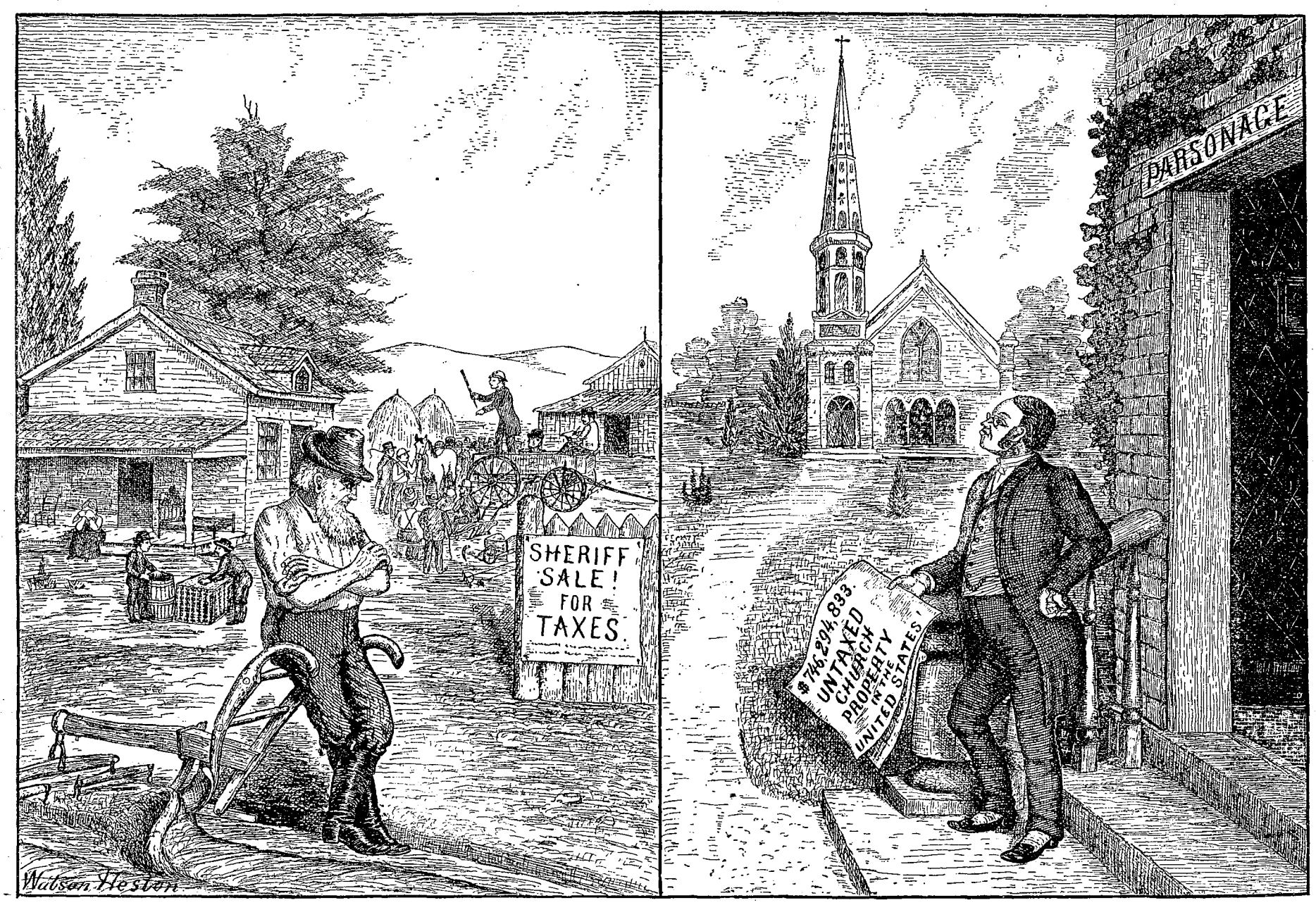
Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.
—*Burns.*

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THE TAXED AND THE UNTAXED.

Notes and Clippings.

MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, it is said, will make her home henceforth at Chicago, where she will take editorial charge of *Literary Life*.

A WOMAN'S school of journalism has been opened in Detroit. The girls are to be taught type-setting, shorthand, revision of manuscript, and proof-reading.

IN consideration of her hand and person in marriage, the Rev. Sydney Wilbur, of Albion, N. Y., has decded to Miss Mary M. Coit, of Newark, N. J., his entire fortune, valued at many thousand dollars. Barter of this kind has heretofore been alluded to by another name than that of marriage.

GEORGE MILLER, of Anaconda, Mont., visited the offiee of the *Daily Miner*, at Butte, for the purpose of shooting the editor, by whom he conceived that he had been injured. The editor took the pistol away from him, threw him down stairs, and fell upon his person, almost crushing the life out of him. Then the Anaconda man was arrested.

THE *Independent* says: "We are heartily in favor of an amendment to the Constitution that would authorize Congress to establish uniform laws on the subject of marriage and divorce throughout the United States. But we do not suppose that, at present, public sentiment has reached the point at which such an amendment may hav any chance of success." It is to be hoped not. The state legislatures hav shown themselvs to be quite adequate to do all the tinkering our marriage laws require.

IF a carmine tint is observed to hav been imparted to things in the vicinity of the Thousand Islands this week, it need not be attributed to aurora borealis or other celestial disturbance. Dr. Talmage and his congregation, to the number of six hundred, hav chosen that locality as the objectiv point of an excursion upon which they embarked last Saturday.

IT was announced that the Thomas Paine Society, of Frederick county, Md., would celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of Tom Paine's death at the house of Aaron Davis, near Frederick; but not a celebrater appeared. Mr. Davis himself observed the day by not working. He said that, while there were only about a dozen members of the society, there were three or four hundred believers of the Paine doctrins in the county, but fear of social ostracism or injury to their business caused them to make a secret of their views.—*Sun*.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HORD, of Indiana, has just returned from a visit to Utah. He thinks the present anti-polygamy laws serve only to solidify Mormon sentiment. All who are under indictment are looked upon as martyrs to the Mormon church. "The Mormon women," he says, "are sincere believers in the alleged revelations to Joe Smith, and they enter into polygamous matrimony as a religious act. The only way, I believe, that Mormonism can ever be reached is to enact a law enabling a woman who has been 'sealed' to a Mormon, to recover a proportionate share of his possessions, and to obtain a divorce whenever she becomes dissatisfied. Then encourage a few adventuresses to go to Utah, become sealed to the wealthy Mormons, and in a few weeks, as a purely business transaction, become dissatisfied, and demand a division. You can reach them through their pockets and through their stomachs quicker than in any other way."

IN the baccalaureate sermon before the young men of Trinity College, Dr. Morgan Dix told them that "in our day it looks as though the foundation of Christian education has been undermined so effectually that even the great towers are ready to fall. Large numbers of educators, in revolt from the old faith, are engaged in experiments of which no one can foresee the end; and perhaps in the popular mind the idea of a university is that of a place where absolute neutrality to religion shall be scrupulously observed, where no attempt at disciplin shall be made, where the student shall be practically a law unto himself."

TWENTY members of the Louisiana legislature hav joined in a protest to the governor against his signing the bill known as the Sunday law, giving as reasons that it is a violation of the fundamental principles underlying the constitution, which guarantees to the individual citizen the fullest measure of personal freedom and an absolute separation of church and state; that the arguments that its provisions are in favor of the toiling masses are sophistical and idle, that its effect will be to deprive them of recreation and rational enjoyment on Sunday, and that the proposed law on the whole is obnoxious to public policy and violativ of the constitution.

A TEXAS court has been called upon to interpret the law relating to "shouting in meeting." It seems that the brethren and sisters of the colored Baptist flock in Dallas became so fervid and excited in their devotional exercises as to disturb the entire neighborhood. The aggrieved neighbors complained that their "shouting, screaming, and yelling at the top of their voices and running up and down on the floor, jumping up and down on the same," amounted to an intolerable nuisance," and moved for an injunction to restrain the fervor of the too zealous worshipers. The latter pleaded the "freedom of conscience, and claimed "the right to worship the Lord in their own way." After hearing a mass of testimony, the judge decided that the complainants had a well-grounded grievance, and granted an injunction "restraining the defendants from disturbing petitioners by loud and unusual or unreasonable noise in said church." The law of the case was laid down as follows: "The constitution guarantees perfect freedom of conscience. No court of law can dictate how a man shall worship, but the exercise of that right must not interfere with the rights of another. Shouting in religious worship may be a matter of conscience, but it does not get beyond state regulations by reason of that. I do not think that noise is a part of religion, but I may not be a good judge of that. It seems to me to be only the result of emotional excitement, such as may be found at conventions or theaters. It may or may not be necessary in religion, but it can also be a nuisance. A man has a right to shout as long and as loudly as he pleases, provided he does it where he will not disturb others. Sleep is essential, and to rob a man of his sleep is as much an infringement of his rights as if he were robbed of his chattels."

The Influence of Religion and Philosophy on Morals.*

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

I.

Permit me to ask, not your sympathy, for all sympathy is unphilosophical, but your cold, impartial consideration to the difficulties which beset a candid and judicial mind in attempting to discuss the influence of religion over moral conduct. For I would apprise you at the outset that I desire to speak not merely of the effects of religious enthusiasm, more than those of religious despondency, or than of that religious culture which often supersedes the emotional element, whether enthusiastic or despondent; or than of religious activity, which is often greatest in those that hav least religious culture; or than, finally, of the religious organizations and the creeds which giv rise to them, which are alternately the consequence and the cause of these various states and conditions of enthusiasm and despondency, culture and activity.

It is easy to laud the influences of religion as always moral, and that might please four-fifths of average men and women. It is equally easy, by seizing upon the crusades, religious wars, inquisitions, persecutions, massacres, and great crimes of religion, to condemn them as in the aggregate immoral, and this might satisfy that other fifth, who are more largely represented in philosophical societies than elsewhere. And then there is that very large constituency who, while they admit in the abstract that many questions hav two sides, yet always do so with the mental reservation that one of these is the wrong side, *i.e.*, somebody else's side, and the other is the right side, *i.e.*, their side. All these like to see a man get squarely down on one side of the fence or the other, so that people of one idea can comprehend him, and not dance from one side to the other, or attempt to straddle. This class I intend to offend, for I am emphaticaily on both sides of this question. In board-of-trade phrase, I deal to-night in double options, which are straddles necessarily. I may also offend those who mentally demand that the question shall he discussed from the impossible assumption that true religion is always moral in its influence. I say impossible, because there can be no investigation where the investigator is required to set out with the assumption that there is nothing to be investigated; nor could any progress be made if I were obliged to set up as a theologian, and assume that one man's religion is true, and another's false. In the sense that religion necessarily assumes that its own influence is wholly moral, and that whoever does not so assume is not religious, the mere discussion of the question is irreligious, and it must be carried on from a non-religious standpoint. The methods used must necessarily resemble dissection, and dissection always denies the existence of life in the thing dissected.

Therefore, the examples cited as cases for dissection and analysis will be necessarily generally those of dead religion, and not of living religion; for there is something in living religion which, like all life, defends itself against close analysis by its own power, and makes us desire to rather aid than to analyze or dissect it.

I intend to show that the aggregate phenomena which pass for religion in the world are sometimes moral, and, at others, immoral in their influences, and that what is ordinarily styled Infidelity, *i.e.*, a Godless science and an Atheistic philosophy, are subject to the like praise and censure; that both are essential forces in the world's civilization, and that any philosophy of human life and duty must recognize both as conflicting but necessary factors, each in the main giving reverse sides of the same truth, or presenting truths which are eternally contradictory to each other. All religions hav certain elements of fact to work upon, which science has not the least tendency to remove, and philosophy has not the least capacity to explain. If there were no such fact as death, there would be no such consequence as religion. When our friend dies, science dissects his corpse, givs a Greek name to his malady, and, perhaps, describes his case in some medical work as a very finely developed and interesting one of pleuro-pneumonia or spinal meningitis. But if we ask science whether our friend still livs, or will ever liv again, science will make a note of our question in its memorandum book, and of the date, as of something it may hav occasion to swear to to prove our insanity, and perhaps will inquire of us whether such attacks are frequent.

It matters not whether religion has anything true or not to tell us as to whether our friend shall liv again. It is its function to tell us something, and we go to those who hav something to say, in preference to those who hav absolutely nothing to say.

If science and philosophy are fearful of imposing on the human mind at this juncture, they must stand aside in favor of the priest who has no such fear. The world's work, including the task of explaining the great mysteries, death, life, the first cause, the future life, must devolve on those who will accept it, not on those who decline it. To the end of time science and philosophy, which depend on experimental evidence, will leave this function to the priest, for he alone can go on assumptions, intuitions, inspirations, and dogmas. Discoveries in science hav no tendency to lessen these mysteries. They deal with the knowable only; religion with the unknowable. All they can do is to preoccupy the mind with other subjects and deaden its religious sensibilities. They cannot explain away the grave. Religion includes all thoughts that derive man's duty from the assumption of his immortality. Morality includes all action, to which the quality of right is attached on grounds of authority or law, and not mere expediency or interest. Many persons may vaguely believe that all morality is ultimately the highest expediency. Hence the maxims "Honesty is the best policy," "Virtue brings its own reward," "The seed of the righteous shall not beg," "Seek first righteousness and all other things shall be added." But if a man clearly sees wherein the profit of an act will exceed its penalty, both in quantity and in immediateness, the act is simply selfish, or business-like—not moral. If it is done from a motiv of obedience to God it is religious, which is more than moral. If done from a clear prescience that it will benefit and bless mankind, it is benevolent, not moral. But if it is not done to promote our immediate interest or pleasure, and if we believe it to be right without analyzing, why, it is moral.

For instance, "Thou shalt not steal" is a moral law among all races of men. The fact that one thoroughly believes that his neighbor has more property than he needs or even knows of, that it would be better for all mankind that it should be equalized, that the desired property perhaps is perishing because of its owner's inability to use it, never removes the sense of guilt which attaches to the theft. Yet these circumstances are amply sufficient to make out a case of expediency that the property should change hands. Expediency, therefore, has nothing to do with moral laws. So of obedience to parents, telling the truth, marital fidelity, and the other features of all moral codes. They demand that they be assumed without explanation or analysis. To reason about them and rest them on expediency is to undermine them. Their reason being thus mysterious, it is natural that they should be ascribed to that name in which all mysteries are bound up. If no explanation can be given why we should not steal when it is clearly expedient, it usefully cuts off the call for explanation to say God commands it.

I will not review the historical evidence that moral law has its dawn in religious law, and that in its infancy the human conscience everywhere judges of right and wrong from the standpoint of man's immortal nature and divine environment. The first structures in history were the religious piles on which sacrifices were burnt to appease the offended gods; the first observations of nature, of the flight of birds, of the powers of plants, of the winds and the stars, were by the oracles to discover the will of the gods; the first notions of right were of that which the gods would reward; of wrong, that which the gods would punish.

Science, in which I include the sum of human knowledge gathered by observation of facts, and philosophy, in which I include the trained power of reasoning from any premises of fact to their legitimate conclusions and inferences, hav it no more within their scope to furnish us with a moral standard, are no more able to prove that one act is right and another wrong, than they are to point out whether or not there is a life beyond the grave. It is as foreign from their function as it is from that of mathematics, sculpture, music, or gymnastics.

Science may be defined as the observation, collection, and classification of phenomena, with the view of tracing the relations of causation between them, *i. e.*, the power of two or more phenomena to produce a third. It has to do therefore with secondary causes only, *i. e.*, with causes which are themselvs caused.

If nitrogen and oxygen gases in mechanical union always form air, and never form anything else, and if air is never formed otherwise, then it is a law of physical science that these two substances in this mode of union form air. But if neither of these substances is capable of being resolved into any other constituent substances, then the question who or what creates oxygen or nitrogen is a religious question, because it belongs in the domain of the unknowable; *i. e.*, if answered at all, it must be answered by an assumption which commends itself to our faith merely. It is so answered when it is said either that God makes them, that Jupiter makes them, or that evolution makes them, or that they are not made.

Apply the scientific mode of deducing a law to morals. You first carefully collate the statistics of crime and immorality, and learn that the ratio of vice to virtue, and of crime to morality, recurs in a definit connection with certain causes, such as poverty, heredity, race, and mal-education, as harvest follows seedtime. At last you grind out your law of social science concerning crime. What is it? That in a population of three hundred thousand, a murder is due once a month, and in the ratio for the year of five among Irishmen, three among Germans, two by Scandinavians, Englishmen, and Scotchmen, one by American whites, and one by American blacks. Nine of the murders must be by persons having no trade, three by persons of education, and so on. So a robbery is due once a fortnight, thefts twice a day, and lying every two seconds. The law of social science as much requires that the representativs of the various nationalities shall come forward with their proper ratio of crime, as the state laws require that the states' attorney shall be ready with his indictment, or the sheriff with his rope. There would be a screw loose somewhere if the robbery which was due once a fortnight went over into the third week. The law of social science would need a revision to account for this lapse, this backwardness on the part of the criminal classes in coming forward. Not that social science is to be despised. But its cure for crime would be found in some far-off amendment in our legislation on some economical question, or in our transportation policy, or in our currency laws, which would revive morality by material means, diffusing wealth and promoting industry. But obviously social science could furnish no standard of reform which could work on the individual like a policeman's club or Brother Moody's hell. Perhaps some will say, moral laws can be framed by science. When medical science succeeds in framing any laws of hygiene which will be as generally agreed upon as the current rules of morality are, it will be time enough to discuss this question. Meanwhile the rule for finding health is the same as the miner's rule for finding gold, viz., "Where you find it, there it is."

I thought the rule "keep your head cool and your feet warm" was pretty sound until I met a physician in New York who went up Broadway in December in a fur cap and slippers, and who seemed to prove that the true rule is "keep your head warm and your feet cool." And now, alas!

His scalpels rust,
His bones are dust,

and if we may be permitted to attach a theological department to a scientific man:

His soul has gone
To heaven, I trust.

His studies in the science of hygiene having killed him, he is prevented from practicing it upon others.

I once knew a baby which if it could hav been nursed like Romulus by a wolf might hav lived. For when it cried, the wolf would hav either tossed it up or eaten it up, and either course would hav stopped the pain in its stomach. But being in charge of its young mother, the science of hygiene came along at two dollars a call and revealed that rocking the baby made it dizzy, that tossing it up would crook its legs, and that letting it lie and cry it out would strengthen its lungs. So, four successiv babies died of the science of hygiene, a larger loss probably than any female wolf ever met with.

Mankind do not greatly err for want of sufficient harmony over the question what is morally right and wrong. They agree so well upon it that moral idiots, men who do not know right from wrong, are seldom found except among men and women of the very highest reasoning powers.

So use your own as not to injure your neighbor;

The marriage of one man to one woman;

The nurture of children by both their parents, and their obedience to both;

Telling the truth, except as literary fictions may be made the means of conveying a higher truth;

Covet not one's neighbor's goods;

Loving one's neighbor; the duty of industry, etc.

Some moral rules such as these, except that, in the case of marriage, polygamy is substituted in barbarous periods, are universally accepted in theory, and are continually though exceptionally violated in practice. In insuring obedience to these and other moral duties, it is usually assumed that religion is the chief factor. This may be true if we comprehend in religion all the anterior causes which go to make one's religion what it is, which point its tendencies as the winds point the weather-cock.

These causes, in the order of their relativ importance, are: First, race, including all those differences of history, residence of ancestry, location, climate, food, and past education and institutions which go to make up race. Second, heredity, or the bias which each child inherits from his parent or ancestor, and which stands associated with peculiarities in his brain, nervous system, and body, which cause and constitute his physical personal identity, and whereby we distinguish him from others. Heredity constantly tends to restore the ancestral type; education and experience to weaken it. Thirdly, education, which is the aptness with which the capacity of the individual is developed to obtain the gratification of his normal desires and social wants by means which are consistent with the welfare of society and with the moral standards; fourthly, industry, or the regular preoccupation of the mind with alternating periods of useful productiv work, exhilarating amusement, and healthy repose; fifthly, wealth, or the ability to command the services of our fellow-men in a degree adequate to the gratification of our desires, by means and exchanges which promote the best interests of society and conform to moral standards; and, sixthly,

*Lecture delivered before the Chicago Philosophical Society.

religion, or the sense of acting under motivs derived from our assumed immortality and responsibility to God.

An African Kaffer can be converted into a Christian of his sort, perhaps, by a present of ostrich feathers, or beads, or spelling-books, or rum; but he and his descendants for a thousand years would hav to bequeath their slowly-improving stock to the dust in repeated failures before a Christian of the order of Jonathan Edwards or Wm. E. Channing or David Swing would result. To bring the connection between physique and faith home to our daily observation, go into any Methodist church in Chicago. There is probably not a person of the Saxon type, light hair, round face, yellow freckles, blue eyes, in the entire church, except as an accident, or a visitor, or a heretic. All are dark, as if the entire stock of the blood of the early Romans had been reserved for them. The same sanguin-bilious temperament which carried the Roman eagles from the Ganges to Gibraltar indicates that that congregation believes in headship, executiv force; in a bishop, not in a synod nor in individual independence. In politics they will vote for a general; in criminal law they will go for hanging; in suppressing a riot they believe in grape and canister first and then—persuasion. In suppressing intemperance they would knock out the head of the barrel and hang its owner. In theology they would be ashamed of a creed that had not a substantial hell. Even their prayers are not unfrequently as full of force as if they were tournaments in which the blessing was to be wrestled for and borne off by the bishop of the most stentorian lungs, as of old the guerdon was won by the knight of the strongest lance. Being of the Roman type, their church government must be military, worthy of their founder, John Wesley, who was first cousin to the Duke of Wellington, by the same right as sanguin-bilious religion is always first cousin to the bayonet.

Contrast with these the Baptists and Congregationalists, universally of the Saxon type, flaxen hair, blue eyes, round and red or freckled cheeks, broad, not high, heads—congregational because too jealous of their liberties to yield even as much control to others as is essential to organization. The same element is in their blood which made Germany Protestant and divided it into petty principalities; which made Englishmen the authors of parliamentary freedom; which places Plymouth church, Brooklyn, above denominational control, and teaches a Dutchman instinctivly that for him to sell or drink beer is nobody's business. Every flaxen-haired Saxon is his own hero, bishop, king, and kaiser.

Between these is the Presbyterian type, aristocratic but practical, prone to deliberation, believing more in thought than force; cautious, consulting, senatorial, with a physique spare, straight, and free from surplus matter, heads high and narrow, men who in every stage of the world's history hav been its barons, generals, senators; hav led its good families, fenced in their gens with every wall that could maintain gentility, and hav never forgotten in any theory of human equality that blood will tell, and that you cannot make a silver whistle out of a sow's ear. Their type physically is a blending of that of the Scotch lairds, Danish thanes, and the Norman barons.

While physical peculiarities, which, from being predominant in certain races, hav become associated with them in history, thus control religious types, a good common-school education and a moderate competency are the two legs on which the Protestant church-member walks into his church. But for them he would not be there at all. Protestantism is a religion for saving intelligent and comfortable people, not from hell, but from isolation, which is its earthly equivalent, by reminding them of things they already know in terms eloquent enough to giv them a spice of novelty. It is not so much banishment from God as from society that the Protestant ordinarily dreads. Take away from Protestants half their education and they would be Catholics. Take away their competencies and they would stay at home and hav no religion in particular until they could afford it.

Religion, therefore, is the resultant expression of the anterior forces of the race, heredity, education, industry, and wealth. Practically, industry alone has far more to do with the maintenance of morality than any tenets. Pride of family, social ambition, etc., are also powerful means to the same end.

And now we come to our main question: What are the positiv and direct influences of religion in the aggregate over morals? The different religions of the world hav enjoyed very diverse reputations in this regard. In China, to-day, neither the irreligious nor religious class looks upon religion as having anything to do with practical morality. A Chinaman is moral only in proportion as he is rich. Mencius and Confucius are philosophers rather than religionists, but the worship of Joss is a species of incantation for charming away evils. The Greek and Roman mythologies made worship a means of securing temporal blessings, and they deified the sensual nature of man by dedicating temples to every lust and passion, in a manner that led to what would now be regarded as the most gross and bestial immoralities. Indeed, in Greece and Rome, history concedes that it was the philosophers, not the priests, who taught morals. There was nothing that looked like heaven and hell, in our sense, in them, except in the Eleusinian mysteries. The few who were admitted to these were shown the raptures of the blessed and the torments of the wicked quite after the style subsequently adopted into Christianity, and were pointed to a naked, sinless child as the state to which the soul must come which would escape hell and attain heaven. Indeed, the Eleusinian mysteries prefigured the Christian doctrin of heaven, hell, and salvation through righteousness more remarkably than anything in the Old Testament. The very language of Jesus, "Except ye become as little children ye shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven," was but a spoken transcript of the doctrin which for a thousand years, dramatically presented, had illumined the mysteries of Eleusis. Buddhism makes benevolence the sum of all virtues. Mohammedanism, with the exception of its hostility to the use of wine, has scarcely a moral tone of any kind. It is a mere policy of insurance for securing heavenly bliss in consideration of an earthly premium of so many prayers a day to Allah. Christianity has at times degenerated into a similar condition, but it has at most periods had infinitly more to do with morals than any other religion. No other religion is so distinctly supernatural in its claims, nor so aggressiv in assuming charge of moral conduct.

What we shall hereafter say will be confined, therefore, mainly to the moral influences of the Christian religion, except where others are mentioned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old-time Orthodoxy.

Some fifty-eight years ago (1828–30), the writer, with his friends, was seriously alarmed for the preservation of our republic from the vigorous assaults of the dominant orthodox priesthood. Their plan was to enforce the idea that this was a Christian government, on the strength of which their idea was to unite church and state.

A review of the battle-field might not be uninteresting even at this late date. The Bible and Tract societies and all religious orthodox bodies acted as a unit in this one controling effort, and, had their object been praiseworthy, would hav elicited praise. The program, without much effort at concealment, was this: Sunday was to be acknowledged and enforced as a legal constitutional "Sabbath," and as such all violations of its sanctity were to be piously and criminally prosecuted. All Sunday traffic was to be suspended—even the carrying of the United States mail! No vessel was to weigh anchor for sea on Sunday. No livery stable man was to hire for pleasure horses or vehicles for Sunday recreation. All public avenues to and from the city were to be closed. All public ferries were to be suspended on Sundays. All ice cream and pleasure gardens were to be closed on Sunday. And, in fine, a man's religious belief and piety were to be a test of his fitness for office.

It would hardly be believed at this late day to what extremes some of these pious fanatics carried their ideas of godliness. One Rev. Dr. Strong, in Albany, in 1826 asserted that the existence of the republic up to this period was to him a wonder, as it had never been blessed with a Christian president. From Washington down, all, all, were Infidels. Washington and the whole crew were disbelievers in the holy Bible. He predicted dire calamity to New York city, inasmuch as its new sheriff, Mr. M. M. Noah, was a birthright Jew.

From an old undisturbed colonial custom a few chains had been allowed before the street doors of some of the old churches. Hence, taking advantage of this custom, every obscure place of prayer or puritanical pious fervor—save the Quaker meeting-houses and the Jewish synagogs—ran chain obstructions before their doors, much to the annoyance of travelers. On the principle that the end justifies the means, monster petitions were placed before Congress with signatures obtained from factories, school-children, poor-houses, and hospitals. General Jackson, Henry Clay, Webster, Sam Houston, and Adams were then before the political world, and were promptly interrogated by the saints in regard to their religious faiths. Of course, the tallest kind of lying was indulged in. Each demurely admitted that he was a sinner and needed the prayers of all good Christians.

This was the state of affairs when Miss Frances Wright, the champion of Freethought—the pupil of the elder Robert Owen, the admired of General Lafayette, the coadjutor of Robert Dale Owen—arrived in New York in 1821. It is thought that the collapse of the nefarious orthodox scheme might be dated from this period. Her radical utterances soon brought down upon her the maledictions of all the saints, and incredible falsehoods were vented against her. But she was even more than a Joan of Arc. Joan, it is true, accomplished the liberation of a thankless kingdom, and deservedly receives the admiration of the world; but Miss Wright strove for the emancipation of a world of shackled thinkers. From her "Hall of Science" in New York emanated a series of debates and debaters which seemed to set the world in a furor of thinking. This, together with her own personal classic lectures at the old Park Theater and in other cities on the subject of Freethought, begot a spirit of investigation which has ever since been onward. Almost the first indication of rebellion against orthodoxy was the general destruction of these puritanical Sunday chains. The impetuosity of our city firemen could brook no obstruction in the passage of their "mercheens;" so down came chains, posts, and all. Even the time-venerated chains of "old Trinity" fell before the firemen's axe. For our old firemen (as we all know) "were of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

It would be pleasant and instructiv to dwell upon the labors and excellences of this talented heroin in the early days of Freethought, but we can only recommend a perusal of her biography by Mr. D. M. Bennett, in his biographical sketches of "The World's Sages and Thinkers," for sale at THE TRUTH SEEKER'S bookstore.

Such was the effect of free discussion that it seemed to impregnate even the orthodox churches. It seemed to arouse a restless spirit of inquiry into all subjects connected with human emancipation. It was like the explosion of a dynamite bomb among this apathetic, bigoted body of orthodox saints. It evidently gave an additional impetus to our champions of antislavery. It provoked an inquiry into man's inherent rights, and thinkers began to take sides even among the saints, little dreaming where the principle of emancipation would "fetch up?"

About this time several reverends of talent, and in high estimation, in their holy fervor became somewhat logical, and in bad odor with their flocks, by carrying this *penchant* too far. One Dr. Cox, pastor of a fashionable church at St. John's Park, in descanting on our blessed Lord and Savior, described him personally as not being of the pure Caucasian lineage, but rather oriental, of dark complexion, with curly locks, or what would now be termed "a gentleman of color." This was too much even for some of his patrician saints, hence a schism. It was, in fact, too much even for orthodoxy. His enemies wickedly asserted that he had made it clear that our blessed Redeemer was a *nigger!* The learned doctor was publicly insulted in the streets, and the windows of his once popular tabernacle were summarily demolished.

D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn, E. D.

Growth of the Productiv Power.

The power of production has been so largely increased of late years that it is estimated that five men can now accomplish as much as six men could in 1870 or eight men in 1850. At this rate of knocking off a man every ten years we shall eventually reach a time when only one man in fifty will hav to do any work at all and when a day's labor may be done before breakfast.—*Daily Paper.*

And when this time comes, what is to become of the unemployed under our present competitiv system. Tariff and anti-tariff sinks into insignificance alongside of this gigantic question. Machinery in the last twenty-five years has trebled production and at the same time thrown one-fourth of the skilled laborers out of employment, and made them in a manner nonconsumers. The capitalist buys the machine and reaps all the benefit, while the workingman is forced to take the lowest wages he can be starved into accepting, for the competition in labor is increased by every new machine the capitalist puts to work. There has to be some system devised in place of this competitiv one, by which the workingman may reap a fair share of the profit made at his expense by the aid of machinery. This will be done, and the sooner the rich monopolists see it and apply the remedy, the better it will be for all, for if they resist and refuse to apply the remedy, they hav not seen the last of such scenes as took place at East St. Louis but yesterday. I am glad to see that some men are willing to adopt the following plan, which is a long step in the right direction. I inclose it in a slip that I cut out of a paper. I think the firm deserves a free advertisment for leading the way by which the workingman may get simple justice:

AUBURN, ME.—On Saturday last the firm of A. Cushman & Co., shoe manufacturers, laid before a meeting of their 750 employees the details of a plan whereby the net profits of the business shall be divided among the workmen. The workmen will receive as high wages as are paid by competing firms. The services as managers of the members of the firm will be compensated by stated salaries, interest on the plant, and a reasonable amount for wear and tear will be allowed, and the balance of the earnings will be distributed among the men in the proportion that the labor of each contributes to the product. The employees appointed a committee to help carry out the plan.

Steubenville, O. JOHN DOWNES.

IGNATIUS.—In December, A.D. 115, the Emperor Trajan was stopping at Antioch. A fearful earthquake which lasted seven days and came near killing the emperor himself, created such excitement that Ignatius was sacrificed to appease the wrath of the gods. In the absence of any further evidence on the subject, Ignatius has not as much claim to the title of a Christian martyr as one of the Salem witches.—*Antichrist.*

Chicago Secular News.

Last Sunday one of our pious and aristocratic Presbyterian congregations was worked up to a high degree of indignation by the presence, in the midst of their sweet hour of prayer, of a case of competition altogether too severe for their pastor—the din of a lot of louder blowers than himself. While he, with his prime cheek, was bravely appealing to a personal God he knows does not exist, a Dutch band, with brazen instruments, put a climax on his prayer, and a number of old bald-heads in the congregation were thrown into such a state of excitement that attacks of apoplexy are hourly expected. They wanted to rush out and annihilate the band, but a sober second thought reminded them that such matters were attended with some risk, and as none of them cared to "fight for Jesus just now," they concluded to postpone the matter to some other time, or call upon the police. This church is situated on the north side and picnic parties hav been accustomed on Sundays to march past on their way to the many groves, headed by bands of music; but this freedom from theological tyranny is doomed to disappear by the almighty edict of Captain Schaack, the swashbuckling bully of the Chicago avenue bastile. At the close of the services, it is said, some two hundred male members of the congregation marched in procession to the police station to complain of the above disturbance of their devotions. When Schaack saw the crowd coming he fancied they were some of Spies's supporters, and it is said that he fainted, and needed a couple of tumblers of water dashed into his face to bring him to. He was then so rejoiced at his deliverance that he promised that no Dutch bands should desecrate on Sundays any streets in the vicinity of said church, and that the police should be instructed to keep them several blocks away until an ordinance should be passed suppressing music on the streets on the "blessed Sabbath" altogether. A petition was then signed by those present to the common council asking for an ordinance to abolish musical parades on Sunday. So you see that our public streets are no longer public property, and police are to be paid to enforce their immunity from disturbing strains while worshiping, not the God of the United States, but that of old Abe—the original old Abe—Ike and Jake *et al.* The petition is to be circulated among all the churches, and the Young Men's Christian Association are to affix their X mark on it. The council will scarcely dare ignore so powerful, important, and "altogether lovely" a lot of citizens, so they think.

Captain Schaack was exposed by Spies and others some time ago for outraging a young girl who was held for some petty larceny. Although the evidence was conclusiv, this worthy remains in power, and anyone supposed to hav the slightest sympathy with the Anarchists is pounced upon by him and treated to a dose of the "sweat-box" and other tortures. That this is no exaggeration will be seen by reading this excerpt from this morning's paper:

Captain Schaack has at last admitted the truth concerning Julius Oppenheimer. Shortly after the Desplaines street riot of May 4th the man was arrested and placed in a cell at the East Chicago Avenue station. No charge was placed against him, and nobody knew where he was until a liberated prisoner informed his friends that Julius was a prisoner in Captain Schaack's dungeon. It seems that after being in the place for weeks Oppenheimer became aware that another prisoner had been locked up near enough to him to admit of conversation. To him Oppenheimer told his story, saying that he was there under no charge, was treated as any prisoner, and had been in confinement for over six weeks. He begged the man to do something for him when he got out. Information was conveyed to the prisoner's friends, but they say that when they attempted to see him the police at the East Chicago Avenue station would not admit that they had such a man at all.

The burgomaster was not slow in expressing his opiniou of the newspapers who hav been uncomfortably truthful in speaking of North Side affairs, but had it not been for those selfsame newspapers Oppenheimer and other unfortunates who hav the ill luck to fall into the clutches of the North Side despot might rot in his dungeon cells, with nobody the wiser. "Mysterious disappearances" hav been frequent of late, and it might be in order to search the cells of the East Chicago Avenue police station.

When Sergeant Montgomery was questioned by another reporter if he thought they had a right to act that way, as it was plainly in violation of law, that worthy, a fair sample of his superior officer, said, "We don't care a damn for the law; we are doing as we like here, and are going to keep on doing it."

The advent of A. R. Parsons in court on Monday was a genuin surprise to the Chicago detectivs. Some two hundred had been hunting for him all over the country. It was not a surprise to the writer, as counsel for the defense had asked for his opinion on the matter of his surrender. It shows the complete innocence of Parsons. That a man able to elude the whole force of the police and newspapers should surrender himself is *prima facie* evidence of both innocence and heroism. Judge Gary's rulings on the examination of witnesses are so astoundingly partial that Captain Black told the writer this morning that even were his clients convicted the instrument would not be worth the paper it was written on, as the Supreme Court would be compelled to reverse the decision. Nevertheless, they expect to prove their innocence, even before such jurymen as the sheriff and state's attorney hav so carefully selected from the roll of citizen voters.

The cases of faith cures reported at Tolono, Ill., hav been cruelly robbed of their wonderful religious aspect by the statements of the two physicians who attended the lady supposed to hav been so miraculously cured, which statements doubtless you hav received ere this. E. A. Stevens.

The Tent in Wayne Co., New York.

The Tent was pitched for the first time in the season of 1886, on Thursday, June 17th, in the village of Marion, Wayne county, N. Y.

The most bitter and determined opposition was manifested, and every endeavor possible made to keep people away; even those who never attended church were warned "if they went to the Tent lecture they would be marked just so long as they lived in Marion." Yet many attended who never, under ordinary circumstances, could hav been induced to listen to facts against Christianity and in favor of Secularism.

I circulated a large number of copies of The Truth Seeker; only two copies (so far as I could learn) came to grief. One dear, devout follower of the meek and lowly who "believed every word of her Bible, especially the New Testament," and so, of course, desired to "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good" (1 Thes. v, 21), snatched a copy from the hands of her "lord and master" and tore it up, throwing the pieces in the street.

Another gentle Christian of the masculin gender snatched a copy from the hands of a young lady, and, with harsh, bitter denunciation, tore it in two and flung it in the road. Doubtless the pieces were picked up, and, if by some honest-hearted persons, will lead them from the horror of fierce sectarian hate to the more ennobling principles of Secularism. Thus the good seed sown in bitterness will yield fruit of truth, and incite to ministrations of love and gentleness. Mrs. Reynolds delivered her lecture, "A Woman's Reasons for the Gospel of Humanity," on Sunday evening, and this redoubled the excitement, and set the already seething caldron of bigotry to boiling over, and it made a most savage spluttering. The little village is terribly excited, but the more rational of them are reading their Bible to make sure for themselvs what it teaches. The discussion with Rev. Boyes, Baptist minister at Williamson, resulted in large attendance each of the three evenings despite the unfavorable weather.

The Rev. Boyes was one of those who "rushed in where angels fear to tread." I loaned him a number of Liberal books and a large assortment of Truth Seekers, so he could learn something of the teachings of Secularism. He was sadly lacking in knowledge of Bible, history, theology, or politics. He occupied one-half hour in showing copies of The Truth Seeker and expatiating on the cartoons, convulsing the audience with laughter. In behalf of the Truth Seeker Company I returned grateful thanks for the very excellent advertisment, and added, what he had omitted, subscription price was only $3 per year—four months for $1.

Rev. Boyes did the best he could, and I admired his *stick-to-it-iveness*. The third night he changed the order to forty-five minute speeches instead of thirty, and after the discussion felt so keenly his defeat that he tried to harang the audience, but they beat a rapid retreat. The Christians say it was not fair, on account of their champion's lack of ability. But Boyes was the best they could get to discuss the question.

On Friday, June 25th, I pitched the tent here at Palmyra; shall remain over July 5th, and then go to Montezuma, N. Y., where, thanks to those indomitable champions of Secularism, Ross and Travis, the way is well prepared for effectual Tent labor.

If the New York Freethinkers' Association Convention is held at White Sulphur Springs, I shall go with Tent from Montezuma to Boonton, N. J., and be there from July 22d to August 2d. Friends in New Jersey, and those on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, should write me at once.

If the meeting of the New York Freethinkers' Association is not held at White Sulphur Springs, I shall hope to reach Ballston Spa later in the season with the Tent. At Boonton, New Jersey, I hope to be joined by friend Kramer, who will for the balance of the season fill the arduous duties of Tentmaster, which duties prove too severe a tax on me.

I hope every Liberal in the state will write to The Truth Seeker expressing wishes in regard to the Convention, and that a large, enthusiastic, and glorious success may result. C. B. Reynolds.

Spiritual Photography.

It was my intention to furnish at this time a report of the proceedings of the Investigating Committee on June 20th and 23d, but an unexpected circumstance makes further delay desirable. The members of the committee wish an opportunity to confer upon their report, which will giv all the results attained up to that time.

Henry M. Parkhurst.

Death of an Old Land Reformer.

The funeral of Mr. William Rowe, who died Thursday, June 24th, took place at his late residence, Hackensack Bridge, N. J., on Sunday, June 27th. Mr. Rowe was in his sixty-ninth year. Besides relativs, a large number of sympathizing friends attended. There were present many of the member of the original Land Reform Association, among whom were the veteran Lewis Masquerier, Andrew H. Day, David Peirson, Henry Beeny, Frank M. Smith, Dr. Weeks, Victor Drury, William Hanson, Samuel Leavitt, J. K. Ingalls, Henry Macdonough, and others from this city, besides his associates in Bergen and Jersey City. Mr. Ingalls delivered an address at the house, and a favorite poem of the deceased, "When We Lay Us Down to Sleep," was recited at the grave, as he had requested. He was buried in a beautiful plot in Arlington cemetery, near Newark. The following extracts are from Mr. Ingalls's address:

Dear Friends: We are assembled to pay our tribute to the memory of our brother Rowe, and to do the offices which circumstance and custom require. The mysteries of life and death are beyond our mental grasp. We know only that we are a part of the Infinit life, and can never be severed from it. Our dear friend was at an early age enfranchised from those fears which darken and depress the mind. His natural love of truth, his deep and conscientious regard for right, his broad love of mankind, left no room for superstition. It was enough for him to be alive and able to do. In service he found security, in duty pleasure, in love law.

It seems scarcely necessary to say that our brother has laid him down to sleep at last in peace with his own mind and with all men. If he is to appear before another and higher tribunal, it will be as a friend of his fellow-being, as an advocate of truth, as a worker for all that ennobles and elevates the human soul.

With such a record the grave can hav no terror, death no fear. It is the laying down of the tired body. It is the closing of our earthday's labor, the sinking of the sun behind the hills, after its appointed hours of giving light and warmth to the earth. Our brother's life, his work, is over, and has now become a part of the possession of the race.

He has builded well. Into the most ordinary duties he has put his best strength, his best capacities, and wrought faithfully everywhere. Whoever has dealt with him in any way has found him conscientious and upright.

In his social and domestic relations he was simply a true man. And though the loss of such a husband, such a friend, is by so much the more severe, so is our consolation so much the greater, that our lives hav been freshened and upheld by relation to so noble a nature, and so true a friend.

After his removal to New York he became acquainted with George H. Evans from whom he first received the ideas about land ownership, which after became to him a "gospel of good will to men." This cause never afterward lacked his devotion and friendly aid.

And he lived to see these ideas go out and spread far and wide, until the poet, the philosopher, and scientist hav taken up their advocacy and acknowledged their relation to all political equality, and to social economy and true religion as well.

With but limited time, taken often from the requisit rest from exhausting toil, and with meager opportunities, he took up the study of the question in all its bearings upon industry and social life, and with his plain but vigorous modes of thought solved it. There were unity and symmetry in his thought; he was consistent with himself. . . One had only to inquire what was right on any important question to know where to find William Rowe.

Of his relation to religion in its popular sense I desire to say a word. He was no scoffer at things held sacred by others of sincere mind. But he was impatient of the shallow hypocrisies of the worldly religions, and of every priestly wile to enslave the minds of the timid but confiding people.

To the superstitious idea of evil he he opposed the natural conception that evil springs from ignorance and misdirection. Good he placed in the utility of actions, evil in the mis-estimation of what would be productiv of good to self or others. He found the great stimulus to greed and unlimited gratification of desire to depend upon the ability to obtain it at the cost of another than one's self. This constitutes the sin of slavery, monopoly, or any class rule which puts it in the power of one to gratify desire at another's expense.

Thus, our brother had formed for himself an economic, moral, and even religious standard. Reduced to practice, it was to make him faithful in whatever he did, to take never what another had earned, to pay himself the cost of every satisfaction.

With each feeling of sorrow and regret for the loss we hav sustained, there arises an assuring consciousness that to hav been related, to hav been known and been loved by so true a man has made brighter and richer our own lives; that the world is better that such a noble life has been and labored in it; and that although that life is now spent, and his work now done, they will leave their influence on lives still here, and render easier and lighter the burdens which the poor and unfriended hav to bear. He was "the friend of the poor" in its best and truest sense, and as such will be remembered.

Lectures and Meetings.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists of southwest Michigan will hold their annual five-day camp-meeting at Lake Cora, near Pawpaw, August 5th to 9th. Speakers engaged: O. P. Kellogg, of Ohio, and Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of Michigan.

W. F. Jamieson is engaged to deliver the Fourth of July oration at Wentworth, Dakota. He will also deliver two lectures on Sunday. The three following Sundays he will hold grove meetings in Sterling Center, Delavan, and Elysian Lake. Address at Lake City, Minn.

Edward B. Aveling, one of the best of the English scientific and Freethought lecturers, will make a visit to this country this fall, and would like to make engagements for lectures before Freethought and Socialistic societies. His fees will be moderate. Parties desiring his services will please address W. L. Rosenburg, 261 East Tenth street, New York city.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,489.87
Shoshone	2.50
Dillon, Montana, per G. W. Emerick, B. F. White, Thompson and Blivens, T. F. Chapman, W. P. Dayne, N. M. Wilson, L. C. Fyhrie. W. G. Galigher, Adolph Eliel, Lambert Eliel, F. W. Poindexter, G. F. Paul, T. Huber, Dan Chapman, Richard Dean, O. Klemm, J. A. Leason, Benj. Dittmore, Benj. Freman, Nelson and Mickens, W. F. Eastman, Bloomer and Halliday, John T. Yor, A. S. Rife, Holcombe, John O. Leary, N. A. Stiles, R. J. Scearce, D. Lamont, D. F. Reinhart, N. M. White, Kline and Callanan, O. E. Moore, Geo. Savage, Talbot, E. J. Nelson, Chas. A. Asman, John Beach, and others	31.75
Mrs. L. E. Hanson	1.00
W. J. Seal,	1.00
Ben. H. Dettmer	2.00
D. L. Kemper	1.00
W. T. Eastman,	1.00
B. M. Carrington	1.00
Butte City, per Dr. O. B. Whitford, J. C. Singer, Julian Smith, Jas. Broughton, E. D. Dunkle, E. N. Dunkle, J. F. Beck, G. W. Stapleton, Fred. Cook, David Hall, Peter McCauley, Charles Elis, Mr. Rogers, and others	42.00
Total	$2,573.12

News and Notes.

SHOSHONE FALLS.

On Saturday morning at 4 o'clock I left my snug quarters at the Dewey House, Shoshone, for a twenty-five-mile ride over the lava-beds to the now-famous Shoshone Falls, which every traveler must witness, for it is one of the grandest spectacles on the continent. The ride was exceedingly uncomfortable, for the weather had changed; dark clouds were in the sky, and furious gales from the enormous icy ranges of the North swept the air and cut to the skin like a razor. On the bleakest hills of New England, where the snow lies six feet deep, I never suffered more from the cold. But the horses sped along at a glorious rate, and the onward motion kept my courage to "the sticking place." I earnestly longed for the beams of the rising sun to decorate the endless wastes of sage brush and bleak buttes that rose here and there, relics of a once tremendous volcanic upheaval. It did rise, and a breezy warmth seemed to come with its opening smile. But, alas! the glory was only for a moment, for soon the king of day was enveloped in thick folds of cloud, from which it did not emerge for the rest of the journey. In four hours, however, we had traversed the desert. For the last few miles we could see the floating mist of the mighty cataract in the gray of the morning, rising to the hight of nearly two thousand feet above the surging base. We could hear only the faint noise of the falls, like the distant roll of the ocean. All of a sudden, in the turn of the winding road, we came upon the wonderful grandeur of the scenery. We were at the top of immense walls of molten rock of every variety of shape, and one thousand feet below we saw the circular valley and the glistening waters. It was a magnificent picture, unsurpassed for ruggedness, wildness, sublimity, and terror. It seemed to stretch away like a palace of the giants, a fit place for the Walpurgis Night's Revel, where witches and devils and ghosts and hobgoblins might hav all that was appropriate to their tremendous pranks. Tam O'Shanter never looked upon a scene half so bewildering in its grotesque and awful enchantments. What a terribly hot time nature must hav had of it a million years ago in these vast gorges —a blazing hell suddenly covered with illimitable billows, like cold water upon heated glass, and at once the boiling mass breaks into ten thousand ruins, while the busy waves mold the countless fragments into massiv shapes, that giv a marvelous setting to the floods that pour down the descent of two hundred and seventy feet. Snake river is indeed a very remarkable river. It winds about through an immense extent of country like the coils of an enormous serpent. Its bosom is treacherous, and its whirlpools will swallow trees of hundreds of feet in length, tossing them into an upright position and swallowing them as if they were no more than so many pins. The stanchest boat in one of these eddies would go to eternity on the lightning express. If one tumbles into his snakeship he is yanked under and only reappears miles away. The strongest swimmer has but little chance if he gets into the jaws of this monster. Snake river is indeed well named—brilliant, beautiful, terrible, treacherous, and deceitful; enchanting in its very malignity, it fascinates with its fierce glory, and one feels almost like jumping into its seething embrace of death. It made me shudder to look at its gleaming folds.

Down, down, we went along the jutting sides of the canyon until we struck the valley, and came upon the only dwelling and hotel in the place, a tent. An elegant building has been put up, and will soon be ready for visitors, but meanwhile all that we had for accommodation was this weatherbeaten residence. We were glad of it, for the rain was beginning to pour down just as we arrived, and we were hungry too.

I was glad to see one woman amid these primeval strata. It made me realize the human world, and I knew also that I would hav a good breakfast. There were a couple of romping children also, and a little baby, and I felt that the Garden of Eden was right here in his santanic majesty's own domain. Before taking a bite, however, we hurried over the huge boulders to catch the first glimpse of the falls. We reached the crest of a volcanic surge and stood almost face to face with the thundering battalions, as with white banners they went over the precipitous rocks. Two hundred and seventy feet they went as if into a boiling caldron, and a cloud of steam arose as though from the very bosom of Dante's Inferno; but it was not steam when it got to our faces, but a drenching mist, and we soon went back to our cabin. After the breakfast was over the sun seemed to be coming out, and we crossed the river in a skiff about one hundred yards above the cataract. It was perfectly safe, for we were in the hands of a skilful boatman who knew all the currents of the river, but I had a few tremors as I saw the foaming rapids, the image of eternity so near; but the pleasure of the exciting passage between the towering cliffs, and the view along the vista of mighty walls through which the floods leaped, would conquer fear; and indeed the element of apparent danger only added to the wild joy that one felt in this voyage right across the very jaws of destruction. On the other side we visited the hotel, from whence many beautiful views of the falls can be had. The rain, however, came down so furiously that we soon returned to our snug quarters in the tent and warmed our chilled limbs over the blazing fire of the kitchen stove, and watched with great interest the preparations for dinner, having nothing else to do, for there was not a book or a newspaper to be had. After dinner the weather was quite moody. For awhile the sun came out brightly, and I sat upon the rocks and watched with dreaming soul the wondrous panorama that was round about me. I roamed through the million years of the life of this planet, and dramas of terrific convulsions passed before my mind's eye. I seemed to be in the midst of a huge battlefield; vast castles rose athwart my vision—turrets and battlements; and against these a thousand cohorts had rushed and fallen back in slaughtered ranks, and here they were petrified in indescribable confusion, rolled together at the base of these insurmountable pinnacles; while, like a great organ, the cataract poured its music, sweeping against the cliffs like an invisible ocean pealing the requiem of these dead armies of the past. The sunset and the moon were both drowned in heavy rains, and I was obliged to seek the shelter of the tent and go to bed early, hoping for a brilliant to-morrow.

It came indeed, a bright Sunday in this glorious temple of nature. Saturday midnight my friend Senter, and La Munyon, a North Platte friend, too, came with other companions, and so there was a pleasant troop of pilgrims for a "Sabbath day's journey" around the falls. The rain-bows waved amid the everchanging clouds of mist, and flashed upon the brow of the cataract as if it were a lady fair, and the sun in ardor were decorating her with all colors from his glowing treasury, weaving splendid jewels for the face of his jubilant bride. On the side where the hotel is built there are two or three rocks which jut out so that one can look almost directly into the roaring abyss. The scene is simply amazing. All up and down the banks are different views, and from every point a new splendor is seen. The main thing we did on Sunday was to go down the trail, a sheer descent of nearly five hundred feet, to the banks of the river below. This descent was the tug of war. We had to hang on by rocks, bushes, stumps, etc., and to lose one's grip at times meant a tumble of some hundreds of feet or so. We had to climb up the branches of trees in order to get down, and down branches in order to go up, and it was a tortuous path indeed. The scene at the bottom was of surpassing loveliness. We could look at the falls, and they seemed, as the mists rolled away, to flow from the sky itself—as if a waterspout were bursting from the very heart of heaven—while the river at our feet was rolling and breaking like the tides of the sea. Along the base of the cliffs are caves and grottos with fountains and moss-covered arches adorned with ferns, and grasses, and flowers, delicious retreats from the warm day. Some of these we could not visit on account of the hight of the waters. We penetrated, however, to the "Vaulted Dome," which is one hundred and seventy-two feet high, and from an opening in the top flows a tiny stream glistening in pearly drops all the way down, and falling in a sheen of spray into a crystal basin; and here one can take a sip of water limpid and sparkling as that of the springs of Helicon. Just outside of this fairylike chamber is the Sentinel Rock, two hundred feet high. There is also the Natural Bridge, Washington's Profile, the Devil's Hole, the Bear, and the Eagle's Rock, where the baldheaded eagle complacently nods its head and watches its young amid the roaring of the waters. There is a vast variety of scenery about these falls, and one could spend a week amid their stupendous surroundings.

At this time I hav seen the falls in all their volume and power, for the river is at its hight, but the falls are more beautiful when the waters are low, for then they are clear, and from a dark-blue break into dazzling white, and the cataracts also hav more forms of grace, the emerald moss can be seen beneath the veil of waters, and the waters float like delicate lace and seem to run all along the rocks into streams and brooklets mingling and parting in a network of rainbows. These falls hav not the grandeur and majesty of Niagara, but they are more picturesque. They present a greater number of scenes. The surroundings are more magnificent, for above the falls are the immense bluffs which in themselvs make a wondrous landscape.

We left the falls on Sunday afternoon. Our last view was from the top of the bluff that stretches from the lava beds. Here we could gaze down a thousand feet upon the cataract and the wide abyss. I crawled upon my hands and knees to the edge, and fairly trembled as I looked over into this awful chasm. I thought the devil, or sonething, was drawing me right over and down into that dizzying mass of rocks, and so I crept back. I left my pilgrim staff in one of the cracks of the lava. I wonder if I shall find it there when I return.

The ride back in the warm Sunday afternoon was delightful. Amid the sage brush could be seen the brilliant cactus flower, the bright "snowballs," ten thousand daisies, and wild flowers by the multitude. Far off along the southern horizon could be seen the Goose Creek Mountains, to the westward the Nevada range, and to the northward the Sawtooth, all covered with snow and shining in the glorious atmosphere. The jack-rabbits jumped up on every side and made quite a procession for our advancing way, as many as a dozen leaping along at a time with their enormous ears sticking up like banners. The sunset was just over, and the full moon was making all the earth beautiful when we drove into Shoshone, and I went to bed with my mind full of the wonderful sceneries of that never-to-be-forgotten journey. It seemed as if I had passed through a land of enchantment, and drank of the elixir of the gods. No witch who ever rode through the midnight air on a broomstick could hav a more exultant passage amid the phantasmagoria of nature's suberb freaks. I almost felt as if I had seen the devil himself or his throne,

> Which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind;
> Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

On Tuesday evening I lectured at Shoshone. On account of failure to secure a hall, I was obliged to postpone my lecture at Broadford. As no satifactory arrangements could be made at Eagle Rock, I gave up my appointments there. I came on directly from Shoshone to Dillon, Montana, where I hav received a delightful welcome. I lectured last evening in the Court House. The hall was filled to overflowing, many being obliged to stand. I lecture here again this evening. I find this one of the brightest and liveliest towns I hav yet struck, and my first experience of the Montana people is extremely agreeable. I am now at the pleasant home of G. W. Emerick, a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, one of the "old-timers" of this country, and he is a "rustler" indeed. With only twenty-four hours' notice he gave me, by his tremendous energy, one of the largest audiences I hav had during my whole trip. With a few more such workers as Mr. Emerick, many a brilliant attack could be made which now has to be abandoned because there is nobody to prepare the way, and so indifference prevails and orthodox stupidity continues to reign where there might be some flashes of progress. There is plenty of Liberal force in this country. It needs organization and concentration. One man in Wood River said I ought to be hung; that shows he is beginning to think. He has got a new idea, although not a good one, so far as I am concerned, for I am in no hurry for martyrdom; yet, so far as he is concerned, it is a new idea, and so is a blessing to him; and if I can only get another one into his head with it he may be converted. The Methodist minister at Bellevue thundered against me on Sunday evening. He was at my lectures, and I invited him to the platform that he might free his mind, but he would not meet me face to face. He declared from his pulpit that I ought to be struck dead by the hand of heaven. I suppose I must get my life insured at once. He said I had more liver than heart. That is a sign of good health. I had rather hav my liver any time than his soul. If my liver is all right, my spiritual welfare is assured; I hav the foundation for an earthly paradise. An activ, heretical liver is better than the whole heart of orthodoxy, for the liver is a living lion, while orthodoxy is a dying donkey, its only sign of life being the faint flutter of its ears, which will make a big tomb for its corpse one of these days. Well, I am glad I made the "fur fly" on the poor orthodox head; perhaps it may shake a spark of life into the cerebellum, and giv it a little "true inwardness."

I shall lecture at Dillon again on Sunday afternoon and evening, July 18th. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Dillon, Mon., June 18, 1886.

Communications.

Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence.

The following, from *an autograph letter* written by Thomas Jefferson to Joseph Delaplain, April 12, 1817, may be of interest to the reader:

"Your statements of the corrections of the Declaration of Independence by Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams are neither of them at all correct. I should think it better to say generally that the rough draft was communicated to those two gentlemen, who each of them made 2 or 3 short and verbal alterations only, but even this is laying more stress on mere composition than it merits, for that alone was mine; the sentiments were of all America."

This agrees with Jefferson's letter to Madison, in which he says: "I consented; I drew it; but before I reported it to the committee I communicated it separately to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, requesting their corrections, because they were the two members of whose judgments and amendments I wished most to hav the benefit before presenting it to the committee, and you hav seen the original paper now in my hands, with the corrections of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams interlined in their own handwritings. There alterations were two or three only, and merely verbal. I then wrote a fair copy, reported it to the committee, and from them unaltered to Congress."

Another statement by Jefferson is contained in his autograph inscription on the face of a mahogany writing case given to a friend by Jefferson a few months before his death. It is dated Monticello, Nov. 18, 1825, and reads as follows:

"Thomas Jefferson givs this writing-desk to Joseph Coolidge, Jr., as a memorial of his affection. The desk was made from a drawing of his own, by Ben. Randall, cabinet-maker, of Philadelphia, with whom he lodged on his first arrival in that city in May, 1776 and is the identical one on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence."

John Adams's statement (see his works, vol. 2, pp. 412–514) corroborates Jefferson as to the latter's authorship of the Declaration, while differing somewhat as to details, especially as to a sub-committee. "Mr. Jefferson," says Adams, "came into Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent for composition. Writings of his were handed about remarkable for their peculiar felicity of expression. Though a silent member in Congress, he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisiv upon committees and in conversation, that he soon seized upon my heart, and upon this occasion I gave him my vote and did all in my power to procure the vote of others. . . Jefferson proposed to me to make the draft. I said, 'I will not.' 'Why?' 'Reasons enough.' 'What can be your reason?' 'Reason first: You are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason second: I am obnoxious, suspected, unpopular, and you are very much otherwise. Reason third: You can write ten times better than I can.' 'Well,' said Jefferson, 'if you are decided, I will do as well as I can.' 'Very well. When you hav drawn it up, we will hav a meeting.' A meeting we accordingly had, and conned the paper over. I was delighted with its high tone and the flights of oratory with which it abounded. . . I consented to report it, and do not now remember that I made or suggested a single alteration. We reported it to the committee of five. We were all in haste, Congress was impatient, and the instrument was reported, as I believe, in Jefferson's handwriting, as he first drew it."

Daniel Webster, in his Boston address of August 2, 1826, said: "The original draft, as brought by him [Jefferson] from his study, and submitted to the other members of the committee, with interlineations in the handwriting of Dr. Franklin, and others in that of Mr. Adams, was in Mr. Jefferson's possession at the time of his death. The merit of this paper is Mr. Jefferson's. . . As a composition the Declaration is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the projection of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him clearly and absolutely."

In his centennial oration in Boston, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop said: "As often as has been observed by me, the original draft of that paper, still extant in the archives of the state department at Washington, and as I hav observed how very few changes were made or were suggested by the illustrious men associated with its author on the committee for its preparation, it has seemed to me to be as marvelous a composition of its kind and for its purpose as the annals of mankind can show. The earliest honors of this day certainly may well be paid here and throughout the country to the young Virginian of the masterly pen."

Careful study of the writingsof Jefferson has satisfied me that the objections which hav been offered against his authorship by a few individuals who hav claimed the honor for Paine are without good foundation. Nothing is gained by attempts to make Jefferson, the Freethinking statesman of America, a man honored for his integrity as well as his ability, appear as meanly claiming credit for a paper which he did not write. All honor to Paine for his noble writings; but all honor to Jefferson, too, for his great service. *Honor to whom honor is due.* ——.

Government: What Is It?

In the mind of the masses government is an idol that can do no wrong. In truth it is a monstrosity, composed of two leading features growing out of two of the lower or animal faculties in man's nature; that is to say, selfishness and force, or acquisitivness and combativness, the combativ element to support and promote the selfish element. This view excludes from "government" the higher faculties of veneration, love, and the like. To see what government is under such conditions, imagin, if you can, an individual wholly divested of every humane feeling while supporting such a nature by whatever of brute force he possessed. Now multiply this individual by the number of citizens in a commonwealth or kingdom, and you hav our idea of so-called government, for no other elements in their nature enter into the organization called government but these. This makes government what we claim, to wit, an omnipotent force supporting omnipotent selfishness. Do you deny this? Does it not murder wholesale in war to enforce its selfish exactions or to carry on its wars of conquests and subjugation? Certainly so. Where do corporate agents go for charters to despoil the citizen but to government, where selfishness is an organized omnipotency? Where such grants are made, don't you see government, by implication, binds itself to furnish whatever of force is necessary to make the grant effectiv? This explains why the military always and everywhere is ranged on the side of the despoiler. Look at the collection of rents, interest, etc.; these are legally established rights, or wrongs rather; the state binds itself to their collection where resistance is offered. Don't you see this is ranging the whole of society, through government, against its individual members? That is, the whole against the parts in behalf of a part—in behalf of that part already the stronger one; stronger by the grant, stronger in influence and cunning in securing the grant or taking advantage by using such grants.

The omnipotency of society or government over its members is seen in the imprisoning of them for crime, taking their lives for greater crimes, sending them to the gibbet or block for holding views antagonistic to those generally received, as illustrated on every page of history, to say nothing of conscript laws taking whole blocks of the population for the work of wholesale murder. If so potent as this over the person of its members, why less so over their property? Is it less so over property when the property of the citizen is subject to use by the state to promote the interest of a corporation if taken nominally "to promote the public good?" Take another case: government offers a bounty to those who win in the market as gamblers, in the shape of usury on all gains, but puts a fine on those who lose, in the shape of payment of usury on the loss. Thus the cunning, deceitful, and crafty are rewarded by a bounty on all gains, while the unsuspecting, less cunning, and confiding pay a usury tax on every loss. Strength is thus added to the strong, weakness multiplied to the weak. This is a poor illustration of survival of the fittest, but a good one of survival of the meanest. How could it be otherwise? The surroundings are abnormal, what could the result be but abnormal? The competitiv or cannibalistic system precipitates the individual into such a hand-to-hand conflict for subsistence that selfishness or hatred, the antithesis of love, is abnormally developed, producing monsters rather than men. It revolutionizes childhood's nature, and puts in its stead that of the savage. Under this system the more a man works the less he has, the less he works the more he has; if he works none at all, he has more yet. This is hell boiled down.

But what shall we say as remedial to this man-murdering order of things? We believe, and history teaches, that force is necessary to enforce an unjust system. It has never been tried as a governing force, but we know, as between individuals, justice usually enforces itself. Suppose the love-element in man is organized into a governing force instead of being an outcast dependent on individual impulse and opportunity for a field of action. Don't you see the moment that is done the force element in government becomes a useless appendage, and is at once relegated to the realm of the individual where its abuses may be offset by the restraints of other individuals? This is where it should be, instead of being a force in government to be used in overpowering the members of society. We hav seen force in government is the great essential to enforce the selfishness organized into a power there. Love does away with the force, and per force knocks the prop from under selfishness, and relegates it to the realm of individual direction, where, like force when so relegated, it too is offset by the selfishness of other individuals, instead of being an omnipotency in government to override the rights of individuals. Under the existing order, each is against each, each is against all, and all are against each, making hell for everybody. Love organized into government makes each for each, each for all, and all for each. This is heaven for everybody. The first or competitiv, antagonistic, cannibalistic system produces monsters, for a monster system is the mold they are cast in. The latter system produces men-gods or god-men, for an omnipotency of love casts their character, holds them up and appeals to their higher nature, calling it into activity, and developing it to the highest pitch of perfection, not by altering his nature, but by changing the relationship of the governing forces from that of antagonism to that of helpfulness toward him.

Abingdon, Ill. W. T. Wallace.

Professor Bell in Illinois.

After three hours' ride on the cars from Chicago, June 12th, I stepped from the train at Chebanse, 64 miles south of this place. I looked around to see our stanch Liberal Joseph Haigh, author of "Why Don't God Kill the Devil?" but did not catch a glimpse of him, and therefore betook myself to lugging a heavy package of Liberal books to the hotel. Having stored my treasures, I started for Mr. Haigh's residence, a mile or more out of town, but before going far I saw him coming in a carriage, and soon afterwards he kindly greeted me. Stepping into the conveyance, it was not long before we were at his happy home. Mr. Haigh is quite well informed on Liberal questions, but it is lamentable that there are so few like him. If there were five or six more as good Freethinkers in Chebanse as he is, it would be a splendid field for Liberal work. Mrs. Haigh made my stay comfortable by serving us bountifully with the good things of the season.

From Chebanse I went to Springfield, hoping to get as far as Mechanicsburg on Monday evening, but was train-bound until the next day, while the good Liberals were waiting patiently Monday evening to see me put in an appearance before lecture time. They were disappointed, and to comfort them the Rev. J. W. Robbins, who was reconnoitering on the street corners, volunteered the suggestion, "He's probably got drunk and lost the train," or words to that effect.

I reached Mechanicsburg a day late; however, the hall was filled every night with attentiv hearers. Occasionally a pious girl or mother in Israel would get up and go out. But their room was soon filled by those who did not want to go out, no matter how long the lecture was.

One of the ministers, the Rev. J. W. Robbins, attended all my lectures and took notes, to use when I am far away. At the conclusion of my lectures on the first and second evenings, I gave an invitation to clergymen if any were present, to reply to my lecture; but the Rev. J. W. Robbins, the extinguisher of the great iconoclast of the West, J. E. Remsburg, did not care to open up his batteries just there and then.

He replied or refuted, nay, routed, Remsburg, hoof and horn. It was after this fashion: In the little town of Mechanicsburg, after J. E. Remsburg lectured there last winter, the Rev. J. W. Robbins, Campbellite, and the Methodist minister held union meetings for some six or seven nights, so I am informed, and took turns in setting up a man of straw and then knocking him out, to the infinit admiration of their pet lambs. These gentlemen hav convinced themselvs that they hav dynamited the Kansas man. My Liberal friends could not induce Mr. Robbins to hold a joint discussion with me. He wants to debate with Mr. Remsburg. It is the scalp of that quiet Atchison man he is pining for. He turned a deaf ear to their persuasions on my behalf. He did not know me. He would hav to hav credentials before he would dare to undertake the work; yea, "certified credentials." I did not know where to put my hand upon such articles, as I had none lying around loose, and, besides, we hav no priests or popes to apply to for such things. It was asking too much of me, my friends thought. Another difficult piece of diplomacy was about his own credentials. If the reverend gentleman had been asked for his credentials, he would doubtless hav applied to his church, for he could not apply to the churches of other denominations for a "character;" and if his credentials were "certified" to by his own church, we should still need some one to certify for the church. If I am correctly informed, some of the frail members of that sacred organization could not stand the test of "certified credentials." We cannot help thinking that this "certified credential" business is the last straw that breaks the Campbellite's back. We shall see. He does not exact this condition from the image-breaker out of the West, and we shall therefore wait until he meets him in battle array. Now I am not a prophet, but I will predict that the Rev. J. W. Robbins will back down from a debate with John E. Remsburg as he did with me.

The Methodist minister warned some who were coming to hear me that they had better not go, as "there are no decent people going up there."

The work of Mr. Remsburg there last winter and my three lectures last week in Mechanicsburg hav done something to arouse some life in that little out-of-the-way old dead town.

I made the acquaintance of a number of good Lib-

erals there—namely: H. H. Martin, John Thompson, Wm. Beck, and others whose full names I cannot recollect. Mr. Enos Scott, of Franklin, came all the way from home to hear our debate or lecture.

These good Liberals would be a great deal better if they, every one, took THE TRUTH SEEKER. I was pained to find so very few Liberal papers in circulation there. There are so many Freethinkers who feel no sense of responsibility in supporting our Liberal papers. Many of them, though poor, squander more money in two weeks on tobbacco than would pay for a year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like the Liberal who says, "I cannot do without my Liberal paper or papers." W. S. BELL.

302 *State st., Chicago, Ill.*

Comstock At It Again.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It is time that the attention of Liberals throughout the United States should be called to the latest action of the Vice Society and its agent—the endeavor to obtain new and more comprehensiv restrictiv mail laws. Three or four bills hav been introduced during the session of the forty-ninth Congress, and perhaps some of them hav been loudly talked of and made known for the purpose of obscuring the one particular amendment which is proposed to the existing Comstock law. It is a bill introduced in the House of Representativs, April 5, 1886, the same date, by the way, that a similar bill was introduced in the Senate of the state of New York, but this bill, No. 7,544, introduced by Mr. Merriman, is an amendment to section 3,893. It reads as follows:

Every obscene, lewd, lascivious, *filthy*, or *disgusting* book, pamphlet, picture, paper, writing, or print, or other written or printed matter of an indecent character, and every article or thing designed or intended, or purporting to be for the prevention of conception, or procuring of abortion, and every article or thing intended or adapted, or purporting to be for any indecent or immoral use, and every article or thing so advertised or offered for sale as to suggest or lead to the use of the same for the purpose of prevention of conception, or the procuring of abortion, or for indecent or immoral use, and every written or printed card, circular, book, pamphlet, advertisment, or notice of any kind, giving information directly or indirectly where, or how, or of whom, or by what means any of the hereinbefore mentioned matters, articles, or things may be obtained or made, and every envelope, wrapper, or postal card upon which indecent, lewd, obscene, filthy, disgusting, or lascivious delineations, epithets, terms, or language, may be written or printed, are hereby declared to be non-mailable, etc., etc., much after the old law.

This should be known really as the Disgusting Literature Bill, instead of the Obscene Literature Bill, for the main change is in the addition of this word, which will extend the power and supervision of the Vice Society over many things which hav hitherto been out of their reach. We know that the obscene literature law, as it now stands, has been the means of many unjust prosecutions, in fact, a dangerous tool in the hands of bigots. What infamies could not be committed under this new bill and the word disgusting? Much of the matter of THE TRUTH SEEKER and of other Freethought publications, and certainly a majority of its pictures, would be very "disgusting" in the eyes of thousands of men who sit on juries. Evidently the object expressed in the report of the Vice Society, some six or eight years ago, to stamp out Freethought literature, is still in mind. The society has not succeeded under the law as it is, and in requesting a new law they hav not the cheek to ask for just what they want, the use of the word blasphemous or heretical, but they doubtless hope that in the word disgusting they hav got a lasso with which they can swoop in and choke to death anything which does not find favor in their eyes. This bill has been reported favorably from the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, and has passed a second reading in the House. It is, therefore, none too soon for the Liberals throughout the land to take prompt action against it, and send in letters, telegrams, and petitions to their representativs, letting them know what is thought of it. Not a moment is to be lost, for the end of the session is near at hand, and it is during the closing hours of legislation that the sly agent of the Vice Society succeeds in his nefarious business. So slyly did he work in Albany at the end of the last legislature, that he got just such a bill, the word "disgusting" included, through both houses and into the hands of the governor for signature. It was only by the most activ and energetic work on the part of a few Knights of Liberty that this dastardly scheme to obtain legislation by stealth, and to steal away the liberties of the people as a pickpocket would their cash, that this bill was defeated at the last moment. Except that we had a democratic governor, and one who has not forgotten the meaning of democratic principles, or the true nature of American government, we should this day hav upon the statute books of the state of New York "the most sweeping and dangerous measure that was ever introduced into any legislature of a civilized government"—the remark of a wide-awake American lawyer of English birth. As secretary of the National Defense Association, I ought sooner to hav discovered these new assaults upon liberty, but must now trust to others to work speedily to make amends for my shortcomings. The Defense Association has just published a new pamphlet directed against this sort of mail legislation, and would be pleased to supply it to all interested at 25 cents per copy. E. B. FOOTE, JR.

No Natural Theology.

The supernatural idea is unnatural and unreasonable, as is evident from the meaning of the word employed to express it. Nature has never revealed, nor can it ever reveal, a supernatural being. Hence the argument for such a being from a universal natural sentiment of humanity is baseless. First, there is no such sentiment, and secondly the superstitious idea too generally infused into offspring proves too much. It is diverse and conflicting as found in different peoples. This proves it to be unreal and indeed false. Could it possibly come from nature, it would, by its contradictions, destroy its own testimony. That animals of all classes generally prefer life to death is true; that, if they could get another and better world to liv in forever, they would gladly accept it, is likewise true; but that nature or reason shows any such world is not true; or that to die is the way to liv again in such a world is no less unreasonable than the most absurd proposition to be framed in any language. Such faith is never taught by nature, nor to be had by the exercise of reason or logic. It comes rather by ignorance, credulity, and superstition. Shapen in iniquity and in sin, did ignorance, the mother of devotion, conceive it.

This train of reflections has been occasioned by an interesting and instructiv incident coming to the mind of the writer yesterday. A young man, born and reared of Liberal parents, expressed his gratification to hear that I was for Freethought. Said he, "I know but little of the book called Bible, as I read but a few passages only once or twice in my life, because I found them contrary to all experience, and in accord with all absurdity." That being enough to satisfy, or rather disgust, his truth-loving mind, he had no more use for the book. "But," said he, "last Sunday I went and heard an aged, old-fashioned man read and preach on a story about a man called Jesus raising a dead man called Lazarus, lying in his grave for three days." That this man, possessing common sense, could really believe such a ridiculous absurdity, he had no idea. Why or how he could try to get others to believe, this guileless young man was puzzled to imagin. His reasonable, childlike singularity is referable to the fact that superstitious ideas had never been instilled in him. He was allowed to grow up as all children should be, to rely on his sense, and freely exercise his own brain in its natural reasonable way. Free thought, careful experience, and a simple love of truth had kept out naked, silly, and tyrannical authority. Like an honest pair of nicely-balanced scales, his mind was ever ready to go with preponderating evidence. When may the time come that all parents and all their children shall go and do likewise! W. PERKINS.

Belleview, Fla.

Truth.

This true test of manhood and womanhood, and the want of it the base hypocrit and cringing slave, is very seldom declared by the Christian, especially by the priests. They seem to hav more fear of the fact, truth, than they pretend to hav for their real God, by them called the devil. They hav orally declared and published more than a hundred million lies about him, yet, according to the Bible, he is the only truthful supernatural being on the list. His word was always taken without a promis of reward, a sign to convince, or an oath to confirm.

Not so with Jehovah, judged by this same Bible. His own representativs, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and others, would not believe him when he was talking to them in the first person, as a man would speak to his neighbor, unless, in addition to his declaration, Jehovah would giv them a sign and then swear to the promis or statement. Old Abraham required this of him frequently, and even when Mrs. Abraham laughed at him for announcing to Mr. Abraham that she would bear him a son, and he asked her why she laughed at him, she denied it, priestlike, and Jehovah was obliged to giv a sign and declare the matter most solemnly.

How unreasonable and inconsistent the priests are! They would not take the word, statement, promis when given, delivered, made in their immediate presence by Jehovah himself, unless in addition he gave a sign and sealed it with an oath. And yet, away up here at the end of the nineteenth century, if we ask for proofs to sustain these idle, useless traditions and nursery tales, the mere *ipse dixit* of interested priests, pretenders, and tyrants, we are anathematized without a hearing, all the friends of humanity are libeled, and the good and true are slandered in the most shameful manner.

But when a priest does actually declare a truth, it is really refreshing. This was inadvertently done here in Sacramento a short time since. The priest was speaking against the common school system, denouncing the schools as "godless [if he had said priestless, that would hav been partially true], and that the church must obtain possession and full control of the schools; that if the priests could not destroy the common schools, they would soon destroy the church, for," he continued, "we can only hope to retain our places and hav an easy time and fat living so long as we can keep the people in ignorance, and in the fear of the priest."

Wonderful, when Christian priests will tell the truth! It is so seldom they do so that it comes like a flash of light in the midst of midnight darkness.

Know ye that all religions are based on ignorance and fear; that religion is and always has been the common enemy of man. It has always been leagued with the murderous robber and oppressor. There is not a tyrant existing to-day but is upheld and sustained by religion and the church.

Only a few days ago the blatant, falsifying priests from New York to San Francisco were howling against the strikers and workingmen and denouncing Freethought, Infidelity, and Atheism for these demonstrations, as the outcroppings of their teachings and of too much freedom for men and women. But what were these little patterings of drops by cheated, wronged, and defrauded laboring men against the giant monopolies of the Goulds, Vanderbilts, and the church, in comparison to the mad, wild, destructiv, and murderous religious mobs in this month of June in that religiously cursed land of Robert Emmet, Ireland? When this fomenter of strife and inventor of falsehood, cruelty, murder, wrong, oppression, and all kindred crimes, religion, is eliminated from earth, then will man bound forward as he never has before, and he, man, woman, and child, shall liv for and worship true humanity, and be governed by love, wisdom, justice. P. V. WISE.

Sacramento, Cal., June 14, 286.

Epigrammatic Mr. Bowman.

All any lie lacks of being true is not being in the Bible.

It seems strange that an allwise God would make an unwise book.

The Bible is right on all subjects—it takes both sides of every question.

Some of the preachers are not even good for nothing, but most of them are.

It seems, according to religion, God started the human race to get a chance to use up his brimstone.

It is a bad religion that kills a good man in order to reward him, and brings a bad man to life in order to punish him.

I may regret this when they are sorting out the souls, but if they don't resurrect me with the toothache I won't complain.

Some of the states allow preachers to ride on the railroad for half fare, but that is an encouragement for them to emigrate.

In order to be saved we hav got to admit that Joshua put off sundown, and believe the story of Mary and her little lamb.

They say we hav got to hav a new heart in order to be saved, but it won't cure the heart disease. Some people would prefer a new liver.

The Christians teach us that all mankind are totally depraved, and then ask us to take the word of a lot of totally depraved translators.

Religion is a blister on the hands of science. Giv any religion the power, and it will be but a short time until the sheriff will be passing around the hat.

Every one has had something to say about the whale story. I don't know which was crazier, the man who told the story or the man who believes it. The story is larger than the fish.

Some of the preachers out West think that Uncle Sam ought to join the church. But Uncle Sam and Bob Ingersoll are the two biggest Infidels in the country. Enough lies hav been told about the latter to make a dozen Bibles.

If preachers would tell their congregation that they had found a piece of the flood, they would be believed. If they would find in their Bible that a canal had been dug to the moon or some fellow had ridden a bicycle across the equator, they would be believed all the same. G. W. BOWMAN.

South Prairie, Wash. Ter.

BARNABAS.—The Epistle of Barnabas, like that of Clement, is anonymous. The first writer who mentions it is Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 189–202), who calls its author the "Apostle Barnabas," and it is so described in the oldest Latin manuscript. It was highly valued by the early church. Origen ranked it among the holy scriptures, and it is contained in the earliest codex of the New Testament. But Eusebius rejected it as spurious. We are told in this epistle that Jesus chose as his apostles those "who were sinners above all sin, that he might show that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners." "To repentance," adds a later scribe, not only here, but also in Matthew and Mark. . . The epistle makes the ascension of Jesus take place on the same day as the resurrection.—*Antichrist.*

P. S.—In view of the discovery that Paul flourished before the Christian era, the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, if genuin, must hav been written before the year one.

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The Knights of Labor and the Church.

Last week we referred to the pastoral letter denouncing the Knights of Labor issued by the cardinal archbishop and the bishop of the province of Quebec. The letter is the outcome of the seventh provincial council, which met recently in Quebec. After fulminating against secret societies in general, and the Freemasons in particular, the bishops say of the Knights:

"There are beyond these forbidden societies others which must not be frequented under the pain of committing a grievous sin. Among these we may mention those that exact from its members a secret which must not be whispered and unreserved obedience to hidden heads, such as, in particular, the society of the Knights of Labor, which the holy congregation of the Inquisition, by its answer in 1884, declared among those societies forbidden by the Holy See, and others of a similar kind."

The mandement concludes by advising the workingmen to form protectiv societies, with a priest at their head, and with a constitution which has been approved by a bishop. It is reported that the pope has sanctioned the condemnation of the Knights, and that the prohibition by the church will shortly be extended to the United States.

In 1880 Mr. Terence V. Powderly, the head of the Knights of Labor, said to E. A. Stevens that when the church ordered him to do one thing and the Knights commanded him to do another, he should obey the order of the church. If he is the same willing slave of the church now that he was six years ago, the Knights will soon lose their Grand Master Workman, and also about three-fifths of their members; for if a man of Powderly's intellect chooses chains instead of freedom, the ignorant members of the order will hav no hesitation in deciding which way to go.

It is a pitiable spectacle, the hold which superstition has upon the world!

Which Is It Damnation to Disbelieve?

A writer in a recent number of a daily paper of this city calls attention to the differing versions of the Bible upon a very simple statement—the prophecy in relation to the rebuilding of Jerusalem. He quotes the Jewish version, the Douay, and the King James. The Jewish version is that of Rabbi Lesser, published in Philadelphia in 1854, "carefully translated according to the Masoretic text on the basis of the English version." The translation occupied him for fifteen years, and is now in general use among the English-reading Jews. He made use of the researches and studies of thirteen learned Jewish commentators, and "he trusts that to those who are of a different persuasion his labors will not be unacceptable, as exhibiting, so far as he could do it, the progress of Biblical criticism among ancient and modern Israelites—a task utterly beyond the power of any but a Jew by birth and conviction." He further explains that those who make use of scripture to assail the Jewish faith do so "by a perverted and hence erroneous rendering of the words of the original Bible."

The comparison of this Jewish translation with the Catholic and Protestant translations made by the writer alluded to is interesting, showing that two of the three writers knew but very little about what Daniel meant; and we hav added the Revised Version of King James that our readers' choice may be from as extensiv an assortment of holy writ as it is possible to obtain. Freethinkers are entitled to the best there is going of sacred books. If the revised version makes the matter any clearer, then we are repaid for the trouble. The following are the different versions of the prophecy contained in the closing verses of the ninth chapter of Daniel:

LESSER.	DOUAY.	KING JAMES.	REVISED VERSION.
24. Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to close up the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to atone for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most holy things.	Seventy weeks shortened upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, that transgression may be finished, and sin may hav an end, and iniquity be abolished, and everlasting justice may be brought; and vision and prophecy maybe fulfilled; and the saint of saints be anointed.	Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish *the* transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most holy.	24. Seventy weeks are decreed upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to finish trangression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most holy.
25. Know therefore and comprehend, that from the going forth of the word to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the anointed the prince will be seven weeks; and during sixty and two weeks wil it be again built with streets and ditches (around it) even in the pressure of the times.	Know thou therefore and take notice: *that* from the going forth of the word, to build up Jerusalem again, unto Christ the prince, there shall be seven weeks, and sixty-two weeks; and the street shall be built again, and the walls in straitness of times.	Know therefore and *understand, that* from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the *Messiah* the prince *shall be* seven weeks, and three score and two weeks; *the street* shall be built again, *and the wall*, even in troublous times.	25. Know therefore and discern, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the anointed one, the prince, shall be seven weeks; and threescore and two weeks, it shall be built again, with street and moat, even in troublous times.
26. And after the sixty and two weeks will an anointed one be cut off without a successor to follow him: and the city and the sanctuary will the people of the prince that is coming to destroy; but his end will come in a violent overflow; but until the end of the war devastations are decreed (against it).	And after sixty-two weeks Christ shall be slain; and the people that shall deny him shall not be his. And a people with their leader that shall come, shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and the end thereof shall be waste, and after the end of the war the appointed desolation.	And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself; and the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and the end thereof *shall be* with a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined.	26. And after the threescore and two weeks shall the anointed one be cut off, and shall hav nothing; and the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and his end shall be with a flood, and even unto the end shall be war; desolations are determined.
27. And he will make a strong covenant with the many for one week; and in the half of the week will he cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease; and this because of the prevalence of the abomination which bringeth devastation, and until destruction and what is decreed shall be poured out upon the waster.	And he shall confirm the covenant with many, in one week; and in the half of the week the victim and the sacrifice shall fail; and there shall be in the temple the abomination of desolation; and the desolation shall continue even to the consummation, and to the end.	And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week; and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations, he shall make *it* desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate.	27. And he shall make a firm covenant with many for one week; and for the half of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease: and upon the wing of abominations, shall *come* one one that maketh desolate; and even unto the consummation, and that determined, shall *wrath* be poured out upon the desolator.

Here we hav four different renderings of an important prediction. Which of the four is "perverted and hence erroneous?" On what authority is this to be decided? and what must we believe to be saved? Were the "most holy things" anointed, or the "saint of saints," or the "Most Holy," or the "most holy" without the personification signified by the use of capital letters? Was the city built again for a plain anointed prince, for Christ, for the Messiah, and how did the Douay translators know that what might be a simple Jewish prince—and what the King James translators termed the Messiah, without specifying which Messiah, and the revisions of this century were content to call "the anointed one the prince"—was Christ? And at the end of the sixty-two weeks was it simply *an* anointed one (which might be any earthly ruler) who was to be cut off, or was it Christ who was to be slain, or was it any Messiah who might be around at the time, or was it *the* anointed one? Was the final destruction continued only until "the end," or was it "poured out upon the waster," or "upon the desolate," or "upon the desolator?" These and many other pertinent questions will be asked by the anxious seeker after truth, and if so many conflicting answers are given on an important matter in only four verses of one writer, what diversity may we not expect when the whole Bible is diligently compared and revised? The Bible idolaters ought to agree among themselvs before asking others to accept their polyglot.

Peace with Honor.

In remitting the amount of his arrearage, Mr. H. C. Gill, who, it will be remembered, stopped his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER because the pictures displeased his Christian friends, makes the following pacific observations, accompanied by some similes the applicability of which an hour's dextrous thinking has failed to determin:

"MADISON, O., June 21, 1886.

"TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY, *Dear Sirs:* Inclosed find draft for $4.20, as per statement May 18, 1884. Please balance account and oblige.

"I see under the Editorial head of the 12th of June number of THE TRUTH SEEKER a somewhat extended defense of the cartoon department of the paper. I am well aware that as civilization advances the ground must be prepared to receive the seed. Huge trees must be cut down, stumps grubbed out, the ground plowed and dragged, the seed sown, and then dragged again. All this work requires much labor and sweat of the brow—and at the same time much discomfort to the opossum and coon and a host of other animals that hav preëmpted the soil. We can't advance one element without disturbing another. We hav our Christian friends right in our own families—the wife and children Christian, the father pagan; and *vice versa*. 'Tis said that the owl and rattlesnake and prairie dog will all liv in the same hole happily together, but if some cartoon of an animal should come prowling around and crawl into that hole, it would without doubt break up that happy family. But you say: 'What of that? Don't the cartoon hold the fort?' Yes, indeed; but where are the poor owl and snake? I tell you, we must hav more charity for those who do not believe as we do. Education will do more to elevate humanity than illustration. The church advances in proportion to the standard of education. The rough edges are being smoothed and the sharp corners rounded off, and if we behave tolerably well we can liv in the same hole with Christians. Being that Christianity is a part of the great fabric under which we liv, the less we punch it the less liable we are to get wet by having a damp blanket thrown over our prospects, our social standing, our business relations with one and another. Let us be charitable with each other if we do not all believe just alike. H. C. GILL."

Did Mr. Gill ever know a forest cleared without hard blows? And is the comfort of the 'possum and the coon to be considered above the necessities of civilization? We fancy not. If in the clearing process through the forest of superstition our cartoons bring down a few Christian 'possums and coons—as they seem to hav done—shall we stay the blows of the ax? We do not think that even Mr. Gill would counsel that, if he really wishes to see the forest cleared.

When there are Christians and pagans, as Mr. Gill calls the Infidels, in one family, we fail to see why each may not hav his or her favorit journal, and yet get along peacefully. But if they *will* fight, why should the Infidel be eternally compelled to make the sacrifice? His rights are as sacred as the rights of the others. Christians always like to hav *their* "feelings" considered, but when do they consider the feelings of others? They say to Mr. Gill, "Your paper hurts; stop taking it!" But if Mr. Gill should say to them, "Your religious journal wounds my feelings by its slanders of Infidels; please don't take it any more," would they sit down and write to the editor to remove their names from the list? Experience does not warrant such a conclusion. They say to the Infidel: "If you behave tolerably well, we can liv in the same hole with you [the words are Mr. Gill's, not ours], but if you don't, then look out! If you pinch us, we will throw a damp blanket over your prospects, your social standing, your business relations." And some Infidels get right down upon their knees, and say, "Good Lord! good devil!" just as they are told to do. Out upon such "charity with each other!" We want none of it.

We believe in peace, but it must be peace with honor, and without sacrifice of manhood. The precept to turn the other cheek is outlawed—and the only Christians who practice it are a few Infidels. The enfranchisment of the soul is still a painful

process for many of them. They are afraid of the church, and the minister inspires fear, though they know his pretensions are folly. To be respectable they are willing to lose their self-respect. Knowing the fierceness of Christian bigotry in many localities, we do not think this the strangest thing in the world, but it nevertheless is one of the most deplorable. Some time, though, we expect to see these terrorized Infidels get up off their knees, wipe the tears from their cheeks, stand erect, and claim their rights. But the first instance of this kind will probably not occur in Madison, Ohio.

When Was Christ Born?

A correspondent says he has read somewhere that Cyrenius was not sent to Syria until the 37th year after the battle of Actium, which was in the year 30 B.C., consequently the taxation spoken of in Luke ii, 2, and coincident birth of Jesus must hav been as late as A.D. 6. This point has often been made against Luke's chronology, and appears to be unanswerable. The year when Cyrenius, or Quirinus, came to Judea is not quite certain, but it was certainly as late as A.D. 6, and some authorities put it A.D. 7 or 8.

The author of the book of Acts, who professes to be the same who wrote the third gospel, makes a similar, only worse, blunder. In chapter v Gamaliel is made to say that the rebel, Theudas, was slain, and after him "rose up Judas of Galilee, in the days of the taxing," and he also perished. The rebellion of Theudas is described by Josephus (Ant. xx, 5); he was slain about A.D. 46, some fifteen years after Gamaliel is alleged to hav made that speech.

Luke is the only New Testament writer who attempts to giv dates, and he seems to make a blunder every time. On this question we cannot, perhaps, do better than to present what "Antichrist" says in the third chapter of his "Revelations:" "The error of the date fixed for the birth of Christ was a very natural one. Dionysius, a Roman abbot, by nation a Scythian, undertook from religious motivs to establish a Christian era. This was in the early part of the sixth century. Taking as the basis of calculation the statement of Luke that when Jesus was baptized by John he began to be about thirty years of age, and that John began to baptize in the fifteenth year of Tiberius Cæsar, and allowing one year for John's prior ministry, the birth of Jesus would fall fourteen years before Tiberius became emperor. The calculation was a very simple one, based upon the figures of Luke, the only Evangelist who attempts to giv dates. But Dionysius and his fellow-priests overlooked one important fact, viz., that Herod, who, according to Matthew, ordered a slaughter of infants in the hope of destroying the little rival to his throne, died three or four years before the date of the birth of Jesus, as they had fixed it. So the churchmen of later times, in order to save the story of Matthew, hav been compelled to set back the birth of their God at least four years, to the serious detriment of Luke, who should hav made Jesus at least thirty-four years of age, instead of thirty, when he was baptized by John.

"But a set-back of *more* than four years is necessary to accommodate the story of Matthew, who sends the infant Jesus to Egypt to escape the massacre, and keeps him there until the death of Herod. The period of the sojourn in Egypt is not stated by Matthew, but in the gospel of the Infancy, a book of almost, if not quite, equal antiquity to Matthew, it is three years. If, therefore, the story is to be credited at all, the birth of Christ must be fixed about 7 B.C., which would make him thirty-seven at his baptism. Indeed, Appleton's New Cyclopedia and McClintock & Strong's Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature now concede that the birth of Christ must hav been at least as early as 6 B.C.

"Alas! poor Luke! Your pitiful attempt at chronology has betrayed you. Was it the Holy Ghost that misled you into an error of from four to seven years? Oh! no, for inspiration is played out now; the more sensible and progressiv Christians hav given it up, and defend their system on a purely historical basis. No inspiration is needed to inform the world that Christ was "about thirty years of age" when he was at least thirty-four, and probably over thirty-seven. Any profane historian would guess nearer than that. It is bad enough for the Holy Ghost to confess that he seduced the innocent and confiding Mary, without falsifying the chronology of the scandalous affair. If it was he who inspired the record of Matthew and Luke, he is a worse liar than Antichrist was in the pretended estimation of John.

"Is it not a most remarkable, nay, humiliating fact, if so great and good a man as Christ is claimed to be did exist, leaving out of view his disputed divinity, and if his birth and death were such public and conspicuous events as they are described to be, that there should be no record of the date of either event, and nothing to fix it within at least four years? Of what great historical personage within the last two thousand years are the birth and death involved in such obscurity and uncertainty?"

Editorial Notes.

"COULD Jesus Christ Write?" will be the subject of an essay by "Antichrist" next week.

RELIGIOUS item printed in italic in the New York *Christian Advocate:* "We solemnly warn all Methodists to refuse employment as an evangelist or confidence as a professing Christian to one S. A. Burns, operating as an evangelist. We giv this caution without malice toward the said Burns, in the discharge of our official duty, because we hav indubitable evidence which proves him to be utterly unworthy of confidence and dangerous to the peace of families."

THE New York *Sun's* attack on the pictures of alleged cigaret-makers in the windows of cigar-stores has had the effect of banishing the objectionable photographs to a considerable extent. The Norwalk *Gazette* now urges the *Sun* to attack cigarets themselvs, which, it says, are "a thousand times more noxious and degrading than the pictures." This would be a practical reform. Those who object to pictures need not look at them, but there is no escaping the cigaret-smoking fiend. He poisons the air wherever he goes. Any attempt to abate this nuisance will merit the uniform approval of mankind.

WE see by *Watts's Literary Guide* that the cartoons in THE TRUTH SEEKER are exciting much interest in England. The editor says that so far as he can judge they are universally admired. We regret to say that that is not the case in this country. A great many Christians object to their publication, and hav even gone so far as to induce Freethinkers to cease taking the paper because of the injury the pictures do to their religious feelings. While we would not knowingly tread upon a fly, much less a Christian, it grieves us to lose subscribers, and we cannot regard as right the action of the Christians mentioned.

THE letter-carriers of this ci y last week held a meeting to advocate the eight-hour day, and to induce the postal authorities to shorten the hours of labor to that limit. Among the sympathetic letters read was the following from Col. Robert G. Ingersoll: "If this government cannot afford to employ men at reasonable wages, working reasonable hours, to distribute the letters at the present prices, then I am in favor of raising the postage, and, for one, I am willing to pay such postage as will enable the government to pay fair wages for reasonable work. I want no man to work more than eight hours a day for my benefit. I do not believe that a government should be unjust, mean, or stingy in order to be economical. The people of the United States—the most generous in the world—are willing to pay what work is worth. This government should set an example to be followed by individuals. It should set a good example. In the first place, it should be honest. It should not want something for nothing. It should set an example to street car companies, railroad companies—in fact, to all corporations and individuals—an example that ought to be followed, and the result of which would be beneficial to the whole people."

SIGNIFICANT admissions were those made by Daniel Curry, D.D., LL.D., in his paper read before the Cleveland congress of churches entitled, "Present Necessity for a Restatement of Christian Beliefs." "It is very manifest," he said, "that the present age is a time of changes in the forms of Christian thought, and of modifications of doctrinal conceptions. The formularies of doctrin which hav come down to us from the past, although so precious to those by whom they were once cherished, no longer satisfactorily express the theological conceptions of the best minds of Christendom." Evidently Dr. Curry had in mind such preachers as Beecher and Newton and Collyer and Savage and Chadwick and Swing and a host of others of the brightest minds in the ministry, who hav all discarded the fundamental doctrins of Christianity and are preaching a set of glittering generalities which may be summed up in "Be good and you will be happy." Of theology they preach little or none. God is too good to damn them; they are too good to be damned—therefore they and everybody else will get into heaven. This loose kind of "Christianity" does not suit Dr. Curry and his brethren, and he desires to set boundaries to it, to classify it, to formulate it into something like a creed to which he may point and say, That's Christianity. But the problem of how to do it is as yet beyond his comprehension to solve. "Ours," he admits, "is not an age of creed-making. It is clearly impossible at this time to produce new formularies of doctrin, like the Augsburg confession, or that of Dort or Westminster. The respect demanded for free thought in the individual precludes the possibility that anyone shall be required to shape his conceptions of religious truth according to any detailed scheme formed to his hand by some council or synod, and especially do the creeds of past centuries fail to answer to present demands." In this dilemma Dr. Curry seems to hav the English constitution in mind, and yearns for some such "unformulated consensus" for a heresy gage. But we beg leave to remind the doctor that a religion which cannot be stated is open to innumerable abuses both ways, and that a man who does not know what he wants is very apt to be ruled out of court. He may revise the "doctrin of the lost things" a million times, but still the simple proposition remains, either there is a hell, or there is not. And we would remind him further that when the fear of this place of punishment is removed from the Christian mind, the church will lose its hold upon its followers, so low is the plane of thought upon which they hav been educated. In the interest of the preachers who are to come after him, Dr. Curry should let the creeds alone.

JOHN RUSKIN'S insufferable conceit leads him to read the Christians of London a good lesson. He was applied to for a contribution to pay off a church debt, and answered by letter (that it might get in the papers) thus: "I am sorrowfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to giv you a farthing. My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, 'Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven; but don't borrow. Try first begging. I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing. But don't buy things you can't pay for.' And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges, or in a sand-pit, or in a coal-hole first? And of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And of all the sects and believers in any ruling spirit, Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo Log and Fire Worshipers who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me. All which you might very easily hav found out from my books. Any other sort of sect would, before bothering me to write it to them."

THE Rev. Mr. Talmage can cram more falsehoods in a sermon than perhaps any other preacher of equal note. Speaking of the Bible, he says: "That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge." The little hatchet story is inherently more credible than this. The former has an appearance of probability, though long since completely exploded. But General Washington was never noted for his piety. On the contrary, when admonished by his rector that he ought not to go out of church before the communion service, he resented the admonition by absenting himself from church altogether on those occasions. In one of his messages he declared that this was not a Christian government, and his proneness to profanity is well known, both at the head of the army and at the head of the government. But Dr. Talmage has the effrontry to repeat the absurd story that when at Valley Forge, in winter quarters, with at least one comfortable room all to himself, General Washington went out and knelt down in the snow to pray. Did Dr. Talmage or the inventor of that story ever do such a thing? It is even contrary to the precept of Jesus Christ, who told his disciples to enter their closet, shut the door, and pray in secret. And surely if anybody is able to obtain that seclusion it is a parson or a general, each of whom is provided with a private apartment for secret business.

SOME time ago Sam Jones, the revivalist, became angry at the Baptists because some of them did not support his meetings, but rather used their influence against him. He denounced them as liars and enemies of God, who would rather the world should go to hell than get to heaven by any other road than the Baptist. Mr. Jones's remarks were intended to apply generally, but he had the Baptists of Indianapolis in his mind as especially deserving of the skinning. As it is not to be expected that one Christian will tamely submit to abuse by another Christian, the Rev. Dr. Jeffrey, a Baptist preacher of Indianapolis, entered the lists and defended his sect by calling Mr. Jones "a falsifier and a moral scavenger." This made things even so far as the preachers themselvs were concerned, but the gospel did not spread rapidly among the Indianapolitans, owing to the sneers of the ungodly, who persisted in recalling to the forgetful Christians some words in the New Testament to the effect that enemies should be forgiven, not abused. So Mr. Jones and Mr. Jeffrey bethought themselvs of a scheme to illustrate Christian charity, attract attention, and obtain an advertisment. They would in public apologize for their hot words, fall upon each other's necks and weep. Such contrition from so eminent exemplars of the gospel could not fail to be edifying to the people, and fill the contribution box. Accordingly it was done in the presence of a great Indianapolis audience. "I hav been sorry a dozen times that the remark I made as to a half dozen cowardly proselytes should hav been taken to mean a great Christian denomination. I retract the word 'liar,' as construed to apply to them, for I would no more reflect on that denomination of Christian people than I would upon my wife and children." Thus Sam Jones. Then Mr. Jeffrey spoke his lines. "I heartily accept this broad and ample explanation and retraction by Brother Jones," he said. I am satisfied that he has a great, kind heart, and that the word was a slip of the tongue. I do not propose to be outdone by Brother Jones in magnanimity. I say here that I take back every word which was severe and pungent in my note of protest, and I wish I had not used those words. I giv to Brother Jones here and now my hand and heart, and invite him to preach in my church to-morrow morning." The world will now resume its motion, the moon will again start on its cold and cheerless journey, the sun will shine, the rivers will flow on to the sea, and all animate and inanimate nature will rejoice—all except that other distinguished Indianapolitan, the editor of the *Iron-Clad Age*. The making up of the quarrel has deprived him of a subject for an editorial, and the Christians of the place must be on their guard or he will contrive to set Mr. Jones and the Baptists by the ears again.

Letters from Friends.

SYLVANIA, OHIO, June 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In a communication of Thomas Rogers, of New York, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 12th, were these words: "In spite of our glorious Constitution, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that this country is 'essentially, lawfully, and by proclamation Christian.'" That was a surprise to me, and I wish Mr. Rogers or THE TRUTH SEEKER would giv the case and the time when such decision was given, and oblige a subscriber.

J. M. HOPKINS.

MIDDLETOWN, PA., June 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1, for which send two copies TRUTH SEEKER as directed. I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER will not be reticent in ventilating the evil fruits of sectarian religions since the Ulster riots. I say it is high time for advanced thinkers to speak out on this subject. Is it not criminal from a scientific standpoint to pervert the minds of youth with sectarian hatred and prejudice? *Cease the cartoon farce!* and devote the space to demonstrating the grand results that must ensue in establishing an unbroken system of harmony and affection among all peoples, which sectarian imposition prevents.

MAJOR LANDIS.

FORT FAIRFIELD, ME., June 14, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me to cast my ballot in favor of those pictures. They are first-rate, and they cause me hearty laughter. The workmanship, too, is good enough for me or anybody else, and even better than could be expected from an engraving that is to be used but once.

Talk about wounding the feelings of Christians! Damn it! They hav wounded our feelings for nearly two thousand years, and we hav had to grin and bear it. And now allow me to say to Mr. Heston, return the compliment with double compound interest, and let them grin and bear it awhile and see how they will like it. Go on showing up the tremendous absurdities and glaring inconsistencies of the Christian system, and I guess the editor will gain as many subscribers as he will lose, at any rate, for I see that almost all his "Letters from Friends" are in favor of pictures. H. H. GILMAN.

PAULINE, ARK., April 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send you 25 cents in stamps. Please send me a few copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am taking several papers, but I think I will soon subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I also send you my pamphlet I had published, for which I was expelled from the Masons. I hav taken an appeal to the grand lodge of the state. If the expulsion is sustained by the grand lodge, so be it, for I will never recant a word I hav written or spoken, nor even suffer a reprimand. I propose to make my case a test case, for there is not a fossilized organization in the world to-day to which I will surrender my liberties. I was expelled from the Masons because I did not believe in a personal God with the anthropomorphical attributes of heathen mythology. I am fully in accord with the views set forth in THE TRUTH SEEKER in regard to Masonry. Yours truly, W. R. BACHELOR.

FROM A GERMAN FRIEND.

LINCOLN, ILL., May 30, 1886.

MISTER TROOT ZEEKER: I vood gif you shoost von vords from mine hed out, unt oof I got zum langwidges vot I haf I vood gif you enny. Ven I reat me zum tings outen your TROOT ZEEKER, unt dair find zum zuch zendiments ant oxpressions apout ter tifel and aboud hell ant te breachers ant zuch tings, I ish mity glad I got your bapers all de vile effery veek to reat to do me zo much goot. I lofe to zee doze pigdures vot you print, unt I laf minezelf so hart ven I zee dot "Shirked to Sheezus," ven dot rooster got himzelf hanged fur murter, ant den mit a briest stannin py his site goes right avay to glory mit a hangman's rope, ant de fait in de Lort. O! vot a gospels. It makes hebben easy for de schoundrel, but de feller dot de schoundrel kills goes ritc avay to hell. I gan neffer pclieve any zuch tings dot a lofing fadder in himmel can make zum hell, ant a tifel to bunish his own shildren. Go on mit de pigdures vot you print—day are goot for de shildren to zee. Your frien, CASPAR KARL.

MILFORD, MASS., June 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: H. Clay Luse says: "I never was ashamed to open up my TRUTH SEEKER in any place until you spoilt it by hideous cartoons." Charles Remhard writes: "Since you hav illustrated the paper I feel ashamed to show the paper to any church-member." H. C. Gill says: "Please take my name off your list, as I don't want the paper. The last paper is too horrid for my Christian friends to look at." There is a trinity of so-called Liberals ashamed to show the pictures to Christian friends. Why not hav an arbitration committee of Christians to decide what pictures you can print, so that Luse, Remhard, Gill & Co. can show them to their Christian friends without hurting the feelings of either? Christians hav never been ashamed to hurt the feelings of unbelievers through all conceivable modes of torture that the ingenuity of man could devise, thereby making the history so truthfully and graphically illustrated. See what history has been made in New England: "In 1636 Elizabeth, the wife of Thomas Applegate, was sentenced to stand with her tongue in a cleft stick, for scolding, reviling, and railing." "In 1741 Sarah Hales, the wife of William Hales, was sentenced for her miscarriage to be carried to the gallows with a rope about her neck, and to sit an hour upon it, the rope's end flung over the gallows; and after to be banished." What a subject for friend Heston to illustrate! Would it be a horrid picture for "Christian friends?" If so, what was the reality? Yet the Christians hav only words of praise for the Puritans. Shall we be ashamed to show them the inhuman work of the men they glorify? The shame is theirs. From the inception of Christianity it has lived by forcing tribute from the unbelieving. Now its power is waning, but the spirit remains. We force them to look at no pictures, but are not ashamed to call their attention to them. We hav editorials that are trenchant and incisiv; the illustrations must be kept on the same line of thought.

CHARLES C. JOHNSON.

DUBLIN, TEXAS, June 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We had the pleasure of attending the lectures of Mr. John E. Remsburg at Comanche, June 5th and 6th. His subjects were "The Apostle of Liberty," "Bible Morals," and "False Claims of the Church." The lectures were well attended considering the hold orthodoxy has on the people of this place. Quite a number of church-members and a few clergy were present. We need more such able advocates of Liberalism as Mr. Remsburg. It would soon rid the people of superstition and fanaticism. We need more readers of the old reliable TRUTH SEEKER. Your illustrations are simply immense. We hope your subscription list will continue to increase until every family in Texas will be readers of your invaluable paper. We hav a Liberal journal near us, the *Independent Pulpit*, ably edited by J. D. Shaw. We are glad to see the Liberal literature circulated over our great state. Superstition is fast giving way and Freethought takes its place. We predict that the time is not far distant when religious bigotry and fanaticism will be a thing of the past. Yours for truth and reason,

S. L. EWING.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., June 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am an old miner—a forty-niner; hav been long on the frontier of our civilization; hav made big raises and spent it again, and I am going into the interior of Alaska again in search of the yellow metal. I hav been there before, so know I will get some. I was raised in the narrow-minded school of the Auld Kirk, Presbyterian. I got into a theological argument in Tacoma, W. T., with a gentleman named Kahlow, a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, in 1876, who put it into my hands, and I am happy to state that through its influence since, I am to-day a man totally disenthralled from the old superstition.

Please find inclosed price of your ANNUAL and send it to me so I can carry it into the wilderness with me. I assure you if I ever get settled so as to send weekly for your paper I will surely hav it; but, sir, though unknown to you, my money in a small way has assisted, with others of your subscribers, since 1876 to spread the light of Liberalism, and I am to-day, thanks to D. M. Bennett's writings and controversies, a confirmed Liberalist. I am sorry I could not say all this in less words; hope you will forgiv my lengthy first communication. But, dear Macdonald, my whole heart is in your work, for no man can be a true citizen of America and owe his highest allegiance to the pope of Rome. I am personally acquainted with Reuben Albertstone, a thorough Liberal, and one of your subscribers in Sitka. I lived there five years; also A. Vincent in this town, though he does not get it this year, but he says he will again. There are a good many Liberals here, but unorganized and not popular.

Hoping I may be successful enough to assist the cause, I remain, Yours truly, ROBERT A. DUGGAN.

LAKE CITY, MINN., June 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The study of mental characteristics is the greatest on earth. Thus I thought while reading the many diverse views of your correspondents. Such diversity has always been a thorn in the flesh of Christianity. It is a rose in the hand of a Liberal. Some of your correspondents who imagined themselvs "liberal" had not discovered that the foundation of Liberalism is mental liberty—diversity of thought and free speech. It is not agreement in views, a truth that some very progressed Freethinkers would do well to heed. I hav known some of the best Liberals who were, and are still, church-members. They were, of course, illogical. Some professed Liberals are bigots. They, too, are illogical. Liberalism is not the product of Christianity. Bigotry is not the product of Liberalism. The perception of this truth givs me a more exalted estimate of human nature. Instinctivly the human mind loves truth. War is declared the moment we begin the search for it. We fall out about the question, What is truth? At this juncture Liberalism will do for the race what religion never had it in her nature to do, recognize the inherent right of every mind on earth to seek for truth by its own method, even though that method be transparently false. The church has always been willing that the race should get truth by the true method, and it was the judge of what is the true method.

This brings us to the picture business. Had THE TRUTH SEEKER readers all borne these fundamental truths in mind, you might hav had as many criticisms of the "gallery," but not one gazer would hav voted to abolish art because it was employed to ridicule some people's "sacred views." This is, practically, the position of those who object to your illustrations; I mean, so far as your paper is concerned, they do abolish it. If it is wrong or illiberal to ridicule and burlesque sacred views, then the orator commits a wrong. Where will the embargo stop? If Watson Heston has no right to pencil the *Chicago Times'* "irreverent" head-lines, which I quoted in one of my lectures several years ago in Carthage, the home of Mr. Heston, how can I escape the charge of blasphemy?

Do you remember "Fox's Book of Martyrs," an illustrated Christian work? Talk about "horrors," there they are in all their pristine Christian beauty. It appears that some of our nickel-plated Liberals make the historian responsible for the deeds he records. They hav many words of condemnation for the pictures, but not one word of rebuke for the Christians who committed the horrors that the artist paints. If they answer that they do condemn them, we reply, Then you are guilty of what you charge against the cartoonist!

One brother says "cob-houses." A little girl in this very town where I happen to be at present, Wentworth, Dakota, said the other day that her teacher told her that people who oppose the Bible are bad people, and that God has a right to kill bad people. As her parents are Freethinkers it gave the little one something to think about. Is that a cob-house?

The truth is that some Liberals are not free from the orthodox egg-shell. They hav committed the mistake of supposing that Liberalism means uniformity of opinion upon all subjects.

The church is in abject fear of the cartoonist. It is as afraid of a laugh as an ape of a whip. We hav found out its weak spot; let us puncture it. W. F. JAMIESON.

MECHANICSBURG, ILL., June 17, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send $2, which credit to my account on THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Our little village is much stirred up over three lectures delivered by W. S. Bell. The lectures were well attended in spite of the efforts of the orthodox to the contrary. We endeavored some time ago to get a debate between Elder Robbins of this place and Mr. Bell, but Mr. Robbins refused to meet him, offering, however, to get a neighboring minister to do so. The "neighboring" minister proved to be Mr. Grubb, of Kentucky, who, Mr. Robbins informed us, would debate with Mr. Bell, but required references, etc., certified to. This ended the matter. We agreed to be responsible for Mr. Bell, they to be the same for Mr. Grubb. But as they were hunting a hole to crawl through without baeking square out, they of course would not agree to this.

The lectures were splendid, and I think did a vast amount of good. Even some of the church people admitted that Mr. Bell handled his subjects admirably. Mr. Robbins was present, and although he did not come forward and answer Mr. Bell's argument when invited to, he took notes, and we shall probably hear from him next Sunday after Mr. Bell has gone.

There is a considerable Liberal element here, but they are like those of other places, afraid. Many of the people had a wrong conception of Infidelity. Mr. Bell showed them what we were and what we advocate. W. A. BECK.

SMITH'S MILL, MINN., May 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In renewing my subscription for another year I hand you herewith the name of a new subscriber. I am not satisfied with myself in furnishing but one subscriber at this time, as I had the promis of and expected to send you three or four new names. The parties I was counting on to take the paper liv in the country, and I hav not seen them lately. I will try and get you more subscribers, for we must hav the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER, as well as the good solid reading matter. Surely we hav as good a right to make "comic sketches" of the Bible stories as the Christians hav for illustrating their Bible. If there is any wrong about either, I consider it by far a greater wrong for a father or mother to show their children the highly-colored pictures in their "holy Bible," and teach them that the pictures are true representations of the characters and events that are recorded therein. The comic sketches show the absurdity of the stories, and were the Bible stories founded on fact and reason, the sketches could do them no harm; while to children the Christian's illustrated Bibles make a lasting impression on their minds, and I think it is adding a superstition to a superstition, is misleading to the young, and very wrong. Probably Mr. Heston can giv us a sketch by and by of one of the Bible heroes, "and man after God's own heart," the man with a thousand wives, though it would be rather a tedious task to giv us a likeness of *all* of his wives. But we won't be particular, a hundred or two would do.

Yours truly, H. S. VOTAW.

SYDNEY, C. B., NOVA SCOTIA, June 15, 286.

MR. EDITOR: When I last wrote you, I was waiting an ice-bound steamer at Port Hawkshur. Since then I hav visited several places on this island, but for the last few weeks I hav been sojourning at my esteemed friend C. H. Grant's; and a royal good friend he is, not only to those who visit him but also to the cause of Freethought. He stands almost alone in the community where he resides, and many a set-to he has had with the clerical gentlemen of the whole island, and it would be safe to say there is not one of the cloth able to debate these invincible dogmas with him without receiving some severe scars. But outside of one or two families which I hav met here, the rest are fearfully creedbound. I often think, How sad to hav superstition reign where there is so much that is beautiful, for really the climate and scenery are delightful. What with fishing, boating, sailing, rowing, rambling and feasting among the beauties of nature, and enjoying myself in general, I am almost loth to leave for the scorching sun and cyclones of Omaha; but such is life, and I hav determined to leave to-morrow for the West.

I was one of the doubters as regards the illustrations in the glorious TRUTH SEEKER being for the best, but the more I see the effects they hav on outside folks the more I think they are a benefit, and I really believe they are doing good, so I hope they may be continued. Our mutual friend here handed me an old book, within which, in the handwriting of Judge Ingraham Ball, Oct. 26, 1782, I find the following about Voltaire: "He, Voltaire, wrote an epigram on the king of Prussia which displeased his royal highness, who at once sent his sergeant-at-arms to Voltaire. The Prussian hero went to the house of the poet and told him he came by his majesty's special command to reward him for an epigram on his royal master by administering thirty lashes on his naked back. The poor philosopher knew that remonstrance was in vain, and after submitting with the best grace he could, opened the door and made the farewell *congé* to his unwelcome visitor, who did not offer to depart, but told him with the most Germanic gravity that the ceremony was not yet

concluded, for the monarch he had the honor of serving must be convinced that his commission was punctually fulfilled, on which account he must hav a receipt. This also was submitted to, and given as follows: 'Received from the right hand of Conrad Backoffer, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full for an epigram on Frederick, the third king of Prussia, by *Vive le roi* VOLTAIRE.'"

If there isn't a sheol for such scoundrels, there ought to be. Not wishing to weary you, I remain, with Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER! Your friend, I. W. ARCHIBALD.

CHATHAM, N. Y., June 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of your paper since November. Until that time I did not know there was a paper published of that class. I hav always been a strong opponent of church creeds and strong against any teaching as facts or certainties of that which not any of us knows anything about. I say, Uphold not superstition in any of its many forms.

I notice some hav objected to the pictures in your paper. Of course, they are ludicrous, but you cannot overdraw them, do the best you will. I believe it is good to hav pictured before us the absurdities which the clergy of the land uphold. Now, the fact of the whole matter rests here, that everyone must die sooner or later; that every day places us nearer the close of our natural existence. And with this idea before each and every one of us, is it not better for us to teach facts of truth to those about us and do what good we can for the love of doing good; not for the fear of any punishment or hope of reward, but prompted by a pure and reasonable motiv wholly for the love of the right? How much better this than to be urged on by superstition threatening upon every side, doing good out of fear of some terrible punishment! We must die, but farther than that the very best of us know nothing. There may be this, or may be that, but what should concern us is how to liv while here for the best interests of all humauity. Let the pictures come thick and fast, and more of them. I am sure I am not ashamed to let any of the clergy see them, or anyone else that needs to be led out from superstition to reason and truth.

I will mention a little incident that comes directly under my notice: Parties lived in Dutchess county, N. Y., consisting of man and wife. He was wealthy, and a miser; his wife has been sick ever since last winter, and he denied her every comfort and care, except what the neighbors furnished. About two weeks ago, he was found dead in his bed. He had made a will leaving his wife the use of $500 during her natural life; the rest was to go to missionaries. This man has denied himself and wife every comfort, with the idea of helping the missionary cause. I hav only one more word to add, Away with superstition, away with it!

J. L. BROWNING.

DES MOINES, IOWA, June 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send a clipping from the Des Moines *Leader* of the 7th inst., thinking you might be interested in it. Mr. Welsh, manager of the paper, is a Catholic, and he may voice the hearts of a multitude of his faith. He thinks if the Catholics hav a majority they can organize, take charge of the schools, and use the local taxes to carry them on, and "one of the most important battles for civil and religious liberty in our history" would be in vain.

A majority is their aim, and if they get it, I tell you, good-bye American liberty. Senator Blair's fears are well grounded. We must awake and show, especially the young, the true inwardness of Catholicism, and all other religious humbugs at once; scatter common sense tracts everywhere, as Jamieson suggests, ere it is everlastingly too late. Send me $5 worth of your tracts, if you please, and I'll commence at once. The church is the cause of all the commotion nearly the world over. She is cunning, secret, and determined to accomplish her ends, and she is wrong and rotten to the center. She is, and ever has been, the foe of science and freedom. Put her down before it is too late to preserve our present liberties. Show her up, vividly aud truly, and future generations will thank you. If not, back will go the wheels of progress centuries. D. H. CROSS.

Senator Blair to the Christian Union.

The Jesuit element in the Catholic church has been, in its secret ways, exceedingly activ in the effort to embarrass and defeat this bill. Their adroit manipulators of men—many of them expelled from Europe as the foes of intelligence and of the free tendencies of modern political institutions—are now here under the orders and with the money of the Vatican at their command, when necessary, endeavoring by pressure, political and spiritual, to control the action of the members of the house, by subsidizing the press, and every way known to priestcraft, to prevent the indorsement and assistance of our common school system by the nation. They naturally say that such action by the nation will giv the common school system—the cradle of political liberty and religious heresy—a tremendous advantage in the warfare which they wage against it in behalf of the parochial school system, by which alone do they hope to preserve their spiritual supremacy in this country. They hav organized all over the country to defeat this bill, and a great deal of the strange perversion of the Northern Republican press is the work of their money and political threats. The Jesuit element of the Catholic church, too, is engaged in a strenuous effort to control the labor organizations of the country as a force in their own interest; but of this I need not write you. I admit that I am surprised at the apathy of the friends of civil and religious liberty in this country. They may not be aware as yet of the work which has been done while they hav slept. Around this bill is now being fought one of the most important battles for civil and religious liberty of our history.

The Des Moines Leader's Comments.

The Catholics of America are expected to oppose this bill with might and main, while all others are expected to rally to its support and secure its adoption. But why? There is nothing in the bill calculated to save the public school system from destruction, if it is in danger. Under the present system, the schools are under the management of directors chosen by the electors of the school district. If the patrons of the school wish a change of teachers or of text-books, they can hav it. That feature of the system has been its salvation.

Under the school laws of Iowa certain studies must be provided in every school, and the teacher must hav a certificate from the county superintendent, or the school district cannot draw from the county treasury its per capita share of the county school fund; but otherwise the district is independent of outside influence or control. If the Blair bill should become a law, the school district, as we understand it, could still refuse the proffered assistance, raise its own funds by taxation, and be independent. In that case, if our position is right, where the Catholics were in the majority they could organize and take charge of the schools and use the local taxes to carry them on, and "one of the most important battles for civil and religious liberty of our history" would be in vain.

LOGANSPORT, IND., June 21, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As the columns of your paper hav always been open for the honest discussion of all liberal ideas, I would like to use (for the first time) a portion of your valuable space in which to answer Brother Wettstein's article, which appeared in your issue of May 1st. Like myself, he is seeking truth by the light of science, and takes nothing on faith alone. As for myself, I hav yet to read the views of a Spiritualist which I could fully indorse, so perhaps my reasoning will at least hav the merit of novelty.

As to the existence of a God, it is a subject above and beyond mortal ken, and as it cannot be proven or disproven by any known process of reasoning, or any aid that science can giv, it is equally foolish to either affirm or deny. Leaving this an open question, as it always will be, I proceed. I take it for granted that Brother Wettstein accounts for man's existence on the evolution theory; that the lower forms of matter evolve or produce the higher. When the matter composing the earth first (through well-known laws) formed itself into a sphere, it must hav been in an intensely hot or liquid state. If it always existed as solid matter, by what process did it become round? It was cast off from the sun or some intensely hot planet. I do not for a moment suppose that the matter composing it was ever "created." Matter is eternal—cannot be created or destroyed, but is ever changing and assuming different and higher forms.

First the mineral kingdom only was represented. Then gradually in their order the vegetable, animal, and spiritual, each depending upon and being composed of all below it. When either form reaches its ultimate or highest degree, it ceases to exist as such, and passes into the next higher. Spirit is composed of matter in its most refined state. Each step from the mineral to the spiritual contains matter in a more refined state than the one immediately below it. Here creep in his mistaken ideas. He will admit that matter, by and through the laws of evolution, finally produces man, but according to him, at this stage nature becomes impotent and can go no farther. I believe the resources of nature are boundless, and that she will ever continue to evolve the higher from the lower through the immeasurable cycles of eternity, aud that all sentient beings will in time become beings far beyond even our utmost possible conceptions of a God.

Spirit is composed of matter, but all matter is not visible, does not hav weight, nor is it necessarily susceptible to either of the five senses; for instance, gas, electricity, magnetism, mind, etc. Had man only five senses he would not be superior to the brute, but he has two more, viz., "talking" and "judging." The lower animals contain a spirit essence, but it is as inferior to that of man as is its organism. Both are consumed by man, and become part of his higher organization. Let me ask, when you look at this paper, what is it that sees? Surely not your eyes; they are simply the medium through which the sensation of sight is conveyed. When you hear a friend speak, what is it that hears? Not your ears; they are but the instrument through which the impression that a sound has been made is conveyed to—what? If Brother Wettstein will get his TRUTH SEEKER dated May 1st, I will try and answer the questions he propounds to Brother Bradford, in the order in which they are asked.

The spirit does not exist previous to the body, but is born with it and nurtured by it. The body is for the purpose of individualizing the spirit. The spiritual body is composed of a very refined electricity, which permeates every portion of the physical body, and hence assumes its shape, and consequently exists as male and female. The body acts as a battery which is fed by the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat. The particles composing the spiritual body are attracted to the physical by the laws of elective affinity. The spiritual body has all the organs, arteries, and nerves of the physical, and hence has a brain. The spiritual body begins its growth soon as the physical body is strong enough to eliminate its electrical particles from surrounding objects. Should a child die before birth, it would not, I think, hav become sufficiently individualized to maintain a separate existence, but would, like the body, be absorbed by surrounding bodies.

A child dying after reaching a stage of individualized intelligence will continue to grow to maturity in the spirit world. (His next lot of questions are answered by my reply to his first.) The spirit has no knowledge except what it acquires, and goes into the next world or stage of action just where it leaves off here, and will continue to grow in wisdom and knowledge through eternity. The spiritual and physical bodies are so closely related that when one suffers the other suffers through sympathy. The mind or spirit does not necessarily sleep when the body does, but may be in constant activity. Where is the person who has not retired at night with a perplexing question on his mind that he could not solve, and on awaking next morning it was perfectly clear? Spirit cannot move a body of grosser matter, and I will here say that I believe the so-called materialization of spirits a humbug. They are already material, and if visible to us at all it is through our spiritual eyes, and not our natural ones. Certainly the degree of intelligence corresponds with the development of the body. The more healthy and refined the physical body, the higher the grade of spiritual intelligence produced.

I hav talked with many persons who had lost a limb, and they invariably tell me they can still feel the amputated member as plainly as before the injury. I would be pleased to hav Brother Wettstein explain this. Can he not conceive of a plaster-cast still existing after the mold in which it had been formed was destroyed?

When death occurs, and the body ceases to nourish the spirit, it leaves its grosser likeness, and the real man enters upon a new state of existence, just as the beautiful butterfly emerges from the hideous caterpillar. It is born, so to speak, into its new existence in a manner similar to its first birth. Nature never changes her immutable laws. Soon as death begins in the physical body, the spiritual body commences forming above it. The spirit goes wherever it is attracted by spirits of similar development, or impelled by inherent desires. As to its means of locomotion, go ask of the lightning. Being composed of like substance, they move with like rapidity. The first abode of the spirit after leaving the flesh is on or near the earth, finding its proper place among spirits of like development, according to the law of gravitation, and going higher and higher in proportion to its intellectual abilities. The spiritual body is the outward manifestation of a still more refined essence—the soul—which the spiritual body develops in the same manner that the natural body develops the spiritual. The soul is composed of an exceedingly refined magnetism. The electrical surrounding develops the magnetic soul within, just as the current of electricity passing through the coils of an electrical machine causes the core within to become a magnet. The soul is the seat of intelligence, so that, as a matter of fact, we are living inside of two bodies instead of one. There is nothing inconsistent in a man's being a Materialistic Spiritualist, and the sooner our Liberal friends find it out the better. All is material, spirit and body, and here is illustrated the law of the survival of the fittest. The spirit, being the superior, is immortal. We are on a broad platform; there is room for the Atheistical Spiritualist. Here we can all unite against our common enemy—the degrading superstition of religious dogmas. C. L. JACOBS.

Where Shall the State Convention Be Held?

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The time is nearing when our annual Convention will be held somewhere, and I beg to offer a few thoughts for consideration in selecting the place. There are three points to be especially considered. Where can it be held the cheapest? What place is the most accessible? Where can the cause receive the greatest benefit? In view of this, I do not hesitate in saying that a better location, all things considered, cannot be chosen than Rochester. The Convention held here has not been equaled since; and there is no reason why the coming Convention may not be equal to, if not better than, any former one. There is one *very* good reason why Rochester should be the place chosen. A place to hold the Convention can be had free of charge, and should it be thought advisable, the grounds at the Sea Breeze are already guaranteed; and when it is once known that this is a beautiful summer resort, connected by rail to Rochester, situated on Lake Ontario and Irondequoit Bay, it will draw many who would not otherwise attend. At this point hotel accommodations are complete, with every facility for first-class accommodations, at prices that all can afford to pay. Besides, boating, fishing, etc., may be enjoyed freely. These are but a few of the advantages that the Sea Breeze offers that other cities hav not. A more complete press report of the proceedings has never been given than by the papers of Rochester. In behalf of the Liberals, and citizens generally, I beg the committee having this matter in charge to remember the generosity of the past, and that we stand at our posts ready to do all possible for the success of the Convention and bid you all a hearty welcome. As a city Rochester needs no praise. Outside of orthodoxy, the people generally are liberal in thought and purse, as will be proven if the committee will giv them an opportunity. Let us hear from others.

A. E. RINGER.

MALTA, N. Y., June 21, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As the time draws near for our next Convention I thought I would write you a few lines and let you know what we will do to hav it at White Sulphur. This is a very nice place to hold the Convention; it is owned by the Boston & Housatonic Railroad, and they hav calculated to make everything as fine for excursion picnics as can be made. The grounds are in good order, clean and kept in first-class shape; the hotel is large, and has a piazza sixteen feet wide clear around it; also the best dancing floor I ever saw. Mr. Luther says if it rains and is bad weather we can hav the use of the house, and he will furnish from twenty to forty tents for nothing, and will do all he can to make it pleasant for all who attend the Convention. The spring is the nicest water you ever saw, and very healthy.

There are large barns and sheds to accommodate teams; fine bath houses—hot or cold baths. Twelve or fifteen hotels and boarding houses are near the lake. The Boston & Housatonic Railroad runs within one mile and a half of the grounds; thence by boat every two hours to the Spring. It is eight miles from Saratoga, and seven from Ballston; round trip from Saratoga for 25 cents. We hav five or six steamboats on the lake which run to the Spring, and lots of row-boats for fishing, and lots of fish in the lake. Mr. Luther, the proprietor, says if R. G. Ingersoll comes he will giv him the best room and board he has got free of charge. I thiuk the first of September will be the best time for the convention, and Sulphur Springs the best place to hold it in the state. I would like to hav you see the place if you could before the Convention, or hav Reynolds see it.

JOHN V. ARNOLD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

That Dreadful Boy.

I'm lookin' for that dreadful boy
(Does anybody know him?)
Who's leading all the other boys
The way they shouldn't go in.
I think, if I could find that boy,
I'd stop what he is doin'—
A-bringing all the other boys
To certain moral ruin.

There's Tommy green, a growin' lad,
His mother does inform me,
The way that he is getting bad
Would certainly alarm me.
She feels the blame should rest upon
John Brown—a recent comer—
For Tommy was a lovely child,
A year ago this summer.

But when I spoke to Mrs. Brown
Her inmost soul was shaken,
To think that Mrs. Green could be
So very much mistaken.
She did assure me Johnny was
As good a child as any,
Except for learning naughty things
From Mrs. Whiting's Benny.

And Mrs. Whiting frets because
Of Mrs. Blackham's Freddy;
She fears he's taught young Benjamin
Some wicked tricks already.
Yet Fred is such an innocent
(I hav it from his mother)
He wouldn't think of doing wrong
Untempted by another.

Oh! when I think I've found the boy
Whose ways are so disgracin',
I always learn he's some one else,
And livs some other place in.
And if we cannot search him out
He will (most dreadful pity!)
Spoil all the boys who otherwise
Would ornament our city. —*Babyhood.*

A Three-Legged Dog.

You never saw one, did you? No, you never did. A dog that walked on three legs! But I hav seen such a dog, and he got along very well on his three legs—better than you would think. His name was Rover, and he was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who keep a laundry. Rover was a great pet, and was really a fine, intelligent dog. He was not cross, and always made very free with children and others with whom he was acquainted. He used to hav great fun helping himself to food from the children's hands when they were eating. I remember little Susie's first acquaintance with Rover. This is the way she told it: "I was walking along eating a piece of pie, when the laundryman's dog came up and stood on his hind legs and tried to get it out of my hand. 'You can't hav my pie,' I said, and then he tipped me over and took my pie in his mouth, he did, the laundryman's dog, and I cried."

Her own little dog witnessed this performance, and, not daring to attack Rover, ran barking into the house, and pulled Susie's mamma by her dress until she went out to see what he meant, when he guided her to where little Susie lay kicking and screaming on the ground, with Rover beside her, contedly finishing the piece of pie.

When Rover was ten years old a man threw a stone at him and hurt one of his fore legs, so that a sore came upon it. It grew worse, and a physician was called. It was so bad that, in order to save Rover's life, it was thought best to amputate the leg, which was done, quite near to the body. It healed over nicely, and Rover limped about for a good while on his three legs. His master and mistress were very kind, and treated him precisely at if he were a child who could not speak and tell his troubles. It was quite a curiosity to see Rover going about so well on his three legs. But last winter Rover's health began to fail. I think he was about eleven years old, or twelve, and the infirmities of age began to tell upon him. Finally, the stump of the amputated leg became affected with gangrene, and, as it was offensiv and certain death apparent, to spare him some hours of pain, he was kindly helped along the road where all must go at last. Rover died. Gentle hands tenderly made him a grave, and laid him away, and his loss was sincerely mourned by those who had been so long and fondly attached to him. Rover had his faults, doubtless, as all dogs hav, but he had his dogly traits, as well. He was honest, truthful, and sincere, devoted to the end—faithful unto death. S. H. W.

Stop and Think.

When anger bids you say a bitter thing,
Just stop a moment, if you can, to think;
For words are cruel and they leave a sting,
And one can never know how deep they sink.

When anger bids you answer with a blow,
Just stop a moment; 'tis a senseless thing,
As one who sacrifices self must know
How little to his honor it will bring.

When anger shows a fault in long-tried friend,
Just stop a moment till you understand
The motiv prompting him; and in the end
You will forgiv, and lend a helping hand.

When anger bids that you resent a wrong,
Just stop a moment till you know the right,
Then yield to it, and let your blows be strong,
Nor stop a moment till you win the fight.

A Clever Humming-Bird.

I'll tell you how a clever humming-bird shielded her little ones from the rain. There they were, a nestful, and the rain beginning to fall. The people who had watched the nest out of their window were concerned about the young birds, but the mother-bird evidently was prepared for the emergency. Near the nest grew a large leaf—it was a butternut-tree—and on one side of the nest a small twig stuck out. When the drops began to fall, she came quietly and with many tugs pulled the leaf over the little nest, for a roof, and hooked it by the twig on the other side, which held it firmly.

Thus the half-feathered babies were kept as dry under their green roof as if their house had been built by a carpenter, like the sparrow-houses all around on the trees.

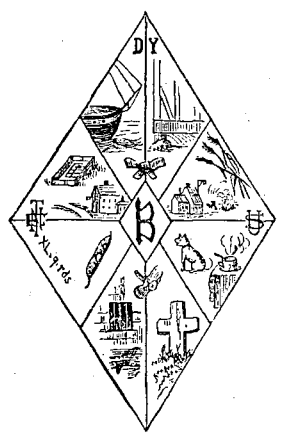
When the rain was over, the mother came back and unhooked the leaf.—*St. Nicholas.*

Alcohol, Muscle, and Brain.

We put a drop of alcohol into a man's eye. It poisons it. We try it upon the lining of a living stomach. Again it poisons it. We study, after death, the stomachs of drinking men, and find alcohol produces in regular stages redness, intense congestion, morbid secretions, deeper hurt, destruction of parts, utter ruin. We study its influence upon the health and strength of sailors and soldiers, and find it helps to freeze them in the Arctic regions and exhaust them in the tropics. We watch two regiments on a long march in India, one with and the other without grog, and are driven to the conclusion that even moderate quantities of alcohol weaken the muscles and break the endurance. We visit the training grounds of oarsmen, pedestrians, and prize-fighters, and learn everywhere the same lesson—alcohol is a poison to muscle and brain.—*Dio Lewis.*

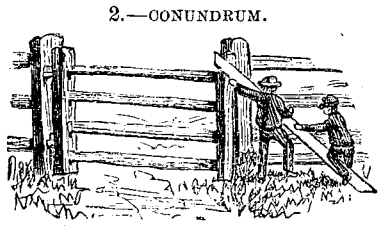
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2.—CONUNDRUM.



What horticultural operation are these boys attempting?

Correspondence.

Salem, Ill., June 15, 1886.

To Miss Wixon and the Corner: Seeing my other letter in print, I thought I would try again. It has been raining a great deal. I hav just received a letter from a young Liberal friend of Macon county, N. C. I will say I would like to be with him at his home. There is a Sunday-school at our school-house, which I do not think is the place for such things. Well, I must tell you I am hearing some fine music just now on an accordeon played by a German. I think the large cartoon of "Jerked to Jesus; or, Heavenward by Hemp," and "Our Janus-faced Religion" are excelled by nothing except our Corner. One of my twin brothers is very sick, but I think he will recover. Well, I guess I will close, for fear of making my letter too long. I will ask for correspondence from some of the young friends of the Corner. I will close, wishing success to Miss Wixon and the Corner. Rufus O. Williams.

P.S.—I send my sincerest thanks to Mr. H. Gilmore for the song which he has been so kind as to send me. R. O. W.

[We are pleased to hear from Rufus again and thank him for kind wishes. We trust his sick brother is quite well by this time.—Ed. C. C.]

Rochelle, Ill., June 14, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: My papa takes The Truth Seeker, and I like to read the little letters in the Children's Corner. I got a letter from Sam Newton from Cuba. He sends me a leaf that grew on the grave of Columbus. My papa had the pleasure yesterday to giv Mr. Otto Wettstein a ride out in the country. His little boy and little girl went too. I will close for this time.

Yours, Wiemke Praets.

P. S.—My grandpa bought several Freethought badges from Mr. Wettstein. He gave one to papa. They are nice. W. P.

[We are glad to add our friend to our list of correspondents, and shall be pleased to hear from him again. Mr. Wettstein's badge-pins are handsome. The editor of the Children's Corner wears one, and she also has another, left in her charge by Mr. Wettstein for sale. The same will be forwarded to any address named on receipt of the price, $4.]

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Book Notices.

SACRED MYSTERIES AMONG THE MAYAS AND THE QUICHES, 11,500 YEARS AGO. Their Relation to the Sacred Mysteries of Egypt, Greece, Chaldea, and India; Freemasonry in Times Anterior to the Temple of Solomon. Illustrated. By Augustus Le Plongeon. New York: Robert McCoy, 4 Barclay street.

The Mayas and Quiches were people inhabiting the countries now known as Central America and Yucatan. These people M. Le Plongeon evidently believes to be the oldest in the world. The six-thousand-year chronology of the Bible does not trouble him in the least, and Adam and Eve he passes over as myths, and thus begins the investigation with mind untrammeled. To all appearances these ancient Americans can claim as great antiquity as any other race. The writer finds among them nearly all of those symbols that are associated with great age. Indeed, he sees reason to believe that the center of culture was here, and that the Mayas and Quiches sent out colonies, as England does now, carrying with them the arts and other adjuncts of civilization. Hence came the secret ceremonies of Freemasonry, the sacred mysteries and rites of Egypt, and further along all the holy absurdities that exist to-day or hav existed in the past. Facts to corroborate this theory are not wanting. The Maya Hieratic alphabet and the Egyptian alphabet are given side by side, and resemble each other to a degree which shows that they had a common origin. A great many theories hav been furnished to account for the cross being a universal sacred symbol, all of which are satisfactory, but M. Le Plongeon givs a new one. He holds that the constellation in the heavens known as the Southern Cross, appearing at the end of the dry season as a harbinger of moisture, made the cross dear to the eyes of all pious Mayas and Quiches, and from them the notion spread to other countries. The book is full of interest, a specially attractiv feature being the illustrations. These are called Moss types. They are actual photographs of the ancient works of Central America and Yucutan, transferred to metal and printed upon fine paper in a manner which reproduces the original photograph with almost perfect fidelity.

MOSES BEFORE THE COURT; or, the Forgery of the Old Testament. Dedicated to the Clergy. By H. J. Seigneuret, M. D. (alias Secularist), a graduate of the University of France, and Author of St. Matthew Before the Court. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place.

"St Matthew before the Court" was reviewed in these columns some time since. "Moses before the Court" is quite as thorough a refutation of the idea that Moses had anything to do with making the Old Testament as the former *brochure* is that Matthew was the author of the forged gospel which contains his name.

The first thing the author does is to show that Moses was as really a myth as was Brahma, Buddha, or Chrishna. While Egyptian history tells about a man who, probably, Josephus calls Moses, the man referred to by contemporary historians was a leper, a priest of the sun, and was expelled from Heliopolis (the city of the sun), and became a brigand, a kind of leader among the brigands, who, with his band of vagabonds, committed all sorts of atrocities. These brigands finally built a city called Hierosyla (Jerusalem) or the city of robbers. (See Josephus against Appion, book 1 § 34.)

The argument before the court is that these books are without date—that the kings of Egypt are not even mentioned by name, the title Pharaoh being only equivalent to king. He then shows the book to be filled with anachronisms, such as recording Moses's death, burial, the mourning for him, and his grave not being found unto this day; that it contains the history of cities that could not by any possibility hav existed until at least 344 years after the pretended death of this pretended Moses. "Dan" is a case in point. (Gen. xiv, 1; Judges xxviii, 28, 29; Deut. xxxiv, 1.)

Again, Genesis givs the names of eight successiv kings "who reigned in Edom before any king reigned in Israel." As Saul was the first king of Israel, it could not hav been written until after his day. As it speaks of *kings* of Israel in the plural and in the past tense, it could not hav been written before the days of Solomon, about five hundred years this side of Moses. Many other similar arguments are introduced.

Next the doctor proves Ezra or Esdras, the priest, to hav been the forger of the five books of Moses. The proof on this point is positiv—there can be no mistaking it—that the main object was to forage on the people to feed a lazy priesthood. On page 29 the writer says:

Figure to yourselvs a bee-hive full of activ workers gathering honey to feed a swarm of lazy drones, and then disgorging their surplus in the mouths of yellow-jackets and black felons, and you will hav a proximate idea of the Jewish people eaten up by its priestcraft. Look how this vulture Esdras provides for the welfare of his large covey of hungry church birds; how he orders the people to bring in their first-born of every cattle; also the first fruits, crops, and produce of every kind, and for offerings of which they were eating the best, obligation to bring the fattest cattle, no defectiv victims being received. Look also how he is anxious that their cellar be supplied with the best wines, their oil-jars with the finest juice of the olivs, their kitchen with the whitest flour and the choicest morsels of roast beef, mutton, calves, doves, etc., God having his nostrils satisfied with the smell of burning tallow and other refuse burnt on the sacred fire. I tell you, gentlemen, that Esdras must hav felt his pride satisfied when, covered with his sacerdotal robes, resplendent with gold and precious stones, he strutted on the piazza of the temple, contemplating with a sneer the ignorant crowd of superstitious Jews prostrate at his feet. Our ministers, preachers, and priests try yet a parody of that degrading spectacle, but the man of the Vatican blessing Rome and the universe (*urbi* and *orbi*) from the peristyle of the basilic of St. Peter is to-day the only imitator and successor of the Jew Esdras.

Before the writer gets done with Moses before the court, he turns prophet and says.

But the martyrdom of each past Freethinker has raised thousands of others to follow on the same track. It seems that every drop of blood shed for the cause of truth and mental freedom has been a fertilizing dew which has fecundated the prolific womb of the goddess of liberty. Let us rejoice, then, gentlemen. We are progressing onward more and more every day. Where there was one unbeliever in the forged Bible two hundred years ago, there are to-day millions. With your noble efforts, the time is fast coming when superstition shall hav entirely disappeared, and when truth, liberty, and mental freedom shall reign supreme over the world.

To obtain this grand result it may require the steady work of a couple of generations, but light will come, and our grandchildren, at least, will see it shine in all its splendor. They will see the last preacher, a Bible under his arm, emigrating to some savage island, and will ask their father, "Who is this lean and shabbily clothed man?" Then he will answer, "Let this miserable wayfarer go in peace, and do not mourn his fate; with him goeth the last enemy of mankind."

The book can be had of its publishers for 10 cents.—*New Thought.*

THE ORDER OF CREATION.

This contains the controversy betwcen Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Reville, and Linton, as to the order in which creation proceeded; pp. 178, cloth 75 cents, paper 50 cents. Those who followed this interesting dispute will find this a valuable book, as it brings together the arguments of these masters of rhetoric, science, and philosophy into one compact volume, and enables all who care for different kinds of authority upon vexed questions, to see what these modern lights each hav to say as to the evident conflict which exists between Genesis and Geology.—*The Path.*

Every number of the *Popular Science Monthly* contains matter of value. All subjects of scientific interest are treated, always by their ablest exponents. The July number is no exception, and among its dozen articles there is not one that will not doubly repay perusal. Price 50 cents per number; to be had through this office.

The *North American Review* for July contains sixteen articles. The first is by Minister to Turkey S. S. Cox on "Mohammedan Marriages;" the second is a continuation of the remarkable series of "Letters to Prominent Persons," by "Arthur Richmond," addressed this time to the Rev. Dr. Dexter. There are also a number of historical letters from Sherman and Grant, besides other contributions from prominent writers. The price of the *Review* is 50 cents per number. It can be ordered through this office.

"The Alpha and the Omega. An Exposition of the First Half of the Book of Revelation of St. John," has by some means found its way to this office. It is a pamphlet in short, poetry-like lines, written by the Rev. S. L. Cousins, B A., retired chaplain R.N. If the fact that Mr. Cousins is a retired chaplain did not inform us that he is already well along in years, we should feel like remarking that he will feel ashamed of this performance when he is older. There may be hope for him yet. Mr. Byrne, a graduate of Princeton University, says concerning this work: "As a study for the curious, it will well repay perusal." We doubt it. Mr. Byrne significantly adds, with an ungrammatical confusion of numbers inexcusable in a college graduate: "It is given as a theory, which *one* can accept or reject as to *them* seems best."

The *Forum*, the new first-class monthly, has at once taken its place where it belongs, near the head of the list. Here is the contents of the June number: "Arbitration in Labor Disputes," Justice T. M. Cooley; "From Puritanism—Whither?" Bishop F. D. Huntington; "The Limit of Speed in Ocean Travel," Prof. R. H. Thurston; "How I was Educated," Chancellor John H. Vincent; "Mischievous Philanthropy," Prof. Simon Newcomb; "The Persistence of the Keely Motor," Park Benjamin; "The Evolution of the Boycott," Dr. William A. Hammond; "The Psychical Wave," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Future of Sunday Journalism," Rev. Julius H. Ward; "Something More about Domestic Service," A. B. McMahan. The *Forum* sells for 50 cents a number. Subscription $5 per year. Like all other good publications, it may be had through the TRUTH SEEKER office.

There is a good deal of queer matter printed, but about the queerest yet is Mrs. Julia Franklin's pamphlet, "The Truth Unveiled," published at the office of *Foundation Principles*, 429 First avenue, Clinton, Iowa. It attacks marriage, theology, and government with equal incoherence, and has tacked on as "addenda" communications from Spinoza, Humboldt, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Lafayette, Lucretia Mott, and others. testifying that these are their sentiments. Five or ten cents forwarded to *Foundation Principles* at the address given would probably result in the receipt of this pamphlet.

"The Hindoos as They Are" was the title chosen by A. Ruthnasawmy Mudaliar, B.A., for his lecture at the sixth anniversary of the Madras (India) Progressiv Union. The lecture is published in pamphlet form, and will be found to deal also with Hindoos as they ought to be. The writer is himself a Hindoo, and a heretic not only to Christianity but to Brahmanism. He regards the Vedas much as he does the Bible, as not necessarily to be relied upon where there seems to be good evidence that they are misleading. In this respect he differs from Colonel Olcott of the Theosophical Society.

Mr. Mudaliar criticises many customs in vogue among his countrymen. He asks them, for instance, "How many do you think you will find who can giv you an intelligent and consistent reason for the three horizontal or the three vertical lines which they carry as marks on their foreheads?" The custom of taking a plurality of wives as a proof of wealth and respectability is likewise condemned; as is also the perpetual widowhood enforced upon Hindoo women. Signs, however, are not wanting that these practices are destined to sink into desuetude before advancing enlightenment. The essayist notes that the Vedas and Shastas are dropping into forgetfulness on account of the inability of the younger generation to read them, but he sees in this no cause for regret. He believes that the languages in which these ancient records are written are no longer useful to be studied.

The intelligent young men of India are blossoming out into Materialists; that is to say, they prefer knowledge to myth; and there, as in Europe and America, are to be found the reconcilers who are endeavoring to find in the old fables and traditions "the adumbrations of the facts and demonstrations of Western science." The prevailing religion of India is Brahmanism; and Mr. Mudaliar pays that religion a high compliment for its toleration when he says that Secularists and Freethinkers "hav not here to labor under the misconceptions and prejudices which in Europe and America embitter the life of many an honest seeker after truth."

This pamphlet is put forth by the Madras Secular Society. Price one anna.

Good Words for Our Lecturers.

REMSBURG.

J. E. Remsburg has returned from his Texas tour—one of the most successful he has yet made. Large audiences greeted him at nearly every place. The following are a few of the many complimentary notices he received from the Texas press:

He is a quiet, yet a forcible and eloquent speaker, using elegant language.—*Denison Daily News.*

The speaker uses excellent language, and his manner indicates an earnestness in the cause he champions that cannot but impress his opponents with his honesty of purpose.—*Denison Sunday Gazetteer.*

Language that could not fail to thrill the soul of every true American.—*Ibid.*

A fluent and interesting speaker.—*Sherman Daily Democrat.*

Mr. Remsburg is an excellent speaker, uses chaste and eloquent language, is thoroughly educated, and brings to bear the combined force of these acquirements in presenting his subject in an exceedingly interesting manner.—*Ft. Worth Daily Gazette.*

Those present were greatly entertained. Mr. Remsburg justly ranks as one of the foremost speakers in the Infidel ranks.—*Ibid.*

A second Bob Ingersoll. His language is elegant and his ideas *decidedly peculiar.*—*Ft. Worth Evening Mail.*

His talk was in the main good and logical.—*Corsicana Daily Courier.*

John E. Remsburg lectured at Mayer's Hall last night to upward of eight hundred people on the subject of "Sabbath-Breaking." The lecturer is a fluent speaker.—*Dallas Morning News.*

In language mild and gentle, his propositions were logically constructed, and the great array of the best established authorities, together with the many and self-evident facts, could not fail to fasten the conviction of truth on every assertion he made.—*Kerens Light.*

The lecturer's diction was choice and classical. The lecture was listened to with marked attention, and he was frequently interrupted by applause.—*San Antonio Express.*

The advocates of the Puritan Sabbath received a severe and well-merited castigation at his hands.—*Texas Freie Presse.*

"Thomas Paine, the Apostle of Liberty," was his theme, and a glowing tribute in masterly language did he pay that great defender of the rights of man. The diction and thought of the lecture were elegant and profound, and he was listened to with marked attention and frequently applauded.—*San Antonio Light.*

His defense of the life and character of this grand old patriot was very able.—*Overton Sharpshooter.*

His peculiar and yet logical method of reasoning is very striking, and invariably carries conviction.—*Houston Post.*

The lecturer was scholarly, polished, and elegant in his style, and held the rapt attention of his hearers from the beginning to the conclusion of his remarks.—*Waco Day.*

PUTNAM.

A fair audience assembled at Larsen's hall last evening to hear the lecture of S. P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union, of which the famous Freethiuker and lecturer, Robert G. Ingersoll, is president. The gentleman is a very pleasant and attractiv speaker, presenting his views in a forcible and logical manner, which held the closest attention of the audience. He strikes hard blows at the different religious persuasions, and provokes much merriment at times, as he holds up to ridicule the inconsistencies prevailing among believers in the different creeds and dogmas of the present age.—*Herald, Bellevue, Idaho.*

Samuel P. Putnam delivered an eloquent lecture last evening on the subject, "The Glory of Infidelity." Any person who hears Mr. Putnam speak must be convinced of the gentleman's earnestness and conscientiousness in the views to which he adheres. No matter how much we may happen to differ with him, still there is always admiration in listening to men who hav convictions, and dare express them.—*Wood's River News-Miner.*

Putnam, the Freethinker, is the best posted and best talker we hav ever had on Wood River. He has been with us off and on for a week, enjoying our beautiful scenery and climate, and spending his evenings lecturing to those of our citizens who delight to listen to words of reason. It's a fact that the theater has been crowded every night whenever Mr. Putnam was advertised to speak, and the verdict of our people is in his favor, and against the orthodox treatment. We were born a Baptist, and as we got older our pate got petrified until we were termed by the Idaho mossbacks a "hardshell." Brother Putnam, by his lectures in Hailey, has touched the chord which expands our mind-vision, and we discover that a Freethinker is the only free man on God's green earth. His talk is convincing; we speak from experience. It will do you all good. The priest and the preacher should listen to him, without malice aforethought, and it's ten to one they will turn themselvs loose in Mr. Putnam's very pathway at the next meeting of their congregation. Everything which is good, ennobling, and which tends to elevate man and womankind, Mr. Putnam advocates; that which degrades and debases—be it in the Bible or in our daily walks—he knocks out. To-night he goes to Ketchum, and the people there should turn out *en masse.*—*Inter-Idaho, Hailey, Idaho.*

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Vindication of Thomas Paine from the attacks of the New York *Observer*, by Robert G. Ingersoll. Price, 10 cents.

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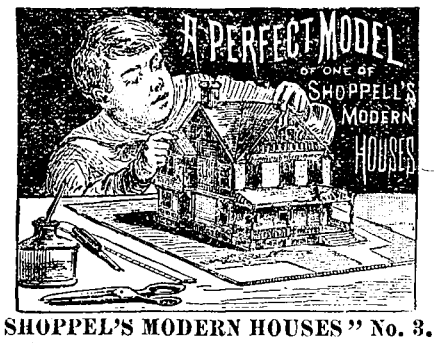
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News of the Week.

Ex-President Arthur's health is very feeble. He has just gone to New London, Conn., for a change of air.

In the college boat-races last week Columbia beat Pennsylvania and Harvard, and Yale beat Pennsylvania.

The $5,000 rhinoceros which the Central Park commissioners recently purchased died last Saturday of pneumonia.

The laundry girls who went on strike at Troy, N. Y., three weeks ago hav returned to work at the former rates of pay.

The French princes hav been expelled from France. These gentlemen regard themselvs as rightful sovereigns of that republic.

There will be a sparring match on the Polo grounds in this city, July 5th, between Sullivan, of Boston, and Mitchell, of England—provided both are sober enough to appear.

The British Parliament was dissolved by the queen on the 25th ult., who remarked in her speech on that occasion that this course was taken in order to ascertain the sense of her people on the Irish Home Rule question.

Daniel Douglas Home, the Spiritualist, is dead. He was 53 years of age. He is said to hav had the power of invoking the spirits of people who were dead, and was on that account consulted by several crowned heads.

The strike of the Lake Shore switchmen at Chicago has been marked by scenes of lawlessness and violence. The strikers seized locomotivs and captured a freight train last Saturday, and a passenger train was derailed.

The Rev. John E. O'Sullivan, a Catholic priest of Syracuse, N. Y., will spend the next ten years in the spiritual and bodily retreat at Auburn, having been sentenced by the court to that number of years' imprisonment for outraging a girl.

The president went off on an excursion last week in a yacht bearing the piratical name of Corsair. He left Mrs. Cleveland at home. Since his marriage the president has been working unusually hard, and is said to be in need of rest.

Judge David Davis, of Illinois, died at Bloomington last Saturday, aged 71 years. In 1860 his support of "Old Abe" won him the distinction of being known thenceforth as Lincoln's "right-hand man." His death was caused by a carbuncle.

All but fifteen of the 146 inhabitants of Pottersville, N. J., went to a church picnic one day last week and were poisoned by eating ice cream. How the poison got into the cream nobody has told. Nearly all the poisoned persons will recover.

Up to last Saturday President Cleveland had vetoed seventy-one bills which had passed both houses. Sixty-four were pension bills and the others were mainly appropriations. An effort will be made by the Republicans in Congress to override some of the vetoes.

A Chicago judge holds in the case of Robert Schilling, indicted for boycotting, that a threat to injure a man's business is conspiracy. A New York jury has found Paul Wilzig guilty of extortion in accepting money to settle a boycott levied by the Carl Sahm Musical Club.

The Rev. T. S. Cartwright, of Paterson, editor of the *Church Press*, was sitting in his library last Friday reading his Bible when the front legs of his chair broke and he was precipitated to the floor in such a way as to break two of his ribs. He now desires to know what he shall do to be safe.

The Methodist Appellate Court at Philadelphia has granted the Rev. Mr. Goss a new trial, and ratified the expulsion of the Rev. Mr. White. The charges against these clergymen were that the Rev. Mr. White committed rape upon his servant-girl, and that the Rev. Mr. Goss was knowing to the fact but made no complaint.

Frank Howell, of Scranton, Pa., promised to marry Miss Effie Costello, and the wedding day was fixed. While in New York a short time ago Mr. Howell visited a medium, who called up the spirit of Howell's father. In course of conversation with the defunct member of the family the prospectiv bridegroom was advised not to marry Miss Costello. The young man acted accordingly, and broke off the match. The young lady now brings suit for breach of promis, and on account of the prominence of both parties the case is regarded with extraordinary interest.

Odds and Ends.

"Are you a Christian, young man?" asked a melancholy missionary of a bystander whom he thought might prove a hopeful case. "Oh! dear no," was the cheerful reply; "I'm a choir-singer."

Jones read in the papers that experiments in Spiritualism were made in courts during the progress of a certain case. "What are we coming to?" he exclaimed, indignantly, "if the very tables of the law commence to turn?"

Harvard College is papering dead walls with the announcement of the celebration of her 250th anniversary. It comes in November, and the bones of Cotton Mather are being articulated for the occasion. No show this year is complete without a Jumbo skeleton.—*Life.*

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

A young fellow quite fond of champagne,
Could a case or two easily dragne;
But the barkeepers knew
That his shekels were few—
So he generally had to abstagne.

Teacher: "Jessie, can you tell me what it is that a cat has that no other animal has?" Jessie: "Fur." Teacher: "Wrong. Carrie, what is it?" Carrie: "I don't know, ma'am." Little Ethel (holding up her hand): "Please, ma'am, I know." Teacher: "Well, Ethel, what is it?" Ethel: "Kittens."

"My dear," said an anxious wife to her husband, who is running for office, "we must economize in every possible way." "I do economize," he replied. "Yes," she said, bitterly, "you spend ten or fifteen dollars a day in treating a lot of barroom loafers to beer and whisky just to get them to vote for you. Do you call that economy?" "Certainly; that's political economy."

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby at the dinner table "how do you pronounce d-o?" "Do, Bobby," replied Mr. Featherly, indulgently. "How do you pronounce d-e-w?" "D-u-u-ew," and here Mr. Featherly put on a genteel air for the benefit of Bobby's big sister. "Well, then, how would you pronounce the second day of the week?" "Tewsday, I think." "You're wrong." "Wrong? How would you pronounce the second day of the week?" "Monday."

"Petah, whut yo' gwine do wif dat razah—humph?" "Spec's I'se gwine t' sha'pen dat razah. Doan' yo' see no mo' out'n dem ole peepe's ob yo'n?" "G'way, Petah! Wha' fur? Wha' fur yo' a-sha'p'n'n dat razah—humph? Yo' done got no *bea'd*, chile!" "G'way yo'se'f, ole man; yo' done got no sense. De Baptis' chu'ch fai' am a-hold'n dis eb'n'n—duz yo' know dat much? An' dat upstaht niggah bahbe's agwine—yo' un'stan'? An' dat yalle' gal dat tuk up wif dat upstaht niggah am agwine—*duz' yo' heah me?* An *I'se* agwine, an dis yer razah, *she's* agwine. G'way yo'se'f."

"Can you conceive," asked the professor, "an eternal vacuum, a portion of space unoccupied, an empty void into which nothing ever enters, from which nothing can ever come, which maintains inviolate and forever its own eternal emptiness?" "I can," replied the student; "I hav a stylographic pen."

The colporteur had crossed over the line into Kentucky without knowing it, and as he entered the tavern with a handful of tracts he said: "Gentlemen, may I ask you to——" and every gentleman then and there arose from his chair, took his quid from his mouth and cast it behind the stove, and sauntered briskly toward the carpenter-shop, said, "Thanks, don't care if I do." And then, seeing he was in Kentucky, the colporteur "jined the gentlemen."

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

60pp. Price 10 cents; 12 copies, $1.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CANARD

A Fabricated Account of a Scene at the Death-bed of Thomas Paine.

BY W. H. BURR.

This pamphlet shows that the account of Paine's dying moments attributed to Bishop Fenwick (upon which the *Observer* relies to prove its principal charges) is a forgery, it being impossible that Fenwick could hav written the alleged account.

18pp. Price 5 cents; 25 for $1.00.

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Gems of Thought.

If God did say, Keep Saturday holy, the Christian Puritan bigots had not the feeblest authority in the world for setting it aside, and saying Sunday should be the holy day. I deny, and I defy proofs to the contrary, that God or his son Jesus ever gave a command that Sunday should be kept holy. If any day is to be kept holy, it is the original Sabbath, Saturday, and none other. And even the observance of Saturday is an old Jewish commandment, and is no more binding for us than to be circumcised and to burn the blood and flesh of bulls and he-goats to make a sweet savor in the nostrils of Yaveh.—*D. M. Bennett.*

We are laying the foundations of the grand temple of the future—not the temple of all the gods, but of all the people—wherein, with appropriate rites, will be celebrated the religion of humanity. We are doing what little we can to hasten the coming of the day when society shall cease producing millionaires and mendicants, gorged indolence and famished industry, truth in rags and superstition robed and crowned. We are looking for the time when the useful shall be the honorable, and when Reason, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the king of kings and god of gods. —*Ingersoll.*

In every experimental science there is a tendency toward perfection. In every human being there is a wish to ameliorate his own condition. These two principles hav often sufficed, even when counteracted by great public calamities, and by bad institutions, to carry civilization rapidly forward. No ordinary misfortune, no ordinary misgovernment, will do so much to make a nation wretched as the constant progress of physical knowledge and the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous.—*Macaulay.*

How ineffectual are all our efforts to preserve the morals of a people if the laws which regulate the political order doom the one-half of mankind to indigence, to fraud, to servility, to ignorance, and superstition, and the other half to be the slaves of all the follies and vices which result from the insolence of rank and the selfishness of opulence.—*Dugald Stewart.*

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a Lord,
Wha struts and stares and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.
—*Burns.*

The true law is everywhere spread abroad, it is constant, eternal. It calls us to duty by its commandments; it turns us away from wrong-doing by its prohibitions. We can take nothing from it, change nothing, abrogate nothing. Neither the senate nor the people hav the right to free us from it. It is not one thing at Rome, another at Athens; one thing to-day, to-morrow another. But, eternal and immutable, the same law embraces all times and all nations. There is one being alone who can teach it and impose it upon all—that is God.—*Cicero.*

The sensible object is *out of* man, the religious is *in* him. Religion is the indirect or imperfect consciousness that man has of himself, and the goodness, justice, wisdom which he worships exist only as his own attributes.—*Feuerbach.*

Certainly if the Bible is such a revelation as men claim, it has egregiously failed to answer the purpose for which it was intended, seeing that men equally able, earnest, and sincere differ among themselvs radically and hopelessly.—*C. H. Brigham.*

Men are good not because of their orthodoxy, but in spite of it; their goodness is the outgrowth of their humanity, not of their orthodoxy. Heresy is necessary to progress; heresy in religion always precedes an endeavor for political freedom. You cannot hav effectual political progress without wide-spread heretical thought. Every grand political change in which the people hav played an important part has been preceded by the popularization of heresy in the immediately earlier generation.—*Bradlaugh's Heresy.*

This is true liberty, when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can and will deserves high praise,
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?—*Milton.*

Protestantism is rapidly declining in Germany; it makes no perceptible progress in France; in Spain and Italy it has no future. It achieves no fresh conquests, and at every point is giving way to the pressnre of secular thought. The wail of Protestantism is as general as it is pathetic.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

I think I know a worthy man when I meet him, and they are so rare in the world that no honor is too great for those that are such.—*Locke's Familiar Letters.*

I know not how it is, but most people prefer being in error and defending, with the utmost pugnacity, that opinion which they hav taken a fancy to, to inquiring, without any obstinacy, what is said with the greatest consistency.—*Cicero.*

FREEDOM.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak,
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves that dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!
—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 13. No. 28. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. New York, Saturday, July 10, 1886. 33 CLINTON PLACE. $3.00 per year.



INAUGURATING HOME RULE IN IRELAND.

Notes and Clippings.

THE Women's Suffrage party's State Committee hav sent Governor Hill, of New York, a letter of thanks for signing the bill declaring that both mothers and fathers can legally vote at school elections.

THE REV. PETER CRUDDEN, of Lowell, Mass., recently died, leaving an estate of $500,000, acquired by industrious solicitation, and which goes to a surviving sister. The Catholic authorities hav sued the estate, claiming that the property belongs to the church.

THERE is a grain bag monopoly in San Francisco, and the following notice, sent out by an extensiv grain dealer there, shows how it works: "Having learned that some farmers intend to put their new wheat into old sacks, I now giv you notice that I shall accept new wheat only if in new sacks."

THERE are 375 railroad stations open on Sunday in Massachusetts, while 461 men are needed to run Sunday trains. To keep the horse cars in movement, 2,958 men hav to work. Some 300 telegraph and telephone offices are open on Sunday, employing probably twice that number of operators.

MRS. MINA BAUHMAN, of Logansport, Ind., has begun a suit for $1,000 damages against the German Lutheran church at that place, and also asks for an injunction restraining the pastor and trustees from ringing the chime of bells of the church. She complains that her daughter, who is an invalid, suffers severely at each ringing of the bells. Church bells ought to go. They are a public nuisance.

BLASPHEMY is so rife in the north of Italy that the archbishop of Genoa has published a charge against it, in which he specially denounces the *Secolo* of Milan as a blasphemous print, which all in whose hands it may fall should burn, lest they themselvs be burnt in everlasting fire.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has signed an act granting the franking privilege to General Grant's widow. This will relieve her of the expense of paying postage on her letters. Mrs. Grant's fortune is only about a million dollars, and this act will enable her to get along without borrowing stamps. There is a chance also that the publishers of the general's "Memoirs" will profit somewhat by the gratitude of this great republic.

TALMAGE'S excursion with his congregation to the Thousand Islands is causing some remark. It seems that the Sunday which the party spent away from home was not observed as good Christians should observe the Sabbath. One brother went fishing, taking many of the Tabernacle pilgrims with him, while the superintendent got a gun and went out and shot a coon. The women went sailing, and boating, and fishing. Yet, strange to say, nobody was drowned.

CHICAGO papers giv an account of the movements of Anarchist Parsons since the night of the Haymarket riot. When the bomb exploded Parsons leaped from the wagon and ran to his home, where he held a conference with his wife, and they decided that his flight was necessary. By morning he was on the Rock Island train with a ticket to Omaha. His disguise was thorough and unique. He took refuge on a farm near Papillon, a small town twenty miles west of Omaha. There he remained until June 18th, when, yielding to the advice of Captain Black, he started for Chicago. He boldly entered Omaha, purchased his ticket, and made the journey of five hundred miles without an attempt at concealment. Parsons constantly communicated by letter with his wife, and latterly with Captain Black.

A WOMAN and her paramour hav recently been tried at Caen, France, for the murder of the woman's husband. A letter written by the woman was put in evidence, in which she said they must kill her husband in order that she and her accomplice might be "forever afterward happy by the blessing of God." When he was taken very ill she wrote: "Oh, if it would only please God to remove him." But as he got well they resolved to shoot him, and burned a candle to the success of their project on the altar of the Virgin.

AMERICA now has a full-fledged cardinal. Last week Wednesday the red beretta was duly conferred upon Archbishop Gibbons at Baltimore, in the presence of a large number of church dignitaries. Secretary Lamar represented the Cabinet at the ceremony. President Cleveland sent by the Rev. Dr. Chapelle, pastor of St. Matthew's church, in Washington, a personal letter congratulating the Cardinal, whose acquaintance and personal friendship he has for some time enjoyed, upon his elevation to the cardinalate. Hail Columbia, happy land!

JOHN B. SMITH, of New Britain, Conn., had more apples than he knew what to do with last fall, so he stored four hundred barrels in a neighbor's large ice house. In the winter the house was filled with ice, all around the apples, which were solidly frozen. To Mr. Smith's great surprise the fruit, a short time ago, was found to be in perfect condition. He shipped twenty-five barrels to this city, and they sold readily at three dollars a barrel. More were called for, and now the whole four hundred barrels of hard, fresh, sound Baldwins hav been sold at that price, right in the middle of June.

THE order of the Boston Board of Police closing up bakers' shops and barber shops Sunday still engrosses public attention at the Hub, and makes steady business for the courts. In the case of Bernard P. Verne, charged in the municipal court with keeping his barber shop open on the Lord's Day, Judge Hardy declined to exercise jurisdiction, and sent the case to the higher court, the bonds remaining the same. This action has excited much interest among the barbers of the city, many of whom are of the opinion that no further arrests will be made—certainly not until the Verne case is settled.

Two old people who were on their way to church yesterday at Milton, Pa., were run over and killed by a newspaper train. This sad accident will be held up to the public as a strong argument against Sunday newspaper trains, but it will be offered by way of offset by Colonel Ingersoll that people who remain at home waiting for the Sunday newspapers to be brought to them are never run over by these swift moving trains.—*World.* If the Christians can stand this moral the Infidels can. It was the Christians who got hurt, while the wicked persons on board the train escaped physical injury. The incident is a plain warning against going to church.

The Influence of Religion and Philosophy on Morals.

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

II.

1. The primary influence of the doctrin of immortality, which surrounds man with divine associates in this life, and points him onward to a larger and more intimate association with the divine natures of all ages, in the future life, is most ennobling, in that it causes man to set an infinitly higher value on himself and on his fellow-man. I think this view redounds more to the cultivation of sympathy and love among men than any other can; it magnifies certain peculiarities in which all souls are equal, and thereby lessens the importance of the factitious advantages of birth, position, and fortune, and the like in which men are unequal. No set of men hav ever defied kingly authority more vigorously than the class who relied on this as the bottom fact in their creed, that all men are equal in the sight of God, *i.e.*, that the lesser features in which they are unequal are not to be compared with the great fact of immortality in which they are equal. Republicanism in England, which is the parent of republicanism in America, was cradled in Puritanism, that of Germany in Lutherism. Subjects learn earlier to contend against princes and priesthood for freedom to worship what they suppose to be God than for the liberty to perfect their own welfare or maintain their own rights.

The offsets to this moral gain are two: Religion so accustoms the human mind to a credulous acceptance of the myths and miracles which are deemed necessary to sustain the doctrin of immortality as to stultify man's capacity for distinguishing the credible from the incredible, or rather to create a conflict between historic truth, which means something that actually occurred, and religious truth, which seems to include whatever produces a sense of religious exaltation and profit, or, as the phrase goes, promotes the cause of Christ.

I am profoundly aware of the true value of literary and religious fictions for the inculcation of moral ideas. I can see that the question whether the book of Job is a novel or a biography is not of the slightest importance on the value of the book as a source of religious truth. Fictions are the necessary vehicles for teaching lessons concerning human character. The invaluable lessons contained in Dickens's works would not be enhanced by so much as a hair's weight by proving that all his hundreds of characters once lived. Nor would the value of the teachings of Moses, Jesus, and Paul be greatly diminished if it were true, as some Swedenborgians contend, that no such persons ever lived. Religious men are right in asserting that the moral faculty may draw moral and religious truths from historic fictions as easily as it can draw immoral conclusions from historic facts. The bee will draw honey from flowers that drip with poison. The wasp will extract poison from flowers that drip with honey. So the moral sense in man is its own distiller; it may grow strong on fictions, it may grow weak on facts. Perhaps this will sound to some of you like a vain and empty argument in behalf of religious lying. I leave that to my critics. I wish merely to indicate by a few examples that this habit of using and manufacturing fiction to illustrate truth is becoming very common among Christians, and that it sometimes fails to stand connected with the deepest reverence for actual facts. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, at a recent Sunday-school convention in Brooklyn, called to instruct teachers in the method of teaching children, got off the following stories:

He knew of one man who, in a doleful strain, told a congregation at a prayer-meeting how great a sinner he was. "I was an awful sinner," said he, "a great sinner. I was the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely."

Some men never learn how to phrase a prayer. A spirited horse was running away with a man, and every minute promised to be his last. He grabbed hold of the sides of the wagon as it bounded along after the runaway, and as he could not think of any other prayer, he said, "O Lord, make us thankful for the mercies we are about to receive."

There was a tiring sameness in the expressions of those who had experiences to relate. A young man got up once and said: "I am on the ship of Zion, and we are sailing up the heavenly harbor; soon we'll reach the Golden Gate." Another man said: "I, too, am on the ship of Zion, and we are sailing with a good breeze. I guess we are going as fast as thirty knots an hour. Every man is at his post. Soon we'll come to the pearly gates." Another arose and said: "I, too, am on the ship of Zion. It's a steamship—a four hundred hoss-power. We are going up the heavenly harbor, and we are going faster'n any other ship. We're bound to glory." An old and feeble woman arose and said: "I'm seventy years old, and for fifty years I've been on the road to heaven, but I've been goin' afoot, and I expect to keep goin' afoot until I get there; and it seems to me if you folks that's goin' on the steamship don't take care, you'll bust your bilers." When this story was told the congregation rocked and surged with laughter.

It is always difficult to prove a negativ, and impossible to doubt a clergyman; but I think that we would all assume that Dr. Talmage was not present when these supposed facts occurred, and that if we had been present we should not hav heard them. Still, if some serious man like Mark Twain or Josh Billings, who isn't making up stories for fun, should vouch for them, we don't know what we might say.

The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith said that he was once trying to illustrate the difference between Christ's joy at the conversion of a sinner, and the joy the converted one experienced. He didn't know how he was going to get through, when suddenly a story crept into his mind. His brother Natty, when a child, was blind. A cloudy film had spread over his eyes, cutting off the sight. One day he and his brother were playing on the nursery floor, using a large onion for a ball. They rolled and tossed it back and forth, until it became bruised and juicy. Natty, in handling it, got his fingers wet with the juice, and when he rubbed his eyes with his hand he uttered a sharp cry of pain. Then he jumped to his feet, and, screaming with joy, exclaimed, "Oh, I see! I see!" The delicate surgery of the onion had cut through and removed the film that blinded him. He leaped into his mother's arms, quivering with delight, while she clasped him to her breast and uttered words of joy. The happiness of the child was one; the happiness of the mother was another. "When I returned home after church that Sunday," said Mr. Smith, "my little blue eyes climbed into my lap and said, 'Hyatt'—she has no respect for the cloth; it's her mother's training—'Hyatt,' she said, 'was that story about the onion a true story?' 'Yes, my pet,' I said. 'Oh,' she said, 'I thought you were only preaching.'"

In the ordinary untheological course of events, if Mr. Smith had ever had a brother Natty cured of blindness by onion juice getting into his eyes, his daughter would hav heard of it a thousand times as part of the ordinary family history, and as a reason for recommending onion juice to all blind people. But I fancy that in order to remove a film by onion juice, the quantity to be employed would amount itself to a cataract of Niagara which would sweep away both patient and malady in the resistless flood and amidst the deafening roar of its falling thunders. To search such a story for historical truth is to do it an injustice. It is its rich religious truth that compensates for the discrepancy that no member of the family had ever heard of it before, and that even its sacredly commissioned author in telling it, while in one breath he assures his little daughter it is a fact, in the next assures the public it is a story. The world had waited for eighteen centuries without an exact definition of the difference between Christ's joy at the sinner's conversion and the joy of the sinner himself. Perhaps some sinners had modestly declined to be converted for fear their joy should be of the same quality as Christ's. At all events, eighteen centuries is long enough to wait for anything. Rev. J. Hyatt Smith is the only man that knows. If he dies intestate, without bequeathing this fact to the world, it will never again be discovered, because no other man will ever hav a brother Natty cured by onion juice. Of what consequence, compared with such a revelation of original truth, is the question whether Smith had any brother named Natty, or whether Natty was blind, or whether he was cured by onion juice?

Perhaps some of you may remember a celebrated trial in which the greatest preacher now living figured a year or two ago. For some reason it has become impolite to mention this trial in good society, although it has never been deemed rude to mention the trial of Jesus, or of any person, however eminent in piety, who we are quite sure was innocent. Shortly afterward there was a little trial of a case in which this eminent divine was sued by a dentist for the price of his mother's false teeth. The testimony ran somewhat as follows:

Counsel: "Mr. Beecher, what were these teeth made of?"

Answer: "I don't know—hav really no idea."

Counsel: "You know they were not made of sealing-wax, I suppose?"

Witness: "They might hav been, for aught I know." [Laughter.]

Counsel: "Or leather, Mr. Beecher?"

Mr. Beecher: "Of course. Or leather, for aught I know." [Roars of laughter from all parts of the court-room.]

Here again, under a veil of audacious and hilarious pleasantry, Mr. Beecher, at the cost of a trifling fiction, inculcates the great moral and religious truth that when a witness is on the stand he is not to say anything from which the opposit side of the case can draw the least advantage.

So when Mr. Beecher's novel of "Norwood" was published, and he, according to the statements in the public press, went to Canada, and there, in order to copyright it, having resided there only one day, swore that he was an inhabitant of Canada, a point that, so far as I know, had never previously occurred to any American author, the religious lesson doubtless to be conveyed is that, on a question of copyright in another country, one day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years are as one day.

According to my best observation, in the matter of scrupulous regard for truth, the Christians of to-day occupy a medium position the scholarly skeptical class of unbelieving Freethinkers, independent secular minds, and non-religious business men ranking as a rule higher, and the classes of society which are irreligious through animalism and mere grossness ranking lower. And yet I hav met with people among the class of professors of the Christian religion, who use it as a social prop for their respectability, and as an aid in business, whose faculty for lying transcended anything that I ever saw, even among criminals.

I will not refer to the effect of religious ideas upon the truth-telling faculty in Catholic countries, where the bones of the saints must stimulate faith by constantly curing somebody; the eyes of the Virgin in the pictures of the Madonna must open, and her lips must move into an approving smile or spoken word to the rapt devotee, and where sacred shrines must work their daily miracles. The degree of practical respect which these pretenses inspire is happily expressed by a sign which the mayor in one of the towns in southern France caused to be erected over one of these miraculous spots. It reads:

De pars le roi
Defense a Dieu
De faire des miracles
En ce lieu.

Liberally translated, it would read:

By supreme command of the king
It is strictly forbidden that God
Should do any miraculous thing
To disgrace this sacred sod.

It seems at first singular that anyone should suppose that the belief that one's lies are all forgiven in advance for whatever reason the forgivnness issues, should hav a necessary and irresistible tendency to cause men to tell the truth. Christians can see that the Mohammedan's belief that his lies are all irresistibly foreordained by Allah, has not a good moral effect on the Mohammedan. The Protestant can see that the sale by the Catholic priest of an indulgence, permitting the faithful to tell so many lies on payment of so much money to the Lord, did not in Luther's time hav a good effect on the Catholic conscience, and that investing a priest with the supposed power to utter God's forgivness is an imposition on the human mind, and demoralizing. And the good Catholics cannot see that it is any safer to hav the forgivness of God simply assumed by the believer than it is to hav it uttered by the priest. The philosopher, failing to comprehend the thing at all, declines to see that it is any better to hav the forgivness issue in consideration of the blood of Christ, than in consideration of the sum of money. He even holds that, as matter of daily observation and obvious fact, the lies told by Christians, notwithstanding the faith of those who tell them that they are forgiven through the blood of Christ, are not forgiven at all, but lead straight on to their punishment exactly as those told by non-Christians do, and receive the same measure of punishment in this world; and if the punishment in this world is not remitted he sees no reason to believe that the punishment in the next will be, since this world and the next, if there be one, are supposed to be under the same divine government. Besides he objects to being forgiven at all. And that, Spurgeon says, is a sufficient reason why he will not be forgiven.

It is certain that this commercial theory of salvation bears stronger marks of the Jewish mind than of the mind of the author of the universe, for nowhere in the universe of nature are violations of natural laws forgiven on any such principle.

Diverse as may be its moral effects, the doctrin of forgivness through faith, instead of the inexorable punishment of all sin, is of the essence of any propagandizing aggressiv conquering faith. Judaism, Brahmanism, the Greek and Roman religions, Confucianism, and all natural religion are non-propagandist faiths because they fail to teach that the supreme virtue in human conduct is that element which musters men into the religious organization holding that faith. On the other hand Christianity, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism are the aggressiv conquering faiths.

Each of these makes the supreme virtue to consist in that state of mind which gathers the sinner into the organization, be it Christian, Mohammedan, or Buddhist, just as military leaders in time of war say, it matters not what you are, or hav been, so long as henceforth you fight on our side. This is a very simple weapon for an evangelist seeking simply to enlist troops, but it is much too simple for a moral philosopher seeking to inquire into the causes of the war, and the merits of the contest. One of its immoral effects is to reduce all sins to one level, by the mischievous sophism that they are so in the sight of God. Thus the Christian minister who was recently convicted at Dixon of having poisoned his wife in order to marry pretty Miss Paddock, could consistently, with average Christian teaching, hav reasoned thus: It is as wicked for me to desire Miss Paddock as it would be to marry her if my wife were living. It is as wicked for me to wish my wife dead as it is to murder her by poison. But, as I wish both these things, I am under condemnation spiritually for both these crimes. I could not need any greater forgivness if I had committed them both. By committing both, and repenting, I can secure at once the highest measure of social and personal happiness without sacrificing my own eternal welfare; and as to my wife, she is a good Christian, and while she is rather uncomfortable here, she will be immediately happy in heaven. Principles which work out such an argument cannot but hav something of this tendency, even in minds which do not follow the chain of deductions so coolly. I was first made conscious of this tendency many years ago when informed by an acquaintance who was then and has since been in

good standing as a Baptist, that he had made an assignation with his mistress in the same week in which he was to enter a city church by letter from his home church in the country. He gravely argued, in answer to my charge of hypocrisy, that my indignation resulted solely from my narrowness of mind; that by his salacious relations he enjoyed one part of his nature, and by his religious associations he enjoyed another; that by sinning he was made happy in his lower nature and in this world, and by repenting he was made happy in his higher nature and fitted for the next world; while I, who kept no mistress, and belonged to no church, would lose much of the happiness of this world, and would be absolutely sure of damnation in the next.

According to the commercial theory of salvation it is a sort of bankruptcy. The larger the aggregated score of unpaid debts, which in our days of sin we run up to the Almighty, the more valuable is the faith and the savior, who wipes them all out and says, practically, Now go and run in debt again. At least such is the philosophical view of this question, which has its share of truth, *i.e.*, is half true. When I come to speak of the religious passion as a moral purifier, I shall present the other half, which is also half true. You never can arrive at a whole truth without marrying in one two half-truths, which cannot liv apart, and yet when united perpetually contradict each other.

The cases of domestic crime, wife-murder and husband-murder, for the purpose of marrying other persons, are more common among religious persons than the irreligious, for the reason that to many religious people, unchastity that is discovered seems more disgraceful than a murder that is not discovered, and, of course, the religious guilt is equal because each violates God's law, and nothing can do more. On the other hand many irreligious persons are unable to see that incontinence is immoral, or only in a light degree. To a mind that is under the reign of law, without religion, murder stands out in a deformity so great that forgivness cuts no figure, and would be laughed to scorn. He cannot see how the murdered person can forgiv him or why society should, and he doubts if God, if he believes in God, will forgiv him, and whether it would repair the evil if he did. Such a person has no temptation to commit murder in order to perpetrate matrimony or make money. If he kills, it is through brutal passion, not cool premeditation. Some years ago a minister at Elgin had the grief to see his wife drown in eighteen inches of water, after which he went and collected an insurance on her life.

While I write a Baptist deacon of great influence and long apparent piety, and his paramour, await trial for a like crime in Vermont. Probably twenty such cases of cool, deliberate murder arise every year against religious persons in the United States, and hav during most years for fifty years past. Not the least of the sins which religious organization has to answer for is the unscrupulous clannishness with which it protects and covers every criminal who does not repudiate his faith, and the saintly arrogance with which it assumes that the evidence which should convict a skeptic should acquit a Christian.

Another evil is the dangers of the state of sentimental gush or what Carlyle, in deriding the word enthusiasm, calls *emtoosy-moosy*, meaning thereby an enthusiasm which is maudlin or drunken, which pervades certain stages of religious experience. Religion is not an exception to the universal law which governs all medicinal substances, that if the first and immediate effect upon the system is stimulant, the second and drug effect must be narcotic; if the first effect is so keen as to make the conscience feel that he that looketh upon a woman with desire has committed adultery, the second will be so stupefying as to prevent one perceiving that adultery is any greater offense than admiration.

Protestantism abolishes the confessional mainly because it believes it unfavorable to virtue. Yet in so doing it removes the grated and barred partition, and the sense of official weariness and monotonous routine which usually separate the Catholic priest from the penitent, without removing that principle of human nature which leads sin-burdened men and women to insist on confessing to somebody, the confession being the more gushing and melting in proportion as it is rare. A minister, deacon, new convert, the family doctor, anybody will do at a pinch, but confession there must be; even if there is nobody around any more competent to forgiv them than a notary public or a lawyer. I do not feel at liberty, nor would it be consistent with etiquet before a mixed audience, to cite instances of distinguished immorality which hav occurred so near to the period of sincere conversion, and so immediately after the feeling that one's sins were forgiven, as to seem simply incredible. In one case, upon the word of a Methodist of high standing, the most serious lapse from virtue occurred in the same hour in which he knelt at the prayer altar with a lady of previous and subsequent perfect chastity. Both were admitted to the church, and hav ever since been reputable and moral members, upon an experience which was inseparably connected, in their own minds only, with this inexplicable and solitary immorality. When I hav stated this to clergymen in certain instances they hav frankly said that psychologically it was rare but not incredible, since in their own experience their periods of highest religious fervor were frequently those of least self-control.

While sporadic cases of immorality growing out of high religious fervor may occur, its general effects are certainly purifying, and in many cases very beautiful. Still, the effects are not always good where no immorality supervenes. It is this stage of religious fervor that supplies the sad, very sad, cases for our insane asylums, something of which you hav all seen. But, apart from these, I hav known cases in which the fact of conversion, without occasioning insanity, has produced the same effects as Millerism or Millenniumism—has exercised so powerful an influence over young men who previously were industrious and useful as to withdraw their affections from the world and daze them into sickly fools, without ambition enough to continue in the performance of any duty, and without talents enough, as exhorters or lay preachers, to make their continual Bible reading and religious frenzy a means of either usefulness to others or even of mental exhilaration to themselvs. Their religious life became a sort of paralysis of the intellect, destroyed their muscularity and masculinity, and was as blighting to their further usefulness as intemperance or any vicious excess would hav been. The wisest preachers, even in the midst of revival seasons, tell such persons to let religion alone, keep away from the meetings, and go on with their secular business. On the whole, however, it is the reaction from this high stage of religious fervor which is more likely than the fervor itself to develop immoral effects. In the emotional churches, like the Methodist, Christians backslide into non-Christians, or, as they are called, worldlings. In the more austere churches like the Presbyterian and Baptist, which hold to the doctrin of the irresistible perseverance of the saints, that a man or woman once a saint is always a saint, the loss of the divine fire lands the saint in hypocrisy or in utter self-deception. These sad anomalies hav occurred so continually within my knowledge that I am satisfied that the means of maintaining moral conduct in men and woman should be taught on some more scientific and comprehensiv basis than that of mere religious faith of any kind. At least, the consciences of men and women should not be drugged into stupor by the assurance that, having got their faith fixed into a certain theological channel, they hav done all they can, and if after that time they sin, they are sure of forgivness. It would be nauseous for me to enumerate cases of people who are both devotional and unscrupulous; of men given to prayer and also to the polite forms of robbery that prevail in business; of praying women who, half in ignorance, half in crime, wage a cruel war against nature itself to evade the duty of motherhood; of individuals in both sexes who seek, while maintaining their church membership, to ward off their true reputations by continual treachery and falsehood. I think such persons would be purer if they reversed the Christian faith, and instead of regarding their faith in Christ as the ground of their salvation, they understood that it must be possible for Christ to hav faith in them. And here let me add, in justice to these persons, that their hypocrisy is in part inevitable, and arises out of the economical system, as I think unsound, which Christianity, and more especially the teachings of Jesus himself, present as to the relativ duties of selfishness and benevolence. I do not feel that I trespass on the domain of theology when I discuss the teachings of Jesus concerning the acquisition of property, because this is a question mainly of political economy. It affects mainly this life.

The teachings of Jesus are, in my judgment, on this point intense and impracticable communism. They oppose the acquisition of property, and favor its immediate free distribution; they oppose industry, and recommend idleness; they condemn wealth as a crime which shall shut a man out of the kingdom, and commend poverty as a beatitude. They make giving the chief virtue, and so commend beggary as the noblest employment. I know there is a popular habit of glossing over these doctrins and taking them in a Pickwickian sense. But those who will study the history of the sect of the Essenes, as given by Neander, will see that Jesus uttered them literally. When the moral young man, who had great possessions, and who had kept the law perfectly, asked him what more he should do to inherit eternal life, he said, "Sell all thou hast and giv to the poor, and come and follow me." It was very demoralizing advice. When he counseled his disciples to "be ye therefore as the lilies of the field, for they toil not, neither do they spin," he means literally that they should not work. Following this teaching literally in Russia, under the Greek church, beggary is commended as a virtue, and the class of men whom the czar canonizes into saints are the lazy, lousy, and filthy religious tramps who wander from the Crimea to Novgorod, seeking cast-off garments more filthy than their own, and visiting sacred shrines and begging. Hence the obligation on the Russian priest to perform no productiv labor and to own no property, poverty, chastity, and humility—to hav no land, no will of his own, and no wife, being his three vows. Hence the admiration with which Protestants look upon Muller, whose dependence on prayer, however, to support his enterprise, is simply a dependence on a judicious system of religious advertising, for he knew that an announcement that he intended to liv by prayer alone would be so remarkably presumptuous that everybody would tell it everybody, and this free advertising would cause sufficient contributions to come in better than open appeals for aid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How These Brethren Love Each Other!

The *American Hebrew* (old line orthodox organ) is poking solemn fun at the Sinai Congregation of Chicago, which affects liberalism and talks about reform. It declines congratulating the Sinaites on their twenty-fifty anniversary, only because "its history is a narrativ of cowardly retreat and surrender of principle."

1. Giving up the Talmud, it clung to the Bible. (Reign of Robespierre Felsenthal.)
2. Then cut out the Mosaic dispensation, and clove to the prophets. (Period of Danton Chronik.)
3. Having, however, throughout its checkered career a kindly word to say now and then for the Decalog. (July 4, 1875, July 4, 1876, February 22, 1878, scepter of Marat Kohler.)
4. It has at last had to giv up even that, that it might murder the Sabbath. (Murder committed Thursday night, October 17, 18—. Terrorism of Egalite Hirsch.)

We cannot conscientiously be profuse in our congratulations to such a congregation. Congratulatory telegram from Dr. Kohut's *American Hebrew* to Sinai Congregation:

"Happy shall he be that takes and dashes thy children against the rocks. Let the Lord of Israel be praised forever and ever" (Psalm cxxxvii).

The *Occident*, organ of these Chicago "reformers," which defiantly copies this, is playing a part that reveals the manysidedness of politicians. While abounding in technically sectarian Hebrew affairs, it is reprinting from the *Nineteenth Century* magazine Huxley's damaging comparison of the Hebrew religion, doctrins, and ceremonies with the superstitions of Tahiti and the Polynesian savages. It reasons that it is all, and the sacrifices especially, identical with the worship of ancestors and with that ghost-craft which is strictly related with it.

The old orthodox Hebrew is not far from the truth in its charges, though it sacrifices the exact truth to epigrammatic point. For instance, Dr. Robespierre Felsenthal, a friend and disciple of Lessing before the formation of the Sinaites (1859), had emphasized the tenet that "the Bible is not the source of Judaism but a production of the same," and this pamphlet "Kolcore Bamidbar" proceeds to invalidate the persistent authority of biblical laws, reserving allegiance exclusivly to "the moral (spell with a big M)—Moral Laws inscribed by divine hands into the spiritual Nature of Man; furthermore that any religious law that is not rooted in the psychological or physical nature of man is obligatory only so long as it exercises an elevating and furthering influence upon head and heart, upon thoughts and deeds of the members of the community."

Dr. Felsenthal does not tell us whether such "elevating and furthering influence," etc., and the consequent *obligation*, is to be decided on by private judgment or by majority vote. This *lex non scripta* is a transcendentalism that floats with easy rein. He may retort by asking whether the more stringent pretensions of a *lex scripta* hav secured either obedience or agreement in its application.

For those who hav an interest in imposing any law it may seem to be the might of right, while to their subjects it is the right of might.

The "eternal validity of Moral Laws inscribed by divine hands" is pompously authoritativ; but when their "*psychological roots*" meet a soil so shifting as the nature of man, as the *it seems right to me* of different men at different times in different circumstances—what becomes of the "eternal validity?" Or why invoke "divine hands?"

Ne Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

The tables or tablets of the Decalog had for centuries been commonplaces of morality in China and elsewhere, and the "Lord's chosen people" hav been scandalously delinquent toward several of them—even by divine command. EDGEWORTH.

HERMAS.—The "Pastor of Hermas" was probably the most popular book in the church during the second, third, and fourth centuries. . . . Ireneus quotes it as scripture, Clement of Alexandria regards its revelations as divine, Origen claims it as divinely inspired, and Tertullian alone, of all the fathers, rejects it outright. But Tertullian had embraced Montanism, with which the views of the "Pastor" did not harmonize. . . . . It is a book of "Visions," about as edifying as the average rhapsody of a "speaking medium." It has no quotation from the Old Testament. . . . . Neither Jesus nor Christ is once mentioned in the whole book.—*Antichrist.*

Miss Gardener in the Field.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* You will, no doubt, be surprised, after knowing of my recent illness, to get a letter from me from this place. But there was "a cry from Macedonia 'come and help us.'" And I came. Macedonia this time was Waynesburg, Pa., and the crier was that stanch and fortunate Freethinker, Mr. H. Clay Luse. I call Mr. Luse fortunate because he did not hav to go through the horrors of orthodoxy in his childhood. He was born with a free brain, a boon which cannot be overestimated, an endowment beyond price, even if that were given as the only great birthright; but in this case there was added the happy combination of independent social and financial standing, which enables Mr. Luse to do justice to his brains without fear of doing injustice to his appetite. He has not had to sell his birthright for—as the boy hath it—a dose of potash.

Both his father and mother, who called upon me, are stanch, intelligent, and earnest Freethinkers, and encourage and aid him in his efforts. Mr. Luse is quite a young man yet, and with his energy and earnestness, I think, we may confidently expect him to do much for the enlightenment of his fellow-men. Through the efforts of Mr. Luse and Mrs. Lucy Dorsey Iams—than whom we hav no more intelligent and attractiv worker in the "home mission" field—a lecture was arranged for at this place. The expenses were all paid by subscription, and they invited all who were not afraid to hear both sides of the question to come free of charge.

I am not very good at estimating numbers, but I should think there were three hundred in the Town Hall when I began to speak. This was ten per cent of the entire population of the town, which was certainly doing well.

Mrs. Iams had, through her own personal influence, caused my pictures and posters to be put in most of the windows of the leading stores, and her cunning little boy, who is not yet seven years old, watched to see that they were kept up. Wherever he found that one had been taken down he produced another, and insisted upon putting it up.

He called upon me, and told me about it himself in a very amusing way, so I told him that I should tell you of it, and that this very youthful but very vigorous little branch of a Freethought family is named Jay Donald Iams, and is the son of a leading lawyer, whose mind is too clear to be superstitious, and whose sense of moral obligation is too correct to permit him to curry favor by pretending to be so.

Fortunately Mr. Iams and his wife can *afford* to be honest, because their ability and charm of manner assure them a firm footing wherever they may be. These I hav named hav been the prime movers in giving this town Freethought lectures from time to time; but from the number of Freethinkers who hav called upon me and who aided Mr. Luse financially in the matter I should think, notwithstanding the fact that the town is very orthodox and manufactures theological students to order, that the thinking portion will be amply able to take care of itself. They say that a very short time ago not ten people in the town would hav dared to sit through my lecture. Last night a few only left the hall. Some of these were small boys who were not interested, two or three were very orthodox ladies, and the rest, I am told, were theolgical students who may hav felt personally grieved by a sentence in my lecture which speaks of "theological students who wear number six hats." Had I known there were any such in my audience, I should hav tried to make the number of the hat small enough to allow them to escape. But one cannot avoid accidents of this nature always, and one can only offer an apology for anything which may hav seemed personal, which I am quite willing to do.

But I shall leave Mr. Luse and Mrs. Iams to tell you of the lecture. I enjoyed it heartily—all the more when a young man arose after it was over and said that it made his "blood run cold to hear such talk." He was invited to state why, as soon as his circulation should revive sufficiently, whereupon he asked me what was a "soul" and how we would ever hav known how to be "modest" if it were not for Jehovah and the Bible. Of course, this had nothing to do with the subject of the lecture, which was simply an argument to show that the Bible and orthodoxy are not friends to woman and should not be supported by her. This point, however, he did not touch at any time. His first question being a conundrum which no human being ever has answered yet, I confessed that I should be unable to satisfy his cravings in that direction.

Then we had rather a comical little tilt over the "modesty" taught in the Bible, and the variations of the article "furnished by Jehovah" in different countries. I assured him that in Feejee he taught his children that modesty was best conserved by liberal tattooing and no clothes at all, and then we ran the scale from that up to the Japanese gentleman who would be disgraced were he to tell a "smutty" story to another man as surely as the same thing would happen to him were he to tell it in *this* country to a party of ladies. The gentleman then said that that was because these people had no Bible; but he did not name any of the passages wherein I could find the standard of modesty by which Jehovah guided himself, and as I hav no microscope with me, I hav been unable to find anything which is not wholly on the other side of the question.

Still, as this was a new "reason for not being an Infidel"—as this gentleman said—I concluded to let you know that henceforth we hav this unique argument to meet. I am sorry that I, in my amusement of the moment, forgot to tell him that a little book called "Bible Anthology" was once compiled, which dealt with this point, and gave no word *not* in the Bible, and yet it was declared so wholly indecent that it was not allowed to go through the mails. Still this gentleman proposes to learn and teach "modesty" by means of these passages. I should think that his success would be phenomenal. But I am making my letter too long. As I sit by my window writing it, I can hear the men on the court-house steps vigorously debating the new ideas, which will insure their circulation, and therefore accomplish our objects. The handsome basket of flowers presented me by Mrs. Sears sits by me perfuming the air, and I am expecting a delegation of lawyers, who asked permission to call this morning before my train leaves. Mr. Iams is to present them.

Sincerely, Helen H. Gardener.

Waynesburg, Pa., June 24, 1886.

Chicago Secular News.

A religious war of no small dimensions has been waging on the west side of Chicago for the last few days between the Christian parents of the West Division High School children and their principal and the Board of Education. The principal very properly refused to permit prayer at the graduating exercises, which were, however, held in a church, and this was the signal for their bellicose attitude.

The facts, stripped of all verbiage, are: That the graduating class met to perfect a program, and some one moved that, as the exercises were to be held in Dr. Goodwin's church, the pastor be invited to do the praying act. There being no opposition, the motion was declared passed, though several in the class, not caring a fig about the matter, did not vote. Mr. Welles, the principal, hearing of the action of the class, informed them that prayer was against the rules of the Board and could not be permitted, and further, that if it was proposed to open the exercises by prayer he would hav nothing to do with it. Finding Mr. Welles inflexible, some of the class appointed themselvs delegates to confer with the chairman of the High Schools Committee, Mr. F. H. Collier, who escaped the dilemma by introducing them to Adolf Kraus, president of the Board of Education.

Mr. Kraus explained the rules and policy of the Board as opposed to everything sectarian; they desired to treat with the utmost consideration the religious feelings of all sects and avoid anything tending to giv offense. The Board proposed to giv the children a good school education and implant within them general principles of morality, but would leave to parents the religious part of their education, and pointed out that each denomination might be dissatisfied by what the priest of the other said, which was all very commendable. Instead of sustaining the principal and enforcing the rules to the letter, Mr. Kraus finally descended to the level of the lick-spittle politician and asked: "Why didn't you go on with your praying and say nothing about it, as they did on the North Side High School?" but if he was asked for permission he would be compelled to obey the rules of the Board and refuse. After the tremendous struggle to secularize the Chicago schools, here is a Liberal president willing to be blind to the principle involved, and even advises the violation of the rules his friends secured his appointment to maintain. If Mr. Kraus is correctly reported, he certainly is a traitor to the Board as well as to the public; but we can't believe all we read, especially if it is in the Chicago papers.

The damaging and very grave charge is brought against Mr. Welles, by the pupils and their parents, that the principal chews tobacco and smokes cigars, a practice which all really goody-goody Christians are supposed to look upon with utter disgust. He also contemptuously referred to the floral offerings as a "litter of rubbishy flowers," which shows his utter lack in the finer sensibilities, and no high school principal who is not an apostle and follower of the esthetic sun-flower poet is a fit subject to associate with the young ladies who chew gum in the high school. Oh, horror of horrors! just to think of it! This high school principal is said to hav "sneered" at" holding the exercises in a church, declaring it an unsuitable place. A veritable heathen is this high school principal. Over and above all other terrible things charged, it is also darkly hinted that "no one knows what his religion is, or whether he has any." Pupil Pearson, who has made himself quite numerous in this matter, delivers himself of the idea that Mr. Welles "believes in the religion of Virgil more than that of Christianity"—whatever that may mean. Young Pearson still survives. That explicit statement of his idea has had no fatal effect, either on himself or the principal, as yet.

The communication of a "Christian" mother shows "this terrible state of things—this pretty how do you do." The maternal breast is agitated, and forthwith propounds the following conundrum:

> Must we be required to pay teachers for poisoning the minds of our children with mental diseases which are more ruinous to them than is small-pox, or even leprosy, to their bodies? Will our Board of Education, of which we are so proud, permit such a state of affairs any longer to exist? We shall see.

This furnished the farewell Sunday evening sensation for that celebrated defamer of Chicago, Dr. Kittridge, who, notwithstanding that he pretends that this city is nearer perdition than any other of its size, has decided to let us all go to the *bottomless* pit and slide through to the other side if we can. Kittridge is fully persuaded that none but him, and his methods alone, could possibly save so wicked a community, so he cruelly abandons us in our hour of trouble and accepts, as a solace for his conscience, an extra $2,000 which some wind-bag worshipers of your city are willing to part with for his services. Kittridge utters this farewell wail:

> This group of young girls—pure, noble, Christian girls—went down to the president of our school board and asked if they might hav a prayer at the opening of their graduating exercises, and they were refused, and when they pleaded that the exercises were to take place in a church, the president said, "No matter; there could not be a prayer." Why, friends, that is worse than heathenism. We gave up the Bible at the demand of those who believed that it might lead to sectarian division, but now we are asked to giv up God. We are asked to plant our schools not only on a non-sectarian basis, but on an Atheistic basis, and I ask this great congregation if, as Christian citizens, they are ready to meet calmly and without protest the insult that has been thrown in the face of the church of Christ in this city. I am going away, but if you like that sort of thing, bear it. I thank God, however, that the principal of the North Side high school, without consulting any board of education, determined he would hav a prayer at the graduating exercises, and I had the unspeakable joy of making that prayer. If the position of the public schools is to be not only no Bible, but no recognition of the one eternal God, then I stand with the Roman Catholics for religious schools. I heard a gentleman say this afternoon that he was going to send his daughter to the high school, but when he heard of this action on the part of the school board he determined not to allow her to go to the high school. For my part, I would rather send my child to a Roman Catholic school than a school that stands on the basis of Atheism.

Poor Kitt, he seems terribly cut up! But it is only a seeming, his way of working up theatrical effects. Of all such we can truly say:

> O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
> With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
> Is that temptation that doth goad us on
> To sin in loving virtue.

E. A. Stevens.

The Tent at Palmyra, New York.

We find this one of the most discouraging of fields; those who attend are much interested, but it is not in accordance with the *dictum* of Mrs. Grundy to attend the Liberal lectures. "Our first-class people do not attend," and so our attendance is at all times quite discouraging. In the midst of depression and weary, over-taxed strength, doing Tent-master's duties as well as own to save expense, how cheering and refreshing to receive letters like the following. It is such honest, earnest, enthusiastic, generous souls that make our work endurable, and buoys us over the dark, rough spots in our pilgrimage. Mr. Mann is secretary of the St. Thomas Secular Society.

C. B. Reynolds.

St. Thomas, Ont., June 23, 1886.

Friend Reynolds: I hav neglected to reply to your last letter till I could see all those who would wish to go to the camp-meeting near Buffalo. I think a half dozen or so would go for a week or so if the meeting lasted that long. We are having good success with our meetings, all of which I attribute to your lecturing here. It a very thankless business, working for the good of humanity. Those we wish to help refuse our assistance, and do all they can to injure us. A man must hav a more than ordinary love for his fellow-men to work as you hav done, and know that you will not get the credit for it till after you cease to exist. It is a wonder you do not get discouraged. But the time will come when the memory of Ingersoll, Watts, Reynolds, and the rest of those who hav striven to elevate man above the gross superstition of the past will be venerated as Paine and Voltaire now are. I don't complain of direct opposition; I rather like that, but the indifference of Liberals and the cowardice of some when the opposition makes a special effort. Your lectures brought five new members to the club. The Truth Seeker Company hav sent me five copies of their paper per week, which sell readily. As soon as I hav time I will increase the order to fifteen. Yours fraternally, J. H. Mann.

That Story About Stephen Pearl Andrews.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* To what you say of Andrews's resources in June 26th, allow me to add since I first met him, when he called on me at French's Hotel, New York, in 1870, I hav, on many different occasions, listened to proof of his extemporaneous power. Though a great scholar and philosopher, he was one of the readiest and most convincing off-hand speakers I ever met, a match for Wendell Phillips anywhere or time.

E. H. Heywood.

The American Secular Union.

News and Notes.

I found Dillon, Montana, one of the most enjoyable places I hav visited. It is a pretty city among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. The peaks are snow-covered, and the green and wooded slopes are shining all around in the bright and cheerful atmosphere. Wide plains and meadows spread for miles, and the sparkling rivers flow from the uplands. This is on the Atlantic side of the mountains, and all the streams flow eastward. The country about Dillon is rich in resources; the farming lands, where water can be procured, and the pasture lands, are good. The mineral treasures are also excellent. There is a prospect of the development of one of the finest tin-mines in the world. If this is done, Dillon will be one of the largest cities in the West. Its growth already is steady and permanent. It has the neatness and elegance of a New England village—with about a hundred times as much activity. There is a splendid Liberal element in Dillon. The best men and women of the place are thoroughly in sympathy with advanced ideas. A Secular Union will be formed, and will hav a commanding influence.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Emerick are noble Liberals indeed. It was the lady in this case who gave the original impulse for the lectures, and who had the courage to do the first work for Liberalism. Before the lectures there was apparently but little acquaintanceship in regard to the objects of the American Secular Union. But now an unexpected power has been developed, and, almost to their surprise, the Freethinkers find themselvs in the ascendant in this community. So much for one woman's insight and determination. It is the promis of our movement that woman's intellect and heart are now with us, and so art and music will come, and noble sociability. When woman leaves the church its doom is sealed.

The churches had several prayer-meetings on the evening of the second lecture, and also a big ice-cream festival. I suppose they expected to freeze the Infidel out. The Court-house was again crowded, and the "New Heaven and Earth," the paradise of liberty, science, and humanity, was warmly welcomed. Another lecture will be given at Dillon on my return trip, July 18th.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Emerick, and Mrs. L. E. Hanson, whose delightful hospitality I enjoyed, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Blivens, Mr. and Mrs. Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. Carrington, who aided the lectures with excellent music, Mr. and Mrs. Estes, Mr. and Mrs. Dittmer, Mr. Barbour, who introduced me to the meeting, Mr. B. F. White, mayor of the city, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Paindexter, Mr. Chapman, and many others, nearly fifty in all, leading citizens of the place, and intelligent and cultivated ladies and gentlemen, who will make in Dillon one of the brightest Liberal organizations in the land.

I also enjoyed the acquaintance of Messrs. Wright and Oakley of the *Dillon Examiner*, who are not afraid to publish a genuin newspaper and giv impartial reports of what is going on in this world.

I am now on the hills—almost touching the sky, it seems—on the other side of the mountains, where the waters flow into the Pacific at Butte City, a lively metropolis, next to San Francisco the most important point in the West, and the largest mining camp in the world. There are several vast smelting works here and the smoke rolls constantly to the sky. All the people are upon the go—the streets are crowded. There seems to be a boom in every store and a mine at every corner, and, indeed, it is very much like Virgil's description of Carthage—the whole community are busy as bees. The city is constantly growing; many elegant buildings are being constructed, besides new manufactories. In fact, Butte looks quite oriental in the variety of its houses, there being all sorts of architecture—from the snug little cottage with one room and a stove on the outside, to the palatial residence with flower gardens and beautiful green lawns. Go out of an evening, and with the lights, the crowd, the ever-changing faces, the music, the ornamented windows, one might imagin that he was in the picturesque city of Bagdad. In spite of the enormous crowds order prevails, everybody minds their own business, and it almost looks as if you were in a New England city on a fair day, all is so festiv and at the same time so steady-going. I like Butte, with its tremendous rush and vim, with its forward look to new worlds to conquer. It has a brilliant future. Its natural resources are many; the people are plucky and progressiv. It has more millionaires to its size than any city in the world, and its situation is beautiful, with superb mountain scenery on every hand. The panorama of an evening is simply gorgeous—the golden clouds, the ranges of hills, the lustrous valleys between, the gilded dwellings, all glowing in the magical sunset; and it seems as if the glories of dreamland were flashing in the entrancing landscape.

There is a large Liberal element in this city. I had full houses on Sunday afternoon and evening. It was one of the most intelligent and cultivated audiences I hav ever addressed. It represented the best portion of the community. Business and professional men were there. One-half of the audience were ladies. There was a brilliant array of new bonnets, and it did my soul good to hav beauty thus adorn the way of human progress, for I believe in a new bonnet with all my heart. It is one of the brightest signs of human improvement. Dr. O. B. Whitford, president of the Liberal Society here, introduced me to the audience with a felicitous speech.

I am now at the delightful home of the doctor, having a good rest and exhilaration for heart and mind. Dr. Whitford is author of that able and brilliant pamphlet, "Christianity a Reward for Crime." This is one of the brightest campaign documents published, and should be in the hands of every Liberal, not only for his own benefit, as making a decisiv and startling point against the popular theology, but for the benefit of his Christian friends. The more he can get to read this brilliant brochure the better. Dr. Whitford is a clear, concise, and vigorous writer. He calls things by their right names, and dissects Christianity with the insight of the physician and the skill of the surgeon. He is author also of "Bible Fabrications," another keen attack upon superstition, and a triumphant refutation of theological assumptions. He has in preparation another book, "The Origin of the Bible," which will be in its research and condensation of history a most valuable addition to Freethought literature.

Dr. Whitford is one of our mighty pioneers in this Western country. For over a quarter of a century he has been a pronounced Freethinker, and has never failed to let his colors fly in the face of the enemy. He has met the fiercest opposition, and his life has oftentimes been threatened. He still bears the scar of a bullet that was sent by a religious foe. He has won his way in spite of all, although he has been ostracized by the churches to the fullest extent possible. Yet now he has the largest practice of any physician in the city, for the Christians, like other folks, are sensible enough not to want to die, and when danger really comes they send for Dr. Whitford. They had rather be cured by the Infidel than receive extreme unction from the priest, and Dr. Whitford is known to be one of the best physicians in the Western country. He has traveled three hundred miles at times, on horseback, to visit patients. He is busy almost every hour. I can hardly find time to talk with him, for patients are constantly coming, no matter to what church they may belong. The doctor has founded the Miners' Hospital, which is a most excellent and flourishing institution. It is by his generous efforts that my lectures here hav been so successful. He is thoroughly devoted to the cause; full of enthusiasm, kindliness, and manliness; a representativ man indeed, and in the years to come he will be a marked influence in Western Liberalism. He has been mayor of Butte City, and this shows the honor in which he is held by his fellow-citizens.

Mrs. Whitford is equally Liberal, though not quite so aggressiv as the doctor, but bright, brave, and womanly, and a noble aid to our warrior physician in his contest with ignorance and error. Their home is sweet and delightful, a happy resting-place indeed. I enjoy myself to my heart's content, and do just as I've a mind to on these heavenly hights, where the mountain air givs a delicious intoxication. I do not play the harp here. It is not Zion, nor sheol, but a Secular fireside, whose amenities delight and strengthen, where life flows along like a stream of music born of this happy earth and sky, the real world of nature.

I hav also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. C. Singer, Julian Smith, Fred Cook, one of the most Splendid workers in the field, whose contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER hav been often noted; Mr. James Broughton, Mr. E. D. Dunkles and E. N. Dunkles, J. F. Beck, G. W. Stapleton, at the head of the bar in Montana; Mr. Rogers, Charles Elis, David Hall, P. McCanley, Chas. Steffel, Professor Speck, and others. My stay in Butte City has been exceedingly pleasant. My hope is increased, for I feel the great currents of human advancement. I see that the beams of the coming day are touching with golden shafts these glorious hill-tops.

Dr. Whitford and myself went Sunday last to hear the Baptist minister, considered the best specimen of orthodox oratory in the place. His name is Frost, but he is by no means a "nipping frost." His sermon was the most pointless thing to which I ever listened. He compared the "new birth" of Christians to the hatching of hen's eggs. He said we couldn't explain either. Poor man! I advise him to study the egg more carefully. Its process to birth of a chicken is explainable on natural principles—so is the so-called "supernatural" birth of the Christian. I think the minister must hav been thoroughly demoralized by the presence of the doctor. I do hope that on ordinary occasions he is not quite so stupid as he was on this Sunday morning. Fortunately for the clergyman, the doctor only goes to church once in ten years. This Frost (-bitten, I guess) also said at his prayer-meeting that the anti-God man was coming, but that he had no "magnetism," and nobody would go to hear him. It happened, however, that I had an audience both afternoon and evening ten times larger than his own. I think it must hav been a "cold day" for that Frost.

I heard our friend George C. Miln last evening. He is making quite a successful tour in this Western country, and I rejoice that his ability is beginning to be recognized. I saw him in Richelieu, and he gave a strong and splendid rendition of that character. Miln is evidently a student, and he brings vigor and intelligence to his work. He was received with the heartiest applause.

A Secular victory has been won here in the public schools—Bible-reading is abandoned. The issue was made in behalf of liberty and justice, and the "divine book" had to go. So much is won for human progress.

I shall be at Bozeman, July 4th and 11th; at Butte City, July 16th; at Dillon, July 18th; at South Weber, Utah, July 20th; at Milton, July 21st; at Park City, July 22d; at Salt Lake, July 25th; at Denver, Col., August 8th and 15th; at Seward, Neb., August 21st, 22d, and 23d; at Valley Falls, Kan., August 24th and 25th; at Lincoln, Neb., August 29th; at Omaha, September 5th; at Ottumwa, Iowa, September 12th; at Chebanse, Ill., September 19th; at Chicago, September 26th.

Other dates, as soon as arrangements are made, will be announced. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Butte City, June 23, 1886.

Constitution for a Secular Society.

The following is the Constitution of the Braceville Secular Society, of Braceville, Grundy Co., Ill., adopted May 27, 1886. With the proper changes in names it is an excellent form for adoption by any auxiliary secular society:

I.—This Society shall be known as the Braceville Secular Society.

II.—The objects of this Society shall be to promote the intellectual, social, and moral advancement of its members, to act as an auxiliary to the American Secular Union in its efforts to accomplish the total separation of Church and State, and to these ends to encourage the investigation of all questions relating to the religious, social, or political advancement of man.

III.—(1) Any person of good moral character may become a member of this society by signing the Constitution and paying the initiation fee.

(2) Every person—member of this Society or who may visit this Society's meetings—shall be entitled to express his or her opinions, and no person shall be debarred on account of creed or belief on any subject from expressing such opinions, providing the language used shall be proper and respectful. We recognize the principle of "Charity to all—malice toward none."

IV.—(1) The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, all of whom shall be elected semi-annually.

(2) It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Society, and conduct the same according to parliamentary rules; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; giv the casting vote in case of tie; countersign all orders for money, and perform such other duties as are usually required of and performed by a presiding officer. He shall not make or second any motion, neither shall he take part in any debate while in the chair.

(3) It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to perform all the duties of the President in case of the latter's absence, or when called upon by that officer.

(4) It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep an accurate record of the proceedings of the Society; to keep a register of membership, enrolling the names of members of the Society, with the date of their siguing the Constitution, resignation, withdrawal, etc.; to keep all accounts between the Society and its members; to draw all orders on the Treasurer passed by the Society, attesting the same by signature; to keep a list of all orders drawn on the Treasurer—recording date, amount, and name of persons in whose favor drawn; to keep and preserve all records and documents belonging to the Society not otherwise provided for; to write all communications, issue all summonses or notices required by the Society, and make the necessary reports to the Secretary of the American Secular Union. It shall also be the duty of the Secretary, on the expiration of his term to make a detailed report of the business of his office.

(5) The Treasurer shall be required to giv a sufficient bond—approved by the Society—whenever the amount in the treasury exceeds $25. He shall keep all moneys belonging to the Society, and pay therefrom all orders drawn or attested by the Secretary, countersigned by the President, and approved by the Society; shall keep a regular and correct account of all moneys received and paid out, and shall at the first meeting in each month giv the Society a statement of its funds. At the expiration of term of office, or sooner, if called upon to do so by proper authority, he shall present a written record of his doings in his official capacity, and turn over to his successor in office all moneys, books, papers, and other property in his possession belonging to the Society.

V.—Any member of this Society who shall be found guilty of any dishonorable or immoral act or practice injurious to himself, his family, or to society, or by which this Society may be scandalized, shall be subject to such penalty as the laws of this jurisdiction or the discretion of the Society may prescribe.

VI.—No addition, alteration, or amendment shall be made to this Constitution without a vote of two-thirds of all the members of the Society, and no motion to amend shall be acted upon at the same meeting at which it is proposed.

JOHN P. CUMMING, Pres., Braceville, Ill.
FRANCIS BOSTON, Sec., Braceville, Ill.
THOS. CUMMING, Treas., Gardner, Ill.

LIST OF MEMBERS:

John D. Dawkins, Vice-President; Mrs. Francis Boston, Mary G. Dawkins, H. C. Hamil, P. Turner, John Burr, Wm. Rodger, John Mainwarring, Harry Warrington, Geo. Billard, Wm. G. Dawkins, Thos. G. Dawkins, M. Gammage Dawkins, all of Braceville, Ill.; Robert Cumming, C. Snyder, of Gardner, Ill.

The Joys of Heaven.

The pleasures of heaven for an eternity! What can they be? Did ever the mind of mortal man essay to grapple with the thought of what these pleasures of eternity could be? Did ever a man of the most advanced theistical opinions sit himself down to ponder the possibilities or probabilities of these eternal pleasures?

As man can hav no conception of pleasures beyond those of earth, how can the grappling-irons of thought catch on to those of heaven? Impossible! Yet we are told of the joys of heaven by the pampered priest and pious layman, who are continually tooting of, but never about, them. They profess to be satisfied that heaven is the place of eternal bliss, but concerning the nature of this bliss they say nothing. Is it to be a state of lengthened sweetness long drawn out, one and indivisible? or a state where countless sweetnesses of innumerable varieties will obtain? The great and good book does not tell us; and those who are "called"—the "call" heard the quickest is that which comes from the richest congregation of would-be saints on high, but not striving very hard to be such here, save by profession—to pilot us to the golden shore do not tell us, and we are left in complete darkness as to the heavenly joys of the hereafter.

Now this seems to be too bad. It is too bad, really; the true believers should know something of what these joys are to be, I think, that they might revel in anticipation thereof, finding earthly reward for the faith they evince. Then again, if the nature of these joys were known, or only a thousand or two of said joys, providing they are multifarious, were described in glowing colors, would not all hands catch on to the heaven-bound train, resolved to participate in these multinominal joys? Would not a florid description of these joys, say by a Beecher, attract many more millions to the upward-bound train than the fervently described torments of hell drive thereto? From the slight acquaintance I hav with human nature I am compelled to an affirmativ reply.

Man, from the time he commences to toddle to the time when he begins to totter, is ever in pursuit of the phantom happiness, each taking direction according to his bent; and here and there, and now and then, he catches on, but only ephemerally, when he makes another break for the phantom in the same or some other form. Now, you tell him there's fun to be had—lots of it—here, there, or otherwhere, but don't or can't tell him what kind of fun, the chances are that he will not seek fun of a quality unknown to him, and which may not be fun to him at all—yes, the chances are ten to one he won't seek fun he knows not of, knowing or thinking he can get that which he knows of in some other locality.

From the kid of a decade to the septuagenarian, with these and all the intermediary ages, it is the same. Very few go prospecting for pleasure, knowing nothing of the "lay of the land" or the possibilities. To be sure they are often disappointed when they think they are on the right trail, but that is but disappointment, and always to be found somewhere in the chapter of chances, if not on this page on another, if not to-day to-morrow. Every one knows that and takes the chances, but no one would ever think of sailing over to a desert island in pursuit of fun; if he did he wouldn't be a disappointed man, but a damphool, downright and unmitigated. No, a man doesn't sow for pleasure in an arid waste, but in a field he believes to be fruitful; if he fails to reap of it his seed is bad or not suitable to the field, or accident prevents.

But, speaking of joys in the abstract, or vaguely, or indefinitly of joys: Now, take a ten-year-old boy, for instance, who livs in the country and likes to go fishing on Sundays—fish seem to bite more freely Sunday than any other day—whose mother says to him, Saturday night, "Sammy, I've got something nice locked up in the cupboard there for you if you won't go a-fishing to-morrow, and will go to meeting; something real nice, my son." "What is it, mar?" "Oh, I can't tell you, Sammy, only it's something real nice." "Lemme see it, mar." "No, I won't; not to-night. Now you go to bed and dream that it's real nice, for it is. Be a good boy now, and go right to bed, and don't tease me any more about it, and you shall hav it to-morrow night."

Well, the kid goes to bed with his head chockful of that "something good locked up in the cupboard," and resolves to secure it by abstaining from fishing and by going to meeting. He goes to sleep and dreams a dream of multitudinous dreams in one, a section of which is that his mother givs him, on Sunday evening, for not going a-fishing, and for going to meeting, a monstrous toad which jumps for him with throttle valve wide open, and would swallow him only that he tumbles into a well at the moment, and finds himself the next on a fairy island pulling in fish of all colors and beautiful to look at, as fast as ever he can; continuing to dream of fishes until he wakes early in the morning. Up, he pokes his head out of the window and finds the sky overcast—just the day for bites. "Huh! I'm a-goin' a fishin'," he mutters. "The ol' woman hain't got nothin' for me locked up more'n a store tart for a cent or a penny whistle, an' I don't wan't them, coz I'm a-goin' a-fishin'."

He gets into his duds, creeps down stairs, gets what grub he can, with his tackle, not extensiv or expensiv, and hies him to the fish-pond on the wings of expectation, coming home at night with a good string of fish—fish, I think, prefer to be caught on Sunday rather than any other day.

Now, that mother might hav had pie, and pickles, and peanuts, and popcorn, and peaches; taffy, and tarts, and tamarinds, and tidbits generally locked up in that cupboard for her son, but missed the mark she aimed at by not showing him the goodies. Had she showed them to him, and sent him to bed with his mouth watering for the sweets and goodies, she would hav hooked her fish for sure, instead of his hooking his. That's the mistake she made, and that's the mistake made in regard to the sweets of heaven, I think. They are not described to us, they are not shown to us, but kept locked up in the heavenly cupboard, and, as we can't guess what they are, the large majority of us go a-fishing, feeling certain of catching something, if not a big string, with better luck next time. In other words, we go for a sure thing, if not for us to-day, then to-morrow, rather than forego and trust to that which is vague and uncertain. Don't we?

Now, as I hav said, no mortal can hav any conception of heavenly joys, and it is worse than useless to try to fancy what they may be. That they must be entirely different from earthly joys and pleasures is shown by the fact that the latter are tabooed, condemned, and anathematized by the truly and professedly pious of earth, as abominations of sin and wickedness. The pleasures of the card-table, billiard-room, champagne seance, dinner-party, theater, race-course, etc., will not, certainly, be numbered among those of heaven, being under the ban of righteousness (pharisaical) here, and so, who can guess, much less tell, what these joys and pleasures are to be?

Ha! I think I hav caught on to one, perhaps. "Great moral shows," moral circuses with "moral kangaroos" and things. I wonder if these would be tolerated in heaven? They might be, nobody knows. And, possibly, that exhilarating game known as chess might be allowed. I should hope not, however, to any great extent, if I were one of the "elect." The pensiv and pandemic game of poker—heavens! no. That would never be allowed there. Baseball—never, unless umpires can be dispensed with. Dancing, the poetry of motion pastime—holy horror! never! the abomination of abominations is that! What then? Ha! ha! I hav caught on to one for certain—church fairs, with religious raffles and holy grab-bags, not to mention oyster stews, with one oyster to a stew! These hilarious affairs would be permitted, I should think, and how happy we could be! But there, it is all speculation concerning the joys and pleasures of heaven; what they are to be no mortal can conjecture. Talmage can get up the best program of anyone I know of, but as he slops over so profusely, his program would not be accepted at par, and I never heard of anyone dreaming of them.

Now, what puzzles me is why the joys of heaven are kept under cover of secrecy when, made known, they would capture the crowd; and the terrors of hell, which frighten but few nowadays, are so graphically depicted and shown up! Compared with this puzzle the 15-puzzle is simplicity itself. Hell's horrors are trotted out to scare people to heaven, but don't scare for a cent in these days. Heaven's joys, which, if depicted in glowing colors, would draw all to heaven, are kept dark, indefinably dark. How strange, how passing strange!

But 'tis so, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis so. The cupboard of heaven is locked, a sight of the sweets is denied us, and the Master won't tell us what they are. This being the case, most of us are going a-fishing, with more faith in the probabilities of the pond than in the possibilities of the cupboard!

SI SLOKUM.

P.S.—I received a postal card the other day, reading as follows:

> A man is a fool who Allows himself to be a tool. particularly of the devil. because he Gets below the level. of any animal that God. created, his mercy is imense. in regard to you Yours, etc., THE WHITE HORSE.

This is a *verbatim* copy of the screed, singularly free from the arbitrary and constraining influences of grammar, spelling, and punctuation, liberal with capitals, and not confined to rules of construction, etc, &c.

The writer had evidently read "The Horse Claims a Soul," published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 26th, and was disgusted, if not horrified, to find that the horse claimed a place as a soul-bearer among the animals of the *genus homo*, who egotistically claim that they are the only animals sporting souls, whatever souls may be. The writer of the postal felt hurt and humiliated when his *ego* was stepped on by the horse. Sorry, but can't help it. S. S.

P.P.S.—The next time he undertakes doggerel, let him do it in the conventional way, in stanzas, not in prose. S. S.

. SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

Could Jesus Christ Write?

The only instance recorded in the New Testament of any writing by Jesus Christ is in John viii, 8, where it is said, "He stooped down and wrote on the ground." But unfortunately the first eight verses of this chapter are wanting in the two oldest codices, the Sinaitic and the Vatican.

Outside of the New Testament there is a Syriac document, which contains a letter said to hav been written by Jesus to Abgar, king of Edessa, a city in Mesopotamia, about five hundred miles distant from Jerusalem. King Abgar heard of the mighty works of Jesus, how he healed the sick without drugs and roots, made the blind see and the lame walk, cured lepers, cast out demons, and even raised the dead. So he sent a letter to Jesus, inviting him to come and cure him of a grievous disease which was wasting away his body. To this invitation Jesus wrote the following answer, which was returned to Abgar by his messenger, Hananias:

> Blessed is he that believed in me not having seen me. For it is written concerning me, that those who see me will not believe in me, and that those will believe who hav not seen me, and will be saved. But touching that which thou hast written to me, that I should come to thee, it is meet that I should finish here all that for the sake of which I hav been sent; and, after I hav finished it, then I shall be taken up to him that sent me; and when I hav been taken up, I will send to thee one of my disciples, that he may heal thy disease, and giv salvation to thee and those who are with thee."

Many Christian scholars hav believed this absurd story. Eusebius was the first to relate it, and in 1841, 1843, and 1847 some Syriac documents were found in a monastery in Lower Egypt, apparently of the fourth century, containing a confirmatory but fuller account of the story of Abgar and Jesus Christ.

"These things were done," says the Syriac document, "in the year 340," that is, of the kingdom of the Greeks, or the Jewish era of the Seleucidæ, and it coincides with A.D. 29, or the fifteenth year of Tiberius, when Luke tells us that Jesus was baptized by John. Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 200) also positivly affirms that Jesus suffered in the fifteenth year of Tiberius, and Tertullian (A.D. 220 or later) not only says the same, but fixes the day, March 25th. But astronomical science contradicts all this. If Christ was crucified it was at the time of the Passover full moon, and on Friday. But March 25th A.D. 29 was a whole week after the full moon (which in that year was March 18th, eight days too early for the Passover), and the next full moon was not before April 16th, which was Saturday. The Passover never came earlier than March 26th nor later than April 25th.

In the letter Jesus says: "For it is written concerning me that those who see me will not believe in me, and that those will believe who hav not seen me, and will be saved." No such passage can be found in the scriptures, either canonical or apocryphal, now extant. If such a passage ever existed, it has been lost more than fifteen hundred years, and there is no evidence that it ever could hav been regarded as scripture. How unfortunate that in the only scrap that Jesus is ever supposed to hav written, except what he traced on the ground with his finger, he should hav made a false scripture quotation!

But further, the character of the pretended quotation is in keeping with all the early Christian literature—that is, an attempt to prove the divinity of Christ by prophetic writings. It is silly enough for the fathers to resort to this as their strongest proof of their Lord's divinity, but for the son of God himself to do it, and withal not to convince a Hebrew, but a heathen, caps the climax of absurdity.

Jesus makes no secret of his ascension in his letter to the heathen king, while all the time he withholds it from his chosen disciples. He ventures only to tell them that he is to be killed and to be raised again (Mark viii, 31; Matt. xvi, 21), but "they understood none of these things, and this saying was hid from them" (Luke xviii, 33, 34); and Simon Kepha, waxing wroth at his master for foreboding such a disaster, boastingly declares that it "shall not be" (Matt. xvi, 22). And when the report of his resurrection comes to the ears of his disciples it seems to them as an idle tale (Luke xxiv, 11), so incredulous are they of such a miracle; "for as yet they know not the scripture that he must arise again from the dead" (John xx, 9). The idea of an ascension had not been communicated to the chosen twelve, and yet the Jewish Messiah, whose mission was not to the gentiles, "but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. x, 5, 6), writes to a far-off gentile king, not only foretelling his ascension, but flattering him with a hope of salvation for believing in an unseen savior, while those who are favored with a sight of the son of God are coolly placed in the category of lost sinners!

Abgar seems to hav been an easy convert. At a distance of five hundred miles from Jerusalem he hears of the fame of Jesus, and from the reports of his mighty works, all done in the space of a few months at most, he believes at once. It is as if Black Hawk, hearing of the doings of Jo Smith, should forthwith hav become a believer in Mormonism. In a few months Thaddeus comes to Edessa,

and having healed the king by the power of Christ, the conversion of his majesty is completed, and the petty Mesopotamian king, instead of the Emperor Constantine, becomes the first royal convert. But the important event is hidden from the world, being locked up in the archives of Edessa, until Eusebius, in the fourth century, happens to find the "historical" document. In the mean time Abgar's successors all lapse into heathenism, as the sequel shows, and continue pagans for more than one hundred years.

There is one more record of alleged letter-writing by Jesus Christ. The letter is contained in a document entitled "Narrativ of Joseph," purporting to hav been written by Joseph of Arimathea, who begged from Pilate the body of Jesus for burial. Joseph tells a marvelous story of the crucifixion and reappearance of Jesus to himself, to John, and to Demas, the crucified robber. Gestas, the other culprit, died blaspheming Jesus, and taunting him with pretending to be the son of God. But Demas was penitent, and addressed an eloquent prayer to Christ for salvation. His prayer was answered by a promis of immediate admission to Paradise, accompanied by a letter of introduction to the gatekeepers there, and a proper guarding of the premises until the second coming of the son of God. A copy of this letter written by Jesus on the cross is transmitted to us by Joseph as follows:

Jesus Christ the son of God, who hav come down from the hights of heaven, who hav come forth out of the bosom of the invisible father without being separated from him, and who hav come down into the world to be made flesh, and to be nailed to the cross, in order that I might save Adam, whom I fashioned—to my archangelic powers, the gatekeepers of Paradise, to the officers of my father: I will and order that he who has been crucified along with me should go in, should receive remission of sins through me, and that he, having put on an incorruptible body, should go into Paradise and dwell where no one has ever been able to dwell.

After writing this, and instructing Demas what to say at the gate of Paradise, Jesus gave up the ghost. Then the dead body of Gestas appeared as that of a dragon, while the corpse of Demas vanished. Joseph having obtained the body of Jesus, placed it in his new tomb. When the Jews learned this, though it was Sabbath evening (*i.e.*, Friday night), they seized Joseph and put him in prison. But the next night at the fifth hour (Saturday, 11 P.M.) a great light shone in the prison and two men appeared; the house was lifted up and Joseph came out. Then he recognized Jesus and the robber, the latter bringing a letter to Jesus straight from Paradise. Presently Jesus sat down and read the letter. Talk about the wonders of the modern telegraph! This beats it all hollow. Jesus, on the cross, with his hands nailed fast, writes a letter of one hundred words and hands it to his brother Demas, who takes it 'way off to Paradise and brings back an answer of two hundred words the next day

Joseph followed Jesus and the robber into Galilee, where he saw Christ transfigured and ministered to by angels. After remaining there three days, the disciple John met the party. John, not being able to recognize Demas, besought Jesus to reveal the strange man to h[illegible] which he did, to John's astonishment and delight. Just then a multitude of voices were heard welcoming the robber to Paradise as a great king.

"This history," says the reverend translator of the apocryphal gospel, "seems to hav been popular in the middle ages, if we may judge from the number of Greek MSS. of it which remain."

Is it credible that Greek copies abounded in the middle ages, when Latin was almost the only language of the learned? The learned Father Hardouin, who died in 1729 at the age of eighty-three, vehemently maintained that all this kind of literature was forged by Benedictine monks after the middle of the thirteenth century. ANTICHRIST.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Beginning of the End.

The repeal of the Atheists' disability laws is the beginning of the end of the age of bigotry. The work of enfranchising reason began to bud under the hand of Jefferson in Virginia and is now blossoming out by the help of Joyner in Massachusetts. See the following from the *Globe:*

ATHEISTS AS WITNESSES.

The Senate judiciary committee reported in favor of referring to the next general court petitious asking the repeal of the Public Statutes which permit evidence of a person's disbelief in the existence of a God to affect his credibility as a witness. The report, however, drawn in the bold hand of Senator Joyner, takes an opportunity to present these reasons for repealing the law mentioned:

It is a hateful and, unhappily, almost obsolete relic of an unjust, unnatural, and odious system of statute law, which at one time, in violation of the broad principles of the common law, excluded from the witness stand whole races of men on account of color and creed.

It is in conflict with all important laws of evidence, which, with this exception, admit the testimony on equal terms of men of every form of religious belief.

It is an obstacle to justice, and is in conflict with the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution.

It permits the credibility of witnesses of the highest moral character to be assailed in a manner that cannot be done to a thrice convicted felon, or even a red-handed murderer who professes, as he usually does, to be very sound in his religious opinions.

When Massachusetts by an act of reason and justice declares her independence of the "kingdom of God," she will be free indeed, and a fit member of the American republic.

Upon the accession of all citizens of the commonwealth of the Puritans to their right to tell the truth in spite of the priests, let all Freethinkers who can attend hold a grand jubilee and parade from Paine Hall to Beacon Hill. JOHN P. GUILD.

Augusta, Me.

More Minnesota.

We left Elk River for that wonderful, Aladdin-like city, thirty miles away, Minneapolis. It would require a good-sized pamphlet to describe all the interesting sights which we saw in one day in that young but mighty city; for we pressed into service not only the slow-going street-car, but the motor-car, and still more astonishing, in this lightning age, we whirled away in the "electric-car," propelled by electricity. Think of that, you slow-going Eastern folk!

After a ride over a portion of this city by St. Anthony, we fairly flew over the rolling prairies out to the far-famed Lake Minnetonka. I must here confess to a great disappointment. It is the most overpraised lake I ever looked upon. We next visited Lakes Harriet and Calhoun, nearer the city. They are not so famous nor so large as Minnetonka, but they are very much prettier—perfect beauties. The shore of Minnetonka in many places is low, muddy, marshy. The shores of Lakes Harriet and Calhoun are hard, sandy, pebbly, and are as symmetrical as if carved by the hand of a sculptor. Time did not admit of our going all around and over them. That would require weeks, which many tourists giv every year to this lovely portion of our planet.

In the evening we were back to Minneapolis in barely time enough to eat supper and attend the Presbyterian Assembly of the United States, held in Westminster church. There we heard the great Dr. Hall, of New York city, Dr. Howard Crosby, and several other notable divines. The spacious church was filled to overflowing. The deep-toned organ made music as grand as the occasion. It was all exceedingly religious. Even the laughter engendered by the witty remarks of staid reverend doctors was a subdued, religious-like laughter, very proper, very decorous. When a Presbyterian clergyman jokes, he seems as much out of his nativ element as an elephant trying to dance. The performance of one is about as graceful as the other. There is nothing hearty about a Presbyterian laugh. It is a delicate little thing; acts as if it would catch cold on the slightest exposure, and die right there on the spot. Just watch the next religious laugh that ripples over a pious congregation. It is decreed to be of that faint hue, like a gentle breeze touching the glassy lake. The God of the pious never was friendly to mirth, and our Christian friends act as if they knew it.

After God was invoked the clerical gentleman made an onslaught. The "heathen" were attacked again. An occasional shot was fired at the Infidel. It did not take me long to learn that this meeting appertained to "Home Missions," and that the great obstacle in their way is Infidelity. During the day Dr. Crosby, it appears, remarked that "institutions of learning must be kept under the oversight and control of the church, which shall train our Presbyterian youth in the ways of truth and righteousness." In order that his hearers might know just what he meant, he said, "Dangers to the youth of the country arising from the teachings of Materialism, naturalism, etc., which were now taking a hold on the susceptible minds of young men in colleges. This tide should be stayed through the means which that Christian education which this board (on academies and colleges) had been created to foster and further."

These gentlemen read the handwriting on their theologic walls. To hear them one would suppose that the fate of the universe depends upon Presbyterianism. Rev. Dr. W. C. Roberts represented it as the only remedy for woe. "The gospel furnishes the only cure that can heal our wounds as a nation. Either we must hav a Cæsar, a stronger government, or our whole nation must be imbued with the principle of Christianity." "Great is the responsibility resting on the American church, and especially on that branch to which we belong." "What is this opposition to our Sabbath, to our Bible, and to our Christian sanctuary, of which we hear so much everywhere? What is that Materialism which threatens to undermine all that is spiritual in the life or religion of our people?" The church is in a fright.

Rev. Lyman Marshall believed, he said, that "one of the great dangers to this country is the incoming flood of foreigners, with their disregard of our religious ideas. The Germans are a particularly dangerous class. These Germans when they become Presbyterians make some of our best members. It was a German who rescued our Bible."

Rev. J. V. Guenther claimed that "the way to reach the unbelieving Germans and to correct their unbelief was to send them the gospel just as we send it to benighted Americans." He begged them not to think that all Germans were Infidels.

Are they not the salt of the earth? In spite of their thousands of preachers, the Freethought movement is gaining on them. If it continues to gain as it has for the past quarter of a century, where will Presbyterianism be?

As we were leaving Minneapolis next morning for the southwest, we had a fine view of that young giant city. Literally, there were hundreds of buildings in process of erection. A few years more and the "twin cities," St. Louis and Minneapolis, will be one, rivaling Chicago in population, and surpassing it in beauty. Minnehaha Falls will be within the corporation. W. F. JAMIESON.

Lake City, Minn.

A Sunday in Vichy.

Up at 7 o'clock and take a spray bath at the Etablissment Thermal de Vichy. Make an effort to understand the Frenchman that sprays me, but it is a bad failure. He says, "*Oui, oui, monsieur*," and I say, "*Bon*," or "*Bone*," I forget which—and get out. The Frenchman calls the bath a *grande douche à percussion*. First-class, two francs fifty centimes—or fifty cents. The church bells ring; the sound is pleasant to the ear in this pure atmosphere. No one seems to care a button but a few worn people, mostly women, of the poorer class. At the doorway of the church half a dozen beggars and cripples ask alms almost under the basin of holy water. As the people come out, the holy water almost drops on the poor people when the healthy penitents use it in "tit, tat, toeing themselvs." The water did not appear to do the wretched any good, for not one copper was given them while I looked on.

The people turn out early to their baths and water The church is lost sight of completely at 9 o'clock. The devil takes possession, and runs the Sabbath until he wants to sleep. His majesty begins his innings at half-past 8 A.M., to make the invalid healthy, the poor content, all happy. A very fine band plays delightful music. The soldier, sailor, tinker, and tailor, and priests, women, children, and dogs promenade the beautiful park of about fifty acres, listening to the band, and getting up an appetite for the grand gorge, or *déjeuner*, or breakfast, at 10 o'clock; and I am glad to say the subjects of his sulphurous majesty hav splendid appetites, and the other fellows are not far behind; only these chaps, and their female companions, act as if they had lost something and were trying to find it at the bottom of the wine-bottle. After breakfast about two-thirds of the folks go to the cafés and drink coffee, smoke, and some drive. The pious soul lugs his missal and himself to the musty den of a thousand years, and sleeps under the shadow of the holy "Virgin" and child. Sunday passes, with the help of Satan, to the satisfaction of everyone but the priest, who looks piously mad, it seems to me, because he cannot taste of the honey of the wicked (in public).

At half-past five dinner time arrives, and another grand feast commences and lasts until seven o'clock. The priest subsides, or, in other words, he puts off his dress of slavery, and, if he can get an order from his master, he will be seen at the Casino in the garb of a white man. The Casino is where the great adversary of souls plays his trump card to the delight of fifteen hundred people on the holy Sabbath night—the theater, the grand band, billiard room, card room, reading room, grand saloon, all under the same roof, all going at the same time. Every place is crowded with happy faces. Even the fellow with the missal crawls in and chuckles, takes a hand, wins or loses a few francs. You know something of the temptation of the Lord on the mountain. Well! it is no wonder the Lord did not tumble to the bargain, for the land was not worth a cent an acre; but if the devil had shown him the Casino and park at Vichy (which he might hav done, since space and time are nothing to the devil or Lord), the world would hav had no savior to mourn, and the Virgin Mary would hav been sent to the House of Correction.

The play in the theater was, on this Sunday evening, "The Devil and Dr. Faust." C. E.

Vichy, France, June 6, 1886.

OF the seventy-seven persons now in the Utah penitentiary for polygamy, thirty-five are English, twenty-five are American, ten Scotch, two Swedish, two Irish, and one each from Norway, Denmark, and South Wales.

IT is estimated that when the Lick telescope shall be finished and set in position it will hav cost $164,850. The observatory dome will cost $56,850, the mounting $42,000, the visual objectiv $53,000, and the cost of the photographic objectiv will be $13,000.

OF the eight hundred prisoners in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island only three refuse to go to church. These are Most and his companions, Braunschweig and Schenck. Most is the son of a sexton and once sung in a choir, but now he says he hopes the sacred chalices will be used as drinking cups at public wine fountains, the churches turned into concert halls and theaters, and the priests and nuns strangled in the belfries.

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Prayer.

Just now the subject of prayer is receiving a great deal of attention at the hands of the religious press. It is treated in almost as many ways—the degree of belief in it is as various—as there are editors writing upon the matter. THE TRUTH SEEKER readers will doubtless recollect the leading New York Congregationalist journal's four ways in which God answers prayers. The proofs of these ways were about the craziest lot of reasons ever set forth by an old woman in frock coat and trousers. The *Independent* has been followed by the *Christian Advocate*, which last week lent a hand toward supporting the unsupportable theory of divine interposition in human affairs. Mr. Buckley, being crafty, catches his readers with guile, yet leaves a loophole in his argument large enough to crawl through whenever a case of unanswered prayer is brought to his notice.

A subscriber writes to him asking that Christians be invited, through the *Advocate*, to pray for the recovery of his sick wife, whose name is not to be given to the public. Now, it will not do for Mr. Buckley to say that prayers are of no avail in this case. Such confession would ruin his business. He cannot afford to ignore the request, for that might lose a customer to the church. Neither does he want to own up that the *Advocate* and its editor hav no influence with God. The next conference might ask for his resignation as editor in favor of some one who has a "pull" with the throne. But he must get out of the dilemma in some way, and this is how he manages to do it:

"We willingly giv this notice, but in doing so desire to say that we do not believe that the power of prayer for a blessing on a single person is cumulativ in the sense that a hundred persons earnestly praying for anything for *another* person will prevail where ninety-nine would fail; or that fifty-one might prevail where fifty would fail, all other things being equal. Though, of course, if a hundred know of the case they will pray for the blessing, and be blessed in so doing. The promis in the Bible, subject, of course, to the condition elsewhere expressed, 'if we ask anything *according to his will*,' is: 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my father which is in heaven.' Prayer does not exert its force in a mechanical way. One hundred men can pull more than fifty of the same strength. Abraham could do as much for Lot in Sodom as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Where one person is better than another, the prayers of the better may prevail where the prayers of the less good would fail; but, supposing the persons to be of equal piety, God is not a man that he should be persuaded by an imposing array of signers to a petition.

"And, further, we believe that it is impossible for persons to pray with any intelligent grasp of faith where they are entirely ignorant of the situation, as they are in this case. To pray that a man's wife may recover when one knows nothing about her history, what her relations are to him, to the church, and to the world, and without any personal acquaintance with her, seems impossible in fact, though it may be possible in fancy. If the prayers were for the conversion of a sinner, or for the special good of any one, the case would be wholly different."

Mr. Buckley, it will be noticed, throws away the "numbers" argument in advance. There is no cumulativ power in prayer. One prayer is as good as a million. That admission removes the responsibility from the *Advocate* and its editor in case the lady dies. Next, although the Bible promises that when two persons on earth are agreed upon anything, God will answer their prayer, the promis is coupled with the condition "if the thing asked is according to his will." That lets divinity out, for if the prayer is not answered it is plain proof that the thing asked for was not according to his will. Further, it makes a difference in praying for the recovery of a sick wife as to how she stands with her husband. From this it is to be presumed that if she has not submitted herself to him in all things, if she has not allowed him to be always the head, if she has not always adorned herself in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, if when she has desired to know anything she has gone to trustworthy authority or investigated the facts for herself instead of asking him, then prayers for her are impossible in fact! This is a very large loophole for Mr. Buckley, for what wife has not had her own way occasionally, and walked without either shame or brazenness? Yet still another hole to crawl through is the relation of the woman to the church. If she has left undone that which becometh women professing godliness, if she has not learned in silence with all subjection, if she has prayed with her head uncovered, if she has not kept silence in the churches, then are prayers for her recovery impossible in fact, though possible in fancy. It seems to us that in providing an abundance of doors of retreat, the editor has been obliged to employ heartless workmen, with exceedingly sharp and wicked tools. But why should the case be wholly different with the sinner? Do sinful women always obey their husbands and acknowledge him as their rightful head, even as Christ is the head of the church? Do sinful women never proffer to teach nor try to usurp authority over the man? Is the conversation of a sinful woman always coupled with fear? Does she cheerfully own up that woman, being deceived, was in the transgression, and therefore to blame for all the evil in the world? We hav met a few lady sinners (if by "sinners" are meant heretics) who stoutly anathematized St. Paul, but yet we will venture to assert that all the prayers the *Advocate's* subscribers can offer between now and the judgment day would not convert them. Really, we cannot see why the case of a sinner is wholly different.

Having sufficiently discouraged the applicant, Mr. Buckley throws in some affirmations concerning prayer for the benefit of his other readers. He says:

"Let no one suppose that we believe prayer for the sick to be useless. On the contrary, we believe that the prayers of this Christian woman and her husband will certainly be answered, and that in one of two ways: Either she will recover through God's blessing upon the means used or, if he should see fit, by the operation of his providence, without respect, so far as can be seen, to the means used intentionally by men; or as Paul was answered when he besought the Lord thrice that this thing might pass from him. In that case, both she and her husband will learn the meaning of the scripture which saith: 'And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.' This, as we hav proved by experience in periods otherwise hopeless, is 'a wholesome doctrin and very full of comfort.'"

First. Mr. Buckley believes in prayer. This is a general statement, and one safe to make. He also believes that this woman will recover. He has probably seen her doctor. And her recovery, he thinks, will occur in either of two ways: (*a*) Because of the medicin she has taken; or, (b) In spite of the medicin, which, we take it, is the English of the theological phrases used. Second. If she does not recover, then God will allow her to die, which is another way he has of answering prayers concerning sick people. Authority for this is found in 2 Corinthians, xii, 7–9. Paul had a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, which he thrice besought the Lord to remove. Instead of removing it, the Lord gave him grace to bear it. The *Independent* terms this God's indirect method of answering prayer. In the present instance the assertion is that if the woman does not recover she will be given the grace to die and her husband will be given the grace to bear the loss. This, Mr. Buckley says, is "a wholesome doctrin, and very full of comfort." Inasmuch as he has buried two wives, Mr. Buckley's experience is valuable, and in this instance his word may be relied upon. No doubt the "brother of respectability, residing in one of the cities on the Hudson," will derive needed consolation from the scriptural reference and its personal verification by one of the most eminent Methodist theologians of the present time.

We do not know why their advocacy and reiteration of a belief in prayer is so unanimously made by the religious press just now, unless it is because the editors imagin that the people hav forgotten the death of Garfield and are again in a mood to be cajoled into acquiescing in a doctrin which givs the priests and ministers almost unlimited influence with the ignorant, and fills the coffers of an institution as dishonest as the doctrin is absurd.

The Cause Abroad.

The English National Secular Society held its annual conference at Glasgow, June 13th, in the hall of the Glasgow branch society. The report of the executiv committee shows a steady growth of the society, the accession to the membership during the year lacking but two of a thousand, while seven new branches were formed. The treasurer's report showed balances on hand in the general, benevolent, and propagandist funds. New Secular halls are being built in several towns, toward the erection of one of which five hundred pounds hav been donated by a generous Infidel. Notices of intended donations of liberal amounts to the benevolent fund and to the educational work also appear.

A hopeful sign of the growth of Secularism in England is the enmity evinced toward it at the last election. The Primrose League, an important Conservativ organization, has for one of its principal objects checking the progress of Atheism. During the last election campaign charges of Atheism were recklessly made against many candidates for Parliament, and similar charges hav been published against municipal and school board candidates. Mr. Bradlaugh reports that in the majority of these instances the attacked candidates hav been elected.

A bill for the repeal of the blasphemy laws has been introduced in Parliament, and was on the calendar for its second reading for July 28th. The dissolution of Parliament will necessitate its reintroduction next session. One prosecution for blasphemy has occurred in Scotland during the year just closed, that of an aged newsdealer, Robert Ferguson, for exposing copies of the London *Freethinker* for sale in his store in Edinburgh. He was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. A significant action in connection with the movement for the repeal of the blasphemy laws was the refusal of the council of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to aid the endeavor in any way.

No progress worth mentioning has been made in Parliament on the bill allowing Infidels to affirm. The defeat of its chief spokesman, Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q.C., at the last general election was fatal to the bill. At the election just completed the executiv of the Secular Society recommended that in every case candidates be pressed to giv their support, if elected, to an affirmation bill, and also to the bill repealing the blasphemy laws.

During the past year Mrs. Besant has presided over a literature committee, which, the report says, has distributed gratuitously an enormous quantity of literature upon theological, political, and social subjects. The Hall of Science classes hav been maintained, eleven of the classes being for science and two for art. A deficit in the finances of the classes appears, which has been borne by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant personally.

The executiv's report embraces also one or two other countries, in which work has been done in connection with the English society. An International Congress was held last September at Antwerp, and notice is given that the next will sit at Lille on September 20th of this year. A Freethought Society has been established in Portugal, having its center at Lisbon. In Sweden an organization is flourishing, with headquarters at Gotenburg. Of the Bruno monument fund the report says:

"Additional subscriptions hav been received by the Bruno International Committee at Rome during the year, in large part from the United States of America, for the monument to be erected in Rome to the memory of Giordano Bruno. The whole of the moneys are stated to be properly invested, the sculptor's work is proceeding, and application is before the Roman municipal council for the grant of the necessary site. It is trusted that the statue may be ready for unveiling on the 17th February, the anniversary of Bruno's martyrdom."

Report from the local society of Madras, India, is

encouraging. The society has a growing membership, publishes a weekly journal in the English and Tamil languages, and has a book depot for the sale of Freethought literature. Australia now has three Freethought journals, and the English Secularists are fast colonizing the sixth continent. We are pleased to learn from this report also that "in Canada and the United States of America there has been great lecturing activity during the present year."

After the outgoing officers had been reëlected, the Conference discussed the revision of the statement of the society's principles, which had been made by a committee. After considerable talk, the following was formulated as a declaration of what Secularism is:

"Secularism teaches that conduct should be based on reason and knowledge. It knows nothing of divine guidance or interference; it excludes supernatural hopes and fears; it regards happiness as man's proper aim, and utility as his moral guide. [The remaining three paragraphs were then put one by one and carried:]

"Secularism affirms that Progress is only possible through Liberty, which is at once a right and a duty; and therefore seeks to remove every barrier to the fullest equal freedom of thought, action, and speech.

"Secularism declares that theology is condemned by reason as superstitious and by experience as mischievous, and assails it as the historic enemy of progress.

"Secularism, accordingly, seeks to dispel superstition; to spread education; to disestablish religion; to rationalize morality; to promote peace; to dignify labor; to extend material well-being, and to realize the self-government of the people."

The report of the proceedings of the Conference shows that our British brethren are putting in plain, hard, sensible work for the equality before the law of the Freethinker with the Christian, and notable gains hav been made, especially on the taking of oaths by Freethinking jurors. It is generally conceded, too, that in England there will be no more legal persecutions for blasphemy, and the opinion was expressed at the Conference that old Mr. Ferguson would hav the honor and glory of being the last Infidel martyr in Scotland. If this shall prove to be true, the sufferings of Mr. Foote and his colleagues and of Mr. Ferguson will indeed hav borne noble fruit. When the cruel blasphemy and the absurd oath laws are repealed and an affirmation bill passed, the English Secularists will hav an honorable and permanent place in the history of the world. Every American Freethinker will be glad to know of the progress that has been made, and if our English brethren ever run short of local reformatory work they can come over and help us.

Orthodoxy Defined.

Considering that about one-half of the preachers in the larger cities, and they the brainy ones, hav publicly renounced the doctrin of hell for the wicked, and accepted the theory of evolution, we hav for a long time been at a loss to know what the church of the present day deems heresy. Everyone knows what it formerly labeled as heretical teaching, and how it punished the teachers. But within the last ten years the spinal column of orthodoxy has lost much of its rigidity, and the church stoops with the weight of trouble Infidelity has been to her. But now the Methodist church, through its chief official organ, has said what a man may *not* preach without working under false pretenses as the pastor of an orthodox church. The doctrins which constitute orthodoxy are these:

1. The evangelical doctrin of the punishment of the wicked.
2. The divinity of Christ.
3. The Atonement.
4. The new birth.
5. That the scriptures contain the only revelation of God to man.
6. All doctrins necessary to and corollary of these.

Any preacher, says the organ, who does not defend these affirmations of theology, yet occupies a pulpit, is a base pretender, and a robber of the church. This, we take it, is an authoritativ statement of what orthodoxy is to-day. What an enormous number of pretenders and robbers are breaking the bread of life to the weary Christians!

IT is seldom that itinerant colporteurs hit the nail so squarely on the head as did the one of those employed by the English Religious Tract Society. His field of work was Hungary. One day when selling books in the market-place a peasant came to him and demanded a regular devil's book, filled with nothing but nonsense from beginning to end. The colporteur gently extended to him a copy of the Word of God.

Editorial Notes.

THE Maurepas (La.) *Gazette* pronounces J. E. Remsburg's "Sabbath-Breaking" "an interesting and exhaustiv treatis on the subject."

Two statements in the *Messiah's Herald* of June 23d:

"Christians are safe in a house built on a rock which cannot be moved by the wildest storms."

"Fifty thousand acres of crops and two villages hav been destroyed by floods in Hungary, and greater damages are threatened."

The first is a religious statement, the second a statement of fact! The agreement between them is significant.

MORE truth than is usually contained in judicial remarks was spoken from the bench by Judge Cowing in this city the other morning. A German was before him charged with attempting suicide. The German had repented of his deed. "I vos drunk, judge," he pleaded, "und I ton't do dot some more. I vant to liv all vat I can now." "That's right," said Judge Cowing, "stay here as long as you can, for none of us knows very much about where we will go when we leave here."

H. W. BEECHER, who is now in England, occupied the pulpit of the City Temple one Sunday recently. The dispatch says he "prayed for more wisdom among the queen's counselors." The dispatch adds that the prayer will be used by the Tory politicians against the present ministry, of which Mr. Gladstone is the head. It seems that Mr. Beecher is bound to meddle with politics wherever he is. But in this instance his pulpit stump speech will further the schemes of his enemies. Mr. Beecher is a Home ruler.

THE action of the Harvard overseers in abolishing the rule of the college making attendance upon morning prayers compulsory is causing the religious editors much pain in their inmost bowels. Their criticisms upon the overseers irresistibly compel us to conclude that their idea is that unless the students are forced to it they will not be religious at all, and rather than that this should happen the editors would use the army, if need be, to drive the young men to prayer. This is Christianity, it is true, but it does not seem to us to be common sense.

NEWS comes from Reading, Pa., that the Rev. D. D. Albright, formerly superintendent of Bethany Orphan's Home at Womelsdorf, convicted of brutally beating Harry Kramer, an orphan inmate, has been sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and all the costs. Mr. Albright is probably one of those people spoken of by Ingersoll, who think that when the savior said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," he had a rawhide under his mantle, and made that remark simply to get the children within striking distance.

A DUDE of the name of Pierson, in closing a criticism of "Men, Women, and Gods," in the *Keynote*, says: "It will be of peculiar interest to note if this author shall stick to her fallacious belief until the last day, or if she will cringe and crawl in the presence of death, as did Paine, Voltaire, and Rousseau." When this was first read in this office it was proposed to send Mr. Pierson the truth in regard to the death of the three famous personages named, but on meeting with a young man who knew him, it was decided to let the dude go, as his intellect was not of sufficient strength to comprehend the facts.

THE Rev. Mark Trafton is writing for a religious journal a series of papers upon the romance of colonial history. An item in a recent paper recalls the fact that the first Episcopal church organized in this country was shipped back to England instanter—beads, cassock, and gown, cape, stole, and surplice, all went together. Governor Endicott would hav none of the popish mummery. As the Puritans had left England because they wished to worship in their way, which the Church of England would not allow, this may hav been righteous retribution, but it does not square exactly with the claims made for the Puritans by their descendants.

A WRITER in the July *Forum* asks, "Shall we muzzle the Anarchists?" Certainly. Muzzle everyone who does not think just as "we" do. Let the Episcopalians muzzle the Methodists, the Methodists the Adventists, the Adventists the Unitarians, the Unitarians the Presbyterians, the Presbyterians the Baptists, the Baptists the Congregationalists, the Congregationalists the Catholics, and so on to the end of the chapter. Then let all the sects turn to and muzzle the Infidels, and then let the Infidels turn to and muzzle the Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, and the like. Free speech is a dangerous thing in a free country, and what is the use of a free country, anyhow?

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, one of the old-time Abolitionists, writes to a Boston journal: "In the preface to that admirable book, 'The Jesus of History,' now unfortunately out of print, its author acknowledges his resemblance to Joseph of Arimathea in one particular. He had held for several years the views expressed in that work, but had not declared them publicly, 'for fear of the Christians.' But for my remembrance of this expression, I should hav failed to notice an historical inaccuracy in the excellent address made by Frederick Douglass in Tremont Temple, May 24th, at the anniversary meeting of the New England Woman Suffrage Association. Speaking of the idea upon which this association was founded, Mr. Douglass said that its growth had been strong, steady, and irrepressible, 'though the heathen raged.' History will hav to record that it was the Christians, not the heathen, and preëminently the Christian ministers, who 'raged,' when Abby Kelley and Lucy Stone and the sisters Grimké began to speak in public, though their speech was advocacy of righteousness and rebuke of popular sin. The facts upon this subject, happily preserved in the pages of the *Liberator*, must be remembered and repeated as long as the orthodox clergy continue their false declarations that the abolition of slavery and the elevation of woman hav been brought about by such Christianity as they teach, and such Christians as hav grown up under their tuition."

"THE glory of God sets upon the hill-tops these beautiful June days. It is a real inspiration to take the Fitchburg Railroad and ride up through the Berkshire Hills."—*Golden Rule.* The inspiration probably read like this: "Pass Rev. F. H. Kasson, editor of the *Golden Rule*, over the Fitchburg Railroad. ——, Gen. Ticket Agent."

WHEN the papal ablegate arrived here bearing the insignia of a cardinal for the use of Mr. Gibbon, of Baltimore, he was met down the bay by a committee of the St. Michael's Romau Catholic Association who had obtained the use of a government steamboat for the purpose. It has come out since that not only was a revenue cutter used, but the baggage and effects of the papal delegation were passed by the Custom House without examination. This was done in response to a letter from the Association asking that the courtesies usually extended to foreign embassadors be shown the pope's emissaries. In other words, the United States were asked to recognize the pope as a nation, which our complaisant treasury officials did.

MESSRS. BURR AND UNDERWOOD are discussing in the Indianapolis *Sentinel* and the *Iron-Clad Age* the question whether Paine or Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. The problem will perhaps never be settled to the satisfaction of all, but everyone must admit that with Paine's "Crisis" and "Common Sense" at hand any person of good literary ability could hav formulated that immortal document without doing any large amount of original thinking. Commenting upon the discussion the Seymour, Ind., *Republican* says: "Professor Underwood in last week's *Iron-Clad Age* has settled the question as to who wrote the Declaration of Independence in his usual way, that of quoting somebody else's *opinion*. What Professor Underwood can't establish by citing what others *think* and *believe* on the subject would be difficult to find."

THE *Christian at Work* says:

"Thomas Paine has no great hold on the traditions or the affections of the country. The seventy-seventh anniversary of his death passed almost unnoticed hereabouts. As to how it was observed elsewhere read this:

"'It was announced that the Thomas Paine Society of Frederick county, Md., would celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of Tom Paine's death at the house of Aaron Davis, near Frederick; but not a celebrater appeared. Mr. Davis himself observed the day by not working. He said that, while there was only about a dozen members of the society, there were three or four hundred believers of the Paine doctrins in the county, but fear of social ostracism or injury to their business caused them to make a secret of their views.'

"That cannot hav a very deep hold on their affections which is discarded from fear of social ostracism."

If the *Christian at Work* had been published in the sixteenth century, those Protestants who refrained from avowing their heresy for fear of the flame or rack would hav been sneered at by the editor as people upon whom their religion had no very deep hold.

IN the current number of the *Forum*, J. H. Seelye, president of Amherst College, writes upon the question, "Should the State Teach Religion?" In the course of his "argument" in favor of this proposition he uses the most dishonest and foolish controversial weapons that ever were wielded by a pedagog. He says:

"Even if it should be claimed—though I do not think it could be proven—that certain individuals are moral without any religious constraint, this would never be affirmed of the masses of mankind." "A false religion will be found more conducive to virtue than no religion. Without inquiring as to what might or might not be true in respect of the moral life in any given instance of a cultivated or an uncultivated Atheist or irreligious man, there need be no hesitation in affirming, either from the facts of human nature or of history, that an Atheistic people, a people without religion, if such could be, could not hav virtue enough to maintain themselvs as a people."

Mr. Seelye is a remarkable specimen of the religious lawyer. There are a great many thousands, if not millions, of moral Atheists in this country alone, and yet he thinks it cannot be proven that a moral Atheist exists! And without stopping to inquire as to whether Atheism and morality were ever united in one person, he sets it down for a fact that an Atheistic people can possess no virtue! We pity the students of Amherst if this is the kind of morality and love of truth that is taught them. They will be more apt to end their days in a penitentiary than to become useful members of society.

Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE has made engagements to speak on "Woman Suffrage" throughout New York state this summer. The following dates are fixed: July 8th, Turners; 9th, Walton; 10th, 11th, and 12th, Norwich; 13th, Homer; 14th, Dryden; 16th, 17th, and 18th, Dansville.

MR. REYNOLDS'S Tent will be at Montezuma, N. Y., from July 8th to 19th. Mrs. Reynolds will speak on the Sunday evenings of the 11th and 18th. Mr. Reynolds will use the platform the remaining evenings. Of Mr. Reynolds and his work at Palmyra, the *Democrat* of that place says: "Ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds, of Rochester, has been delivering biblical lectures for the past few evenings in his tent at the foot of Cuyler street, which hav been quite interesting. Mr. Reynolds was formerly a Protestant minister, but his views now embrace the theory of Paine and Ingersoll, whose pictures, together with that of Bennett, adorn the wall of his tent behind the pulpit. We do not know whether the gentleman's lectures are calculated to improve the minds of the masses—morally and religiously speaking—or whether they hav a tendency to drive the better thoughts of those who hear him into the same channel That Mr. Reynolds is an able and talented man there can be no doubt, but we cannot indorse his views."

Letters from Friends.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLA., June 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to thank you for THE TRUTH SEEKER's brave stand with regard to the affair of John Most and free speech. Fraternally yours, J. WM. LLOYD.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I am highly pleased with the pictures. I am going to hav them bound in book form when the year is up. They will instruct and amuse my children and grandchildren. MRS. E. M. HANSSON.

MURRAY, O., June 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I write this letter to thank you for continuing to send the best of all reform papers—THE TRUTH SEEKER—to me when I am in arrears. Do not borrow any trouble because I do not send money sooner; you can count on me as a life subscriber so long as the paper is conducted as it now is. I would not say "stop my paper" because some one differed from me in opinion. The oak tree has the same right to be angry at the willow because the oak has broader leaves—that is, if the oak had passions like man. I hate bigotry, I love justice, I like variety. Differences of opinion develop our faculties of reason. We sometimes learn something from a mere child. The illustrations are immense. Continue them.

Inclosed find $2, which please place to my credit on THE TRUTH SEEKER Yours fraternally, D. E. LEWIS.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your journal of Freethought is immense. Those cartoons are very attractiv and convey a world of meaning to many of my customers. In addition to my confectionery I hav quite a collection of Freethought literature, which I hav placed on the front counter by the door, free of access to all who enter. There are those who do not pause to peruse this Liberal matter, while many are desirous of reading, especially the rising generation. During the Boy Preacher's series of four month's rant and rage the boys, many of them, would desert the great rock church by an exit through the windows, and would come down to Nick's store to read aud to hear Freethought expounded. We liv in a part of our store-house, are open to sell goods or open to conviction day and night, Suuday aud all the time, within one block of three of the capitol's largest churches. Suffice to say that my wife and I (both being Aguostics) hav a hot time with Christian folk. Mr. Editor, if there is any way by which I can get tracts and leaflets gratuitously and to dispose of in the same manner, please inform me, for I am not able to purchase and giv away as I should like to.

N. N. NEIHART.

GETTYSBURG, PA., June 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please forward me by return mail books as follows, for which find inclosed $2.75: "The Christian Religion," Ingersoll, Black, and Fisher, paper, 50 cents; Ingersoll's Tributes, the four, 50 cents; Lacy's "Reply to Lambert's 'Notes on Ingersoll,'" paper, two copies, $1; "Resurrection of Jesus," by W. S. Bell, 25 cents; "Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen H. Gardener. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" are being distributed to some extent here, and I wish to show my orthodox friends that Lambert has not got all of the argument, as they who hav read little or none of Ingersoll seem to think he has. A Presbyterian friend handed me Lambert's book with a triumphant air, and remarked, "That finishes Ingersoll." After reading it, I told him Lambert was game too small for Ingersoll to fool away time on, but that the priest's sophistry and misstatements had been ably answered by B. W. Lacy, and that if he would read it he should hav it. He consented. Hence this order.

Your cartoons are simply immense, and I hope they may continue. The one of June 26th, "Obeying the Commandments of Christ, and the Result," is particularly strong. Squirm and shift as they may, the Christians cannot get away from the plain meaning of the advice Jesus givs in Matt. vi, 25. The language cannot be tortured into any other meaning than that given it in said cartoon. Indeed, Watson Heston hits it every time. W. T. KING.

IRWIN, IOWA, June 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am just "proper proud" of Watson Heston, that great genius, painter, poet, preacher, politician, and philosopher, all combined. I wish I could paint, or write, or talk so as to make Christians hate me like poison. I would like to stir up the hyenas for the fun of hearing them growl if nothing else; but do you know, it's a very hopeful sign when a true delineation of the very foundation of Christianity—such as is "Jesus Paid It All"—can horrify the better sense of Christians, and is repugnant to their finer sensibilities? The medicin that does not make them feel quite sick for a time cannot do them much good. It shows that the remedy is having the desired effect. For the love of humanity, giv them more of it! That picture "horrid!" Why, that recording angel has the best, most honest face I ever saw an angel wear, and, in the matter of wings, it does not seem to me that the artist was at all stingy of feathers. That angel seems to hav a "corner," so to speak, on quill pens, for he seems to hav nothing to do but to reach behind and pluck a quill when the stump in his hand is worn out. If Mr. H. C. Gill is a steel pen manufacturer he may complain, but unless he or his "Christian friends" hav an interest in the steel pen trade, they can hav no reasonable cause to feel hurt. Then the poor bankrupt sinner, for whom "Jesus Paid It All," and whose "righteousness," at the best, according to the Bible, "is but filthy rags," is far too respectably dressed, and his bearing is much too manly and genteel for such miserable sneak. It is the blood—the two and one-half gallons of blood—that is so "horrid," and that is not in the picture at all.

It's considerably a matter of taste about illustrating the paper at all, and since the editor seeks to gather the general sense of his readers, I will say I like it. If some articles don't suit me, I don't order my paper stopped. I call that a mean trick, and I don't care who knows it. Then our editor, you all know, is going by our votes, and Gill and the other poor miserable dodos who order their papers discontinued are casting insults right iuto our faces about the way we run the paper. Pictures or no pictures, stick to the paper, and just for Gill's sweet sake I am going to get four new subscribers if I hav to pay for them myself. I know nothing about Gill but just this one trick of his, and I call it mean. J. K. P. BAKER.

NORTH HURON, N. Y., June 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find five dollars to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER from April 1, 1886 as long as you please, and don't giv up the cartoons. I think Mr. Gill's Christian friends can stand the pressure as well as I can to look back upon scenes such as the burning of Servetus by John Calvin, and hundreds of a similar kind. G. W. SMITH.

AXTELL, KAN., June 21, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Our darling baby boy Pearl (named after S. P. Andrews), eleven months old, died the 15th inst. We were fortunate in haviug THE TRUTH SEEKER "Book of Forms," so we had Mr. Mason (the president of our Union) read Form 8 at the grave. The *Anchor*, the local paper here, printed it in full. I do not know that there was ever a Liberal funeral service before in this part of Kansas.

I am working to get up a debate here between a Campbellite and a Mr. Orem, who is, in belief, what Mr. Jamieson called a Bible Materialist. Questions: *Resolved*, That the Christian (Campbellite) church is the true apostolic church. Orem negativ. Second, That the dead are unconscious. Orem affirmativ. Orem is smart and will make the immortal soulists stick out their eyes to see how much positiv proof there is in their Bible against their belief. He makes the Spiritualists the hardest fight of any in this country if they try to prove their doctrins by the Bible. I wish to advise every Liberal not near to a Freethought lecturer to get your "Book of Forms" and hav some friend read a service. It will do more for our cause than anything else, and all Libcrals will be respecte.l more in society. E. W. MINER.

P.S.—We wish to hear from John Peck. He hits hard. E. W. M.

CENTRALIA, ILL., May 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Here is a chance for you to redeem yourself partially, at least, for the small sum of $3. "A Special Intention" is not to be thrown away when it givs one a chance in three hundred masses. In my unselfishness I giv this sure chance to you. Go and be happy. F. D. REXFORD.

[The following are the promises alluded to. In emulation of Mr. Rexford we pass then on for the benefit of others. There is nothing mean about us—ED. T. S.]:

IMPORTANT.

You will not miss the Alms, which will await you for a *hundred fold* reward at the Great Judgment. Offer it as a balance against past offenses; to get grace to *resist* Temptation; to bring a blessing and *success* on your affairs; and for the dear departed souls who may be relieved by this act of Charity.

SAINT JOSEPH PRAY FOR US.

The Sisters of Charity implore a little aid to enable them to pay for schools for the children of the West, and to relieve the suffering poor. They faithfully promis, to those who giv it themselvs, or who assist them by procuring money from others for this purpose, a *special* Intention in

300 MASSES,

offered for the Souls in Purgatory, as well as a *daily* remembrance in the prayers of the Sisters.

Jesus meek and humble of heart make my heart like unto thine.
300 *days' Indulgence each time.*

Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation.
300 *days' Indulgence.*

[Here is inserted the picture of a cross marked off into sixty small squares.]

Please collect Five Cents for each small square (piercing the same with a pin) till the sixty are full; you will then hav THREE DOLLARS to send in a Post-Office Order, payable to

Sister Agnes Morrogh Bernard,
Superioress,
The Sisters of Charity,
Ballaghaderin, County Mayo.

Please write for more Cards, if you or your friends can fill them, and send us a few addresses.

HAILEY, IDAHO, June 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: On the evenings of the 5th and 6th of June, we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. S. P. Putnam. The hall was well filled both evenings, and Mr. Putnam was frequently applauded. Mr. Putnam is a man who commands the attention and respect of his audience from beginning to end, and they don't go to sleep either. The subjects of his lectures are live issues such as the people listen to with intense interests, and, pardon the egotism, but we are not all mossbacks out here. We like progress. According to appointment Mr. Putnam had to lecture at Bellevue the 7th and 8th, but he was prevailed upon by a large number of our best citizens to return here on the 9th, which he did, and he chose for his lecture that excellent subject, "The Glories of Infidelity." The hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen; yes, even our ministers came to listen to his eloquent pleadiugs for the liberation and advancement of the human mind from priestcraft and superstition; and at the conclusion of the lecture he was tumultuously applauded. Send us more like Mr. Putnam. One such man will do more for the liberation, elevation, and moral refinement of humanity than all the priests that ever lived or ever will liv, until they discard that man-made absurdity called the holy word of a God for the true book of nature, namely, science.

Sorrow often follows joy, just as clouds often obscure the beautiful sun that gladdens the hearts of all, and so with us. After enjoying the pleasure of listening to Mr. Putnam's excellent pleadings for mental and moral advancement and refinement, we were, on the 11th, called upon to sustain the loss of the most beautiful and loveable child that I ever yet hav seen; the beautiful little nine-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walsh. The poor grief-stricken parents hav our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

CHARLES AHLSTROM.

EAST OTTO, N. Y., June 24, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Please excuse the tardiness of my renewal, which I send with the name of a friend. Your illustrations attracting his attention caused him to subscribe. Some, it appears, do not like the pictures, but I think they are doing good. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER eight years; hav often solicited but never before got a subscriber for it. I will not do without THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as I can see so much good done, and so long as I can pay for it.

CLARK BURCHARD.

CHARLES CITY, June 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In this you will find draft for five dollars, three for the paper on subscription, one dollar to Campaign Fund, twenty-five cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886; "Men, Women, and Gods," fifty cents; twenty-five cents for "Sabbath-Breaking."

I hav tried to get some one to subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER to send with me, but so far hav failed. There are a good many people here who don't believe in the churches, but they dare not come out and say so in public for fear of public opinion. The pictures in the paper are O.K. They will do a good deal of good, and many will look at them who would not look at the paper without them. I will try and see if I can get some to subscribe for the paper yet. I think it is kept up to standard, and is first-class in all respects. I see "Brick" Pomeroy pitches into you in this week's paper, but you are right in regard to free speech. I sent you a Catholic paper published in this state, and will send you another—that is, if I can get it—with the account of a gathering of the churches on our public schools; so you will see the will combine together to suppress Freethought where it is necessary for them, both Protestants and Catholics. The bishop of the church of Rome made a very long speech, and they all indorsed it to a man. Times are very hard here, for money is scarce, and many are idle with no work in sight, and that is bad in this country. JOHN MAHARA.

CANTON, ILL., June 20, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Notwithstanding the "religious racket" has been tried and failed, still it came so near being a success that political aspirants of all parties are encouraged to try it. We hav two of 'em (as far as heard from; probably the returns are not all in yet) in Fulton county. One is secretary of the Fulton County Fair Association. We hav his authority for saying that every one of the judges of the coming fair belongs to the Sunday-school association, and he said they had a first-class board, which caused the writer to giv an involuntary sigh. Mr. Secretary is also an aspirant for county clerk. The other was president of the Fairview Literary Society. One of the members (a minister) made a vigorous assault (with words) upon Mrs. John W. Abbott for reading an essay entitled "A Minister's Meditation." The reverend gentleman told the lady that would hav to be stopped. He is also an aspirant for the same position as the above. There are two more aspirants for the same office, all subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. The other two seem to be willing to make the race without having their names mentioned in connection with Sunday-school associations or with religious subjects in any other way, and take the chances on their manhood instead of showing themselvs to be religious bigots. Brethren, I would suggest you sit down on 'em hard wherever they pop up, because there is no outspoken Liberal but knows by experience what kind of justice such persons will deal out just to the extent of their power. JOHN W. ABBOTT.

SAN JOSE, CAL., June 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In looking over some files of different papers, saved from time to time, I come across THE TRUTH SEEKER. In going to and fro on the earth I always speak a good word for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Having no abiding-place, I cannot hav the paper as often as I would like, and hoping I hav many friends who will be glad to hear I am still in the land of the living, and in the garden city, the beautiful home of our stanch advocate of freedom and Liberalism, Dr. J. L York, I will send a few lines. I hav been stopping a short time in this lovely city of gardens, but alas! I find it dead to all appearances as far as Freethought is concerned. Now I wish they could hav a shaking up of the dry bones; they need it badly. There is plenty of good timber here for an honest worker to handle. Why, may I ask, are Liberals so backward in keeping meetings up? When one is a good worker he has no means to forward the movement. But perhaps it is all right. Freethought is growing stronger and stronger. We find the churches full of it, and very little "Jely Clist," as John Chinamen says, preached now. Pardon the expression, but some of the old Adam is alive even here. Our new mayor is trying to hav the bands stop playing in the city limits on Sunday. To think that the beautiful strains of music seems sacrilegious to some! I cannot imagin the thoughts of such a person; they cannot be pleasant. We hav a large portion of law-abiding citizens who think music one of the best methods of worship. All know it will charm the savage breast, and soften the hardest heart. How often, when we feel at war with ourselvs and all the world, a sudden strain of sweet music passing dispels the cloud and drives the frown from the brow! Then why should we not hav music in our parks, streets, or any place? San Francisco sends out every Sunday by the thousands its wage-workers, who hav no other day of recreation. They go to the adjoining towns, taking their music with them, to hav a day of rest for mind and body, but some little minds

and smaller souls think it wicked, and hold up their hands in holy horror. I, as a Liberal, feel terribly alive, and, had I a vote, such small-souled ones who try to bolster up their god (I spell it with a little *g*) by stoping music on Sunday, would get a rebuke they would remember.

We had a tent meeting here, and the speaker raged and almost swore because the people did not do as well by him as they did for our good Brother Ingersoll. He called them a one-cent crowd; said Ingersoll got a dollar a head while he got only $18 out of a one thousand eight hundred house. It makes us Liberals hope we are not back-sliding. I will close by sending greetings to Liberals all over the broad earth, rich or poor, bond or free, feeling sure the cause is gaining ground the world over. MRS. O. A. BENJAMIN.

FLORENCE, ALA., June 21, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read every number of your paper for several years, and as time rolls on I more fully realize the greatness of the work you are engaged in performing. In reading your published "Letters from Friends" I notice very few are from the Southern states. Perhaps your subscribers are few from this section, and no doubt this is the leading cause. It may be that you people of the Northern States think that we are a poor, ignorant race, and not able to grasp Freethought ideas, and to send us out a lecturer would only be casting pearls before the swine; but in this respect you might be mistaken. I hav read with considerable interest J. E. Remsburg's account of his tour in Texas, and am truly glad he is meeting with so much success, and hope his efforts there may encourage others to extend their usefulness into even all the Southern states. I am aware such a venture would require courage if not physical prowess, and may be this is why they do not come among us, simply because they are afraid of bodily harm. I do not assert or suppose this is the reason; but if it is I would suggest that the war is over—Lee surrendered twenty-one years ago; that the "bloody chasm" has been filled up and green grass is growing on the mound.

We are now one common people—at least in the Liberal ranks—and the enemy that stands in our way is "orthodox" superstition. Old Jewish mythology ought to occupy the same position in literature that Roman and Grecian mythology does. This is what we are fighting for and this is the keynote of our intellectual campaign. The war may last a century or more, but reason commands the fortress—in fact, the whole army—and she has lost the art of surrendering since the days of Martin Luther. On our banner is written in letters of gold "U. M. L.," and the greatest man in the nation is our general. I need not call his name. This is the army I belong to, in my own peculiar way, and the sectional words "North" and "South" are rubbed out.

In conclusion I would suggest the propriety at the next meeting of the "American Secular Union" of some one making a motion to send a Freethought missionary to the Southern states, and you can put me down as a subscriber to funds raised for that purpose. M. B. SHELTON.

FILLMORE, UTAH, June 9, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I had Mr. S. P. Putnam for six nights in our county, as follows: May 22d, at Scipio; 23d, at Fillmore; 24th, at Kanosh; 25th, at Peterboro; 26th, back to Fillmore; and on the 27th he finished at Scipio. My Scipio friends, P. C. Neilson and Samuel Rowley, took him from and to the terminus. Where he lectured but one night I had him deliver his lecture on "Universal Mental Liberty," and for the second night his "New Heaven and Earth." Both are superb and a complement of each other. We had good audiences all through. They listened attentivly, and seemed well satisfied with what they heard. Some expressed surprise at the novel way in which Mr. Putnam treated his subject, especially his "New Heaven and Earth," but they seemed well satisfied nevertheless. At Fillmore and Scipio, where he lectured twice, his audiences were larger the second than the first night, which is the best indication that his first was appreciated.

Mr. Putnam is eminently fitted for Utah and its people. He is fearless and frank with his audiences. There is a style about him and his delivery that sits well, and commends him to our Western friends, while a vein of humor runs through his whole discourse well calculated to keep the audience attentiv and interested. In short, he is just the man for this work, and I am sure he has accomplished a great deal of good. He is so easily entertained. He seems content with whatever he gets. He makes one think that he is royally entertained on the most common fare. Our friends expressed the greatest satisfaction to me afterwards. They were afraid they should not be able to do enough to make him comfortable; they were delighted at their success. At Scipio we stopped at the house of Mr. P. C. Neilson, as stanch a Freethinker as we possess; at Fillmore at my own house, except a dinner at Mr. Christensen's and supper at Mr. Kelly's; at Kanosh our friend Mr. Chas. Crane entertained us royally. He is the only real Liberal of that place, but he is a host himself. His wealth makes him independent, and he seems to rather enjoy telling the Christians what he thinks of them, and things in general. In short I should say he feels good when in hot water. He possesses a wife who is a jewel indeed, and their latch-string is always out. With a few such in each settlement we should soon be a power in the land.

At Peterboro we were entertained by my friend Peter Robinson, who is always on hand when there is anything going on. This place is small, and therefore we had but a small audience. My friend said that all who were in town were present except two, and business kept them away. The whole town is Liberal. I do not think there is a good Mormon in it.

On the whole, I consider Mr. Putnam's trip to our county a complete success. The bishop of our place offered us his meeting-house, which we accepted for the second night—though we hav a larger hall ourselvs, but wanted seats. We had no trouble whatever in getting houses in any of the settlements.

I went north with Mr. Putnam to attend the picnic and sociable at Lakeside, near Farmington, where I met for the first time Mr. Reynolds, of Wanship, chairman of the executiv committee of Utah, whose indefatigable zeal for our cause has done so much to make this campaign a success.

Friend Haight, at whose grove the entertainment was held, as well as his amiable wife, had their hands full, and nobly did they sustain their reputation. There were also present friends Edholm, of Morgan; Larson, of Deweyville; Jost and Wilson, of Ogden; Hales, of Bountiful; Mason and lady, of Salt Lake. Mrs. Mason is just one of those ladies who insure success to any entertainment, and if the whole committee will come as near doing their share for the success of the Convention to be held at Salt Lake City next winter, February 20th, 21st, and 22d, as she will on the committee on music, I predict for it a perfect success, and a new lease of life to the American Secular Union in Utah. I must not forget to mention visiting friend Jost at Ogden—a stanch, indefatigable worker for Freethought. He has nearly completed fitting up a nice Freethought reading-room 24x24 feet, containing some 150 volumes, besides a large amount of magazines and papers, etc., and he is sending for more all the time at his own expense and free of charge. He is a true Liberal. May many more follow in his footsteps.

GEO. C. VEILE.

LEXINGTON, KY., June 24, E. M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: I was very much interested, even if not instructed, by Mr. Mitchell's able sophistry in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May the 29th, and although I hav neither the time, space, nor desire to discuss the questions presented, yet I hav a few words to say in reply. Mr. Mitchell, as all readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER doubtless know, is not much in love with law, but is what one might term an Anarchist. I hav no fight with the Anarchist, the Socialist, or Communist, or anybody else, for that matter, but when one ignores facts that are demonstrated every day in order to giv prominence to theories supported by neither reason, common sense, nor experience, as is the case with the writer mentioned, a friendly criticism will not, I think, be out of place.

Passing over our philosopher's uncomplimentary reference to the South, in which he says the "bowie knife and the pistol were the arbitrators of all disputes between gentlemen of honor, where for ten generations strong men whipped the defenseless backs of women, and where the auction block was more popular than the school-house," we come to the alleged evils of the law. To believe him, one would think law and government the greatest curse mankind was ever afflicted with, and the two things above all others to be abolished. The worst crimes, in his estimation, we can be guilty of is to obey and acknowledge allegiance to this government, and the most depraved, abandoned wretches we hav to contend with are our legislators and those people who hav been so fortunate as to accumulate wealth. But, admitting Mr. Mitchell's statement to be true—and it would be something remarkable if it were—suppose we do the most desirable thing, in his estimation, and abolish law, what would be the result? What would follow? Can he tell us? "Oh, but people would liv and work for others, and crime, and intemperance, and poverty would be unknown, and the millennium will hav arrived," I think I hear him say.

No doubt it would be a "millennium" for the Anarchist, Socialist, and Communist, and other enemies of government, of which class of people Mr. Mitchell seems to be an able representativ. There would be no restrictions then. It would be one of their "inalienable rights" to do as they please. Could they not kill, murder, rob, and plunder without the fear of the penitentiary or the gibbet before their eyes? The recent riots at Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Louis would sink into insignificance beside what they would do if their "millennium" should arrive.

It will never do to abolish law. We need something to restrain our passions. Man has not reached a state of perfection yet, when he can dispense with all law and government. They are just as necessary to-day for his proper behavior as they were two thousand years ago, and will be for ages to come. As people still murder, rob, steal, and kill, and wrong and cheat each other, it is silly to talk about the coming of the alleged millennium while such a state of affairs exists. The Anarchist is not a practical everyday man. He is a man of the future, not of the present. He is also a slave to his imagination. He thinks all men are alike, which displays rather a limited knowledge of human nature on his part. Because he is capable of living an honest, virtuous, upright life without government restraints (but does he?) he supposes all other men can also, and he denounces every one opposing his theories.

As Mr. Mitchell has so kindly furnished information concerning the evils of money, for a few moments let us notice some of the benefits which are also to be derived from this medium of exchange.

Because men abuse the use of money, because it contributes to their depraved appetites, passions, and lusts, is this a sufficient reason why we should regard it as a stumbling-block to progress, and a thing, therefore, to be abolished? Many people abuse the use of food to such an extent as to require the attention of a physician, which, according to Mr. Mitchell's logic, is a sufficient reason why food should be regarded as a curse. If men make themselvs sick by excessiv eating, we should abolish food as useless in sustaining life, and dispense with all nourishment. Then, again, we frequently hav steamboat explosions and railroad wrecks, and on the same principle we might argue that as there are many lost thereby, steamboats and railroads should be abolished. Doubtless the reader will call this reasoning silly, as indeed it is; but it is not more so than the reasoning of our Anarchist writer, Mr. Mitchell.

No one will deny, I presume, not even our friend Mitchell himself, that money, as a medium of exchange, is very beneficial as well as a curse to the human race. In fact, its benefits are incalculable. We will enumerate some of them. It feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and contributes to the pleasure and happiness of all. It builds asylums for the insane, hospitals for the sick, and almshouses for the poor. It opens up and develops the resources of the country, enabling men to engage in industries and enterprises by which many poor people find employment and support for themselvs and families. It relieves suffering, want, and distress, comforts the aged, the sick, and the dying. It educates our children, cares for the orphans, the destitute, and the infirm. It is a sure specific for poverty, our chief inheritance, and the best possible friend to the poor shivering mother and her starving children. It is an enemy to disease, perpetuating, if not securing, health, the greatest blessing we can possibly obtain. It alleviates pain and wretchedness, providing food for the hungry, fuel for the cold, and employment for the idle. These are some of the benefits to be derived from the commodity called money, and yet money is a curse, and the "one devil to be destroyed!"

"Those whose spiritual vision has been open," says our old friend, "can clearly see the condition the people are in." Indeed! But how about secular vision? Wouldn't that do just as well? Is "spiritual vision" superior to secular vision, and can it penetrate where the latter cannot? As it requires "spiritual vision" to "see the condition the people are in," that divine thing must be a great blessing in these troubling times, of the utmost importance, I should say; but as secular vision is just as penetrating, and serves all practical purposes just as well, the new "vision" will not soon be adopted, I'm thinking. But perhaps, after all, it is, like the visions of the prophets of the alleged holy Bible, only a "visionly vision," anyway, and purely imaginary, as it were.

In conclusion, I desire to state that it was not my intention to write in opposition to Mr. Mitchell, or to accept his challenge for any one to prove money and law to be otherwise than an evil and a curse, for I keenly felt my inability to properly write an answer, being familiar with neither political economy nor the financial question. I preferred that some one else better qualified for the work should undertake the task, but, but as no writer seemed to care to measure swords with our Anarchistic philosopher, I respectfully submit the above remarks for his consideration. They are not an answer, nor are they intended to be, but the honest, sincere opinions of a sincere anti-Anarchist, anti-Socialist, and anti-Communist.

D. B. C.

Where Shall the State Convention Be Held?

302 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL., June 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is my opiuion that it will be better to hold the congress of the Secular Union in New York, and immediately after the New York Freethinkers' Convention. Many can attend them both if thus arranged, who could not if they shall be held at different places. In this union there will be strength. W. S. BELL.

WARRENSBURG, N. Y., June 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find $2 for "The Order of Creation," "Moses Before the Court," and "Adami and Heva;" the remainder to C. B. Reynolds to help on his campaign. I hope that he will pitch his Tent at Ballston Spa, and it is my desire that the New York Freethinkers' Convention be held at the White Sulphur Springs, near or at Saratoga Lake.

WILLIAM WILCOX.

WEST BRIGHTON, N. Y., June 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: One word in regard to the place of holding the next Freethinkers' Convention. I would like to suggest Sodus Point. I will state my reasons: The soldiers and all of the old vets will hold a reunion there next September. They hav a large gathering and some noted generals attend. They go in for enjoying themselvs generally. This convention would help fill up the bill. Now for the advantages: It is near Williamson, Wayne county, where there is about as large a Liberal element as almost anywhere. Dr. A. Amstin is a host of himself, as Reynolds can testify. Several railroads come together there. The place commands a fine view of old Lake Ontario. I wish the bold hero, Ingersoll, could be there and talk to the old comrades. I wish Mrs. A. H. Colby could be there to stir up their minds. She shook old theology all out of me, and I can be thankful enough for it. Best wishes for the old TRUTH SEEKER. It's the Bible for me.

Yours truly, SAMUEL E. SKINNER.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just seen Mr. Luther, proprietor of White Sulphur Springs Hotel, and he told me that if the Convention was held at his place he could furnish us forty nice tents, or more, free of cost to anyone who may desire them, and if Colonel Ingersoll comes he will giv him the best room in the house free of cost, and board the rest at $1 per day. There is any quantity of boats, all free; and a large piazza all around the house that will seat 1,500 people, giving a splendid view of the lake. It is nine miles to Saratoga, and not twelve, as stated in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and which makes a splendid ride for 25 cents. A great many people would attend from Saratoga and Ballston Spa, and the best mineral springs in the world can be found in both places. We hav the best iron springs in the world here in Ballston Spa, and lots of other mineral springs. So, take it all in all, it would be the most delightful time ever had at any Convention. Brother J. V. Arnold told me that he would do all in his power to help it along. He will invest $50 in it, and other Liberals in Saratoga and Ballston Spa will do the same. I hav been to see all the Liberals I could. All say they would like the Convention to be held as a sort of camp-meeting and picnic holiday, as it would bring people together who would not otherwise ever know what our Infidel camp-meeting is. In short, it would be the grandest time the Liberals ever had, and the cost will be very small. I will gladly answer any or all questions in regard to grounds and other matters. WILLIAM THORPE.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

Two More Prizes.

A few weeks since an unknown friend sent us five dollars for the Children's Corner, which we offered in two parts as prizes for stories, open to competitors from May 1st until August 1st. We hav lately received through the same channel another five dollars for the Children's Corner. We offer the same in two prizes, as follows: For the best original essay on Freethought, or, Why is Freethought Superior to Christianity? three dollars.

For the best puzzle (not pictorial) illustrating some Liberal principle, or conveying in its answer some maxim, motto, or witticism of Freethought, two dollars. These prizes are open to all, but we shall prefer to make selection for prizes from efforts of those competitors who are under twenty, if such shall possess sufficient merit. Time, three months from July 1st. Puzzles and essays to be sent to the address of the editor of Children's Corner.

Next week we shall print the story which wins the largest prize offered by D. B. Cozine, Lexington, Ky., and the following week the story which takes the second prize offered by that gentleman. We take this opportunity to kindly thank all our generous-hearted friends who hav materially aided the Children's Corner, and also those who hav no less assisted us by contributed articles, suggestions, and many kind, encouraging words. It is such appreciation that enables us to persevere in our labor of love, and we hav, already, the sweet satisfaction of knowing that many children are, by means of our little Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER, growing up, free from superstition, into the grace and glory imparted by true Liberal principles, and unsullied Freethought. ED. C. C.

The Buried Statue.

Deep in the earth long years it lay:
Its marble eyes were sealed to day;
Its marble ears were deaf and dull,
Yet it was wondrous beautiful.

A vinyard grew above its head;
The grapes they knew, and whispered
Each unto each, as evening fell,
"Brothers, keep counsel, nothing tell!"

There was no record left, nor trace
Of sculptor, or of hiding-place;
The hand that shaped it lay in dust,
His cunning chisel turned to rust.

The hands that dug the grave so deep,
And laid the statue to its sleep,
While hearts beat quick with haste and fear,
And ears were strained a step to hear;

The foe who threatened them that day—
All, all were dead and passed away.
The world had turned and turned it o'er;
Nothing was as it was before.

Still through all change of war or peace,
New men, new laws, new dynasties,
The buried statue kept its place
With the same smile upon its face.

The years to centuries gave birth;
Heavier and heavier pressed the earth;
Autumn and spring enriched the vine
Whose purple grapes were crushed for wine.

And then, in search of gain or spoil,
Men came to dig the aged soil,
And after half a thousand years
In silence spent the statue hears!

How did it feel when, fine and thin,
The first long ray of light broke in
And gilt the gloom with glory new,
And let the imprisoned beauty through?

Say, did it tremble as a heart
Long pent in darkness and apart
Trembles, with fear and rapture stirred
At love's low signal, long unheard?

Or did it blench as, sharp and clear,
The urgent spade-strokes drew more near,
Blindly directed, fraught with harm
To marble breast and marble arm?

No answer, save the subtle smile
Baffling and tempting in its guile,
Which seems all wordlessly to say,
"Darkness was safe, but fairer, day."

—*Selected.*

A Musical Hen.

J. G. McDonald, of Portage, Wis., owns a musical hen. The hen delights to steal away to the house of a music teacher adjoining Mr. McDonald's residence, and at odd times, while the music is going on, has succeeded in laying an egg under the sofa or some other equally unusual place.

The other day the music teacher heard notes sounding from the piano, and going into the music room, perceived this curious inhabitant of the henhouse walking up and down the ivory keyboard, tumbling out thirds, fifths, and eighths to her henship's great delight.

As the tinkling melody leaped forth the hen curved and arched her neck from side to side in apparent delight, and clucked in a musical way.

A Stranger Visit.

That is what Dotty calls it to this day.

You see, she was out driving with mamma and a sudden shower came up; and because there wasn't time to get home, mamma called at the first house.

It wasn't a very large house, and it was painted red, all but the end toward the road. That was painted white. Dotty found time to wonder about it a good deal while old Charley was jogging up the lane.

"I s'pose maybe there wasn't any more red at the store," said she. "'Relse they thought folks would only look at the face end. What do you s'pose, mamma?"

But mamma didn't s'pose anything about it. She hurried old Charley along as fast as she could, but the first big drops had begun to fall before they were all safe under cover. Then a minute more it was raining rivers.

There were no little girls or boys lived in the red house, and Dotty felt this to be a trial. But there was a man, and a woman with funny glasses on, and a grown-up girl, and a grandma who told stories, and before long Dotty felt very well acquainted indeed.

The shower lasted a long while—until after supper. Dotty was glad of this. There was a pumpkin-pie on the table, and Dotty liked pumpkin-pie, the way mamma made it, but this wasn't made quite as mamma makes pies. It was sweetened with molasses instead of sugar, and spiced with ginger instead of lemon. Dotty's second mouthful wasn't so big as the first. The grown-up girl smiled.

"Isn't your pie good?" she asked.

Dotty blushed. She was a very truthful little girl, but she wanted to be polite. She looked at mamma, but mamma wasn't paying any attention. She looked at the grown-up girl.

"It's—it's *almost* good," said she.

Then how they all laughed—everybody but mamma, who felt for a minute as if she would like to shake Dotty. And the grown-up girl put down a little plate of nice white honey in place of the pie.

"See if that isn't quite good," said she.

"And it was!" said Dotty, telling the story to grandma. "Just the goodest I ever tasted of. They're real nice folks, grandma, and they liv in a red house with a white face, like our cow, and I'm going again, 'cause they asked me to. That was a good stranger visit, gramma."

"Almost good," laughed mamma.—*Youth's Companion.*

Stating a Problem with Exactness.

"Bessie, if there were three apples on the plate, and you took one, how many would be left?"

"If Fred was here, mamma?"

"That wouldn't matter."

"Yes it would, mamma."

"Well, with Fred here, then?"

"Mamma, there wouldn't be any apples left."

"Why not, Bessie?"

"'Cause Fred would take the other two."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Thistle and the Cornstalk.

A Canada Thistle which had taken root in a Farmer's garden one day saw a blade of Corn peeping out of the Ground, and in tones of Ridicule called out:

"What a Little one for a cent! It's a wonder you hav the Cheek to force Yourself into my Company."

The Blade continued to grow day by day, and it was of such bright color and looked so Thrifty that the Thistle finally called to the Farmer and said,

"Really, but I can't put up with such impudence, and I hope you will Remove that Cornstalk at once!"

"And who are you?" queried the Farmer, having for the first time noticed the Thistle.

"Me? Why, I'm the Biggest and Handsomest Canada Thistle in the Business. My Genealogy carries me back to King——"

"Umph!" interrupted the Farmer. "One grain of Corn is of more value than a Hundred Thistles. Come out of that by the Roots."

MORAL:

The Thief who abuses the Law always givs Himself Away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—QUESTIONS.

What number should never be mentioned in company, and why?

What man had neither father nor mother at his birth?

He walked upon earth, he talked upon earth;
He reproved blind man of sin;
Was never in heaven and never in hell,
And will never be therein.

ELIZABETH PRIMROSE.

2.—CHARADE.

A pair of twins, their *mother between*,
Exactly alike in feature and mien.
Not little Tom Thumbs, as you might suppose;
Though one may be *Tommy*, they're both of them *Toes*.
To name *a fruit* the three combine,
The common fruit of a common vine;
An apple indeed that is very well known,
Not the "apple of discord," by Eris thrown;
For the golden fruit of Hesperides,
That was stolen of old by Hercules;
Nor that which stuck in Adam's* throat,
(I'll write the moral below in a note);
Nor Sodom's apple, tempting fair,
That, bursting, turns to dust in air;
Not any apple of any tree;
Nor yet a mythical fruit we see;
But the real fruit of a common vine,
"The apple of love," our three define.
But I cannot let the occasion pass
Without a little more "apple sass"—
Though there be apples and apples untold,
The best are *Miss Wixon's* "*Apples of Gold.*"

J. K. P. BAKER.

*Adam's apple—see Webster. Moral: Chew your food before you swallow it.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE OFFERED BY HOMER A. BILLINGS IN OUR PUZZLE BOX, MAY 22, 1886.

A Liar's the scoundrel who tells you a lie;
A Berry's a fruit very small;
A Tyrant's a despot, controled by no tie,
But LI-Ber-Ty,—'s better than all.
One half of a Liar amounts to L I.
Six-tenths of a Berry to BER.
One-third of a Tyrant amounts to T.Y—
S. here we hav
LI.BER.TY—Sir.

Fabius, N. Y. HOMER A. BILLINGS.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, JUNE 19, 1886.

One is in a pet, the other on a pet.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JUNE 26, 1886.

1.-9½. 2.-Portugal (por 2 gal), Hayti (H 80), Tyrol, Italy (tire a little e), Cuba, Poland, United States (united s t eights), China, India, Germany (in d a German e), Japan, Tripoli (triple e). 3.-Kite, hornbill, crossbill, spoonbill, crane, linnet, flamingo, lark, dodo, bittern, tern, teal, sparrow, nutcracker, cockatoo, nightingale, kingfisher.

Correspondence.

HIGHTOWER, GA., June 25, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Noticing your Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER I thought you would like to hear from north Georgia. Though I am no scholar at all, and see no chance of ever being one, on account of poverty, nevertheless I love good reason, let it come from what quarter it may. I am thirteen years old. Father reads all the Liberal papers he can get. We hav a friend at Madison, Ga., Mr. A. A. Bell, who sends us papers occasionally. Pa shows them around and makes people frown; he does not care; he is kind, and the first thing they know they are talking to him again. Ma is a Christian, but since she has read Liberal literature she never tries to scare us with an angry God or devil. They say I am hard-headed like Collins's ram, but I reckon I fill some space, and, of course, must defend that space. Pa says if I don't nobody else will. Pa is the only Infidel in this county. He has a lonesome time by himself. I hope some of the cousins will send me some of their old evangelizing papers as I am not able to buy them myself.

Your well wisher, NELLIE A. GUTHRIE.

P.S.—You must excuse me; I do not know anything about grammar. N. A. G.

[Nellie has good, sensible ideas, and she must improve every opportunity to inform her mind. Our Liberal papers are great teachers, and if debarred the pleasure and benefit of school one can still make great progress by reading the best thoughts of Liberal and scientific writers.—ED. C. C.]

BAXTER SPRINGS, KAN., June 23, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a little girl ten years old. I liv in Michigan, but am visiting my grandpa, H. A. Crum, at Kansas, who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and says it is the best paper printed. I like the Children's Corner. I would like to see more correspondence. I would like some little girls to write me. We hav a graded school here. My oldest sister graduated here this spring. She had thirty bouquets. The City Hall was decorated nicely with flowers, and was crowded with people. It was worth coming one thousand miles to see. My sister read the salutatory exercise. I wish I had her pictnre after she took her seat with all her bouquets. She gave me the "Story Hour." I think it is splendid, all but "Poor Little Susie." We all sympathize with you in your loss. No more this time.

BERTHA M. FERRIS.

[We thank little Bertha and her friends for their sympathy. Because we loved little Susie we love all children and aim to do them good.—ED. C. C.]

HARWICH, MASS., June 25, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Seeing you put litttle girls' and boys' letters in the Children's Corner, I thought perhaps you would mine, so I try to write something that will do to put in print.

I read the Children's Corner every week, and sometimes learn the verses to recite in school.

I read the stories from the "Story Hour," and sometimes get grandpa to read to me. I go to the Internediate School, and am the youngest one of my classes.

I was eight years old the 12th of last November, and my birthday is the same as my grandpa's.

I hope to see you some day.

EMILY F. ROBBINS.

[Emily writes well for a child so young. Yes, we hope sometime to meet, not only Emily, but many other young friends, all of whom we cherish tenderly.—ED. C. C.]

B. F. R. writes: "My girls hav gone down to the camp ground, and I am alone with the little chicken, which the old mother hen, for some reason, has disowned and discarded, and which takes to the inmates of the house as trustingly as though we knew just how to cluck for it. Every day I take it out to scratch and dig for worms with my help, and it seems to know all about it, without any instruction. To see how knowing it is in its line—the tiny little thing—it makes me think that if human beings are immortal why shouldn't chickens be? And to follow up the analogy, if chickens be, why not the sponge? I'll stop just here—it is too much for me. I can't reason it out—the evidences for and against are about an even thing. If phenomena can settle it there may be a solution, but it would cost a small or big fortune to follow up investigations."

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To wander rayless, darkling, like lost stars
Amid this world of fool-ruled, fear-forced slaves?
Nay, rather hav thy truth-bright rays, afar
Scattering spark-like from thy fall, ignit
Ten thousand flameless torches. These, flameless now
No more, but lurid, flashing, floating out,
Shall with a sudden force dispread their heat,
Kindling myriad watch-fires blazing high,
All to illume this death-dark orb of fear,
That needs but cloud-dispelling light and fire
To make it warm as heaven.

Great husbandman and host
Of universal truth! We who are heirs
Of those vast barns, high ricks, wide cribs, deep bins,
That held preserved from waste thy garnered store
Drawn from the world-wide acres of thy tilth,
Shall find in them our wealth to purchase way
To truth of trial and problems world-core deep;
From such sound grain the crushing mills of thought,
And oven heat of human passion-force,
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Feeding the coming man. J. WM. LLOYD.

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Captain Ortis (the tale I tell
Petit told in his chronicle)
Gained from Alva, for service and duty
At Antwerp's capture, the strangest booty.

Then each captain chose, as I hear,
That for guerdon he held most dear,
Craved what in chief he set heart of his on;
Out strode Ortis and claimed the prison!

Such a tumult! for, be assured,
Greatly the judges and priests demurred;
No more criminals alone in that Stygian
Darkness died, but the foes of religion.

There lay heretics by the score,
Anabaptists, and many more
Hard to catch; but, let loose when caught, your
Timid squirrels forego the torture.

Never! Suddenly sank the noise,
Alva spoke in his steely voice:
"He's my soldier, *sans* flaw or blemish;
Let him burn as he likes these Flemish."

"Sire, as you please," the governor said,
"Only King Philip's edict read——"
Alva spoke: "What is king or Cortes?"
"Open the portals!" cried Captain Ortis.

"Loose the prisoners, set them free;
Only—each pays a ransom fee!"
Out, to be sure, poured the gold in buckets,
Piles on piles of broad Flanders ducats.

Ay, and there followed not gold alone;
Men and women and children, thrown
In chains to perish, came out forgiven—
Saw light, friends' faces, and thought it heaven.

Out they staggered, so halt and blind
From rack and darkness, they scarce could find
The blessed gate where daughter and mother,
Father and brother, all found each other.

"Freedom! Our darlings! Let God be praised!"
So cried all; then said one, amazed:
"Who is he, under heaven, that gave us
Thought and pity—who cared to save us?"

"Captain Ortis," the answer ran,
"The Spanish lancer; here's the man.
Ay, but don't kill him with too much caressing;
Death's sour salad with sweetest dressing."

Danger indeed; for never hath been
In brave old Antwerp such a scene—
Boldest patriot, fairest woman,
Blessing him, knelt to the Spanish foeman.

Ortis looted his prize of gold,
And yet, I think, if the truth be told,
He found, when the ducats were gone with the pleasure,
That heretic blessing a lasting treasure.

Yet my captain, to certain eyes,
Seems war-hardened and worldly wise.
"'Twere for a hero," you say, "more handsome
To giv the freedom nor take the ransom."

True; but think of this hero's lot;
No Quixote he, nor Sir Launcelot,
But a needy soldier, half-starved, remember,
With cold and hunger that northern December;

Just such a one as Parma meant
When he wrote to Philip, in discontent:
"Antwerp must yield to our men ere much longer
Unless you leave us to die of hunger.

"Wages, clothing, they do without—
Wine, fire even; they'll learn, no doubt,
To liv without meat for their mouths; they're zealous—
Only they die first as yet, poor fellows."

Yes, and I praise him, for my part,
This man, war-beaten and tough of heart,
Who, scheming a booty, no doubt, yet planned it
More like a saint, as I think, than a bandit.

What, my friend, he's too coarse for you?
Will naught less than a Galahad do?
Well, far nobler, no doubt, your sort is,
But I—I declare for Captain Ortis!

—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Fashionable Preachers.

From John Swinton's Paper.

The New York *Tribune* publishes a report of the way in which about one hundred of the fashionable preachers of this city are enjoying themselvs while their churches are closed for the season. The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst spends his summer on the coast of Norway; the Rev. Dr. Crosby in the Catskill Mountains; the Rev. Dr. Robinson in the Adirondacks; the Rev. Dr. Wilson on the Pacific coast; the Rev. Dr. Ormiston by the seaside at Long Branch; the Rev. E. M. Deems in the Berkshire Hills; the Rev. James Chambers in the Chenango Valley; the Rev. Dr. Eaton up in the hills; the Rev. Mr. Rainsford in the Rocky Mountains; the Rev. Dr. Virgin on his farm; the Rev. Dr. Taylor in the Highlands of Scotland; the Rev. Drs. Hodge and Van Dyke in Europe; also the Rev. Drs. Worrall and Tiffany; and also the Rev. Messrs. Collyer, Lloyd, Beecher, and others. So it goes all along through the long list.

These fashionable clergymen are recruiting after the overpowering labors of the past winter and spring. The strain upon them has been greater, as you can tell by their looks, than that of the shoemakers of the city or the tailors, or the car-drivers, or the carpenters, or the printers, or the blacksmiths, or the bricklayers, or the hatters, or the cotton-mill hands, or the needle women, or the factory children—who hav no need of wasting their time from June till September in dallying among the hills or by the seaside, or strolling over Europe. It is a tough job to preach a fashionable peach-blow sermon every Sunday, worse than hod-carrying for six days of the week. As for their pay, why it can't compare with that of coal miners, for example.

If these hundred fashionable preachers of the city would pass a few of the dog-days in the tenement-house districts, spending part of their money to help those from whose industry it came—but did you ever hear of such a notion?

Book Notices.

THE MUSEUMS IN THE PARK. Why They Should be Open on Sunday. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place. Price 5 cents.

This pamphlet contains the history of the movement in New York to hav the museums in the park open for the inspection of the public on Sundays. A petition was signed by *ten thousand* citizens of New York, and indorsed by the resolutions of several labor organizations.

Among the thousands of names signed to this petition were such as Hon. Roscoe Conkling, the chief justice and recorder of the Court of General Sessions, chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and many others of like rank.

Mr. Samuel P. Putnam wrote a letter to the trustees of the museum urging the privilege of presenting the petition in person in connection with an address. This was denied him; the address, however, is published and is very able. It first proves the public desire for Sunday opening by the signers of the petition, the resolutions passed by labor organizations, and the sermons preached on the subject by such men as Revs. Heber Newton, Robert Collyer, Theodore Williams, W. S. Rainsford, Felix Adler, and others.

He then argues the justice of the petition, the public good of Sunday openings, the benefit that will accrue to the museums, etc., etc. It also replies to the arguments used against Sunday openings. All in all, this pamphlet is a good document to put into the hands of any one who is liable to call for the privilege of the benefit of any of our public institutions on Sunday.

The same reasons that demand the opening of the New York Central Park Museums on Sunday demand that our State Library be kept open on the only day of the week when "the common people" hav time to use it.—*The New Thought.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Permit me to call the attention of our Liberal friends to the famous and wonderful novel, "What's to Be Done?" translated and published by Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston. The author of this novel is the celebrated Russian Materialist, literary critic, and economist, N. G. Tchernychewsky. It is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Russian literature. "What's to Be Done?" as Mr. Tucker truthfully observes, has been an ever-flowing fount of inspiration to the youth of Russia of both sexes for more than twenty years, and mainly to its influence is their present progressiv spirit to be attributed. It is a book for Liberals, Freethinkers, and truth seekers. It preaches the gospel of individual liberty, moral culture, and intellectual development.

Development! Development! Observe, "think, and read those who tell you of the pure enjoyments of life, of the possible goodness and happiness of man. Read them—their books delight the heart; observe life—it is interesting; think—it is a pleasant occupation. Desire to be happy: this desire, this desire alone, is indispensable. With this end in view, you will work with pleasure for your development, for there lies happiness."

For no other crime than preaching this gospel of Freethought and development, which, in the judgment of the Russian rulers, aims at the overthrow of society, religion, and morality, Tchernychewsky was imprisoned, exiled, and buried alive in the wilderness of Siberia.

It is hardly necessary for me to praise Mr. Tucker's translation, as his rare talent and exceptional abilities are well known. Some contemptible fool has given a false, misleading, and absurd outline of Tchernychewsky's book in the New York *World*. As a Russian, I ask you, Mr. Editor, to do justice to the author of "What's to Be Done?" by publishing this. VICTOR YARROS.

Birmingham, Conn.

ALL IN A LIFETIME.

It has not been my pleasure to read this charming book written by Miss S. H. Wixon until quite recently, and I must say that I was greatly delighted with it. Miss Wixon displays a clear insight into human nature, and consequently givs us both the light and the shade, the good and bad, as we meet it in every-day life. In a word, she hold the mirror up to nature, and givs us genuin portraits of living characters.

There is no nonsense or goody-goody business in the book. The writer is a broad-minded, large and tender-hearted woman, inspired by knowledge and humanity. Her Liberalism is not ostentatious, and yet the soil of her writing grows nothing so well as liberty, truth, justice, and the natural virtues. The writer of "All in a Lifetime" knows nothing of any other "lifetime," and consequently believes in "one world at a time."

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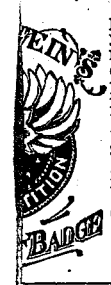
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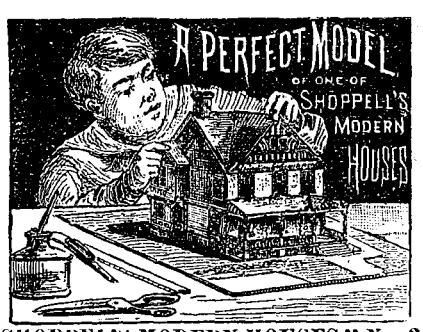
OTTO WETTSTEIN
Rochelle, Ill.

. FELLOWS



is a regularly educated and legally qualified physician, and the most successful, as his practice will prove. He has for twenty years treated exclusivly all diseases of the Sexual Organs, in the cures of which he stands preeminent SPERMATORRHŒA and IMPOTENCY as the result of self-abuse in youth and sexual excesses in maturer years, causing night emissions by dreams, loss of sexual power, rendering marriage improper and unhappy, etc., are cured permanently by an outside application in sixty days. NO STOMACH MEDICIN USED. It is one of Dr. Fellows' valuable discoveries, which is entirely unknown to the medical profession. It is not a catch-penny get up, such as a pad, belt, pastille, nor magnetic appliance, but simply a medicin to be applied externally on the parts affected, which cures by absorption. Send five 2-cent stamps for his "Private Counselor," giving full information. Address Dr. R. P. Fellows, Vineland, N. J., and say where you saw this advertisment.

N. B.—Dr. Fellows begs leave to say that he is an Infidel of the most pronounced character. Bro. Liberals, your patronage is solicited.



"SHOPPEL'S MODERN HOUSES" No. 3.

(*Just Published, July* 1, 1886) CONTAINS:

A colored frontispiece showing the modern style of painting.

A cardboard supplement, ingeniously drawn and colored, to supply all the neccessary pieces for constructing a model house, with plain directions for putting them together.

While the supplement affords both old and young the greatest amusement, it is more than a toy. It is, in fact, a most practical lesson in Architecture; a perfect, scaled model of one of our most popular designs, so exact that it is useful to builders.

55 New Designs for Residences (cost varying from $500 to $15,000).
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WANTED—Lady agents actually clear $20 daily with my wonderful entirely new patent rubber undergarments for females. A minister's wife sold 13 first hour. MADAM H. N. LITTLE,
6t27 Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

News of

A MASS meeting to inc
Ireland was held in Un
Robert Blissert was cha
pected that the meeting
spite of that drawback.

PROHIBITION went into effect in Rhode Island on the 1st of July.

BEECHER preached last Sunday in London. It is reported that his jokes took well.

THE sparring match between Sullivan and Mitchell was prevented by the police.

JOHN DALEY, a reformed papist, attempted to lecture in Wilkesbarre, Pa., last Sunday, but was mobbed and thrown into the river by Catholic roughs.

A PHILADELPHIA man named Graham has built a large barrel, in which he intends to ensconce himself and go through the Whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH has been returned to Parliament from Northampton by a large majority. It is noted that thus far he is the only candidate who has polled more votes than at the last election.

ELDER ELLIOTT, of the Christian church at Nevada, Mo., has been deposed by his church and renounced by his wife on account of his liaisons with a mulatto woman.

THE Boston yacht Puritan beat the Priscilla and Mayflower in the Eastern Yacht Club's regatta off Marblehead, Mass., last week.

JAMES A. STEELY, of Midway, N. Y., was shot dead, while attending divine service last Sunday, by Miss Emma Connelly. He had slandered the girl.

AN American fishing schooner from Portland, Me., put into Shelburne Harbor, N. S., last week for water and repairs, and was seized by a Canadian cruiser. The offense charged is taking in water before reporting to the custom house.

BOYCOTTERS are being convicted of conspiracy right and left. Our District Attorney Martine has even thought it best to postpone the trials of the indicted "boodle" aldermen in order to deal with this class of offenders. No indictment has as yet been brought against employers who hav conspired to deprive employees of work by lockouts and blacklisting.

THEER is a small war in Texas. The cowboys are driving their herds from the dry sections of the northwest part of the state into Jack's county, along the waters of the West Fork, cutting fences and trespassing upon farms. The farmers are arming to protect themselvs. Several collisions hav taken place, and a number of men are known to hav been killed.

A DYNAMITE factory at McCainsville, N. J., was the scene of an explosion on the 2d inst. which demolished the building and blew ten workmen into atoms. The amount of dynamite which exploded is estimated at 2,500 pounds. Nothing was left of the factory but slivers, and all that could be found of the ten men were shreds of flesh, which, when gathup in pails, scarcely filled four water buckets.

THE Fourth went off in this city with the usual amount of noise. It was celebrated on the 5th. The 4th came on Sunday, and that being a sacred day, superstition got the better of patriotism, and the celebration was deferred. The result was that there were two days of confusion and smoke, the small boys being unable to keep their enthusiasm bottled over Sunday. Comparativly few casualties are reported, and there was less drunkenness, it is said, than usual. Two hundred thousand people left New York without visibly decreasing its population. More than a million stayed in the city.

Odds and Ends.

IN a French railway carriage: "Madame, is smoking disagreeable to you?" "Yes, sir." (Lighting a cigar) "Ah, then I am sorry for you."

A BRIGHT little boy in Brooklyn, at the beginning of Lent, when asked by his Sunday-school teacher who had fasted forty days and forty nights, replied, "Dr. Tanner."

AN old miser, owning a farm in the north of Scotland, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisit labor. A half-starved man, hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning he invited his servant to breakfast. After finishing the morning meal, the old miser thought it would be a saving of time if they should place the dinner upon the table after the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched. "Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper? It will save time and trouble, you know." "Just as you like," said the eager eater; and at it they went. "Now we will go to work," said the delighted employer. "Thank you," said the laborer; "I never work after supper."

A PARTY of ladies were being shown through the Arkansaw penitentiary. One of the party, upon noticing a handsome young fellow, thus addressed him: "You are a very young man to be in such a place as this." "Yes'm." "What must your father think?" "Think that if I could get out I'd do it." "How long are you in for?" "Five years." "What was your crime?" "Selling Bibles." "What!" the lady exclaimed, in astonishment. "Yes, selling state?" "Why, is it a crime to sell Bibles in this Bibles." "It seemed to be, mum." "Oh, what a heathenish country. I am a correspondent for the *Apostle at Work*, and I shall write up your case. Now," taking out a note-book, "please giv me the particulars." "Well, while I was selling Bibles on the street a man came up and arrested me. I was taken before court and sentenced to the penitentiary." "You don't tell me so." "Yes'um." "And all this for selling the precious book. Where did you get the Bibles?" "Stole them." The note-book closed with a snap.

NOT EASILY DECEIVED.

Young physician (*to patient*): "Let me look at your tongue. Hm, troubled with dyspep——"

Patient: "Not a bit. I can eat sole-leather."

Y. P.: "Let me feel your pulse. Hm, wakefulness at night."

P.: "Sleep like a top."

Y. P.: "Let me see your tongue. Hm, dizziness and pains in——"

P.: "Nop."

Y. P.: "Let me feel your pulse. Hm, easily tired, with an indisposition to mental exertion of any——"

P.: "Nop."

Y. P.: "Let me see your tongue. Hm, headache and stiffness of the——"

P.: "Havn't had a headache in twenty-five years."

Y. P.: "Let me feel your pulse. Hm, you are using too much tobacco."

P.: "Never touch it in any shape."

Y. P.: "Let me see your pulse—er—I mean your tongue. Hm, too much confined to your desk. You need fresh air and——"

P.: "I'm a letter-carrier."

Y. P.: "Let me feel of your tongue—that is, I should say your pulse. Hm, you hav a tired feeling come over——"

P.: "Never."

Y. P.: "Let me see your—never mind your tongue—feverish at times, with a constant desire for water."

P.: "No, beer."

Y. P.: "Do you drink beer?"

P.: "Oh, yes."

Y. P.: "To excess?"

P.: "No."

Y. P.: "Tell me, how many glasses a day?"

P.: "Sometimes more and sometimes fewer."

Y. P.: "I thought so. We members of the medical profession are seldom deceived in our diagnosis of a case."

P.: "Am I in any danger, doctor?"

Y. P.: "No immediate danger; but its lucky you called me."

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

60pp. Price 10 cents; 12 copies, $1.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CANARD

A Fabricated Account of a Scene at the Death-bed of Thomas Paine.

BY W. H. BURR.

This pamphlet shows that the account of Paine's dying moments attributed to Bishop Fenwick (upon which the *Observer* relies to prove its principal charges) is a forgery, it being impossible that Fenwick could hav written the alleged account.

18pp. Price 5 cents; 25 for $1.00.

For these two pamphlets address

THE TRUTH SEEKER CO.,
33 Clinton Pl., New York.

of Thought.

f land tenure must be greatly ored lords, the descendants rons and dukes, should not e land and the tillers of the s ownership.—*D. M. Bennett.*

of the immense age of earth, and the enormous length of time (compared with our historical accounts) during which man has been an inhabitant of the globe, and with the knowledge that man's origin is, almost without doubt, to be derived from a lower order of the animal kingdom, and certainly from very primitiv and savage ancestors, the old account of the first pair, the fall, the curse of the race, the "scheme of salvation," as indicated in the prophesied "seed of the woman," that should "bruise the serpent's head"—all this, upon which is built up the lofty structure of "justification by faith" and "redemption through the blood of the Lamb," crumbles away, and the vast system falls to the ground.—*Stoddard's New Faith* (*No.* 119 *of Truth Seeker Tracts*).

WHO was Jesus Christ? A man or a myth? His history being a fable, is the hero a reality? Do you allege that it was impossible to forge books so large as the gospels? Then the answer is, that for many centuries Christians were skilled in the art of forging epistles, gospels, acts, decrees of councils, etc., etc. Will you urge that this only applies to the Romish church? Then you will admit that your stream runs from a polluted fountain. Who was Jesus Christ? Who was Saint Patrick? Who expelled the reptils from Ireland? Who was Finma-Coul? Who was Odin? Perhaps there was a man named Jesus, who really lived and performed some special actions attracting popular attention, and who became the center of a hundred myths, but beyond this, Jesus Christ is a fiction.—*Charles Bradlaugh.*

GENTLY and softly the mother bent
Over the baby in sleep's embrace,
Watching the rosy smiles indent
And dimple the little dreamer's face,
And the longed-for kiss she would not take,
Lest peradventure the child might wake.

Gently the mother watched and wept
Over the coffin where lay her child.
Only one thought in her bosom crept
As she bent to the lips in her anguish wild
Again and again the lost kiss to take—
Oh! if the baby would only wake!

—*R. K. Munkittrick.*

No man in these days stands alone, or towers in unapproachable superiority above his fellows. Nor can any man now play all the parts. A division of labor has taken place in all spheres. The time when the missionaries at once converted and civilized the forefathers of European Christendom, when Charlemagne or Alfred was the master spirit in everything, has passed away, and with it the day of hero-worship, of rational hero-worship, has departed, at least from the European nations. The more backward races may still need, and hav reason to venerate, a Peter the Great.—*Goldwin Smith.*

IF any man come unto me, etc.—*Luke* xiv, 26. Think not that I am come to send peace, etc.—*Matt.* x, 34-36. Everyone that hath forsaken houses, etc.—*Matt.* xix, 29. The teaching of Jesus is, in fact, save yourself by yourself. The teaching of humanity should be, to save yourself save your fellows. The human family is a vast chain; each man and woman a link.—*Bradlaugh's What did Jesus Teach?*

THE medieval maps placed Jerusalem in the center of the earth, ranged lands and tribes in a circle round it, walled them in with a forbidden sea, with heathen Gog and Magog on its desert rim, and a "Gate of Iron" to keep them off. What a "negation" of all this when Columbus opened America, when De Gama doubled the cape, when Marco Polo came back from far Cathay! But what "affirmations" swept them into the hope and faith of man! Such is the religious revolution of our day.—*Sam. Johnson, D.D.*

CHANCE.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen, or a thought unguessed,
And souls that were kindred may liv apart,
Never to meet or to know the truth,
Never to know how heart beat with heart
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt
When over his temples her tresses swept;
As she leaned to giv him the jasmin wreath,
She felt his breath and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath
And saddens her life now her love is dead.

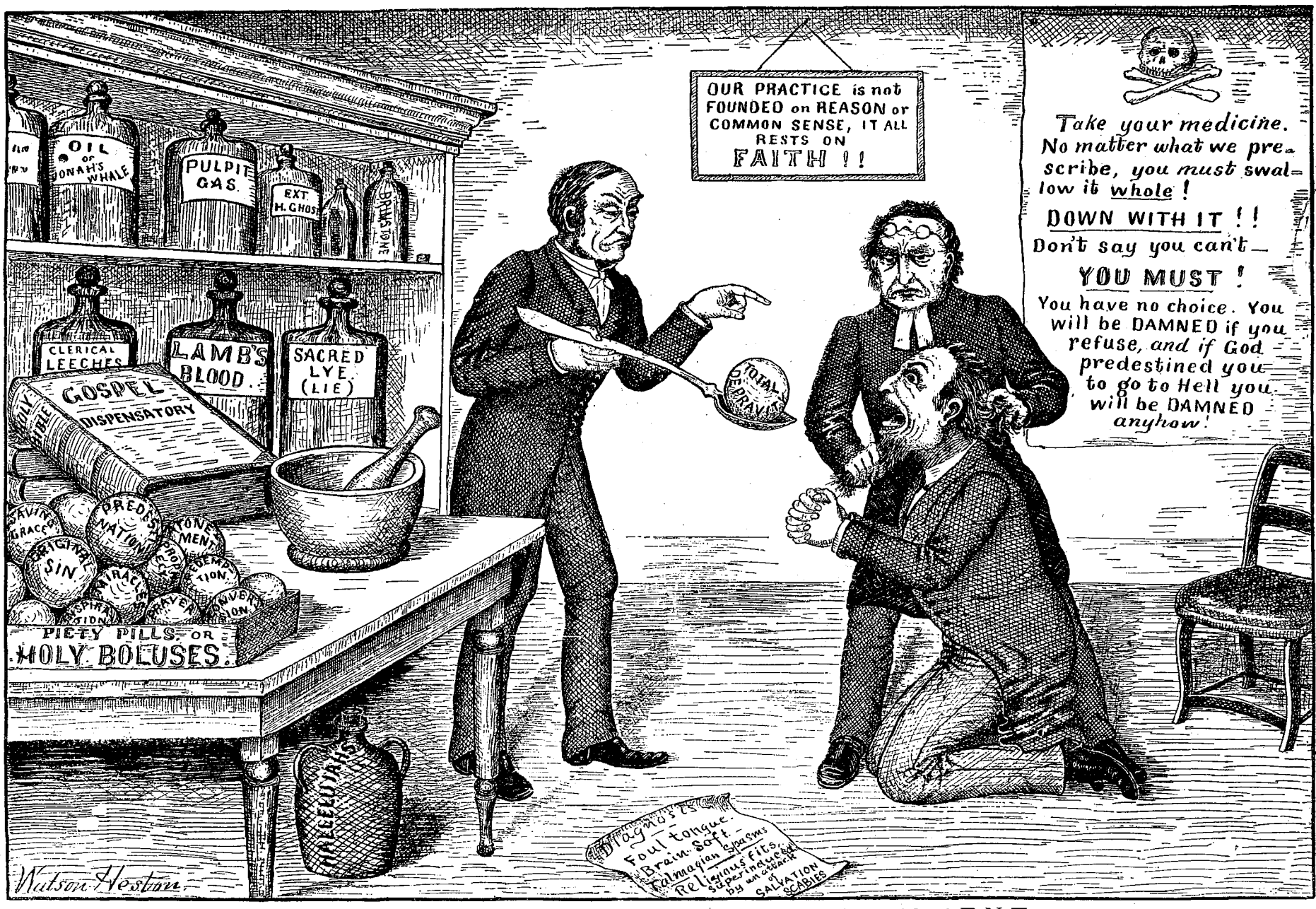
A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At woman and love in the open day,
And at nighttime kisses, with bitter tears,
A faded fragment of jasmin spray.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 13. No. 29. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. New York, Saturday, July 17, 1886. 33 CLINTON PLACE. $3.00 per year.



A MODEL FAITH-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

Notes and Clippings.

THE Aroostook *Herald* thinks it would be unpleasant for that county should the United States and Canada hav trouble, the only way out of Aroostook being over a railroad which passes through the queen's dominion, and is owned there.

THE census returns for Paris hav just been issued. The population numbers 2,254,306 souls, showing the small increase of 14,378 since the last census taken five years ago, in 1881. In ten out of the twenty arrondissements the population has diminished.

EVANGELIST MUNHALL is conducting a mild revival in Denver, not without criticism. He pitched into his critics the other night. "Some people would find fault with Jesus," said he, "and some with the Angel Gabriel. I am not a perfect man by any means." "I believe it," said an old man, emphatically.

IN London recently a distinguished Baptist minister, having occasion to supply a pulpit where the new version of the scriptures was the only Bible in the pulpit, in opening the book for his text, "Lord, what wilt thou hav me to do?" discovered too late that Paul's exclamation is not contained in the revised version.

THE New York *Herald* has started Colonel Gilder upon an expedition with the North Pole as an objectiv point. Mr. William Griffiths is the only white man who will accompany him. His intention is to go north with the sealers and whalers as far as they go, then enlist the nativs in the work, and prosecute his journey by their aid. It will be several years before he returns.

"YES," said a New Yorker, "I had a very pleasant time over in Boston. In fact I always do. It's a cultivated city." "Anything new being discussed there in social or literary circles?" "No; nothing new. They are still agitating the questions, 'Who is to write the American novel?' and 'Who is to whip Sullivan?'"

AN amusing story about Mr. H. C. Richards and Mr. Herbert Gladstone is going the rounds. "Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Richards, at the close of a recent speech, "we should never hav heard of Mr. Herbert Gladstone had it not been for his father." And it is actually said that Mr. Richards was unable for some moments to understand why the audience roared.—*Religious Paper.*

CARDINAL GIBBONS and the papal nuncio attended church at Deer Park, Md., where they are sojourning, and so many people crowded upon a porch near the church to see them that the supports gave way, and the people fell to the ground. A dozen persons were more or less bruised, but no lives were lost. This latter fact was referred to as providential, but the falling of the porch was not so considered.

DON'T argue, but avoid religious controversy. At the same time be *always* ready to converse directly about Jesus, and his love, and his salvation, and *what* he is to *your own soul.*—*The Watchman.* That is, be always ready to make a nuisance and bore of yourself by talking pietistic twaddle to your acquaintances, but when one of them asks you how you know all you say, just refuse to answer, and run away. Great advice! Yet it is the only safe counsel for Christians.

"THERE is nothing in the universe more *real* than Jesus Christ as he was when on earth, as he is now in heaven, as he will be when he comes to raise the dead and judge the world, and as he will continue to be forever. Of him it is said, in the epistle to the Hebrews, that he is 'the same yesterday, today, and forever.' He is not a fictitious character, merely an imaginary person, born of human fancy, but a real person, with a life history, a part of which was in this world, attached to him. The term 'Christianity' is borrowed from one of his official titles."—*Independent.* That is the kind of "truth" readers of religious papers get. It will trouble the editor to prove his assertions.

THE *Atlanta Constitution* reports a ministerial preventiv against cannibals. At a meeting of preachers in Chicago recently the Rev. Mr. Ayres read a long paper, in which he argued that the coming Christian would not use tobacco. He made many strong points, and impressed his audience. Unfortunately, he said in conclusion that even cannibals had sense enough not to eat tobacconized flesh. They never devoured smokers and chewers. When this climax was reached, a smile rippled over the upturned faces of the ministers. Finally one of the brethren took the matter up. He said that he had been in doubt until he heard the story about the cannibals. If it was a man's duty in time of peace to prepare for war, it was just as much his duty to guard himself against cannibals. The exigencies of missionary work or business might at any time require a man to visit Africa or Patagonia. He would run the risk of falling in with cannibals. If the tobacco habit would save him from being eaten, it might also save his life. Perhaps the savages would not think it worth while to kill a man who was worthless as an article of food. As a matter of precaution, therefore, he thought it would be wise to stick to tobacco.

OF the recent marriage of Madam Patti and Signor Nicolini Mrs. Besant has the cruelty to write: "The English are a queer people. They make a great parade of the sanctity of marriage, and rigidly shut their doors, as a rule, against a wife who has deserted her husband for another man. However merciful they may be to the male 'sinner,' they are iron to the female. But in Madam Patti's case all is different; three thousand children sing an ode at her wedding; a rector performs the marriage ceremony; the Prince of Wales, the queens of Belgium and Roumania send congratulations; Lord and Lady Rothschild present gifts; the mayor and corporation of Brecon offer an address; a deputation representing the inhabitants of Swansea lay a valuable service of old China at her feet. All this is very nice, but from the ordinary English point of view rather startling. Madam Patti left her husband for Signor Nicolini and was consequently divorced; after they had lived together for many years they married, for no very obvious reason. If they wanted to marry at all so late in the day, it would certainly hav been in better taste to hav married quietly, instead of making such a tremendous fuss. This is, however, a matter of taste and not of public interest. But it is of public interest to know that, for the future, no divorced wife will lose her position in society; for it cannot be supposed that society will be so base as to treat, say, Mrs. Crawford any worse than it has treated Madam Patti."

The Influence of Religion and Philosophy on Morals.

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

III.

Now, the difficulty with this whole economical system is that modern society knows that industry, *i. e.*, activ, hard-working selfishness, or creating and accumulating capital by labor, is the masculin and main virtue, while the duty of giving or disbursing this capital is the scondary or feminin virtue, wholly subordinate in its utility, and which cannot even be performed until the prior duty of selfishly and industrially accumulating something to giv has first been performed. A recent traveler through Judea wrote that in passing from the one end of that country to the other he saw only one man doing anything, and he was falling off a house. This lethargy is due more to Mohammedan fatalism than to the economical errors of Christianity, but in Italy and southern Europe the feeling that to liv by religious beggary is the highest form of worship has dedicated the best women and men of that country to celibacy, and left the continuation of the race to the robbers and lazzaroni, until the demoralization and ruin are as nearly complete as this idea could prevail to make them. Now our practical western mind defies and overrides this element in Christianity by sheer force of hypocrisy. It pretends to believe that benevolence is always demanded, but it knows better. It knows that every man's first duty is to himself, and it is well it does. It is saved from economical desolation by taking refuge in a system of economical hypocrisy. Another mode in which religion compels hypocrisy is by the inherent insatiableness of its demands. Like every other passion, it will not regulate its own demands, but must be moderated by other and antagonistic forces. If you bow the head, like a Unitarian, its natural tendency is to demand that you bend your back like an Episcopalian. The crooking of one joint in the neck is not sufficient in the presence of God. When you hav bent your back it says, Get down on your knees, like a Methodist. When you hav reached your knees it says, Kiss the ground, like a Catholic. When you hav kissed the ground it says, On your belly, you vile creature, like a Mohammedan or a Persian. And long before you hav reached your belly it has made attacks on its contents by prescribing fasting. And if you consent to fast it requires that you waste the body more vigorously by scourging; and when you hav scourged there are intimations in the New Testament that "there be some who hav made eunuchs of themselvs or taken out their right eyes for the kingdom of heaven's sake."

This is a broad topographical view of the insatiableness of religion. Take a nearer-home view. A young man of good moral character marries and devotes himself to building up a happy home, with the assurance that his young wife is as pious as a woman ought to be, and will make his children a good mother. Pretty soon, when he comes home, he misses her kiss and greeting at the door; walks out of one room into another until he finds her in the closet praying for his soul's conversion and weeping because he is on the road to hell. He doesn't take a great deal of stock in hell, but he wants things comfortable and the pressure of religious persecution in his bedroom removed. So he repents, unites with the church, and for the moment supposes that his home is happy. Pretty soon he misses the kiss and greeting at the door again, walks out of one room into another, and finds his beloved in the closet praying for religious services at every meal and family prayers once a day, for the sake of the Christian appearance and the example to others, as well as for their souls' welfare. He again gently removes the iron pressure of religious despotism from his bedroom, by installing himself as a very indifferent priest, converting his residence from a home into a church, and encumbering his nervous system with a continual round of irksome ceremonies, which make prayer as commonplace as his pantaloons, put on like them for decency and respectability, instead of being like the odor of flowers, the unconscious and rare breath of the uplifted soul. Pretty soon, however, the pious husband again misses the familiar kiss at the door, and again finds the weeping wife upon her knees. Religious persecution is again in his bedroom. This time it is that all his associates who are not church-members, all who drink beer or use profane language, or attend theaters, are to be cut off or shown the door, and that he himself is neither to attend the theater, nor to read the daily papers on Sunday. Meanwhile, by this time the home has become so stagnated that the task of conversation between the pious husband and his daily inquisitor has become nearly impossible, for want of any topics which it is not sinful to talk about. Meals are eaten in pious silence, and all the grace, abandon, and freedom of home has been scared to the demnition bow-wows for fear that imaginary thing, "sin in the abstract," should enter it. At length the domestic persecution begins again. The pious lady, who perhaps performs none of these religious labors herself, wants charitable missions looked after, poor people visited, sick people prayed with, weekly religious meetings attended. By this time the worn-out husband is a walking missionary society, his business and health half ruined, his home entirely ruined, though neither knows why. Suddenly he is startled to find that besides the "rein of grace" under which they hav been living, there is also a reign of nature. Nature reasserting itself in his religious wife, causes her to despise him, because she has so easily twisted him around her finger and converted him into a femininity. So long as her insatiate disposition for religious exaction could find faults in him to remove, it had a field of operations and was happy. When the faults were all removed, lo! he had ceased to be a man! There were not elements of masculinity sufficient in him to attract a woman. By the very act of assuming all these religious and feminin functions at her solicitation he had become so like herself that the opposing masculin qualities of intellect and will, rectitude, manliness, firmness, judgment, integrity, and the like, which, had he preserved them, would hav irritated and yet fed her hungering nature—all these are gone; and he is fortunate if he does not find her, if weakly, dying of sexual starvation, not of the body but of the mind, while if she be strong and vigorous in her sensual nature she will be looking around, notwithstanding her piety, for another partner whose intellectual masculinity is still in full vigor; meanwhile, at every stage in this progress of religious exaction, his real safety consists in an escape into hypocrisy, or back through a skeptical rebellion into intellectual freedom. If he becomes a hypocrit, it is just as satisfying to the spirit of religious insatiableness as if he were sincere, and it does not involve half the wear and tear of nerve. It is the inability of human nature to stand the galling exactions which the inherent insatiableness of religion compels it to make, which causes individuals, races, and nations inevitably to repudiate its authority. God's law, in its nature, must be something that man never has obeyed or can obey, for as soon as man adopts it by legislation or conduct, it becomes man's law, and a new law of God must be set up. Nations which accept and love religion as a persuasiv adviser fall into enervation and decay if they allow it to rule them on its own terms, and are compelled to seek at last salvation in revolt, which ends in restoring religion to its subordinate position.

I do not mean, by these illustrations of the evils indirectly resulting from the too great faith in the principle of forgivness, to imply that it has no place or utility in morals. It has its place, and an exceedingly delicate and useful one it is, in the human heart. It is the great antagonist of the principle of law everywhere, whose proper functions are feminin, to soften the asperities where the law is too severely masculin. All nature is equipoised through the conflict between just such antagonistic forces, whose attitude toward each other is one of general repulsion, subject to particular instances of exceptional attraction and unity. In every human state there is above the courts the pardoning power. No laws are inexorable. In criminal jurisprudence clemency forgivs the crime. In civil, equity relieves in exceptional cases from the law, until it becomes itself so rigid in its system as to lose its distinctiv merit, and then usually legislation relieves from equity. In commerce, bankruptcy forgivs the debt, and the statutes of limitations cry "Peace" to many claims which are still morally due. Yet the defeat of justice that is wrought by this very pardoning power, by chancery from Lord Bacon to Judge Barnard, by special legislation, by bankruptcy, and, in short, by all expedients for intercepting law in human affairs, instructivly shows how dangerous and unreasonable it must be to assume that the forgivness element, or law-defeating element, is the foremost one in the divine government of the moral universe.

Nevertheless, in the home, by the fireside, among friends, while cold respect springs from obedience to rules of right, love is more often born of the grace and kindness that overlook their breach. There is as profound and subtle a philosophy in the parable of the Prodigal Son, illustrating forgivness as the source of love, as there is in the return of Regulus to Carthage, or the sacrifice of his son by Brutus, illustrating the incorruptible integrity of law. To illustrate it more familiarly:

A father closing a door, accidentally catches therein and pinches the little child's fingers. He, in the spirit of law, which is masculin, says, "Aha, you careless urchin, that will teach you better than to get your fingers in the door again!" That is very true, but it snaps a chord of affection, and burns up the two ends of the severed string with the strong fire of hatred. The mother, representing forgivness, which is feminin, says: "Your papa is very sorry, my child. He did not know your finger was there. Let me kiss it and make it well." Here are two little falsehoods and one doubtful statement, but they leave in their wake love.

This mystical word, love, is one with which the chameleon could not compare in many-coloredness. The luster of pearls and diamonds strives in vain to symbolize it. Brilliancy of plumage, and the odors and corollas of flowers, those sexual amulets borrowed by womankind from a lower life, are a few of the scattered syllables through which nature speaks inaudibly the sublime omnipotence of love.

This divine word suggests the chief of all services which religion renders to the world—one which scientific and philosophic Infidelity cannot render—for they hav in them none of this illogical, irresistible, overcoming power, unless enthusiasm in the pursuit of scientific and philosophic truth may be said to be a kind of worship. Man has a religious nature, capable of developing into a passion for a certain mystical union of the human with the divine, of the natural with the supernatural. Upon this nature philosophy operates like celibacy, denying the gratification, but not suppressing the revolt of nature. Let not the language in which this religious love may be described be deemed irreverent if it borrows sensuous imagery from the next lower and stronger passion known to human nature. The mythologies, with their loves of the gods for the daughters of men, the sacred writings, prayers, and hymns of all ages blend the language of this religious fervor, worship, or ecstasy with amorous imagery. The young Catholic maiden's imagination leads her into the life of a recluse by the dazzling imagery which makes her, as a nun, the virgin spouse of God. In the Protestant imagination the church is the bride of Christ, and Solomon's amorous song, which may not be read in public, is interpreted to be the expression of the savior's love toward this bride. The light of this divine enthusiastic passion, the feeling of perfect sanctification and unrestrained communion with God, is the believer's ideal of heaven. Whether such a belief rests on truth or hallucination is wholly irrelevant to the question of its value as a moral force. It is the inner life of all sects; it has its exultations and ecstasies, and its seasons of coldness and hypocrisy. It satisfies a passionate power and an emotional want in the human mind in a degree that often, where it obtains the mastery, subdues and supersedes the other passions, controling lust, intemperance, gaming, avarice, ambition, by the double power of an absorbed preoccupation of the mind in the admiration of what it believes to be admirable in Deity, and by the impossibility of the human mind holding two master passions at once. It produces effect on the nervous system which makes some persons dance, or fall into cataleptic trances, as Mohammed and Swedenborg did, or as Paul at his conversion. It renders others exhilarated, happy, as if with wine, so that that Paul on one occasion could only refute the charge of drunkenness by reminding his hearers that it was only 9 o'clock in the morning—the fourth hour of the day—an argument that, in Chicago, would not hav been deemed conclusiv. You are all familiar with that standard picture of the cross of rock, to which the beautiful maiden clings with both arms, amidst the waves of the ocean, which threaten to engulf her at the next breath. In a strict maritim sense, a yawl-boat, with oars wielded by a couple of rough tars, and a good ship in the offing, would be worth a dozen of it so far as that girl's safety is concerned. But it would not be so expressiv of religious ecstasy. Precisely the same passionate clinging is expressed in the beautiful hymn:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Other refuge hav I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

An inseparable set-off to the good effects of this feeling of exaltation is the spirit of religious egotism, and the tendencies toward spiritual aristocracy, exclusivness, and phariseeism to which it givs rise. Each religious sect vaunts itself to be the chosen people of God. The theory of prayer necessarily implies logically a yielding of the divine will to the human, a direction of the infinit intelligence by the finite. Many Christians said to me during the recent war for the Union, and felt all they said, "It is not the armies or the government that will decide this contest; they are but the instruments; God will decide it, and we praying Christians alone move the arm of God."

An elderly Christian lady visiting in the house of one of my philosophic friends begged leave to introduce family worship, to which he consented, provided she would do the praying. When the "services" were ended she asked him if he did not feel that it was an inspiring act, and if they did not all feel happier for it. "Yes," said he, "I always feel a sense of human inflation in the presence of one who I know is able to guide the counsels of the Almighty in even the smallest particular, and still more in the company of one who can so easily and gracefully dispose as you hav done this morning of at least six political issues, and two great national wars. But as for my-

self, if I should assume to direct the divine government of the world by prayer in the smallest regard, I should tremble with terror lest my foolish counsels might hav some effect."

I now proceed to state the reasons why religion, however open to criticism its moral influence may be, in some points, is still and must continue to be the main moral force in the world, the function of science and philosophy continuing to be that of critics and fault-finders, necessary of course as critics, but not practically efficient as moral workers, while religion —the cowled monk, the hooded priest, the mitred bishop, the fat, sleek, chess-playing curate, the shoulder-hitting Spurgeon and Moody, with their praying bands, and above all the superstitious and bigoted, but faithful, praying women, will, of necessity, do the great part of the world's moral work, *i e.*, of the work of holding the world's conscience up to certain standards of right, and holding its conduct up to its conscience. Such a result might be assumed from the fact that philosophy, in its all-comprehending generalities, can only come to the conclusion that whatever is is right, and science utterly refuses to discuss or frame moral standards, and so ignores the questions of right and wrong altogether; in this dilemma comes religion, with the fine, egotistical frenzy that whatever is is wrong, that depravity pervades alike the pictures of Raphael, the form of woman, and the corallas of the lily, and that it is its mission to set all this right.

Religion is a necessary force in civilization, but it never includes all truth nor all duty. It needs the antagonism of a vigorous scientific and philosophic Infidelity, not only to prevent it from running civilization down into ecclesiastical bondage and barbarism, as illustrated by the great religious crimes, wars, and persecutions of which I hav said little to-night, because they hav all made their due impressions on your minds already, but religion needs to be antagonized by a powerful philosophic Infidelity in order to express, by the joint operation of the two opposing forces, the whole truth and the whole duty of man.

Let us first consider the necessity of religion as a social force, and then the like necessity of irreligion, with the advantages and disadvantages, the rewards and penalties, of each.

Religion is necessary as the cohesiv, binding force in society—irreligion as the emancipating, disintegrating force. The whole truth, including both, is symbolized by the granit rock which underlies all other strata, and from which all others are formed by the action of the elements. Granit has two ingredients, the feldspar or adhesiv element, which, decomposing, forms the slates, shales, and clay—one-half the basis of every fertil soil; the quartz, or disintegrating element, which, decomposing, is formed into the sandstones, and finally into sand, the other half of the basis of all fertil soils. Clay symbolizes adhesion, religion; the shifting sands symbolize liberty, Freethought, Infidelity. Either an excess of the adhesivness or an excess of liberty produces barrenness, in the physical soil as in the moral, while both in due combination result, at once, in the fertility of the valley that blooms with fragrance, and in the grandeur and durability of the icy peaks that lift up their heads among the stars, and control the courses of the winds and the rains in a manner as essential to fertility, though it seems so desolate, as the sod of the valley itself. Religion, I say, is the adhesiv power, the only one capable of insuring unity among men in the promotion of moral and spiritual ideas (which are the first steps toward intellectual and philosophical ideas). To this end religion unites minds into sects, between whose members unity is produced, while reason or philosophy never produces anything but discord. Religion says to the crowd, "Hear ye the Lord." Philosophy says, "Hear me." In the later stages of development, for a man to profess to teach another in the name of God excites the feeling that it is impudent. But in the infancy of the human mind, a man feels that any attempt by another to teach him anything, of his own superior wisdom, is impudent, while the pretense that it is in the name of God allays his vanity, subdues his pugnacity, and makes him ready to listen. Religion supplies motivs, to wit, the desire to feel assured and at rest concerning things we don't understand, concerning the mysterious forces of the universe, to appease the gods, to win their favor, to secure rewards, and avert punishments, which sway every mind except the philosophical. Its means also tend toward unity. It avoids inquiry and disputation, and all wrangling such as divides philosophical clubs. All its congregations meet together at the sound of the same bell, kneel together, view together the same ceremonies, blend their voices together in the same harmonies of song and praise, unite their hearts and lives in the same petitions, listen without expressed dissent, but in the same respectful silence, to the same doctrins, and thus unity is promoted by the same physical drill as in an army, accompanied by the same mental drill as in the school-room.

Auguste Comte's effort to introduce united worship into his philosophy as a means to secure mental unity was illogical, for in philosophy not unity, but diversity, is wanted. When unity walks in, philosophy must walk out. The more logically the church is based on supernatural assumptions alone, like the Catholic, the greater its capacity of accomplishing numerical unity, *i. e.*, of uniting vast masses into one sect, and thus the greater the force and power it can giv to what may happen to be its ideas, and this is the reason why supernatural assumptions are the only basis on which sects can be formed: a natural or scientific idea depending on material evidence is soon either demonstrated by further observation or refuted by experiment, and either its demonstration or its refutation ends all interest in it. Hence for organizing purposes scientific ideas, because demonstrable, are temporary, while supernatural ideas, because undemonstrable, are eternal or relativly so. Catholicism believes in an inspired church, one of whose works is an inspired book. Protestantism, less logically, holds that an invisible and uninspired church produced a visible and inspired book. Catholicism says of the scriptures, "We wrote them." Protestantism, "They wrote us." Protestantism says, "Hear what the men of old said when men were inspired." Catholicism says, "Except the church of to-day be also inspired, it cannot comprehend what these men of old taught. If it is inspired, then hear directly what the church says." Being thus completely furnished in its religious assumptions, its aggregation of numerical force and its power to promote a moral idea are proportionately great. Its kingdom numbers 140-000,000 of subjects, while the divided forces of Protestantism are only 120,000,000. At times it has placed its foot upon the neck of kings, but it was a golden day for Rome when it said to Henry the Eighth, "Your marriage is indissoluble—keep your wife. You are a king, but marriage must bind you as it does a peasant." Contrast this with the act of the foremost Protestant preacher in America in marrying the dying body of Richardson to a woman whose husband was still living, and toward whom her love, as attested by her letters, had recently been warm and tender, thus voluntarily enrolling her as the wife of two husbands, of whom the second had robbed the first of his wife, while the first had robbed the second of his life. The Protestant church has no attitude whatever concerning the perpetuity or Roman theory of marriage, and well perhaps it may not, since it cannot be made effectiv without sanctioning the power to restore the wife to the unwilling couch of a husband whom she hates, and this modern civilization declines to do. It is in accordance with the inferior spirit of our age, therefore, that the church lacks al ke the ecclesiastical power to depose a preacher that is eloquent or to censure a member that is rich. Of course, the liberty to serve God according to the dictates of our own conscience, uncurbed by the moral power of any organization, carries with it inseparably the liberty to serve ourselvs according to the dictates of our own lusts, and to stand by each other with our church organizations in this service. And this in turn resolves a church into an ecclesiastical pleasure club for sustaining oratory, and which feels no particular solicitude about saving anything from hell unless it may be the pew rents and the minister's salary. The reformers could not set the congregations free from pope and bishop in faith without also freeing them in morals. Freethought, if it is to hav a moral code, must base it on expediency and sense of interest alone. It is the consciousness of this fact that now constitutes the chief intrenchment of Protestantism against an utter abandonment of all authority.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Could Jesus Christ Write?—II.

But aside from the foregoing fabricated testimony to the fact of any writing by Jesus, the presumption is that he must hav been able to write. It will not, therefore, be amiss to adduce further apocryphal evidence, such as it is, that he was not illiterate.

In "Pseudo-Matthew" we read that the boy Jesus was sent to a schoolmaster in Galilee named Zaccheus; but the pupil was insolent and undertook to teach his teacher. Having no father after the flesh, he said he was above and before the law, and that he knew how long the schoolmaster's life on earth would be. The people who heard him say these things were astonished, but he said to them: "I will tell you greater things. I hav seen Abraham whom you call your father, and hav spoken with him." After this none of them dared to say anything more.

Again Jesus, at the instance of Zaccheus, was handed over to Master Levi to be taught. Levi asked him to repeat the first letter, Aleph, but the boy was silent. Then Levi struck him on the head with his birch. Jesus broke silence, and after rebuking his master, began to show him his own superior knowledge in this style: "Let the master of the law tell us what the first letter is, or why it has many triangles, gradate, subacute, mediate, obduced, produced, erect, prostrate, curvistrate." Levi was dumbfounded at such precocity, and, like Balaam, became at once a seer, crying out that Jesus must hav been born before the deluge, and he "ought to be hung on the great cross."

A third time Jesus was sent to school. The master, as before, struck him because he was insolent, and instantly fell down dead. Joseph was afraid the boy would get killed for some of these acts, but Mary assured him that God would preserve her child.

A fourth time he was sent to school. Compulsory education seemed to be the law of the elders. Jesus took the book out of the master's hand and read it. The master fell prostrate in humble adoration. Here ended the schooling of the son of God.

The "Gospel of Thomas" repeats three of the schoolmaster stories with some variations. Zaccheus called off to his pupil all the letters of the alphabet from Alpha to Omega. (So it seems that the Jewish schoolmasters in Galilee taught Greek to primary pupils.) Jesus looked up at Zaccheus and said: "Thou who art ignorant of the nature of the Alpha, how canst thou teach others the Beta? Thou hypocrit! First, if thou knowest, teach the A, and then we shall believe thee about the B." Then he began to question the teacher about the first letter, and he was not able to answer. And in the hearing of many the child said:

> Hear, O teacher, the order of the first letter, and notice how it has lines and a middle stroke crossing those which thou seest common; (lines) brought together; the highest part supporting them, and again bringing them under one head, with three points (of intersection); of the same kind; principal and subordinate; of equal length. Thou hast the lines of the A.

The first letter of the Phœnician alphabet seems best to answer to this description.

Zaccheus could do nothing with such a precocious pupil. "Take him away, brother Joseph," said he, "that child does not belong to earth; assuredly he was born before the creation of the world; he is either God or angel." Jesus laughed aloud and said, "Now let thy learning bring forth fruit and let the blind in heart see. I am here from above that I may curse them, and call them to the things that are above, as he that sent me on your account hath commanded me."

At the second schooling (the third according to Pseudo-Matthew) the teacher wrote out the Greek alphabet for him. Jesus returned a similar answer to that made to Zaccheus. The teacher struck him on the head for his insolence. The child cursed him and immediately the teacher fell into a swoon. That ended the second schooling.

Again, another master with full knowledge of the result in the last case persuaded Joseph to send the boy to his school. The child came in boldly but pleasantly, and taking up a book "he did not read the letters that were in it, but opening his mouth he spoke by the holy spirit and taught the law to those that were standing round." The pedagog said it was no use trying to teach such a prodigy, and for that flattering acknowledgment Jesus kindly cured the other master who was suffering the penalty of his rude treatment of the divine pupil. Pseudo-Matthew tells us that the teacher "fell down dead." Thomas says it was only "a swoon."

The "Arabic Gospel of the Infancy" describes the attendance of Jesus at the feast in Jerusalem when he was twelve years old, where the boy confounded the doctors in this wise:

> He put various questions upon the sciences, and gave answers in his turn. For he said to them: "Whose son is the Messiah?" They answered him, "The son of David." "Wherefore, then," said he, "does he in the spirit call him his lord, when he says, 'The Lord said to my Lord, sit at my right hand that I may put thine enemies under thy footsteps?'" Again, the chief of the teachers said to him: "Hast thou read the books?" "Both the books," said the Lord Jesus, "and the things contained in the books." And he explained the books and the law, and the precepts, and the statutes, and the mysteries which are contained in the books of the prophets—things which the understanding of no creature attains to.
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> And a philosopher who was there present, a skilful astronomer, asked the Lord Jesus whether he had studied astronomy, and the Lord Jesus answered him, and explained the numbers of the spheres and of the heavenly bodies, their natures and operations, their opposition, their aspect, triangular, square, and sextil, their course, direct and retrograde, the twenty-fourths, the sixtieths of twenty-fourths, and other things beyond the reach of human reason.
>
> There was also among those philosophers one very skilled in treating of natural science, and he asked the Lord Jesus whether he had studied medicin, and he, in reply, explained to him physics and metaphysics, hyperphysics, the powers likewise and humors of the body, and the effects of the same; also the number of members and bones, of veins, arteries, and nerves, also the effect of heat and dryness, of cold and moisture, and what these giv rise to; what was the operation of the soul upon the body, and its perceptions and powers; what was the operation of the faculty of speech, of anger, of desire; lastly, their conjunction and disjunction, and other things beyond the reach of any created intellect.

The learned Jesuit Hardouin says that the manuscript of this Gospel of the Infancy was found in a cave near Grenada in 1599. It was written in Arabic on leaden plates. These plates were examined at Rome in 1667, and condemned as fabrications.

The "History of Joseph the Carpenter," purporting to be an address made by Jesus to his disciples on the Mount of Olives, reported by the Apostles, and

preserved in the library at Jerusalem, givs particulars of the death of Joseph at the age of 111, after having lived with Mary twenty-one years. The citizens of Galilee anointed the body of Joseph, and at the funeral Jesus repeated a prayer which, says he, "I made with my own hand before I was carried in the womb of the Virgin Mary." But this testimony, implying an antenatal ability to write, must be ruled out as irrelevant.

We come now to a different kind of evidence, transmitted to us in Hebrew by the enemies of Jesus Christ. In the "Book of the Generation of Jesus" ("*Sepher Toldoth Jeshu*"), the mother of the illegitimate child sends him to a teacher named Elchanan, with whom he makes great progress in learning. By and by the bright young man offends the rabbis of the Sanhedrin, and they publish him as a bastard and an outlaw. With a sad heart, he flees to Galilee, but after many years he returns, and, stealthily entering the sacred Temple, he copies on a piece of parchment the *Shem Hamphoras*, or Inexpressible name of God, and carries it away with him, concealed in an opening cut in his flesh. With this sacred charm he is able to work miracles, and his brief career as a magician is described by the author of the odious book, which, Voltaire says, was referred to by Celsus in the second century and refuted by Origen. All that we know about Celsus is found in the writings of Origen against him. There was at that time some story about Jesus similar to the "*Toldoth Jeshu*," of which we now hav at least three versions, to wit: one brought to light near the close of the thirteenth century, another in 1681, and another in 1705, and there appear to be others not yet translated from the Hebrew. All these describe Jesus as a man of learning, who practiced magic, and was stoned and hanged as a disturber of the peace long before Pontius Pilate was procurator in Judea. Many passages in the Talmud also refer to the same Jesus, and speak of him as a learned man, who suffered death under the Jewish laws before the Romans obtained control in Judea.

We therefore conclude that the real Jesus, who was stoned and hanged about 75 B.C., must hav been able to write.

ANTICHRIST.

Freedom Gone to the Dogs.

Make the humiliating record, July 4, 1886, as the day of liberty's doom—the day of American dependence—for on this *in*glorious Fourth we are informed that three men are to be sentenced to the penitentiary in Milwaukee for merely unlawful assemblage and violence of speech. If violent speech is a punishable offense, nearly every priest and preacher should be immediately incarcerated. Do they not consign two-thirds of humanity to *endless torment?* Think of it; these Anarchists of the pulpit are not satisfied to invoke their helpless almighty's curse on Infidels, but howl for their eternal punishment. The ordinary dynamite Anarchist is an angel of mercy alongside the average minister. The difference is that the minister does not believe what he says, while the dynamiter is generally in dead earnest.

That true manhood is oozing rapidly out of this republic, the leading editorial, on our nation's natal day, in the dastardly *Daily News*, of which the following are specimen sentences, fully proves:

A PURITAN REVIVAL NEEDED.

Fourth of July orators and Fourth of July writers of a certain stripe are having much to say—apropos of Anarchy and the anniversary—concerning the freedom of speech. "*It seems to us that all men should be free to say what they please*," ventures one; and another thinks that the right of every man to preach what he chooses without question should be "*as sacred now as it was in* 1776." The letter of the Constitution is invoked by these people with the same superstitious veneration and credulity that makes faith in relics and revelations possible, and there is a general mushiness and sentimentality manifested which clearly betoken softness in the upper story. And this is none the less mental imbecility because largely born of a desire to conciliate a voting element.

What is needed just now in this country is a renaissance of Puritanism and of so-called Puritan *intolerance*. We need to recall that the men who made possible this one hundred and tenth anniversary of American independence, of general freedom based upon a contribution from the individual freedom of each, knew that liberty was not to be intrusted to the hands of feeble-minded and unreasoning persons. We need to become as intolerant as the Puritans themselvs were of what they believed to be dangerous nonsense, which, if left free, would destroy the last hope of civil and religious freedom. "The Puritans had no notion of tolerating mischief. They looked upon their little commonwealth as upon their own private estate and homestead, as they had a right to do, and would no more allow the *devil's religion* of *unreason* to be preached therein than we should permit a prize-fight in our garden. They were narrow; in other words they had an edge to them, as men that serve in great emergencies must; for a Gordian knot is settled sooner with a sword than a beetle."

Is this the American idea of freedom?

The big fools and the little fools combined from Saturday afternoon to Tuesday morning to make life as unendurable as possible. The incessant din did not cease even on the blessed Sabbath, and there must hav been a very slim attendance at Victor F. Lawson's Sunday-school class, for the *Evening News* again bewails that this is a land which has some freedom left. That little must be curtailed. It says:

This country is in need of some of that good, old-fashioned spirit which causes men to respect the opinions, the rights, the customs, and the sentiments of others. Optimists may discover in the license which now obtains regarding the religious observance of Sunday a germ of revolution in public feeling which will develop before another decade shall hav passed. By the year 1897, when next the Fourth of July falls upon Sunday, there may exist a more reverent regard for sacred things. A nation whose patriotism can be expressed only in vexatious poppings, and whose minor laws are distorted to permit the annoyance of the graver-minded citizens by irresponsible youth; whose politicians sneer at religious rites; whose municipal governments are perverted by ambitious men to their own uses, and whose primary reason for being is abused until the once-revered idea of personal liberty becomes the suicidal and detestable habit of license, is in a condition that demands attention.

Well, the *News*, with the rest of the contemptible press of Chicago, is in high glee over the selection of Highwood as a military post The clubs of this city, composed chiefly of stock-gamblers, pledged the government $300,000 to establish a United States military station near Chicago. The bill went through to appoint a commission, and they hav selected and paid $175,000 for the ground. Now, in connection with their brave police, they hope to be sustained by bayonets of the military arm. Truly a "thief does fear each bush an officer," and these fellows are evidently ill at ease with their ill-gotten gains.

In reference to the Anarchist cases, the entire press of the city has worked itself into a frenzy of furious vituperation and malicious misrepresentation. Why? Because if these parties, after being tried by a packed jury of *attaches* of the capitalistic class—no workingman is allowed on by the state—are acquitted, they hav the clearest cases of criminal libel ever brought into court. The papers are trying to save themselvs by hounding to the gallows men they know to be innocent. Some of the chief staff contributors of our daily papers hav received orders not to allow a word in their favor to appear, but to put in everything they possibly can manufacture against them or their friends.

"What does it profit a nation if it piles wealth to the clouds, but becomes false to the trusts committed to it?" was the ominous query Fred Douglass flung at the high-toned flunkies who banqueted him in Boston lately. Is there any justification for this severe reflection? Let us see: The five deputy sheriffs who were guilty of unprovoked murder of innocent women and men while guarding Jay Gould's "sacred" private property at East St. Louis were tried, discharged, and are scot-free. Had the Milwaukee Anarchists committed a cold-blooded murder in the interest of monopoly, instead of that graver crime of "unlawful assembly"—unlawful because in the interest of labor—they would now be at liberty.

Your correspondent wrote the *Tribune* July 1st as follows, but the communication failed to appear:

Editor Tribune: Your issue of the 29th ult. contains the synopsis of an article on "Revolutions and Revolutionists," from the pen of Dr. Lombroso, recently published in the *Nouvelle Revue*, to which you approvingly refer as "a curiously interesting paper." The doctor attempts to scientifically demonstrate that the antecedents of revolutionists and Anarchists are invariably of a criminal character or they are hereditary lunatics. The doctor is good enough to furnish the following startling illustrations in France and Germany in support of his theory:

Thus Jourdan, in the time of the first French Revolution, who from a butcher's boy became a general, cut the throat of his former employer, Launey; personally directed the pillage, the burnings, and the assassinations committed by his troops; caused the killing of seventy-three officials at Avignon; and continued his career of crime until he was himself condemned to death by the Revolutionary tribunal. Then there were Hejeune, of the same epoch, the inventor of a guillotin, which he first tried on fowls; and Jean d'Heron, of Nantes, who wore a human ear on his hat like a cockade, and carried others in his pocket, which he made the women kiss. Quite recently in Austria robbery and assassination hav been used to spread the doctrins of the Anarchists. Stellmacher and Kammerar killed the banker Lysart and several of his family to get possession of a few hundred florins. In Germany, Hoedel, who had thirteen years previously been put under surveillance for theft, and having no ostensible occupation, attempted to take the life of the emperor. Reinsdorf, who planned the Niederwald attack on the imperial family of Germany, was subject to criminal monomania and had been found guilty of assault on a woman. In Paris, during the troubles in 1833, out of thirty-three persons arrested it was found that thirteen had already been condemned for theft. Alcohol is also an important factor in revolutions. The excesses of the Paris Commune were largely due to the excessiv use of stimulants by those who had been nearly starved during the siege. It is not surprising to be told by this scientific inquirer that insanity goes hand in hand with revolutions. The events of 1871 in France sent 1,700 insane patients to the hospitals during a period of eighteen months, and among the leaders of the Commune there were four hereditary lunatics and four others who had been previously under treatment for that disease. Certainly of these ebullitions of the political caldron it may be truly said, "That way madness lies!"

I thank the *Tribune* for this opportune article, but if it really desires this theory to be of value to its readers it should giv us a few American illustrations, that would be a special boon and also hav a salutary effect on the Fourth of July—putting a quietus on a trinity of evils, revolutionists, Anarchists, and the deadly Fourth of July firecrackers. The *Tribune* should inform us whether we shall classify Washington with lunatics, murderers, or thieves; whether Ben. Franklin really cut the throat of his former employer, or was a candidate for a straitjacket, or if Thomas Paine, who first wrote "the United States of America," ever chewed off his grandmother's left ear.

E. A. STEVENS.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE will lecture at Dansville, N. Y., July 16th, 17th, and 18th; at Salamanca, 20th and 21st; at Warsaw, 22d and 23d; at Le Roy, 24th, 25th, and 26th, and at Batavia, 27th. Engagements for lectures after August 20th may be made by letter addressed to Mrs. Blake at the above points.

E. C. WALKER lectured June 18th at Elkton, Dakota, and July 4th at Smith's Mill, Minnesota. He will remain a few weeks longer in the North, and is ready for engagements there until September 1st. Address him at headquarters, Valley Falls, Kansas.

The Tent in Wayne Co., New York.

After the discussion at Williamson and the judicious circulation of quite a number of copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, thus insuring the permanency and continued progress of the good work, I proceeded to Palmyra under the auspices of that genial scholar Dr. H. M. North, and pitched the tent on the circus grounds Friday, June 25th. The holiday season is not propitious for our work. Then the intense heat during the day and chilling cold damp of the evenings prevented ladies being regular in their attendance. It was really at risk of health to attend. Our best attendance was on Sundays; yet, despite all discouraging influences, very much of good was accomplished. Those weak ones liberally inclined hav stiffened their vertebræ; many are investigating, enjoying the novel and delicious sensation of beginning to think for themselvs.

It was amusing to witness the genuin surprise of some when they found, instead of dynamite, fire, murder, and robbery, Secularism taught justice, love, the enjoyment of a real heaven here and now to be won by acts of love, virtue, and gentleness.

I am much indebted to Dr. North and his amiable son and daughter for hospitality and kindness.

In leaving Wayne Co., I desire to express my appreciation of the zeal, courage, and self-sacrifice of Dr. A. Austin, of Williamson, acknowledged to be the most skilful surgeon in the county. He spared neither time nor pains to arouse interest, not alone in Williamson, but in all adjacent villages. Everything possible was done by his accomplished wife and himself to make the sojourn of my wife, daughter, and self pleasant, profitable, and effectiv.

MONTEZUMA, N. Y.—I am now quartered at Montezuma. The Tent is pitched on the public green, thanks to the exertions of Supervisor Ross. This place will ever be one of interest on account of the bitter opposition encountered here by John Remsburg and myself on our first visit, and the furor of excitement caused immediately after the lectures by the death of Mr. and Mrs. Ross's little child, the Christians declaring the death of the child was the direct vengeance of Jesus, on account of its parents bringing the Infidel lecturers to the place. At that time Messrs. Ross and Travis and their wives were the only Liberals here, but, thanks to their most exemplary lives and patient energy, the sentiment of the community has greatly changed. On my first visit I met little but fierce denunciation, frowns, threats, and gnashing of teeth. Now I am most courteously addressed, and faces are wreathed in smiles, with exception of a few very ignorant, uncultured persons, and even in those there are signs of evoluting into, at least, a modicum of common sense and decency. I rejoice at the glorious evidence of what can be effected for right and truth against blind prejudice and dense ignorance by gentleness, perseverance in presenting the truth, and good example. I hope my friend and coworker, John Remsburg, may be able to visit this place and witness something of the glad harvest of the good seed he so heroically and, at the time, hopelessly planted. We had a most interested and attentiv audience last evening (July 8th) at our first lecture in the Tent, and a very large outside gathering—those who dare not enter because of life-long deference to Mrs. Grundy and poor old Mother Church—two decrepit dames who still continue to hold the rod over the timid and less intelligent. But they could all hear just as well, and so no loss was entailed. Mrs. Reynolds will be here on Saturday evening, and lecture in the Tent Sunday evenings, the 11th and 18th. I leave here on the 19th. The Tent will be pitched at Boonton, N. J., where all communications should be addressed until August 3d. Thanks to C. P. Hosmer, of Belle Plaine, Iowa, for bundle of TRUTH SEEKERS and other papers.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

We hav received the following amounts for Mr. Reynolds:

Wm. Wilcox	$1.00
John D. Powers	4.00

Socialism.

While the municipal officers of New York are endeavoring to send Socialists to state prison, and the press is denouncing them as enemies of civilization, the legislature, without knowing it, has passed a straight Socialistic bill affecting one of the worst of the many monopolies that take advantage of the needs of human beings.

A few years ago gas companies charged whatever they pleased per thousand feet for gas. A few years later the legislature passed a bill compelling them to furnish gas for $1.75 per thousand feet. The last legislature reduced the legal price to $1.25.

The gas companies are private corporations, maintained by private capital. And while the interference of the state is a good thing, and should be extended to other abusiv monopolies, it sounds a little odd to hear the philosophical Socialists denounced by the men who hav adopted their principles. The men who voted for the bill reducing the price of gas were state Socialists in fact, though too obtuse, doubtless, to see or admit it.

The American Secular Union.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,573.12
Vogel & Bukler, Bozeman, Montana	1.00
J. V. Bogert, " "	1.00
S. W. Cook, " "	1.00
Thomas Burke, " "	2.00
J. M. Lindley, " "	1.00
Thomas Garlick, " "	1.00
C. P. Blakely, " "	1.00
Rev. Spein, " "	50
Geo. Nichols, " "	50
N. Story, " "	1.00
Jas. Gourley, " "	1.00
Eley & Elias, " "	1.00
Wm. Nevitt, " "	1.00
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Judge Hartman, " "	50
Geo. Barnaby, " "	50
Thos. Warren, " "	50
Mr. Logan, " "	50
Others, per collection " "	24.50
John Mahara	1.00
Frank James, (charter for auxiliary Union)	5.00
W. T. Eastman. " " " " "	5.00
John D. Powers	8.00
Total	$2,634.12

PLEDGES PAID.—W. H. Pepper, $25.

News and Notes.

I had the pleasure while in Butte of witnessing Miln's impersonation of Hamlet, as well as Richelieu and Othello, and he givs one of the finest and best-acted interpretations of that character I hav seen. It was noble, scholarly, animated, and subtle in its delineations of that "wave of the sea" which some critics rightly call the intellectual Dane. Hamlet is so like human life, so like the struggles of universal humanity, that this drama, in its philosophy, wit, pathos, and passion, has become the greatest of the world. It seems to touch all joy and all hope. It is the picture of fate and free will wrought with all the colors that the marvelous genius of the poet can create. In Hamlet we read our own destiny, the conflict that ends only with death. Shakspere and nature are one. They giv no perfect heaven—there is none. The path of progress is the path of suffering and disappointment. The reward, after all, is not in what we reach, but in the effort to attain. So the pilgrim thanks Shakspere and his skilful interpreter for enabling him, by the power of imagination, to take the ills of life as comfortably as he takes the good. The poetry of Shakspere is the philosophy of Secularism, and the profoundest religion that the human heart can hav.

With this glimpse of the wondrous and magical world of Shakspere, which makes all fate glorious, I keep on my way. The country between Butte and Helena is beautiful indeed, with the broad plains, the bright rivers, and the mountains spread along the horizon like mighty jewels. I seem to pass through somewhat familiar landscapes, and at times I might imagin I was traveling amid the rugged portions of New Hampshire, the rocks, the hills, the trees, and the green grass and running brooks are so like. Helena came shining on my vision in the midst of a vast amphitheater, whose stupendous walls are freighted with incalculable wealth. There is gold enough in these mountains, which form the backbone of the continent, for the uses of all the world. I suppose there is enough of the precious metal in every brick building in Helena to make a good bank account for an ordinary man. You cannot take up a handful of dust in the street without discerning the glittering particles. It is reported that this is the land of Ophir, where Solomon found his riches. He couldn't hav missed it if he prospected here. He could hav built a thousand temples from the jewels of this wonderful land.

Only twelve miles away from Helena rolls the Missouri, and I almost had a home feeling to know that this river, flowing so far to the eastward, was plunging through the "gate of the mountains" whose towering peaks girt the extensiv plains. The headwaters of the Missouri, however, are a hundred miles to the east of this point, and its stream flows to the west of Helena, debouches to the north, and then, with an immense sweep, pours its broad waters to the Mississippi.

Helena is one of the most splendid cities of the West, more elegant in appearance than any I hav before seen. Its edifices are large, substantial, and permanent, looking as if Helena had come to stay. Most of the cities of the West hav a come-and-go-look, as if they didn't expect to remain a great while on this planet, and one would not be very much surprised to wake up any morning and find the whole outfit gone. Helena looks much like a New England city a hundred years old, or like a piece of New York. Its principal street has very much the appearance of Broadway, and, watching the throng and the dashing styles, I could almost imagin myself in Gotham. Over across the way I see painted in brilliant gold "The Ideal Billiard Room." That beats New York and even Boston. The "Hub of the Universe," although it has almost everything the human mind can dream of, from Plato down, has not an "Ideal Billiard Room." I wonder what it is. I suppose they hav metaphysical cues and immaterial billiard balls, and of course they hav spiritual drinks, but they don't make one intoxicated, only philosophically resigned. Well, Helena is a bright city; indeed, I can't turn my eyes but I see the gold and the silver quartz. Everybody is making money, either to-day or to-morrow. There is more wealth to the square inch in Helena than in any other city. It comes nearer to the New Jerusalem and having streets of gold than any place I know of. I am afraid that if I stay I shall get rich myself, and that would be such a surprise that I dare not trust myself to so startling an experience, and so I must not remain too long in this delightful capital of Montana.

Of course, where there are money and money-making there is good sense, and where there is good sense there are Liberals; and there are plenty of Liberals in Helena. I had a very good audience last evening, Sunday, at the Rink, and I expect to lecture here again on my return, and I hav no doubt of a packed house.

Mr. A. C. Votaw is one of the most earnest Liberals here—one who is used to fortune's frowns, but who needs no religion to make him a friend of humanity and a tireless worker.

Mr. Ed. Busick, of Beaver Creek, came forty miles to hear my lecture, and I was right glad to see so splendid a Liberal. Labor is sweet when we hav such loyal soldiers for liberty, who are as generous as they are brave.

Mr. S. C. Gilpatrick, one of the first settlers of the country, and a prominent citizen and officer in the territory, I found to be a genial comrade and ardent Freethinker. Mrs. S. C. Gilpatrick is daughter of that gray chieftain of freedom, James Furgus, who is one of the biggest-hearted and grandest Liberals in the Western country. He has always been a pioneer, and has helped to create civilization in Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota, and Montana, and if he were not eighty years of age I hav no doubt he would post off to Alaska and develop the resources of the North Pole. Furgus Falls, Minnesota, are named after him, as is also one of the counties of Montana by act of the legislature, of which he has been many times a member. He has been in every station a bold and uncompromising advocate of Freethought, as the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know who read in its columns his racy speech in the Montana legislature against the employment of a chaplain. He offered to make the prayers himself for nothing if the members needed any, and thus save the treasury four dollars per day—and I hav no doubt his prayers would hav produced some effect, if not upon God, at least upon humanity, while the average petitions of the clergymen affect neither one nor the other. Unfortunately, Montana, although young and spry and of great promis, has got the ecclesiastical bit in its mouth, and it has to trot the religious gait, even like Puritan Massachusetts. In its new constitution it has an acknowledgment of God. Mr. Furgus fought almost singlehanded against this dangerous interpolation, but unsuccessfully. Intelligent men at the bidding of the church stultified themselvs by voting for this political degradation. Religious tyranny is not at an end when a young territory, supposed to represent the vigor of the nineteenth century, in its organic law commits itself to a declaration of barbaric faith. Montana will enter the Union with the mark of intellectual slavery on her brow. It is a burning disgrace. A few more like Furgus and this "damnable iteration" would never hav been, and Montana would hav been a free and independent state indeed.

I also met the Hon. Granville Stuart. He is one of the livest men in the territory. He believes in one world at a time, but he makes that world hum. He is chain-lightning itself.

Mr. Chas. H. Jeffries, one of the leading merchants of Helena, is another whole-souled Liberal, and his hospitality made my visit delightful indeed.

Iver Wollfe, one of the sturdy miners of the country, whose vigor compels the golden smiles of fortune, is another whose generosity and pleasant comradeship I shall not soon forget.

Mr. John Steinmitz, Mr. M. Manuel, Mr. Lewis Davis, Mr. Kranich, Professor Yeager and wife, Colonel Keeler, and others, will make Helena for many a day to come a bright spot to the Secular pilgrim who has something to say for this world.

I had also the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. C. Eyl, of Jefferson City, Montana, a genial gentleman, and, to his credit be it said, a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I always feel at home with such a man. I know he has something to talk about, and understands what is going on in the world at large. He makes a good traveling companion, for he has ideas. After my lectures in Montana I shall be in Utah until July 25th. I shall lecture in Denver August 8th and 15th, and in neighboring places during the week days. I shall be in Seward, Neb., August 21st, 22d, and 23d; at Valley Falls, Kan., August 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th; at Lincoln, Neb., August 29th; at Omaha, September 5th; at Ottumwa, Ia., September 12th; at Chebanse, Ill., September 19th; and at Chicago, September 26th, where I expect to wind up my seven months' campaign in the lecture field amid genial friends such as E. A. Stevens, whose "Chicago Secular Notes" giv increased brilliancy to the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Helena, Montana, June 29, 1886.

P.S.—I think I shall record a vow never to write "occidental" again, for the printer always gets it "accidental." There may be an ax-ident indeed, for when I read that I was heartily in favor of capital punishment. Would I had a "spell" that could reach two thousand five hundred miles, and giv a gentle hint to the printer's devil. I would whisper "sheol" in his ear, and he must thank his stars that I quote the "New Version." S. P. P.

Couldn't Stand It.

At the St. John's Fourth of July celebration a St. John's minister of the gospel opened the exercises by reading a prayer, and the orator of the day, in his speech, advocated the separation of church and state, and held that the Bible in school is of a doubtful policy. At the close of his most eloquent speech I asked for the privilege of making a few remarks, and, most cordially, was given a chance, and by the president nicely introduced to the audience. I said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If the speaker who has addressed you has ever done me an injustice, I want to forgiv him now, and I now extend to him the right hand of good-fellowship, and thank him for his courage, goodness, and wisdom in introducing the subject, and advocating the separation of church and state. I believe in the taxation of church property [an almost universal nod of assent from the audience]. There is to-day $750,000,000 of untaxed church property in the United States, and the sheriffs often hav to sell the property of the poor at a sheriff's sale to collect the tax which they are unable to pay.

And after giving my views about the Bible in schools, I gave a lecture about Thomas Paine, and told how much we were indebted to him for the liberty which we enjoy. And so far as I could see or learn there was but one out of the many who got up and left whilst I was talking, and that one was the good man who *read* the prayer! We are told that it's ill-mannered to get up and leave whilst a minister is talking, and here was a minister who did not hesitate to get right up and leave during my remarks. But why, oh, why did he leave? Was it because he couldn't stand the truths which I was giving to the audience? Or didn't he like to hear me speak kindly of Thomas Paine, the "Author-Hero" of the Revolution, who first aroused our forefathers to declare their independence?

Was he thinking of his church, that don't pay any tax, while just across the road there is Mrs. Hoyt, a poor widow, who would hav been sold out by the sheriff for the taxes which she was unable to pay—but a few of us chipped in and helped the widow out of her trouble by paying the tax for her? or was he thinking that I might shock the whole audience by saying that Trinity, an Episcopal church, has possession of ten million dollars of property on which it is said no taxes are paid? And it is said this church has a host of old tenement houses rented to the poor, but if these are so poor as to be unable to pay they are turned into the street. O cruel, cruel church; if there is a hell, I am afraid some of you will hav to smell fire.

But it may be, after all, that the parson left whilst I was talking because he was sick.

Now I want to say that, of the thousands and tens of thousands of Liberals in Michigan, I believe I am the first and only one who has had the courage to speak a kind word for Thomas Paine at a Fourth of July celebration. And the best of all, the large audience were not offended, but were pleased with my attempt to do justice to the one to whom we are indebted as much or more than any one for the liberty and happiness which we now enjoy. I tried to deliver my speech fairly and kindly and am well pleased that all but the good man who read somebody's prayer were satisfied, and after having closed I felt that my attempt to be just to Thomas Paine upon such an occasion was the most noble act of my life; and after having finished, had Gabriel blown his horn, I felt that I could say, "I'm ready." M. BABCOCK.

Complaisant Mr. Lord.

When John Lord, the historian, was examined for ordination, he was asked by a disciple of Dr. Emmons: "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" His answer was, "No; but I am willing you should." That is the case in a nutshell. Who ever saw a good Christian who expected or was willing to be damned? But who ever saw one who did not expect and was not willing that his wicked neighbor should be damned to all eternity?

Communications.

Political Parties vs. the Workingmen.

I want to suggest a few practical propositions to the men who work for wages in this country. Notwithstanding the errors that have been made by some useless and unreasonable strikes, the might of organized labor has alarmed the capitalists, who have had to call upon the law, which, backed by money and influence, has been interpreted in defense of employer against employee.

With a large number of men constantly idle, and who are ready to take any chance to earn a dollar, it is impossible for a large number of strikes to be successful. Other means must be inaugurated to secure our rights.

Nothing is so grand as the majesty of the law, nothing so invulnerable. Obedience to it is a part of good citizenship, and rightly so. Mark how solicitous the capitalist is about the law. See his purse-strings unloosed to influence legislation. But you take little notice of this law-making business, and not until it conflicts with what you regard as a right do you know of the existence of such a law. The law that oppresses you could not have been enacted had *your* votes not elected the men who made it. It thus appears you vote against yourself. Precisely so, and that is just what the laboring classes have done from time immemorial. There are two parties, the Democratic and the Republican. The issues between them are very gauzy, very thin; in fact, the main issue with both of them is, how to humbug you—and they certainly have done it effectually.

I will endeavor to show you how both these political parties, each professing unbounded friendship and solicitude for your welfare, deliberately rob you *each one personally*. Gould, Vanderbilt, or some other railroad magnate wants to add ten or fifteen millions to his fortune. The legislature is almost *openly* bribed to pass an act granting authority for the issuance of say thirty millions additional stock. If you are at Albany, you will be liable to overhear the price stated that each lawmaker is to receive. The law is passed (majestic law!), the stock is issued, sold at fifty or sixty cents on the dollar; Gould & Co. pocket the proceeds. And now, just here is where the workers pay for the whole business. To pay the increased dividends the salaries of employees are reduced, the rates to the public are advanced; and Gould & Co. are very smart men, and the people certainly deserve the name of fools for allowing it to be possible for such wholesale robbery to take place. In Congress it is done in the same way, varying only in details and magnitude. Corporate powers are increased by Republicans and Democrats alike. A perusal of the daily prints will verify this assertion. Now, the point I desire to make is that God never meant that the tired laborer, after years of unavailing toil, should die in the poor-house and his children people the state prison. God never meant it to be so, but it is so.

Crime is in most part the indirect offspring of injustice. The children of the poor receive but little education, being forced to work at the very age when knowledge is most easily received and better appreciated. By comparison with youths more fortunate in parentage, they revolt from labor and become criminals. Had their father's earnings been sufficient to have kept them at school and given them a fair education, their destiny would not have been forbiddingly dark and their lives a curse to themselves and to their relatives. How shall we remedy this? How save coming generations from the same fearful doom? The remedy lies in the ballot-box. What we need is a new party, its cohesive power riveted by self-interest of every member of it. As it is now, a favored few reap the benefits of party success, the rank and file modestly retiring and allowing the leaders to become immensely wealthy and consequently very influential. Look in at a presidential reception, a sort of self-congratulatory affair, the pomp and show of a few fortunate ones who by hook or crook have risen to temporary eminence. How beaming the smiles, how cordial the hand-shaking, how hearty the appetite! It is not to be expected that they shall forget themselvs and honestly exert their influence for the interest of the majority of their countrymen. Oh, no; that is an idle delusion, oft repeated on the stump but never practiced by the experienced office-holder. Do you not see what a wonderful man your senator or Congressman is? *He* is the object of interest, not *you*, his constituents. He poses as a statesman at your expense and sells you out first, last, and all the time. What a sarcastic misnomer is the phrase, "the people's servants!" Do servants dress better than their masters? Do they strut and swell out with self-conscious importance? Do they make laws against the interests of their masters? As a matter of fact, *they* are the *people's* masters. For the sake of your manhood, for your wives' and children's sake, turn your backs upon such arrant humbugs. Why do you elect rich men to office? Why not nominate a good man from your own set? Is it the personal appearance, the intense respectability, the pompous carriage, the flow of words, the spread-eagle patriotism, the old stale gags of stump speakers, that makes you walk up like lamb to the slaughter, handing the executioner the knife with which to slay you? Let me tell you that all these qualities, that seem to allure you to your ruin, are but the veriest sham, and are not skin-deep. Stand up like men; be not bought by money, rum, nor promises, to vote for any man. Look these politicians who trade in your life-blood square in the face, and tell them that you have been duped long enough. Remember the remedy is in your own hands; the Constitution gives it to you—you can vote away into merited oblivion these tricksters and traders in your credulity, and supplant them with men from among your own order who will not sell themselves to the money-kings. Political combination *must* take place ere a fair day's work will receive a fair day's pay. Throw overboard the heelers and boodle-men; let them work the primaries no longer. Let it become impossible for a man to buy an office of any kind. Be moderate in action; shun the Anarchist as you would any bloody demon. Boycotting should not be resorted to but from the meanest and most despicable act of an employer, and after all other means have failed. But you can rest assured, so long as you lay no hands on the person or property of the boycotted individual, and do not in any way disturb the public peace, that your action is entirely legal and cannot be taken from you by any judge or jury in this country. They may convict and send to prison, but such trials and convictions will be reversed on appeal. The Constitution gives to every citizen of this country the right of free action, and if one man or ten thousand men conclude that they will not purchase from nor deal with a certain individual, they have a constitutional right to refrain from so doing, the revised code notwithstanding. Our laws, state, municipal, or town, must not conflict with the Constitution of the United States, but are subject thereto.

The widest possible latitude in the interpretation of criminal conspiracy can include only attacks on the person or *bona fide* property *at the time possessed by said person*. It cannot include prospective benefits or profits that may be injured by concerted withdrawal of custom done quietly and without breach of the peace, and which every American citizen has a proper and legal right to do if it so pleases him. It is a dangerous and impolitic act to ignore this constitutional right. Courts and juries are very often in error, and but a few days ago the Court of Appeals unanimously set aside the conviction of a man who had been one year a prisoner at Sing Sing, both on the *evidence* and the *law* of the case, consequently he was set free after a year's illegal imprisonment. I merely mention this to show the fallibility of courts and "intelligent and conscientious juries."

"We hold it to be self-evident," says the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal." Let this fundamental truth never be forgotten—"we are *created* equal." From the hand of your maker you are the equal of any man who breathes, and it is only the development by education and training that makes the social inequalities.

The looking up to men who have attained eminence and regarding them as oracles of wisdom to be gazed on and listened to with fear and trembling, is the curse now, as it always has been, of the men who do the work. Hero-worship is debasing to the masses—it exalts one man at the expense of the whole people. It shifts the burden of thought, of independent action (which is necessary to individual advancement) off from the shoulders of millions onto those of idols who assume the trust and lead them on as sheep are led. And where do they lead you? From the furthest recorded time they have invariably led you directly into the camp of your enemy, the money king. Why do you not revolt? Why do you not do a little thinking on your own account?

It is useless to appeal to the sympathy or the sense of justice of those who hold you in tighter bonds than the sons of Africa were ever held. The metal of their hearts is harder than their coin. The feeble cry of the ministry against the extortions of your masters is drowned in the shout that goes up for sinners to be saved. Would it not be far better to remove the *cause* of sin, or at least lessen it, namely, poverty, by denouncing the cruel means that the rich and powerful resort to to gratify their avarice? Dare the ministers who preach to rich congregations tell them that a God of justice will bring them to an account for their rapacity and extortions? Dare he announce that all men are brothers, sons of one God, and that God demands of them to love and assist one another, not to lie in wait to entrap and cripple one another? If there is one manly minister who dare stand up and tell them that their great prototype, the gentle and loving Jesus, disowns, despises, and condemns them, let this minister do it now. There never was a better time to tell this incontrovertible truth. But this will not be done to any measurable extent. What then remains as the alternative? Organize for political cohesion. You remember that two years ago Jay Gould gave $50,000 to the Republican campaign fund. You see in this act alone how closely are interwoven the interests of the monopolist with politics. He gave it to insure the passage of laws or immunity from interference in his schemes of monopoly, the success of which tightens faster the iron grip in which he holds a large number of you. Are you a Democrat? Has the recent national success of your party benefited you personally? Are you a Republican? Many Republicans became enormously wealthy during and just after the war. Are you one of them? No? Then what particular benefit has accrued to you by voting the Republican ticket so many years? "Ah," you may say, "it is a matter of principle with me, and a man must not expect a benefit for voting like a good citizen, as his conscience dictates." Very true; he may not expect a benefit, but should he receive an injury?—and an injury he does receive every time he throws away his vote on men who care no more about him than they do for a summer insect. But some one must be benefited by political parties. Suppose we ask Mr. Gould. Mr. Gould, what are you—a Democrat or a Republican? In answer I will quote his own words: "Well, when the working majority is Democratic, I am a Democrat; but when it is Republican, I am a Republican." Mr. Gould has a very acute appreciation of the value of things, and gets down to it in very short order. Now he tells us right here that not only are both parties purchasable, but that their platforms and principles are of no consequence—mere trademarks, as it were, to distinguish the goods—and that he can work one as well as the other; and he does it right along. How he must inwardly chuckle at sight of the heat and anger, the criminations and recriminations, of election times; the enthusiastic parades, the shouts of opposing factions! And I can imagin him, like Iago in the play, skulking behind a Western Union pillar and whispering softly to himself, "Now if the Democrats kill the Republicans, or the Republicans kill the Democrats, or each do kill the other, either way makes my gain!"

Brother workers, there can be reared a party that will do us all material good. It can be organized quietly, orderly, legally, and no power on earth can stop its ultimate triumph if you will it so. Break away from all prejudice for either of the existing parties. That prejudice is but a sentiment, and was implanted in you by platform promises that have never been fulfilled and were never meant to be.

The builders of a country should rule it. The drones have fattened on you long enough. Shake them off. Enough of trickery, fraud, and deception. Set up business for yourselves. No packed conventions, secret conclaves, nor cut and dried primaries, but in the open light of day nominate your men and vote for them. A party that might be denominated "national" need have no intrigues, no underground road to nominations or preferment.

Think for yourselves. The same qualities which you admire in others lie dormant in yourselves. Rather let the whole people, actuated by a common impulse for the general good, rise in the majesty of their greatness than that you should sink to earth crawling before an idol which is human at best, and more than likely inferior to many of you. We want to work together, consult together as a council of physicians might consult over a patient dangerously ill, not to parade our learning, not to invite attention to ourselves, but to suggest the best means for the remedying of our present evils. The organization of a complete political unity of the workers of this country needs but a starting-point, and quick as the morning light it will spread and dispel the darkness and gloom of our present serf-like condition. Can we make a start? Let me conjure you to give this matter careful consideration. We outnumber the "better classes" ten to one. There are men among you capable of administering any elective office to which they might be elected. It is the *law-making* power which we must control. If every leader of the workingmen in the various cities and towns of this country would make it his aim to impress upon his fellow-members the importance of instant action in this regard, the work would certainly go on to a successful termination. It is our only hope, and it is in easy reach of fulfilment. The dower of a free people is said to be self-government. We have but a spurious article of that kind at present, but we can supply the genuine article if we so will it. And let us will it, one and all.

WILLIAM ALLEN SMITH.

THE Nashville *Christian Advocate* says: "The 'Church Congress,' recently held in Cleveland, did about what it did last year—that is, gave each of a number of clever men opportunity to invite the others to mount his own particular hobby and gallop on to the millennium."

THE *New Hampshire Journal* says: "And now we are told that a minister had to leave his pulpit because he used a 'plum-colored handkerchief,' and another for 'rolling up his pants' in wet weather. This is almost as bad as a church we know of which was compelled to reject, at the earnest request of the ladies of the church, a candidate of excellent preaching talent, and universally acceptable to the church on that account, because he had bow legs.

Anarchy Has Been Misrepresented.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I should think your regard for your friend Gorsuch might suggest some check on the malicious misrepresentation in your columns such as is found in "The Coming Danger," of June 26th. Of course, such of your habitual readers as hav noted the statements allowed to Mr. James, Mr. Lloyd, and myself, will not confound the Anarchist principle as taught in *Liberty* with the crudities of the Chicago Communists, and you hav allowed me to show, in answer to Mr. Gorsuch, that Anarchy and Communism are, as systems of life, incompatible. But since that time a series of articles in the Chicago *Alarm* hav gone explicitly into the administrativ details of their notion about curbing individual greed and sharing the booty if successful. Which shows not only that they hav method in their madness, and intend government, but that though absurd in reasoning and abusing the term Anarchist, they are not such hypocrits as some who vilify them. Their break-neck course has certainly required some grit, and courage does not yoke in the same gear as hypocrisy. I hav no right to speak for men of whom I know only that they are Communists and prisoners, or fugitivs. D. D. Lum, sympathetic and intelligent, can more appropriately speak of them. Now a word of psychologic appreciation: Without explicitly declaring Atheism, J. L. Andrew declares the ethical principles of right and wrong unconnected with God's existence, presence, or absence. He takes for granted that Anarchists are Atheists, a second point about which I am as ignorant as the first; then he goes on to say that "the logical tendency of Anarchy is to destroy all ethical distinctions and to reduce all morality to a mere figment."

Well, perhaps morality is a mere figment. I find it infinitly variable in times and places; I regard it as a synonym of custom, and neither more nor less substantial than fashion. But the ethical sense or conscience, however elastic or latitudinarian, is personal and by no means identical with morality, the morality of a given social phase, but may be quite opposed to it—*e. g.*, a sincere Swedenborgian among the Mormons, or a sincere Mormon among believers in the eternity of an exclusiv conjugal partnership. But does Anarchism as a philosophy or faith weaken ethical distinctions? It has been mine for a good many years, and my ethical conscience is very acute. My experience says emphatically, No. And I am an Anarchist for the same reason that I am an Atheist, to wit: Because neither in the moral conduct of any government known to me, nor in that of the passional world, human or animal, am I able to discern the hand of a power more benevolent or more just than my own, and I am not Christ-one enough to consider myself as "one with the father."

J. L. Andrew seems to think that the ethical sense is a product of government, since he repudiates it equally as an afflux from deity and as an evolution of personal spontaneity. But I, who hav a stern conscience of rectitude unamenable to interest, know that, whether it is an afflux from some higher order of being or not, I am certainly not indebted to government for it. Neither does it side like Mr. Andrew with "these relations of capital and labor, of employer and laborer," etc., which he says, "hav been contemporaneous with civilization." They are very different now from what they were, as I remember, fifty years ago; still more so from what they were before machinery came into use, but always more or less iniquitous unless with personal coöperation. Having always been opposed to the economic system of hireling labor and speculativ profits as well as to political government with its class privileges, I must hav got my ethical sense somewhere. But wherever I got it, it is because I hav it that I am an Anarchist and advocate of personal rights independent of majority vote or what passes for such. That morality is a product of government, I admit, and that accounts for the prevalent rascality.

Edgeworth.

Hang Everybody!

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* In your issue of June 26th, in your discussion of the right of free speech, you advance the doctrin that Most, Spies, Fielden, Parsons, and others of like character and tendencies hav at all times a perfect right to advocate any doctrin which may seem to *them* right, so long as those doctrins are not carried into effect. According to your ideas, the advocacy of wholesale murder would not be a punishable offense, until those who had become imbued with these pernicious doctrins had actually carried them into effect! You say that "the tendency of a speech must be judged by its results."

The tendency of Parsons's, Spies's, and Fielden's speeches on the 4th of May last, at Haymarket Square, was to incite riot and bloodshed, and there is no question that such speeches as were there delivered were instrumental in inducing those who were listening to commit a breach of the peace, with what terrible results your readers are aware.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature. He who would attempt to deprive me of life could not complain if I should destroy his.

The notice of intention to take mine should not be allowed to be followed to a conclusion, but should at once put him where it would be impossible for him to do so. The fault of our government has always been too great leniency, and if the scum of Europe are allowed to come to our shores and advocate their damnable doctrins, it will never see its second century of existence.

I am a respecter of the rights of all men under our Constitution and laws. I believe that crime not only consists of committing a wrong act, but in inducing others to do so. I consider such men as Parsons, Spies, Most, Fielden, and men of intelligence wrongfully directed are more deserving of punishment than their ignorant dupes. The Constitution of the United States (13th, 14th, and 15th amendments included) is a safe instrument to follow, and it defines the crime of treason as "levying war against it and giving *aid and comfort to its enemies.*" Vallandingham was not caught murdering Union soldiers, but he was inciting others to do so, and was tried and convicted, and I only regret that he had not been shot for so doing, to deter others from a like offense.

We hav closed our ears to the foul mouthings of these fiends long enough, and it is about time we cried Halt.

I hav but little sympathy for the Chicago police who suffered so terribly on the 4th of May. While supposed to be conservators of the peace, they for over two years past allowed these scoundrels to openly make their threats of pillage and arson without protest, and if they were the greatest sufferers by their neglect of duty, they hav themselvs to blame. I see, Mr. Editor, that you in same edition publish the call for funds to defend these murderers, and express a fear that they won't hav a chance to prove their irresponsibility for their own teachings. I attended their Sunday meetings at the Lake Front in Chicago for more than two years, and I heard enough from the leaders to convict them before any intelligent jury in the country. I on more than one occasion combated their treasonable doctrins, and Mr. Parsons openly told me that when the time came they would commence by hanging me to a lamp-post. I am opposed, therefore, to waiting to be killed before taking steps to protect myself, but would put each and every one guilty of uttering seditious language behind prison walls, where their chances of doing wrong would be reduced to a minimum. About a dozen years ago a man by the name of Freeman killed his own child. The tendency to do so was incited by reading in the Bible the story of Abraham offering his son Isaac as a sacrifice for sin. At the moment the knife was about to descend, the story goes, God stayed Abraham's hand and saved his son's life. Freeman had just as much cause to expect divine interposition as had Abraham, but the God which he worshiped stayed not his hand, and he became a murderer. Now, Mr. Editor, who was to blame? The Bible. Its tendency and teachings led Freeman to commit a crime. I would condemn this book for its fallacious doctrins. The good in it will liv; but its false teachings should be destroyed.

Let these men who hav for years openly incited others to riot and bloodshed not shrink like cowards from the consequences of their acts, but show that they are willing to take their chances with their misguided followers. I hope to see them get the full measure of punishment the law will admit of as a warning to others, and that the honor and glory of our country will be upheld. L. Tenney.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Giv Us Liberty.

I am an individualistic Anarchist, not a Communistic one, and I hav very little sympathy with Most, Spies, Parsons, *et al.*, in so far as their methods and precepts are concerned. But when these men are gagged and their pens broken by the strong hands of a tyrannical government, then their cause becomes my cause, and I protest for them as I would protest for myself. In them liberty is smitten, and every free man should spring to the rescue. When men are jealous not only for the freedom of the free-born and anxious not only for the emancipation of the slave, but jealous of the liberty of tyrants and desirous of the emancipation of slave-drivers also, then we shall know something of what liberty means. Let us face this question squarely. We call ourselvs Freethinkers and say we believe in free speech and free press, but do we? In the majority of cases, No. We as Infidels hold certain ideas about theology, and free speech and press mean to us permission to promulgate these views. The average Infidel means only this, and if you tell him that true free speech includes the right to preach murder, arson, and obscenity, he will shrink aghast. But let us consider. What is liberty? Turn to J. S. Mill: "The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental and spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to liv as seems good to themselvs, than by compelling each to liv as seems good to the rest." This, then, is equal or social liberty in its broad sense, and that branch of it which we are now considering is liberty of thought, "from which," Mill furthermore declares, "it is impossible to separate the cognate liberty of speaking and of writing." According to this definition, then, we hav a right to think, speak, publish, or do anything not necessarily injurious to others. The question turns, therefore, on what is necessarily injurious. A little investigation here makes it apparent that no thought, expressed either by spoken or published word, can necessarily injure or, at least, such necessary injury being impossible to prove, the whole matter is thrown without the pale of legitimate judicial action. To tempt, to persuade, is not necessarily to compel. I am not obliged to fire houses because an incendiary urges me to arson, nor to drink whisky because the rumseller trolls a drinking song in my ear. I am not forced to murder because asked to kill, nor to rob because invited to steal. Whosoever is tempted is tempted more from within than without. If there were no demand, the supply would be ignored. Or if you claim that persuasion is compulsion, then you must allow the criminal who acts because of such persuasion to go scot-free, for he was forced against his will.

Let the tempter tempt, the fanatic shriek, and the incendiary rave; the strong, the virtuous, the intelligent, are not deceived; and the only way to make men strong, virtuous, and intelligent is to giv them liberty, that their faculties may be exercised and purified by actual conflict with seductiv errors. To "protect" mental virtue is to shrivel it into a rudiment. The so-called "pure" girl, who has learned nothing of sex, is the libertin's easiest prey; and the ignorant classes, who are protected by police clubs from hearing incendiary theories publicly discussed, will be poisoned through and through by those theories secretly imbibed.

How, then, shall we combat the errors of licentious speech? By the truths of free speech. In a fair field liberty will overcome license and tyranny, kindness will overcome malice, justice will prevail against greed, purity will cleanse obscenity; or else truth is weaker than falsehood; or else liberty, kindness, justice, purity, are not true, nor fit to survive.

What, would you let a man use obscene language in the presence of ladies, curse you in the public streets, call you a liar to your face, or libel you in the public prints? Most certainly. Can an obscene word injure the soul of a pure woman because her ear givs it unwilling audience? Would not her scorn and contempt, as openly indicated (by word or action) as his filth, wither him with an agony of self-abhorrence? Let a man damn me, if he must, by all the gods in his Pantheon. What of it? They are but shades, and his curses but wind. If he defames me, and his accusation is true, he certainly should not be silenced; if false, I need only to prove that falseness to protect myself and perhaps dishonor him. Let men foam, rant, rave, tempt, conspire, curse, blackguard, or defame; their words are simply vicious, not criminal, or, if criminal, the freely-spoken truth, exposing their danger, is the ample and only just defense against them.

Brother Anarchists, let us hear from you on this matter! We are the defenders of liberty.

Let us, therefore, as free men, stand freely united to defend free thought, free speech, free press, free mails, all of which are now crippled and smitten down by the tyranny of our laws and government.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

Mr. Dana Downed.

We sympathize sufficiently with the writer of the following letter, which the *Sun* did dare to print, to giv it a conspicuous place in our columns. Among all the daily papers of this city the *Sun* is by far the ablest, and it is a matter of public concern that it givs so much aid and comfort to the worst enemy of the republic—the Roman Catholic church:

A reader of the *Sun* for twenty years, I am profoundly disgusted with its late constant truckling to the foreign element and the papal temporal power. A soldier myself in the late war, my ancestors fought at Lundy's Lane, at Trenton, and Cowpens, and at Fort Duquesne, but I stand less chance of getting a political favor than any foreigner landed within five years. I am ready for a nativ American party, and believe it is coming.

Always a Democrat, I am disgusted to see Secretary Whitney place a United States revenue cutter at the disposal of the papal ablegates, and the president sending his marine band to serenade the cardinal prince of the states of the church, thus acknowledging the temporal power of the pope.

I am equally disgusted to see the *Sun* falsely eulogizing Catholic priests at the expense of Protestants, when our streets are filled with Catholic rum holes, our public institutions with Catholic paupers, our prisons with Catholic criminals, our docks on Sundays with Catholic Sunday-school children, and our street corners with drunken Catholic church-members, and when the *Sun* can find any week from twenty to forty sleek priests summering at Saratoga hotels. Yet you toady to the Catholic vote and abuse Protestants—you toady to home rule for Ireland and dare not advocate home rule for America.

In a word, the *Sun* would not dare to print and comment on this for a thousand dollars a line.

A True Son of Amerioa.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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Chicago Liberals Terrorized.

The Chicago papers must be edited by a set of ignoramuses or knaves. Ever since the so-called Anarchists hav been in jail the journals of that city hav made persistent efforts to connect them with the Freethought movement, saying that the Liberal League of Chicago was the hotbed of Anarchy, that the members were equally guilty with the bomb-thrower, that they are freelovers, and coupling them with the Oneida Communists. Especially do the papers bear down upon the fact that Fielden was once a member of the League. In describing the scene in the court-room at the trial of the Anarchists the papers almost daily hav had something like this to say:

"Mrs. Parsons was accompanied by Mrs. Holmes, who is devoted to the principles of freelove, and in days gone by was Mrs. Swank, and entertained a motley crowd known as the Liberal League by playing a wheezy organ and trying to sing alleged original songs in anything but a musical tone. It is a noticeable thing that a number of the persons who turned to preaching Anarchy were at one time the ardent pupils of that erratic school known as the Liberal League."

Then, to vary the program, an editorial like this from the *Times* would bias public opinion:

"It is reported that a person of the name of Stevens (a name indicating that its owner is not an importation from the Danube, the Vistula, or the Rhine) has been giving comfort and consolation to Socialist savages, and particularly to the Ethiopian coparcener of the wretch Parsons, by telling them that 'the manner in which the press and the pulpit hav treated the matter [of the Socialist war against society] is subversiv of the right of free speech and opposed to the institutions of free government.'

"The statement that the said Stevens was lately a functionary of an association of religious (or irreligious) cranks called the Liberal League adds no weight to his opinion. Judge Mallory, of Milwaukee, instructed the grand jury in his court that 'men who, by incendiary speeches and wild harangs, cause breaches of the peace, must be held to a strict accountability. The law of this country does not protect any such freedom of speech.' Judge Rogers, of Chicago, instructed the grand jury in his court to the same effect. Judge Cooley, in his great work on 'Constitutional Limitations,' a standard authority, holds the same view, and cites copiously from a great number of judicial decisions that completely uphold the proposition that there is no liberty of speech or of the press in this country or in England (whence we hav derived all the liberty of speech that our fundamental law says shall not be impaired) to incite what is contrary to law or destructiv to the public peace and tranquility.

"There are not a few religious (or irreligious) cranks in this country whose notions of 'the institutions of free government' are doubtless as loose as those of any sympathizer with the Socialist savagery. The Mormons and the curious collection of 'freelovers' in Oneida county, New York, are perhaps as 'liberal' in their notions respecting the 'institutions of free government' as any member of the Chicago society of religious (or irreligious) cranks that carries the name of 'Liberal League.'

"Unfortunately the world swarms with cranks. If there were no cranks, no fanatics, no fools, and no scoundrels, there would be no Socialist propaganda of barbarism, and no sympathizers with their hellish work."

By these means the Chicago journals are endeavoring to force the conviction of the indicted men. Should any of them escape, the editors know that libel suits would follow, and they are determined that there shall be no chance for that. We are informed by one who knows that nearly every reference to the prisoners is a malicious lie. Had not the few Anarchists who once belonged to the Liberal League withdrawn from that organization because it had no sympathy with their wild ideas and still wilder talk, the papers would hav goaded the authorities to searching the houses of the known Freethinkers of the city, and no doubt some of them would hav been arrested for possessing Socialistic literature. In fact, several people hav been arrested who are neither Socialists nor Anarchists. The Socialists, who are not Anarchists, hav been forbidden to meet, and Chicago, owing to the villainous conduct of the press, is under a complete reign of terror. The attacks upon the Liberals hav nearly broken up the League, and the president, L. H. Sawyer, has resigned. The other members are afraid to avow their principles by attending League meetings, and outside speakers can by no means be induced to appear on the League platform.

All this is the work of the daily press, aided by the pulpit, and infamous work it is. So far as the League is concerned, there is no foundation for the attacks. Fielden, it is true, was once a member of the League, and he and a few attendants upon the meetings endeavored to make the League an anti-state instead of an anti-church organization, but his failure was ignominious and he was either expelled or withdrew. The most prominent gentleman opposing him was E. A. Stevens. But, although their open enemy, Mr. Stevens does not desire the prisoners persecuted, and he does not wish the constitutional guarantees of free speech to be broken down because of the recent doings of the Anarchists. Even the worst of criminals deserve fair play in their trials, and this the Anarchists are not getting. Therefore Mr. Stevens protests, and it is to his credit that he does.

The decisions quoted by the *Times* are of no account. "Judges" are nearly always wrong. They look behind, not forward. They quote the mistakes of our ancestors, and never see that our posterity will laugh at them. They go to a graveyard for their authority, turning their backs upon the rising sun. Judges hav a reputation for wisdom, but in the majority of cases it is only stupidity. With sensible people a judge's opinion has a little less weight than that of almost anybody else.

There is no question that the pulpit and the press hav treated this matter wrongly. They hav asked for the summary suppression of all social views contrary to those generally accepted, and Mr. Stevens is right in saying that their harangs are subversiv of the right of free speech, and opposed to the institutions of free government. The bomb-thrower of Chicago should be punished. If anyone incited or urged or commanded him to do it, then that person should be punished as an accessory to the crime. But the police are dragging into the courts every Socialist they can trump up a charge against, depending upon public clamor to convict. The press is denouncing everyone whom the police drag in, and connecting them all with the Infidels, that the glory of God may more abound. In this dirty work they, of course, hav the aid of the little pulpit-pounders of the city. It is nothing to either the pulpit or the press that the Anarchists are not members of the League; it is nothing to them that Mormonism is a Biblical institution; it is nothing to them that the Oneida freelovers are Christians. Anarchists, Mormons, and Oneida Communists are unpopular, and comparing the Infidels to them will damage Freethought in the estimation of the unthinking and the unread. That is the object of the Chicago press just now, and always has been everywhere the object of the pulpit. The vulture and the jackal hav gone into partnership, and nothing between heaven and earth escapes the grip of the firm.

We hope that the Liberals of Chicago will presently find sufficient courage to resume their work regardless of the screams and howls of the unsavory copartnership. The press will shortly get sober, and the ministers are scarcely worth noticing. When the pulpit ceases its abuse of Freethinkers it will be time for the latter to catechise themselvs to find out what is wrong. As for the press, it voices what it thinks is public opinion, and when the public cools down the papers will soon find room to retract their slurs upon the League. Freethinkers must stand for freedom and fair play regardless of misjudgment or slander.

The Town of Liberal, Mo.

Liberal, Mo., is evidently undergoing some kind of "purification," though the methods used to cleanse the town are of doubtful morality. Just what the trouble is none of the parties thereto explain clearly. As nearly as we can get at the facts, from the evidence hereinafter given, and from our knowledge of the place, obtained from people who hav lived there, the matter seems to be that among the inhabitants of the town there are a handful who hold broad doctrins on the subject of love and marriage, and who are vociferous in airing their opinions in season and out. This expression does not suit Mr. Walser, who founded the town and owns most of the land around it, and he is endeavoring to persuade the sexual reformers to leave. In this he has the powerful oratorical aid of C. W. Stewart. Among those who hav most deeply incurred Mr. Walser's enmity are H. P. and Georgia Replogle, formerly editors of the *Liberal*, and now publishers of a little journal called *Equity;* J. K. Moore, editor of the last page of *Equity*, and Henry Youmans. On Sunday evening, June 27th, a meeting was held at the Liberal Opera House, C. W. Stewart occupying the platform. The report of the proceedings is given by Mr. Walser in the *Liberal* of July 1st, as follows, under the heading, "Freelove Got a Black Eye:"

"The Opera House on last Sunday evening was literally crowded to listen to the lecture of C. W. Stewart on the subject of morality. Space will not allow us to giv the lecture; we can but giv the results. Every word that fell from the speaker's lips were as broad as chips from a brawny workman.

"The speaker haudled that social evil called freelove without gloves. He divested the hydra monster of its gaudy vestment, ripped open its rotten carcass, and exposed its foul hideousness in all its forms to public gaze that it might be seen as it really was.

"This lecture seemed to be called on the account of the frequent attempts of would-be reformers to subordinate the people of Liberal to polyandry, pimpism, lust, and debauchery, all under the sweet-scented name of freelove.

"After the lecture was over, those of the audience who indorsed the sentiments uttered by Mr. Stewart were requested to rise to their feet. At once the vast audience, with but few exceptions, rose. The reverse side was then put, and those not agreeing with the sentiments of the speaker were requested to rise, and four rose to their feet. Then ensued a scene which was heartrending indeed. A brazen young man, whose aged mother was in the audience, and who has bright, pure, and intelligent sisters, who would naturally expect a brother's protection, and a brother's defense of their honor, arose and placed himself among those whose lustful gratification was held paramount to the purity of mother, sister, wife, or daughter. A shriek was wrung from that old mother's heart which evinced a sense of pain a thousand times worse than would be the fact should death strike the loveliest flower from the family. The scene was so painful that tears flowed from the strongest eyes in sympathy with the poor mother, with a corresponding feeling of disgust for the brazen wretch who stood unmoved, as dead to shame, before his mother's sinking, bleeding, broken heart.

"There was one good lesson taught, though at a fearful cost of sorrow, which was that Liberal was not the place for that class of people. Liberal will not be subordinated to those freelove doctrins and practices, as those will certainly learn who attempt it here.

"The world is wide. If they must pursue that course, they should go where they are welcome, go where they are wanted. As for us, we intend to keep the family altar, as far as we can, pure and undefiled from the taints of the lecherous libertin and gangrenous fumes of the procurers. We speak from a conviction of duty—duty to ourselvs, to our families, our mothers, wives, and daughters; yea, a duty we owe to innocence throughout the land. The people of Liberal say Go, and they mean what they say. There is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

"It was asserted by one of the four that it would injure the town were it known that it would not be a welcome resort for all classes. Of course 'all classes' means the saloon class, the freelove class, pimp class, as well as an asylum for filth of all kinds. Liberal is not that kind of a place, and we hope the world will know it and appreciate it as fully as the people of Liberal do. We would rather remain a hundred years without one more accession than rise on the fatness of filth. The Freethought people of the world are now forming the material for a monument to human progress, and Liberal shall be an honored stone in that structure or none at all."

When we read this we recognized at once the fact that a fight is going on in the Freethought community we hav so often had occasion to defend. But no further information was obtained till the reception of *Equity* of July 3d. In that journal was the subjoined from the pen of H. P. Replogle:

"The bitter fight here is not for so-called freelove, for there are not more than a dozen persons in the town who understand or care anything about the sex question, but a question of freedom of speech and press, without being subject to mob violence. Nor are those who hav taken this

stand in sympathy with the doctrins of social radicals further than a right to citizenship, a fair hearing, and protection against ostracism for opinion's sake.

"The leading editorial of the *Liberal* of this week speaks for itself more plainly than I might dare. It completely portrays the character of the writer, his conception of the subject he was treating, just how much regard he has for truth, his mode of dealing with those who differ from him in his opinion; and, with its false representation of the subject, is a straight pointer to the cause of the attempted mob violence of Monday night and the demonstration of the same on Tuesday evening, which was quieted with such difficulty by those who feared the responsibility of its acts. In tone, conception, intention, and manner it is a condensed delineation of the proceedings of the 'sexual morality' leaders at the hall Sunday night. A thorough, impartial investigation would undoubtedly reveal the whole matter as centered in the desire—of those to whose personal interest it would be—to crush this paper because of its attitude on the labor question. This freelove cry is only a cunning dodge to enlist, through the misunderstanding of its principles, the prejudice of the people in removing those who dare fight for the rights of the capital-oppressed toiler. This is the condensed truth of it all."

On the page of *Equity* edited by J. K. Moore is printed the following, presumably written by Mr. Moore. It is headed "Border Ruffianism:"

"On Sunday evening, June 27th, C. W. Stewart gave a lecture in the Opera House of this place on sexual morality in which he found occasion to recommend shot-gun and boot logic for those who should attempt to teach his family other than that he had been preaching. G. H. Walser then arose and indorsing all of Stewart's mobocratic speech added that this objectionable element referred to by Stewart should be led to the outskirts of the town and invited to leave, and expressions on the same strain. He then called a rising vote of the assembly indorsing Stewart's speech. The most of the people arose. He then called for those who did not indorse it. Four only arose, Owram, Thayer, Youmans, and myself; objecting each of us to some of his expressions. Numbers cried out against any of the four being heard, but finally all were. Walser ordered me to 'shut up' repeatedly, though he was not chairman.

"On Tuesday morning about 2 A.M., as a result of Walser's violence-inciting speeches, a mob came to my door and demanded to see Mr. Youmans. When he asked what was wanted, they demanded an explanation of his conduct at the hall on Sunday evening. On being adversely answered these midnight executors of Walser, Stewart & Co. gave Mr. Youmans twenty-four hours to leave, stoned the house, fired several shots into it, and left a long dirk at the gate of the yard.

"These are the agents and agencies for spreading Freethought and 'Universal Mental Liberty,' the motto inscribed on the hall. I would prefer that Walser, Stewart & Co. lead their own reformatory schemes at midnight themselvs."

Now we get the annexed circular from Henry Youmans, accompanied by this note:

"LIBERAL, MO., July 4, 1886.

"DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: This circular will giv you a slight idea of the state of Liberalism in this town at present. You may publish it if you will. Warren Chase, Jay Chaapel, and many other honorable men here will vouch for the truth of it. HENRY YOUMANS."

The circular, with the exception of a personal attack upon Mr. Walser, which we hav stricken out as irrelevant, is headed, "Justice: To the People:"

"I ask all those whose brains are not run in a pair of bullet-molds to lay aside their prejudices and read what I hav to say. I ask a fair field and no favors. Criminals on the scaffold are given a chance to speak. Victims of lynch law are always allowed a few closing remarks, but last Sunday night I was howled down by an audience of so-called Liberals in this boasted home of freedom.

"C. W. Stewart made an incendiary speech against freelovers, accusing them of advocating and practicing prostitution, and proposed, as an answer to their arguments, to 'fill them full of buckshot.' Walser called for a vote of those who indorsed Stewart's speech. I was among the four who voted against it. My mother (who is a little deaf) thought I voted in favor of the prostitution described by Stewart, when I voted only against his foul lies, brutal language and shot-gun policy. She asked me to sit down. I asked permission to explain, but was denied the privilege. It was evidently a preconspired plot, hatched in the brain of the czar of Liberal, to incite my own mother against me, and through her instigate the mob to assassinate me, as they hav since threatened to do. On the following night they attacked Mr. Moore and myself, shattered his house with stones and with Stewart's and Walser's leaden logic.

"The following extract is from the *Liberal*, Mr. Walser's paper:

"'A brazen young man, whose aged mother was in the audience; and who has bright, pure, and intelligent sisters, who would naturally expect a brother's protection and a brother's defense of their honor, arose and placed himself among those whose lustful gratification was held paramount to the purity of mother, sister, wife, or daughter. A shriek was wrung from that old mother's heart which evinced a sense of pain a thousand times worse than would be the fact should death strike the loveliest flower from the family. The scene was so painful that tears flowed from the strongest eyes in sympathy for the poor mother, with a corresponding feeling of disgust for the brazen wretch who stood unmoved, as dead to shame, before his mother's sinking, bleeding, broken heart.'

"I defy anyone whose heart is not of stone to conceive of a more savage, devilish, and brutal crime than plotting to array a tender and loving mother against a son because he refuses to be voted, like a sneak, against the dictates of his own heart and brain. I would not stoop to notice these low tactics had he not misrepresented the real motivs of my mother's action in the hall.

"To those persons who gave me twenty-four hours to leave town I would say: If your skulls are so thick as to be impenetrable by an idea, and you still indorse the buckshot argument, place Capt. G. H. Walser at your head when you visit me again, and you will confer a great and lasting blessing upon the town of Liberal. Yours for justice,

"*Liberal Mo.*, July 2, 1886. HENRY YOUMANS."

These extracts show a painful state of affairs in Liberal. Every Freethinker in the country is interested in the well-being of the little town, and does not desire its light hid under a cloud of shot-gun smoke. While the purity of the family and the virtue of the young are subjects of the utmost solicitude, yet if any man's house has been mobbed and shots fired at it, because of the opinions of the owner or of his guest upon any subject on earth, a monstrous and infamous wrong has been committed, the perpetrators of which are a disgrace to Freethought. They are more blameworthy than the brutal Catholics who threw a reformed Romanist into the river because he spoke against their church. We cannot believe that Mr. Walser or Mr. Stewart had any lot or parcel in the affair. But unless they are more vigilant, their own supporters will do the town infinitly more damage than all the slanders concocted by the priesthood. They should bear in mind that they are not responsible for the opinions of Messrs. Replogle, Moore, and Youmans; neither hav they any more right to persecute them for opinion's sake than the Christians hav to imprison every Infidel in the community of Liberal.

In the *Liberal* of July 8th Mr. Chaapel announces his withdrawal from the editorship of that paper. Hav the action of the mob and the action of Mr. Chaapel any connection with each other?

Chili and the Catholic Church.

The Roman Catholic church has received a setback in South America which Americans particularly will rejoice at. The new president of Chili has been elected on an anti church platform. The campaign has been a stirring one, unusually long and bitter. The issue was distinct, and turned upon the perpetuation of the power of the Catholic church. Under the present laws the government of Chili supports the churches and their collateral institutions, paying the priests as officials. It also repairs the churches when necessary. With a population of between two and three millions, Chili has one archbishop, three bishops, and several hundreds of priests, friars, and monks. All these draw pay from the public treasury. The government also maintains six seminaries for the education of priests. The whole establishment costs several hundred thousand dollars annually. Catholicism is the state religion, and Protestantism exists by sufferance where it exists at all. In the election just held the people were divided into three parties, known as the Clericals, the Liberals, and the Radicals. The former recognize and advocate the supremacy of the church in political as well as spiritual matters. The Liberals advocate a divorce of church and state, the abolishment of orders of religious seclusion, the establishment of free, non-sectarian schools, the taxation of church property, and a constitutional guarantee of civil and religious liberty such as exists in the United States. The Radicals are a dissenting faction of the Liberal party. The Extremists advocate the confiscation of church property and the banishment of all clerical orders. The influence of the German professors who are employed in the national universities is said to be strongly Materialistic and to be the source of the politics of the extreme party. The majority of the young professional men of the country are alleged to be thoroughly imbued with Materialistic doctrins.

The Liberal party has been in power a short time, and the new president, Señor Balmaceda, was the prime minister of the previous administration. The party has already enacted considerable legislation looking toward a termination of the relations between church and state. The civil rite of marriage was established as the only legal form. The records of births and deaths were taken from the parish priests and placed in the hands of civil magistrates. The money formerly appropriated to aid the parish schools was denied them, and a bill to establish a system there of non-eclectic education and various other similar progressiv ideas were introduced. But the Extremists insisted upon more radical measures, and, failing to accomplish them, split off from the Liberal party and nominated a presidential candidate of their own. Balmaceda is a man about forty-five years of age, who has become conspicuous as a leader only since he was selected by Santa Maria to represent the younger generation in his cabinet. He is a graduate of the National University of Chili, has traveled considerably in Europe, and is regarded as one of the ablest, as well as one of the most progressiv, men in the republic. He is reputed to be the author of much of the anti-church legislation that has been enacted by the Chilian congress.

ABOUT the wholesale conviction of the boycotters of this city, and on the labor situation generally, the daily newspapers talk like fools because they think that is the way the people want them to talk. The people are flattered.

THE Army Bill, which has passed the United States Senate, increases the pay of chaplains from $1,500 per annum to $1,800. Our objections to this bill are the same that a bank would hav to a thief stealing $1,800 instead of $1,500.

THE London *World* says it was the strong church influence brought to bear on the council that alone prevented the University of Oxford from conferring its honorary degree on Mr. Irving. The discussions on the subject were of an unusually lively description.

THE American Tract Society has refused to lease rooms in its building on Nassau street, this city, to the publishers of *Our Country*, because it is a labor paper and supports the principles of the Knights of Labor. The excuse given with the refusal of the lease was "that the paper seems not in accord with the work of the Tract Society." The trustees are right in this. The Knights of Labor are endeavoring to benefit mankind.

THE New York *Observer*, which hates the Catholics as only a Calvinist can hate a brother Christian, charges that the *Freeman's Journal* is the only newspaper in this city which advertises lotteries. The *Observer* calls attention to the bill in Congress forbidding the use of the mails to those papers containing such advertisments, and unkindly suggests that its passage will be a serious blow to Roman Catholic organs.

A WRITER in the *Reporter*, of Dunlap, Mo., falls into serious error in the following:

"THE TRUTH SEEKER says that in 66 prisons, containing 41,335 convicts, it was ascertained on inquiry that there was but one avowed Infidel and two so-called Infidels; all the others believing in a life after death."

THE TRUTH SEEKER did not say "all the others believing in a life after death." We said that the balance were Christians, and the point we made, and which the figures prove, is that Christianity does not prevent a person from being immoral. Mr. C. E. Kidd should be careful to understand what he reads before rushing into print.

THE tricks of tonguey lawyers are viewed by the people with more or less leniency, but such a despicable trick as Mr. Choate tried to play upon the plaintiff in the large telegraph suit against the Western Union merits a more severe rebuke than that administered by the judge. Colonel Ingersoll is one of the counsel for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Choate is retained by Mr. Gould's corporation. In beginning his summing up for the Western Union, Mr. Choate dramatically reminded the jury that they had been sworn upon the Bible, a book which Colonel Ingersoll ignored. "What has my ignoring the Bible to do with this case?" interrupted Colonel Ingersoll. "A good deal to do with this case," replied Mr. Choate, with a defiant air. "I ask your honor if my ignoring the Bible makes any difference in this case," said Colonel Ingersoll, addressing Judge Lawrence. "Not the slightest," responded Judge Lawrence, "and I so instruct the jury." The opportunity was a good one for the judge to hav impressed the jury, and, through the press, the country, with the idea that a man's religious opinion is his own private business. It is astonishing that a lawyer of the eminence and acknowledged ability of Mr. Choate should hav resorted to such a shyster trick to make a point for his clients. A man has a weak case when he has to abuse opposing counsel.

IN THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 19th we printed an account of the alleged strange death at Millersburg, Pa., of Samuel Motter. It was a story that had gone all over the country. Motter, it was said, was an Infidel, who, with some reckless companions, had celebrated the "Lord's supper" with bread and beer, after which he had gone home and died, frightened to death by "an immense, ill-formed, and foul beast with great cloven feet, pointed horns, and eyes that flashed fire." This, it will be seen, is the ideal devil of Christianity, and was supposed to hav been sent by God to punish Motter for his blasphemy. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Advocate*, by writing to the Methodist minister at Millersburg, whittled the story down to a mock service and subsequent death of Motter "with only such fear of death as is common to unsaved men." The appearance of the devil was denied. A gentleman living in Nebraska, where the story appeared in a county paper, sends us further information which reduces the absurd tale to nothing. Last spring Mr. G. H. Gibson, of Loup City, Neb., wrote to the postmaster of Millersburg, making inquiries in the matter, and asked the postmaster to hand his letter to any prominent Freethinker in the place. In reply he received the following, which disposes of the Christian tale once for all:

"MILLERSBURG, PA., April 8, 1886.

"DEAR SIR: The postmaster of this place handed me your letter to answer, and in reply I would say there is no truth whatever in the statement. Samuel Motter died a natural death of heart disease. Yours, etc., J. D. DIMES."

Further comment upon the affair is useless.

Letters from Friends.

WOODSTOCK, VT., July 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I look upon it as a duty for every Freethinker that can spare a dollar in the cause of mental freedom to render assistance to one or more of the plans that are in vogue to rout the adversary, Bigotry, that stands arrayed against us. I hav taken this into account, and will for now donate, for the Campaign Fund, $8; for the Tent Fund, $4; for the pictures, $4. The last—the pictures—I wish all Christians to see; they speak for themselvs, showing the inconsistency of a belief that this was the work of an all-wise being.

Please let this be seen. It may cause others to step out and do likewise. Yours for the truth, JOHN D. POWERS.

DECATUR, ILL., June 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: W. S. Bell gave one lecture at the Turner's Hall last Sunday afternoon. His subject was "Superstition," and it was the grandest effort I ever heard. It was based upon our observation and experience, therefore none could deny the many good points he made. Mr. Bell came here from Mechanicsburg, where he gave three lectures. He was to hav engaged in a three days' debate with a Rev. Mr. Robbins, of that place, but in order to hav what he considered a plausible excuse for not meeting Mr. Bell, he demanded that Mr. Bell should produce credentials in support of his good character; but the Liberals of the place told him that they would do nothing of the kind. However, the reverend attended the lectures, and at the close of every lecture Mr. Bell invited the clergy to come forward and reply to any objections, but they were as mute as mice.

J. E. Remsburg was there last winter and gave two lectures, aud is to be there again in August.

These two apostles of liberty hav stirred that old hot-bed of bigotry and superstition to its very dregs. So the bigots "must fight if they should win. Increase their courage, Lord."

I hope that the Liberals will make arrangements and secure Mr. Bell's services. They are bound to be highly pleased with him. W. L. SANDERS.

EUREKA GROVE, FLA., June 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I notice in your issue of May 8th an article from Sine Die, N. Y., giving Florida down the banks tremendously, with its land swindles, worthless and barren lands, nothing to be raised without fertilizers, etc. Now, I cannot allow such talk in the TRUTH SEEKER family to pass without comment. We hav no doubt about there being plenty of swindlers in New York. Some of them send their victims to Florida, to the West, to Texas, and elsewhere. We hav poor lands, swamps, flats, woods, etc.; so has New York. As large a part of New York is worthless as of Florida, and yet it is called the Empire state, and will be for a long time to come.

I hav lived there, and I say that a man that is willing to work, and knows a good thing when he sees it, can make more in five years in Florida than he could in the state of New York in a lifetime. We hav already a great many Freethinkers in the new settlements, and we want a great many more in this neighborhood; but we want practical folks that can do for themselvs, that can and will help improve and build up the country. Two-thirds of the immigrants to the rich prairies West fail to stay and make success from the fact they are not used to do for themselvs, but worked for or leaned on others, and can't adapt themselvs to circumstances. There are good and bad points to all sections. N. S. HAZEN.

TORONTO, ONT., CAN., July 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Had I seen the letter from C. L. Jacobs in manuscript in your waste-basket, instead of occupying about a column and a half of your valuable space, it would hav been perhaps in its proper place. What we want most is what some one knows or can know, not vague speculations that, with a little thought, Mr. Jacobs can see are just as impossible to prove as the existence of a God. What under the sun can be proved by supposing something to be true, and then asking us to believe something unproved in order to demonstrate that the supposition is correct? He says, "Spirit is composed of matter, but all matter is not visible, does not hav weight, nor is it necessarily susceptible to either of the five senses, for instance, gas, electricity, magnetism," etc. All these are known by our senses, and all matter is visible when brought within our range of vision. He then adds two more senses, viz., talking and judging (neither of which are senses). How do you know that what you call lower animals do not talk to their kind and judge? And a horse's judgment is often superior to his driver's. The power to talk is a result of physical formation; to talk well is the expression of ideas gained by our powers of observation through or by means of the senses.

He asks, "Where is the person who has not retired at night with a perplexing question on his mind that he could not solve, and on awaking next morning it was perfectly clear?" This makes it perfectly clear to Mr. Jacobs that the *spirit*, whatever he means by that, had solved the question. Is it not more reasonable that at the time you could not solve the question you had not sufficient concentration of thought, and that during sleep your tired brain was refreshed. Don't ascribe anything to God or spirits that can be reasonably explained.

Then he talks of a person who has lost a limb feeling the lost member as plainly as if it were really there. This shows that what he calls the spirit is not as wise as his senses, and therefore not superior to them. If he had given any attention to the study of the nervous system he would be able to account for his severed nerves trying to make a liar of his sense of sight. How is it that a disgusting smell will make your spirit sick at its stomach? Study the nervous system, Mr. Jacobs, before ascribing sensation to spirits, or, in fact, to anything but the real cause. WM. CHURCHILL.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., June 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your cartoon in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 26, 1886, givs evidence that the Bible is true. After a tramp gets into jail he takes no thought for life, what he shall eat, drink, or put on, as it is brought to him at the expense of the city. But it shows, should anyone follow the Bible teaching to the very letter, that it leads him to become a tramp. AUGUST BUESING.

LINCOLN, ILL., July 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I notice that a controversy still goes on concerning the propriety, or the etiquet, so to speak, of the TRUTH SEEKER "outrageous flings" of Brother Heston against all and singular the points of Christianity. The burden of those who seem offended seems to be that some visiting friend—say a mother-in-law, or a pious old uncle, or an old aunt with a stock of superstition left over from early life which has "grown with her life," and become the more intense as age and mental weakness creep on—sees something harrowing to his or her contracted vision in a picture. Let us suppose that your friend and whilom subscriber, H. C. Gill, was a Democrat during the campaign of 1884. Of course, he had any quantity of those campaign cuts of Blaine with his "Ingersoll plumes," together with hundreds of other caricatures touching things and events. Why did he not "stop my paper! My Republican visitors don't like the cuts; it hurts their feelings?" No; ten to one he had the papers strung around loose—the baby had them on the floor, the pups tugged them round under foot in the very sight of his friends, and a happy thought went through him as the waving plumes came in sight of his defenseless friends, who, away from their homes, were without ammunition to shoot back. But a picture making light of a miserable, God-dishonoring, contemptible old fable is a breach of decorum—yes, an insult to a person who is deceived by false education, and whose heart is full of rancor and hate toward all of unlike belief. The trouble with our friend is right here—he is yet a slave; freedom with all its satisfaction and glory is not his. I hav been there, and never till I read Kersey Graves's "Sixteen Crucified Saviors" did I get clear "out of the wilderness." Our friend will get there.

I spread the pictures around, and show thereby how foolish and contemptible the botched-up system of "salvation" is. Dig at it and under it; it must go as unworthy. A thing that rewards crime through the merits of a savior is doomed—that is, if science, reason, invention, and discovery proceed, but if the world goes back, then the curse of priestcraft will grow.

To-morrow, when the banks open, I will send you subscription of a party to take the place of our brother who quit because of the cuts.

Yours during the war, A. R. CRIHFIELD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: When my turn comes to vote on the cartoon question I desire to note the fact that the book of Genesis bears evidence on its face of being a bungling description, rather than translation, of pictural illustrations, called hieroglyphics, in which it was written before letters were invented. Moreover, Josephus, in his "Antiquities of the Jews," incidentally informs us that the copy of Genesis we hav was importantly abridged by the compilers. He informs us that Cain found a people in the land of Nod who had all wealth in common, and lived generously together. To serve his private ambition he found it expedient that he should become a land reformer, and persuaded the people to divide their lands and set bounds around it so that every man should hav the product of his own labor. Their doing so established private wealth, and made exchange of products a necessity. Then Cain invented weights and measures and became a trafficker. His sons became skilled in various kinds of handicraft, manufactured such commodities as the farmers desired, in exchange for their products, which greatly facilitated the designs of Cain. He also organized plundering expeditions against surrounding tribes by which his gains were somewhat augmented, and by which it will appear that the earth was more populous in those days than it possibly could hav been if all were the lineal descendants of one pair.

That story is evidently a part of the original Genesis, left out by the compilers for obvious reasons. In hieroglyphics, it is a graphic illustration of the world's civilization from its inception to the present. Where on earth is the "land of Nod" unless it is the whole earth, whose people hav always practiced the iniquities described? And though they wrangle incessantly about an unfair division of the plunder, as a gang of thieves should hav cause to do, they evidently hav no thought of repenting.

The Tower of Babel, in hieroglyphics, is a graphic illustration of the world's religion, whose deluded dupes vainly hope to gain the kingdom of God without repenting of the transgression that makes a sheol of earth. The confusion of tongues is an appropriate illustration of the numerous sects into which the world's religionists hav always been divided, and hav made the earth a vile pandemonium with their incessant wrangling, fighting, and bickering about the best method of constructing their tower. Finding it impossible to establish a uniform religion, either by force or fraud, they left off the effort, and their tower has a dilapidated appearance common to relics of a barbarous age. Perceiving that the Bible philosophy cartoons the world's religion and civilization, and being, as you are doubtless aware, an ardent admirer and uncompromising champion of the Bible philosophy, I cannot consistently do otherwise that vote for the cartoons every time; though not that I admire them, by themselvs considered, but in the forlorn hope that they will so familiarize us with pictural illustrations of Bible subjects that we shall be able to to read the book of Genesis more intelligently and understandingly than its translators appear to hav done, or desired or intended that others should do.

J. A. TUTTLE.

BUTTE, MONT. TER., June 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The people of Butte hav just been aroused from their lethargy by our secretary of the Secular Union, Samuel P. Putnam, who delivered two lectures here on the 20th inst. Subjects: "Universal Mental Liberty" and "New Earth and Heaven." They were handled in the presence of a large and appreciativ audience. There were a few kickers ignorant enough to make fools of themselvs after the lectures—one in particular (an editor) who said he never knew a Liberal or Infidel lecturer except he was kicked out of some church. Argument apropos of all superstition. Christians hav no other, and say something they must. They know their Bible foundation is tottering, and as they hav no other prop on which to rest they tremble at the approach of reason; and tremble they did at the logic of Mr. Putnam, who gave it to them pure and sensible. Mr. Putnam is an extemporaneous speaker, apt, and therefore always prepared to demolish the Christian theory when occasion requires, as it frequently does, by some arrogant fanatic asking impertinent questions of the speaker during the course of his lecture.

Mr. Putnam was my guest for about a week, when he left for Helena, Bozeman, and other parts of the territory to disseminate freedom of the mind. He is doing up the Christians in Montana, and making a host of friends throughout the whole territory. We ought to hav a score of such men in the Liberal field. Montana is a priest-ridden territory, hence good work is needed badly. After shaking up the people of Helena and Bozeman, and visiting the National Park, Mr. Putnam will return by way of Butte on or about the 16th of July, when he will giv us his ideas on "American Democracy" and "The Glory of Infidelity." I hope in the mean time to hav consummated a Secular Union. We shall soon petition for a charter, and in the future work in conjunction with the National Secular Union fighting, for the Nine Demands, never tiring until they are granted.

Montana is a prosperous country. Her foothills and valleys are covered with nutritious grasses; her mountains and river-beds decked and interspersed with gold, silver, and copper. Her people are wanting in nothing save mental liberty, which a large majority refuse to accept, preferring rather idolatrous worship of an inexplicable nothing. As I write there are from a thousand to fifteen hundred foreigners passing my door to pay their tithing and adoration to a representativ of the infallible pope. I can see an occasional American citizen in this foreign superstitious throng, elbowing his way to kneel before a representation of the gallows that Christ was hung upon.

As Freethought advances the clergy call to their aid all their forces, and in their sermons remind their subjects of the necessity of united effort to bulldoze reason in order to perpetuate ignorance. They are alarmed at the growth of science, and therefore deny their dupes, by positiv injunction, the right of hearing discussion. To induce a Christian to listen to reason we must represent a Hamlet, as did the ex-minister and famous tragedian, George C. Miln, in Butte City last night, the 27th inst. He advertised to lecture on "Candles and Footlights; or, the Church and the Stage as Friendly Forces." He drew a fair audience, principally Christians, and ere they were aware they had listened to a scholarly, refined, and argumentativ discourse on Freethought, free speech, and universal mental liberty. It was grand and logical, and Mr. Miln, as a Freethinker, should not fail to deliver his lecture wherever he plays. He can do much good; his strategy in advertising entices the Christians to a hearing, and before they hav time to retire they are fascinated with his logical eloquence, and thereby hear the argument that otherwise they might never hav heard.

The newspapers of Butte are creed-bound, and therefore insult every Liberal lecturer after he leaves. I will inclose you a sample. If you will shake the editors of Butte as they merit, I will see that they read the article.

O. B. WHITFORD.

MR. KENT EXPRESSES HIS VIEWS.

ITHACA, N. Y., July 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to make a few remarks upon Freethought. We are not free to think, when entangled with any collectiv theory. Every individual is a sovereign in himself, or, in other words, a fixed star. My observation is that there are many (a great majority) who call themselvs Freethinkers, who hav embraced a theory called Freethought, and are as sectarian as a church organization. Those are not the fixed stars of sovereignty, but are flying meteors, suspended, transient, fiery bodies. They possess no individuality; they do not possess the faculty of sovereignty. They hav but one talent to improve, and hav not the force to improve that. Not that any are to blame for that they do not possess. Meteors in the moral atmosphere are shadowed forth from universal nature, which is the only fundamental guide to truth when applied to the higher brain. The higher brain is the sovereignty of thought and judge of all the lower faculties and inclinations of the human system. Nature, as we behold it, corresponds precisely with sovereign Freethought. And yet meteors seem to be a necessity; they count when necessary to organize for strength, and thus good and evil balances and rebalances to correspond with nature's necessity for cold and heat, light and darkness. These opposits must ever liv, until our sovereignty of thought strikes the balance of necessity. We cannot make the world the better (or good) only for ourselvs, and that by the sovereignty of thought. We hav the will power to conquer ourselvs when we see our errors, and thus the gate is so strait and the path so narrow that few there will be saved

from themselvs. As nature has planted a great variety of thought in her embodiment (man), it seems a necessity that all theories are each a link in the chain of unity that is sure to come just in the future, when the sovereignty of Free-thought meets his brother-members without collision, which is surely a growing tree, and the branches thereof will soon become so strong as to admit the birds of the air (unity and intelligence) in its sovereign boughs. Thus we shall create a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth the righteousness. ZENAS KENT.

P. S.—Please suffer me to add a little. The new heaven and earth, of course, is individual experience. It is a new departure; it is the knowledge and application of science, metaphorically the female of nature, and philosophically the so-called woman in her new dress of unity and equality with man; in a word, the creator of all good, and also of evil. Woman is the center of all worship. Mentally she is our leader, our Christ; physically she is our worshipful. She is our supreme power; she can create good and she can create evil. As the steam power is to the engin, so can she move man. She is to be lifted up. "And I, if I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." Thus saith her lordship. All hail to science and philosophy by woman.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 31, 1886.

TREASURER AMERICAN SECULAR UNION, *Sir:* Please accept the inclosed one dollar, and also my sincere regrets that I am unable to do anything financially for humanity. I think I could hav done something among the friends if I had been able to get out, but I hav not so far. I know something could be done here if there was only some one to do that something. If it was little it would afford us some encouragement at least. With us at least corruption has no need to creep in; it was let in from the beginning. The original link between church and state left justice at the shrine of the bigoted and ignorant hypocrits of Christianity. They hav held the right under our laws from the beginning to impose upon justice and make stock of our individual freedom and right. And everyone who has opposed them has paid the penalty for daring to hav an origiual idea, or refusing to accept what the "howley praste" or minister might say. They had the rudder in the beginning, and their wonder is now that they hav not had this country by the throat before this time. They hav expected before this time to openly claim rule here, and destroy this as they hav every country that has ever been cursed with them. And their efforts lately show how desperate they hav become at their hope deferred. I hav met them and became quite well acquainted with them. I know from my own personal acquaintance, then, why I so heartily despise everything that even bears the semblance of these destroyers of life and liberty. There is another thing embodied in their scheme of robbery and fraud, and that is our marriage ceremonies. We will hav to bear another burden on account of the church marriage until it has beeu declared illegal, which I sincerely hope won't be long. What right has a priest or minister to any revenue from the state or people any more than a barkeeper or carpenter? And if there is any fee attached to any legal ceremony it surely is due to the state, and should be performed by a state official. They are not officials, and should be debarred from doing the work of officials, even though they did it for nothing. For what little of liberty we do retain we should ever be grateful to the noble ones who, like Thomas Paine and Colonel Ingersoll, hav dared to call out in the name of humanity.

MARY DUFF.

LINCOLN, ILL., June 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I notice that many of your correspondents are writing about the illustrations. I presume you want to get the opinion of your readers in order that you may govern yourself accordingly in the future. Let me say my say: I am in the "sere and yellow leaf," and hav had much to do with papers and publishing, and hav noticed the matter of illustrations very carefully. Some subjects are not suited by their nature for delineation, but a subject that is susceptible of caricature should be so handled. I can think of nothing more adapted to the artist's pencil than the infinitly ridiculous mass of silly, offensiv, disgusting, and imbecil stuff called "Inspired History," "Plan of Salvation," "Road to Glory," "Vicarious Atonement," "Abraham's Bosom," and so on, *ad nauseam*. I well remember that in boyhood I was regaled with a picture in the "blessed Bible" of the devil, with forked tongue and barbed tail. I trembled and shivered when I looked upon his majesty's phiz. Yes, pictures are telling things; let them go on. My subscription is in place of that brother who quit because of his orthodox friends not liking the cuts. I will send you some others, now promised, to take his place, also. Let it hit the orthodox—the orthodox hit the Freethinker many hard raps, and tell many lies on him. Yours truly, A. R. C.

BOLIVAR, MO., June 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, to be applied as per inclosed memorandum. The books that I bought of you last summer are worn out, I having loaned them so much. My TRUTH SEEKER is read by at least a dozen, and I expect to get you some subscribers soon. We all think the illustrations just "immense." They will largely increase your circulation. I shall be able to do something to circulate Liberal books and tracts more than I hav done. There is a large Liberal element here. I am in the grocery business, and hav a good chance to find out, as I am an outspoken Liberal myself. Bolivar is a beautiful little city of three thousand inhabitants, and a Union could be organized here if some one would come and giv us a course of lectures. I hav been in correspondence with Mr. Remsburg, but he has never found it convenient to come here. We hav five churches, but they do not hav it all their own way, by any means, as many of the intelligent people are Liberals and not afraid to defend their views. C. L. CURTIS.

LOGANSPORT, IND., June 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed $5 for THE TRUTH SEEKER. It will be impossible for me to do without this valuable paper. I know I could not be saved if I was to giv up THE TRUTH SEEKER. Just as long as I read it and practice its teachings I am satisfied my salvation is sure. When I look at those pictures I can see my way clear into heaven. THE TRUTH SEEKER sometimes says there is no religion, which I cannot believe, for I am convinced there is religion in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Hoping the work may continue as long as the sun may shine. Yours, JOHN G. KESSLER.

OSHKOSH, WIS., June 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Agreeable to promis, I will now send you $3 for another year's subscription for your valuable paper. Now, I am not much given to flattery, but my affection for THE TRUTH SEEKER is so great that I should feel as if I was in an unfurnished house without it. And I heartily indorse all your cartoons. I should like very much to see a dramatic company organized to play some of those Bible pieces. Let them giv it to them in light doses at first, and it would not be long before they could hav an open sea on the stage, containing Jonah and the whale, with all the modern improvements.

At the post-office, the other morning, I met my old enemy, Rev. Mr. McNarey, and he spoke about the weather being very dry, and I told him that when I was a boy all the church folks used to pray for rain in a dry time, but it seems they don't do it any more. Well, one word brought on another, until we got to speaking of ancient and modern times, and I told him that in ancient times our forefathers plowed with a crooked stick, but if a man should do so now people would call him a fool. "And," said I, "it is the same way with religion; what was popular then would not do for us now, for everything must evolute together." Then he seemed to be in quite a hurry, and started off, and as he left me I could not help but remark that the good Lord always selected strong, able-bodied men for preachers, and I said to myself, "Would it not look better if some of our pulpits were filled with some of our crippled soldiers?" I hav heard a great deal about civil service reform, and when I look around and see a lot of big, strong, hearty fellows filling all the pulpits (and I never knew one crippled preacher), I can't help thinking that it is high time that God went into the civil service reform business.

This is the worst priest-ridden town I was ever in, and all the lecturers on the road seem to giv it a wide berth. When I read THE TRUTH SEEKER, no part of it does me so much good as a letter from John R. Kelso, and some of them hit every button on my vest. Tell him to do so some more.

Yours always, GEO. M. HARE.

NEWARK, O., June 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: My writing and speaking for several years past has been entirely upon the "labor question," as that is looming up in such a way as to take precedence over all other questions; hence I hav not cared much about any of the religious isms, but when I see an article such as appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 12th over the signature of L. L. Northup, Materialist, I can hardly refrain from paying it a passing notice, at least. I am emphatically a Liberal, an Atheistic Spiritualist, as godless and untrammeled as the sublime oak. I do not say I am a Spiritualist without giving a reason why. I do not make an assertion without being able to back it up, and whoever does has some of the blood of bigotry coursing in his or her veins. Brother Northup speaks of the "evil influences of Spiritualism, and says some one has been incarcerated within an insane asylum by having received an overdose of humbuggery and supernaturalism by attending Spiritual seances, etc." He further says: "With the many examples where bright intellects hav been beclouded in the attempt to investigate and fathom that fanatical humbug, it seems strange that there should be anyone who would waste their time upon either of those twin relics of barbarism, orthodoxy and Spiritualism." Again he says: "Should you publish the account of all those who break down from the influence of that other delusion—Spiritualism—the number would be appalling." Hear him further: "Renouncing orthodoxy and taking up Spiritualism as a substitute is very much like the old saying, 'jumping from the frying pan into the fire.'" Now, Brother Northup, I am after you. If there is any one thing you Materialists pride yourselvs in, it is in dealing in facts. Will you please inform us wherein consists the evil influences of Spiritualism? Please tell us of one single person in the asylums to-day who was brought to a demented state of mind by and through the influence of Spiritualism—please giv us the particulars of one single case. None of your assertions. We Spiritualists want facts, and we demand the facts of you Materialists. You call Spiritualism a "fanatical humbug." Please tell us how you *know* it to be a "fanatical humbug." You hav asserted it and our orthodox friends assert the same. Brother Northup, prove your assertion like a man, will you? Will you tell me of a single brilliant intellect which has become beclouded by investigating the "fanatical humbug?" Twin relics of barbarism, orthodoxy and Spiritualism. Indeed! In what respect is Spiritualism barbarous? Will you please tell us? You hav accused Spiritualism of being barbarous, and, of course, Spiritualists are barbarians. Come down now with facts and figures and prove your accusations. I am one of those very fellows whom you speak of as "jumping from the frying pan into the fire, by renouncing orthodoxy and accepting Spiritualism."

Brother Northup, you hav my entire sympathy for the supreme ignorance you manifest in regard to Spiritualism. You hav bit off more than you can "chaw." I am not going to ask you to inform the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER what you really know about Spiritualism, for I am well aware, from the flimsy assertions in your article, that you don't know anything about it, or you would not hav made so many assertions which you cannot prove. Can you disprove Spiritualism? Can you prove Materialism to be true? I challenge any Materialist to prove Materialism to be true. Do you *know* that death ends all? If so, please tell us how you know it?

Come now, brother, giv us good, solid facts. No more of your assertions, for they are too orthodox for me. My good brother, when you shall hav investigated Spiritualism for over a third of a century, and hav paid several hundred dollars to get the facts, as the writer has done, you will, no doubt, know more about Spiritualism. Yes, sir; I hav spent time and money to get the facts, and I hav got them. When I am asked how I came to be a Spiritualist, I can proudly say, by having it demonstrated to me scores and scores of times, and not in the asylum either. When I ask you why you are a Materialist, what can you say? Hav you had it demonstrated to you? Not much, brother. You can say Materialism is true because it is. It is true because death ends all, because life is the result of organization. Can you prove your position? Aye, there's the rub! Our orthodox friends say we liv after death because we do—because. They say Jesus is the savior of the world because he is. They cannot prove their assertions, neither can you. Are you not in the same boat as far as the facts are concerned? You believe death ends all. Our orthodox friends believe we liv beyond the grave. Theirs is belief; so is yours.

Now, my good brother, you cannot reason immortality out, neither can our orthodox friends reason it in. There is no way of knowing that we liv beyond the grave only by positiv demonstration. If you hav not had that evidence, do you know that I hav not?

I hav had many confabs with Materialists, and I like them, for they are mostly jolly good fellows; but I do object to their calling Spiritualism a "relic of barbarism," a "fanatical humbug," a "delusion," etc. I do object to being accused of "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire," for rejecting orthodoxy and accepting Spiritualism.

Brother Northup, a little parting advice, and I close. Don't make any more assertions about something you don't know anything about; it is not pretty, it is not wise, and whoever does is a bigot. If you hav been too dignified heretofore to investigate Spiritualism, please get down from your exalted position, and set your fertil brain to investigating. Don't ridicule a thing you don't know anything about. You may think it beneath your dignity, but then if Professors Crookes, Varley, and Zoellner, of Europe, and Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmons, Henry Kiddle, and Professor Hare, of this country, could condescend to investigate the great problem of a continued existence, it certainly would not degrade you; but if your brain could not stand the racket of investigation, and there is danger of your turning up in an insane asylum, you had better let it severely alone, and you would do equally as well to let Christian bigots do the ridiculing, as it illy becomes a Liberal to do so.

One word more. I ask you, brother, in all good nature, to tell us how you know Materialism to be true, and how you know Spiritualism to be untrue, a "fanatical delusion," a "relic of barbarism," attended with "pernicious and evil influences," etc. If you can't do this by facts, forever hold your peace. A. ALLEN NOE, Atheistic Spiritualist.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., June 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: A lady "clairvoyant" has been holding forth in our city for a few days, and so deftly did she and her attendant perform their tricks that quite a number of converts were gathered in. Her attendant would pass through the audience, and she, blindfolded, would describe the articles shown to him. The wording and manner of asking the questions, of course, gave her the name, color, shape, etc., of the article. No one but the attendant was allowed to ask questions. There are as many different combinations of words in asking what an article is as there are likely to be articles exhibited—many hundreds no doubt. But her trump card was reading sealed letters. Cards and envelopes were distributed and people requested to write brief sentences on the cards, slip them into the envelopes and seal them. They were then gathered up and laid upon the table fifteen feet in front of the audience. One at a time they were picked up and laid on the lady's head, and the writers thereof "paralyzed" at hearing their contents accurately read. Some said it was spirits, others that it was mind reading, still others that it was clairvoyance, while a few knew it was the devil. The lady stood at the table, on which was a lamp, and faced the audience. When the first letter was laid on her head she would improvise a fictitious reading. Then the attendant would rip it open, and gazing intently at the card, repeat the lady's pretended reading. Then a confederate would or would not sing out from the audience that he was the writer and that the reading was correct. Then the attendant would pick up another letter (dropping the card at the table in front of the lady in a way to escape observation) and place it on her head; but instead of reading that one she would peek down by the end of her nose under the blindfold and read the card taken from the former letter and just dropped there. Up would jump some astonished well-known citizen and declare himself the writer and that the reading was correct. In the mean time the attendant had ripped it open, verified the reading, dropped the card on the first one, snatched up another letter and placed it on her head, and so on till all were read (the last letter being a blank), and some fifteen or twenty persons had testified to the genuinness of the reading, all of which shows how extremely easy it is to humbug the masses. S. R. SHEPHERD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Lines

WRITTEN IN MY GARDEN AFTER RAIN.

Sunshine bright warming us,
Singing birds charming us,
Thoughtless of care;
Flowers nodding plumes to us,
Yielding perfumes to us,
Flushing the air.

Rain clouds are leaving us,
Tired of grieving us
With their long stay;
Rain drops hang glittering,
Where the birds twittering,
Swing on the spray.

Sweet now the greenery.
Of all the scenery,
Bright is the stream;
Flashing in splendor still,
Purling so tender still,
Music its theme.

See, on the trelis there,
Clusters thick, rich, and fair,
Longing eyes greet;
There, too, 'mong leaves and stems,
Glinting, lurk garden gems,
Strawberries sweet.

Round us the harvest-yield,
Flooding each stretching field,
Nods in the light;
Proudly the tasseled corn,
Valley and hill adorn,
Radiant and bright.

Thanks to the sun and rain,
Thanks for the fruit and grain,
Thanks for the stream;
Thanks for the good so rife,
Thanks for the joy of life,
Thanks be our theme.

Le Roy, N. Y. John McIntosh.

Little Sun Lee.

PRIZE STORY.

Little Sun Lee lived in far-away China. He was only nine years old, and having no mother he lived alone with his father, who was very poor.

One day Hop Lee (that was his father's name) heard some of his friends talking of "Melika," and they said in their strange tongue that it was many miles away across the deep sea, but it was a fine place indeed, and that everybody had plenty to eat and to wear, and that the "Melican man paid heapee money for washee."

So Hop Lee came home very much excited about this wonderful country, which he had never heard of before, and he told little Sun about it, and after talking it over Hop decided to take his boy and go to the "Melika land," and go into the laundry business. It took him a long time to earn all the money necessary, but at last they were all ready at Canton to take the big steamer and begin their journey. They hoped the land would be better than the sea, which they thought was truly horrible.

At last they arrived at "Slan Flanslisco," and how astonished they were, to be sure! How they gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the buildings, and the people! And how they longed for China because it was their *home!*

Near the steamer's landing an enterprising Chinaman had set up a Chinese boarding-house, and to this place Sun and his father made their way, and there it seemed quite homelike to poor little Sun, who, having not seen a Chinese child for a whole month, found a good deal of comfort in the society of the Chinese men boarders. The rice and chopsticks, screens, fans, matting, clothes, and everything in the boarding-house seemed so good that Sun and Hop hated to leave it, but Hop had but little money and he could not spend so much while earning nothing.

So before long another Chinaman, Sin Fun, and Hop had opened a little shop where they promised to "washee and ilon velly cheapee for Melikan mans." Here Sun was occupied for quite a while in opening the chests, spreading the matting, putting up screens, and unpacking rice, chopsticks, teacups, fans, and such things, while his father and Sin Fun walked the streets trying in "crooked English" to strike a bargain in tubs, irons, ironing-boards, soap, boilers, and other washing materials.

At last they were ready and their sign hung out. At first trade was dull and Hop discouraged, but as the "Melikan mans" found out how well the partners did their work, trade increased rapidly.

One great hindrance was that neither Sin nor Hop could "vellee well speakee English." So they determined to send Sun to school. The boy didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. First he would think of the strange manners and language of the children, and then he would think of the fact that he would very soon learn their language and then it would be almost as good as if they were Chinese, because he would hav them to play with.

The first day of the school term came, and Hop took his son to school. No one was surprised to see them, because in San Francisco Chinamen are very common. It was decided, after a good deal more of the "crooked English" talk, that Sun should attend the school regularly, and so at the noon hour Hop spent half a dollar in buying a slate, pencil, and reading card for Sun. How delighted he was, having never seen one before, and taking the pencil he began to make lines on the smooth surface of the slate. He marked a little while and then sat "looking into nothing" for a long time.

Suddenly he sprang up, and, running to the back room, he snatched one of the Chinese fans and taking up the slate and pencil he began to make lines in the shape of the picture that was on the fan, three oddly dressed Chinese boys flying a green kite into a red and green sky. Oh, how Sun laughed when it was finished and he thought it would please his father very much! So after the work was done and the gas lit (another "Melikan" wonder), Sun brought the picture and showed it to old Hop. It pleased them both very much, and Hop was very proud of his boy. Well, after this Sun brought the precious slate and pencil home every night, and not only copied pictures but made them up himself Once old Hop tried it, but failed miserably. But this made him think more than ever of his son.

Sun did well at school, also, and from hearing the other children talk he soon spoke very well indeed, and was by this time learning to read and write. But after a few months school closed for the long vacation and time hung heavily on his hands. Now something wonderful happened.

One day as Sun was strolling up one of the largest streets he saw a man surrounded by a group of children, but he could not see what was going on. Now Sun was a very inquisitiv little fellow, and pushing through the crowd, he saw the man standing on a box putting colors from a box onto an outlined picture. Sun waited to see several of the children buy a box of the colors and a brush, and then, waiting for nothing else, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to his father, and telling him about it, got some money to buy a box of the colors and soon returned very happy indeed. Now the vacation was no longer dull, but Sun began to almost wish it would last forever. With another kind of pencil which he had learned to use at school (lead pencil) and rice paper he copied the pictures off the fans, but now he colored them. He had several of these sketches lying on the counter of his father's laundry one day after school had begun, when a man came in with some work for Hop. He admired the pictures, for they were, indeed, quite nicely done, and looked as if they had come direct from China itself; and I supppose that is what the man thought at the same time he thought they were for sale. Picking out two of the prettiest, he handed Hop seventy-five cents and walked out. Old Hop, prouder than ever of the boy, laid the money down among the remaining pictures, where the others had been, and where Sun would be sure to look on his return from school. In about an hour Sun came running in to get to work with his paints, and supposing the money was his father's, said nothing, but gathered up the pictures. As quick as a wink he missed the two (for they were his best) and asked his father what had become of them. He was then told the story of the man's buying them and he was even more delighted than Hop had expected. He looked as he had the day that copying the pictures had come into his head, and then running back of the store he brought some of his other pictures and some pins and fixed them in the window. After that he took a thick piece of white paper and printed on it in the school letters, "To sell."

He then spoke, asking Hop, who had been looking wonderingly on at this smart little son (Sun) of his, to "comee see," and, going outside the window, looked in at the pictures, which really looked very pretty, and because they were rough and rude, all the more like the pictures on screens and fans from China. Then, snatching his hat, he went up town, where he had seen other and better paints; he invested his first earnings in a splendid new box of colors. People passing the window were attracted by the oriental looking work, and when, one day, a lady came in with some fans and later with some bamboo screens to be decorated, Sun thought his fortune was made. This was all some three years ago, and now Sun has a neat little store on one of the busiest streets of San Francisco, where he works at decorating screens, fans, and such things, and sells tea, oriental tea sets, Chinese dolls, Chinese lanterns, and all those things which are sold in the attractiv looking little Chinese stores to be seen on our principal streets, and where so many pretty little decorativ articles are sold. Sun is very happy in his business, which is both pleasant and profitable; and old Hop is prouder than ever of his ingenious little son, and will always remember the day when, in far away China, he heard the Chinamen talking of "Melika," which was many miles across the deep sea, and that it was a very fine place indeed, where everybody had plenty to eat and to wear.

Cora Stewart (aged fourteen),
Winning the prize of $4 offered by D. B. Cozine in The Truth Seeker of June 5, 1886.

A Word to Competitors for Prizes.

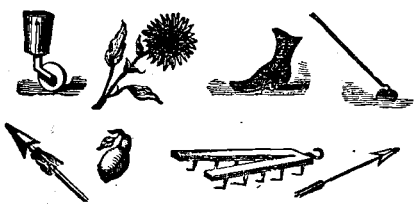
We are sorry to say that some of our young friends are copying stories from newspapers and sending the same to us as original. Stories, in order to receive attention, must be original. Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, spell and punctuate properly, and let your work be that of your own brain and not another's.—Ed. C. C.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PI.

Het rowdl si ym nocuryt, ot od odog ym igenrilo. Lyle D. Gault.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

2.—DECAPITATED PUZZLE.



In the above picture find four words, each of which, by losing its first letter, is represented by the next symbol in the puzzle.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 3, 1886.

1.—Be not proud, be not silly, be industrious, be courteous, be not cross, be not selfish, be prudent, be independent. Read from center outward. 2.—They are trying to prop-a-gate.

Solvers.—P. P. Applegate, H. J. Messinger, Olive Manton.

Correspondence.

Bangor, Me., July 2, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: You will begin to think I am a very neighborly subscriber, for I hav written you once before. I hav been reading The Truth Seeker a good deal lately. I think the pictures in the front and back pages are very funny indeed. I see by the last paper that there are no letters in print, so that if this is not too long and is a good letter it can be put in at once. If so you will oblige, Marie Stewart.

Springfield, Ill., June 27, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: We read The Truth Seeker and like the Children's Corner very much. We go to Sunday-school and hav a nice teacher, but she tells us so many strange things. A few Sundays ago she told us about Christ feeding five thousand people on two fishes and five loaves of bread. I think he had better try that plan now, for we hav lots of little girls and boys in Springfield that are hungry, and I know they would be willing to eat bread and fish. She tells us, too, that God is everywhere, and with us all the time, but our eyes are not the right kind to see him. If I am to go to heaven I want to see what kind of a looking creature God is before I get there, for I might not like him. I hope he is better looking than they picture the devil, but then papa and mamma say there is no such a being as the devil. I must not tire you this time, and may be you will let me tell you more about our Sunday-school some other time. I am nine years old and in the third room at school. I nearly always get one hundred per cent on everything that I do. I hav a little sister, Gracie, seven years old, and a brother five years old. This is my first letter. I am a little seeker for truth. Lulu D. Neihart.

[A bright girl is Lulu, and her first letter is bright too.—Ed. C. C.]

FREETHOUGHT WORKS.

For Sale at The Truth Seeker Office.

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Wealth, and glory, and place, and power—
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due;
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter which we claim?
For we step from the cradle into the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same.
Hours of gladness, or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love, or vow of friend—
Tender caresses or cruel sneers—
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies, and the long night nears.
Passionate kisses, or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honored guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great,
All are racked with the world's unrest.
All must meet with the common fate.
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is all when all is told?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Utica Herald.*

The Silent Aztec.

The silence of dead centuries
That lie entombed on yonder hills
Is his. These dreamful poppy seas
Wave on; he lists! His silence fills
The land. He leans, as if he heard
God speak through some still gorgeous bird.

His babes about; the golden morn
Strikes godlike on yon holy hill;
His wife and daughter grinding corn,
"Two women grinding at a mill."
O mystery! Yon sun of old
Was god, was god and ample gold.

Yon golden hills had flocks of snow;
These valley fields had far increase.
He saw his white sails fill and blow
By poppy isles in flower seas.
The wood dove sang for him his loves,
His harshest note the soft wood dove's.

The Spaniard's hand is laid upon
His fields, his flocks, hard, fast, and tight.
But, oh! this glorious golden dawn,
The golden doors that close at night.
His gold-hued babes, her russet breast,
Are his! The world may hav the rest.

—*Joaquin Miller in the Independent.*

Sunday Laws.

From the Boston Herald.

If some enterprising publishing house should pick out the decisions of Massachusetts judges enforcing the Sunday laws in all their integrity, and publish the same as a work of pure fiction, entitled, "Model Madmen," the absurd story would be laughed to scorn. If such a book were looked upon as a serious matter at all, it would probably be thought by the public to be an unwarrantable libel upon the honorable and honored body of our judiciary. And yet the decisions that are to be found in the law reports of Massachusetts, which hav been pronounced by judges of the highest court of the commonwealth, appear so ridiculous that one would almost believe that they were uttered in jest by a mock court.

Happily, these Sunday laws are not always strictly enforced, for if they were it is saddening to think how many of us would be placed within prison walls for "criminal" acts committed on Sunday.

If the reader who is curious in regard to such matters will just take up the 13th Massachusetts Reports and turn to the case of Pearce *vs.* Atwood, he will find an instance which will interest him, for it was a splendid case of "the biter bitten." It happened away back in 1814, when there was a great attemp made to enforce the Sunday law, especially in the western part of the state, in Hampshire county and elsewhere. There was an officer in those days—the tithingman—whose special business it was to enforce the Sunday laws. The office has been long since abolished; the laws yet remain. Pearce, the plaintiff in the case referred to, was arrested by the tithingman on Sunday, and he brought suit against that individual. The supreme court held that to make the arrest on Sunday was a violation of the Sunday law, and so they sustained the action. The decision was given by Chief-justice Parker, who was a very liberal man. In that decision the chief-justice makes certain reflections which it would be well to bear in mind even at the present day. He says:

"This is not a Jewish Sabbath, so that a poor man in these days would not be stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath, although that was the punishment inflicted in the time of Moses, and although some of our ancestors so far regarded the laws of Moses as of perpctual obligation as to propose for their code the punishment of death for the crime of disregarding or carelessly observing the Sabbath. All arguments drawn from the Jewish law respecting the Sabbath are, therefore, out of place, except so far as any provisions of that law may hav been recognized and promulgated by our savior, or by the legislativ authority of our own commonwealth. We are not aware that there is upon record any express precept of our savior or of his apostles enjoining the observance of one day as more holy than others; and yet we are far from questioning the religious obligation which all Christians are under to separate to religious uses the first day of the week, since that is the time which, from the days of the apostles, was set apart for that purpose, and since the legislativ power or the uniform usage of every Christian state has exacted the observance of it as such.

"Indeed, if this argument, founded on the Jewish law, could prevail, we are at a loss to perceive how the defense set up in this case could be aided by it; for, if all work and labor be unlawful, surely the mere secular work of holding court or arresting a supposed offender must be within the general prohibition. Nor would these labors form so meritorious an exception as many works of charity which are even permitted to be done on the Christian Sabbath."

Some of the horse railroad cases are curious and interesting. In the year 1883 there was a case decided declaring that a street car conductor violates the law in running his car on Sunday. In the case referred to a conductor in the employ of the Metropolitan railroad was struck by a Highland railroad car on Sunday and injured. The injury was caused by the carelessness of the defendant, but he set up as a defense that they were all violating the law, and the court sustained that defense. The fact is that the courts were much more liberal than the legislature, and disapproved of the Sunday laws. Evidently they thought then, and think now, that the best way to hav these laws repealed is by strictly enforcing them.

In rendering the decision in the last case named, that of Day *vs.* Highland Street Railway, Judge Colburn says:

"It is not within our province to determin the wisdom or the expediency of the law, or how far there has been a change in public sentiment in relation to the proper manner of observing the Lord's day. These considerations are for the legislature. We can only take the law as it is written, and apply it according to its obvious meaning and the intention of the legislature.

"We do not intend to decide that a street car may not be so run on Sunday as to come within the exception of the statute and be employed in a work of necessity or charity. We only decide that in this case there was not evidence which would warrant a jury in finding that this car was run from considerations of necessity or charity, and that the jury should hav been so instructed. We cannot hold that the mere fact that some of the passengers on the car were lawfully traveling rendered the running of the car lawful." Another curious case to be found in the Massachusetts Law Reports is that of a man who went to a Spiritualist meeting and got injured. The railroad company, when sued for damages, thought they had the plaintiff, and set up as a defense that he was traveling on Sunday, but the court held that it could not decide that a Spiritualist meeting was not as good as any other

The case of Hamilton *vs.* the city of Boston, reported in the 14th of Allen's reports, is a very interesting one. The decision is a liberal one, and yet it sounds oddly. "We are of the opinion," says the decision, which was given in 1867, "that a person walking with a friend on Sunday evening less than half a mile, with no apparent purpose of going or stopping at any place but his own home, much less of passing out of the city, and no object of business or pleasure, except open air and gentle exercise, is not guilty of traveling or liable to punishment under this act."

In 1885 the case of Baker *vs.* the city of Worcester. This man was injured by a defect in the street, and sued the city for damages. Hon. W. W. Rice appeared for the plaintiff, and Hon. F. P. Goulding for the defendant. The defendant claimed that Baker was violating the law by traveling on the Lord's day. He stated that he "went out partly for exercise and partly to make a call," and that, when on his way home again, he went out of his way about an eighth of a mile. Judge Aldrich, before whom the case was tried, declared that the plaintiff was traveling in violation of the law, and ordered a verdict for the defendant. Judge Aldrich, however, is a very pious, as well as a very, very dignified man. His dignity is but rarely ruffled, say some people, although once in a great while he changes his decisions so quickly that the change may be dignified or otherwise. Upon one occasion, not very long ago, he sentenced a man to three years' imprisonment. The prisoner said, "Better make it state prison." Judge Aldrich flushed in the face, looked at the man, and then, in the tenderness of his heart, accommodated the prisoner. He made it state prison—and added another year, making it four instead of three! Wendell Phillips and Judge Thomas Russell, however, got the prisoner released at the end of the three years, believing that a year's extra imprisonment was too long for a man to serve because he asked even so dignified a judge as Peleg Emory Aldrich to change his place of residence. In that instance Judge Aldrich overruled his decision—in the Baker case the Supreme Court did the work. The decision of the Supreme Court reversing Judge Aldrich's decision, says:

"The only other ground for distinguishing the cases is that in Hamilton *vs.* Boston the purpose of the plaintiff in walking was merely for recreation; in this case there was also the purpose of making a social call. Neither act is prohibited by law, if that is material. It is not unlawful under the statute or as against public policy to pay friendly visits or to indulge in the recreation of walking on the Lord's day. It is unlawful to travel for the purpose of doing either; but it is not the purpose, but the fact of traveling for the purpose, that renders the act unlawful. Upon no principle can the same walk be held to be traveling if for the purpose of making a friendly call, and not traveling if for the purpose of air and exercise. The construction of the statute cannot be tenable which will hold a person to be an innocent passer-by if walking for recreation, but an unlawful traveler if walking to call upon his neighbor; and which will impose the character of a traveler violating the law upon any person who, on a Sunday evening, seeks social intercourse outside of his own household."

The case of Davis *vs.* the city of Somerville was where a party who was injured by a defect in the highway brought suit against the city for damages. As in the case referrred to, the defendant set up the defense that the plaintiff was traveling on the Lord's day. Davis proved that he was going to a funeral, but admitted that when returning from the funeral he made a deviation from his own proper course home, in order to enable a friend whom he was with to make a call. The court held that he had a right to go to a funeral, but that he had no right to return by any devious path, and, as he had done so, he could not maintain an action for damages. Thus it will be perceived that *Herald* readers need not fear to attend the funerals of friends if they happen on Sunday, but must get home by the shortest way. They may think the laws absurd, and that the decisions read like the utterances of mock judges; but they may smile—they must bear in mind that the laws are upon the statute-book and may be put in full force and operation at the instance of any crank or enemy. If any who read this should find themselvs forced to buy a horse on Sunday, and, unfortunately, get cheated, they will do well to remember that there is no redress for them in law. In such a case the Sunday laws would throw their sheltering arms around the dear scoundrel. Thus, in the interests of morality, a man may cheat his neighbor on Sunday and the law can take no notice of the transaction, although both men may be punished for trading on the Lord's day! Judge Thomas Russell once said that he was proud to be descended from the early settlers of New England, and extremely glad that he was descended by eight generations. And when one considers the Sunday laws and other of their statutes, one can well agree with the learned judge that it is much more pleasant to be a descendant than to hav lived among them when Blue Laws not only existed, but were executed in all their extremity upon the unrighteous and ungodly.

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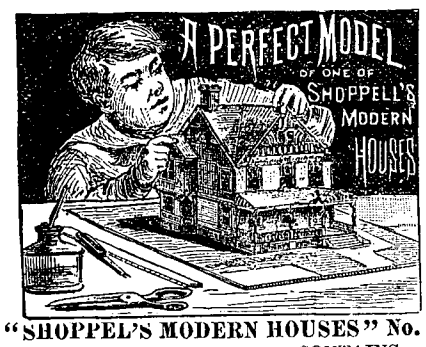
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News of the Week.

EIGHT French torpedo boats were lost in a recent storm with their crews.

LAST Monday was Orangeman's day. It was celebrated in Belfast, Ireland, and other places. As usual, there were collisions between the Catholics and Protestants.

C. D. GRAHAM, the Philadelphia cooper, went through the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls, last Sunday, in a barrel of his own construction. He was considerably shaken up, but came out uninjured.

THE prohibitory act in Rhode Island is having the effect to close up some hotels. The Rhode Island liquor dealers need to take lessons from their brothers in Maine, who sell liquor regardless of prohibitory statutes.

BROOKLYN nuns hav been in the habit of sending children to this city to beg money of saloon and store keepers. Last week the children were arrested, taken back, and the nuns warned against further violation of the vagrancy laws.

PARSON DOWNS, of Boston, is again in trouble. This time an unmarried member of his congregation swears that the Rev. Mr. Downs is the father of her child. The grand jury hav found a bill of indictment against the accused clergyman.

THE Brooklyn Socialists held a mass-meeting last Sunday at which all those connected with the trial and punishment of the boycotters were fiercely denounced and resolutions passed boycotting, as a "last trump card to be played," the existing political parties.

IN the suit of the Bankers and Merchants' Telegraph Company against the Western Union, in which two million dollars' damages were claimed, the jury returned a verdict for $240,000. The rulings of the court also leave the Bankers and Merchants' company free to sue in other states.

WAITE, the confessing member of the board of "boodle" aldermen, has been locked in the House of Detention because he ate so much that the district attorney could not afford to keep him. He will now liv at the county's expense, and Mr. Martine can lay by a little money for a rainy day.

SIX boycotters were convicted in one of the courts of this city last week. Three men were sentenced to the city prison for ten days, two to thirty days in the same institution, and one to the same period in the penitentiary. The men were all foreigners, and most of them could not speak English.

IN the recent election of members of Parliament, England, Gladstone and the Home Rulers hav suffered defeat. It is reported from London that Lord Salisbury is negotiating with Lord Hartington for the formation of a coalition ministry, on a basis of certain concessions to Ireland and the laboring classes throughout the empire.

A NEGRO murderer was hanged in the Tombs yard on Friday the 9th inst. He died in full hope of a glorious resurrection and immortal life. He was attended during his last hours by a priest and several sisters of charity. He confessed and received the last sacrament. He is now in heaven. His victim, a married woman with whom he was intimate, is in sheol.

THE Liquor-Dealers' Protectiv Association of this city, at a meeting held on the 8th, resolved in favor of Sunday closing, and demanded that the mayor enforce the Sunday law—close groceries and butcher and barber shops, and "hold them to the strictest letter of the law." In this way they hope to induce the public to demand of the legislature a repeal of the Sunday law.

THE steamer Alameda from New Zealand brings news of a fearful volcanic eruption in that country last month. An entire range of mountains, 120 by 20 miles, emitted forth fire and smoke, accompanied with earthquake rumblings, and in some instances violent explosions. Many small nativ villages were entirely destroyed. Twenty-one lives are known to hav been lost.

AMERICAN fishing vessels engaged in catching small herring for the sardine-canning industry hav been warned away from the coast of New Brunswick. The Canadian authorities avow that they will not permit Americans to catch herring along their shores for any purpose whatever. Secretary of State Bayard has remonstrated to the British minister. It is probable that the price of French sardines will now rise.

Gems of Thought.

ENGLAND is under a pitiable subserviency to the theological machinery that burdens the world, which it must learn to throw off before it can be truly free.—*D. M. Bennett.*

"DESIGN, represented as a search after final cause until we come to a first cause," says F. W. Newman, "is an argument, I confess, that brings me no satisfaction." Design implies the use of means for the attainment of ends. Man designs, plans, contrives, and uses secondary agencies to accomplish his purposes, because unable to attain his ends directly. But how absurd to speak of contrivance and design in a being of infinit power and knowledge! Man, to build a steamship, has to fell trees and hew them into various shapes; get iron from the earth and smelt it in furnaces, and work it into bolts, braces, nails, etc.; hundreds of workmen, carpenters, joiners, blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, painters, etc., labor for months before the vessel can be launched. If man possessed the power to speak into existence a steamship, would he contrive, plan, and use means to construct it? On the contrary, would it not come instantly into existence as a complete and perfect whole?—*B. F. Underwood.*

WHAT parallel can there be between an enormous and a very moderate expenditure, or between prodigious luxury and ordinary comfort? If a man taxes me with having squandered fifty dollars on a repast, is it an irrefutable retort to tell him that he has spent fifty cents? The limited and rational expenditures of an industrious man produce no evils, economical, social, or moral. I contend that the unlimited and irrational expenditure of idle millionaires does; that it wastes labor, breeds luxury, creates unhappiness by propagating factitious wants, too often engenders vice, and is injurious for the most part to real civilization. The most malignant feelings which enter into the present struggle between classes hav been generated by the ostentation of idle wealth in contrast with surrounding poverty. It would, of course, be absurd to say this of a man living on a small income, in a modest home, and in a plain way.—*Goldwin Smith.*

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress below envy,
Oh, who would leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?

Amid their flarin', idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning wheel? —*Burns.*

EVILS are not the less by reason of their continuance, nor the lighter for having been foreseen, and it is folly to ruminate on evils to come, or such as, perhaps, never may come; every evil is disagreeable enough when it does come, but he who is constantly considering that some evil may befall him is loading himself with a perpetual evil, and even should such evil never light on him, he voluntarily takes on himself unnecessary misery, so that he is under constant uneasiness, whether he actually suffers any evil, or only thinks of it.—*Cicero.*

To measure life, learn then betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.
—*Milton.*

TAKE, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. —*Jesus.*

THE further we go in philosophy and religion, the less dogmatic and positiv we can be. If we see but one point, one side of truth, we are apt to assert most vehemently that we are right, and we alone. But if our vision is extended, if we see more than one side, we grow less positiv. Our belief is less narrow and intolerant. In one sense it is undoubtedly true that the more light we hav the more we doubt. We see this exemplified everywhere. The quack, acquainted with but one set of symptoms, and with no knowledge of all the complicated influences which may affect the disease of his patient, is the most positiv of men. The broad, cultured physician is much less certain.—*Stoddard's New Faith.*

SEEST thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him. The sluggard is wiser, in his own conceit, than seven men that can render a reason.—*Prov.* xxvi, 12, 16.

THE infidel is he who deliberately declines to speak what he thinks, or to trust humanity with what helpful truth has been entrusted to himself. I could not but smile to hear it said the other day, "One assumes an awful responsibility to teach a doctrin not sanctioned by the church." What is that, I thought, to the audacity of refusing your own honest doubt?—*Sam. Johnson, D.D.*

To discuss the credibility of the miraculous conception and birth would be to offer an insult to the human understanding. Keightley's "Mythology of Greece and Italy," and Sir Wm. Jones's "Gods of India," giv many precedents of sons of gods miraculously born. Italy, Greece, and India must, however, yield the palm to Judea. The incarnate Chrishna must giv way to the incarnate Christ. A miraculous birth would be scouted to-day as monstrous; antedate it two thousand years, and we worship it as a miracle.—*Bradlaugh's When were Our Gospels Written?*

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires,
As old Time makes them decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.
—*Thomas Carew.*

Odds and Ends.

A LADY once said she could always know when she had taken too much wine at dinner—her husband's jokes began to seem funny.

MR. FROUDE says the Irish cannot govern themselvs. Perhaps Mr. Froude has heard how the Irish govern American cities, and based his opinion on the impression thus made.

Now doth the howling swell who can't afford to go to the country, begin to take a kindlier view of the farmer relativ in the swamp at Wayback, whom he called a yokel and a yop last December.

SHEEP placed on Key West Island lose their wool in the second year. We hav an Island in the East River with the same peculiarity, only a little more so. Prisoners usually lose their wool about fifteen minutes after they arrive.

"A HEN has to feet." "He done it." This was what Superintendent B. B. Russell, of Brockton, placed upon the blackboard for the pupils to correct. This was the way one boy corrected it: "He didn't done it; God done it."

THIS is the time of the year when the definition of the word "ridicnle" is keenly understood and appreciated by the small boy who appears among his companions for the first time this year just after his hair has been sliced off by his mother.

BOBBY had spent the greater part of Sunday afternoon committing to memory the Lord's Prayer. As he knelt at his mother's knee at bedtime, he looked up to her and said: "Mama, won't God be surprised when he finds I can say two prayers?"

IT must seem sort of queer to H. R. Wilson to be investigated by twenty Presbyterian clergymen. But then, clergymen hav been investigated so much themselvs lately that they simply monopolized the situation, and it seems eminently proper that some one else should hav a chance.

AMANDA: "Reginald, I understand you hav been circulating the report that we are engaged around town." Reginald: "And so we are, my dear." Amanda: "Yes, I know; but it seems as though a man who cared for my future happiness ought not to say anything that will prevent me marrying some good man."

AGAINST her conscience. Scene—Highlands. Sunday. Tourist: "Can you sell us threepenny worth of milk, Missus?" Mrs. McJob: "Whit did ye say? Losh me! Sell mulk on the Saubath day? Na, na! I couldna' dae that; but as ye seem dacent boys, I'll jist gie ye thripence worth for naethin', an' ye'll jist mak me a praesent o' a shullin'."

COMING out of the theater, the other night, after the impressiv performance of Booth's "Hamlet," attention was drawn to the effusiv delight of a young lady who was thus trying apparently to show her gratitude to the gentleman upon whose arm she was resting: "I've had a real good time, George," said she, "and it's a real lovely play. It's so full of quotations."

A PRACTICAL application of scripture: Winnie's mother had been combing the little girl's long and handsome but wind-tangled, romp-snarled hair. When the operation was finished—and it was not unaccompanied with severe pulls—Winnie asked, "Did you get out many hairs, mamma?" "Yes, dear, was the answer, "quite a good many." "Then God'll hav to number them all over again, won't he?"

A DAKOTIAN met an old friend while on an eastern trip. "I hear that Bill Applejack, who went out to your country, has failed in business.' "Yes." "Hard times?" "No." "Too much competition?" "No, I think not." "Too little attention to business?" "Oh, no, he worked hard." "I don't see why he failed, then." "Well, you see, a few determined gentlemen on the board of trade got a new inch rope around his neck and forced him to make an assignment." "Horses?" "Horses."

A WISE FATHER.

Youth: "I hav come to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

Physician: "You hav?"

Y.: "Yes, sir. I hav enough of this world's good's to support her in comfort, even in luxury."

P.: "Yes, I am aware of that, but will you treat her kindly? Will you be a gentle husband?"

Y.: "Sir, I swear—"

P.: "Oh! never mind swearing. Your intentions are all right, no doubt, but I must be sure that you won't worry and fret the life out of her after you get her. Take off your coat and let me sound you to see what kind of a liver you've got."

FIVE CENTIMENTAL.

The sun was just setting upon the western horizon, when a solitary horsecar might hav been seen wending its way up-town.

Its refulgent beams touched with a ruddy glow the nose of a tramp on the further end of the seat, and lent a club flush to the pale cheek of the youth who sat on the nearer end, while it kissed the ripe lips of the maid who sat between them to a deeper crimson.

The youth, who had been eyeing the maiden all the way up town to the full extent of his powers, sighed, and for the fiftieth time tried to attract her attention. Fair, indeed, seemed to him the unconscious beauty, and his opinion seemed to be confirmed by the conductor, who just then came along and yelled:

"Fare!"

The youth handed him a ten-cent piece. The young lady passed him a five-cent piece, which he at once handed to the youth in change.

The five-cent piece had a hole in it, but the youth did not refuse it. He saw his chance.

Glancing sentimentally at the young lady, he raised it to his lips, aud then hung it on his watch-chain as a souvenir.

It was neatly done, but then the young lady having courteously passed along the tramp's nickel, paid her own fare with a free ticket.

The conductor smiled, and the tramp said musingly:

"Ah, there, Arthur, don't put your arm around me until we get beyond the houses."—*Puck.*

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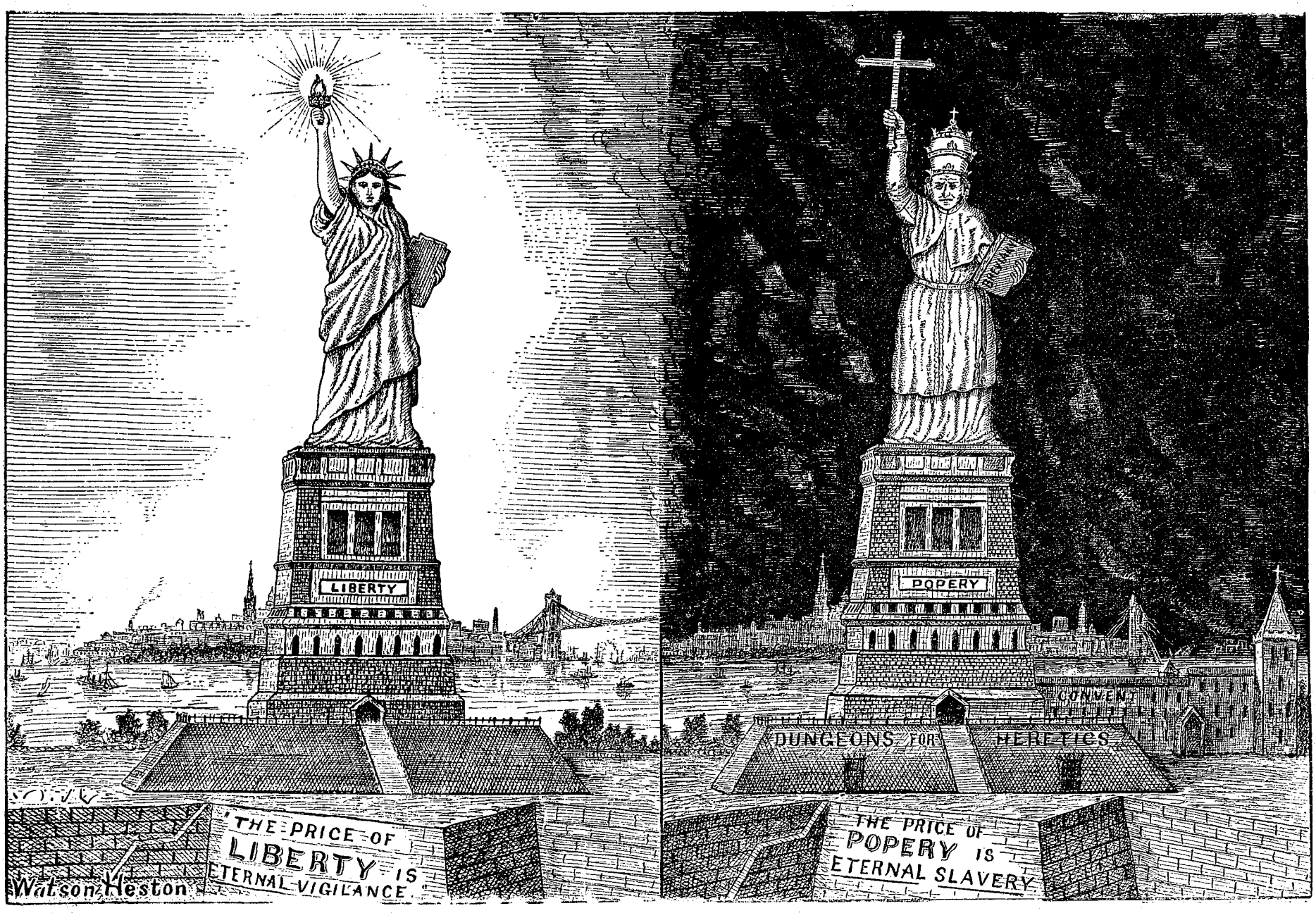
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NOW AND THEN.

A "Transfiguration" of the Bartholdi Statue which may be expected under Catholic rule.

Notes and Clippings.

THE Denver *Tribune-Republican* declares its belief that the "present hot weather is directly caused by Brother Munhall's learned discourses on hell."

THIRTY years ago Bishop Kerfoot wrote to Bishop Whittingham: "If trial by peers is ever a humbug, it is when any order of clergy are the jurymen. They will indict a brother for being suspected, and then hang him for being indicted."

FATHER FULTON, of the Society of Jesus in New York, has convened a meeting of fathers who preside over the colleges, in order to consider some questions connected with the intellectual advancement of the pupils. It is about time that the Catholics should take some such step as this. Father Fulton and his priests will find a large field and no competitors.

ACCORDING to statistics, Cincinnati deserves to be called the "City of Churches" rather than Brooklyn, as it has one church to every 1,250 inhabitants, while Brooklyn has one church to every 1,975 inhabitants. There is no necessary connection between these figures and the fact that in Cincinnati beer sells at three cents per glass, while in Brooklyn it costs five.

AT this season of the year the papers are retelling the old story of Isaiah Thomas, who used to make almanacs. When he was preparing the one for 1780 one of his boys asked him what he should put opposit the "13th of July." Mr. Thomas, being engaged, replied, "Anything, anything." The boy, thus ordered, returned to the office and set, "Rain, hail, and snow." The country was all amazement when the day arrived, for it actually rained, hailed, and snowed violently.

THE study of oaths and expletivs, says the Chicago *News*, is very interesting. We hav never yet met a person who was not addicted to the use of oaths, though many people use them unwittingly. The ladies, for example, hav a pet oath in the words "dear me;" they think it means "dear I," but it doesn't. "Dear me" is a corruption of "Dio mio," meaning "my God!"

SAMUEL G. KAY, of Pittsburgh, Pa., attended church regularly, was activ in the Young Men's Christian Association, a prominent leader in the Murphy temperance movement, took great interest in lectures by clergymen, and was the head and front of nearly all movements to bring Talmage to Pittsburgh. Nevertheless he forged another man's name to three checks, amounting to $800, and then skipped the town.

DAVID BELL, of Buffalo, recently told this story *apropos* of the monster Scotch petition against the Irish Home Rule bill, and as illustrating the attitude of the Scotch toward the Irish: A minister was making a pastoral call at the cottage of a shepherd, and in the course of conversation spoke of the goodness and power of God, and his might in making the world, the sky, and heaven, and populating the earth with men and women. When he got through an auld wife broke in with the question: "An' did he mak' the Eerish, too?" "Yes, most certainly," was the reply. "Ay, then," was the rejoinder, "He has muckle tae answer for."

THE Arkansas *Traveler* contains this memorandum of a prayer-meeting: Man at a mourner's bench. Preacher, approaching him, asks: "My poor friend, do you feel repentant?" "Yes." "You feel bad, doubtless?" "Yes, and if I always feel this way I will never do it again." "Do what again?" "Get drunk." "My friend," whispered the preacher, "I hav been there, and I do not doubt the sincerity of your repentance."

SOME years ago James Freeman Clarke, in speaking of Unitarians, said: "One of our main advantages, as heretics, is freedom from the care of our reputation. How much time the orthodox lose in avoiding or abetting the charge of heresy! We enjoy already as bad a reputation as we can. We are already Infidels and Deists in the popular esteem. The theologians hav already prejudiced the public against us as much as possible; and no matter what we say, they can not make the matter worse. Thus we are saved from the necessity of watching our own shadow, and can go boldly forward following truth."

THE New York *Tribune* voices the sentiment of despotism everywhere when it says, "The right of free speech does not giv the right to teach wicked doctrins." So thought the Jews when they crucified Jesus, so thought the Christians when they murdered Hypatia, so thought Calvin when he burned Servetus, and the Boston gentry when they drove Garrison through the streets with a halter about his neck. The czar of Russia would not object to the *Tribune's* kind of "free speech"—the kind which first assumes that everybody is wicked who does not love the czar, and that the wicked shall not speak. If Horace Greeley could assert himself he would kick the editor of the *Tribune* into the middle of the East River.—*Winsted Press.*

A UNITARIAN writes to the *Evening Post* concerning the eligibility of Colonel Ingersoll to membership in the Unitarian church. The writer says: "The Unitarians, by the genius of their ecclesiastical system, would be constrained to regard an application for membership on his [Colonel Ingersoll's] part as sufficient evidence that he had experienced the change of heart that could alone fit him for their fellowship, and therefore would require of him no dogmatic test, any more than they would of a Calvinist or a Brahman who wished to unite with them. All they care to know of any candidate is that he sincerely desires to coöperate with them in the promotion of truth and righteousness and the upbuildiug of a Christ-like character"—the term Christ-like being understood.

THE First Methodist Protestant church of Camden, N. J., is not an unusually wealthy institution, but it can afford to hav a church-fight. The other day Steward Drummond was checking off the weekly subscriptions of the congregation when Trustee Guthridge entered the church and asked where a certain five-dollar subscription was. Drummond said he had not seen it. Guthridge called him a liar. The steward tried hard to restrain his temper, but the trustee kept piling on the hard words until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and Brother Drummond went for Brother Guthridge. Mrs. Drummond's restraining hands on her husband's coat tails were all that prevented the trustee from receiving a thrashing. The result will be a regular church trial.

The Influence of Religion and Philosophy on Morals.

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

IV.

Shall I attempt to sketch the advantages of that religious organization whose bright side is the unification of thought, whose dark side is sectarianism? It was to print the Bible that Faust invented types. It was to serve or overthrow religion that the sciences and philosophy hav been studied. They hav not had the effect desired, but all their beneficence has resulted from the delusion that they would hav that effect, just as the alchemic search for the philosopher's stone introduced chemistry, and the astrologer's search for the hidden clews of human destiny revealed the undreamed-of glories of astronomy. To extend the lustrous triumphs of the cross Columbus was commissioned; Oxford, Cambridge, Dartmouth, Harvard, and Yale were founded, and that collegiate system which everywhere precedes the common-school system of education was introduced. Motivs hav little to do with results. As a means of converting Indians Dartmouth failed. As a means of educating Webster it succeeded. The church has always abounded sufficiently in good and humane works of every kind, so that the class of men who want to brace up their reputations morally always join it in preference to a philosophical society. Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. If there were no sound, healthy, valuable fish swimming under the surface of the great religious deep, there would be no gulls hovering over its waters seeking and illustrating corruption.

Not that I would concede that civilization is in any more distinctiv sense religious and Christian than it is intellectual and pagan. Whence comes monogamy and with it the glory of the pure and holy union of one man to one woman? Not from polygamous Judea, but from Greece, Rome, and Germany; from the Aryan, not the Semitic, races. Whence comes our art, in all its varieties of poetry, painting, sculpture, music, gymnastics, dancing, literature, history, architecture, and the like? Not from somber and mercenary Judea, but from pagan Greece, Rome, and the Gothic races. Whence come the masculin theories of virtue which, fortunately, reassert themselvs through the power of skepticism, and make it consist in courage, fidelity to truth, industry, ambition, prowess, health, physical nobility, blood, pedigree, race, culture, gentility, and the other Roman virtues, thus practically repudiating the Christian or feminin virtues of humility, patience in suffering, self-denial and self-sacrifice, poverty, chastity, which in Christian churches are taught by men, but hardly believed or practiced except by women? Nor ought they to be. If the vigorous skeptical common sense of the male sex and its endowment of intellect, passion, force, industry, and will by their creator were not sufficient to make it ignore in practice the feminin theory of virtue which was enunciated by Jesus, and to substitute therefor the Roman standard of virtue in which ambition is the pivotal quality, industry would cease and civilization would drift backward into barbarism. It is the exaltation of the feminin virtues above the masculin, those that fit for suffering above those that fit for conquest, that has always made Christianity seem natural, healthy, and easy for women; awkward, hypocritical, and half-hearted in men. Very few men ever become religious except through female influence. It is not the man that preaches the gospel, but it is his mother, wife, or sister, who has retained his intellect, by some fee of affection, to act as her attorney. These feminin virtues are very useful to soften the asperities of the world after the masculin virtues hav conquered it. As they are the cause of woman's subjugation by man, so if man should practice them they would cause his subjugation by nature, *i.e.*, his decline from wealth, power, and civilization into poverty, weakness, and barbarism.

And now let us turn to irreligion, or the emancipating force as a social power. The world's rulers, thinkers, and revolutionists; its Platos, Copernicuses, Napoleons, Bismarcks, Garibaldis; its Shaksperes, Franklins, Humboldts, Goethes, Voltaires; its philosophers, historians, poets, inventors, explorers, and originators, are essentially all irreligious. Irreligion brings out the individual in his emancipated manhood, and bids him make the most of himself, for no vicarious mantle of another's merit will ever reward his indolence, or giv him glory in exchange for his mere wishes. In Protestantism it makes him his own pope, in Parkerism his own priest, in Unitarianism and Deism his own Christ, and, finally, in the Atheism of pure philosophy, and the scientific Materialism of Darwin, it makes him his own God. There is none higher. One of the most noted philosophers now living, and the ablest one of the economic school that America has ever produced, once said to me, and not, I think, at all in a manner that forbids its repetition, it being simply the blunt expression of his inmost faith, "These preachers," said he, "go into the pulpit and try to persuade the people that salvation is in Jesus Christ. But I tell you that salvation is in ME and in my books." He meant that morality grew as man grew in wealth, and that the science of wealth was the key to morals. All philosophic minds of intense originality and individualism approximate to this feeling, if they do not express it.

The advantages of the irreligious position are the independence, integrity, and often dignity which it imparts to one's thoughts, investigations, and statements of truth. It renders a man fitter for scientific analysis, for discovery in the domain of physics, for historical narration, and often for representing and wielding government over men. The religious statesman, the religious general, the religious philosopher, and the religious physician are all contradictions, and are very likely to be frauds.

The state is never so bloody or so unjust as when it attempts to promote the gospel. Sectarianism is the very worst qualification a man can hav for dealing with questions of the weal or woe of nations. Had Nero not been a sectarian bigot of the heathen pattern, had he been as free from religion as Augustus Cæsar, he would not hav persecuted the Christians. Had the lion-hearted Richard been as free from religion as Lord Palmerston or Disraeli, instead of dyeing the sands of Palestine with English blood, in the wars to recover the holy sepulcher, he might hav imported Arabian scholars to teach the arts of the Saracens to his subjects. Had Queen Mary been as free from religion as Voltaire, she would hav been as free from the blood of the innocent. Had Cromwell and William of Orange held creeds in statesmanlike contempt, they would not hav cursed both England and Ireland with centuries of mutual hate. Some one has said, "When men are on the throne, women govern." Certain it is that when saints are on the throne, the devil reigns. Righteousness is best defended when men of no religion wield the state, and religion itself flourishes best when it cannot budge a bayonet or a constable. History is told with least bias, the law is framed and administered with most integrity, and science discloses its facts most instructivly to those on whom creeds sit lightly. This gain to the world is often purchased at the cost of painful isolation to the individual. The man who thinks is more solitary than the hermit on Mount Athos cliffs. To the extent that he is original, he is alone. In the degree that he is loving, this solitude is exile. Byron has said of mere social isolation, which is not to be compared with the religious:

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
  To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell
  And human foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
  With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean—
  This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
  Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.
But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
  To see, to hear, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tired denizen,
  With none to bless us, none whom we can bless;
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
  If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that followed, flattered, sought, and sued—
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.

To differ from prevailing sects and schools, whether of the religious or of the irreligious, in one's views of life, duty, and destiny, adds to the gloom of solitude the vulgar insults of suspicion. It is to liv under another God, in another life.

Perhaps some souls are driven by this isolation into moral recklessness. Usually, however, few men reach this religious solution until the very studies which brought them hither hav, by their drain on nervous power, subdued the passions which might make their isolation dangerous. But to the more richly endowed this solitude is peopled with a nobler race than society. To this class belong that chosen few who come forth upon society like Mohammed from his cave, like Swedenborg from his dreams, like Moses from the mountain of the law, or Buddha from his slavery, or Jesus from his temptation, armed with a Koran, a vision, a decalog, a gospel, or an emancipation that shall be Infidel to all the past only that it may bequeath a nobler orthodoxy to all the future. Such willingly receive their temporary crucifixion by the vulgar that they may win a truer homage and a wider fame than could hav been theirs by chiming in weakly and pleasurably with the religious fashion of the hour. There is a one-sided class of, as I think, unphilosophical philosophers, who are determined to account for the world on a simple plan by throwing away or denying the facts which make it complex; they insist upon running it by some one force instead of through the antagonism of opposing forces, and especially in the world of ideas they would insist that no one truth, which is but a name for some force in nature or in thought, should clash with any other truth, but that all facts should be bent to harmonize with some one theory, instead of being left, as they are in nature, to sustain conflicting theories. Such men ask, How can it be that a religion, if begun or sustained in part upon myths and fictions, can end in utility and truth? Well, science began in the fictions of incantations, fortune-telling, alchemy, sorcery, magic, witchcraft, astrology. Its origin is as full of myths, and its history as full of romance, lies, and impositions on the human mind as is the history of religion. The faculty of deceiving and of being deceived is not arrested by turning one's attention to science. Does not Herodotus tell of a race, I think the anthropophagi, who do carry their heads under their arms? That is part of the early science, ethnology. And did not a reverend scientist of early New England write that the Connecticut river at a certain point flows through banks so narrow that its waters by pressure became indurated, and as solid as iron, so that the point of the sharpest knife could not be thrust into them? That was part of the science of the day. In cosmogony science is now riding two horses in opposit directions, one that the earth has been constantly cooling since it became a planet, the other that most of its early cosmical changes were produced by ice.

We cannot measure all truth by one standard. We discover the truths of anatomy by the dissecting knife. But if we search with that implement to find the source of life, or the cause of beauty, we convert both life and beauty into a hideous mass of disgusting entrails. We cannot detect all truth by one test or measure it all by one standard. Scientific truth is proved by experiment. Mathematic truth requires demonstration. Poetic truth is too subtle for either. Its only test is, Does it so shadow forth those things that universally please, and conceal that which in nature mars our pleasure, as to render us the highest possible pleasure, refined from the dross of the actual, and complete in the charms of the ideal? The truth of the Greek Slave or of Powers's Eve, as a work of art, lies not in the question, Did she ever actually exist? but in the question, Is it a perfect grouping of the elements that please? Does it delight the cultivated taste? If so, it is true to nature and to art. Religious truths may be drawn alike from historic truths or from historic fictions. Their test is, Do they exalt the religious passion, the passion to liv a pure and holy life, a life very near to the divine ideal; to the suppression of the other passions of ambition, avarice, self-indulgence, sensualism, and the like? Whether Jesus was crucified is not so important as the broader fact it shadows forth, viz., that all men who seek to change man's standards of right and wrong will be crucified, for the bigotry of the human heart arrays itself against every moral revolutionist; if it did not do so, moral laws could hav no permanency. And it does not follow that because one man, who was crucified, was a Christ, therefore the balance were not criminals.

Whether Moses found the decalog engraved on tablets of stone is less important than the fact that he succeeded in engraving it on those tablets of the human heart which in their eternal succession are more durable than stone. Whether Jesus was of immaculate conception or whether he rose from the dead is less important than the fact that he is the most influential mind that ever walked the earth by virtue of his vaster influence upon its intellectual and moral development. Next to him probably ranks Buddha, the Hindoo prince, who at the sight of a slave beaten by the lash descended voluntarily from the palace to the hovel, and became and continued for years a slave, in order that, having been made perfect through suffering, he might, not by war but by love, gently lead the masters out of despotism and the bondsmen into liberty. Resembling Jesus more nearly than any other in the benevolence of his life, he resembles him also in the extent and nature of his influence. And next to these might rank Confucius, Moses, Mohammed.

I hav thus tried to shadow forth a few faint outlines of this difficult, wonderful picture which history presents to us of the moral influences of religion. The libraries of the world are filled with volumes upon it. I hav not even hoped to do justice to it in an hour.

In conclusion let me say that the great intellectual forces which antagonize religion, viz., science and philosophy, are like the day. They open up to us the world in which we dwell, its infinit capacities, its minute beauties, its myriad wonders, its grand anthem of causation. As we admire it all, we shudder at the thought that night, the mantle of all this beauty, the cover of crime, the terror of simple minds, will in a few hours spread its dark pall over all and lock the world in its deathlike embrace. We start back from that darkness and blackness of terror—the night.

And religion is that night. In it the soul rests the sweeter for not knowing aught but that it feels the sense of rest. It says to man, Work not, but trust. It locks the mind fast in its peace, while now and then horrible crimes stalk forth under its shadow and win the execrations of the ages. But while the mind thus rests, high over all breaks forth the glory of the heavens—star upon star, world upon world, which the day has hidden, pierces the great depths of God, until the soul exclaims, Why did I think the day revealed knowledge? It wholly hid a thousand worlds to reveal imperfectly but one. But night, mantling one world to reveal millions, is the great revelator.

Happiest and sanest is he to whom the day discloses its near work and useful knowledge, and the night its rest and gleams of other worlds; to whom

observation, reason, and experiment unfold their daily lessons of utility, and, with regular alternation, religion lifts up its somber, gloomy wings, dripping with darkness from every pinion, like the night, that through them may glint and glisten the stars of a loftier, though trembling, wavering, twinkling hope. If the worlds it reveals should all be rolled away as a scroll, and death, as an eternal sleep, should prove that those glistening hopes were delusiv; that in grasping for the dazzling prize of immortality our ambition had overleaped the beneficence which guides the universe; if there be any sentient minds anywhere who will see these hopes go out, these stars extinguished, they will weep for pity that fate was not more just to those who dreamed so nobly. But if aught of these sublime and heavenly visions, which through all ages hav canopied the earth in its darkest hours with unnumbered and celestial glories, is to be realized—if, indeed, the enfranchised soul,

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen but seeing all;
All, all in earth and skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall.
Before creation peopled earth
Its eye shall roam through chaos back,
And where the furthest heaven had birth
The spirit trace its rising track;
And where the future mars or makes
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched and system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity;
Above, or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It livs all passionless and pure;
Its age shall fleet like earthly year,
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly,
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die;

if this or aught like this vision be converted into our after-death experience, as we look back on the speculations and philosophies which came to dull our sense of those bright religious dreams, we shall say, Why, indeed, did we suppose it was the day that lighted up the world? It was night, deep, illimitable, mysterious night—aye, darkness and mystery, these were the great revelators.

Gems from Jones.

Here are some "gems from Sam Jones," as the *Sun* calls them, being paragraphs from sermons preached in Indianapolis by the Georgia revivalist, with comments by Si Slokum:

Gem the first: "Here is my theology; it is all I need. If you want to do good God will help you do good, and if you want to do bad the devil will help you. That's enough theology for anybody."

As all religionists claim that we are "free agents," it would seem that we should be left to do as we will, and when we want to do good or evil do it without help from God or assistance from the Devil—I believe in giving the Devil a capital D—and that's the way all good or evil is done, depend upon it, *sans* God, *sans* Devil.

Gem the second: "I hav heard of churches which claimed to be the only church of God. The old hardshells do it, I believe. I don't know how they are up here, but if they are the same as they are down in Georgia the Lord has turned over the whole business to a mighty ignorant crowd."

If this isn't reflecting on the business management of God, then what would be? God, who doeth all things well, as is claimed, knew what he was about when he "turned over the whole business to a mighty ignorant crowd," most certainly, and Sam Jones givs him an undeserved slap, it seems to me. Sam Jones stultifies himself when he criticises the Lord, I think.

Gem the third: "Sympathy is a good deal better than dignity. I've seen some old preacher get up in his pulpit, and he looks like he is five miles away, and he has got dignity enough to fill two worlds. Dignity is the starch of a shroud. When I die, and am lying stiff and cold in my coffin, I'll hav as much dignity as anybody, but I am never going to be dignified till I do die."

It is evident that Jones knows himself, as far as dignity is concerned. With not the least dignity in life, there is no doubt that he will make as dignified a corpse as the next man, provided he isn't twisted out of all shape by disease. Yes, Jones as a defunct, without being contorted, will assume a dignity that he had not a particle of in life, and it may suffice him to know this.

Gem the fourth: "Now, some sister, I expect, will turn up her nose at me because I am not dignified. Bless you, the Devil has got a mortgage on that nose, and he will foreclose it some of these days, and get the old gal with it, too."

This is of Jones exceedingly Jonesey; a "gem from Jones" as is a gem. Talmage may hav equaled it, but Beecher never worked off anything like it. Comment falls fainting by the wayside before the dazzling rays of this "'Gem' of purest ray serene." To be sure, I might etch the harrowing picture of the "Devil foreclosing on that nose, and taking the old gal with him," but *cui bono?*

Gem the fifth: "We hav got to learn that money will help a man to heaven, just like it will help him to New York. I can get to New York city without a cent, but I will hav to walk every step, and beg my bread along the road. You can get to heaven without a cent, but you will find Jordan a hard road to travel."

This is a "gem" without a flaw from center to circumference. Jones tumbled to it down in Georgia, where, as one of the "po' white trash," he "toted" cotton for a black boss, and dropped to the easiest way of getting money for the journey to heaven—namely, blooming out as a revivalist. I wish I had the "gift of gab," I would get onto the "revival" racket at once. There are thousands, if not millions, in it. There is nothing new to the heaven-bound ones in this "gem," for they are all on it to a man, getting money to help them on their journey. There was that pious merchant who died of late, whose effigy in brass so greatly adorns our city, he went in for a big pile to help him on his way to heaven, and got it. Unfortunately he had to part with a large portion of said pile to appease an outraged government, which he had bamboozled by false invoices. However, with a large stock of piety and a still big "pile," he got safely through to heaven, it is presumed. But I should like to ask Jones if he, in his proposition, does not reflect on the utterances of the Master, who advised the rich to giv up all they had to the poor, and who said a camel could go through a needle's eye as easily as a rich man through the gate of heaven. However, times aren't now as they used to was, and it takes money to do things that it didn't take in earlier days. One thing is evident, that Sam means to get all he can of money, in order to go to heaven by first-class conveyance, and it must be admitted that traveling to heaven by palace-cars is pleasanter than hoofing it, and that Jordan is indeed a hard road to travel, as Sam says, when one is obliged to take to Shanks's mare, and face all sorts of weather and road-impediments; and Sam wants to go in the pleasantest manner. No hoofing in his; oh, no, not for Sam.

Gem the sixth: "A man who livs under the cook stove and sleeps in the pantry belongs to the animal tribe. A man who livs in the library, with the finest authors, is an intellectual man. A man who walks arm in arm with God is a spiritual man."

Of course, Sam would deny belonging to the "animal tribe," and we all know he is not an "intellectual man;" he, of course, must be a "spiritual man walking arm in arm with God." How fortunate for Sam that the Lord is not so particular about the company he keeps as Sam is himself! Now, Sam, who is but a mere "worm," wouldn't walk arm in arm down the street with the "worm" who sells gin, and yet the Lord condescends to lock arms with Sam the worm, and Sam criticising his doings, too, at that! If Sam is really a "spiritual man," as he implies, "walking arm and arm with God," then it must be admitted that the latter is democratic to the backbone, if not to a fault, howsoever cruel he has ever been to his creatures; much more democratic than the writer, who owns up that he wouldn't walk arm in arm with Sam Jones down Broadway, at 4 P.M., unless handsomely paid for so doing, and for the reason that he doesn't think Sam is half what he paints himself to be, but one working the religious racket for all it is worth to him in shekels, a line of "business" requiring A1 copper-fastened hypocrisy to conduct successfully, which, according to accounts, Sam is doing.

Gem the seventh: "It is not the mysteries of the Bible that bother me. It is the Ten Commandments. It is so hard to liv up to them. It is not the mysteries of the Bible that hurt me. It is the Sermon on the Mount."

No religionist allows the mysteries of the Bible to bother him, and, of course, Sam does not. They all swallow them whole as one does an oyster, except a countryman or a woman who chews it. Talmage says it is easier to swallow them than to explain them, and he is right. But the Ten Commandments bother Sam—yes, aha! no doubt! They do the most of religionists, who, like Sam, find 'em "so hard to liv up to." A *rara avis*, the rarest of *rare aves*, is he who does liv up to them, which is not Sam Jones by a long shot. Sam complains that the Sermon on the Mount hurts him. What's the matter with the sermon, Sam? You don't think you are quite pure in heart, do you? You are afraid that your light does not so shine before man as to show all your good works, eh? You don't want to pluck out your right eye which looketh with pleasure on the shekels, or cut off thy right hand which clutcheth greedily the trade dollar, eh? Well, it is tough, Sam, and few of us are equal to it. You can't love your enemies, can you, Sam? There's where the sermon pinches all of us the hardest, Sam. Then, I suppose, it is hard not to turn away when a fellow strikes you for a quarter, eh? And above all, Sam, you know you cannot be perfect, as commanded, and so consequently are not as your father. But I think the shoe pinches the hardest, Sam, in that part where you are advised not to lay up treasures on earth—eh, Sam? And here you are scooping in the shekels by the hatful, and looking ahead for more. Yes, Sam, that sermon hurts you. It hurts us all. We can't liv up to it, and there is little use trying when failure is sure to follow. You know, Sam, that you can't serve two masters, and you havn't the nerve to giv up Mammon. Yes, Sam, that sermon hurts you "bad." There is no doubt of it, but I am surprised that you should hav owned up to it.

There were several other "gems" in the collection made by the *Sun*, but they were flawed, cracked, or hav no particular brilliancy, and so not worth the "setting" here. Here is the way Sam "hulled" the Indianapolitans, giving them a shot right "between wind and water," as it were:

One trouble with you Indianapolis folks is that you are hide-bound, like an old Texan steer. He will never fatten while the sun shines until you can loosen his hide. Laughter loosens the hide so that you can grow religious. You all need the currycomb more than you need corn. There is just as much religion in laughing as in crying. But if you don't liv right, be solemn as the grave every day, for you ought to be solemn.

Great is Sam Jones, and in the gullibility of the multitudes he finds his profit. SI SLOKUM.

Our London Letter.

Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the country in consequence of the defeat of his Irish Home Rule bill has stirred up much bitter feeling amongst his opponents, more especially with the religious element, and shows that the godly are as bigoted and as much opposed to liberty as they ever were. Spurgeon is reckoned a great authority on the question, and his utterances in opposition to Home Rule are quoted as eminently authoritativ by the very individuals who hav previously treated him with contumely. It is edifying to find the church and Tory party falling back on the opinion of a man whom they hav always considered as a clerical mountebank and impostor; and although he has gained a little notoriety through his attack on Gladstone, he will after the general election be relegated to the obscurity from which he so suddenly sprang. All these pious impostors are greatly averse to toleration except as referring to themselvs, and still cling to their old policy of ruling by might in preference to right. They know well enough that as liberty advances education will increase, and result in opening the eyes of those hitherto so deeply immersed in ignorance to the fact that blind leaders of the blind are incumbrances to progress, and the sooner their occupation is gone the better for humanity. Notwithstanding the influence of the great Spurgeon there are many wearers of the cloth who are so much better than their fellows that they would grant emancipation to all who want it, leaving the issue to the future. It is unfortunate that this is so, for if the clergy of all denominations combined to conserve the present iniquities their end would be all the speedier; but a fair sprinkling of them display a greater amount of wisdom, knowing that by apparently siding with the more enlightened members of the public they will retard the day of their extinction.

The bishop of Worcester stated his opinion the other day that the agitation against the sale of advowsons should be strongly resisted, as it was not conduciv to the welfare of the church to permit the parishioners to choose their own parson, and there is no doubt that he is so far correct, for the people would scarcely care about selecting for their spiritual guides those samples of rascality and immorality who are now placed in such positions by the various patrons of livings. One of these shining lights is now awaiting trial for indecent assaults against boys, but he is not likely to lose his situation if he has powerful friends; such trifling matters do not seriously affect a parson's character, probably because with the majority of them their characters are already so bad that nothing can make them worse.

The *Anti-Infidel*, edited by W. R. Bradlaugh, has taken the field, with the very decided advantage of a large staff of powerful writers on the side of Christian evidence. The first number of the new series I hav carefully read, but as the ancient and exploded design "argument" takes the place of honor I was somewhat disappointed, as, to induce subscribers, it was announced that some rather remarkable proofs of the "truths of the Christian religion" were to be adduced. I am afraid the owners of this periodical will not make a fortune over the venture, as believers won't buy it, and unbelievers, who hav generally been the supporters of such papers, will hav had enough in the first number to satisfy their longings to see these truths incontrovertibly proved so that they will not require any further evidence of a like nature.

The Lord's Day Observance Society is coming to the front once more, the last success being the closing of the Folkestone Exhibition on Sundays. During the summer months, however, such places are not very extensively patronized on the weekly holiday, so that the evil effects of such interference are not so much felt; and as long as the average Englishman is not very seriously inconvenienced he will put up with a great deal of repression of this description, not being such a supporter of matters of principle as he professes to be. He is a long-suffering being, and frequently would figure better under the emblem of a donkey than that of a lion. J. D.

London, June 29, 1886.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, is reported as saying in effect that unless the people pay more money into his treasury, the whole scheme of saving souls will fall into desuetude. The Army is not very prosperous of late, and without the shedding of lucre there is no remission of sins.

Spiritualists and Mediums at Onset Bay, Mass.

Onset is now in the hight of its summer bloom and beauty, and, whatever may be said to the contrary, there is no place superior, as a seaside resort, for healthful breezes, refreshing, invigorating odors, and lovely landscape and water scenery. It is, as many are aware, one of the summer homes of Spiritualists, although those of opposit convictions find here a sweet respit from the cares and turmoils of a too busy and activ life. It is said there exist here strong vital and magnetic currents capable of recuperating exhausted energies and imparting new life and strength. Whether that be true or not, one may here listen to a great deal of talk about "strong magnetism," "magnetic forces," "superior powers," "highly vitalized elements," "the higher intelligences," "harmonial conditions," "attractiv influences," etc., etc. When we get to the "bottom facts" of many of the terms in use—when we reach the core of words—there is really to be found a great truth hidden under a mass of verbiage.

Once in a while people need new conditions, change—a different and larger sphere of action. When the pulses move slow and laggard in the old routine, placed in a new atmosphere they go bounding. Most people require a larger life than that they liv. Climatic and dietetic changes are excellent, but no less necessary is a change in the social condition. "Ah, then," you say, "shall we break away from our old and long-tried associations and try new ones?" Not necessarily. But take the long-time associate into another society—another and different round of labor—and mark the effect. "Why do men get tired of the wife so readily?" I hav been asked sometimes. To my mind it seems quite plain that in the majority of instances it is because, while the husband absorbs from the larger conditions of life, his mind growing broader and stronger, the wife gropes along in the same little narrow groove in which she began, and hence, when they compare notes, the one is a long stretch ahead of the other. Sometimes it is the wife who, with untiring wing, soars aloft, while the plodding husband grubs, wingless, near the earth. Really, one is as good as the other, only the conditions of living hav been different and wrong. A man once sought a divorce from his wife, for no particular reason, only she was "sour and cross." "Was she ever so when you courted her?" inquired the good-natured lawyer.

"Well, she pouted sometimes."

"And what did you do then?"

"Oh, I kissed her and petted her."

The lawyer laughed. "Now," said he, "my friend, go home and try it again. Kiss her with a lover's kiss, pet her, buy her sweetmeats, take her on excursions, and play the lover exactly as you did in your courting days. Try it a year and then come to me." The man took the advice, followed it, and never visited the lawyer again, for, he said, he had "the sweetest and best wife in all the wide world!"

But many, besides Spiritualists, rush upon extremes, and having been hampered, crushed, repressed, in various ways, without trying to better old conditions they rush upon new ones, which prove sometimes worse and more disastrous than the first. It is often so with the come-outers from orthodoxy—they become quite as bigoted in Liberal ideas as ever they were in strait-laced theology.

The "season" here is fairly commenced, and "mediums" are almost as plenty as blueberries, but if I am a good judge, business among them is not so flourishing as in former times. "Materializers" are at work, however, as I observed last evening, while passing several mediumistic abodes, from whose darkened chambers strains of music floated coaxingly.

Said one buxom materializer to a lady, "If ever you see more than one spirit at a time issue from the cabinet, you may believe there's trickery there, for no mortal medium can produce more than one spirit at once."

"Does the medium produce the spirits, then?" was asked.

"Well, they are made up out of the medium's form somewhat, of course!" was the reply. This may partially account for the *queerity* of the fact that when our friend, Robert Wade, caught a "spirit" last summer, it happened to be only the medium herself! But mediums do materialize—dollars; and there's no mistake in that materialization, and they generally go away from Onset with well-filled pockets, and elastic consciences.

I never saw a class of people affect titles as do the Spiritualists. Nearly every second one you meet is a doctor or professor. It is funny, yet the truly *natural* physician, who has power to locate and diagnose disease, and, more than all, to cure without the aid of drugs or medicin, is a blessing to his kind, and, without a diploma, is of greater value to the world than he whose only recommendation is his collegiate course and printed parchment. It has been my privilege to meet a few who possess the gift of healing without medicin, and among them may be mentioned Dr. A. S. Hayward, of Shawmut avenue, Boston, well known as a physician, writer, and worker in Liberal ranks, and especially in trying to do away with the statute prohibiting natural healers from exercising their particular gifts. He has done signal service in this direction, and still has more to do before bigotry and prejudice shall giv way to let the sun of truth and science shine. Dr. Hayward advocates Dr. Warren F. Evans's methods in treating disease, as shown in that author's work entitled, "Mental Cure," and published by Colby and Rich. This is an excellent work, as is also the book entitled, "Vital Magnetic Cure," both of which hav gone through six or seven editions. I think these books are for sale on THE TRUTH SEEKER shelves, and Dr. Hayward is also agent for them. They contain solid matter well worth reading.

While many Spiritualists are in advance in Liberal sentiments, and hav really done great good in the world in breaking down the old and rotten foundations of theologic tyranny, yet in another direction they are extremely credulous, and allow themselvs to be humbuged and hoodwinked to the last degree, allowing the alleged "spirit world" to take the place of this, our lovely human world. There is so much here in this present world to engage our attention that it really seems a waste of time to devote so much energy to a state of future existence that we shall know all about, if it be a reality, full soon enough. However, the Spiritualists are a genial, pleasant, and agreeable people, and I number many true and genuin friends among them. And if I am ever brought to believe that disembodied spirits are indeed a reality, I shall be only too happy to proclaim the fact to all the world, alike to friend and foe.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

Chicago Secular News.

A good many years ago, certain individuals belonging to a Methodist congregation, of which Brother Moody was a leading light, built a large block in the center of the business portion of this city—southeast corner Washington and Clark streets. The basement and ground floors readily rented for stores and manufacturing purposes, the upper floors for offices. One large hall in the center of the building was reserved for the church, although it is oftener rented for lectures and concerts than used for "divine" services. The good deacons were thus enabled to evade taxation and turn a nimble penny for themselvs—a *penchant* so peculiar to most professors of piety. The offices rented for high figures; the deacons chuckled over the "snap" they were practicing on the dear public, but concluded this bonanza was additional proof that religion was a real good thing and that the Lord would prosper his own.

But there were other deacons who had property to rent who had failed to label it, "Methodist Church Block," and who were assessed for taxes. They saw through the blind of their Methodist brethren, and were jealous, so that a few Liberals found it an easy matter to start petitions to the legislature for a special act in this case, which was passed. The case was then appealed to the supreme court of Illinois, which decided that this block was not exempt, "except that portion of it used for purely religious purposes." The good fight won, the public went to sleep on the matter, and nothing further has been heard of the Methodist Church Block, everybody supposing that it was paying its proportion of taxes. "When thieves fall out, honest men get their dues," is an adage oft quoted. The county of Cook is about bankrupt, and there is a row among its county commissioners. Investigations are the order of the day. Chairman Klehm, of the committee investigating the work of the assessors, has discovered the fact that this Methodist Church Block has paid no taxes for a number of years, and how long it has evaded taxation he cannot now say. An effort will be made to compel them to pay back taxes. It is certain that the trustees of this block must hav connived with the assessors at this violation of law. The assessments of Chicago are wonderfully and mysteriously made, and if anyone "sees" one of our amiable assessors he will make an arrangement that will be satisfactory, presumably for a consideration. In this case, the trustees of the church will doubtless put in the ancient claim that "Jesus paid it all."

Apropos of the Knights of Labor, the controling element of the order in this city is best recognized by its acts. Nearly all who prate with Powderly about not going into politics are notorious political "heelers," and many of them hav been rewarded for their political influence in the order at the hands of our city officials, notably Messrs. Murphy and Rodgers, who manage to take turn-about as chairman of District Assembly No. 24. Since the howl in the press against Anarchists and Socialists has become general, these "political mechanics" are desirous of currying favor with the powers that be or are to come, so that in case of a change in the political caldron this fall they might be able to retain their appointments by the favor of the solid citizens—millionaires *et al*—so District No. 24 demanded that the assembly of which Parsons was a member should expel him forthwith. This order the assembly, which knew him best, steadily refused to obey. Not succeeding in this effort, they then, at a subsequent meeting, issued a mandate that all Anarchists and their friends be expelled from the order, and that in future "all of their ilk" be carefully excluded. At another time such action might be justifiable, but it showed that these pusillanimous Knights were willing, after Parsons's heroic surrender and while yet under trial, not only to traitorously desert him, but to prejudge his case so that the public might think they considered him guilty. While sworn to defend their "brother" at all hazards, these cowards connive at his assassination. Sweet specimens of manhood this "chivalry of labor" presents! Knights of Labor indeed, who descend to such mean, malicious slander—

> That abominable tittle-tattle,
> The cud eschewed by human cattle!

A. R. Parsons sends forth from his cell a memorable letter, which shows that the principles of the Knights and those of the Socialists are nearly identical, and I wish to explain to your readers why this is so. There are in the order a few earnest reformers whose study of political economy invariably lands them in the category of Socialists of some school or another. Then there are the great mass of members who seek in the order protection, succor, and redress. Then there are the men who are there for the "boodle" they can get outside the order for the influence they are supposed to maintain within. The Socialists in the order hav invariably been so vastly superior in intellectual attainments and knowledge of political economy to the mere trade-unionist and their brother-knights, that the assemblies, ambitious to gain distinction for ability, would invariably select them to draft platforms, write resolutions, etc. Thus a few Socialists hav laid the fundamental principles of the entire order. To this little objection was raised, and if it was not labeled "Socialism" the ignorant and indifferent would pass it without question. If a Socialist was nominated for office, though, the other element murmured that he was *too radical*, and the men that let out their thinking to the priest and politician would vote him down. Though *not* too radical to write the principles of the order, they were too advanced to hold office and put them in execution. Why? Because most of these would-be labor reformers never want any of these principles carried out. That would please the "boodle" men, who are so eager after the offices that they didn't care a rap who laid down its principles. With characteristic indifference as to the offices, the Socialists only cared to write its platform. In this they hav fairly succeeded, but their disinterestedness in one direction has proved a danger to the execution of the dearly-fought-for principles. The state assembly of the order meets next Tuesday, when the action of District No. 24 will be ratified or rejected. As some assemblies hav delegated men of brains to attend, there will be a determined fight on the action of these office-holding Knights of Labor.

While these noble Knights of Labor hav nothing but condemnation for Parsons in his hour of trial, they are making extraordinary efforts to secure the commutation of the death sentence of James Dacey, who murdered Alderman Gaynor in a cowardly manner, and then feigned insanity. Both Dacey and his victim were of the order of political pimps. The alderman ran a saloon, but was shot down in another whisky shop. They say that "birds of a feather flock together," and I presume that "Jim" Dacey, the ward tough and pot-house politician, is much nearer the admiration of the leaders of the Knights of Labor in Chicago than a man who voluntarily surrenders himself to be tried for an offense that was committed by some one—at least, in their imagination—in the interest of labor.

The Emperor William yesterday made a speech to the effect that "religion is the basis of all human order, and I rejoice that it is growing firmer among us. Revolutionists, however, who cherish confused notions of right and wrong, are still busy all over Europe. If they should undermine faith and morality, a general upheaval of right and justice would follow. Your task is to guard this basis and remain strong in right." There seems to be a "confused notion" about the basis of human order between Emperor William and the distinguished editor of the Chicago daily *News*. The former, who is very pious, says it is "religion;" the latter, while pious in editorials (he is just now engaged in the laudable endeavor to defame a young girl's character, as she has sued the paper for a former libel, and is publishing the nastiest details of the trial that possibly can be imagined), thinks Gatling guns are the basis of order. Every day something like this appears:

> Dr. Gatling, inventor of the famous gun, has devised a piece of ordnance for the suppression of riots. It weighs but fifty pounds, is capable of firing one thousand shots a minute, and can be mounted on a police patrol-wagon. With such an apparatus as this, an unorganized mass of people would stand no show of overcoming a score of officers.

Election is a long way off, and the heedless workingman will hav forgotten it all by fall.

THE Truth Seeker Company hav issued E. C. Walker's contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER on "Bible Temperance" in a 48-page pamphlet, selling for ten cents.

Figures About Religious People.

By way of the London *Secular Review* we get the following estimate of the sectarian divisions of the world. The estimate is Bishop Fisher's, though who or what he is the editor does not tell us. The total number of people in the world Mr. Fisher givs as 1,458,000,000:

Brahmans and Buddhists		600,000,000
Parsees, Confucianists, Shintoists, Jains, etc.		100,000,000
Unclassified pagans		160,000,000
Christians	Roman Catholics, 225,000,000 Greek Catholics, 75,000,000 Protestants, 110,000,000	410,000,000
Mohammedans		180,000,000
Jews		8,000,000

The 860,000,000 of Pagans are found chiefly in Asia and Africa, and comprise 99–100ths of the population, with scattered millions in the Americas and islands of the sea. The 410,000,000 Christians constitute the body of Europe and nine-tenths of the Americas, with a few millions in Asia, Africa, and the islands. The Mohammedans are found chiefly in Asia and Africa. The Jews are scattered in all lands, without a home or country. The Greek Christians are mainly in European Russia, with a few millions in Asia and the smaller principalities of south-eastern Europe, extending into Africa. Western and southern Europe is divided between Roman Catholicism in proportion to three parts Romanists to two parts Protestants. The Romanists hold substantially Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, with a large fraction of France, a considerable part of Germany, the larger part of Ireland, and a strong following in England. The Catholics hav almost entire South and Central America, with the whole of Mexico, and a powerful constituency in the United States and Canada in North America. In America as a whole —North, Central, and South—there are over sixty million Roman Catholics to about forty-eight million Protestants. Protestantism has its principal home in Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, the Scandinavian kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and in the United States of America and the British provinces, and some of the smaller and larger islands. This, says Saladin, is approximately a correct cast of the religious status of the world today.

En bloc it shows two-thirds of the whole to be pagan, or, including the Mohammedans and Jews as antichristian components of the pagan fraction, three-quarters of the whole—not less than 1,050,000,000. The remaining fraction of 410,000,000—a little more than a quarter—Christians, of which fraction more than one-half is Roman Catholic, one quarter (nearly) Greek, and a trifle over a quarter Protestant. Of the race he estimates that 500,000,000 liv in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishings; 250,000,000 hav nothing that can be called a home, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the proper line of human conditions is at the very least three-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000.

Addressing Jehovah, Saladin comments: "Observe that I, O Lord, am counted in among the Christians; so are all the readers of this journal, and of all such journals over the world; and thou knowest, O Lord, the kind of Christian I am. In this England alone, O Lord, there are hundreds of thousands who think with me when they think at all; but I make thee welcome to set them down as Christians if the lie thereby involved may tend to thy glory. At the rate at which thy blessed gospel is being spread, when thinkest thou it will 'cover the whole earth as the waters cover the channel of the sea?' How long, O Lord, how long?"

Spiritual Photography.

My letter of June 25th in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 3d, in consequence of an error which occurred in the printing, might be understood to indicate that the committee had been so surprised by the results of the two meetings which had then been held as to need to confer with regard to them. The "unexpected circumstance" was that on the following day was to be held the last meeting of the investigation, for the reason that Mr. Keeler expected to leave the city for the summer immediately, and the committee wished to include the results of that meeting in their report. As this would be their final report, giving not only the trials made, but our conclusions, it was necessary to confer upon it.

Nearly three weeks hav elapsed; Mr. Keeler is still in Brooklyn, with no expressed intention of soon leaving; but, although Mr. Robinson has been informed that we do not consider the results as furnishing any evidence in favor of Spiritual photography, we hav not been offered anything further. The evidence which we hav secured against the genuinness of the pictures produced in our presence is of a character which appears to me decisiv, and will be fully explained in the report which we hav in preparation. HENRY M. PARKHURST.

New York, July 15, 1886.

The American Secular Union.

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News and Notes.

From Helena I passed along up to the headwaters of the Missouri through a lovely valley. The most productiv soil in the world is found here between the ranges of hills. Beyond the headwaters, eastward we whirled up the Gallatin until we reached the garden of Montana, in the midst of which is the handsome city of Bozeman, named after an old frontiersman killed by the Indians, and his tomb is now in the breast of one of the mountains near by. I was met at the station by that stanch Liberal, Mr. J. M. Lindley. I had the pleasure of a few days' rest before delivering my lecture on Sunday evening. In the mean time I made the pleasant acquaintance of the many Freethinkers of the place, and had some delightful drives about the country, which is indeed beautiful, with mountain scenery of every kind, clear atmosphere, and splendid skies. The land here produces over one hundred bushels to the acre, and the best potatoes in the world. The strawberries are as good as God ever made—if he made them, for which I hav no evidence; but the strawberries are delicious, I know, and that is all-sufficient for my philosophy. On Saturday evening my good friend, Judge Lewis, took me out to the Methodist camp-meetiug. When we got there we found that the Lord had blown their tent down, and all the ministers were at work driving down the stakes. I guess they found that much harder work than converting sinners. I havn't the slightest doubt but they went in for an extra quantity of spring chicken to satisfy their ministerial hunger created by a little honest labor. I do like to see a clergyman hard at work. I met the Presbyterian minister driving home his cow. It did my heart good to know that in this, at least, he was worthy of his hire. He was really helping humanity to the extent of one cow, at least. On Sunday morning, having nothing else to do, and my friend Lindley and his wife offering the temptations of good company and a glorious lunch, we went to the camp-meeting again. The dinner was good, and those who ate it were excellent folks; but I cannot vouch for the sermons. The first thing the ministers did was to take up a collection. Not having tasted of the good things (spiritual) presented, I did not feel like paying until I had a sample of the goods. It was amusing to see how rapidly the crowd thinned out when it came to the solid part of the proceeding. I did go to meeting in the afternoon. The minister advanced the strange doctrin that if God had made the Bible so plain that everybody could understand it, then nobody would believe that it was a divine revelation. According to this theory the only way to prove the truth of the Bible is to make it a sort of Chinese puzzle. If we understand it, it is not the word of God; but if we do not understand it, why, then we hav reason for believing that it is of heavenly origin. God had to speak in riddles in order that the world might hav some faith in his utterances. Of course, if he gave a common sense revelation, then its readers would ascribe it to common sense, and not to God, according to the minister's logic. Perhaps they would, and thus God was compelled to be absurd and contradictory in order to vindicate his ways to man. I was so overcome by this logic that I came away, wondering what stuff ministers are made of.

There were three thousand at the camp-meeting on Sunday, and with this and Fourth of July celebrations I was afraid I should not hav much of an audience, but the hall—the largest in the city—was filled completely, and I never spoke to a more appreciativ audience. The Liberals of Bozeman are a splendid band, indeed, and my visit so far has been an exceedingly happy one.

I was pleased to find that Mrs. Lindley had come from one of my old camping-grounds, in what now seems to me the far East, Janesville, Wis., in whose Unitarian church I once delivered the gospel according to common sense, provided it didn't disagree with the Bible. I now preach common sense whether or no. Mr. Lindley enjoyed the brilliant ministrations of Lloyd Jones, an old *confrère* of mine, and one of the brightest and most generous-minded men in the Unitarian ranks. But for all that, Mrs. Lindley is no longer a Unitarian, but a first-rate Liberal.

If we had more workers like Mr. Lindley, we would revolutionize the world in a short time. He has lived in this country for over a quarter of a century. He has met all sorts of accidents by flood and field. He has faced the wild Indian, with his deadly arrow ready to fly, and the bullet has whistled along his path. He has slept beneath the snows of winter. Fortune and misfortune hav checkered his career, but he has met both with an equal mind. He is Radical from head to foot. He has the enthusiasm of humanity, but makes no pretense. If anything is to be accomplished, however, he is the man to do it.

Judge Lewis, who gave a most happy introduction to my lecture, is one of the strongest men in the territory, and has the courage of his convictions. He is highly cultivated, and has a well-stored mind. Such a man is a tower of strength to our cause.

Tom Burke of Ours—I was glad to meet him, indeed—that vigorous campaigner and chairman of executiv committee for Montana. Strange to say, we met for the first time at a Methodist camp-meeting. Only think of it! Who can tell what is in our stars? I never imagined when I read his stimulating letters that our pathways would cross right under the shoutings of the saints. If the ministers had only known it, I guess they would hav offered an extra prayer or two. As well, however, might they undertake to change the granit hills as friend Burke in his impetuous and splendid devotion to Freethought.

James Gourley is one of our noble Spiritualistic Liberals. He takes in everything—this life and the next—but with plenty of good sense, and a magnanimous mind. The difference is not one of quality, but of degree. He seeks the hereafter through the glory of this world, and therefore our harmony is as deep as the heart, and hope, and aspirations of humanity.

W. W. Alderson, editor and proprietor of the *Avant-Courier*, was once a Methodist minister, and one of the most brilliant men in that denomination. He was too good to stay there. He now publishes one of the livest papers in Montana. He is courageous in the expression of his opinions, and by his frank and impartial method of publishing a newspaper he has been of very great service in the extension of Liberal ideas. He is president of the Freethought society here, established by Dr. York, and I believe that in time this society will be a noble social and intellectual power. There is certainly excellent material in this county for a Secular Union and for activ work.

Mr. Cook, another Liberal, is always employed by the Christians to do their work, for they know they won't be cheated, while they are not quite so sure of their own brethren. This is a compliment to Liberalism that I find is constantly being paid.

Mr. G. V. Bogert, one of the prominent men of the city, was once an Episcopalian, but in obedience to his intellectual convictions he was obliged to sever his connection with the church. He frankly explained his skepticism to the bishop, and the bishop said, "Keep right on in the church; it makes no difference." This only made Mr. Bogert more determined to quit a church that cared not for belief or unbelief, provided one made himself useful to its worldly prosperity.

Many other friends I met in Bozeman who are thoroughly interested in Freethought. Mr. G. L. Henderson came down from the National Park to attend the lecture. I was glad to meet him. He was one of the first Liberals I met in New York city when I left the church. The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know him as an able advocate of our principles. I came with him to-day up to the Park. I am now at his Cottage Hotel. The Mammoth Hot Springs are before me, the Cap of Liberty, etc. I am in the very gates of Wonderland. To-morrow, with Mr. Henderson and others, I shall begin to traverse this marvelous region. I expect to be a changed man when I come forth. I am going to the Devil's Kitchen, the Devil's Half Acre, and I know not what other theological domains. However, the bright new moon is shining over my right shoulder, and so, with careless heart, I trust my fortune in this fantastic realm. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Yellowstone National Park, Wyo., July 5, 1886.

Obituary.

DIED.—At Glen Shaw, Allegheny Co., Pa., Xavier Wittmer aged 91 years, 1 month, and 25 days.

"Grandfather" Wittmer was born at Baden, in Germany, May 16, 1795, reared in the Catholic faith, and married at the age of twenty-seven. He raised a family of six children, some of whom preceded him to "the land of the free." His wife being dead, and no special ties to bind him to the fatherland, he turned his face toward the West and sought a home beyond the sea. He landed at Glen Shaw in 1857, and set industriously to work to pay for and improve his little homestead. Sterling worth and honest work brought their reward, and long before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing his children comfortably settled around him.

Mr. Wittmer, never very "religious," long ago ceased to pay tithes to the church, and transferred his allegiance to nature. He delighted in nothing so much as reading good books, and social intercourse with his neighbors. To-day his children and grandchildren are among the most intelligent and respected people in the county, and a number of them are members of the Pittsburgh Secular Society. He retained his mental vigor up to his ninetieth year, and used it to good advantage. His life was useful, and his death peaceful. He was laid to rest in the Allegheny cemetery on the 13th inst., the funeral ceremonies being conducted by Messrs. Harry Hoover and Thomas Grundy. H.

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 14, 286.

Communications.

Anarchism and Ethics.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I was not aware till I read your last paper that I had cautioned you to flee from the wrath to come. I want to pour the vials now on your correspondent J. L. Andrew, but will try not to hurt him much. Mr. Andrew says the logical tendency of Anarchy is to destroy all ethical distinctions, and then proceeds with a "statement of its principles," every one of which involves an ethical distinction. I say that Anarchists alone draw correct ethical distinctions. To prove it, let us consider the last six of the so-called Ten Commandments, which are allowed to form a summary of the received morality commanding attention by its brevity and point. "Honor thy father and mother"—if honor means consider thyself particularly indebted to—is a command which I, as an Anarchist and a parent, feel inclined to amend by substituting, "Honor thy son and thy daughter." Filial affection is, indeed, natural, but filial duty is a relic of barbarism. The obligation is all the other way. There can be no responsibility more imperativ than that involved in creating intelligent beings; hence, if there be a God, as Christians and others tell us, we owe nothing to him, but he owes everything to us; and if collectiv society brought me into being, as Mr. Andrew says, collectiv society has no claim on me, and I hav every claim on it. But I am not inclined to press this claim as state Socialists do press it. Having arrived at maturity, I will call it quits, if collectiv society will cease to treat me like a minor. "Thou shalt not kill" is an admirable command. The Anarchist, indeed, like other people, holds that it admits of exceptions, but he makes fewer exceptions than anyone else. It is justifiable to kill in self-defense. But it was not self-defense which made a million men kill each other in the Franco-Prussian war or the American civil war. Wherever there is killing somebody must be very much to blame. This is a principle not recognized by the governmental morality which rests on war, and is, essentially, war. And here we may see the great difference between the Anarchistic morality and the governmental. Both regard much the same actions as reprehensible; the former because they disregard natural law and produce evil through the operation of natural law to the perpetrator and others, the latter because governments find it necessary to conform in some degree to natural law. But the governmental morality, unlike the Anarchistic, justifies these actions, if, as Lord Macauley would say, they hav been preceded by the performance of certain mummery and the uttering of certain gibberish. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" is a command which, taken in the bare letter, would certainly be nullified by Anarchy; but taken in what is understood to be the spirit as prohibiting all violations of natural sexual law, it would not be abolished, but established, by Anarchy. The fundamental sexual vice is excess. Excess is made possible, first, by marriage, which makes the wife the property of the husband, and, secondarily, by the ignorance and dependence in which women are kept for the sake of this institution, which thus becomes the cause of prostitution. If love were free, the relations of the sexes would be regulated by the desires of the least amorous; that is to say, indulgence would be reduced to a minimum. "Thou shalt not steal," like the rest of the governmental moralities, is good in itself, but is not understood to be applicable to thefts "preceded by the performance of certain mummery and the uttering of certain gibberish." Go through the proper mummery and gibberish, and, though you may not "steal the goose from the common," you may "steal the common from the goose," and even the man who tends the goose from both. It is in the effort to perpetrate such thefts as these—in war and conquest—that government originated, and it is to maintain them that government continues to exist. "Thou shalt not bear false witness" is a good maxim. It is tolerably evident that almost all the lying in the world is the direct result of institutions and could hav no possible motiv if they did not exist. "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's" expresses the very central idea of Anarchy; but, N. B., the example must be set not by the little coveters who want bread, but the big ones who want land. Mr. Andrew, though evidently but little informed upon his subject, is as evidently not a fool, and, therefore, I hav much hope of his conversion. He correctly says that the chief danger of the American republic consists in the lack of public moral support for the liquor law and the Comstock law and all the other products of our wisest statesmanship. But he forgets to ask whether, if this danger should culminate in the fall of all these cherished institutions, the American people would be any the worse off. I defy him to show that Anarchy or any approach to Anarchy "caused the degeneracy and extinction of the nations of antiquity." It was always tyranny which did that.

In a later part of his essay he speaks of society as an organism, its progress as "evolution," and Anarchism as an *a priori* theory based on mere abstractions. Here, as usual, he shows very imperfect acquaintance with the doctrin he is attacking, and, besides, falls into the very fault of indefinit language which he charges against those who talk of natural rights and abstract justice. The word "evolution" is a mere cant, doing duty for the word "providence" as an apology for wrong and a plea for apathy, unless we determin what the actual history of the evolutionary process is. Now, to begin at the beginning, we Anarchists well know, in spite of Mr. Andrew's assertion, that natural passions, greed, lust, anger, revenge, were and are the prime causes of crime and war. War gave rise to conquest, conquest to government, government to institutions, such as land monopoly, chattel-slavery, marriage (with its Siamese twin, prostitution), priestcraft, etc., every one of which established license for one class, and tyranny for another—license and tyranny not being mutually exclusiv terms, as Mr. Andrew, in common with many others, supposes, but correlativ terms, expressing opposit sides of the same state. This was the first great change. For a long time its results seemed final. Republics became monarchies, and monarchies republics; but, as Gibbon remarked, the power everywhere belonged to the military class, so that the only true democracies were those very small states in which every man was a soldier. Even in Gibbon's time, however, another change was proceeding, and his observation is no longer true. To mobilize a modern army costs so much, and valor is so impotent against improved artillery, that the power has passed from the soldier to the capitalist. This is the second step—the establishment of modern bourgeois democracy. Now, if there be any agency against which money is as impotent as heroism against bullets, an agency which makes the rich man's wealth his danger, and the poor man's nakedness his coat of proof, that agency will overthrow the system resting upon wealth, and bring in Anarchy, for it needs a duller man than Mr. Andrew not to see that the modern providence, evolution, is separating the rich further and further from the poor, and arraying them against each other for a final conflict. Such an agency is dynamite.

Finally, allow me to giv my reasons for thinking that Anarchy will be a blessing to mankind. I do not think it will remove the causes of crime, but I do think it will reduce their effects to a minimum. Murders may be committed still, but there will be no more Borodinos and Magentas. Rape may be committed sometimes, but it will not, as now, be organized into a legal and religious institution. Theft may be committed sometimes, but land monopolies and protectiv tariffs will be no more. Besides, I am persuaded that those minor crimes, which government, the great criminal, regards as such, will be far less common than they are now; first, because the abolition of license involves that of tyranny, which would remove full half the motivs for them; and second, because it would remove all the protection chicanery givs to crime, and leave it to the merciless weeding of natural selection. Where, to illustrate, is the murderer safest—in New York or in Arizona?

C. L. James.

Eau Claire, Wis.

Charles Bradlaugh and His Scotch Critic.

I was very much grieved to see in the Boston *Index* of July 1st that Mr. Underwood givs a certain Scotchman an opportunity to vent his spleen at Charles Bradlaugh and those associated with him in England in advocating the cause of Freethought. Now, who is Charles Bradlaugh? And why is it that any *Freethinker* in Europe or America should attempt to disparage him in the great work to which he has devoted his life? Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of first-rate talents, and of unimpeachable character in all the relations of life. A child of no opportunities by birth, he forced his way by sheer merit to a position among the greatest lawyers at the English bar, and among the most far-seeing statesmen of the British Parliament. Had he been a religious indifferentist, or even a known Agnostic, as he is, and devoted his ability and attainments exclusivly to the practice of the law, as our rebel countryman, Benjamin, did in London, like Benjamin he might now be possessed of a fortune. Or had he been satisfied to show his contempt for the worship of Christendom by spelling the name of God with a little *g*, as another distinguished politician did, he might by this time be heir apparent to the premiership of England. But he furnishes the rare example of a man endowed with powers of mind sufficient to command both wealth and popularity devoting himself exclusivly to the deliverance of his fellow-men from the bondage of superstition. In Parliament, every speech he has made and every measure he has proposed has had in view the welfare of the people. His wisdom as a statesman, his generosity and fairness, are such as to amaze and compel the admiration of his enemies, as well as of his friends. In his speech in the House of Commons on the 10th of June, Mr. Gladstone cheered the sentiments he uttered, and went without his dinner till he heard it to the close. Although the Irish Home Rulers in the Parliament to which Mr. Bradlaugh had been four times elected steadily voted with the Tories to keep him out of his seat, he did not resent it in the last short-lived Parliament, after he had secured his seat, as many a man might hav done, but advocated their cause because he deems it both right and wise to do so. Without asking a fee for his services, as other lawyers do, he givs legal advice in many instances to those Radicals who ask it in defending themselvs against the persecution of their enemies. He is no holiday, amateur reformer, who fires a shot now and then into the fortress of superstition for the fun of seeing the splinters fly, but, with the devotion of a martyr, has given his whole life and strength to the cause of Freethought, taking the hardest kind of knocks and the bitterest misrepresentations of the Tories and the clergy unrepiningly. His honesty and fairness, as well as his eminent ability, are so appreciated by his Northampton constituents that he has been returned to the new Parliament, which is to meet next month, with an increased majority over the former vote.

Now, this is the man who is attempted to be spit upon by Mr. Underwood's Scotch friend, and who, with his following, that any English statesman would be proud of, is compared to Falstaff's ragged soldiery in their march through Coventry! How a man of any Freethought sympathies, in the terrible struggle we are making against the almost overwhelming power of the organized superstition of eighteen hundred years, can find it in his heart to reproach Mr. Bradlaugh as this Scotchman does, I cannot conceive. The only way of explaining the fact is that it is an outburst of *envy*—that meanest, cursedest, most unscrupulous, and unmanly passion of the human soul, which, instead of rejoicing that the cause we love has a leader more gifted and doing more good service than ourselvs, would pull him down into obscurity and hamstring him, so that we might be lifted into his place.

Look at the quality of the Radicalism of Mr. Underwood's Scotch friend. He says that the Freethinkers of Scotland are more nearly allied to the Tories than to the extreme political ideas of Bradlaugh, by which he means Bradlaugh's republicanism. He thinks these cultured gentlemen north of the Tweed could be gathered together if they only had a Free Religious Association, such as they hav in Boston, and such a paper as the *Index*. Then he begins his reproach of "the organization of which Bradlaugh is the central figure, which is so obscured by side issues such as republicanism, etc., and so thoroughly permeated by ignorance, and the worst forms of demagogism, that no man of education is attracted toward it."

Now, it would take millions of the class of men this Scotch friend of Mr. Underwood belongs to, and a million of years of such kind of efforts as they would put forth, to convert a single churchman to the cause of Freethought, and when he is converted he would not be worth the powder necessary to blow him into the state of existence where he was a thousand years ago. This gentleman's heart is with the British Tories, the hereditary robber class who hav plundered the English, Scotch, and Irish people of their land, which is their sole source of comfortable life. If they could, they would monopolize the atmospheric air and dole it out for pay to their fellow-men as they do the wealth, the intelligence, and the political power of the country. Mr. Bradlaugh is engaged, with the party he leads, in a deadly intellectual and moral war against this power and the superstition which supports it; and all this Scotch Freethinker can do is to dishonor him by comparing him and his associates to Falstaff's military recruits. If this Scotchman is a fair sample of the men of education in that country, and if this consorting with Tories and spitting venom at reformers like Bradlaugh are the legitimate effect of education, then I say, if there were any infernal regions inhabited by heartless, malicious, and envious devils, let such education go to the bottom of it!

It does seem, Mr. Editor, as though some of us would never get the idea into our heads that what the Freethought movement in this country and England needs, above everything else, is to get that very class which this degenerate Scotchman despises, the common people, enlightened, and on our side, because of the power they wield by their votes. Massachusetts, which likes to consider herself as the brain of the national body politic, still persists, by a large majority, in insulting and injuring some of her best citizens who are Agnostics in religion by destroying their testimony in a court of justice. The reason is that the masses of her people who are represented in her legislature are priest-ridden, and so ignorant that they do not see the injustice of the thing. If the Freethinkers of Boston and other places who are aggrieved would send out in the rural districts for a year or two such missionaries as Reynolds and Remsburg, the people might be civilized, and this burning reproach of the state be wiped away. Mr. Bradlaugh has sense enough to see what we do not yet see in this country, that, in the House of Commons, which is the representation of the people of England who now vote and rule the empire, his great and arduous

work is to enlighten them so that they may vote intelligently on the issues that are pending. The arrant folly of putting the cart before the horse in matters of reform by law is seen in the defeat of Gladstone's scheme for doing justice to Ireland by the people of England. They are not enlightened, and, of course, choose representativs to Parliament like themselvs.

Before finishing what I hav to say, allow me to express my surprise and sorrow that Mr. Underwood should hav got his own consent to giv publicity to the letter of his Scotch friend. I cannot believe, when I consider Mr. Underwood's long and valuable services in the cause of Freethought, that he indorses the cold-blooded, supercilious, and dastardly assault which that writer makes upon our worthy coworkers in England. And yet it looks like it, for why should he allow so respectable a journal as the *Index* to be made a mouthpiece for such an unprovoked assault? All attempts, either by envious Englishmen or Scotchmen, to put dishonor upon Mr. Bradlaugh will be unavailing. This grand movement in the civilized world for the liberation of the human mind and conscience from false standards of truth and right is the birth of time. It advances slowly and surely, like an ancient glacier, plowing its way through rock-ribbed mountains of ignorance and prejudice, and while it may be retarded, it can never be stopped. Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, and the rest of our leaders are only its spokesmen and interpreters.

Enon Valley, Pa., July 10, 1886. A. B. B.

Mr. Freshman, Christian—Mr. Benjamin, Jew.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* That my articles in your paper hav met with favor among the most prominent Christian clergy, the following letter from Dr. Heber Newton will demonstrate:

I hav read your article with interest and can quite readily understand the feeling which it manifests. It is needless for me to assure you that I hav not the slightest sympathy with many of the methods of work of those who are seeking to spread Christianity amongst the children of Israel. I hav no wish to convert them to an ecclesiastical or dogmatic Christianity, and I hav seen very little evidence of genuinness in the so-called conversions. A juster attitude of Christians toward Israel would, I am sure, do away with its present reluctance to glory in the greatest son of Israel.

Encouraged by the above, permit me to furnish you with more truth for which you are seeking.

Since I succeeded in establishing beyond a shadow of a doubt the false colors under which the counterfeit Christian, Rev. Freshman, is sailing, I will appeal for justice—not to that hypocrit, for a man of brass and audacity based upon ignorance as displayed by that hireling is beyond the reach of all human virtues—but to intelligent Christian leaders like Drs. Crosby, Hall, and Deems, who are led, or rather misled, by that champion of ignorance, Freshman. To you, doctors of divinity, who are a pride to humanity in general and Christianity in particular, I, in the name of truth and true Christianity, which I revere, appeal that you open your eyes and look to the shame and disgrace you are heaping upon the religion you are preaching by the means you are adopting to spread Christianity, by hiring man-catchers like Freshman.

Since you are determined to augment the numbers of Christians, why not resort to a more legitimate mode, *i.e.*, by printing as an advertisment, "The highest cash price paid for cast-off Jewish religion and no questions asked?" Besides the great saving in the commissions paid to agents of the Freshman clique, you will be spared the mortification of assault and battery from my pen upon your ignorant and falsifying representativ of the ex-rabbi gentry.

I, who am neither Infidel, Atheist, nor Agnostic, am yet forced to doubt the stability of Christianity. Judge how in despotic countries Christianity is propagated according to the gospel of St. Matthew x, 34, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword;" how the blood-and-iron ruler of Germany displays his methods of opposing those whom he religiously dislikes; how the Russian Bear buries his claws in the hearts of his Roman Catholic subjects; how the crazy permanent immersion of the Bavarian monarch is supposed to emanate from his religious opponents; how the all-absorbing question of Home Rule is not a question of freedom, but of southern Irish Catholics against northern Protestants!

But even in this land of the brave, the knight of labor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle actually incited his hearers to brutal force against the greatest Freethinker of the age, Colonel Ingersoll; and now the more rational divines are willing to accept the statement of every tramp who, while professing Christianity with his lips, with his hands is receiving the greenbacks!

Show me the names of Freshman & Co. attached to any benevolent institution. To the contrary, he is constantly begging. Fifty cents will secure his miserable organ, twenty-five cents will afford anybody the opportunity to see him parading in fringes, phylacteries, and scrolls. Five dollars and more toward his family and religious abode will secure the donor's name to appear conspicuously in his money-making enterprise. Begging, begging, begging, all for Christ's sake!

But many may remonstrate and say, "Ain't we in a free country where everybody is entitled to eke out a living the best way he knows how?" Yes, I reply. Thank God, we are in a free country. But do we not limit our freedom and restrict the liberty of even those who hav been high church members, but are reckless in their financial dealings, reckless in building uninhabitable abodes, reckless in "boodling" away our streets and avenues? Why then not restrict the liberty of the Freshman type who is receiving money on deposit for heaven's sake, and appropriates it for his own earthly use, who is constructing abodes unfit for the spiritual habitation, and who receives boodle for the voting down of heavenly avenues? Why not provide quarters for the Rev. Freshman in Sing Sing, not only for his own crimes of obtaining money under false pretenses, but also to convert those high-toned fallen Christians, Messrs. Fish, Buddensiek, and Jaehne?

I will now proceed to argue from a business point of view. Will any Christian merchant giv up his well-established, profitable, and legitimate business for some wild-goose-chase speculation of which not only he himself has no knowledge, but upon which even the schemers are unable to throw light? How, then, can Christianity expect that the Jew will part with his old established religion, which gained him credit throughout the world by being backed by his Bible, patriarchs, prophets, psalmists, Meyerbeers, Mendelsohns, Montefiores, Zunzs, and Rothschilds, to enter into a new enterprise, Christianity, whose arithmetical problem not only he himself is unable to solve, but concerning which even its advocates display the highest degree of ignorance, and dare not come up to answer one or two questions from the New Testament?

Gentlemen of the Christian clergy, why not take a lesson from the Jew?—he who first exclaimed, "Love thy neighbor as thyself; one law shall prevail among the homeborn and the sojourner;" he who for thousands of years, one of a mere handful in comparison with other nations, underwent the greatest persecution to the present day. He has never sought converts. In fact, his sages teach him, "Converts to Israel are like leprosy." Yet those few converts to Judaism, who could be counted on the fingers, did not only liv for their conviction, but died for it at the stake. Converts like Freshman, it is true, liv for Christianity as long as the Christian Greenback sticks to them; but remove it, they, like the heathen laundryman, will say, "No payee, no washee" souls.

For further demonstration I need only point out how already, four years ago, I accused Freshman of being ignorant of his new-found religion, and obtaining money under false pretenses, for which my check of $500 was deposited with the New York *Herald*, but he never came up to the scratch. One would think that during the elapse of the four years he should hav been able to study up the question. But, alas! study is out of his line. Besides, he is so busy extracting diseased souls and putting in new and healthy ones in their place that study is out of question.

But I was asked by not a few, Why make an example of poor, ignorant Freshman, when many born Christian ministers are equally as ignorant, and not capable of expounding Christian theology? I fully admit this to be a fact. Yet those born Christians could at least boast of their birth, but as to that renegade Christian, his birth only serves him as an advertisment to be a son of a rabbi, that he has stumbled against Christ through conviction.

After all, the only part of Christianity he practices is clinging like a leech to the Christian pocket-book, minus Christian theology. This entitles him to damn me and the rest of the eight million Jews, not only during lifetime, but even after death, simply because I, instead of following his begging expedition, endeavor to make an honest living by the sweat of my brow.

I therefore appeal to you, honest Christian leaders, to save true Christianity from further degradation, and, like Joshua of old, force your modern Achan, alias Freshman, "to giv glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him, and tell now what thou hast done, hide it not from me."

New York, June, 1886. A. Benjamin.

C. L. James, Anarchist and Alderman.

The following sketch from the St. Paul, Minn., *Daily Globe* of July 4th of one of The Truth Seeker's best known contributors will be read with interest by Mr. James's friends. It is needless to say that the sketch was written by an opponent of its hero's philosophy:

Something of a stir has been created by the publication in the July number of the *North American Review* in the "Notes and Comments" department, of an article by Charles L. James of this city, under the title, "Anarchism Defined by an Anarchist." Mr. James, who, with Mayor Grinnell and others, was carried into the city government on a Knights of Labor tidal-wave this spring, has long been very prominent as one of the queer characters of this region. The eldest son of George P. R. James, the famous English novelist, whose "Solitary Horseman" is yet a charm to conjure with in the realms of romantic fiction, Alderman James inherited all the literary tastes of his distinguished parent, and has from childhood devoted himself with wonderful assiduity to literary pursuits. His study of ancient and modern literature, while it has given him the reputation of being a universal encyclopedia of knowledge, has rendered him a "Freethinker" in the widest sense of the term, and he has from time to time astonished the local public by the promulgation of curious theories in ethics and political economy. In many respects a remarkable character, a polished scholar, a bold and original thinker, and, but for his unfortunate manner of delivery (which resembles a fractured bag-pipe), a powerful speaker, his eccentricities in thought, speech, and costume hav caused him to be generally called a crank by the unappreciativ. He is a typical Anarchist of the educated species, and, as such, is worthy of study. As he minds his own business, meddles with nobody, and never carries dynamite with him, he is only a speculativ Anarchist, and there is no stigma on his reputation, except that he is a member of the Common Council. His successful *debut* as an Anarchist on paper has made him perfectly happy, and as he is the only Anarchist in this region, the people of Eau Claire, who hav always been proud of him as a curiosity, are now prouder still on the same account. Mr. James's occupation is circulating a Milwaukee paper, and he is sometimes called the "newsboy alderman." He continues quietly about his business, and is not considered a dangerous character. He has never carried out his Anarchistic theories in practice, except that he has been of great assistance to the mayor in keeping the city government in a state of inextricable confusion since his last election; and his proclamation of Anarchism in the *North American* is not considered nearly as serious an assault upon the public peace as was a volume of Swinburnian poems which he wrote and published some years ago. His prominent position in the management of city affairs, and his eccentric speech and manners, as he goes about the city arrayed in garments apparently obtained from the wardrobe of the Cardiff giant, selling his Milwaukee newspaper and crying "Morning paper, Cap!" make him one of the most prominent figures in the current life of the city. He is talked of for the legislature and is willing to go.

The Friends of the Frenchwomen.

Vichy becomes monotonous after three weeks' stay, notwithstanding the varied amusements, in the casino, in the church, and in the theater; but one never gets weary of the beautiful parks. Some one has said, "God made the country, but man made the town." With man's help, God made the park. One of these parks borders the river Allier, on the margin of which hundreds of Frenchwomen wash clothes. Saw a tub in two, and you hav the kind of protection from the water in which, on their knees, these poor people wash wool, shirts, coats, or anything they can turn a few sous from, the day long. Frenchwomen, like the German women, are a hard-working class, and hundreds of thousands of them are miserable looking in old age. It is a shame to see fat priests, that never work, liv on their toil.

The German and French women hav a real friend. The first hav a friend in the dog who drags all the truck he can in a cart to market, or milk to town. You can see in Germany dogs harnessed to carts, clumsily and heavily made for a dog to draw; but the dog pulls to the death. As soon as he stops at a customer's house, he falls to the ground to sleep and rest.

The hard-working Frenchwomen, the salt of the earth, the old and young; women at seventy or eighty that hoe the fields; the young of every age, that wheel a barrow, drive to market, wash clothes at the river shore, wear wooden shoes, make their own stockings, whose miserable pittance for the wear and tear of a life would not buy the trousseau of the bride of a bourgeois, hav a friend. This friend of the Frenchwoman's is not a man, or any of his kind, but it helps her do the hard work she is compelled to do. It appears to be patient under the load it has to draw. Sometimes woman and beast are harnessed together, and make slow progress toward their destination, where she is to bargain, and he to stand in sober earnestness, for hours, until there is none to barter, or nothing to sell. In sunshine and storm, this friend of the Frenchwoman is ready to do her service. It is not a splendid creature to look at, but is strong and hardy. It does not sing; it can and will work. It asks nothing but food for its pay, that is all.

There is another friend of the Frenchwomen. He is a man—but who can tell? He looks like a man, but dresses like a female; he is always with them, He does no work of any kind. He sings and prays. and plays a first-class game, for his belly. He gets pay from the government, out of the taxes and tears raised from the product of the labor of these poor women, that wear wooden shoes and work from sunrise until sunset. This friend also takes all the pennies he can wheedle out of them for prayers and masses. In return this friend givs them wind. He is at the christening of the new Frenchwoman that is to wear wooden shoes, and rejoices at the gold he gets. He is in at the death of the old Frenchwoman, whose wooden shoes hav been kinder to her than her people; but this friend still takes cash, with no smile, only in his heart. They say he is kind. Yes, for himself. They say he is sympathetic. Yes, for himself. They say he has a soul. That may be; but it must be very small—a little one, not to be compared with the soul of the jackass, the real friend of the Frenchwoman. C. E.

Vichy, France, June 25, 1886.

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The State Convention.

The responses to our invitation to an expression of preference as to the location of the next Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association are neither as numerous nor as decided as we could wish, and leave the matter just where it was in the beginning. So far, White Sulphur Springs is the choice, and it is probable, if the Convention is not held in connection with the Congress of the Secular Union, that that place would be the most suitable. The objection of greatest force is that the town is rather far east. The advantages, however, seem to outweigh this objection.

But before the locality is definitly decided the officers of the Association would like to hear further from those who propose to attend. The response must be immediate, as the time is short.

Our Public Schools.

Again this question is pushed to the front by the Catholics, who are determined that it shall not down till they receive the reward they seek—the subsidizing by the state of their parochial schools. And who that knows the history of Romanism—is familiar with her tireless energy, her stealthy hunt for power—will doubt that before another decade passes the question will hav to be decided in hundreds of communities at the polls? This time the Catholic propaganda comes in the form of a discussion between the Rev. Patrick F. McSweeny, rector of St. Bridget's church, New York, and Howard Crosby, the well-known militant Presbyterian "divine."

The discussion, however, is very much one-sided, Mr. Crosby confining himself to the statement that a division of school funds among the sects would lead to war between Catholics and Protestants, and that heretical schools as well as religious would necessarily be subsidized. The chief interest, therefore, of the paper in the current number of the *Catholic World* lies in the expressions of Mr. McSweeny, who has a plan—in fact, several plans—whereby our government can be converted into a huge machine for the teaching of Christianity, to the great glory of the churches Catholic and Protestant, and to the corresponding confusion of the Infidel and Agnostic. The all-encompassing plan is to unite the two chief bodies of Christians in this work and make a simultaneous charge upon the Constitution. After capturing the government, the two thieves would divide the booty according to religious convictions of the marauders. It is needless to say that in this division the Catholic church would receive her share.

The main, and perhaps only, obstacle to this scheme, says Mr. McSweeny, "is the fear which the Protestants seem to hav of the pope and of the church." In this fear the bishop sees signs of acknowledged weakness, and takes it as a compliment to the Romish church. He goes further, too, and sets down the real trouble to be "that Protestants are fast losing all belief in any revealed religion." He is, he says, "more convinced every day that the time is rapidly approaching when there will be only two great camps—that of the Catholics and that of the Infidels. Such sincere and earnest Christians as still belong to Protestant denominations will betake themselvs to the tents of the former, and the others will be ranged under the banner of naturalism."

Keeping this complexion of the inevitable war in mind, Mr. McSweeny tells what his church wants and means to hav, and invites the Protestants to come in and share with her the work and profit. Starting with the unproved assertion that the school is the children's church, he shows how, could he hav his way, that church would be supported by the state and conducted by the priests. He says:

"Secular instruction is no doubt useful, and perhaps necessary, in a republic especially; but why need it be divorced from religion? In England the state encourages those who wish to educate their own children by giving a per capita allowance to private schools for each child who passes the examination of the public board in secular branches. *Why could not this be done here?* Let them even examin the teachers, if thought necessary, in the secular branches, leaving to the parents the liberty of saying of what denomination they shall be. The state would thus pay, as at present, only for the secular instruction. What harm would be done to anybody, except to a bigot, if the child is also trained to be a good Christian at the expense of his parent or of his church? For those parents who are indifferent, let things go on as at present, although *the cost per capita is fully twice what it would be if the work was done by the church, assisted by the state.* I am actually educating fully nine hundred children, and I am giving as good a secular education as that at the public schools, for less than half the cost. Many other pastors are doing the same. It is too much to expect the churches to provide both religious and secular education, especially as their members are already taxed for the state schools."

In the face of the flippant manner in which Mr. McSweeny speaks of secular instruction as "no doubt useful, and *perhaps* necessary, in a republic especially," we think the public will not err if it takes his statement of the quality of his school "with a grain of salt." As to the cost, we should hav been better satisfied had he given us figures. Figures, it is said, do not lie. Whenever we read an advertisment of a parochial school, the remark comes back to us of a Catholic employed as porter in a store in this city who had withdrawn his children from the parochial school and sent them to the public school. "I want them to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic," he said in answer to the question why he made the change; "something besides the catechism."

In his plea Mr. McSweeny very properly lays great stress upon the rights of minorities. "Intelligent men," he says, "are always in the minority, but they can and do lead the majority." As the Catholics are in the minority in this country, he begs for justice for the minority, and protests against majority rule in the matter of schools. No doubt—or rather there is grave doubt, but for the sake of the argument we will ignore it—Mr. McSweeny will as eloquently plead for minority rights when the Christians hav complete control of the government. In that case schools must be built for all the sects, the hated Infidels and Agnostics as well as the loved Christians. The Catholic church is pretty compact, and few schismatics disturb its serenity. But there is the Greek Catholic church, and we hav a few Catholic reformers in existence, fellows like Père Hyacinthe, of France, who do not believe in celibacy for priests, nor in the confessional for women. Schools must be provided for these, as well as for the most orthodox Catholic who ever kissed the pope's toe. But it is when we begin to number the Protestant sects that the task to be undertaken by the government appals the imagination. Everyone knows, too, that Protestant sectarianisms will not mingle, and when Mr. Crosby said that "Roman Catholics and Protestants will fight like cat and dog if you hav the state subsidizing denominational schools," he no doubt had a shrewd squint in that eye with which he looked at his fellow-churchman. Is there a Presbyterian in the country who would send his child to a school to be indoctrinated with Universalism? Is there a Methodist in the thirty-eight states who would send his boys and girls to a school taught by a Mormon? Yet Mormons are Protestants, and very vigorous ones just now. Could an Episcopalian patronize a Unitarian school, or an Adventist an Anglican? How would a Puseyite get along with a Progressionist, or a Congregationalist with a Ritualist? In short, would any one of the nearly two hundred Protestant sects desire their children instructed in the creedal tenets of any other? Then we hav the Materialists, the Positivists, the Spiritualists, the Agnostics, the Ethical School of Religion, the Free Religious Society, and other heretical bodies of people whose claims must be considered. What would the state do for them? They are in a minority now, but they are fast growing, and the rights of minorities are as sacred as the rights of majorities. What a lot of schools must be subsidized in every town—one for each sect, and one for those of no sect! England has one hundred and eighty odd religious sects; the United States about the same. Think of the possibility of having to build one hundred and eighty school-houses in every school district! Rich as the government is, it would bankrupt the national treasury.

Yet if we are to hav religious schools, there is but one other alternativ, which is for the government to define what religion is, or pick out one or two sectarianisms and allow the instructors to teach no others. That, however, would be a unification of church and state, which is prohibited in Article I. of the Amendments to the United States Constitution.

We must regard Mr. McSweeny's plans as failures.

Knights of Labor, Anarchists, and Socialists.

The two following extracts are worthy of careful perusal and deep thought:

From Labor Budget, Organ K. of L.

Socialism, Anarchism, and murder find no defenders in the K. of L. If a conflict should ever occur as the results of Communism, the Knights of Labor will be found upholding the Constitution of the United States and laws of the country against all transgressors. The Knights of Labor are the stoutest opponents yet placed against Socialism and Anarchy. They are friends of the law and of order. They believe in order, and are determined that the laws shall be obeyed. Down with Socialism and Anarchy. Up with education and equality. As to the whole tribe of Anarchists, Nihilists, and Socialists, there can be but one opinion among good citizens. Opposed to law and order, which are as necessary to labor as to capital, they are the enemies of the human race, and there is no place for them in this country. They hav no sympathy with honest labor, and the workingmen, whose cause they injure, should be the first to denounce and oppose them. The honest workingmen are good citizens, and they know that this is the best country for them in the world. They seek not to destroy, but to build up. Their worst enemies are the destructivs who do not know how to value free institutions. They and their whole doctrin and following should be driven from the country, or, better still, from the face of God's earth.

From the Kansas City Journal.

We do not assert that the Knights of Labor are directly responsible for the recent terrible carnivals of blood in Chicago and Milwaukee, but we do charge that the methods pursued by the Knights of Labor during the recent strike in the Southwest hav been the strongest possible encouragement for such red-handed murderers as Parsons, Fielden, and others to institute a reign of anarchy in Chicago and Milwaukee. Are the actions of the mob in Chicago any worse than that of the band of Knights which ambushed a train near Fort Worth and fired a deadly volley from Winchester rifles into the ranks of the officers of the law? Hav the followers of Parsons and Fielden perpetrated any more heinous act than did the Knights who derailed the train on the Missouri Pacific near Wyandotte, and hurled innocent men to their deaths? Hav Parsons and Fielden propounded any more Anarchical doctrin than did the striking Knights at Parsons, who claimed the rights of belligerents in time of war? We submit in all fairness that the record of the Knights in the Southwestern strike furnishes them with but limited capital with which to point the finger of scorn at the followers of the Anarchist Parsons.

There is, doubtless, a great deal of honest and righteous indignation in the remarks of the *Labor Budget*, and there is also a large amount of cold, unvarnished truth in the reflections of the *Journal*. Not the least necessity exists for the *Budget* to work itself into a passion against all Socialists and Anarchists, because there are both Socialists and Anarchists who are as good citizens and as law-abiding as any Knight of Labor, and in honesty and intelligence they are the peers of anybody. They certainly hav what Mr. Tucker would call the superior "scientific grasp." As the *Journal* points out, they are no more incendiary in their acts than the Knights, and they do not seek to accomplish their aims through laws scarcely less burdensome than the wrongs sought to be remedied. That "they and their whole doctrin and following should be driven from the country, or, better still, from the face of God's earth," as the *Budget* declares, is the most dangerous and un-American sentiment that we hav anywhere seen.

The suspicion arises that when the *Labor Budget* classes "Socialism, Anarchy, and murder" indiscriminately together it does not know what it is talking about. What the noble order of the Knights of Labor need is to be delivered from the stigma brought upon them both by the violent acts of their members and by the reckless rant of their organs.

The law will attend to Anarchists and Socialists who break the law. Those who do not break the law hav as much right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as anybody else.

When Was Christ Born?

To THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your remarks as to when Christ was born require a little addition, it seems to me. Matthew says Christ was born in the days of Herod the king; that on account of Herod's order to slay the infants Joseph fled with the child into Egypt and there remained until after Herod's death, and until he heard that Herod's son Archelaus reigned in his stead.

Luke says Christ was born when his parents went up to Bethlehem to be taxed, and that this taxing was *first* done when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.

Josephus says Herod died a few days after an eclipse of the moon. He wanted to kill some of his own children, but so feared the people he dared not attempt it till he found his end was so near. This eclipse has been calculated back and found to be of date in March B. C. 4. Josephus relates that after Herod's death Archelaus was confirmed in the government and reigned ten years and was then banished; that Judea and Syria were united under one government and Cyrenius was sent out from Rome to be governor; that he ordered a tax of the Jewish nation, and that this tax was heinously taken by the Jews. Any student of Josephus must observe how very accurate is he whenever he speaks of minutiæ; and although he givs no dates he relates events in such order that we can get quite close to dates. Those chapters in the Antiquities are especially minute—more so than those in the War. As Luke refers to Cyrenius in the past tense, we may infer that his office had ceased. Anyhow, this first taxing by Cyrenius ended in the thirty-seventh year after the battle of Actium. At least, if Luke is taken, Christ must hav been born eleven years after Herod's death. From the accounts by Josephus we can see about how, where, and when that sect arose among the Jews—that new philosophy similar to Essenism he describes—which coöperated later with some older one, and in the vast confusions forgot much, added and mixed much, and developed into Christianity under the teachings of that master genius we know as Paul, an inspired, earnest, eloquent soul, if ever there was one—*i. e.*, a genius.

So far as exposing contradictions of Bibles is concerned I would not turn my hand over to do so, were it not from desire of destroying idolatry—Bible fetichism. The Bible it really, when read with enlightened eyes, a most fair work, of extraordinary interest, and teeming with wisdom in places. Priestcraft has made of it a God with most fatal consequence to ignorance. Philo, the great Jew, the foremost man of all the Jewish world in or about A.D. 1, knew how to interpret it—as an allegory (the Pentateuch, I mean). C.

Our correspondent's data appear to be quite correct according to the records. Josephus has given us pretty much all we know of the history of those times, especially as affecting the Jews. His history cannot be successfully contradicted except as to certain exaggerations of numbers and stories of marvelous events. But Luke, as we before remarked, seems to make a blunder every time he undertakes to giv dates. Evidently he was unacquainted with Jewish history, and Rabbi Wise says that both in the gospel and in the Acts the writer betrays a want of knowledge of the Hebrew, of the laws and customs of the Jews, and of the geography of Palestine.

As to the Essenes, Josephus describes them as existing about the year 20 B.C., at which time he tells us that Herod especially favored Manahem the Essene. Several years ago our correspondent "Antichrist" drew attention to the apparent identity of Manahem the Essene with Manaen of Acts xiii, 1, 2:

"Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers, as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and *Lucius* of Cyrene, and *Manaen*, which had been brought up with *Herod* the tetrarch, and *Saul*."

This Manaen of Acts answers in name to Manahem the Essene, a school-teacher who once met Herod the Great when a child, and clapping the boy on the back, prophesied that he would be king and would reign long. Substitute in the above passage "the Great" for "the tetrarch" and we would hav Manahem the Essene associated with Barnabas, Lucius of Cyrene (perhaps Luke the Evangelist), and Saul of Tarsus, afterward called Paul. And Josephus says that Herod also especially favored Pollio the Pharisee, another prophet, who, when Herod was once upon trial of life and death, told the judges, by way of reproach, that "this Herod, whom they suffered now to escape, would afterward inflict punishment on them all" (Ant. xv, 1).

Many years after this trial (which was about 37 B. C.), Josephus tells us that Herod sent two of his sons to Rome to enjoy the company of Cæsar, "and they lodged at the house of Pollio, who was very fond of Herod's friendship." Paul undoubted ended his days at Rome, and "Antichrist" maintains that he died as early as the year 10 B.C. In his letter to the Philippians Paul says: "All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household." And when the apostle was sent to Rome the writer of Acts twice tells us (xxv, 21, 25) that it was for a hearing before Augustus.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Church Times*, of England, protests against the erection of a church as a memorial to Elizabeh Fry, on the ground that "that excellent Quakeress was not, strictly speaking, a Christian." The *Church Times* may be right. Who can tell what is real, simon-pure Christianity?

ON "Corpus Christi" Sunday a procession of priests passed through the streets of Montreal bearing the "host." As the "host" passed the St. Johns military school the commandant ordered his men to present arms and kneel. This was termed "presenting arms to God." As the order was a violation of military regulations, the commandant is likely to be court-martialed.

IN enumerating the portraits in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for the current year, the Hartford *Times* has a bit of philosophy highly disagreeable to Christians. "It remains an uncomfortable fact," it says, "in any study of the world's religions, that so many of the world's great ones hav repudiated *all* creeds, even the scheme of Christianity itself as a divine order." Truly, it is an uncomfortable fact, but not at all astonishing.

IN the recent elections in England the clergy of the Established Church took a very decided stand against the Home Rulers. On one Sunday the archbishop of York, primate of the church, selected as the text upon which to build a sermon the advice of Paul to the Ephesians, which he abbreviated to read, "Put off the old man, which is corrupt." Mr. Gladstone ought to feel very friendly toward the Church of England.

THE following from the *Beacon* is the latest argument against Sunday newspapers:

"The Sunday newspaper tends not only to destroy the sacred character of the Sabbath, and to make the public worship a farce for those who read it, but it is supplanting the religious press. A person who reads a daily paper all the week, and an edition with a supplement of the same on Sunday, has no time left for a religious weekly, and the weekly is soon dropped."

We extend such sympathy as we hav on hand to the religious editors, but cannot just now see what they are going to do about it. The publishers of the Sunday papers are undoubtedly too worldly-minded to heed their protests.

COLE YOUNGER, one of those celebrated Minnesota bandits, the Younger brothers, is said to be a man of great ability and considerable education. Since his imprisonment he has studied the Bible carefully, and now regularly preaches to his fellow-convicts in the Stillwater penitentiary. But, after all, the transformation is not very great from a robber to a preacher. Both get a living from the world without giving anything in return.

In the midst of his infirmities, during which he has sometimes for days together been unable to hold a pen, Mr. Spurgeon has issued his nineteen hundredth sermon. Luminous, as well as voluminous, may this devoted servant of God be long spared to the church on earth.—*Religious Paper.*

If Mr. Spurgeon would cease his enormous consumption of beer and brandy, that "devoted servant of God would be spared a good deal longer to the church on earth," and his "infirmities" would be fewer. A beer and brandy drinking parson will hav the rheumatism and gout just as severely as the most woful sinner.

A PRETTY little Sunday-school tale has been used by nearly every religious paper in the land to fill up an odd corner of its columns. It is about England's queen. Victoria was asked by some person, inquisitivly inclined on political subjects, to what she attributed the source of England's greatness. Her answer was both laconic and pious: "The Bible." It is a pity to touch so fervid a story with cold truth, but Mr. J. N. Masters, of Rye, England, wrote to Sir Henry Ponsonby, the queen's secretary, to know whether or not it was true. Mr. Ponsonby has written in reply that "there is no truth whatever in that commonly-believed story." Thus has another bulwark of Christianity gone overboard.

IF we may judge by the following piece of commercial paper, brought to light by a religious journal, God participated rather more activly in the affairs of the world one hundred years ago than at present:

"Shipped, *by the grace of God*, in good order and well-conditioned, by Messrs. H. Vanderburgh and Co., in and upon the good brig called *Betsy and Sukey*, whereof Giles Hollister is master, *under God* for the present voyage, and now riding at anchor in the port of Newbern, and *by God's grace* bound for New York, 417 bbls. of tar; 47 bbls. Turpentine; 44 bbls. Pitch; 6 Venison Hams; 4 Deer Skins, and one bbl. of fat, to be delivered in good order unto Mr. Hamtramock, or to his assigns, he or they paying freight, with primage and average accustomed—In witness whereof, etc.—and so *God send* the good ship to her destined Port in safety. AMEN. Dated at Newbern, 16th Feb. 1785. Giles Hollister."

A bill of lading in those days, it appears, was a theological document as well as a receipt for goods shipped.

THE Bayshore *Journal* brings news of the death of Mrs. C. A. Codman, of Brentwood, L. I., which occurred on July 2d. The town of Brentwood was founded by a handful of radicals, of whom Mrs. Codman was one. She and her husband hav been known beyond the community for their good works, and as disciples of a faith which the average Long Islander finds it difficult to understand. Positivism to a Christian is synonymous with heresy, but though outspoken in their convictions Mr. and Mrs. Codman had the good will of all. The *Journal* says of the funeral services: "The tenets of their faith called for no assistance from a clergyman, at least from none in this neighborhood, but those who assembled to render tribute to the many virtues and excellences of their departed friend were none the less earnest and heartfelt in their expression." Mr. Codman's grief at his loss is shared by many friends.

THE *Index* quotes from a contemporary thus: "A writer in the *Congregationalist* says that he does not find much 'burning piety,' 'unquestioning faith,' and 'self-sacrificing ardor' among the German candidates for the ministry." As to the "burning piety" it no doubt still exists, but, fortunately, on account of an increase of worldly knowledge, these times no not allow of its oldtime expression and exercise.

Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE will lecture at Warsaw, N. Y., July 22d and 23d; at Leroy, 24th and 26th; at Batavia, 27th; at Clifton Spa, 30th, and at Weedsport, August 4th.

W. F. JAMIESON is holding a debate with Rev. D. O. Van Slyke, of Wisconsin, in the Opera House at Madison, Dakota, on the questions: 1. "The Existence and Being of the God of the Bible." 2. "Infidelity (Freethought) is Superior to Christianity." There is a call for Mr. Jamieson to go to Leon, Iowa, to debate with a Rev. Wilson. If the Leon Liberals can defray the heavy cost of so long a journey the debate will probably take place early in August. His address is Lake City, Minn.

C. B. REYNOLDS has been for the past week at Montezuma, N. Y., where he has encountered violent weather, but succeeded in disposing of quite a quantity of Liberal literature, and forming a Secular Union. Mr. Reynolds goes next to Boonton, N. J. He writes: "Now let all desiring Tent effort write me at once. And all New York Liberals prepare for a glorious meeting of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. The cause requires that every man and woman do their duty, and help by their presence to boom the movement in the Empire state.

THE Dillon, Montana, *Examiner* of June 19th contained this notice of the missionary efforts of the American Secular Union's secretary: "On Thursday morning last handbills were circulated around the city, anuouncing that Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the National Secular Union, would deliver free lectures at the Court-house on Thursday and Friday evenings. During the day Mr. Putnam, accompanied by Mr. William G. Emerick, succeeded in making many acquaintances, and put in his time agreeably. He was driven out to Mr. Emerick's residence for dinner, and when he reached the Court-house in the evening he found a large audience there to greet him, including many ladies. At nine o'clock Hon. W. S. Barbour introduced Mr. Putnam, and that gentleman announced that he would use as the basis of his argument the subject, 'Universal Mental Liberty.' For an hour he held the closest attention of the large audience, and made a good argument in favor of Freethought, and against all religious forms, being frequently interrupted by applause. He is a fluent, easy, and natural speaker, graceful of gesture, and has a method of reasoning his case without offending his hearers who are opposed to his views. Last evening Mr. Putnam had another large audience to hear his lecture on the 'New Heaven and Earth.' He was listened to attentivly."

WHEN J. E. Remsburg made his first tour East as a Liberal lecturer, four years ago, he had two engagements. Last August he started East on his seventh semi-annual tour with sixty engagements. This year he is so thronged with calls that he will not be able to cross the Mississippi before November. He had contemplated a trip to Colorado in August, a trip through the Northwest on his return, and a tour East about the last of September. The announcement that he would make a tour of the northwestern states, however, brought so many calls that he has been compelled to abandon his Colorado trip, decline all calls for lectures east of the Mississippi as well as Kansas and Missouri, and begin work a month earlier than usual. He is now filling engagements for thirty-six lectures in Nebraska. The following is his program for that state:

Salem	Thursday, July 15
Humboldt	Friday, July 16
Liberty	Saturday, Sunday, July 17, 18
Mission Creek	Sunday, July 18
Wilber	Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, July 19, 20, 21
Waverly	Thursday, Friday, July 22, 23
Greenwood	Saturday, Sunday, July 24, 25
Louisville	Monday, Tuesday, July 26, 27
Arlington	Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, July 28, 29, 30
Osceola	Saturday, July 31, Sunday, Aug. 1
Omaha	Monday, Aug. 2
Palmyra	Tuesday, Wednesday, Aug. 3, 4
Edgar	Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Aug. 5, 6, 7, 8
Indianola	Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Aug. 10, 11, 12
Central City	Saturday, Sunday, Aug. 14, 15
Crab Orchard	Tuesday, Wednesday, Aug. 17, 18

In Iowa and Minnesota he has the following engagements:

IOWA.	MINNESOTA.
Tama City,	Worthington,
Osceola,	Dundee,
Randolph,	Fairmount,
Oelwein,	Alma City,
Buffalo Grove,	Janesville,
Colfax,	Smiths Mill,
Holstein,	Barnum,
Fredericksburg,	Utica,
New Hampton,	St. Charles,
Cresco,	Ashby,
Deerfield,	Garden City,
Hampton,	Ada,
Orange City,	Long Lake.
Grinnell,	
Muscatine.	

In addition to the above, Des Moines, Manchester, Nevinville, Princeton, Casey, What Cheer, Farley, Columbus Junction, Bonaparte, and Missouri Valley, Iowa, and several towns in Minnesota and Dakota also expect to arrange for lectures.

Letters from Friends.

GALLOWAY, TEXAS.

MR. EDITOR: I wish we could hav a lecturer visit us this fall. There are a great many Liberals here, but few are outspoken.

The cartoons are perfectly splendid, and I don't see how anyone can object to them. With best wishes for the success of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I am, Respectfully, J. P. MILLS.

SAN JOSE, CAL., June 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your cartoons are very welcome to your readers. I like them very well. You hit the nail just at the head to pierce superstition to the core. The Liberals owe you many thanks for your liberal outlay. May they also support you freely in order that you can cover the higher expenses you hav incurred for your eminent paper.

H. M. COTTINGER.

CHAMPLIN, MINN., June 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for my renewal.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is much appreciated in our family, and we expect long to remain among its humble supporters.

The following story, which we consider good enough for your "Odds and Ends," is purely original, and occurred in one of the large churches in our city of Minneapolis, where last winter they were having a huge revival. The pastor, in his "warming-up" zeal, was making his usual rounds, soliciting victims. Meeting a good-natured Scandinavian in the congregation, he accosted him with the usual interrogatory, "Don't you want to work for Jesus?" Our friend met him with a wide stare, and the reply, "Naow; me got von yob; cut ice out Lake Calhoon." MRS. F. I. BIRD.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., July 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Everyone seems to hav the specimen craze. Not long ago I received from Washington territory a nice box of real Indian money. The lady who sent me this queer coin says her husband was once an Indian trader, and while among the Alaska Indians he collected this money, and now, as she has no use for it, she sends it to me. The Indian money, or wampum, as the Indians called it, is a rare sea-shell, an inch or more in length, the size around of a large knitting-needle, slightly bent, tapering and hollow. The value of each piece to them was four cents. I hav quite a bit more of this odd currency than I care for, and, the editor willing, I will say anyone who would like a piece of Indian money may hav it and welcome if they send a stamp to pay postage. MRS. F. A. WARNER.

LINCOLN, ILL., July 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: You hav often noticed, I hav no doubt, that when you corner Christian mythologists in regard to "miracles" and show the unreasonableness and impossibility of any such things ever happening, they always take refuge behind their bulwark, "Oh, nothing is impossible with God." When they seek flight from reason and science I take issue and silence them in this way:

1. God cannot make twice two six.
2. God cannot make the millstone run both ways at once.
3. God cannot destroy himself.

A dose of this heroic treatment closes their mouths and they go off, as the bigots always do, longing for the Inquisition and fagot. The old sects are passing into the impenetrable next, the younger ones are getting more careless and less dogmatic. This is the hope of final reformation. A. R. C.

WEST BRIGHTON, N. Y., June 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: One word in regard to pictures. They are just grand. They hit the mark every time. I wish I could hav been brought in contact with them when I was full of theology. It seems as if they would hav woke me up.

I hope you will get two subscribers for every one who says "Stop my paper" on account of the pictures. If I didn't like them, I could easily pass them over. I don't believe an editor has all sunshine in the pilgrimage of life. I hav cut out many of the pictures and sent them to friends for missionary purposes. I think they hav had the designed and desired effect.

I was pleased to learn through THE TRUTH SEEKER that Dr. Austin had Reynolds go to Marion and stir up their minds by way of remembrance. He can do it every time, even if he doesn't claim to be inspired by God. The D.D.'s were wise in not attacking him. SAMUEL E. SKINNER.

STONEHAM, MASS., July 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I write for the purpose of sending some money to keep our Freethought flag waving in the breeze. I am always glad to see it come, although I do not hav time enough to read it. Brother Heston's last materialization of "Home Rule in Ireland" is superexcellent. I can imagin the combatants opening the exercises by singing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." Seeing it, an Infidel must feel sad to think he lacks religious devotion. One is reminded of Lizzie Doten's poem:

> We mock at the Catholic bigots in Rome,
> Who strive with their dogmas man's reason to fetter;
> But we turn to the Protestant bigots at home,
> And find that their dogmas are scarce a whit better.

I would be glad if Mr. Reynolds and his gospel tent would come this way. How I envy Miss Wixon her loving task! I wish Liberals would hav Sunday gatherings for their children, where isms were lost sight of, and honor, reason, investigation, and *facts that are seen alike by all* could be taught; where seven days instead of one would be considered "holy;" where white lies of all descriptions would be tabooed; where self-control and self-government could be inculcated; where human rights could be freely spoken of; where prevention instead of punishment for criminals could be considered; where strict, inflexible justice would be given in easy lessons; where fun and instruction could be judiciously blended, and where—well, I might talk a long time and then not say half that might be said. But I do hope to see more schools or meetings established for the children. Some of us older ones realize the benefit of beginning to think rightly. But schools where knowledge and *not* faith would be the standard would help our future generations to hav less murder, hatred, lying, etc., etc.

Success to the host of speakers; may the coming Convention be a grand success. But nothing can kill out Freethought. It is bound to grow brighter and broader every year. C. FANNIE ALLYN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am very glad to find you interested in exposing Catholicism. Teaching by pictures is very effectiv if those who see them can properly apply them. I am sorry to say I do not think yours often hit the mark, but as I could not do as well, probably I had better say nothing. Catholicism and republicanism are a contradiction. It is impossible for them to coalesce. One or the other must go down. One teaches people to believe; the other teaches people to think. The policy of the first is to keep its adherents ignorant; the policy of the latter to enlighten all.

Our grand doctrin of freedom in religion for all is taken advantage of by the Catholic organization, which is not wholly a religious organization, but political and religious combined. Before it gets power, it wears its religious mask. When it has power, it is political. No man should be allowed to vote at our polls who does not abjure all other potentates. My own conviction is that Catholicism is at the bottom of Home Rule, and that Rome Rule will be the right reading. Eternal hostility to Catholicism should be taught to every American. E. M. DAVIS.

AYER, MASS., July 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: By "Letters from Friends" I see that some timid ones are afraid to show the pictures to their orthodox friends. I do not hesitate to show the pictures as soon as I open the paper, and it is with difficulty that I can draw the clergy and the stern churchmen into a discussion, knowing, as they do, their weak and defenseless position. Let the good work go on; the pictures cannot overmatch the description of the past nor the facts of the present. Illustrations—object teaching—hav long been in the Bible; the work of human imagination. Other descriptions in the Bible are worthy of illustrations. Imagination was not exhausted by the first edition. Those who accept the description of the Jewish Jehovah should not object to the picture, nor to being mirrored by seeing the "priest and Levite passing by" a man already robbed, of whom they had nothing to expect. They seem not to be expressly proud of their prototypes; their only defense is as that of a dog with a mounted cat enlivening his ideas, "Ta'int I, ta'int I."

The Christian church does not like to behold its natural face in the glass; they would like to turn from their bloody record and forget what manner of men they were, what church they belong to now. They should receive with a good grace what they gave—cartoons and pet names. Whose fault is it? Who began it? There is a vast difference between the picture of a hideous crime and the crime itself. Some time let us see that old one-horse iron cart that scared the creator of worlds. Watson Heston has a large field to work in yet. His spirited pictures are a great aid to faith. They make it easy. ELIJAH MYRIOK.

BIG CREEK, N. Y., July 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Universal mental liberty is a subject that is much talked about by many women as well as men, but if practical demonstration is the key-note to its success, many seem to "shoot wide of the mark."

I was never more forcibly reminded of this fact than when I read in the public print that even men calling themselvs not only "Liberals," but "reformers," and in the town of Liberal, Mo., *too*, recommended "shot-gun and boot-logic" to drive individuals out of the town because they honestly differed with them in reference to the principle of love, and its proper expression or manifestation.

The inspiration that has been handed down from "the dead past" tells us that "love is the fulfilling of the law." But the inspiration of the present, if such demonstrations are taken as evidence, would seem to indicate that mobocratic lawlessness had taken possession of not only "the rank and file," but professed leaders in the advocacy of "universal mental liberty," even in a hall dedicated to its claims.

What a comment on the reformatory teachings of to-day! Where is there any spot or place on "God's green earth" that this claim can be actualized if even in Liberal, Mo., its leading minds so far forget to practice what they teach in theory as to be instrumental in inciting a mob, if not themselvs found in it as leaders?

The eyes of very many men and women hav been turned in the direction of this town, and its founder, for a practical illustration of the possibility of "universal mental liberty" becoming a fixed fact at least there, if nowhere else, in this boasted "land of the free and home of the brave."

As I understand the term liberty, it means no more and no less than to be free to do only what is right, even if those who claim to be its most worthy advocates are not so near perfect but that they think unkind thoughts toward others whose influence is in danger of affecting their pockets, whether they do their internal convictions or not, and for this reason nature, or natural law, has attached a penalty to every violation, even if "civil law," so called, does sanction it, as is clearly indicated by our law-makers granting licenses to sell liquor, keep houses of prostitution, etc. These licenses do not save the liquor-dealer from demoralization, to say nothing of the deplorable effect liquor has on the drinker, and his family, if it goes no further, which is not usually the case, as all observing minds are qualified to bear ample testimony to the contrary. And as for prostitution, it's destroying many of the fairest and best, by men voluntarily walking into its gilded precincts but to scatter the seeds of disease and death in many homes where purity and chastity would gladly flourish forever and aye.

JULIA C. FRANKLIN.

GUNNISON, COL., June 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is $10. I am owing you a little over a year's subscription. I desire to pay you up to May, 1888. This, perhaps, will enable you to forgiv me for running behind this past year, which to me has been an extra close one in money matters. But I told you a year ago how it was and asked you to wait, and I thank you for your kindness to an old subscriber like me. You will see that I am one of the oldest, starting with the paper and Saint Bennett in Illinois. My sympathies are with you in your efforts to diffuse the truth, and I like your broad, Liberal way of doing it. Right here let me hold up my hand in favor of the pictures you are issuing lately. It seems to me they are an excellent argument to a large number who could not otherwise "see the point." I am glad you try to obey Paul's injunction to be "all things to all men, if, possibly, you may *save some*." All the early part of my life I've been a churchman; went out of it into Materialism, but hav since been converted by "proof palpable" to Spiritualism. Of course I should like THE TRUTH SEEKER better if a little more space was given to my peculiar philosophy, but I am not to dictate how you should run your paper. I like your fairness to all sides, and I read and like what the Materialistic correspondents hav to say. They are all right as far as they see—I only pity them, as I do the Christians, that they cannot see farther, for I think they can't enjoy life to its fullest, as they might if they had their eyes open. Evolution will bring things round all right in time. There's no use trying to hurry up nature. People hav got to *grow* into knowledge. The turkey-stuffing process won't do for humans. The passage out of superstition into the light of Freethought must be gradual as the growth from youth to age. But my sheet is full. Truly thine in sympathy, WARREN RICHARDSON.

NEW YORK, N. Y., July 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Oh, you bad man! Do you know what you are about? You a truth seeker, indeed! Father M——n and myself used at intervals to amuse ourselvs by looking at your TRUTH SEEKER journal, but you hav done it now. It takes a good deal to make the holy man grind his teeth. We enjoyed much, you may believe, your funny pictures depicting the squirming, pretentious, and presumptuous fooleries of those heretical Methodists and Presbyterians, and all orthodox heretics, but now we perceive you hav made an onslaught also upon the holy Mother Church! the church of the holy Virgin! Oh, my! I hav no patience with you.

I perceive now what had disturbed the composure of my holy confessor. Tossing your crumpled paper into my lap, frowningly, he exclaimed aloud, "Read! read!" and then darted out of the room. And, I assure you, I did read. Now, I am not good at logic, but for you to confound our soul-soothing absolution or forgivness of our holy father at Rome through God's ten thousand ever-ready priests with the heretical brawlers and bellowers surrounding us, can only be excused by ignorance or neglect in childhood.

I write unadvisedly, for I am but a poor, weak woman, and, I suppose, all I may say will only provoke a smile. The poor wretch who is to be hanged to-day—how much better the Catholic *certainty* of forgivness than the heretical bolstering of a mere hope! Who ever knew a holy Catholic priest deserting a felon in his last moments and neglecting a criminal in the State prison? SISTER BERTHA.

P. S.—If our streets become, through THE TRUTH SEEKER, as red with blood as my scribble, you hav only yourself to accuse. S. B.

PACIFIC, MO., July 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please pardon my intrusion on your time and space? The thought has often imposed itself on me, If mind rules matter, then what rules the movements of the world—the heavenly bodies? There has been much said of late, in regard to it, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but no motiv cause has as yet been given. According to the science of astronomy, the movements are precise, the cause unchangeable; all remains within the figure. How can that be? Astronomy says gravitation and attraction are the cause. But how can that be it to my unscientific mind? Gravitation, Webster says, is the tendency to center, and common say has it that water runs down hill till it finds its level, but then it stops; and so with attraction. Webster says it is the power in bodies which is supposed to draw them together. Now, if those are the principles which constitute the moving powers, I cannot see how they can keep moving at the rate they do—although they do. I think—in fact, I reason—that there is something outside of what we conceive as gravitation and attraction which keeps things apart within their sphere, and moving, besides its opposit, *i.e.*, the causes given; besides, if I should dare to express my own feeling, my own reason, in regard to it, I would say that the body, such as our earth is, hard and concrete, does not sail around at all, and at such speed, but only moves on center. The reasons are its own condition; its poles, which are, of course, positiv and negativ; itself the law of gravitation and attraction. What could counteract it? What could keep it in its sphere, its orbit, in the all-the-same around about it? I can find no motiv cause in that; perhaps science can explain it.

Yes, Mr. Editor, mind rules matter. Mind measures space and determins movements, establishes systems, makes laws for man's guide and movement, builds up heavens and sheols

for not believing one thing or another; and yet it is no entity, a mere nothing. Can you explain the riddle? A thought has come to me again while writing, namely, that all Spiritual causes and phenomena are involved and conditioned by and in the causes which constitute gravitation and attraction—the idea for which I would call respectful consideration, as that will giv a hint, a clue, as to cause or no cause, as to being object matter or subject cause.

I will just say that I approve of the new departure—the pictures; no matter who growls. The matters they represent are veritable facts. These ought to prevail, and any Liberal that cannot bear them has not yet unloaded the theological mind. With best wishes and hopes for a fair consideration of what is said and written, I will sign myself, A. H. K.

NEWARK, N. J., July 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Our public schools are the bulwark and only guarantee of a republican form of government, and sectarians are trying to break them up. They were not considered godless by our forefathers. They were good enough to educate them, and they are good enough to train up the rising generation now. Educate the people, and bigots can't rule. Our public schools are supported by intelligent people, foreign and nativ—Americans who reverence the great god of nature, and not man gods. Our motto is, "God and our nativ land," and not God, church, and fatherland. Love of god and country should be the first lesson taught in our public schools, and not obedience and loyality to church. Jesuits declare our schools godless because they are not allowed to educate our children. Now, sir, all mankind were born without knowledge, and by age we acquire intelligence. In my infancy I was taught there was a devil and a burning hell. What a monstrous and wicked lie that was to keep people from doing wrong! It is an insult to any person of intelligence to hold up an individual devil, or a burning hell; and because we won't allow those people to educate, preach, and instil this wickedness to our youth they declare we are godless and heretics, and doomed to hell. If their prayers could save life, stop tornadoes, stop God's lightning from knocking down his churches, save the ship-wrecked marriner, raise the dead, cure disease, stop pestilence, and lead to chaste lives, they would be some benefit to mankind in general. But they don't. Christians would not kill their devil if they could, for if he was dead their occupation would be gone. There would be no five-dollar masses for the poor, nor fifty-dollar for the high, nor ten cents for a poor sinner to go to church to pray. W. W. MORRIS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., July 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed post-office order for one year's renewal of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

There has not been much excitement here over Liberalism since C. B. Reynolds left. Our financial success through the lectures this spring was not very encouraging, yet we hav the gratification of occasionally meeting with its effects in the form of severely "offended" Bible-worshipers, who hav had the misfortune to find their indifferent friends supplied with Infidel handbills to make more difficult their conversion.

It is not the predominance of radical Christians that makes the town so indifferent to the Freethought cause, but pure ignorance, established and maintained by inherited mediocrity. Out of a city of twelve thousand population—and I believe that every house inside the corporation limits was supplied with a handbill—it was difficult to secure an attendance of fifty at each lecture, and nearly all those were connected with the Liberal League. We were blessed with the presence of several curiosity-struck deacons, who sneaked their presence several times into the hallway to listen undiscovered by the ticket window, and noiselessly steal a peep through the keyhole at the "children of the devil," and when discovered and invited in would reluctantly seat themselvs, after having availed themselvs of the benefit of our liberality by begging a free admission from our usual charge of ten cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds made some brilliant addresses here, and hav won the friendship and good wishes of the Liberals of the town, and we hope that the effects of the lectures hav been more keenly felt by the church than they are willing to admit. CHAS. COUDERMAN.

MERRILL, MICH., July 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In reading the H. C. Gill comedy *pro* and *con*, I am induced to add my mite to the subject. I suppose that I hav walked over the ground many times, years ago, on which Mr. Gill treads when he goes from his shop to his meals, etc.

The time was when I knew many of the solid Christians of Madison, O., and I can well recollect some of the fiendish accusations brought against my wife and myself at the time of which I am speaking. We were trying as best we could to teach people to be Liberal, and to do their own thinking.

Mrs. Hunt was what is called a trance speaker. We held public meetings in Madison and vicinity, and for this nearly gratuitous work we were made to feel the full force of that beautiful passage in the Bible which says, in effect, "If any come among you and preach not this gospel, let them be accursed." We did not preach the gospel of blood atonement, and consequently the Christians of Madison went for us as the devil went for the hogs, and if they did not say every mean thing about us that could be said, it was because they could not think of anything more to say.

Some of those "good souls" said that Mrs. Hunt ought to be served as the witches were—that is, *murdered*. And they attacked her moral character, and seemed determined to create the belief in the community that she did not possess one good trait—not a single redeeming quality.

And these very Christians, or their descendants, are they whom Mr. Gill is so exercised over for fear their holy eyes may be injured by looking at the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I think Mr. Gill is a well-disposed man, but his moral spine is rather too weak. He is not fitted to be the champion of an unpopular cause.

Having passed through the fires of persecution myself, I am prepared to say that a brave honesty of purpose is far better than a cowardly disposition. I presume friend Gill believes in rendering good for evil, and so do I, but my way is to put the good just as strong as possible. Milk for babes, but meat for the old ones, is my rule.

I admire the pictures. Yours straight, N. HUNT.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., July 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to report from this city on the progress of Freethought. We closed our League meetings, the last Sunday in June, to be opened again next fall, after having run very successfully for two years and a half without any vacation. While we did not hav large meetings, nearly all who came were thinkers, and some of them the most prominent Liberals of our city. The League furnished a place where all had a respectful hearing upon all subjects, free speech being carried out to the letter. The labor movement is now the absorbing topic in this city. The working classes are having a powerful effort made upon them to crush out all organizations of labor by persecutions and misrepresentations by the courts and press. People outside of Milwaukee and hundreds inside of the city think that we had a terrible "riot" here the 5th of last May from reading the papers, when the facts are that there was not any disturbance at all except what the police and soldiery made. The Republican press want to make a political "boom" out of it, and mean to reëlect Governor Rush because he had a few unarmed and innocent men shot down. But it begins to react upon him in a way that does not promis an election for him. The churches here all side with the money power, and will do all they can to keep the working classes down, as they always hav done in the past. I consider that there has never been a time in this country's history so fraught with danger to the rights of the people as now. And just in proportion as the working classes organize and become aggressiv to the money power, will these persecutions and efforts to crush out labor organizations increase. But the only way is for the working class to organize, and then stand by their principles firmly at the ballot-box.

A. B. SEVERANCE.

VINELAND, N. J., July 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The destitution now suffered by wage-laborers is a generally conceded real distress, wrongly induced, the cause of which should be removed. The oppression felt by vast numbers who hav a competence, but find no satisfactory exercise for their best powers or desires to alleviate misery and make themselvs and humanity happy, is a known abnormal state subversiv of rights. Both conditions are legitimate products of the false system of culture that desecrates human ability and arrests progress. Teachings that train minds to trust in atoning saviors, and in worship of omnipotent, triune idols; that ignore reason and the justice-sense as moral guides, must stultify expanding intelligence, dim nativ foresight, and blind historic sight that should read the past and draw inferences. Christian faith crushes true faith in personal strength and knowledge, palsies aspiration for noble endeavor, and establishes corrupt characters and customs, which, being defended by persistent ostracism and various arts, are claimed as the only respectable line of adherence and habits. Thus made popular, they ensnare, cowardize, and hold to the use of the desecrating power all who conform to the customs, however their minds may be unconvinced. Fear of the Grundy and boycott racks has been tyranny's courage-crusher ever since my young eyes opened to the light of thought.

Perception of that debasing fear aided my love of truth and human weal in studying cause and effect in religions and social lines. Seeing imminent danger to the republic in the strife and greed of partisan candidates strengthened my solicitude for a worthy people and true democracy. That fear and danger became objectiv actors on subjectiv convictions, producing my two early-born themes, individual integrity, and bravery to sustain it; national justice, and integrity to administer it. These begot their score of auxiliaries (termed hobbies), and people see just one of them. They all abhor tyranny and the frauds that prop it; all see a large line of relief from slavery in honest change of injurious customs. Most heads that are not in the dupe's noose see the causes of misery, but few devise a process of escape by reformation, though revolutions, as yet, hav been, and are likely to be, sanguinary. Those with a competence and free minds might profitably scan the population. Master Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, says ninety-nine hundredths of the Knights are Christians, and doubtless does not see that system a fundamental factor in their hardships. Honest bigots may not note the craft that will aim to lay the blame and penalty of riots on unbelievers. Knights of Labor should be shown, if possible, that the policy of that system controls the issue of their good right arms, and makes their left powerless to obtain redress.

Religious duping, treasury-enriching by tithes from poverty, are cruel desecrations. Minds controled by creeds are easy prey to crafty misers with pious callings, and to some other schemers.

Can it be the Knights of Labor Unions will read the mockery Talmage offers as consolation to their trials, and not note the cold emptiness resorted to for reconciling them to their lot? In his discourse, I think the first one, he begins with a recognition of the seriousness of their sufferings, speaks of privations, cites cases, and woman's connected sorrows, with seeming sympathy; then, without allusion to any means of relief, commends patience, duty in acceptance of labor, as the great earthly blessing; exalts the privilege of employment, being the power that takes men from idleness, temptation, and sin generally. It is the pulpits' and thrones' old cry, with which they hav ever pelted down uprising heads. Organized laborers and myriads more of church-members, with "the means of grace" dinned into their passiv ears and psychologized brains every Sunday and half of the evenings in the week, it is feared, will see no farther than to help doom themselvs to deeper darkness by choosing their civil laws from the priests' book, instead of our fathers' Constitution. With unrelaxed zeal to effect such change, and no strong, orderly force to thwart it; with military forces mainly biased, like the G. A. R., swearing allegiance to and on the old war-book, it looks misty round the desecrated capitol, and from its cloud-wrapped dome seems to issue a hoarse whisper crying: "Lovers of liberty, men and women, few or many, weak or strong, awake and work unitedly for the freedom without which life is death!"

M. E. TILLOTSON.

CALISTOGA, CAL., June 28, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I am just recovering from a severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia. Our family has had but little sickness for over twenty years, never having need of a doctor during that time. We did not call in one this time, either, though my family was a little doubtful for a while as to which way the tide of life would turn. With some knowledge of physiology, anatomy, and general laws of health, we hav been able to avoid much sickness, suffering, and expense. But on this occasion I was attacked, cornered, and overwhelmed so completely that my best resolve to throw it off was ineffectual.

You will pardon this reference to myself when you learn it is but introductory to a few incidents that follow. A sister some twenty-five years ago presented me with a Testament, very fine print, and her sisterly advice. Later on in life, she observed in me a leaning from the church, and in the goodness of her heart counseled me to beware, etc. Said she, "The ideas you hav will do to liv by, but not to die by." Of course I understood the full significance of her remarks and the weakness of her logic. I replied, "Anything that is good enough to liv by is good enough to die by." Thus her reasoning failed to move me, and, the print of the Testament being so small, I failed to read much of it. However, I had gone through quite a religious experience, and had books of coarser print to test my doubts and lack of knowledge, and as fate would hav it, I was where I was. Well, through it all I remembered her warning, and this, my first severe illness, might prove a practical test of it. While still conscious, I instructed my family as to my wishes in case of serious illness or a fatal ending of it, and lay down to the test. I will not say it was a fair one; certainly it was not final. I simply state the facts, and leave others to draw their own conclusions.

I had no fear of death or its supposed consequence. I had no hope in Jesus, and did not want any. Sheol had no terrors for me, and I thought that if I ever met a being with the *personale* of Satan, my experience would be somewhat like that of fabled Eve of old, that is, the word of God would prove more than half a lie.

One of my neighbors, young and well-to-do, came to see me, and in course of conversation I sent home several pointed thoughts. He did not try much to sustain his waning faith in hell or heaven, but frankly admitted that he had known a number of men of my way of thinking, and they were all honest, upright citizens. I replied, "Can you say as much for your own side?" He said, "You must remember we are many, while you are few." "True to a great extent, but you should remember that you hav had your Christ and Bible eighteen hundred years, as you claim. Then where is the virtue of your faith? Those most imbued with it, who liv by it and trade in it, and those who believe it, are no better men and women, and hav no better children, than those more remote." At this and several other times he expressed a fear that I would injure myself by too much talking. I giv him credit for being sincere. Still, I would hav suffered a little reaction to know that I had planted an idea in good soil that would in time produce good fruit. I did, in fact, suffer a little from it, even though my effort proves abortiv. He is a Presbyterian.

Religion of the older type, and indeed of the more modern, is rather dull on the market here. It has been a sort of bull and bear game for all it was worth, and has settled down to almost a dead level. It finds but few takers, and those are not blessed with too much mental capital. I hav seen but one of the many young men within my circle of acquaintances—which extends up and down the entire valley, though not including all of the inhabitants—who has taken to the ministry. He is the son of the Calistoga Presbyterian minister, a very good young man and of fair ability. By the way, this resident minister has moved to another field more proportionate to his ability—presumably larger, of course. He reorganized the church in Calistoga, and had the largest support ever given to any minister here. Still, either he or the Lord was not satisfied, and he has gone.

Ten miles below us, in the heart of the vine industry of this valley, is situated the town of St. Helena, a pretty place, a healthy place, and a wealthy place. But there, too, the religious article is at low ebb. While several churches keep up their show for Jesus, one, the Methodist, fails to sustain its minister. So say the local papers—"Brother Stevens has gone to shoving the plane for a living." I hope he is thankful that he has a useful means of support left. The 4th of July is to be celebrated on the 5th. I am perhaps as loyal as any of my acquaintances, still I hav not taken part in such affairs, except once, for several years. I hav a solid contempt for any system that forbids a patriot, who has spent several of the best years of his life in defense of his country, to celebrate the anniversary of our country's birth on the day it occurred. I addressed a letter to the orator of the day touching upon the point and inclosing Mr. Wakeman's address on Thomas Paine, suggesting that he incorporate a few ideas in his forthcoming *Fifth* of July speech. It was a little cheeky, but he took it good-naturedly, and replied that he would read it carefully, and try to work some of it in.

I am acquainted with R. F. Grigsby, the person who wrote you from Napa, in your issue of June 12th. He means what he says, and is a solid citizen. J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Crow and the Kingbirds.

An old crow sat on an apple-tree
Where rested a bird's nest cosily;
And four little eggs were in the nest,
By a mother's love warmed and caressed.
Tired, the mother bird hied away
For a drink in the heat of the day;
Down hopped the crow. "Now, for a lunch
And in this egg I'll make a punch!"
So saying, he quickly dispatched
The four little eggs meant to be hatched.

Now, it so turned out and chanced to be
That two kingbirds this act did see.
"We'll fix him! We'll fix him!" said they;
"For stealing eggs he dearly shall pay."
At him they flew with sharpened bill,
And pecked his face and eyes until
The blood flowed free and the crow fell down
In a meadow just outside the town;
And the kingbirds then pecked from his head
The feathers till 'twas raw and red;
They pulled the feathers from his back
Until his wings and bones did crack,
And the poor old crow you would not know
As to the forest, weak and slow,
He winged his way, pursued by those
Two unrelenting, savage foes.

A blind and bloody crow was he,
And racked with pain and agony,
When he reached at last the wooded shade
Beyond the meadow and the glade;
And there resolved he never would
Steal eggs again for fun or food.
And all the robins and the wrens,
The blue birds—yes, and even hens—
The sparrows and the swallows, too,
Sang and twittered as if they knew
The kingbirds did a graceful thing,
And each deserved the name of king.
They all agreed 'twas better, too,
To be an honest bird, and true,
That 'twas never well to be a thief,
And, like the crow, to come to grief.

S. H. W.

An Evil-Minded Boy.

CHAPTER I.

"I'll make him suffer for it," were the words that came from Henry Eliot's lips, as he sat all alone on some logs back of his father's house. "It's all his fault—I know it is!"

Just at that moment he heard a loud whistle, when he stood up on the logs and looked over the back fence, and saw the boy he was just thinking about, and it was the one he hated, Harry Parker. Harry was calling his dogs, as all the boys of the village were going over the river in their little canoe to a place called Rockford Glen, to hunt. They all had their rifles and small baskets with lunch, as they intended staying all day. The dogs were now up with them, and they started down the river path to the little house they had built themselvs to hav fun and keep their canoe in. Henry watched them till they were out of sight, and wished he could hav gone with them, for it was such a delightful morning; but he knew the boys all disliked him, and he imagined that Harry Parker was the cause of it. He sat down on the logs again, till he got very lonesome and angry. He then went up to the house, and his mother, seeing how lonesome he looked, said, "Why didn't you go over to the glen with the boys this morning?" Henry, not liking to say he thought the boys disliked him, said he didn't know they had gone.

Well, after dinner, Henry, being bound to make Harry Parker suffer, went to his room to think of some plan. He locked the door, as he did not wish to be disturbed. He then sat down, and if you had been there then you would hav thought he was breaking his brain working at an arithmetic example, or something of the sort. He thought of different things, and at last came to the conclusion that the only and best way was to take revenge on all of them, which he was going to do in the following way. If he could get Dick Fry, the only colored boy in the village, to help him—for he thought two could work it better than one—he would break into the boys' house along the river path, and steal the things out of it.

"I think it's the only thing I can do that I won't be caught at," he said. "If I can get Dick we will do it right after the boys get home."

He did not waste a moment, but got his hat and ran down to Dick's house. He whistled when he got there, and Dick came out. "Wad you want?" Dick said. "Look here. I want to tell you something," and Henry told him the whole circumstance, and added that they would stand on the logs till the boys came past the fence, and then they (Henry and Dick) would jump over the fence and go right up to the boys' little house.

"Is dar anyfing in dis dar for me?" asked the darkey.

"Yes, certainly; we each get half," replied the mean-hearted boy. If he had not stolen and been dishonest, the boys would not hav disliked him.

"All right, Hen; I'll go right away wid you." And the two went and waited on the logs.

CHAPTER II.

We must now go back to the boys on the island. Well, they arrived there, and till twelve o'clock they got nothing but a wild duck and squirrel, both shot by Joe Garrick. The boys, now being hungry, ate their lunch and went farther up the island, and were very successful; they got some wild duck, wild rabbits, squirrels, and other wild game. It now being near five o'clock, the boys started for home and reached there about an hour later, all looking very happy. When they passed the fence, Henry became very angry when he saw the good luck they had. So when the happy hunters passed, Henry and Dick quickly jumped over the fence. "We must hav a hatchet to knock the door open," said Henry, and he went back and got a hatchet.

They then started on, but they did not use the hatchet, as Dick had a key that just fitted the lock. They were both surprised to see how nice the house was fixed. It was painted green outside, and inside there was a carpet on the floor, some pictures on the walls, chairs, a little table, and a cupboard.

"We will make things look nice, won't we, Dick?"

"Yessah. I wonder what's in this cupboard?" and they opened the door. There were different things in it, and on top there was a sheet of paper which Henry read, and learned that Joe Garrick was president and Harry Parker treasurer. Then Henry turned to Dick and said "You see that if H. Parker keeps the money here, for he is treasurer, and we find it, it will be blamed on him."

"Yessah," said the colored boy. "And he is just the one I hav most spite against. Now, Dick, where do you think he would keep it?"

"What's in dis drawa?" And Dick pulled the drawer out, and, sure enough, there was $5 in it.

"You're a daisy, Dick," remarked Henry. "Now, divide it up, quickly, and we will lock the house and go back, for it's getting very dark out, and it's after seven o'clock by their clock here. We are all through now, Dick; come on. Dick," he continued, "you must be very careful not to let anybody know anything about this."

They had a long chat on the road, and by this time they were home.

CHAPTER III.

It was two days later when all the boys went up to the house. They asked Harry for some money out of the treasury to get some things to fix their canoe with. As nobody had dared to touch the money but him, he opened the drawer, and saw at once the money was missing.

"Oh, boys!" said he, "the money is gone."

"Gone?" shouted the boys. "Yes, gone," he said.

There was great confusion at that moment. They said nobody took it but him, because he was the only one who had a key to the house. He said he was innocent, but they would not hear it. At last, however, they came to the conclusion to study over it, as they always knew him to be honest before. Time passed on, the boys finding out nothing, till one day one of the boys saw Dick and Henry talking together, and it struck him that perhaps these boys would know something about the money. He didn't want to go and talk to Henry, so he waited till he saw Dick on his way home; he then stopped him and asked him about it. The darkey told the whole story. This boy told all the other boys, and they all gave Harry Parker a cheer for being found honest at last. After a little while the whole village knew about Henry. He was about to be arrested, but the boys said there was enough shame for him. No one wanted to talk to him or hav anything to do with him. He became so lonely and sad that he ran away, and no more since has been heard of him.

Harrisburg, Pa. HERMAN S. TAUSIG.

Winning D. B. Cozine's second prize of $2.

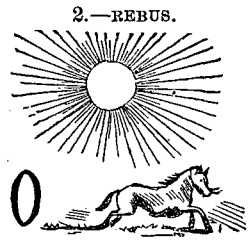
Our Puzzle Box.

1.—ENIGMA.

My first is in rat, but not in cat;
My second in even, but not in flat;
My third in eat, but not in drink;
My fourth in study, but not in think;
My fifth in liv, but not in dead;
My sixth in ink, but not in lead;
My seventh in finger, but not in head.
My whole is a city in the Middle States.

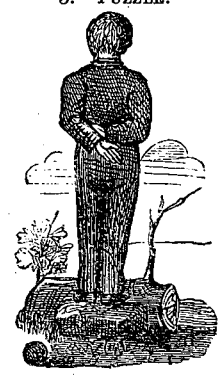
HERMAN S. TAUSIG.

2.—REBUS.



What a wise man once said.

3.—PUZZLE.



Objects seen in this picture: Parts of a watch; a nimble beast; weapons of defense; twenty pounds; what a tired dog does; a ship's book; belongs to the body; pleasant in summer; what a doctor often does; a kind of pork; a bent stovepipe; what cows do; anger.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 10, 1886.

1.-288. Because it is too (two) gross. Ichabod (Samuel i-iv). Some say it was Joshua, the son of Nun. 2.-Tomato, called also love-apple.

SOLVERS.—Kitty Henderson, H. J. Messinger.

Correspondence.

LISBON, IA., July 10, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I read the Children's Corner. I am eight years old. I had a little sister, but she died. I hav a pet bird; I call it Ned. I hav five brothers and one sister. We hav two of your books called "Story Hour" and "Apples of Gold." I help make out the puzzles. I guess I must close for this time.

Yours truly, MAGGIE SAILOR.

CLEVELAND, O., June 11, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Having read THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time, I enjoy the Children's Corner much. Not seeing any letters from Cleveland, I thought I would write one, because I think you are a a true friend to all children and seekers after truth. My mother and father think a great deal of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mother calls it her Bible. I hope soon to be able to get the "Story Hour" and "Apples of Gold." I am thirteen years old. When I get through school I hope to be able to write something for the Children's Corner. I trust you will think this worth putting in the Children's Corner.

MILLICENT SCOTT.

CALISTOGA, CAL., June 30, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: The sunny hours hav multiplied until the days are very long, and sometimes very warm. The mercury seldom climbs to one hundred—still, the eighties are quite warm, unless we get an ocean breeze.

At San Francisco and some other places on the immediate coast the summer winds are often quite cool. People wear wraps and overcoats, like Eastern people, in winter. Of course, the mercury does not fall so low, but I suppose it is the cool winds, laden with moisture, that penetrate and chill. But, as these ocean breezes push inland, they follow up the bays and rivers, and thence out into the broad and narrow valleys. While they part with some of their moisture, the warm hillsides and plains temper them rapidly. By the time they hav gone forty or fifty miles inland they hav lost their chill, and are cool and delightfully refreshing. Sometimes they come up like your pleasant Eastern zephyrs; at others with greater force, breaking on the groves, hills, and ridges, into gusts, puffs, and whirls. We seldom hav heavy winds or driving storms among the hills and smaller valleys.

But, oh, how dusty our roads do get in summer! We seldom hav rain after the 20th of May until about the 20th of October. Sometimes a nice shower falls later in spring, and comes earlier in fall. These are like what some people call angel's visits, few and far between.

The sunny hours, though long and warm, perfect the golden grain. They throw a golden flush on sunbrowned cheeks, and paint with crimson streaks many a luscious fruit. They hang over the dark-green vines, and warm the purple clusters into refreshing sweetness. They envelop the stony hilltops, and peep into the shady glens, and in their pathway springs up many a scarlet flower—flames of beauty and a source of joy forever. The red, the white, and blue, and star-shaped flowers of every hue, all sown by nature's bounteous hand, they cheer our rough and sunny land.

'CAUSE IT WON'T WORK.

Appropriate answers are often given by little children when talking among themselvs or answering older persons. I often find myself smiling at some quick reply or thoughtful tone. A hearty laugh sometimes breaks the monotony of the hour, and starts our thoughts on some pleasanter theme.

I will relate an incident, or apt reply, from a little three-year old girl, that occurred only a few days ago. It came so unexpectedly and so quick that those who heard it enjoyed a merry laugh. I passed the busy little maiden where she was cutting paper with the scissors in her left hand, and said, "Maud, why don't you work with the other hand?" "'Cause it won't work," was her quick reply.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

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King of Kings!

Hear ye not those ringing blows,
Sounding, sharp?
Sweeter melody than flows
From the harp!
Sweeter to the toiling mass,
Than sweet air
Ringing out from bells of brass,
Anywhere!

Hist, ye labor-crushers, hist,
As ye go!
Hist, ye fell monopolist,
Labor's foe!
List ye, as the blows ring out
On the air!
List ye to the swelling shout—
Ha, ye scare!

Know ye what these sounds portend?
Well ye do!
That your reign is near the end,
Sordid crew!
That your arrogant cabal
Lords no more!
Tyranny of capital
Now is o'er!

Labor strikes her galling chains—
Hear them crack!
Despots, with your stolen gains,
Get you back!
Capital, erst king in "rings,"
Get thee down!
Labor will, as king of kings,
Wear the crown!

—*St Stokum in John Swinton's Paper.*

A Vision.

I dreamed a dream. After long hours of pain
And parting I had died, and lived again;
And, floating, somewhere far beyond the skies,
Had found the guarded gates of paradise,
Where, to the angel of the flaming sword,
I showed my pass signed "Servant of the Lord."

"Enter!" the angel cried, "and hav no fear;
Friends of your friend are always welcome here."
I bowed; the doors flew wide; I heard the singing,
And saw the blest through golden ether winging
As thick as, when an earthly sunbeam floats
Across a room, within it dance the motes.

There was the Banker who, from fraud-got store,
Had left a deodand to endow the poor;
The grim Inquisitor whose pious zeal
Showed heretics the flames he'd hav them feel;
The gallows-houselled Felon's scare-won wrath,
—For what are hope and charity to faith?
Yet, of all those who taught mankind to rise
Above this sordid world of woes and lies,
Of those by whom man's progress was begun
In love and wisdom, I beheld—not one.

My spirit sank. "Ah, sir!" in grief I cried,
"Hav you no souls of nobler sort inside?
I dare not seek to liv with such as these;
Where are Aurelius, Zeno, Socrates?
Spinoza, Galileo, Darwin, where?"
The angel answered, pointing downward, "There!"
I turned, and fluttered that way in affright
And reached, at length, a scene of softer light,
Where those I sought, and more, with sober mien,
Were gathered talking, activ, but serene.
Voltaire advanced; and, pointing to the door,
Said, "Welcome, friend, to sheol—hell no more.
These souls you see, the friends of all their kind,
To make the worst of evil had no mind.

"And, truth to tell, had doubted from the first
If there could be a region so accursed.
Yet finding that, in fact, some things went ill,
Put forth their practiced energy and skill,
Improved the climate, drained the lake of fire,
Talked to the fallen angels, trained the choir,
Put down bad language, stopped theology,
And made the agreeable limbo that you see."

—*The Academy.*

Professor Proctor on Shipboard.

Theodore Stanton in the Index.

I hav been trying to run over to the United States for the summer. We started on the America, but the engins broke down, and, although some five hundred miles from Liverpool, we had to turn back. We then embarked on the Germanic, and as we are now off the New England coast, we shall probably succeed in landing this time.

Among our passeugers are Professor Richard A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, and his American wife, who is, by the way, a niece of Jefferson Davis. They are both Freethinkers. He began life a strict Roman Catholic. The religious observances of these English steamship lines hav vexed him not a little, as they hav many of his other fellow-voyagers. For instance, on the first Sunday on the America, Professor Proctor called for the chess board, when he was informed by the steward that it was contrary to the rules of the National Line to allow the passengers to play games of any kind in the saloon on the Sabbath. An hour later a pious young man came up to the ruffled astronomer, and requested him to attend the service which a busy clergyman—there is always at least one minister's name in every cabin list—was about to conduct. It is needless to say that Professor Proctor and his wife, and a goodly number of other passengers, preferred the sunshine and fresh air of the deck to the twaddle of a third-rate preacher in the stuffy cabin. "What a delightful day that will be," the professor said to me, his mind evidently dwelling on the above-mentioned intrusiv pious young man, "when participation in church rites will be considered a weakness that one will wish to hide!"

Our Sunday on the Germanic—we fortunately had to pass but one—did not differ materially from that on the America. Here another clergyman was on hand ready to take command of the faithful. The "tomble," as they say at the minstrels, began Saturday evening. Immediately after dinner the clergyman and some young people took possession of the piano and began to rehearse psalms for the next morning's service. And such singing and playing! Cards and conversation had to be almost abandoned that evening on account of these pious, tuneless characters, who never seemed to imagin that they were making nuisances of themselvs.

Sunday morning the ship's bells were rung as on land, and the faithful gathered below, while the rest of us, who, as Harriet Martineau says, had pushed from our shoulders the burthen of taking care of our own souls, fled to the deck or to our staterooms. It was an encouraging sign to see so many passengers decline to participate in these so-called religious services. I am told that when the English Church is disestablished these Sunday ceremonies will not be obligatory, as is now the case on all Royal Mail steamers, and I am sure that many of the passengers who are now in the habit of participating in them will not be sorry for the change. I hav crossed the ocean several times on the French line, and I hav never heard anybody express regret at the absence of church services on Sunday.

At the same hour that the Protestant clergyman was conducting services in the saloon, two priests were doing the same thing in the steerage. The ship's doctor called our attention to the fact that while the first cabin passengers were about evenly divided between participants and non-participants, the emigrants were, almost to a man, woman, and child, clustered about the Catholic fathers. This proves that while the ignorant masses may still be under stricter priestly rule, the more intelligent upper classes are rapidly breaking away from church control. This sign of the times is strikingly shown at sea on every steamer that plies between the Old and the New World.

One more remark in connection with this subject. While these rules of these English lines prohibit chess, dominoes, and card games on Sunday in the public saloon, they are silent in regard to the gambling that is going on in the smoking-room, and even permit notices to be pasted up, inviting passengers to buy tickets in the pools formed concerning the number of miles that the steamer will run during the next twenty-four hours. In fact, more than one person who would enjoy an innocent game of whist in the saloon on Sunday is driven into the smoking-room, and into betting in order to kill that weary time which hangs so heavily upon you on shipboard. Nor is this high-sea gambling a trivial matter. The London dailies frequently take the matter up and publish volumes of letters against the abuse. I don't know whether anybody has pointed out, what is a fact, that these absurd rules, tabooing such a dignified game as chess during, we may say, an eighth of the voyage, do not tend to decrease the evil complained of.

I hav been reading, during the past ten days, John Evelyn's famous Diary, which presents such an interesting picture of Europe two hundred years ago. The only distasteful feature of the book is the excessiv piety of the author. It is of a piece with the rules of these transatlantic liners. Here is an amusing example of this weakness and blemish. Referring to the death of his promising little son, the father writes, "Thou gavest him to us, thou hast taken him from us; blessed be the name of the Lord!" Then, four lines further on, he continues, "In my opinion, he was suffocated by the women and maids that tended him, and covered him too hot with blankets, as he lay in a cradle, near an excessiv hot fire in a close room." Thus the Lord had nothing to do with it; the boy died simply through the ignorance of the laws of life on the part of his attendants.

Professor Proctor lectured on "Other Worlds" an evening or two before we landed. It was suggested that a certain clergyman preside. Mrs. Proctor mildly objected, and proposed the name of a well-known New York publisher. But it was finally decided that the clergyman whom Professor Proctor had not cared to listen to on the previous Sunday should introduce him "Well," said a Freethinking lady passenger, "this looks as if the divine intends to capture the savant. His introductory remarks may be of such a nature that you, Professor, will find yourself in the arms of the church before you open your mouth." So the purser was called, and a request was made that the proposed chairman be asked not to touch on religious questions, which he agreed not to do. "What a terror these itinerant ministers are," exclaimed another member of our group; "they are the spiritual and intellectual pirates of the high seas! Like birds of prey, they are ever ready to swoop down and carry up to the throne whatever they can lay hands upon." But our particular clergyman would hav had hard work in appropriating to the church, even if he had been inclined to do so, the lecture of Professor Proctor. It was a clear and eloquent proof of the immutability of natural laws, from the beginning of all time; and it showed the absurdity, I had almost said blasphemy, of making out this poor little world of ours the particular care of the great creator of the thousands upon thousands of mightier suns and planets that are shining in infinit space. How anybody could hav left the Germanic saloon, when Professor Proctor sat down, without being struck by the puerility of the Christian theology, passes my comprehension. If Professor Proctor could deliver his lecture on every transatlantic steamer, I don't think I would complain of the Sunday services.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER of New York is doing noble work for the cause of Liberalism in the publication of cartoons weekly illustrating the Bible doctrins and teachings and other kindred questions. The last issue (July 3d) contained a half-page cartoon showing the effects of the exemption from taxation of church property. The artist has done himself as well as the Truth Seeker Company great credit. But a glance is equivalent to volumes of written arguments for church taxation.

At the extreme left is a modest-appearing New England farm-house. Posted against the yard fence is the following: "Sheriff's sale for taxes." Under the club of the crier, who stands in a wagon with the clerk of the sale with pen and paper, stands a horse that is being sold. Round about is a congregation of people—evidently good Christians who belong to the church at the extreme right—who are in attendance upon the sale and bidding; just back of them is the old slab barn; lying near by are the wheelbarrow, the scythe, the rake, and the hoe, the purchase of a bidder. On the stoop with feet resting on the ground sits the wife, with her face covered with her apron and wiping the tears. In the field in front stands the plow with a partly turned furrow, from which the team has been unhitched, leaving only the double and whiffle trees attached. It has been taken to the crier's stand for sale. With pants in his boots, sleeves rolled above the elbows exposing the brawny, muscular arms, and between the handles of the plow, leaning back against the round, the hard-working, honest son of toil, the farmer, stands. His eyes are cast down to the ground as he stands there; his thoughts may be read in his face as he stands there. He murmurs not; he is apparently overcome with the situation. His team is gone; his wife and family must hav bread.

To the right and in the rear stands a magnificent structure with a towering steeple piercing the clouds. At the extreme right is seen the palatial parsonage with a stone front, and furnished throughout with the best the market affords. Leaning against the stoop railing in front stands the parson in his broadcloth cut-away exposing a well-rounded, well-kept abdomen. His low-cut shoes, exposing socks of the latest stripe; his white waistcoat, adorned with a gold watch chain; his dude eye-glasses and his hair and side whiskers cut *à la mode*, together with a made-up, contemptuous face, all vividly characterize his impudence and indifference as he stands there and looks across to watch the progress of the sale. About him are stone and gravel walks, luxury, ease, fashion. He seems to say, "Pay up your taxes, you clodhopper, and this calamity will not befall you," and at the same time tantalizes the honest old man with the fact that church property is exempt, for in his hand is this aggravating fact: $746,294,833 untaxed church property in the United States. No wonder the farmer thus stands and cogitates this taxation problem in his mind as he there thinks of his excessiv taxation to made up for that which is not taxed. The designer of the cartoon, Mr. Watson Heston, deserves great credit. Tax church property.

J. M. J.

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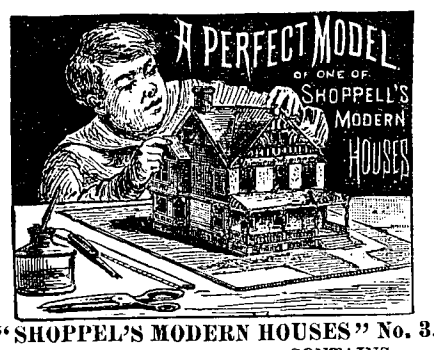
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News of the Week.

CHOLERA is again prevalent in Italy.

A WOMAN has been admitted to a sitting in the French Academy of Science.

THE Central Labor Union has named the first Monday in September as a workingmen's holiday.

FOUR members of Typographical Union No. 47 hav been found "guilty" in their trial for boycotting a newspaper at New Haven.

WILLIAM T. MONTAVERDE owns a park at Maspeth, Long Island. He allowed base ball to be played there on Sunday and has been fined $250.

BEECHER is being received in London with every evidence of hospitality. His religion is a puzzle to the English people, but he is highly spoken of as an orator.

THE trial of the Anarchists at Chicago is proceeding. Very little direct testimony has as yet been furnished connecting the speakers at the Haymarket Square meeting with the thrower of the bomb.

NED BUNTLINE, the scout, soldier, and story writer, died at his home in Stamford, N. Y., last week. His real name was Edward Z. C. Judson. He was 64 years old and wealthy, having made a fortune by his pen.

THE Salvation Army has been occupying an old Baptist church at Bristol, Conn., much to the disgust of the respectable citizens of that place, who used every endeavor to get the Salvationists to go away. Last Saturday somebody burnt up the church.

THE trades unions are boycotting the beer manufactured by George Ehret because Ehret in some way contributed to the conviction of the Theiss boycotters. Other brewers express sympathy with Mr. Ehret, and now the Central Labor Union threatens to boycott all beer.

COLONEL GILDER, who was to hav left New York on an arctic exploring expedition last week, is still where the weather is warm. He was arrested on the eve of his intended departure charged with breach of trust by a young woman with whom he had sustained intricate relations.

HOME RULE for Ireland is lost for the present. About a quarter of a million of American dollars hav gone to Ireland to help make the fight, and while this sort of encouragement continues it is probable that a sufficient number of patriots may be found in that country to keep up the agitation.

GENLRAL BOULANGER, minister of war, and Baron de Lareinty, senator, quarreled in the French Senate one day last week, and on Saturday fought a duel near Paris. The senator fired first and missed. Then the general fired in the air, when both declared their honor vindicated and shook hands.

JULY 13th the papers contained this dispatch from Belfast, Ireland: "Serious rioting broke out this evening between Catholics and Protestants. Many stones were thrown and revolvers were freely used. The military was called out to restore order. Many persons were injured and sent to hospitals."

THERE was until a short time ago, a shoe firm doing business in Brooklyn under the name of Brennan & White. A year ago the firm discharged a number of girls for joining the Knights of Labor. Methods were thereupon adopted by the Knights all over the country to reduce Brennan & White's trade, and a month ago the firm went out of business. Brennan has just accepted a position as employee in another man's factory.

MRS. MARY FENN, better known as Mary Davis, died in Orange, N. J., last Sunday. Mrs. Fenn had been prominently identified with philanthropic and reform movements for thirty years, and was widely known to those engaged in the woman suffrage and the temperance movements. She was one of the early workers in the antislavery movement, and was for many years a well-known lecturer. In 1847 she married Samuel G. Love, a teacher, in Buffalo. In 1855 she obtained a divorce from Love in Indiana, and afterward she married Andrew Jackson Davis, the Spiritualist, and the expounder of Harmonial Philosophy. The couple lived in Orange from 1858 until about two years ago. Mr. Davis then left her, alleging as a reason that he had found a flaw in the Indiana divorce. He began a suit to annul their marriage. She made no effort to contest the suit. She was a member of Sorosis, and from 1860 to 1864 she edited the *Herald of Progress*.

Gems of Thought.

IN this age of intelligence we ought to be free enough to throw falsehood aside and embrace the truth, no matter what havoc it makes of old superstitions and fables. One of the two systems must be true—supernaturalism or natural law; if one is true the other is certainly false, and must be discarded. Supernaturalism has long held sway and men hav yielded a tacit consent that it is the power which has ruled the world, but science is now telling us, in thunder tones, that there is no supernaturalism, that everything is natural; hence old theology must be set aside, and the truths of unerring science must be taken in its place.—*Bennett's Infidel Abroad.*

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blessed:
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
Few hearts with knowledge so informed;
If there's another world, he livs in bliss,
If there is none, he made the best of this.
—*Burns.*

BY careful investigation into the origin of the Biblical canon, and by the results of historical criticism, the Bible is shown to be a book of human composition and, with all its many excellences, *not* a divinely inspired and infallible authority. By a careful comparison of religions, by the clear light of science, and by the *zeit-geist* [spirit of the age], which does not favor anything miraculous, we are led to disbelieve the legendary stories of the Old Testament, and the miracles and myths of the New. By similiar studies the deified Jesus becomes a pure teacher of exalted moral character, born of Joseph and Mary, around whom, when dead, the magnified stories inseparable from such an age and people gradually clustered, gathering credence by repetition, and strength by transmission from one generation to another. . . . Jesus, being in reality the God of the Christians, givs to them as an object of worship little more than a magnified man, to whom they address petitions for rain, success in business, victory in war, and the like.—*Stoddard's New Faith.*

WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.—*Ecclesiastes ix*, 10.

NATIONS as well as men, if they aim high, must sometimes overstrain themselvs, and weariness must ensue. Nor did the commonwealth of England come to nothing, though in a society not half emancipated from feudalism it was premature, and therefore, at the time, a failure. It opened a glimpse of a new order of things; it was the first example of a great national republic, the republics of antiquity having been at once city-republics and republics of slave-owners; it not only heralded but to some extent prepared the American and even the French Revolution. In its sublime death-song, chanted by the great Puritan poet, we can catch the accents of a hope that did not die.—*Goldwin Smith.*

BUT what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty—
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty—
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath, of his special favor, raised
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!—*Milton.*

IT has been said that the practical objects of all free institutions is to get twelve or fifteen honest men into a jury-box. Intelligence must be added if justice is to be done, especially when there is a long chain of evidence, or when, as in libel cases, fine perceptions are required; but the duty of a juryman in an important cause is as high as any that a citizen can be called upon to perform.—*Toronto Bystander.*

ALL destruction is but a little dust on the wind. Does not humanity itself abide? What truth that man ever had is lost? Who are those that stand with arms flung around the old creed or name or cherished "body of Christ," trembling lest the universe crack, if that go down? 'Twere a strange universe to be alarmed because things must go down when their time has come!—*Samuel Johnson, D.D.*

YET not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulcher.
—*Bryant's Thanatopsis.*

MAN, say some, knows God by immediate intuition; he needs no argument for his existence, because he perceives God directly—face to face—without any medium. It is easy to assert this, but obviously the assertion is the merest dogmatism. Not one man in a thousand, who understands what he is affirming, will dare to claim to hav an immediate vision of God, and nothing can be more likely than that the man who makes such a claim is self-deluded.—*Professor Flint.*

EARLY associations are generally the strongest in the human mind, and what we hav been taught to credit as children we are seldom disposed to question as men. Called away from speculativ inquiries by the common business of life, men in general possess neither the inclination nor the leisure to examin *what* they believe or *why* they believe. A powerful prejudice remains in the mind, insures conviction without the trouble of thinking, and repels doubt without the aid or authority of reason.—*Sir William Drummond.*

MEN are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up and casts it upward
To the world's open view. —*Dryden.*

Odds and Ends.

THE fisheries question: Is there anything left in the pocket flask?—*Philadelphia Herald.*

"I HOPE, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians?" "Well, ma is," replied Johnny, "an' pa used to be, but I guess he is a little out of practice now."

THE JACKASS AND THE EVANGELIST.

A jackass went into a meeting-house and heard an Evangelist preach a sermon on "Total Depravity." When he came forth he made a joyful noise, sung aloud, and thanked his stars that he was made a jackass and not a depraved human being.

Moral: This fable teaches that when self-abasement becomes too abysmal it is liable to overreach itself.

THE FUNNY MAN.

The "funny man" sat in his easy chair,
But the chair wasn't easy to *him;*
For his eyes were fixed in a vacant glare,
And his face was dark and grim.

"I've written 'em up, an' I've written 'em down—
The Mother-in-law and the Dude,
Chicago girl's boot and the Congressman's loot,
And the Young Wife's slack-baked food.

"My liver is torpid, I'm losing in girth,
My brain's slowly oozing away;
Oh, the ghastliest joke on this whole wide earth
Is this *being funny for pay!*"

* * * * * * *

He sits to-day in his easy chair
With a smile on his plump, round cheek;
There's an unctuous roll in his voice whene'er
He laughs or he tries to speak.

For he writes the "Death Notices—one line per dime,"
And he pens all the elegies sad;
He revels in "Accidents," "Murders," and "Crimes,"
And "One More Good Man Gone Bad!"

As he writes up the items of "Scalded Child"
His "asides" keep the room in a roar;
For his wit runs riot in fancies wild,
Since he's funny for pay no more.
—*Richard Lloyd.*

"MA," he said, as he suddenly looked up from his book, "how much do you owe the cook?" "What a question! I believe there are three months' wages due her." "Say, why don't you reorganize the kitchen?" "What do you mean, Robert?" "Why, when pa and the other fellows get hold of a railroad, they reorganize, and everybody gets left. Let's reorganize on Hannah, beat her out of thirty-six dollars, and whack on the boodle."—*Wall Street News.*

TO THE MAN WHO ASKED: "IS IT WARM?"

Sing hey! for a caldron of boiling oil,
And a basin of molten lead,
Where this obdurate sinner may sizzle and boil
And tropically soak his head.

Who says to his brother in sweltering stew,
With a gurgle of fervid glee,
"Is it torrid enough to-day for you?
It 's not warm enough for me."

May he singe and toast, and simmer and roast,
And char, and kindle, and burn,
And scorch and singe till his soul will cringe,
And his body to cinders turn.

Then the blistering heat of a furnace-fire,
Shall accomplish his just cremation,
And fagots and peat be his funeral-pyre
To finish his incineration.

And thus this fellow we'll ardently kiln,
And listen with joy to his moans;
And when he has carbonized all that he will
We'll each take one of his bones;

And waving the calcined remains of him,
A Parseean dance will do;
And shout this jocular requiem:
"Is it hot enough now for you?"
—*Buffalo Express.*

No amount of piled-up age can make a good thing bad, or a useless thing useful. This nineteenth century is noisy enough without having to bear the infliction of medieval noises that lost all significance and sense a century ago. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was well enough to ring the church-bells to tell the time, to summon church-goers to their devotions, to sound the curfew, and to giv the alarm when fire or violence threatened the townsfolk. But what earthly reason is there to-day, when every man can hav a clock at home, and when almost every man has a watch in his pocket, for the maddening clangor of the church-bells, rending the air day and night, hammering Sunday from a day of rest into a day of nerve-racking uneasiness? There is no end of poetry about the church-bells. Poets beyond count hav taken each his turn at entreating us to listen to their music or their melody or their tender tones. But the poetry has pretty thoroughly gone out of the church-bells. To-day they are—at least in all cities and large towns—simply an unmitigated nuisance. They serve no end whatever. Any man who has a dollar of his own can buy a clock. A house without a clock is about as rare as a house without a roof. People know when it is ten, or half-past ten, or eleven, on Sunday morning, as well as they know when the hours come on the other days of the week. Church-going people do not, the most of them, liv within call of the bells of their own particular churches. And they are on their way to their Sunday services long before the bells begin to ring. We can never get statistics of the absolute misery and suffering caused by the discordant clamor of a great city's hundreds of discordant bells. But we know that the untimely ringing breaks the scant sleep of the weary, tortures the sensitiv nerves of the sick, and annoys the entire populace, without serving any purpose whatever, beyond pleasing those agreeable people who want to hav everything done in this century as it was done in other centuries; and who ought to be relegated to some limbo where they may practice upon each other the barbarism they pretend to admire.—*Puck.*

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—o—

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THE GHOST IN THE METHODIST CHURCHYARD.

"Lo! what an entertaining sight are brethren who agree."—*Old Hymn.*

Notes and Clippings.

THE pope has placed a red hat on the head of a Canadian gentleman named Taschereau, so that Canada may not be behind the United States in the matter of cardinals.

THE Concord (Mass.) School of Philosophy is holding its annual sessions. At last accounts the esoteric significance of Dante's works was being learnedly discussed.

"THE Immaculate Conception Academy" is the queer name of a Catholic seminary for young ladies at Davenport, Iowa. The production of any modern Marys need not necessarily be looked for.

THE *Christian at Work* has an article on "How to Select a Boy." If that journal would giv its readers something on "How to Select a Girl" it would come nearer fulfilling the high office of a religious paper.

THERE is something destructiv about religious ice-cream. At a festival held last week by a Baptist church at Eastport, Me., the minister and forty others were seriously poisoned by eating the deadly substance.

THE notion that the world would come to an end on the 15th of last month at two o'clock in the afternoon was believed by an immense multitude of the more ignorant classes in Madrid, Spain. At that time more than a thousand persons assembled on the hights of Vistelles, and tremblingly waited for the catastrophe. "Many curious phenomena were seen in the sky by the excited spectators, as, for instance, St. Peter walking in the midst of a red cloud, but the end did not come." Some person finally stated that a mistake had been made in the calculation, and the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds would occur on the 24th of June, and the crowd dispersed.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT, in a recent speech, said that Yale is a Christian college, and a few minutes later affirmed that it was a progressiv university. This, says the Boston *Transcript*, is what Hosea Biglow would call heading north of south.

A PRESBYTERIAN editor writes to a Methodist editor: "Usually it is not worth while to reason with a fanatic, because he will giv his *fancies* all the authority of your *facts*." Anyone who has ever attempted to reason with either a Methodist or a Presbyterian will be able to appreciate the truth of that remark.

MRS. DOWNS, the wife of Parson Downs, of Boston, says that the latest charge against her husband, supported by a child four months old, and the affidavits of the child's mother and other persons, is part of a conspiracy to ruin him. The rest of the conspiracy is supposed to be the Rev. Mr. Downs's ministerial relations with the woman who is prosecuting him.

THE fecundity of the religious liar is something remarkable. This is the latest: "BRADFORD JUNCTION, W. VA., July 24th—Simon Wilcox, a farmer here, was formerly an enthusiastic church-member, but on Thursday last, when he surveyed the ruin of his crops wrought by a hail storm, he began to curse his maker for allowing such destruction. In the midst of his curses he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and could not leave the spot. There his neighbors found him, and they say they could not release him, as he was surrounded by a circle of intense heat. When they tried to push him out of it with a pole the pole burnt off, and it was not until toward evening that the mysterious heat disappeared. Then the unfortunate man fell down unconscious, and was picked up a raving maniac." In the presence of such monumental lies as this, the ordinary yarns about faith-cures pass as harmless fibs.

THE St. Louis, Mich., *Herald* has a plain way of speaking. Here is an item from that paper: "A Candidate for Hell.—The greatest indignation prevails among our citizens who hav become acquainted with the facts over the late barbarous acts of the Methodist minister, Rev. Geo. Donaldson, in pounding and otherwise maltreating his children. Last Wednesday, for some cause, either fancied or real, he pounded his twelve-year-old son till the boy's mother was forced to call in neighbors, fearing that the boy would be killed. This Rev. scab seems to be a brute of the first water, and if the church does its duty it will hop onto him with both feet. But the chances are that they will still go and hear him preach, and if they do, we mark it down right here that in the *Herald's* opinion they are the same sort of hypocritical lice that he is."

THERE has been a revival of religion in Marion, Ind. Following is the St. Louis *Republican's* account of one evening's devotions: "Sunday night witnessed the wildest and most extravagant scenes yet enacted. Such shouting, such jumping, such hallelujahs, such delightful, promiscuous, and abandoned hugging of brothers and sisters in the Lord presented a scene the like of which has never before been witnessed in this country. It was a wild, unrestrained saturnalia of unbridled passion and emotion. The converts who were stricken down by the hand of God prior to their conversion relate wonderful tales of being suspended by a hair over the pit of hell, of being fanned by the sulphurous breezes from the infernal regions, of looking into boiling caldrons, of being nibbled at by the fiery serpents and grinning devils, of being saved by the outstretched hand of a pitying providence."

THE following sentiments were elicited from Colonel Ingersoll in an interview in current circulation: "The only benefit of the Knights of Labor to the workingmen arises from the discussions that take place. But in this country such organizations cannot do great good. The laboring men should redress all their grievances by the ballot. The poorest man can vote just as often as the rich man, and his vote counts just as much. As long as the laboring man follows the drum and fife of a political party, just so long he will hav grievances. Let labor organize, not to boycott, not to strike, but to vote. His ballot is the weapon to be used. The workingman will find that without revenge and without riot the world can be made better, and the capitalist will find that starvation prices for his laborers will finally starve him. He will find that property gets its value from the colonization of the people, from general prosperity; that he cannot injure others without injuring himself. I believe that in a few years public opinion will become so enlightened and humane that only those who giv good wages for reasonable hours will be considered as honest men. My sympathies are with the workers. The millionaires can take care of themselvs."

Communications.

Queensland.

The great colony of Queenland, Australia, is comparativly new. The sands of Moreton Bay first bore the footprints of the pioneer navigator who landed upon its shores over sixty years ago, and gave the name of Brisbane to the magnificent river which empties into the bay.

In 1825 a penal settlement was founded at the mouth of the river, and convict gloom hung over these fair shores, tainting the atmosphere and retarding settlement until 1839, when the last batch of convicts were landed here. Ten years later the first free emigrants arrived, and settled in what was then the bush, but now a crowded suburb of Brisbane, twelve miles from the bay, and to which they gave the name of the good ship which had brought them across the waste of trackless waters. In their pursuit of a new home in this land of promis, Fortitude Valley was the chosen name and link that bound them to the far-off past. It was not until 1859 that the colony of Queensland was proclaimed by imperial command, and its first governor was Sir George Fergurson Bowen. From this point may be dated its true progress. Queensland has an area of 678,600 square miles, with an extent of seaboard of about 2,500 miles, and thrift, energy, and wealth are evidenced upon every hand. The coast swarms with vessels, from the majestic mail steamers from the Old World to the humble fishing-boat, while inland railways hurry rich freight to interior cities. Far away in the silent bush towns hav arisen, the country is parceled out and fenced off; the boom of the miner's blast, the crush of the quartz-crushing mill, the shrill whirl of the saw, the bleating of millions of sheep, the lowing of hundreds of thousands of cattle, the crack of the teamster's whip, hav awakened the echoes, and this great continent that has lain for ages in these southern waters the home of the bushman, the kangaroo, and the emu, is silent no longer, but has awakened to life and activity, and started in the race of progression.

The colony appears to be divided into three grand divisions, each eminently adapted to its own peculiar industry. Parallel with the eastern coast runs a high range of mountains, distant from twenty to one hundred miles from the sea—a continuation of the Blue mountains of New South Wales and the great Australian Alps. Between this range and the ocean we find a wide belt of alluvial soil, through which meander many fine rivers and their tributary streams. Beyond the coast range is a vast table-land, with its level or gently undulating plains stretching away like the vast prairies of America to the distant sunset. These three well-defined divisions are each devoted to different industries. The alluvial coast lands are devoted to timber-getting and agriculture. Before the woodsman with his ax appeared upon the scene, the river banks were clothed with a heavy growth of timber, among which the stately Moreton Bay pine, the red cedar, and the imperishable beech grew to enormous size. The expiring sigh of the last tree as it fell was the signal for the farmer to step in with ax and brand. The jungle was quickly cleared, and in its place appeared maize, cotton, tobacco, and sugar, adding another charm to the already beautified rivers. Across the range, which towers to a hight of over three thousand feet, a different sight meets the eye. The basaltic plains of the table-lands are covered with a luxuriant growth of nutritious grasses, and dotted with flocks and herds. In 1858 gold was discovered in the Coast Range. At this magic word the third great division resounded with the hum of busy men. Queensland, says a recent chronicler, has thus built up three great industries, and the census of 1883 showed a population of 287,475 persons. The census has recently been taken; the results not yet reported.

Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, is a pretty town, situated upon both banks of the Brisbane river, like San Francisco, beautified with hills and valleys, and contains about sixty thousand inhabitants, and, for its age, promises to be no mean rival of Sydney or Melbourne, as it can well be, as it is five hundred miles from the former and one thousand and sixty miles from the latter city. Its schools are numerous and well conducted. In an act passed by Parliament in 1875, three cardinal principles were incorporated into its school provisions, namely, that education in the colony should be free, secular, and compulsory; and of these provisions the first and second are well maintained. In outside districts the population is too limited and widely scattered to enforce the last provision. A shrewd observer has said that in a Queensland state school a teacher may impress upon a boy that a lie is wrong because it may injure another, or because it is a violation of the laws of veracity, which should ever be observed, because by so doing the welfare of the community is maintained; but the teacher must not enforce truthfulness because lying is an offense against God. The school laws require that secular teaching must be given five hours in a day, except for infant classes; after that any minister or religious person of good standing may visit the school and impart religious instruction to those who are willing to stay and listen to it. But none is compelled to remain. At the end of 1884 there were 263 state schools open and in operation in Queensland, with a staff of 1,152 teachers (554 males, 598 females), with an enrolment of 52,556 scholars, besides numbers of private and denominational schools, of which the Catholics hav a large percentage—but they receive no state support.

Queensland is immensely rich in minerals, and but a small portion of its wealth has as yet been discovered. It would seem that the only thing lacking here is water. Whisky is plenty, and those who are engaged in its traffic are on the road to wealth, as far as pounds and shillings are concerned. I see by home papers which we receive that a move is on foot by some parties to make Saturday afternoon a half-holiday, as it is in the colonies. While I am in favor of every progressiv move, or a step in advance, I do not see from its workings here that it would be any benefit to the masses. Here all laborers quit work Saturday noon, and receive their week's wages, and a large per cent of them make straight for the "pub," as it is called. There are no gilded saloons here, as in America, but to sell liquor a publican must hav a house built on a certain pattern regulated by law. He must hav accommodations for a certain number of boarders and lodgers. He can then become a licensed victualer; that includes liquor-selling to an unlimited extent up to eleven o'clock at night six nights in a week, but on Sunday to get a drink—even a glass of beer—a man must be a traveler, and be seven miles from where he slept. On Saturday, I heard a publican say, it was nothing unusual to take from £60 to £70 over his bar, hence it looks to me as if it would be much better for those men and their families if they did their usual day's work on Saturday, and would be better still if they received their wages on Monday. Then their wives would be better able to provide for the family wants. But holidays seem to be the rule here—a week at Christmas, four days at Easter, besides state and religious holidays without number, and some parties are trying to get a two days' holiday for the queen's birthday, and to celebrate the fiftieth year of her reign. But republicanism is taking deep root with the people. No sentiment receives more earnest applause than republican principles enunciated from the platform, and Freethought is growing. The seed which Mr. Tyerman, Professor Denton, and others hav sown in the past is now yielding a rich harvest.

Mr. York has given two courses of lectures here in Brisbane to large and increasing audiences, and is to giv the third course, besides holding a debate of six nights with a Mr. H. A. Long—a new importation from Scotland, who styles himself the King of the Glasgow Green. He announces that his especial mission here is to put up the flood-gates and stop the great wave of Infidelity that is sweeping over the colonies. He had written to his son-in-law in Brisbane to get up a debate for him, so he challenged Mr. York, in Mr. Long's name, before his arrival. On the arrival of Mr. Long from Glasgow, the Christians received him with open arms. The Young Men's Christian Association made an especially warm place for him under their wings; the churches gave him a big tea-meeting, and the ministers made speeches of welcome, and felt that it was providential that our brother had arrived just at this time to stay the great evil that was now in their midst (Freethought revival). Brother Long calmed their fears by promising to soon pump the Infidel dry, for nothing could withstand the truth as it is in Jesus. The topics for debate are:

1. Christian Theism *vs.* Atheism.
2. Evolution *vs.* Mosaic Creation.
3. Plenary Inspiration of the Bible.
4. Origin of Christianity.
5. Secularism as a Civilizer *vs.* Christianity.

The coming debate is exciting much interest. Over one hundred gentlemen hav sent in their names as a committee for Mr. York, to offset the churches and Young Men's Christian Association behind Mr. Long.

The Rev. Mr. McCulloch, Presbyterian (Mr. Long is Calvanistic Presbyterian), in introducing Mr. Long to his congregation said that our brother was going down—he had liked to hav said amongst the disreputable, but would say—amongst the roughs, and hoped they would pray for him. So you see Presbyterianism is no better here than in our part of the world.

Mr. Long has written a book: "Calvanism Popularized and Carbonized." The debate is to come off the 8th, 9th, 10th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of June.

The weather here is charming. They call it winter. The nights are cool, sometimes a slight frost; the days bright and warm. This is the antipodes. The rains here are in the summer, leaving the winters dry and pleasant. The coldest months are May, June, and July; the warmest December, January, and February, when it is said to be decidedly hot. Mr. York's work will hold us here until the last of June, after which we expect to visit the principal towns of Queensland, going north as far as Townsville and Charters Towers, and get back to Sydney before the hot weather, when our present intention is to sail for home, which we hope to see by Christmas.

Good wishes for the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which reaches us every month. MRS. J. L. YORK.

Brisbane, Queensland, Aus., May 24, 1886.

Authorship of the Declaration of Independence.

In the year 1880 Prof. V. B. Denslow, then literary editor of the Chicago *Times*, published a book entitled, "Modern Thinkers," in which he says:

> As to the round, undisguised hand in which the original draft of the Declaration of Independence is written, it is not claimed to be Jefferson's, and it seems to be very clearly that of Thomas Paine, who, as the most masterly rhetorician of the period, would naturally be called to write it.

In an introduction to this book written by Colonel Ingersoll, he remarks:

> It is now claimed that the original document is in Paine's handwriting. It certainly is not in Jefferson's.

This is all I ever heard about any claim that the original draft of the Declaration is in Paine's handwriting. But Professor Denslow was misled by a *fac simile* of an engrossed copy, and either he or Colonel Ingersoll soon afterward acknowledged the error.

The earliest hint of Paine's authorship of the Declaration, so far as I hav been able to discover, was in the Newark *Gazette*, October 5, 1802. I quote the paragraph with the editor's own italics and capitals:

> It has loug been supposed that Mr. Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence. This *report was raised to further his election*, and the philosopher has thought fit to countenance it. It was thought absolutely necessary to prove that he had done *at least one good act in his life*, and this was pitched upon. Mr. Jefferson was one of a committee of five, indeed, and after they had jointly drawn up the instrument it was given by Congress to a *certain person*, who, above all others, the Democrats would dislike to hear had corrected the writings of Mr. Jefferson for *revision and amendment*, and it was *from this person it received the* ELEGANT DRESS *it now appears in*.

The statement that it was "jointly drawn up" by the committee we now know is not true. It is also untrue that "it was given by Congress to a certain person for revision and amendment." But after the instrument was adopted it was ordered by Congress to be engrossed, and that engrossment, for aught I know, may hav been done by Thomas Paine, who was a good penman.

Twenty-five days after the appearance of the above paragraph in the Newark *Gazette*, Thomas Paine landed in Baltimore from a national ship, having been brought over from France in the same by order of President Jefferson.

Some time before this, probably when Jefferson ran as a candidate for the presidency in 1800, the Virginia *Gazette* threw out an intimation that the Declaration was drafted "by some anonymous person."

Now, Paine was anonymous all through the American Revolution, and even until four years after his return to England. Hardly had he landed there in 1787 before he issued an anonymous pamphlet entitled, "Prospects on the War." Four years later he came out openly as the author of the "Rights of Man." Then some critic, by comparison of the style, detected him as the author of the former pamphlet, and it was reissued in his name.

This little pamphlet is remarkable as containing Paine's only allusion to Junius, which, however, was intended to be anonymous. But a further discovery in 1880, first by Librarian Spofford and then by me, that Paine was "Casca," an anonymous contributor to the "Weekly Crisis" of 1755-6, published in London, discloses one more allusion to Junius by Paine:

> Should galling Junius make a new attack
> (Whose lashes still are flagrant on your back),
> The libeler by some state bloodhound trace,
> And make him feel the terrors of your place.

This was addressed to Lord Mansfield. And, by the way, in the same epistle is the couplet:

> These lines, inspired by Churchill's laureled shade,
> I write, unknown, unpatronized, unpaid.

How strikingly this parallels with Junius's private letter to Lord Chatham, January 14, 1772: "Retired and unknown, I liv in the shade, and hav only a speculativ ambition." And, again, see how it parallels with both Junius and Paine, neither of whom would receive even the smallest portion of the profits of his literary works. Junius, "Casca," and Paine all wrote "unknown, unpatronized, unpaid." Another such a parallel cannot be found in all time.

Franklin was probably the only person who knew—or suspected, if you please—that Paine was Junius. So, when the task devolved on Jefferson to draw the Declaration of Independence, Franklin could at once hand in to Jefferson a draft prepared by Paine, which was substantially an epitome of "Common Sense." In copying that draft, Jefferson was at liberty to make verbal changes, which he doubtless did. Only two or three slight amendments were made by Adams and Franklin. But Congress mutilated the document shockingly. Some of its most eloquent passages were stricken out, particularly the entire paragraph relating to slavery and the slave trade. The pen of Jeffer-

son was never equal to such flights, and Colonel Ingersoll has well said:

Certain it is that Jefferson could not hav written anything so manly, so striking, so comprehensiv, so clear, so convincing, and so faultless in rhetoric and rhythm.

And Professor Denslow, after making a very able argument in favor of Paine's authorship of the document, concludes thus:

Enough! The Declaration of Independence must hereafter be construed as a fabric whose warp and woof were Thomas Paine's.

Now, if Paine was the substantial author of the instrument, and yet wished to be unknown, as we know was his policy up to that time and long after, Jefferson was placed in a somewhat embarrassing position. He neither dared to claim the authorship nor to deny it. Accordingly, in notes written on the spot, he says:

A committee was appointed to prepare a Declaration of Independence. The committee were John Adams, Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston, and myself. This was reported to the House on Friday, the 28th of June, when it was read and ordered to lie on the table.

There is no acknowledgment here. Eleven years later, in 1787, he writes to the *Journal de Paris* a history of the events, which concludes as follows:

On the 28th of June the Declaration of Independence was reported to the House, and was laid on the table.

No acknowledgment here. Paine is in Paris, just on the eve of starting for London.

In 1809, in answer to a proposal to publish his writings, after mentioning many of them, he says:

I say nothing of numerous drafts of reports, resolutions, declarations, etc., drawn as a member of Congress or of the legislature of Virginia, such as the Declaration of Independence, report of the money mint of the United States, the act of religious freedom, etc. These having become the acts of public bodies, there can be no personal claim on them.

This was nearly three months after the death of Paine, and yet Jefferson makes no personal claim.

Ten years later he repeats his first account of the transactions, but makes no acknowledgment of authorship.

Two years later, in 1821, he again repeats the history as before, but interpolates a clause as follows:

The committee for drawing the Declaration of Independence desired me to do it. *It* was accordingly done, and being approved by them *I reported it* to the House on Friday, the 28th of June.

Here is an indirect acknowledgment. Two years later, in August, 1823, at the age of eighty, he writes:

I consented. I drew it.

Again, in 1825, he says once that he wrote it and once he drafted it. Paine had been dead sixteen years, and in the next year Jefferson died.

One remarkable passage in the Declaration was stricken out, to wit:

At this very time, too, they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch and foreign mercenaries, to invade and destroy us.

In referring to this Jefferson said:

When the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress, there were two or three unlucky expressions in it which gave offense to some members. The words "Scotch and other foreign auxiliaries" excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country.

Now, Jefferson never had any antipathy to the Scotch, but Paine had, as is shown by a passage in his "Prospects on the War," or "Rubicon," in 1787, where he alludes to Junius; also in numerous passages in the letters of "Casca," to say nothing of many more in the letters of Junius. But Jefferson, as might be expected, undertaking to quote Paine's draft of the Declaration, mistakes "auxiliaries" for "mercenaries," and interpolates the word "other." "Auxiliaries" is a word that Jefferson might hav written, but it is not found in the Declaration. "Mercenaries" is a word that Paine would be quite likely to use, and it occurs twice in the instrument.

The idea entertained by some that Jefferson consulted "Common Sense" in drawing the Declaration is exploded by Jefferson himself, who says:

Whether I had gathered my ideas from reading, I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it.

Of course not, for he had before him a complete draft, so that all he had to do was to copy it in his own hand.

Furthermore, it is a question whether Jefferson had even read "Common Sense," for, in speaking of Paine, he says:

His "Common Sense" was for a while believed to hav been written by Dr. Franklin, and published under the borrowed name of Paine, who had come over with him [six months before him] from England.

The name of Thomas Paine was never prefixed to the numerous early editions of "Common Sense." In the second edition he adds to the introduction this:

Who the author of this production is, is wholly unnecessary to the public, as the object for attention is the doctrin, not the man. Yet it may not be unnecessary to say that he is unconnected with any party.

And here, by the way, let me note a striking parallel between the above and a similar passage in a private letter of Junius only recently brought to light. For two years before the Junius series began the British public had been excited by a multitude of caustic anonymous letters, signed "Lucius," "Atticus," etc. The writer, being an admirer of George Grenville, addressed to him three private letters, in which he avowed his authorship of "almost everything that for two years past has attracted the attention of the public." In the last of these three letters, dated Oct. 20, 1768, he says:

It may be proper to assure you that no man knows or ever suspects the author. *I hav no connection with any party.*

Such was Junius and such was Paine. And this is only one of more than three hundred parallels of character, conduct, opinion, style, sentiment, and language between the two Revolutionary writers.

Only a small part of the evidence that Paine was the substantial author of the Declaration has been presented in this article. But is there not enough even here to prove not only that he was its author, but that he never intended to claim it, any more than the authorship of the Letters of Junius?

Did Jefferson, therefore, tell a lie after reaching the age of fourscore, when he said, "I drew it?" Yes, but it was, perhaps, the whitest lie a statesman ever told. Everybody believed at last that he did draw it, and how could he ever dream that forty-six years after his death Joel Moody, Esq., of Mound City, Kansas, would discover and demonstrate that Thomas Paine was the author of the Letters of Junius and the Declaration of Independence?

WM. HENRY BURR.

Washington, D. C., July 13, 1886.

Jefferson an Abolitionist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In a late issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER is an article entitled, "Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence," in which the author says substantially that the only alterations in the Declaration as Jefferson wrote it were a few verbal changes made by Franklin and Adams as interlineations, and thus it was reported to the committee, and by the committee to Congress. I am reminded by this of the subjoined extract from an address by Hon. George G. Vest, United States senator from Missouri, delivered at the commencement exercises of the Missouri University last year. It so impressed me at the time that I clipped it out and preserved it. I do not know where the senator got his data, but hav no doubt of its correctness, as the ex-Confederate Congressman could hav no motiv in representing the great patron saint of Democracy as an Abolitionist if it were not true.

The following is the extract referred to:

It is the very irony of history that of all the slaveholding states Virginia should hav suffered most in defending an intitution forced upon her people by the greed of Old and New England, in opposition to the judgment and wishes of her most distinguished men.

As far back as 1770 Virginia had protested against the introduction of African slaves, but the protest was silenced by the royal edict, and the traffic went on.

In 1776 Jefferson framed with his own hand an indictment of the king of Great Britain in the following words:

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating them and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither.

"This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of Infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negativ for suppressing every legislativ attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce.

"And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of a distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them by murdering the people on whom he has obtruded them, thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another."

These burning sentences were a part of the Declaration of Independence as originally written by Jefferson and reported to Congress, but so strong was the influence of South Carolina, Georgia, and New England in favor of the slave trade that the words were stricken out, and the Declaration was adopted as we now see it.

It is certainly to be hoped by all lovers of liberty that Mr. Vest is correct. Indeed, he must be, as our great Infidel president was true to reason on all other questions. Certainly, the language of the rejected paragraphs is in keeping with the same sentiment that formed the first sentence of that world-famous Declaration, beginning, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created free and equal."

Let us be glad that Jefferson wrote these indictments. It givs us Freethinkers a double claim on him. But gladder still let us be that the ex Confederate senator recites and *applauds* them as characteristic of their great author. Is it not wonderful, this evolution of ideas, that Vest can and does applaud and approve them now, and I (a scion of a slave-holding family) am rejoicing at the fact?

I am sorry to admit that I hav never read a life of Jefferson except in a biographical dictionary or encyclopedia. Perhaps if I had I might be better informed as to his antislavery principles as well as to his Infidelity. Can you cite me a reliable life of Thomas Jefferson? I don't want "Sparks's."

Freeman, Mo., July 4, 1886. T. M. HORNE.

[James Parton's "Life of Jefferson" is the book Mr. Horne will find most serviceable. "Jefferson's Works," edited by H. A. Washington, are too voluminous for ordinary purposes.—ED. T. S.]

The Beneficial Result of One Picture.

Inasmuch as a few fear that the TRUTH SEEKER illustrations will do harm, I wish to say that the picture on taxing church property prompted me to make a Fourth of July oration in which I raised the subject of church taxation before a large audience, and also I improved the opportunity to say a kind word for Thomas Paine. I got an article on the subject into a Detroit paper whose circulation is forty thousand, and again I got the subject before another forty thousand, as you can see by the following article, which you will please publish, that the fault-finders may see what good just one picture has done. Only think—some one has found a Christian neighbor who didn't like the pictures, and just one of them has caused me through the press to lay the subject of church taxation before one hundred thousand readers, of whom thousands are Christians.

Now, if your readers could induce you to publish one hundred thousand copies of that picture, with the following letter on its opposit side, for gratuitous distribution, I feel that the victory on taxing churches is ours:

MR. BABCOCK'S LETTER IN A DETROIT PAPER.

To the Editor: At a public meeting a short time since O. W. Barker, a church-member, in his speech introduced the subject of church and state. He believed in the separation of church and state, and held that the Bible in the schools is of a very doubtful policy. I followed the speaker and complimented him by indorsing his opinion, and when I said that I also believed in the taxation of church property there was an almost universal nod from the audience.

I spoke of the enormous amount of untaxed church property, and said there is $746,294,833 untaxed church property in the United States, whilst the sheriff often has to sell the property of the poor at sheriff's sale to get the tax which they were unable to pay. Rev. R. D. Stearns, the St. Johns Episcopal minister, who opened the meeting by reading a prayer, and who no doubt thinks it ill manners for one to get up and leave while he is talking, got up and left while I was talking. But why, oh, why did he leave?

Now, that I may convince the good man and others that my opinions on church taxation are well founded, and upon the principle of justice, I will, for example, speak of his own church. Hon. O. L. Spaulding, an ex-member of Congress, and rich, perhaps is the head man, and there are many others who are rich, and in all are worth $200,000 or more. Now, can't all of these rich men united afford to pay a tax on their little church, as easily as the poor widow who livs just across the street from their church can afford all alone to pay the tax on her little home? It would be more just to exempt her and tax the church than to exempt the church and tax her. Why exempt the rich and tax the poor? She must pay, or somebody pay for her, or there will be a sheriff's sale.

Now, who built and who supports the church? Why, it gets a large donation from Detroit, and its members giv a little and then send out its brigade of beggars who beg the rest. Now, after paying so little, these rich members can afford and ought to pay tax on their little church. Even I gave this church more than $100, and yet its preacher gets right up and leaves while I am talking about the justice of taxing church property!

Now, I want a law that will not oppress the widow, that will be a little easy on the poor, or else tax churches as well as others. I want the law so that when the assessor next shall call on the poor widow he can say to her, "You're excused," or else compel him to call on Rev. Mr. Stearns and if he finds that the new parsonage in which he livs cost $1,800, get out his book and mark it down. Of course, I may be wrong, but I think that I am rather sound on the subject of taxing church property.

If a man thinks so little of his God as not to be willing to help pay the tax on his house, his religion is rather poor. Trinity church, of New York, has millions of dollars on which it pays no tax; its paper would sell for one hundred cents on the dollar, but its religion, to an honest man, wouldn't sell for half of one cent on the dollar if his ideas were anything like my ideas upon the subject of religion.

St. Johns, Mich., July 16, 1886. M. BABCOCK.

Who Pays?

A false theory cannot be made to work out accurately. Protection is so false that it exposes itself in every instance where it has been tried. It is based on the theory that wages come from capitals accumumulated by taxation or some other means than by the daily exertions of the laborers. If protection is the true theory, we shall find wages best where the employers are most independent of competition—that is, where they are best protected. Coal-mine owners are protected by tariff, and also by their power of closing mines and raising prices. Surely here is the best protection conceivable. Diamond-cutters are protected by the enormous value of the material. Few persons can invest thousands of dollars in a stone. Railway companies that pool are soundly protected.

The truth is, labor creates its own wages day by day. Labor never is paid out of any other fund than that which it creates. The men who operate a railway are paid out of the earnings created by their labor. The more that is taken out of these earnings in high salaries, stock dividends, high cost for materials, the less there is to reward labor. The whole system of labor is so delicately adjusted that any abnormal interference puts all out. The higher your wages, the less must be mine.

The laborers are vitally interested in the largest, healthiest consumption possible. It is consumption givs labor employment, not increased profit or

capital. The moment you strike at consumption you assault labor. The most fatal stroke at consumption is given by unnecessary increased prices. Our sole hope is in the demand of the great masses who are women and children. They can afford no dear luxuries.

But will not very low prices make wages low? No. So long as there is the least profit left, wages keep pace with consumption. Meanwhile the laborer finds his savings are really increased, because he gets the advantage of the general low prices. If railway fare and living get so low that their cost is a trifle, comparativly, the laborer is on an equality with the wealthiest. To labor is no misfortune. No rich man can possibly, in the nature of things, enjoy life as much as do the poor, when all the opportunities of travel, of living, are so cheap that the laborer can use them. The richest man has by nature more means of enjoyment than the poorest. On the other hand, kind Mother Nature has declared that whatever we are too familiar with becomes common and inferior.

The day must come when all these great discoveries and improvements shall inure to the benefit of the great masses. It only needs that they shall understand that every great public need be administered by the people for the common weal, such as banking, transportation of persons and property, insurance, telegraphy, etc., so that the immense profits of all such shall go to the people in reduced taxation and better opportunities.

Were governments properly administered instead of taxation there would be distribution to the masses.

Take away taxation and where would protection be? which is really taxing many for a few, a wretched violation of first principles.

Every steel rail on our roads has cost several dollars more than necessary because the men who own the roads control the manufacture of the rails, and charge the public more for freight, etc., to repay themselvs. Is not this monstrous?

CLARKE IRVINE.

The American Secular Union.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,634.12
Boseman, per collection	20.00
Mr. Yerkes, of *Chronicle*	3.00
Helena, per H. C. Votaw	14.75
Ed. Busick	11.50
S. C. Gilpatrick	12.00
Henry C. Yerger	5.00
John Horsky	6.00
I. T. Gove	1.00
W. F. Sanders	1.00
A. H. Johnson	1.00
Peter Schemmals	1.00
A. O. Hammer	1.00
H. W. English	2.00
A. J. Steele	1.00
John Steimits	1.00
J. Loeb	.50
J. Feldbury	.50
Dr. H. Rockman	1.00
H. Richter	1.00
Cash, per S. C. Gilpatrick	8.50
Iver Wolff	2.00
Dr. O. B. Whitford, Butte City	5.00
E. N. Dunkle, " "	4.00
E. F. Dunkle, " "	2.00
Chas. Stoffel, " "	2.00
J. C. Singer, " "	2.00
Butte Secular Union, per Dr. Whitford	5.00
William Emerick, Dillon	7.00
C. F. Thomson, "	2.00
C. Blivens, "	2.00
Wm. Eastman, "	2.00
S. Estes, "	2.00
Benj. Dittmer, "	2.00
A. Busette, "	2.00
George Dart, "	1.00
W. M. Oliver, "	1.00
C. S. Wright, "	1.00
Benj. Foreman, "	1.00
John Beach, "	.50
Total	$2,772.37

News and Notes.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Up Paradise Valley, shining in the sun, along the sweeping Yellowstone and the range of mighty hills so precipitous that it seems as if mortal foot could never touch their towering peaks, by the solemn face of the sphinx who appears to be aweary of the problem of the ages, to Mt. Cinnabar and the Giant's Wall, smooth as the masonry of man, we go; and to the Devil's Slide—and a devil of a slide his majesty must hav had adown that bloody trail. I don't believe he had a particle of breeches left when he got through. He must hav been the "naked truth" itself when at the bottom. I wish that every devil—of a religion—could take such a slide as that.

At Cinnabar we exchanged the iron horse and its train for the stage coaches and rolled away beneath the solemn and gray peaks of Mt. Sepulcher to Mammoth Hot Springs. Here the Cap of Liberty and the Devil's Thumb were on guard at the foot of the Terraces—the infinit-hued and crystal gates to the Wonderland.

We passed the night at Cottage Hotel, and in the morning the sun flung its gorgeous banners over the beginning of our fairy journey. National Park is larger than Rhode Island and Delaware put together, and so it is no small task to survey in a five days' march its many attractions.

Our friend Henderson is a Scotch philosopher after the manner of Hume. He is a keen student, and also a poetic sight-seer. He knows all about the Park. He has examined every nook and corner, and compelled each water-drop to yield its sparkling secret. He has plucked the heart of its mystery from the grim mountain, the rugged rock, and darksome cave. He knows the history of every geyser, from its first bubble to its splendid maturity. If one wants a pleasant and profitable traveling companion he must take Henderson, who can show him more and tell him more than a dozen ordinary guides.

We had the fortune to secure the services of this "gray man of the Hermit's Cave," and of course we disdained the ordinary stage route and purposed to take a free Bohemian ride through the Park—camping where we would by stream or lake or in the heart of a volcano—for only to the daring adventurer will this wild region yield the "immediate jewel of its soul." It has a noble scorn for the ruts of an orthodox journey. Only he who follows every whim and caprice can know the glory of this fantastic world.

We were not alone. There was a genial company, and the grace of humanity was added to the grandeurs of nature, and thus the poetic conditions of life were fulfilled. Humanity without nature is stupid. Nature without humanity is monotonous. Mingling together, there is the effluence of electric life.

Our party was made up of Mr. G. L. Henderson, our guide and philosopher; his daughter, Miss Nellie Henderson, and her friends from Dakota, Miss May and Miss Emma Poole—who, being born into the air of Liberalism, knew how to enjoy nature with untrammeled minds. I always thought Dakota was to the far West, but when I understood that these friends had traveled nearly a day and a half to reach the Park I came to the conclusion that Dakota, like Maine, was away down East. I really wondered where I was, and if New York was not in some other planet. Mr. Wm. S. McLellan, of California, was also with us—a first-rate traveling companion, for he knew how to cook, pitch a tent, harness a horse, wash dishes, catch fish, and shoot a bear if necessary. These are the kind of friends to hav on a camping expedition—who are full of good nature and never grumble nor scold. They help to make the rough places smooth.

I must not forget our horses Tobie and Tom. They are the most famous horses in the Park. They hav a transatlantic reputation. They can go right down a precipice almost as easily as along an ordinary road. They can draw as much as four animals of the average caliber. They are thoroughly good-natured, and work and eat with equal relish. They hav a heap of horse-sense, and are worthy of a harp—if they can play one—equally with many a saint. If I meet them on the other side of Jordan I shall shake hands or "hoof it" with them to my great satisfaction.

With such an outfit there's no such word as fail any more than in "the bright lexicon of youth." In the happy morning we went forth. First we passed the Cathedral Rock, which loomed over like the solemnity of the ancient church, and seemed at one time to occupy all the sky; but as we pressed on and up toward the Golden Gate it diminished its eminence and Bunsen's Peak shone above it triumphantly superior, like the brow of science itself. We pass the Golden Gate with its natural tower, and a lovely picture bursts upon our view—the falls of the Gardener floating like the exquisit drapery on the bridal head of some fair lady. We drank as if from some enchanted cup of the limpid waters that leaped to such glorious beauty. On we passed into Swan Lake Park. Here the snow peaks appeared in view—the Electric Mountain, brilliant with color, the King's Crown Bell, the Quadrant, the Pyramids, where the white banners of winter still flung their defiant lusters over the green valleys and plains. Across the Indian Creek and into the pleasant groves our journey proceeds, and at noon we camp beside an ice-cold fountain whose waters are as delicious as ever touched the parched lips of the traveler. In the afternoon we reach Norris's Basin, where for the first time we look upon the wonderful geysers. The Constant or Minute Man dashed its torrents of boiling water to the sky at frequent and regular intervals. The Blue Volcano roared and bubbled; Whirlwind Hurricane sent forth its burning flood, which mysteriously disappears no one knows where; the Emerald Fountain spread its wondrous sheen as if its bosom were filled with jewels. The Monarch and Venus remained in obdurate quiescence, and would not declare their glory. So we passed on over the wide wooded ranges, and in early evening camped on the edge of the broad and beautiful Elk Park, through which like a winding looking-glass flows the Gibbon river. Beside its bank, amid a dozen or so of tall trees at the foot of Mt. Schurz, we found a convenient place, and instantly unpacked and pitched the tent and ate our suppers. After that we climbed a thousand feet over the rugged breast of Mt. Schurz to the Monument Geysers. These towered upon our sight like solemn ancient gravestones, as if here dead giants had found a burial-place—and perhaps they were roasting beneath, for from several pinnacles the steam was roaring forth. Close by is the Chromatic Canyon, blazing with a thousand colors, sweeping down to the banks of the Gibbon river. We remained in these weird chambers of the ages past until the wings of darkness began to fall, and then we ourselvs tumbled down the mountain in reckless fashion, like children at play, and in a few minutes were in the grassy meadows again, ready for a night's sleep. I had not made my bed on the ground since I was one of Uncle Sam's boys in blue, when lugging a musket and knapsack made the hardest kind of a rock a downy bed of ease. I enjoyed the *outre* experience, looking from my grassy cot to the infinit sky which was my roof, fretted with golden fire. Some of the stars seemed to be dancing in the tree-tops. I could hear the geysers afar off bursting and moaning on the mountain-top. The horses munched and munched and I thought they never would get through eating. I lay awake until midnight, somewhat "God-intoxicated," like Spinoza, everything about me was so curious, awful, and enchanting. Such a vast lodging-house, all for nothing, was quite bewildering. I had to stretch myself to the utmost capacity in order to realize that I had any existence at all. I felt sort of minute on that "everlasting couch" where so many millions were sleeping in the story below. Anon I would hear a faint music, a very exquisit strain, and I did not know but that I was to pass through the experience of my Theosophical friend Chainey, and that some soft spiritual hand was to be placed upon my burning brow, and that delicious dreams would come. Oh, no; it was not an angel coming, but a musketo, and incontinently I ducked my head beneath the heavy canvas quilt which served for a covering. I always dodge musketoes—celestial glory to the contrary notwithstanding. I don't like their bills; they are worse than lawyers' or doctors' bills. I'll giv them a check every time—a bank-check if I hav it; that is, a sand-bank; or a note of hand with crushing effect. The sublime and ridiculous are always mingling in human life. I hardly ever contemplate some bright orb where "love might be immortal," but I am constrained to vigorously slap a musketo without any regard to consequences. Such is "the woven web of things that be." Finally, however, in spite of stars and musketoes and geysers and coyotes and mountain lions and flitting bats and shadowy horses and dancing trees, I went to sleep and awoke just as the sun was sending its first fiery darts over the eastern fringe of hills, and with such an appetite that I no longer wondered that horses ate till midnight.

At this place, Camp Douglass, we met with Mr. James Hedges, and Mr. Jonas Hedges, and Mr. B. W. Baker, who were on a tour through the Park. They were old campaigners, miners, good fellows, and ready to lend a hand. We found them an exceedingly pleasant addition to our little company, and we traveled together for the rest of the trip.

Wednesday morning we wound along the Gibbon river, over the Golden Ford, whose smooth bottom glistens through the flowing stream up and across the Gibbon range. About nine o'clock we reached Gibbon Falls, tumbling and glittering twelve hundred feet below our track. It was almost a break-neck undertaking to get to the foot of the Falls down the steep and rocky embankment. The view, however, amply repaid the toil. The careering waters presented a lovely picture. As I touched my lips to the bright current I could imagin that I was drinking from the foaming goblet of the gods. Close by was a cave ornamented with lustrous green moss and grass, fit boudoir for a nymph. I really thought I might see one. My heart was ready, if not my head. In its cosiest corner was a nest with three little birds chirping unanimously for food, while the mother was flying anxiously about. I wish that everybody was as musical as a bird when hungry. What a world of harmony we should hav, for about nine-tenths of the human race are hungry all the time!

About noon we reached Parnassus Basin, the home of poetry, where the "Raven," "Fritchie's Well," the "Heart of Evangeline," and "Thanatopsis, or the Big Blue," painted by Moran, spread their wondrous colors. Deep down we look into the bosom of the earth, unfathomable spaces rich with emerald azure and mingling tints that no words can describe. The brilliant movements of the waters, now almost still, then bursting in white bubbles and streams, and radiating to the mobile surface, was simply intoxicating in its marvelous wealth of splendor. After dinner the Great Fountain gave us a gorgeous dessert in the shape of one of its most ample ebullitions. It rises to the hight of one hundred and fifty feet, with massiv columns crossing one another in their upward course, shooting athwart like shining adversaries, and falling to the earth in one glorious tomb.

Near by are the Painted Pots, one of the most curious workshops in this laboratory of nature. It seems as if a troop of fairies were in those magic depths making all sorts of flowers to adorn

the variegated surface. There is a continual motion, and white, purple, and crimson roses, lilies, sunflowers, tulips, etc., form before the eye in perfect beauty, some remaining for several minutes, and others coming and going at a breath. It was like moving marble shimmering into an ever-changing flower garden.

At evening's hour we pitched in front of Old Faithful. Just at supper-time it surged upward and waved its banners over our Boston baked beans. Boston was nowhere, and so we ate the beans all up. We then roamed amid the Hundred Geysers of the Upper Basin. The Lion and the Lioness spouted to our satisfaction. The Giantess was mute; when she will she will, and when she won't she won't. We saw the Ingersoll, beautiful and dashing; brilliant in all its phases, as it should be in honor of its name; also the Castle, almost constantly throwing out its jeweled picket-lines to see whether or not it should send forth its grand eruption and surpass its gleaming foes. The Saw-mill sputtered and seemed to be hard at work over some unruly log; the Grand and the Splendid made no motion; the Mugwump, however, made itself notable with its tremendous kicking; the Stalwart rose in steady columns; the Four Sisters gleamed in golden attire; the Specimen flashed its thousand colors to greet the sun; the Devil's Punch Bowl was on hand (the devil knows how to enjoy life, for he keeps his punch bowl at the boiling-point); the Giant was mum, and has been for three months, while the Fat Woman's Grotto arched its romantic roof. What a land of enchantment I seemed to be in! The silver moon arose, and all the night was charming. I could scarcely sleep. I heard the soft, vast thunder of the geysers. They flung their radiant pennons forth in blending masses, with innumerable trumpet tones, as if, like the Titans of old, they were summoning their glittering ranks to scale the battlements of heaven. The morning came. The vapors rose like polished silver. As we bade farewell to that grand and lovely scene, mingling the terrific with the most exquisit elegance of nature's art, Old Faithful shot aloft his brightest display, sending the diamond showers two hundred feet in air, and the rolling steam three times that distance overhead, spreading over the groves and the thousand-hued earth like the floating roof of some mighty palace.

In the early forenoon of Thursday we came to Hell's Half Acre. If I were going to hell, I should come here. It would satisfy any ordinary sinner to plunge into this boiling abyss. It needs no New Version. Sheol is no name for it. From it, in bright contrast, flows the River of Gold into the tumbling Fire Hole river. Not far off is Paradise Lake, over whose bosom roll the painted clouds, like the imagined gates of heaven, and around whose margin a thousand rainbows seem to be spread. The Curtain Lake appears, like the the entrance to some underground theater where mermaids sing and play, and trip the light fantastic toe.

We took dinner at Ehret's, and a royal feast it was. Ehret joined our forces for a fishing excursion, and we thanked our stars, for we knew we should hav a glorious supper of trout. We camped that night at Trout Creek Park, where bears do occasionally haunt and flare upon affrighted passengers. Ehret went a-fishing—so did I—in a winding valley that I might imagin was the Vale of Tempe, if it were not for the millions of musketoes. I believe the musketo is not a classical animal. We caught a hundred or more fish. It will never be recorded on the pages of history how many of those fish I caught. I caught some, but I ate more than I caught. So much for coöperation. I believe in it with all my heart—and digestiv apparatus.

Early Friday morn we are off to the Grand Canyon. All along the way the vast and shining ranges of Mount Washburn seem to beckon us on to the enchanted palace, where nature had wrought its master work. At eleven o'clock we arrive, eat a hasty meal, and hurry along the steep pathway to Lookout Point. What shall I say? It seemed when I first looked upon that tremendous abyss that every atom of my body would dissolve, and I were as nothing in that bewildering world of wonder and terror. I had to close my eyes for a moment, as if a blaze of fire were sweeping across my vision. The magnificence of color is almost intolerable, as if some wandering sun had gone to wreck in this canyon, and set each burning hue in the immutable rocks. This wide circle of awful lusters might seem the marriage-ring of earth with eternity, for never did the earth stand revealed with such delicate and ravishing loveliness, close by "the throne of the invisible, the eternal endless and sublime." Dreams vanish here, for the reality is all-absorbing. Who can paint it? What winged words can catch the marvel and bear it away? Two thousand feet below rolls the Emerald river. To the right the Alabaster falls leap down three hundred and sixty feet. From its seething base the mists arise one hundred and eighty feet, with crowns of glowing rainbows. The massiv walls stretch for miles, brilliant from top to bottom with crimson, and yellow, and red—with fires of gold, ochre flames, jets of emerald, and fringes of radiant green. Half-way down the vast chamber soars the eagle at a dizzying hight above the waters beneath, that seem, like jewels, to be melting and flowing away. I thought I might step across that tiny ribbon of light; and yet it is a hundred feet across. Far down the gulf castles, turrets, temples, minarets, domes, and pinnacles present themselvs, as if a thousand busy hands had been at work through the centuries. Indeed, the genii of the waters hav given us of their noblest skill. The sweeping Yellowstone has been a mighty architect. It has had a magnificent theater, and played its part well. It has wrought a gorgeous drama, and shall receive our applause—of silence, "which speaks the o'erfraught heart."

At two o'clock we resume our journey, taking a short cut of twelve miles over the Washburne range. The road was newly made. There were about a million stumps to circumnavigate. Our carriage heaved and tossed like a ship on an angry sea. However, we weathered the "storm and stress," and anchored safely in Norris's Basin. The next day a twenty-five mile ride brought us to Terrace Mountain, down whose precipitous sides our horses safely scrambled, though it did seem at times as if we were swinging in mid-air, and were going up instead of down. We stopped at Orange Geyser, took a bath in the Lake, went to Stalactite Cave, the Cave of Death, the Hermit's Cave, the River Styx, Jacob's Ladder, the Devil's Kitchen, the White Elephant Terrace, and so down the shining terraces, where the restless springs hav deftly built the crystal halls—wondrous architecture, "frozen music" indeed. One might linger for days at the entrance of the Park, and if he would discover every marvel he would go no farther than these crystalline stairways. The eternal march of atoms makes a new glory with every rising sun.

Tired and hungry I come to Cottage Hotel, a wiser, but not a sadder man—happier, because I love my Mother Earth more dearly than ever. I am proud to be her offspring. I will never desert her for heaven. To be buried with her grandeur and beauty and perish with her, is all I desire when life's conscious task is ended. I want no harp of gold, but the singing of her leaves, and the music of her glorious waters.

A good sleep and a square meal revive me, and in the evening air, with the silver moon before me in the sky, and the radiant clouds and the mountains all steeped in golden lusters, I meditativly watch the Cap of Liberty. It is now ten thousand years old. I hav no doubt that Adam played truant about its base and that Mother Eve made mud pies in this very spot, and placed her doll in the Devil's Thumb, and rocked it to sleep on the Elephant's back, and baked her apple in the Devil's Kitchen. This is the veritable garden of Eden. I think if friend Henderson continues his researches he will find the "missing link," and thus complete the attractions of the Park.

Good-bye, Park—health-giving and strength-giving, with summer's sun and winter's snow. Good-bye, pleasant friends. We hav met like ships on a sunny sea, and our voyage will be happier for the brief greetings. The sweetness and sublimity of nature are now woven with every toil upon its rugged breast.

Hereafter the fields of labor, the seed-time and the harvest, the morning and the evening of each day's work, will hav a nobler significance. Truth shall be grander and hope more beautiful.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The Tent.

MONTEZUMA, CAYUGA CO., N. Y.—Since my last report we hav had most intensely disagreeable weather—storm, heavy showers, sunshine, and fierce wind. Yet the interest in our meetings was unabated. On Thursday, 15th, we had about 2 o'clock P.M. a juvenil cyclone and infantil deluge. I examined the stakes, and drove down two that appeared doubtful. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and it rained in torrents. I sat on the corner of the platform from which I speak and cast a glance around, deciding that all was secure; a sudden snap like the report of a pistol, a terrific gust of wind—we jumped, and the same instant the stakes on one side pulled up and the center-pole snapped like a pipestem in the center and descended with fearful force, striking on the very spot from which I had so hastily removed—a wonderfully close shave—and our Christian friends hav yet to wait for that funeral which undoubtedly will be well attended—if it don't rain.

It was not a jubilant moment, for we knew the Tent was down bad. The amount of damage done was, until the storm abated, difficult to determin. In extremity we thought of our genial friend Putnam, and resorted to poetry. I repaired to the little Tent, singing:

> There's a land that is hotter than this,
> And by faith we can smell it afar,
> Where the saintly ones sizzle and siss,
> And the parsons and good deacons are.

Not original, for we hav no talent in that direction. The words are those of the genial Elias H. Gault.

Friends soon gathered to the rescue. Christians were jubilant—no more lectures on Infidelity; their prayers were answered, and the Lord had overruled. Within an hour the center-pole was replaced, all damages repaired, the stakes redriven, and all in first-class order, to the astonishment of our Christian onlookers and the joy of all the friends. And I spoke that night on "The Saints of the Bible" with much of zest and to the evident instruction and delight of a goodly assembly.

I hav not missed one lecture until Sunday morning 11th inst.—rain in torrents interspersed with sunshine. It held up in the afternoon so we were enabled to giv "Defense of Satan," but had to postpone the organization of the Montezuma Secular Union until evening, preceding the lecture of Mrs. Reynolds on "Woman: Past, Present, and Future." Nineteen members joined the organization. The following officers were elected: Edward Ross, president; Mrs. Charles Traver, vice-president; Charles Traver, secretary; C. Higgins, treasurer. Vigilance Committee, Geo. Eckart, M. Muller, and Mrs. Sarah Ross. Educational Committee, Andrew Rodgers, Charles Traver, and Mrs. Sarah Ross. Social Committee, Frank Kern, John J. Mallory, Mrs. Charles Traver.

Mrs. Reynolds returns home, and I go to Boonton, N. J., cheered and encouraged by the good success at Montezuma. They hav already the nucleus of a library.

Now let all desiring Tent effort write me at once, and all New York Liberals prepare for a glorious successful meeting of the New York Freethinkers' Association. The cause requires that every man and woman do their duty, and help by their presence to boom the cause in the Empire state. I am much in favor of White Sulphur Springs as the place to hold the Convention, on account of its nearness to Saratoga, fares to the latter being very low from all points. From New York city to Saratoga and return the fare is but $4.50, and an excursion ticket from Saratoga to White Sulphur Springs costs but 25 cents. White Sulphur Springs, then, is the place.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Chicago Secular News.

Wm. F. Fury was the gentleman who delivered the last lecture before the adjournment of the Secular Union. I heard the other day that he had been arrested and indicted by the grand jury for, it is alleged, wrongfully using his position as notary public. As Mr. Fury is an outspoken Freethinker, and was well acquainted with Fielden and others, I am pretty sure this is a trumped-up charge to deprive him of his liberty and the possibility of his befriending them. The idea that the old gentleman would commit or connive at any serious offense for the petty fee of 25 cents (and I am told he did not even get that) is simply preposterous. However, I shall soon know more of this. A man who, educated in Ireland for the priesthood, refused to take "holy orders," and for many, many years has proclaimed for mental freedom is not the kind of man to stoop to such miserable trickery. Unfortunately, friend Fury livs in a neighborhood whose residents devoutly desire, with Mr. Tenney, that all such people be hung. His friend, Justice Fleming, is his bail.

Rome is beginning to run Chicago more boldly than ever, and the preachers hav been helping them by their soft-headed prating of late, in ascribing all the virtues to the Irish, since no Irishman is indicted with the Anarchists.

Sunday's *Tribune* had an alarmist editorial on the "dangerous character of the armed organization known as the Lehr und Wehr Verein," which Informer Waller, who confesses to being bought by the police for a job and twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, to testify against the Anarchists, incriminated by his testimony. "Now that its real object has been exposed," shrieks the *Tribune*, "that it stands revealed as the armed force of Socialism, and that it is being convicted of being the public enemy, it is time that its fangs should be drawn;" and further declares that there is no "*necessity for good citizens who respect the laws to organize for defense. The law itself is amply able to defend them.*" On another page the *Tribune* lauds the "The Conservators' League of America," a new secret organization started by the labor agitations of the last year. These conservators propose to protect the business of the country against all unlawful and injurious interference. Strange as it may appear, we are informed by the *Tribune* that it has a secret military organization that will come to the front in case of such riots as that of May 1st. The officers of the supreme council are then given, and these men are found to be bankers, judges, brokers, manufacturers, and merchants. The *Tribune* says this is a counterpart of the "Union League, which, during the war, kept copperheads within bounds, only the Conservators' League proposes to deal with Socialists and strikers." Just so; but these men, according to the *Tribune* editorial of the same day, cannot be "good citizens," as no good citizens need arm themselvs, the law being all-sufficient. This the *Tribune* neglected to state in the article referring to the Conservators, League.

Communications.

Facts About the New Testament.

PREFATORY.

I hav written some articles which I thought might interest the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. They set forth my ideas on theological matters. These articles were not designed for such men as Ingersoll, Wakeman, Palmer, or Putnam, who hav thoroughly investigated these matters for themselvs. They were written for a class of individuals whose attention has never been turned to these subjects.

Few realize the difficulties which beset a bread-winner when he attempts to do any literary work.

These articles hav been written, in part, on my knee, in intervals from business of five, ten, and sometimes not more than one minute. Oftentimes I am called from my work and an idea or sentence is jerked in two. This has been a great source of annoyance, hence it is expected that these circumstances will be duly considered and the mantle of charity thrown over any defects which may appear.

With the many hindrances, it has taken me a long time to gather the facts for these articles, and the whole field should hav been gone over again and the matter better arranged, but I hav not the time.

Imperfect as these articles are, I apprehend that the facts will not be denied. My object has been to present some facts which could never be learned in the churches, in such a plain and simple manner that they may be available to a class of readers who would not be likely to search them out for themselvs. These articles will embrace:

1. "Facts About the New Testament."
2. "The Church and Its Influence."
3. "Christian Absurdities."
4. "Miracles and Miracle Workers."
5. "The Gods on Exhibition."

It is only expected that these articles will serve as a stepping-stone to something higher; but it is believed that if the facts were thoroughly digested it would break up all faith and confidence in every system of supernatural religion. For an argument against any so-called revealed religion will apply with more or less force to them all.

And, if it is a fact, as I believe it is, that nature and her laws are all there is, then man will never be truly blessed until the last vestige of the supernatural disappears.

I hav heard the minister say that "no good man will speak against the New Testament."

If it can be made to appear that the New Testament had its origin in fraud and deception, should a man be denounced for exposing the fraud, and be put down as a monster in whom good men cannot confide?

The praises of the New Testament hav been preached and sung and prayed into the mind of the Christian until he has become so biased that he regards the Freethinker as a sort of moral leper or purgatorial outlaw whom he may despise and spit upon with impunity; a being whom God will delight to damn and devils delight to torment. The teachings of the New Testament, as we shall see, generate such a spirit.

If the Christian should be asked when the New Testament was written, or by whom it was written, or when Christ was born, but one honest answer could be given, and that would be, "I do not know."

Nothing would surprise the average Christian more than to be told that other gospels had been written besides those contained in the New Testament. Waite, who perhaps is as good an authority as any modern writer, speaks of the "numerous gospels in circulation in the second century;" and says of these, "Not more than three can be traced to the time of the apostles." These are the Gospel of Paul, the Recollections of Peter, and the Oracles of Christ. And yet not one of these is found in the New Testament.

Origen says, "Not only four gospels were written, but very many out of which those we hav were chosen." Since these four gospels were chosen or selected from the "very many" which were written, will some Christian inform me what evidence he has that the right ones were selected?

It would be an equal surprise to the Christian to be told that during the life of Christ, and for many years after, nobody regarded him as a risen savior. The early fathers believed him to be the son of Joseph, born in the natural way.

As for his being born of a virgin and begotten in a supernatural way, it is not mentioned by any Christian, heathen, or Jewish writer for more than a hundred years.

History furnishes the most undoubted evidence that the miraculous part of his life was all fixed up and flavored to suit the demands of a plotting priesthood many, many years after it was said to hav taken place. The truth seems to be that Christ came preaching a new doctrin, not so much of supernatural religion, but a doctrin based on the equality and brotherhood of the human race, and he left an indelible impression upon the minds of those who heard him.

Afterward, to giv force to the Christian doctrin—which was imputed to him, but which he never preached—he was created into a god, and divine honors were paid to him, as were paid to Zoroaster, Chrishna, Buddha, Confucius, Apollonius, Simon Magus, and many others.

But a man born in the ordinary way would make a poor god, and the immaculate conception was needed to giv force and consistency to the doctrin of his divinity.

Paul was the great character in early Christian history, and he persecuted the Christians with a malignity born of vengeance. And after what was called his conversion he manifested the same savage disposition to those who opposed the new system which he was trying to build up. I cannot believe that a good man would persecute for opinion's sake.

The temper which he manifested to women shows that with all his religious light from on high he did not rise above the prejudices of the times in which he lived. Every Christian woman would feel shocked if the least word should be lisped against St. Paul. No man did more than he to degrade and enslave woman, and send her chains clanking down through the ages.

It is claimed that Paul never married, but it is said by the early fathers that he often spoke of his wife, whom he did not take about with him, but claimed the right to take a sister wife while engaged in the ministry. No wonder the ministers are so much in love with St. Paul.

The Epistles of Paul are believed to be the oldest Christian writings extant. What is most wonderful, neither Paul nor Clement, the only Christian writers of the first century, makes the slightest allusion to the miracles of Christ.

In the Epistle of Clement it is stated that when Paul laid his hand on him as his successor, he declared that whoever should grieve the president of truth would sin against Christ, and offend the father of all. From that day, as the church gained power, it has been the instrument of persecution. And it took a great deal of persecution, and fraud, and misrepresentation to establish the divinity and the miracles of Christ.

It must be borne in mind that Christ lived in an age of miracles, and all men (and their number was very great, as we shall see) who laid claim to divinity were miracle-workers, and miraculously begotten.

But the Christian will insist that Christ was an emanation from God, otherwise how could he raise the dead, heal the sick, turn water into wine, cause the blind to see, the lame to walk, walk on the water, and feed a vast multitude on a couple of fishes and a half-dozen hardtack? Now, my Christian friend, I would like to ask you, Did you see Christ perform those miracles? Did you ever see a man who did see him perform them?

"No; but Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John say they were performed." But what do you know about the veracity of those gentlemen? In a matter of so much importance as a violation of the laws of nature, we certainly hav a right to inquire into the character of men who make such statements.

In the first place, you do not know who Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John was. You never hav read a line of their writings, nor do you know that they ever wrote at all. All you do know is that somebody, and you do not know who, wrote gospels *according to* Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

If one should see a history *according to* Gibbon, he would not infer that Gibbon wrote the history, but that some one else had written it following the plan of Gibbon, abridging or enlarging or in some way making it different from Gibbon's history. Will some intelligent Christian inform me who these gentlemen were who wrote *according to* Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John?

But this is not the worst of the trouble. Somebody, we don't know who, wrote *according to* Luke, and it is well known that Luke wrote *according to* Marcion, and Marcion wrote *according to* Paul, and whether Paul wrote *according to* somebody else we hav no means of knowing.

A relates that a dead man arose out of the grave. When closely questioned, he says he only told the story *according to* the statement of B. B says he told it *according to* C, and C is utterly unable to tell when or where the story originated. This is exactly a parallel case, and shows positivly the sum total of all that is known about the reliability of the wonderful and miraculous statements of the New Testament.

Look at the introduction to the gospel *according to* St. Luke. It begins in this way:

> Forasmuch as many hav taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word, it seemed good in me, also having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write to thee in order, etc.

This is a remarkable passage of scripture, and I offer it in confirmation of what I hav said. To use a homely phrase, the one who writes *according to* Luke, whoever he may be, lets the cat out of the bag. He flatly admits that he had seen nothing, knew nothing, only what had been written or told before, or, as he expressed it, "as they delivered them unto us." It is evident that these stories were hawked about, told by one to another, and came down from "away back" in the "beginning," when there were "eye-witnesses."

Who were those men who "delivered" those "things" unto the author of Luke? Were they inspired men? If so, they must hav written in the most perfect manner all that we need to know. If they were not inspired, how do we know that they "delivered" the right information to the one who wrote *according to* Luke?

If he had nothing but the say-so or the writings of somebody else to write from or about, why should the author of Luke write at all? If God inspired those men to write, did he withhold a part of the truth, or inspire them to write what was not true? If those writers were not inspired to write at all, what does the book *according to* Luke amount to, as an inspired book?

The truth is, the author of Luke was inspired by the same motiv that inspired hundreds of others. The times were crammed with inspired writers. Everybody wrote whatever he thought would bolster up the Christian religion, without any regard to the eternal fitness of things. Waite says, "Nobody knows who wrote the book of Luke, or when it was written." Remember it is not Luke who wrote the book which bears his name, but somebody else who wrote *according to* Luke. The Christian will say: "Although I do not know who wrote *according to* Luke, I know he wrote the truth, otherwise how could the miracles which he records obtain currency? It is not an easy matter to make the people believe that one has arisen from the dead unless a miracle has been performed."

The Christian infers that the miracles of Christ should be taken as evidence of his divinity, but forgets that, before the miracles can be taken as evidence, it must be proved that they actually occurred.

But why should the Christian lay such stress on the miracles of Christ? All things considered, he was no extraordinary miracle-worker. I do not know of a single miracle recorded of him more wonderful than turning all the waters of a great country into blood. Yet the "magicians" did this in Egypt. In the seventh chapter of Exodus will be found an account of the "magicians'" turning rods into serpents, and a great many other wonderful feats, fully up to the best that Christ ever did.

He never did equal the miracles of Apollonius or Simon Magus. The miracles of Mohammed far transcend the miracles of Christ. One can account for the miracles of Christ as easily as for the miracles of Mohammed, or Apollonius, or Simon Magus, or for the wonderful feats of the magicians down in Egypt.

Waite says: "From the middle of the second century, and even earlier, the world was flooded with anonymous writings of a religious character, filled with miracles of every description. There was a morbid demand for that kind of literature. There were Acts, Revelations, Epistles, etc." With such a windfall of miracles and such a cyclone of sacred writers, each one telling his own story, and no two agreeing, is it any wonder that council after council had to be called to unravel the holy tangle?

If the Christians of the present day could hav been present at some of these councils, and seen the pious seeds of the church kick and cuff each other in their quarrels about what should be God's word and what should not, they would begin to see that their reverence for a certain book is just as foolish as to reverence any other book.

It must be borne in mind that the art of printing was unknown. The masses did not read, as in later times. Every Christian who could write was busy, and wrote whatever he thought would bolster up his religion. But they did not agree. God did not instruct them all alike, and these contradictory writings multiplied until there were over 150,000 different readings.

These various and conflicting writings were sifted through council after council, in order to find out which was inspired by God, and which men had written on their own hook. Parts which were adopted at one council were rejected at another, and finally, as a result of all these councils, there remains but a small portion of what was originally written, which we call the New Testament.

The book of Luke became the word of God by one vote. If one man had voted differently, the book of Luke would not hav been the word of God. So the Christian can see on what a slender thread his word of God hangs.

The men who voted upon these important matters, upon which hangs the eternal happiness or misery of the whole human race, were only erring, fallible mortals like ourselvs. Nobody ever claimed that they were inspired, yet upon the mere "guess-so" of these men hangs the sanctity of the New Testament.

It might be well to notice briefly some of the writings which were considered sacred in an early day, and which were rejected by the church councils. The Protevangelion is one of the books which was

written, and has the appearance of being just as sacred as any book of the New Testament. It is related in this gospel that Mary, the mother of Christ, was fed by an angel. When she was twelve years old, the high priests met with divining-rods to determin what to do with her. The last rod was taken by Joseph, and a dove came out of the rod and flew upon Joseph's head. The priests determined that Joseph should take the young virgin to wife. Joseph refused, saying: "I am an old man, and hav children. She is young, and I shall appear ridiculous in Israel."

Joseph returned from building houses, and found her with child, and reproved her. He was accused of seduction, and was required to drink holy water, which he did unharmed, and was acquitted. Joseph and Mary entered a cave, where Jesus was born. A bright cloud overshadowed it, and Salome came to the cave and doubted the virginity of Mary, whereupon her right hand withered. She prayed to the Lord, and an angel instructed her to take the young child in her arms, and her hand was made whole.

As everything holy must smack of the miraculous, the mountains opened; the roofs of the temple howled and were rent from the top to the bottom; Zacharias was killed, and his blood congealed to stone, and much more of the same sort.

Now, my Christian comrade, do you believe that the blood of Zacharias congealed to stone? No, you do not believe it. But you do believe that a man's blood can turn to milk, because that is found in the New Testament.

Do you believe that a dove came out of a little wooden rod? Of course you don't. But you do believe that walls of solid masonry were blown down with ram's horns, because it is so stated in the holy Bible. Now, my dear Christian pet, don't be so anxious to get to heaven that you won't wait to reason a little.

Don't you see that it is all a matter of Sunday-school education which one of these impossible stories you believe? And don't you see that if you had not been brought up on asses' milk you would hav believed neither the one or the other. The Protevangelion was rejected at the church councils as spurious. A difference of a few votes would hav made this gospel the word of God, and then the average Christian would hav believed the wonderful statements in the Protevangelion as he now does the impossible statements in the New Testament. This ought to satisfy the Christian how little God had to do in these matters.

Whether this gospel, attributed to James, is true or false, the gospel of Luke, and the gospel of Matthew, with additions and alterations, were made up from it. If this gospel were true, were we not entitled to it? If untrue, of what value can the parts be which were taken from it by the authors of Luke and Matthew? "The Gospel of the Infancy" is another wonderful production. It relates more wonderful things of Christ than Christians generally dream of. The miracles of Christ as related in the New Testament are tame and commonplace as compared with what is recorded in this gospel.

This remarkable production winds up in this remarkable way, viz: "The end of the whole of the Gospel of the Infancy, by the assistance of the supreme God, according to what we find in the original."

This shows how one gospel has been taken from another and altered and amended until, in many instances, it is impossible to decide who the author was, or when he wrote, or who did the altering or amending.

JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proof Positiv that Philip Francis was Not Junius.

A few days ago I found and bought a book entitled, "The Handwriting of Junius," London, 1871, containing *fac similes* of all the private letters of Junius, and a great number of the letters of Philip Francis. In this book an attempt is made to prove by comparison of handwriting that Francis was Junius. On page 200 of the handwriting is a letter written by Francis to his brother-in-law, Alexander Macrabie, in Philadelphia, and it is dated:

LONDON, Nov. 4th, 1769.

Turning back to page 36 of the handwriting there is a *fac simile* of Junius's private letter to his publisher, Woodfall (No. 11, conjecturally dated Nov. 8, 1769), and it begins thus:

Sir: I hav been out of town these three weeks, and, though I got your last, could not conveniently answer it.

This, like nearly all the private letters of Junius to his publisher, is not dated. But in it he requests Woodfall to "reprint a letter in the London *Evening Post* of last night to the Duke of Grafton." That letter is dated Nov. 10, 1769, and is signed "A. B.," who was not Junius. (See Misc. Let., No. lxi.) Therefore the private letter, instead of being written Nov. 8th, must be dated as late as Nov. 11th or 12th. But either date will do as well. In it he says, "I hav been out of town these three weeks," but Philip Francis, a clerk in the War office, just twenty-nine years of age, writes a letter from London on the 4th of November to his brother-in-law in America. Therefore Philip Francis was not Junius.

BURR.

Hell:

HOW IT IS DEALT WITH GENTLY WHEN DEATH IS AT THE FORE.

With regard to hell, which, rather than heaven, is the chief factor in the method in vogue throughout Christendom for the regeneration of souls, the fears of mortals being more readily excited than their desire, especially when, in the latter case, the thing to be desired is an unknown quantity of unknown quality, except the general claim, without any specifications, that it is everything "to be desired;" whereas, in the case of the former, the thing is of known quantity and quality, the same being an illimitable lake which burneth forever with brimstone, the actual brimstone of commerce, the lake furnishing its own fuel—with regard to hell, with its fire of brimstone, is there a human being who actually believes in such a place? I know very well there are those who profess to believe in the existence of this direful place, and who will stick to it through thick and thin; but 'way down in the bedrock of their hearts *do* they believe in such a place? There may be here and there an ascetic religionist, without a relativ or friend in the world, who stands alone and apart from all his fellows, who thus believes, and away down to the lowermost soundings of his heart; but, apart from a few such, I don't believe there livs a solitary human being who believes in the hell preached by the truly orthodox of the Christian religion.

What convinces me of this is the surprisingly rapid recovery, in view of the general belief with regard to the hereafter that obtains with Christians, of people of all conditions under the *règime* of Christianity from the terrible shock they experience when death invades the home circle or the circle of friendship, or strikes down a near and dear one. A few months, at most, and the dearest one, if not forgotten, can hardly be said to be mourned or missed, except as a bread-winner, bread being scarcer than before, and toiled for as never before by non-toilers. Yes, people recover readily from the shock of death when collaterally felt, and become shortly philosophically resigned, and never more anguished mourners than they when the earth closed over the departed ones. Would this be the case if the thought ever came to their minds that hell yawned for the souls of the departed, whom they well know were not up to the regulation line of heavenly purity, or was yawning for said souls when, on the "last day," the sheep and goats shall be divided, each division to go to the pasture prepared for it? Does ever a thought of hell, from the moment when the coffin-lid is screwed down to the day when the mourning habiliments are laid aside, enter the heads of the survivors of those who hav "gone before," and the latter of average mortal morality—this average, we all know, is not high—why?

We all know what are the requirements of the rule of righteousness—that they are too exacting for the great mass of mortals who would fail to catch on, even if they tried, but who make little trial, as they run, knowing they would fail. That irrepressible mouther and pulpit mountebank, Talmage—others of the "cloth," as well—will tell you it is as easy, if not easier, to walk in the strait and narrow path as in the broad-gage road alongside; but we all know that these gospel-sharps tell what is palpably untrue, to draw it mild, the crowded condition of the broad-gage road and the lightly traveled narrow path attesting the falsity of their words. Now, the tide of travel being overwhelmingly great on the one road and correspondingly light on the other, it stands to reason that the greater part of those who die daily are of the broad-gage travelers, booked by the truly orthodox for hell; and to say that this must be patent to the multitude at large is only to allow that their understanding in the matter is as acute as yours or mine, reader, which is not saying much in this particular instance.

Now, this being the case, and the fact being admitted, as it must be, that bereaved ones sooner or later rally from a condition of sorrow most poignant, when shocked by the death of lineals, collaterals, and others, if we are not all collateral, can there then really be in the minds of mortal multitudes any bedrock belief in hell? Were any such belief entertained, would they rally to their normal state, after burying a relativ or friend, as quickly as they now do? Knowing well that their lost ones were not up to the standard required of those entering for the heavenly stakes, would they not be truly and bluely miserable, knowing as well that the departed were plunging about in the lake of fire, or would plunge therein at the conclusion of proceedings on "resurrection day?" There is a diversity of opinion, I notice, among parsons and pietists in general, in regard to the commencement of eternal suffering and bliss, some contending that man at his death, and fresh from his pork-packing establishment, ascends at once to the abodes of bliss or slides down the back flume to the abodes of torment, according as he may be fitted, while others stick for an indefinit period of rest in the grave, and the good old "resurrection day," at last, of the Bible.

How there can be two honest opinions in the matter, when the Bible lays out the program expressly, is something I can't understand. But there are; and among the Protestants the former opinion obtains generally, I think, the Catholics sending their dead to purgatory for a longer or shorter season, where those susceptible to purifying influences are sent on their way rejoicing to meet the "mother of God" when "purified," the obstinate being packed off to interview H.S.M. Satan the First, with no return tickets. This is decidedly the best plan, I think, as a mortal, never so saintly, would prove a very raw recruit, if shunted at death right into heaven among the trained squadrons of angels, and "awkward squads" hardly obtain in the camping-ground of glory. Yes, a polishing-off place for mortals, after death and before glory, is indispensable. Beecher is of this opinion, too, thinking he would find a "sea of mud" in heaven, if the ascension from earth was immediate at death. But the idea prevails generally with Protestants that heaven and hell open their gates to us at death, without any intermediary state, thus back-capping, as it were, the good old "resurrection day" that we could once—alas! not now—bet on. But this is a side issue, so to speak, and I pass it by as of "no consequence," as Toots would say.

All of my readers hav probably attended funerals of relativs and friends whom they knew were not up to that degree of holiness required of aspirants for seats in paradise; knowing they had not been "born again" in the white swaddling clothes of salvation; in short, that they were of the earth earthy, and of morality moral after the fashion of nine hundred and nine-nine per cent of the earth's mortals, which morality falls far short of the heavenly standard. Well, what heard they at the funerals? Did they hear the parson, true to their records as preachers of the "word of God" and gospel of damnation for those who failed to "come to Jesus"—did they hear these preachers say that the souls of the deceased, they were sorry to say—as they should say, as a warning to the living—had gone to hell, there to suffer eternal torments because of their religious shortcomings on earth? Never—never since preaching was invented did a parson at a funeral talk up to his record as a hell-fire preacher! What did they hear? Taffy—taffy on a stick—lengthened taffy long drawn out, and words of a hope-building nature; words, if not supplying kindlings for hopes for the best, then words full of sound and emptiness, and signifying nothing. Yes, they heard the parsons stultify themselvs, and, by word of mouth, in many instances, work the deceased into the realms of bliss in spite of the cast-iron regulations to the contrary, as proclaimed from the pulpit and in the pages of the "Book of Life." This was consoling, I will admit, but all the same it was false to the tenets of orthodox Christians and to the dogmas of their religion.

It is a fact that hell is dealt lightly and gently with by parsons and pietists in general in the presence of death, or at any time when the dead are mentioned. They never hesitate when one of their kind lies low to relegate him or her to a high seat in heaven, but they fight shy of hell, even when a "black sheep" of any of their family circles hies him to that bourne, etc. And the father and mother of the "B. S.," themselvs of the "Lord's anointed," do they believe that this departed one has gone or will go to hell? If they do you can't get them to own up to it, and if they do, how is it that in three months all signs of sorrow hav vanished, and they pursue the even tenor of their way as if nothing had happened? Could a father and mother, losing a wayward son, ever again be happy believing that son to be in hell? Never. Reporters, full of cant, will write, on the death of a pious fraud who givs to the church and cheats the government of duties, that "he died at peace with all the world, his spirit, without a struggle, leaving its tenement of clay for the realms of eternal bliss, there to receive its crown of everlasting glory," etc., etc. On the death of a "Whyo" they will write, . . . "and his guilty soul left its prisonhouse of clay and took up its flight for the place of its abode in the hereafter," or words to that effect, but fighting shy of hell, as he did not of heaven, and as they all do.

To conclude, I must say that I do not believe that even the professed religionists believe in a literal hell of fire and brimstone; if they did, it seems to me, they would all go mad. Yet the Bible says there is such a hell, and they must accept it or throw over the rest of the florid and torrid book. If there is no such hell, then is the Bible false in that particular, and, if *falsum in uno*, why not *falsum in omni*, eh? Than this there is no juster maxim in general law. But then perhaps it won't apply to Bible law.

SI SLOKUM.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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The Illustrations.

It is a striking picture which this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER presents on its first page. Many hav doubtless wondered why there should be a "Methodist Church North," and a "Methodist Church South," any more than a United States North and a United States South. The answer is that there are Methodists in the South who still believe that slavery is a divinely-ordained institution, and others in the North who profess to take an opposit view. Hence the division. The Northern Methodist thinks, "We should unite," and the Southern Methodist declares, "We will unite," but between them rises the ghost of the lost cause—a ghost in the presence of which the Holy Ghost, in whom they profess to be united, loses its adhesiv force.

The memory of the abolition struggle and the record they made cannot be very pleasant to the ministers of the gospel, of whatever denomination, either North or South.

We are glad to be able to resume this week our illustrations of the interesting career of our venerable friend Adam. The two weeks just past, in which no pictures were given on the last page, hav been spent by Mr. Heston in an exhaustiv research into the customs and styles of dress in vogue at the time of which he is treating. It will at once be seen that it is a subject which requires a delicate touch. An anachronism in a religious matter of this sort would be a serious thing. Mr. Heston is now confident that he has formed a true conception of the appearance of Adam on dress parade, as well as of the monkey in the adjacent tree. Eve, of course, proved a still more difficult study to the artist, but we share his belief that her attire was probably as much like the modern Mother Hubbard as anything else now worn. No trouble will be spared in placing Adam and his amiable consort before the world in a way that will do greater justice to their sense of propriety than any representation we hav as yet seen.

A Freethinker's Testimony of No Value.

Mr. Justice Jetté, of Montreal, not long ago decided that the testimony of an Infidel is of no value. The decision was rendered in the case of one W. H. Parker *vs.* The Bank of Montreal. Mr. Parker's bookkeeper forged Mr. Parker's indorsement to a draft drawn by the bank, and cashed it through another house, which presented it to the bank, where it was paid. As the bookkeeper had the money, Mr. Parker sued to recover the amount. The bank set up in defense a denial of the forgery, and also pleaded that the plaintiff was in fault, besides which an attempt was made in the evidence for the defense to attack the plaintiff's character and show that he acted in bad faith. But the learned judge held that the witness, whose evidence was relied upon to damage the plaintiff's character, was not a competent witness, it being shown that he was a man who did not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, and the defense was set aside *in toto*, the judgment holding that the forgery and the *bona fides* of the plaintiff were completely established.

While we of course know nothing of the real merits of the case, and cannot say whether or not the bank has been defrauded, it is certain that one witness has been injured to the extent of depriving him of a portion of his rights as a citizen. And if he alone knew of facts that would establish the plaintiff's dishonest character, then two parties hav been wronged.

There is no need of any comments upon the iniquity of the law under which this injustice was perpetrated. Every honest man must condemn it because he is honest. Only rascals and power-seeking churchmen can uphold it.

Charles Bradlaugh, M. P.

We get from the *National Reformer*, Mr. Bradlaugh's paper, the facts in regard to his late reëlection to Parliament. In describing the closing day of the election Mr. Bradlaugh says:

"When I arrived at Northampton I found that a strong notion prevailed that Mr. Richard Turner had managed to secure one of the seats. The only foundation for this notion was the persistent boasting of Mr. Turner, who, for some unknown reason, evidently fully believed in his own success. One of his counting agents, a Mr. Stanton, had the bad taste to come to me soon after I entered the Town Hall and say: 'We hav knocked you out this time, Mr. Bradlaugh.' I bowed and said: 'If so, it cannot be helped; but we will wait till the counting is finished.' The vote was a large one, 8,347, being only 221 less than last year, more than accounted for by removals and deaths. When the piles of votes were assorted it became clear that the straight vote, Labouchere and Bradlaugh, 4,226, showed a clear majority of the whole poll, without reckoning the cross votes, and when the poll was declared the figures stood: Labouchere, 4,570; Bradlaugh, 4,353; Turner, 3,850; Lees, 3,456; so that on the reduced old register I hav gained thirty-eight votes since last year, Mr. Labouchere polling 275 less. The Whig and Tory vote united against me has again proved incapable of taking away my seat, and for the sixth time, and on my ninth election contest, I am once more member for Northampton."

The *Reporter*, a local paper, has an account of the scene at the counting of the votes. Victors and defeated were there and were expected to address their constituents. They did so, the mayor presiding. "Mr. Bradlaugh," the *Reporter* says, "was received with tremendous cheering renewed again and again." He made courteous reference to his opponents, and led three rousing cheers for general results. The other candidates spoke temperately with the exception of Mr. Turner, who remarked, referring to Mr. Bradlaugh, that he (Turner) "came forward for the first time to wrest the representation of the town from the greatest and most mischievous demagog of the present century." How the Catholics voted in this election Mr. Bradlaugh is unable to say. A former Roman Catholic bishop sent a telegram as follows:

"For God's sake do not vote for Bradlaugh. Be true to your pledged word, to honor, to Irish patriotism, by disconnecting it from the apostle of blasphemy."

Another eminent Catholic, who apparently had more affection for Ireland than for Rome, spoke as below at a meeting of the Catholic voters. His words refer to Messrs. Bradlaugh and Labouchere:

"Ireland owes a debt of gratitude to both candidates. For years they hav advocated Home Rule for Ireland. To the late junior member we owe a special mark of recognition, because, though he may justly hav considered himself badly treated by the Irish members, yet he never deviated one hair's breadth from the course he had pursued toward the cause of Ireland."

In whatever way the Catholics cast their ballots, the result is the same—Bradlaugh is again an M. P.; and England is in advance of America in having her foremost Freethinker in a position to watch the general legislation of the country.

A Russian Scheme.

Reference was made recently by our Chicago correspondent to the scheme to establish a military post at Chicago. Further information concerning it is given by the daily journals of this city. The project was devised, says the *Sun*, during the labor troubles in Chicago, and is principally urged by the wealthy employers of that place. The idea is that a few companies of infantry and artillery would overawe or suppress any demonstration of striking workmen, and render the corporations secure in any measures they might inaugurate for their own benefit.

The scheme is a pretty one, but there is one insuperable objection to such employment of Federal troops. It is unconstitutional. Another point is that if this country has come to a condition in which armed force is necessary to keep the populace peaceable, there is something so rotten that society ought to be overhauled and reconstructed. If the republic is a failure, let the political economists devise another social system.

If Congress establishes this post at Chicago, it will be taken by the laboring people as a direct threat, as it is intended, and if they do not promptly retire to private life every government official voting for it they will deserve to wear the chains it forges for their limbs.

Seven Questions.

A young lady reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER residing in Connecticut forwards us a series of seven printed questions, concerning the answers to which she confesses that her ideas are rather vague. The questions were published in the *Home Companion*, and are credited to "Farrar," presumably Canon Farrar, the English theologian. They are recommended to be sprung upon all Atheists who seek to beguile the believer into a discussion of "side issues." Following are the questions:

1. "Where did matter come from? Can a dead thing create itself?
2. "Where did motion come from?
3. "Where did life come from, save the finger-tip of omnipotence?
4. "Whence came the exquisit order and design in nature? If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselvs into the 'Divine Comedy' of Dante or the plays of Shakspere, would you not think him a madman?
5. "Whence came consciousness?
6. "Who gave you free will?
7. "Whence came conscience?"

The majority of these questions cannot be answered; but they would be replied to by an Atheist about as follows:

1. We hav no reason to believe that matter ever "came" from anywhere. It is here; we recognize it; and it is impossible to conceive of its absence. Matter exists without any apparent effort on its own part. Its reaction upon itself merely produces change of form. To speak of matter as being created conveys no intelligible conception to the mind; and to ask the Atheist to believe that an inconceivable act proves the existence of a being who performed that act is asking him to abandon his senses altogether. It is safe enough to reply to the second part of the first question that a dead thing probably cannot create itself.

2. Neither can we admit that motion came from anywhere in the sense that it was imparted to matter from something extraneous to matter. Motion is the result of force. A stone possesses weight, which is a form of force. When it is found necessary to push a stone toward the ground to make it fall, or that some sort of propulsion is needed to impart a downward motion to a brook upon the side of a hill, it may then be pertinent to inquire where that motion is to come from. To ask, "Where did motion come from?" is to ask where form, dimension, or weight came from. They are inseparable from matter, and since matter "came from" nowhere, but apparently has always existed, these attributes of matter are coeternal with it, and it is idle to ask their origin.

3. In the absence of all reliable data on the subject, this question cannot be answered with certainty. Perhaps life, like form, is one of the inseparable attributes of matter. There are those who deny that any matter is "dead." We do not know. The theory that life emanated from the "finger-tip of omnipotence" is altogether unsupported by evidence. Nothing analogous to that process has been remarked by science.

4. Here the question of design in nature is raised, and illustrated by an example in typography. This is confounding two very distinct domains—nature and art. It is as inaccurate an expression as would be the statement that a man who was hanged had died a natural death. We see in nature no evidence of design, but only a long and slow process of *adaptation*. To attribute design to an all-powerful being is to deny his omnipotence. Men design and devise ways and means in order to bring about a certain result. If the result could be achieved without the design, then designing would be unnecessary. For instance, could Dante hav impressed his "Divine Comedy" upon the reader's mind without the use of types, he would hav done so and Canon Farrar could not hav used that illustration. With the deity it is

supposed to be different. He, it is believed, has merely to will a thing and that thing is done, and designing the means when no means are necessary would be an act inconsistent with the notion of omniscience. In seeking to prove design in nature the theologian should be honest enough to go to nature for an example. When such a theory can be established by that method, the design argument will be worth considering as pointing to the existence of a universal designer.

5. This question as understood is practically the same as the third.

6. Free will has not been given us. The notion of free will is a theological conception designed to deceive men into the belief that the absurd is reasonable if they only choose to think so. In that way responsibility for belief or disbelief was thrown upon each person, and God was relieved from the inconsistency of creating imperfect beings and then damning them for not being perfect. Men hav no more power to control their belief than they hav to control the natural color of their hair. Let anyone who thinks that the will is free try and believe that the ink which THE TRUTH SEEKER is printed in is red and that the paper is black.

7. Conscience came with experience. Men learned that certain things had bad results. To do those things was wrong. Other acts had good results. To do these was right. Out of the distinction between right and wrong grew the conscience as a sort of monitor. That conscience is not a gift from a single being is shown by the fact that what would strike one person's conscience as wrong would seem praiseworthy or at least innocent to another. It is the result of education and experience.

These conclusions, the Atheist will say, if we hav not misrepresented him, are merely tentativ and are subject to addition or modification. They are not dogmas with penalties attached for disbelief. They leave unobstructed the highway of systematic investigation. Dogmatic belief in a God, to be placed behind every mystery as an explanation of phenomena, on the other hand, puts an end to research, and opens wide the door for the admission of all kinds of superstitions. The universe is governed by law, and until that fact is realized there is no sure abiding-place for truth.

Why We Hear of Anarchy and Communism.

It is not reasonable to suppose that in this country or any other there would exist a large number of intelligent men advocating a system of governmental relations different from those at present prevailing, if the systems which we hav fulfilled all the requirements they are called upon to meet. Nothing exists without a reason, and, therefore, it is a great deal more philosophical, in the presence of these new notions, to hear what their exponents hav to say than it is to go on deluding ourselvs with the belief that ours is the only perfect form of government possible, and answering all objections by saying that if it does not accord with the needs of human existence so much the worse for human needs.

The people of the United States are called upon to face the fact that our democratic-republican form of government is under heavy criticism; and the attack is not from the monarchical systems left behind, nor from any modification of them upon the flank. The government is in no danger of violent overthrow, but it is to be tested as to its capacity to keep upon the even tenor of its way despite all allurements and all obstacles that may be thrown in its path. It must stand the test of a sort of civil service examination, and show its superiority over all others. And its competitors cannot be regarded altogether with contempt.

Among these rivals probably the most seductiv is Communism—since it claims to be only republicanism realized in its ultimate and most beneficent form, as witness the arguments laid down in the book, "Rational Communism." It has a well-defined ideal, and leaves not an *i* undotted, nor a *t* uncrossed. It is the collectiv aspect of Pantarchy, in which the harmony of the spheres is destined to pervade the relations of men. All this, its advocates claim, is to be brought about through a more perfect but less complex system of government.

On the other hand we hav Anarchism—and Anarchism as here used is not necessarily suggestiv of dynamite. It is a philosophy, albeit one which, it seems to us, would hav men blow out the light which they hav, and grope blindly in the dark after something better. Anarchism says, "Away with law." The justification for this cry is found in our many bad laws. "Away with the rights of society," it goes on. And society claims so many dictatorial rights that the mandate is not without reason. "Giv us," adds Anarchism, "free speech, free mails, a free press;" and then it appends "free rum," and "free love," and straddles around vaguely upon the verge of the precipice over which liberty falls into license. Anarchism lacks the precision of Communism; it exceeds even republicanism in its uncertainty.

Such are the two competitors which our government has to face. Between them there are a host of other isms, but they are mere branchings off from one or the other of these. And yet if the true theory of democracy had ever been realized, it may be doubted if Communism or Anarchism would hav been heard of. The founders of the republic had ideas of government which hav not been carried out by their successors. To see how far we are from those ideas it is only necessary to read the Declaration and the Constitution, and contrast the principles therein laid down with the laws upon our statute books. Contrast the first amendment, for example, with the rulings of our courts imposing disabilities upon Atheists, exempting church property from taxation, and providing for religious instruction in schools. Take the provision in the Constitution relating to post-roads and see if in it a justification can be found for the existence of the Comstock laws establishing a censorship of press and mails. Carry the comparison into all its details, observe the abuses that hav grown out of these precedents, how the construction of good laws differs from their intent, and how the number of bad laws grows with every year—and the presence of Communism and Anarchism is explained. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* sees this very clearly. "The laws of this country," it says, "recognize no privileged classes, and the administrators that do so are making mischief. Whenever it becomes apparent that our penal laws are to be enforced only against the poor and weak, and that the rich or influential are to be made a law unto themselvs, the harvest of Anarchy will soon ripen and armed mobs will spring up from the dragon's teeth which the favored few will hav sown."

The fact which the *Post-Dispatch* calls attention to seems to hav become apparent to a few, with the results which it expected. The remedy should be as apparent as the evil: We hav laws that may be called sumptuary; we hav religious laws; we hav laws that invade the freedom of the citizen. These laws, too, are the very ones which corrupt courts seem to most delight in enforcing. They should be repealed. This done, and with a return to something like democratic government, it is an interesting question whether Communism and Anarchism would be left a peg whereon their orators might hang their hats. The matter would be settled if our legislators realized the duties imposed upon them by virtue of their election to office.

THEY hav something worse than Anarchy in Cincinnati. A dispatch from that city describes "one of the most remarkable religious manias of which there is any record." A party of thirty or forty people, most of them prominent and alleged to be above the average in intelligence, believe that Mrs. John P. Martin, of Walnut Hills, is Christ manifest in the flesh, and that her sister, Mrs. John F. Brook, is the Holy Ghost. The followers of these two women, it is said, meet at Mrs. Brook's house and worship them both. The account says:

"Mrs. Martin has exerted some strange and wonderful influence that has put them completely in her power, and they are fanatics on the subject. One of the followers of this woman-Christ is named Jerome. He was a bookkeeper here for the Cincinnati agency of D. Appleton and Co., the New York publishers. He gave up his position of $1,800 a year to serve the female savior of mankind. To an *Enquirer* reporter he said in an earnest and eloquent conversation, 'I hav seen God face to face in the last half-hour.' A young man named Cook, who works in the auditor's office of the Adams Express Company, has also been captured. He resigned his position, and has attached himself to the new sect. They believe that all churches are frauds, and the preachers a set of fools."

Accounting for the fact that Christ should manifest himself in a female, they say that in heaven there are no sexes, and the savior is as likely to appear in a woman as in a man, which is doubtless true. Mrs. Martin, the "New Christ," and Mrs. Brook, the "Holy Ghost," they say are the only two perfect women on earth, and the millennium is at hand. This movement has been going on for a year. The women seclude themselvs, and will not be seen by anyone who is not a worshiper, or vouched for by one of them. Many hav sold their homes and taken houses near the woman on the hill. Those who hav given up their positions say they do not need work or money. All they need is spiritual food, and this will be furnished by the Lord, just as it was furnished to the children in the wilderness. A Miss Andrews, says the report, who livs with her mother on Walnut Hills, is almost insane from excitement, and passes her whole time in weeping, singing, and praying. Her mother has tried to show her the folly of her belief, but in vain. There is material in all this business for some first-class religious immorality. It is safe to predict that it will not be long before those who listen attentivly will hear something drop.

WE print in another part of this issue two communications touching the recent lamentable affair at Liberal, Mo. They present both sides of the matter. A large number of other communications on the same subject are at hand, but we can not undertake to print them. Liberals are not so much interested in the details as in the principle involved. All the information received leaves the facts substantially as stated in our issue of July 17th. The only statement objected to is our casual remark that there are in Liberal "a handful who hold broad doctrins on the subject of love and marriage, and who are vociferous in airing their opinions in season and out." The truth of this is denied, but the objection is immaterial. Whether the handful are vociferous or not, there seems to hav been no excuse for violent demonstrations against them. What Liberals at large most desire, we take it, is not so much an explanation of the affair as a comforting assurance from those having influence in the town of Liberal that they will use their endeavors not to hav such a thing occur again. Perhaps a little self-sacrifice on both sides would be admissible for the sake of peace. Firearms cannot make a comfortable pillow even for a freelover.

THE Rev. Mr. Munhall, a howling revivalist now holding forth in Denver, Col., got off the following last week:

"Infidelity is a humbug, an owl in the daylight. All Infidels know some one who demonstrates the truths he professes. Infidelity is doing nothing but trying to tear down. I hav no hesitation in saying that he who tries to destroy my faith is my enemy.

"I'm not given to mentioning the name of the Jumbo Infidel, but sometimes I get so warmed up I can't help it. . . . I knew a case of starving at Shelbyville, where 518 Methodist preachers lent a hand, but Bob Ingersoll never sent a cent. He makes money by making Infidels, but he doesn't help the poor. The charitable institutions of the country are kept up by Christians. Infidels don't do anything. All they hav ever done is to build a monument to Tom Paine at Boston. Infidelity can accomplish nothing."

If the Rev. Mr. Munhall is not aware that he is guilty of downright lying, some one who enjoys his confidence should take the trouble to apprise him of that fact.

MR. SAMUEL N. EWING, of Minneapolis, Minn., has sent out a printed address to the Congress of the United States in which he calls upon the government to issue a request to all the other governments of the world and dignitaries of the various churches and ecclesiastical societies, including the pope, to meet in Washington on the 1st of October, 1886, to "consider the practicability of returning to the worship of one God, the ruler of the universe, at the earliest practicable moment." Mr. Ewing says that he is prepared to prove on short notice that the Bible is not inspired, that there is no such thing as original sin, and that Christ was not the son of God. Perhaps Mr. Ewing's scheme will never be realized, but it is evident that he has a firm grasp on some fundamental truths.

IT is learned with regret that Mr. B. C. Murray, editor of the Denison, Texas, *Gazetteer*, has been the victim of a brutal assault at the hands of a county official, who traveled ten miles for the purpose of knocking him down and jumping in his face. The trouble arose from something of a political nature which had appeared in the *Gazetteer*. Brother Murray reports that there is enough of him left to conduct a meritorious family newspaper. It would be of value to know if the official in question is the sort of brutes Grayson county is in the habit of electing to fill its public offices.

THE March number of *Progress*, a Freethought monthly published in London, G. W. Foote editor, cannot in any sense be termed dry reading. Since the 14th of last March it has been lying at the bottom of the Atlantic, just outside New York harbor, in the hold of the ocean steamer Oregon, and is about as wet as water could make it. Last week the divers blew out the side of the sunken vessel, liberating a large amount of mail matter, and on Thursday the magazine was duly and moistly delivered at this office.

"AN article is going the rounds of the religious and secular papers to the effect that Voltaire behaved very disgracefully at one of Paganini's concerts. There is no truth in it. Paganini was not born until six years after Voltaire died, *i.e.*, Voltaire died May 30, 1778, and Paganini was born in 1784. This shows how easy it is for some papers to injure those they do not like. Honest people may learn the motiv of such papers." So writes Mr. J. K. Dearth, of South Lowell, Alabama.

IF any method in vogue for "popularizing Secularism" deserves support and therefore success, it is that of C. B. Reynolds and his Tent. Mr. Reynolds might be called a Freethought evangelist, and he is working with an ardor and persistency that should be appreciated and rewarded. He depends largely upon general subscription to make his Tent effort possible in localities where it is not self-sustainiug, so that those who cannot giv him a call should feel no hesitancy about giving him a lift.

W. F. JAMIESON has been in correspondence with the chairman of the Secular Union for Montana and other parties with reference to permanent lecture work, the desire having been expressed to hav something more than a flying lecture trip. Mr. Jamieson has already started for Montana, and will open the campaign by lecturing on the way. To this end he invites the Liberals of Montana desiring lectures in their towns to write to him at once, addressing him at Wentworth, Dakota, and the letters will overtake him at his lecture points on the route. He authorizes the Liberals of Montana to challenge the clergy for debate.

Letters from Friends.

SYLVANIA, O., July 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having read the scriptures for sixty years, and preached from them for half that time, I now offer as a premium $100 to the Bible student who proves from it that man has an immortal soul as an entity while living (more than other animals), or that exists in an intermediate state after death.

The Bible implies that the soul and the body are one organism; that both die together; that all animals hav souls as well as men.

Nephesh, the Hebrew word translated "living soul" in Gen. ii, 7, is used four times for the animals before Adam was thought of. Why more relevant in his case than theirs?

S. M. JUDSON.

PORTLAND, July 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am a devoted reader of your valuable paper, and get it here from Mr. Wilcox, the stationer. I am following your arguments and am delighted with them. But to mistakes everybody is subject. Hoping that you will bear me no malice, I'll take the liberty to correct you in one instance. I am alluding to that "Fish Story." You say (for short) science knows sixty-five species of whales, and none of them has a throat big enough to swallow a good-sized herring. How was it possible for the whale to swallow the man Jonah? Here, Mr. Editor, is where you are not fully posted. You will remember Jonah was a Jew, and experience teaches us that this class of people are slick enough to squeeze through almost anywhere.

Respectfully, MILTON PERCIVAL MAROUS.

GRAND MOUND, IOWA, July 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In replying to your Anarchistic friends, Messrs. Appleton and Tucker, you say, "Civil government givs us a stable currency in place of wild-cat issues by irresponsible parties." Now, if this is a true statement, I, for one, am very anxious to know it, and if it is not true, you, I am quite sure, will concede at once that it never should hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Hence it devolves upon you to prove your position—giv us the facts and records upon which you base your statement. C. DUTTON.

[We fear Brother Dutton is not as anxious to see the truth of our statement demonstrated as he is to develop some financial theory of his own. We believe that, as the word stable is understood, our statement is true, and the proof of it is that a dollar has been legal tender for one hundred cents ever since the first one was coined.—ED. T. S.]

MCCUNE, July 5, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I ask to speak to many Liberal friends through THE TRUTH SEEKER. We celebrated the glorious Fourth here on the third, and had a big crowd, the largest in this part of the county. I was honored with being made president of the day. We hav a host of Liberals in McCune. Most of our business men think for themselvs. We hav three churches, but no Liberal could get room to lecture in them. We hav a fine Opera House about finished, owned by an outspoken Liberal. We expect to hav lectures here next winter. There are two papers printed in McCune, one by a Liberal.

I think the pictures splendid, especially "On the road to the Poor-house" and "At rest in Abe's bosom." Some say the Christians don't like them. Let them squirm; it will do them good. Set them thinking; then they will learn something.

M. S. GOWIN.

BRONSON, MICH., July 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send $2 for the Campaign Fund, to enable Mr. Putnam to continue proclaiming the gospel of Freethought; $1 contribution for Mr. Reynolds's best, if not "greatest, show on earth," and $1 toward sustaining you in printing "the way to salvation" by means of the illustrations.

Most of the cartoons are excellent. There is open to the tender foot a very simple mode of escape from the "dreadful caricatures," and that is to take a pair of shears, and cut out the offending "pictcrs," and then "read the holes." But, I think, many would afterward manifest a curiosity to see the clipped cuts, as did the lady who, after her prudent husband had in this manner carefully expurgated the family newspaper, straightway proceeded to procure an uncut copy, and, by placing it underneath the clipped one, could thoughtfully peruse the mischievous items, without taking time to devour the entire sheet. Although it is now a novelty, your readers' eyes will soon become accustomed to the innovation, and should you ever publish an issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER *sans* cuts, we presume some of those now complaining the loudest would be among the first to cry, "Pray giv us back the object lessons!"

J. FRANCIS RUGGLES.

NEWBURGH, O., July 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find the wherewith to continue THE TRUTH SEEKER (cartoons included) to my address.

For myself, individually, I do not need the cartoons to assist me in placing the Bible where it belongs, for I did that long ago. I like to look at pictures, and I understand their power to educate. I want all who need them to hav them, and I congratulate Watson Heston on his ability to place the Bible and its saints in their true light before the people.

I hav read of the condition of affairs in Liberal, Mo., in the last TRUTH SEEKER, and am grieved that the people of that place are conducting themselvs so ill-Liberally. H. P. Replogle's statement, "There are not more than a dozen persons in the town who understand or care anything about the sex question," tells why there is such commotion there on the subject. Ignorance and persecution go hand in hand, and, in my opinion, it is a disgrace to the town that so few of her people "understand or care anything about the sex question." Being *the* important question, underlying all others, it is the duty of all, Liberals especially, to understand the question in all its bearings, that they may act wisely and well in regard to it

Yours for free thought on all subjects, and free acts, so long as individual rights are respected,

ANNIE EDWARDS KIRK.

SMITH'S MILL, MINN., July 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It may interest your readers to know that even so far in the rural districts as we are situated Freethought is not a stranger among us. The germ is rapidly developing even here. Through the efforts of our enterprising agent, H. S. Votaw, the people of Smith's Mill were treated to the first Freethought lecture delivered here, Sunday, July 4th. The speaker, Mr. Edwin C. Walker, of Valley Falls, Kansas, was introduced by Mr. Votaw. His lecture on "Some of the Mistakes of Christians" was well received by the audience, in which the thinking portion of our town was represented. Mr. Walker is an able speaker and is doing much for our cause, not only in that capacity, but as editor of *Lucifer*, and agent for almost everything in the line of Freethought literature.

The citizens of Janesville and vicinity, including Smith's Mill, hav raised money to defray the expenses of a course of lectures to be delivered in the near future by Mr. Remsburg. Then we may expect a "feast of reason" indeed. I am confident it cannot pass without emancipating some mind from the shackles of superstition. In regard to your highly valued paper, I will say, although my husband has but recently subscribed for it, we already regard it as indispensable. As to the pictures, while they occupy scarcely a page, they speak volumes. Keep on in the good way.

MRS. JESSIE CROW.

BROOKTON, ME., July 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav enjoyed the privilege of an occasional perusal of your excellent paper for the last three years, but only lately hav become a subscriber. I first saw it at the house of a friend, and was with difficulty induced to take it up and read it. Being a "good Catholic," I thought that the Lord would strike me dead or the priest turn me into an ox if I touched it. Although not at first convinced, I began thinking for myself from that day, and the result is that my mind has been thoroughly disabused of the errors and pretensions of orthodoxy. I received the "Age of Reason," the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and "Conventional Lies" from your office and read them with pleasure and profit. Lack of means only prevents me from purchasing all of your excellent publications. I enjoy your well-written and pungent articles and the cutting sarcasm of your illustrations, but would say here, without wishing to be at all critical, that I think they may giv unnecessary offense to some good people and thereby injure the cause they are intended to benefit. I was amused the other day to hear a fellow misinterpret your title, calling it the "Snake-Killer," but it struck me upon reflection that the name is quite correct, and my earnest wish is that you may continue killing the snakes of ecclesiastical bigotry and superstition. I hav a brother who is a Freethinker like myself, and takes great interest in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

MARTIN BUTLER.

WAMEGO, KAN., July 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Christians frequently claim that church-membership has increased wonderfully since the year 1800; that in that year there was one communicant in fifteen, and now there is one in every five of the population. I think they overestimate the number at the present time, but, suppose they are correct, under the circumstances they hav but little so boast of. During that period the clergy hav been especially successful in taking in women and children, and now I believe three-fourths of all white church-members are of this class. But their greatest conquests hav been among the negroes. Our colored "brudderen and sisteren" take as naturally to religion as ducks take to water; their credulity is wonderful; they hav had no opportunities for improving their minds. Previous to the abolition of slavery the church did not consider them human beings. Now they *are* the church, "And of such is the kingdom of heaven"—excuse my Latin. These people hav so far advanced toward civilization as to be in full fellowship, and on the same intellectual plane, with the average white orthodox Christian. From this source alone church-membership has been doubled. Then what shall we say of the Liberal Christians, the Unitarians, Universalists, and others, who are now all counted? Surely the church will soon be greedy enough to claim everybody, irrespectiv of religion or politics. They hav not done as well as they should with all these favorable conditions.

I am a little disappointed to see that Professor Bell is opposing Prohibition. I think he is making a mistake. Prohibition has come to stay, and is reasonably successful in Kansas, except in the large cities. It is perfectly consistent with Liberalism, and is championed by many of the best Liberals. We need Professor Bell with his masterly logic and polished oratory in the Liberal field.

Let me suggest to Freethinkers everywhere that they act as correspondents of their local papers, touching questions of general interest, and not forgetting to plead the cause of our public schools. People are willing to listen to common sense if properly presented in moderate doses. I think it is generally best to sign fictitious names to such correspondence, because then your statements will be taken for what they are worth, and will stand on their merits.

Many Liberals are in the habit of giving money to the churches. This is very unwise, and generally is inexcusable. With this money they send missionaries to Kansas, and other Western states, to corrupt our people. Each of the three preachers in this town receives money regularly from some mission fund in the East. I know an emissary of orthodoxy now working in western Kansas who is supported entirely by his "salary" from the American Home Mission. Brother Liberals hear, our prayer. When the church sends its women to you for money, refuse them. Turn a deaf ear, O friends, to their entreaties. Tell them you cannot conscientiously giv your money to a cause in which you do not believe. Tell them that those who use the article must pay for it. On such an occasion think of us poor sinners in the West who implore you to stand by us. We beseech you, do not with your money force upon us these nefarious superstitions. Be consistent. Be men. Send your money immediately to the Liberal Campaign Fund if you cannot resist the wiles of the church beggar. Then great shall be your peace of mind, and the satisfaction of having done your duty.

A. T. MCMILLAN.

ORANGE, N. J., July 20, 1886.

DEAR READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Look up a back number, July 17th, and on the first page notice that distracted son of Adam on his knees. That picture represents ME in a most truthful and impressiv manner. I was bred a Presbyterian, born in a Presbyterian bed, rocked in a Presbyterian cradle, educated a Presbyterian, and hav been stoker, usher, bell-ringer, precentor, trustee, clerk, treasurer, deacon, Bible-reader, sermon-reader, leader of prayer-meetings, Sunday-school superintendent, and the principal factotum of a Presbyterian church for more than twenty years, so that I understand and fully appreciate every item in the cartoon on the first page. As soon as I saw that picture I said, "How true to life in my case!" I laughed and laughed, and continued to laugh until everyone near me came to see what under the "canopy" could induce me to laugh so heartily, when they all laughed and laughed until we could not laugh any more. Then I woke up at night and went to laughing, and I laughed until I had laughed myself to sleep. I couldn't help laughing, as that picture is so impressiv, representing the stupid and nonsensical practices of the church in such a striking manner that I exclaimed, again and again, "How true in my own experience in the church!" Mr. Heston is a genius. Let him have all the latitude and longitude he wants by way of designing pictures. That single cartoon tells a more impressiv story concerning the stupid dogmas of the church than pages without number of printed matter.

Those pills! Ha, ha, ha! Let me interpolate a hearty laugh here. That stupid doctrin of total depravity is beautifully represented by a huge pill. The same is true of all the other doctrins. I understand them all, clear to the very bottom of their stupidity. They all signify:

"You can and you can't, you will and you won't,
You'll be damned if you do, and be damned if you don't."

Do not entertain the idea for a moment of discontinuing those impressiv cartoons. Every time I read any objection to the pictures, I say, That objector is lacking in certain essential elements that go to make a perfect man or woman. Let us giv three rousing cheers for Heston. ESS. E. TEE.

NEW YORK CITY, July 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is with pleasure I reply to Mr. Hopkins *re* the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, declaring this country to be "essentially, lawfully, and by proclamation christian" (little c, please). I am sorry I surprised him. I hav lived on this earth about twenty-seven years, and as I hav no recollection of living prior, I do not think or expect to liv in another. Still, I hav lived long enough to be surprised at nothing. I beg to refer Mr. Hopkins to the celebrated Girard trial, and loads of others "too numerous to mention." I might giv him a summary of this trial, but your space is too valuable to admit of it, but should he desire it I will cheerfully write to him personally. Outside of all this, the presence of that immoral work of fiction called the holy Bible in our law-courts, and slobbered on by our presidents, those taking oaths of office, etc., to test the veracity of witnesses, is, I think, a sufficient proof of my assertion, but the excuse, if one can be made for this gross violation of the Constitution, is that "this country inherited the common law of Great Britain, and was therefore Christian." It is so seldom that I intrude upon your valuable space that I hope I will not rob you by adding to this a few personal remarks. I hav been your constant reader for over four years, but, bred and reared in the Christian religion, I might hav been a slave to its farcical doctrins yet had not I become in some mysterious way acquainted with that venerable champion of Freethought, Mr. George Davenport, of this city, who cast the chains asunder; and when I contemplate the feelings of the slave on his emancipation, I cannot even compare that with the emancipation of the mind. He is a noble man. May his stay with us be long; we cannot afford to lose such missionaries to our cause.

Keep up the pictures; they are all right. I believe in them, and it is my honest opinion that cartoons are of great value. I am of opinion that *Puck's* cartoons did more harm to Jim Blaine than the three R's.

I hope I hav not intruded on your valuable space too much. I will not trouble you again for three months, unless you hav to hav the kindness to insert an obituary notice of and for me.

THOMAS ROGERS.

PALATKA, FLA., July 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The women folks having called upon me to assist them in making a selection from the "mottoes for Freethinkers," as advertised in your paper, I find myself, after looking over them, in a real fault-finding frame of mind, and hav determined that you shall hav the benefit (?) of my criticism.

Taken in the order in which they occur in the advertisment, the first one expresses literally (whatever it may be made to express under "spiritual" license, a doctrin no genuin Liberal can subscribe to), the "living" hav the right

only for each to control himself. The second is vague and only partly true. Freethought, doubtless, is a great helper in the search for truth, but surely no one will say it necessarily givs it to us. In the third the cart is plainly before the horse—so far as either position has any unison with fact. Superstition is the child wholly of Ignorance, and has but the one parent, a hermaphrodite at that, and may be either mother or father to slavery; but its child—never, only in an illegitimate way; and as we are to hav only "mental" liberty, illegitimacy is fatal to the claim of *ma-* or *pa-*ternity. The fourth utters a philosophical fact without circumlocution, and is, therefore, good. The fifth is good enough for those it may suit. The sixth I hav always looked upon as Grundy sop. Remove its center, its heart, and then full-fledged Liberals can adopt it as a motto. Seventh, "now" and "here" are very good places in which "to be happy," but some of us hav been happy heretofore (yesterday), and a few hav a hope of a little hereafter (to-morrow, for instance). Eighth, a wise enough injunction, but doubtless dressed to please the children. Ninth, cannot be excelled, and should adorn the walls of every parlor and habitable room on the planet, and be pasted in the crown of every hat large enough to be worn by Helen Gardener's theological students.

Send us the fourth, fifth, and ninth, the only ones of the lot really worth, as we see it, the room they will occupy on the wall.

Success to the grand old TRUTH SEEKER. While not exactly in the van, it is doing a glorious work, and is doubtless evoluting as rapidly as is consistent with robust health.

LEWIS MORRIS.

NEW ZEALAND, June 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The specimen copies I sent for came duly to hand. Thanks. Since then I ordered through a news-agent here regular copies to be sent for one year. Those cartoons speak volumes at a glance. They will reach the mind of many where reading would not, and thus afford matter of interest to a wider variety of minds. "Liberty in Danger" is, I think, a little overdone—at least, we in New Zealand do not anticipate the danger indicated in that cut; but perhaps it is meant to illustrate the past more than the present or future. The last one on the same number, "An Apparition of the Virgin," is as complete an exposition of church history as could well be imagined, the best epitome of ecclesiastical stratagem and subtlety extant. A March number is just to hand. "A Clerical Surprise-Party" is, I think, grand. Your artist is a genius of the first water. His subjects are highly creditable to himself and THE TRUTH SEEKER. The humor and satire in this picture are, I should say, perfection. The peculiarly happy method here depicted of turning the tables on the enemy is, while amusing, yet wonderfully cutting. The numbers for March 20th and April 10th are both remarkably good; nothing could be more appropriate. Long may Mr. Heston flourish.

The reading matter of your journal is varied, and Freethinkers of all shades will find in your columns food for thought. Every Liberal will view with satisfaction the fair field you allow to all—Materialist, Spiritualist, and Socialist. And I hav no doubt our orthodox friends would also find THE TRUTH SEEKER quite as Liberal with them as with those of, so to speak, its own household. This is as it should be (or else, Mr. Editor, you would be clannish and partial), provided always that contributions and opinions are couched in suitable language.

Perhaps a few lines respecting our position as Freethinkers in this distant colony may be of interest to some of your readers. Loooking at our position broadly, I think we hav made fair progress. Of course we hav a goodly number of "devil-dodgers" to contend with, but even these show a disposition to be more tolerant and liberal than of old. We hav quite a number of Freethought Associations in the centers of population. Attempts hav been made to support a Freethought organ, but without lasting success. Our last effort in this direction was the *Freethought Review*, published at Wanganni, on the North Island. This was a capital little paper of sixteen pages, moderate and tolerant in its tone, well got up—in fact, would not disgrace the editorial sanctum of the New York *Herald* or London *Times*. I am quite sure THE TRUTH SEEKER would welcome it as a bosom friend. But, alas! it is dead, to our lasting disgrace. This want of effort or milk-and-water spirit of Liberalism is a stain on our cause in New Zealand. We hav the numbers, but not the vitality that makes for success. When one thinks of the many privileges and advantages we enjoy—means of communication, the right to think, and the right to say what we think—those of us who, out of their abundance, will not step out of our path to promote and help along a cause either by word, pen, or purse, are worse than the brutes. They at least only prey on each other from necessity; man too often for pleasure. The open enemies that we fight against we can respect; they, too, are fighting for a cause they believe to be right. But your milksop of a Freethinker, the man who says, "I'm not concerned either way," is credit to neither God nor devil. "I would ye were hot or cold, but since ye are lukewarm I will spew you out of my mouth." I can respect the man that said that, Infidel though I am. That man was in earnest, he was sincere; hence he was honest.

Our leading members of the government are pronounced Aguostics (with the exception of the colouial treasurer), the premier avowedly so before his election. Our schools are purely secular, and rightly so. I trust they may continue so; for when eveu the men who compose the various governments of the world hold such diametrically opposit opinions on matters of conscience, I think it high time that those governments having any pretensions to civilization dropped the recognition of religion and a state church. (Query: Why not a state God?) This is a question purely for private judgment; it is at best only a matter of opinion. Let ministers, parents, Sunday-schools of the various denominations, take this subject under their special care. Governments are no more fit to say what God shall be worshiped than is a wild Indian. True, there are some people who do not hesitate to inform us that they are on very intimate terms with their God, and actually take it upon themselvs to advise him. Advise almighty God!

There is, too, a class of "sky-pilots" who think it no shame to dip their hands in the tax-payer's pocket in aid of this almighty God. For my part, I am quite willing for all and sundry to hav a God; nay, more, so long as they support their own God, and keep their hand from the tax-payer's chest, I will to the best of my ability help them in maintaining their right to worship all or any Gods that they feel it their duty to worship, provided always that that duty does not infringe on the rights of those who do not feel worship a duty or necessity. To a certain extent—that is, if we are Liberal—we should sympathize with the individual who owns a God, much in the same spirit that we sympathize with our children with their toys and youthful sports—it interests them and does not hurt us.

But, apart from this, I agree with numbers of your readers that it is altogether out of place for any government to take upon itself the responsibility of setting up a state God or state church. It is a gross injustice to those whose imagination is not sufficiently fertil to enable them to set up an ideal future world or God. For a government to do this is only setting up a modern brazen serpent to bewilder thought, and tamper with the right of private judgment. On the other hand, if individuals choose to organize and build churches for the purpose of giving vent to their surcharged feelings and sentiments, why, let them, by all means. "The fear of hell is a hangman's whip, to keep the wretch in order," etc. I know very many people who feel it to be a conscientious duty to periodically worship. I can feel for them, and I can respect them. On the other hand, again, there are vast numbers of worthy and respected men and women who are humanitarians in the best sense of the word, but who cannot worship. Which, then, shall a government do—compel the former not to worship, or the latter to support what they do not believe in? Of course a Liberal government will say, "It is a question that we must not, and that we dare not, deal with."

Referring again to your paper, I trust you will continue the pictures. They can be obnoxious to only the bigoted Liberal. The man who tells you that he will cease taking your paper if these cartoons are continued is virtually saying, "Uuless you think as I do, you are wrong." The pictures are certainly free from immorality. To the Liberal Freethinker, blasphemy is a word without meaning. So let us hav the pictures.

You hav some capital stories in the "Corner." "John Toogood," March 24th, givs us food for thought. "A Huge Joke" affords us a good lessou on selfishness. Your Correspondence columns will draw minds together and enable kindred hearts to exchange an idea or mental grasp of the hand with those they will never meet. T. HARWOOD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Long live THE TRUTH SEEKER. Your inflated, hook-nosed Adam in last week's issue amused me very much. I shall call and subscribe before I return to Oregon.

Please excuse a stranger for intruding on your space, for I do not really feel a stranger to that knowledge of the error of religious superstition which places all lovers of right and truth on a footing of good fellowship. G. L. BURGESS.

MILWAUKEE, OR., July 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 19th is a communication from Colonel Kelso, in which he seems to think he has found a solution of the Prohibition problem so plain that all Infidel Prohibitionists ought at once to take the other side. Now, there is no man in whose company I would rather find myself than in his. However, reformers cannot always select their company, and in this movement, when one finds himself traveling with the whisky-dealers on one road and with the Women's Christian Temperance Union on the other, he feels like taking to the woods.

Of course, each Infidel will determin his position by the facts and logic of the case, as he understands them. Brother Kelso says: "Our Prohibition friends correctly contend that, so long as ardent spirits are imported into the United States or manufactured and sold therein, certain persons will be injured by the excessiv use of them."

I do not think that is our position at all. We contend and profess to know that alcohol is a poison. Our position is not that it injures "certain persons," but *all persons* who use it; not that its excessiv use is injurious, but that its use is injurious. We do not admit that it is properly a "drink" or a food. Water is the only drink, and alcohol resembles water only in the irrelevant fact of its being a fluid. We do not admit that, as a general proposition, alcohol is good, and that only some incidental evil comes from it, but affirm that it is bad, and question even the incidental good which it is said to produce. I am rather green in this business, having had only about thirty years' experience as a Prohibitionist, but my impressiou is that Brother Kelso has not succeeded in stating our position, but in misstating it.

He says: "All this, however, is equally true of money. Indeed, far more evil results from love of money than love of drink." I do not think any serious evil ever resulted from love of either. A person might love alcohol ever so much, and it would not hurt him if it did not get into his stomach or brains. And right here is the philosophy of Prohibition. We can neither reconstruct the human stomach and nerves so they will withstand the effect of alcohol, nor take away the perverted appetite, which in many cases is inherited, and will be transmitted to posterity. The only practical thing we can try to do is to get the stuff out of the way. It is a matter of regret to me that I was not endowed with more of the love of money, instead of taking little thought for the morrow. I should not now be in poverty, and would be of more use in the world. But I did not acquire an appetite for ardent spirits, and am glad I didn't. Does Brother Kelso really think money a greater evil than ardent spirits, and of two evils is he willing to choose the least? How would he like to hav his pension commuted from mouey to commissary whisky?

Would he not like to hav thousands of dollars to distribute among the poor or to compensate them for houest toil? Would he like to possess large quantities of ardent spirits for the same purpose? Does he think the saloon-keeper who takes the greater evil, money, from the toiler and givs him the lesser evil, whisky, and thus deprives his family of food and clothes, is a luminous example of benevolcuce? "Why not, then, prohibit the use of money as well as drink" (whisky)? Because mouey is a nice thing to hav and to use, but whisky is not. It is a good thing, takeu in moderation, even for women and children. The art of acquiring and using it properly is an education. Not so ardent spirits. The best thing to do with them is to let them aloue.

"So of women. Why not prohibit them? . . . If prohibition be good in one of these cases, why not in the other? Let us be consistent."

The cases are not exactly alike. Women coustitute more than half of mankind, and to exterminate them is to destroy the human race. To extirpate alcohol would hardly involve such dire consequences. To kill all the women would be wholesale murder, and the suicide of the race. Does Brother Kelso charge any such fieudish purpose upon Prohibitionists? To be sure, we should miss whisky in politics, because whisky votes and womeu don't; but this is not as it should be. Women should be eufranchised and whisky extirpated. Most women are good. Some are partly bad. All whisky is bad. Besides, women do not degrade men. The charge is a slander. Even the most degraded women are a shield to the rest. It has beeu frequently urged that if it were not for brothels virtuous women could not safely walk the streets of our large cities. Thousands of women who were once innocent and beautiful hav been sacrificed upon the foul altar of man's brutal lusts, and then through all the long ages he has turned around with the sneaking plea, "The woman tempted me and I did eat." But our laws are prohibitory in regard to the exercise of the amatory propensities, excepting in mouogamic marriage. But these laws are not, and never hav been, an entire success. Adultery, bigamy, rape, etc., will prevail so long as the propensity of amativness exists, in spite of all prohibitory legislation. The reason, according to Brother Kelso, is obvious. The legislation should be directed entirely to the "bump" of amativness, and Anthony Comstock's head should be whittled off for a model. There is one difficulty, however, and that is that there would not be enough left of Touy's head to be a model of anything only for a specimen for a microscope.

Brother Kelso says, "So long as this appetite exists, so long as it calls with moncy for iutoxicating drinks, and so long as love of money exists, these drinks will be manufactured and sold, in spite of all prohibitory legislation." That is his opinion, not ours, and he will readily see that we are compelled to act upon our own opinion, not upon his.

"This appetite and this love of money depeud to a great extent upon certain cranial developments, certain phrenological bumps. These bumps, then, must be prohibited. In them we hav the root of the evil. . . . When our Prohibition friends go thus to the root of the evil, they may reasonably hope for success."

This argument assumes that any course of human conduct which depends upon cranial development is not a proper subject for legislation. Instead of legislating ou the couduct, we should "go down to the root of the evil," aud legislate on the bumps. But all human conduct depends upon cranial development. Therefore there should be no legislation upou human conduct. "Let us be consistent." Let us not single out liquor laws as an exception, but abolish all laws upon human conduct, and legislate on the bumps.

Men with large acquisitivness, destructivness, firmness, and secretivness, and small benevolence, are liable to commit robbery and other desperate crimes. Phrenologists will point out those most likely to perpetrate these crimes; hence our laws should not be against those who commit crimes or misdemeanors, but against their bumps. Besides, thousands of years of experience hav shown that so long as craniums are shaped wrong these crimes will continue, in spite of prohibitory laws. But, curiously euough, the appetite for ardent spirits does not in any way depend upon cranial development. Men of every possible form of cranium are victims.

A phrenologist might, with some degree of success, point out those who would be likely to sell whisky, but none ever did or ever will try to tell who is likely to driuk it. Many of them are in every respect good men and honest citizens when the poison is out of their reach. The higher the organization, the more fully developed the brain, the more effectiv the poison. The most enthusiastic optimist will hardly hope for a time within the next million years when the average man will equal some who hav become victims of alcohol. We appreciate all that has been said in regard to motivs and intentions of the church, but so long as we are compelled to legislate upon the liquor traffic we thiuk Prohibition is what we should aim at. To make it the monopoly of a few, as is done under license laws, and to punish their infringement, is as great an abridgement of personal freedom as Prohibition. The "moonshiners" in the South are hunted by government detectivs like wild beasts, not because they manufacture and sell a poison, but because they do not pay money for the privilege. What better is that than the selling of iudulgences, against which Luther protested? Now, it seems to me that what we are urgently in need of is not the advice of even as good and true men as we know Colonel Kelso and Professor Bell to be, but facts and logic, and upon these we are willing to decide. D. PRIESTLEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Still Another Prize to Try For.

Since the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER we hav received another gift of five dollars for the Children's Corner. The kind donor desires to offer this sum, $5, for the best article on "Hygiene," competitors to be not over sixteen years of age. Time, three months from date.

Now, dear girls and boys, we want you to try your very best, for hygiene or the science of health is a grand and important topic, and we want your ideas upon the subject. Our aim in offering prizes is to stimulate thought, originate ideas, and ripen judgment. We are proud of our bright young thinkers, and hav no doubt that in mature manhood and womanhood many who are now children will look back to the Children's Corner as the place where they received the first inspiration to effort—to *think* for themselvs. Now let us see who will hav the best and brightest article on Hygiene. We thank our generous friend for the gift to the Corner, and his interest in our work.—ED. C. C.

CORRECTION.—The author of the story of "Little Sun Lee" printed in the Children's Corner, July 17th, and which won the prize offered by D. B. Cozine, is Laura Stewart, of Cleveland, Ohio, and not Cora, as inadvertently printed. We regret the error.

Always Sunrise Somewhere.

There is always sunrise somewhere!
Though the night be round thee drawn,
Somewhere still the east is bright'ning
With the rosy flush of dawn.
What though near the bat is flitting,
And the raven croaks his lay,
Somewhere still the sun-bird's greeting
Hails the rising of the day.

Let us lay to heart the comfort
In this sweet reflection found,
That, however dense our darkness,
Somewhere still the world around
Dews are glistening, flowers uplifting,
Wild birds warbling, as reborn,
Lakes and streams and woods and mountains
Melting in the kiss of morn!

Ne'er the night, however dismal,
But withdrew its wings of gloom;
Ne'er was sorrow but a day star
Did at last its depths illume.
Ne'er was woe but in its bosom
Was the seed of hope impearled,
There is still a sunrise somewhere,
Speeding, speeding round the world.

Biographical.

COPERNICUS.

A boy of fifteen was asked the other day: "Who was Copernicus?" He did not know. That the boys and girls of our acquaintance may not be so ignorant of so important a character, we write this sketch of a truly great and noble man.

Nicholas Copernicus was born at Thorn, in Prussia, on the 19th of February, 1473. He obtained the first principles of a scientific and classical education in his father's house, afterward attending the university at Cracow, where he studied medicin and graduated with honors. He had a great liking for mathematics and astronomy, and went to Rome, pursuing these studies and gaining there a great reputation for scientific investigation.

Afterward he returned to his nativ land and was made a canon of Frauenburg by the bishop of Ermeland, who was his uncle. He attended faithfully to his ministerial duties, at the same time giving his medical services to the poor without money and without price. He gave all his spare time to the study of astronomy, which still engaged his attention. He was a quiet, grave man, wasting no time in frivolous amusements. After an examination of the then generally accepted systems of astronomy, he made up his mind that they were incorrect in many particulars, and he set about to explain the motions of the planets upon a more scientific and certain principle. As a result, he solved the then complex system of planetary revolution to his complete satisfaction, but owing to the ignorance and bigotry of the human mind of that day and age, he dared not publish his discoveries for the long period of thirty-six years, fearing persecution and that he would be put to death for publishing knowledge not in accordance with the popular ideas.

The general idea was at that time that the sun moved around the earth, and very few doubted that the sun and moon obeyed Joshua when he commanded them to stand still, as related in the Bible.

Of course, the new theory upset all such silly fancies, but the people believed them just the same, simply because they were recorded in the "holy scriptures." Martin Luther expressed great disapprobation at the new system revealed by Copernicus, and said of him that he was an "old fool," and that he was destroying the whole science of astronomy, and to prove that he was right had recourse to the Bible, which naturally supported Luther's assertions. Copernicus was the first who dared to differ with the biblical teaching upon that subject, and for this reason he deferred publishing his discoveries for so long a time. Hidden in darkness, therefore, he kept his MSS. for thirty-six long years, and then, when the first printed copy was at length brought to him, he lay upon his death-bed, beyond the reach of the persecutor's hand.

But it was nearly a hundred years after his death before his system met with a kind and general reception. It was the greatest astronomical contribution ever given to the world, because a true one, and easily proven. In later times it has been modified somewhat by the genius of Galileo, Newton, Kepler, and others, but its general principles remain the same.

The tower from which Copernicus made his observations, and the ruins of a hydraulic machine constructed by him, are still in existence at Frauenburg. He died at that place in 1543. Monuments hav been raised to his memory, one at Cracow and one at Thorn; also a colossal statue by Thorwaldsen was erected to his memory at Warsaw in 1829. The four-hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated at Posen Feb. 19, 1873.

Copernicus was a great and wonderful man. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for the splendid addition he made to general science in an age clouded by ignorance, bigotry, and superstition. As the years go on his memory will be more and more reverenced, and Copernicus will be cherished as "one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die."

S. H. W.

The Ducks.

Oh, Charley, what do you think I've seen
Down the hill by the brook?
An old mother hen and ducklings ten—
Do come with me now and look.

It's such a cool and shady spot—
The banks are bright and green,
And thousands of flowers are blooming there,
The loveliest ever seen.

The great elms bend their branches down,
And the sun pours down so bright
That every tiny buttercup
Is a blaze of golden light.

The wood anemones cluster there,
The ferns grow green and tall,
And the violets bend to the water's edge;
But the ducks are sweeter than all.

We'll giv them meal, which they'll shovel down
In a hungry, funny way;
Such broad yellow beaks and web-footed toes—
"Never a finer breed," you'll say.

Their little round backs all covered with down,
Their breasts all covered with gold,
And they swim about in the shining brook,
And splash in the water cold.

While the poor old hen looks on amazed—
Such doings to her are new;
Never mother had such a wilful brood—
Oh, dear! what can she do?

With fright and flutter and cluck and clack,
She calls, but they answer "No."
And louder and louder she cries, "Come back!
You'll drown if you do so."

One after another they gaily dash
In and out of the water bright;
In their frolic they heed not her call,
And care not for her fright.

But night will come, and, tired of play,
They'll seek her sheltering wing;
The patient hen won't turn away,
She'll guard them like a king.

A FRIEND writes: "I am delighted with your idea of training the minds of children. It givs them a chance to rise faster, truer, and better than anything I hav yet heard of. It really looks as though our children would not hav to go to school until half old enough to die before ever being known to express an original idea."——We thauk our friend for his pleasant and encouraging words. Our hands and heart are strengthened in our work by the consciousness that our efforts are being heartily seconded and approved by the parents and relativs of the children for whom we labor.—ED. C. C.

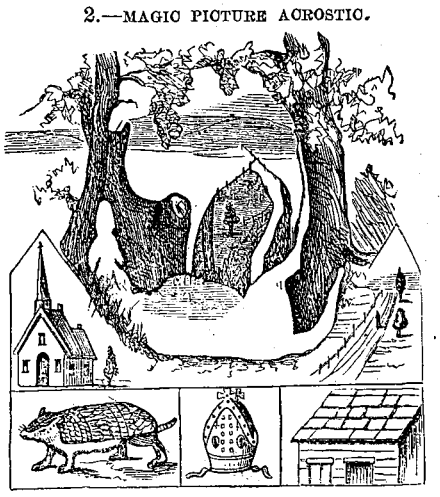
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1.—REBUS.



What our little school-boy says.

2.—MAGIC PICTURE ACROSTIC.



Foundation words in lower pictures—the initials and finals form the names of animals hidden above.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 17, 1886.

1.-The world is my country; to do good my religion. 2.-Caster, aster; shoe, hoe; spear, pear; harrow, arrow.

SOLVERS.—H. J. Messinger, Lyle D. Gault.

Correspondence.

CALISTOGA, CAL., July 8, 286.

EDITOR CHILDREN'S CORNER, *Dear Madam:* Seeing that no girl but myself writes to the Children's Corner from this valley, I guess I'll try and tell you how we are getting along out here.

My father and I hav had a hard spell of the pneumonia which kept us down for about six weeks. I was not so bad as papa, and am quite well now, but he is not able to do more than walk about with the support of a cane.

I am going to tell you about our Fourth of July celebration. It was held on the fifth, because the people were too religious to hold it on the fourth. I think if the soldiers could fight for their country's freedom on that day that we should not think it wrong to celebrate the right day, if it did fall on Sunday. It seemed as though all had passed and we were bringing up the tag-end, as one of my schoolmates expressed it.

And then, the town officials would allow no firearms or shooting of any kind, not even firecrackers. Other years the popping of firecrackers and booming of cannon were heard throughout the day. But this celebration seemed so quiet and uninteresting!

The picnic was held in the Springs grounds, where some years ago the place was a scene of beautiful flowers, shrubbery, and trees, but lately used as a cow-pasture, free to everyone who wished to go there as any other field, but on the fifth it was closed and "Fifty cents admission"—closed on the very day, of all days, on which it ought to be free.

The platform for dancing was cool and shady, being canopied with fir boughs and decked with flags. The music by the Calistoga Brass Band was excellent, and that is about all that I think was good.

The races did not amount to much, and the "Horribles"—why, you could see at any masquerade ball twice the strikingly grotesque and ludicrous figures we saw there. I do not tell you of our celebration here meaning to complain, for, as it was, I had a pretty good time. I hope, though, you had a more glorious and patriotic Fourth than I did, and enjoyed yourself immensely.

Yours for freedom, A. LILE WEYBRIGHT.

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The Town of Liberal, Mo.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:*

Your extended account and comments on the troubles in Liberal, as gathered from your issue of July 17th, justify me in asking your indulgence for a short space, that we may be set right before your readers. I think if all the truth were known, the genuin Freethought people of the world would justify us in all we did or had a hand in doing; and when I say us I wish to comprehend ninety-nine-one-hundredths of the entire inhabitants of the town of Liberal. You know as much about a mob visiting one Youmans as I do. All I know about such a gathering came from Youmans, and, if what he said is true, he is quite as much to blame as they. As I got it, a few young fellows visited Youmans at a late hour at night and told him to leave within twenty-four hours. Whereupon he fired on them out of the window, and they returned the shot. This is his story as told the next morning, as I understand. I hav endeavored to ascertain if there was a mob and the participants in it, and I can get no closer to it than what I hav related. I do know, however, as well as I know anything from analogy, that no citizen of Liberal participated in any such gathering or countenanced it. On the other hand I hav reasons to believe that no such gathering ever occurred; that the whole thing was a make-believe mob to raise a little cheap boom for prostitution, which hopes to find respectability through Freethought. I assure you those freelovers are very obnoxious to the people round about the county, as you may see from the following from the *Southwest Missourian:*

Henry Replogle is, as we learn, publishing a freelove paper in Liberal. Mr. Replogle is the man who, on one occasion, left Liberal because of his detection in a transaction strongly illustrating the doctrins he now preaches, and the pressure of public sentiment directed in the channel of purity and love undefiled will again force him to seek other fields for the promulgation of his infamous creed. Barton county has no room for such men.

You see from the above the feeling against them. Am I to blame for that? Should I be condemned if the people from the country rise against them? I cannot control them, and I am not responsible for what they may do. I hav been intrumental in protecting them from violence on two occasions, and would do it again, though I am unjustly accused of encouraging mob violence by the very parties I hav protected. I would not hav the vilest wretch on earth mobbed, but I am not responsible if a person so conducts himself as to bring about such a state of affairs.

No one has ever been persecuted here for opinion's sake, unless it be those believing in the sacredness of the family relations. They hav ever been the objects of hatred by the misogamists and church people alike—one because they will not succumb to their philosophy (?) or rather passions, and the other, because they do not fall into the snare and verify Christian predictions that "Freethought tends to a lower morality." So it is we are constantly under the cross-fire and combined assaults of freelust and the church. We might complain of persecution very properly. We may fail; we may fall before the allied powers of priestcraft and misogamy; but we will never surrender. We will never tear from the family altar the purity of mother, wife, sister, daughter. When they are assaulted we will not seek some recluse of safety, but we will meet the libertin and harlot at the threshold of our home, and defend the innocence within. If this be persecution of them, then place us in that list in double-capped letters.

Let me say to you, and through your extensivly circulating paper to your readers, be not deceived by the siren song of belief. There is not an intellectual belief in freelove on earth. The whole theory of freelove is founded on an improper action of the cerebellum, and not the intellect. It follows the dictates of passion, not of pure belief. It is the child of lust, and not of love; of brutal desire, not reform.

No one should presume to interfere with another's belief. But we should not be confounded between public practice and private opinion. A man may believe it is proper to take the life of a human being, but when he attempts to practice it, it at once becomes our duty to prevent the murder. He may believe in self-defilement and free lust, but when he attempts their public practice, to the ruin of others, he then interferes with the rights of others, and they may properly object.

The time has come for Freethought journals to take one side or the other of this practice. They hav either to come out and squarely denounce that ism, or register their influence on the side of universal prostitution made respectable (?) through Freethought, which at once will kill the whole movement in America—and it ought to. With all the faults lying at the door of the church, we can say, to its honor, it does not recognize one organ, in all its hundreds of papers, that advocates the promiscuous relations of the sexes. Would that we could say as much for Freethought.

You hint that the mob might hav caused Mr. Chaapel to withdraw from the *Liberal.* We will say, No, it was his philosophy (?) on the social question that made the vacancy. He and Warren Chase are referred to by Youmans to verify his misrepresentations. Neither of them was present at the hall, and neither of them knows anything about it of their knowledge. No honorable or truthful man will verify their statements, because they are not true.

In all of my work in the Liberal cause I hav endeavored to represent Freethought in the highest conception of ethical culture. I hav made some mistakes, no doubt, but never to the debasement of the cause, to my knowledge. My work has always been to arrive at a higher and a better condition. If I hav been radical, it has been in accordance with my conception of right. To this course I hav had much opposition, and will likely hav much more. This opposition comes from those claiming to be Liberals.

The truth is, Liberal is the mark for all the cranks in the country to shoot at. They all come here and expect us to turn their crank; and if we fail to do so, as we always do, then we are registered as an autocrat, opinionated, il-Liberal, and as many other endearing names as hatred and malice can coin. Every misfortune and ill of the county, from the discomfiture of a freelove nest to a colicky babe, is laid to me, and I must bear it all. I hav borne it for six years, and am willing to bear it for six more, but would be glad to giv the place up to anyone who would like to try the experiment. I hav a good property, worth about fifty thousand dollars, consisting in part of a good coal-mine, now in activ operation, which will pay fifteen per cent on the investment, with at least thirty thousand dollars' worth of other property, which I would like to sell to some man, or company of men, who will come and take my place, and I will giv two thousand dollars to anyone who will find me a purchaser. While I attach but little importance to this freelove "tempest in a teapot," I believe some one else could take my place with advantage to the cause and profit to themselvs.

In conclusion, let me say, that "shot-gun" howl of the freelusters is all bosh. Stewart said "if a man should defile his daughter, he would use a shot-gun on him, but he would not advise others to take his remedy into their hands." Mr. Stewart made no attack on any one; he criticised an "ism" called freelove, for which he was personally abused by them. What he said has been misrepresented and the whole Freethought country put ablaze by the aggressors and those in the wrong, and your usually just paper used to the injury of your friends. G. H. Walser.

Liberal, Mo.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:*

I wish to commend the very fair hearing you hav giv our trouble here, and set you right on our attitude as regards the "airing in and out of season of our doctrins." We hav never attempted to advocate social reform in a public place or meeting at any time. Mr. Moore has not even expressed himself to me on that question, and has never approached it in public. Stewart having made a strong tirade against freelove, and Walser calling a vote afterward, naturally made those present fear a reply to his lecture, but none was intended. It was against his mobocratic attitude that the devoted four arose, but the crowd would not listen to them for a considerable time, stamping and calling out "Sit down!" About thirty persons, out of the whole, stand and are ostracized with us, among whom are the broader-minded and more substantial ones of the town. As many more are rabid and stand with Walser and Stewart. The remainder are neutral, and swayed by the majority or greatest noise. Those who hav been considered heretofore the best citizens are disgusted with Walser's proceedings and are discouraged. Many are kept quiet by having their homes mortgaged to him. He would crush them if they said a word, they feel sure. We hav said as little about things as was consistent with honesty, and were very mild on radical questions, but all to no purpose; they knew our principles, and Stewart made capital out of them to win notoriety. Walser cannot stand the idea of another paper. He has just crushed, by mortgage, a newspaper in the Christian town adjoining. Having no other hold on us, he encouraged mob demonstrations, and has finally recommended starving out and law, whenever anything can be caught that will do at all; but we watch close that he may not get us where we cannot easily prove more than we say. I should like to giv more facts and spirit of the affair, but hav not time now. H. P. Replogle.

Liberal, Mo.

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'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

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With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave!
But, oh! these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

The Little Song.

A little song, a shallow song,
He wrote and put it by;
The fire of genius high and strong
Shone in his youthful eye.
Burnt in his soul, coursed through his veins,
He felt the power of nobler strains.

Years passed. In poor obscurity
He struggled on and on;
Men glanced upon him heedlessly;
His life's best years were gone.
Broken, world-weary, and alone,
With shattered hopes, unsought, unknown!

One day he chanced to find among
Old papers dusty gray,
The song he wrote when he was young,
That he had thrown away.
"Thou foolish little song!" cried he,
"I'll try my hapless luck with thee."

A little song to touch the heart
Dawned on the world one day,
A song to make the quick tears start,
Yet comfort care away—
A song so tender, exquisit,
It won the world through being sweet.

Well did it serve the bard at last,
That song of long ago;
After so many years had passed,
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That he had won a world-wide name—
His little song had brought him fame.

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"'Barber,' says he, 'I am discouraged. I don't deny it—I am downcast. Things are not going right. I mean in the church—in all the churches. There is something wrong. I can't tell what it is, but I know there should be a change. Very likely you know me well enough to know that I am in earnest in my work; that the cause of the master is dearer to me than my own life, and that of all the orthodox I am the most rigid and unswerving. There is no dissension in my church, no lack of good will between pastor and people, no unusual scandal, no scarcity of funds, and fair attendance at services. The trouble is deeper than this. It is even more serious. It is a case of dry rot, of decay at the roots, of lifelessness in the branches, of drying up in the marrow.

"'Sundays are days which try my soul. It is not the work I perform, the efforts I am called upon to make, which harrass me, but the character of the soil into which the seed is cast. I never leave my pulpit without feeling oppressed by the indifference which I hav been facing, the listlessness against which I hav been struggling. My congregations are large enough, but they are so inanimate. They listen, but they do not hear. It is not casting pearls before swine, but like distributing books among bushes and hoping that the shrubs will read and learn how to grow into trees. There are exceptions, I know; there are listeners who drink in the gospel eagerly, and whose faces appear to me like oases in a human desert. But for one such there are a score of blanks with eyes which see no farther than the pews where their neighbors sit, and with ears which listen only for the organ peal which shall signal the approach of the end of the services. There are scores of women thinking only of the dresses or faces about them; scores of men slyly dozing or with thoughts upon business, sports, or politics. Perhaps I am singularly unfortunate, but so constituted am I that in the course of a sermon I involuntarily count these blank faces and compare their great number to the few upon whose countenances can be seen the light of interest and thought. After each sermon I feel more dejected than on the previous Sabbath, and I know that the day is coming when my will and courage shall fail me, and rather than chill in the effort to warm these ice floes I will seek other avenues of usefulness.

"'No doubt, barber, you are unable to fully appreciate my dejection, and to understand the depth of my despair, and the shudders which shake my frame when I enter the pulpit. No doubt you will say I am foolish for giving way to such emotions, and that I should be satisfied as long as the people who employ me are content with what they get. But I cannot help it. The stolid indifference of my hearers to the thoughts and sentiments contained in my sermons is painful to me, because I know that in all of the churches in this city the same scenes are enacted. Not only here, but all over the country, are similar exhibitions to be found every Sabbath.

"'We still hav congregations, it is true, but only because it is fashionable to go to church. It is the thing to do. Church attendance is with a large portion of the people a mere matter of duty and faith rather than desire. With others it is habit, perfunctorily performed. And with only a few—and they generally the aged or afflicted—is it the fruition of earnest wish to hear the sacred truths, and drink in new spiritual life and nutriment.

"'This is a matter that is worthy serious thought. Reflect that in the United States there are seventy-five thousand ministers, preaching to more than that many congregations. How much influence upon the character, the morals, and the lives of the people of this country hav the unceasing efforts of this vast army of laborers in the master's vineyard? Is it not a fact that a few hundred editors of leading daily newspapers make greater impress upon their fellow-men than all of the ministers in our pulpits? Is it not a fact that the four English Sunday newspapers of Chicago, with their varied contents relating to all of the affairs of life, with blended news, sentiment, opinion, business, romance—in each something to touch the heart or appeal to the reason—are far more powerful in their influence upon the half-million people of this city than all of the sermons uttered in our hundreds of pulpits? Some of the newspapers print sermons, and I used to write out my discourses and giv copies to the newspapers until, upon investigation, I found that, save on occasions of special interest, not one newspaper reader in a hundred perused the pulpit thoughts. Everything, even the advertisments, would be read—everything but the sermons. Five hundred people attend church, and only a few dozen bear away with them and remember till the following day even a single thought from the discourse. Sermons printed in newspapers will not be read. Of what use, then, are sermons? And, after all, can it be true that the gloom which settles over me on observing the mere fashionable presence but habitual indifference of my parishioners in their pews, is an instinctiv recognition of the fact that in cities, at least, the pulpit is a failure, and that thousands of able, earnest men are laboring week after week in a barren field?

"'Barber, you are a regular attendant at church, and I think you will agree with me that it is not the fault of the sermons. The churches of America were never better equipped with preachers than to-day—the discourses were never before so broad, so timely, so able. The trouble is not with the ministers, but with the people. They are drifting away from sermons. Year after year the masses are becoming less serious and reflectiv. In the change from earnest thoughtfulness to frivolity and miscellany and 'light stuff,' the newspapers hav led the way. This generation seems to hav eschewed thought and to be willing to do everything by instinct.

"'As good and pious a man as you, barber, knows very well that religion is nothing if it is not earnest and deep. It must be drawn from the great hights and the depths of the infinit. Religion is enthusiasm for good, and enthusiasm cannot be made of habit; it cannot consist of fashionableness; it cannot thrive upon indifference and blankness of faith and dozing eyes. There is still plenty of religion in the world, and plenty of it in Chicago, too, but sermons are losing their potency because religion is changing its character. We still hav the old sermons, but the new religion needs no sermons at all. The religion of the infinit revealed is giving place to a religion of humanity. It is seen everywhere, but its best forms are found in the church. The ministers go on with their sermons about the revelation and the book and the interpretation, but it is in social leadership, in encouraging the meeting together of men and women and children, in the moral and general teachings of the Sabbath-schools, in pound partying, sociables, Christmas-trees, and, above all, in the aid societies and the many works of charity clustering about it that the church finds its real power. The sermons are nowhere. They deal with religion in the abstract, while the new religion is practical. The religion of deep and serious conviction, of earnestness and great faith, of communion with the scriptures and with the inspirer of all, is passing away. The present power of the church is social, not spiritual. Preaching is merely endured, and pastoral prayer is a form. The choir is more potent than the pulpit. And yet, out of deference to custom, a vast army of noble men go on week after week laboring and struggling and producing each year millions of sermons which fall upon the people like useless handbills upon a cold and cheerless pavement.

"'It is appreciation of the vastness of this wasted energy which oppresses me, barber, and fills me full of sadness and foreboding. I tremble for the future of a religion that is so drifting. I yearn for some work in life that will giv me listening and thinking men to talk to—a sphere of usefulness in which I need not be a mere tolerated relic, but an actuality and indispensable. Can you advise me?'

"'Certainly,' says I. to my dear and long-winded pastor, 'certainly, sir. Try barbering.'"

Obituary.

DIED.—At her home in Brentwood, L. I., on July 2d, Mrs. Emily Codman, wife of our esteemed friend and co-worker in the cause of truth, Chas. A. Codman.

It is fitting always on the close of a life to pause awhile amid our activities to contemplate the mystery of death; and that not only out of respect for the departed, but for the moral and spiritual welfare of the living as well.

It was one of the religious rites of the ancient Egyptians to hold a court of inquiry on the character of each deceased person, to ascertain his fitness for another life, as disclosed by his conduct in this. We of the nineteenth century, as we stand at the open grave, or at the crematory furnace, ponder, not so much, if at all, the fitness of the individual for another life, but whether there be a future state at all, or an objectiv soul to be happy or to suffer in it. Such, after nineteen hundred years of Christian teaching, is the state of mind of the thoughtful to-day, so unsolved is this problem.

On such sad occasions (said in the sense of sundering existing objectiv relations; but not said from another and higher point of view) we hav in the past been consoled or comforted with one or the other of two philosophies—one thoroughly pessimistic in its tone, teaching that life at the best is hardly worth living, and that "death ends all;" the other optimistic in its tendency, asserting that, so far from death ending all, it is only a preparatory state for a never-ending life of bliss or of woe hereafter. Formerly the rejection of one of these theories (for neither of them is susceptible of proof) meant the acceptance of the other. Not so, however, now, for a new philosophy and a new religion has recently obtained, which, while assenting to the fundamental dogma of each, in a sense not contemplated by its adherents, givs to those ideas a more profound signification and a higher use than either is capable of in this literal and objectiv meaning; or, in other words, the new philosophy of Positivism agrees with the Materialist that death does end all *objectivly*, but that it is by no means the end of the subjectiv life of which the objectiv (body) was only an instrument or tool.

To the Christian it concedes another and a never-ending life, but not such a gross one as his religion teaches. The soul (not as an entity but as an *influence*) does indeed liv, and in truth can never die. It livs as an influence either for good or evil made by the instrument (the body) on its surroundings, becoming on the destruction of the body an infinitesimal part of the great being, humanity.

If any is at a loss to understand this immortality of influence, let him conceive of life with all the results of past generations blotted out, and what would be left to the man of to-day? Are not the works of genius more real to us than was the living man? The influence on the world of all men, it is true, is far from being alike, still, like the drop of water to the ocean, it forms a part of a whole.

"There is neither mysticism nor hyperbole, but simple observation, in the belief that the career of every human being in society does not end with the death of the body. In some sort its higher activities and potency can only begin truly when change is no longer possible; for the worthy gain influence and range at each generation, just as the founders of some populous race gain a greater fatherhood at each succeeding growth of their descendants.

"The humblest life that ever turned a sod sends a wave, no, more than a wave—a life—through the ever-growing harmonies of human society. Not a soldier died at Marathon or Salamis but did a stroke by which our thought is enlarged and our standard of duty formed to this day. 'John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on.'"

This new view of immortality, which is in perfect harmony with science, has also all the ennobling influences on character and healthful tendencies that are claimed for the old belief in objectiv immortality; for, while the motiv underlying the wish for an objectiv immortality is purely a selfish one, the desire to liv again in our good works is purely altruistic.

To this new conception of another life our departed sister inclined during her later years. Its influence on her character was good, as it must necessarily be on all who accept it. The reason why its influence must be healthful and ennobling is, that it lifts the individual to a higher plane of thought and action; it eliminates egotism and cultivates altruism.

The individual who is forever anxious about "his soul's salvation" is actuated only through love of his personality, while he who seeks or hopes to "join the choir invisible," does so only that others may be made better and happier thereby.

Dissatisfied with the low aims, frivolities, and inharmony of life as led by the multitude, a few gifted minds, about forty years ago, inspired by the writings of Fourier, Brisbane, Warren, Andrews, and others, of whom Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, and Thoreau were types, sought by their writings and example to inspire others with the like aspirations.

In our departed sister they found an apt and enthusiastic disciple. Imbued with the desire for a more harmonious and truer life than could be found in society as now constituted, she left her New England home to join one of the many attempts then being made to realize their aspirations for a truer life. This attempt was made at Modern Times (now Brentwood), on the principles taught by Josiah Warren, which, it was believed, would make it possible for men to deal equably and justly with each other, and to so adjust their relations as to make harmony and peace possible, and thus escape the great and growing inharmony in human society, and the unequal distribution of wealth from which so many evils spring.

The world, unfortunately, was not then prepared to accept principles so just. Had it been so prepared, how different would society now be! But we believe it is only a matter of time. The good seed has been sown, fruitage must some day follow.

> For ever the truth comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done.

The effect of this unselfish philosophy upon the character of our sister was also manifested in her domestic life. She was ever planning how to amuse and make life pleasant to those around her, and especially to children. She was, indeed, a social queen, whose memory will be held in grateful remembrance by all, but especially by the young, whose happiness she did so much to promote.

As an evidence of her freedom from superstition, she was an ardent advocate of cremation, and it was among her last requests that her body should be incinerated, which request was religiously fulfilled by her husband.

Thus passed Emily Codman from objectiv life into the collectiv humanity.

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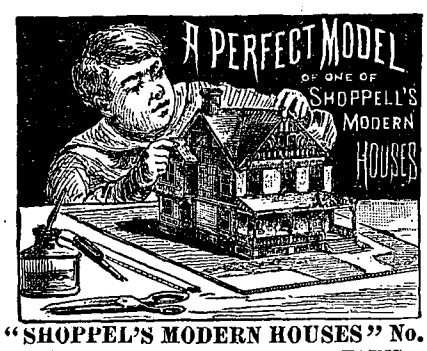
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THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.
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News of

In the trials of the dyn detectivs are giving te effect. According to dynamiters were in a fa municipal authorities of at short notice.

Congress will probably adjourn this week.

The workingmen of New York are talking of running Henry George for mayor of the city.

There is a revolution in Mexico, two states, Tamaulipas and Nuevo Leon, being in open rebellion.

A Boston, Mass., judge has decided that barbers may keep open on Sundays, theirs being a work of necessity.

With the defeat of the Home Rule bill and the forming of a new ministry, Mr. Gladstone becomes simply a member of Parliament, and Lord Salisbury is the head of the government.

One hundred and three arrests were made in this city last Sunday for violation of the law against selling liquor on that day. There are laws against the selling of other things in New York on Sunday, but though they were openly violated, no arrests followed on that account.

Lockwood, the murderer of Mattie Randall, at Morris, Conn., was found, Sunday, hanging dead by the neck a short distance from the scene of his crime. He had committed suicide, it is supposed.

A man-eating shark ten feet in length was caught at the foot of Beekman street, New York, last Saturday. Small boys are in the habit of bathing daily in the adjacent waters of the East River.

The Rev. Father William J. Sherman, of Brooklyn, has broken his priestly vows by running away with a woman. His friends claim that he is married to her. If such can be proved, the church will excommunicate him, but if he has merely seduced her, there may still be hope for him.

A young fellow named Brodie successfully dropped from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River one day last week. He was picked up uninjured. A man named Odlum lost his life in attempting to perform the same feat a year ago. The distance from the bridge to the surface of the water is about 125 feet.

Albany, N. Y., celebrated last week its two hundredth anniversary. President Cleveland, Governor Hill, and other distinguished citizens participated in the festivities. Mr. Cleveland told the people that the time he spent in Albany was the happiest period of his life. This statement, considering that his honeymoon in Washington is scarcely ended, causes some remark.

At Tomah, Wis., the Rev. Mr. Alderson, a minister of the gospel and editor of the Tomah *Enterprise*, has just been tried by the church committee on the charge of whipping his wife. The charges were sustained by the committee. Mr. Alderson was one of the instigators of the charges against Rev. Mr. Fullmer, late a pastor at the same place, who was tried for conduct which reflected discredit on the church, the charges being also sustained.

The Rev. Johannes Van den Brock is pastor of the Arminian church at Paterson, N. J. Though possessed of an estimable wife, his conduct toward other women has caused a scandal. John Hartman, a parishioner, warned the dominie of this, and the clergyman gave him a thrashing, and bit a big piece of flesh out of his arm. Hartman procured a warrant for Van den Brock's arrest, and the officers who went to execute the same found the clergyman half dressed in the apartments of an unmarried woman. He was held in two hundred dollars bail. The woman says that the Rev. Mr. Van den Brock has wronged her.

Odds and Ends.

The good writers are not all dead. A special to a St. Louis paper says: "For a week past a dark gloom has been over this community, the clammy hand of pestilence having grasped it firmly."

A maiden once said, "I'll not mate with a man who has not fortune great." So she pouted and waited, and scorned to be mated. She's a maiden yet—age forty-eight.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A maiden once thought, "I cannot be bought—I'll marry a man who is poor; but the man he drank beer, died driving a "keer," and twelve orphans went out from the door. 'Tis better to wait, and be aged forty-eight, than to marry the average man; for there's trouble ahead for the maiden who'll wed the very first person she can.—*Courier Journal.*

THE LANDOWNER AND THE MULE.

A rich man had a piece of land on which a young mule was grazing.

"I shall harness you," said the man to the mule, "and make you plough this land to grow melons on, of which I am very fond, while the stalks will amply supply you with food."

To which the mule replied: "If I consent to toil on your terms, you will hav all the melons and I shall be worse off than now, inasmuch as I shall hav to eat dry stalks instead of feeding on the fresh green grass. I'll not do it, sir."

"How unreasonable you are," remonstrated the landowner; "your father never had any other food but thistles, and yet would work sixteen hours, and even more, a day without grumbling."

"Alas! that is true!" retorted the mule. "But then, you know, my father was an ass."

The great poet of the future is to come out of the West, says Walt Whitman, and the *Tribune* has its eye upon the young lady who is to be the g. p. of the f. She livs at Bird's Island, in this state, and here is a sample of her work:

I rise at dawn, and, putting on my clothes,
Stride forth to cheer my eyes, and ears, and nose,
With nature's dulcet sights, and sounds, and smells.

And strolling through the woodland's mossy paths,
All undefiled with mortar, bricks, or laths,
I worship nature in her bosky dells.

And thinks me, as I view her wondrous work,
Dame Nature surely ne'er did halt or shirk,
But toiled e'en as the busy little bee.

And so may we, without a simp'ring smirk,
Nor yet with aught of discord, jar or jerk,
Toil on to glorious immortality.
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A CELEBRATED MIRACLE EXPLAINED.

He was a devout Christian, and had made the study of the Bible and the proper understanding of the Big Book the highest aim of life. When he arrived at the Sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt renovated and cleansed by the thought that he was gazing on the very same spot where his savior once stood. Approaching the boatman, he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and, with Bible and commentary in hand, awaited an answer.

"Ah! what smatter 'th yer? Why don't you talk the United States?" asked the man, contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee, who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea.

"So this is the Sea of Galilee," devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge.

"Ya-a-s."

"And this is where our savior walked upon the waters?"

"Ya-a-s."

"How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?"

"Wa-a-l, you look like a clergyman, an' I won't charge you nothin'."

The devout one boarded the boat, and at last was pointed out where the miracle is said to hav occurred. After gazing at the waters, and dividing his time between glances at his books and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return.

"Charge you $20 to take you back," said the speculativ Yankee.

"But you said you would charge nothing."

"Naw, didn't. Nothin' to bring you out; twenty to get back."

"And do you charge everybody $20 to take them back?" asked the astonished searcher.

"Ya-a-s. That's about the figger."

"Well, then," said the devout one, as he went down in his clothes, "*no wonder Jesus Christ got out and walked.*"

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—o—

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Thought.

istendom to-day a religious nent that was not borrowed *D. M. Bennett.*

her it closes existence alto-ate to another life, is a ques-ny are now in doubt; while hav made up their minds that when a man dies he is as though he had never been.—*Toronto Bystander.*

Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct for many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure that concealed it.—*Emerson's Essays.*

At the present day Christianity, as a religious system, is on the wane just as surely as the pagan religion was sixteen hundred years ago. Its many positiv excellences, its moral purity, its teachings of brotherhood, charity, and forgiveness, remain, and will ever remain, as permanent blessings to mankind, but its deification of Jesus, its claim to being the prophesied faith of faiths, its supernatural stories, its more recently manufactured creeds, with their revolting dogmas and inconsistencies, and its worship of an infallible church by the Catholic wing, and its worship of an infallible Bible by the Protestant wings—all these are surely and steadily crumbling away.—*Stoddard's New Faith.*

Cromwell, though his hold over the hearts of the English people is growing all the time, still remains in an "uncovenanted" condition. The problem of his statue is still, and, so far as England is concerned, seems likely long to be, unsolved. Put him high or low, in the line of kings or out of it, he is hopelessly incongruous, incommensurable, and out of place. He is, in fact, the man of the New World; his institutions in the main embody the organic principles of the New World society. At Washington, not at Westminster, should be his statue.—*Goldwin Smith.*

The water seems to know enough to run down hill without being directed, the sun seems to know how to shine without superintendence, the winds are able to blow, the waves of the ocean to roll, the grass and the corn don't fail to grow in the spring without an instructor or mover, and so it is with everything in the universe. The earth revolves with unerring precision; the planets move in obedience to unalterable laws of the universe; the world and stars follow the same laws, and nothing needs an additional pushing power, nothing requires a director; there is absolutely nothing for divine providence to attend to; there is no more conceivable use for any God than there is for a million of them. The universe is superior to all imaginary gods, and has not the slightest use for them.—*Bennett's Infidel Abroad.*

Are you married? Hav you a wife you love? She dies and you die also. You, from your first speech to your last, hav ever said, "I believe," much as a well-trained parrot might say it. You had never examined your reasons for your faith; as a true believer should, you distrusted the efficacy of your carnal reason. You said, "I believe in God and in Jesus Christ," because you had been taught to say it, and you would as glibly say, "I believe in Allah, and in Mohammed his prophet," had your birth-place been a few degrees eastward, and your parents and instructors Turks. You believed in this life, and after death to awake in heaven. Your much-loved wife did not think as you did—she could not. Her organization, education, and temperament were all different from your own! She disbelieved because she could not believe. She was a good wife, but she disbelieved; a virtuous, kindly woman, but she disbelieved; a good, affectionate mother, but she disbelieved. And *you* are to be happy for an eternity in heaven, while *she* is writhing in agony in hell!—*Bradlaugh.*

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THE SABBATARIAN SCARECROW.

Notes and Clippings.

JOHN H. SMITH, ex-minister to Liberia, says the Mohammedans are making more converts among the negroes than the Christian missionaries. There are about thirteen thousand negroes from the United States in the colony.

THE Rev. Dr. Bartol, a Concord philosopher, is credited with the statement that he would not abolish hell if he could. This leads to the conclusion that the weather has not been as warm in Concord this summer as it has been in New York.

MRS. CLEVELAND, the president's wife, was taken into the Presbyterian church at Washington as a member last Sunday. It is thought that this will place the whole people, to some extent, on praying ground and interceding terms of mercy, or words to that effect.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX sees poetry even in cremation. She says: "Snowy clothing envelops it [the body], the door swings noiselessly open, the iron cradle that appears like a nuptial bed disappears in a glory of crimson light as a dove flies into the crimson sunlight and disappears from view."

MRS. JOHN PRILL, of Pittsburgh, Pa., became greatly frightened during a thunder shower one day last week. She ran to her bed-chamber for a bottle of holy water, to ward off danger, but instead she got one filled with sulphuric acid. She dashed the contents upon her face in considerable quantities, and when the neighbors came in response to her cries, they found her writhing in pain on the floor. A physician who was called says that Mrs. Prill has destroyed her eyesight, and that her face will be disfigured as long as she livs.

THE *Examiner*, a religious paper, thus laments: "It is sad and humiliating that ministers of the gospel should fall into sin, and nothing is more common than to see the facts spread out in the newspaper press."

TEMPERANCE women in the Prohibition village of Marshalltown, Ia., watched the drug store sales of liquors for a month, and ascertained that the six druggists sold 112¼ gallons of whiskey, 2,197 bottles of beer, 81 gallons of alcohol, 6 gallons of brandy, 8 gallons of gin, 1 barrel of ale, and 5 gallons of wine.

A CLERGYMAN'S wife, calling on Mrs. Gladstone at Hawarden, remarked in speaking of the elections that these were troublous times. "But," ejaculated she, piously, "there is one above that will guide us." "Yes," said Mrs. Gladstone, "he will see through it; and if you will take a seat I dare say he will be down-stairs in a few minutes."

A BOSTON boy was learning his Sunday-school lesson with the words, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that—" here the boy paused, forgetting the next word, and then proceeded with a pronounced voice, "Sullivan in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

A CLERGYMAN who livs in Southern Washington county, Mass., and who is addicted to farming, during the recent dry spell prayed very earnestly for rain. Within a few hours the rain came, and wet, among other things, a jag of hay which the clergyman had neglected to put under cover. The clergyman confesses that he didn't know his prayer was loaded.

A LADY recently sought to instruct her little grandchild in relation to the provident care of heaven. "Who givs you your daily bread?" asked she. "Dod," replied the child, "but Uncle John puts the butter and sugar on." With the addition that "father pays for it," the part which God takes in furnishing daily bread might be dispensed with without appreciable loss.

A REVEREND bishop in California is disgusted at what he styles the loose way in which children are brought up nowadays. He would like to return to the "spare the rod and spoil the child" theory, and complains that "a man can no longer correct his child without being reported. Society interferes." Well, that depends. If by "correcting his child" the good bishop means that the parent has no longer the right to nail his ears to a lamp-post, or to thrash him until the birch forest givs out, or to snap a coach whip at his legs in order to teach him to honor his parents, that his days may be long—why, there is a certain amount of objection among decent folk, it must be confessed. It's bad form to grumble because the law will not allow you to beat your children over the head with a chair.—*Herald.*

SAYS the Cincinnati *Commercial*, touching funeral insincerity: "To preach a funeral sermon over a good man, praising his good life, commending it as an example to the living, and soothing the mourners by a contemplation of the virtues of the departed, is a high and graceful task. It is in line with the custom of those classical peoples whom we call pagan, because they subdivided the persons of their gods more than we, to pronounce funeral orations over the great dead. But in our different circumstances the preaching of funeral sermons runs into the abandonment of discrimination. The preacher is not even allowed to limit his funeral preaching to the members of his own church. Even in his own sheep there may be wethers whose lives are not commendable; but he must also preach over their relations who do not belong to his flock; over their scapegrace sons; over their infants, who hav not yet had any lives to make an example of; indeed, over anybody that happens to drop there. In the case of his morally inferior sheep he has to be silent on their failings, and to strain at their undeveloped virtues. In the case of their 'impenitent' or wicked sons and other relations he has to invent some way of slipping them through the judgment which he has preached for all men. Thus his funeral sermons contradict his preached faith, and he preaches judgment to the living only to snatch the dead from it. To argue that this custom of prevarication, because it is called Christian charity, will not hav the inevitable effect of falsehood in loosening the character, is to deny that habitual sin is a growing force of moral degeneracy. Does it not bring the preacher to regard this, as a lawyer regards his perverting of justice, as a professional function which absolves him from moral principle? And can this be without an effect on character? Who can measure how much this untruthfulness undermines the preacher's truth in all things, and makes him look upon all as merely professional?"

Communications.

Spiritual Photography—Report of the Investigating Committee.

The production of what is called a spirit face upon a negativ is so easy a process by ordinary means, that to attribute such pictures to the presence of disembodied spirits, in the absence of all proof that they are not produced directly by the photographer himself or by an assistant, is palpably absurd, and in contravention of the first principles of scientific investigation. Refusal or omission to furnish such proof is especially a badge of fraud, from the fact that if the phenomena are genuin it could be easily established by incontrovertible tests. In only one case within the knowledge of any of your committee has an offer been made to furnish such convincing tests; and that is the challenge under which we were appointed.

The challenge was published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 10th, and explained so as to make it available in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 17th. The committee were immediately appointed, and accepted, and Mr. Robinson, who gave the challenge, was notified that they were ready to proceed.

Mr. W. M. Keeler, the "artist medium," was then absent in the South, and did not return until May 19th. From that time until June 11th no reply could be obtained from him, whether he would afford us an opportunity for the investigation, or whether he believed that there were any spirits who would cooperate with him and with us. If they could make an impression upon a photographic plate, we wished to aid them in establishing the verity of these results.

On that date Mr. Keeler wrote a letter to Mr. Robinson, for the committee, in which he declined to proceed with the investigation under the challenge, its conditions being "entirely too broad," and imposed conditions restricting the investigation. Upon personal conference between Mr. Keeler and the secretary of the committee, these conditions were placed in the following form:

1. There shall first be meetings of two or three of the Investigating Committee at a time, and finally one general meeting of the committee.
2. Mr. Keeler shall hav the opportunity of prescribing his own conditions one-half the time.
3. The details and results of the tests shall be published in THE TRUTH SEEKER in regular order as early as practicable.

The last condition we did not object to, and in accordance therewith this report is submitted.

We could not object to the second, without exposing the manner in which it would interfere with tests. We therefore confined our objection to the first condition. In a letter to Mr. Keeler, the secretary wrote as follows:

I am anxious that there shall be no circumstance connected with our investigation which will strike the public as suspicious. The condition which you impose restricting all of the meetings of the committee but one to three members is objectionable as an interference with investigation. We shall accept it because we think it probable that in spite of it we can come to some conclusion. But I think it is for your interest to withdraw it, because it will be said that its object is to draw our fire, to ascertain what our tests are before you will do anything, to divide and conquer.

He insisted, however, that the presence of so many skeptics at once would exert such a hostil influence that it would prevent our obtaining results. There were three sessions, at each of which two members only were present, while Mr. Keeler had around him such friends as he chose to invite. The absence of coöperation by the spirits cannot be attributed either to their being driven away by the presence of too many, nor to their getting miffed at the presence of so few. We admit, on the other hand, that there would not hav been any advantage, as it turned out, in having a larger attendance of the committee.

At the first two sessions the committee imposed no tests whatever. They merely coöperated in such tests as Mr. Robinson proposed, and observed conditions and results. At the third session, which lasted four hours, the secretary supervised the arrangements. Mr. Robinson had urged that we should giv the spirits as much of a chance as we could, and informed us that our handling the plates previous to exposure tended to prevent results. Having obtained only four negativs with the additional faces upon them during the previous four hours, we decided to giv every opportunity for the production of the negativs, whether by genuin or fraudulent means; and, while giving the spirits ample opportunity to demonstrate their presence under test conditions, to trust, if they did not avail themselvs of the opportunity, to the critical examination of the negativs themselvs. The spirits did not manifest any anxiety to make their presence known. Every one of the twenty-five negativs taken during the three sessions could evidently hav been produced under similar conditions by members of the committee.

Before taking up in detail the results obtained, the tests applied, the explanation of the objects of the tests, and the modes in which the additional faces might hav been produced, it is proper to say that notwithstanding the manifest reluctance with which Mr. Keeler entered upon the investigation, he cheerfully and unhesitatingly, at our last session, complied with all our conditions, and that the absence of decisiv results arose simply from the failure to produce a single additional face upon a negativ at any time under test conditions.

The first meeting of the committee was held at the residence of W. M. Keeler, the artist medium. Mr. Mason and the secretary were present on behalf of the committee. Mr. Robinson was also present. Four plates were exposed and developed, previous to which we examined the camera, the dark room, and surroundings generally. The secretary had brought with him three plates, which he marked.

Nos. 1 and 2; no result.

No. 3. Mr. Mason went into the dark room with Mr. Keeler, and, taking the last of the marked plates of Mr. Parkhurst, put on another mark of his own, and gave it to Mr. Keeler, who put it into the plate-holder in his presence. The developing-room is very small and unusually dark. We were all present during the exposure, after which Mr. Mason went into the developing-room, and saw the plate developed. In addition to the sitters, there appeared upon the negativ a face not recognized by anyone. The negativ had upon it both marks affixed previous to the exposure.

No. 4. No result, and the session having already lasted two hours, the committee adjourned.

In accordance with the condition imposed by Mr. Keeler, the second meeting of the committee was restricted to two members, Dr. Leigh and Dr. Foote. It was held on June 23d at Mr. Keeler's residence. Mr. Robinson was present. Nine additional plates were exposed, upon six of which there was no result. Upon Nos. 7 and 9, taken after Dr. Foote had left, there appeared additional faces. On No. 3 also there is an indefinit something. The conditions under which these three negativs were taken permitted the production of the additional faces by a method which I had explained to Mr. Robinson as a sufficient explanation of the additional face produced at the first session. The committee were not invited to and did not impose any test conditions.

The third meeting was held at the residence of Mr. Keeler, on June 26th. Dr. Leigh and Mr. Parkhurst were present for the committee. Mr. Robinson and several other Spiritualist friends were also present. As it was to be the last meeting, in consequence of Mr. Keeler's intended absence for the summer, Mr. Parkhurst, on motion, took charge of the arrangements and prescribed the conditions. The session lasted four hours, during which twelve additional plates were exposed. Upon five of these additional faces appeared.

In the three meetings the total time was eight hours. The total number of successful negativs under complete test conditions, 0; under prescribed partial test conditions, 3; without prescribed conditions, 6; total successful negativs, 9; the number of failures under complete test conditions, 5; under partial prescribed test conditions, 1; without prescribed conditions, 10; total failures, 16; total number of plates exposed, 25. These numbers are all too small for reliable mathematical analysis; but as a photographer in a gallery can usually take at least four times as many pictures in the same length of time, and as our whole investigation was crowded into a single week, by his long delay in beginning it, and his abrupt closing of it, the committee is not responsible for that deficiency.

To make the details of the results obtained intelligible, it will be necessary first to state the objects of the investigation and its principles. It was not the object to detect jugglers' tricks in a process allowing so much room for legerdemain; but, the negativ once taken and fixed, there is no further room for fraud, and our object was to determin from the negativ itself the cause of the existence upon it of extraneous faces. If the proof showed that they must hav been produced by the actual presence of faces radiating actinic light, although invisible, spiritual photography would be demonstrated to be a verity. On the other hand, if it showed that all these extraneous faces might hav been produced by other means which we could specify and explain, it would only show that all the results produced by Mr. Keeler in our presence were fraudulent. We had, therefore, the additional object of preparing and explaining such tests as can hereafter be applied in other cases, thus to prevent the public from being deluded by such shallow devices as marking the plates, etc., which afford no more security than locking the front door while the back door stands wide open.

MR. PARKHURST'S PRELIMINARY EXPLANATION.

The recent challenge to investigate, made in the name of a professional Spiritual photographer, and the part I took in that investigation, hav led to results which it seems appropriate to lay before your readers. It may be interesting to inquire (1) what tests are suited to such an investigation, and (2) what means there are for determining from an inspection of a negativ as to the means by which it was produced.

There are only two possible ways of producing an image upon a sensitiv plate: *a*, by the camera—*i. e.*, at a distance from the object, by means of rays brought to a focus upon the plate, by refraction or by reflection; and *b*, by contact with the object, as in printing from a transparency.

There are only three possible times for the production of extraneous faces upon a negativ: *c*, at the time of the sitting; *d*, previous to the sitting; and *e*, after the sitting.

The combination of these results in six classes of possible modes, which may be tabulated as follows:

	At time of sitting.	Before it.	After it.
By the camera	*ac*	*ad*	*ae*
By a transparency	*bc*	*bd*	*be*

Of these, *ac* must include any genuin spirit faces; and it is so easy to exclude *ad*, *ae*, and *be* that in an investigation the practical question is whether *bc* or *bd*, both of which are convenient, are resorted to. The medium may insist that unless he handles the plates himself the conditions will be unfavorable, and may thus hav the opportunity for *bc*, putting a positiv transparency into the plate-holder with the plate. Or if the plates brought by the investigator and carefully marked by him are left for a few minutes where the medium or a confederate can impress them by the method *bd*, while perhaps the investigator is carefully watching a substituted box, it will be safe to allow him to take the exposed plate from the holder and develop it himself. If no opportunity is afforded for either of these, the medium is as much disappointed as the sitter at finding no spirit face upon the negativ.

The scientific investigation of the problem does not consist in watching for the detection of feats of legerdemain. It consists in imposing conditions which will demonstrate, when an extraneous face is produced, some fact with regard to the manner of its production. Marking the plates is usually worse than useless, because the security it givs is deceptiv. Among the tests which may be usefully applied are the following:

1. The rope test. A rope is placed across in front of the sitter. This will detect *bd*, by showing the image across the rope.
2. Throwing the sitter out of focus. If the spirit face is in focus, this detects either *bc* or *bd*.
3. Partially drawing the slide. This detects *bd*.
4. Taking a stereoscope. This could only show solid if prepared more elaborately than could readily be accomplished.
5. Developing before exposure detects *bd*.
6. Requesting the spirit to lay its hand upon the head of the sitter. If the spirit has as much courtesy as our friends in life usually hav, and is desirous of manifesting its presence, this givs an opportunity.
7. Turning the plate. As a scientific test, this is the best of all. In at least nine cases out of ten the spirit face accords in position with the sitter. In most of the exceptional cases it is merely leaning forward. But either *bc* or *bd* will giv a spirit face out of adjustment with the sitter. If there are four positions in which the plate may be placed, on the average only one out of four of the extraneous faces will correspond with the sitter, if produced by either *bc* or *bd*. The positions of the plate should be determined by chance, and the record should giv these positions and the resulting positions of the extraneous faces. By the time a dozen extraneous faces are produced, the question will be sufficiently settled so far as that medium is concerned.

If a revolving back camera can be secured, so that twelve positions can be made instead of four, and so that the turning can be done after the plate-holder is in the camera, the medium needs no watching; he may use his own plates, and put the plates into the camera and take them out and develop them as he pleases. All that he can do is to suppress a result, by the fogging or destruction of a plate; and he could not thus destroy any large proportion without its proving fraud. On the other hand, suppose that all the twelve faces occur in the position of the sitter, within an angle not exceeding thirty degrees. The chances of coincidence in each case would be one out of twelve, making for all twelve cases a chance of only one out of about 8,910,000,000,000; and an unbelieving Thomas could by additional trials multiply this number indefinitly, leaving no opportunity whatever for fraud, provided the test is properly applied.

Next, as to the investigation of the plates. The only effect that can be produced upon a plate by light is a black deposit, as it becomes after development. The whole image, in the method *bd*, consists of black or plus deposit. On the other hand, the only effect a transparency can hav, inserted between the plate and the sitter, is to intercept light and prevent deposit, making what may be called minus deposit. It is usually evident that certain faces are wholly of plus and others wholly of minus deposit. Such extraneous faces are almost certainly fraudulent, and to the skilled photographer such evidence needs no corroboration.

Sometimes the direction of the lighting of the spirit face will be found to correspond with that of the sitter, and sometimes not. Genuin results would follow some rule.

No two original negativs can be alike. It is too much trouble to prepare transparencies to use them but once; so that the same faces would be likely to appear upon different pictures judiciously distributed. If some of these spirit faces could be published and widely circulated, perhaps the duplicates could be found.

The claim to hav taken pictures in a closed camera needs but little comment. It is not impossible that spirits may materialize about the size of a pea, outside of the lens, and use rays many times as refrangible as ordinary actinic rays. It is not impossible that they materialize an opaque screen across the inside of the camera, with a lens of less than two inches focus in it. It is not impossible that they may materialize in a flat plane, exactly upon the surface of the plate. It is not impossible that they may draw their own likenesses with a brush dipped in some substance producing the effect of actinic light. But all these possibilities of the imagination are so absurd as to be ridiculous; and I hav therefore omitted to include them among the possibilities given in my table.

The following description of the results of the third meeting was furnished to us by Mr. Parkhurst, who supervised the tests, and it appears to be corroborated by our examination of the negativs.

THE RESULTS OF THE TESTS.

Before the committee was formed I stated to Mr. Robinson that if Mr. Keeler would take a stereoscope of him, and if a spirit face should appear upon the negativ, manifestly within the range of his vision, it would be a far better test than any of the numerous photographs he showed me; and urged him to furnish such a negativ, lending him a camera for that purpose, to assist me in convincing persons nominated upon the committee that it would not be an utter waste of time to attend. That negativ was never furnished. Yet I did not ask that it should be taken as one of my tests, because, after a month's time for preparation, it would not hav been impracticable for

him to produce a stereoscope by the same methods by which other faces could be produced.

1. In preparing for the first plate, a dark and figured silk handkerchief was drawn across in front of the sitter, to take the place of the rope test. This was continued for three plates. But it was so strongly illuminated as to print with a dense deposit, instead of clear glass, as I intended, and this destroyed its value as a test in the only instance where it would hav been of service. Indeed, it was chiefly intended as a mask to cover the principal test relied upon, for the first trial, by enabling me to focus the camera definitly upon an object nearer than the sitter, so as to put the camera out of focus for the sitter or any spirits beyond the handkerchief. This furnished two tests for previous printing, and one for simultaneous printing. No result except this, that, it being apparent that such distinct spirit faces as had appeared upon three out of four of the previous negativs would betray their fraudulent character if the camera were out of focus, and there being a probability of the repetition of that test at any time during the session, there was not produced, during the whole session of four hours, a single spirit face distinct enough to be betrayed by that test.

2. The same was repeated with the slide partially drawn. This added a third test for previous printing, continuing the test for simultaneous printing. No spirit faces. Mr. Robinson subsequently submitted to the committee a negativ, where the slide had been partially drawn, but the spirit face was manifestly printed by the simultaneous process, which this test was not expected to affect.

3. It was my intention to repeat this test for both methods, but just then a gentleman, well-known among Spiritualists, entered the room with his wife, neither of them having before ever seen the spirit photographs, and she was invited to be the sitter for the third picture. Leaving the handkerchief in position as the only test, I suspended, for this trial, the complete test for both methods. There appeared upon the plate, after development, an extraneous face wholly of plus deposit, indicating previous printing, but it was too vague to show whether it was intercepted by the handkerchief or not.

4. The same repeated, but with the check upon simultaneous printing that I developed the plate myself, carefully searching, before the development, for a positiv in the plate-holder, which might be of glass, or of mica, or a mere black impression upon the sensitiv film, which might be washed off unnoticed in the development. As no spirit faces were produced, of course my search was unsuccessful.

5. I asked that the spirit should place its hand upon the head of the sitter. This was modified upon the suggestion of those present, and the request was made that the arm of the spirit should be placed around the sitter's neck. There was no response. Subsequently Mr. Robinson submitted to us a negativ showing a spirit hand purporting to be placed upon the sitter's head. It was awkwardly placed, and, besides, the whole value of the test consisted in the production of the result without any opportunity for previous preparation.

6. The usual time of the session was now so nearly over that I applied my last and best test, by turning the camera on the side. No spirit face appeared upon the plate.

Two hours had now elapsed; I had tried every test I cared to try. In every case there had been an utter failure to produce any spirit face, and, therefore, no positiv conclusion could be drawn from those tests. On the third plate alone, where I had interrupted my complete tests, was there the appearance of a spirit face, and that so vague that the partial test remaining could not afford any decisiv result. The medium and the spirits had had every opportunity to afford us positiv proofs, and I devoted the rest of the session mainly to the effort to get spirit faces which should tell their own story.

7. I put the plate into the plate-holder myself, and in front of it I put a glass plate upon which I had drawn a large comet. Of course there was no opportunity for the simultaneous printing of a spirit face. But upon development there appeared a spirit face of plus deposit, indicating previous printing, which partially showed through the sitter's shoulder, as well as my comet in white. Knowing that the plate might hav been previously printed, I turned it several times, in order that such impressed picture might stand an even chance of appearing inverted; but it did not.

8. The same was repeated; no result excepting the comet.

9. The same was again repeated. I also put a small slip of red paper between the plates, to cut off the actinic light entirely from that portion of the plate. The result was a spirit face, very vague, of plus deposit, indicating previous printing. The hair and part of the dress are light, but careful examination shows that this is the effect of the contrast with a cloudy, fog-like surrounding impressed upon the plate at the same time. This is confirmed by its being perceptible not only over a portion of the face of the sitter, but also over a portion of the space covered by the red paper, which would hav remained entirely clear had there been no previous impression upon the plate. On the other hand, I repeated the turning of the plate in putting it into the holder, but still did not succeed in inverting the spirit face, although there were three chances to one of its being inverted at least once in the two trials.

10, 11, and 12. No tests were applied. We had been invited to leave the room, to see if they could not be more successful. On 10 and 11 extraneous faces were produced by simultaneous printing, but so vague as to be hardly discernible. On 12 not even the sitter appeared.

To recapitulate, in the five opportunities for the spirits to manifest themselvs under complete test conditions, there was nothing upon the plate additional to the sitter. Up to No. 9, with the exception of the third plate, the method of simultaneous printing was tested every time, that being the method exclusivly employed at the previous sessions; and in those eight tests not one spirit face appeared having minus deposit, indicating simultaneous printing. A reason for this change of process is apparent. At the first and second session stress was laid upon marking and watching the plates, and no attention was paid to the plate-holder. It was easier then to print by the simultaneous method, upon which marking and watching the plates was no check. It was because we found that he did not print at those sessions in any instance by the previous method that we abandoned the test of developing plates suspected of this previous printing, before they had been used for a sitting. But at the last session, the previous printing was much the safer method, as there was much less danger of our wishing to develop a plate before exposure than after exposure.

Mr. Robinson submitted to us negativs and prints, taken under conditions entirely unknown to us.

One of these was intended to illustrate what is called the spirit light surrounding some of the faces. These faces were evidently produced by previous printing, and instead of surrounding the face on the transparency with black glass, it was surrounded with clear glass vignetted into black. The dark surrounding upon the negativ produced the spirit light. But we noticed in several cases that the vignetting was imperfectly done, and a definit border of the background could be easily seen, especially where the background was thin.

Others were intended as illustrations of the recognition of spirit faces. It would hav been impossible for Mr. Keeler, in most cases, to prove that he never had had an opportunity to copy those faces. In one case it was said that but one negativ had ever been taken of the party identified, and her face was shown upon three spirit pictures. There was no indication that they were not identical, although so vague that we could not positivly assert that they were; but it was noticeable that there was no apparent difference in the position of the face thus repeated. When we remember that a lively imagination can see likenesses everywhere; can see the same cloud as like a camel, a weasel, or "very like a whale," it is not surprising that in such vague spirit faces resemblances should be recognized to persons who had died ten or twenty years before. Had evidence been offered us of a recognized likeness to a person whose picture had never come into Mr. Keeler's possession, inquiry into the facts would hav involved a doubtful and laborious examination of facts of a nature entirely foreign to our investigation.

In one negativ, a cane held by the sitter passes directly over a spirit face, evidently produced in the camera; and where the cane crosses the mouth, eye, and hair, where there was interpolated deposit on the transparency, the cane is nearly obliterated; while it is only partially obscured in passing across the portions of the face which were nearly transparent upon the interpolated positiv.

There was placed in our hands one negativ bearing characteristics entirely different. At each side of the sitter, and a little behind, is a standing full-length spirit form draped in white. The dress of the sitter was dark. On the negativ the spirit dresses are dark, and the sitter's dress nearly transparent. Now, the spirit dress could not hav been produced by previous printing, because the dark deposit is sharply cut off by the sitter's dress, and it would be impossible for the absence of light from the sitter's dress to remove a deposit already upon the plate. On the other hand, the spirit dress could not hav been produced by an interpolated transparency, because that would hav made it lighter than the background, whereas the background is nearly transparent. It is the unanimous opinion of the committee that this negativ was produced from actual figures standing near the sitter. It is not our province to inquire whether they were spiritual or material forms. But it forcibly suggests the consideration that a genuin spirit form would be almost certain to hav these same decisiv characteristics separating it absolutely from the characteristics of plus and minus printing already described. It would hardly be possible that a genuin spirit face should appear near the sitter without there being some lines which it would be absolutely certain could not be explained by either mode of printing. If genuin, it ought not to require study; it ought to be so evident that we could not imagin the explanation of either plus or minus deposit.

In conclusion, we wish to emphasize the following points:

Mr. Robinson offered to hav Mr. Keeler produce for us "spirit photographs," and to convince us that they were not made by ordinary photographic methods, but by genuin spirit agencies. But

I. He and Mr. Keeler furnished us no evidence that they were not made by ordinary methods.

II. For reasons already detailed, we could secure no reliable arrangements to obtain such evidence.

III. We did not deem it wise or judicious, under the circumstances, to attempt to prevent or detect the use of prepared plates.

IV. We were therefore obliged to rely mainly upon an examination of the nine negativs themselvs for internal evidence as to their origin.

V. They are all such as can easily be produced by processes well known to photographers.

VI. Three of them bear the marks of previous preparation by contact printing with a positiv transparency.

VII. Six of them bear the marks of being made by the simultaneous process, or interception of light during the exposure by a transparent positiv placed in the holder, or in the camera, in front of the sensitiv plate.

VIII. No spirit face could be recognized by either of us.

Neither kind of evidence, external or internal, having been furnished us, we must report their spirit origin not proven.

We trust that (1) by calling attention to the peculiar characteristics of "spirit faces" produced by means of transparent positivs either by previous (or plus) printing, or by simultaneous (or minus) printing; (2) by pointing out the differences between the two; (3) and by using these characteristics and differences as evidence of the real origin of the "spirit faces," we hav done better service than if we had attempted successfully either to prevent or to detect the use of prepared plates.

HENRY M. PARKHURST, Sec.,
O. G. MASON,
EDWIN LEIGH,
EDWARD B. FOOTE, JR.

July 28, 1886.

Ho! For Montana.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* On the 17th of last April the chairman of the Executiv Committee of the Secular Union for Montana wrote to me in regard to permanent lecture work in that territory. From all accounts, the Christian church imagins it owns Montana. I will go and dispute the title. The Presbyterian Assembly in Minneapolis claimed that they had a strong hold there. If the Montana ministers hav as much grit as grace, there will be lively times there this fall and winter. It is my purpose to confine my lectures to Montana for several months if there are Liberals enough there to sustain the work. I start to-morrow, and will be employed for several weeks lecturing on the route, and will be glad to hav the Montana Liberals address me at Wentworth, Dakota, and my mail will be forwarded to me on the way.

I hav just closed my debate with Rev. V. O. Van Slyke, of Wisconsin. It occupied four evenings in the Opera House, at Madison, Dakota. The reverend gentleman is a well-meaning man, but truth and candor compel me to say that he is the weakest opponent that I ever met; and that makes it uncomplimentary for him, for the reason that I remember my debate with Whitcomb, and the one with Elder Grubbs, of Kentucky, and the Methodist parson, Hodgkiss. It always does me good to acknowledge the talent of any man. Christianity has a few good debaters, and but a few. Among them are Rev. James Pryse, whom I place at the head; Rev. G. C. Haddock, Rev. O. A. Burgess (deceased), Rev. D. R. Dungan, Rev. D. R. Lucas. It is a pleasure to debate with a man of ability. It does far more good to the Liberal cause, for the reason that if a weak reasoner gets swamped the Christians invariably charge their defeat to their champion, while, if their system is defended by a man of ability, the damaging facts against them stand out in bold relief. The thinking portion of the people perceive how utterly indefensible the claims of Christianity really are.

I regret to say that the Christians of Madison almost wholly abandoned my opponent to his fate. They showed him very little brotherly sympathy. There was one clergyman present on two evenings. There was a Presbyterian ice-cream festival on the last night of the debate, and he probably enjoyed that better.

Three nights out of the four, several loads of Liberals came from Wentworth. In fact, the principal part of our audience was from Wentworth, eight miles away. Here is where I hav done so much lecturing within the past two years. The people of

Wentworth are a live, wide-awake, educated, progressiv people, full of Western energy, and, as might be expected, they are Liberals, financially and mentally. No place of its size ever paid me better for my services. It would make my letter too lengthy to giv you the names of all the Freethinkers here. There is Mr. W. L. Horton, the president of the League. He is a whirlwind of enterprise, clear-headed, practical, uncompromising, hated and feared by the church. He never quails, and is always in the front of the battle for Freethought. Would that we had one such in every town. Then there are the numerous members of the Zimmermann families, the Clauders, the Wentworths, quiet but effectiv workers all. Wentworth has an excellent brass band. Its music these summer evenings has made one think of city life. Now we move toward Montana.

Wentworth, Dak. W. F. JAMIESON.

The Cincinnati Delusion.

Anyone who has access to a daily newspaper must hav read during the past ten days of the sect of so-called Perfectionists having their headquarters at Walnut Hills, in Cincinnati, Ohio; and if THE TRUTH SEEKER laid claim to the gift of prophecy it might "point with pride" to its remark last week that some unusual developments with regard to the doings of this sect were to be expected in the near future. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* has been paying its attention to the matter, and has brought out all that was expected, and a good deal more than could be desired. The investigation was doubtless instigated by the older established religious sects, whose followers hav been drawn from their former places of worship by the new craze.

The sect of Perfectionists is about a year old. It had its origin in the Christian belief in the incarnation of the deity in man. In the present instance the incarnation or second Christ is a woman, Mrs. John P. Martin. Her sister, a Mrs. Brooke, believes herself to be he Holy Ghost made visible in the flesh. Quite a number of adherents hav been attracted to these two women, among them many reputable men and women, old and young, married and single, and of all beliefs except that of unbelief. The Methodists hav perhaps contributed the most largely to make up the Perfectionist band.

Meetings hav recently been held weekly, sometimes nightly—never in the daytime—and the character of the doings at them can be readily guessed by those who know what to expect from religious gatherings where reason is thrown to one side, and the emotions, if not the passions, are in control. The details are salacious and cannot be more than hinted at.

The theory of the Perfectionists is that they are made over anew, and renovated something after the orthodox plan, with this difference, that while orthodoxy merely rids the convert of the old body which has sinned, Perfectionism promises the same, and supplements the process with a new body incapable of sinning or being defiled. That which is sin in the unregenerate leaves no stain upon the Perfectionist. All contact is spiritual and therefore innocent. Nature then is allowed to take its course with the usual results. As the details of the meetings hav yielded more and more to investigation, the sisters hav been progressivly described as "attractiv," "magnetic," and "voluptuous." They conduct their services with a high hand, and the faithful must fall down and worship them. Mariolatry might be another name for it if Mary were on earth.

The *Enquirer* has not been satisfied with a mere exposure of the present state of affairs, but has searched the records of the women, and laid it open with unsparing hand. The intricacies of the relations which sister-in-law has sustained with brother-in-law surpasses anything in the Parson Downs or Sir Charles Dilke scandals. Perhaps the Oneida Communists, in the palmy days of John Noyes, came nearest to furnishing a parallel. The *Enquirer* may hav done the public a service in placing it all before the world. If so, we are willing that that paper should enjoy the public's undivided thanks for the good work done.

It is the province of THE TRUTH SEEKER to view the affair in its religious aspect, for in religion these immoralities hav their source. The seeds of the fanaticism were sown by the Christian superstition, and upon that superstition falls the odium. The blame cannot be laid at the door of the advocates of "loose divorce laws," nor to the "growing spirit of Infidelity and disregard of Christian morals." It cannot even be shuffled off upon the shoulders of "freelovers." We turn the Perfectionist craze over to the Christian alienists to deal with according to their best knowledge of religious dementia. If the Cincinnati lunatics serve to shake the faith of these gentlemen in the infallibility of the religious emotions as a guide, to the exclusion of reason, Mrs. Martin's claim to being a savior will, in a sense, be made good.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

Chicago Secular News.

His Holiness Archbishop Feehan, Spiritual Prince of Illinois, by the grace of the Pope of Rome Ruler of the City of Chicago and County of Cook, is a world-famed philanthropist, and to do him homage the city and county officials invariably feel it a precious privilege to fall at his feet, ready to execute his every behest. Did we not send a special train, with our civic and judicial authorities, including the mayor and our "best citizens," to meet him *en route* from Rome? And did not the most imposing pageant seen here for years tramp through the muddy streets, to the music of many bands, on the Sunday of his arrival in the Garden City, as the representativ of him who was content to ride bare-back on a jackass? Certainly! Chicago is just that far ahead of Jerusalem, and there is nothing too good for an archbishop, especially Feehan.

At Desplaines, now known as Feehanville, is situated the enduring monument of his far-seeing benevolence—the Catholic training-school for boys. The site occupies many acres, the buildings are ample, and the portion devoted to the priestly jailers even luxuriant. Allow me to mention that there is nothing sectarian about this institution, so I am informed by one of the directors. This is one of those long-felt public needs, where boys can be taken and committed to the institution when having no means of support, or when found guilty of petty offenses, and thus taken from the contamination of older jail-birds and brought under proper influences and disciplin. That these priests would be guilty of using this institution for sectarian purposes is not to be thought of. Oh, no!

On this account it has drawn thousands of dollars from the pockets of pretended Protestants, some of whom are noted in the pork-packing or stock-broking domain. There is a growing disposition on the part of our "solid men" to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the Romish church, as the press is harping about the workingmen of that faith being more law-abiding and submissiv. As the *Tribune* editorially deplores this lack of *submission* among workingmen in general to their "masters," that is the desideratum now sought, and if Catholic training can inculcate "submission," it will certainly be a larger sharer of their bounty.

As previously stated, the financial and personal status of our County Board is *strained*, and on that account Commissioner Klehm makes a vigorous "kick" against the claim of that institution for the past quarter.

Brother Leo, superintendent of the training-school, presented a bill for $3,060 "for board, tuition and clothing, etc.," of boys received during the last three months by warrants from the County Court. Commissioner Klehm says the bills are in excess of what that institution is entitled to, according to the statutes, by about $1.000 per quarter.

I hav tried hard to get at the true inwardness of this non-sectarian Catholic institution twice during my residence in Chicago, but it seems to be a closed book. The general educational law of the state prohibits the use of public moneys for any but non-sectarian institutions; but there are always some special laws passed to exempt this or that institution from its operation, so that it is more favored in the breach than the observance. As those boys were only received during the quarter, many must hav had very little board, tuition or clothing, but there is no knowing how much *et cetera* was necessary for the control of their conduct and the good of their souls.

Having made extra endeavors to find how much the city and county pay *per capita* for the boys, I succeeded in being sent from pillar to post on this wild-goose chase, and everywhere greeted with the same question: "What do you want with it?" I am going to get that information yet, if it is at all come-at-able, for I am satisfied that there's a "mare's nest" in Feehanville. This "benevolent" institution draws money from the United States for the education of Indian wards; it also has received help from the state, and lays the city and county under tribute to its powerful influence, besides collecting large sums on account of its non-sectarian basis; and, best of all, is entitled to all the products of the handiwork of those boys from the time they enter until they are 21 years of age. When we remember that it pays no taxes, as a religious institution, you can form a slight idea of the thriving Catholic manufactory we hav in our midst. The non-sectarian feature of this model reform school is simply this—the boys are asked when entering if they hav any objection to attending Catholic services. If they do object, their pious jailers will soon be able to overcome those scruples, and their existence is made a little more tolerable.

The City Council concluded its labors for the summer by unanimously passing an ordinance requiring that all street parades must hav police sanction, so that the police can prohibit any procession. One of our papers, commenting on it, said:

> Permission should be withheld if, in the opinion of the police department, the thoroughfares would be unduly blocked by inordinate use of the same by a marching body. There is now little reason to apprehend that the red flag will again be waved in the streets of Chicago. That symbol has had its day. The department will not be burdened with requests for authority to raise that standard. It went down in the Haymarket, never to be reared in this community again.

A little more of Russian rule in Chicago. Of course, the ordinance is aimed at the Socialistic element of workingmen. On Sunday and Monday the *Tribune* demanded that the mayor use the ordinance to suppress a meeting called for Monday evening in Twelfth-street Turner Hall, for the purpose of expressing indignation at the continued misrepresentations of the press, especially their garbled reports of cross-examinations in the Anarchists' trial now in progress. That law-abiding sheet intimated that if the ordinance did not quite cover the suppression of indoor meetings, public opinion would. It said in Sunday's issue:

> Emboldened, apparently, by the immunity enjoyed so far, the Central Labor Union—of which the Carpenters' Union is the leading society—has called a meeting for to-morrow evening at West Twelfth-street Turner Hall to criticise the conduct of the trial of the Anarchists, and probably to denounce the presiding judge, the witnesses for the state, and the attorneys for the prosecution. It is proposed, doubtless, to intimidate the court by a display of numbers—perhaps by threats. Parsons, Spies, and Fielden cannot be there. Neebe can. There will be no lack of orators, as an announcement in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, the Anarchists' organ, promises. It would not be at all surprising if there were incitements to those assembled to march on the court and blow it up with dynamite. The bombs hidden away last May may be brought from their hiding-places.
>
> The mayor of the city ought to take measures to prevent this meeting, which can hardly fail to be of an incendiary character.

Monday's issue was still more rampant, but of the same tenor as the above.

I attended the meeting, having promised to take the chair if no one else could be found to accept the doubtful honor, as the chances for being summarily dealt with were so good that few appeared willing to serve. My aversion to unnecessary prominence arose from my Secular associations. Well, the meeting was a grand success, and the speeches were cheered to the echo. The following were unanimously adopted:

> WHEREAS, It is the boast of our jurisprudence that no man shall be condemned until he be fully heard in his own defense, and his guilt established beyond a reasonable doubt by credible testimony, the law presuming the accused innocent until guilt is established; and
>
> WHEREAS, All inquiries of this nature are unavoidably affected in some measure by general public sentiment; and
>
> WHEREAS, The press is the chief instrumentality in modern civilization for the formation and expression of public opinion; and
>
> WHEREAS, In the pending trial the press has, with almost entire unanimity, from the 4th day of May, 1886, until now denounced the defendants as guilty, and clamored for their condemnation and execution, although they hav not yet been heard in their own defense, and has not fairly and fully published the evidence thus far adduced in the trial, particularly the cross-examination of the witnesses called by the prosecution; therefore
>
> *Resolved*, That we declare the course of the press to be contrary to the spirit of the law and to the dictates of justice, and alike calculated and designed to do the accused a great wrong by misleading the public and withholding from it all means of forming a correct estimate of information upon the issues involved in this trial; that we believe it the duty of the press to publish the testimony in full without comment, or at least to print a fair and impartial abstract of the whole testimony alike, that favorable to, with that supposed to be against, the prisoners.
>
> And we recommend to the organized workers of Chicago to follow in the footsteps of the Central Labor Union of New York, which is entering the arena of political action for the purpose of counteracting the repressiv legislation that the capitalistic class will no doubt attempt to railroad through our legislativ bodies.

The old Socialistic party, which was left in the shade when Anarchism became the rage, is likely to revive for political work this fall. A conference with that end in view will be held next Sunday.

E. A. STEVENS.

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. REMSBURG is lecturing to crowded houses in Nebraska.

THE Bozeman, Mont., *Avant-Courier* says: "S. P. Putnam was greeted with a large and apprcciativ audience on Sunday night last, and if close attention, interrupted only by frequent rounds of applause, indicate anything, nearly all present felt that they were enjoying a rare intellectual treat and more than compensated for their time and attention. Putnam is a calm, clear-headed liberal thinker, a sound reasoner and an eloquent speaker, and is apparently incapable of giving offense to any person who is an honest, earnest seeker for truth. We regret that want of time and space this week will not permit us to giv even a brief synopsis of his very interesting and logical lecture on 'Universal Mental Liberty.' But as he will lecture at the same place on Sunday night next we advise all thinking persons to go and hear what he has to say on the subject of 'The New Heaven and Earth.' Mr. Putnam does not arrogate to himself the right to coerce anyone into the conclusions of his own reasoning; he simply presents the truth as he understands it, and asks to be heard without bias or prejudice. At the close of the last lecture the hat was passed around for the purpose of raising funds to pay incidental expenses, and the sum of $25 was collected, which, added to former voluntary contributions, raised the amount to $40. This, of course, is a faint index of the liberality of our citizens."

GEORGE J. REMSBURG, "a chip of the old block," is selling his father's books.

The American Secular Union.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged		$2,772.37
Collection per Thomas Peek,	South Weber	4.30
Collection per Wm. Jones,	" "	3.25
John Bowman,	" "	1.00
L. Thompson,	" "	1.00
Wm. J. Jones,	" "	1.00
Thomas Peek,	" "	1.00
James Horrocks,	" "	1.00
Cash per John A. Jost	" "	1.25
Jacob Bowman,	Milton	50
Dan. Williams,	"	2.00
A. D. Shurtleff,	"	1.00
Chas. Smith,	"	1.00
Ande Ohlsen,	"	1.00
Jas. Williams,	"	1.00
John Thurston,	"	1.00
Ed. Williams,	"	1.00
E. Stoddard,	"	50
Martin Golder,	"	1.00
Albert Edholm,	"	50
L. P. Edholm,	"	1.00
P. Parkinson,	"	1.00
Ande Paulsen,	"	1.00
Olive Gerden,	"	1.00
Wm. Sears		1.00
Wm. Eastman		1.00
Total		$2,802.67

News and Notes.

I lectured on Sunday evening, July 11th, at Bozeman. Although the Methodist conference, with twenty-five or thirty ministers, elders, bishops, etc., was on hand and did its level best to make things lively on the orthodox side, our hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and even some of the clergymen attended, although they did not remain and receive all the good they might. No doubt, however, they carried off as much of the gospel of common sense as was possible under the circumstances.

The Liberal element at Bozeman and vicinity will be reorganized, and will present a solid front, I hope, to the enemy. With such laborers as Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lindley, Thomas Burke, Judge and Mrs. Lewis, J. V. Bogert, W. W. Alderson, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Cook, James Gourley, and others, both ladies and gentlemen, I hav great confidence in the work that will be accomplished.

On Tuesday evening, July 13th, I lectured at Helena, in the Opera House, to a large audience. Helena is full of Liberals, but many are afraid to take any open stand. However, I believe there are enough who hav brains and backbone at this important point to bring Liberalism to the front, and destroy the tyranny of the churches. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Gilpatrick, Prof. Henry C. Yerger and wife, John Horsky, H. W. English, Iver Wolff, C. H. Jeffries, Ed. Busick, H. C. Votaw, and others are generous and devoted friends of the cause, and will keep this frontier line of battle in good order.

Again I had the pleasure of spending a few days with Dr. Whitford and his family at Butte City. I lectured there on Friday evening, July 16th, and I found a most cordial interest among the people. The doctor has been doing some vigorous work. A Secular Union has been organized. Funds hav already been raised for the distribution of Freethought literature. Dr. Whitford will giv a series of lectures on the origin of the Bible and other important topics. Of course there is great opposition among the clergy to this new movement. They recognize the ability enrolled upon our side and fear the result. Dr. Whitford, however, has enlisted for the war. He has drawn the sword and flung the scabbard away. There will be lively times for orthodoxy, and a triumph for Secular principles. Dr. Whitford will be ably assisted by Fred. Cook, who is always ready to giv and work for the cause; E. N. Dunkle and E. F. Dunkle, who were once Methodists, but who hav lost none of their enthusiasm by coming into the church of humanity; Charles Stoffel, whose heart and hand are always ready for what makes mankind free; J. C. Singer, a generous contributor to the work, and others. I expect great things in this metropolitan camp-ground.

I lectured again at Dillon Sunday afternoon and evening to crowded houses. This time I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eastman, and the wandering pilgrim could find no more delightful entertainment. They hav organized a Secular Union here with nearly fifty names. Established on a broad and democratic basis, without doubt it will be a great power in this growing community where the churches are gradually but surely decaying. I lectured on "American Democracy," and "The Glory of Infidelity." A brilliant feature in connection with the lectures was the music furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Carrington and that bright little Liberal, Percy Carrington, their son. Thus the rugged pathway of reform is becoming beautiful. Poetry and music are our aids to the world's intellectual advancement. After the lectures friends made a pleasant social entertainment, and we had a real Sunday night's festival, which is the best religious service the human heart can hav, where every moment is jeweled with joy. Mr. Robert Boyd, Will Coddington, Mr. Estes, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Eastman made a very good choir. Mr. Coddington professes to belong to the Methodist church and he gave us plenty of Methodist zeal; and, as Liberals take in all that is good, we took that also, rendered as it was in handsome musical fashion. Dillon people know how to cultivate the humanitarian spirit, and this will be an element of power in their Freethought work.

Some of the good pioneers of this country came twenty-five or thirty miles to hear these lectures. We really had a kind of Liberal convention on this Sunday, when nature gave us her brightest smiles—mingled with a little rain—just enough to make the weather pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Trostle, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pennington, and others, were present from Twin Bridges. There is quite a settlement of Liberals in that part of the county, and the preachers don't find much encouragement there.

It was a real treat to meet our stanch friend, Ameda Busette, of Bannack, who has done more for the advancement of Liberal ideas in this county than anyone else. He is a man of first-rate intellectual culture. He has read and mastered our best books. He knows the history of the church, and few Christians are better posted on Bible facts and texts. He has spent hundreds of dollars in the dissemination of Freethought books, papers, etc. He is also an able exponent of our views, and the ministers had better not tackle him in debate. For over twenty-five years he has kept the battle a-going, and much of the present success of our movement here is the result of his untiring efforts. I also enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Benj. Dettmer and wife and her sister, who are all good Freethinkers. Mr. Dettmer subscribed for The Truth Seeker, *Investigator*, and *Ironclad Age*, and bought quite a library of books, all of which will be kept busy as campaign documents. Mr. Dettmer is always on the move. He likes a new country, and expects to go to Alaska. If he does, the banners of Liberalism will be uplifted there, and I presume the secretary will hav to go and deliver some lectures and build a Freethought hall in advance of the churches.

I am very sorry to say that our gallant captain, Emerick, was almost sick abed when I arrived, but for all that he came to both the lectures. I don't believe he would hav got up if Gabriel's trump had sounded, but he was bound to be at the lectures, *deo volente* or *non volente*. I was glad to see him again, and his noble wife and others, too—an inspiring company of earnest men and women; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Blivens, Mr. and Mrs. Estes, C. L. Thompson, George Dart, G. W. Carter, and others. They are talking of building a Freethought Hall at Dillon, and Mr. Emerick has promised to giv $1,000 to the erection of such a temple of Humanity.

So I leave Montana with high hopes, and look forward to a renewal of the campaign next winter with pleasant anticipations, for without doubt there will be a territorial convention of the Montana Liberals at Butte City the coming season. The work must now be pushed forward, for a very great interest has been aroused. A movement is on foot to secure for Montana the services of our eloquent friend, W. F. Jamieson. I hope this will be successful, for it will add greatly to the strength of our cause. Dr. York has already done valuable work in Butte, Helena, and Bozeman. Everywhere, however, do I meet the waves of inspiration that are still in the air, and still thrill the heart, flowing from the glorious eloquence of our president, Colonel Ingersoll, who was here two summers ago, and was greeted with crowded houses. I hardly meet a Liberal but he tells me of having heard on these occasions our great orator, and the desire is expressed deep and wide in all this western country to listen to that marvelous voice again. Our good colonel is enthroned, indeed, in the affections of the people of the West. They believe in him and admire him with all their heart. Sure I am that I never could hav met with so cordial a reception and generous appreciation if Ingersoll had not already aroused the sympathies and thoughts of these people with his earnest speech. The remembrance of his work has made my path a pleasant one indeed.

Several hundred miles' travel, and I leave Idaho and Montana behind in the glory of the setting sun, and strike Ogden once more.

Here my good friend William J. Jones meets me, and takes me over to his home in the pretty Weber valley. Friend Jones was once in the hands of Brigham Young, because he would not submit to the authority of the Prophet. Close by his homestead are the bluffs where Brigham Young planted his cannon and killed twenty or thirty of the Morrisites, who, unarmed, were huddled together in a school-house—which still stands near the road I traveled. The Morrisites were thus butchered because they chose another leader and teacher by the name of Morris, in place of Brigham. This is a specimen of that Mormon brotherhood, coöperation, liberty, etc., for which Dyer Lum has such an affectionate admiration. Of course the testimony of friend Jones, and of hundreds of other men and women who know by practical experience what Mormonism has done, is of no value to Lum, because they are the "avowed enemies" of Mormonism. According to Lum's logic, he who opposes Mormonism is a liar, and he who criticises its institutions is "prejudiced" and "illiberal"—a new kind of logic. Upon what has Mormonism and Dyer Lum fed that they hav become so great as to be above dissent? I am simply astonished that any man who is in favor of individual liberty should sustain Mormonism, which is a barbaric despotism, opposed to personal freedom, founded on superstition and ignorance, and whose history is one of the bloodiest and most cruel in the annals of time. Lum's Liberalism is what I call fool-Liberalism, and is the result of too much heart or too little brain. Dyer Lum will please take notice that I hav not attacked the morals of the Mormon people; I hav only attacked the institution. As a people, the Mormons are like the rest of mankind; they are neither better nor worse. As individuals, I respect them; it is the church tyranny that I oppose with every fiber of my being.

Friend Jones has a big house, and a big hall in it, and I gave my lecture there. After the lecture there was music, vocal and instrumental, dancing, and a good time generally. The welcome back to Utah was quite encouraging. Friends were present from Ogden, Hooper, Kaysville, etc.: Hector Haight and wife, Dr. Ingram and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. James Horrocks, Robert Wilson, John A. Jost, L. Thompson, John Bowman, Thomas Peek, M. Hendry, T. H. Hodson, the Lamberts, and others.

I spent the night with John Bowman, who is one of the old settlers of this valley. He also has had to fight the priesthood, but would not giv in. Like General Taylor, he never knew when he was whipped, but stayed right along through thick and thin.

On Wednesday morning I went over to Uintah Station. I met here Chas. De La Baunie, a gentleman of superior intelligence, whose father was a general in the French army, and he himself has had the training of the best military schools of France. He was brought up in the church. He is now a Freethinker. It was a pleasure to meet with one so scholarly, and who has so thoroughly read the best Freethought literature.

At Peterson Station, about noon, as I stepped from the train, I received a cordial grasp of hand from L. P. Edholm, one of the first Freethinkers of Morgan county. I went to his home and found a good rest from the summer's heat and dust. In the evening I lectured at the school-house at Milton to a large and attentiv audience. I was pleased to meet again the friends of my former trip, Dan Williams, of Morgan; A. D. Shurtliff, Charles Smith, Jacob Bowman, Ande Ohlsen, Olive Gerden, Jos. Williams, John Thurston, Ed. Williams, Martin Gorder, A. Paulsen, P. Parkinson, and others.

Thursday I came to Salt Lake. Friday, July 23d, was my birthday, and we had a little picnic in the park. I guess if Brigham Young had known that the park whose groves he planted would hav been used for such a sacrilegious purpose as a Secular festival gathering, he would not hav sold it to the city. However, we had a good time, and the ghost of the Prophet did not haunt us a bit. As I can keep a secret like a woman, I shall not tell how old I am. I feel as young, however, as when I first drew the breath of life. The universe is as bright and my dreams are as glowing as when I went to school. I am just as happy as at the time when, after earning fifty dollars by the sweat of my face, I sat down to the desk and opened my brand-new Virgil or prepared to win academical honors by a discussion of the important question: *Resolved*, "That the pen is mightier than the sword." When, however, I think of the seminary, and orthodox pulpit, and Liberal ministry, and the Secular pilgrimages, and the immense theological and metaphysical spaces I hav traversed, I feel about a million years of age. It has been a round-about journey, during which God, heaven, and hell hav disappeared like so many sparks, and only the earth remains, and I am a child again on its glowing bosom; and I renounce old age forever, and will die as young as when I was born. This is a paradox of which orthodoxy knows nothing. According to orthodoxy, we are born old—old Adam.

I lecture at Salt Lake to-morrow evening; at Rock Springs, July 29th and 30th; at Greeley, Col., Aug. 1st and 2d; at Longmont, Aug. 3d, 4th, and 5th; at Denver, Aug. 8th and 15th; and at following places if friends see fit to make arrangements: Forks Creek, Aug. 9th and 10th; Central City, Aug. 11th and 12th; Idaho Springs, Aug. 13th and 14th; Georgetown, Aug. 16th and 17th; Plum Creek, Neb., Aug. 19th. I shall be at Seward, Neb., Aug. 21st, 22d, and 23d; at Valley Falls, Kansas, Aug. 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th; Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 29th; Fremont, Aug. 30th and 31st; West Point, Sept. 1st, 2d, and 3d; Omaha, Sept. 5th; Cromwell, Iowa, Sept. 7th and 8th; Leon, Sept. 9th and 10th; Ottumwa, Sept. 12th; West Union, Sept. 14th, 15th, and 16th; Chebanse, Ill., Sept. 18th and 19th; Chicago, Sept. 26th; West Union, Ohio, Sept. 28th, 29th, and 30th. I find the field constantly opening, and it is impossible to meet all demands for lectures this season.

Samuel P. Putnam.

Salt Lake City, July 24, 1886.

Communications.

Facts About the New Testament.

The gospel of the Infancy was *according to* the "original." But who knows about the "original?" Here lies the difficulty; there is too much *according*. We know nothing about the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. We only know that some unknown persons wrote *according to* these reputed authors.

What a pity the wonderful gospel of the Infancy could not hav been voted the word of God! If the few tame miracles recorded in the New Testament are to be taken as evidence of the word of God, the wonderful miracles recorded in this gospel would not hav left a doubting Thomas in all the land. This gospel lifts the veil and allows us to look back to an age when every man of any consideration was writing gospels and working miracles—when sacred writings and miracles were the order of the day.

The age that produced such untold numbers of miracle-workers also swarmed with gospel-writers. The new doctrin of the Christian religion occupied the public mind, and everybody was writing about it, and each one told his story in his own way.

If the gospel of the Infancy was genuin and inspired by God, why is it not in the New Testament? If spurious, must not the parts taken from it by Luke and Matthew be spurious too?

Both the gospel of the Infancy and the Protevangelion, from which a portion of the New Testament was taken, are known to be of Eastern origin. The account of the star which guided the wise men from the east is found in the life of Zoroaster and almost in the same language.

The sacred writings of the Hindoos giv an account of a very mysterious character called Chrishna or Krishna, born nearly twelve hundred years before Christ. He was believed to be a God, born of a virgin by miraculous conception.

A chorus of angels saluted the newborn babe; he was of royal descent; had the power of speech when born; was cradled among shepherds; the ruler of the country sought to take his life; the slaughter of the young children was ordered—nearly every circumstance in the life of Krishna corresponding with the account of Christ as given in the New Testament. He performed wonderful miracles in his infancy. He killed a huge serpent which vomited fire, brought the dead to life, and struck others dead who had offended him; and he, like Christ, was crucified to atone for the sins of the world.

In the life of this Eastern savior is found nearly every incident recorded in the life of Christ. The conviction is irresistible that a small portion of the life of Christ was taken from the life of Zoroaster, but in the main it was drawn from the sacred writings of the Hindoos, and the incidents as related in the life of the Eastern savior were slightly varied and made to apply to the life of Christ so as to meet the demands of the new religion. Nearly all the men who hav investigated this matter without bias hav come to about the same conclusion. A faithful account of the origin of the scriptures of the New Testament would prove an eye-opener to most Christians.

Waite says: "The prevailing religious excitement and the enthusiasm, the trusting credulity and love of the marvelous, which were characteristic of the early Christians, led them to accept unhesitatingly whatever came to them sanctioned by their bishops and teachers. When the better educated among them were called upon to translate or transcribe religious writings for the purpose of increasing the volume of religious literature, they made additions more or less extensiv, and this process prevailed extensivly and unreservedly." And he says, further, "This fact must be kept constantly in view in all investigations of Christian doctrin."

Of the one hundred and fifty thousand various readings which Griesback found in the New Testament manuscripts Waite says "probably one hundred and forty-nine thousand were additions and interpolations." All over the land the young are taught that these uncertain, anonymous, and interpolated writings are the word of God. The wickedness of such teaching ought to be exposed. Let all the facts be told; then let the people judge for themselvs. Anything short of this is not honest.

It is only fair when the Christian speaks of the "holy Bible" that he should explain its legendary character, and say frankly that the whole system of the Christian religion has probably been borrowed from other and older systems. And let him not forget when he speaks of "the holy Bible" that there are more than twenty "holy Bibles" extant. And let him be honest enough when he speaks of a "crucified savior" to say, "Our savior is only one of a dozen or more crucified saviors;" and let him be particular to mention the Indian savior Krishna, who was crucified for the sins of the world more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and that the whole story of the immaculate conception and resurrection is but a rehash of an Eastern legend.

When the Christian teaches the young that the Bible is the "inspired word of God," let him be honest enough to say that nearly every age and country has produced one. Our country has produced the Mormon Bible, and thousands of the Mormon gulls place the same implicit confidence in it as a "revelation from God" that the Christian does in his "holy Bible."

When he speaks of miracles, let him say frankly that Jesus was no great miracle-worker. The magicians down in Egypt performed greater miracles than Christ ever thought of. His miracles, compared to those of Apollonius, Simon Magus, and Mohammed, were only as a fly-speck compared to a quagmire.

When the Christian talks to the young about the holy prophets, let him tell those whom he attempts to instruct that anciently the science of prophesying was taught by the proficients as astronomy and chemistry are now, and was predicated on the shifting clouds and rising smoke, and upon palmistry and the entrails of animals, and was about as reliable as the medicin-men and rain-makers among the Indian tribes. Let the minister in his sermon and the Sabbath-school teacher in his class mention the fact that for three hundred years from the first century sacred writers were "as plenty as blackberries," and that it took over six hundred years to separate the inspired writings from the spurious, and that now no two agree as to their exact meaning.

At stated times these scriptures hav been amended and revised. And now a "New Version" turns up. Yet all who hav had to do with the "sacred scriptures" hav received their light from "on high;" but for all this Christians are still fighting about their real meaning.

Tell your hearers that all this is not wonderful when it is considered that for three hundred years everybody was writing, tinkering, interpolating, transcribing, or translating these scriptures, and injecting his own peculiar views into them.

Yes, my clerical friends, turn on the light; let us hav the full blaze of the truth. Truth before falsehood; humanity before Christianity; light before darkness; facts before fiction; science before superstition. Giv us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and may the Lord hav mercy on your never-dying souls.

To show how the story of the immaculate conception has grown, it is only necessary to state that Cerinthus, who wrote a gospel in the year 145, said that "Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary according to the course of ordinary human generation, but that he was more prudent and wise than other men." Carpocrates, who wrote in the year 135, says, "Jesus was the son of Joseph, and just like other men, only that he was steadfast and pure." Papias, who wrote about the middle of the second century, says that "Jesus was crushed by a chariot, and died in that way." Marcion wrote about the year 145, and denied the resurrection of Christ, and accused the other writers of "perverting the gospels."

Thus it will be seen that for a hundred and fifty years after the birth of Christ nothing was known of the immaculate conception, the resurrection, or the miraculous character of Christ.

As we shall see, the miraculous character of Christ was fixed and tempered long afterward, for a purpose which nobody thought about during the life of the great reformer. Neither were the gospels written during his life, nor for more than two hundred years afterward. Many believed that the gospels were written during the life of Christ. Let us see. Justin Martyr, who wrote between the years 150 and 160, nowhere mentions any of the canonical gospels or their supposed authors, showing that the New Testament writings were not in existence in his day.

It would be strange for him to speak minutely of other gospels, and not mention those of the New Testament, if they were in existence. He mentions "The Acts of Pilate" and the gospel of Peter, neither of which is found in the New Testament.

He further says that "Christ and his father were both carpenters, and worked at their trade, making plows and yokes." This is according to the early idea that Christ was a mere man, born like other men, and working like other men.

It would be a strange sight, indeed, to see a God boring the holes in an ox-yoke. It is likely enough that the new doctrin which he preached caused him to be regarded as a great man, and then, like many other great and good men, he was deified.

Then, to be a god he must be born like a god and hav the power of a god. Hence the immaculate conception, the miracles, the resurrection and ascension, became necessary, as an after filling-in, to make all the parts harmonize and dovetail together.

The early writers mention a great many "acts" and "epistles," "gospels," and revelations not found in the New Testament. Many of these writings were held in high esteem by the early churches.

It is well known that Tatian, in the year 170, published a collection of sacred writings called the Diatesseran, and that they were so regarded by the early churches—not one chapter of which has found its way into the New Testament. These gospelmongers were as numerous as insects on the banks of the Nile.

It was preëminently an age of gospel-writers. But scarcely any of these early writings found their way into the New Testament. No doubt the Christian has the fullest assurance that out of this tornado of sacred writings the ones inspired by God were selected without any chance of mistake.

Perhaps there is no early writer who has a greater influence over the minds of Christians than Eusebius. He was so zealous that he believed lying and deceit to be justifiable when done in the interest of the church. No man in an early day did more than he to make all the writings of his period conform to the Christian religion.

He was an unblushing, Janus-faced religious literary thief. He added to, altered, and erased, and what he could not change to suit his turn he destroyed like a true Christian pirate.

He it was who put into the writings of Josephus the article referring to Jesus Christ which the ministers are so fond of quoting. In another instance, where Josephus speaks of an owl, Eusebius makes it read "angel." If he had known how little difference there is between the two he would not hav felt the necessity of lying about it. Scaliger says: "No one has contributed more to Christian history, and no one was guilty of more mistakes."

Waite says: "He is not only guilty of the most unblushing falsehoods, but of forgeries of the vilest character."

And yet the Christian's faith and belief depends in a great degree upon this unscrupulous, deceitful, forging, lying Christian scoundrel.

Faustus, in the middle of the fourth century, said: "The scriptures of the New Testament were not written by the son nor by the apostles, but a long time after by some unknown men, who gave their books the names of the apostles, declaring their contents to be according to these originals;" and farther, that "these gospels are so full of errors and discrepancies, both in fact and opinion, that they can be harmonized neither with themselvs nor one another."

In referring to the abominations of the Old Testament, he said to Augustin: "These, and such as these, are the examples and precepts of the Old Testament. If they are good, why do you not practice them; if they are bad, why do you not condemn the Old Testament in which they are written? But if you think these are spurious interpolations, that is precisely what I think of the New Testament."

Is not this virtually taking away the very ground floor of the New Testament as an inspired volume?

Who is most likely to know and tell the truth about these matters—Faustus, who lived in the fourth century, and was in a great degree cognizant of the facts, or a lot of ecclesiastics whose living depends on keeping the people hoodwinked, and who are removed from the time of Faustus by so many centuries?

Faustus further says: "We hav proved again and again that these writings are a compilation of rumors and beliefs made long after the apostles' departure, and published under the names of the apostles to giv the appearance of authority."

I would like to ask any Christian if he ever saw an autograph manuscript of one of the gospels. I defy him to show that there ever existed a record of such manuscripts. From the beginning no writer has claimed that he ever saw a manuscript of either of the gospels in the handwriting of Luke, Mark, Matthew, or John.

For centuries the church has been exhibiting holy relics. Drops of blood, and nails, and hair of the saints; thorns from the cross of Christ, drops of virgin's milk, pieces of the true cross, and spears and parts of spears which pierced the side of Christ, hav been shown over and over again to the credulous as evidence of the truth of the Christian scheme. But a manuscript of the gospels in the handwriting of Luke, Mark, Matthew, or John would be worth more to the church than all of them.

If such manuscripts ever existed, where are they now? Would not the church hav treasured them with sacred care if they ever had an existence? If they hav been destroyed, should not the church be able to tell when, where, and how? There is not the least evidence that such documents ever were in existence. Assuming that they did exist, who first copied them? and what evidence hav we that they were correctly transcribed? "Bottom facts" often let the bottom out of many fabrications.

The first arithmetic which Professor Robinson published was published in the name of another man. The reputed author of the arithmetic was a mathematician of considerable note, while Professor Robinson, at the time, was comparativly unknown. It will be seen at once that the name well known in mathematical circles would more readily bring the arithmetic to public notice and consideration than the name of a man who was unknown. And so these gospels were written—nobody knows where, nobody knows by whom—under the names of the apostles to giv them force and authority.

JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Church and State Education.

There are some good things that seem just a little too good for many of those who profess to prize them most highly. One of these, we regret to say, is religious liberty. If there is any one thing that the people of this country, taken in the mass, are bent on preserving and enjoying, it is this; and yet it is this very thing that some excellent people, who are far from regarding themselvs as abettors of spiritual tyranny, are continually seeking to undermine. Our excellent contemporary, the *Journal of Education*, of Boston and Chicago, has lately called attention to the action of the Presbyterian Synod of the state of New York, in referring to a committee, to be reported on at the next annual meeting, a resolution affirming that, while a union of church and state in this country is not be thought of, it would still be desirable to incorporate into "the course of state and national education" certain very specific theological doctrins, in which, as it was stated, all Christian sects agreed. They were: The existence of a personal God, the responsibility of man to God, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. We cannot suppose for one moment that those who favored this resolution would wish such doctrins as these to become topics of discussion in the public schools, or to be treated as in any way open to doubt or as subject to possible future rectification. If taught at all, they would hav to be taught on authority, just as the catechism might be taught in church schools. This being the case, we cannot understand how the members of the synod who favored the resolution could help seeing how vain was their disclaimer of any desire to establish a connection between church and state. The whole essence of an ecclesiastical establishment consists in the assumption by the state of the right to guide individual citizens in the formation of theological opinions. It matters not how many or how few those opinions may be, how much or how little of theological subtilty their formulation may involve; whenever and wherever the state looks upon the individual as unfit to guide himself in such matters, and therefore undertakes to teach him dogmatically what he ought to believe, then and there we hav the elements of ecclesiastical government.

Now, the instinct of the American people has hitherto been that theology and religion do better without the patronage of the state than with it, and that it is not safe to intrust the civil power, whether federal or local, with the making of any law looking either to the establishment of a church or to the encouragement of any special form of religious belief. We choose our own rulers and we set them over us, not in spiritual matters, but in temporal only, and, if we are wise, we shall restrict their action even in the temporal sphere as much as possible This by the way: What is perfectly clear is that our people do not want to receive direction in theological questions at the hands of the state, and therefore are not prepared to hav theology—even its most widely accepted propositions—introduced into public-school teaching. It is felt that the state has no business to *make* opinion in these matters, which it undoubtedly would do if it were allowed to impart any theological instruction whatever. Let, for example, the propositions above mentioned become a part of public-school teaching throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the modification of opinion to which this would lead would tend to prepare the way for the introduction of more specific theological teaching, and, little by little, we should hav, by the help of the state, a kind of official theology formed, the influence of which on the development of thought, and perhaps also of morals, would be far from favorable. No better way of stereotyping a civilization could be devised than for a government, through the public-schools, to undertake to tell people what they should believe on the most fundamental questions of theology and philosophy.

We should therefore strongly advise all well-meaning people to pause before they giv their support to measures which certainly would not hav the beneficial results which we may be sure they hav at heart. In what we hav said above we hav assumed the success of the supposed attempt of the state to control the theological opinions of the people. But there is a possibility that things might take a different turn, and that state patronage of certain forms of opinion might tend to produce skepticism in regard to the very doctrins it was sought to protect and strengthen. We hold very strongly, for our own part, that in the public schools, controled as they are by the civil authorities, nothing should be taught beyond the broad and demonstrable results of human inquiry.

There is, lastly, a point to consider which our contemporary above referred to urges with a great deal of force—the question of simple justice. It is known that, whether or not all Christian sects are agreed in accepting the theological propositions set forth, the whole community does not accept them. It may be unfortunate that it should be so—we do not discuss that question—the fact is that it *is* so; and people who want a merely secular education for their children would hav reason to complain if a teaching they did not think best for their children's minds should be forced upon them. The state, be it remembered, has completely dwarfed and starved out private enterprise in education, so that the average parent has no choice but to send his children to the public school. Should, then, anything be taught there which presupposes a uniformity of opinion that does not exist? If the reason why we hav no state church in this land is that we could not hav one without doing injustice to some element or elements of the population, the same objection precisely will apply to having an authoritativ teaching in the schools of matters that every man claims the right to judge of for himself, and in regard to which important differences of opinion prevail. The case is very simple and clear—too clear to admit of much mystification in the popular mind; and it is to the good sense of the people at large that we trust for the decisiv overthrow of any measures looking to the perversion of our school system, by making it an agency for the propagation of an official theology.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

"Six Years' Labor and Sorrow."

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., has forwarded to THE TRUTH SEEKER the following account of his so-far successful contest with bigotry in the English House of Commons. The story is printed also in the *Pall Mall Gazette:*

This struggle has involved five bitterly-contested parliamentary elections and nine actions at law, two of which hav been five times before the Court of Appeal, one of which has been argued before the House of Lords, and another of which is now on appeal to their lordships. In addition, one indictment was expressly promoted to disqualify me from sitting in Parliament, by a prominent Conservativ M.P., at the avowed instigation of a Conservativ society-journal editor. These alone involved very serious pecuniary burdens and enormous waste of time; but my antagonists hav not limited themselvs to fighting me at Northampton and in the law courts. They hav issued against me throughout the country guerrilla-like pamphlets, full of the grossest abuse and misrepresentation, and besides many scores of thousands of such libelous pamphlets, enormous quantities of leaflets hav been officially circulated by the Conservativ and Constitutional Union, containing, within quotation marks, sentences sometimes manufactured by selecting words out of distinct speeches on different subjects, going as far back as twenty-five years, and occasionally with words added as if by me, which I hav never written or spoken.

When the struggle commenced, it is doubtful whether those below the gangway on the Tory side who took the initiatory steps regarded it as more than a good opposition maneuver to giv annoyance to Mr. Gladstone. Personally I believed in 1880, and but for the judgment of the Court of Appeal should still believe, that I had the legal right to make affirmation of allegiance as a member of the House of Commons. Before I came to the table on May 3, 1880, I was strengthened in my belief by the knowledge that Mr. Speaker had taken the opinion of the law officers of the crown, and that they and another eminent legal authority, of the very highest rank, had expressed themselvs in favor of my legal right under the Parliamentary Oaths act, 1866, sec. 4, which gave the right of affirmation in Parliament to "every person of the persuasion of the people called Quakers, and every other person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration instead of taking an oath." The Court of Appeal ultimately held that "every other person" did not include me. In making my claim to affirm, I tried to avoid offense, and "Hansard" shows that I then carefully refrained from saying one word which ought to hav been considered objectionable. Yet I hav been since bitterly assailed for thrusting my irreligious views on the House, and this not only by clergymen and politicians, perhaps unaware of the facts, but also by members actually present in the House on May 3, 1880, who might, at least, if their memories had proved deficient, hav refreshed themselvs by reference to "Hansard." My claim to affirm was referred to a select committee, who refused to allow me to attend before them to state the grounds on which my claim was made, and who, by the casting vote of the Conservativ chairman, decided against my right to affirm. On May 20th the report of the committee was presented, and on the 21st I presented myself to take my seat, ready to take and subscribe the oath of allegiance according to law. Men whose anti-religious opinions had been widely published had already taken the oath of allegiance, not only in previous Parliaments, but actually hav done so in the Parliament which closed its existence in 1885. Tories excuse themselvs for preventing me from taking the oath by saying that I had declared it would not be binding upon me. The reverse is true. The committee examined me on my letter of May 20, 1880. I asked the committee "to remember that in this letter I declare that the oath, if I take it, would bind me, and I now repeat that in the most distinct and formal manner; that the oath of allegiance, namely: 'I do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, according to law,' will, when I take it, be most fully, completely, and unreservedly binding upon my honor and conscience; and I crave leave to refer to the unanimous judgment of the full court of the Exchequer Chamber in the case of Miller *vs.* Salomons, 17th, 'Jurist,' page 463, and to the case of Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Company *vs.* Heaton, 4th 'Jurist,' new series, page 708, for the distinguishment between the words of asseveration and the essential words of an oath. But I also desire to add, and I do this most solemnly and unreservedly, that the taking and subscribing, or repeating of those words of asseveration, will in no degree weaken the binding effect of the oath on my conscience." On June 22d the house asserted that I should neither affirm nor swear, and on June 23d committed me to the Clock Tower for attempting to take my seat, but released me on the following day with the full knowledge that I intended to repeat the attempt day by day. To terminate this state of things, Mr. Gladstone, on July 2d, carried a resolution under which I took my seat on affirmation, and sat, spoke, and voted for not quite six months of parliamentary sittings. Sir Eardley Wilmot, having failed in a resolution, of which he gave notice, that it is repugnant to the Constitution for an Atheist to sit in the House of Commons, introduced a bill to disqualify Atheists from sitting and voting. This bill he abandoned. Mr. Labouchere introduced a bill giving members the option of affirming their allegiance, but his bill was blocked by several gentlemen, most of whom hav failed to obtain seats in the present Parliament.

The Court of Appeal having decided that I was not included among the "every other person" permitted to affirm, I was reëlected, and on the 27th of April, 1881, when the House was in great difficulty, I withdrew on Sir Stafford Northcote's public suggestion that an Affirmation Bill, if introduced by the government, should hav fair consideration from his Conservativ following. Having induced me to withdraw, the Conservativs opposed and prevented even the formal introduction of the bill, and passed an order under which actual and violent physical force was, on August 3, 1881, used against me. Failing to get any solution and Mr. Newdegate's common informer having signed judgment against me for penalties, I, against the order of the House, in 1882, on the House having by vote declared me to be the sitting member, took the oath and my seat. For this the House, refusing first to hear me in my own defense, expelled me, and Northampton again reëlected me. Once more the House excluded me from entering its precincts, although I had taken no step under this my third return. In 1883 an Affirmation bill was introduced by the Liberal government, and I patiently waited the result, but I was not left idle. I was forced to defend myself against Mr. Newdegate's declaration in the House, and the repeated boast of Conservativ editors, that he would compel me to pay the penalties and costs, or at least would make me bankrupt, and so end the contest by vacating my seat. I had at the same time to meet Sir H. Tyler's blasphemy prosecution, and to read his motion made in the House, where my mouth was gagged, that Mr. Bradlaugh's daughters were unfit persons to be allowed to teach science in the Hall of Science classes. When the Affirmation bill was rejected I made my fourth speech at the bar, and was again excluded by order of the House. I had in the law courts endeavored unavailingly to procure a legal decision as to my status. A friendly action by a prominent Northampton voter was refused a hearing. My suits against the officers of the House were defeated on the ground that no court of law can interfere between the House and one of its members. The crown took no legal action to test the validity of what I had done in February, 1882, and I was nearly paralyzed by the repeated exclusion orders of the House. So in 1884 I again administered the oath, took my seat, and voted, and then voluntarily went for reëlection, so as to preserve my legal status as member, in the event of the legal decision being unfavorable. Unfortunately, the law officers of the crown, with the aid of the present lord chancellor, were not content to try the broad legal question; and the points whether the speaker was sitting or standing, and whether, if he sat, he intended me to be sworn, were gravely left to the jury as complications in the appeal case which now stands for decision in the House of Lords; but this decision, even if it be hostil to me, will only determin that I did not lawfully take the oath of allegiance on February 11, 1884.

Now at last, as I am in my seat, surely the wisest course is, on the one hand, to pass an Affirmation bill, giving to all the option now enjoyed by Quakers, Moravians, and Separatists; and, on the other, to pass such a standing order as shall prevent it being possible in the future for brute force to stand between any lawfully elected member—ready in all things to obey the law—and the seat to which his constituents hav returned him.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

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Reynolds Arrested for Blasphemy.

When C. B. Reynolds pulled up the stakes of his tent and left Cayuga county, N. Y., to fulfil an engagement in New Jersey, he wrote, "I go to Boonton, N. J., cheered and encouraged by the good success at Montezuma." He will hardly say the same when he takes the remains of his canvas tabernacle out of Boonton. The tent has been wrecked by Catholic and Methodist roughs, the lecturer mobbed and arrested on a charge of blasphemy.

Owing to a week's delay on the part of the railroad, the tent was not pitched in Boonton until Monday, July 26th. When the lecturer stepped upon the platform that evening he faced a fair-sized audience. The Booth family, five ladies and two gentlemen, sang an introductory song, and Mr. Reynolds delivered his lecture. He also distributed some seventy-five copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, giving the latter only to those who asked for them. There was little more that evening than premonitions of coming trouble, in the form of stones thrown upon the roof of the tent, and one rope broken.

Tuesday night the tent was full, and outside was a howling mob of some two hundred and fifty roughs, led and urged on by a pillar of the church holding the position of section boss on the railroad at Boonton. Another ringleader was one William Brown, a coal merchant. Mr. Reynolds, accompanying the ladies of the Booth family, made his way, with some difficulty, through the crowd, and mounted the platform. The mob howled, and threw stones at the tent. It speaks well for the courage of the young ladies of the choir that, in the face of this demonstration, they arose and calmly sang the songs which had been selected for the occasion. The lecturer then attempted to address the audience, but could scarcely make himself heard.

As the crowd grew more rabid and noisy, the lecture was shortened, and the exercises closed with a song. The continuance of the meetings was announced from the platform. Then the tent was cleared of the rabble. Upon examination, it was found that two of the smaller guy ropes holding the center pole in position had been cut. Had the main guy been severed the pole would hav fallen, and loss of life must hav resulted. The lecturer did picket duty until midnight, dodging an occasional stone that came through the air from the hand of some friend of Christianity.

Wednesday morning the air was full of threats against the Secular lecturer. Mr. Reynolds, knowing the names of the leaders of the mob of the previous evening, went before a justice and entered complaint against them. The justice was apparently somewhat bewildered by this move. He so far forgot his plain duty that, instead of issuing warrants for the arrest of the parties, he handed the complaint to a marshal, with instructions to show it to the persons therein named. Mr. Reynolds, however, knew more law than that, and after depositing $5 with the justice succeeded in compassing the arrests of James Neafie, a railroad laborer and semi-Methodist; Josephus Dixon, merchant and Reformed churchman; William Brown, dealer in coal and Reformed church piety; H. G. Randall, a bridge-tender and follower of Wesley, and George Hyler, a coachman and Methodist.

Mr. Reynolds next notified the mayor that he had reason to believe an attack on the tent was contemplated, and asked for protection. The mayor being ill, the petitioner had to be contented with seeing a daughter-in-law, who said the mayor had ordered the city marshal's presence at the tent. In the evening he proceeded again to the tent, and while lighting the lamps was arrested by the marshal on a charge of blasphemy. He was taken up-town to the lock-up, followed by a threatening, hooting mob. The arrest had evidently been timed so as to prevent a lecture being given that evening. Mr. Reynolds waived examination, and asked for an adjournment. To show that it understood what an adjournment meant, the court granted the request, but demanded bail in the sum of $300. This was found in the person of Mr. Maxfield, a good Liberal of the town, and Mr. Reynolds, escorted by the same rabble that had followed him to court, returned to the tent. The mob was tumultuous, but the choir sang two songs as though nothing unusual was expected. The lecturer opened his discourse, and continued for about ten minutes an ineffectual attempt to make himself heard. At the end of that time the marshal brought word from the mayor and common council that they could no longer guarantee protection or be responsible for the consequences if the lecture was not brought to a close at once. This was virtually giving the place over into the hands of the mob. The marshal expressed the opinion that there would be bloodshed if the speaker continued. Being of the same opinion himself, Mr. Reynolds, in the interests of peace, acquiesced, and dismissed the audience. But it was one thing to dismiss an audience, and another thing to get the audience to go. Mr. Reynolds, therefore, had to content himself with making his own escape, leaving the tent in possession of the mob. Threats of lynching, tar and feathers, stoning, and drowning were freely made, and but for the individual and collectiv bravery of the Booth family Mr. Reynolds would without doubt hav been maltreated personally and thrown into the Morris & Essex canal which ran close by. This family deserves to be remembered. Charles Booth, the head, is a quiet and determined English Secularist who came to this country nearly forty years ago. His wife, Mrs. A. M. Booth, is one of those splendid women fit to be chief executiv of a nation. The heroins who composed the choir are Miss Kate Booth, Miss Ada Booth, Miss Jessie Booth, and Miss Fannie Booth. The sons are Hubert, Charles, and Thomas, manly young men, who would not be the first to seek a fight nor the first to leave one, when forced into it. With John Krahmer, a young Freethinker of New York, who was helping Mr. Reynolds in the work connected with the tent, they formed a guard that brought Mr. Reynolds out of the affair with whole bones and dry clothes. Before the advance of the Booth family, led by the intrepid mother, the crowd of roughs parted like sheep.

When Mr. Reynolds visited the tent ground on Thursday morning, his beloved tabernacle lay flat upon the ground, an almost total wreck. The main and auxiliary guys had been cut by the Christians, and the tent had fallen upon the benches and chairs, the heavy center-pole breaking several of the latter in its descent. When the fragments were gathered together, Mr. Reynolds estimated that Boonton would hav a bill of several hundred dollars to pay.

On Friday Mr. Reynolds was served with the following order:

"BOONTON, N. J., July 30, 1886.

"MR. C. B. REYNOLDS, *Sir:* At a special meeting of the Common Council of the town of Boonton, held on Thursday evening, July 28, 1886, the following resolution was adopted:

"'*Resolved*, That the town clerk be authorized to notify Mr. C. B. Reynolds that he is strictly forbidden to hold any more of his so-called Liberal but unlawful meetings within the corporate limits of the town of Boonton.'

"'In accordance with the above resolution you are hereby notified to discontinue all such meetings within the corporate limits.

"By order of the Common Council of the town of Boonton.
[L.S.] "JOHN DUNN, Town Clerk."

The tent having been demolished, this, of course, was adding insult to injury. Mr. Reynolds sent back word to the council that they had exhibited the most monumental asinin stupidity on record. He then quietly awaited developments.

The examination on the charge of blasphemy took place Saturday, the 31st ult. Following is the complaint. It is a product of the combined literary abilities of the deponent and the justice of the peace. The indictment reads:

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, } SS.
MORRIS CO. }

Wm. Brown, of said county, on his oath saith that on the evening of July 27, 1886, he was at a public meeting held in a large tent for that purpose situate on the westerly side of Washington street, Boonton, N. J., and was addressed by one C. B. Reynolds; and said Reynolds publicly blasphemed the holy name of God by denying and contumaciously reproaching the being and existence of God and of the scriptures as contained in the books of the Old and New Testament by speaking of man in "being made of the dust" and saying that used the dust up so he put man to sleep and took a rib out of him and made woman and remarked in a ridiculous manner (who believes such nonsense) and spoke of the Bible saying of birds and fish were made out of water and said the Bible spoke in another chapter of the same animals being made of clay and remarked (who believes such nonsense) trying to prove the scripture false and making fun of and ridiculing the Bible and divers other remarks, therefore the deponent prays that said Reynolds may be arrested and dealt with according to law.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Sworn and subscribed 28th day of July, 1886, before me,
JOHN A. VAN ORDEN, Justice of the Peace.

To enable the reader to reach the gist of this remarkable document without the labor of analyzing it, the charges against Mr. Reynolds may be enumerated as follows:

1. He addressed Brown in a large tent for that purpose.
2. Blasphemed the holy name of God.
3. Denied and "contumaciously reproached" the being and existence of God and the Bible.
4. Spoke of man as being made of dust.
5. Said "that used the dust all up."
6. Put man to sleep.
7. Took a rib out of him and made woman.
8. Remarked in a ridiculous manner.
9. Ridiculed the Bible and divers other remarks.

The examination was held in the ball-room of the United States Hotel, and the room was crowded. At the head of the justice's table sat Mr. Van Orden, locally known as "Old Tootyache," once noted for possessing all qualities but virtue, but now a stanch Methodist; next to him sat Mr. Garrison, the editor of the Boonton weekly *Bulletin*, a deacon in the Methodist church, upon whose cheek is a perennial color akin to the bloom of peaches. Opposit the justice was the prosecuting attorney, N. S. Kitchel, who is looked down upon by even the indecent portion of the community, so much lower than they has he sunk by his spying and repetition of village gossip. On the other side sat Mr. Reynolds, with a TRUTH SEEKER in his hand, the pictures showing, much to the amusement of some and the anger of others of the audience. By the table, also, sat the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, whom the *World* of this city described as "a mysterious stranger, who sat beside Mr. Reynolds, and gave him pointers when needed." But no points that Mr. Reynolds could raise, or the editor suggest, were of any avail, nor did any one expect they would be. The justice, terrorized by the prosecuting attorney, had made up his mind to hold the prisoner for the Grand Jury to indict, and the proceedings were a perfect farce. All Mr. Reynolds could do, therefore, was to draw into view the long ears of the justice, and show the ignorance and bitter spirit of the prosecution. The following is the official record of the proceedings, written out by the judge with vast waste of the gray matter of the brain, and profuse expenditure of ink. When he was visited Monday morning for this copy, his good right hand was covered with writing-fluid and his brow with perspiration. He complained of being "overhet." The document is as unique in its way as is the justice the author dispenses in his court. It cost Mr. Reynolds one dollar:

STATE OF NEW JERSEY } On Complaint of WM. BROWNE
vs. } for Blasphemy.
CHAS. B. REYNOLDS. }

Evidence of Wm. Brown.
Question by N. S. Kitchel, Esq.:
Did you attend a meeting held in a tent on the northerly side of Washington street in Boonton?
Ans. by Wm. Brown:
I Did.
Ques. by Mr. Kitchel:
Did you see this man Reynolds there?
Ans.: I did.
Ques.:
Tell us what he said
Ans. by Brown:

Well he said that in a certain part of the Bible it said God made Everything the Birds the Beasts the Fishes & everything out of water and in another place it says that God made Adam out of dust and he wanted to make a mate for Adam but the Old Man had used up all the Dust in making Adam so he did not know just what to do so he put Adam to sleep I don't know whether it was with Ether or Chloroform and took a rib out of Adam to make a Woman, now you all know if you took every Bone in a Man's Body it would not make the Jaw of a Woman. Who believes any such nonsense. In that way he tried to ridicule the Bible & God and said he took a piece of a verse here & there.

Mr. Reynolds asked him if he knew of any verse that he took a part of?

Ans: No.

Cross-examined.

Ques. by Mr. Reynolds:

Do you know that it was the Bible I was reading from?

Ans.:

I do not.

Ques.:

Are you familiar with the Bible I guess not?

Brown did not answer.

Evidence of George Hessey.

Question by Mr. Kitchel:

Hav you ever seen this man Reynolds or talked. Hav you heard or had a conversation with him.

Question objected. Objection overruled.

Ans. by Hessey:

I hav.

Mr. Kitchel:

Tell the Court what you know about him—Reynolds.

Ans. by Hessey:

I met Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Cramer. Mr. Reynolds asked me about what I thought of his Lectures I answered him that I had a complete set of Ingersoll's works at home but I am satisfied that there is no truth in them nor in your Lectures.

(Objected to. Objection overruled.)

I believe the Bible is true, and your Lectures are nothing in them but ridicule Mr. Reynold's answer was that is our argument to ridicule and make fun.

The complainant then rested.

The defendant C. B. Reynolds then moved to dismiss the Complaint because it did not charge him the Defendant with Blasphemy, & said the words who believes such nonsense sworn to in the Complaint was stated there as the words of Brown the complainant and said if those words were Blasphemous Brown was the blasphemer. I refused to Dismiss the complaint as the words attributed to Brown by the Defendant were the words of the Defendant as I understood the complaint & as clearly appeared by the Testimony of Brown.

The Defendant then offered as evidence John Cramer.

Counsel for complainant objected to his being sworn because he was not competent he then Examined him on his Voire dire.

Question by Mr. Kitchel: Do you believe there is a God?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Do you believe the Bible is true?

Answer: No.

Question: What punishment will be administered to you if you swear Falsely?

Answer: I will be punished by the Laws of the state for perjury.

Question by Mr. Kitchel:

Do you believe any punishment will be inflicted upon you by almighty God if you swear Falsely?

Answer: I dont know.

Mr. Kitchel then read from Nixon's digest as follows unless the Witness believes there is a God who will punish him if he swears falsely he cannot be admitted as a witness.

I then asked the witness several questions concerning his respecting the Character & Attributes of God he said he was an Agnostic & had no views on the subjects.

I then thought it to be clearly my duty to exclude him as a witness. J. A. VAN ORDEN, J. P.

We hav preserved the construction of this document for the benefit of coming generations. It is, however, incomplete. Mr. Van Orden made it out for his side, not for the other, and the TRUTH SEEKER editor was compelled to labor with him for an hour or more to get him to insert anything that Mr. Reynolds said, or objected to the other side saying. His frequent threats to lock Mr. Reynolds up if he did not keep still; his own ignorant blundering, made worse by his furious anger; the silly questioning, by himself and the prosecuting attorney, of Mr. Krahmer; the frequent laughter of the audience at the pitfalls Mr. Reynolds led him into; his arbitrary ruling out of a competent witness, and the admission of the irrelevant rehearsal of an imaginary private conversation by a coal-heaver—all these are left out, that the glory of New Jersey justice may more abound.

The first witness, Wm. Brown, is a "heeler" for the Young Men's Christian Association and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. He admitted, on cross-examination, that he was not familiar with the Bible, and acknowledged that he could not specify what verses Mr. Reynolds took "pieces" of to ridicule the creation account. Hessey, the second witness, was not at the tent, and his sworn version of a conversation was, as Mr. Reynolds told him in court, manifest perjury. But it was when Mr. Reynolds called Mr. Krahmer to giv the true version of the language used that the inquisitorial spirit of the prosecution and the long ears of the judge showed most plainly. The New Jersey statute reads that a person who does not believe in a supreme being is not a competent witness. Nixon's Digest has it that a belief in future rewards and punishments is necessary to a witness's competency. The first question asked Mr. Krahmer was:

Q. Do you believe in a God? A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe in the Bible? A. No.

Mr. Reynolds claimed that, according to the laws of the state, the witness was entitled to take the oath, and, in any event, to affirm. Some of the ridiculous questions put to Mr. Krahmer were:

BY THE COURT: Wouldn't an oath be as binding upon you if taken upon an almanac as upon the Bible?

To this Mr. Krahmer returned no answer.

BY THE PROSECUTION: What effect would it hav upon God if you told a lie? A. I don't know.

Q. What effect would it hav upon you with God if you told a lie? A. I don't know.

The attorney then got sufficient control of his temper and tongue to put his question in this way:

Q. What effect would it hav upon you if you tell a lie? A. I should be amenable to the law punishing perjury.

Then the justice broke in:

Q. What would God do to you if you tell a lie? A. To the justice: What would he do to you? Reply by the justice: I don't know. Answer by Mr. Krahmer to the first question: Neither do I.

BY THE COURT: Don't you know what you believe about future rewards and punishments? A. No.

BY THE COURT: Then you are not a competent witness.

BY THE PROSECUTION: The laws of New Jersey say you *must* believe something. New Jersey rules out Infidels, Freethinkers, and TRUTH SEEKERS.

Ex-Mayor Worman said that he could bring two good Christians who would refute the prosecution's witnesses, but upon calling their names they were found to hav absented themselvs. Mr. Reynolds then concluded he had seen enough of Jersey justice, and, after again asking for the dismissal of the case, and getting the usual refusal, let the matter go, remarking that he thought that in Morristown he could find a court and lawyers who knew something.

Mr. Van Orden bowed his head as though in prayer, and pronounced judgment to the effect that Mr. Reynolds must giv bail in the sum of $400 to await the action of the grand jury of Morris county, which would assemble at Morristown on the second Tuesday of October. A bail bond was prepared, after much laborious work and many erasures, by the judge, and signed by Mr. Reynolds and Councilman James Maxfield. Mr. Maxfield is one of the oldest and most respected residents of the town. His house, in the anti-slavery times, was one of the stations of the "underground railway" which transported slaves to Canada, and he left the church because of its pro-slavery attitude. A few years ago, when the large iron mills of the place shut down, and hundreds of the workmen were left destitute and starving, Mr. Maxfield and Mr. Worman distributed food among them, visiting them in the evening, that the laborers might not seem to be objects of public charity. Mr. Maxfield further honors himself by becoming responsible for the appearance at the inquisition of, let us hope, the last man arrested for blasphemy in his state.

After the court was dismissed Mr. Reynolds had nothing to do but wait for the judge to write out his report, get affidavits as to the conduct of the men he had had arrested, and as to the damage to his tent. The top of the tent is ruined, and Mr. Reynolds will be unable to pitch it again for some time. The feeling of the town against the Infidels was shown by the hootings elicited from the rabble whenever Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Krahmer, and the "mysterious stranger" showed themselvs, unaccompanied by friends. Wherever they walked with members of the Booth or Worman family they were only stared at as possible curiosities from sheol. The marshal of Boonton is a Catholic named Gilmartin, and the priest of the parish told his father that if the marshal arrested any of the Catholics concerned in the attack upon the tent he, the priest, would turn the marshal out of church. Afterward the priest publicly deprecated the destruction of the tent, but principally, we fear, upon the ground that the town would hav to pay the damages.

The case now goes to Morristown, the county seat. The result, of course, is in doubt. Should the bench be occupied by a gentleman and the jury-box filled with civilized citizens, Mr. Reynolds will triumph. Should these conditions be reversed, he will not. Public opinion in Boonton is tremendously excited, and the prosecution will push the case both to be avenged upon the Infidel and to protect the men arrested for rioting. In the mean time, Mr. Reynolds's occupation is gone till the tent can be repaired, and the owner will devote his time to filling such engagements to lecture as he can obtain, and in attending to the preliminary arrangements for the meeting of the New York State Freethinkers' Convention, which will be called at White Sulphur Springs early next month.

Illustrations.

The Sabbatarian Scarecrow is an institution that is erected upon Sunday at the doors of nearly all places of amusement, except the churches. The people don't pay much attention to him, as a general thing, but he is still on guard in front of our theaters and museums of art and natural history. He ought to be buried, and the rules and regulations governing resurrection should, in his case, be suspended.

Adam and Eve are getting on dangerous ground, as will be seen. And here we may call attention to the fact that Adam Clarke, the Bible commentator, believed that the "serpent" who tempted Eve should hav been translated "monkey." Others differ with him, and hold that "minister of the gospel" would be a more correct rendering. Mr. Heston has given us both the serpent and the monkey, with the liberty to choose between them. Judging the past by the present, the minister-of-the-gospel theory is not a bad one to fall back on, in default of an agreement upon either of the others.

Editorial Notes.

"IF Col. Robert G. Ingersoll lectures next winter, Shakspere will be his theme." This item is from the New York *Times*. We are not prepared to say whether it is true or not.

THE *Christian at Work* says: "Seventy-five cents is the exact value of a nowadays silver dollar." This statement is deceptiv. The value of a dollar is the amount of some product of the earth that you can buy with it; and cannot as much be bought for a silver dollar as for any other? We would be pleased to purchase all the "nowadays silver dollars" the *Christian at Work* possesses at seventy-five cents apiece; and, of course, a religious paper would not take any more for an article than it really believes it to be worth.

FREETHINKERS must be careful of their words. The editor of the *Independent* is on the alert. Last week he quoted this from Si Slokum's article in THE TRUTH SEEKER on Sam Jones:

"I wish I had the 'gift of gab,' I would get on to the 'revival' racket at once. There are thousands, if not millions, in it."

This sentiment, the *Independent* suggests, leaves little room for suprise that "scandalously bad people occasionally get into the church." Si Slokum spoke in jest; but the thousands and millions in it accounts for the enthusiasm of a good many religious teachers who would strongly resent the imputation that they are "scandalously bad."

A CORRESPONDENT of THE TRUTH SEEKER who has just returned to New York from a European tour which included England, Ireland, and Scotland, reports that American sympathy and financial aid for the cause of Home Rule in Ireland hav been unfortunate rather than otherwise. They hav given the opponents of the measure a chance to raise the cry of "foreign intervention," and "foreign gold," and to appeal to English patriotism, "harmony," and "union." The comparativ insignificance of the sums forwarded has raised many a laugh, too, at the expense of "open-handed Americans." In the aggregate a large sum has been raised in this country, but a few wealthy Englishmen could place double the amount against it without feeling the loss. What the Irish people need more than financial aid is that unity, patriotism, and mutual confidence which made Home Rule possible in America. Above all, they need to get rid of the pope and the church.

THE results of the investigations of the committee into the mysteries of spirit photography are given in THE TRUTH SEEKER this week. The report is decidedly adverse to the claims made by Mr. Robinson and the medium. It has not been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the committee that the forms seen in dim outline on the photographs obtained are those of spirits. On the other hand, although the committee was composed of professional photographers and adepts in the art, the process of producing these forms has not been discovered. The one man who can throw light on that subject is Mr. Keeler, and he, of course, insists that they are *bona fide* photographs of departed spirits returned to earth. Therefore the question remains unsettled. Nevertheless the report is entertaining reading to those interested in spirit photography. It is proper to say that one member of the committee, Mr. Partridge, was so engaged during the week of the sessions that he was unable to attend. He has not seen the report, and his signature is therefore omitted.

Letters from Friends.

BUTTE CITY, M. T., July 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Putnam's lecture, "The Glory of Infidelity," at Renshaw's Hall last night, was largely attended by Freethinkers, and also by good Christians. Mr. Putnam is a speaker of wonderful magnetic power.

CHARLES STOFFEL.

TAPPAN, O., July 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Our literary society recently passed an amendment to their constitution to the effect that nothing should be said disrespectful of the Bible or the Christian religion. At the next meeting I gave them an oration to inform them that I was not built that way. They interrupted me once, but I told them if they did it again I would prosecute them, and, in conclusion, I told them, if they had any further business with me, to call up at my office. They hav not put in appearance yet. One class-leader said I had made five Infidels in his class. Amen. The fine was 50 cents.

SIMEON SMITH.

SHAKOPEE, MINN., July 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith I hand you $5 to be applied on our subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. We are a little behind time, but trust that the remittance will be acceptable.

Mrs. Hawkins and myself are greatly pleased with the illustrations, and hope they will be continued. Those delicately organized persons who are shocked with plain truths plainly stated are certainly to be pitied. We take great delight in opening the eyes of our Christian friends by showing them illustrated numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and find that it has a tendency to set them thinking. Keep up the illustrations; they are a good feature, aud should aid materially in increasing the circulation of your brave paper.

L. H. HAWKINS.

BUTTE, M. T., July 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Last evening, the 13th inst., I called a few of the Liberals together and met them at Renshaw Hall, at 8:30 P.M.

The meeting was called to order by O. B. Whitford, who was elected president; Charles Stoffie, vice-president; E. N. Dunekel, secretary; H. Legraves, corresponding secretary. Platform and bylaws were adopted for the government of the society, which was voted to be known and called the Butte Secular Society.

Inclosed find petition for charter, $5 for the same, and $10 for missionary pamphlets—small ones, that people will take time to read.

We expect Putnam here on the 16th to giv us a couple of lectures. Respectfully, O. B. WHITFORD.

CANTON, ILL., July 22, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $7.50 for pamphlets.

Mayor Armstrong, of Canton, gave notice some time ago that he would enforce the ordinance in regard to Sabbath-breaking. Now, as a good general is prepared to repulse every assault made on his lines, so ought we to be prepared to turn all such bigoted acts to our own advantage. We can do this by one or all of three ways. First, by denouncing it publicly; second, by procuring a Liberal lecturer, and third, by constituting ourselvs agents, and procuring a lot of pamphlets discussing the subject of the laws they are trying to enforce. We will guarantee such efforts will be attended with success, because at such times people become aroused, and act on their manhood, and will gladly accept anything that will help them to discuss the justice or injustice of the act. Mr. E. A. Stevens has the right idea—when they attack him, to light into them and giv them Hail Columbia.

JOHN W. ABBOTT.

GREAT BEND, PA., July 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: For many years I hav been what the world terms an Infidel, and since last September I hav been a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am pleased with the pictures. I don't know as they make a good Infidel any better, but I think they reach farther among God's people, and do more to set Christians thinking than anything you can induce them to read or listen to. If Christians will think, they will doubt, and doubting means skepticism.

Our village has a population of two thousand, representing, perhaps, one-half of the nations of the earth, and I do not think there are a half-dozen of that number, outside of Christian dupes, that dare speak their opinion. Business men would be boycotted, and laboring men thrown out of employment. The Catholics of Great Bend hav a large majority of the church young people. The "forty hours' devotion" has just ended, and the Catholic mud-clogs hav ceased their thunderings upon our sidewalks during all hours of the night, and we are beginning to get our usual rest and sleep again. We are thankful that "forty hours' devotion" comes but once a year.

The Methodist society hav their third church. The first one was not large enough, and they had it torn down and built greater. This left them in debt, and in a few years it burnt down covered by a good insurance. They then erected another, still greater, with a steeple much too high to look well. The members dedicated their new church to God, got out of debt, became proud and arrogant, displeased their God, and about six o'clock last night, in a fit of anger, he (God) stretched out his mighty hand and smote their church with lightning. Commencing at the top of the steeple, and branching in several directions, it shattered the temple from steeple to basement. The news spread, and in a short time hundreds gathered about the place, some wondering at the mighty power that had shown his hand to warn Christians of their neglect of duty, non-attendance at church, etc.; others to criticise the condition of the lightning-rod that had been placed upon God's temple to protect it from his own mighty wrath. A few poor Infidels had their opinions (unexpressed); they dare not word them in this priest-ridden, hidebound place, for fear of a Christian boycott.

Now, we want some Liberal lectures here to open the eyes of the blind, and giv strength to the weak and downtrodden. What is necessary to be done to get a lecturer here? We are on the line of the Erie Railroad, and the Delaware, Lackawana & Western Railroad. There are quite large towns on either side of us, such as Susquehanna, Binghamton, Owego, etc. I do not see why it is not a good field for Freethought lectures. We hav never had anything of the kind here. It would be a surprise.

A. B. CONKLIN.

GLADSTONE, QUEENSLAND, AUS., June 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your inestimable paper reached me on May 20th, and I can assure you it is the best champion of our cause I hav seen. I am a subscriber to several Freethought papers, but THE TRUTH SEEKER stands foremost in the ranks of Freethought. The illustrations are capital, in my humble opinion, and should almost be enough to convince anyone of the ridiculous superstition of Christianity. I hav endeavored to get some subscribers about here, but I hav had no luck so far, only I hav persuaded some to read them, which may do some good in the future. I intend to advertise it in the local paper, if I can persuade the editor to insert it. At any rate, I shall do my best to get it better known than it now is. Should you think this fit to survive the waste-paper basket, please insert it among your "Letters from Friends." You will find inclosed $4.04 for my subscription till January, 1887, and I trust before the next is due some of my friends about here will follow my example, and take it for themselvs.

W. L. G. RILEY.

BOWLING GREEN, O., July 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav the pleasure to renew my subscription, and send the name of another young man as a subscriber. I am highly pleased with the cartoons of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and for one can say, like all other school-teachers, that pictures are an effectual way of teaching lessons that will never be forgotten, because what the eye sees the mind receives. I would ask some of my friends who object to the cartoons, "Who gave the Bible publishers authority to cartoon the Bible?" They were not there in the time these events occurred, and it is only by hearsay evidence that we hav them.

This is an orthodox neighborhood, in which superstition has full sway, with the exception of a dozen or so of Liberals, but we are gaining ground, and are not moral cowards. What we are trying to get before the people is the worth of morals, and the fact that religion and morality are not synonymous terms. The former teaches us our duty to an imaginary God, and the latter relates to our social bearing now and here.

The most effectual way of getting Freethought before the people is to agitate; that is, to drop a word here and a word there, and some of the seed will spring up and yield a hundredfold.

ALVA KOONS.

BELGRADE, MINN., July 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: A Freethinker, a true Freethinker, be it a man or woman, married or single, is the only free and really sovereign human being, a lord—not a "lawd," among his fellow-beings. To be a Freethinker is the most glorious, most elevated, spiritual position in life man can obtain. It givs him satisfaction in every respect, when he is in health, and when he is sick, or even on his death-bed. A Freethinker cannot fear death itself, for that itself can hav no terror, but he may be afraid of the pain and agony which pervade so many a death. The future promised eternal bliss or threatened damnation can hav no meaning whatever to him. It takes a good deal of study, energy, and a good, fearless judgment to free himself from all the superstition of the creeds which we hav almost naturally inherited, for they are not only taught but drilled into a man. After he has freed himself from all these fetters, he may well stand up and be proud of it, and say, "I am a free man (or, as the case may be, a free woman), a living being, trying to be as happy as possible, and to make others as happy as possible." A true Freethinker is proud of it, and he always confesses his Freethought everywhere and to everybody, because he knows that it is, with good health, the best thing a man can hav and enjoy. Knowing this, he will communicate his ideas and views to his fellow-beings, to make them enjoy mental freedom also. We all ought to be rejoicing and jubilant that we liv in a country and in a century where we hav and get the means to make us free.

Well, we Freethinkers hold that mental liberty, with good physical health, is the greatest boon. Mental liberty is, unlike money, not growing less within you by giving it to others; you may giv away all of it to thousands and thousands of your fellow-beings and hav still all left for your own use. You giv away the greatest human blessing, *i. e.*, Freethought, and still will not lose a particle of it. Why not giv it away and communicate it to others freely? A man going home to his family sees some luscious fruit or something else that is good; he will, if he can, get it. For whom? Well, for himself, and, above all, for those he loves at home. So the Freethinker will not stop until those he loves, and those first, are freed from the fetters of superstition, because he knows that Freethought is something good. A Freethinker whose wife and children attend church and Sunday-school regularly is a humbug, a failure—in fact, no Freethinker at all. It is that class who recant on their death-bed, to the greatest joy and satisfaction of the priest and reverend. A true Freethinker cannot, and if he would a thousand times, recant. Under no circumstances, as long as his mental faculties are not impaired, would he pronounce a thing black of which he is convinced that it is white. Charity begins at home. Dear TRUTH SEEKER, did you not suspect something when a subscriber wrote you the cartoons were wrong because they hurt the feelings of Christian friends? Hav you had no suspicion at all that these Christian friends with their fine and delicate feelings liv with the said subscriber who finds fault or has been dictated to find fault with the cartoons? I bet you five dollars these "Christian friends" are the dear wife and children and mother-in-law. Not hurt the delicate feelings of our Christian brethren and sisters who boycott us without fail and for lifetime, as soon as they know we are Infidels, and call us immoral! Recant and join a church or be boycotted in this and damned in the other world! We do not care much about that threatened damnation in the other world, and the time is not far when a religious boycott in this country will be as ineffectual as in Protestant Germany. Well, if the nerves of our Christian friends are strong enough to execute a boycott on a neighbor or wish him eternal damnation, then their "delicate feelings" will not be damaged much by looking at a decent and true picture or cartoon.

VERITAS.

SOUTH ACWORTH, N. H., July 25, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: In reading "News and Notes," by S. P. Putnam, in the last two or three TRUTH SEEKERS, I hav become convinced that he ought to revise and enlarge them until they will make a book of about the size of "A Truth Seeker in Europe." I think nearly everyone that has D. M. Bennett's "Around the World" would buy one, as we hav at present no Freethought history of the United States, except a little in the last volume of the "Around the World" books.

I would also suggest that Bell, Jamieson, Kelso, Remsburg, Reynolds, Walker, Watts, York, and all others who are traveling through the country write a history of the sections they visit. If each one cannot make up a book, each could write one or two chapters, and all together make a good book; aud I feel very sure that it would have a large sale. Let's hear from the rest of the TRUTH SEEKER family.

Your cartoons are very good, and I believe that most of your readers are pleased with them. I think the three or four last ones are fully as good as any.

J. A. ALLAN.

HAVANA, ILL., July 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find 25 cents for TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC. I read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I am well pleased with it. Just as soon as I read it through I hand it to some of my friends, and let them read it, and I find that they are well pleased with it.

I am a Freethinker, and your paper just suits me. The people here call me an Infidel, but I would rather be styled an Infidel than a church-member. I am going to do all that I can for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I went to Sunday-school the other Sunday, and the superintendent was teaching the class I was in, and he said every person had a conscience that told him to do right. He asked me what I thought about it, and I told him I did not believe it. I told him that all persons had a faculty in their mind that told them to do that which they think is right, but before they know what is right and wrong they hav to be taught it, and because I said this, he told me if I came there to dispute with him I had better stay away; so you can see what cranks we hav here in our Sunday-schools. I think, if I could get him to read my paper, he would learn to be reasonable. Yours very truly, J. A. WEAVER.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., July 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: If you will be kind enough to inform me through your paper at what period of the world's history numerals were known to hav been used, you will confer a great favor. How could, for instance, antediluvians number, etc.? Do you publish any book giving light on the subject?

C. NEWTON ROSS.

[This a question upon which the encyclopedists confess there is hardly any light, although it has been made the subject of laborious investigation. The Arabic numerals now in use were invented by the Brahmans of India, and are of great antiquity, though there is no reason for supposing that the Jews ever used them. The antediluvian method of notation probably consisted of a series of marks, | for one; || for two; ||| for three, etc., up to ten. These, with arbitrary combinations to express larger numbers, were undoubtedly the first numerals. These marks are the basis of the Latin, Greek, Roman, and the Chinese methods. The so-called Arabic numerals, in their original form, hav an inherent significance denoting the number of units they stand for. Notation is evidently nearly as old as written speech, and, like language, has had its growth and evolution. The modern arithmetic was not used until about the middle of the sixteenth century, and for a long time after its introduction was taught only in universities. We do not publish any book upon the subject. —ED. T. S.]

GREELEY, COL., July 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading S. R. Shepherd's letter of June 25th to your paper. I do not think all mind-reading is a humbug. I hav had the pleasure several times of attending places where mind-reading was one of the principal features of the occasion. I will relate my experience on one occasion. It was in 1878, in Colorado Springs. A Mr. Taylor and lady advertised a sleight-of-hand performance the first evening, and the next evening they would expose Spiritualism. I was one of several men chosen by the audience as a committee to see fair play. The show progressed finely and satisfactorily until they reached mind-reading. The professor then stated that the mind-reading trick belonged to the lady, and he had no right to expose it, even if he could. We wrote upon slips of paper any question or other matter we saw fit to write. I repaired to a dressing-room just off the stage, and wrote my question. I took my

account-book from my pocket and wrote the following question: "Has the property left by my mother any incumbrance upon it or not?" I returned the book to its place in my pocket, folded the paper up, and put it in my vest-pocket. To my surprise, she answered it. She then said if I would hold it in my hand over her head she would read it word for word. I held it over her head, and, to the surprise of the committee, and the audience, numbering about three hundred, she read every word I had written, and, to cap the climax, she even told the figures on the other side of the paper, and I did not know myself that the figures were there at the time I wrote the question. I know she had not seen the paper, for I built the stage and all the rooms in the building and built the building itself, and I know there was no way to get into the room I wrote the question in except the door I went in at, and I shut and locked it when I went in. I am not a Spiritualist, but an Atheistic Materialist, but there are some things I cannot account for, and mind-reading is one of them. J. W. LEIGHTON.

ROME CITY, IND., July 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of this place met for the purpose of securing a series of Liberal lectures at Rome City, which is situated on the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, thirty-one miles north of Fort Wayne. The railroad company hav fitted an island for picnics, etc., at this place, which is known as Island Park. There is a large tabernacle, and hotels to accommodate a big crowd. In fact, it is the Chautauqua of Indiana.

The churches hav their Sunday-school congress now in session, which will last about two weeks. We want you to intercede to secure some of the best speakers. I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER that Putnam comes East some time in September. Perhaps it can be arranged for him to attend.

Talmage and Sam Jones are booked to speak at Rome next week, and we would like something a little better than their old-time superstitions. ITHAMAR EDDY.

[Liberal speakers are invited to correspond with Mr. Eddy, giving terms, etc.]

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., July 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: If you hav the information, please let me know how many insane people are in the lunatic asylums in the United States, and how many were rendered insane by superstition. Please publish the facts in your paper.

W. P. CROW.

[We hav the statement of President Seelye, of Amherst College, that the proportion of insane persons to the entire population of the United States in 1880 was as 1 to 549. As the population at that time was 50,151,866, the number of insane persons would hav been about 91,350. No later statistics are at hand. We are unable to say what proportion of these were made insane by superstition. In such reports of insane asylums as we hav consulted, three principal causes account for more than half of the cases of insanity. These stand: 1. Secret vice; 2. Alcohol; 3. Religious excitement. The first leads the second and third by a long way as a cause of mental ruin. Just how many persons lose their reason through superstitious excitement will probably never be known. The stock of religious lunatics is quite large, but students of psychology hav pointed out that it is often very difficult to distinguish between "inspiration" and dementia. These cases are therefore given the benefit of the doubt, and are not added to the ranks of the insane. The spread of Freethought, and the early inculcation of ethics founded upon reason and experience, would greatly lessen this species of hallucination. It might hope to even eradicate it entirely, except where there exists a predisposition to insanity from other causes. Weak minds yield easily to the unbalancing influence of religious fanaticism, which fact accounts for the "success" of the Salvation Army, "revivalism," and other religious epidemics—the Perfectionist craze at Cincinnati, for instance.—ED. T. S.]

PROVIDENCE, July 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In a communication to THE TRUTH SEEKER some time in May I related an incident that came under my own observation, how a friend of mine became insane from attending Spiritual seances. Said communication was printed in the issue of June 12th. June 15th I received a postal with an effusion written upon it and signed by a person purporting to be a Spiritualist of thirty years' experience, who "never saw anyone made insane by its divine teaching," calling me a "liar, and a fool or knave, or both." I hav had occasion at times to speak of the pernicious and demoralizing influence of Spiritualism and religion (as I consider both in the same light), and the postal confirms all my previous convictions and statements. I do not mean to say that all Christians are fanatics, or that all Spiritualists are cranks, but the spirit that prompts a person, upon the slightest pretext, to call another "a liar, fool, or knave" in refutation of a fact, lacks only the courage to ply the assassin's knife, or the opportunity to pile and kindle the fagot around the body of everyone that denies the tenets of their pernicious and insane belief. To call a person "a liar, fool, or knave" may be a strong and able argument to substantiate the claims of Spiritualism or religion (as it is used in the defense of both beliefs), but in the discussion of any other subjects it is only indulged in by those persons in whom the asinin propensities predominate.

In the various letters of Spiritualists in answer to Mr. Winter and others, I find they use a sort of stereotyped reply of the following import, "Liar, fool, bigot," and other pet names, and say they are "supremely ignorant," etc. Mr. Winter having given up writing, they hav transferred their endearing terms from him to me.

And now one A. Allen Noe, "Atheistic Spiritualist," says: "Brother Northup, I am after you." Whenever I hav anything to say I will write, and if the editor of this paper will print it I shall let the readers draw their own conclusions. I don't propose to open up a debate to gratify anyone that may see fit to call me a liar, or who may doubt my statement of a fact by saying, "Please tell us of one single person in the asylum to-day who was brought to a demented state of mind by and through the influence of Spiritualism." If I should present the case with affidavits it would not convince him.

If I should attempt a reply to his column of interrogatorics, even in shorthand, it would use up too much of the space allotted to "Letters from Friends," therefore I shall only notice a few points. He says, "I am emphatically a Liberal." So were John Calvin and Martin Luther, but their liberality did not wholly eradicate their former belief, so they were unable to use with any degree of decency those who doubted their peculiar belief "Tell me of a single brilliant intellect which has become beclouded by investigating the 'fanatical humbug.'" I refer him to the closing scenes in the life of Robert Dale Owen. In regard to its demoralizing tendency, I would call his attention to the many happy homes it has broken up, the divorces it has caused. For particulars I refer you to George Chainey, your latest convert. Again, he says, "You believe death ends all. Our orthodox friends believe we liv beyond the grave. Theirs is belief; so is yours."

How about that nonsense of becoming spirits after death, and roaming at large—is that a "belief" or not? Investigating Spiritualism for a third of a century at a cost of several hundred dollars, I should say was time and money wasted. How much better are you going to be after death than I, with all of your investigations? If it is true, I shall be there with you; if not, then your belief in an existence after death is as selfish and inconsistent as the Christians' belief. If he has read carefully all the articles written for your paper by Mr. Wettstein, and others, his questions to me hav been more than answered—which seems to hav done him no good, so that he will hav to excuse me from making the attempt to convert him.

The God-in-the-Constitution party, with the help of some Liberals, hav incorporated a Prohibitory clause in the constitution of this state, which has, so far, been the means of closing all the most respectable places, but the low groggeries are selling on the sly, and the people are ordering their beer by express from out of the state, so that, practically, nothing has been gained except higher taxes, and a decrease of business. L. L. NORTHUP, Materialist.

BUTLER, PA., July 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send $3 to renew my subscription to your ennobling paper. I hav no fault to find. It has more reading-matter in it than I hav time to read.

I enjoy the pictures best of all. Let no friend of Freethought object to the pictures. They convey ideas much quicker and more accurately than reading. And thousands will get correct ideas that never would otherwise. Has not much of this unnatural superstition been fastened upon the minds of the people by pictures? Our churches are full of them, our family Bibles are illustrated with them, and long before the child can read he has the flood, the lions' den, the fiery furnace, the crucifixion, and the resurrection all in his mind, and is scared so bad with the pictures of hell, and the ram with seven heads and ten horns, that he wont't go to the kitchen alone in the dark to get a drink. And why should not pictures be used to ridicule and banish these foul ideas from the mind of our benighted race?

I hav a copy of "A Pictorial History of the Old Testament," published by H. S. Goodspeed, 37 Park Row, New York. These were printed as landmarks of biblical truth, to frame and hang up in the parlor to "lead children to their savior." Just listen to a few of them and imagin how they would confirm your faith: "Temptation," "Noah Entering the Ark," "Lot's Pillar of Salt," "Samson with the Gates of Gaza," "Two She-bears Eating the Children," and "Jonah Cast into the Sea"—the last three the same as you hav pictured in THE TRUTH SEEKER, only the style of one artist is to fasten superstition on the mind, while the other is to drive it away. Also, in this chart is the chariot of fire in which Elijah went up. It has two gray horses in it. I think Heston's geese look more appropriate. Here also is "The Three Hebrew Children and Daniel in the Lion's Den." Now, this is a *Christ*-ian picture, a fine engraving, a household God, framed, respected; children pointed to all these as Bible history, Bible truth, and the poor, innocent child looking out in tender youth with virgin eyes upon the world is told, "You must believe all these damnable lies or go to hell." I remember when I was a boy ten years of age, often the old hard-shell preacher visited my father's house to get his chicken. He was terribly interested in my spiritual welfare. I asked him a few childish questions, and instead of answering them he told me it was death to doubt, and had me write in the family Bible a verse that ends:

> Better he had ne'er been born
> That reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.

Thus it is that pictures, prose, poetry, persecution, pain, papers, preachers, popes, posters, pestilence, and perseverance hav been used for thousands of years to drive reason from his throne. But he still livs in the mind of every child. God help us to take the chains from Reason, the king of humanity.

Again, I hav before me a consolidated picture of events of the New Testament, published by the same house—a fine picture: "When Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water;" "The angel came and rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it;" also picture of the ascension, the "descent of the Holy Ghost," etc.

Then, I wish to call attention to a large picture, perhaps 30x40, sold in this county many years ago by a student of the ministry. It represents thousands ascending the hill of faith into everlasting glory, and tens of thousands get the cold shoulder, and the great redeemer says, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment," and here is a picture of all men that don't believe all these unnatural and unbelievable things being cast into a burning lake of fire because of their unbelief.

The artist has done a great deal for good in making ridiculous false ideas in politics, and the illustrations in your paper are a two-edged sword that will carry conviction to the father and conversion to his grandchildren, and will be a mighty aid in the great work of placing reason on her natural throne.

Now, I suggest and request that all these pictures be published in a volume by themselvs, cheaply bound, for general preservation and circulation. And don't forget I am a subscriber for two copies of such a picture-book. The church needs one, and the state needs one. SIMEON NIXON.

P.S.—I take notice that in my haste in writing the above I hav a prayer in it: "God, help us to take the chains from Reason, the king of humanity." This is certainly blasphemy, irreverence, and ungentlemanly language toward our creator to order or request him to do what reason and experience teach us we must do ourselvs. S. N.

DECATUR, ILL., July 18, 286.

MR. EDITOR: As I am greatly intersted in the dissemination of Liberalism, I ask the privilege of offering a few suggestions in that direction.

My wide experience with people of every shade of thought has enabled me to discover that a very large per cent of the people of this country are very Liberally inclined, which is entirely due to the Liberal advancement of the secular press. But this only furnishes a very superficial idea of what true Liberalism really is. And here the secular press leave them standing helpless midway between orthodoxy and Liberalism; and there is, perhaps, not one in a thousand of these semi-Liberalized individuals who ever read or even ever saw—yes, we might be safe in saying, never even heard tell of—a Liberal paper, book, or periodical of any kind. But out of this great multitude who are helplessly struggling in the dark, many will privately wonder and ask themselvs, "Oh, where can I get more light? Is there nothing more pointed or substantial upon this subject other than the casual observance of the indifferent press? Hav I got to perish after having deserted the faith of my parents?" These individuals much remind me of a plant that has been taken from the earth and reset again, which is left unattended and to perish. This is no mere fancy of my own, but it was exactly my experience when I first made an effort to rid myself of the shackles that had imprisoned the free exercise of my brain from infancy.

About eighteen years ago, when I had first received a glimpse of the glorious light of Liberalism, I began to wonder and to make inquiry as to whether there was not a book or periodical of some kind that gave utterance in favor of such a sentiment. I was informed by a friend that there was a paper called the Boston *Investigator* that advocated such a sentiment, and my heart leaped with joy to be thus informed.

But right here I wish to inform the reader that if we wait for the slow tide of the natural development of the country to Liberalize the people, we will ultimately find it to be a very slow process. We must act by those that need Liberal assistance as Mohammed did by the mountain. He said if the mountain would not come to him, he would go to it. If the lukewarm Liberal, or, in other words, the cold Christian, will not come to us, we must go to him and lend him a helping hand.

Now, what I wish to suggest is this: Let there be a fund raised by the Liberals all over the country for the purpose of defraying the expenses of publishing tracts. Let these tracts treat upon about six of the most important subjects of Liberalism—say, for instance, as follows: "What Liberalism Offers in place of Christianity;" "The Decline of Faith;" "Is Man an Accountable Being?" "The Progress of Liberalism;" "Is Christianity Essential to Morality?" "Is the Bible Inspired?"

These tracts should not exceed four pages, for they would be used only as eye-openers which would prepare the reader for something more elaborate. The novice must hav something brief and concise or he will become wearied. At the bottom of the last page of each tract let there be advertised THE TRUTH SEEKER and a free catalog of books. Let these tracts be given away, not sold, and THE TRUTH SEEKER would double its present number of readers in one year, and besides sell twice as many books as at present. Hundreds of people, among the thousands that would read the advertisment of THE TRUTH SEEKER, would very likely say, "Well, I declare, I hav been wondering if there was not such a journal somewhere in existence." And after receiving his catalog, he would say, "Why, here is Paine's 'Age of Reason,' a book that I hav heard of ever since I was a child, and I shall send for it if it is the last thing I ever do." He will look his catalog through and mark the books he wants to send for in the future. After he gets a few books he will be so impressed with the sentiment that he will be going for every Christian that don't agree with himself. This is generally the action of a new convert. I don't approve of such actions altogether, but I don't know as it is injurious to our cause. These tracts should be issued by the hundred thousand, and let them be sent to every village, town, and city where there is a Liberal that can be relied upon; and the person receiving them should see that every family in his town should hav one. Every town receiving these tracts should get an equal number of each subject treated. There should be a distribution of the tracts about once a month for a few months. After that, about every three or six months. I hope that every Liberal paper in the United States will adopt this plan, for I am sure it will prove a success. I would like to hear from the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER upon this subject. M. L. SANDERS.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

How They Saved the Battery at Fort Duncan.

Well, yes, I lived in Texas in the spring of '61;
And I'll relate the story, though I fear, sir, when 'tis done,
'Twill be little worth your hearing; it was such a simple thing,
Unheralded in rondeaus that the grander poets sing.

There had come a guest unbidden, at the opening of the year,
To find a lodgment in our hearts; and the tenant's name was Fear.
For Secessia's dawning mandate was a call for men and arms,
And each recurring eventide but brought us fresh alarms.

They had notified the general that he must yield to fate,
And all the muniments of war surrender to the state;
But he sent from San Antonio an order to the sea
To convey on board the steamer all the fort's artillery.

Right loyal was his purpose; but the foe divined his plan,
And the wily Texans set a guard to intercept the man
Detailed to bear the message. They placed their watch with care,
That neither scout nor citizen should pass it unaware.

Well, this was rather awkward, sir, as doubtless you will say,
But the major, who was chief of staff, resolved to hav his way,
Despite the watchful provost-guard; so he asked his wife to send,
With a little box of knickknacks, a letter to her friend;
And the missiv held one sentence I remember to this day:
"The thread is for your neighbor, Mr. French, across the way."

He dispatched a youthful courier. Of course, as you will know,
The Texans searched him thoroughly, and ordered him to show
The contents of the letter. They read it o'er and o'er,
But failed to find the message they had hindered once before.

So it reached the English lady; and she wondered at the word,
But gave the thread to Major French, explaining that she'd heard
He wished a spool of cotton; and great was his surprise
At such a trifle, sent unasked, through leagues of hostil spies.

"There's some hidden purpose, doubtless, in this curious gift," he said.
Then he tore away the label, and inside the spool of thread
Was Major Nichol's order, bidding him convey to sea
All the arms and ammunition from Fort Duncan's battery.
"Down to Brazos speed your horses!" thus the major's letter ran;
"Shift equipments and munitions, and embark them if you can."

Yes, the transfer was effected; for the ship lay close at hand.
Ere the Texans guessed their purpose they had vanished from the land.
Do I know it for a fact, sir? 'Tis no story that I've read.
I was but a boy in war-time, and *I carried him the thread.*

—*Sophie E. Eastman in the Independent.*

Lost in the Woods.

CHAPTER I.

Charlie, Boise, and Dora started from home early on Monday morning to gather berries. They were going through a large wood, and just as Dora was picking up her fallen sunbonnet, she spied a large black-snake hidden among the bushes. At the sight of the snake Dora ran and screamed with all her might, and the boys (being as much frightened by her screams) ran after her as fast as their little legs could carry them. They ran so far that when they stopped they could not think where they were, and they began to realize that they were lost. They (being very thoughtful children) commenced to hunt for a path that might lead toward home. They wandered about in this manner for two hours, when Dora became frightened, and, sitting down, began to cry. Her brothers tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. All at once Boise cried out that he had found a path. Then the three children started out again in good cheer, only to be disappointed, for the path was merely a cow path and only went as far as a small creek. It began to grow dark and the children sat down on some moss to rest. Dora was very tired and cried, but after she laid her head on Charlie's knee she was soon in dreamland. The boys, being tired, soon fell asleep also.

. . . . . .

While all this was occurring with the children, their parents were wondering why they did not return home, and when the shades of evening began to fall they grew very uneasy and started out to hunt for the children. They went as far as the woods together and then parted, one going one way through the woods, and the other another way. They were to meet at a certain place, and when they met neither one had heard or seen anything of the children. It was now quite dark, and they became greatly alarmed and went back and aroused the whole village. About one hundred men with lanterns started for the woods to hunt for the children. Twice they thought they heard Boise's voice answer their call, and they went in the direction it came from, but returned disappointed. At about ten o'clock a great thunder-storm came up. The thunder and lightning were terrible, and the men had to take shelter where they could find it. The storm lasted an hour and a half, and was just dreadful. The childrens' mother almost lost her reason during the storm, to think that her children were out in such a raging tempest. After the storm was over the men started in their pursuit again.

CHAPTER II.

We left the children sleeping. They slept until about half-past nine o'clock, when Charlie was aroused by a sudden noise, which sounded like somebody calling. He also heard a noise not far from him, but, fearing it was a panther, he became very much frightened. He noticed that it seemed to be going farther and farther away. Then he heard a call, "Char-lie! Char-lie! Cha-arlie!" It sounded very far from him. He tried to answer, but found that he had taken a cold in his throat, and could not speak above a whisper. Then he awakened Boise, and told him to answer. Boise answered, and that was what the men heard, but they were so far away that they could not tell the direction which it came from. After this the boys got quiet again, and were almost asleep when the storm awakened all of them. Boise and Dora began to cry, and Charlie started off with them to find some kind of shelter. He had not gone far when he found a large overcoat, which they discovered by the flashes of lightning to be their father's. Charlie got some logs and put the coat over them, so they all could get under. It made them feel much better to hav a covering overhead. During the storm the children saw a large tree fall which was struck by lightning, and it almost fell on them. This frightened them dreadfully, but the storm was soon over after this.

When it was over, the children fell asleep again, and slept very comfortably until morning. Dora awoke at sunrise, and awakened her brothers, and asked them where their mamma was. Then the boys reminded her of what had happened. The children were so hungry that they started out to hunt for something to eat. They came up to a fence, and then followed it for a mile, thinking they would soon see a house.

Before long they approached a log-house among some bushes. Charlie told the children to sit down and watch if any person might come out of this queer-looking place. In a little while the children saw an ugly old woman, with a very long nose and large, large black eyes crawl out of a hole in one side of the hut. When she espied the children, her eyes opened so wide that they thought she was a wild person.

She walked right up to them, and commenced talking. When she opened her mouth the children thought she was going to swallow them. Her teeth were as large as gourd-seeds, and her voice sounded like thunder. She asked them what they wanted there. Charlie told her that they were hungry, and wanted something to eat. She muttered something to herself, and, turning round laughing, beckoned them to follow her. The children were afraid to obey her, but were more afraid not to obey her, lest she she might hurt them. They followed her, and she led them up to the house, opened a door, and bade them enter. It looked very dark inside, but they obeyed her, and she went in after them and closed the door. It was so dark at first that the children could not see anything, but after a while they noticed a small hole in the roof of the hut. They saw a large fire burning, with a kettle over it. The kettle was filled with boiling water. She told them that she always burned or scalded all little children who came in her way. This frightened the children so that they screamed loudly. The woman ran at Boise and lifted him, and just then there was a loud rap at the door, and she let Boise fall. She hurried and crawled out of the hole, as a kind-looking gentleman entered in at the door.

He asked where the woman was and what she had been doing. Charlie told him, and the man said she was a bad woman, and that she had caught several children before to kill them, and he had rescued them. The man then asked them how they came to be so far out in the woods. They told him how they had been lost, and how hungry they were. He said he would soon get them something to eat if they would go home with him. They willingly did so, for they were glad to meet with somebody so kind.

CHAPTER III.

The men from the village hunted for the children for the remainder of the night without any traces of them whatever. About eight o'clock in the morning they came up to the place where the children had their father's coat spread over the logs. They thought that it might hav been the children who made such a queer-looking shelter to protect them from the storm. Just then the children's father espied his coat, and he cried out that it belonged to him, and he said he must hav dropped it the night before. They then discovered small footprints in the clay, for it had been made soft by the rain. They followed these footprints up to the fence and all along it until they came to the place where the children had sat down. Here they lost the tracks, but were hunting for more, when they heard a loud scream. They looked up and there saw the hut, from whence the scream came. They were crossing the fence to go up to the hut, when they heard a noise at the door of the hut, and there saw a man standing, knocking. This caused them to stop and watch what would follow. Very soon the old woman crept out of the hole in the side of the hut, and they noticed the man went in at the door at the same time. The men then hid themselvs to watch what would happen next. The woman ran off into the woods, and some of the men ran after her, but she went so fast that they could not overtake her, so they soon returned to the others. After the man went into the hut, the other men could hear him talking to somebody. He soon came out leading the children, and the men recognized them right away. They jumped up and cried out that there were the lost children! The noise they made by yelling frightened the children, for they thought it was the woman back after them, and they screamed and held to the man's coat. The man, thinking it was the woman who had come back with some men to steal the children, did not take time to look around, but hurried the children to a wagon that he had standing outside of the fence, and drove off as fast as he possibly could.

The men started after him in different ways thinking to head him off. They went about two miles, when six of the men got in front of him and commanded him to stop his horses. He stopped, and then the men explained to him about the children. The man said that he was very glad to hav rescued the children and found their friends so soon. He said the creature in the hut was a very bad woman, and he had tried to catch her several times, but she would always hide when she knew he was near her.

The other parties soon came up to the man, and the father almost went crazy over the children. Some of the men, with the children's father, got into the wagon with the strange man and they drove off for the village. When they reached the village their mother ran out and held the children in her arms, and cried over them so much that, with her worrying about them while lost, she was sick for a week afterward. When she recovered she never would allow her children to go for berries again.

MARY B. RIDINGER, aged fifteen.
Irwin, Pa.

Praise the Boy.

It often costs one quite a struggle to do his simple duty; and when one does his simple duty in spite of his temptations to do differently, he deserves credit for so doing. One has no need to liv long in this world before finding out this truth. A bright little boy about two and a half years old recently showed that he apprehended it. He was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him.

"No, my son; you musn't do that," said his father.

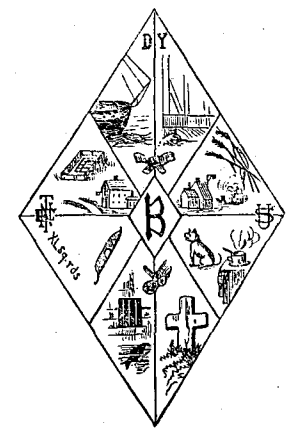
The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination, and answered resolutely, "All right, papa; I won't do it."

There was no issue there, and the father turned to something else. The boy waited a minute, and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry: "Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy?'"

The father accepted the suggestion, and commended his son accordingly. A just recognition of a child's well-doing is a parent's duty, even though the child's well-doing ought not to hinge on such a recognition. And as with little folks, so with larger ones. Just commendation is every one's duty.

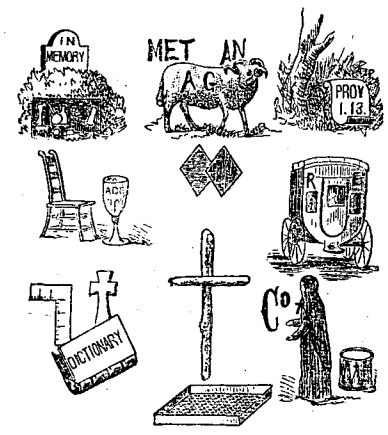
Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



Eight mottoes for young folks.

2.—REBUS.



Twelve varieties of puzzles.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 24. 1886.

1.–Reading. 2.–Nothing new under the sun. 3.–Hands, hare, arms, stone, pants, log, limb, shade, heals (heels), shoulders, elbow, bawl (ball), choler (collar).

SOLVER.—H. J. Messinger.

Correspondence.

CORNPLANTER, July 21, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I never hav written to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I thought I would now try my hand at writing.

I am a little girl ten years old. I went to school this summer, but school is out now; it has been out for two or three weeks. I hav two sisters and one brother; their names are Maude, Anna, and Reade.

Well, I guess I will close for this time. I will write a longer letter next time.

From your loving friend,

FANNY B. MORRISON.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., July 23, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My name is Gracie. I attend school. I am in the third room. I love my teacher dearly. Papa keeps a confectionery store. I can sell peaches, pears, and candy for papa. THE TRUTH SEEKER just came in. We all like it. We were glad to find Sister Lulu's letter in your department. Religion, God, and the devil seem to be the watchwords here at papa's store. If there is a God, I guess that he will not harm any of his poor, innocent creatures. I don't believe there is a devil, but the Christians do, so they say. I hav a little brother who is five years old. You ought to hear him talk to the Christians. He likes Ingersoll and so do I, and we like all Freethought people. I shall thank you for your favor. Good-bye.

GRACIE BELE NEIHART.

[Gracie will please accept our thanks for a cunning little ring she sent us in her letter. It is rather small for our smallest finger, but we will keep it as a remembrance of her.—ED. C. C.]

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Price 25 cents.

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Mottoes for Freethinkers

We hav received a supply of illuminated motto cards, which we offer for sale. These mottoes are intended to take the place of the "God-bless-our-home" placards which disfigure the walls of so many houses. They are printed on heavy cardboard, 9 inches by 22 1-2. The motto is in black, with colored borders, with an illuminated monogram of U. M. L. The following are the various readings:

THE LIVING HAV A RIGHT TO CONTROL THE WORLD.

FREE THOUGHT WILL GIV US TRUTH.

SUPERSTITION IS THE CHILD OF SLAVERY.

REASON IS THE LAMP OF THE MIND, THE ONLY TORCH OF PROGRESS.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IS MY CATHEDRAL.

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How would I grow? Not like the vine,
Though beautiful and full of grace,
Close clinging to its resting-place,
Where leaf and blossom intertwine.

For tendrils break when winds are high;
The best supports, in time, will fail.
And what can weak vine strength avail
When bruised and torn on earth I lie?

But like the tree—oh, tall and fair!
With roots deep reaching through the ground,
With branches spreading far around,
Drawing all good from earth and air.

Drawing all good that I may giv
Of my abundance friendly aid
To all who seek my pleasant shade,
Or in my screening branches liv;

That when this term of life is past,
And I am severed to the ground,
My growth may all so firm be found
That much of good will life outlast.

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Every-Day Work.

Great deeds are trumpeted; loud bells are rung,
And men turn round to see;
The high peaks echo to the pæans sung
O'er some great victory.
And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest men
Find opportunities but now and then.

Shall one sit idly through long days of peace,
Waiting for walls to scale,
Or lie in port until some Golden Fleece
Lures him to face the gale?
There's work enough. Why idly then delay?
His work counts most who labors every day.

A torrent sweeps down the mountain's brow
With foam and flash and roar;
Anon its strength is spent—where is it now?
Its one short day is o'er.
But the clear stream that through the meadow flows
All the long summer on its mission goes.

Better the steady way; the torrent's dash
Soon leaves its rent track dry.
The light we love is not the lightning flash
From out the midnight sky,
But the sweet sunshine, whose familiar ray
From its calm throne of blue lights every day.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining story tells.

Adami and Heva.

A REPLY TO WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN'S CRITICISM OF MY LETTER ON S. P. PUTNAM'S POEM BEARING THE ABOVE TITLE.

About two weeks ago I received a marked copy of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago, containing an article written by Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman, bearing the title of "The Alleged Hindoo Legend of Adam and Eve." I was very busy at the time, and could not giv the matter any attention, but as I intended to make a short visit to Rockaway Beach, I jotted down a few notes on the subject to take with me. After delivering a bi-centennial address before our society last Sunday evening, I took the first train bound for New York and arrived here early on Monday morning. After a few days' exercise, amusement, and surf-bathing, I now feel in a condition healthy and hearty enough—though without any books to refer to—to attempt a reply to Mr. Coleman's article. I hav not had the pleasure of reading many of Mr. Coleman's literary productions, but from what I hav read I had supposed he was what is generally termed a Liberal or skeptical writer. That is, that he was an opponent of orthodoxy.

The reason I make this allusion is that I do not think it is courteous, honorable, or judicious for one Liberal to make indiscriminate attacks on another, or for any person to criticise articles or books written by no matter whom, in a coarse, ungentlemanly manner. Now, I do not desire to be understood as in any manner trying to discourage free discussion and well-intentioned criticism—particularly the latter—by those who are well qualified by disposition and intellectual acquirements. I read many articles published in Liberal journals which I sometimes think I might criticise, but I always leave that to those who hav more leisure than I and can take greater pleasure in that kind of work or amusement than I can. Therefore, under these circumstances, I would not hav attempted a reply to the article referred to were it not that the writer in his article on "Adam and Eve" embodies in it an extract from a letter written by me and published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 6, 1886. Before entering on a discussion of the merits of the article as a whole. I desire to state that I received a copy of Mr. Putnam's poem entitled "Adami and Heva" in the latter part of February, and after reading it over carefuly, I sat down and wrote the letter referred to in a very few minutes, without giving the matter a particle of consideration. As I was unable to find THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 6th before I left home, I will not state that the extract from my letter contained in Mr. Coleman's article is not correct as published in THE TRUTH SEEKER. But I certainly did not intend to write Sanscrit "nation." "Nations" is the word I must hav intended to use, as that only could express the idea I intended to convey. The word "horror" printed in the extract is still worse. That should hav been "honor." [Omitting the final *s* from "nations" is Mr. Coleman's error. The TRUTH SEEKER types are undoubtedly responsible for the word "horror" occupying the place of *honor*.] Let me now reproduce the extract with the corrections I hav just made, with Mr. Coleman's opening reference and criticism:

As evidence of the manner in which this book is regarded by its readers, attention is invited to the following notice thereof by an intelligent and activ Freethinker, Mr. J. J. McCabe, of Albany, N. Y., published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 6, 1886: "It is a poetic version of the old Asiatic fiction which inspired the founders of the Sanscrit nations to deeds of patience, valor, exploration, honor, virtue, and marital love and fidelity. This aspirational fiction, the outcome and evidence of sage and varied experience, refined and virtuous manhood, was in after ages plagiarized, corrupted, and adopted by a nation of polygamists who were rooted by inheritance to a land of sterility, whose imperial priesthood pressed the yoke of ignominious servitude on the shoulders of an ignorant and superstitious people. It ought to become a companion book to Mr. Arnold's 'Light of Asia.'" No intelligent person need be told the foregoing is absurdly false from beginning to end. It manifests great ignorance to call the Hebrews a race of polygamists in contradistinction to the Hindoos. Polygamy was practiced to a extent among both peoples, and the Hindoo sacred books giv far greater sanction to polygamy than can be found anywhere in the Hebrew scripture. How absurd to talk of the monogamous Hindoo legend being corrupted by the polygamous Hebrew, in the face of the fact that the Hebrew story of Adam and Eve is strictly monogamous. It represents God as saying, "I will make him [the man] an help meet for him"—one and one only. It narrates the creation of one woman only from a rib of the man, and then the man says "therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh,"—that is, one wife, and the two, one man and one woman, shall be one flesh. This passage teaches monogamy plainly, for if man had more than one wife, the expression, "he and his wife shall be one flesh," would be inapplicable. Nothing is said in the Bible of Adam having another wife, and as the woman is named Eve, "because she was the mother of *all* living," it is plain that the Bible intends to teach that *the whole human race sprang from a monogamous marriage*. Mr. McCabe's remarks about the beautiful Sanskrit legend being corrupted by polygamists is in the highest degree absurd. Contrast the condition of woman in India at present and through the ages with that of woman among the Hebrews both in ancient and modern times. And with regard to the despotism of the priesthood, nowhere on earth probably has there been such an arrogant priesthood "pressing the yoke of ignominious servitude on the shoulder of an ignorant and superstitious people" as were and are the Brahmans of India. The regulations of the Hebrew priestly code sink into insignificance, as regards despotism and galling, crushing tyranny, when compared with the ancient Brahmanic code of Manu or the caste regulations in operation in India to-day. To cap the climax of absurdity, the recommendation is made that Mr. Putnam's "Adami and Heva," an exaggerated version of the nineteenth-century forgery, bearing a partly spurious title ("Adami" instead of "Adima"), should be greeted as a companion volume to Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," a poetic version of genuin Buddhistic legends.

Now, with regard to the comparison drawn by the writer between the Hindoos and Hebrews, let me state first that I did not refer to the Hindoos or Hebrews of the present day, or any other day within considerably more than two thousand years. I referred to the ancient historic Hebrews, and to those Sanscrit people that carried civilization, with all its ennobling benefits, to the shores of the Mediterranean. But I more particularly intended to convey the idea that the beautiful Asiatic fiction about the first man and woman was a most important factor in the evolution of that bold, enterprising, rational spirit of manhood which one sees so richly and conspicuously manifested in the early history of Greece. If the science of philology, as expounded by its greatest teachers, is of any value to mankind, we certainly must believe that the Greeks were a Sanscrit people. And in this connection I might remark that the stories which hav come down to us of Hercules and Orion are corrupted and exaggerated editions of the "Asiatic" fiction referred to. I think also that Mr. Coleman will admit that the Greeks were a monogamous people in the same sense that we would say that the great majority of men in Europe and America are monogomous. With regard to the "polygamous Hebrews," whom the gentleman seems to be so much interested in, I merely took it for granted that the Jewish priest, Ezra, in revising or writing the history of his own people, would not make them appear more polygamous than they were. Certainly the monogomous character of David, Solomon, Hezekiah, and many others of the Lord's anointed, is apparent to the most superficial reader. In relation to the power and influence excrcised by the Hindoo as compared with the Hebrew priesthood, I will say this much: The Hindoo priest had a fixed place in the body politic, but every time the Jewish priest had an opportunity he was an autocratic dictator, both in civil and religious affairs. There is nothing that exemplifies the barbarous effect that the Bible story of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden has had on the Hebrew mind so well, even down to our own time, as the total ostracism of a Jew, by his relativs and co-religionists, who has dared to obey the promptings of his higher nature in marrying a person outside of his own religious persuasion. The influence of the Catholic priesthood, particularly the Irish portion of it, has always been very powerful and damnable in its effect in this regard, but it is only skin deep when compared with this fossilized priestly-stamped instrument of sectarian proscription as practiccd by our Hebrew neighbors and fellow-citizens.

The monogamous lesson taught in the Garden of Eden story had as much influence on the life actions of the historic Jew as the Christian injunction, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," has had upon the life actions of the ordinary Christian. The best Hebrews held the monogamous example of Adam and Eve in the same estimation that the best Christians hold the imperativ Christian injunction which I hav just cited. If, as the gentleman pretends to think, the influence of the Hindoo priest has been so potential a factor in Asiatic society, why has it not engrafted itself on the civil arm of government throughout Asia? There has always been religious liberty throughout all India and China.

But if the influence of the Brahmanic class has been somewhat powerful within the last two thousand years, it has certainly been exercised in the development of peace and noncombativness. No so with the Hebrew priesthood. They were always the fiery and fanatic advocates of war and desolation. Look at the last insane and bloody act of the Rabbi Equiba in putting the Rod of Command in the hand of Bar Chasbor, which almost caused the utter annihilation of the Hebrew race. One word more in regard to the importance to be attached to the passage in Genesis, "Therefore shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife." The whole legal force of this beautiful injunction is destroyed by the practical teachings of the Levitical Code, and by the priestly indorsed murders of the youthful Phineas. Let us now take a few extracts from the Code of Menu on this subject: "Then only is a man perfeet when he consists of three persons united, his wife, himself, and his son, and thus hav learned Brahmans announced this maxim: 'The husband is even one person with his wife.' 'Neither by sale nor desertion can a wife be released from her husband.' Thus we fully acknowledge the law enacted of old by the Lord of creation." There are many enactments which forbid a man to sell his daughter under pretext of gratuity. I will cite the following: "Never, even in former creations, hav we heard the virtuous approve the tacit sale of a daughter for a price under the name of nuptial gratuity." "Let mutual fidelity continue till death; this, in few words, may be considered as the supreme law between husband and wife." I will now take the idea which is conveyed to us in one of the above quotations from the Code of Menu, as a text to cover much that will follow. It is this: "Never in former creations." Throughout all that part of the world which is embraced in Thibet, India, Hindostan, and China, there is no appreciable difference in the legendary account of the cosmology of the world. The Lamist, Brahmist, and Confucian accounts are nearly the same. There doesn't appear to be much difference between the ever-returning cycles of the Confucians and the Kalpas of the Hindoos. The order is as follows: The world is first formed from chaos, and the first man is born from this *ovum mundi*. After a certain period the world is destroyed and returns to chaos. Then after another period of time has elapsed it springs forth from chaos again. The first man reappears, and a new world similar to the former one and peopled by the same inhabitants is called into being. The death and reappearance of the same individual in every recurring cycle is, of course, apparently of Chinese origin. And I might here state that although the name of the first man may change, etymologically speaking, every time he reappears at the beginning of each cycle or Kalpa, yet he is the same person whether you call him in Chinese Shang-te (their Adam) or Fuh-he (their Noah), or in the Brahmanic and Hindoo accounts, Satyvrata, Swayambhuva, Adima (their Adam), or Menu (their Adam and Noah), or by any of the various names that hav been given to the Hindoo avatars. In the Mexican account they hav Coxcox for their Xisuthu, or first man, and their Noah goes by the same and various other names. By way of diversion it might not be uninteresting to the general reader to inform him that the Mexican traditions are very minute in the specification of the period of time embraced in each cycle or age of the world.

Four times, according to Mexican mythology, has the earth been destroyed. The first age lasted 5,206 years; the second, 4,804 years; the third, 4,010; and the fourth lasted 4,008 years. This came to an end by a great inundation which destroyed all mankind except one man, Coxcox, and his wife, Xachiquetzal, who saved themselvs in the hollow trunk of a tree. Let us compare the Mexican myth with the Hebrew myth, as we find it in Genesis. For the first age or cycle we hav Adam and Eve; for the second, Noah and his wife without a name; for the third, Abram and his wife Sarah; for the fourth, Moses—he is also a kind of Noah because he was saved from the water—and his nameless wife.

But perhaps Mr. Coleman may say that I am not confining myself strictly to the question at issue. Well, as an apology for the latitude I hav taken, I will remark that there is one fact that has impressed me very much both in my own practical experience with men of my acquaintance who pass as philologists, and those also who hav given their whole attention, in a professional manner, to the study and translation of the dead languages, that there are but few real or would-be philologists who seem to hav any respect for the facts that hav been demonstrated through the agency of archeology and the various branches of physical science.

Mr. Coleman appears to regard Max Muller as a philological pope. And as all things can be proved, such as the origin of matter, and the physical universe, and the most remote history of man, with his relations to the past, present, and future, by the examination of a few books which were written in languages which are now dead (although not very old when compared with the age of man), therefore, what he does not know on all subjects is not worth knowing.

He seems to regard Max Muller's strictures on Jacolliot as a devout Catholic would the pope's anathema against an arch heretic. Now let us see if I hav attempted to mislead in my criticism of philologists generally, not excepting Max Muller. Hear what Mr. Muller says after the recitation of a little poem from the Rig-Veda. The poem opens as follows: "Wise and mighty are the works of him who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments," etc. "This poem alone," says Max Muller, "is worth more to the student of history than all the the dynastics of Babylon and Egypt, worth more than all lucustrine villages, worth more than the skulls and jawbones of Neanderthal or Abbeville." Further illustration is unnecessary.

The essays of Francis Wilford, the most indefatigable oriental student of the last century, are referred to by the gentleman, and the great importance that should be attached to his confession that he and Sir William Jones were imposed upon by mercenary pundits. Wilford and Sir William were both excellent Sanscrit scholars. They had the advantage of Max Muller and many others of being on the historic ground of India. It is very singular that they could not tell by the least critical examination of a manuscript whether new leaves had been inserted. Now, may not the confession of Francis Wilford be something like the confession of Galileo, providing there ever was such a confession? But Mr. Coleman may say that the best evidence in the world of it is in the facts demonstrated in Max Muller's full English translation of the East India Company's collection of Sanscrit manuscripts. Well, let us examin this question a litle further. When Mr. Muller went to the city of Paris, after acquiring some reputation as a young Sanscrit scholar, he met Eugene Burnof, at that time one of the most learned men in France. At Burnof's solicitation, Muller agreed to take upon himself—being a young man—the labor of examining and comparing the French and English collections of Sanscrit manuscripts, for the purpose of editing a French translation of the Vedas and Commentaries. Mr. Muller went to England to examin the East India Company's collection, and while there was prevailed on to stay in England and edit an English translation from the manuscripts at hand.

When doctors of the law cannot agree as to the exact meaning of a certain provision, but

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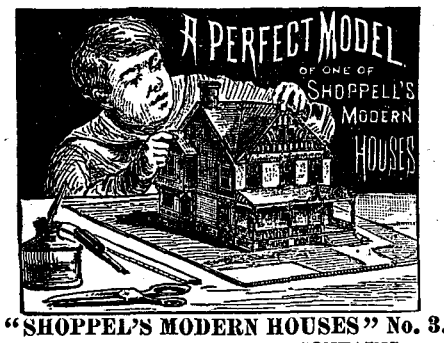
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News of t

THE Rev. Father McG Stephen's church, one of churches in this city, has cede with Governor Hill prisoned boycotters. M reformer, and indorses Hi

FRANZ LISZT, the great pianist, died at Bayreuth, August 1st, aged 75.

IN the trial of the Anarchists at Chicago, the state has rested its case and the defense has opened.

A BILL to prevent foreigners from buying up Western lands passed the House last week by a vote of 209 to 6.

A BAPTIST church at Reading, Pa., was blown up with dynamite last Saturday. Partisans of the liquor interest are accused of the act.

THE English society papers say that Beecher's lectures are falling flat, and that he may consider himself lucky if he pays his traveling expenses.

ABOUT 20,000 Knights of Labor met in Union Square, New York, last Saturday night. The speakers protested against the conspiracy laws, and advocated political action.

THE proprietors of the German newspaper *Volks-Zeitung* hav been arrested for advocating a boycott against a hotel which did not employ waiters belonging to the union.

HUBERT O. THOMPSON, leader of the County Democracy, and former commissioner of public works in this city, died of apoplexy on the 27th ult.

THE Concord School of Philosophy has closed its sessions for the season. Dante and Plato hav been interpreted in a way that would probably very much mystify those philosophers if now on earth.

REVELATIONS are being made about Rollin M. Squire, New York's commissioner of public works, which show him to be a wholly dishonest and venal man. He obtained his appointment by a corrupt bargain.

THE cutter Galatea reached Marblehead, Mass., from Southampton, Eng., on Sunday, the 1st, after a voyage of thirty-five days. She will compete with American yachts for the cup which the Puritan now holds.

THE week opened with riots in Belfast, Ireland, caused by a difference of opinion between the inhabitants on the subject of religion. Labor riots at Amsterdam last week resulted in the death of many persons.

EX-SPEAKER ERWIN of the New York legislature who last winter opposed the bill to tax church property managed to get a measure through which exempted from taxation $63,000,000 worth of property belonging to insurance companies. How Governor Hill happened to sign such a bill is a mystery which the Finance Committee of this city will shortly investigate.

A SCHOONER with eleven pleasure-seekers on board capsized in a squall off Sandy Hook Friday, July the 30th. Six women and one young man in the cabin were unable to escape and died from slow drowning or suffocation. Those on deck when the squall struck clung to the boat and were rescued. The victims were residents of Philadelphia, whither their bodies were taken Sunday.

PARSON DOWNS, Boston's indicted pastor, exploded what he called a bombshell in his church last Sunday. It was a letter which he read from a female member of the Bowdoin Square church, confessing that she had been guilty of adultery with a respectable deacon of the same church. Mr. Downs promises that he will make the Bowdoin Square Baptists very sick if they do not cease their persecutions. He has other damaging matter in reserve.

Odds and Ends.

AN enterprising reporter, writing up a wreck at sea, stated that no less than four of the crew and passengers bit the dust.

DURING the Sunday dinner the family were discussing the unusually fine sermon of the morning, when little Freda, aged five, declared that she remembered the text. Upon being asked to repeat it, she electrified the table by triumphantly quoting, with marked emphasis on the first word, "*Hang* all the law and the prophets!"

VERY wrong.—Bertie: "It's very wrong, ma, to tell a falsehood, isn't it?" Mater: "Of course it is, dear." B.: "And it's wicked to ask a boy to tell lies?" M.: "Why, yes." B.: "Well, that's what my teacher made me do to-day." M.: "Gracious me! made you tell a lie, Bertie?" B.: "Yes, mamma, she made me promis to be always a good boy in future."

A NEW YORKER was asking after a Wisconsin county treasurer who defaulted three or four years ago, and was answered, "Oh, the people hav concluded to drop the case." "Feel sorry for him, eh?" "Well, you see, he used $2,000 of the funds to speculate on. Had he won he was calculating to buy bells for three different churches. You can't really go back on a man whose zeal for the Lord allowed Chicago to get the bulge on him."

DURING the services at a prayer-meeting in an Indiana hamlet lightning struck and burnt the barn of a farmer in attendance. He felt sore over the fact, and asked the minister how it was that he should be punished for serving God. "Brother Jones," was the reply, "I can't exactly make it out myself. You were there, and I saw you, and the Lord saw you, and it must be that thunderbolt went wrong by some mistake. Your barn and that of old Si Jones look so much alike that the Lord got mixed and let flicker at the wrong institution."

"YES," said the parson at the tea-table, "young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjay the other evening and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out and the buggy was smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control." "He must hav been driving with one hand," flippantly suggested the minister's eldest son, a rake of a boy. "Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of sixteen, with a charmingly modest mien. And then everybody exclaimed in chorus, "Why, Edith!"

A DAKOTA hotel advertises a cyclone cellar as one of its attractions. The following is its card:

SLIDEUNDER HOUSE.

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☞This is the only House in the City provided with a Cyclone Cellar for convenience of Guests Flume leading from each room to Cellar. Guests can drop from top floor in quarter second. No requirements as to Costume while making descent. Stop at the Slideunder, and while Guests of other Hotels will be mounting the Golden Stairs, you will be Scooting down the Flume leading to absolute Safety.

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SAM JONES says, "There is something wrong when a preacher gets $400 and a base-ball pitcher $5,000." But Sam should remember that the $5,000 pitcher has a much better delivery than the $400 preacher.—*Boston Transcript.* And the preacher says there is something much more wrong when a sensational revivalist gets $1,000 a week and the preacher gets only $400 a year.—*Norristown Herald.*

"GENTLEMEN of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You hav heard all the evidence, as well as myself; you hav also heard what the learned counsel hav said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will giv a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be damned if I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

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—o—

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of Thought.

hav remained in Ephesus over ively business at preaching and istian faith. It was there that self to the young believers, received the Holy Ghost, when ey had not so much as heard oly Ghost. When Paul heard ut a dozen of them and introduced them to the Holy Ghost, who for some thousands of years had been closely in the background, so that not only those men of Ephesus had never so much as heard that there was any Holy Ghost, but Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Samuel, David, and Solomon were all in the same uncomfortable dilemma; they also had never heard that there was a Holy Ghost, —*D. M. Bennett.*

THE Koran is as toilsome reading as ever I undertook. A wearisome, confused jumble, crude, incondit; endless iterations, long-winded ness, entanglement; most crude, incondit; insupportable stupidity, in short-Nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the Koran.—*Carlyle.* [Is it possible that Carlyle got his style of writing from the incomparable Bible of Mohammed?]

THE inequality with which worldly goods are distributed is fearful. It begins, not with human institutions, but with nature, which metes out to us health, strength, intellect accidental advantages, if on any principle, on some principle different from distributiv justice. Civilization, on the whole, reduces it; a weak savage in primeval wilds, before the name of rent or capital was heard, felt his inferiority to his stronger mate more keenly than poverty in a civilized state feels its inferiority to wealth.—*Toronto Bystander.*

IF a hell could, it possible for a moment, it would seem but just that the class of men who hav invented and promulgated these falsehoods and damned the world with them for so many centuries should for a limited period be made to endure its severity in a mild form; but it would be too horrible even for that class of great offenders. Where is there a being so unfeeling and vindictiv as to remand one poor mortal to the torments of hell, whatever may hav been his offense?—*Bennett's Fear of Death.*

GRANT me, indulgent heaven, that I may liv
To see the miscreants feel the pains they giv;
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slaves and despots be but things that were.
—*Burns.*

FOR what purpose would God perform a miracle? To accomplish some peculiar design upon living beings? He would then, in reality, be supposed to say, "I hav not been able to effect by my construction of the universe, by my divine decrees, by my eternal laws, a particular object; I am now going to change my eternal ideas and immutable laws to endeavor to accomplish what I hav not been able to do by means of them." This would be an avowal of his weakness, not of his power; it would appear in such a being an inconceivable contradiction. Accordingly, therefore, to dare to ascribe miracles to God is, if man can in reality insult God, actually offering him an insult. It is saying to him, "You are a weak and inconsistent being." It is, therefore, absurd to believe in miracles; it is, in fact, dishonoring the divinity.—*Voltaire.*

THANKS to Darwin, Spencer, Huxley; thanks to the geologists, antiquarians, and comparativ mythologists, the theological, sin-laden, Eden-cursed Adam has beat a retreat into the night of the past; and we trust he has taken a good deal of his theological baggage with him. There are encouraging signs of to-day that, with the disappearance of Adam, the artificial theology which was built on his shoulders—the doctrin of a fallen world, an angry, vindictiv God, and a yawning pit of hell and the fictitious righteousness which was necessary to neutralize it—will all vanish into forgetfulness or be preserved only as relics of archaic thought.—*Christian Register.*

ONE OF US TWO.

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb;
And morns will fade, noons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain,
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half-broken,
Shall read long-treasured letters thro' salt tears;
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token
That speaks of these love-crowned delicious years.

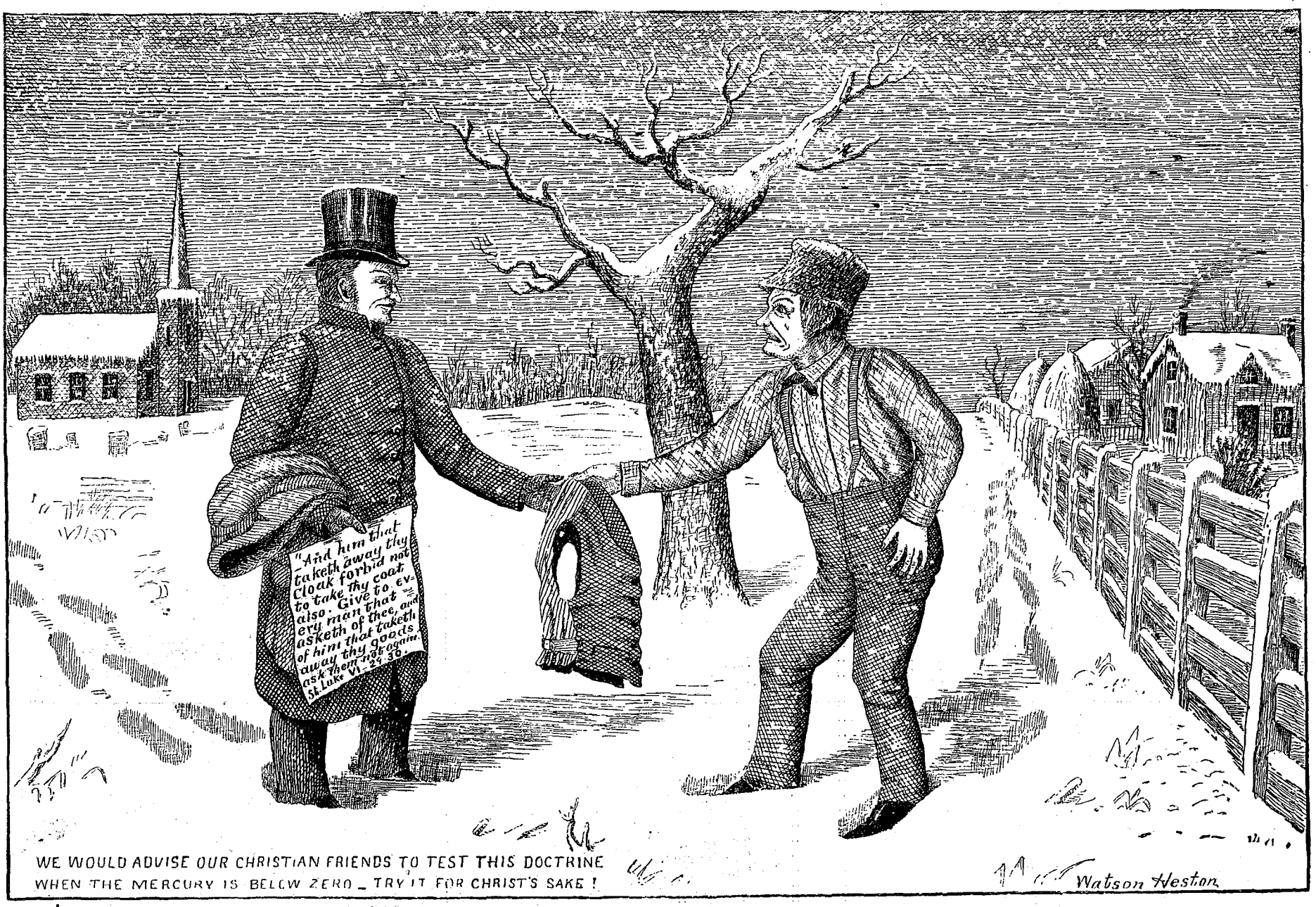
One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty—
O God! O God! hav pity on that one!
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Vol. 13. No. 33. } PUBLISHED WEEKLY. } New York, Saturday, August 14, 1886. { 33 CLINTON PLACE. } $3.00 per year.



A PRECEPT THAT MIGHT DO IN DOG-DAYS—BUT NOT NEXT WINTER.

Notes and Clippings.

THE white people of Mississippi are generally in favor of Prohibition, but they are swamped by the overwhelming vote of the negroes in the state.

BEES in Oakland, Ill., drove a minister and his congregation out of church on a recent Sunday. The congregation were filled with anger at the sacrilegious bees, but consoled themselvs with the fact that the occurrence took place before the plate was passed.

A CHESTNUT street miss of less than five summers, who was playing in the yard and observing the works of nature, surprised her father the other day with the following questions and original conclusion: "Papa, does God make the worms?" "Yes, daughter." "Pa, does God make the hopper toad to eat the worms up?" "I s'pose so." "Well, I should like to know what he bothered his head with the worms for if he had to make the hopper toad to eat them."

HE is a priest, and one Friday he had been giving his congregation a rasping gallop over the mortification and flesh course. Arrived at home, hungry as a wolf, he rang the bell for luncheon, and anon the new servant made her appearance, and weighed in with a small plate of bread and butter, and two hard-boiled eggs. "Why, how now, Bridget," inquired the holy man, "is this a fitting meal to set before your master?" "If you please, sir," said the girl, "I was in chapel this morning and heard your sermon, and oh! it was beautiful, and you told us how we ought to starve ourselvs on a Friday, and—" "Bridget," interrupted her master, "did you ever go to a dancing party?" "Yes, your reverence." "And you hav observed the guests figuring on the floor, whilst up above sit the orchestra, who play the music for the others to dance to?" "Yes, your reverence." "Very well, then, Bridget, recollect in the future that I am the orchestra."

MINISTER (to deacon): "How were you pleased, Brother Jones, with my sermon yesterday on the sin of betting on elections?" Deacon Jones: "Well-er, to be frank with you, I didn't like it at all." Minister: "No?" Deacon Jones: "No, sir. I'm in hats, you know, and there's very little money in the business as it is."

THE recent death of Dexter A. Hawkins will call attention to the pamphlet which he wrote a few years ago, entitled, "The Roman Catholic Church in New York City and the Public Money and Public Property of the People." The pamphlet exposes the venality of the church of Rome in this city as it was never exposed before or since. Mr. Hawkins was a Methodist, and the Methodist Book Concern sells his pamphlet for five cents per copy.

WE are swinging very far from the original policy of our government. We began by trusting the individual man to take care of himself, burdening him as little as possible with taxes and laws. Little by little we are getting away from our original theory. We are beginning to depend upon corporations to carry on a great variety of enterprises. Our schools are supported or subsidized by the states. Prohibitionists demand that our appetites shall be regulated by law. Greenbackers want the government to assume the function of making money, instead of merely coining it. The Knights of Labor hav vast schemes of government interference to regulate wages and recast the statutes so as to do away with the natural operation of the law of supply and demand. Paternalism is rampant with a thousand schemes by which men are to be educated, employed, or pensioned by the state. The progress of these centralizing tendencies must soon be arrested or great mischiefs will ensue. We are governed too much.—*Philadelphia Record.*

As a matter of downright, cold fact, "the little busy bee" works but about three hours a day, and is a most thoroughgoing loafer the rest of the time. Its reputation for sobriety is as little deserved. Its propensity for the bowl, indeed, has become a source of grievance for bee-keepers. Wherever hives are kept in the neighborhood of a cider-mill the bees always neglect their work, go off and get full, stay out at night, and get boisterous and disorderly.

MR. SHELDON JACKSON, superintendent of the department of education in Alaska, has provided temperance text-books for use in all the schools of that distant territory, and teachers will be required to giv regular instruction as to the effects of alcohol and narcotics on the human frame. With parents and guardians left free to decide whether their children or wards should receive instruction of this sort, Superintendent Jackson's scheme would be a very good one.

THE *Investigator* people, always enterprising, hav established a lectureship, of which Mr. L. K. Washburn is to be the agent. By this plan it is intended that Mr. Washburn, backed by the lecture fund, shall be enabled to speak wherever expenses and a slight remuneration can be raised. Mr. Washburn is an able speaker and writer. We wish him success, but must warn him to avoid New Jersey. As yet the religious people of that state hav not all felt the softening amenities of civilization.

AN Irishman had taken his wife and childer down to the theater to see "Shane na Lawn." The family went in for whole-hearted enjoyment and seemed to be as keenly interested in the fortunes of the *dramatis personæ* as if their environment were a part of the stern reality of life. After the play was over they took a Third avenue elevated train for home up in Duffyville. Bad luck to it all! The shanty was no more. The fire fiend had indeed entered the McFadden domain and swept it clear. Mrs. McFadden and the brood of homeless childer shed tears, and even McFadden, after the first shock had subsided, trembled with grief when reciting the details of his calamity. "Phin I got home, or fwhere me home was whin we started for the theayter, everything was bwusted, and not ayven a sthraw tick left, nor the feather bed me 'n me ould woman has shlept on for four-and-twinty years. There was the ilegant chist of dhrawers that we first wint to housekapin' wid gone up in shmoke; there was the windy-curtins that me daughter Mary Ann worked and saved for to make the shanty look aristocratic; the new cook shtove, the bag of petaties, the picture of the Blissed Virgin, (sob) me workin' clothes, me ould dinner pail that I wouldn't hav taken a harse an' cart for, a beautiful represintation of our savior on the cross (sob) all (violent sob) all gone to hell."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Communications.

Facts About the New Testament.

Origen, one of the early church writers, says: "Not only four gospels, but many, were written, out of which those we hav were chosen and delivered to the churches." It is left for the Christian to decide whether these quarreling bishops and church dignitaries, who so much disgraced the early church councils by wringing each other's noses, selected the right ones. Perhaps the Lord directed the choice. But when it came to fighting and breaking bones, one would think the "other fellow" gave directions in some of the councils.

Mr. Sunderlin says: "At least three of the gospels could hav had no real authors, as we understand that term, being compilations made up of legendary elements." Waite says: "The date of the Christian era is based upon the birth of Christ as given by Matthew, which is a legend of little value. "It is agreed that Jesus was born at least four years before the Christian era. It may hav been fourteen, and it may hav been twenty. Some of the early writers claim that he was an old man when he died, and was in the ministry over fifty years." And he further says: "The accounts of the resurrection as given in the New Testament, confused and irreconcilable as they are, cannot be looked upon as historic. They were written in the second century to supply a need in the church, and the doctrin of the crucified body of Christ cannot be traced beyond that date." And further, that "Marcion compiled the most ancient gospel manuscripts which he could find, and the church, to a considerable extent, used the same materials."

Luke is the oldest gospel of the New Testament. He drew largely from Marcion, and that he used other and older fragments of different authors is evident. Indeed, it is admitted flatly in the introduction of that gospel by the author, whoever he may hav been, that he was only a transcriber, for he says that his object is to "set forth what had been delivered unto him."

Schleiermacher says that "the gospel of Luke was drawn from over thirty different sources." Jerome says that "the gospel of Luke was published according to the Egyptians, and Thomas, and Matthias, and Bartholomew, and the Hebrews, and Basilides, and Apelles, and others which it would be tedious to mention, showing that whoever compiled the gospel of Luke drew from all these sources." Apelles wrote about the year 160, long after the apostles had been quietly sleeping in their graves. Of course, this robs the gospel of Luke of its apostolic origin. Waite says: "It is impossible to name the author of this gospel."

Why should not the people be made acquainted with these facts that they may form an enlightened opinion for themselvs? It may be the means of throwing a lot of priests and ministers out of buttery positions, but they will find an open field; the ax and the anvil, the saw and the spade, will respond to their touch, and one would think by giving their heroism "a brush" they might get an honest living.

Could we see all the gospels which hav been written; could we compare them and see how one gospel has been taken from another; could we understand what a mania there was for so-called sacred writings, how they multiplied and how many were engaged in writing them, what an anxiety was manifested on the part of authors to hav their writings adopted by the churches; could we understand how these writings were manipulated and tinkered by the translators and transcribers, and other interested parties, we would never speak of them as inspired writings without expecting to excite a smile among the intelligent. All the ministers ought to be interested in bringing these facts before the people; but they are not "built that way."

There seems to be preponderating evidence that the gospels were written long after the events had occurred which they narrate, and then the narration thrown back a century or two, because by this means the interests of the church could best be subserved. Such a course would giv the church an advantage of a hundred years or two.

For instance, during the life of Christ nobody thought of him as a supernatural being. Long afterward, when the church had gained power and a hierarchy was to be built up, Christ was made the central figure, and, of course, must be clothed with divine power. This could be done a thousand times better two hundred years after his death than it could during his life. All the miraculous part of his life was worked out years and years after he was quietly sleeping in his grave.

This is the belief of most men who hav given the subject close attention. Bishop Marsh says in regard to the book of Matthew: "If the arguments in favor of a late date be compared to those of an early date, it will be found that the former greatly outweigh the latter."

The average Christian believes that in the time of Christ there were a few followers under the direct control of God who wrote the New Testament, and that no other scriptures were written. The truth is, the New Testament was written long after the life of Christ, and is but a small part of what was written.

Even a partial list of the so-called sacred writings would act as an eye-opener to most Christians. There were nearly as many "Acts" as there are books in the New Testament. There were the "Acts" of the Apostles, written by Lucius, the "Acts" of the Holy Apostles, the "Acts" of Peter and Paul, "The Acts of Peter and Andrew," "The Acts of Philip," "The Acts of Paul and Thecla," and other "Acts" too numerous to mention. Out of all these "Acts" we hav only "The Acts of the Apostles" in the New Testament.

Now, my Christian friends, I want you to tell me why "The Acts of the Apostles" was selected from all the other "Acts," and why this particular selection was made—when and where it was made. By answering these questions for yourselvs, not for me, you will see what a solid foundation your faith rests upon. Besides, in matters involving the happiness or misery of the whole human family, you ought to be able to giv all the facts. You ought to be able to show that it was a right selection.

If all these "Acts" were genuin, were you not entitled to them? If all were spurious but one, how do you know that you hav got the right one? My dear Christian friend, hug this consoling fact to your breast. There is not one chance in fifty that God ever ordered a book of "Acts" to be written, but, allowing that he did, there is not one chance in fifty that you hav got the right one. Besides the books of "Acts" which I hav mentioned, it is known that some thirty other books of acts were in existence.

In order to giv the Christian a clearer understanding of the furor for sacred writings in an early day, I will mention a few only of the many gospels which were written and held in veneration by the churches, not one of which has been admitted into the New Testament:

The Gospel of Paul.
" " Peter.
" " Perfection.
" " Philip.
" " Matthias.
" " Lucianus.
" " Life.
" " Longinus.
" " Marcion.
" " Marcus.
" " Judas Iscariot.
" " Apelles.
" " Barnabas.
" " Cerinthus.
" " Justin.
" " Merinthus.
" " Symonides.
" " Thaddeus.
" " Tatian.
" " Truth.
" " Nicodemus.
" " The Eucratite.
" " The Lord.
" " The Infancy.
" " The Scythians.
" " According to the Hebrews.
" " " " Egyptians.
The Eternal Gospel.
The Gospels of the Gnostics, not known how many.
The Gospels of Hesychius, not known how many.
The Manichee Gospel.
The Passing of St. Mary.
Oracles of Christ.
Descent from the Cross.
Book of the Helkeraites, and so on, and so on, and so on.

Then there is a long list of the "apocalypses"—apocalypse of John, another of Esdras, another of Paul, of Moses, Cerinthus, Peter, Bartholomew, etc.

These are only a few, comparativly, of the specimens of holy bricks which were once considered fit for the temple of the Christian religion. For a more full and complete list of the gospels, acts, apocalypses, oracles, epistles, and books, first and last regarded as sacred by the church, consult Taylor's "Syntagma."

What would the Christian do if he should find out that some of these spurious epistles or gospels or acts or apocalypses had by some oversight crept into his New Testament? They were once believed to be sacred writings. They were voted upon and disputed over and fought about for six hundred years—in fact, the fight is not over yet.

Now, my dear candidates for heaven, you ought to be able to giv the evidence that the inspired writings were voted in, and the spurious voted out.

If men found an object in producing all these spurious writings—and remember that India, China, Japan, Thibet, Arabia, Scandinavia and Persia have all had their portion of sacred writings, which the Christian considers spurious—is it not barely possible that some interested parties might hav written the few books of the New Testament without any help from God at all. O my Christian friend, I would hav you think of these things, and every time you hug the Bible to your breast and call it the "Word of God," remember me.

Every doctrin of the New Testament has been affirmed by some, and denied by others.

It has been the subject of hot disputes and long debates, of bitter quarrels and bloody fights; and, strange to state, has never been settled to this day.

The resurrection was first a spiritual resurrection, and then a bodily resurrection. When the divinity of Christ was first taught, there was a distinction between the father and the son. The son emanated from the father, but was no more the father than a ray of light from the sun was the sun itself. Afterward, the author of John—whoever he might have been—declared that "in the beginning was the *word*, and the *word* was with God, and the *word* was God." This doctrin was adopted at the great council held in 325, and made obligatory on all Christians.

It was more than a hundred years after the death of Christ before the immaculate conception was hinted at. Polytheism had not yet quite died out, and, according to that system, every great man must bear some strange relation to the gods.

Christ never pretended to be celestially begotten, or to work miracles, nor was such a thing thought of during his life, nor for years after his death; else why are all contemporaneous writers silent upon the subject?

There is no doubt that the Christian religion became quite popular and spread rapidly, and men rarely call others to an account for lying, fraud, and deceit, used in their interest. And when it became the interest of the church to erect Christ into a god, and clothe him with miraculous power, the idea had a small beginning at first, but grew by lying and deceit until it assumed its present proportions.

Oswald says: "The country was so prolific of spurious prophecies, forged epistles and biographies, that it has justly been called the age of pious frauds, and that the stupendous events supposed to hav attended the appearance of the new prophet are not recorded by any contemporary pagan writer." And the testimony of Gibbon is to the same effect.

If the Christian should become acquainted with the history of the different councils in which the various doctrins of the New Testament were discussed and given shape; could he know how these doctrins were urged by some, and opposed by others; could he know how rings were formed and bribes offered before the final vote was taken—he would see more of the work of man, and less of the work of God, in the New Testament, and, like all men who hav given the subject an unbiased investigation, would come to the conclusion that all the different systems of revealed religion rest essentially on the same foundation, and that one system has no preëminence over another, only so far as the intelligence of the age or country in which it originated is concerned.

All that has ever been revealed is found in the book of nature, and this is the book which man should be most desirous to study, and the book which he would most study if he had not been put off the track by a crafty priesthood, and sent after gods and ghosts and spurious revelations.

Original sin, total depravity, eternal punishment, divine inspiration, baptism, the Christian Sabbath, were all matters which were settled by the votes of men in the different councils of the church, and with which God had no more to do than he has with the currency, or the laying of duties on foreign imports.

Christians believe that Christianity originated with Christ. No mistake could be greater. Christ did not preach Christianity as we understand it; he taught the equality and brotherhood of man, and the fatherhood of God, but never claimed to be a god himself. Christ had been dead many years before he was regarded as a god.

A man-god was no new thing in the time of Christ. Xaca, Krishna, Buddha, Plato, Apollonius, Simon Magus, Augustus Cæsar, Pythagoras, and many others, were supposed to be celestially begotten, and a part of them died for the sins of the world. Many great and good men in ancient times were denominated gods. Apollonius said "all good men were entitled to that appellation."

Long before and after the commencement of the Christian era this belief was current, and serves as a clew to the divinity of Christ. The belief in miracles has been common in all past ages. Great men were not only begotten by the gods, but were endowed with power to work miracles. Crucifixions hav been common, and resurrections hav been as necessary and followed as naturally as the tail to a kite.

The doctrin of the atonement was more than a thousand years old when Christ was born. Christians believe that Christ was an offering or sacrifice to appease the wrath of God, that thereby the transgressions of man might be wiped out.

Offerings hav always been made to appease the wrath of offended gods. The more barbarous the people the more inhuman and diabolical the offering. Men, women, and children, bullocks, goats, sheep, doves, and the first-fruits of the land hav been offered up, the brutality of the ceremony diminishing as civilization has advanced. The fact that God could not be appeased until his son was sacrificed shows that he was a peevish, revengeful, and not a magnanimous God.

The doctrin of the trinity is much older than the Christian religion, and is of undoubted Eastern origin. The Hindoo trinity consisted of Brahma,

Vishnu, and Siva. In the Hindoo system the third person is the Holy Breath; in the Christian system it is the Holy Ghost, which means the same thing.

It is known that the ancient Egyptians believed in a Holy Ghost, or Word, or Breath. On an ancient obelisk was found this inscription: 1st. "The Mighty God." 2d. "The Begotten of God." 3d. "The Spirit."

Thus the doctrins of the New Testament, as well as the moral precepts, can be traced to an age antedating the birth of Christ hundreds and, in some instances, thousands of years. Even the spirit, if not the exact language, of the "Golden Rule" was taught by Confucius, Aristotle, and others. Could we go back to the commencement of the Christian era, we would be made to understand what it is quite difficult for Christians to learn at the present day, viz., that it was an age of superstition, when all were influenced by the marvelous more than the natural. Science was trampled in the dust by the hag of superstition. Reason stood no chance in the unequal contest with gods, ghosts, magicians, miracle-workers, and prophets.

One writer says of this period: "The heavens were full of gods. Earth, air, and sea swarmed with angels, spirits, and demons." To show that what I hav said is not overdrawn, I will quote from Irenæus, one of the early fathers, in regard to Marcus. He says: "There is another heretic, Marcus by name; he is a perfect adept in the magical imposture, who has received the highest power from the invisible and ineffable regions above. It appears probable enough that this man possesses a demon, as his familiar spirit, by means of which he seems able to prophesy." Now, I would hav you consider that this is from one of the early fathers of the church. If he was so much under the influence of superstition, what must hav been the condition of the masses? Would it take a wonderful man to foretell future events or work miracles among such people? Is it any wonder that there were inspired men and immaculate conceptions among such a people?

There never were any inspired men. It would be impossible to make the intelligent believe that there are inspired men to-day, but they believe there were inspired men two thousand years ago. There is good reason to believe that nobody regarded the early Christian writers as inspired at the time. Afterward, when the church became strong, these writings were clothed with divine authority and thus made the whip to fleece Christians into obedience to the churches. Athenagoras, who wrote an "Apology for Christians" about the year 177, makes no mention of the inspiration of the New Testament writers, but speaks of what came down to him by tradition. Hegesippus wrote "A Complete History of the Christian Religion" up to the year 185. Yet he makes no mention of the canonical gospels. This ought to be satisfactory evidence that there were neither inspired men nor canonical gospels until near the beginning of the third century.

It should be borne in mind that after the power of the church became supreme it controled not only the writings but the minds of men. Nearly all writings and books distasteful to the church were either altered or destroyed. The church, to hold its power, seemed determined that the people should know nothing but "Christ and him crucified." All writers who did not indorse the Christian scheme had their writings either altered or destroyed. All Christian writers were determined to build up the church by any means, foul or fair, often resorting to lying and deceit. If we could hav access to all the literature of the early days of the church, we should understand better why one-half of the people were interested in making fools of the other half. The truth is, there was not one in a hundred who could write, and those who could were endeavoring to dupe those who could not. The dupes knew nothing of what had been written only as it was told to them by those interested in the plant.

There were no newspapers, and few to criticise. And if there had been, after the days of Constantine the critics would hav fared hard. Hence the inaccuracies, discrepancies, and contradictions of the New Testament.

From the few fragments of history which hav slipped through the fingers of the church and come down to us, and from the writings of the early fathers, we learn that the divinity of Christ, his miracles, the conception, resurrection, and ascension, the time he preached, his age, and many other things hav all been in dispute—affirmed and denied—and can never be settled to the satisfaction of all.

Because certain erring, fallible men like ourselvs, and many of them under bribes or threats, voted so and so in a church council fifteen or eighteen hundred years ago is no evidence of truth or accuracy to the student of history.

The gospels show that the ministry of Christ lasted about three years. Irenæus says it lasted about twenty, and he claims that he had this tradition from the elders in Asia, who had it from John and the other apostles. The New Testament teaches that Christ was a little over thirty years old when he was crucified. Some of the early fathers say he was over fifty, and some say he was not crucified at all. At this distance of time, it would be utterly impossible to find out the exact truth in regard to these matters. Doctor Davidson says of the early fathers: "They had neither the ability nor the inclination to examin documents surrounded with an apostolic halo. All the rhetoric employed to throw the value of their testimony as far back as possible, even up to the apostle John, is of the vaguest kind. Their decisions were much more the result of pious feeling than sound judgment."

Waite says the credulity of the early fathers was unbounded; that they had a sublime disregard for the truth. Their unscrupulousness when seeking for arguments to enforce their position was notorious, as well as the prevalence of what is known as pious fraud. Jones says they made testimonies out of forgeries and spurious books.

Instead of the New Testament resting upon the rock of truth, it rests upon forgeries, frauds, and lies.

And yet we hav in this country seventy thousand men whose business it is to keep the people sufficiently ignorant to be imposed upon by this trinity of deception. And then the Sabbath-schools and other machinery for molding the plastic mind of the young, so that they will swallow down the pious pills prepared by these lying, forging fathers, is immense, and the wickedness incalculable. And still we hav Liberals who, though they are not constant attendants at church, attend church fairs and festivals and in various ways pay their money to help these seventy thousand pious sticklebacks impose upon the people with their frauds and forgeries.

Many of these Liberals think, after all, that there is a sort of moral halo surrounding the church, and it is well enough to hav the wife attend the church and the children attend Sunday-school. Let me say to you that the morality of the church is like the drapery of an abandoned woman, "put on" to make her person attractiv. It is only the glimmer of a stinking fish by moonlight, the halo produced by the rising gases from a putrid carcass. Instead of giving one dollar to perpetuate this delusion, join with me to tear the silken drapery from the old hag of superstition and expose her to public gaze in all her hideous deformity.

JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Story of an Escaped Nun.

Near the close of the late war a nun escaped from a convent in Canada West. Having been compelled to enter the same by her grandmother, it would not do to go to her again; but having a sister, the wife of a captain in the service of the United States, she set out to reach the city of Washington, where he was stationed. She had not a penny to pay her fare, but no conductor had the hardihood to put the pretty young woman off until she passed beyond Baltimore. The only aid she received between Canada and Baltimore was twenty-five cents from a sympathetic woman. After passing that city the conductor told her she must pay her fare or be put off. This attracted the notice of some soldiers, one of whom happened to know her brother-in-law, the captain. He therefore paid her fare, which enabled her to reach her relativs.

They were thunderstruck, but had to take her in. The grandmother and other relativs in Canada disowned the renegade. Her comeliness attracted suitors. One elderly and wealthy man sought her hand. Another young but dissipated man, the only son of a wealthy gentleman of Rochester, N. Y., was accepted. They were married at the house of the Rev. John C. Smith, late pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church of Washington, who remarked how superior the bride appeared to the groom.

The husband was in the service connected with the army. In due time twin daughters were born, and not long afterward the husband deserted wife and children. Meanwhile the grandmother in Canada had become so far reconciled to the apostate child as to send her a few presents, among which was a gold watch. This the husband took away with him and never returned it. In fact, he robbed his wife and left her destitute with two infants.

Thrown entirely on her own resources and renounced by her relativs on both sides, she was reduced to extreme want. At this time my wife and I first became acquainted with her. She was begging for work. Taking an interest in her case, we contributed pretty freely to her wants, and helped to provide a home for her in a shanty on a leased lot.

She was very industrious, and willing to do the hardest kind of work. She got employment at hotels to scrub floors, and at last, being the wife of a former employee in the army, she got some menial work in the treasury building with pretty liberal pay.

But I was not satisfied to see her thus degraded, and communicated her condition to her husband's father in Rochester, through a Baptist clergyman there. The answer I received was substantially this: The son is a worthless vagabond, discarded by the father and family. They do not recognize him or his marriage, and nothing is to be expected from them.

As there seemed to be a doubt thrown upon the fact of the marriage, my wife called upon the clergyman who performed the ceremony, and he remembered all the circumstances quite clearly. The certificate of marriage we also saw, but afterward the woman, in a fit of indignation, foolishly tore it up.

So there was no help to be afforded, not the smallest pittance from the husband's wealthy father, and it was impracticable to attempt to obtain any favor from the woman's rich relativs in Canada.

But time soon brought a little temporary relief. The father, at last, did appear to relent, and to recognize the daughter-in-law so long as his dissipated son would liv with her. The husband came back to Washington and for awhile held an office. But he soon lost it and again deserted his wife and children.

Again the wife and children were reduced to want. By and by one of the twins died. The husband meanwhile had gone to a western state and settled on a farm provided for him by his father. Then he wanted his wife to come to him. She refused. He threatened to come and take the child. She came and asked us what she should do. Hold on to your child by all means, said we. But by and by we heard that he had indeed come and taken wife and child with him.

Many years hav now passed and we hav heard nothing of them. The woman was very intelligent. She repudiated the Catholic religion, but was very uncommunicativ about the secrets of convent life, apparently in fear of personal injury should she disclose what she knew. Her husband's family were Protestants.

Her maiden name was Catharine Macdonald, and she claimed Sir John Macdonald as a cousin. Her husband's name was Mudgett.

The tender mercies of the *pious* are cruel. I hav been young and now am old, yet hav I *often* seen the righteous forsaken and his seed begging bread.

Washington, D. C., June 28, 1886. W. H. B.

P.S.—At the very time when we first made the acquaintance of this woman, there lived next door to us a devout Catholic maiden, who, during that year, spent three months in a local convent. And on the 13th of February, 1872, the *Daily Chronicle* contained the following letter:

ESCAPED NUNS.

Whatever may be said of Edith O'Gormon, permit me to state that to my personal knowledge there are now living in this city two escaped nuns. One came out of an institution in this city recently after a short trial. The other escaped from a nunnery in Canada several years ago. The former still adheres to the Catholic faith. The latter renounces it. Both seal their lips and refuse to disclose what they know. Furthermore, I am assured that not many years ago an inmate of the convent at Georgetown escaped from that institution in her night-clothes. The restraint of a female against her will ought not to be allowed in any country, much less in one where the people are sovereign. Humanity demands that a commission should be empowered to enter the doors of all such institutions and offer liberty to those who desire it.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

Poor Mrs. Mudgett either read this paragraph or heard of it, for she came to our house in alarm, suspecting that I wrote it. And one New York paper (the *Sun*, if I remember right) deplored the movement in Washington to open the convents. B.

Prohibition.

Quite a number of writers in THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal paper hav had something to say about my Anti-Prohibition, but none of them attempt seriously the task of refuting my arguments. My critics only mince around the edges of the question of Prohibition or content themselvs with discussing side issues. They beat all around the bush, but do not come to the front and face the music. It is to no purpose to argue the question of temperance with me, because I am a temperance advocate myself. The issue is not temperance, but Prohibition.

Our good Liberal friend, Mr. A. T. McMillan, of Wamego, Kansas, refers to me and my attitude on this subject in THE TRUTH SEEKER, July 31st, in these words: "I am a little disappointed to see that Professor Bell is opposing Prohibition. I think he is making a mistake. Prohibition has come to stay, and is reasonably successful in Kansas, except in the large cities. It is perfectly consistent with Liberalism, and is championed by many of the best Liberals. We need Professor Bell, with his masterly logic and polished oratory, in the Liberal field."

Let me say briefly, in reply to these several statements, that I am now and hav been for eleven years in the activ service of Freethought, and hav not the remotest idea of going upon the retired list until I am mustered out. I think I hav presented the subject of prohibition in a rational way and in a light which shows that it is not "consistent with Liberalism;" and besides, I am quite positiv that Prohibition is not "championed by many of the best Liberals"—I mean the best thinkers—and it would prove nothing even if there were men and women of intellectual ability advocating it. As a question of fact, it is not true that there are any of the best Liberals (best thinkers) championing Prohibition. If there were we should see what they can do "plainly writ" in THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers. It proves nothing to say that "Prohibition has come to

stay," for the church has come to stay, and has been staying entirely too long. Political parties hav come to stay; national banks hav come to stay, but what Liberal can defend churches, political parties, or national banks?

The thing for Brother McMillan or any of his Prohibition friends to do is to refute my arguments and "masterly logic," or confess they cannot do it, and become consistent Liberals. W. S. BELL.

302 *State st., Chicago, Ill.*

What Sir Isaac Newton Said About God.

Probably most of us who are Atheists approached that position slowly against strong prejudice. We were first surprised to find that we knew absolutely nothing about God; that even the intelligent part of church people entertained no practical belief in any superintending providence; that God did all his direct interfering with mundane affairs ages ago and had it recorded in a book, and that those who really think *now* that God reveals anything to them are enthusiasts or cranks. The *Interior* designates the belief of those who hav faith in God's present ability to cure physical disease as "the faith-cure humbug."

The motto of Cromwell, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry," is practical Atheism. If trust in God will not explode wet powder, or, at least, that which is a little damp, it amounts to nothing. Dry powder is sure to explode when ignited, not only without trust in God, but in spite of all gods. Even the advocate of faith tells us that it is unreasonable to call on God to do for us what we can do ourselvs. Hence the motto, "God helps those who help themselvs." Evidently that kind of help is superfluous. It is simply idiotic or hypocritical to ask God to "giv us this day our daily bread" when we hav already provided ourselvs in advance with several months' provisions in the ordinary secular way. Those who cannot help themselvs call on God in vain. They find that "he has gone on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth." The strong, who are able, in the hoggish struggle for gain, which some call business, to root out the feeble hogs (pigs) and get all the swill, can pray indifferently to God, Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, or the devil. They are sure of God's help. They constitute "the powers that be," and "the powers that be are ordained of God;" or, more strictly, the powers that be ordain the God, and hence, "he that resisteth the power resisteth God." And the creators and ordainers of this God hav so arranged that "unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall hav abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath."

We know, then, to a certainty, that the god problem has no practical interest for poor folks, only that they may know who are the makers of the god. That a god should make the world is absurd, because that is producing something out of nothing—the real out of the imaginary; but that a real man should construct a god out of his imagination is not only possible, but is what we know millions of people hav done. The gods are all made that way.

To some people it seems presumptuous to ignore on this subject the authority of great men; but often these great men, in treating this subject, make such a weak case as to overwhelm the earnest inquirer with doubt. If great men—men of profound knowledge and vigorous minds—hav left this subject in a crude, unsatisfactory, muddled condition, it must be because there is nothing in it within reach of the human mind.

Darwin, after writing his great work on "The Origin of Species," without making any reference to a creator, concludes by observing that "there is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one."

In the first place, Mr. Darwin made it perfectly clear that if there were original forms they must hav been very rudimentary, simple, and minute. For millions of ages animals inhabited the earth before any were developed with lungs into which anything could be breathed; and where does the grandeur come in in imagining a God without lungs breathing life into an organism without lungs, into a microscopic monad, a mere organized stomach, or a drop of animated jelly? If an animal existed which was already alive, it needed no creator to breathe life into it. If it was not alive, it must hav grown while it was dead. Evolution points to no creator or first cause. It operates in the universe by the interaction of forces within the universe, and, as Holyoake says, "the universe seems to be an infinit series of causes and effects, and therefore a *first* cause is an absurdity and a contradiction."

Newton, like Darwin, wrote his "Principia" without saying anything about God until he came to the last Scholium, in which he givs an elaborate description of him. He starts in by suggesting that "lest the fixed stars should, by their gravity, fall on each other, God hath placed those systems at immense distances one from another." God must hav made them close together or he would not hav had to separate them. Laplace assumed that systems were so far apart because each system had drawn into its embrace everything within range of its attraction. Hav we any evidence that God could make Niagara river run back over the precipice at the Falls? What an assumption to imagin a God, and then imagin that he could take two solar systems and place them 20,000,000,000 miles apart, or millions of solar systems and scatter them through infinit space!

After spending many years in the production of a work which upset the prevailing and almost unanimous opinions of mankind, Newton's only argument for the existence of God was that everybody believed it. He says, "*It is allowed by all* that the Supreme God exists necessarily, and by the same necessity he exists always and everywhere." In that regard he is as helpless as we are. He has no choice in the matter. He exists because he cannot help it. If he is good, it is no credit to him. If he is bad, it is his misfortune. If he cannot be different from what he is, he cannot do differently from what he does.

But Newton, having imagined a God, lest he should be too much of an entity, proceeds to get him out of the way. "In him are all things contained and moved, yet neither affects the other. God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies; bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God." Gravity is what does the business. All God has to do is to keep out of the way.

"He is all similar; all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power to perceive, to understand, and to act; but in a manner not at all human, in a manner not at all corporeal, *in a manner utterly unknown to us.* As a blind man has no idea of colors, so hav we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen nor heard nor touched." That is all very clear. He is all eye, but has no eyes, and sees all things and numbers hairs and watches sparrows. He is all ear, but has no ears, and hears everything and takes account of every idle word that ever was or will be uttered. He is all brain, but has no brains, and so thinks and understands all things in a manner utterly unknown, unknowable, and unthinkable. He is all arm, but never touches anything, and cannot be touched. He is all power to act, but has to keep out of the way so water can run down-hill and the planets move freely in their orbits.

"Lastly, all that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a being necessarily existing. But *by way of allegory* God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to giv, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to build; for *all our ideas of God are taken from the ways of mankind.*"

Certainly the notion of a God, involving in his composition nothing but what is taken from the ways of mankind, and who does nothing that can be expressed in human speech otherwise than by allegory and fable, could arise from nothing but the imagination of mankind, of which it is a phantasmal shadow. By way of allegory, Santa Claus is said to drive reindeer through the air and scatter Waterbury watches all over Europe and America. When God is said to speak, it is implied that some foolish thing has been said or written by some prophet or pope, priest or preacher. When God laughs, something has occurred to tickle the preacher. Lucky that God was only figurativly angry when he slew the Midianites, Canaanites, Amalekites, and Philistines, sparing neither old men nor maidens, infants nor sucklings, because if he had been truly angry he might hav done something desperate.

This detailed description of a God about whom we are informed we can hav no more idea than a blind man has of colors, is Newton's scientific demonstration of the existence of God about which so much has been said and of which Newton says, "To discourse of whom from the appearances of things does certainly belong to natural philosophy."

In spite of all attempts to "rise from nature up to nature's God," it is admitted by many of the most thoughtful among the clergy that science does not prove the existence of God. The late Rev. J. M. Manning, pastor of Old South Church, Boston, and lecturer on the relations of Christianity to popular Infidelity in Andover Theological Seminary, says that all really logical minds that reject the Bible and Christ inevitably drift into either Positivism or Pantheism. Rev. Mr. Little, when he was Presbyterian synodical missionary for the state of Nebraska, delivered a discourse in Beaver City in which he said: "The skeptic says to me, Demonstrate the truth of the Bible and I will believe it. That is an unreasonable demand. It never has been done, and never can be done. Even the central idea of all religion—the existence of God—has never been proved. We apprehend this great truth by faith."

If "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God," many wise men hav observed that it is not worth while to make assertions about what we can know absolutely nothing of. To quote from G. J. Holyoake, "The existence of God is a problem to which the mathematics of human intelligence seems to me to furnish no solution. The world possesses as yet no adequate logic for that province of speculation. It is a problem without a solution, a hieroglyphic without an interpretation, a Gordian Knot still untied, a question unanswered, a thread still unraveled, a labyrinth untrod." God must still be represented by x, but what the other term of the equation is no one knoweth or can know. Most likely $x=0$. D. PRIESTLEY.

Milwaukee, Or.

Atheism and Citizenship.

Carl Rabitscheck, an intelligent, prosperous-looking Bohemian, went to the naturalization bureau of this city on the 3d to declare his intention of becoming a citizen. He was handed a Bible to swear by, but declined to take the oath, as he was an Atheist. Clerk Jarvis thereupon refused to receive his declaration, and was sustained by other officers of the court. The naturalization bureau will hang out a sign, "No Atheists need apply here."

Between Colonel Ingersoll and a reporter the following conversation touching this question occurred. The reporter asked: "Hav you noticed the decision of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr., clerk of the naturalization bureau of the Court of Common Pleas, that an Atheist cannot become a citizen?"

"Yes, sir," replied Colonel Ingersoll, but I do not think it necessary for a man to be a Theist in order to become or to remain a citizen of this country. The various laws, from 1790 up to 1828, provided that the person wishing to be naturalized might make oath or affirmation. The first exception you will find in the Revised Statutes of the United States passed in the winter of 1873–4, section 2,165, as follows: 'An alien may be admitted to become a citizen of the United states in the following manner, and not otherwise: First he shall declare on oath, before a circuit or district court of the United States,' etc. I suppose Mr. Jarvis felt it to be his duty to comply with this section. In this section there is nothing about affirmation—only the word 'oath' is used—and Mr. Jarvis came to the conclusion that an Atheist could not take an oath, and therefore could not declare his intentions legally to become a citizen of the United States. Undoubtedly, Mr. Jarvis felt it his duty to stand by the law and to see to it that nobody should become a citizen of this country who had not a well-defined belief in the existence of a being that he could not define and that no man has ever been able to define. In other words, that he should be perfectly convinced that there is a being 'without body, parts, or passions,' who presides over the destinies of this world, and more especially those of New York in and about that part known as City Hall Park."

"Was not Mr. Jarvis right in standing by the law?"

"If Mr. Jarvis is right, neither Humboldt nor Darwin could hav become a citizen of the United States. Wagner, the greatest of musicians, not being able to take an oath, would hav been left an alien. Under this ruling Haeckel, Spencer, and Tyndall would be denied citizenship—that is to say, the six greatest men produced by the human race in the nineteenth century, were and are unfit to be citizens of the United States. Those who hav placed the human race in debt cannot be citizens of this republic. On the other hand, the ignorant wife beater, the criminal, the pauper raised in the workhouse, could take the necessary oath and would be welcomed by New York 'with arms outstretched as she would fly.'"

"You hav quoted one statute. Is there no other applicable to this case?"

"I am coming to that. If Mr. Jarvis will take the pains to read not only the law of naturalization in section 2,165 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, but the very first chapter in the book, 'Title I.,' he will find in the very first section this sentence: 'The requirement of an "oath" shall be deemed complied with by making affirmation in official form.' This applies to section 2,165. Of course an Atheist can affirm, and the statute provides that wherever an oath is required affirmation may be made."

"Did you read," further asked the reporter, "the recent action of Judge O'Gorman, of the Superior Court, in refusing naturalization papers to an applicant because he had not read the Constitution of the United States?"

"I did," was the response, and then the colonel added: "The United States Constitution is a very important document, a good, sound document, but it is talked about a great deal more than it is read. I'll venture that you may commence at the Battery to interview merchants and other business men about the Constitution and you will talk with a hundred before you will find one who has ever read it."

The Spirit Photography Investigation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Press of business prevents me from immediately replying to the report of the Spirit Photography Committee.

I trust your readers will suspend judgment until after my criticism has appeared, and I promis to take no longer time in its preparation than did the committee in presenting the report. R. M. ROBINSON.

Greenpoint, L. I., Aug. 8, 1886.

Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association.

It has been decided to hold the Annual Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association at White Sulphur Springs Park, Saratoga county, N. Y., commencing Thursday, September 2d, continuing over two Sundays, and adjourning on Sunday night, September 12th.

A more beautiful and desirable place to hold our Convention does not exist in the state. It is proposed to make this Convention preëminently sociable, and more of the nature of a picnic than a formal convention. One, and perhaps the main, object is the devising and discussing more efficient and practical methods of advancing the cause of Liberalism, and inciting honest, intelligent persons to study and embrace the ennobling principles of Secularism.

To effect this the first essential is, not alone that the thinkers and workers meet each other, but that all the Liberals of our state and vicinity should meet together and become personally acquainted, and thus be induced to take greater and more kindly interest in each other's welfare. To this end it is decided that the meeting shall afford every possible facility for sociability.

There will be no regular lectures in the morning, except on Sundays. The day, up to 3 P.M., will be devoted to recreation and amusement, and for this there are bathing, boating, fishing, croquet, swinging; rambling through the beautiful groves, over the romantic hills, and among picturesque dales; resting in the hammocks beneath the shade of the lofty trees, or reclining on the bright green grass, basking in the sunshine, fanned by the gentle breezes from the beautiful lake; making excursions over the lake to its many interesting points, and riding to Saratoga on top of the "tally-ho" coaches, after "ye fashion of ye olden time;" visiting the wonderful mineral springs, and the largest and most gorgeous hotels in the world; taking advantage of every opportunity to form acquaintances which in many instances will result in life-long friendship; comparing plans and methods of work, and discussing the various projects and suggestions brought before the Convention, so as to be able to vote on them understandingly.

Occasionally those interested can gather in the picnic grounds or in the lecture pavilion and listen to short addresses from Liberals—not regular lecturers—who hav plans to unfold or important and valuable suggestions to make for the advancement of the cause and promotion of the general good.

On three or four afternoons and two or three evenings we will dispense with the lecture or hav only a sharp, pithy, stirring one, not to exceed thirty minutes, and devote the rest of the time to dancing.

There is a magnificent dancing pavilion on the grounds, and the most proficient of callers and the very best of music hav been engaged.

And while every possible provision is made for a jolly, happy picnic, and the promotion of sociability, our best and most able lecturers will be present, and will giv us their best and brightest thoughts, speaking on those subjects only which are of vital import, and respecting which the people are most interested.

Plans and suggestions will be laid before the Convention, and time afforded for consideration and amendment, so that on adjournment all can return home resolved to labor zealously and harmoniously in carrying out plans adopted, and thus insure a mighty impetus to the work.

Board with room, first-class, is only one dollar per day; fare to and from all parts at reduced rates; single admission to lecture, 10 cents. There are preliminary expenses that must be met, but no funds in the treasury. Who will help in the good work? It is essential to the success of the Convention that contributions be sent in at once. Reader, we appeal to you. Are you disposed to help forward and insure success of the Convention? The meeting must be thoroughly advertised; posters and hand-bills printed, carefully posted and distributed in every village within twenty miles of the place of meeting. This cannot be done without cash payments. Success of the Convention means grand progress of the cause during the next year throughout the entire state. Send in your donations as early as possible.

We offer to all who send one dollar forthwith a season ticket, admitting the holder to each and every lecture. Admission will be paid at the door by all who do not hold season tickets.

It will be necessary for all who attend, especially if there are ladies in the party, to make immediate application for rooms to C. B. Reynolds, care of the Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York. There is a limit to the capacity of the house, and the rule will be, First come, first served. When ordering rooms, please inclose $1 for each person, for season tickets.

Let all send in $1 for season ticket. If you cannot go, you can the better afford to send your contribution to the expenses. The success of the Convention is a matter of personal interest to every Liberal in the state. Let all attend who possibly can—all help bear the burden, that all may rejoice in and share the glorious success.

Contributions should be sent by registered letter or post-office order to E. M. Macdonald, treasurer, TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton Place, New York.

In behalf of the committee, C. B. REYNOLDS.

The American Secular Union.

News and Notes.

I gave a parlor lecture at Salt Lake City on Sunday evening, July 25th, under the auspices of my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Mason. I found it quite an agreeable change from the platform discourse. It is more sociable and allows more mutual exchange of thought and direct and personal expression of ideas; besides, those can be gathered together at a parlor lecture who will not always attend a public meeting. Mormons, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Methodists, together with Liberals, were present, and the lecture on "The Glory of Infidelity" was good-naturedly received, although, of course, the orthodox part of my audience did not heartily indorse all my sentiments, but I guess they heard something new and hav a better understanding of the spirit of our work. After the lecture there was music and conversation which made the hours pass pleasantly away. All had an opportunity to say their say, and the varied discussion was animated and most cordial.

I hav thoroughly enjoyed a few days' rest at Zion, for it has many attractions both heterodox and orthodox. I went over the Coöperative Mercantile Institute Building with my pleasant Mormon friend, Mr. Clawson, who belongs to a big family of boys and girls—forty-five—his father being one of the dignitaries of the church, and will, no doubt, occupy a lofty throne in the celestial kingdom. The Institute Building is the largest in the city, and is filled with goods of every description to the value of a million dollars. This Institute is a joint stock company, and, of course, the few who own the majority of shares control the business and receive the principal benefit. In most of the settlements outside of Salt Lake City the Z. C. M. I. is almost entirely in the ownership of one man, who runs the affair and makes money to suit himself. While the Z. C. M. I. of Salt Lake City was under the quasi religious management of Brigham Young it was a failure, and the value of the shares went down to less than half. It was then put into the hands of first-rate business men and run on business principles, and is in that way a flourishing affair. It is on a money-making basis, which is all right, but it is by no means a fraternal association. The gentile can get as much benefit from it as the Mormon. It is "root, hog, or die" with the Mormons as with the rest of mankind. They don't help each other any more than the sinners do. There are no poor in Utah simply because there are no poor or paupers in any of the Western territories. Every man can scratch some kind of a living, but the majority of the Mormons hug poverty very close. If Dyer Lum is satisfied with this kind of coöperation, then he is easily satisfied; not with a half loaf, but with about a hundredth part of a half loaf. I had about as soon take my chances in Wall street as among the Mormon saints, even if I were a good Mormon. To be a real good Mormon one must hav a pretty big bank account. As I hav said before, the Mormon religion is a solid affair.

I also visited the Museum, the greatest curiosity of which is the owner himself, who is a red-hot Mormon, an apostle, I believe, and a very intelligent man. While showing me the wonders of the land and sea, etc., he gavé a brilliant discourse on Mormon doctrins, etc., which I would not hav missed on any account. I selected a few hot-shot out of his theological fireworks for the benefit of my friend Lum one of these days. I hav got information from headquarters, and it confirms every opinion that I hav hitherto expressed. My vivacious saint addressed me at first as a "son of Israel," but when I plied him with a few questions he called me a "hound of the law;" all in good spirit though, in Christian meekness, for I myself was in a saintly frame, since I was sitting in the veritable rocking-chair that Joseph Smith used to rock in, and I suppose the invisible prophetic mantle was upon me. At any rate it was a comfortable chair, and I had no objection to whatever inspiration it might giv to my spinal column.

The Mormons hav a very beautiful theology indeed. I rather like it. I find that Adam is practically the God of the Mormon; for, when this planet is perfected, he will be the God and the father of it, subject, however, to the great father of all, the Elohim, who is "the masterpiece of intelligence," under whom a million gods like Adam hold sway. There are a million "perfected worlds" at the present time. Each of these worlds has a god and father of its own. The earth is not quite perfected; Christ has not yet conquered it. When he has, he will giv it to Adam for his eternal glorious domain. Every seven thousand years a world is perfected, and swings up into the round of heaven. Our time is almost at hand. We shall soon soar up into the circle of eternity. According to Orson Pratt, the biggest God of all, the Elohim, is only about six feet high. One must admit that he is almighty smart for his size. I hav collected many other curiosities of the Mormon faith, but time will not permit a further exhibit.

I also took a Salt Lake bath, which is one of the most delightful baths in the world. You can float for hours on the glorious waters, almost like a cork, and can't drown unless you make a special effort to do so. But beware of swallowing a bit of the briny deep. If you do, you might as well drown, for the salt water cuts the throat and lungs like a knife.

Everybody is busy now with the harvest, and so the Utah Liberal campaign is over for the present. I spent Wednesday evening, the 28th, with friend Reynolds, at Wanship, and when the breezy autumn comes the campaign will be renewed, and we look forward with bright hopes to the Convention of February next. There will be a summoning of all the clans, and forward march.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, the 29th and 30th, I lectured at Rock Springs to good houses. At any rate, I had more than the ministers, or even a prize-fight, and to beat a prize-fight is something quite remarkable in a Western town.

Rock Springs is a good place for our lecturers to stop at when traveling over the Union Pacific railroad. Let them communicate with T. B. Meredith, and they will receive a warm welcome.

On Friday afternoon my friend Meredith took me into the vast under-world of the coal mines, which extend for several miles, and where hundreds of men are at work. The coal here is of superior quality, and thousands of tons are daily shipped. It was quite interesting to wander through Pluto's empire, with its dark and frowning wealth, soon to dance in fairy flames on a thousand hearthstones, and make more brilliant the civilization of man. The flickering lamps on the foreheads of the men, the grimy faces, the rolling thunder of exploding rock and falling crash, the sound of pick, the rattle of chain and car, and tramp of horse and thump of engin, and the all-encircling darkness, made one think he was in the magical domain of the genii, who were working out some wondrous drama, transforming the bowels of earth into flames of glory.

On Saturday afternoon, under the guidance of my friend Williams, who is called "Bishop," and therefore, of course, a safe conductor, I passed through the Chinese quarters, and saw the home of these curious people. About a dozen liv together in one shanty. Some are cooking, some are smoking opium or tobacco, and some are dead asleep under the influence of the drug, and some are gambling. Some welcome with a pleasant face, some look with a scornful glance, and some greet you with cold suspicion. There are all sorts of Chinamen, as of other folks. I met the chief "boss," Mr. Coon, who is a very intelligent gentleman, and givs you a pleasant impression of what the cultivated Chinese might be.

From Rock Springs I came on to Greeley, Col., where I lectured yesterday, Sunday, August 1st. This is the garden of Colorado, and, as I look upon the well-cultivated fields, I seem to be in one of the beautiful villages of Massachusetts. I had a hall full yesterday at the lecture, and I find a goodly number of Liberal friends here. I lecture here again this evening, and shall hav more to say of the friends and the work at Greeley in my next letter.

From here I go to Longmont, where I shall spend a few days with Col. John R. Kelso, who is known as one of our ablest workers.

After my lectures in Colorado, I shall be at Seward, Neb., August 21st, 22d, 23d; at Valley Falls, Kan., August 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. It is possible the appointment at Lincoln, Neb., may be changed. I shall be at West Point, Neb., September 1st, 2d, and 3d, and at Omaha September 5th, etc., as already published. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Greeley, Col., Aug. 2, 1886.

W. F. JAMIESON, having received lecture and debate calls in Wisconsin and Michigan, returned East a distance of six hundred miles, and will defer his Montana trip a few weeks longer. He is now lecturing in Neilsville, Wis. In the mean time he invites Liberals along the route to address him at Lake City, Minn., and he will arrange to deliver lectures on the way. Michigan Liberals who may desire Freethought lectures in their towns will please address him at once.

Communications.

With Regard to Angels.

CONCERNING THE ENTREE INTO HEAVEN OF THE ASSUMED-TO-BE IMMORTAL MAN.

Taking the ground of those who assume that his body will be rehabilitated, the writer is led to wonder whether or not it will be the body as it went into the grave, regardless of age, decrepitude, or malformation, if such existed, naturally or otherwise.

For instance, will a man of ninety or a hundred, say, bent and twisted with rheumatism, and sightless at the time of his death, take this body with him into heaven, provided he passes the doorkeeper as one of the right sort? Would a man wish to? Wouldn't he rather hav remained in the state of nothingness?

Are the lame and the blind, the one-eyed and the humpbacked, to take on these shapes and appearances? Will there be blind and humpbacked angels, one-eyed and one-legged angels in heaven? And what about infants, and five-year-olds, and so on? Will there be infant and five-year-old angels in heaven as well as aged angels? Yes, the writer is led to wonder, in regard to angelic personality, as relating to angels imported from earth; and who, outside the pale of the "true believers," wouldn't wonder?

The true-blue Scotch Presbyterian tells us that hell is paved with infants' skulls, which precludes the idea of infant angels; but the vaporic Talmage, not so awful and exclusiv, tells us that all the angels will ride on white horses in heaven; and his *ipse dixit*, while it also precludes the idea of infantil angels, seems to argue that infants will be brought up to the adult or regulation size, on making their *debut* in heaven. But, after all, what does he know about it? or the true-blue Scotch Presbyterian?

The mystery, or what will be the mystery, of the "resurrection" must be a puzzler to the "true believer" even, if he ever buckles right down to a serious contemplation of the subject. If he believes that a malformed mortal will take on the human form divine, which means, of course, a perfect form, what does he believe with regard to the ill-shapen form? Is this form to be left in the mud when the graves giv up their dead at the "last trump," or is it to come forth in all the pristine beauty of the first-made man, regardless of its shape ere mortal death? The latter, I suppose, is what the religionist believes, or thinks he believes, which with him amounts to the same thing as belief.

Now, if the misshapen ones of earth are to be got up in good form at the "last day," how about the homely of face? Are they to be made handsome, as befitting their occupation of angels amid the glories of heaven? If so, won't it lead to confusion worse confounded in the first instance, and to heart-burnings in the other? Would the hunchback know himself in perfect form? Would the one-eyed man know himself with two good ogles and a much handsomer face than he ever could boast in life? Wouldn't some, all of the new-fledged female angels, preëminent among the sex on earth for their beauty, be wofully cut up to find all their sister angels on a par with them in the matter of female loveliness? What, then, becomes of their vainglory and proud consciousness of superior beauty? Think you it would be sufficient with them that they were beautiful were all others, particularly those whom they knew to be too homely for anything on earth, beautiful likewise? No, you cannot think so if you know aught of female human nature as it runs, or, for that matter, male human nature.

But human nature will not obtain with angels, religionists will cry. Well, allowing that angelic nature takes the place of human nature, won't it hav its variations? Most assuredly, I think, if there are to be any female angels, for said angels never could settle down to the insipidity of monotonous goodness and beauty, not to mention the universal white raiment which Talmage, who seems to be more thoroughly posted in regard to the internal economy of heaven than any other gospel sharp extant, says will be in vogue in the halls of everlasting bliss; neither could the male angels.

Can any one conceive of a host of feminin angels, if indeed, there is to be such a thing as sex in Elysium, living together in a state of everlasting content, no one having anything to boast of beyond another in the way of superior beauty, attainments, or raiment? It goes without saying that they could not if there were gradations in beauty and attainments, and in the quality of attire, as envy, jealousy, and backbiting would be sure to get in their work; but could they be content in a state of equality? Why, certainly, says the religionist, for they will be molded to conform to such a state. Well, if that is to be the case, what better will they be than so many dummies, puppets, slaves of a superior will? What better than angels of putty endowed with motion? Not any, it strikes me; and yet the religionist must be right, I think, for if they are not to be mere puppets or angels of putty, there will be no peace in heaven. How could there be were each angel to hav a mind of his or her own? There was trouble once in heaven—*vide* Milton's "Paradise Lost," a true and authentic account of the unfortunate affair from beginning to end—and there would be again if the angels translated from earth were to hav minds of their own, and no two exactly alike. Many men, many minds—meaning many differences of opinion; and why wouldn't it be so with angels of the mankind variety or antecedents?

I think I must agree with the resurrectionist—religionist I meant to hav said—but after all, why not resurrectionist if he believes in the "resurrection" as biblically understood?—that the angels will hav to be regulated to conform to the existing order of things that must perforce obtain in heaven, if everything there is to be lovely, with the goose of homogeneousness of soul altivolant, as it were. Yes, the angels, if peace is to prevail in heaven, must be a confluxible confraternity of hearts that beat as one, a solidarity of souls with but a single thought and purpose. There can be no individualities among them. All will be as near alike as so many drops of water from the same fountain. One will be a fair sample of the entire aggregation—must be, as it appears to me. And what a monotonous conventicle of prescribed goodness will they present? How one would yearn for a little naughtiness—it seems so from a mortal standpoint—just a little to break this solidarity of insipid goodness, eh? But, alas! there won't be anything naughty there, though it were never so nice, for the rule of heavenly goodness cannot be departed from. Let those who want to be angels and with the angels dwell, but yet are a little inclined to the "naughty but nice," bear this in mind.

There is one thing which I hav ever noticed, and that is that pronounced religionists are, as a rule, the homeliest of earth's mortals; and the more ill-favored the more crabbed and zealous they are, and consequently, I suppose, the more impregnated with true religion. One rarely ever sees a beautiful female devotee of the true ascetic type, or a fine-looking masculin devoted to the cause of religion—that is, among the laity. There are many good-looking parsons, I will admit; but religion is a business with them; they preach for pay, and are not to be counted in. Very likely, in their cases, the good looks of many decided their choice of callings, they taking up with the ministry because of the fine field of female conquest it offered, which would not hav been theirs as carpenters, bricklayers, etc. A perusal of the daily papers for a month will show how well they cultivate and succeed in this field.

It is a sure thing, in the writer's opinion, that all who choose the ministerial calling do so because it is the most easily worked of all the professions. Compare it with those of the law, medicin, chemistry, mathematics, etc., etc., and the "soft snap" is apparent at once; and as surely as this is the case, as the writer believes, as surely do the good-looking—the strikingly so—adopt the profession, because of the chances it offers for the exercise of their "mashing" qualities, the ugly ones even having a better show in the field of conquest than they would in any other calling, the average feminin heart surrendering with less resistance to the blandishments of the persuasiv pulpiteer than to those of men in other walks in life. The writer so judges from the daily bulletins from the field, announcing the conquests of the victorious parsons.

This is digression, however; but with what is before presented, the writer must end his useless query in regard to what will be the angelic condition of "just men (women, too) made perfect" immediately after the "day of resurrection," as none can throw any light on the subject. If that "day" ever comes off, we shall all be there to see; and what a startling dress-parade will be presented! SI SLOKUM.

"The Order of Anarchy."

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 31st ult. there is an article under the above title, by J. Wm Lloyd.

Skin-deep, it is in *theory* of a somewhat specious general character. But I feel sure that whenever any community of the wisest and best one hundred men that J. Wm. Lloyd could select from what is popularly called Christendom, should undertake to realize as much as six per cent on it, they would find it what the late Gov. William Allen of Ohio said the Republican idea of specie resumption would prove—*i. e.*, "A dam flat failure."

It seems to me self-evident that the only community in which such a theory *could* be materialized would be a community of individuals of *perfect* wisdom. And even in such a community J. Wm. Lloyd's ideal would hav several superfluities in its details. In such a community there would be no occasion for agreement to the "two things." For mutual respect would be a necessary consequence of the mental development, and there could be no "disputes to refer." Furthermore, it would be impossible for the "groups" to elect their "wisest and justest men" to be their council, etc., for there could be no *wisest* or *justest*. In short, such a community, no matter how large or how small, individually and collectivly would always think, speak, and act just exactly right; so that perfect welfare, perfect harmony—in fine, perfect satisfaction—would always prevail. But it is highly probable that several administrations will come and go in these United States before there will be found a single individual qualified to even form a nucleus for such a community of wisdom and virtue as I hav here supposed. And it is not best to wait for such a community, for, as I hav shown, J. Wm. Lloyd's specifications would not fit, but would be entirely superfluous for them. Let J. Wm. Lloyd, or anybody else, take these men as they are, and attempt to realize even on one point—and the easiest point of his code—*i. e.*, to select its "wisest and justest men by unanimous consent!" I think J. Wm. Lloyd will better appreciate the difficulty of such a selection if he will get ten or a dozen of his friends to write the names of three or four persons in his neighborhood whom they regard as "the wisest and justest," and see how they will agree and disagree.

I once heard of a caucus meeting where the wisest and justest men present were elected chairman and secretary—but they were the only persons present; and even then the secretary was mad because he was not made chairman!

But to skip back a little and catch on to a point near the beginning of "The Order of Anarchy." It is there recorded that "Anarchists are men who reject all political headship or rulership, all government of man by man as such; all authority outside of the natural laws of harmony. They hold that every sane, non-criminal individual of right is, or should be, free from all dictation or domination by other individuals . . . In practice the Anarchists claim this model state of things will be best realized by giving each individual perfect freedom to do what he or she pleases, *provided that pursuit of pleasure does not lead to the infringement of the equal freedom of others.*" And the last sentence is the whole of the meat in a nutshell. And it may be condensed to this: the most perfect liberty consistent with the equal liberty of others. And is not this, is not all of this, just what "we, the people" of the United States, through our democratic or republican (for the words are identical in meaning, though the parties by these respectiv names are somewhat different) form of government are trying to realize? This government is by the people, and for the people, and all its officers are the servants and agents of the people. I am aware that in many places the shoe is entirely too large, while in as many others it pinches. But I think this is necessarily so in consequence of the large size and peculiar and ever-changing condition of the foot. Among our people there is the widest possible range of intellectual, moral, and physical development. Consequently most of our laws and regulations are necessarily more or less compromises, and are entirely satisfactory, or perfectly just, to but few—except when applied to them as members of this particular conglomerate commonwealth. Then, I think they are perfection! Yes, perfection, because the inevitable, necessary result of their antecedents, and consequently best fitted to the existing character and condition of the people. "Whatever is, is right," because it is the necessary product of the law of cause and effect. And the "is" cannot be changed without changing the cause. True, by agitation J. Wm. Lloyd may change it. But he never can divide the people of this country up into "groups" that will "elect their wisest and justest men to office by unanimous consent," for

> 'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
> Are just alike, yet each believes his own.

I think the remedy for all the evils that exist under our form of government, and the only remedy, must be worked out through the improvement of the mental and physical condition of the people. As they now are, one might as well expect to make wholesome and palatable sausage by stuffing good meat into uncleaned and unemptied entrails, as to institute a form of government, or pass and administer a code of laws, that would make all classes prosperous and happy. Now, the wiser, wealthier, and so-called better classes complain that the ringsters and bummers manage and control the caucuses and elections, and they are too pure to take a hand; and the ringsters, and bummers, and all those that get left, complain that the wise and the rich corrupt and buy the officers, and so hav things their own way. And both sides tell a good deal of truth, and both are equally to blame for the result—the one for selecting corruptible officers, and the other for failing to lend their influence where it might, in a measure at least, hav prevented evil by securing a higher grade of officers.

I heard a story of a middle-aged, rich, and shrewd Republican who, in his younger days, had taken great interest and wielded great influence in politics in behalf of his party, so much that he had frequently secured a Republican legislature in his closely-contested state. After he retired from politics, it was noticed that, though still an outspoken Republican, he seemed to hav his own way with the Democratic legislatures. Being asked why he did not work for his party as of old, he replied, "My experience has taught me that it is a d——d sight easier, cheaper, and safer to buy a Democratic

legislature in this state than it is to elect a Republican one, especially as even they frequently hav to be bought after they are elected."

And how are the people to be so improved that the evils complained of will cease? Ask any intelligent, successful breeder of cattle who does not now fail once in a hundred times to breed a well and evenly conditioned steer or pig. And things, under the law of the survival of the fittest, are working at both ends to force attention to this matter—at the foot, in the suffering of the ill-formed and ill-favored; and at the head, in the multiform dangers threatened them by these ill-formed and ill-favored; so that, in very self-defense, the favored class are obliged to giv the ill-favored some care and attention. This matter will be attended to more and more as wisdom prevails. I might go into details, but I am conscious that my article is already too long. CYRUS SEARS.

Pitt, Ohio.

Theological Jugglery.

The God of the Bible was an adept at jugglery. He began business by the most wonderful piece of legerdemain ever heard of in the history of the world, for he created the universe either out of himself or out of nothing. What is nothing? It is merely the absence of something, and most people will be ready to admit that that is a rather poor substance out of which to create and fling into space a world, and the innumerable stars and planets that stud the universe.

But for Jahveh, or Elohim, the God or Gods of the Bible, to create the universe of himself, or themselvs, would be equally difficult. To create means to originate substance, but if God always was in existence, and he created the universe out of himself, there would be no origination of substance, but only a prolongation of himself. But as he was everywhere before he began to create, it would be mere jugglery to try and place something somewhere when there was nowhere to place it, everywhere being already filled up.

But Jahveh, having made the world, the suns, and stars out of nothing, found that he had used up all the nothing before he came to make man. He then had to begin again with the old material.

Man he made out of the dust of the earth. Now, dust of itself has no cohesiv properties; it will not stick together unless some liquid is brought to bear upon it. And what is wet dust but mud? Man therefore was conjured into form out of mud. He virtually emerged from the gutter. God could not hav gone much lower than that in the manufacture of man. Woman God made out of one of Adam's spare ribs. How many ribs has woman? Precisely the same number? Therefore when God first juggled Adam into existence, either Adam must hav had thirteen ribs on one side and only twelve on the other, or when one was extracted he must hav gone lop-sided ever after.

The theologians, being naturally intellectual jugglers, can accept which position they like, or, as is more likely, both at once. But not only was Jahveh a juggler, but all his representativs on earth hav been so, too, from Moses downward.

Take Moses. He conjured with his rod, and turned water into blood, killed a number of inoffensiv animals over several times, turned dirt into lice, and performed a number of other barbarous and filthy tricks which no modern conjurer would attempt to perform. He also did a splendid trick when he divided the Red Sea to allow the Israelites to cross in safety when pursued by the Egyptians, and calmly waited until the last small boy had safely landed on the other side before he let the waters return to submerge the poor, ill-used Egyptians. Joshua, too, pretended to do an extraordinary piece of legerdemain in commanding the sun to stand still—though everybody now knows that, so far as this earth is concerned, it does not move.

Then, there was Samson, of long-hair celebrity—was not his conjuring with the jaw-bone of an ass astounding? The learned revisers of the Bible now say that it was merely a metaphorical jaw-bone. What is that? I hav heard of people under the influence of poetry dying of rapture; and perhaps a poetical jawbone may hav the same kind of effect on those who come under its influence.

But if the feat with the jawbone is to be understood metaphorically, are we to understand Samson's encounter with the lion in the same sense? And what shall be said of Samson's last and greatest feat, viz., pulling down the great arena in which his enemies had brought him in his blind, hairless, and humiliated condition to mock at and torture him? Shall we say that he "brought down the house with applause," as though we were speaking of Mr. Irving after he had played Louis XI.? Or must we regard the event as literally true?

Again. Both Elijah and Elisha were conjurers. One got his garments filled with wind and ascended like a balloon and then mysteriously disappeared; the other lay upon the poor Shunamite's dead son, "put his mouth upon his mouth, his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and he stretched himself upon the child and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro, and went up and stretched himself upon him, and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes" (2 Kings iv, 34, 35). This looks like a consummate piece of jugglery.

And so I might go on and say the same of all the miracles in the Bible, whether narrated in the Old or New Testament. In view of modern science, miracles must be regarded as impossible; and I know not who is the more to blame, the pretended workers of miracles or those who deliberately recorded them to deceive the credulous in all the countries of the world. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Powderly—Communism.

All at once it seems to hav dawned upon the editorial mind of the conservativ press that General Master Workman Powderly, in his educational process with the workingman, is given over to Communism!

How elementary instruction, in a new departure from the established, could avoid the well-defined common-sense tracks of the modern teachers of sociology, in preparing the common mind for the new social and industrials relations sought to take the place of the despotic past and present, is a question to be discussed on the affirmativ side from the strictly conservativ standpoint, and sustained by such like arguments as force suggests—deputy sheriffs, policemen, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, fetching in their lumbering train such verdicts as outrageous fines, imprisonments, and possibly deaths from suborned juries and befouled judges.

Of course, Powderly is Communistic, Socialistic, Nihilistic, radicalistic, Anarchistic—his huge craft floundering and straining among the vexed tides in a perfect archipelago of Scyllas, Charybdises, and Maelstroms. But mind you his ship is stanch, his sails snugly furled, his cordage hauled all taut, his pumps handled by strong arms, his compass perfect, and his quadrant at all times reliable. And don't you forget it.

As late editor of the *National Socialist*, a weekly paper, now defunct, published some six years ago at Cincinnati, Ohio, I ought to be regarded, in a degree, as authority in discussing the Platform and Declaration of Principles of the K. of L. Order. And, pointing to the seven last paragraphs of the platform, I say they embody almost all that the Socialists demand in their reorganization of society. But, say many, Socialism is not Communism. Perhaps not, I reply. Neither is it Nihilism, nor yet Anarchism, but all of them are classed in the dynamite-bomb-throwing category, and are spoken of by people unintelligent in such matters as deserving of being dumped in the same unsavory cesspool of reprobation.

To be able to clearly point out the distinctiv difference in the vilified -isms now antagonizing society would involve a very different line of reading than is found in the general newspapers of the day, but which, if read, would go far to show how much all of them were indebted to the same inspiration for their being.

Let the K. of L. beware of the satanic press, whose business will be to entangle the leaders during the incipient stages of organizing. We all know the tendency in debate to take exceptions to new proposals. To do so is incident to assemblages of ardent men under the inspiration of a great idea, and bickerings are unavoidable, and can be rendered harmless only by a determined spirit of concession.

While editing the paper spoken of above I at all times found myself in conflict with the *Tartar* element, fellows who spoke of the necessity of force, the individual ownership of arms, and the need of martial disciplin and drill to meet emergencies. And who knows how near they aimed at the ultimate needs? I was, however, and am still, a believer in the omnipotence of the American method, maintaining that it will be time enough to discuss force when capitalism seeks by legislation, judicial interference, or armed intervention to abate the potencies of the ballot-box. In season and out of season I rebuked the Tartars, denouncing them as Richard speaks of Richmond's army,

> Whom their o'ercloyed country vomits forth
> To desperate adventures and destruction.

The more clamorous of the Tartars were Germans, fellows who had deserted faderland to escape Bismarck, running from where they could achieve liberty only by hard knocks to a land where the ballot-box offered the wise arbitration of votes to right political wrongs. So much impressed was I at one time, when an outbreak seemed imminent in the city of Chicago, that I wrote to the governor of the state giving him to understand the facts that whatever of abuse of citizenship by the Socialists was apparent, the English-speaking section was to be relied on as American in their methods.

Now, after the ordeal Chicago has just passed through, not one of the English-speaking section figures among the disturbers of the peace. It is true A. R. Parsons belonged to the English-speaking section, but he had withdrawn to the German section, finding more congenial fellowship for his turbulent nature. And yet we all liked Parsons; he was an eloquent speaker and ardent partisan.

I daily scanned the reports from Chicago during the troublous days, and not one of my old comrades appeared on the black list. They are none the less Socialists now, however, than am I.

Let but the great organization, the Knights of Labor, gain the political ascendancy, legitimately secured, and all disturbing -isms in America, finding justice, will become harmless as Hybla bees.

All that is wanting to make the demand of the K. of L. Socialism pure and undefiled is the consolidation of the land from individual ownership of the acres into mere occupancy, with reserved claims to occupants already in possession, a claim which passes with the succeeding generation; so placing all citizens on a square footing, the land, by purchase, passing into the hands of the government, to be held in perpetuity for the use of its citizens.

Socialism holds and cherishes as a sacred truth that the land is not a marketable commodity any more than is man.

There is no concealing the fact that the worker has at last discovered that capital in individua l hands is but accumulations, more or less, of withheld wages.

The large majority of men hav not the faculty of amassing wealth, and, so knowing, the awakened spirit of justice demands that the aggregate of profits from all work, in order to be reached without interest-bearing bonds, mortgages, or any of the oppressiv appliances of greed backed by law, should hav a stable, radiating center—the government. In our present financial arrangements civilization is obstructed, while the distributions to the working-man, by whom all wealth comes, is dishonest and altogether inadequate—heartless, indeed, and brutal.

A crisis is impending, deputy-marshals, policemen, infantry, cavalry, and artillery to the contrary notwithstanding. Bismarck is but a will-o'-the-wisp, the czar a figment. To the government of Canada we say, Put up thy dagger, fisherman. The Ulster patriots even are but as drops in the bucket. All old things are passing away, hurling in their tornado passage venerable customs, puerilities of ancient political economics, Dugald Stewarts, Malthuses, and college traditions. Nihilism, as far as the past is concerned, will triumph—that is, the past will be *nihil*.

The sticklers of society may see "assertions but no arguments" in my words. But really, now, is it not more likely that the past was wrong than that the present errs in its views of human government? If not, then is there nothing in human experience. The fathers were wise in their generation, no more. The world has cast aside the assurance, so liberally dispensed by the mythologies, Christian and pagan, giving them but a derisiv smile when obtruding themselvs upon the attention.

It is not the Socialist that sticklers for the established hav to dread; the individual can be managed. It is in Socialism, which, like Milton's angels, cannot but by annihilation die, that the deathless foe of unjust society is to be found. J. M.

Le Roy, N. Y.

Where Paine's Ashes Rest.

From the New York World.

Within the green and flower-bedecked realm of Orange, way-up on the hills of New Jersey, there livs a little, hazel-eyed woman named Mrs. S. Stanton, who is a relativ of the well-known Cobbett, who, in 1835, removed Thomas Paine's body to Liverpool, England, and allowed his bones to moulder in the grave of an English churchyard. Mrs. Stanton told the *World* reporter who interviewed her this morning of her knowledge of the story.

"The story told by the *World* is true," she began. "Poor Paine's body now lies in a British tomb, and I hope his bones will hav peaceful rest at last. I wish you had time and opportunity to see Mr. Cobbett's niece at Philadelphia. She could tell you the story far better than I can, with only the fragments at command.

"History has already told the world who and what Paine was. I can only speak in reverence of his name. But, in touching this subject, and in alluding to the removal of the noted Liberal's bones to England, I hope you will state that they were borne just as tenderly from Mr. Cobbett's home at Farnham to the Liverpool churchyard, where they now lie, as were ever carried the remains of the greatest Christian in the land. My heart bleeds to think that a disrespectful word should be uttered regarding Paine's remains. In his vagaries there was a pleasing vein of sympathy; a wealth of golden thought crowned all his utterances, and I, believing so truly in the integrity of his nature, cannot allow the opportunity to pass without speaking in his praise. The bones of the celebrated Infidel were taken to England by Cobbett and placed in an appropriate tomb. They should hav been laid in a receiving vault, and then a monument to his memory be erected beside the sepulcher. His works liv after him, and the kindness of his great and noble heart has been the keynote to many songs of praise."

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New Jersey and Her Laws.

The constitution and the statutes of New Jersey seem to conflict, and it is for the New Jersey courts to say which is valid. In Article I. of the Constitution adopted in 1844, the following is affirmed:

"Sec. 4. No person shall be denied the enjoyment of any civil right merely on account of his religious principles.

"Sec. 5. Every person may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right. No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

But among the crimes enumerated is one called blasphemy, which is borne upon by the following statute:

"If any person shall wilfully blaspheme the holy name of God, by denying, cursing, or contumeliously reproaching his being or providence, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, or the Christian religion or the holy word of God (that is, the canonical scriptures contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments), or by profane scoffing at or exposing them, or any of them, to contempt and ridicule, then every person so offending shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine, not exceeding two hundred dollars, or imprisonment at hard labor not exceeding twelve months, or both."

Between the broad guarantee of the constitution that every man in New Jersey shall hav the right to freely speak his sentiments upon all subjects, and the narrow limitations of this statute there is inevitable conflict, and that conflict just now promises to be waged around the person of our friend Reynolds, with the state prison in the background if he be defeated. "Every person may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press." So said the framers of New Jersey's constitution, which is the fundamental law of the state. "If any person shall expose the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, or any of them, to contempt and ridicule, then every person so offending shall be fined or imprisoned at hard labor." So said the bucolic Solons who met at Trenton to adulate their deity. "All," in New Jersey, does not mean everyone, the whole. It means some, a few, as many as we hav a mind to allow, and the constitution should be changed to read that "every person may freely speak his sentiments upon such subjects as we, the Christians, children of God and inheritors of the earth, are graciously pleased to permit." That is what the statute against blasphemy means, and it is well known that state statutes ought to agree with state constitutions.

But this is not all of New Jersey's inconsistency. The common law of the state in regard to witnesses, as formulated by Nixon's Digest (from 1709 to 1868, 4th ed.) is this:

"Persons not of the Christian religion may be sworn according to the ceremonies of their religion, as a Mohammedan on the Koran, etc. But unless the person believes there is a God who will punish him if he swears falsely, he cannot be admitted as a witness."

Nixon givs no law as his authority, neither does he cite the cases upon which this is presumably based. His "law," therefore, we presume, is a survival of old English practice, as incongruous in this century as would appear the dress of the people of England of three hundred years ago. But the statute law upon swearing, affirmation, and declaration of witnesses is very explicit. The Revised Statutes of New Jersey, published in 1877, contain the following:

"26. That every person who shall be permitted or required to take an oath in any case where by law an oath is allowed or required, and who shall allege that he or she is conscientiously scrupulous of taking an oath, shall, instead of the form of the oath, be permitted to make his or her solemn affirmation or declaration; and if such person shall choose to affirm, it shall be in words following, to wit:

"I, ——, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm.

"But, if such person shall choose to declare, it shall be in the words following, to wit:

"I, ——, do declare, in the presence of almighty God, the witness of the truth of what I say.

"Either of which forms shall be as good and effectual in law as an oath taken in the usual form, in which affirmation or declaration the words, 'So help me God,' shall be omitted.

"27. That every person who is or shall be empowered or required to tender and administer an oath in the usual form shall be and hereby is empowered and required to tender and administer the affirmation or declaration aforesaid, when requested to that purpose by any such scrupulous person as aforesaid.

"That in all cases where, by any act of the legislature of this state now in force, or hereafter to be made, an oath is or shall be allowed or required, the affirmation or declaration, in the form above prescribed, of any such scrupulous person as aforesaid, shall be allowed and taken instead of an oath in the usual form, although no provision for that purpose is or shall be made in such act.

"Every person must be sworn unless he alleges that he is conscientiously scrupulous" (*Ibid*).

The difference between Nixon's Digest and the statute law is apparent. The one shuts out Freethinkers, the other compels officials to take the affirmation of all who hav conscientious scruples against taking the oath. If it is not a conscientious scruple which prevents an Atheist from swearing by a God in whom he does not believe, or a Theist from swearing on a book which he regards as injurious in its teaching, we know not what the feeling may be called. Criminals in New Jersey may freely testify, but upright and conscientious Freethinkers may not. Great is New Jersey, and the kingdom of God shall be hers!

But New Jersey is consistent in one thing. As she takes her law as to the competency of witnesses from the practice of the English courts of a century or two ago, so does she get her blasphemy law, almost verbatim, from the statutes of the New England provinces. One of the earliest of Massachusetts' laws was upon the subject of blasphemy, the third and nineteenth sections of which read as follows

"SEC. 3. If any person within this jurisdiction, whether Christian or pagan, shall wittingly and willingly presume to blaspheme the holy name of God, Father, Son, or Holy Ghost, with direct, express, presumptuous, or high-handed blasphemy, either by wilful or obstinate denying the true God, or his creation, or government of the world, or shall curse God in like manner, or reproach the holy religion of God, as if it were but a politic device, to keep ignorant men in awe; or shall utter any other kind of blasphemy of the like nature and degree, they shall be put to death, Levit. xxi, 15, 16.

"SEC. 19. Albeit faith be not wrought by the sword, but by the word; and therefore such pagan Indians as hav submitted themselvs to our government, though we would not neglect any due helps to bring them on to grace and to the means of it; yet we compel them not to the Christian faith, nor to the profession of it, either by force of arms, or by penal laws: nevertheless, seeing the blaspheming of the true God cannot be excused by any ignorance or infirmity of human nature, the eternal power and Godhead being known by the light of natnre, and the creation of the world; and common reason requireth every state and society of men to be more careful of preventing the dishonor and contempt of the most high God (in whom we all consist) than of any mortal princes or magistrates; it is therefore ordered, and decreed by this court for the honor of the eternal God, who only we worship, and serve, that no person within this jurisdiction, whether Christian, or pagan, shall wittingly, and willingly presume to blaspheme his holy name, either by wilful, or obstinate denying the true God, or his creation, or government of the world, or shall curse God, or reproach the holy religion of God, as if it were but a public device to keep ignorant men in awe, nor shall uttter any other eminent kind of blasphemy of the like nature, and degree. If any person, or persons whatsoever within our jurisdiction shall break this law, they shall be put to death."

In 1646 the penalty had shrunk to banishment, according to the law:

"SEC. 1. Although no human power be lord over the faith and consciences of men, yet because such as bring in damnable heresies, tending to the subversion of the Christian faith, and destruction of the souls of men, ought duly to be restrained from such notorious impieties:

"It is therefore ordered and declared by the court; that if any Christian within this jurisdiction, shall go about to subvert and destroy the Christian faith and religion, by broaching and maintaining any damnable heresies; as denying the immortality of the soul, or resurrection of the body, or any sin to be repented of in the regenerate, or any evil done by the outward man to be accounted sin, or denying that Christ gave himself a ransom for our sins, or shall affirm that we are not justified by his death and righteousness, but by the perfections of our own works, or shall deny the morality of the Fourth Commandment, or shall openly condemn or oppose the baptizing of infants, or shall purposely depart the congregation at the administration of that ordinance, or shall deny the ordinance of magistracy, or their lawful authority, to make war, or to punish the outward breaches of the first table, or shall endeavor to seduce others to any of the errors or heresies above mentioned; every such person continuing obstinate therein, after due means of conviction, shall be sentenced to banishment."

In 1697 the following "act against Atheism and blasphemy" was passed:

"Be it declared and enacted by the lieutenant-governor, council and representativs, convened in general court or assembly, and it is enacted by the authority of the same, that if any person shall presume wilfully to blaspheme the holy name of God, Father, Son, or Holy Ghost, either by denying, cursing, or reproaching the true God, his creation or government of the world, or by denying, cursing or reproaching the holy word of God, that is, the canonical scriptures contained in the books of the Old and New Testament, namely, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Samuel, Kings, Kings, Chronicles, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, The Song of Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, Romans, Corinthians, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Hebrews, James, Peter, Peter, John, John, John, Jude, Revelation, everyone so offending shall be punished by imprisonment, not exceeding six months, and until they find sureties for the good behavior, by sitting in the pillory, by whipping, boring through the tongue with a red-hot iron, or sitting upon the gallows with a rope about their neck, at the discretion of the court of assize, and general gaol delivery, before which the trial shall be, according to the circumstances, which may aggravate or alleviate the offense.

"Provided, that no more than two of the forementioned punishments shall be inflicted for one and the same fact."

In 1834, when Abner Kneeland was imprisoned for saying, "Universalists believe in a god which I do not; but believe that their god, with his moral attributes (aside from nature itself), is nothing but a chimera of their own imagination," the law read as follows:

"*BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That if any person shall wilfully blaspheme the holy name of God, by denying, cursing, or contumeliously reproaching God, his creation, government or final judging of the world, or by cursing, or reproaching Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching the Holy Word of God, that is, the canonical scriptures, contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments, or exposing them, or any part of them, to contempt and ridicule; which books are as follows: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Samuel, Kings, Kings, Chronicles, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Mica, Nahhum Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, Romans, Corinthians, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Hebrews, James, Peter, Peter, John, John, John, Jude, Revelations; every person so offending shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding twelve months, by sitting in the pillory, by whipping, or by sitting on the gallows, with a rope about the neck, or binding to the good behavior, at the discretion of the Supreme Judicial Court before whom the conviction may be, according to the aggravation of the offense."

It will be observed that New Jersey has borrowed the phraseology of this law, omitting only the names of the books of the Bible and changing the punishment. In the enactment of her blasphemy law New Jersey jealously maintains her reputation of being about a century behind the age. In arresting Mr. Reynolds under this statute she vindicates her piety, and in legally defending the myth of the creation she shows the extent of her knowledge upon the scientific questions of the day. "Jersey justice" is to-day a synonym of legal injustice. If the Christians of Morris county succeed in imprisoning Mr. Reynolds, "Jersey justice" will still further be a term of reproach. It is for the grand jury to say whether they will indict a man for taking advantage of the privilege guaranteed by New Jersey's constitution,

or whether by throwing the case out of court they will lift up their state to the plane of civilization. They well may ponder Professor Hunter's remark that blasphemy laws survive as a dangerous weapon in the hands of any fool or fanatic who likes to set them in motion.

The Methodist Mission Million.

The Methodists of this country are straining every nerve, and pulling upon every possible string that reaches the source of religious enthusiasm, to raise a million dollars for foreign missions. This sum could hardly be devoted to any other honest cause where, in our judgment, it would do less good. In the first place, the inhabitants of so-called heathen countries hav a religion of their own, and in most cases it is superior to Christianity. It is a superstition, to be sure, but they can gain nothing by exchanging it for another no better, if as good.

The plea popularly made is that the missionaries carry civilization with them to foreign lands. Why not, then, call it a Civilization Fund? That cannot be done because the claim would not hold water. We know little of the effects of Christianity on the heathen. The reports of mission work which the American is in the habit of reading are written by the missionaries themselvs. It is only now and then that the heathen is called to the witness-stand, and when he is called, it is a very sorry indictment which he brings against the missionaries. There is at present in this country a high-caste Brahman, of India, Gopal Vinayak Joshee by name. He is lecturing upon the manners and customs of his people; and if the misguided persons who are sending money to convert the Brahmans could listen to his casual remarks on missionary work in India, they would receive both profit and enlightenment. A few extracts from his lecture would not be out of place here. In an address delivered before the Manhattan Liberal Club last winter, and since published, he said, among other things:

"Ninety-nine per cent of the people who contribute to support the so-called missionaries are entirely in the dark as to what they hav been doing in foreign lands. If they were to know one-hundredth part of the mischief done by missionaries, they would stand aghast. For the last sixty years these missionaries hav been in league with all the political and commercial parties. I hav been with them for the past twenty-two years. The more I look into their characters, the darker is the dye that stains them. They hav been bribing men to embrace Christianity. I was a boy of twelve when I first came in contact with a missionary. Our parents told us not to go near him; he would, however, force his presence upon us, and distribute some tracts, which our parents generally described as sinful. He stood at one of the corners of the street, and preached about God's only begotten son and salvation, and we all laughed at him as if he were a madman or an idiot. He distributed sweets among the boys and girls, and thus tried to get a hearing. In the course of time he seduced one or two young men and made them Christians. We, therefore, called him a man-catcher. He afterwards secured the good influence of two revenue officers, which converted our laughter into silence. Thus, my dear friends, sweets, money, force, and influence entrapped and waylaid the needy. . . . We saw missionaries indulge in drinking. Nations borrow vices more readily than virtues. Our people, therefore, took to drinking and brothels, in spite of religious injunctions to the contrary. This, in part, is what we hav derived from your religious teachers.

"One day I was reading my lesson to the lady [a missionary's wife], when she interrupted me, saying, 'Gopal [that is my name], my husband works very hard, but finds no one to baptize. Many promis, but none come forward. If he does not get one to baptize in a short time he will be broken in health, and go mad.' What do you think must hav been my reply to this importunity? I sincerely felt for her and her husband. I offered myself for baptism, if that would satisfy their minds, but on one condition—that it should not be made public. This conditional baptism was not to their taste. They wanted to baptize me openly, and then fill columns of papers with the result of their strenuous efforts and labors in the cause of religion, that they might get addition to their salaries and some titles to their names.

"In this country they circulate absurd stories about my country. They report that Hindoo mothers throw their babes into the Ganges. They report that men sacrifice themselvs before Juggernaut. They say that women are tortured and put to death. They report that the heathen know no God; they are ignorant, superstitious, and idolatrous. This is all false. The missionaries fabricate stories in order to raise funds in their own countries for their support in foreign lands. They do not work, but liv like potentates, surrounded by luxuries and comforts. We do not envy them, but let them not misrepresent facts and tamper with our religion; let them not persecute those who bring to light their wrong doings.

"The missionaries hav set children against parents, brothers against brothers, and husbands against wives and *vice versa*. Converts are deadly enemies of their own countrymen. Missionaries hav employed outlaws to break Hindoo idols. They hav influenced judges to hear cases for dissolution of marriages on the plea that, 'My husband is too old; he is suffering from consumption. I was mated to him against my will.'"

Speaking of one missionary with whom he was acquainted, the lecturer said: "He had been working in the field for ten years without converting a single soul to Christianity." It would seem to be the duty of those interested in foreign missions to inquire into the truth of these charges before sending more missionaries, at least to India. And there is no reason to doubt that what is true of missionaries in India is true of missionaries in China, Japan, and elsewhere. Addressing the mission enthusiasts of his day, Christ is reported to hav said: "Ye compass land and sea to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselvs." Mr. Joshee's testimony in the last paragraph which we hav quoted seems to point to a similar state of facts with regard to the missionaries of to-day.

This million dollars ought not to be raised and devoted to the purpose in view. The better uses to which such a sum could be put are almost innumerable. The amount of good which will be accomplished by sending a few hundred religious enthusiasts out of this country will be scarcely appreciable here, and will be much overbalanced by the deleterious effects produced elsewhere.

Opposed to Education.

The remark of the Rev. Patrick F. McSweeny, in a late issue of the *Catholic World*, that "secular instruction is no doubt useful and perhaps necessary, especially in a republic," givs a hint as to the place all Catholics occupy regarding education. "Secular instruction," of course, includes all mental training except that afforded by religious teachings.

For one reason it is a pleasure, comparativly, to deal with Catholic theologians and their ideas. This reason is that with the opinion of one on a religious subject ascertained, the opinions of the others, and of the church as a whole, is no longer uncertain. They all think through the same quill. Not a papist in the world favors more than enough education to make a Catholic. The Romanist regards even national prosperity as more than a doubtful blessing. Father Lambert, in his "Notes on Ingersoll" voices the doctrin of the whole body to which he belongs when he says that "prosperity leads to decay, national, individual, intellectual, moral, and physical." This view is held by the church because it has been found that the church thrives best when times are hard. It is healthiest during a pestilence, and waxes fat on famin. All other hope gone, the dupe of superstition appeals to his priest, who, with equal pleasure, administers the last sacrament or takes the last cent. It is because the church is the foe of human interests that she regards prosperity as an evil.

The latest deliverance on the education question is from the Dublin *Review*, a Catholic organ of high authority. The editor, speaking of the advantages of ignorance, says:

"We are very far from meaning that ignorance is the Catholic youth's best preservativ against intellectual danger, *but it is a very powerful one*, nevertheless, and those who deny this are but inventing a theory in the very teeth of manifest facts. A Catholic destitute of intellectual tastes, whether in a higher or a lower rank, may, probably enough, be tempted to idleness, frivolity, gambling, sensuality; but in none but the very rarest cases will he be tempted to that which, in the Catholic view, *is an immeasurably greater calamity* than any of these, or all put together—deliberate doubt of the truth of his religion."

Freethinkers hav always held, against the opposition of the ill-informed, that the church is intrenched behind a breastwork of ignorance; and not alone is that true, but between disbelief and belief, as a defense for the latter, are all the vices which the *Review* enumerates. If a Catholic is tempted toward inquiry or doubt, or toward intellectual pursuits, he is warned of his danger by the priest, who givs him these vices as a refuge, with the assurance that all of them together are an immeasurably less calamity than deliberate doubt of the truth of his religion. Without stopping to consider how much worth saving would be left of a person given over to idleness, frivolity, gambling, and sensuality, it must be admitted that if the Christian religion is true, the position of the *Review* is impregnable. It can matter very little, in the face of eternity, what a man's conduct may hav been during his brief stay upon earth, provided his belief has never faltered. And since that belief is endangered by education, the Catholics' conclusion that education is dangerous is altogether unassailable by any Christian.

The only escape from this dilemma is an entire repudiation of the superstition called the Christian religion. That education is inimical to faith is as true as that light destroys darkness. Knowledge is described by a circle, outside of which is the unknown, the domain of conjecture and belief; and we cannot enlarge our circle of knowledge without lessening that outer domain. The more knowledge, therefore, the less belief. The question is whether we shall take the counsel of the Catholic church and contract that circle, or whether it shall go on forever widening with the growth of intelligence and Freethought. There is but one answer to this question. The world has grown better only as it has grown wiser, and it is unreasonable to believe that that order will ever be reversed.

The Catholic church to-day is the great enemy of education; and the enemy of education can only be regarded as an enemy of human progress.

During the first part of the so-called Anarchist "trial" at Chicago a witness named Gilmer testified that on the night of the Haymarket Square meeting he saw August Spies in an alley lighting a bomb. Last week a man named Krumm, who very much resembles Spies in personal appearance, came forward to explain that at the time mentioned by Gilmer he was in the alley named, having resorted thither to get out of the wind and light his pipe. As far as the truth has been elicited, it seems to be that a crazy fellow named Schnaubelt lighted and threw the bomb, and that he is the only person directly responsible for the result. Schnaubelt is reported dead, a body supposed to be his having been found in the river at Erie, Pa.

One of our writers, in another portion of the issue of this week, pays Mr. Terence V. Powderly some very high compliments. Mr. Powderly's compass, he says, borrowing a simile from the sea, is perfect, and his quadrant at all times reliable. We are sorry that this is not so, but the fact is that it is not. Mr. Powderly once told Mr. E. A. Stevens that when the Catholic church told him to do one thing and the Knights of Labor told him to do another, he should obey the church. In a history of the order of which Mr Powderly is head, given in the Philadelphia *Press* of August 1st, occurs this paragraph upon the religious attitude of the Knights:

"The attitude of the Knights of Labor toward the church has been reverent and conciliatory. When Mr. Powderly was elected general master workman, before he would accept the trust he conferred with the late Archbishop McCloskey with the consent of the executiv board and laid bare the innermost objects of the order."

We contend, and cite the history of the Catholic church to support us, that the man whose compass in adjusted and whose quadrant is squared by that institution is the very worst possible navigator. And the workingmen of this country will find it out before many years. The church intends to keep the people under, and Mr. Powderly is but a tool in her hands.

Cheer for Mr. Reynolds.

JOBSTOWN, N. J., July 31, 1886.

FRIEND REYNOLDS, *My Dear Sir:* I see by to-day's papers that you hav been outrageously maltreated by the bigots of Boonton. It is the most outlandish thing that has happened for many a day, if the account in the New York *World* be true. If it is so, I hope you make a test-case out of it, as I think it time to know if we hav the right to think for ourselvs and express what we think. If you need assistance, the members of the Union will try and aid you all they can; we will do our part. All the members of the Union regret very much to hear of the outrage on you, but hope it will work for the good of the cause in the end. We say, Stick to them and show a good fight, and let every Liberal help pay the bill.

All send kind regards to you and Mrs. Reynolds, and say, Fight for the right to the end.

Yours, SAMUEL R. WETHERILL,
Sec. Jobstown Secular Union.

PHILADELPHIA, August 5, 1886.

EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Please find inclosed $5 to help Reynolds in his fight for free speech in Boonton. The action of the Booth family will help to redeem that name.

Very truly, E. M. DAVIS.

GEO. SMITH writes from Brisbane, in Queensland, Australia, to the *National Reformer:* "Freethought matters in this city hav lately received an impetus, through the visit here of Dr. J. L. York from America. He has been delivering lectures in the Academy of Music here every Sunday for over three months to crowded houses, the average audience being about a thousand persons. A Mr. H. A. Long, of Glasgow, also lately arrived here, and now advertises an 'Anti-Infidel Campaign,' and his intention of fighting and slaying that hydra 'Infidelity.' From what he has done so far, we are glad he is here, as he is doing our cause more good than the cause of Christ. He implies that he has debated with Mr. Bradlaugh, but we doubt it very much, as we cannot find any account of debates between him and our esteemed chief, Mr. Bradlaugh. A series of debates hav been arranged between Dr. York and Mr. Long. After these debates Dr. York is to proceed on a lecturing tour through the northern parts of this colony. Before returning to America he will open up a lot of new ground, and it is hoped do much good in forming branch societies."

Letters from Friends.

BABYLON, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please appropriate the within $5 to the picture fund, and in case it lags let me know and I will respond. P. H. FOSTER.

DUSHORE, PA., July 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $7—$5 for the Tent Fund and $2 for TRUTH SEEKER illustrations: We are pleased to learn that the Congress will be held in New York. My wife and I will surely attend. W. WHITTICK.

SUNLIGHT, NEB., July 21, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find 25 cents for the lithograph of Charles Darwin.

We hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for a number of years, and cannot get along without it. The illustrations in the papers are just splendid. They speak volumes. They do more for Freethought than a great many lecturers do. We are going to hav five lectures delivered at Greenwood, Neb., in a very short time, by the Hon. J. E. Remsburg. We expect a treat when he comes such as one does not meet with every day. This is a good field for Freethought lectures, as there are a great number of skeptics here.

T. E. SOWERS.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEXAS, July 24, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: In your paper of July 17th I think J. Wm. Lloyd "hits the nail on the head" exactly in speaking of some Liberals (so called). They believe in Liberalism so far as it conforms strictly to their pet theories, but just let the opposition say a word and they are up in arms at once. I am often told by Liberal friends that I am too Liberal. Perhaps so; still, I go more on moral suasion than force. I believe in force only to combat force. Mr. Lloyd has given my views fully, with the exception of being an Anarchist, which I am not, but a Communist, which I suppose some of the "bretherin'" count equally as bad. I hope more of the "boys" will declare themselvs Liberals in the fullest sense.

E. E. PARK.

LUNENBURG, MASS., July 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Giv my respects to your artist for the forcible conception of the *critters* who hav done their work up to this day. The last illustration is a little too problematical. We may never see Catholicity and Protestantism in a death-grip, but rather see them billing and cooing in loving embrace.

The Protestant church is weak, and they will unite, and the war is to be fought on the line of Freethought, and free speech, and free press, and with great help from the Spiritualists, which hav been, and will be, our right bower.

"To hell with the pope!" sounds heroic to-day, but that won't be the tune fifty years hence. The Protestants should hav been as wary of Sunday-schools as has been the mother church. Sunday-schools were laid hold of by the Protestant church as its sheet anchor, but the dry-rot seized it the day it inaugurated its first school to make church timber.

My benediction upon all who labor for freedom of opinion on all subjects that interest the growth of man.

A. H. WOOD.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL., July 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $4.25. Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER and "Men, Women, and Gods," by Miss Gardener. The 25 cents will giv the book a "starter" for its destination. I read the paper carefully and am greatly pleased with it. Would like to see it double its circulation every year. Tell some of your speakers to come this way; we will do the best we can to patronize them. Fine climate, excellent fruits, hospitable people, plenty of money. You know things are booming down this way. If there is a gentleman or lady among your readers who would like to liv where it never thunders and lightens, never freezes, never snows, where you can wear your summer clothes in winter, and *vice versa*, in a land of sunshine and flowers, in a land of prosperity and abundance, tell them to come this way, and upon their arrival we will open up a keg of nails. I like the pictures and am ready to put up more to keep them going if necessary. There are many Liberals in this locality; sky-pilots few and weak in the knees. ALPH. N. BURGESS.

MEADOW BROOK FARMS, MASS., August 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having just finished reading a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I feel impelled to write you a brief letter, expressing my appreciation of the same, and also my admiration of your indomitable courage and perseverance in editing and publishing a paper so pronounced in its views concerning matters of religion, and other things of importance relativ to the welfare of humanity. It seems to me that it must require not a little "nerve," situated as you are in the very hotbed of Romanism, to publish such a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav often wondered if you ever apprehended any bodily injury from that source. If you remember, history tells us that the dangers which surrounded Henry IV. of France from the Catholics were such that, in order to protect himself from being assassinated, he followed the advice of his friends, abjured Protestantism, and apparently became converted to the Catholic faith. Oliver Cromwell, too, you recollect, on account of his religious views, wore an armor under his clothes, for fear of being assassinated. I hope you may never be obliged to protect yourself in that way; but when I read that letter from one of the "Sisters" in the last TRUTH SEEKER, it occurred to me that something *awful* might happen to you should you persist in making light of the holy Catholic church. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," you know. But what a diabolical invention of man is this so-called Christianity! For years did I believe in it, until my eyes and ears were open to light and reason. Yes, believed it, simply because taught to believe it by my parents. My grandfather was deacon of a Congregational church up among the granit hills of old New Hampshire, and actually considered it a crime to open his mouth on the Sabbath day, unless it was to offer up a benediction to the Almighty. My mother still retains that belief, and is grieved to think that her only child and daughter should be so indifferent to the influence of orthodoxy. Well, thanks to my husband, and the first liberal paper I ever read—the *Boston Investigator*, which I first saw about three years since—I hav learned to think differently, and all those silly Bible stories taught me in my earlier days I hav ceased to believe, and I now look back upon my past religious life with absolute disgust. LILLIAN ADELE SPENCER.

HANNIBAL, MO., August 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Brother J. K. Chesley and myself officiated, by request of the deceased, at the funeral of Mrs. Conrad, who died recently in this city. She was an old resident, a lady of more than ordinary intelligence, and the funeral was well attended by her Christian neighbors, especially the ladies. Brother Chesley gave a very interesting sketch of her life and progress out of Christianity into Liberalism, after which I read the first five sections and the eighth section in Dr. Ayres's "Secular Funeral and Marriage Handbook." An impromptu choir, composed of Liberals, sang with good effect several of the funeral hymns from the same valuable book, and at the grave I read Selection No. 16. All present listened with profound attention to those beautiful and appropriate passages, and many flattering comments hav since been made, even by the Christian ladies. Why do Liberals ever call on the clergy to bury their dead? If a necessity for such a thing ever existed, it has certainly passed away since the publication of Dr. Ayres's book. F. H. RAU.

WELLAND, ONT., July 25, 1886.

TO THE READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Dear Friends:* I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last seven years, and now, at the age of fourscore years, when I find all my faculties are fast failing me, I wish to express my sense of obligation to the many able contributors to that paper, as having been very helpful to me in dispelling some of those ignorant and superstitious notions in which from infancy I had been trained to believe, and in their place to hav had my mind so far enlightened as to be able to look upon things from a more scientific and truthful standpoint, having become better acquainted with nature and her laws. To die is as natural as to be born, and no more to be dreaded. Indeed, to old age, when your faculties are so worn out as to be unable to be useful to your friends and society, the ties to life become much loosened, and, like ripened fruit, you are ready to drop off; and it is a kind interposition of nature to relieve you of a burden you hav become less able to bear. I do not see anything in nature to lead to the belief that I shall hav less justice done me in the future than in the past.

I hav the kindliest of feeling toward all my Liberal and truth-seeking friends, and wish them to know it.

JOHN RAY.

OSHKOSH, WIS., July 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Many years ago, when the Erie Canal was in full blast, there was a very rough set of boatmen employed on it, and it was not a strange occurrence to see one boat's crew jump ashore and fight another crew, just for the fun of it, and many of the men were noted for cursing by rule. Well, one Saturday afternoon a certain captain was on his way to Buffalo, and had arrived at a lock which was not ready for his boat, and the said captain commenced to swear by rule, and not only the lock-tender got it, but everybody in general. While the captain was so engaged, a preacher came riding along upon the highway road, which ran parallel with the towpath, and, hearing the captain using so much profanity, thought it his duty to get down and correct him. So, dismounting from his horse, he approached the captain, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said, "Captain, where are you going?" "Why," said the captain, "I am going to Buffalo, by God! if I can get there." "No, you are not," said the preacher; "you are going to hell." "Just my God-damned luck," said the captain. "But," continued he, addressing the preacher, "where are you going?" "I am going to Albany to preach for a friend of mine to-morrow." "I'll be damned if you are," said the captain; "you are going into that canal;" and, suiting the action to the word, he caught him by the collar of the coat and the bosom of his trousers and threw him in. By this time the lock was ready, and the captain went on his way, rejoicing that he had been instrumental in spreading the gospel.

MORAL.—If this preacher had minded his own business he would not hav got wet. G. M. H.

MARYVILLE, MO., July 25, 285.

MR. EDITOR: Once more a good Christian has gone straight to Jesus *via* hemp. It is the case of Joe Jump, who was executed at Gallatin, Mo., Friday the 23d inst., for the murder of W. C. Gladson last December. The condemned man, having made "his peace with the great judge," stepped boldly upon the scaffold, with the air of one who was conscious that he was going to pass from a world of trouble to one of eternal happiness. The criminal was, of course, accompanied by his "spiritual adviser," Rev. W. W. Buchanan, who said, "As far as spiritual counsel is concerned, the condemned does not need that now. His preparation to meet his maker has been already made, and he is satisfied." Before starting heavenward, Jump confessed that he and his accessory, Smith—who is going to take the same route the 6th of August, and meet Jump in the New Jerusalem—were guilty or having killed Gladson. After this confession, Jump sang a song, in which he requested the audience to join. It was the good old song, "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

After the song, the "spiritual adviser" offered a prayer for the murderer's soul; the murdered man, of course, was forgotten. At the conclusion of the prayer, the murderer sang another song, "Is My Name Written There?" after which the doomed man was heard to say, "I am ready," and he forthwith started on his journey for the heavenly kingdom.

According to the "Christian scheme of salvation," Jump has repented, made his peace, been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and is now comfortably settled in Abraham's bosom, while his victim, not having had the advantages offered to Jump, is roasting in an orthodox hell.

Well, Maryville has passed through a week's siege, known as the Sam Jones camp-meeting. A dozen speakers were present, the most of whom were fine orators; but last Sunday was the day for the Rev. Psalm Jones, and about eight thousand people congregated on the fair-grounds for the sake of listening to a disconnected harang for an hour and a half.

One week from to-day I go to Savannah, to meet Rev. Mr. Damon in debate on "Genesis and Geology," after which I start for the far West to grow up with the country. I hav the promis of some subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, which I will try and secure before I leave.

GEORGE H. DAWES.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, July 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot refrain from expressing the desire of my heart that I am with you and all the noble men and women who are engaged in a work that is improving and benefiting humanity—assisting them to get out of bondage, to throw off priestcraft, and all others who oppress them.

I think we hav some of the most intelligent writers for our TRUTH SEEKER that can be found in the world, and it should be in every home in our country, if not in all the world.

I feel anxious for others to see and read it, but the religious class seem afraid of it and condemn it without investigation, knowing that if they read it they must giv up their religion. As one said to me, a person who would read THE TRUTH SEEKER would apostatize in less than a year.

This Christianity here is the main thing in the way of getting subscribers. We must convert a person first from Christianity, and then we are not sure of his subscribing. Those who care nothing for religion are generally indifferent in the matter, and so it is. But I shall continue to hunt, and may be successful sooner or later. I trust our old subscribers are all doing the best they can. Those belonging to churches dare not, with very few exceptions, publicly express their real opinions when they would be in our favor, fearing the power that rules over them.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is looked upon here by Christian people as a wicked paper that wants to destroy all religion. They can't see that it only wants to destroy frauds and shams. They don't seem to want the truth unless it upholds their creed, and to apostatize is looked upon as a dreadful affair. So no one is allowed to change his views unless he wants to go to sheol.

Friend Putnam, I see by our paper, is "marching on" in his mission for the cause of Freethought, and doing all the good he can. I was truly glad to see him here, but regret that his visit was so short, which it had to be of necessity in order to giv all a chance to see and hear him. His lecture was splendid on "Universal Mental Liberty." We must do all the good we can and keep doing as long as we stay here. Our books and records will show who are the world's benefactors. We must hav our libraries and gather in the good books and preserve them for others to read.

I send you another 50 cents to make up a dollar on the picture business (which to many speak louder than words), also 50 cents for the Bruno Monument Fund, which, to accommodate me, please see that the right man gets, and oblige LUKE WM. GALLUP.

MAYNARDVILLE, TENN., July 26, 286.

MR. EDITOR: The pictures, horrible! Horrible, sure enough, but not too much so to a Freethinker of an Infidel color. They do not represent the teachings of the clergy, and that old bundle of forgeries called the "Bible," strong enough; for if the clergy, priestcraft, and the Bible teach realities, the pictures are mere shadows. Let those who believe in an orthodox hell take a peep into it, and see the lurid, sulphurous flames of liquid fire dashing and splashing against the beach of the burning lake, and hear the screams of their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and infants not a span long, and then ask themselvs if this is not horrible, and if the God of such is not horrible. This looks more like the work of a devil than of a God, and yet it is the best he could do for the human family. All this does not horrify a Freethinker, for he knows it is a lie; but let a man believe it and it is shocking and horrible in the extreme. Now I ask, Can a picture come anywhere near the reality? It is only at best a faint shadow.

If hell-fire and brimstone are not hell-fire and brimstone; and Christ giving two and one-half gallons of his blood for the redemption of sinners is not Christ giving two and one-half gallons of his blood for the redemption of sinners; and if jerking a murderer to heaven at the end of a rope is not jerking a murderer to heaven at the end of a rope—let the clergy and priests, and all believers in Christianity, come forward and say so, and confess, and quit teaching it. Then, and not till then, will Freethinkers quit the horrible pictures. It will not do to back out or be scared out; that would be acknowledging the corn. The pictures are on a great mission, it seems, teaching the Christians the horrible stuff they are swallowing without thinking. No wonder it makes them sick. When they get well, they will be Freethinkers.

Now, my brother Freethinkers, you who oppose the cartoons on account of your Christian neighbors are very tender-footed. Are you not giving aid and favor to superstition, and wounding Freethought, in opposing the cartoons? This half-way, "milk-and-cider," won't do for an Infidel. Lay aside every vestige of superstition, and come right up to the help of Freethought against superstition in every shape. Help is what we want; don't retard our progress. Show the pictures to your Christian neighbors, and if they say, "Horrible!" and "Shocking!" ask them why believe the horrible things represented? Tell them to renounce it, and flee to the stronghold of Freethought and universal mental liberty. I ask you, my tender-footed brothers, to show one scratch of the pen or one stroke of the brush that goes beyond the teachings of priestcraft or Biblecraft. The cartoons are on a great mission, and are bound to accomplish great results.

T. H. BUTCHER.

WEST UNION, O., Aug. 2, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Partly for amusement, but chiefly to inspire with enthusiasm the many laborers in the Liberal cause, permit me a brief indulgence in vanity, on account of the Infidel honor which is being conferred on the name of Beck through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

First, there is W. A. Beck, secretary of the Secular Society at Mechanicsburg, Ill. I feel proud to find the name of Beck in this honorable connection, but the vanity which prompts this communication is born of the fact that J. F. Beck has lately had the audacity and egotism to duplicate himself in the far West, and appear as one of the contributors to the Campaign Fund of the American Secular Union upon the recent visit of our noble Putnam to Butte City, Montana, and also managed to receive honorable mention in said Putnam's "News and Notes," and all without my consent; hence the blame of all this audacity, vanity, and egotism must rest on J. F. Beck, of Butte City, Montana, even to the production of this letter, which would not hav been written if said J. F. Beck had not made himself so numerous. I, J. F. Beck, at this end of the line, write this communication only in humility and self-defense, that I may not appear *particeps criminis* in this duplication of J. F. Beck, which was done wholly without my knowledge or consent. Neither do I wish to steal that widespread Infidel celebrity which I might acquire by seeming to stand with one foot at West Union, Ohio, and the other at Butte City, Montana, with the great Mississippi valley under my thumb, *à la* the Catholic cardinal in one of Heston's or John's inimitable cartoons. However, I do not wish to ignominiously shield myself from such fame and honor as may be justly mine, hence beg the privilege of entering a plea of guilty to the few following counts—and the list might be considerably extended: First, I am the J. F. Beck who recently sent a new subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER to encourage the publisher to keep up those grand truth-telling cartoons, and I hope to send quite a number more this fall and winter. Second, I am guilty of authorship of all matter in THE TRUTH SEEKER signed J. F. Beck, up to date, so far as I know. Third, I am guilty of being the first mover in the grand Remsburg camp-meeting which was held here last fall, in which we had five lectures by J. E. Remsburg and two by C. Fannie Allyn; but in this good work I finally secured the assistance of about twenty-five brave helpers, first and nearest being Col. D. P. W. Eylar, of West Union, Ohio; and greatest in financial aid and unsurpassed in earnestness and enthusiasm were Virginia E. and Newton Vance, of Concord, Ky., and James H. Feurt, of Portsmouth, Ohio, and others who did their parts nobly. Fourth count, I am guilty now of having just secured the engagement of Samuel P. Putnam for the last three evenings of September, and these same brave helpers who assisted last year are coming to the front again to help pay expenses, and to make a liberal contribution to the Campaign Fund of the American Secular Union. And there will be more recruits to join us this fall, and superstition will shrink back worse appalled than she was one year ago. We also want lecturers in the day-time, and desire to make this a three days' camp-meeting, and hereby giv notice to any Liberal lecturer who expects to be traveling East or West about that time, and who could giv us a few lectures on low terms, that he should write to me at once and make an engagement. The meeting may possibly be put three days later, and occupy the first three days of October.

Of all the above I am guilty, and much more; and now, hoping that if there are any more Liberal Becks on the planet, they may boldly come to the front through your paper, I shall close, lest you consign this production to that basket from whose waste no manuscript returns.

J. F. BECK.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Send me 50 or 100 of your last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER (Aug. 1).

There are two tents here this summer besides the Salvation Army, working in the interests of Christianity with "temperance" added, and what we need here is some such article as Mr. Peck's, as well as your answers to the "Seven Questions," to set the young thinking and get their minds interested on both sides of the subject. There are a few who claim to hav been habitual drunkards, and by the help of Jesus their appetite is all taken away. Others in their testimony rather giv this assertion away by saying that the sight of liquor or wine in bottles revives the desire and they hav to avoid the temptation.

With the drunkard I do not care to argue. If he can liv free from drink, I am glad to see him do it. But he must exercise his will power and judgment (I do not see how he can avoid it) precisely the same as I do when I get off the railroad track when the train is approaching. I can understand that a boy is not likely to steal while he knows some one is watching him, and I think the help a drunkard gets is something of this kind. There are three antidotes preached here for drunkenness or drunkards: Jesus, moral suasion, and Prohibition. If Jesus was a sure remedy, the other two would be needless. Jesus has been tried pretty liberally here since Mr. Burdick commenced the temperance movement last fall; and out of those who hav tried this remedy about one in fifty has remained temperate to this time, and as time passes the power of Jesus lessens.

Then we hav the testimony of young converts to Christianity, who hav never read the Bible to speak of, and who could not tell whether Moses was before or after David. So they are not converts through their reason or after a careful investigation of the Bible for and against. The extent of their knowledge is simply a belief in a God and devil, a hell and a heaven. Their guide in life so far has been to please their senses, and by some accident in their experience, coupled with the extent of their knowledge, they are led to believe they hav been serving the devil, and prefer an allegiance to the other side of deity. Hence they claim they hav given their heart to Jesus, and are guided by him. But, to look at it philosophically, we cannot understand how there can be any knowledge conveyed to the human mind without some physical demonstration which the senses can recognize, as it is represented Paul had. We cannot exercise powers we do not possess, and we certainly hav not the power to obtain knowledge outside of our physical senses. We can exercise our imagination, but we cannot depend on it unless we hav experience. I imagin an apple has seeds in it; I do not see them, but I hav had experience with other apples. I imagin I can dig a round hole in the water; experience, through my senses, teaches me I cannot. Mr. Peck's consideration of the historical and miraculous evidence of the New Testament is good, and I hope he will also hav something to say about the philosophy Jesus taught. In the Sermon on the Mount there are different doctrins taught in one sermon: Encouraging the thief, the golden rule, and a prophecy that nothing should fail from the law until all would be fulfilled, etc., while about one of the first things his disciples did after his death was to strike out circumcision as unnecessary. The parable of the sower is not a correct comparison; seed is compared to truth, and the soil to the human mind. Seed grows; truth does not. The soil does not grow, while the capacity of the human mind does. The sower of seed can empty his sack, while a person teaching truth does not lessen his own knowledge; besides, we cannot carry the truth itself, only a knowledge of it. I cannot carry Niagara Falls, only a knowledge of them in the mind; and the only way that knowledge can be taken from the mind is by forgetfulness; as, when it is shown that all the astronomical phenomena that take place can be accounted for only by the earth being round, then I lose the belief that the earth is flat. No devil about it. There is also substantial evidence that no son of God ever told such a parable as the parable of the tares and wheat. There may be defectiv plants in wheat, and also defectiv persons, but a tare as a plant may be as perfect as the wheat; therefore a tare does not represent the imperfect persons. Then the wicked are to be separated from the righteous and be burned. The wicked are those who hav not always done right, and the righteous are those who hav. The human family hav been born into the world in total ignorance, and hav had to learn right and wrong by experience. No individual but that has done some acts right and some wrong. How are the human family to be divided on a question of right and wrong? No son of God ever wrote that parable.

Then, again, all things are possible with God. There must be a line somewhere between the possible and impossible, or God must be terribly mixed. If God created the world, etc., then it is impossible that he did not do it. He must be either moral or immoral, local or everywhere, and we cannot understand how he can be both.

Tracts or papers showing the inconsistencies and also the philosophy on these points, with advertisments of Freethought books, ought to be distributed here freely.

D. SIZER.

DETROIT, MICH., Aug. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 8, 1879, our good radical friend, Seward Mitchell, has a long article on "Hard Times, the Cause and Cure," in which he declares that the great curse and cause of all the evils in this world is money, and that it has done more to demoralize the people than all things else. There is hardly a crime committed but can be traced to money. Our national and every state legislature," he continues, "hav become gigantic rings as corrupt as men can be, and to what other cause but money can it be traced?" Again, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, May 29, 1886, he givs us an article covering nearly a page, headed, "The Evils of Law and Money," in which, after enumerating a large number of evils, crimes, and vices of different lands, "by law," he asks a few questions for those who fire off paper-wads in THE TRUTH SEEKER. First, how long could those "dens of thieves" in Wall street, New York, or the thousands of other gamblers all over the world, carry on their legalized robbery if it were not for money? Let me answer friend Mitchell that he should turn his cart round and say that all these evils are caused by first depriving society of money to do business with, so that in their deprivation people are compelled to do all manner of evils to get that which is represented as a substitute to be the best money the world ever saw, and just enough of the substitute is allowed to go into circulation to serve as bait, as an angler puts bait on a fish-hook. Mr. Mitchell has not the least conception of the real duty and function of money. Bankers' debts are not money, neither is anything that issues from a bank money. Money is the most important factor in civilization; it is the vitalizing influence of industry, the very fiber of social organizatiou, the protoplasm of civilization, and just as essential to the existence of civilization and society as oxygen is to animal life. So say the United States monetary commission, appointed by Congress, and composed of men as intelligent as any others, after due study and examination of the best sources of information. Now if this is the true definition of money, then it is equally true that every government should issue an absolute free legal tender money in unlimited quantities absolutely unrestricted and uncontroled by any other power, so that no man should need to owe one cent, nor any man be able to lend a dollar for use within the full limits of the nation's boundary. The United States monetary commission further declare that the depriving society of (or contraction of) the amount of money in circulation has caused more misery than war, pestilence, and famin (just study that, Brother Mitchell), and more injustice than all the bad laws that were ever enacted (study these few, the greatest truths, the most important declarations that were ever made). It is easy to see from these facts where is the cause of evil. It is not by money, nor the love of money, but from privation, from dire want of that which is as essential to civilization and society as oxygen is to animal life. From these facts it is easy to see that wherever civilization exists, there will exist also the same want, the same deprivation of industry of its vitalizing influence, for the benefit of those who may issue a substitute, and so rob industry of its life; society deprived of its very fiber, civilization of its first seed, its protoplasm. Who can wonder at the chaotic failures that civilization has made in the past? In what age of history has the usurer been absent, or ever society been supplied with anything but a very limited and partial substitute for money, that was necessary to civilization and society even as oxygen to animal life? What wonder that war, pestilence, and famin hav always walked with civilization and society just on the other hand from the usurer (debt-lender), who has always been allowed to deprive industry of its vitalizing influence and force society to buy their debts as a substitute? If society were freely supplied with real money, no man would rob, lie, or steal to get it; no man would spend his time gambling for that of which any and every man could get all that he needed and when he needed. It is absolutely true that all and every crime can be traced to the obtaining of money, or that which will answer as a substitute. But the real object always is what the money will buy, showing that it is privation that drives the robber as certain as that it does the starving beggar. Mr. Mitchell says: "As I walked through the cities, and saw the thousands of signs on the stores, I asked myself, How do these millions of non-producers liv? They do no work, yet they wear the best clothes and liv in the best houses." And he finds but one solution, and that is money. Now, it would be a mystery, indeed, if that which is as essential to civilization and society as oxygen is to animal life should be the cause of all evil. He says all over the land we hear the cry of "hard times," strikes, and distress everywhere, and the people are, with but few exceptions, profoundly ignorant of the true cause.

Yes, Mr. Mitchell, the exceptions are very few, and do not include Mr. M. The chain that binds them is not of gold, but of debt. It is estimated by the secretary of the treasury (some years ago) that the aggregate of the national debts of the world amounts to fifty billions of dollars, and that the private and corporate debts amount to seven times as much, which makes four hundred thousand millions of dollars of debt drawing interest from labor; and these debts are held by the Rothschilds, Barings, and other usurers in the large cities of the world, and the rest of mankind are simply their slaves, and upon the the vast sum of these debts rest all of the evils, war, slavery, vice, crime, misery, the gallows, the prison, jail, workhouse, and, the curse of all others, the police-station, the money-lenders' barrack for their standing army, that has been organized and recruited, and stationed in every city and village since that damnable robbery of 1865, the destruction of eighteen hundred millions of the people's real money, thereby creating thirty-six hundred millions of debts at once.

Mr. Mitchell speaks of the sad sight of thousands of poor prostitutes in every city, and asks, how could they exist if it were not for money? Again, I say, he always gets his cart before his horse. Scarcely one woman in a million ever has much money in such a life. But for the need, the want of that which money will help them to obtain—food, clothing, shelter, a place to sleep in, not liv—for things that, if civilization and society were not deprived of "money," would be always easily obtainable in abundance—for these things poor women and girls walk the streets day and night, offering all that the robbers of civilization hav left them for sale. The want of money *is* the cause of all evil. The debt-lenders in the large cities can drive mankind all over the earth seeking a home, and their agents, the bankers and pawnbrokers, follow, as the vampires follow the armies, seeking the blood of industry wherever it makes a resting-place. The true remedy is not in destroying money, but in making money, like air, free within the limits of the country, absolutely free, and unlimited, and uncontroled by any person or power. Then all law becomes useless. We should very soon hav scarcely any rich people, for the reason that, there being plenty for all, the incentiv to accumulate would die out, and we should soon hav no use for police or lawyer, or for armies. That great order, the Knights of Labor, hav formulated twenty-two demands to Congress. All of them but two are useless, but the fourteenth and fifteenth are the true remedy for all evil as far as they go; they strike at the true, real cause of all evil. The other twenty demands relate only to effects, not to cause. When the one universal cause is removed, the effects will soon disappear. The Liberals hav Nine Demands, which, like the twenty of the Knights of Labor, are for the removal of nine effects of the deprivation of civilization and society of that which is as essential to their existence as oxygen is to animal life. If we can all see this great truth, and unite on the remedy, the fourteenth and fifteenth demand of the Knights of Labor, there is hope for our Israel.

J. H. WOOD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Boy's Pocket.

If your boy is bright and clever,
And, moreover, you hav never
Chanced to fish that urchin's pocket
('Tis his own word please excuse it,
But so apt I think I'll use it).
At its contents you would wonder;
Nothing on the earth, or under,
Nothing he can grasp above her,
But you're likely to discover
In that mystery of measure,
That receptacle of treasure
Called a boy's trousers pocket.
Here's a sample of the mixture:
Rusty nails, a missing locket,
Headless doll, arms out of socket,
Pieces of a curtain fixture,
Handkerchiefs, my stars! how many,
'Tisn't strange he hadn't any,
Mitten that he lost last last winter,
Paper that would stock a printer,
Jackknife, broken blade, and handle,
Dried-up doughnut, piece of candle,
Tar and spruce gum mixed together,
Ship, dismasted, seen rough weather,
Spools of No. 40 cotton,
Used for rigging, snarled and rotten,
Tops and marbles without number,
Ball of yarn, a piece of lumber,
Pencils of all lengths and sizes,
There's no limit to surprises,
Here's my gold one, I remember
That I lent him last September,
Soldiers used in mimic battle,
Old tin whistle, baby's rattle,
Fish-hooks, careful, you'll be wishing
That you hadn't gone a-fishing,
Fire-crackers, Land of Goshen!
What has hindered an explosion?
Friction matches, some good fairy
Shields this young incendiary,
Strings of cotton, hemp, and leather,
Strings for all things he can tether,
Stick of Fourth of July rocket,
There! We'll stop enumeration,
But it does beat all creation;
And we can but question whether
All this trumpery and treasure
Ever again in fullest measure
Can be crowded, crammed, and knotted
In the little space allotted
To a boy's trouser pocket. *M. A. P.*

The Best Prayer.

Ella White and George and May Wilson were schoolmates who lived in a lovely village in the state of Ohio.

Ella was the daughter of very devout Christian parents, and was ten years old at the time I write. Her parents were an honest couple, but were more or less biased and led by their minister.

On the contrary, George's and May's parents were outspoken Freethinkers. May was the same age as Ella, while George was two years older.

It was a lovely Saturday in the latter part of September, and, as it was a holiday, the children proposed to go to the woods and gather chestnuts. This was readily assented to, and they each ran off home to get their mothers' consent.

Ella went to Mrs. Wilson's house, where they were to start from. Mrs. Wilson prepared a dainty lunch for the three children. Ella's mother did not hav time to put up a lunch up for Ella, as she expected the minister to tea, and she was very busy fixing the house in grand order on account of his visit.

The three children started off in high spirits, and were soon in the woods. Here they sat down on a large stone, took out their lunch, and began to eat.

After they had finished, they proceeded to gather chestnuts, and, as they were ripe and plentiful, they had no trouble to fill their baskets.

Then they wandered off in search of autumn leaves, far into the backwoods. They wandered here and there, picking up a leaf every now and then of bright color and rare beauty.

But they had roamed farther than they intended, and dark clouds seemed to obscure the sun from their eyes. A distant peal of thunder startled them. Darker and darker grew the sky, and the wind blew fiercely against the trees of the old forest.

Suddenly a terrible crash of thunder, a flash of lightning, and the tree beneath which they stood seemed as if it would fall every moment.

"Quick!" cried George, "let us try and find shelter. There must be some place near here that is better than this."

Ella at once fell on her keees and began to pray. Meanwhile George and May started off, after calling in vain for Ella to follow; but she paid no attention. I suppose she was waiting for the Lord to answer her prayer, and make the storm subside. But it seems God didn't, or he might hav been taking a nap, for the storm didn't stop for two hours.

But to come back to George and May. They started off and came to an old shed just in time to see the rain pour down in torrents. They felt badly to think that they had to leave Ella praying, but they couldn't help it.

After the storm had passed they went back to where they had left Ella, but could not find her.

Poor Ella was left all alone in the woods during that dreadful storm! None the worse for it only that her new dress and hat were all ruined, and she was in danger of taking cold. She presented a very forlorn sight when she came home that night. Perhaps she was a little wiser than in the morning, being convinced that her own energy was the best prayer in case of emergency.

George and May came home as merry as when they had left.

That evening Mrs. White went to call on a neighbor after she had put Ella to bed.

George and May, anxious to see how their playmate had fared, went to see her. They found their little friend in bed all bundled up. After they had told her how they had looked for her, they asked her if it would not hav been much better if she had taken their advice instead of praying. She admitted that they were right, but she wouldn't dare admit the truth to her mother.

When she went to Sunday-school the next Sunday, she told the minister of her experience. He said it was all for the best, but she declared it might be all for the best for the crops, but "I was very foolish," said she, "to think my prayers would allay the storm. I should hav followed my playmates and kept my prayers for less serious occasions."

The parson, seeing himself getting into a tight place in his debate with the little girl, said, "Well, we'll discuss the matter another time."

The next Sunday, when Ella was in Sunday-school, the minister came up and said, "Well, how do you do, my little girl?"

"Oh, I'm quite well, thank you," she replied, "but I hav not quite recovered from the effects of that storm; and every day I begin to think myself more foolish for stopping to pray God to stop the rain; for as I pass along the meadow I see the grass, the trees, and the flowers, which all needed the rain very much, and I think it was silly in me to ask God to prevent the rain from falling."

"Oh, never mind, my child; don't worry yourself about that any more," replied the minister; "are you going on the excursion next week?"

"Well, really, I don't know; I havn't asked mamma yet, but I will ask her to-day."

"All right then, and you'll try and sell these tickets won't you?" said the minister as he handed her a package.

"Yes," replied Ella, and she went home. As she was walking along she espied May coming toward her.

"Well, Ella," asked May, "were you at Sunday-school to-day?"

"Yes," replied Ella.

"And how much better do you feel than if you had stayed away?" inquired May.

"I don't know," replied Ella. "Why do you ask me that question, May?"

"Oh, I hav no particular reason, only I thought I would ask you it. But, really, Ella, do you think Sunday-school does you any good?"

"I guess so; it teaches me to be good, I suppose."

"You ain't sure, are you, though?"

"Well, it doesn't do me any harm, anyhow."

"How about the day of the storm, Ella—did it do you any particular good then?"

"No, I don't know as it did," replied Ella. "I guess it did me more harm on that occasion than good, for I hav always been taught in Sunday-school to pray when there is any danger, and that's why I got wet."

They talked for quite a while, and then they parted.

At last the day for the excursion arrived, and, to make a long story short, it was a most disagreeable day, for the sky was murky and a drizzling rain was falling.

About half-past eight, two or three dozen children stood outside of the church gate waiting patiently for the minister to come, for they did not know whether to get ready to go on the excursion or not.

At last the parson and the deacon were seen walking leisurely toward the church. The children ran up to the minister and asked him if they were to go on the excursion in this disagreeable weather. He said they knew as much about it as he, and that it was a sad state of affairs. And he did not see why providence did not grant them a better day. At last he said that the excursion would be postponed until the next fair day.

When May saw Ella that day, she asked her, if God had any more regard for church folks than anybody else, why did he not giv them a pleasant day for their excursion.

Ella could not answer this question, but May told her to study it out.

The excursion came off the next day, and had quite a nice time. Still May's words haunted her, and she did study them with good results.

Her mind had been turning toward Freethought ever since the day she was disappointed in not having her prayers answered, and it has been turning quite rapidly ever since, and now I think she is one of the most outspoken Freethinkers in the state of Ohio, and too sensible to pray in a rain-storm, or at any other time, believing that good common sense is better in an emergency than any prayer can possibly be.

LAURA SLENSBY (aged fourteen),
39 *Reid ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

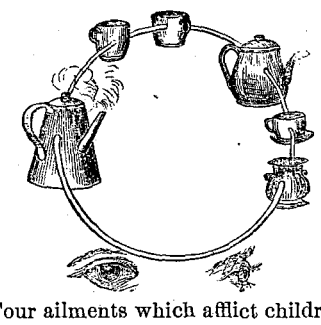
[Winning prize of three dollars.—ED. C.C.]

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PROBLEM.

A owned a square field, containing 160 acres. He sold B a square field in the southwest corner, and to C he sold an adjacent square field, comprising the southeast corner. If B and C together bought 85 acres, what must be length of a fence to inclose what A has left? WM. SCOTT.

2.—REBUS.



Four ailments which afflict children.

3.—CONUNDRUM.



Why are these men like a vessel on the rocks in a storm?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 31, 1886.

1.–I can toe the mark. 2.–Church, armadillo, miter, eaves, lane, CAMEL, HORSE.

SOLVERS.—Sarah M. Levy, Florence Moore, H. J. Messinger.

Correspondence.

NEBRASKA, July 27, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought, as the day was fine, I would write you a few lines. I hav so much to tell you that I expect I will discourage you. I am sick to-day, and while I was looking at THE TRUTH SEEKER I saw some of the letters and thought I would write a few lines. I had almost forgotten about it. My sister is away from home and I hav all the work to do for her. Papa and ma are going up to Greenwood next Sunday to hear Mr. Remsburg speak. I shall hav a good time. I attend Sunday-school every Sunday, and I like it very much. I would go to hear Mr. Remsburg speak, but it would be against the laws of the school. I got a pledge in my Sunday-school paper last Sunday. I hav a book and five papers. Papa is cutting oats to-day. He says that he would not take a hundred dollars for THE TRUTH SEEKER and a thousand for the pictures. I expect I hav made you mad with my foolishness now, so I will quit for this time. Good-bye, Miss Wixon. Yours truly, EDITH SOWERS.

MCMINNVILLE, OREGON, July 20, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It has been some time since I hav written you a letter, and seeing so few correspondents, I will try and write again. I enjoy reading the Corner very much. If I was only a little older I think I would be tempted to try and write an essay for the prize. Sometime ago I started in to read the Bible, but I got so disgusted I quit before I finished the second book. After the Lord promising the children of Israel that they might reach the promised land where the rivers flowed with milk and honey, and then after keeping them in the wilderness forty years, allowing only two to reach that glorious land, I made up my mind that if there was a God he must hav been awful hard-hearted and very different from the kind, loving, and true God that the good Christians tell about. For my part I would much rather read THE TRUTH SEEKER than the Bible. Hoping success to Miss Wixon and the cause, I will close, remaining

Your friend, NETTIE A. OLDS.

[Nettie has sensible ideas regarding Bible reading. THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers will do her more good.—ED. C. C.]

July 26, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a reader of the good and Liberal paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER. I read the Children's Corner, and I think it is splendid.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is surely doing a great deal of good, and spreading Infidelity over the United States. I think the pictures on the front and back pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER are nice and instructiv. I liv on a farm in the northern part of Illinois, in Rock Island county. I go to school when we hav school, and am in the fifth grade. I am twelve years old. I hav one sister and three brothers. I solved two puzzles in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 17th, of which I will send the answers with my letter. I will close now, as this is my first letter, and I do not want to write too much the first time. If this is fit to print I would like to see it in the next paper.

Yours respectfully, FLORENCE MOORE.

Robt. G. Ingersoll's

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in the suit of the

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When o'er my cold and lifeless clay
The parting words of love are said,
And friends and kindred meet to pay
Their last fond tribute to the dead,
Let no stern priest, with solemn drone,
A funeral liturgy intone,
Whose creed is foreign to my own.

Let not a word be whispered there
In pity for my unbelief,
Or sorrow that I could not share
The view that gave their souls relief.
My faith to me is no less dear—
No less convincing and sincere
Than theirs, so rigid and austere.

Let no stale words of church-born song
Float out upon the silent air,
To prove by implication wrong
The soul of him then lying there.
Why should such words be glibly sung
O'er one when from his living tongue
Such empty phrases never rung?

But, rather, let the faithful few
Whose hearts are knit so close to mine,
That they with time the dearer grew,
Assemble at the day's decline;
And while the golden sunbeams fall
In floods of light upon my pall,
Let them in softened tones recall

Some tender memory of the dead—
Some virtuous act, some words of power,
Which I, perchance, hav done or said,
By loved ones treasured to that hour;
Recount the deeds which I admired,
The motiv which my soul inspired,
The hope by which my heart was fired.

Adami and Heva.

A REPLY TO WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN'S CRITICISM OF MY LETTER ON S. P. PUTNAM'S POEM BEARING THE ABOVE TITLE.

II.

That the story of Adam and Eve is not original with the Hebrews, we hav only to call in the testimony of all oriental archeologists, from the immediate successors of Champollion down to our own George Smith, to prove. These men, if I mistake not, without exception declare that it is a Southern story; that it had its rise in Southern India. That brilliant and careful scientist, Haeckel, basing his plummet on the findings of his brother scientists, in his map showing the distribution of races, makes the Island of Ceylon the paradise, or central point of distribution. When I stated in my letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER that the "fiction" was plagiarized and corrupted by the Hebrew writers, I had two distinct features of the Genesis story in view. That it was plagiarized—that is, not original with the Hebrews, taking the Bible history of the territory they always inhabited as being true—I think I can prove without much difficulty. I will first call in the testimony of Aristotle, backed up by the learning of Josephus. Josephus says in his argument against Apion, quoting from Clearchus, the pupil of Aristotle, that Aristotle said to his pupils: "These Jews are derived from the Indian philosophers. They are named by the Indians, Calimi; by the Syrians, Sudœi; and take their name from the country they inhabit, which is Judea." Don't you think that Aristotle was a much greater philologist and antiquary than anyone living at the present day? He went through the greater part of India at a time and under circumstances which gave him great opportunities to investigate and compare the laws and traditions of the various nations of Asia Minor, India, and Egypt. When I stated that the Hebrew priests corrupted the old story, my meaning was that they changed that feature of it which says that Adima left his terrestrial paradise of his own free will, not that he was driven from it. That this is the oldest of oriental myths is proved from the fact that nearly all the old legends are patterned after it. Take even the somewhat mythical history of Buddha. Is he not surrounded with everything that is to be desired—everything that can please the eye, the ear, the intellect and imagination? Yet, like Adima of old, he leaves his paradise, and seeks more liberty and greater responsibilities, even though sorrow and continual labors beset his pathway. In fact, like Adima, he becomes an explorer. It will not do for one to be too fastidious about any particular name, as I hav tried to show in another part of this article. As Shakspere says, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." And if one philologist can conscientiously translate a name or term into French or English from the Sanscrit, and call that Adima which another calls Satravatra, Swayambhuva, or Menu, why is he not as near right as the other, particularly when he givs us the most logical reason for doing so? The mere fact of the word Adam meaning earth-born is not more important than that the wife of Menu was born of buttermilk. In the category of names there is none that is so important to our branch of the human family as Menu, yet by a careful tracing of the word to its origin, we would be inclined to say that it meant moon-born.

To this we might say with a good deal of propriety that the words "man," "men," and "mankind" are derived from the Egyptian name of the moon, Meen or Men. Although Sanchoniathon, according to Philo Biblicus, tells us that Hipsiotos, who dwelt near Buibel, Byblos, in Phœnicia with his wife Berouth, begat a son named Adam, because he was formed out of the earth, yet I do not believe, notwithstanding this apparent support of the signification of the name used to denote the first of living beings, that the word was originally intended to be applied to any human being only so far as to satisfy the curiosity of the ignorant. Mr. Coleman claims that the word "Adam" is derived from "Adamah," which means earth-born. But some contend that it is derived from, or rather that it is a corruption of, "Ad-ham." This would somewhat change the signification. "Ad-ham" literally rendered signifies the lord, the everlasting fire, that is, the sun. Now, this brings me to my last reference to some of the wild statements of the writer of the article under consideration. Hear what he has to say about Dr. Milton Woolley: "A certain Dr. Milton Woolley, a Freethinking 'crank,' who published a bulky volume to prove that the entire Bible is unhistorical, and is from beginning to end a symbolical narrativ of astronomical and meteorological phenomena—one of the most absurd works ever published." Now, I hav never read Dr. Woolley's book nor any of the other books he mentions as written by antichristians, yet from the title of Dr. Woolley's work I am not afraid to say that there is a probability that the book contains much that is true. The science of astronomy captured my attention very early in life. I lost no opportunity for many years to gain all the knowledge I could on the subject. In my perusal of the Greek and Roman classics, and the history of astronomy by various authors, I obtained considerable knowledge of heathen mythology and astrology, and I was prepared at once on receiving my first hint on the subject from Bryant's researches in Egypt to begin an investigation of the symbolic theory. From such information as I hav received on this subject, I hav been led to believe that the whole visible heavens were first mapped out into constellation representing or bearing the names of animals. Afterward certain parts of the heavens were called deserts, gardens, and seas. Finally men and women were constellated, and the changing of the names of many of these constellations and stars gave rise to certain fictions, among which is the Chaldaic version of the story of Adam and Eve. This is the proper place, I think, to confess that I made a mistake when I stated in my letter on Mr. Putnam's poem that the Hebrews corrupted the old Asiatic fiction of Adima and Heva. I now believe, after mature consideration, that the book of Genesis contains the story just as it was written by the Chaldean myth-makers and learned by the Hebrew priests during their seventy years' captivity.

If this story was communicated orally to a Hebrew priest, without a proper explanation being given of its various parts, the Hebrews would hav been as much in the dark as Moses was when the light went out. But as Ezra tells us that Moses was versed in all the mysterious knowledge of the Egyptians, I take it that Ezra was instructed in the various styles of Egyptian writing, so that, in reading the Chaldean sacred books, he was able to understand the meaning by the characters employed by the writer. The foundation for the original story of Adam and Eve carries us back to the time when the separate religious systems of sun and moon worship were blended into one system, brought about by an act of confederation and amalgamation of northern and southern nations in India. This amalgamation in time produced a bold, energetic, and adventurous civilization, which eventually resulted in expeditions and emigration to various parts of the world. Then arose the emblematic fiction of the marriage of the sun and the moon, the gods of both peoples. This story was applied literally to the unknown progenitors of the human race, and the astrologers constellated them in the due course of time in that part of the heavens where the constellation of Gemini is now situated. Yes, this constellation commemorates the marriage of the twins. Their habitation was the Garden of the Gods, on the Island of Ceylon. But you will notice that this Adam was not turned out of Paradise, but, like the bad boy who climbs the back fence to get out on the street contrary to parental command, he wades across the channel at low tide on a voyage of discovery.

But the gods of India did not punish his breach of law by a withering curse. No, the offense was condoned, and the culprit rewarded with inexpressible conjugal happiness. The object of this fiction was to reconcile the adherents of two different religious systems to a new one that embraced what was supposed to be best in both. And as Adima is represented as of an adventurous spirit, the fiction in this regard had an inspiring effect on the healthy and vigorous for a long time. As the legend relates that Heva fled, and was pursued by Adima, that was in accordance with a part of the then marriage ceremony, a custom transmitted from primitiv society. The Hebrew or Chaldean story is a mixture of allegory, knowledge, and supposed knowledge of nature. In this legend the sun represents the male or positiv principle in nature, and the moon the female or negativ principle. I will now giv a brief explanation of some of the leading points in the opening chapter of Genesis. "And the Lord said, Let there be light, and there was light."

Primitiv men beheld the sun and moon giving light. They also saw the aurora of the north at night, and the tropical light at morning and evening. They supposed these lights were independent of sun and moon. Therefore as light existed which did not seem to proceed from either sun or moon, it was supposed to be older than either, so it was put first. I will not trespass on your space by enumerating the significance to be attached to the work of creation as embraced in the six days' labor of the Lord. Suffice it to say that it represents the sun passing from the lone night of winter to its entry of the first sign of the zodiac when its apparent return to the northern hemisphere begins. Each sign of the zodiac stands for a day. As half of the first day ended before the sun entered the sign we now call Capricornus, so the first day ended in the middle of that sign or constellation.

On the fourth day the sun had reached the center of the sign Aries. The sun has now crossed the equator on the northern hemisphere, is so situated that the largest part of the stellar universe could be seen by the Chaldean star-gazers. The sun has made his debut above the equator, and spring has opened. The moon also has returned from her northern trip, and is traveling, apparently, in the sun's track. The sun now begins to act on vegetation. It was supposed also that the moon and stars had considerable influence in that direction. The sun, moon, and stars are now the undisputed sovereigns of day and night, therefore they are said to be made on the fourth day. On the sixth day the sun is in the sign or constellation of Gemini, the Twins, Adam and Eve. The celestial and terrestrial paradises are now open to the beholder. The earth is clothed with vegetation; the air is fragrant with the perfume of flower, fruit, expanding stem, and waving foliage of every variety. Gold and silver lined clouds bank the western sky as the sun descends behind the mountain peaks. Evening twilight comes, and the reflection of the sun's rays, off the mighty ocean, mantles the celestial paradise with a quivering fan of changeful hue. The scene changes. A new act begins. We are now told how Adam and Eve, that is, the sun and moon, are made. In the language of the Chaldaic seer, the sun assumes the quality or signification of the name of the constellation it enters. The next sign or constellation is now called Cancer, it was formerly called the Asses. As the Chaldaic name for the Ass may be translated muddiness, we can plainly see how Adam, the sun, was made of the slime of the earth. But how is Eve made—Eve, the moon? Adam, the sun, has gone to sleep. It is night, of course, and he has sunk to rest far below the western horizon. Then Eve, the moon, appears rising in the east, made from a rib taken from the side of Adam. That is, the moon appears, while the sun is figurativly asleep, whose light is made of a ray from the side of the sun. The sun has now reached his highest altitude in the northern heavens. The seventh day has come, and the work of creation is at an end. He now rests, and this is the Sabbath of the lord of the earth, the sun. If the geographical limits of the constellations of the zodiac hav not been changed, and I do not think they hav, this version of the Adam and Eve story cannot be much over twenty-three hundred years old. Therefore I do not think that Colonel Ingersoll was much out of the way in his assignment of the age of the Indian legend of Adima and Heva, or Iva.

J. J. MCCABE.

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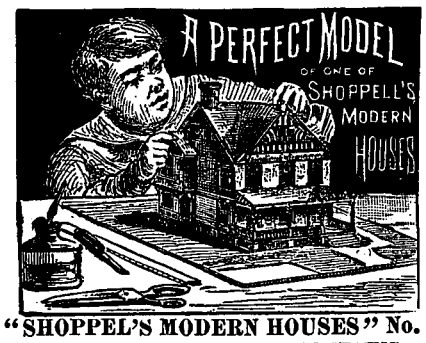
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MT. WASHINGTON, N. H., central New York, and the Catskills were visited by snow-storms last week.

THE Boston yacht Mayflower beat the Boston yacht Puritan and all others last Saturday in the race for the Goelet cup.

THE defense in the trial of the Chicago Anarchists are still introducing witnesses who contradict flatly the testimony given by witnesses for the state.

HERBERT SPENCER is seriously ill at his residence in London, suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia. Sir Andrew Clarke, the distinguished physician, is in daily attendance upon him.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN, ex-governor of New York, died at Yonkers, N. Y., on the 4th inst. He was 72 years old. A distinguished assemblage of officials and citizens, including President Cleveland and cabinet, attended the funeral ceremonies on Sunday. The interment took place at New Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y., where Mr. Tilden was born.

CONGRESS adjourned on Thursday, the 5th.

PARSON DOWNS, of Boston, has just secured the indictment of Deacon Story on a charge of adultery. Downs promises that there are more to follow.

JOACHIM PECCI, the pope of Rome, is dangerously ill and not expected to liv. Those who hav tears for shedding purposes should get them in readiness.

THE Rev. George C. Haddock was assassinated at Sioux Falls, Iowa, last week. He had been activ in enforcing a law against liquor saloons, and it is supposed that his death was a result of the enmity thus evoked. Mr. Haddock was shot on the street by some person unknown.

THE Rev. Johannes Van der Brocke, the clergyman of Paterson, N. J., who whipped John Hartman for telling of the circumstances in which he was found in the apartments of a good-looking widow, has paid his fine of $80, and is now at liberty. There are a number of the members of his congregation who adhere to him, and say they will stick to him if he forms a new church.

MEXICO is getting ready for war, and Texas is all ready to meet her half way. The difficulty arises from the unlawful imprisonment of a Texas editor by the authorities of Mexico. The Texans are unable to arouse any enthusiasm on the subject at the national headquarters in Washington and declare their readiness to fight Mexico single-handed unless the imprisoned editor is released.

"A CLERGYMAN Fined $5,000 for Adultery;" "Deacon Story Indicted for Adultery with Mrs. Elton;" "The Recreant Priest—He is Accused by Miss Mulvaney of Betrayal after a False Marriage." The foregoing sentences are from the headings in a daily paper of August 7th. The first relates to a London clergyman who seduced the wife of a friend; the second is about a deacon of Parson Downs's church in Boston; and the third calls attention to a Brooklyn Catholic priest named Sherman, who used the opportunties which his alleged sacred calling afforded him to seduce as many women as possible. He has just eloped with one, while another is suing him for bastardy.

ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE

NEW YORK STATE

FREETHINKERS' ASSOCIATION,

TO BE HELD AT

White Sulphur Springs Park, Saratoga Co., New York.

From Thursday, Sept. 2d, to Sunday, Sept. 12th, 1886.

Reduction on all railroad routes. Special excursion rates to Saratoga from all points.

The best Liberal speakers will be in attendance. List of speakers and subjects given next week.

Splendid facilities are afforded for boating, bathing, fishing, driving; magnificent scenery. The best dancing pavilion in the state. Fine band. Everything necessary to an enjoyable occasion. All the advantages of a visit to Saratoga will be afforded visitors, thus combining the attractions of that popular watering-place with those of the convention.

Season tickets, admitting the bearer to all lectures, **$1.00**. First-class board, **$1.00** per day. (It will greatly facilitate matters if orders for season tickets with remittance accompany applications for rooms.) Applications for tickets and rooms should be addressed to C. B. Reynolds, 33 Clinton Place, New York. Contributions, necessary to defray preliminary expenses, may be sent to the treasurer, E. M. Macdonald.

THE old reading was, "When you're in Rome you must do as the Romans do," but the moderu version is, "When you're in New York you must do as the English do."

"DID you go fishing when you were in the country last week?" asked Podsnap of Fangle. "No; couldn't get any bait," was the reply. "Why, that was singular, how was that?" "Happened to strike a local option neighborhood."

LITTLE boy (to reverend gentleman): "I want to hav a nice loud voice like yours when I grow up, Mr. Sermonizer." "Ah, you wish to be an orator, doubtless. I hav no doubt you can become one if you try, my son, and let me hope it is your desire to devote yourself to the services of the Lord in the pulpit." "Oh, no, indeed! I don't want to be a preacher. I'm going to be a milkmau."

A BOARDING-SCHOOL master desired a boy to write on his slate an account of the Good Samaritan, whereupon he wrote as follows: "A certing man went down from jerooslam to jerriker, and he felled among thawns, and the thawns sprang up and choaked him, wareupon he gave tuppins to the hoast and said tak care on him, and put him on his hone hass, and he passed by on the hother side."

THE SAINTS WERE WITH HIM.

Italian Pedler (bearing a tray of plaster of Paris figures on his head): "Ah, your reverence, it is a fine day."

Priest: "Indeed it is, my son. The saints be always with you."

Italian pedler: "Yes, your reverence, they always are. I havn't sold one this morning."

of Thought.

heartless piece of cruelty and rt of Christians, when they are ws for their Virgin Mary and orship, to turn against them, d to oppress them and despite- very possibly way.—*Bennett.*

ed the authority of the church, and Rousseau prepared the way for the destruction of the crown. He believed in a dreamland of the past, which had never existed; he appealed to imaginary laws of nature. Yet these errors were beneficial in their day. He taught men to yearn for an ideal state, which they with their own efforts might attain; he inspired them with the sentiment of liberty and a reverence of the law of right. Virtuous principles, abstract ideas, the future deities of men were now, for the first time, lifted up to be adored. A thousand hearts palpitated with excitement; a thousand pens were drawn; the people that slumbered in sorrow and captivity heard a voice bidding them arise; they strained, they struggled, and they burst their bonds. Jacques Bonhomme, who had hitherto gone on all fours, discovered to his surprise that he also was a biped, the world became more light, the horizon widened, a new epoch opened for the human race. —*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

To turn away from the stony temples and petrified doctrins of supernaturalism, and read Bacon understandingly, and know Kant, and walk hand in hand with Spencer, is like coming out of some Druidical grove of sacrifice into the pure air and lightsome day, for which we were made.—*Water's Through Rome On.*

GOLDSMITH: "There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day, and are not hurt by it. Surely, then, one may tell truth with safety." Johnson: "Why, sir, in the first place, he who tells a hundred lies has disarmed the force of his lies. But, besides, a man had rather hav a hundred lies told of him than one truth which he does not wish should be told." Goldsmith: "For my part I'd tell truth and shame the devil." Johnson: "Yes, sir; but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws." Goldsmith: "His claws can do you no harm when you hav the shield of truth."—*Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.*

OLD David Hope lived on a little farm close to Solwayshore, a mile or two east of Annan, a wet country, with late harvests, which are sometimes incredibly difficult to save—ten days continuously pouring, then a day, perhaps two days, of drought, part of them, it maybe, of high roaring wind, during which the moments are golden for you, and, perhaps, you had better work all night as presently there will be deluges again. David's stuff, one such morning, was all standing dry, ready to be saved still, if he stood to it, which was very much his intention. Breakfast, wholesome, hasty porridge, was soon over, and next in course came family worship, what they called taking the book, *i.e.*, taking your Bible, psalm and chapter always part of the service. David was putting on his spectacles when somebody rushed in. "Such a raging wind risen will drive the stooks (stacks) into the sea, if let alone." "Wind?" answered David. "Wind canna get ae (one) straw that has been appointed mine. Sit down and let us worship God."—*Carlyle's Reminiscences.*

To find people who believe their religion as a person believes that fire will burn his hand, when thrust into it, we must seek them in those oriental countries where Europeans do not yet predominate, or in the European world, where it is still universally Catholic.—*Mill's Essays on Religion.* [NOTE.—Specimens of the type of David Hope still linger, I suppose, in the Hebrides, and, not impossibly, in the God-forsaken state of Delaware, but Mill, educated by an enlightened, though not infallible, father, had no idea that such stone-blindness existed outside of heatheuism or popery. His friend, Carlyle, could hav enlighteued him, but I can well fancy that they would keep clear of talking on such subjects. There would hav been no good.—*Hylax.*]

WITH regard to my blankness in religion—you call by a mild name a set of opinions to which men usually attach a name that burns more than Inquisitor's fire and fagots—I hav fixed myself in that because I hav not yet found that faith which I could believe, and none among the creeds of this world which I could wish to be true. I could picture to myself a bright creed truly, but to think that it would be real because it was pretty would be childish indeed.—*Charles Butler.*

IN discussing anything the weight of reasouing, and not of authority, should be sought, since the authority of those who profess to teach is, on the whole, a hindrance to those who wish to learu For the latter cease to depend upon their own judgment, and take for granted the conclusions of those in whom they confide.—*Cicero.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE WORKINGMAN'S BURDEN.

Notes and Clippings.

An Albany speculator is said to be making a good deal of money by purchasing Canadian silver in New York at 20 per cent discount and circulating it at home at par.

Mrs. Lilla May Pavy, widow of the late Dr. Octave Pavy, naturalist and surgeon of the Greeley Arctic expedition, has given to the National Museum at Washington the relics collected by her husband on his trip to the Arctic region, reserving the right to withdraw them if she desires at any time during her lifetime.

Dr. Peter E. Minor, of Schenectady, thinks he has discovered a gold mine in Fulton, Schoharie county, N. Y. He has a rocky farm there, and in looking for building stone he came upon evidences of gold, which, on examination, indicated a yield of $584 to the ton. He has filed his claim to the mine with the secretary of state.

A physician in Middletown, N. Y., had such success in treating diphtheria that he boasted that he "defied God almighty to produce a case of diphtheria he couldn't cure." Immediately after, his eight children died of that disease, and now the neighborhood claims "a visitation in punishment of defiance of the deity."

In The Truth Seeker of the 14th inst., an account was given of the refusal of Clerk Jarvis, of the Naturalization Bureau, to issue papers to Carl Robitscheck, because of his declination to take the oath. Mr. Robitscheck has since found a friend in the person of Henry Akrep, who, by threatening Clerk Jarvis with legal proceedings, compelled the Naturalization Bureau to accept Mr. Robitscheck's affirmation, as provided in the Revised Statutes of the United States.

The Brooklyn *Examiner* (Roman Catholic) seems to hav small respect for the ecclesiastical character of the Abbé (and Canon) Liszt. The *Examiner* says: "At his funeral in Bayreuth there were no religious ceremonies, and his remains were conveyed to the cemetery suggestivly accompanied by the city fire brigade."

A Jersey City scamp married a woman because she had $150 saved. Then he boarded with her brother-in-law until he learned where his wife's folks kept their cash, when he stole his wife's $150 and $100 from her brother, and decamped. The Jersey City police are looking for the man for robbing the brother-in-law, but in New Jersey a man cannot be punished for robbing his wife. New Jersey, as we hav before remarked, is a great state—a little larger than Delaware.

In the past winter, at one of the Salvationist meetings at Canaseraga, when lots of men and women rose up to tell their experience, a little boy got up, thinking that he would not be behind in confession, and in a shrill voice delivered the following short speech, word for word: "I guess Jizzus is bully; I love him more and more; he picked me out of the gutter." The poor little brat probably did not know what whisky and beer were, and was not tall enough to steal apples. The same season, at a Salvationist meeting at Black Creek, in Birdsall, a slim, tall boy rose up, and clearing his throat, with some embarrassment made the following maiden speech: "Brethren, they may call me a crank, or a God-damn fool; I don't care; they may call me what they God-damn please; I am washed in the blood; brethren, pray for me." Being "washed in the blood," that boy must carry around with him the odors of sanctity.

In their dual capacity of Christians and law-expounders judges sometimes take queer positions. In 1821 a judge of this city handed down a decision in a blasphemy case and it has been formulated by a legal "digester" into "law:" "To speak contemptuous words of our savior is not punished as blasphemy where the words were uttered in the course of an intemperate political dispute by one who belonged to a church, and frequented it, and was of good character generally."

In the Chicago Anarchists' trial the prosecution has closed its argument, and the defense is now pleading. Mr. Walker was applauded by the audience when in his speech he referred to Spies's speech at Grand Rapids on Washington's birthday. Mr. Walker said: "Spies compared himself to George Washington. He said: 'There will be a revolution in 1886 when the eight-hour movement reaches its culmination. George Washington led a revolution. If he had failed he would hav been punished; if I fail I will be punished.'"

Messrs. Williams and Mainwaring, Socialistic speakers, were arrested in London for holding an outdoor meeting, the charge being obstructing the streets. The judge fined them $100 each, with the alternativ of two months in jail. Williams and Mainwaring maintain that they had a right to speak where they did, and will not pay the fine. If the authorities put them in prison, the sin will be that of the municipal authorities. The workingmen of London are fast realizing that the police are being used against them, while religious exhorters may use the streets whenever they choose without molestation.

There has been, doubtless, a good deal of twaddle talked on both sides of the questions that arise concerning religious education in our public schools. President Seelye, of Amherst College, goes very near the root of the matter when he asks, in the July *Forum*, why we should teach the life of Julius Cæsar in our schools and not that of Jesus Christ. And, indeed, why should we?—*Advocate.* For the very good reason that the life of Cæsar is history; that of Jesus Christ is not. As Miss Gardener would express it, we must discriminate historical facts from theological fictions.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is said to be a firm believer in pure secular government, as enunciated by Washington and Jefferson, and is possessed withal of ample statesmanlike courage to maintain his convictions in any emergency. Mr. Shepherd, of Leavenworth, recently wrote him upon the subject of church encroachment, calling attention particularly to the Comstock bill now in the Senate, and elicited a response from which the following is taken: "The subject is one of very great importance, and requires earnest and careful consideration. I shall endeavor to so act as to protect the liberties of the country against the assaults of its adversaries, whether political or evangelical."

Communications.

Facts About the New Testament.

A full knowledge of the true history of the Christian religion would astonish most Christians. The gospels of the New Testament did not assume a canonical position until the latter part of the second century. No book was called scripture until the year 170. It is wonderful to think how much the Christian has believed and how little he has known.

Now, I want to make an illustration. Suppose a proposition should be made to unite all the churches in one common body, and a great council should be called, and all the churches should send representativs to the council. Would not the Roman Catholic representativs strive with all their power to inject all the Catholic doctrin into the council that it was possible for them to do? Would not the Baptists strive with might and main for their peculiar ideas and dogmas? Would not the Presbyterians and Methodists manifest equal zeal and strive in like manner? In short, would not each church push its claims to the extent of its ability?

This was exactly the case with the councils of the church in which the doctrins and what was to constitute the scriptures of the New Testament were settled. Before these councils the various writings of which I hav spoken were presented. Of course, every partisan was pushing his claim. Every writer was anxious to hav his writings inspired by being adopted by the church councils. Hence these councils were frequently the scenes of hot disputes and bitter quarrels. Each partisan urged his own claim, and in many instances decried the claims of others. Cliques were formed like the political rings of the present day for the purpose of carrying some particular measure. At these councils the divinity of Christ, the miraculous conception, the resurrection, the ascension, the holy trinity, and other doctrins of the church were discussed and voted upon. At these councils selections were made from the various writings which comprise the scriptures of the New Testament, the councils deciding by vote which was the word of God and which was not. Creeds and parts of scripture which were adopted at one council were rejected at another. Some of these councils broke up with kicks and cuffs and broken heads.

A full history of all these councils would lead one to believe that if these Christian writers were inspired from above, the members of some of the councils were inspired from the lower country.

We know very little about the teachings and doings of Christ. Those who wrote about him, like the biographers of Washington, got in a great many hatchet-stories. They wrote what they pleased in the interests of the church, in times when the masses were too ignorant to read, before the art of printing was known; there were very few to call them to account, and the writers who disputed what the Christians had written had their writings either altered or burnt.

There seems to be preponderating evidence that some such man as Christ existed. The time of his birth and death is unknown. Some writers maintain that he died comparativly young, that his ministry lasted only about three years; others assert that it lasted over fifty years. If he was in the ministry over fifty years, of course his birth would hav to be set back before the Christian era, so as to correspond with the difference between three and fifty.

It would appear that Christ was born among the very poor, and that his followers were from the same class, so much so that they were compelled to put what little they possessed into a common fund in order to provide for those who were unable to provide for themselvs.

It seems marvelous that the followers of Christ should be driven to such straits, when the master was the very God, and could feed a vast multitude and hav more provisions left after the feast than they had before. If Christ should appear among the churches to-day as he was when he worked at his trade, making yokes and plows, with his apron on, all dirt and grime, he would be told, as a certain woman was, that "it was not desirable to hav her attend church until she could appear a little more presentable."

But wasn't that a droll kind of business for a God to be engaged in? What do you suppose Barnum would giv for a plow that God made? And oh! what ox-yokes for a new country.

Notwithstanding the fact that Christ was from the poor and lowly, and his followers were from the same class, the latter-day Christian who rents the costliest slip in the church is considered the biggest frog in the pond. He is not only allowed to occupy the highest bog, but does all the loud croaking. This holds good wherever the Christian religion prevails.

It is as impossible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, yet everywhere the church bows to wealth, but it puts under the ban all those who do not indorse its superstitions. Are we bearing aloft the torch of reason, or are we as blind as moles, trying to envelop all in darkness?

Is there sin in an honest thought? Is there wickedness in the expression of an opinion? Is there danger that there will be too many thinkers in the world? Would it not be better to encourage honest thinkers than to put them down? It is as wicked to strangle a thought as it would be to strangle a newborn babe.

I believe the Christian religion to be a great delusion, but I would not suppress the thoughts of a Christian by force if I had the power.

Freedom of thought tends toward better conditions, to a higher civilization. The literary world should be like a great fair—the best thoughts should bear away the highest prizes.

Is there any good reason why a man should not be allowed to express his opinion upon any and all systems of religions as well as upon any other subject?

Some of the most valuable books hav been burnt, some of the grandest ideas choked down. It may hav been better for the priestood, but was it better for the world? Hav priests and ministers the right to do the thinking for the rest of mankind? Let thought clash against thought, like two Damascus blades; perhaps a spark of truth may be eliminated. He who strikes for the freedom of thought strikes for the freedom of the world. He who would suppress the freedom of thought deserves to be a slave, and will sooner or later find a master. Freedom of thought is worth more to the world than all the systems of supernatural religions put together.

It would be painful to portray the means which the church has resorted to first and last to suppress the freedom of thought. Humanity must ever weep over imprisoned innocence. Those who hav suffered torture and death at the hands of the church may be counted by thousands.

Every pretense of freedom, while the mind is enslaved, is a sham. Every Christian who attempts to shield his religion by enslaving the mind may be a good Christian, but he will prove a bad republican.

If the Christian can prove that Christ can forgiv sins, it will prove a great bonanza to the Jameses, the Guiteaus, and all who are "roped" into the New Jerusalem. I believe such doctrin to be most pernicious in its influence. "In the good time coming" every man will be a savior. From the time when "I ran in the slippery paths of youth" up to the present time there is much to be forgiven, but I would much rather ask those against whom I hav sinned to forgiv me than to call upon one who died nearly two thousand years ago, and one whom I never had the power to injure.

If the Christian should prove that a snake brought all the sin into the world, it would go hard with that snake if I could find him.

"The principles of good and evil," says Draper, "are in never-ending conflict. The world is their battle-ground, and man is their prize." Snake or no snake, this is true. There is a Persian legend that the evil spirit sent a serpent to ruin the paradise which the good spirit had made. This shows that even the old snake story is of Eastern origin. Friendly reader, please giv me credit for running the old snake of the garden into its original hole; and I would plug up the hole, but what would the Christian's dear savior and plan of redemption amount to without the old snake story?

Professor Draper says: "As a gratification to their pride, the conquering republic brought the gods of the vanquished peoples to Rome. That paramount authority exercised by each divinity in his original seat disappeared at once in the crowd of gods and goddesses among whom he had been brought."

So if the Christian could be brought directly in contact with all the other religious systems of the world, he would begin "to see himself as others see him," and the peculiar sanctity of his own religion would disappear entirely. If the miracles of the New Testament could be brought into fair competition with the miracles of Mohammed, Apollonius, Simon Magus, and other great miracle-workers of the world, they would be so tamed down as to attract neither attention nor comment.

Could the Christian be surrounded with all the saviors who were god-begotten and crucified to atone for the sins of a wicked world, he would see that the gods had shed a great deal of blood first and last to little purpose.

Could he see all the worshipers of the world on bended knees before their respectiv gods and saviors, the consolations of the Christian religion would turn to ashes when it was found that millions of others were deriving the same consolation from other gods and saviors.

Few Christians could be made to believe that a dove came out of a divining rod, and lit upon the head of Joseph, as mentioned in the Protevangelion. But if the book containing this statement had been voted the word of God, every Christian would hav believed it. All the Christian has for his faith to rest upon is the votes of men, and some of them very bad men too. The early fathers referred to this gospel, and it was believed to be genuin by many of the early Christians. Whether true or false, the New Testament was partly made up from it. Oswald says: "The committee of the church council that made the four gospels the canon of their faith had to select them from fifty-four contradictory versions."

If the early writers were inspired, where did these "contradictory versions" come from? One thing is certain: those who made the selection were not inspired, and the Christian ought to see that all he has to depend upon is the reliability of that committee of whom not one Christian in ten thousand knows anything.

A few words to the Liberal reader will close this article. These "Facts About the New Testament," which I hav been a long time gathering up, were mainly written out on my knee in the workshop, a few minutes at a time as I was able to snatch them from my business. If time is permitted, some day I shall giv them a more elaborate finish.

But I am growing old, and life at the best is uncertain, and I thought it might be the means of doing some good to touch the torch of these facts to the brain of some young man, even though it were done in a bungling way.

The facts as stated will be verified by consulting the works of Waite, Draper, Taylor, Mosheim, Paine, and Gibbon. I advise every young Liberal to obtain these works and study them closely; they will serve as a shield while fighting the battle against superstition.

In the days of slavery I was told that the slaves were happy and contented with their lot. I said I would never cease to heap curses upon an institution which was clothed with power to utterly obliterate the last vestige of manhood from the human mind. More than eighteen hundred years the cruelest superstition which the world ever saw has been plowing deep furrows into the human brain, until millions are reft of their manhood, and lie sprawling in the dust at the feet of a bloated priesthood.

And, now, my Liberal young friend, I want to induce you to take up this fight against superstition, and wage a stronger battle than my limited circumstances hav allowed me to do. And I want to say that I ask no higher honor than to hav some young man with talent and courage stand at my grave, and, in the name of humanity, pledge himself to carry on this fight until reason is enthroned, and the last vestige of superstition is drived from our land.

JOHN PECK.

Si Slokum to the Religious Editor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT, *Sir:* The following you copied from THE TRUTH SEEKER:

I wish I had the gift of gab, I would get onto the revival racket at once. There are thousands, if not millions, in it. —*Si Slokum.*

This sentiment, you remark, "leaves little room for surprise that scandalously bad people occasionally get into the church."

Now, I wrote these words to show, in the best way, what I thought of your Christian "revivalists," who, to a man, are "on the racket" for money. A set of deadbeats and mountebanks, every one of them is making tenfold more money than he could possibly make otherwise, and *you know it.* Sam Jones wasn't worth a dollar when he "struck the racket," and Sam Small was over ears in debt when he "got onto it;" they are now both raking in the dollars hand over fist, as the saying is, getting these dollars from poor fools much easier than they ever before got any dollars.

Speaking of bad people that "occasionally get into the church," allow me to say that "occasionally" is good, very good. If I could believe that *good* people "occasionally get into the church," my opinion of the church would be different from what it is; but I don't believe it, and my opinion of the church is what it is.

I repeat that, were I a Christian (?) possessed of the gift of gab, I would get onto the revival racket without loss of time. No ordinary business that I know of pays as well as this racket, and money is what the Christian (?) is after all the time and every time, and fools pour it into the pockets of the "revivalist," who knows there is no soft thing in life for him equal to the one he is working, and which he works to the extent of his ability. It is a wonder to me that there are not more in the business—observe that I look upon it as a business, an extremely shady one, requiring first-class hypocrisy to conduct successfully, of which Christians (?) alone hav the monopoly—than are now engaged in it. It must be that it requires no little "personal magnetism," a quality or gift that does not largely obtain with mortals, to draw and keep drawing crowds of fools and the dollars from their pockets; otherwise "revivalists" would abound and run the whole business into the ground. What a "revivalist" Jim Blaine would make, eh? Talmage would make a "corker," too. To be sure, he is not so "magnetic" as Jim, but, king of clowns as he is, he would probably draw as well as the "man magnetic" of Maine. But he won't go "on the road," having a softer thing with an established circus of his own where his grotesque

contortions, convulsing grimaces, and stage tricks are enjoyed by thousands who are willing to pay well for being amused by the boss theological clown of all Christendom.

The "sentiment" I expressed, in order to show the character of these Doctors of Hypocrisy, is the sentiment that urged them to go into the "revival" business, and the sentiment that causes them to stick to it. Money is what they are after, and the easiest way to get it is the way for them, hence they work the "revival" business, the easiest of all ways of getting money, save Jay Gould's way, which they hav not the brains for, so try the next best and easiest way. It is the sentiment that urges men to join the church and become Chirstians (?). The argument is: I can succeed better if I join the church. I can sell 1,800 pounds of coal for a ton, and never be questioned, because I am a church-member and a Christian (?). I can adulterate my coffees, teas, sugars, and everything that will bear adulteration, and not be suspected, for the ægis of church-membership covereth a multitude of sins from the sight of the world. That's the argument, and he joins the church forthwith and becomes a full-fledged Christian (?). It is the sentiment that rules all you Christians (?), Mr. *Independent* Editor, and *you know it.*

Gracious! I should like to look upon some of those "scandalously bad people who *occasionally* get into the church." They must be the toughest of tough cusses, if they exceed in *badness* many of your pious pulpiteers in the seduction line, or exalted laymen in the bank-wrecking line, and who rob widows and orphans right and left, and are up to all sorts of rascality, such as is every day being exposed. But as a few drops of sludge acid dropped into a bucket of sewer filth won't make the latter much the worse, so a few "scandalously bad people getting into the church *occasionally*" won't make the church much the worse, as I look at it. How is it with your vision, Mr. Editor? Perhaps you never looked at it in that light. But I hav no other light; so don't distress yourself with the thought that I might get into the church. I don't want, and wouldn't hav, any of it in mine, and wouldn't touch it with a forty-foot pole. What is the saying about pitch and defilement? Doubtless you can bring it to mind.

Hoping you will be able some day to say that some very *good* people are "*occasionally* getting into the church," I remain Yours despairingly,

SI SLOKUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I send the above to you for publication, doubting very much that the *Independent* editor would be independent enough to publish it. S. S.

"Superstition in the Labor Movement."

The sensible and witty article of Mr. George Macdonald in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 24th suggests a few remarks. Although "land nationalization" expresses the spirit of Henry George's agitation, you overlook the circuitous method of effecting this which he proposes in "Progress and Poverty," and which is the same now enthusiastically advocated by a New York organ devoted to his apostolate, viz., *Spread the Light.* Mr. George's panacea against laudlordry. in which he sees the devil and the genesis of all the ills that flesh is heir so, is "to tax land up to its full value," meaning thus to transfer all profits of rent to the government treasury, but his scheme does not suppress private ownership of land, nor does Henry George accept limitation of areas in landed property. Subject to the tax, the soil should, in George's view, be a market commodity, open to speculation.

A devout believer in "concentration" as the practical spirit of our age, and especially in the accumulation of wealth by any other capitalists than landlords, approving usury and commercial profits, Henry George is hand in glove with the political economists. Repudiating coöperation as a remedy for the evils of labor, and aspiring to nothing beyond the wage or hireling system, he would justify by the logical application of his principle, one man or corporation in owning all the soil of the United States, and cultivating it by hired labor, if he only paid his tax assessment. Now, this ought to be less difficult than for a "right whale," the toothless whale that swallows without biting, but whose throat is hardly bigger than an ox's, to swallow Jonah. Mr. George makes it easier by suppressing all taxes on improvements, though here occurs the practical objection that Mr. Macdonald has noted, viz., the difficulty of separating such added values in the assessment, from the soil, of which manures, for example, are integrant, and whose values in all agricultural land are relativ to the soil. The "unearned increment" by rise of value in city lots is the basis of distinct economic problems, and it is plausibly argued by many that this should not be left a prey to speculators. It remains to ask who has the best right to it or the taxes it will bear, the general government or the local municipality from whose civic aggregation the rise in value has resulted. But such niceties do not arrest Mr. George's attention; he is statesman or nothing, and his ideal is the absorption of all other taxes in the land-tax, which alone in its glory is to suffice for all the costs, the expenditures, the extravagances of government. His sanguin disciples expect it to yield, after paying the public debt, a surplus debt, for the purchase of the railroads, and telegraphs next, and the factories afterward, but Mr. George has not, that I am aware, himself avowed state Socialism.

His attention, in "Progress and Poverty," was preoccupied with agricultural affairs. Now remark this: the difference in profits between ordinary farming and the great bonanza farms does not result from a greater yield per acre, but from the application of steam or the dynamo with improved machinery to a great number of acres, with a corresponding reduction in the number of laborers. In agriculture, as in manufacture, the quantity, as compared with handwork, is thus as one hundred to one, and it is computed by the leading proprietor or manager at Glyndon, Dakota, as Edward Atkinson mentions, that one man's labor, already equivalent to a yield of 5,500 bushels of wheat, or the culture of half a section, may, by perfected arrangements, yield twice as much, extending to a 640-acre tract, though of course not separately or isolativly.

In climates where, as in Arkansas and tropicward, two crops a year are obtainable, the number of laborers must be increased, but the highest wages still bear no proportion to the profits. The machinery, the buildings, etc., are improvements that Mr. George would exempt from taxation, which would therefore fall lightly upon the great capitalist of the bonanza farm, but heavily upon the small farmer, without improved machinery or their great motors, and whose property consists mainly in the soil itself. What prevents them from combining their means for the purchase of machinery, and working with it? Only lack of wisdom, wit, and will?

These are serious obstacles, but not all. Of all factors, the most potent are habit and custom. Now, these favor the adjustments of coöperation under capitalist authority as in factories, or governmental authority as in armies and navies; but the working farmer class is accustomed to a system of separativ interests, to the old-fashioned patriarchal family life, only narrower. Nothing short of compulsion or imminent starvation will make farmers coöperate otherwise than with their own hired help, unless under some religious influence, like the Shakers or disciples of Socialist teachers.

Had modern mechanics the thrifty disciplin of the medieval crafts, they would hav owned machinery, instead of letting it pass into the hands of a distinct class of capitalists. To this moral difficulty is added the fact that machinery dispenses with the greater number of the laborers previously employed. Only a small number of our actual farmers could then be activ partners in coöperation with machinery, and if they can get the use of capital they will suffice for the supply of the market.

Henry George objects to coöperation that it benefits only the coöperators, and, his ideas being confined to competition in the market, he cannot see how they are to profit, unless at other folk's expense. This squinting view has a real, although limited, truth. The advocacy of a compulsory eight-hour law, which Mr. Macdonald justly condemns in Henry George, is in glaring inconsistency with his position in "Progress and Poverty," condemning the intervention of government in economics, and trusting to free competition; though, as we hav just shown, competition would not be free and fair under his land-tax between great and small proprietors, but fulfil the Christian axiom, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

The eight-hour regulation would result in the employment of relays, or a double set of hands—even a treble or quadruple set in some works—and better qualities of work are done short of fatigue than when fatigued; but to realize the advantages of leisure it is necessary not to be too hungry. Now, if twelve hours' work barely pays enough to liv by, how will capitalists be induced to pay as much for eight hours? Such laws imply the abolition of personal contracts, and finally the monopoly of capital by government, with the vague and pueril supposition that its authoritativ taskmasters will prove more merciful than our actual employers. But look at the Egypt of the Pharaohs and its fellahs. There is your state Socialism cut and dry. Privileged taskmasters, whether appointed or elected, as elections go—will they be more considerate for the laborer, not of their own party, or will the ballot giv the title to employment?

ENGEWORTH.

Bacon vs. Shakspere.

The Shakspereans appear to cling to their idol with the same tenacity that the Christians hold on to their Jesus. The editor of the Chicago *Current* having made some derisiv remarks about the alleged proof that Shakspere could not write, I addressed him a card in a chipper style, which he not only printed with antagonistic comments, but condescended to write me privately as follows:

You are enlisted in a war on our greatest literary genius. As you know, I, in common with mankind, hav no sympathy with you. Even if I could tolerate the discussion at all I should demand a preliminary state of mind in the investigation that you hav not got. If a man saw he could dethrone Shakspere, he ought to feel unhappy; he should not glory in such work. I giv you my opinions candidly because I expect to do what I can to embarrass even the temporary success of all such adventures as yours.

To this I replied as follows:

You tell me I am "enlisted in a war on our greatest literary genius." How so? Do I make war on Bacon?

You say that you, "in common with mankind," hav no sympathy with me. Tut, tut! How many of mankind hav yet given a thought to the question? And how many care whether Bacon or Shakspere wrote the plays? But already we hav a fine array of Baconians, and the converts are coming in fast.

As for my "preliminary state of mind," it was always receptiv of truth, and in my pamphlet I treat the subject dispassionately. But do you not betray the unreceptiv state of your mind in the expression, "If I could tolerate the discussion at all," and again when you say, "I expect to do what I can to embarass even the temporary success of such adventures as yours?"

You taunt me with glorying in my work, and tell me that if I could dethrone Shakspere I "ought to feel unhappy."

I am indeed sorry to disturb the benighted worshipers of the dumb idol of Avon, but do I not giv them in its place an object worthy of the highest adoration?

But mine is only a little contribution. There cometh after me a mightier one who will prove beyond all cavil that Bacon concealed and yet disclosed his authorship in the folio of 1623 by an incontrovertible cipher.

W. H. B.

Our London Letter.

It is gratifying to the Freethought party that Charles Bradlaugh is once more in the field as a lecturer and writer against religious superstition. His political career has hitherto absorbed the greater portion of his time, so much so, indeed, that he had apparently drifted quite away from the pursuit of his earlier days. But now that his parliamentary troubles, with the exception of the appeal yet to be heard before the lords, are well over, he no doubt finds himself more at liberty to resume his attacks on clerical error.

One of his bitterest opponents, Sir Henry Tyler, has, through Bradlaugh's instrumentality, been convicted of infringing the law, and fined for actions that no decent individual would be guilty of; and another of them, Baron de Worms, has just found it necessary to relieve himself of his unfaithful wife. He would much better hav been employed in attending to his domestic affairs than in opposing a properly qualified member of Parliament from taking his seat in the House. It is rather curious that so many of Bradlaugh's opponents hav come to grief one way and another, while those who hav supported him hav been much more fortunate.

There is a big Wesleyan Methodist conference in London just now, and consequently quite a show of long black coats and soft felt hats. It is about the most mixed lot I hav seen for some time; every type of physiognomy is visible. Some of the individuals are very truculent looking, and intelligent faces are the exception. I do not know what they are supposed to be doing—probably organizing some plan for increasing the receipts, which, I understand, are not coming in so freely as might be desired. The beating of the drum ecclesiastic is not so efficacious as it once was, and the parsons hav to put on more power to enable them to cover the expenditure and keep all the churches going.

The vicar of a church in Lambeth has been greatly upset by a proposition brought before the vestry condemning the system of burial fees, and has written a letter in which he offers to bury the vestryman who made the motion, free of cost, stating that "as a Christian minister" he would be extremely and particularly happy of having the opportunity of so doing. One member said the man who could write such a letter was a disgrace to any denomination, but I should imagin he was a fair sample of his kind. A parson always flies to arms if there is any suggestion of cutting down his fees. He prefers the cash to waiting till he is fed by ravens.

Messrs. Foote and Ramsey hav met with a slice of bad luck. A fire which broke out in an adjoining building caught their premises, and did a great amount of damage, and I hear just at the critical time they were uninsured. There will be great joy in the Christian community in consequence, and it will no doubt be attributed to the just anger of the Lord, though in such case it was rather clumsily managed, as so much property belonging to others, who are not Atheists, has also been destroyed.

The elections this time hav gone against Gladstone, but then this would be only what might be anticipated, as it could scarcely be expected that a Christian nation would in anywise be willing to grant any degree of justice to a subject race. There may, however, not hav been quite so much opposition to the measure had the land-purchase scheme been left out, and many who were not unfavorable to Home Rule could not agree to being further heavily taxed solely for the benefit of the landlord tribe. Of course the usual religious animosity was imported into the matter, and fervid Protestants, though fully assured that the Lord was with them and approved thoroughly of their form of religion, were not quite so certain that he could protect them against the en-

croachments of the scarlet woman, and so considered that they could manage the matter so much better themselvs by keeping the Irish down.

Beecher has been considerably lionized here, and as his motto is "No pay, no preach," no doubt he is making a very good thing of his visit. As he does not appear to believe in hell and its accessories, I don't quite see how those who do can giv him what they term "the right hand of fellowship," but as he can draw a crowd and is pretty well known in one way or another, a trifling difference in doctrinal points won't matter much.

I hear that Charles Watts is lecturing about the country, but it appears he does not intend taking up his residence here, and contemplates returning to his adopted home next month. I hav not run across him yet, but may do so, perhaps, before he is off again. J. D.

London, Eng., July 28, 1886.

Proof.

In general discussions there seems to be a great tendency to regard the word *proof* as absolute instead of conditional in its signification. One person states that a certain proposition or fact has been proved, positivly; another, with the same evidence, declares that it has not been proved. Each seems to think that if he regards it as proved or not proved, it is so, and the whole world ought to coincide and thus the question will be settled. But the question whether or not a proposition has been proved depends largely on who the umpire is.

One definition of proof, as given by Webster, is, "That degree of evidence which convinces the mind of the certainty of truth or fact, and produces belief." The degree of evidence necessary to convince the mind and produce belief varies greatly in individuals. Should a person of superior intelligence and remarkable truthfulness solemnly state that he once saw a man lift himself from the ground grasping one of his boot-tops in each hand and remain suspended in the air for several minutes, doubtless people could be found sufficiently ignorant and credulous to believe it. That such an act took place would be proved to those people. The bare statement by a certain person would be sufficient to produce belief. Take the average preacher. What does proof mean to him? He knows that the basis of his religion is true because it has been proved. He will tell you that the Bible is true because it is the word of God, and he knows there is a God because the Bible says so. The existence of God and the truth of the Bible hav been irresistibly and conclusivly proved to him. Ask him how he knows there is a God, aside from the Bible testimony, and he will tell you that the world couldn't hav come by chance, therefore there *must* be a God. Chance and God, with him, are the only sources whence the universe could hav proceeded. It would be useless to question him further. If you undertake to "corner" him by asking him if he can form any clearer conception of the process of the creation of something from nothing by a God than by a man, and how he knows that God (who must be *something* if he exists at all) could hav been eternally self-existent but matter *must* hav been created, and so on, he will either "decline to discuss sacred subjects with an unbeliever," or fly back to his stronghold, the Bible.

The Spiritualist has no proof of a God, but abundance of proof of the existence of disembodied spirits. The Materialist, though he may hav witnessed all the so-called Spiritual phenomena, has not had "that degree of evidence which convinces the mind," therefore the existence of no kind of supernatural or spiritual beings has been proved to him.

But the general standard of proof is evidence of a kind and amount sufficient to produce a general concurrence of conviction in those fully competent to judge, without regard to prejudice, belief, or peculiar mental constitution; such as that in favor of what are known as the established facts of science, and such as may be examined and weighed by ordinary persons under ordinary circumstances.

There are four orders of beings, gods, devils, angels, and spirits; multiplied millions of people hav believed in the existence of all of them, many other millions hav believed in part of them, and those beliefs hav exerted and will continue to exert an all-potent influence on the actions, development, and historical destiny of mankind, but the actual existence of none of these beings has ever been proved, giving to the word "proof" anything like its just and proper sense.

It is amusing to read the communication of A. A. Noe, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 17th. He says: "I challenge any Materialist to prove Materialism to be true. Do you *know* that death ends all?"

What a waste of words! The Materialist might giv reasons "scores and scores of times" why he believes life to be the result of organization, but it would be no proof to Mr. Noe. He says: "I hav spent several hundred dollars to get the facts. Yes, sir; I hav spent time and money to get the facts, and I hav got them." No doubt of it. There are dozens of mediums in this country who are willing, even anxious, to exchange any number of Spiritual facts for several hundred material dollars of the republic. But why is it that the truth of those facts has not been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the adults of Ohio (Mr. Noe's state), or even half of them? A large proportion of people are impressed with the idea that a very general belief, a belief held by a large majority, amounts to proof.

The exact location of the soul in the body has been variously placed, some placing it in the brain, some in the heart, etc., but I think that formerly the most favored place was in the pineal gland, a small organ in the base of the brain.

If all were agreed, this would giv us an approximate idea of the size of the soul; but the ancient Romans believed the shade or spirit to be *larger* than the physical frame. It is quite clear that no soul has ever been measured with sufficient accuracy to enable any tailor in *this* world to guarantee a good fit. The opinions of religionists regarding the employment of souls are very nebulous, and Spiritualists are scarcely more definit; so that simply the belief that there is a future existence is the only one that can properly be called general. Every thinking person who will reflect a little on the list of exploded beliefs will readily admit that mere belief on any subject, no matter by how many held, furnishes no element of proof, and must be discarded in considering the question of proof. If Spiritualism be true, it is simply one of the immutable facts of nature, and must be proved, if at all, by scientific methods, as any other scientific fact. Kepler proved that planets moved in ellipses; Newton proved the persistence of mechanical force; Lavoisier proved the persistence of ponderable matter, showing that no atom of matter could be destroyed or created; it was proved that Guiteau shot Garfield; it has been proved that violations of natural laws are injurious to health. Prove Spiritualism as truly as any of the above facts hav been proved, and you can count all the Materialists in this country on the fingers of one hand. The Materialist may not be able to prove that "death ends all," but he has an immense advantage over the Spiritualist, for he has *something* to work upon; something from which data can be derived; something which can be examined and analyzed, viz., matter. Everybody believes in matter. It has often been stated, however, that Bishop Berkeley (born in 1684) argued against the existence of matter. Even Byron said, "When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter, and proved it, 'twas no matter what he said" (Don Juan). But this is a mistake, probably due to misconceptions and illogical inferences. Berkeley carried the spiritualistic doctrin to a great extreme, but his argument was that we hav no more grounds for doubting the existence of spirit than we hav for denying the existence of matter. Quite a different thing.

Suppose a case. A seance is held. I attend, by invitation of a zealous Spiritualist, one who has "got the facts," having paid well for them—Mr. Noe, for instance—who guarantees to furnish me with positiv proof of a spirit existence. I promis to do my utmost to grasp every scintilla of evidence, and giv it due weight. The medium shows me a pair of clean slates, on which I can see no writing. She places a bit of pencil between them, locks them, and places them in a certain position. Soon a scratching is heard, and in a short time the slates are opened, and behold! several lines of writing are seen upon them, signed, D. M. Bennett, for instance. My friend shows me the slates, and says, triumphantly, "See that writing. The medium did not write it and could not (?) hav written it, *therefore* Bennett's spirit *must* hav written it."

Here, then, is the vaunted proof. I see writing on a slate. I cannot explain how it was produced, and frankly say so. Spiritualism has been proved true, and I am expected to understand it. That is my friend's position at this point. But I reply that all is not clear; that when I consider the marvelous feats of legerdemain, the production of writing in an unaccountable manner fails to make a very deep impression of any kind on my mind.

But, granting the entire absence of trickery, I fail to see even the ghost of anything like proof. I know that writing has been produced in various ways by human beings, and no other beings anywhere can write, so far as I know; hence writing, of itself, wherever found and under whatever circumstances, is *prima facie* evidence of human handiwork and cannot be ascribed to any other than a living person unless positiv evidence, wholly independent of the writing itself, is produced of some other agency. No such evidence has been produced, hence it must still be held that this writing is the work of a living person. "But," says my friend, "our observation failed to detect any person doing it, yet it indicates intelligence." I reply, "If you depend on intelligence for a solution, tell me what intelligence is like. I will giv you five minutes to form a mental picture of intelligence and tell me one of its properties. You find it impossible to form a conception of intelligence except as manifested by some organized being. If a spirit wrote that, the pencil was moved by muscular power. Muscular power implies muscles, and muscles imply all the other organs of a conscious being. Now, no person can conceive of an organized being passing through a slate, or even through the crack between the frames. No organism could pass through solid matter without disintegration. A vague, shadowy, misty outline of a human form appears to your imagination. That is the spirit. You are puzzled to know how the writing was produced, and you jump to the conclusion that the spirit did it; but to realize, even in the remotest degree, the act of passing to the inside of the slate and moving the pencil is wholly beyond human comprehension."

Fancy the dignified George Washington, in a Revolutionary suit, crawling through the crack between two slate-frames at the request of the celebrated medium, Madam Fizzletop, of Shinbone Alley, who, for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar of lawful money, has undertaken to astonish the senses and gratify the morbid curiosity of Mr. Josiah Hayseed.

"Now, there are two properties common to and pervading all matter and inseparable from it—inertia and gravity. If the bodies of spirits are lighter than air, bulk for bulk, they will rise above it; if they are heavier, they will come to the ground in spite of intelligence; hence the alleged power of spirits to roam through space at will, visit other planets, etc., is impossible, and I ask you to prove the act possible before asking me again to believe that a spirit did the writing." "But perhaps they hav wings." "Perhaps, but there is not the least ground for such a supposition, and no body heavy enough to come to the ground could fly with wings anywhere near to the top of our atmosphere, to say nothing of going through a supposed ethereal substance not known to exist. You persist in assuming the truth of the very fact you hav set out to prove. No matter how much *you* know about spirits, you must constantly bear in mind that I know absolutely nothing. I hav not the least conception of the form, weight, size, color, or substance of a spirit. During the test I saw and heard nothing but objects perfectly familiar. Then how can writing or any other alleged spiritual performance giv me the least idea of what it is like? Fill ten slates with writing, cover the walls of a room with writing in an instant, and still I deny that the first element of proof of spirit existence has been furnished, and I will trust the decision of this point to any eminent lawyer or scientist in this country.

"Can you or any of the professors you hav named tell me anything about the substance composing spiritual bodies? Does it contain one or more or none of the sixty-three elements composing all known matter? If any, which? If none, of what is it composed? Hav you ever had a piece of spiritual substance in your hand? Hav any of your professors ever analyzed any of it? If so, please name some of its properties? Is it elastic or rigid? Is it affected by heat and cold? Where is the source of supply? You can giv no information on any of these points, yet you are *sure* there is such a thing. The question of spiritual garments has been mentioned so often I will refrain from asking any questions about them. Neither will I inquire about spiritual food, though it would be interesting to know whether spirits hav beefsteak every day, and whether they hav to work for it. If spirit bodies are composed of matter, their alleged acts hav been shown to be impossible; if they are composed of a substance whose properties are unknown, how do you know that they could act on matter, which they must do if their alleged acts are real?

"You say that spirits are invisible because of the fineness or rarity of the substance composing them. Now, substance that is invisible in daylight because of its rarity cannot be seen at night even with the aid of an electric light. Then why is a *dark* place always necessary to the production of a spirit? Is this not suspicious, to say the least? They say that a spirit becomes visible by taking on some of the grosser substance of the medium. An ingenious solution, truly. That is the most consummate piece of humbug the most audacious impostor ever conceived. There is nothing analogous to it in all nature, and the fact that intelligent people can swallow such stuff denotes a degree of credulity that is not only amazing but lamentable. Why don't the mediums supply them with means to make themselvs heard? Again, if D. M. Bennett (or any other person of good character) was as honest a man as his most intimate friends claim, and wanted to inform the world of the truth of the sublime and thrilling fact of continued existence, that information would be free. I utterly refuse to believe that he would communicate through, and thus become an accomplice of, any medium who would use such information as a means of acquiring sordid gain, besides suffering the mortification of finding himself disbelieved by some of his best friends. This is only an inference, and could not affect any positiv evidence of spirit life, but in the absence of such evidence it has a bearing on the question of inherent probability."

Professor Bain, of Aberdeen University, one of the greatest logicians of the world, and author of several standard scientific works, says: "The phenomena of clairvoyance are all in the position of antecedent in-

credibility. That anyone should see with the eyes bandaged is at variance with the conditions of vision as established by all the authentic experience of the human race. Yet this has been affirmed by multitudes of witnesses. The testimony of witnesses, however, in such a matter cannot be received. The sole condition of admitting such a fact would be (what has never yet been attempted) a rigorous verification according to the methods of experimental science. So with the other facts of the same class—prophetic dreams, visions, or intimations of events at a distance. These are all opposed to well-established inductions."

Let those who find solace in a hope of continued existence still cherish that hope. I hav no wish to destroy it; but to say that spirit life has been *proved* is nothing less than gross absurdity, closely bordering on idiocy. As Professor Tyndall says: "And if you are content to make your 'soul' a poetic rendering of a phenomenon which refuses the yoke of ordinary mechanical laws, I, for one, would not object to this exercise of ideality."

The poet, the philosopher, the scientist, the philanthropist, all who hav acquired honorable fame, hav left an imperishable impress on the world that will mold, in some degree, our opinions and characters and those of succeeding generations, and will cause them to be held in grateful remembrance down through the coming ages. This is a glorious immortality and a true one. Let them rest. Do not dishonor the memories of the noble dead by dragging them out on midnight errands at the beck and call of ignorant charlatans, preying on the misplaced credulity of their fellow-creatures.

How hav the mighty fallen!

The departed great ones of earth hav shrunk in bodily proportions to the size of a needle's point, and it is noticeable that their intellects hav shrunk in a proportionate degree, judging from mediumistic accounts. This shows that mediums are not lost to a sense of fitness in *every* respect. No man, since reaching the alleged spirit-world, has ever said a truer, wiser, or more important thing than he did when living, and has never blessed the world with the least scrap of useful information. N. G. W.

The New York State Convention.

The following sums to defray expenses of the New York State Freethinkers' Annual Convention hav been received:

Stephen Brewer	$1.00
A Friend	1.00
E. B. Foote, Sr., M.D.	10.00
E. B. Foote, Jr., M.D.	5.00
E. M. Davis	5.00

Contributions should be sent to the treasurer, E. M. Macdonald, 33 Clinton Place, New York.

The American Secular Union.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$2,802.67
O. B. Whitford (charter)	5.00
Eugene Merrill "	5.00
J. F. Ruggles	2.00
Wm. Seals	1.00
Wm. Eastman	1.00
Rock Springs (per Z. B. Meredith, and others)	9.60
Greeley (per J. W. Leighton, M. J. Hoagerty, Capt. A. J. Wadlia, L. Hare, I. E. Williams, Samuel Graham, F. E. Smith, H. C. Watson, Capt. David Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, and others)	20.40
Longmont (per John R. Kelso, Mrs. Etta Kelso, Mr. and Mrs. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, Mr. John Hertha, Lewis Hertha, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, and others)	12.50
Longmont Secular Society (per John Hertha, sec.)	5.00
Total	$2,864.17

PLEDGES PAID.—F. W. Leideker, $5; John Engstrom, $10.

News and Notes.

Greeley, Col., was founded sixteen years ago by a colony mainly from New England and New York, and through many struggles has at last acquired a substantial property. The farming lands about it are excellent and in a high state of cultivation. The once cactus-covered plains are now beautiful with groves and abundant harvests. Greeley is like a jewel set in the garden spot of Colorado.

I found a good resting-place at the home of Captain A. J. Wadlia, a sailor and a soldier who has had a varied experience and won his way amid many difficulties, and is an ardent Freethinker. He has had too much good sense, and disciplin out of life's battles, to be anything else. Mr. and Mrs. Wadlia made my first experience of Colorado quite refreshing.

Our friend J. W. Leighton is quite an activ worker, and he does not allow orthodoxy to hav much rest. He spares neither time nor money in the cause of Freethought. His family also is Liberal, and I enjoyed their pleasant hospitality.

Dr. Camp and his family are equally enthusiastic, and it was quite a pleasure to meet with those who are so thoroughly interested in advanced ideas.

There are many Liberals in Greeley, and it is well worthy of the good name it bears. There is a Unitarian society established here on a somewhat radical basis, and it is evidently on the side of Freethought. I gave my lectures in its hall, and many of the Liberal Christians were present, although some of them are too conservativ yet to associate with anything outside of Christianity. However, the drift of the Unitarian church in this place is progressiv, and, prayers to the contrary notwithstanding, it will do much for science and humanity; and for this it has our best wishes for its success.

Capt. David Boyd, M. J. Hoagerty, H. C. Watson, J. E. Williams, Samuel Graham, F. E. Smith, Mr. Hooper, and others are interested in the Liberal work, and through their influence this part of Colorado will be a fruitful field for effort. Some of our friends are Spiritualists, but are broad and generous-minded, and for the time being find their summerland in the duties and interests of this world. Such humanitarian Spiritualism I enjoy.

I had excellent audiences at both lectures. The hall was full and my most radical utterances were warmly received. I think a Secular Union will be established here—not in opposition to other Liberal societies, but to emphasize and distinctly labor for the Nine Demands—the importance of which all admit.

Mr. John Leary and Mrs. Sheppard decorated the platform with flowers, and Mr. I. N. Stevens entertained us with delightful music, and thus our intellectual pathway was inspired by the genius of art.

I am now at the pleasant home of Col. John R. Kelso and his wife Mrs. Etta Dunbar Kelso. I arose early enough this morning to see the sun rise, and it was indeed an enchantment. The eastern sky seemed one mass of gold, and all the fields were radiant in the intense light, and a thousand varying colors dashed over the lofty forms of the mountains. I came here on Tuesday last, August 3d, and hav given three lectures to good houses, in spite of the busy season and thundershowers which hav kept some away. A Secular Union has been formed, and it looks as if a strong and activ organization would exist here. There are a large number of Liberals to keep things a-going, if well organized. I find Colonel Kelso a most genial gentleman, and it is a great pleasure to meet and talk with one who has had such a varied life. He has been a Methodist minister, a teacher, and then a soldier in the army of the Union, passing through nearly a hundred battles and many romantic incidents and adventures, receiving fifteen wounds from rebel bullets. Afterwards he was member of Congress, in which capacity he showed his independence and courage; and then, again, he was the "school-master abroad" in California, where he has fought many a battle for Freethought. He is author of those profound and valuable works, "The Deity Analyzed," "The Bible Analyzed," "The Real Blasphemers," "The Devil's Defense," etc. He is just publishing a new work, "Spiritualism Sustained." I find the colonel, though once a hard-headed Materialist, is now a Spiritualist, made such by his own remarkable personal experiences. But his belief in other worlds than this does not diminish his enthusiasm for reform here and now, and he is a devoted laborer in the cause of mental emancipation. He sees the great dangers that threaten our free institutions, and, as in the war of the Rebellion, he is still ready to be a soldier in the pioneer ranks—and a forlorn hope, if need be—of our battling humanity. He has also prepared a work for publication entitled, "The Universe Analyzed," and from his well-known keenness and vigor of thought and originality we may expect a brilliant and startling book.

It was a pleasant surprise to find that Mrs. Kelso came from my first orthodox parish, De Kalb, Ill., where I used to preach in the Congregational church. She has been a teacher in that thriving city for several years, and has won eminent success in her profession. Her parents used to listen to my orthodox discourses, but, like myself, Mrs. Kelso has passed altogether beyond the bounds of orthodoxy and enjoys the broad and breezy common of the universe.

My lectures here were also made attractiv with music and recitations. Miss Mattie Ashe favored us with some excellent music. Mr. P. J. Ashe recited "The True Church;" Colonel Kelso, "The Schoolmaster's Dream," an original poem; and Mrs. Georgiana Rice, "No Sect in Heaven," all of which were entertaining attractions to the course of lectures, and made my own work easier and more productiv of good. Such I hope it will be in other places, for thus a better influence is given to the words of the lecturer.

I hav had a pleasant rest in the midst of farm life for the last few days. I am within sight of Long's Peak and the shining ranges of hills at the foot of which spread the bright and fruitful plains. The weather is lovely—the skies perfectly blue and the air most invigorating. I can go on my way rejoicing with such a pleasant refreshment of this happy and peaceful country life and the picture of an ideal home.

I hav also enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Coffin in their "Sandstone Ranch." Mr. Coffin came here twenty-five years ago, one of the first settlers of the country; and, battling with nature, he has also battled with superstition. He is a stanch Liberal, and a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so is in fullest sympathy with advanced thought. So are Mrs. Coffin and all the children, and I had a most enjoyable visit in this home of Freethought.

Saturday (to-day), I had a pleasant sociable at their house, the "Lone Ranch," with Mr. and Mrs. Rice, and other Liberal friends. Especially was I delighted to meet Mr. Simons, the father of Mrs. Rice, now in his eighty-ninth year. For over half a century he has been a valiant soldier of freedom. His mind is still activ, and is well furnished with information, particularly in the science of astronomy. He is at home among the stars; he has caught their music in his soul, and hence he is a child of natnre, and death to him is a glorious rest. Amid the crown of age sparkles the vivacity of youth.

I lecture to-morrow—Sunday, Aug. 8th—and also the 15th, at Denver, in Tabor's Opera House, the largest and most magnificent opera house in the West. I hope to see it full of Liberals; and there are enough in Denver, I believe, to do this.

From Colorado I go to Nebraska and Kansas. I lecture in Seward, Neb., Aug. 21st, 22d, 23d; Valley Falls, Kan., Aug. 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th; West Point, Neb., Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d; Omaha, Sept. 5th; Cromwell, Iowa, Sept. 7th and 8th; Leon, Sept. 9th and 10th; Ottumwa, Sept. 12th; West Union, Iowa, Sept. 14th, 15th, 16th. I shall then lecture in Illinois, and close the campaign with a three-days' meeting at West Union, Ohio, Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d.

Longmont, Aug. 7, 1886. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL is arranging for a trip to Texas early in the fall, probably about the first of October, and will fill engagements on his way there, and as he will go by the way either of Iron Mountain Railroad or through southern Missouri, it will be well for the Liberals to drop him a line and arrange with him for lectures.

PROF. WM. SEYMOUR, of Philadelphia, president of the Pennsylvania Secular Union, has recovered from his long and dangerous sickness, and will lecture before the Pittsburgh Secular Union, Sunday, September 19th. He proposes to make a trip through Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana, and desires lecture engagements in those states.

W. F. JAMIESON will begin his six months' lecture campaign in Montana, commencing at Butte City on Sunday evening, September 5th, and will lecture every Sunday evening of that month at the same place. The Liberals of Montana are invited to correspond with him, and lecture routes will be arranged immediately. Liberals along the route between Lake City and Montana who would like a lecture or two may address him without delay at Lake City, Minn.

LIBERALS will be glad to learn that Charles Watts will arrive in this country about the 25th of this month, and resume his lecture work. On the Sunday afternoon of September 12th he will speak for the Friendship Liberal League of Philadelphia, at Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, upon "The French Revolution—Atheistic or Theistic," and in the evening upon "Theological Delusions—The Fall and the Atonement." Sunday, September 19th, his subjects before the same society will be "The Reformation—Protestantism and Catholicism, Which?" and "Miracles: What Do They Prove?" Afternoon lecture begins at 2:30; evening at 7:30. The lectures are free, and the public is always welcome.

J. E. REMSBURG has filled his engagements in Nebraska, delivering forty lectures in five weeks, and proceeds at once to his work in Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. The following is a list of his appointments for these states:

Randolph,	Iowa	Sat., Sun., Aug. 21st, 22d.
Missouri Valley,	"	Mon., 23d.
Worthington,	Minn.	Tues., 24th.
Dundee,	"	Wed., Thur., Fri., 25th, 26th, 27th.
Smith's Mill,	"	Sat., 28th.
Alma City,	"	Sat., Sun., 28th, 29th.
Janesville,	"	Sun., 29th.
Anoka,	"	Mon., Tues., Wed., 30th, 31st, Sep. 1st.
Silver Creek,	"	Thur., 2d.
Long Lake,	"	Fri., 3d.
River Falls,	Wis.	Sat., Sun., 4th, 5th.
Augusta,	"	Mon., Tues., Wed., 6th, 7th, 8th.
New London,	"	Thur., 9th.
Green Bay,	"	Fri., 10th.
Shawano,	"	Sat., Sun., 11th, 12th.
Merrill,	"	Mon., Tues., Wed., 13th, 14th, 15th.
Tomah,	"	Thur., 16th.
Utica,	Minn.	Fri., Sun., 17th, 19th.
St. Charles,	"	Sat., Sun., 18th, 19th.
Cresco,	Iowa	Mon., 20th.
Maynard,	"	Tues., Wed., 21st, 22d.
Deerfield,	"	Thur., 23d.
Fredericsburg,	"	Fri., Sun., 24th, 26th.
New Hampton,	"	Sat., Sun., 25th, 26th.
Hampton,	"	Mon., 27th.
Manchester,	"	Tues., Wed., Thur., 28th, 29th, 30th.
Troy Mills,	"	Fri., Oct. 1st.
Oelwein,	"	Sat., Sun., 2d, 3d.
Buffalo Grove,	"	Sun., 3d.
Grinnell,	"	Mon., 4th.
Colfax,	"	Tues., 5th.
Tama City,	"	Wed., 6th.
Muscatine,	"	Thur., 7th.
What Cheer,	"	Fri., 8th.
Montezuma,	"	Sat., Sun., 9th, 10th.
Sherman,	"	Sun., 10th.
Osceola,	"	Mon., Tues., Wed., 11th, 12th, 13th.

Mr. Remsburg's permanent address is Oak Mills, Atchison county, Kan. All letters addressed to him there will be promptly forwarded.

Evolution and Special Creation.

Taking a retrospectiv view of the dark and unenlightened past when the mighty forces of nature were almost entirely hidden from the human gaze; contemplating the sad spectacle of our forefathers being sunken in gross superstition, ere the light of to-day had arisen above the horizon of mental ignorance, and contrasting the then limitation of knowledge with the extensiv educational acquirements now existing, what a pleasing contrast the intellectual advancement presents to the modern observer! Recognizing the glories of nature and finding ourselvs possessed of an amazing amount of information respecting the laws of nature and the phenomena with which these laws are connected—such information being for ages unknown to the great masses of the people—we are prompted to inquire what has produced this marvelous transformation, and to what agency we are indebted for this grand and stupendous revolution of the nineteenth century. Whatever way be the reply of the theologian, whose intellect is too often clouded with dreamy imaginations, the answer of the patient and unfettered student of nature will be that it is to science we owe the magic power which has substituted for the dense darkness of the past the brilliant light of the present. The marvels of astronomy, the revelations of geology, the splendors of botany, the varieties of zoology, the wonders of anatomy, the useful discoveries of physiology, and the rapid strides which hav been made in the development of the mental sciences all combine to unravel the once mysterious operations of mind and matter. While a knowledge of all the sciences has corrected long-cherished errors and opened new paths of investigation, one or two of them hav especially tended to unfold to our gaze the nature, relativity, and development of man and the wonderful universe to which he belongs. For instance, without the science of geology we should forever hav remained in ignorance of the various changes that had taken place on the earth previous to the appearance of man and the different forms of animal and vegetable life that were then distributed over its surface. We now examin the various strata of the earth, and there discover the fossil remains of animals and plants that existed in the ages that rolled by when no historian lived to pen the mighty transactions of nature and hand them down to future generations. The science of electricity, too, only now in its infancy, is calculated to confer an amount of benefit upon mankind too vast to be ever told. We now hear the thunder roar, and behold the vivid flash of lightning darting before our eyes like an arrow from the bow of the archer; but while we regard this phenomenon we hav learned not to look upon it with dread as the vengeance of an angry God, but as a natural result of the operation of known forces. It was for Dr. Watts to sing:

> There all his stores of lightning lie
> Till vengeance darts them down.

But it remained for a Franklin and a Priestley to inform us that tempests were not to be beheld as indicating the wrath of an offended God, but the effect of an unequal diffusion of the electric fluid. Thus science has been and is our benefactor, our enlightener, our improver, and our redeemer. Without its aid we should still hav been in a state of mental darkness and physical degradation. Deprived of its discoveries we should still hav been bound down with the ties of superstition, ignorance, and fanaticism. As Pope observes:

> Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
> His soul proud Science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walk or milky way.

Perhaps there is no domain of human thought where the advantages of scientific investigation are more clear and pronounced than in connection with what is termed "Evolution;" a word which within the last few years has become very popular as representing a theory of man and the universe opposed to the old orthodox notion of special creation and supernatural government. There are, of course, some professedly religious people who avow their belief in evolution, and who maintain that it is what they term God's mode of working; and there are those who even go so far as to say that the power and wisdom of God are seen more thoroughly displayed in the process of evolution than in the method so long believed in of special and supernatural creation. But the number of these is comparativly small, and consequently the great mass of those who accept the word in its legitimate signification may be looked upon as of a skeptical turn of mind. It will not be difficult to demonstrate that the popular theological idea of creation finds no support in the theory of evolution, which, if not a demonstrated science, it has, at least, in its favor, the "science of probabilities," an advantage that cannot be fairly claimed for the Biblical account of the origin of phenomena.

The word evolution may be defined as an unfolding, opening out, or unwinding; a disclosure of something which was not previously known, but which existed before in a more condensed or hidden form. A simple illustration of this meaning is found in the unwinding of a long thread of cotton from a reel or spool. There is no new existence called into being, but a making conspicuous to our eyes that which was previously concealed. According to Mr. Herbert Spencer, the whole theory is based upon three principles—namely, that matter is indestructible, motion continuous, and force persistent. Two contending processes will be seen everywhere in operation in the physical universe, the one antagonistic to the other, each one for a time triumphing over its opposit. These are termed evolution and dissolution. Spencer remarks that "evolution, under its simplest aspect, is the integration of matter and the dissipation of motion, while dissolution is the absorption of motion and the concomitant disintegration of matter." Thus it will be seen that Herbert Spencer regards evolution as the concentration or transition of matter from a diffused to a more condensed and perceptible form. This change he traces in the systems of the stars; in the geological history of the earth; in the growth and development of plants and animals; in the history of language and fine arts, and in the condition of civilized states. Briefly, the theory is that the matter of which the universe is composed has progressed from a vague, incoherent, and perhaps all but homogeneous nebula of tremendous extent to complete systems of suns, worlds, comets, sea, and land, and countless varieties of living things, each composed of many very different parts and of complex organizations.

Coming to organic bodies, there may be included under the term, "evolution," many different laws, some of which we may not even know as yet, and a great number of processes, acting sometimes in unison and often in antagonism, the one to the other. This, however, in no way destroys the theory of evolution, which, beyond doubt, is the process by which things hav been brought to their present condition. It will tend, perhaps, to elucidate this truth the more readily and clearly if a brief exposition of this theory be given under the different heads of the various sections of this extensiv subject.

THE FORMATION OF WORLDS.

According to evolution, there was a time in the remote past, the date of which we cannot even imagin, and any attempt to comprehend the periods that hav rolled by since would paralyze our highest intellectual powers. When the matter which is now seen shaped into suns and stars of vast magnitude, and of incomprehensible number, was diffused over the whole of the space in which those bodies are now seen moving—of extreme variety and, perhaps, of nearly homogeneous character—the human mind is unable to comprehend. This matter, by virtue of the very laws now seen in operation in the physical universe, would in time shape itself into bodies with which the heavens are strewed, shining with a glory that awes while it charms. What is called in these days the nebular cosmogony may be said to hav arisen with Sir William Herschel, who discovered with his telescope what seemed to be worlds and systems in course of formation—that is, they were in various states which appeared to mark a gradation and different degrees of condensation.

M. Laplace, without any knowledge of Herschel's speculations, arrived at a similar idea upon totally different grounds—namely, the uniformity of the heavenly bodies. He showed that if matter existed in such a different state as the nebular theory assumed, and if nuclei existed in it, there would become centers of aggregation in which a rotary motion would increase as the agglomeration proceeded. Further, Laplace urged that at certain intervals the centrifugal force, acting from the rotating mass, would overcome the force of agglomeration, and the result would be a series of rings existing apart from the mass to which they originally adhered, each of which would retain the motion which it possessed at the moment of separation. These rings would again break up into spherical bodies, and hence come what are termed primary planets and their satellites. This Laplace showed to be at least possible, and the results, in the case of our solar system, are just what would hav been expected from the operations of this law. For example, everyone knows that the rapidity of the motions in the planets is in the ratio of their nearness to the sun.

Many facts seem to support this theory, such as the existence of the hundred and more small bodies called asteroids observed between Mars and Jupiter, which doubtless indicate a zone agglomeration at several points, and the rings of Saturn giving an example of zones still preserved intact. This theory has been held by some of the most eminent astronomers, and is most ably advocated by the late Professor Nichol in his "Architecture of the Heavens." Some experiments hav also been tried—as, for example, that of Plateau on a rotating globe of oil—which show the operation of the law by which suns, planets, and their moons were formed. This is the evolution of worlds, and it is unnecessary to point out how diametrically this is opposed to the special creation described in Genesis, where the heavens and the earth are called suddenly into being by the fiat of God, and the sun stated to be created four days afterward. Which theory should, in these days of thought, commend itself to a rational mind?

THE BEGINNING OF LIFE UPON THE EARTH.

Evolution has been subject to many severe attacks at this point. Those who contend for special creation hav maintained, with a dogmatism which but ill accords with the knowledge they possess upon the subject, that nothing but the hypothesis of the supernatural origin of things is sufficient to account for the first appearance of life upon the earth; that evolution completely breaks down here; and that all the experiments that hav been conducted with a view to lend it support hav turned out positiv failures. Such is the allegation of orthodox opponents. Let us see what grounds they hav for these reckless and dogmatic statements. The two views of the origin of living beings hav been called respectivly *Biogenesis* and *Abiogenesis*, the first meaning that life can only spring from prior life, and the latter that life may sometimes hav its origin in dead matter. Dr. Charlton Bastian, whose experiments will be hereafter referred to, substitutes for *Abiogenesis* another word, *Archebiosis*.

Now, it is well known and admitted on all hands that there was a time when no life existed on the earth. Not the most minute animal, or the most insignificant plant, found a place on the surface of what was probably at that time a globe heated up to a temperature at which no living thing could exist. The life, therefore, that did afterwards appear, could not hav sprung from germs of prior living bodies. True, the whimsical theory was put forward by an eminent scientific man some years ago, that the first germs that found their way to the earth were probably thrown off from some other planet with meteoric matter. But, on the face of it, this is absurd, because such matter would be of too high a temperature to admit of the existence upon it of living bodies of any kind, and besides, were it otherwise, it would explain nothing. It would only transfer the difficulty from this world to some other. For life must hav had a beginning somewhere, and the question is as to that beginning somewhere. The supernaturalist seeks to get out of the difficulty rather by cutting the Gordian knot than by untying it, and falls back upon a special creation, and so avoids any further trouble about the matter. But the evolutionist thinks that he can see his way clearly in what must necessarily be to some extent a labyrinth, because no one lived at that time to observe and record what was taking place.

One thing is clear, which is that living things were made or came into existence—whatever the mode may hav been, or the power by which it occurred—out of non-living matter. Even the believers in special creation will not deny this. The only question is, therefore, whether the process occurred in accordance with natural law, and whether the forces by which it was brought about were those which exist, or, at all events, which did exist, in material nature. For it does not follow that, if such phenomena do not occur to-day, they could never hav taken place in the past. The conditions of the earth were then different from what they are now, and forces may hav been in operation that are now quiescent. Professor Huxley, who thinks that no instance has occurred in modern times of the evolution of a living organism from dead matter, and that the experiments that hav been conducted on the subject are inconclusiv—who, in fact, ranks himself on the side of the advocates of *Biogenesis*—yet says that, if we could go back millions of years to the dawn of life, we should, no doubt, behold living bodies springing from non-living matter.

But, of course, it will be argued that, if it happened then, it might take place now; and although, as I hav said, this is not conclusiv, yet to some it has much weight. What nature has once done she can do again. Quite so; but then all the conditions must be the same. Dr. Bastian himself asks the question, "If such synthetic processes took place then, why should they not take place now. Why should the inherent molecular properties of various kinds of matter hav undergone so much alteration?" ("Beginnings of Life"). And the question is likely to be repeated with, to say the least of it, some show of reason.

It must never be forgotten, as Tyndall has very ably pointed out, that the matter of which the organic body is built up "is that of inorganic nature. There is no substance in the animal tissues that is not primarily derived from the rocks, the water, and the air." And the forces operating in the one are those which we see working in the other, vitality only excepted, which is probably only another correlation of the one great force of the universe. Indeed, Professor Huxley does not make an exception even in the case of vitality, which, he maintains, has no more actual existence than the imaginary aqueosity of water. Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks that life, under all its forms, has arisen by an unbroken evolution, and through natural causes alone, and this view, in my opinion, accords with the highest reason and philosophy.

CHARLES WATTS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

June 27, 1885—August 5, 1886.

[In THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 27, 1885, Mr. C. W. Stewart, of Liberal, Mo., gave the particulars, illustrated by a diagram and supported by sworn statements, of seances held with a "Dr." Bouton of that place. He averred that the conditions were such as to preclude fraud, being "the most rigid test conditions." The cabinet, or closet, was inspected and found to be "as represented." A "most thorough investigation of the premises was made, going into the cellar, upon the roof, and through every room, and testing the strength of the floor, ceiling, and walls of the closet." One affidavit appended by Mr. Stewart said: "We hav made a thorough examination of the said premises, and we hereby pronounce it utterly impossible that said writing can occur through visible or tangible human agency." This was sworn to by C. W. Stewart, D. P. Greely, C. W. Goodlander, Jr., John G. Meyer, and G. H. Walser. The said writing purported to be a communication on a slate from the founder of of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The writing and signature Mr. Stewart pronounced to be "almost *fac-similes* of specimens of D. M. Bennett's writing." Samples of the signature so obtained were sent to this office for identification, but were pronounced fraudulent by persons familiar with Mr. Bennett's handwriting. An enthusiastic lady who publishes a paper out in Iowa thereupon printed some caustic remarks about the intolerance of Materialism, and added by way of a clincher, "He came to his own and his own received him not."

The following article is from G. H. Walser's *Liberal* of August 5, 1886. The only comment we hav to make is that it shows there is nothing easier in this world than to be mistaken.—ED. T. S.]

A FRAUD MATERIALIZED.

For near two years we hav been giving to the world from time to time the wonderful spiritualistic manifestations through the mediumship of Dr. J. B. Bouton, an old resident of Liberal, who was universally looked upon as a quiet, unassuming, and unpretentious man, who could not slick the people by tricks if he desired to do so. Bouton is about sixty years of age, has a wife and a bright little boy of four years. He has been holding seances at his house, producing wonderful independent slate-writings from a closet constructed in one corner of his seance room. This closet had been inspected by various parties and universally pronounced perfectly intact, without a blind or trap-door anywhere except the one accessible from the public room. Clean slates were placed on a shelf near the top of this closet, and in a short time three little raps were given; the door would be opened and the slate taken out with a communication on it to some person present, with the signature of some departed person signed to it; the doctor all the while sitting in the room with the visitors in full lamplight. This, of course, created great excitement, and the wonderful powers of the doctor were heralded all over the country, while he seemed to grow fat and lazy from the rich harvest he was getting. He was kept on the fat of the land, parties were made for him, gifts were bestowed, obeisances paid, and honors given him on all occasions. Many sought the opportunity of gaining from this heavenly-favored, good man a smile; others the privilege of touching his sacred garments. His name had softened. The air about him seemed to come fresh from the ambrosial fields where gods are wont to revel and sip sweet nectar from perennial flowers. We know of no one who beheld more comeliness in his make-up than we did. The old tobacco-besmeared chops of yore didn't look half so dirty. We formerly regarded him as a kind of a root-and-herb impostor, a poor carpenter, and a worse doctor; but of late we hav been writing his name with M.D. attached, doubly capped. We "fess up," while three-fourths of the people, as big fools as we were, now say they always thought he was a fraud.

The slate-writing seances were not all. There were materializations more natural than life. These would occur in an adjoining room while the doctor sat with the spectators in another room. There were two doors to that room, but we all knew that the doctor was perfectly reliable and would not degrade himself by any false demonstrations. We knew, too, that no citizen of Liberal would be mean enough to attempt a fraud on the credit of the dead. There was where we were fooled again.

The house where the seances occurred is a one-story wooden structure. The seance room was built several years ago. It is about fourteen feet square, and made box fashion. Subsequently there was a kitchen added. In the ceiling of this kitchen there is a scuttle-hole large enough for a man to get through. The attic of the kitchen is easy of access through this scuttle; but when up there the explorer was confronted with what seemed to be a solid board wall, to all appearances the old siding of the original house. About two years ago an L was put to the other side of the old room. The seance closet was placed in the old house, the top reaching to the ceiling.

On last Thursday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the house was discovered to be on fire from the roof, having caught from a defectiv flue. In a short time buckets, water, and men were in full service. With the aid of an ax the shingles were cut away and the flames subdued; revealing, when out, the fact that in the top of the closet was a neatly-fitting trap-door, lined on the edges with cloth, so as to be opened without noise, with a strap attached to raise it by. This was fastened by adjustable braces from above, so completely keeping the trap-door in place that it was impossible to detect the fraud from below. In what seemed to be the solid partition, between the kitchen attic and top of the seance room, was found an adjustable door. This was so arranged that when the accomplice was through the kitchen hatchway, the partition door was easily removed, and the scoundrel at once in control of the upper part of the closet where the slates were deposited for spirit communications. Over the kitchen were found two tin buckets or cans which would hold about one gallon each. In the side of each was a hole, cut about two inches wide and three inches long, with perforations in the bottom to admit air. On the inside of these cans was lamp-smoke, indicating plainly that they had been placed over a lamp and used as dark lanterns.

When the fire was raging the doctor frequently urged the persons trying to save the house to let it go, it could not be saved; and when he found that the flames were extinguished and his fraud laid bare, he exclaimed, "I am ruined!" and vomited for shame.

His accomplices are well known in this community and cordially despised. They are now trying to cheek it out by getting up a laugh on the Spiritualists and friends who treated them as honest citizens in an honest attempt to investigate a natural phenomenon. As well might the thief laugh at his victim, or the assassin at the bloody corse quivering before him. The man who will enrich himself by using the memory of the dead is too degraded for the application of human language. Words are too frail to express the fulness of honest contempt for such. The mind that conceives such a crime would not hesitate at anything if sure of escaping the penalty of the law.

After the fire Bouton wrote us the following letter, which explains itself:

FRIEND WALSER, *Dear Sir:* You hav been deceived, but it was not done for the purpose of harming you or any other person, but for what we believed to be the good of humanity: and when I explain to you our honest motiv in adopting this plan to investigate this thing called Spiritualism, I am confident that you will not blame us, or, at least, hold malice against us for letting the world know how easy it is to deceive the world. I was not yet ready for this. I had more wonderful things than they had yet seen. September and October were the months in which we intended to surprise you all, then giv you all the benefit of our investigation.

When you feel cool and calm I want to talk to you.

Yours truly, J. B. BOUTON.

An Avalanche!

Most of us can not get into our heads why a great revolution is pending through labor troubles, and expect that by some means we shall get back to old times. Never again in this world. About a hundred years ago every workman owned his capital—to wit, tools and simple machines. He did not divide his earnings so much with other people who do nothing. The weaver owned his loom, water-mills were the most important factories, and wherever nature furnished the power, it cost little to run a factory. Almost everything was done on a different plan. If you hired a man to chop or mow, he generally furnished his own tools. The earlier simple inventions took the place of tools more and more. A few men with a little money would combine and furnish the machines, and stand about to see the men work. They would pay the "hands" as little as possible, reserving a certain amount of the earnings to pay the interest on their capital. This reserve grew to be more than enough to barely replace the wear and tear, as was at first modestly claimed and was naturally used to put in more machinery. Soon the employer was able to hire more "hands," and his income swelled until here and there one more fortunate than the others could undersell and drive the others to the wall. This method of labor rapidly superseded all others, and was able to command the markets for sale of manufactures and for hire of labor. "It is so easy to grease a fat hog!" Like an avalanche, capital thus born was forever rolling and gathering. In our own land we might hav lived for a century or more in peace, and hav gradually adapted our conditions to the new methods, but for the war and the enormous advantages taken of our ignorance by which small fortunes were so highly swollen. Government bonds were first wrecked, and then strengthened when accumulated in a few hands; railway bonds ditto, and then the tariff on steel rails, coal, and other imports enabled a few persons to control the railway system and much of the manufactures. Several men, by the use of a few thousand dollars, often less than ten thousand, purchased bonds at one or two cents on the dollar and turned them over to the government at par, thus actually receiving a hundred dollars for one dollar, as was done in manipulation of Central Branch, K. P., and other stock. Many hundreds of millions hav thus been taken from the government by a few men or women. Nearly all the great millionaires of the East became such in this way. Yet every dollar has had to be replaced by the poorer people. It is paid by indirect taxation, in many ways, on many things. To the great mass of people it is felt by deprivation, is exhibited in reduced consumption, which passes on and off in lower wages, strikes, lock-outs, closing down, riot, arson, murder, and starvation and suicide.

And yet there are thousands of people who hav no idea that a swindle on government or extravagance by it affects them!

Well! So mighty hav been these accumulations of capital, that began thus humbly, now, to-day, almost everything, even in this new young nation, is under control of accumulated capital, and as its power grows it of course exacts more. The day has gone by when free trade can do much to relieve us. Capital is too powerful.

These monstrous capitalistic combinations are our best educators. They are leading in advance in the way the whole nation must go. The knell of the old order has been tolled. The people must all unite in one grand universal combination, and really and truly hav that thing so much talked of—government of, by, and for the people.

As it is now, we hav government over the people by a few agents for a few grand monopolies.

It is too late, too late to go back. Onward is the motto. HOLT.

Christian Temperance.

Christian temperance is one of the most positiv of paradoxes; it is one of the world's most flagrant contradictions. When Christians profess an intensity of temperance, look out for some terrible underlying vice or crime, such as dishonesty, adultery, but especially a mixed lasciviousness; and the moral obliquity attending their case you will find impenetrable.

Here is what a clergyman told me a few years ago: "Dansville was a quiet place, but prosperous. It was neither a temperance place nor a drunken one. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, some kind of temperance organization or lodge was started, professing a Christian basis, and the place became a pandemonium and drunkenness soon multiplied. Prior to that time the social evil and bastardy were entirely unknown in Dansville. Behold! In less than one year after the organization of the temperance lodge aforesaid, lasciviousness had received such an incentiv as to become so common that no less than twenty bastards were born within the lodge itself—that is to say, among those who were or had been identified with the temperance lodge." Now, I do not vouch for the literal truth of this account, but I vouch for the fact that it was told me by a Christian clergyman. It cannot be false in all particulars. It may be an exaggeration, and it may, on the other hand, fall short of the degree of the vileness it refers to. The clergyman was familiar with matters as they stood at that time. In reference to Dansville temperance of the same period, an old gray-headed physician told me the following and vouched for the truth thereof: "Liquor selling was partially retrenched by law in Dansville. The druggists could sell by bottle to persons who furnished satisfactory reasons for their order, and those reasons were to be recorded. There was in those days a drugstore kept by a Mr. Casteline, since deceased. The records of that store, if still in existence, will show some astonishing items. A clergyman from a neighboring town used to come to Mr. Casteline for his liquor—liquors of various kinds. One time he had two bottles of brandy, two of rum, one of wine, and six of whisky, and entered them all in the records for sacramental purposes!" MAGYAR.

A Shameful Dogma.

The immaculate conception is a shameful dogma of a shameless church. A festival in honor of the "conception" is said to be traceable back to the sixth century, but the dogma was not fully established until December 8, 1854, when Pius IX. issued a decree declaring it to be an article of the Catholic faith.

Many intelligent and well-informed people do not understand what the dogma means. They think it relates merely to the birth of Jesus, but it goes back to the birth of the Virgin Mary. It would not do to hav her born in the ordinary may. As Joseph, though married to Mary, was not a husband with all that the name implies, so Anna, the mother of Mary, must hav a husband of the same sort.

The story is told in the *Protevangelion*, purporting to be written by James in Jerusalem, and is in substance as follows:

Joachim, a rich man, brought offerings to the Lord. Rubim, the priest, told him he must do so no more because he was childless. Joachim, in great grief, retired to the mountains, resolved to fast and pray until he could become a father. His wife, Anna, knowing not what had become of him, and supposing him dead, began to bewail her childless widowhood. But soon she put off her mourning garments, and resuming her wedding-dress took a walk in the garden. Sitting under a laurel-tree she prayed, not for a husband, but for a child. Looking up she saw the sparrow's nest. "Alas! O Lord," she said, "why am I not like the birds or beasts which are productiv before thee? I hav become a reproach to the sons of Israel, and they hav driven me in derision out of the temple of the Lord."

Just then a good angel appeared and promised to answer Anna's prayer. Presently two more angels came and told her her husband was alive and coming home; for another angel had heard Joachim's prayer and promised an answer.

The reunion of husband and wife was joyful. Joachim made a grand offering of goats, lambs, and calves to the priests, and in due time, reckoning no doubt from the good angel's visit in the garden, a female child was born, and they called her Mary.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. Macdonald, - - - Editor.
C. P. Somerby, - - Business Manager.

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A Dishonest Opinion of Other Opinions.

If we should, in the course of a column editorial, say that everyone who believes in God is insane; that every worshiper of Christ is stupidly superstitious; that real Christianity consisted of debauchery and licentiousness; that all professions of religion are empty boasts; that every church-goer is a fool, and that as for a Christian, we don't believe one exists—if we should put all that into less than a column of leaded long primer, we think the Christians might justly accuse us of being bigoted.

Yet these epithets and that conclusion is what the *Christian at Work* applies editorially to Atheists. The editor claims that every human being is "God-intoxicated," and naturally must, from his intuitions, believe in a creator, providential ruler, judge of all mankind. And he says it is his opinion that any human being who alleges that he does not believe in such a being is a liar, or a fool, or insane.

However, there is one consolation left the Atheists, which is that perhaps the editor of the *Christian at Work* is himself the liar. But if we thought we could get a truthful answer, we would like to ask him if he regards doubt of the existence of a devil as a symptom of mental aberration! A belief in devils is certainly older and more nearly universal than the belief in gods.

The New York State Convention.

The notice of the time and place of holding the Annual Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association is a little later than usual, but sufficiently previous to allow all to make preparations for attending.

The place selected is a very fine one, the only objection to it being that it is in the eastern part of the state. But as no arrangements could be made with the owners of any park in the western portion of New York, White Sulphur Springs Park was the best that could be done.

The railroad rates to the Convention can be made low by those attending purchasing excursion tickets to Saratoga. Nearly every railroad east of Chicago makes special rates to Saratoga, and those rates can be taken advantage of. "Excursion tickets" should be bought to insure lowest fare. From Saratoga a short railroad runs to the lake, and the steamboat lands passengers upon the grounds.

All the speakers invited hav not yet sent letters of acceptance, but the following hav written of their intention to attend: John Peck, Lucy N. Colman, W. S. Bell, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, Susan H. Wixon, and J. L. Andrew—and Mrs. Juliet H. Severance will come if circumstances allow. Helen H. Gardener has but little doubt of her ability and no doubt of her eagerness to be there, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton thinks it the likeliest thing in the world that she will speak once or twice before the Convention. Charles Watts will arrive in time to take part in the speaking, and when the others who hav been invited are heard from, the list undoubtedly will be a long and splendid one.

Though this is a state Convention, the Executiv Committee hope to meet Freethinkers from many states besides New York. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Canada, and the New England states are not too far off for their citizens to make the trip, and, as in the past, everybody is cordially invited and entreated to attend. The hotel rates are reasonable and the accommodations good. The Truth Seeker ventures to extend a little invitation also on its own account. The editor and business manager will be more than pleased on that occasion to shake hands with several hundred subscribers, and especial attention will be paid to any who may owe us arrearages.

This Convention, we think, will be one of the pleasantest yet held; certainly the officers of the Association will do their best to make it so. Apart from the great value of the lectures, the place, Mr. Reynolds says, has ample attractions to make a ten-days' stop there a little oasis in life.

What Ireland Needs.

The continued story of Orange and Catholic rioting in Ireland is sad reading. No war is so bitter as a religious war, no strife so deadly, no controversy so intemperate. Sectarianism divides sharper than national lines, and the people of different churches are almost as far apart as the living and the dead. The Irish troubles are new proofs of this, and these proofs are multiplying daily. The dispatches report hundreds wounded and scores killed. The rioting began when Gladstone's bill was defeated, and the Orange parade on the 12th of July intensified the hatred of Catholics to Protestants.

Belfast is now divided by strict lines into two divisions—Catholics and Protestants—and not an hour passes that some outrage upon one or the other sect is not perpetrated. On the 7th a body of Catholics found a Protestant woman upon the street, alone and defenseless, and they promptly abused her. The next day a crowd of Protestant women found a Catholic girl in their own neighborhood, and they quickly beat her almost to death, finishing their work by jumping upon her prostrate body. The police of Belfast are mostly Catholic, and the sight of one of them is sufficient to start a fight. Were it not for the English soldiers they would be massacred. The windows of the shops of the city are riddled with bullets fired by the Orangemen at the municipal force. When there are no police in sight the Orangemen attack Catholic civilians, which attacks are returned with interest by the Romanists. It is sufficient for a fight that two bodies of men of different sectarian beliefs meet upon the street. Even the wounded, as they are borne to the hospitals, are set upon by the mobs. The inhabitants of the meaner portions of the city point guns and pistols from their windows and shoot indiscriminately. Scores hav been wounded in this manner.

All this is solely the result of religion. The rioters hav no plans for anything but murder. The Orangemen do not want Home Rule, and they hate Catholics. So they commit murder. The Catholics hate the Protestants, and they kill them. These two religious bodies hav been at this business off and on ever since Luther's time, and the Belfast riots show their readiness to resume it whenever the occasion offers. English troops will be able to temporarily control these savages, but the only permanent cure for their bloodthirstiness is a complete eradication of their religious principles and a substitution therefor of an educated desire to serve humanity. Until this is accomplished, there is no security for Ireland. She needs the school-master much more than she needs Home Rule.

John Bunyan.

The Rev. Mr. John Brown is at present occupying the Bunyan Meeting at Bedford, Bedfordshire Co., England. He is therefore shepherd of the parish to which the immortal John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," preached two hundred and thirty odd years ago. It is therefore proper that Mr. Brown should look up the genealogy of his predecessor, which he has done and published in a book. And it is noticeable that the name Bunyan, in going back toward the past, assumes as many different forms as do any of those which "Antichrist" attempts to follow through the labyrinths of sacred history. We hav Buignon, Buingnon, Bognum, and Bonyan. The representativ of the family when it was spelled Buingnon, it may here be remarked, was publicly hanged. John Bunyan was about the first of his family who amounted to anything, and he in early life, before he became addicted to preaching, followed the humble calling of a tinker. According to John's own account of it, he was an ignorant youth, being barely able to read and write; and those who hav read his "Pilgrim's Progress," especially the rhyme in the fore part of it, will not hesitate to believe his statement that "what little he learned he soon lost, even almost utterly." Mr. Bunyan also admits that he led a wild and reckless life; and it is greatly to his credit for candor that historians hav corroborated him. Coleridge, indeed, says that Bunyan's early life was that of "a bitter blackguard."

Bunyan did his first preaching as a settled pastor in a barn, his conversion to religion having come about through reading some religious books belonging to his wife. It is supposed that he abandoned his evil ways, though we find him classed among those who "under the profession of Christ held forth and practiced licentiousness." He was a Baptist, and his preaching got him into jail. Here he spent twelve years, and wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress," which has come down to us as one of the saddest results of imprisonment for opinion's sake. It appears that Bunyan himself had more or less doubt about the merits of his remarkable production, for in his poetical introduction he relates that he showed it in manuscript form to his friends, with this result:

> "Some said 'John print it;' others said 'not so.'
> Some said 'it might do good;' others said 'no!'"

We are of the opinion that those who said "John print it" must hav given the manuscript a very superficial reading, or else they were no friends of the author. It would be difficult to find a work of less contemporaneous human interest, unless it be the revised version of the Hebrew and Christian scriptures or Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's latest novel. Bunyan was a presumably good tinker spoiled in the making of a bad preacher and writer. He had a touch of genius, but his creations were warped, exaggerated, or deformed by superstition. It is interesting to review the career of a man who has such a prominent place in the history of a large religious sect, but his books should be kept out of the hands of children who are not old enough to understand that they contain nothing which is to be believed.

Boonton Again Awakened.

When C. B. Reynolds had procured the affidavits necessary to a criminal prosecution of the good Christians of Boonton who had wrecked his tent and to a civil suit against the town for the damages caused, he came up to this city to engage in the hard preliminary work of arranging for the state Convention. The Christians of Boonton breathed freer when they knew the Infidel had left the place, and they prayerfully hoped he would never return. The tax-payers do not like the prospect of paying for the tent, and the indicted rioters see the county court in the near distance and the state prison not far behind. But those who thought that they had seen the last of the Infidel were mistaken. On Wednesday, the 11th inst., Mr. Reynolds invaded the place again, armed with hundreds of copies of a small pamphlet on blasphemy, being the Truth Seeker editorial of August 14th, with some additional paragraphs addressed specifically to the inhabitants of Morris county, New Jersey. These he distributed in all the stores, and in most of the houses. It is needless to say that the pamphlet was thoroughly read.

The gossip and excitement resulting from the arrest had in a good measure subsided, but this second advent aroused the sleepy little town, and for the balance of the week blasphemy was again discussed. No violence was offered Mr. Reynolds, most of the rougher element being at work in the silk factory when the distribution was going on. The justice of the peace who held Mr. Reynolds to bail was encountered upon the street, and he extended his hand for a fraternal greeting. He got it, along with a pamphlet which had the needless effect of lengthening his Methodistical countenance about two inches. In common with the rest of the Christian population of Boonton, the justice finds that blasphemy is a ghost of puritanical times that will not down at his bidding. He can arrest Mr. Reynolds, but he cannot keep him out of Boonton.

Mr. Reynolds lectured for the Hempstead, L. I., Freethought Association on the afternoon and evening of August 15th, and will address the Liberals of Norwalk, Conn., to-morrow, the 22d. Until after the

state Convention is held, he may be addressed in care of this office. No further legal steps in his Boonton case can be taken till after the Morris county grand jury hav met, but in the interim it is proposed to enlighten the population of the county upon theological matters and the relation Christianity sustains to law and liberty.

Mr. Ingersoll Will Defend Mr. Reynolds.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13, 1886.

E. M. MACDONALD, ESQ., Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER:

My Dear Mr. Macdonald: Mr. Baker has handed me your letter asking whether I would hav anything to do with the Reynolds case. Of course I shall help Mr. Reynolds. If I cannot be there in person, I am perfectly willing to pay somebody who can be. I believe in doing what little I can in defense of the liberty of speech, and I think it the duty of all Freethinkers to do what they can to teach the world better than to decide metaphysical questions by brute force. Yours very truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

The following sums hav been received by Mr. Reynolds to help defray the expenses caused by his arrest:

F. M. Borden	$1.00
J. F. Ruggles	2.00
M. Whittick	5.00
H. Tyler	1.00
E. M. Davis	5.00
T. R. Burroughs	1.00
W. T. Galloway	1.50
Wm. Krim	5.00
Wm. Fray	1.00
M. P. Thurston	3.00
John D. Powers	4.00

As will be seen by Mr. Ingersoll's letter, lawyers' fees are provided for, but there are many legal expenses in every case, besides the cost and expense of distribution of the literature necessary to enlighten and civilize the Christian heathen of New Jersey.

Editorial Notes.

THE *New Era Gleaner*, published at De Ruyter, N. Y., advises its readers to read THE TRUTH SEEKER. We sincerely hope the readers will act upon the advice.

THE Winsted, Conn., *Press* describes THE TRUTH SEEKER as "a New York religious paper, devoted to the dissemination of the purest unsectarian religious teachings." We trust that now good Christians will no longer object to our pictures.

JOHN GEORGE HERTWIG, an occasional contributor to THE TRUTH SEEKER, has begun at Washington, D. C., the publication of the *American Weekly*. It is principally devoted to the discussion of national finance and taxation. The price of the *Weekly* is two dollars per annum.

THE premises occupied by the London *Freethinker* were destroyed by fire July 30th. However, the paper for the week was printed, and there will be no suspension, as a plant elsewhere has been secured. About all of the *Freethinker's* stock of books were destroyed. The stock was insured, but, taking advantage of a legal technicality, the insurance company refuses to pay. Mr. Foote will sue for his money, and in the mean time his friends are raising a subscription to help him.

THE *Democrat*, of Clearfield, Pa., says:

"While walking down Second street the other day we saw two boys aged about nine years studiously poring over the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER. If the parents of these children hav any respect for their offspring, they should keep such literature out of their hands."

If the *Democrat* will show any children who hav been injured by their reading of THE TRUTH SEEKER, we will grant that it has some basis for its slur. Otherwise we must put the insult down to the account of Christian intolerance.

A PRIEST of the Episcopalian church, a graduate of the highest designation, and a man of unexceptionable character, has become so indignant at the outrage on Mr. Reynolds at Boonton that he has made a solemn determination that he will never again enter the portals of any Christian place of worship whatever. We are not authorized to publish his name, and prefer to leave the matter to himself, being assured that in due time he will come out. This priest is not an Atheist. He is not the Rev. Heber Newton, but one of a much higher academic standing. He has finally, after many struggles, made up his mind to consider the Christian system a fraud without a redeeming quality.

THE Boonton, N. J., *Bulletin* says:

"E. M. Macdonald, the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, says that Reynolds's tent was 'wrecked by Catholic and Methodist roughs.' A man who gets so far from the truth as this when 'seeking the truth,' is not a good 'seeker.'"

We judge by the comment appended that the *Bulletin* questions the accuracy of our statement. The facts are these. James Neafie, one of the men arrested for rioting, was formerly a steady attendant upon Methodist services. At present he divides his piety between the Methodist and the Reformed church. He is a little more Methodist than Reformed. When H. G. Randall, another arrested rioter, moved to Boonton, he brought to the pastor of the Methodist church of Boonton a letter from the Methodist church of the town which he had left. These facts we obtained from the editor of the Boonton *Bulletin*. George Hyler, the coachman who was arrested, is also a Methodist. All these men are charged with inciting to riot, and Mr. Reynolds knows that they did take part in the partial destruction of the tent by urging the rough element, who are mostly members of the Catholic church, to run Mr. Reynolds out of town. If it were not Catholic and Methodist roughs who wrecked the tent, we do not know who is guilty. Certainly the tent was not wrecked by Catholic and Methodist gentlemen.

GROSS sectarian superstition would seem to hav reached the limit in the action of the Protestant and Catholic church authorities at the recent explosion of a powder mill, wherein eleven men were blown to atoms in a moment. A correspondent of the *Evening Post* reports that all that could be found of the unfortunate creatures was four or five pounds of flesh, and adds: "As part of the men were Catholic and part Protestant, the mass was divided and put into two coffins, funeral services being held over one according to the Catholic ritual, and over the other according to the Protestant."

THE *Christian Advocate* prints a "children's temperance" battle-hymn, of which the following is the closing stanza:

"Hark! how the conflict rages
For Temperance, Truth, and Law!
We're writing History's pages,
Hurrah for Right! Hurrah!
Jehovah is our captain,
This war is all his own;
On earth we'll fight his battles,
Then sing around his throne."

We would like to ask how much "temperance" there is about a sentiment of that sort. A person who could sing it and believe it would be as badly intoxicated in one way as he could be in another if rum were plenty and free as water. It is a moral crime to indoctrinate children with these militant notions.

MR. D. A. BLODGETT, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is again employed at his good work. He has engaged Charles Watts to deliver a course of four lectures at the Opera House, beginning Sept. 29th and closing Oct. 3d. The work of Liberalizing Grand Rapids is peculiarly Mr. Blodgett's own. Being a gentleman of large wealth, he can afford to hire the best hall in town and pay speakers and advertising bills, and his social position is such that the inhabitants of the city are bound to listen to him and the speakers he engages. Every year Mr. Blodgett has employed several Freethought speakers, and the people of Grand Rapids hav packed the large Opera House to listen to them. By these means Grand Rapids has become about the most Liberal city in the West, and the progress of the general public has forced the denominational preachers to expand their several mental horizons. Lecturers who hav been there report that intellectually Grand Rapids is wide awake and still opening its eyes. For this she is chiefly indebted to our friend Blodgett. If in each town and city of the United States there was but one man with the disposition and means of Mr. Blodgett, another decade would see an enormous transformation in the intellectual and moral status of the people. Four or five such men would soon turn the churches into academies and the Sunday-schools into kindergartens.

IT was once a favorit method of disciplin with the father abbots to wall in a refractory monk and leave him to such meditations as might occur to a dying man. Being surrounded by air-tight stone and mortar, his minutes were few. Everybody supposes that such punishments are no longer used, but a discovery made in Panama the last day of July shows that within a few decades, at least, a monk had been put to death in this way. A theater is being built in Panama on the site of the Los Monjas convent, the outer walls of which are very massiv and will be kept standing. The work now going on is the pulling down of the inner partition walls, which are about twenty-six inches thick. In the course of this work there was discovered within the masonry, in an erect position, a perfect male skeleton, to which was attached a cross made of wood, on which had been an inscription, but it is not legible now. Almost immediately after the discovery the skeleton fell to pieces, and the skull and bones can be seen lying on the ground. The skeleton was found in the wall which was very near the altar. It is a horrible thought that perhaps in this country, perhaps in this very city, live men hav been built into a massiv wall and left to perish. No outsider knows what goes on within the walls of convents and monasteries, and innumerable crimes may be committed that can never reach the public ear. Considering the history of the Catholic church, it might be the part of wisdom and humanity for the state to insist upon knowing a little more about her temporal governments and punishments.

AT an expense of one cent for a postal card, Mr. J. H. Brown, of Annandale, makes us acquainted with the state of his feelings on July 31st:

"ANNANDALE, N. Y., July 31, 1886.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: I return THE TRUTH SEEKER with thanks. I hav read it, and had seen a copy of it before. Very likely my name was given you by the party who had it in his house. I do not want it in mine, and my fire is generally started with papers of another kind. Now, I want you Freethinkers all to get together and cause the earth to turn around the other way for a few years. You can certainly do it. There is no power to hinder you, according to your doctrin. Until then,

"Yours respectfully, J. H. BROWN."

If Mr. Brown has read THE TRUTH SEEKER to so little purpose as his words indicate, he has done the best thing possible under the circumstances in sending it back. The cautiousness displayed in not using the paper to start a fire with is commendable. Who knows but that the thing might explode and blow the roof off his domicil? Mr. Brown's first mistake is in supposing that Freethinkers believe they can "cause the earth to turn around the other way." That belief is peculiar to religious people, who, in attributing omnipotence to some God, commit themselvs to the notion that he could at any time "cause the earth to turn around the other way," or both ways at once, for that matter. According to the Christian doctrin that he is a prayer-answering God, Mr. Brown and his fellow-believers are the persons who should control the diurnal motion of our planet. It strikes us that Mr. Brown is something of a numskull, and doesn't know what Freethinkers believe, nor what he believes himself.

MR. PECCI, of the Vatican, Rome, having denounced cremation as a device of the Freemasons and anti-Christians, the Masonic lodge La Razione, of Milan, resolves that it, "in consequence of the deliberate vote of the holy Roman Inquisition, condemning and prohibiting cremation, deeming it highly honorable to Freemasonry that the pontiff should attribute to its influence a work of hygiene and civilization, invites the Grand Orient of Italy to urge all the lodges to inaugurate associations for cremation, and to erect cremating temples."

WHEN Mr. Reynolds was in Boonton, N. J., with his tent, preaching the gospel of honesty, a camp-meeting of colored Christians was also in session. The Rev. Josiah King, colored, was pastor in charge. He was aided by several black reverends and singers. Posters were out all over the town beseeching the white Christians to help their colored brethren by financial donations, and all who loved Christ and Christianity were invited to attend the services. The meeting closed August 8th. How much money was contributed is not known. But just so much as was contributed did the pastor in charge abscond with on Monday morning, August 9th, by the first train out of Boonton. The singers and helpers were left without money to pay their grocery bills or to buy railroad tickets. The Methodist grocer nearest the "Witch Grounds," which is the local name for the woods where the camp was pitched, bewails the loss of many dollars, and his confidence in colored Christianity is correspondingly lessened. Other tradespeople are considerable sums out of pocket, and if the pastor in charge is ever laid hold of by the Boonton Christians his life will be made unpleasant. About the only person in Boonton who views with satisfaction his connection with the colored Christians is Charles Booth, one of the Infidel boys of the cutlery manufacturing family. He attended one of the meetings when the Rev. Mr. Stewart held forth. Mr. Stewart enlarged upon the great faith he himself had in Jesus, and entreated others to share his faith. "Wy, bredrin," he said, "I doan know whar I'se to git de nex' meal. I hain't had enny brekfust, an' I doan know no more dan nuthin' whar I'se to git my dinner. But de bressed Lord Jesus will provide." None of the white Christians present seemed to believe the preacher, or at least none of them offered to be the chosen instrument of Jesus in filling him up, so Charles Booth stepped forward and told him if he was hungry to come with him. Evidently the darkey was honest in his statement, for he promptly put on his hat and followed his host to the Booth mansion, where he was fed to such an extent that it was with great difficulty he succeeded in mounting the pulpit for his next sermon. The Methodists who dealt with the colored folks may mourn their loss. But Charley Booth is happy, for he fed the defrauded when the Christians passed by on the other side of the road.

IN the following letter to his bishop, Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, has made plain the position of the Roman Catholic church toward the Knights of Labor:

"YOUR LORDSHIP: On the 13th of May last I represented to his eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda the divergencies of opinion expressed by the newspapers of Canada and the United States on the subject of the society of the Knights of Labor condemned in September, 1884. As it was pretended that the effect of this sentence stood suspended by an appeal affirmed to hav been carried before the holy see after modifications had been made in the constitution of this society, I begged his eminence to make known with certainty the position of the church in regard to it. A letter from his eminence Cardinal Simeoni, dated the 12th of July, informs me that on the 27th of June last the Sacred Office, after a re-exaauination of the question, maintained its judgment of 1884 absolutely in the same terms, which are reproduced in his letter, as follows:

"'Considering the principles, organization, and rules of the society of the Knights of Labor as they are set forth, this society must be classed among those which hav been condemned according to the instructions of this Supreme Congregation on the 10th of May, 1884, that the bishops be enjoined to proceed as well against this society as against others of the same kind, and to employ the remedies ordered or advised in said instructions.'

"Your lordship will recall that in my consultation of the 5th of October, 1883, I made no representation of my own upon the principles of the organization and the rules of the society, but I purely and simply transmitted to the holy see an authentic printed copy of its constitution, with a prayer to examin it all the more carefully because this society seemed to embrace all branches of work and workers, which, moreover, its name clearly indicated. The pretended appeal to the holy see has been long invoked to create the belief that, pending the final decision, persons could continue to enroll themselvs or to remain in the society, provided always that they were sincerely disposed to obey the final sentence upon the appeal. If that appeal had been really made it is impossible that the Sacred Office should not hav been seized of it, because this matter belongs to its exclusiv resort. Consequently, the decision of the 27th of June communicated to me by his eminence Cardinal Simeoni, is in reply to it. The original sentence has been confirmed in its form and tenor. Whereas, in this last decision, as in the first, the Holy Office recommends the bishops to proceed against this society in the manner prescribed in its instructions of the 10th of May, 1884, I cannot see that there can any longer be any doubt as to the rule to be followed by the Catholics of the whole world over whom the jurisdiction of that Sacred Congregation extends.

"Having discharged my duty in conveying to your lordship this decision of the holy see, I beg you to accept assurances of my devotion.

"E. A. CAR. TASCHEREAU,
"Archbishop of Quebec."

While the condemnation is universal, with the duplicity characteristic of the Catholic authorities it is only applied, so far, to Canada. In this country the church will probably use the order instead of abusing it.

Letters from Friends.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1 for Tent Fund. I see by the last TRUTH SEEKER that the meek and lowly Christians in New Jersey are forgetting their calling. T. R. BURROWS.

MOUNT UNION, O., Aug. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find money order for $5, which place to my credit and send on THE TRUTH SEEKER with the pictures, for I expect to take it as long as I liv. .

WM. ANTRAM.

BEVERLY, N. J., August 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Five dollars inclosed is for Mr. Reynolds to keep the Tent moving. You will get the Beverly *Banner*. It has some hard words for Mr. Reynolds. It is run by Prof. Streeter Fleet, also of the Normal School and the M. E. church here. He is a first-class bigot and blackguard. WM. KRIM.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Aug. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find stamps for another subscription. The telling cartoons hav done it. When one hits a Catholic, the Protestants want it; when a Presbyterian gets a rap, it suits the Methodist; and thus it goes through the whole list. Even half-fledged Liberals will read a picture when they would not peruse a wordy article. The one on church taxation touched their pockets, which is the most sensitiv part of them. Keep up the cartoons if you must raise the price of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER.

J. E. CLARK.

CEDAR DALE, August 1, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Many thanks for your kindness in forwarding the paper so long after the subscription expired. Mr. Putnam's "News and Notes" are fully worth the price of the paper. As we read, it almost seems to carry us close to wonderland or Yellowstone Park. The illustrations are grand—the more so as they picture to our minds the ignorance and superstition of ancient and, I may say also, modern times. Keep the ball rolling until every stronghold is shattered, and we can see every dogma crushed to atoms.

S. BROWN.

BOZEMAN, M. T., Aug. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As your readers know, Mr. S. P. Putnam has come and gone. He made a very favorable impression here, though he had great odds to contend against. All of the Methodist Episcopal ministers of the territory and some from the states were here at the time holding camp-meeting and conference. The conference of the Methodist Episcopal South is to be held at this place in a few days. I am informed that Sam Jones will be present. How they do work to "hold the fort!" Our new (not yet finished) Baptist church was considerably wrecked the other day by lightning.

J. M. LINDLEY.

LINCOLN, ILL., Aug 1, 1886.

TO THE BRETHREN: I hav just been reading the Apochryphal New Testament, and also its history, ably and thoroughly edited. The account of the plan of separating the various books that were presented and wrangled over by the priests of Alexandria, and elsewhere, is certainly unique. Every priest wanted to put in a book of gospels, and there were so many books that many of the priests thought that there would be too much gospel, and that some of the books must go. So a compromise was reached by placing all under the table, and the "heavenly father," who sat by helplessly looking on at his holy word, was besought to put the genuin ones on the table. It is received as history now that the true books were placed on top, and the false ones were left under. Those rejected had long been used by the early church as God's word, and it created a commotion when the Apochryphal books were left. After reading the Apochryphal books and comparing them with the "genuin," I am reminded of the story I read of a Yankee at Cape Cod. He invented a machine to separate the bones and meat of cooked fish. Sitting at table one day, and placing his mouth to receive the boneless fish, he turned the crank the wrong way and filled his mouth with bones! Now, reader, get the Apochryphal, and you will think that God turned the crank the wrong way, and *threw the bones on the table!*

When I read and study the various religions that hav afflicted mankind, as far as known to history, and compare them with the religion of Jesus, I am reminded of Old Abe. Soon after he signed the emancipation proclamation, some curiosity hunter went to him and said, "Mr. Lincoln, I should very much like to get the pen with which you signed the proclamation." Looking toward the inkstand, he said, "Well, really, I can't say now; *it was one of a lot, and they are all alike.*"

A. R. C.

AT HOME, ELLIS CO., TEXAS, July 23, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been waiting a long time to write, and you hav no doubt waited until all hope of ever hearing from me has vanished. I would offer some excuse for not responding before now, but hav none that would justify such long delay—poverty (I hate it), inconvenience, and neglect. In this you will at last get $3.25, which I recollect to be the amount I owe you. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER well. I was brought up under strict orthodox rules; joined the church, of course, when a boy; wore out my religion about the close of the war; then joined the Baptist in '74; tried to do all the duties of a first-class Christian; filled a deacon's place some years; was a favorit among them. In the fall of '80 I mentally compared faith and credulity with reason and science, and, of course, I soon found my faith wavering but reason advancing, and I saw nor felt any evidence of divine displeasure. So I went on with the thinking, and by chance my young friend Burnett got a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason." We read, reasoned, thought, and talked freely. The result was that at the December meeting of '80 we both went up and accused ourselvs of heresy. (Good thing for us 'twas the nineteenth century). Well, I couldn't tell you half. All were amazed; would not turn to us out, but prayed for us and sent some brethren to talk to us, but we talked more to them than they to us. This went on for some time, and one good brother said 'twas no use to send committees to us, for we would out-talk any they could send. In February following, N. T. Smith, their clerk, went up and stated that he had passed from the darkness of faith and superstition to the light and liberty of Freethought. Then they excommunicated all three of us at once and consigned us to the fierce anger of a very merciful and loving God. Their next step was one of wanton persecution. In July of the same year they expelled me from the Masonic Lodge on the charge of heresy. Still, I pursue the even tenor of my way in the full enjoyment of free thought and speech, not fearing but deriding hell.

T. E. SLAY.

PENN YAN, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: My dictionary defines religion to be "any system of faith and worship." If this definition of the term be correct, then Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and all other systems of faith and worship are just as much religion as Christianity. Most people confound religion with morality, whereas they are totally and distinctly different from each other, having no necessary connection. Religion is one thing, and morality is another and a very different thing. Religion is merely a system of faith and worship; morality is the observance and practice of the duties of life. Religion is bigoted, intolerant, and proscriptiv; morality is liberal, tolerant, and charitable. Religion is fierce and vehement; morality is calm and deliberate. Religion persecutes, while morality protects. "All things ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," is not religion, but morality. To "visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction" is not religion, but morality. To "loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke; to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house; when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him," is not religion, but morality. Religion is inimical to freedom; morality defends the rights of man. Religion has been the cause of more misery and tribulation to mankind than all other sources combined. Morality has been, and still is, the true source of all that is good, great, and noble among men. In short, religion is a superstition, nothing more nor less; morality is a truism, and rests upon a basis as firm and impregnable as the eternal hills. We need more morality, and less religion, which consists entirely of forms and ceremonies. We want the practical more than the theoretical. Morality is salvation.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below;
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill.

SIMON FORSHAY.

DEOATUR, ILL., July 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It will no doubt be said by many of your readers, after having read my letter concerning a tract fund, which appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER this week, that it is very easy to make suggestions, but to lend financial aid is another thing.

Yes, it is quite easy to offer suggestions, I am well aware, and it is equally impossible for some to do anything financially, and you can justly assign me to that class.

But, since writing my first letter upon this subject, I hav been reminded of my having on hand, at present, nine hundred copies of my chart entitled, "The Encounter of Adam and Eve with the Serpent in the Garden."

These charts are 14x17 inches in dimension, and the press-work and material upon which they are printed are of the best.

The charts hav a broad margin, and are designed to be framed.

Now, I desire to donate this edition of nine hundred charts to the tract fund.

Let ever reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER send twelve cents to its editor for a copy of this chart.

In this way, the reader will be getting the worth of his money, and at the same time will be assisting the Liberal cause in a way that will prove a never-ending success. I will keep the Truth Seeker Company well supplied with the charts, and they can supply all sending for them.

THE TRUTH SEEKER can make a report of all money received for this purpose once a week, if space allows.

Now, brother Liberals, I know the times are hard, but just set a resolution to donate twelve cents to our cause by sending for one or a dozen charts. This edition ought to be cleaned out in one month, which would of itself place about one hundred dollars in the treasury.

The Truth Seeker Company should publish all the tracts, and pay itself out of the money received for that purpose, and make a report of everything pertaining to the business as often as once a month.

I now leave this matter to the candid consideration of yourselvs and readers.

M. L. SANDERS.

MAITLAND, MO., Aug. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In running over the St. Joseph *Evening News* the other day, I found the following: "Rev. Dr. R. Morris has just read an essay to the London Philological Society on the etymology of the word God. He thinks that it means 'thunder,' and is derived from the Sanscrit gu, which means 'to sound,' and is allied to gora, which means 'terrible.'—*Chicago Times*."

How our ideas will occasionally be upset! We Liberals hav always claimed that the Christians knew nothing abou the God of whom they are wont to prate, but, if this Dr. Morris be correct, they do know a good deal about him. And again, on second thought, their ignorance shines out with its usual brilliancy, from the fact that they did not know him when he did come around on his throne of black cloud, thunder-head, and whirling tornado, and instead of rushing to meet him as loving, confiding children should, they skipped for the cellar or cave. Just think how, for the last two thousand years, they hav been telling us all about God, how well they knew him, their intimacy giving them such an insight of his plans and intentions that they could delineate them to us, even down to the effect that our thoughts would hav upon him, and what his actions would be toward us for having them, even to the emergency of their being expressed or non-expressed ideas; and how we are now forced to blush for their stupidity from learning that he has been all this time (and for untold ages before) growling, grumbling, rumbling, roaring, and crashing about them every few days, and they knew him not. How wondrous strange, and what a lost set of heavenly "kids" they hav been!

And what a messenger of glad tidings this discovery of Rev. Dr. Morris for the Godless (thunderless). As usual, new discoveries help them, and this one especially so. For hav we not always been taught that to escape the presence and vengeauce of God was impossible?

Now, if Morris be correct, all you hav to do is to board a Pacific-bound train, and in three, four, or five days, you are across the "Rockies," and in that delightful region where he, God (thunder), is utterly unknown, and bask in that world-renowned country, and enjoy all the luxuries of climate and soil, and reflect that so much of the truly good and beautiful of this world is godless (thunderless). But even this immigration is unnecessary, for science has taught us that he (God—thunder) is utterly harmless, and that the malicious shafts of priestly design and tyranny are the only things about the Christian God to be dreaded; and as she (science) has been the means of enabling us to ward off the electric shock, so she is becoming equally powerful in defending us against this Christian electricity, and rendering their crashing, roaring God, who follows the priestly lightning, of no consequence whatever.

(*Revised according to the Rev. Dr. Morris.*)
And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the thunder my soul to keep,
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the thunder my soul to take.

Yours, etc., DR. H. B. MAXWELL.

BURR OAK, August 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I pledged my mite last fall, at Cleveland, to the lecturing fund, and redeemed the same in due time. I now wish to send to one of reason's and truth's ablest and best exponents, C. B. Reynolds, to cheer and encourage him to persevere in his arduous work of tearing down the stronghold of superstition and error, my hearty good-speed, and a little substantial aid in the form of $3. I hope many are able and willing, and will do much better. And, as I cannot see by his letters in THE TRUTH SEEKRE when and where I might send direct to him, I send the same to you, hoping you will tax yourself with the necessary trouble to send it him at your earliest convenience.

Now, I wish to say something through the columns of the Liberal's Bible, THE TRUTH SEEKER, about wheat turning to chess; as the question, Will wheat turn to chess? was asked by some one in said paper some time since, and answered editorially in an unqualified No—as though there was no doubt of that fact—which was erroneous in the extreme, as the affirmativ Yes can be used with perfect truth and knowledge; just as much as if the question was, Will wheat produce wheat? I know one to be a fact, just as well as the other, and farming has been my occupation all my life, and wheat has been my main crop for more than half a century.

Some forty-five or fifty years ago, I fed a bundle of as clean and pure wheat as was ever tied up, to a friend's horse in the fence-corner of the harvest field, a portion of which remained upon the ground among the wild grass, which grew up so thick it could not thrive much, but headed out the next summer a stunted mass of chess—all chess and no wheat.

Now for proof No. 2: I raised fifteen acres of barley one year, on new and clean ground, whereon there had never been wheat or chess. The season being a very dry one, the barley made but a very short growth of straw, and the ground being rough I could not avoid leaving quite a quantity on the ground. I desired to put the same piece into wheat that fall, and plowed six acres on one side of the same before the barley left on the ground had a chance to grow, expecting to plow it again. The barley so plowed under soon came up, and made a vigorous growth. The balance of the field was not plowed until the barley was eaten up by stock, or grew so when that ground was plowed it killed it; and in the fall and seed-time, as I was pressed with work and somewhat inexperienced in thorough farming, I sowed the whole field crossways of both parts, giving that part plowed first some extra harrowing. I used clean seed, but a large share of the barley on the first plowing continued to liv and grow through a long and wet fall, choking and stunting the wheat not a little. The winter, of course, killed the barley. The wheat was all alive in the spring, though not so large as that on the other ground beside it, but it came on, and made a full crop of straw; but behold, fully nineteen-twentieths of it proved to be chess! The balance of the field bore as clean and nice a crop of wheat as ever need to grow, while the six acres of the same seed choked by barley was not worth harvesting, it being next to all chess.

Proof third: Many times on my farm—and I hav often heard others say the same thing occurred on their farms, which is no more or less than there being a row of chess between the standing wheat in a field and a little sag, or low

spot, where the water had stood and killed the wheat. The chess, being the wheat plants at the edge of the pond damaged by water and freezing, though not entirely killed, was damaged so it grew chess instead of wheat. No other chess, or next to none, in the field.

Now, I hav given the three above proofs (samples of many others I might giv, but I forbear), which fully establishes one of two things, beyond all peradventure (there are no "ifs" or "ands" about it), which is that wheat will, under certain conditions and maltreatment, turn to chess, or I hav foolishly and wilfully misrepresented facts.

M. P. THURSTON.

[Possibly Brother Thurston is correct in regard to the identity of wheat and chess, but botanists do not agree with him. Chess (*Bromus secalinus*) is described as a kind of grass. It may be degenerate wheat. Anyway, if it bears no relation to wheat, it is at least singular that it should be found growing with that kind of grain, and nowhere else.—ED. T. S.]

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am happy to say that THE TRUTH SEEKER has quite a number of friends in the Forest city. Though I hav but recently become a reader of your excellent paper, which I get through a newsdealer, I would not miss a single number, not even if I had to pay a dollar for a copy. I would like to see the number of your subscribers doubled in this city. We hav several churches and some religious charitable(?) institutions here.

I would like to say a few words in reference to the way in which things are managed at the institution known as the "Garden Street Charity Hospital," which may be of interest to some charitably-disposed persons who giv money for the support of such places. The Garden Street Hospital in Cleveland is in charge of a number of ladies known as Sisters of Charity, and these ladies solicit alms for the hospital from the public. The soliciting is generally accompanied by the remark that "although the institution is a Catholic one, they make no distinction between the applicants for admission." It has also been stated that no one has ever been charged anything for the services rendered them in the hospital, but they can make contributions of any amount they like after they get well. But what delights the people who run this concern most of all is to hav a chance to save the soul of "a Chinaman or any other kind of heathen."

Now, all this is very nice, and it is consoling to the people of Cleveland to know that the poor and friendless hav such kind friends to watch over them and care for them, and no one need ever die or want medical attendance and care, and, above all, the soul-saving business will be done with neatness and dispatch.

Now, let your readers look at the following story, and I think they will doubt these statements about the "charity," and the "soul-saving," and the "heathen."

Last January a young man came to this place in search of work. He was a stranger, in a strange land, but he secured work here, and everything would hav gone well if he had not been stricken down with sickness four weeks after his arrival. For months he struggled until his last dollar was gone, and then he applied for admission to the hospitals, but he was informed that they had all the charity inmates they could afford to keep. Then he applied to the city infirmary, but would not be admitted there because he was not a citizen. In despair, on the last fourth of July, he painfully made his way to that temple of charity on Garden street, where the poor, and the afflicted, and the heathen are cared for without money and without price. He was told he would be admitted on payment of $6 a week, and when he stated his case, and told them he was not able to do so, further consideration of the matter was deemed necessary. After a couple of hours' waiting, he was told that, "as he had already employed another doctor, they could not admit him." With this remark, those charitable (?) Christian people sent him staggering from their door, blind and delirious with pain and weakness.

But friends were near to help him, and they were not professing Christians either. That remark about employing another doctor was all bosh. It would hav made no difference how many doctors he had previously employed if he had money to pay for what the public had already paid for, or rather that had been taken from them under false pretenses, for no poor person, I hav since learned, is admitted there unless a member in good standing of the Catholic church.

HARRY DANVERS.

MIDDLEBURY, IND., Aug. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The apparent enlargement of the moon near the horizon is simply an optical delusion. It may be classed among the many deceptions of nature. There are myriads of deceptions of all kinds, on very hand, from protozoan or polyp up to man; from the tireless and forever invisible atoms up to the restless, whirling orbs. The knowledge derived through the eye alone is often very unreliable. The sun is never where it seems to be, never rises or sets. The stars never twinkle, or neither do they retain what is called their "relativ distances" during two consecutiv seconds. Nothing in nature is at rest, nothing ever was at rest, and consequently never will be; nothing destroyed, for matter, like space and time, is eternal; nothing new, for all matter is eternally old. Nor has this deceptiv organ, the eye, really ever seen anything; not even one of the countless millions of objects throughout the unlimited universe from atom to Alcyon. The unaided eye alone never once hints of the existence of the teeming denizens in a single drop of apparently pure water; it furnishes no clue to the billions of billions of animalculæ in our atmosphere, floating on every breeze, and drawn in at every breath. Again, it would pronounce many objects on our little earth many times larger than the largest sphere in space. And yet what is our globe itself save a revolving, animated atom, beside great orbs like Sirius, Procyon, Regulus, and Alcyon, whose magnitude in the far-off realms of space surpasses our little world as the dazzling glare of the electric light does the flickering wax taper of ages and ages ago?

The unaided eye alone tells us no more about the wonderful bioplasts that so ingeniously rebuild every organ of the body than we now know of the interior of Jupiter or Polaris, or the exterior of an undiscovered planet beyond Neptune. All the other senses are required to watch this, the most deceptiv organ in the human body. Hence it should never be allowed alone, but that is just what we do when we look at the moon. If we measure the moon's apparent diameter with any suitable instrument, we shall find that it subtends a less angle near the horizon than when near the zenith. We are actually something like four thousand miles nearer the moon when it is on our meridian, that is, we are about one-sixtieth near the moon than we were when it first rose. This increases its diameter more than one-half a minute. The moon then is actually nearer, and, consequently, apparently larger when in the zenith. Our judgment of the absolute magnitude of any object is based on our judgment of its distance. If two objects at unequal distances appear the same size, the more distant one must be the larger. Now the moon, when nearer the horizon, appears to us more distant than when near the zenith. She appears more distant for two reason, viz., comparison with intervening objects and diminished brightness. When the moon is on our meridian no objects intervene, and there is consequently no comparison possible. Hence she appears quite near, for the same reason several miles appear as one at sea, and the vault of the heavens does not present the appearance of a hemisphere, but appears flattened at the zenith and spread out at the horizon.

Again, our estimate of the distance of objects is also affected by their brightness. Thus, a distant mountain, seen through a perfectly clear atmosphere, appears much nearer than when seen through an atmosphere that is hazy. But what are all those delusions combined when compared with the delusions, superstitions, and absurdities of the far-away ancients that are still handed down to us as golden truth, that still hav a firm foothold on the mind of man?

M. R. TEESDALE.

ALDERSON, W. VA., July 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In order that you may assure the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that Freethought is not a dead letter in West Virginia, I herewith transmit you a copy of a letter recently mailed to an Episcopal minister until lately pastor of a church here, who in delivering his last sermon at this place commanded those in the congregation, if there were any, "who did not believe Christ was the son of God, or in the divine inspiration of the Bible, to stand up." The occasion which precipitated this unusual act by this good man is believed to be my having exhibited among some of his flock a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and one displaying a cartoon of Jonah and the whale, which, like all other Bible stories, is not equalled in absurdity and childish nonsense by even the exploits of "Sindbad the Sailor," or of Jules Verne in his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and "Around the World in Eighty Days." You are at liberty to publish these letters if you think it would enhance the cause of Liberalism, or tend in the least to dissipate the clouds of superstition and ignorance which possess the public mind upon this question. For the pittance inclosed send me a copy of "St. Matthew Before the Court," and also a copy of the next issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER. W. A. BROWNING.

THE LETTER.

ALDERSON, W. VA., July 26, 1886.

REV. ——: When preaching your last sermon here you invited, or rather commanded, those in the congregation, if there were such, who did not believe "Christ was the son of God" to stand up. As there are a number of persons who believe you referred to me, knowing the cap fits me, I deem it my duty to furnish you the reasons which actuate me in the entertainment of sentiments so widely at variance with your own. To that end I shall to-day mail to your address a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, not on account of the cartoons it displays, nor for the purpose of wounding your feelings, but to call your attention to various advertised works in the interest of Freethought, which if you were to send for and read carefully, and, as you would say, prayerfully also, would enable you to understand the reasons which I refer to, and why many eminent divines hav left the pulpit, are members of the Secular Society, and are now preaching Freethought, and why the most thoughtful people are losing interest in the church; and also enable you to see, as we see, the "hand-writing on the wall" for the Christian system, which, apart from the many murders committed in its name, and by its authority, may hav served a benign purpose in its day. But that day has passed; its deformity, its barbarism, its absurdity cannot withstand the intellectual light of this century. The time is not far distant when it will become as dead as the Sanscrit language.

The Bible will be relegated to the back-shelf to be preserved as only a mere literary curiosity, which, instead of being the word of a God, is only the word of wicked men—Jewish and Catholic priests, who in complot with the kings of their time invented this hierarchy for the further enslavement of the people. Read the marked pieces, and also the two tracts which we shall soon send you, and learn therefrom that both the Old and New Testaments are forgeries; the former by the Jewish priest Esdras and a quorum of assistants, who, in company with King Artaxerces, wrote the Pentateuch two hundred years after the Hebrew writings, the law, had been destroyed by fire with the temple when Jerusalem was burnt by Nebuchadnezzar, and 334 years after the reputed death of Moses, who was only an oriental myth, the Buddha, the Brahma, or the Crishna of the Jewish system. The time has passed when opposition can be silenced by persecution or priestly anathemas—threatenings of everlasting burnings or by the repetition of stale platitudes in the endeavor to impress a sickly sentimentality, which is the chief characteristic of the average sermon. The issue must be met without evasion—no dodging. Statement against statement, fact against fact, argument against argument, and a fair and open concussion of thought with thought must decide the issue which has been joined by the great intellectual luminaries of the world. Thoughtful men and women will no longer remain fettered by the hypocritical cant of the priest, echoed by the clergy, that it is sinful to use reason in the decision of this question, or to learn what is said by the great apostles of Liberalism in their laudable effort to rid the world of superstition and ignorance, which are twin sisters, and the only means by which church memberships are kept in line, and its votaries induced to believe their theories a success, and that it will be universally accepted, when the truth is, thoughtful men and women everywhere scout it as a delusion and a farce.

W. A. BROWNING.

SOUTH BARRE, N. Y., July 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As ex-President Arthur and others say, by the inscrutable wisdom of God, or some other cause, most likely broken laws, we hav been flat on our back for many days with rheumatism, but now just able to sit up. We respond to your wants by inclosing $5, as per your suggestion, which takes us through another year. We hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from its birth, and when we do not want it will let you know. The cartoons hav wed me more closely to it than before. If God ever wrote the Bible and then sent men to preach it, in my opinion he also has ordained Watson Heston to illustrate it. Of course, now and then some good brother will kick, and perhaps in kicking he may break the shell that holds his freedom; then he can see more clearly. One brother says occupy the same space in good reading matter. Poor timid soul! he is not afraid of the pictures, only he is afraid of popularity or the society where he livs. No written language, in my opinion, is their equal, and my motto is, "Long liv Watson." The few that may stop the paper for a time remind me of what the Dutchman said when a new "breacher" came to town, and among other things said Jesus Christ was dead. At first it made the Dutchman's son feel very bad, but the old man consoled him by saying, "Shacob, my boy, never mind the son as long as the old man be alive." So, we say, to every one the cartoons kill, ten will come to their funeral.

Friend Eugene, in reviewing Mr. Talmage on monopoly we are both pleased and displeased—pleased because he says some great and good truths—namely, "The scepter of monopoly is made of the iron rail track and the wire of telegraphy;" again, "Great monopolies in any land imply great privation and wretchedness. Monopoly, brazen-faced, iron-fingered, and vulture-hearted monopoly, offers its hand to this republic." Now all this is quite true, and why not stop with the truth? But no; a little further on this Rev. D.D., or Doctor of Deviltry, says, "Another suitor for the hand of this nation is Infidelity." Then he makes all Infidels Anarchists, and says one of their chief leaders was recently pulled from under a bed by the leg in a house of ill-fame. Lucky, we think, not to hav been pulled from *in* the bed, where so many reverends are being pulled from in the recent past, if half the statements are true. Satan should not rebuke sin. A word to the wise, we hope, is sufficient.

But, again, the opportunity is too rich to be lost just at the time when all the world of thought is awake to all that may be said on the great labor question. This wonderful, worthy Rev. D.D., which many translate Doctor of Deviltry, in looking over Chicago's recent misfortune, says the police, in exploring the dens of Anarchists, found dynamite, vitrol, and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," etc., but nary Testament or copy of Watts's Hymn Book that teaches, "Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound," etc.; a Testament that teaches "believe or be damned," and "I came not to bring peace but a sword," which its teachers hav fully carried out. Thus all can see another vain attempt to scandalize a little volume that, with its author, did more to establish freedom of thought and and liberty to express it than all the Bibles ever written in all ages, and by all men; and all Bibles hav been thus written. Yes, this same Doctor of Deviltry takes the very liberty that Paine did so much to establish to attack the author.

Well, the poor pitiable D.D. makes one more thrust and then expires. He says this book, the Testament, of course, is what brought George Washington on his knees at Valley Forge. Why, Brother Talmage, did you not add the story of the hatchet, or did you forget it? Now, suppose George went on his knees at Valley Forge (which many doubt), do you think it did as much good for our poor hungry, naked, and suffering soldiers as what Thomas Paine really did by his own voluntary act? The boys, or soldiers, at Valley Forge in midwinter were in great want for food and clothing, and finally concluded to break camp for a time. Paine saw the bad result, as he thought, and so from his own means supplied the soldiers by two loaded teams with some comforts in camp. Now we leave it to the general reader to say which is ahead, prayer or provender? For my part, since the effort for Garfield we hav lost all hope in prayer, and believe the quicker we help ourselvs the better. Now, on the whole, we can't see that much has come from the dear brother in the Lord to us laboring class; he is only at war with monopoly, not with capital. He says, "All would be rich if they could." Also, "Get all you can honestly," forgetting there are as many kinds of honor as men. So we must shut our eyes, join the church, pay the priest, and all go to sheol. Let us pray! M. B. DELANO.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Under the Trees.

I walked in a grove a midsummer day
Where a thousand birds are coming to stay,
And the branches meet and cover the way,
Though the place was a desert but yesterday.

And flowers and flowers are blooming to gild,
And nests and nests the mother-birds build,
While the grass grows rank as a thing self-willed,
And summer's chalice its sweetness spilled.

All over and under the shimmering trees
That we planted for children and birds and bees
And wild, weird winds and the days like these
When the fierce suns burn through the summer's breeze

Is a gay, glad song that is nature's own,
And the turtle-dove with her tender moan—
But the sweetest song that the woods hav known
Is childhood's careless, happy tone.

The catalpa-tree in her green umbrell'
Four blue eggs hid that I love as well
As in morning days in the hazel dell
When a sheen of sky o'er the meadows fell.

Now the mustard opens her cups of gold,
And the bee bears home what her legs will hold.
Though anear the wheels of the spider rolled,
The bee knew more than her honey-bags told.

Softly turning her silver reels
Over and under the silver wheels
And the silken web that her loom conceals,
Is the spider's raft that the morn reveals.

Weaving her bars and slender bands,
And never a shuttle slips in her hands;
Hither and thither the fleecy strands
Till she shames the weaver of orient lands.

All over and under her lines she drew,
And each one, threading the bells of dew,
Made a net of pearls no brown bee knew
Since she found plenty of work to do.

Pray listen, children, pretty and sweet,
From your golden curls to your dancing feet.
The worker has often some honey to eat
If he shuns the ways where the idlers meet,

And the silver wheels be rolled in vain,
Though fair they be in the dewy rain;
'Tis only the fly is caught in the train,
Whose feet and wings are much of his brain.

Away with the wheel like a shining star,
And the tangled wings, and the woven bar—
No moral* shall come to make or mar
These sylvan scenes where the children are.

Clearwater, Neb. Mary Baird Finch.

*I once knew a little girl who said she hated a story with a moral. If there are any little readers like her in the Children's Corner, let these lines be inscribed to them.

My Visit to Crystal Mountain.

Crystal Mountain is about twenty miles south, and in the main range which lies to the west of Canyon City. It is the main range, from which the Arkansas river emerges, forming the Grand Canyon, or Royal Gorge, at the mouth of which Canyon City is located. It is about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and about three thousand feet above Canyon City.

Orion my brother, Lula my sister, and myself started early one bright morning to visit my brother and sister-in-law, who liv on Crystal Mountain. We first crossed Lincoln Park, and between evergreen hills; then across Wolf Park, then over Half-mile Grade, then a little way over level land, passing by Curiosity Hill, which used to be covered with curiosities of many different kinds, such as crystals and petrified stones of endless shapes and forms. But most all of these hav been carried away by tourists.

We then came to the Three-mile Grade, which is graded out of the side of a mountain. Taking pity on the horses, we walked a part of the way up the grade. Having reached the highest peak, we stopped for a moment to gaze on the beauties of sublime nature. Standing on that dizzy hight, gazing at the wild and grand scenery around and below me, I drank deep of the enchanting loveliness. In front of me was a deep, wild glen, while on the opposit side rose lofty mountains covered with dark, thick forest. Starting on again, we followed the winding road down the mountain into what is called the Basin, so called from being surrounded by high mountains. It is really a small valley, and is much the shape of a basin. There we ate our lunch and obtained a drink of nice, cool spring water, the water coming out of a rock.

After resting awhile, we drove on through Oak Creek Canyon, coming into the town of Yorkville, which is at the foot of the west side of the mountain. We passed on and through the town of Galena. We then turned to the east a short distance, when we were at the foot of the mountain. The road from the foot to the top is about two miles long. After riding through woods and over parks, we came to my brother's house or cabin, which is three miles from any neighbor's. We were very tired, and after eating supper we went to bed.

The next day we went into the woods, and sat on the grass, chatting.

The trees looked like giants, and their waving tops appeared as if they touched the sky above. The wild flowers were very gay in their neat little dresses, and the kinnekinnick vine, which spreads over the ground and has a little red berry on it, is very pretty.

The trees in the forest are pine, spruce, and aspen, and grow very large and thrifty.

The flowers and grasses that grow in these forests are very beautiful, and there are three kinds of tree moss, and they are the most lovely I ever saw; one kind is green, and another gray—it has the appearance of a skeleton plant, and, I think, is the most beautiful of all. The other is brown, and shaped like a leaf; it is the next in beauty. When they are put together, they form a beautiful contrast. Then there are different kinds of ground moss. One is brown, and another kind, that grows on the banks of the stream that flows near the woods, is green, and is very pretty when it is in bloom. Its blossoms look like little stars twinkling all over it.

There was a squirrel that attracted my attention in a tree near by. I first heard it chattering, and I looked for a long time, but could not see it. I then saw it on a branch of a pine-tree, by its nest. It had a large nest, made of dry brush and grass. The squirrel was black, and about the size of a chipmunk, and it would jump from branch to branch.

The chipmunk livs in the rocks. It is gray, with a brown stripe down its back. It will peep out very slyly, and if it sees anyone it will dodge back and hide. They are very cunning and mischievous little fellows.

The blue jays would sing and chirp in the trees, and the woodpeckers would keep up such a noise all the time pecking at the trees! By that time it was between daylight and darkness, and the owls began to hoot, and everything in nature was in peaceful repose. So we gathered a few flowers, and started back to the neat cabin that stands near the creek, surrounded by woods. It is a lonesome looking place; not a house in sight—nothing but dark, black woods all around; but a lover of nature finds it pleasant. We sat all the evening a happy group of five; then, with a merry good-night, we retired.

The next morning we went out into the pastures where roam my father's and brother's herd of horses. We strolled along, plucking here and there a wild flower. When we had our hands and aprons full, we sat down beneath the bending boughs of a large pine-tree, where we rested after our long ramble and made bouquets of the flowers we had gathered. On our return to the cabin we passed a tree which we call the Crooked Tree. The trunk is straight for about four feet, then bends toward the north about two feet, and down two, out straight two, up two and one-half, out one, then up, branching out like a tree. One of its branches is something of the same shape. It is one of the many things in nature which one must see to realize how strange it is.

When we reached home we were rather tired, but after resting, Lula and I took another ramble, and after walking around awhile we climbed upon some large rocks behind the barn and sat down to rest. About four o'clock we heard Orion say something, about a catamount. We ran to the house to see what was the matter. He had seen one near the corral. He went to get the revolver, but while he was gone it had slipped away. That evening we saw it again; it passed over the rocks where Lula and I had been sitting in the afternoon. It was probably on the hunt of a colt, for there was a bunch of horses in the corral. The catamounts and mountain lions sometimes play sad havoc with the young colts. One day we went out to Lookout Peaks. From one we could see Wet-mountain Valley, Silver Cliff, Galena, and Yorkville, which are from three to fifteen miles distant. I once lived in Wet-mountain Valley. It is a lovely place in the summer time. From the other peak we could see Pueblo, Canyon, and Coal creek. We could see the iron works in Pueblo, which is about thirty miles distant, and could distinguish houses in Canyon, which is about twenty miles distant.

It was getting dusk and we were thinking of starting homeward, when some dark object ran through the brush below us. We had no weapon with us, and thought likely it was a bear, for they inhabit that portion of the mountain. My brother took a large club and said he would investigate. We were standing on a high cliff of rock. He went down, but came back presently, laughing, and said it was nothing but a black horse.

We went down then to where our horses were tied, mounted them, and rode home. On the way, when we were riding at quite a rapid pace, my horse suddenly jumped to one side, and I went off on the grass. Looking around to see what had frightened him, we saw a large black stump with the moonlight streaming across it. I was not hurt; my horse was soon caught, and we were off again as merry as ever.

It was a lovely moonlight evening, and we stopped for a moment to look around us. We could see far in the distance the snow-capped tops of the Sangre-de-Christo mountains. They are covered with snow the year around.

The next day we were busy all day gathering ferns and flowers to press and make wreaths of, and tree moss to make picture-frames.

The next day we went to Crystal Park, and gathered some of the most lovely crystals I ever saw. Some were the shape of diamonds, others were like bubbles. There is a cave in the side of a hill, and its walls are covered with crystals of various shapes and colors. On our way home we passed a dark, deep glen. The trees were waving in the cool evening breeze. The brow of the cliff was thickly covered with wild roses and evergreens.

After an absence of three weeks we again bade farewell to our friends, and began our descent of Crystal Mountain.

On our return trip we came by the way of Rock Spring, which is a natural curiosity, and reminds one of the biblical story of Aaron smiting the rock—a large rock set in the side of a bluff. The water comes out of a crevice in the rock and runs about two feet; then there is a cavity about as large as a teacup, where the water increases, then flows on about two feet farther, where there is a basin in the rock where many horses and cattle drink. After rambling about for half an hour, we came on home, where we were greeted by our friends and acquaintances.

Orela Lok, aged 14.

Canon City, Fremont Co., Col.

[Awarded two dollars for good descriptiv sketch.]

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—MATHEMATICAL.

A man has a circular farm. The fence around it is five rails high, and the rails are one-half rod long. If the farm contains as many acres as there are rails in the fence, how many acres does it contain?

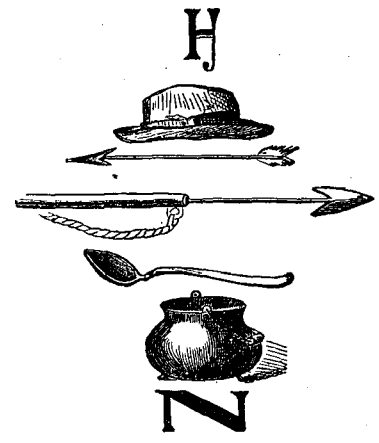
Wm. Scott.

2.—CHARADE.

The farmer looked well both inside and out,
He knew that my first would be lurking about;
His pretty daughter my second drew on—
She was going out with the doctor's son;
The doctor himself to the garden came,
And asked for my whole by its Latin name:
A beautiful flower, whose purple leaf
Can conquer your pain, and soothe your grief.

Henry F. Smith.

3.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.



The central word is the same read either downward or across.

4.—ANAGRAM.

The pot can scarcely boil below,
Since "Hell" has lost its fervid glow.
'Tis not the magic of the name
That "Sheol" scarce suggests a flame.
That older day when I was young,
'Twas fiercely preached and prayed and sung;
And no one dreamed its vastness grand
Would fail to meet the great demand.
For still, the more they pumped, the more
Its thunders shook our earthly shore;
Till Talmage came with flip, flop, flap,
To pump at forty cents a clap—
And jumped and pumped, and pumped and jumped,
And jumped and stumped, and pumped and thumped;
Till, by incessant pumping dry,
"Hell" only faintly makes reply;
And now *the pot* scarce boils below,
Since "Hell" has lost its torrid glow.

J. K. P. Baker.

5.—CONUNDRUM.



This man is hot and getting hotter;
He sadly wants a drink of water;
To get it is no easy thing.
Where shall he go to find a spring?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, AUGUST 7, 1886.

1.–Be not proud; be not silly; be industrious; be courteous; be not cross; be not selfish; be prudent; be independent. Read from center outward.

2.–Buried articles, metagram, anagram, hidden proverb, charade, double diamond, rebus, square words, acrostic, conundrum, riddle.

Solvers.—Maude Jackson, Lydia Secord.

Correspondence.

Washington, D. C., August 7, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I send herewith a couple of charades, which I hope may be of interest to the Children's Corner, a department of The Truth Seeker which I think indispensable, and which ought to be encouraged for the benefit of the rising generation. Although a child of larger growth, myself, I feel as much interest in anything appertaining to the welfare of the little ones as though I were again among them as one of their number. Hoping you may continue a successful management of your column, I remain,

Yours truly, for truth,
Henry F. Smith.

Clearwater, Neb., July 30, 286 E.M.

Dear Miss Wixon: In sending this poem for the Corner, let me congratulate you upon the improvement that is being made in its columns.

Your own beautiful stories and poems are as beacons to the lesser lights. The prizes offered, too, hav stimulated writers to better effort. I can only wish there were more generous friends who were able to giv to so worthy an object.

You are engraving the purple domes of science as a background to the picture, instead of the black clouds of superstition that hav long been painted upon the plastic minds of childhood. In a sad case of insanity that has lately come to my knowledge, the mind of the patient, in its pitiful wanderings, reverted to the past (though she had been entirely free for years, as we thought, from the dark shadow of Calvinism); but now her rambling sentences were interspersed with ravings of the "Christ-child"—as she designated one of her friends—"Bible prophecies," and "amens and amens." This picture, though it had been but a negativ to begin with, only needed insanity to reproduce it in all its Presbyterian horrors. These are the stereotyped views the clergy hav held up, for hundreds of years, for the benefit of men, women, and children (poor children). Now let the reverend doctors hav a taste of the medicin that Watson Heston knows so well how to administer.

Yours for humanity,
Mrs. Mary B. Finch.

[We trust the clouded mind of our poor sister may soon be restored to its natural vigor and brightness. Reason is the fairest jewel of the human being. To preserve it in its beauty and glory should be the aim of all, for one of the saddest sights in this world is a mind shrouded in mental gloom through false and cruel teaching. We thank our friend for kind appreciation of our work.—Ed. C. C.]

Hudson, July 26, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: Having nothing else to do, I will write a few lines to the Corner. I think the prize stories in the last two papers were excellent. I hav read and spoken a good many pieces out of the Children's Corner in school, but my teacher has never said anything about them. She is a Methodist, and very religious. To church I hav only been a few times, but Sunday-school I hav never attended, though not so few hav wanted me to go.

We are having a good, long vacation now, and I enjoy it very much, as I suppose everyone does. I hav read the story about "Two Little Red Mittens," and think it is very nice. It has been quite warm here lately, and the plants are dying for the want of rain, because it has not rained here for over two months. I seek for truth everywhere.

Your sincere friend, Christina Hanson.

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Death of G. Dell Keyser.

Mr. Keyser was a young Liberal of great promis, and, as I understand, was born and reared in the village of Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y., and was about twenty-eight years old.

He was at the time of his death principal of a high school and bookkeeper for a railroad company. It would appear from the limited information which I was able to obtain that the overstrain from his various duties produced nervous prostration, from which he died.

Before he died he requested that Dr. T. L. Brown, of Binghamton, should deliver an address at his funeral. I wish the whole Christian world could hav been present to hear the grand speech of Brother Brown. I will not attempt to do him justice with my pen. Those who hav heard his concise, pithy, and logical addresses are the only ones who can form a just conception of it. It was philosophical, touching, full of pathos, and well calculated to reach the heart and leave a good impression. He was followed by some remarks of the writer. The funeral was attended at the Baptist church in the village, July 30th, at 3 o'clock P.M.

And here let another milestone be planted to mark the progress we are making. Twenty years ago it would hav tied a mill-stone around the neck of any orthodox society to volunteer the use of its church building for a Liberal funeral. But this the Baptist society did with a full knowledge of what was to follow. Let us giv credit where we can. For this generous act the church is to be commended.

At the grave Mr. William Dawson, of Kanona, N. Y., made some very fitting and timely remarks. Mr. Dawson is an old teacher, and has known Dell Keyser from a "dutiful boy" up to "honest and noble manhood." He said that Mr. Keyser had been trusted with vast sums of money, but had never betrayed a trust. This contrasts favorably with Christian bank defaulters and Sabbath-school superintendents who hav got away with so much of the people's money, and are now leading such pious lives over in Canada.

At the funeral the church was literally packed, and the lesson was forced home to hundreds of Christians that from the ranks of Freethinkers come as noble and unselfish men as the church ever produced.

I never attended a funeral that was conducted with more dignity and propriety. This should teach Liberals that they are no longer compelled to hav the mummery of the church and the cant of the minister at funerals when their friends pass away.

It is to be regretted that a young man of such promis could not hav been spared to ripen into mature and experienced manhood. He was a stanch young Liberal, and died without a stain upon his character.

Even dying in the morning of his manhood as he did, he has left a record that thousands might be proud of.

"No sound can awake him to glory again."

JOHN PEOK.

Naples, N. Y., Aug. 8, 286.

Religious Intolerance in Russia.

From the London Daily News.

The deplorable intolerance in religious matters which distinguishes Russian rule has just obtained fresh victims—one named Tikhanoff, an inferior functionary of the telegraphs; the other, Veksdine, a countryman. These were a few days ago summoned before the court of Novgorod for an offense against orthodoxy, an offense detailed in the 189th paragraph of the Penal law. Tikhanoff, it was alleged, had assembled various persons, and had told them that he could not find the orthodox church to be right in recommending the worship of holy images. "The savior," he said, "never spoke one word about such images. We ought to worship God alone, and when praying we should do well if we did as the savior told us to do, to go into our chamber instead of praying in the streets as the Pharisees did in old time, and as the orthodox do now." Many of the hearers sympathized with the views of Tikhanoff, and the other offender, Veksdine, seems to hav carried on an energetic agitation for "the new truth."

The two men charged with the offense were sentenced to hard labor. A great crowd attended the trial, consisting for the most part of sympathizers with the defendants. Only one of all the Russian papers and reviews has had the courage to make any remarks about this sentence. That organ, a review, called the *Viestrik Tevropi* (the European Messenger), asks what the adherents of Tikhanoff and Veksdine, who attended the trial, can think of the case? It can scarcely be supposed, the writer says, that this sentence will, in their eyes, be judged a sufficient proof that Tikhanoff and Veksdine are wrong, and the orthodox church right. It is much more probable that the condemned men will be considerd martyrs to truth, and that the number of their secret adherents will increase. All that the orthodox church can gain by its severity is to increase the number of religious hypocrits.

Book Notices.

"Agnostic First Principles," by Albert Simmons, with a preface by Richard Bithell, B.Sc., Ph.D., is a book that will delight those who, like the author, believe that Herbert Spencer is the greatest of men, past or present. For such is the position which Mr. Simmons accords the eminent synthetic philosopher. The two philosophers, he says, whose greatness approximates most nearly to that of Herbert Spencer are Auguste Comte and Francis Bacon. Yet these two combined, he believes, would scarcely equal one Spencer. The Platonic philosophy, we are told, is eclipsed by the Baconian, the Baconian by the Comtean, and the Comtean by the Spencerian. Yet "Plato is not more decidedly inferior to Bacon, Bacon is not more decidedly inferior to Comte, than Spencer is superior to all three." "Spencer is without doubt the first of philosophers. There is no second. He so far outdistances all competitors as to leave a great gap between himself and the one who comes nearest to him. That gap remains to be filled up. What Demosthenes is to orators, what Cæsar is to warriors, what Columbus is to discoverers, what Shakspere is to dramatists, what Milton is to poets, what Macaulay is to historians, Spencer is to philosophers. He is all that and much more."

Having got thus far, the reader will be prepared to receive the statement that Mr. Simmons comes "to praise Spencer, not to bury him." It is also a good place to stop and inquire whether our author has approached the subject with an altogether unbiased mind, and whether his enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Spencer has not rendered him oblivious to the merits of other philosophers. However, when the philosophy of Spencer comes under consideration, it is a relief to find that the adulatory style is abandoned, and the author devotes himself to a calm and mainly fair exposition of the principles of Agnosticism as he understands it. The remainder of the book deserves more praise than criticism.

Mr. Simmons falls in with Mr. Spencer's theory of the Unknowable, and devotes four chapters to that dogma. Those who are not familiar with the argument in support of the Unknowable may inquire how the Unknowable can longer remain such when its existence has been once ascertained, and we hav to that extent become acquainted with it, since the fact of its existence is the first and most fundamental knowledge concerning anything. This point, that the unknowable, once recognized, is no longer the unknowable, was raised by Stephen Pearl Andrews, and we do not know that it has ever been satisfactorily settled.

In his chapter on "Objections and Replies" Mr. Simmons deals with the Theist, the Atheist, the Pantheist, and the Positivist. The first he handles very tenderly. The Atheist is met with the assertion that the Unknowable is the sole real existence; the Knowable in all its forms is simply a manifestation of the Unknowable, and matter is not therefore the ultimate cause, as the Materialistic Atheist holds. The Pantheist, who believes that nature embraces everything, receives this reply:

"What, however, do we know of that which is inside nature? Nothing but the phenomenal. In its ultimate essence everything in nature is utterly incomprehensible. Hence nature herself inevitably brings us round to the Unknowable, and the Unknowable to Agnosticism."

The Deist is rightly told that the ascription of form or even attributes to the deity is not only not elevating, but is positivly derogatory and degrading.

Finally, our author's hottest vials of wrath are reserved to be poured out upon the disciples of Auguste Comte in general and Mr. Frederic Harrison in particular. "Mr. Harrison," he says, "seldom speaks save to sing the praises of Positivism; and he never praises Positivism without blaming Agnosticism." This may be true, but with the terms reversed it would be equally true of Mr. Simmons so far as the present volume is concerned. We find it further stated in a note that "scarcely three months hav elapsed since Mr. Harrison retired under a crushing defeat from his magazine controversy with Mr. Spencer." Now, anyone who read the discussion referred to knows that, so far as it represents Mr. Harrison as suffering a "crushing defeat," the above statement is not true. Mr. Spencer was far from having what sporting persons would call a "walk-over." If ever he met a foeman worthy of his steel, he found one in Frederic Harrison. It may be that Mr. Harrison was mainly wrong; it may be that Mr. Spencer was mainly right, or it may be that both were mistaken; but it can not be honestly said that either was in any sense crushed.

The reader is diverted occasionally by the author's stopping to reassert his unalterable faith in the permanency of the synthetic philosophy. It is not "overturnable even by a foe so formidable as might be made by adding all the brilliancy and ability which Mr. Harrison possesses to all the profundity which he ought to possess, and multiplying the product by the sum-total of the saints in the Positivist pantheon." Exactly what the result of such a mathematical process as the author suggests would be it is hard to say, and applying that result to the overturning of a philosophy could only increase the difficulties of the problem. "That philosophy [the synthetic]," he goes on to say, "we hold to be as lasting as the everlasting hills, and as ceaseless as the never-ceasing sea." Holding which faith it must be apparent that discussion is a waste of time, since, an unalterable conclusion having been arrived at, any amount of argument could not hope to change it.

Near the middle of the volume a definition of Agnosticism is reached. Hitherto we hav been content with such a definition as Professor Huxley, who originally employed the word Agnostic, was enabled to frame. It ran like this:

"Agnosticism simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe."

Freethinkers who did not like the word Atheist, upon seeing this, were quite ready to accept it as a description of the position which they occupied as regards the origin and destiny of man and the existence of God. Mr. Simmons looks upon Professor Huxley's success at definition as so indifferent as to be scarcely distinguishable from positiv failure, and, having rejected it, formulates the following for a true definition, viz.,

"*Agnosticism is completely-unified knowledge of the manifestations of the Unknowable.*"

This at least puts the matter in a new form if not in a new light, and if the definition is authoritativ a good many persons who hav enlisted under the Agnostic banner will be ready to resign. So far from being the modest person described by Professor Huxley, the Agnostic now comes forward to lay claim to an amount of wisdom which nobody will ever be able to acquire. The original significance of the word Agnostic is thus lost sight of altogether, and even the Unknowable is subjected to a familiarity which almost breeds contempt. Besides the knowledge of its existence, we are now expected to hav a comprehensiv knowledge of its manifestations, which sort of knowledge is all that we can possess about anything. We know nothing more of nature than its manifestations, yet we cannot call nature the Unknowable.

Agnosticism and the Unknowable are Mr. Simmons's two chief terms. We hav seen that he defines the first in such a way that it is no longer Agnosticism according to the meaning of the word; and the Unknowable which he deals with is not unknowable at all. The term is a misnomer. We are interested to know whether the author is a representativ of a class of Agnostics, or whether he is *sui generis*.

But let not the reader from what has been written here imagin that "Agnostic First Principles" contains nothing of value. On the contrary, it is full of grand truths. True, it is an apotheosis of Spencer, but Spencer has earned it. Criticism is here directed at the book as an exposition of Agnosticism as we understand that philosophy.

"Agnostic First Principles" is published by Watts & Co., London. The price in this country is $1. Octavo, 96 pages.

"Practical Experience with Poultry," an advertisment of which appears elsewhere, is a book full of suggestions for anyone owning an acre of land where domestic fowls could be kept. Mr. Davenport, the author, has tried raising hens, and this book can be depended upon as an honest account of his experience in that line. He treats of the hen as a semi-rational creature—one who will be pleased with the interest taken in her calling, and who will coöperate with her keeper to bring about the best results. The ordinary farmer, he points out, treats his hens with the greatest indifference, not to say coldness, looking upon them as sort of necessary nuisances, that dig up his garden in the spring, keep the barn floor in disorder, and eat the heads off his grain before it is harvested, and burrow and scratch in it afterward. So little interest does the average agriculturist take in his fowls that he often does not even know how many of them he owns. He gathers an occasional egg if he is so fortunate as to find one, and has a chicken for dinner on Thanksgiving day if, with the assistance of a rake and the other members of the household, he can contrive to catch it. To sum up in a word, the farmer and his fowls, as our author puts it, are "antagonistic." This is all wrong. The ability of the hen to hustle for herself shows that she possesses inherent enterprise, which if cultivated and encouraged in the right direction will inure to the profit of the owner. All the details necessary to this end are given in the book, which, we may say here, sells for 25 cents, and can be purchased at THE TRUTH SEEKER book store. It is to be regretted that the author did not employ some competent person to straighten out the verbal tangles in which he occasionally becomes involved, as such a process would often serve to bring his meaning into greater prominence. A conscientious printer, even, might here hav helped him wonderfully. But perhaps it may be taken for granted that poultry raisers are not given to literary criticism, so this point need not be insisted upon as material. Besides being an intelligent and practical farmer, Mr. Davenport is a Freethinker who has known what it is to suffer financial and corporeal injury in defense of the truth; and in addition to acting as correspondent and contributor for numerous agricultural journals, he is a Freethought missionary, distributing Liberal literature as far and wide as his means will permit. His book deserves a wide circulation, for, as near as can be judged, it contains all that is necessary to be known about the care and keeping of fowls.

THE TRUTH SEEKER has published in book form articles that originally appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pens of Wm. E. Gladstone, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Prof. Max Muller, A. Réville, D.D., and Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

The rare display of gentlemanly courtesy is a charming feature of the book, but its chief attraction is the masterly marshaling of arguments by scholastic giants, each in the support of his own theory concerning the Mosaic account of creation. In supporting the Mosaic account, Mr. Gladstone evidently places much dependence on his knowledge of Greek history of the times of Homer. M. Réville concedes what he feels compelled as a scholar to admit, and he is backed up by Prof. Max Muller, who argues from a thorough knowledge of comparativ philology, while Prof. T. H. Huxley supports him with arguments grounded in complete understanding of geological formations of the different ages from paleozoic up to the present time.

The last chapter of the book is a beautifully-written protest against the positions of Mr. Gladstone, and a plea for the race against the egotistic tendencies of the religion championed by Mr. Gladstone. The book will be read with interest by debaters especially, and by all who enjoy courteous controversy.—*Nonconformist.*

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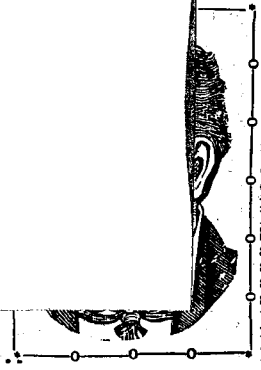
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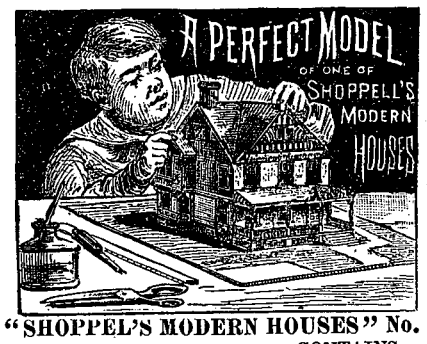
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News of t

A LONDON dispatch se
feature of the London se
complete reversion and u
tion of the Sabbatarian
long ruled these islands v
cant and custom."

A MEMBER of Parlia-
ment cables to America
his opinion that the Lib-
eral party has been
wrecked by Mr. Glad-
stone's advocacy of Home
Rule.

REPORTS are received
from many places in the
country of assaults of
saloon-keepers and their
friends upon leaders of
Prohibition prosecutions.
One Prohibitionist leader
has been murdered.

REPORTS giv the usual
score or so of murders
throughout the country
during the past week,
mostly through drunken-
ness; and some dozen
suicides, the majority
caused by poverty and
failure to get work.

WHEN James Scully, of
this city, arrived home
drunk on the night of the
18th, he varied his usual
program of wife-beating
and furniture-breaking by
pouring whisky down
the throat of his 16-
month babe until it
rolled over on the floor
drunk. After a few more
like diversions his wife
procured his arrest.

THE Belgian workingmen are demanding universal suffrage. Socialist agitations continue.

THERE seems division of opinion in the Catholic church in regard to its attitude toward the Knights of Labor.

IT is predicted that Home Rule will soon be obtained for Ireland, but that the land question has great trouble in store. The landlords are bitter and obstinate.

SECRETARY BAYARD has dispatched Mr. Sedgwick to arraign the Mexican government for its outrages. Meanwhile both Mexico and Texas are making preparations for war.

MANY reports from Rhode Island state, with what truth cannot be determined, that liquor is sold there in larger quantities and more drunken men are seen than before Prohibition was attempted.

EXPOSURES of corruption in N. Y. city government are proceeding with great vigor —but with more notoriety and profit for the newspapers leading the movement than salutary punishments meted the swindlers.

THE Andover School of Theology has been accused by the Congregationalists of undermining their faith, and a bitter theological warfare is in progress. The wrangle is principally over the doctrin of eternal punishment.

MR. POWDERLY says of the approaching Knights of Labor convention: "I hav no hesitation in saying that this will be the largest convention representing the interests of labor that has ever been called together in any part of the civilized world in ancient or modern times."

RIOTING in the Belfast districts still continues. Dispatches say: "Protestants declare that Catholics were the aggressors by wrecking Protestant houses, while Catholics are equally certain that Protestants were the aggressors. Of one thing there is no doubt: Never did two mobs of different religions display a more bloodthirsty desire to kill or maim each other."

THE Home Club, a secret society of self-seeking and dishonest labor reformers, has attained possession of D. A. 49 of the Knights of Labor, in this city, and has commenced a warfare against trade unions with the purpose of rendering its own power absolute. The cigarmakers' unions, with which it has come in conflict, hav obtained a victory over it; and now several unions refuse to join the approaching great labor parade in this city on the ground that a Home Club leader is to be grand marshal.

ANNUAL CONVENTION

OF THE

NEW YORK STATE

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EX-PRESIDENT HAYES attended the charities convention in St. Paul a few days ago. Since he gave a distant relativ of his $4 a short time back, he has appointed himself a philanthropist of the first water. He'd better stay at home and spend his spare time leading the hens to water.

GREAT regret has been expressed at the non-attendance at the Concord School of Philosophy of our own Sullivan. But then, we can't expect all our literary men are going to leave New York together. If that were to happen, we wouldn't know but what we were living away back there in Boston.

A CHURCH in a country village recently circulated a paper among the congregation asking for contributions "for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

A MAN and his wife agreed recently to learn a verse of scripture every evening, and repeat it to each other for mutual improvement. The first night, however, her quotation happened to be, "Am I not thy ruler?" and his was to the effect that he'd be hanged if she was, and the only result of the plan, so far, has been that he has taken to drink, and exhibits a willingness to sleep in the wood-shed at night.

of Thought.

s that his God inhabits the
ds the image itself as a God.
it are those of a child toward
that it is filled with sawdust
wood, and yet she loves it as if
is precisely the illusion of
ssesses the imagination of a
s idol fondly, and washes its
face with oil or rum; beats
it if it will not giv him what
he asks, and hides it in his
waistcloth if he is going to
do something which he does
not wish it to see.—*Winwood Reade.*

CHRISTIAN fetichism, though it dies hard, will be as glaringly absurd in time as heathen fetichism is now.—*Waters's Through Rome On.*

"I SHOULD not believe such a story, were it told me by Cato," was a proverbial saying in Rome, even during the lifetime of that philosophical patriot. The incredibility of a fact, it was allowed, might invalidate so great an authority. —*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

LET the god within thee be the guardian of a living being, masculin, adult, political, and a Roman, and a ruler; who has taken up his post in life as one that awaits with readiness the signal that shall summon him away. . . . And such a man, who delays no longer to strive to be in the number of the best, is as a priest and servant of the gods, obeying that god who is in himself enshrined, who renders him unsoiled of pleasure, unharmed of any pain, untouched by insult, feeling no wrong, a wrestler in the noblest struggle, which is that by no passion he may be overthrown; dyed to the depth in justice, and with his whole heart welcoming whatsoever cometh to him and is ordained.—*M. A. Antoninus.*

IT is the greatest of delusions to suppose that we come into this world as sheets of white paper on which the age can write anything it likes, making us good or bad, noble or mean, as the age pleases. The age can stunt, promote, or pervert pre-existing capacities, but it cannot create them. The worthy Robert Owen, who saw in external circumstances the great molders of human character, was obliged to supplement his doctrin by making the man himself one of the circumstances. It is as fatal as it is cowardly to blink facts because they are not to our taste. How many disorders, ghostly and bodily, are transmitted to us by inheritance? In our courts of law, whenever it is a question whether a crime has been committed under the influence of insanity, the best guidance the judge and jury can hav is derived from the parental antecedents of the accused. If among these insanity be exhibited, in any marked degree, the presumption in the prisoner's favor is enormously enhanced, because the experience of life has taught both judge and jury that insanity is frequently transmitted from parent to child.—*Tyndall On Man's Soul.*

THE Catholic notion admits miracles in the mass; the Protestant notion invites to a criticism by which it must finally itself perish. When Stephen was martyred, he looked up into heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. That, says the Protestant, is solid fact. At the martydom of St. Fractuosus, Babylas and Mygdona, the Christian servants of the Roman governor, saw the heavens open and the saint and his deacon, Eulogius, carried up on high with crowns on their heads. That, says the Protestant, is imposture, or else illusion. St. Paul hears on his way to Damascus the voice of Jesus say to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" That, again, is solid fact. The companion of St. Thomas Aquinas hears a voice from the crucifix say to the praying saint, "Thou hast written well of me, Thomas; what recompense dost thou desire?" That again is imposture or else illusion. Why? It is impossible to find any criterion by which one of these incidents may establish its claim to a solidity which we refuse to the others.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

MAN is born to trouble and toil as the sparks fly upward. Let him toil, therefore, as his best is, and make no noise about the matter.—*Carlyle's Letters.*

IF a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor anyone else, has any means of knowing, and that under these circumstances I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a "skeptic." On the contrary, in replying thus I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard to the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who hav work to do in the world. . . . We liv in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it.—*Huxley's Physical Basis of Life.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THREE KINDS OF BAPTISM.

Notes and Clippings.

THE keeper of a convict camp near Lumpkin, Ga., says that among the eighty-six negro convicts thirty-five are preachers, and all are members of the church.

DR. REGINALD STUART POOLE, of the British Museum, has procured for Boston a valuable Colossus of Rameses II. It sits thirteen feet high, and will be brought down the Nile when the river rises in February.

ON the 21st ult. Colonel Gilder's party departed on their land trip to the North Pole. They carried with them the "God bless you's" of their friends, and various other somewhat more efficient provisions for safety.

SAM JONES says the Germans are trying to ruin our Sabbath; that they "are trying to take this country, but this is America. The question for you people to settle is, Shall we turn this country over to the devil, the Dutch, and the drunkards?"

A BUFFALO newspaper is responsible for the statement that, after a meeting the other evening, Bishop Coxe said to a reporter: "I should like to correct the proof-sheet of my prayer. You newspaper men and the printers are so unfamiliar with prayer that you're pretty certain to bungle it up badly."

IN his visit to England, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes manifests great affection for that nation, exemplifying the usual utter indifference of literary men to the condition of the masses or their abuse by a tyrannical government. In his farewell address he says, "So I will say with one of the first Puritan exiles, 'Farewell, dear, dear England!'"

THE committee in charge of the matter hav concluded not to ask Sam Jones to return to Chicago this fall, as was the original intention. The reason is that, after publicly renouncing tobacco, he has gone back to the use of the weed. They say that a man who asks others to make a great resolve ought to be able to keep his own good resolutions.

FARMER (to country minister): "I 'kin bring you in a couple of bushels of apples, dominie, if you'd like 'em. I've got a lot of 'em goin' to rot." Minister: "Thanks, Mr. Hayseed; I would be very glad to get them. Hav you ever tried feeding them to hogs? I hear they are very fattening." Farmer: "Yes, I've offered 'em to the hogs, but they won't touch 'em."

THE Beecher family is a thrifty one. Mr. Beecher is under salary to his congregation. Meanwhile he is lecturing abroad under the Pond management. Meanwhile, also, he is preaching on Sunday, and his sermons are being published in the *Brooklyn Magazine*, and he receives a royalty for the publication. Meanwhile, still further, Mrs. Beecher is writing letters about the trip for the same magazine and she comes in for her share of pin money.

SOME time ago, a teacher in charge of a school in a west Georgia county was approached by a pupil and requested to explain the meaning of "49 B.C." The teacher read the sentence in which the hieroglyphics occurred, and observed that it referred to an incident that had taken place in a remote period. "Ahem!" he said, "them figgers an' them letters is frequently found in history books. You see, a long time ago, folks didn't know 's much 's we do, an' they sorter guessed at dates. Now, 49 B.C. means 49 'bout correct."

THE Congregationalists are divided over a choice of the proper doctrin with which to charge departing missionaries. Some wish to instruct them to execute their work with reference to the belief that all to whom the gospel has not been preached will perish eternally; others prefer the doctrin that an opportunity will be afforded heathens to accept the gospel after they die; and others insist upon informing the missionaries that the very latest thing to believe is that many will be saved without having heard the gospel at all.

A DEACON of a Greenville, Pa., church has a string of buttons half a yard long, taken out of the contribution-box within a few years. What business has the deacon with the buttons? They were contributed for the heathen, and several scores of heathen hav been obliged to hitch their suspenders with a shingle nail because of this embezzling deacon. Now the deacon is confessing, let him tell what he did with the money—if there was any. What good are these deacons, anyway, if a button must be stopped short of its mission?

THE Chester county, Pa., Prohibition political convention adopted as the main plank in its platform the following: "1. We reverently acknowledge almighty God as the source of all authority in civil government, and Christ as the king of nations. We believe that all human enactment should conform to his will. We express our gratitude to him for the progress made thus far in the Prohibition cause and hereby trust in him for the help we need to gain the final victory." If God does so much for the Prohibitionists why in the world doesn't he boost their candidates into office?

MISS LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE is trying to reason the timidity out of the woman-women. She said in her recent Buffalo address: "A woman, in order to vote, does not need to be about seventeen feet high, dress in armor, and get up on horseback. Why, the ballot-paper is not as big or as heavy as the fan I hold in my hand, and women who hav voted hav survived the operation, hav gone home and been able not only to recognize their friends, but to go about their ordinary duties, without experiencing any evil effects whatever." But this is more than can be said for many male sovereigns after visiting the polls.

WOMEN, it is well known, are excluded from the colleges and universities of the German empire. Both men and women look with derision and disdain upon the girl aspirant for academical honors. They do not consider women capable of advanced training, and are the bitterest opponents of coeducation. A rather pathetic story is told of a woman in Leipsic who tried to overcome the laws. She was a poor girl, and, disguised as a young man, entered the university with honors, and took her place in the laboratory as a student of chemistry. She applied herself assiduously during three years, and distinguished herself beyond her fellows. Her popularity was great, though she was innocently called the "lady," because of her feminin appearance—the students little dreaming how near th truth they came. But her sex was discovered on the day of her final examination, and, despite prayers and entreaties, she was not allowed to graduate.

Communications.

Evolution and Special Creation.

II.—THE BEGINNING OF LIFE UPON THE EARTH.

Nor hav the experiments performed with a view to settle questions been so conclusiv against the claims of evolution as would appear to some. At all events, the question is an open one whether the origin of living things in non-living matter has not been experimentally demonstrated. The old doctrin of "spontaneous generation" has in its new form, and under its recent name of *Abiogenesis* or *Archebiosis*, some men of great eminence in the scientific world at the present time on its side. Pouchet, a very illustrious Frenchman, performed a very large number of experiments, and in most of them he succeeded, according to his own opinion, in producing living things. The objection that there were germs in the air, or water, or in the materials he employed, he met by manufacturing artificial water out of oxygen and hydrogen, and submitting the whole of the material employed to a temperature above boiling-water point, which would certainly destroy any living germ, either of an animal or vegetable character. Then in England a series of experiments hav been performed by Dr. Bastian, one of the leading scientists of our time; and the results hav been given to the world in some voluminous and masterly books. Dr. Bastian maintains that he has succeeded, in innumerable instances, in producing living organisms from non-living matter. Hence the doctrin of evolution, which is in accordance with true philosophy, finds its support in that physical science where we should expect to meet with it, and to which it really belongs.

ORIGIN OF MAN.

The theory of evolution on this point is that man did not always exist, and that he is not the product of a special creativ act, but rather the result of innumerable changes from the lower to the higher, each step in advance being an evolution from preëxisting conditions. No well-informed person will dispute the fact that the remains of man are met with only in the most recent deposits of a geological character. No doubt human beings hav been in existence for a much longer period than is generally supposed; the short term of six thousand years, which our fathers considered to cover man's entire history, pales into insignificance before the vast periods which we know to hav rolled their course since human life began.

But that fact in no ways affects the question before us. Man was certainly the last animal that appeared, as he was the highest. If it be asked, Why highest as well as last? the answer is that because, by the process of evolution, the highest must come last. This is the law that has been seen operating all through the physical universe, so far as that universe has disclosed its mighty secrets, hidden for ages, but now revealed to scientific observation and experiment. Man came, as all other organic bodies came, by no special creation, but by the great forces of nature, moving always in the same direction and working to the same end. As far as the physical powers are concerned, it will not be difficult to conceive the same laws in operation as to his origin which originated the various other forms of organic beings. His body is built up of the same materials, upon precisely the same plan; during life he is subject to the same growth and decay, building up and pulling down of tissues, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the same forces originated his beginning, as we know they will some day terminate his existence.

Mr. Darwin made a bold stroke when he gave to the world his "Descent of Man." In 1859 he published the first edition of his work on "The Origin of Species," which fell like a thunderbolt into the religious camp. The commotion it caused was tremendous, and the effect to-day can hardly be imagined, so tolerant hav we grown of late, and such a change has passed over the scene within the last quarter of a century. The most violent opposition raged against the new views; ridicule, denunciation, and abuse were hurled at the head of the man who pronounced so preposterous a theory as that all organic things had sprung from a few simple forms very low down in the scale of being.

Then came the larger work, entitled, "Animals and Plants under Domestication," brimful of facts of a most startling character, supporting the theory advanced in the previous book, and challenging refutation on all hands. In the face of these facts, the public cooled down a little; opposition became milder; some opponents were converted, and others manifested indifference. The major part of those who still adhered to the supernatural and special creations held that, even if the theory of evolution turned out to be true, it would not apply to man, who was a being possessed of an immortal soul, and therefore belonging to a different order of creatures from any other animals, and that Mr. Darwin never intended to include human beings in the organic structures thus originated.

In this state the controversy remained until 1871, when Mr. Darwin took the bull by the horns, and at one stroke swept away the last stronghold of special creation by showing that humanity was no exception to the great law of evolution; for man, like other animals, had originated in natural selection. The facts given in the book on "The Descent of Man" are both powerful and pertinent. This, however, is not the place to dwell upon natural selection, and it is only referred to so far as it supports evolution. The difficulties that hav been placed in the way of the application of this principle to man hav not had much reference to his bodily organs, but mainly to his mental and moral powers, his social faculties, and the emotional side of his nature. True, a controversy raged for a short time between Huxley and Owen as to whether there was not a special structure in the human brain not to be found in the next animals lower in the scale of being; but this contention has long since died out, and to-day no anatomist of any note will be found contending for the existing of any such organ. That the human brain differs considerably from the brain of any lower animal no one, who is at all acquainted with the subject, will deny; but this is difference in degree, and not arising from the presence of any special structure in the one which is absent in the other. Man, therefore, must look for his origin just where he seeks for that of the inferior creatures.

The science of embryology, which is now much more carefully studied, and, consequently, much better known, than at any period in the past, lends very powerful support to evolution, though, perhaps, little to natural selection. "The primordial germs," says Huxley, "of a man, a dog, a bird, a fish, a beetle, a snail, and a polyp are in no essential structural respects distinguishable" (Lay Sermons). Each organism, in fact, commences its individual career at the same point—that is, in a single cell. These cells are of the same chemical composition, approximately of the same size, and appear to be in all respects identical. Yet the one develops into a fish, another into a reptil, a third into a bird, a fourth into a dog, and a fifth into a man. The process is the same in all up to a certain point. First the cell divides into two, then into four, eight, sixteen, and so on, until a particular condition is reached, called by Haeckel morula, when a totally different set of changes occur. In the case of the higher animals the development of the embryo so clearly resembles that of man up to a very late period that the appearances presented are exceedingly similar.

The believers in special creation hav a great difficulty to confront here. Evolution upon this point clearly carries off the palm. If it be not actually demonstrated to be true, yet the arguments in its favor are so powerful, and the facts upon which they are based so strong and numerous, that opposition must hide its head abashed.

II.

DIVERSITY OF LIVING THINGS.

The naturalistic theory usually adopted at the present day to explain the diversity of structure and form met with in living beings is that set forth by Mr. Darwin and called "natural selection." But this is not the only theory known to men of science. Others preceded it, and more, no doubt, will follow. Evolution is independent of all these, and yet it may obtain support from any of them. Having reached living organisms, of either animal or vegetable character, the problem that presents itself for solution is the method by which they may develop into the multiplicity of forms that we now meet with on the earth. Haeckel, one of the most enthusiastic of the scientific evolutionists living, tells us that we can, by means of evolution, giv a mechanical explanation of the most complicated organic phenomena. "In fact," he says, "such events as the origin and formations of the organs of the senses present to the eye of the understanding, guided by the light of evolution, no more difficulties than the explanation of any ordinary process, such as earthquakes, winds, or tides." Life, according to this author, is simply mechanical force, and the supposed difference between the living body and non-living matter he wipes out. Evolution sets forth the doctrin that all forms of animal and vegetable life hav been successivly developed from the lowest organisms. From these low organic bodies we now start, and proceed to account for higher and more complex structures.

As early as the latter end of the last century the great German philosopher and poet, Goethe, taught that all the higher forms of living beings had developed from the lower, and some ten years later he considerably expanded the idea from investigation in embryology, a branch of science, as already stated, which throws a flood of light upon the subject. Subsequently he was followed in the same field by Oken, the discoverer of what is termed transcendental anatomy, a doctrin most closely allied to evolution, and lending it very important support. Some of Oken's theories were very whimsical, but on the whole he was a man of profound scientific knowledge and marvelous insight. Mr. Darwin's theory came afterward, and it is certainly superior to any of those that preceded it, because it had its basis in the known facts of natural history. This truth will be conceded even by those who dispute the conclusions arrived at, and who hold to the dictum of special creation. In fact, we may say, with Mr. Huxley, that "there is but one hypothesis as to the origin of species of animals in general, which has any scientific existence—that propounded by Mr. Darwin." Although that hypothesis is now fairly known, a brief description of it may prove interesting.

The rate of increase among animals and plants is so great as to render it an absolute certainty that millions must perish every year. Even elephants, and others of the very slowest-breeding of all animals, would soon overstock the countries where they dwell, and even the world itself, were not large numbers destroyed. As to the plants, Huxley has shown that if we started with only one to-day, and all the seeds which it givs off should grow, the same thing happening to each new plant thus produced, in turn, in nine years all the dry land on the surface of the earth would be covered. Of course this does not occur, and the reason is obvious: Myriads of plants are every year destroyed, so that each species is kept in proper bounds. This givs rise to what is known by the term, "the struggle for existence;" and the result is that the strongest, or those in some way best adapted to the environment, remain, while the rest disappear. Herbert Spencer calls this "the survival of the fittest." Now, that this really occurs, few, if any, persons will deny. The only ground upon which any dispute may arise will be, how far changes can occur in any organisms by this law.

Mr. Darwin has shown that in all organic bodies there is a tendency to vary. No single offspring of an animal will be exactly like its parents, and the variation, however small it may be, may go on increasing generation after generation until the newly acquired characteristics may completely overbalance the old ones. This principle is well enough understood by the breeders of cattle, and by horticulturists, who take advantage of it to produce, if not a new species, yet a variety differing very much from that from which it sprung. The four great breeds of pigeons all came from one stock, differing considerably from either of the original parents—as much, in fact, as they differ from each other. This change has been brought about by what Darwin calls methodical selection—that is, the destroying any young which might show indications of a partial return to the original stock. Acting on this principle, the cattle-breeder, the dog-fancier, the gardener, and others produce new and choice varieties of the particular organism with which they hav to deal. The most beautiful flowers and the most delicate fruits in our gardens hav been thus evolved out of wild plants lacking all the charming qualities of their descendants. So in the case of the domestic animals, how wide is the difference between the pig, the goose, the duck, etc., and the original stock from which they sprung! True, in all these cases the agency of man has been employed to bring about the change, and his intellect has guided the natural power which is thus turned to such useful account. But as man does not of himself make the change, but only selects under natural law, the same thing could go on without him did the demand for it arise. Say, for example, that a change takes place which favors the animal in obtaining its food, then it is clear that such an altered condition, however slight, would giv it an advantage in the struggle for life, and tend to perpetuate its existence, while those individuals which remained in their original state would, being subject to less favorable conditions, die and disappear.

Now, according to the theory of natural selection, this variability enabling the individual organisms in which it occurs to liv, while others of the same species die, may go on increasing through untold generations, until an organism is produced the species of which will be entirely different from the one in which it had its origin at first. The slow accumulation of different parts in the changes which take place thus givs rise in the end to new species, and even to distinct genera and orders. The same law which we see daily producing new varieties will in longer periods originate different species, and in still more extended time giv rise to new genera, orders, and even classes. Thus, beginning with the lowest organisms, we arrive in time at all those marvelous forms of living things with which we are acquainted.

This, in a few words, is Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection, and how it favors evolution will be apparent to the most superficial thinker. It must be borne in mind, as before mentioned, that, even if Darwin's theory is not the correct one, evolution is not thereby proved to be wrong. CHARLES WATTS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

More New Jersey Christianity.

From the Beverly Banner.

Last week an Infidel was mobbed at the town of Boonton, Morris county, his tent destroyed, and he narrowly escaped with his life. The speaker began his remarks by denouncing the Bible, and holding up the Christian religion to ridicule. The ministers of the gospel were sneered at as "lazy cranks," and church people generally denounced. While this is a free country, and everyone is his own master, and

allowed to believe and follow such religion as his conscience dictates, still, when a man—if he can be called such—takes a platform and denounces that which is held most sacred by all classes of people, it is time Judge Lynch were allowed to take an upper hand in the conquest. For, where is the class of people who havn't their God? From the lower classes of Central Africa to the highly civilized and cultured inhabitants of Europe and America, each hav their own idea as to religion and to a God, and when a man who has fallen so low as to take a public stand and announce it as his belief that there is no God, and no hereafter, and try to persuade, and in some instances succeed, in inducing men and women to follow him in his infamous career, a tar-and-feather overcoat would be too good for him.

Antiquities of India.

"The Bible in India," by Jacolliot, has been denounced by Profs. Max Müller and Fiske. But Jacolliot's chief opponent in Paris, Taxtor de Ravisi, a Catholic, admits that the book is written "with good faith, of absorbing interest, a learned work on known facts, and with familiar arguments." Ten years' residence and study in India surely ought to hav fitted Jacolliot to know more about Indian antiquities than college professors in England or America. He is still writing in Paris, and his volumes number over twenty. In the second volume, "*Les fils de Dieu* (The Sons of God)," he demolishes the critics who attempted to decry his first work, and proves by astronomical monumental records the great antiquity of Indian history. Brahmanism was established as early as 13,300 B C. About 10,000 B.C., there was a revolt of the chiefs against Brahmanical authority, the capital of the Brahmans was taken, and Viswamitra became the first king of India. Chrishna was born 4,800 B.C., and died 4,760 B.C.

Buddhism arose several centuries later. It obtained little foothold in India, but spread widely elsewhere. The Mohammedans overran Northern India, and destroyed the temples and books of the Brahmans. But Southern India remained undisturbed. The northern Brahmans had to reproduce their books from copies in the South, and in doing so made variations. It is these variations that hav misled the critics. Jacolliot had access to the oldest records in Southern India.

The above facts are gathered from a personal perusal of Jacolliot's second work, "*Les fils de Dieu*," in 1877. The top-lofty Sanscrit scholars who denounce him as a charlatan are blind leaders of the blind. ANTICHRIST.

Spirits, Wise and Otherwise, at Onset Bay.

I am still pursuing my investigations of the "mysterious spirit forces" here at Onset Bay, forces which would not be so very mysterious, perhaps, if we had a little more knowledge, and were not quite so ignorant of the machinery of the dear old world in which we liv and move and hav our being. I hav been told to-day that I am pursued by the diakka, whatever that may be, but I hav such a keen sense of the ridiculous that I shall laugh him off his track, I expect. Really, between all that I hear of spirit personation, transfiguration, materialization, transmogrification, and a deal of botheration, I am in a state of bewilderation sometimes that only those in similar circumstances can appreciate. The pretenders and deceivers approximate so closely to the genuin in the phenomena that it really requires an expert to detect the difference between them. Now, after Mr. Truesdell has *told* the tricks of Spiritualism and how to do them, intelligent people on the rostrum here declare that he is a genuin, no mistake medium of the first water, and Bob Trowbridge, his "control," one of the smartest spirits in the summer land! No wonder that people run wild and crazy on materialization, and demand flesh and blood, bone and muscle, gowns, ribbons, lace, whiskers, from the spirit land, and really think they get it! But they cannot make the features recognizable—how is that? I must tell you that I hav the testimony of four sitters at a seance that they went home with faces marked with chalk where they had kissed the spirits! I shall pray that my kisses may come to me pure and unadulterated with chalk or plaster of Paris. By the way, I am almost of the opinion that the craze for spirit materialization is because of the warm, sweet kisses with which the "spirit" greets the mortal! I think the price is considerable, however—from one to five dollars—and I'll be perfectly content to take mine from the sweet, sweet friends on *this* side of the river of Jordan. About the shrewdest, smartest persons on the ground are the "materializing mediums," and it is they who are coining the money—and a hundred dollars per day is not so bad, is it? I try to find in their seances something true and real, *i.e.*, something as they represent, but I grieve to say I find it not.

There is preaching and preaching here on the Spiritual grounds, and some of it is good, practical, true, and I giv credit to Spiritualists for helping to kill off the scarecrows of superstition, the "old serpent, the devil," and his devilish angels, but I fear there are a good many evils yet to be exorcised from their minds. One thing I notice, the invocations to deity are not half so frequent as in former times, and this is a sign of progression, for I can see no more reason for thanking God for the good in life than for damning him for the bad. I hav heard some very good words from the rostrum, but not better than I hav listened to elsewhere, and it all amounts to about the same. Preachers hav been preaching, poets hav been singing, for ages, yet they can get no higher than that goodness is goodness, and happiness is happiness, and to that end we must ever hope and aspire. The great desideratum is to learn how to liv rightly, and truly, and honestly; to learn the problem of existence, the right kind of existence—

> Man, know thyself—presume not God to scan;
> The proper study of mankind is man.

So it is, and he is always developing the most wonderful and erratic movements and notions, and not the least is the phenomenon of Spiritualism.

I am writing in the midst of a general conversation of a dozen voices, and if I do not close at once I shall certainly go distracted. SUSAN H. WIXON.

Lecturing in August.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In these northern latitudes the Liberal lecturer can work to good advantage, even in dogdays. The old notion that people are too busy to attend lectures in the summer is a fallacy. All things considered, I like summer lecturing better than winter. I hav just closed a series of lectures in Neillsville, Wis. Despite the hot weather, the people came out evening after evening. Judge Dewhurst, wife and daughter, and friends from the East visiting them, were regular attendants. By the way, the judge sent over to me at my hotel, by a Liberal friend, the sum of fifteen dollars, with the laconic message, "Tell Mr. Jamieson there is my contribution for the lectures." With the heavy railroad expenses lecturers hav to meet, such a message is more welcome than a voice from heaven. This is characteristic of the man. Citizens, irrespectiv of belief, respect Judge Dewhurst for his integrity, manly courtesy, and unostentatious benevolence. Need I add that Freethinkers are proud of such a man. He has been for many years an outspoken Infidel. While he is unobtrusiv, he makes no concealment of his views, notwithstanding the fact that he is one of Neillsville's leading business men. For many years he has been a regular subscriber of the Boston *Investigator*.

Mr. Charles Sniteman followed the judge with ten dollars; W. S. Coville, I. A. Durgin, Alexander Sires, with five dollars each, as the Lord had blessed them with cash; B. Fragsdorf, John Paulis, E. Eilert, James McClannahan, and others sustained the course with one and two dollars each, according to their means.

Neillsville is one of the prettiest little cities I ever saw. Since I gave my first course of lectures there three years ago, it floods itself every night with electric light. The new theater, in which I spoke, was lighted with the Edison electric. Its mellow, soft radiance is a great improvement over the fitful glare of the gas-jets.

I received a call to visit a little village reached by stage, ten miles distant, Maple Works. Gave three lectures. Each night, right in harvest time, too, the attendance grew. The third evening some hung on the balcony outside. One Adventist left in the midst of the lecture. Too much blasphemy for him. I hav an invitation to return and giv a longer course. Could not set time, as I expect to be busy the whole fall and winter in Montana.

Next went to Greenwood, sixteen miles north of Neillsville. A meaner place I never saw. The party who was kind enough to take up some of our notices did nothing further. I had the felicity to ride thirty-two hot, dusty miles by stage, and pay the aforesaid k. p. $1.75 for some very inferior meals. Could not hire a hall, hunted half a day for a church trustee. He could not be found. Had seen the preacher, who referred me to the trustee. Saw the post-master. He gave it as his candid opinion that the people there are not at all favorable to my sort of doctrin. Next morning, as I was leaving in the stage, a gentleman reached up and shook hands, significantly remarking, "Queer people here." Another standing by said, "You must not think we are all that way" I had made no remark.

The word went out that one of the devil's emissaries had come to town, from what I could learn. Greenwood has one business street. It is surrounded by pine stumps. The inhabitants are piously inclined, yet do not support preaching with a generous hand. The preacher is a hard-working blacksmith, and, as he told me himself, "preaches occasionally" in the poorly painted church. There were two fights, I heard, in the little pinched-up Christian town during the day I was there. In former times it tried to grow as large as Neillsville. Oh dear, what egotism! That is about all it has left, except the stumps. I hope I never shall see its like again.

I notice that, although it is August, the Boston *Investigator* is succeeding in arousing enthusiasm in its lectureship. This is a move in the right direction. L. K. Washburn is one of the ablest speakers in America. I wish we had a thousand lecturers for Freethought where we now hav one. There is an abundance of room for them. No one man can do all the work; no, though there were ten thousand, the talents and methods of all would be different.

By the time this is in type I hope to be in Montana.

Lake City, Minn. W. F. JAMIESON.

The Bible.

It would be a waste of labor to inveigh against the teachings of this venerable book. Alas! too many victims in our state prisons and penitentiaries, languishing in bitter silence, might date their downward steps to vice and crime from their too close imitations of the examples of some of its saints and heroes. Even King David, "the man after God's own heart," could find, no doubt, an excellent imitator in treachery, murder, cruelty, and atrocity! Science and time are adapting it fast enough to suit the public mind. This is the present standing of this once awful Bible, to doubt whose dictum once was sure to doom the doubter to torture or the fiery fagot!

With the Freethinker, it is difficult to decide whether this Judean Bible, with its journalizations, practical picturings, and whimsicalities of an angry, changeable God, is much improvement, if any, on the ten thousand passionate gods and goddesses of the ancient Greeks, Romans, and other barbarians. But of one thing we are certain: the Bible, as it appears before the unbiased, thinking world of to-day, with the lover of ancient romance and the appreciator of grave humor stands higher than it ever did before.

The researches and deductions of Darwin, although not held as positiv evidence to the reasoning mind, are still sufficiently strong to warrant belief in the probability of nature's gradual unfoldment, and a disbelief in the incredible instantaneous creation, as narrated by Moses. Hence, with the downfall of Moses, the downfall of the doctrin, "original sin," and all the necessary machinery of salvation.

In man's growing skepticism in regard to the divine authority of the Bible, the book is not so much to be decried when properly comprehended as are those sanctimonious priests or conventicles who hav ever held its fables, blessings, cursings, anathemas, as horrid bugbears; as shields, from behind which they securely showered their priestly, envenomed arrows, curses, and firebrands! Thus, as the Bible gradually subsides as a theological text-book, it rises in estimation with the lover of truth.

At this correct valuation the Bible has not lost, but gained rapidly, its own legitimate position. And now, as we are permitted without danger to smile and laugh at and admire the various efforts of these Judean romancers, we find many of its fables equal, and in some respects superior, for boldness in conception, to the Arabian Nights, Don Quixote, Baron Trenk, Baron Munchausen, Mark Twain, or Dickens—they are so gravely funny!

This position of the Bible having been fairly achieved, it now becomes the duty of the Freethinker to watch the movements of that class of humanity who call themselvs *men of God*—the priesthood; men who assume to know all about their God's affairs; what pleases, and what displeases him; the amount of praise, or quality of "taffy" he requires, or can stand, etc. It is this class of men the Freethinker is to fear, watch, and expose; these "blind leaders of the blind," from the Catholic God, the holy "Father" at Rome, through the whole of priesthood's ramifications, down to those street nuisances, "Salvation Armies."

The world probably will ever, or at least for a long period hence, be inflamed with grave priestly assumptions, which to the Liberalized Freethinker only cease to be amusing when some religious organization aims at controlling power. Theological rivalry among the various Christian creeds will for a long period, it is hoped, neutralize their power to do mischief, and the lover of liberty need only be alarmed when priesthood assumes an autocratic form, as now, in the grasping efforts of the holy father at Rome!

How pleasant would be the reflection to the Liberalized Freethinker could he cherish the hope that, at some future period, the world would arrive at that point of intelligence that the whole family of man could be merged in one peaceful brotherhood! This can only be obtained through the spread of universal intelligence among the masses. While in this connection, it forcibly strikes the thinker that this can never be achieved by failing to expose the snaky, hypocritical assumptions of the papal power at Rome. That a creature in this advanced age should be bolstered up to be a God—a deity—by his priestly satellites, and assume to dispense blessings or pronounce cursings on those advocating or opposing his Godship, is truly appalling!

Although to some it may be gravely humorous to read of the recent solemn mummery of transmitting to our republic a something they call a "baretta," it is deeply humiliating to reflect upon and notice the well-trained obsequiousness of Roman Catholicism. Alas! these priestly exhibitions too painfully show to what depths of degradation the human mind can be brought by training. D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn, E. D.

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News and Notes.

On Saturday, August 7th, after twenty-five miles' ride alongside the glorious mountains, I arrived at Denver, Queen City of the Plains, and well worthy of that noble title. I was in Denver about a dozen years ago, a minister of the Unitarian society, but it was like a small village then compared to its present size and magnificence. It has grown wonderfully. It is the wealthiest and most elegantly built city between Chicago and San Francisco, and is quite cosmopolitan. People from all parts of the world come here, some for business, some for pleasure and health, and the society is as brilliant as that of New York or Washington. There are seventy-five thousand inhabitants, and they are all on the go, like a Broadway crowd. There is hardly time for a death or a funeral, everything is so lively.

Our Denver friends, in accordance with the imperial nature of their metropolis, did not do things by halves. They secured for the lectures the most magnificent building in the city, Tabor's Grand Opera House, the most beautiful opera house in the country, I think; elegant and tasteful in its decorations, inspiring in its architectural beauty. It is an ornament indeed to the city.

On Sunday afternoon I attended the national convention of locomotiv engineers at the opera house. Addresses were made by Chief Arthur, Governor Eaton, Mayor Bates, and others, and, although the labor question was not thoroughly discussed, some good points were made. I was surprised, however, to find that so intelligent a body of workingmen felt constrained to open all their meetings, both public and private, with prayer. I could see no sense in that, only a superstitious formality, unworthy of those who, by actual experience, hav found out that self-reliance is the first of virtues. The convention was opened with prayer, but it was really laughable when this solemn farce was followed by one of the liveliest pieces of minstrel music ever played by an orchestra. The tambourine came in almost on the heels of the prayer with one of its most festiv jingles, and after this, amid the dancing melody, came the clog dance, sand-paper imitation, to the intense delight of the audience, excepting the chaplain of the hour, who, I believe, never looked so lugubrious. You would hav thought he had lost the golden harp for good and all. He didn't seem to like the mixed nature of the entertainment. Such a close communion of the prayer and jig did not suit his pious mind. However, the audience liked it and clapped their hands. It was ten thousand times more real to them than the hollow utterance of the priest. Theology was entirely knocked out by these strains of secular music.

The good judgment and daring spirit of our Liberal Denverites was vindicated by the splendid audience that greeted me in the evening. About twelve hundred people were present, the largest assemblage I hav yet addressed; and it was a pleasure indeed, in such a temple of beauty, to speak to such appreciativ listeners on the most advanced topics of the day. One is rewarded for a great deal of toil with such an hour of brilliant surroundings. It was like being upon a mountain hight and seeing something of the glory that will be. Mr. Thomas Tross, a most indefatigable worker, who, with Mr. John G. Jenkins, planned and carried out this splendid enterprise, presided at the meeting, and made the introductory address, which felicitously smoothed the way to a hearty reception by the audience. Miss Florence Taussig, one of the finest musical artists in Denver, made my introduction still more pleasant with excellent music, and so I had everything in the occasion to inspire me to do my level best for Freethought. Indeed, my heart goes out to Colorado friends for the noble encouragement they hav given. So far, I hav had only pleasure, and no disappointment. I shall speak again in Denver on Sunday, August 15th, and I look forward to another successful advance. No church in the city could hold the audience I had on Sunday evening. We are beginning to be popular, after all. I shall hav more to say about my Denver friends in my next. They hav done noble service indeed.

On Tuesday I came up to Forks Creek, where I find my good friend B. L. Smith, and his wife and son, Morris, aged three, who, born in the mountain air of liberty, has plenty of go-ahead. He will make a splendid Liberal one of these days, if the laws of heredity prevail. I also met Charles E. Smith, who, in company with his brother, is engaged in the secular pursuit of furnishing passengers with something to eat. Mr. York, the station agent, is also a Liberal, and was born almost within stone's-throw of the granit hills of New Hampshire, where I first saw the light, and so I felt, of course, that we were somewhat akin. He comes from Nashua, where I once drifted in my Unitarian travels. Forks Creek has about four houses. The railroad is upon one side, and the rushing stream upon the other, and overhead tower the two mighty walls of the canyon. There is not much room for a village, but it is the busiest place of its size I hav yet visited. It does an immense amount of traffic, considering that it is only a rod wide. Mrs. B. L. Smith, and her sister, Miss Maggie Campbell, are daughters of that stanch Liberal, Alexander Campbell, of Elk Rapids, Mich., and they are worthy of that honorable descent, and hav no bit of superstition in heart or brain. I had a pleasant time at this mountain hamlet, where Liberalism is triumphant by a "large majority."

I never struck a place quite so lively and varied as Black Hawk. It is the oldest mining camp in the state, and has not lost one bit of its original force. The hills round about are still loaded with ore, and the mills are constantly booming, and the engins keep up their music day and night, and fortune waves its magic wand and people get rich in the twinkling of an eye. Black Hawk, Central City, and Eureka stretch along for miles up and down the gulch, and you do not know when you pass from one to the other. They are really one city, which winds about and over hills and underground like a big serpent. Gilpin county sends forth more gold and silver than any other county in the world. The deeper they dig the more metal they find. The dazzling prospect increases every year rather than diminishes. The fields of discovery are inexhaustible. Gilpin county is the home of politicians. Hill, Tabor, Teller, Belford, and other renowned party leaders hav risen to fame and position from these mountainous gorges. Black Hawk is a curious place. Its main street oftentimes becomes a river three or four feet deep, and horses, mules, teams, and men are hurled along it with tremendous velocity to destruction. In five minutes the sun will shine calmly on the ruins, and dead men are picked up. You can't miss the train at Black Hawk. It rolls over your head on the side-hill, and an hour afterward you can go to the station, a dozen rods off, and take that same train. It crosses and recrosses the city half a dozen times before it reaches the stopping-place. You can't miss it unless you try, for it keeps running before your face.

The track from Black Hawk to Central City is the crookedest in the world. You hav to go four miles in order to travel one mile. Unless you consult the time-table, you don't know whether you are going to Black Hawk or Central City—whether you are riding backward or forward. The more you think about it, the more puzzled you get. It is called the "skylight" railroad, and you might imagin, as you climb over the top of the hills, that you are on the way to the celestial city.

They hav some wonderful railroads in Colorado. They hav one called the Loop beyond Georgetown, where you ride up a canyon seven hundred and fifty feet, going backward and forward in the shape of a figure 8, until you seem to be hanging right above the city, and the head grows dizzy as one looks down hundreds of feet upon the track which but five minutes ago he was traversing. While the locomotiv is going one way the hind car is going another, and it seems as if the train was going in two different directions, and a collision was inevitable. One needs to keep his eyes open when he travels in Colorado. In half a day's journey he will look toward every point in the compass.

I did not lecture as I expected at Idaho Springs, Georgetown, or Central City, but gave three lectures at Black Hawk on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Friday evening, Aug. 10th, 11th, and 13th. This arrangement seemed best under the circumstances. I was quite surprised when I entered the hall on the first evening to find a large audience present—every seat was occupied. It was a good opening indeed. Music was not lacking either. Mrs. Eva Hawks Howard, of Boston, a daughter of Mr. Hawks, one of the old residents and business men of Black Hawk, entertained us with the very best that Boston could giv, for she is one of the musical favorits of that city. It was delightful on these far-away hills to shake hands with New England's fair representativ, and hav such beautiful music from the center of art. Of course, under such circumstances, I could not fail to do my level best for Freethought. On the next evening the audience was larger, and also on Friday evening. On Friday evening the Gilpin reed and brass band gave us music, and so we had plenty of good things to enliven our way. George Stroeble is leader of the band. Albert Lintz, Al Newton, Wm. Fick, Milton Fick, Louis Fick, Frank Hughes, Fred Hughes, Ed. Bruburker, Hugh McKinna, and Fred Frensh are its good Liberal members, and I put them on the roll of honor. It will thus be seen that Freethought has had a royal entertainment in this rugged bosom of the Rockies.

Mr. Wm. Germain, who conducted the campaign, knows how to do the work he sets about like an old stager, for he was in this country from the start, and has met with all sorts of fortunes amid its changing scenes. He contributed largely to the success of the lectures by his untiring labors. He has the courage of his convictions, and no prophecies of failure could daunt him. In this first advance for Freethought he has scored a victory.

Mr. A. L. Crosson, of the Black Hawk *Times*, is one of the most brilliant editors in Colorado, and an outspoken Liberal. His father is one of the leading Freethinkers of Eddyville, Iowa, so well known for its radicalism. He comes of good stock, and makes it tell along this frontier line.

Mr. Matthew Boelert is another glorious Liberal. He is a Hercules in build, and his shoulders are almost as broad as the hills themselvs. He can wield the hammer like God Thor himself. He has the intensity of the Germanic race, and is a vigorous knight of the anvil and can make the sparks fly. It was a pleasure to meet him and his genial wife and children, who enjoy a paradise of Freethought in this breezy country.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Merlick's hospitality and liberal home added to the delights of my sojourn. Mr. Merlick was educated for a Catholic priest, and is a finished scholar. But he disdained the church and prefers the independent life of a toiler.

Mr. J. B. Ballard is one of the leading business men of the place, and is a generous supporter of our cause. He is a Liberal in every sense of the word. Mr. Fred Kruse has written for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and has made a vigorous fight for Secular principles. When member of the legislature he moved to dispense with the services of a chaplain, and carried the resolution. He is a born Freethinker, and can't help speaking his sentiments, although he is a politician. The man will come out.

I climbed up the steep road beyond Central City and Eureka (with the aid of a horse, of course) to the cosy home of Mrs. R. C. Brewster, ten thousand feet above the sea. Mrs. Brewster is a contributor to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it was a gratification indeed to see her face to face where she breathes the air of liberty in her elevated though not "heavenly" mansion. She is not ready for the latter yet. She walked five miles to attend my lecture and five miles back, and I consider it is a great honor to address such persevering "sinners." Where is the saint who will do any better than that?

I had the pleasure of meeting the first resident of this camp, Mr. E. W. Henderson, who, though he calls himself a Presbyterian, is altogether too cordial and Liberal to be hedged in by any creed. Humanity, after all, is his religion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Foster, Mr. Samuel Miller, Mr. Richard Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Haight, Mr. E. W. Hurlburt, Mr. A. Mansel, Mr. and Mrs. Belcher, Philip Pressler, and many others make a splendid company of liberty-loving men and women in this glorious mountain land.

A Secular Union has been formed with over forty

names on the roll. Mr. Wm. Germain is temporary secretary of the organization. It will be ready for the fall campaign.

Christianity has a new argument in its defense. As I was lying in my bunk on Friday morning, meditating whether to get up or not, I heard a voice just outside my door proclaiming, "He's got the cholera morbus. I guess he'll believe in Jesus now." When Christianity relies on Sam Jones and cholera morbus for its chief supporters, it must be pretty far gone.

At my lecture on Friday evening I was interrupted by a voice asking, "How about hell?" I answered, "You will find out when you get there. That is the scientific method. To know a thing you must experience it. There is no doubt but your curiosity will be amply satisfied." The voice said no more.

I met Judge Belford on the train, one of Colorado's brilliant men. He is a pronounced Freethinker. He says there is not much orthodoxy among the miners. They know too much. They not only dig and delve, but read. He took a look at a mining-camp library the other day, and found Homer's Iliad, Virgil's Ænid, Hugo's romances, Huxley, and Darwin. It will not do for preachers to tackle such kind of folks. Not much superstition there. I find that all the churches in a mining camp hav a very dilapidated appearance. They seem to be patiently waiting for the resurrection.

I had the rare experience of riding on the front of the engin in my trip over the Loop. I never realized so much before the glory of the iron horse. How magnificently he swept along! And how it thrilled the blood to be thus spinning forward in mid-air, mounted on the very forehead of the mighty and bellowing steed! For once, I had the absolute joy of radicalism without any drawback—I was at the very front of creation, kicking my heels disdainfully to the "dark backward and abysm of time."

Lecture engagements: Seward, Neb., August 21st, 22d, 23d; Valley Falls, Kan., August 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th; Seneca, Kan., August 29th (instead of Lincoln, Neb.—the appointments at Lincoln and Fremont, Neb., are postponed until fall); West Point, Neb., September 1st, 2d, 3d; Omaha, September 5th; Cromwell, Iowa, September 7th, 8th; Leon, September 9th and 10th; Ottumwa, September 12th; West Union, Iowa, September 14th, 15th, 16th; Chebanse, Ill., September 18th, 19th; Chicago, September 26th; West Union, Ohio, October 1st, 2d, 3d.

P. S.—Fifteen hundred people were at my second lecture in Denver. The opera house was packed; it was the largest Freethought audience ever assembled in the city, except at Ingersoll's lectures. It shows the splendid Liberalism of the West. The daily papers gave several columns to reports of the lecture.

Denver, Aug. 16, 1886.

MR. PUTNAM ON THE CONVENTION.

I inclose my contribution for the New York state Freethinkers' Convention. I wish I could be there, but I must continue the work in this Western country till October. I hope every Freethinker in New York will come, or, if he can't come, then send something for the expenses. I think this summer picnic will be a refreshment indeed, and as the national Congress does not meet until November this Convention comes at the right time to prepare one for the solid fall and winter campaign. I look forward to a grand success with our indefatigable worker, C. B. Reynolds, at the front. He is just the man, and I hope that all the Liberals of the Empire State will giv him generous aid, *versus Old*—not New—Jersey "justice." SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Pennsylvania Secular Union.

Sections 2 and 3 of article 3 of the constitution of the Pennsylvania Secular Union set forth the objects of that society as follows:

To advocate the equitable taxation of church property; the total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools; the repeal of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath; the cessation of all appropriations of public funds for religious institutions or purposes of any kind; the abrogation of state-paid chaplainicies; the substitution of simple affirmation, under the pains and penalties of perjury, for the judicial oath; the non-appointment of religious fasts, festivals, and holidays by public authority; the practical establishment of simple morality and intelligence as the basis of a purely secular government and the adequate guarantee of public order, prosperity, and righteousness; and whatever other measures or principles may be necessary to the total separation of church and state. Section 3. To weld together in a close bond of union, not only all the Secular societies, but all the Secularists, in the state of Pennsylvania, for mutual encouragement, aid, and protection; and to defend through the courts any citizen of the state whose equal religious rights are denied, or who is oppressed on account of any opinion he or she may hav held or expressed on the subject of religion.

With such objects in view the state society should receive the hearty support and cooperation of every lover of universal mental liberty within its bounds. At the last annual convention the president, Prof. William Seymour, of Philadelphia, was elected state lecturer and organizer, and intended to make a thorough canvass of the state, lecturing and organizing a society wherever Liberals enough could be found. But unfortunately a severe and protracted sickness prevented the accomplishment of his designs.

With returning health, the president intends to inaugurate an activ campaign, and desires the coöperation of every Secularist in the state. To this end the next annual convention of the Pennsylvania Secular Union will be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Sunday, September 19th, at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth ave.

Representativs of every organized society and individual delegates from localities where the Secular element is not organized are urged to attend; especially is the presence of the Executiv Committee desirable. The Pittsburgh Secular Society will aid to the extent of its ability in making the convention a success.

Able speakers are engaged. Now, friends, come up and let us put our shoulders to the wheels of progress. Correspondents will please communicate with Mr. Seymour at once in reference to lectures to enable him to arrange his route.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR, president.
HARRY HOOVER, secretary.

86 *Diamond st., Pittsburgh, Pa.*, Aug. 20, 286.

Canadian Notes.

A four-weeks' vacation down on old Cape Cod, among the friends and associations of some twenty years ago; a consequent breaking up, for the time, of regular habits; together with hot weather, an unusual rush of business, and a general dearth of anything like Secular work in this part of the country, must be my excuse for a perhaps unpardonably protracted silence; but with the advent of cooler weather, and the opening of the lecture season—which takes place in a few weeks—I hope to be able once more to get into the old harness.

The annual convention of the Canadian Secular Union will be held at Science Hall, Toronto, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, September 10th, 11th, and 12th, when measures will be introduced by which it is hoped fresh interest will be aroused, and a season of useful work inaugurated.

President Algie will be on hand, with other members of the Alton branch, and a number of friends from other parts of the country are expected. Mr. Burnham will also be present to assist in the work of the convention, and will lecture on the evening of the 12th. These arrangements are perhaps a little unfortunate as to the time appointed—being on the dates of the last three days of the New York Convention—but this difficulty could not be avoided, as we are obliged to hold our meeting during the time of the fall exhibition, to giv the country friends the benefit of the cheap railroad rates.

Mr. Watts is expected to arrive in Toronto Saturday, August 28th, and will open the lecture season the day following, Sunday the 29th; subject, "Secularism: Past, Present, and Future." On Monday, the 30th, he givs a political lecture; subject, "Gladstone's Defeat and the Irish Question; What Does it Mean?"—which, being at present the all-absorbing question, ought to fill the house. On the following Sunday, Sept. 5th, he again lectures, this time on the interesting question of "Saints or Sinners—Which?" After which he goes to the States, where he expects to be kept busy for some months.

Mr. Burnham follows a week later, lecturing, as above stated, on Sunday, Sept. 12th, and possibly for some weeks after. This gentleman closed our last lecture season, giving three Sunday lectures which were among the best ever delivered in Toronto. He has made a host of friends here, and we hope to be able to hav him with us often. His lecture on "The Philosophy of the Religious Emotions" is one that certainly ought to be published and in the hands of all Secularists (and, for that matter, of all Christians); it contains a solution of the whole scheme of religious delusion from a physiological and psychological standpoint, and there could be no better document to settle the doubts of a skeptic, or to strengthen the hands of a veteran. There hav been numerous inquiries as to where it could be obtained, and there is no doubt it would sell well in Canada.

I hav received several inquiries *re* the Affirmation bill of which I spoke some months ago. It seems that the news at that time was a little premature. The bill was passed, as stated, by a large majority in the Dominion Parliament, and everybody, including the daily papers, thought that it would pass the Senate and become law; but that body, which is analogous to the English House of Lords, and about as useful, saw fit, in their infinit wisdom, to throw it out, and the measure was killed for the time being; but I hav been assured by good authority that it will come up again during the next session under circumstances which will make its being passed by both houses certain.

I may also state, in reply to the inquiring friends, that the bill was introduced by the member from Hamilton, Ont., not from Secular motivs, but on the ground upon which nearly every judge of the Queen's Bench in Ontario is in favor of it, and that is, in the interest of religion. They see wholesale perjury in every court in the country, and to prevent the evil, or to protect and shield their deity from reproach, they favor the passing of an Affirmation bill. But, no matter what their motivs are, if the measure is passed the result will be more to the benefit of Secularists than Christians. KANUCK.

Toronto, Aug. 20, 1886.

Canadian Secular Union.

To the Freethinkers of Canada:

The constitution of the Canadian Secular Union declares that an annual convention of Canadian Freethinkers shall be held in Toronto in the month of September. In accordance with this declaration, the central executiv of the said association hereby earnestly invites all Freethinkers throughout the Dominion to attend our next convention, to be held in Toronto, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, September 10th, 11th, and 12th, in Science Hall, the new hall of the Toronto Secular Society, Adelaide street east, opposit Victoria street.

Business of importance will be introduced that will affect every Canadian Freethinker, and hav an important bearing on the future welfare of our organization.

Efforts are being made to secure the attendance of Mr. Charles Watts, who is now *en route* to this country from England—and also ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, Mich. The committee of arrangements will endeavor to provide a program that will interest and entertain all who attend. The Toronto Industrial Exposition will be held September 6th to 18th, and all who wish to attend our convention can purchase return tickets to Toronto at half-fare.

The executiv wish it to be distinctly understood that this appeal is made to all Freethinkers of the various provinces, whether they belong to any local organization or not.

Intimations from friends intending to be present, and all communications relating to the convention, should be sent direct to the president or secretary.

J. A. RISSER.

120 *King street west, Toronto, Canada.*

Pioneers of the Gospel of Humanity.

The Executiv Committee hav invited Joseph Cilley, of Nottingham, N. H., the first antislavery man sent to the United States Senate on that issue, to be present at the White Sulphur Springs Convention. Mr. Cilley is ninety-six years old, but talks of the old-time political struggles with remarkable clearness and energy, and it is hoped he may be able to attend. But that courageous and sturdy champion of equal rights and liberty for all, regardless of sex, race, or color, Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, who did such noble service in the days that tried men's souls, will positivly be present at the Convention, and giv her "Reminiscences in the Life of a Reformer."

Let every lover of humanity make a special effort to attend. It will be well for us all to drink in of the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice of the venerable pioneers of the gospel of humanity.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

For Expenses of the New York Convention.

Previously acknowledged	$22.00
D. E. Ryan	5.00
J. W. Black	10.00
S. R. Wetherill	1.00
Zenas Kent	1.00
Joseph York	1.00
A. V. H.	5.00
Photius Fisk	10.00
T. L. Brown	2.00
C. H. Betts	1.00
Wm. Smith	5.00
S. P. Putnam	5.00
Agnosticus	5.00
J. Sedgebeer	1.00
T. R. Burroughs	1.00
Charles Eckhart	5.00
Cash	1.00
John Nuessle	1.00
George E. Hartley	1.00
Frank Hart	10.00
E. Elmendorf	5.00

Funds for the Blasphemy Persecution.

R. G. Ingersoll	$25.00
Wm. Reynolds	2.50
Agnosticus	5.00
W. H. Burr	2.00
Joseph York	1.00
Mary W. Bennett	5.00

Mr. Tucker's Protuberant Modesty.

From Liberty.

Any expert in typography will tell Mr. Green that neither the *Independent* nor the *Christian Union* comes within gunshot of *Liberty* in beauty of dress and make-up, and neither surpasses it in literary power. Yet *Liberty's* circulation is only one-tenth of ten thousand. After this comparison, only my excessiv modesty keeps me from adding that taste, knowledge, and brains—not money—are the essentials in the achievement of typographical and literary excellence.

W. F. JAMIESON gave four open-air lectures in Merrillan, Wis., on grounds fitted up with seats for the congregation. His fourth lecture, on "Anarchism, America's Worst Foe," had the best attendance, and there was a general expression that every word of the lecture ought to be published and widely circulated. When last heard from, he was giving three lectures in Augusta, Wis., in the opera house, to fair-sized audiences. Address at Lake City, Minn.

Communications.

A Voice from Queensland, Australia.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* With fraternal greetings from this far-off corner of the world, sunny Queensland, I send you tidings of your co-worker in the diffusion of truth, Dr. J. L. York, who, together with Mrs. York, has been doing good, substantial work here for the past three or four months, causing great consternation, and creating great havoc in the orthodox ranks with the bomb-shells of Liberal and radical truth which he has thrown in their midst. He has lectured here every Sunday night to crowded and enthusiastic audiences, and has just gone through a six-nights' debate with a champion of Christianity, Mr. H. A. Long, of Glasgow, Scotland, the champion Infidel-exterminator (hater) who came out here purposely to stem the tide of Infidelity which is sweeping like a mighty wave over the Australasian colonies—but so far he has not caused a ripple on that wave, but has rather helped our cause by being the means of bringing numbers to the debates who would not go to hear a Free-thought lecture alone, but were forced to hear what Dr. York had to say in reply to Mr. Long—who showed himself a cute, tricky, scurrilous, and insulting debater in every sense of the word, whilst Dr. York conducted himself as a gentleman throughout, which even the Christian body was forced to acknowledge. The whole of the debates are being published in book form, a copy of which will, no doubt, reach you, and which will giv you all particulars concerning them without me occupying your valuable space with particulars in this letter. Mr. Long has a habit of addressing remarks personally to individuals in the audience, and, seeing one lady whispering to another while he was speaking during one of the debates, in which he had been opposing Dr. York on evolution, said, "There is no doubt that the lady who is misbehaving herself in front there came from the gorilla." Immediately the house echoed again with hisses, which continued until he left the platform. That was a specimen of his Christian behavior, publicly insulting a lady in that manner. The next day this same lady met Mr. Long in the street, stopped him, and said, "I am the lady you called a gorilla last night; will you please tell me what sort of an animal your mother was?" I guess he thought she was one with him there. However, it ended in his disgusting many of his Christian supporters, and the adding of numbers of thinkers to our ranks. Dr. York will tell you when he returns to America that he was surprised to find this colony so progressiv, and that he had no idea there were so many radicals here. I do not believe there is any part of the world where there are so many Liberals, according to the population, as in the Australian colonies.

Dr. York delivers two more lectures here, and then proceeds on a tour through the colony, away up the North, over a stretch of about 3,000 miles there and back. Having been over the country several times before, I hav agreed to accompany Mr. and Mrs. York as "pilot," and will, with your permission, drop you a line or two from different stages of our journey. I shall not tell you much about the country, as I expect the doctor will want to tell you all about that when he gets back to America, but just chronicle a little of the work done, the ground broken up, and the seed sown, the fruits of which others will reap who come after. So far as Brisbane is concerned, I am glad to be able to say that Dr. York's visit has been a great success financially, as well as otherwise.

A very successful musical, literary, and social entertainment was held in the Academy of Music last Friday night, June 25th, under the auspices of the Free-thought Association of this city (quite a healthy body, by the by), to bid farewell to Dr. York. The hall was tastefully decorated, and on the stage was a banner, on which was beautifully illuminated the motto of Thomas Paine, "The world is my country, to do good my religion." After a number of choice selections rendered by a really first-class orchestra, and a few songs by the leading professional talent of the city, came the event of the evening—a presentation to Dr. York. This was a memento of the good feeling of the Freethinkers of Brisbane to Dr. York, and I am sure nothing could hav been thought of more appropriate, or that would hav pleased Dr. and Mrs. York better, than the present they received. It consists of an emu egg, mounted in solid silver. The design is an exquisit one, and is very representativ of this colony. The egg is firmly clasped endwise between two large tree ferns standing on a pedestal of ebony; underneath the egg, between the two trees, is a groundwork of silver representing a forest scene, the trees and grass being very artistically and neatly executed. There is the figure of a black fellow in the act of throwing a spear at a kangaroo which he had taken by surprise, as the animal's startled, upright position indicates. The workmanship displayed in these figures is admirable, the features of the black fellow and the attitude of the kangaroo being exceptionally good. On the top of the egg is an emu, an exact representation in silver of the kind of bird that laid the egg upon which it stands. On the front of the egg is a shield, upon which is inscribed: "Presented to Dr. and Mrs. York, by the Freethinkers of Brisbane, June 25, 1886." The trophy was designed and made at a local jeweler's here in Brisbane, and reflects considerable credit on Mr. Reynolds's skilful workmanship; it will compare with anything of the kind produced in any other part of the world. When I tell you the trophy is twelve inches high, and about the same in width, and that, with the exception of the stand and egg, it is of solid silver, you may guess it is both very handsome and valuable. It will be something novel for friends to look at when Dr. York returns, and let us hope it will act as a link connecting the land of the emu and kangaroo to that of the eagle and stars-and-stripes, in the mind of Dr. York, in years to come. Mr. W. Widdop, one of the pioneers of Freethought here, made the presentation in a few appropriate words. Dr. York received the gift with a suitable expression of his feelings, and paid a tribute to the appropriate design.

The program of the evening was then proceeded with, including the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," which was most creditably rendered by members of the Association, Mrs. Fish (a lady at whose nuptials Dr. York had the honor of assisting, the day after his arrival here) being especially worthy of commendation for her rendering of the character of *Portia*. The hall was then cleared, and a most pleasant evening concluded by dancing into the small hours of the morning.

That Dr. York's visit has done an immense amount of good to the cause of Freethought here no one can doubt. Whole families hav left the churches, and numbers of new members hav joined the Association. An impetus has been given to the children's lyceum, which has been regularly attended every Sunday morning by Mrs. York, and the material is here with which to make as good a lyceum as anywhere in the colonies. A little different management, reorganization, some new blood in the shape of teachers, and more exercise, drilling, calisthenics, and less talk and lecturing, of which the children get too much and become wearied, and then the school will flourish and prosper, and thus will be formed a band of young workers who will be able to take the places of the elders when they pass on from material sight. Altogether, this city will hold its own with any of the cities of the South, from a Liberal standpoint, and no American should come to Australia and leave it without going North, at least as far as Brisbane, which (let me observe, for the information of some of our American cousins who do not seem to be very geographically correct concerning the whereabouts of Australian cities) is the capital city of Queensland, the northern colony of Australia, and not in New Zealand, as some imagin.

I am writing this after returning from Dr. York's farewell lecture, which he has just delivered in the Academy of Music, the largest hall in Brisbane, which was packed from floor to ceiling by the largest audience that (notwithstanding that he has lectured here for four months) has yet assembled to hear him. I wish all those Christians who hav been so bitter against us in this city had been there to see what effect Mr. H. A. Long's anti-Infidel campaign has had upon the Infidel body. We know the effect these Freethought lectures hav had upon the Christian body, because a large number in that audience to-night were members of one of the Christian churches only a few weeks ago, but now they are out-and-out Infidels and Freethinkers.

How many converts hav the supporters of Mr. Long gained from our ranks to the Christians? I think not one; and as this sort of thing is going on throughout the civilized world, it shows the progressiv car of Secularism is moving rapidly on, riding Juggernaut-like over the obstacles that are thrown under its wheels. The subject of Dr. York's last lecture in Brisbane to-night was "Reason and Facts *versus* Romanism, the Auricular Confession, the Blight of the Intellect, and the Curse of the World," a very fitting subject to terminate with, and to leave the people here with something to think over. Dr. York said he had been speaking of the daughters all along until to-night, but that to-night he was speaking of the mother; he had been lopping off the branches, but it was the trunk of the tree that would be the hardest to destroy, the last to die, and it would die hard. The Protestant churches could not fight Romanism, because Romanism was the mother of Protestantism, which was the same only a little diluted; but the fight fell to the Secularists, who, with science at their back, would in time uproot and destroy all the superstitions, and expose and sweep away all the vile and filthy corruptions of the Romish church, as they were doing with the Protestant churches. Before the lecture commenced there were some selections by an orchestra composed of some of the leading professional instrumentalists of the city; then a song by Miss Alice St. John, one of the leading sopranos of Australian opera houses; another song by Mr. Barrington, who gave the "Death of Nelson" in a manner that only artists like himself are capable of; a violin solo by Professor Lindsell, in his usual excellent style, and then the lecture—altogether combining to make this last evening exceedingly pleasant, and one that will be long remembered by the Liberals of Brisbane.

Day after to-morrow we proceed to Toowoomba, a town about one hundred miles from here, by rail. Dr. York givs three lectures there; then we return to Brisbane, and commence the northern journey by steamer; but, not to anticipate, we will leave these places until they come in proper order to be written about.

The audience to-night were loth to part with Dr. York, and many a hearty hand-shake did both he and Mrs. York receive. Over and over again has he been asked to stay on, to stay altogether if he liked, and they would insure him the same continual support. So you see how near you come losing him. He has now made a lengthier stay in the Australian colonies than he expected, but he has not yet been long enough away to be forgotten by you, but will, I am certain, receive that hearty welcome on his return home that I saw by The Truth Seeker you promised him some time ago. I sincerely trust he will continue to enjoy the same sound health he now has, and that he will arrive back safely, and liv to make that promised trip "East," when he will be able to tell you all about this strange land of topsy-turvey wonders.

Geo. Smith.

Brisbane, Queensland, June 27, 1886.

Hints to Workingmen.

The fear has been expressed that in the event of separate political action of the labor element the designing political hacks will insinuate themselvs into the organization, and, either by person or proxy, dominate its influence to their own selfish ends. This may be avoided by nominating for office none but men who work for wages, known and verified to be honest and capable. The curse of politics are the demagogs. No more detestable vermin infest the earth. They play upon the passions and prejudices, arousing the first and conceding to the latter, poising like an acrobat on the rope of popular approval, their only aim being to walk its length straight into an office where the salary is good and the stealings better. And, to our discredit be it said, they get there. They must get there no longer. We do not need them. A country that is self-governed should not tolerate professional politicians, and year after year elect them to make laws and govern it. In what essential particular do we differ from a monarchical government if we foist upon ourselvs a "governing class," and let them rule us to suit their own interests? The iron rod of despotism is the same inflexible master, be it wielded by one man or a thousand; and there is no despotism more heartless, cold, and cruel than that of our aristocracy of money. They own the politicians who are successful. They buy themselvs seats in the United States Senate, and then bribe their fellow-members to vote in their interest. They would steal the earth if they could get to some other planet with it, just to astonish the nativs with the immensity of their possessions. That a certain class of men should hav their vanity fed at the expense of the toiling masses is monstrous. Certain it is that there are radical defects in our political economy which make it possible for such an iniquity to exist. But it will not be remedied by "pledges" from candidates of either party, be they made in good faith or not, because all legislation at present in this country is under the pernicious dominion of capital. It is supreme. That influence must be rooted out altogether, and if we can elect honest and capable men to fill the offices and make laws, we must stand by them in the hard fight they will hav against the corrupt influence of money. Let the more intelligent among us leave no effort untried to show our comrades how suicidal it is to sell for a mere temporary benefit their voice and vote to the reckless, unprincipled demagogs who, like the slave-drivers of old, whip them in, by fair means or foul, to signing away for a mess of pottage the valuable gifts of American citizenship. Elections, at best, as they hav been in the past, hav decided no principle. Men hav been put up by the political boss and the voters told to vote for them, and they hav done so. In one instance, a very rich man paid thirty thousand dollars for a seat in Congress. He was a man who was notorious for his grasping cupidity, unprincipled, very close in his dealings with his men, a Democrat in politics, and an aristocrat in society. To advance his own interests, nothing was too low, mean, or despicable, and this man, with an eye single only to the rolling up of additional millions, was sent to Congress. To represent who, or what? To represent himself and get back his thirty thousand dollars spent on his election. The idea of such a man pretending to represent a democratic constituency, who for the most part were workingmen, is like sending Lord Salisbury to a council of nations to represent Ireland. I would that I could in some way get the interested attention of every wage-worker in this land, and, getting that, set him to thinking on the subject of the mistakes he has made and is liable to make in casting his vote.

The workingmen hav elected a Congress who allowed 20,857,000 acres of land to pass into the

hands of twenty-nine foreign corporations, ninety per cent of the total purchase being held by Englishmen. It is estimated that Englishmen own land in America equal to the entire extent of Great Britain and Ireland. Possibly it may be their intention to portion it off in large estates, bring over some few of their white-slave farmers, whom they allow to make from three to four dollars a week, and add to their number from nativ recruits here at the same benevolent pay. It seems as if they had set out to buy up the whole country—at least, the largest area of it. And it is very apparent that if they own the lands they will own the people that may, by force of circumstances, be obliged to liv on their land. It will be England over again; they will exact the last cent above starvation point from settlers and tenants. That is their game, no doubt. The "governing class" must, "don't you see," hav magnificent estates, lordly manors, hundreds of retainers, pleasure yachts, boundless supply of ready money, and how are they going to get it, "don't you know," if the lower orders don't hand it up to them with due reverence and proper humility? Quite the proper thing, "don't you see?" If any members of the lower class get starved out in their attempt to keep up the style of "me lord," it's quite of no consequence, because you see there's got to be rich and there's got to be poor, and they never will be missed there's such a lot of 'em. Besides, it's God's will. "Servants, obey your masters." Honor the king. If we could get the workingmen to do a turn for themselvs, we could elect a Congress that would put such a tax upon unoccupied land that "me lord" would drop it as quick as the devil would holy water. And this must be done. What with the aping of everything English by our sapient dudes, and the exchange of our maidens with money-bags for titles, these large purchases of land look as if we were going to hav England thrust down our throats at all hazards. Now, workingmen, do you want this country turned into a monarchy? If not, rouse up and vote for honest men from among yourselvs. It is not necessary to call it a monarchical government to hav one, and if any man cannot see that we are drifting in that direction he must be blind indeed.

WM. ALLEN SMITH.

Theory and Practice.

The theory set forth by Mr. W. A. Smith that the remedy for evils that beset the workingmen—*i.e.*, the masses—lies in the ballot-box is very beautiful, but it rests upon the hypothesis that honesty is an attribute of the workingmen, and is accidental or rare among the upper classes, whatever they are.

Honesty, like many other virtues, is comparativ and hence variable.

Fidelity to the general interests of the people must exist among the people before the ballot can be an effectual correctiv.

A venal people brings into power mercenary rulers.

Individual honesty rarely has sufficient tenacity to withstand the strain of official environment.

Therefore, something more potent than official honesty is needed to regulate official acts.

What is wanted is obedience to the wishes of the people, under constitutional restrictions, as expressed in party platforms framed by the people in their primaries, and in unequivocal terms; and obedience must be made the only safe policy for officials to pursue.

JEF.

Chicago Secular News.

The "judicial farce," the trial of the Anarchists, is near its termination. Mr. Foster will finish his argument Monday morning, and Captain Black, in a two-days' speech, will conclude the labors for the defense. State's Attorney Grenell will speak (or howl) for the prosecution, and it is expected that the case will be given to the jury by Thursday. The eight defendants were indicted for murder, and separate indictments were made for conspiracy, riot, etc. They were supposed to be tried on the indictment charging them with the murder of Mathias J. Deegan, but the state has not made a single point connecting them with that affair. They hav tried them for everything but murder—Anarchism, Communism, and Socialism—and a great social salmagundi they hav made of it; they hav piled up testimony on "conspiracy," yet every movement, every utterance, has been known to the public for years; but conspiracy is like the "flowers that bloom in the spring," it has "nothing to do with the case." They hav tried them for reading and circulating Most's books on revolutionary warfare, not realizing that Most is not on trial; they hav rung in the most inflammatory utterances of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* and *Alarm*, all testimony which, under the ruling of any fair-minded judge, would hav been excluded; they hav tried them for bomb-making, yet we never hav seen the statute which makes bomb-making a capital crime. From a legal point of view it makes no difference whether Lingz made one or a million bombs a day. They hav tried to prove that their utterances for five or six years were a species of war against society—then why were they not punished for that at the time? They found that all this could not convict them of being accessories to murder unless they could prove the principal was among them; so they put on the stand a notorious tramp—a man who has been tried for blackmailing, for thieving, for arson, and burglary; who is known to hav stolen six hundred dollars from a physician, now deceased; and five hundred people could easily be got to swear that they would not believe him under oath. He's a constitutional liar. He swore that he saw Spies light the bomb. That made a principal of him. It was simply an afterthought. If the jury are not bought, his testimony will not hav a feather's weight, for he looks the lowlived liar that he is. Judge Gary has made rulings in this case that entitle him to rank with the infamous Jeffrey.

The resources of the state, backed by corporate monopolies, hav been freely used by the prosecution. The press has fairly seethed with venom, and one who knows says those papers hav been furnished by the bailiffs to the jury just as they are printed, regardless of the fact that it was ordered that all reference to the case should be cut out. Witnesses for the defense hav been spirited away; some hav been so frightened by intimidation that they refused to testify to what they formerly had volunteered to giv in evidence. Witnesses for the state sat in the court-room, while those for the defense were kept in an anteroom, where detectivs, also pretending to be witnesses for the prisoners, tried to worm out of them important points. The state presented testimony about everything but the murder, for they had not a particle of evidence on that except Gilmer's testimony. But the court primed down the defense to direct testimony—no hearsay evidence was permitted. The case for the state was nothing else. Chief of Police Eborsold, who gave special and positiv orders to Captain Bonfield on the evening of May 4th "not to interfere with that meeting," skips out of town. They say they don't know whether he is in Maine or California. It is known that just before the attack a man entered the Desplaines street station and said to Bonfield, "That meeting is about to break up." Bonfield quickly called his men together, and said, "Let's hurry up and giv them something." The party who offered to testify to that was so frightened by police intimidation that he refused to either go on the stand or testify. He was not the only one almost frightened out of his wits. Friends and sympathizers with the accused hav been dogged and hounded by the police and excluded from the court-room. When demanding admittance yesterday to the court, I was informed that "neither Captain Black nor nothing on earth could get you in. If you want to know why, go to the sheriff. We hav strict and positiv orders to keep you out of the building." As George Schilling was with me, he, too, was barred out. We got in, nevertheless, which pleased me more than a little. It would take up the entire TRUTH SEEKER to enumerate the great and small villainies which hav been perpetrated during this most damnable conspiracy ever hatched by American authorities to convict men of a capital crime of which they are innocent because they were guilty of something else; and how the authorities hav sought out the places where labor reformers were employed and urged the discharge of those persons who dared own they were Socialists; and, I am sorry to say, with remarkable success; but I hav yet to see the Socialist whose opinions hav been changed by this sort of persecution. The state's attorney took it on himself to see about my case, and was at our office bright and early, before the opening of court, one morning last week. So far I know he did not succeed, nor is he likely to. I am given to understand that he threatens my arrest. What for, I am at loss to determin, but as it is the same thing with a number now in jail, it is not out of the probabilities. If those on trial are convicted, there will be wholesale arrests, in my opinion. Somebody suggested to me on Saturday that if those men are convicted the Socialists had better stampede. Well, I don't propose to stampede.

Half a dozen candidates for initiation breathed the close and stuffy atmosphere of a lodge anteroom on one of the hottest nights in July, while the examining officer of a secret labor society put to them the preliminary questions, the first of which was:

"Do you believe in God?"

All readily answered in the affirmativ this great conundrum which "no fellow can find out," and the interrogatory was repeated to the writer. My reply was:

"Not much!"

The officer, being slightly acquainted, desired to be conciliatory, so he mildly suggested:

"I suppose you believe in a supreme being?"

"Not by a jugful," was my irreverent response.

Some of the other candidates turned as pale as Paris plaster; the eyes of one protruded so that I was slightly alarmed for his mental balance; on another it brought out the beads of perspiration, as though he was undergoing a foretaste of an adverse hereafter from an orthodox standpoint. To relieve their distress, I recommended the officer to go in for proper instructions, as those questions were unnecessary. Being a member of the "mother church," the examiner appeared both cross and confused, but obeyed.

Returning, he apologized for asking the questions, saying they were immaterial, but he had an old book.

Still, I remember the time when superstition had a powerful basis in the early history of that society. The same interrogations were then a part of the initiation, and a good deal worse further on. No more satisfactory answers were given by me at that time; the initiation was suspended, yet I was declared a member. Once inside, I endeavored to make it easier for all Freethinkers who should wish to join thereafter, and commenced the agitation for secularizing the order, and thus succeeded in being vilified throughout its ramifications; but the end was soon accomplished, and the religious test in the largest labor organization in the world was abolished.

The above is written to show what can be done by a little effort. In the same organization were men just as opposed to orthodoxy (on the outside) as myself, but they viewed this initiatory business as a lot of buncombe to catch fools, and they acquiesced in the foolishness; did not think it worth while to oppose it. That is not my idea. By such foolishness society is ruled and robbed. The silence of tacit admission that you believe such trash givs its adherents the right to reckon you of their number, and to demand support, patronage, and protection in proportion.

My grand old colleague, John McIntosh, who is a moral hero every inch of him, falls into the error that, because he is familiar with Socialism, he is therefore authority on the Knights of Labor. That is a great mistake. He will admit that I know something of both. Powderly is what is termed a "conscientious Catholic;" he believes his first duty is to the church; and whenever the church wishes to use him to destroy liberty it will do it, under the pretense that the glory of God demands it. That is mighty poor "compass" for freedom. Powderly has also grown vain; the capitalistic press has tickled him. He has held office six years, and that is long enough. That Powderly, when elected General Master Workman, had any authority from the Executiv Board to lay its "innermost secrets" before a Catholic tribunal, is false. As chairman of that Executiv Board, I know no such permission was given. The secretary, at that time, of the Board was Philip Van Patten, and neither he nor I would hav tolerated such action. I know that officers, individually, did ask the opinion and good offices of the church for the success of the order, but without authority.

Our Secular Union will renew its meetings the first Sunday in September. A business meeting of members will be held next Sunday, August 22d, at 245 West Madison street, at 7 P.M. All TRUTH SEEKER readers in Chicago should be present.

August 15, 1886. E. A. STEVENS.

Mr. W. S. Bell's Opinion of Newspapers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The long trial of the Anarchists is now near its end. The great excitement produced by the bomb-throwing at Haymarket square last May has died out, and now Chicago is dull and without a sensation. So greatly inflamed has public sentiment been in this city for some time past over hotly-contested elections, strikes, riots, and the Haymarket affair that now the commonplace occurrences no longer interest the people, and the newspapers are suffering accordingly. Our dailies gloat over horrid crimes and frighful catastrophes. They are intent upon a wide circulation of their pandering sheets, because it circulates within their grasp big piles of the circulating medium. In the dearth of catastrophes and bloody riots they try to make as much as possible out of murders, elopements, etc., but these are too tame and common to satisfy the morbid sentiments of a vast number of those who hav been long fed upon recitals of blood-curdling atrocities. And what is true of our dailies is true of the dailies of all the large cities. What are we going to do about it?

Do not the people make the press what it is, and does not the press make the people what they are? The best thing we who call ourselvs Liberals can do is to giv our hearty support to our Liberal papers. We should not only read THE TRUTH SEEKER, but sustain it with our subscription. I fear too many borrow it who are able to pay for it, and feel no obligation to sustain the cause of liberty by supporting its papers.

I am making arrangements for a lecture trip next October through Missouri and Texas. I hope to visit the following places in Missouri: Hannibal, Edina, Kirkville, Cleopatra, Chillicothe, Montrose, Lamar, Liberal, Carthage, and Joplin. In Texas I shall try to reach Denison, Sherman, Dallas, Kerens, Fort Worth, Granbury, Kimball, Meridian, Morgan, Temple, Walnut Springs, Bellton, Austin, New Braunfels, Houston, Navasota, Corsicana, Moscow, Henderson, Longview, Cooper, Bowie, Montague, Henrietta, and perhaps a few other towns. I am corresponding with many Liberals in these states, and I hope before October to hav my arrangements completed.

W. S. BELL.

302 *State street, Chicago, Ill.*

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SATURDAY, - - - AUGUST 28, 1886.

Liberalism.

The following appears to be from an earnest, but young, truth seeker:

"OAKLAND, ILL., July 14, 1886.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was conversing with a Methodist minister awhile ago, and he says Infidelity should hold its tongue until we can get up a God superior to his. This certainly can be done; but, to tell you the truth, I hav never as yet read the fundamental principles—the catechism—of Infidelity. Hav you any such book—an Infidel catechism or creed? If not, get one up quick. Let me know immediately. This minister says we are tearing down all the time, and never building up. How is it? If no other way, tell us in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Respectfully, J. W. BENOIT."

The writer of the foregoing labors under an imperfect comprehension of what Liberalism is. Certainly Liberalism will set up no god in place of the dethroned Jehovah, nor establish a creed to replace those it destroys. A catechism is usually boiled-down dogmatism, and we doubt its utility. Even a statement of principles, set forth as authoritativ, can be and should be questioned. Liberalism stands only for Freethought, absolutely and completely, upon all subjects. Of course, this must allow an immense amount of ignorant, wrong, and unscientific thought, but that can only be remedied by scientific education and mental training. But Liberalism nevertheless is *free* thought, without coercion by priests or politicians, through fear of "God" or a policeman's club.

All this, however, is not to say that Liberalism has no affirmations, as well as negations. Liberalism affirms all truth, and denies nothing but falsehood. In this it is in direct opposition to Christianity, whose affirmations are nearly all falsehoods. The fundamental affirmations of Christianity are: 1. That there is a God in the shape of a man. 2. That this anthropomorphic God created the universe about six thousand years ago. 3. That he also created animal life, ending with man. 4. That this man and his wife were created perfect. 5. That they fell. 6. Through their fall all men were filled with an irresistible desire to do wrong. 7. That all the people in the world did do wrong, and were drowned, except one family. 8. That when the earth was again populated by this family the people continued to do wrong. 9. That, in order to save any, it was necessary for this God to send his only begotten son to be sacrificed. 10. That this son was born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified under Pontius Pilate, was dead and buried, rose again after three days, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of this God. 11. That it is necessary to believe this in order to escape an eternity of burning in a fiery lake.

Such, in brief, are the Christian affirmations. It is needless to repeat that every one of them is a falsehood.

The negations of Liberalism consist in a denial of the dogmatic creedal affirmations of Christianity, as contained in the foregoing, and of as much of the theological superstructure erected thereon as conflicts with reason, with science, and with that humanity, or love for the race, inherent in every heart. Liberalism's affirmations, from which we are asked to construct a creed, are as broad as the universe, and include every ascertained law of nature, every proved fact in the world, every known truth upon every known subject. Liberalism has three sides, a scientific side, a destructiv side, and a constructiv side. Liberalism maintains that it must be through scientific methods that truth in regard to all phenomena can be known, and it accepts the conclusions of science so far as demonstrated. Upon these conclusions, and proceeding upon scientific methods, it demonstrates the falseness of Christianity and the truths of nature. Its destructiv side is confined to destroying beliefs founded upon these falsehoods of the church, which are founded upon ignorance of natural law, upon wrong conceptions of the motions of the universe, upon childish ideas of supernatural governance, and which hav been perpetuated through the same general ignorance and for the benefit of priests and "God-appointed" kings.

In its constructiv principles Liberalism embodies both science and humanity. That is, it conducts its humane work upon scientific principles. Affirming first the supremacy of human reason and the universality of law, Liberalism indorses evolution as a fundamental truth, as against the special creation affirmed by Christianity, and, working for this, endeavors to aid in that progress of the world which has been constantly going on since the first savage crawled out of his cave and built himself a hut. As this world is, if not the only world we shall ever see, at least of primal importance, Liberalism devotes itself to making it better, to making men and women happier, and to reducing the sum total of misery by which we are surrounded. As Mr. J. D. Shaw puts it, Liberalism seeks first and above all to glorify man instead of God; to save him from vice, ignorance, and superstition instead of from hell; to teach him how to liv instead of preparing him for death; how to secure homes on earth instead of mythical mansions in the sky; and to rely upon himself and upon work instead of upon God and prayer. Liberalism teaches morality upon a utilitarian instead of an authoritativ basis, and commands people to do right because thereby their own happiness is promoted as well as that of others. Liberalism does not treat men and women as children, begging them to be good for the sake of a reward hereafter, but says, You must deal justly, honestly, virtuously, because to do otherwise injures humanity, and every individual in the world has the same rights as yourself. Liberalism rejects vicarious atonement, affirming that upon each must fall the burden and punishment of his or her violation of natural law or infringement of another's rights.

Liberalism is a positiv, affirmativ force in all questions pertaining to human welfare. It affirms that instead of a God, natural law, operating eternally, is the power moving the universe. For creation, Liberalism affirms evolution, and by the laws of evolution design in nature givs place to natural selection. The notion that man is totally depraved is replaced by the affirmation that the good in human nature overbalances the evil, and that ancestral experiences, organized in the race as inherited tendencies, are what predispose men to evil instead of the theological "original sin." But Liberalism further affirms that these tendencies are more and more becoming good, and will result in future generations in producing men and women with as greatly superior characters as the people of to-day possess over our forefathers who burned heretics for the love they bore their God. As Henry Ward Beecher said, man, instead of being a fallen creature, began at zero and has been rising ever since. Liberalism affirms that this progress must inevitably go on. As to salvation through Christ, Liberalism affirms that it has not yet been proved that there is any hell to be saved from, and maintains that what man most needs to be saved from is ignorance, poverty, and the priests.

In what we hav written we hav not attempted to formulate a creed, but Mr. Benoit can gather from it some of the distinctivly affirmativ principles of Liberalism, as well as a good idea of what it seeks to destroy. We may also add that Liberalism has a political side, the principles of which can be found in the Nine Demands forming the platform of the American Secular Union.

New Jersey Freethinkers Must Be Careful.

In Newark, New Jersey, there is a vigorous Liberal League, which in the winter meets regularly every Sunday afternoon. All kinds of speakers occupy the platform, and expound all sorts of ideas. The majority of the speakers are Freethinkers, and they not unfrequently talk heresy. We wish to warn the League of the evil consequences of this kind of oratory. By the law of New Jersey, giving expression to the following sentiments is punishable by twelve months' imprisonment at hard labor:

1. Denying the being of God.
2. Denying the providence of God.
3. Cursing or contumeliously (rudely or scornfully) reproaching the being of God.
4. Cursing or contumeliously reproaching the providence of God.
5. Cursing or contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ.
6. Cursing or contumeliously reproaching the Holy Ghost (whatever that is).
7. Cursing or contumeliously reproaching the Christian religion.
8. Cursing or contumeliously reproaching the Bible (Protestant edition).
8. Profane scoffing at any of the foregoing (alleged) persons, things, and canonical books.
9. Exposing any of the foregoing (alleged) persons, things, or canonical books to ridicule.
10. Exposing any of the foregoing (alleged) persons, things, or canonical books to contempt.

We hav heard speakers and members of the Newark League say all these forbidden things and the hall did not crumble nor the officers of the law interfere. But we advise the Newarkers to be careful in future. New Jersey is jealous of her God, and will defend him with the last drop of blood a heretic has in his body.

The Trial of Anarchy in Chicago.

The case against the eight so-called Anarchists of Chicago who hav been on trial for the past few weeks was given to the jury on Thursday afternoon, the 19th inst., and on Friday morning, the 20th, the jury returned the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendants, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg, guilty of murder as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant, Oscar W. Neebe, guilty of murder in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for fifteen years."

On another page of this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER Mr. E. A. Stevens tells how the trial has been conducted, and upon what perjured testimony the state has been compelled to rely. Mr. Stevens's statements agree with our own careful reading of the history of this trial. It has been a trial reflecting no credit upon either the police or state's attorneys of Chicago, and the verdict is the result of popular prejudice against the Anarchists. It is a monstrous verdict, and unless reversed by the supreme court of Illinois will end in judicial murder.

Aside from the injustice done the men themselvs, this trial in deplorable in its results. The verdict angers the thousands of Socialists in Chicago, while feeding the wrath of the general public against them. Unless cool counsels prevail there will be bloodshed in Chicago. The comments of the press are of a nature calculated to make every sympathizer with the condemned men furious with rage, and the threats of the Anarchists arouse the passions of the police. What the Anarchists would like to do is hinted at in these words of Attorney Foster:

"If the day ever comes that the ropes are placed about the necks of those prisoners, the members of the jury will not be out of danger. I hav urged the prisoners to hav all their friends exercise their influence against violence between now and the end of the case."

The feeling entertained by the police, voiced by the press, and more or less shared by the general public, is shown by the retort to Mr. Foster of Police Inspector Bonfield:

"I want to say that if any violence is done by the friends of these men, the lamp-posts of Chicago will bear fruit. In my opinion the police will be powerless to quell the popular rage, and public vengeance will be summarily wreaked upon all the friends and pronounced sympathizers of Anarchy."

The senseless tyranny which the authorities feel empowered by this verdict to exercise will make matters still worse. A list of nearly three hundred men and women, known to be Socialists, is in the possession of the police, and it is reported that wholesale arrests will surely follow. Among those mentioned as liable to be arrested are Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Holmes, *née* Swank. When war is made upon women who hav done absolutely nothing, the authorities are playing the part of either desperate tyrants or desperate fools.

These Anarchists were indicted for murder, and if murder had been proved upon them, then should punishment follow. But it has not. They hav been convicted of being social revolutionists, and as that is not a crime, they are punished for something else. The *Sun* of this city—a journal that usually keeps

its head—reveals the prejudice which has brought the verdict of guilty in an editorial of last Saturday. "Seven murderous and frantic scoundrels," it says, "men envenomed against all law, all reason, all decency, and the peace and welfare of a civilized people, are to be extirpated on the gallows for the murders of which they are guilty." The *Sun* should think just a little, and the first thought should be of the plain fact that the state has not convicted these men of killing Mathias J. Deegan, for which they were indicted. The second thought may well be whether to be envenomed against law is a capital crime, whether to be envenomed against reason is worthy of death, and whether even an indecent man should be summarily hanged. The condemned victims of popular clamor hav talked foolishly, wildly; but the charge that they killed or conspired to kill Mathias J. Deegan has not been sustained by a particle of legal evidence. It has been a "trial" of principles, and not of men for murder. The long and short of the whole matter is, these men are to be hanged because they are Anarchists—a lot more of people are to be arrested because they sympathize with them—and the whole proceeding will be termed a "warning to a class of exotic criminals for whom there is no room in this land." We hav no sympathy with the wild gasconade and threats of those Anarchistic orators. They are the blind leading the blind. But we hav an abiding faith in freedom, a warm regard for fair play, and a jealous love for American institutions. The trial has outraged every distinctivly American principle, and this conviction, if sustained, and the men executed, will be as black a blot upon the fame of the republic as are the years of negro slavery. Our government cannot afford to be unjust to the humblest citizen, nor to the most depraved criminal.

Parochial Schools.

A few days since we saw an item in a religious paper announcing that the Catholics are building parochial schools in nearly every parish in the country. This is in obedience to the decree of the last Catholic council.

We are glad to note, however, that there is some opposition to these schools, and, as in the present instance, in places most unexpected. In New Haven, Conn., in St. John's parish, there is a parochial school established. A Mr. Maloney is the priest of the parish. Sunday, the 7th inst., he preached a sermon which reveals a rebellion against his authority.

He said that during the past week or two he had been visiting the parishioners inquiring why it was that the parochial school was not better attended by the children of the parish. In one instance he called upon a woman who told him that she would not do as he wished; that the people had been priest-ridden long enough, and that she would giv her children a public school education if they never saw the inside of a church or a Sunday-school. "Look at me," she said. "How many salt tears hav I shed because I hav not had an education?"

Mr. Maloney told his congregation that he hoped "God would pity this woman, but he never felt more like putting the curse of God on anyone in his life. Why, in the city of Hartford," he went on, "the city of the bishop, no Catholics are allowed to receive absolution or communion who do not send their children to the parochial schools. I am going to the synod next Tuesday, as all the priests are, and if they feel as I do on this subject there will not be anyone in this parish who will get absolution or be permitted to come to the altar rail if they send their children to the public schools."

Think of the arrogance of this man and his class! He would put the "curse of God" on this woman because she desired that her child should be educated. Who gave the "curse of God" into Mr. Maloney's keeping for him to punish his enemies with? His threat to boycott all who do not send their children to his parochial school may affect some of the more superstitious of his parishioners, but many of his congregation feel indignant at his assumption of power, and if he executes his threat the revolt, the reports say, will include more than the abused woman. This parochial school question is assuming proportions of importance. There can be no question of the church's right to build them, but there is a question of whether the church has the right to force people to send their children to them. Parents should hav free choice in this matter, and, although the church's thunders are only theatrical to men and women of sense, yet to the dupes who hav been educated that way, they are real. The question is, Has a foreign power like Rome a legal right to terrorize an American citizen into doing that which he believes is unwholesome?

There should be some way by which Roman Catholic parents can be protected in sending their children to the public schools when they find that the parochial schools are utterly valueless as educators. Priests should not be allowed to be bulldozers, although their victims may richly deserve their punishment for believing in the "curse of God," and a priest who "puts the curse on" whenever he likes.

The State Convention.

The time appointed for the annual reunion of Freethinkers is close at hand, and preparations for attending the Convention at White Sulphur Springs are being made by a good many folks that we know of. We hope, also, that many hundreds that we don't know of are getting ready. These annual gatherings are very pleasant, as those who hav been there can testify, and the time and money consumed are solid investments. This Convention is a little different from previous meetings, as more opportunity is offered for social courtesies, and less stress is laid upon oratory. But the latter promises to be not less interesting than usual, for we can announce the presence of Lucy N. Colman, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, Susan H. Wixon, Helen H. Gardener, L. K. Washburn, John Peck, W. S. Bell, C. B. Reynolds, J. J. McCabe, T. L. Brown, J. L. Andrew, and, probably, Charles Watts and T. B. Wakeman. Other speakers, too, may find it convenient to attend, and all will be heartily welcome and afforded an opportunity to express their views.

The catalog of amusements at the Springs is given in the advertisment on the last page of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and is quite attractiv. Young folks especially—the boys and girls—will enjoy the fun to be had from fishing, boating, and dancing, and if they occasionally run away from the preaching, no offense will be taken. A cordial invitation to be present is extended to all young heretics, and the older ones should come along to look after them.

One measure that we should like this Convention to devise practical steps to advance is the repealing by the New York legislature of the law exempting church property from taxation. This is the most appropriate work of the New York Freethinkers, and should be vigorously pushed. If Freethinkers from all parts of the state attend the Convention—as it is their duty to do, if they can—a conference upon the subject can be had, and a committee, when personally acquainted, can always work to greater advantage than if strangers to each other. A good start was made last winter, and the fight should be persistently maintained.

Finally, everybody ought to come to the Convention for the good it will do themselvs and the cause. A small convention has no influence upon the public, while a large convention has immense influence.

Catholic Persecution of Protestants.

Those provinces of Russia lying nearest the Baltic sea are mainly peopled by Germans, or by those of German descent. Naturally, what religion they hav is of Lutheran tendency. Of their opinions they are tenacious, and, like their ancestors, will fight to maintain them. These people speak the German language, and Germany is dearer to them than Russia.

The government of Russia, partly for political and partly for religious reasons, has begun a persecution of these people. The political reason is that should Russia ever hav occasion to engage Germany in war, these provinces would be much more likely to help Bismarck than the czar. The religious reason is—religion. The czar's government is therefore endeavoring to force them into the Greek church, and thus obliterate German sentiment along the Baltic. All the children of mixed marriages are claimed by the authorities for the Greek church. One pastor has been sentenced to the mines for rebelling, and sixty others hav been summoned before the authorities for maintaining the religious rights of their people.

There is nothing odd about this sort of thing. It is so common as to hardly excite comment, except in Infidel papers. The odd thing would be for two Christian sects to dwell together in peace, and the uncommon thing would be for the czar's government to manifest any toleration toward anybody.

Editorial Notes.

JOHN P. GUILD, in writing of Mr. Reynolds's arrest, asks, in the *Investigator*:

"Was it not Christians crazed by whisky that tried to drown the voice of reason in Boonton?"

No, it was not. The Christians were crazed by Christianity.

So far as we hav observed, no religious journal has said a word about the arrest of Mr. Reynolds in Boonton for blasphemy. We hav only a faint hope, however, that their silence springs from shame. More than likely, it proceeds from fear that some of their readers would expect them to condemn the arrest, and that they are unwilling to do.

MERRICK, Seaford, and Hempstead are villages within hailing distance of each other on Long Island, Hempstead being the center where men do congregate when there is anything going on. Messrs. Mollineaux, Jackson, and De Mott are Freethinkers residing in these towns, and each subscribes for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Last fall they all attended the state Convention, solitary and alone. Each thought he was the only Freethinker within miles of his village, and felt intellectually isolated. After the Convention, Mr. De Mott thought an organization would be beneficial, and he advertised for others of his opinion. This resulted in bringing the three gentlemen together, and to-day they hav a Union, which is growing into a solid society, with a library and reading-room. We mention this to show the benefits of organization, and to urge Liberals in other places to take steps to make themselvs acquainted with their Freethinking neighbors. Incidentally, we may remark that the Convention at White Sulphur Springs will afford an excellent opportunity to find out who is a heretic.

THE following is the alleged experience of a Christian who read Sunday newspapers. He writes it to a religious paper:

"As a matter of personal duty, this question was decided by me a few months since, when, after reading the New York papers on Sunday morning, I discovered the effect it was having on my Christian life. An inclination to substitute the newspaper for all other kinds of Sabbath reading was one of these effects. Another was that much of the time just previous to church service was devoted to interesting columns of secular news, and with the result that the mind, at its close, was not open and receptiv to the word of God; during church service it was the news of the day battling with the sermon, the prayers, and the hymns all the way through. This has been my own experience, and I know it to be the experience of many other Christians. What, then, ought we to do? In my own case it was plain; I ordered my Sunday newspaper discontinued."

If Sunday newspapers are evangels of Infidelity, it is a good thing their publishers are just now pushing their circulation with great energy.

THERE are those in this free republic who advocate the suppression and extinction of Socialists and Anarchists because these latter doctrinaires are the sworn enemies of our present form of government, or the state, as it is popularly called. To the attention of such might be presented the following declaration:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructiv of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter *or abolish* it; . . . . and for the support of this declaration . . . we mutually pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Many may not recognize it, but the foregoing is from the Declaration of Independence of the United States. It is dated July 4, 1776, and signed by numerous distinguished patriots, among whom are John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson. It was supported by force and arms. If it were dated July 4, 1886, what would we call those who should sign and support it?

A CORRESPONDENT of a Methodist paper, writing from Berlin, finds Protestant religion to be badly demoralized. Out of nearly a million and a half of population, Berlin has about 900,000 evangelicals, with only 70 churches, and "these hav a seating capacity for only 40,000 persons, so that if all the churches are full at the morning service there are still 860,000 persons deprived of that privilege; and if they are all filled again at night by those who did not attend in the morning, there are every Sabbath in Berlin 820,000 people of the evangelical faith who did not attend divine worship that day. Why, there are not enough churches in Berlin to accommodate even the servants, for the number of these in the city is nearly 70,000 (65,981). In the suburbs, meaning surrounding towns, there are 700,000 evangelicals, but only 20 churches and 30 pastors. In the parish in which I am living, which is about a half-hour's walk from the heart of the city, there are nearly 30,000 souls, 1 church, and 3 ministers. Similar figures might be given of other cities. The parish of Schonfeld (Leipzig) has 40,000 souls, 1 church, and 3 ministers; the parish of Reudniss, 17,000 souls and 1 preacher. But this is not all. Would that it were! Not only is it impossible for the people to attend church, it is impossible for the pastors to giv spiritual attention to the people. If we take 21 from the 120 ministers in Berlin—the 21 being workers in various institutes—we hav only one pastor for each 9,000 souls." Notwithstanding this lack of religion, "the people hav respect for law, and are industrious, and home-loving, and serious." But the correspondent, who is a minister, is morbidly anxious that the people shall get religion, and inveighs almost fiercely against the Sabbath-breaking habits of the Germans. "Religion," he says, "has no greater enemy than the Sabbath-breaker. Destroy the sense of sanctity in the heart of a people for the Sabbath, and the religion of that people is a mere parody. Better a hundred Darwinites in a community than ten Sabbath-breakers." What puzzles us is, if the people are so good without religion, why should the church desire a change? Goodness is what the ministers profess to want.

Letters from Friends.

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed postal note for $1, to help support the New York State Liberal Convention. I cannot be there myself, but send this for the good of the cause I understand it to represent. Your illustrations are grand, to those who understand their application.

ZENAS KENT.

GREELEY, COL., Aug. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: On the 1st and 2d of August we had the pleasure of listening to two of those able and eloquent lectures—"Universal Liberty," and "The New Heaven and Earth"—by our fearless and brave lecturer of the American Secular Union, S. P. Putnam. I would counsel friends of our cause all over the country to secure the services of S. P. Putnam, if possible, for he is a fine speaker. He does not word his lectures in a way to giv offense to those who may differ with him, but he drives the truth home every time. Our Liberal people were delighted with him, and his mode of dealing with the question under discussion. He is fearless and outspoken in his denunciations of priestcraft and its superstitions, and well he might be, for he advocates the cause of humanity, of reform, and of human progress. I reccived a letter from him to-day, stating that he would be with us again on August 17th and 18th. So we will hav another intellectual treat.

I am sorry Brother Reynolds has been so badly treated in New Jersey. Why don't all you good people come to the glorious West, where a man can think for himself, and speak his honest convictions, without hindrance? The old states of the East are too conservativ, with a few exceptions, while the great West is growing rapidly in population, wealth, and, best of all, Liberal ideas.

I second the motion of M. L. Sanders in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 7th in regard to publishing tracts for general distribution, and at an early day I will forward my mite toward paying expenses for publishing the same; and if you want a Liberal in this part of our country to distribute them, just send as many to me as you wish, and I will see to it that they are well distributed. J. W. LEIGHTON.

WANSHIP, UTAH, Aug. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please hand inclosed $2.50 to Mr. Reynolds, to help repair "our" tent. Those Boonton, N. J., Christians ought to be sent to the orthodox heaven for six months. Maybe they deserve a year, but twanging a harp and shouting glory to the lamb for a full year would be a fearful punishment. Truly the followers of the lowly one hav queer ways of "doing unto others as ye would they should do unto you." I hope our friends will promptly send Mr. Reynolds funds to repair the tent and stand the law-suit with the Boonton cut-throats. Fraternally yours, WM. REYNOLDS.

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find post-office money order for $12—$10 to pay subscription to Campaign Fund for the year past, $1 to help repair the tent, and $1 for the annual meeting of New York state Freethinkers at White Sulphur Springs. Am a little late with my subscription, but suppose it is better late than never. JOSEPH YORK.

Aug. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please send my paper to Dayville, Conn. I am leaving this place in a few days—there are too many Christian cranks here to suit me. The man that owns the church here failed, and never paid for the lumber, nor yet did he pay the men for building it; but he is a Christian, and loves the Lord, so I suppose it is all right. He will enter in by the straight gate, and receive a harp and a pair of wings. Amen! MRS. MARTHA HART.

MASTERTON, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND,
July 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I notice a great difference of opinion with regard to the cartoons. It seems to me those who still hav a corner of superstition left don't like them. I fancy if the cartoons were on the last page, it would suit all parties—those who do not like them can take off the last page, and giv it away. Another reason is, some are worth framing, or pasting up in a room or in a scrap-book. I wished to do so, but did not like to destroy the first page, and the reading matter on the second. I vote for them on the last page, or next to it, so I can be able to make an album.

N. STENHOUSE.

WAVERLEY, NEB., Aug. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps a few words in regard to Mr. Remsburg's lectures delivered here July 22d and 23d may not prove uninteresting to your many readers. Mr. Remsburg is an earnest, able, and eloquent speaker, showing a thorough knowledge of his subjects, and bringing to bear upon them an array of evidence that is incontrovertible. To the Liberals his lectures were as a cool fountain of water to the thirsty traveler, so seldom hav we the opportunity of listening to discourses illuminated by the torch of reason, and not the product of the imagination alone.

Our Christian friends were not so well pleased. Some professed themselvs thoroughly disgusted, while others were strongly impressed with the idea (inspired, I suppose) that he should be shipped instanter in a box-car. The clergy were conspicuous by their absence. Nevertheless, the following Sunday the Methodist minister attempted to answer, in a roundabout way, what he hadn't heard. He informed his hearers that Washington was a Christian, evidence or no evidence to the contrary; also "that there had never been any real good accomplished in the world by anyone not a Christian," and much more in the same vein.

Although the Liberals are but a handful in numbers compared with the enemy, we are going to make an effort to secure the services of Mr. S. P. Putnam for one or two lectures on his return trip through Nebraska, that we may hav the double satisfaction of hearing the truth ourselvs and of having a parting shot fired into the Christian camp that will keep them in commotion the balance of this year of grace 1886. Success to THE TRUTH SEEKER and to the cause of Freethought the world over. S. J. C.

HUDSON, WIS., Aug. 8, E.M., 286.

MR. EDITOR: The illustration on the front page of your last week's issue, called, "The Sabbatarian Scarecrow," is an excellent one, and I will take great pains to show it to as many of my Christian friends as possible. It reminds me of a notice which appeared about two weeks ago in one of our local papers, and which I feel inclined to relate, not as anything uncommon—oh, no!—but just to show that the town of Hudson is not behind, as far as bigotry and superstition are concerned. Here is the "scarecrow:"

A PUBLIC PROTEST.

We, the undersigned ministers of the gospel and citizens of Hudson, in the name of religion, and in the interests of good citizenship, the morals of our community—especially of our youth—feel constrained to enter our immediate and earnest protest against the further violation of the Sabbath, in the excursion advertised to leave Stillwater next Sabbath, August 1st, stopping at this place, as well as similar desecrations of the Lord's day.

Signed by five ministers, and more than forty of the most prominent citizens.

The above-named excursion took place on the announced date, but, in consequence of the "protest," only a few persons—mostly laborers and the "lower class" of people—dared go to the landing when the boat arrived, for fear of losing their names as moral persons and good citizens. A few days later the church parties arranged an excursion, to take place on a week-day, and kindly fixed the fare so as to make it impossible for any poor person to participate, even if he would spend a day's wages and risk the loss of his situation. So you see, again, this time there was no danger of the "prominent" getting into disreputable company. Now, I would like to ask the "ministers of the gospel," and all, if it is any more demoralizing to seek amusements and recreations on Sunday than on any other day. I know that a trip on the lake or river, with splendid sceneries in view, listening to good music, is refreshing to both soul and body, and cannot be demoralizing. Those who hav immoral tendencies will find occasion to develop them, even if "guarded" by the church; but of course the day that is too "sacred" for the celebration of our Independence Day is too sacred for anything.

Not wishing to take too much space, I will close with best wishes for THE TRUTH SEEKER and all truth seekers.

CHARLES HANSON.

OMAHA, Aug. 14, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Your getting-better-every-day paper, the glorious TRUTH SEEKER, had a small article in it to-day about escaped nuns. Well, I am not going to write about escaped nuns, but I am going to tell you something about an escaped Catholic, in the person of a young girl of nineteen summers. Her parents, being good Catholics, ill-used her so much that she left home, and for protection came to board with Mrs. Archibald. She was then working for the Elgin National Watch Company, but, she not being of age then, her father and mother met her one day at the gate of the watch factory with a covered carriage, and in a moment hustled her in and drove her to the priest, who ordered her, under penalty of dissolution from the church, to go back at once with her folks; and she, not being of age, had to go, and she remained at home as long as she could stand the hard usage of her parents, who would beat, kick, or strike her with whatever came to their hands; and, at the toe of her father's boot, she ran from the house, and again came to our house for protection. She then being of age, the priest and whole fraternity of Catholic sisters combined to get her into their clutches again, but hav so far failed. They hav tried to persecute her in every way possible, but I am glad to know that she denounces the faith *in toto*, and I think she will never again confess to a priest. She gave me a recital of a confession, which I will write for the benefit of your readers, if you think this letter worth publishing:

GOING TO CONFESSION.

First: "Say the prayer:"

"Father, forgive me, for I am a sinner."

Second: "Say the *Confetior*:"

"I confess to the mighty God, blessed Michael the archangel, blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and to all the saints in heaven, to pray to the Lord thy God for me; through my fault, through my fault (*here strike your breast*)."

Now comes confession to the priest; tell him all the sins you hav committed.

If a girl, tell if you hav a fellow, and how late you stay with him nights, and all about how you act, etc.

Now say the act of contrition:

"O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee!

"I detest my sins most sincerely.

"Not only by them hav I lost all right to heaven, but deserve everlasting punishment of hell. I am heartily sorry for offending thee, and I will do all I can to atone for my sins, and amend my life. Amen."

Then the priest tells you whether you can go to holy communion, or not.

It depends on how many lies they tell the priest. If they hav lied good to him, and made themselvs out pretty good, why, they can go to holy communion; but if they hav been honest, and told him the truth, and showed that they were not much better than he, they would hav to do without that holy rite, and would hav to get on their marrow-bones, and count a lot of beads to do penance, and atone to this great, big, almighty God for their sins.

Cartoons! yes, yes, let us hav them. I would send some money for their benefit, if I could; but I think I can soon. And Reynolds! I wish I had the means to help him fight those big-heads. I hope he will teach them a lesson that will prevent them, in future, disturbing honest people who are minding their own business. We are expecting a treat from Putnam in September. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER, is the prayer of I. W. ARCHIBALD.

DENVER, COL., Aug. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of our beautiful city are all greatly pleased over the grand lecture delivered last night by S. P. Putnam, in the Taber Grand Opera House. The house was filled, and judging by the frequent applause that followed some of his most telling blows against orthodoxy, the lecture was appreciated. The Liberals were very proud of both the lecture and the speaker.

As a general thing, I believe the people here are a broad, liberal-minded people, and accord to all the privilege of following the dictates of their own consciences; and especially so in the observance of Sunday. It is really a day of recreation and rest here, and the railroads can hardly accommodate the crowds of people who flock to the mountain resorts on that day.

There seems to be an inspiration in the grand old Rocky Mountains, and in the perpetual sunshine of Colorado, and one's ideas and nature broaden in unison with the immensity of the country by which we are surrounded. Living here in the shadow of the huge mountains, life takes on a grander meaning, and the old superstitions and narrow-minded views with which many persons come here seem to die out, and they emerge, free and untrammeled, into the beautiful sunlight of Freethought.

I believe the lecture last night caused an unusual demand for the dear old TRUTH SEEKER, for I went after mine this afternoon, and they were all sold, but I won't miss reading it, for I can borrow it of my friends.

I hope, on the return of Mr. Putnam next Sunday night, that he will find, if possible, a larger audience than before. I wish we could hav just such an entertaining, good lecture every Sunday night. MISS M. I. PATTERSON.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Intelligence is the greatest wealth the god of nature can bestow, but it is lightly esteemed in America if the man lacks the almighty dollar. Man is taught to listen to the voice of truth; reason should overcome passion or prejudice, and justice be over all. Avarice is a curse to man; it is the father of all crime. We read in holy writ that it is hard for rich men to get to heaven; they hav barely a single chance, while the poor hav many. But those rich Christians are willing to take their God, the almighty dollar, and take the half-chance to get to heaven, thereby proving they don't believe what they preach. Brothers Talmage and Beecher go for their dollars, and take their annual vacations during dogdays, and come home and draw their pay; but the poor man has no vacation only when he dies—and then, if he is a Catholic, he can't go to heaven till he pays for a certain number of prayers for the repose of his soul; no prayers, no heaven. So wealth is power. It is a great crime to be poor in this land of the free and the home of the aristocrat, where political thieves deal and dispense justice—if you are able to pay. No money, no justice or liberty. The politicians, aristocrats, and priests are the rulers of this great country, and if an intelligent man dares raise his voice against those frauds, he is quickly hurried before a political judge, and arraigned as a criminal and thrust into prison, where they tell him he ought to be hung. And if you refuse to shut your eyes and open wide your mouth, and swallow the blood, body, and soul of their God, they say you ought to be fried in a pan, as they did the Protestants long ago. They will even dictate to the judge and tell him that the greater the intelligence the greater should be the punishment.

Might makes right; that is all the justice or liberty we can get until we emancipate ourselvs from politicians.

W. W. MORRIS.

NEWPORT, ME., Aug. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The question before the people is not, "The Joys of Heaven," or "Could Jesus Christ Write?" No one who has something to liv for, a purpose in life, cares anything about "The Joys of Heaven" or whether "Jesus Christ Could Write" or not. But the question before the people is, Has the producer the right to the full loaf he has produced, or shall some non-producing thief get one-half without labor? That is the question, gentlemen, and if you don't know it, I am here to inform you.

If it was a crime for Nero to fiddle while Rome was burning, it is a far greater crime to ignore the question of all questions, that of the rights of the producer. With the iron hand of despotism on the throat of the workers, it is a crime to be silent.

The government under which we liv stands with its murderous feet on the prostrate forms of every wealth-producer in the land, and where are the voices and pens of most of the Freethinkers? Fiddling about something that is not worth the paper it is written on.

What is the condition of the people in the cities, especially in Chicago? Is there not a reign of terror there? Where is our boasted free speech? It is mere mockery to talk about it—it is gone.

Pilate and Herod—church and state—joined hands to keep the black man in slavery. Now they are doing the same thing to keep the wealth-producers in a worse condition than was that of the chattel slave. Priest and politician are both sold to the devil of selfishness, all to outrageously rob the people and make them slaves.

If a hundred years hav proved that neither church nor

state can help us, then to whom shall we look for help if not to the Freethinkers? The press, above all things else, is the grand educator, or the terrible demoralizer. THE TRUTH SEEKER is the one above all others to ring out its clear, clarion tones against despotism. The piratical craft, Church and State, is bearing down on us—let us clear the decks for action.

Since writing the above I hav read J. Wm. Lloyd's grand words. They hav the right ring, and with every pulsation of my heart I say, Here is my hand, and I giv you a brother's blessing. What are those men in prison for? They are there because they hav seen fit to denounce a government that protects men who are a million times greater criminals than common robbers. If governments had not oppressed the people for thousands of years, such men as Parsons, Spies, and Fielden would never hav been born. And the talk of L. Tenney is the kind we heard before the war: "Hang Wendell Phillips, and there will be no more trouble." Hanging and imprisoning people cures nothing. Why, the prisons from Liberia's cold regions to Thomastown, Me., are all full now. Justice to the wealth-producers will prevent all this, but punishment, never.

Friends, don't think for a moment that it is blind chance that is at work in this mighty revolution. These men that are in prison may be hard, rough men, but there is intelligence behind all this, and they are the chosen instruments; and their imprisonment or punishment will as certainly hasten the doom of this government as the law of compensation is sure. To demand the punishment of these men is to side with the oppressor, which is precisely what was done with John Brown and others. But did that cure the terrible crime of slavery? Does not history repeat itself? Did not the bloody conflict between the North and the South come in consequence of the crime of oppression of the black man? Will the cry for the blood of these men cure anything? It is folly to think so. The foundation-stones in your stores and palatial mansions are cemented with blood, and they may hav to be washed out with the blood of their occupants. We shall see. SEWARD MITCHELL.

EUREKA, July 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to put in my protest against certain principles that are advocated in articles that hav made their appearance in THE TRUTH SEEKER of late. It seems to me that none but a crank would advocate such ideas—but perhaps I am a crank, too. I hold that all hav an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, etc., but not to what there is of property in the world belonging to other people—a right to what they hav the ability and good luck to acquire.

Suppose I go into the peanut business, and as business improves I hire a boy or man to help sell; after a little he strikes for higher wages or fewer hours of work. I tell him I don't want him any more at any price, and he and his friends combine and boycott me, and mob anyone that I employ in place of the striker. I consider it is an outrageous proceeding. Because I employed the boy once, must I always do it? He has no more claim on me than if I had never employed him, and it makes no difference if I hav a capital of $5,000,000 or $5—and the strikes almost always are on when the times are the worst, and when the laborers' work is of the least good to the capitalist.

I think it is a credit to anyone to hav property to be protected by law; and that it goes to show that he is an honorable man, too, for honesty is policy; if he is improvident, he can't be honest or honorable long, but will borrow till borrowing is played out, and then he will take to something worse. When all are thrifty, hope and happiness prevail. Wealth has an elevating and refining effect, all other things being equal.

Labor societies are a monstrous tyranny, not only on the public, but on their own members. A large part of them are forced into it by a few leaders and roughs. The industrious, hard-working, decent ones pay the bills, and if they kick or leave the organization, they are scabs, and there is no chance or peace for them afterwards. I wish that the laws could be enforced, and that governors, mayors, etc., were more ready to put down riots; but they are afraid they might lose some of the rabble's votes. Take notice, Republicans, James G. Blaine belongs to the Knights of Labor. I wonder what that is for? Would he not join the Anarchists so long as he could ride into the presidency thereby? I think that he will miss it, and all will that humor such principles. I believe that right and square dealing is the best even in politics.

I think the so-called labor organizations hav been a failure to benefit the members or outsiders with time and money wasted in the last twenty or thirty years. But they divide humanity into classes, and separate them more and more distinctly, which should not be in this land of equality. Instead of depending on himself and building up his own fortunes and the family's, the workingman is looking for some big thing to be done by the society. They talk as if they represented the labor interests of the country, and those who differ or oppose them are the enemies of the poor laboring man. They do not represent the labor of the country, but only a dangerous element of it. A large part of the men of capital that the Knights hav such a grudge against work harder, and nearly a third more hours out of the twenty-four, than they. The corner that capital makes on grain does not so much hurt as the corner on labor. Suppose that the farmers and stockmen (if it were possible) should combine and make a corner on eatables, what a howl we would hear from the labor reformers about the oppression of the laborer! And yet the farmer is the one that works long and hard!

For what did those policemen and citizen soldiers carry arms, if they were not to be used to enforce the authority of the laws, and protect life and property? But then, you say, there were some innocent people killed or wounded. Yes, but all know that in bad company is a dangerous place, and no place for a good citizen. How wicked the soldiers were to disturb the rioters! And Milwaukee would not stand more than an hour's stoning and abuse, nor wait till the rabble could tear down the factory! Too bad!

An article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 19th from the New York *Evening Post* is about the size of the Anarchist idea. For the attempts at murder singly and wholesale, whether of king, citizen, or subject, and destruction of property, either in this country or any other, the perpetrators should be treated like the raiding Apaches—all should join to exterminate them.

The man that will not do anything for himself and family will not do well either in a public or private capacity for anyone else, as a rule.

I think we hav a glorious country, and, with all its faults, the best the world has ever seen. We must try to perfect it and make it better as time goes on, and so in time help all humanity to something better. When we can establish strictly Secular schools throughout the land, where a practical education will be taught, including industrial training for both sexes, and compulsory attendance enforced, then poverty will be less and less, and then we can begin to talk of the good time coming. I believe that doing right as policy should be taught, and the idea that because a man has wealth he got it by rascality from some one else should be exploded. That is the doctrin that Christianity teaches directly or indirectly. The dishonest man when he does get rich acquires it in spite of the dishonesty, and on account of good business ability, etc.

And now, Mr. Editor, and proprietors of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will conclude by wishing that you may make at least fifteen or twenty per cent on THE TRUTH SEEKER investment, and build up an establishment equal to the New York *Herald* in magnitude, and become capitalists; and the cause of Freethought will grow and prosper with you throughout the land, because when Liberals become rich and fashionable then all the world will follow the fashion, and we will hav no moral-coward Liberals that dare not say their soul is their own, but all will be brave.

Your heads are level about the pictures—they are a great thing for the cause of Freethought. FLORIDA CRACKER.

BELDING, MICH., July 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Close, our tried and true Liberal friend, has written the inclosed letter to the Belding Secular Society, and given us permission to hav it published in THE TRUTH SEEKER if we thought best. If your space will permit, you can print and oblige Yours, etc., LUELLA K. WEBSTER.

TO THE LIBERAL SOCIETY AT BELDING, MICHIGAN.

For more than forty years I hav given much earnest, and, I trust, honest thought to matters pertaining to religious beliefs, and particularly to the orthodox Christian creeds and teachings prevalent in our land.

And during the past fifteen years, having been a confirmed invalid, I hav had more opportunity and cause to giv my attention to religious subjects than would hav been the case if my health had permitted me to take an activ part in the business affairs of life.

My health has been such that I hav been merely "lingering on the shores of time," as our Christian friends sometimes say. Christian friends hav often called my attention to the necessity of being prepared for the change that awaits us all, and as I could not possibly be the gainer by doing otherwise, I hav endeavored to determin whether theirs is the true and better way.

The more I hav thought, read, and reasoned, the farther I hav drifted from an acceptance of a belief in either of the many orthodox Christian creeds; and chiefly because the doctrin of eternal future punishment for belief, or unbelief, appears so unjust and monstrous that it is impossible to believe it true.

And without such belief the Bible and the whole orthodox Christian structure fails and falls, according to my understanding of them.

As to whether there is or is not a conscious state of existence after death, I think we cannot positivly know, but it is well to cultivate a hope that there may be, because to most people the idea is enjoyable, and may be productiv of good if we also believe and giv paramount importance to the just and consistent theory that we shall start in future life as much better as good words and deeds done here entitle us to become.

This should be, and is, to all who are not blinded by the teachings of priestcraft, a better and greater stimulus to a good life here than the established doctrin of Christianity which teaches that sin or wrong will be pardoned by asking God, through prayer, or by the priest at the confessional.

In order to show the fallacy of such teaching, let us apply the principle to the punishment for crime in our enlightened land. To illustrate, take the murder of President Garfield as an instance. Apply this rule of pardon for the asking: The assassin only need petition the court earnestly in a penitent manner for pardon and it should hav been granted. The judge would, in obedience to this law of forgivness, hav been in duty bound to order the clerk to enter upon the records the application for pardon, and also that the culprit be set free; and if he were so disposed he might repeat the same or any crime he chose as often as he pleased, and go scot-free according to God's law and his justice.

How preposterous and void of all force, as a preventativ of crime, such a law would appear to all intelligent people, in this, our so-called Christian land! It would hardly be thought worthy of consideration for a moment. But this would only be in perfect accord with the teachings of our much-lauded Christian theology, and God's justice as taught in the Bible. And this is probably the principal reason why the records of crime show that about ninety-nine of every one hundred of the criminals in our land are either members of some Christian church or profess a belief in the truth of the Christian religion.

It cannot be successfully denied that a rule of law, both moral and civil (as also the laws of nature), teaching that those who break the laws will surely be punished according to the magnitude of the crime, would be far more efficient in preventing sin, crime, or wrong than this theological law, the invention of priestcraft for the purpose of sustaining and building up church organization and keeping the people subordinate to the priesthood—who hav in all ages endeavored, by all manner of devices, to lead mankind in some blind mysterious way that would enable them (the priests) to liv in ease and comfort—if not opulence—at the expense of those who, in the main, toil for their daily bread, and also to create a surplus of wealth, without which enlightened civilization and improvements in the arts and sciences would be impossible.

It is more than probable that many of the labor troubles that now afflict the world are the result of the great accumulation of church property that escapes taxation, amounting to the vast sum of seventy-two million dollars in the city of New York alone.

In order to more fully illustrate why I could not accept the fundamental doctrins of Christianity as just and true, I will relate some things that are known to me from personal experience.

Some years ago, a family, who had struggled and toiled as those who carve a home from the wilderness with small means hav to do, was beginning to fail in health in consequence. But they (the parents) were cheered by the help of a very dutiful, intelligent son, about sixteen years old, who gave hope of a great help in their declining years. But God, in his wise providence (as Christians told them), saw fit to remove him by death very suddenly. Although the parents never had made any religious profession, out of respect for, and in compliance with, the customs of the community, they employed a Baptist preacher to officiate at the funeral.

The preacher had known the boy intimately for several years, and thought highly of him; indeed, considering their disparity in years, they were more than usually intimate. But, as the young man had not made any religious profession, and had arrived at the age of accountability, what could or should he say in regard to his future state?

His humanity was so much better and larger than his religion and his creed that he did not feel it in his heart to say that the immortal soul of the boy had probably just commenced an eternity of misery. But if Christianity is true, that was the most important point for him to impress upon the minds of his audience. The demand for it is as great as the difference of a few years of life here and an eternal future life of happiness or misery.

And so thought a few of the older members of his church; therefore they took him to task for a neglect of duty. He was reminded that another opportunity might never again occur that would enable him to make so great an impression on the minds of the parents, and convince them of the truths of Christianity.

The matter finally culminated in a difference in the society to that extent that several members were excluded. In about a year another member of the same afflicted family was laid by the side of his brother in the cemetery. This time it was a little child of ten years, who had been an invalid and a terrible sufferer all his life. The same preacher was again called to officiate at the funeral. Thinking perhaps to make some amend for the fault that some charged him with in the other case, he told the parents, in a very impressiv manner, that God had caused this dear little one to suffer as it had done for the purpose of bringing the parents to him, that they might be saved from the tortures that await all who remain unconverted, are not born again, etc.

For the parents this was too much, particularly the mother, who had known, as only a mother could, the intense suffering of her dear little one during all the long, weary days and nights of those ten years. To her the thought would come, "What kind of a God is this you ask me to love and worship that he should cause our innocent child to suffer thus? It is an outrage upon every principle of justice, love, and benevolence, and if he, infinit as you say he is, in foreknowledge, power, etc., could do and has done this thing, he is more of a demon than a God of love and mercy, and you need not ask me to worship him, for I cannot, and would not if I could." And, although not an unbeliever before, she has been ever since, and probably always will be.

And now, Liberal and Freethought friends, in view of these and many other inconsistencies and false teachings that Christianity has promulgated, and which hav a controlling influence in our land, let us endeavor to learn, teach, and practice a better way. There certainly should be a principle and theory better than that which teaches mankind to worship a being as a creator who, with attributes all infinit, has created this world, as well as the whole universe, caused it to be inhabited with millions of intelligent people, and destined them to liv through all the endless ages of eternity in another life "where the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever"—after having thrust them into this life without their knowledge or consent, after allowing them to liv here a few years of mingled pleasure and pain, consigns them to an eternity of misery. And for what? I cannot conceive any reason, unless it be to gratify a spirit of vindictivness.

This (the Christian doctrin) is certainly too horrible to be true, and therefore should not be taught. Therefore let us work for the removal of this terrible incubus that priestcraft has fastened on the minds and hearts of mankind. Let us all talk, and work, and in every way act in such a way as to promote the happiness of everybody and all things in this life; cultivate and sustain whatever will enhance and cause to grow a spirit of friendship and good-will, in all our business and social relations; let temperance, industry, honesty, and charity, be prominent, and control all our best efforts; let us put aside everything pertaining to belief in some unknown, and, as I think, unknowable, future existence, and work out a salvation for this life that shall help make it happy and enjoyable, hoping and fearing for a hereafter only to that extent that will help us here and now.

CONVERSE CLOSE.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Our Friends' Rear-Guards.

We find, while studying our friends,
That some hav hoofs, some nails,
Some dreaded weapons at both ends,
Some character in tails.

Some trail their tails along their tracks;
Some hook them up a wee;
Some curl them high above their backs;
Some hang and swing them free.

Some tails are twisted, some are straight,
While some hav shrinking manners;
Some short, or long, or moderate;
Some held aloft as banners.

Some tails serve but as ornaments;
Some dare attack their foes;
Some, too, hav queer accomplishments;
As India's falcon knows.

Some own but one, and some hav none;
Others hav many tails;
Submariners these, and some are known
To use them coiled for sails.

Some rudders are on aerial ships,
Some paddles in the sea,
Some forked, some tapered to their tips;
Some sometimes wag with glee.

Some tails are hinged a good way back;
Some less aloof there are;
Some form the body, make the track,
Yet hav of grace their share.

Some tails, like trail of ball-room belle,
More trouble are than good;
Some that in gorgeousness excel
Unfold in vainest mood.

Tails serve as tools, and serve as toys,
And some as good fly-switches;
While some are useful as decoys—
All hav their proper hitches.

DAGMAR MARIAGER.

[The above lines refer to mules—teeth and heels; to eel, tiger, dog, cow; to pig, ox, squirrel; to bird of paradise, alligator, and the lizard of India, which, to escape the pursuing bird of prey, detaches its tail, leaving it dancing to attract and bewilder its foe; to frogs, tentacled fish, and the nautilus, which curls its members into a single wheel; to birds on the wing, swallows, fish, dog, etc.; to four-footed, two-footed, and no-footed animals (moles); to peacocks, beaver, kitten, cows, and several species of wild animals that wave their tails erect to attract the curiosity of their prey.—ED. C. C.]

Only Common Salt.

Very common, indeed, is salt, but it is one of the most important articles in use. It is the only mineral substance proverbially used everywhere by man and beast. Its use is of ancient origin. In olden times, when it was the custom to offer sacrifices to Jehovah, the burnt sheep and oxen were seasoned with salt to make them more palatable. It was formerly the custom to rub new babies in salt to giv them strength, as was thought. It was considered a mark of hospitality to offer salt to a guest, which is still kept up in some Eastern countries. To eat salt with one was thought to perpetuate friendship.

To spill the salt was considered an ill omen, and foretold a quarrel—which, another superstition asserts, might be averted by burning some of the spilled salt upon the stove.

Table salt is made from brine, and is found in various parts of the world, notably in Syracuse, N. Y.; but there are several different kinds of salt, prepared after different forms. The brine is pumped up from below the surface into large vats, and is passed into big iron pans. The water is then boiled, and the salt crystals form, which are drawn into ovens and subjected to great heat, which hardens them, so that they can be crushed fine, when it is sifted and is then ready for market.

In making coarse salt, the sea water is run into shallow ponds right from the ocean. The entrance to the pond is closed, and the sun and the wind make the salt. If it is very dry and windy, the salt will be a good article, but if damp and not very windy weather prevails, the salt will be fine-grained and a poor quality. The West Indies furnish a good deal of salt, the best known being Turk's Island and Curacoa. Russia, Algeria, Ireland, Santo Domingo, England, and Louisiana furnish what is termed rock salt, which is very pure and clear from foreign atoms.

The value of salt for flavoring and preserving cannot be estimated, and it is grateful even to cattle, who would die if not given a certain quantity with their food.

It is useful as a tonic in small quantities, and very effectiv in checking hemorrhages. It has been known to cure some forms of dyspepsia, and salt-water baths are considered stimulating and luxurious.

Plato called salt "a substance dear to the gods," but, whether the gods care for it or not, we know it is healthful and beneficial to man, and that without it he would be apt to pine, sicken, and die. S. H. W.

Amusing Philosophy.—No. 1.

THE WAGON WHEEL.—We need not wander into the realms of abstract science, nor study the concrete problems of philosophy, to find things that are striking and strange. The most common objects, if closely observed, are found to hav properties that are even startling. For instance, think of the wagon wheel. How many people know that the upper part of the wheel has a much greater velocity than the lower part? Even a majority of teamsters hav not observed this, and nine-tenths of the "learned folk" hav never thought of it. Yet it is a fact that the upper extremity of the wheel goes, not only much faster than the lower extremity, but more than a million times as fast—yes, more than ten billion times as fast! In fact, there is one point of the wheel that *never moves*, and that is the lower extremity—the point that falls in a line perpendicular to the axle.

It will readily be seen that the tire of the wheel revolves about the axle with the same velocity that the wagon moves forward. Then, since the upper extremity moves in the same direction as the wagon, it has its own velocity *plus* the wagon's velocity, which givs it twice the velocity of the wagon; and since the lower extremity moves in a direction opposit to that of the wagon, it has its own velocity *minus* the velocity of the wagon, which leaves it no velocity; therefore, it never moves.

This may be made to seem paradoxical, however, when we urge the objection that if the lower extremity of the wheel never moves, it cannot change its position, and a point, once on the ground, must remain there. But it is easily seen that when the point, in a line drawn perpendicular to the center, moves, it is no longer the lower extremity; or, in other words, when any point in the tire has fallen to the ground, it must stop before it begins to rise, and as soon as this point has begun to rise another takes its place, so there is always one point that is not moving.

Osceola Mills, Pa. WILLIAM SCOTT.

The Little Householder.

"Oh, yes, I hav all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman; "but the one I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and I did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"'What do you want it for?' said I.

"'To liv in,' he replied.

"'Well,' I said, 'you can hav it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you.'

"The first month he brought $2, and the next month a little boy who said he was the man's son came with $3. After that I saw the man once in awhile, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes $2 and sometimes $3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"'He's dead, sir,' was the reply.

"'Is that so?' said I. 'How long since?'

"'More'n a year,' he answered.

"I took his money, but made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she didn't hav any.

"'Where is she?' said I.

"'We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since.'

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they are getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent I talked with him a little and then I said:

"'My boy, you're a brick. You keep right on as you hav begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now, look at this.'

"'I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your 'own.' That's the kind of tenant to hav."—*Chicago Herald.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—A REBUS.

"An insect small that injures grain,"
To farmers quite an evil;
Three *little* figures name it plain,
And it rhymes to call it 5, 1, 50.

Irwin, Iowa. J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—WHAT CANNOT BE DONE.

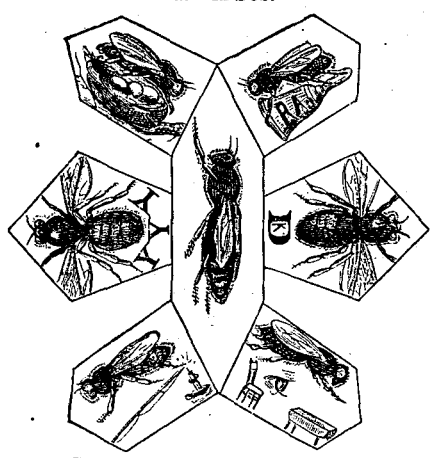
You cannot construct a triangle with sides respectivly 12 inches, 8 inches, and 4 inches. Try it. WM. SCOTT.

3.—ENIGMA.

My first is in hat, not in cap;
My second is in hit, not in slap;
My third is in horse, not in cart;
My fourth is in meet, not in part;
My fifth is in peach, not in cherry;
My sixth is in ship, not in ferry;
My seventh is in spade, not in shovel;
My eighth is in mansion, not in hovel;
My ninth is in white, not in black;
My tenth is in front, not in back;
My eleventh is in ties, not in track;
My whole was a Liberal writer.

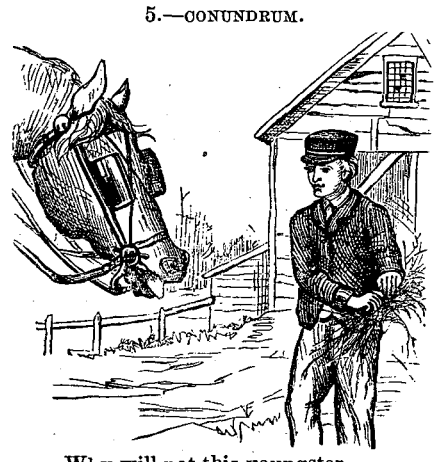
Burr Oak, Mich. LEE HINCHER.

4.—REBUS.



Seven mottoes for young folks.

5.—CONUNDRUM.



Why will not this youngster
Giv the horse a bit of hay?
Can any little reader
The conundrum answer, pray?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, AUGUST 14, 1886.

1.—520 rods. 2.—Whooping cough, hiccoughs, teething, sore eyes (hoop in coffee-cups, tea-things, o'er eyes). 3.—Because they are getting stove in.

SOLVERS.—H. J. Messinger, Abby Covel.

Correspondence.

MT. ALTON, PA., Aug. 11, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been trying to get mamma to help me write a letter for the Corner; but she says, "No, you must write it yourself." So here you hav it. My papa is taking THE TRUTH SEEKER on trial. We all are so delighted with it that I think we could never do without it. I like the Children's Corner very much. I am anxious to help the cause along. I am a Liberal every time, and so are all my folks. I am ten years old. I hav a little brother, Eli, seven years old. He says he would like to write, too. I hav two large brothers; one often writes for papers. Little brother and I go to school when school keeps. It is vacation now. I am in the intermediate room. Our last year's teacher was a splendid Christian, and believed in forcing the Bible doctrin on the children in the way of pounding and kicking. He is a great scientist, but his science is no more true than his Bible. One day he told us that, if we dig twenty-five miles in the earth, we will come to the other side. One of the girls said, "What side?" "Why, China, of course." We are a-going to hav a teacher next year that knows something. Then our backwoods buckwheat will get left, and will hav to farm it.

This is a Catholic town, and I hav heaps of fun with the Catholic children. They say: "Oh, you little Infidel, what are *you?* You don't believe in the *church*, and you won't go to *heaven*." I say, "I don't want to go there, if all the Catholics are there."

Well, I will close; hope this will do to publish. If so, I will write again.

GEORGE FAIRCHILD.

HIGHTOWER, FORSYTH CO., GA., July 30, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: When I wrote before, I did not hav much idea of seeing it in print. Consequently, I hav received several packages, for which I write this, thanking the donors from the bottom of my better judgment. This is the time of year that our Christian friends meet to appease their God by several protracted meetings. They are all marked off for next month, and you ought to be here to help sympathize with me. Such howling, bawling, dancing, slapping of hands, you never saw or heard. They generally all become reconciled by the last of September. I like the pictures and Children's Corner very much. Thanking you and the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I shall close.

NELLY H. GUTHREY.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., July 31, 286.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for a long time, Children's Corner especially. The short stories are splendid. I hav been visiting out West for the last month, and learned to row. Some of us girls were playing prayer for fun; my little cousin said, "If I die before I wake, I pray thee send me to Aunt May's to be cremated." Aunt May (whom I liv with) is an enthusiast on cremation, and has converted her boy, myself, and cousin. I am enjoying vacation splendidly. I am studying hard to fit myself for the battle of life, so I can help myself and others also. If you think this worthy of a place in Children's Corner I will write again.

MAUDE JACKSON.

SALEM, ILL., Aug. 11, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It is with pleasure that I state that my friend of North Carolina, Mr. Rideout, is still my correspondent, and has sent a leaflet of pictures which I admire very much. I am attending an institute in the city of Salem, as that is our county seat. I like it very much. We hav not had a good rain here for nearly two months, and you may imagin about the condition of things. There is a large negro camp-meeting here at the fair grounds. They always charge ten cents at the gate Sunday nights and then go around and beg some eight or ten dollars at the amphitheater. I think if they wanted to do God a favor they would not ask for money; but as it is they all seem to love the Lord, but at the same time I think they like that almighty dollar better than the Lord, as they call it. Well, I will close for this time, wishing you success. RUFUS O. WILLIAMS.

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Left to later song and story
Aught the Runic sages said.

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White beds hold thy 'prisoned charms.
Swarming hosts and herding creatures,
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Falling on thy mighty marches,
Fatherland across the sea,
Sounding 'neath the waking arches
Chimings from thy gilded key.
In the distance, Solenhofen,
Footfalls on the dreamy Rhine,
Heard beyond the German Ocean,
Wand'ring in thy gal'ried mine.

Solenhofen, weird with wonder,
Let pale science ask of thee
Threads of light thy white hills under
Mend her fortunes o'er the sea;
Strands of deeper thought that denser
Weave her records, stronger grown,
Granit page, the world's dispenser—
Solenhofen, claim thine own.

All thy white walls' hoarded treasures
Volumes be of ancient lore;
Poets soon shall sing the measures
Ringing from that Saxon shore.
Tell them, Solenhofen, biding
O'er the tomb of peopled swells,
Songs the storied years were hiding
In their argosy of shells.

Rhineland, sweeping to the ocean
Ere the Saxon bow was drawn,
Cradled low at Solenhofen
Features of the whispered dawn.
Dusky morn of savage races
Dreamed of no bright zenith's brim,
Sought no smile on kindred faces,
In the shallows murk and dim.

Nature reared her mountain steeples
In the cloistered twilight days,
And no cry of bells nor peoples
Thrilled the narrow, beaten ways.
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Yet a bride was Solenhofen—
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THE PEOPLE'S PROBLEM. AND ITS SOLUTION. By Wm. H. Lyon. Cloth; pp. 166. Price, 75 cents. Order through this office.

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His own proposed remedy we cannot here treat in detail. Among its main features are the possession by the government of the telegraphs, railroads, mines, manufactures, and much other property; and a substitution for the present representativ legislativ system of a system of elections and law-making directly by the people.

The book is well written, and is unusually well supplied with verifying facts, figures, and statistics.

SCIENCE ECONOMIC DISCUSSION. 12mo; pp. 136. Price, 50 cents. New York: The Science Company. Can be had of this office.

The publishers of *Science* hav just issued a valuable contribution to the present momentous discussion of economic questions. The volume is made up of eleven articles, contributed by the most distinguished representativs of varying schools of economics. Both the new and the old school are represented, each criticising the other's contributions. It is evident that a discussion of this nature must be of the highest value in elucidating the truth of the matter. We cannot quote at length any of the valuable thought with which the volume is filled, advising our readers to buy and read it themselvs; and can find space for only the following sentences illustrating the deference that the most conservativ are now being forced to pay radicalism: "To understand any organism better than others means to hold opinions about it which differ from those ordinarily current. . . Every political economist who has done anything to advance the science has at one time been thought to go too far in some respect. Adam Smith is now considered a conservativ, but in his day he was called a dangerous man; and he has even been reproached with Socialism. Adolph Wagner, in Germany, who is now found to be a pillar of conservatism, was a few years ago considered so radical that prudent men doubted his ability to accomplish good. The common reproach has always been, 'He goes too far.'"

MARCUS BRUTUS AND OTHER VERSES. By Walter Hubbell. New York: Brentano Bros. Price, 50 cents. Can be had through this office.

The author is an actor of reputation, who has before written a valuable biographical and genealogical work. The book is pervaded by an enlightened tone of thought which must be welcome to those who hav wearied of poetry perverted to the service of superstition. From a poem entitled "Iconoclastic Reason," we giv the following:

"Forms hav changed in by-gone ages,
Man has grown in intellect;
Science, led by reason, wages
Still its war on every sect.

"World and life were not created;
Force and dust were always here;
Myths that are in books narrated
Sprung from ignorance and fear."

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND on His False Inaugural Address, Usurpations and Crimes of Law-makers and Judges, and the Consequent Poverty, Ignorance, and Servitude of the People. By Lysander Spooner. Large octavo; pp. 110. Price, 35 cents. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. Supplied by this office.

This is a work that will well repay perusal. It was originally published in instalments in *Liberty*, Mr. Tucker's Anarchistic organ, and met with such favor that it is now republished. Its scathing arraignment of the present government and exposure of its multitudinous abuses and atrocities is perhaps the best-argued and most thorough and correct presentation of the matter yet published. Its advocacy of Anarchism as a substitute may not meet with equal approval from readers, but even anti-Anarchists will overlook a few objectionable views in admiration of the thoroughness of its exposure and denunciation of present wrongs.

THE HISTORICAL JESUS AND THE MYTHICAL CHRIST. By Gerald Massey. Octavo; pp. 232. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. Springfield: Star Publishing Co. Can be had from this office.

This book is written to show the identity of Christianity with the astrological myths of Egypt. The evidence is taken from the monuments of Egypt and from the Egyptian "Book of the Dead." Our readers are familiar with the author as an eminent poet and Freethinker. By studying the Egyptian hieroglyphics for twelve years, Mr. Massey has disclosed the myth, and in this work adduces much evidence to prove that Christianity is a cult borrowed from the ancient religion of Egypt. His work is not speculation, but stands upon facts. It is taken from records left upon earth and still to be read.

"First Lessons on Money," is the title of the latest work on the money question. It is written by B. T. Roberts, A.M., and published at Rochester, N. Y. On the title-page appears the quotation: "A man should make it a part of his religion to see that his country is well governed."—*William Penn.* Mr. Roberts is informed that said process of "making" care for one's country part of his religion is an altogether unnecessary operation for the Freethinker; he whose religion is the religion of humanity has that duty already embraced in his creed. With Christians the case may be different. In his introduction he says: "I hav witnessed the distress that the bad management of our finances by our national government has produced, and the injury that has been done by the same cause to our religious and benevolent enterprises." Such disastrous consequences of neglect spur one to renewed exertions to attend to the matter. "With money itself every person is familiar." This is not so. We liv on terms of close daily intimacy with a person to whom money is not at all familiar. The author follows, however, with a more sensible remark, a consideration that it is well to impress upon the masses who, confused by uninformed and unsuccessful attempts to solve the problem, hav got the notion, noted by Bagehot, that the money market is so impalpable that it can only be spoken of in very abstract words, and that, therefore, books on it must be exceedingly difficult. "Money is a human invention. Therefore, the money question is a question that can be understood. What is made by man can be comprehended by man. The mechanism of a watch is intricate, but one who studies it with diligence may learn all about its construction and movements. So, whoever givs a proper attention to the machinery by which the wheels of trade and commerce are kept moving can gain all the knowledge respecting it which is necessary for practical purposes. . . . Mr. Walter Bagehot says, 'I maintain that the money market is as concrete and real as anything else; that it can be described in as plain words; that it is the writer's fault if what he says is not clear.'" The author's further views are sensibly and well expressed in the remainder of the 160 pages composing the volume. It is perhaps as good as most books on the finance question. Its price is 50 cents, and, like all other books our readers may need, it can be obtained from this office.

For all interested in scientific and economical questions, *Science*, the illustrated weekly now coming into prominence, is an excellent periodical. It contains the freshest scientific information of the day. It maintains special correspondents in Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Tokio, Washington, and other centers of scientific activity, thus obtaining prompt information of the work of scientific men and societies the world over. It should receive the support of all who aim at scientific culture, publishing, as it does, a weekly record of the whole world's progress. Its recent publication of the noted "composit photographs" is attracting great attention. The subscription is $5 per year. Like all other periodicals, it can be subscribed to through this office.

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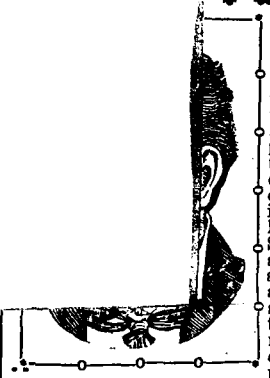
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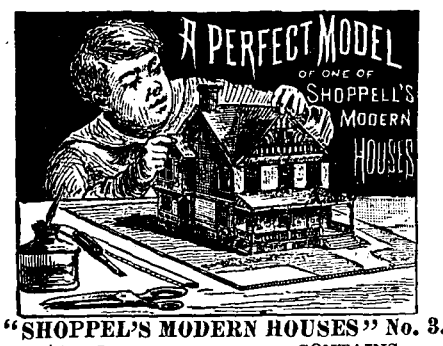
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DAVID DUDLEY FIELD'S s codification of the law speedy, certain, and exac general reliance on judi been indorsed in the Am tion by a nearly two-third

A DESTRUOTIV tempest swept over Galveston on the 19th inst., causing great loss of life and property.

IT will be impossible, says Justin McCarthy, for the tenants in some parts of Ireland to pay the judicial rents this winter.

BELFAST rioters hav been restrained for several days by immense forces of military, but outbreaks are hourly expected.

A MERCHANT named Hillman attempted suicide at a New York hotel, on the 20th, by shooting himself seven times, because of inability to cure a painful dyspepsia.

AGENTS of the Lowell mill corporations are said to be studying the prevalence of drunkenness among operativs since the adoption of the system of weekly payments, with a view of securing arguments for attacking any future legislation in favor of labor when such is not approved by the manufacturers.

MR. ENO is said to be homesick, and rumor has it that a project is on foot to make his return from Canada easy.

AN Irish National League Convention opened on the 18th at Chicago, at which Mrs. Parnell and Michael Davitt were present.

THE Prohibitionists are everywhere pushing political campaigns with greater strength and numbers than ever before exhibited.

IN this city, on the 19th, delegates from 115 labor organizations met at the call of the Central Labor Union to form a political party.

IN a conflict between police officers and drunken miners at Shenandoah, Pa., on the 17th, an onlooker was shot by one of the officers.

KNIGHTS of Labor controlled the Ohio Democratic convention, and John McBride, one of their number, heads the ticket as nominee for secretary of state.

IN the reorganization of the New York state National Guard, it is found that that body is altogether too "top-heavy," having far too many generals for the number of men.

THE grand jury, in a recent presentment against many of the New York city officials, asserts that "people are no longer so much shocked at crime in office as at its discovery and punishment."

A QUARREL between some members of the state and navy departments at Washington has resulted in the revealing of many fraudulent dealings in the latter department and the existence of a naval ring.

IT is reported from Laredo, Texas, that the Mexicans hav fortified Pan, a town about fifty miles up the river. A dispatch states that the Mexican court at Chihuahua will release Cutting in a few days.

DISSENSIONS are constantly being caused in labor parties by ambitious schemers for office or power. Prospects of division alarm those who had hoped labor might attain great benefits from undivided action at the next presidential election.

SEVEN of the Chicago Anarchists—Spies, Schwab, Fielden, Parsons, Fischer, Engel, and Lingg—hav been found guilty of murder, and sentenced to death; and Neebe has been sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. They will appeal. New York Anarchists hav held a meeting, and resolved to avenge these punishments in a terrible manner, and utterly destroy our present "soc e of robbers."

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THE poet of *Tid-Bits*, becoming indignant at the lack of general information as to the qualities needed by a newspaper poet, thus attempts to catalog them. "The orthodox poet and slinger of meter should be a sound sleeper and vigorous eater; join the learning of Paul to the fervor of Peter; know the balancing rhymes and the rhythmical teeter of lilacs and smilax, of zephyrs and heifers, of ballads and salads, of over-arched bowers and greenery flowers; and work on one rhyme for hours and hours. Know the whole range of history from Cleveland to Priam, and the thought of all lands from New Brunswick to Siam, and work like a drudge at a dollar per diem, love all lovely objects, with no cash to buy 'em, such as roses and posies, and mountains and fountains, and pictures and fixtures, and gorgeous pavilions for Lauras and Lillians, and a large bank deposit far up in the millions. His lines should be full of nabobs and emirs, of giaours and khans and Orient dreamers, of cymbals and chawms and victorious streamers, and end in a climax of glory and screamers, with clashing and slashing! with roaring and pouring! with lunging and plunging! and bust in a chasm of blank protoplasm in a gunpowder chaos and dynamite spasm!"

Thought.

nare—the instant you begin ready gone.—*Jean Paul.*

e put upon;" "stand up for ," say the Germans, is the nt, and truly, in these times, ul, there is not, perhaps, in a more important one.—

SUFFICIENT unto the day is the evil thereof"—sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

IF a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead, and thereupon said, "Yesterday I saw a fragil thing broken, and to-day I saw a mortal die."—*Lord Bacon.*

THE theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books, and traditions, and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs, and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions by worship "for the most part of the silent sort" at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable. — *Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

IN all situations, out of Tophet, there is a duty, and our highest blessedness lies in doing it.—*Carlyle's Letters.*

HE sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Systems or atoms into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst and now a world.
—*Pope's Universal Prayer.*

GREAT revolutions cannot be accomplished without much anguish and some evil being caused. Did not the Roman women suffer when the Christians came and robbed them of their gods, and raised their minds, through pain and sorrow, to a higher faith? The religion which I teach is as high above Christianity as that religion was superior to the idolatry of Rome. And when the relativ civilizations of the two ages are compared, this fetich of ink and paper, this Syrian book, is, in truth, not less an idol than those statues which obtained the adoration of the Italians and the Greeks. The statues were beautiful as statues the book is admirable as a book [who so readeth, let him consider with how many and how great limitations this rash and unworthy assertion can be received]; but the statues did not come down from heaven; the book was not a magical composition; it bears the marks, not only of human genius, but also of human depravity and superstition.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

WHEN Milton began to compose "Paradise Lost," he had the reading of a lifetime behind him. His imagination worked upon an accumulated store, to which books, observation, and reflection had contributed in equal proportions. He drew from this store without conscious distinction of its sources. Not that this was a recollected material, to which the poet had recourse whenever invention failed him; it was identified with himself. His verse flowed from his own soul, but it was a soul which had grown up nourished with the spoil of all the ages. He created his epic, as metaphysicians hav said that God created the world, by drawing it out of himself, not by building it up out of the elements supplied *ab extra* (outside of himself).—*Mark Pattison's Milton.* [NOTE:

When Berkeley said there was no matter,
It was no great matter what he said;

and when metaphysicians tell us that God evolved matter out of himself, and not out of pre-existing material, they are surely soaring or sinking into a region of which they, as well as the theologians, are supremely ignorant.—*Hylax.*]

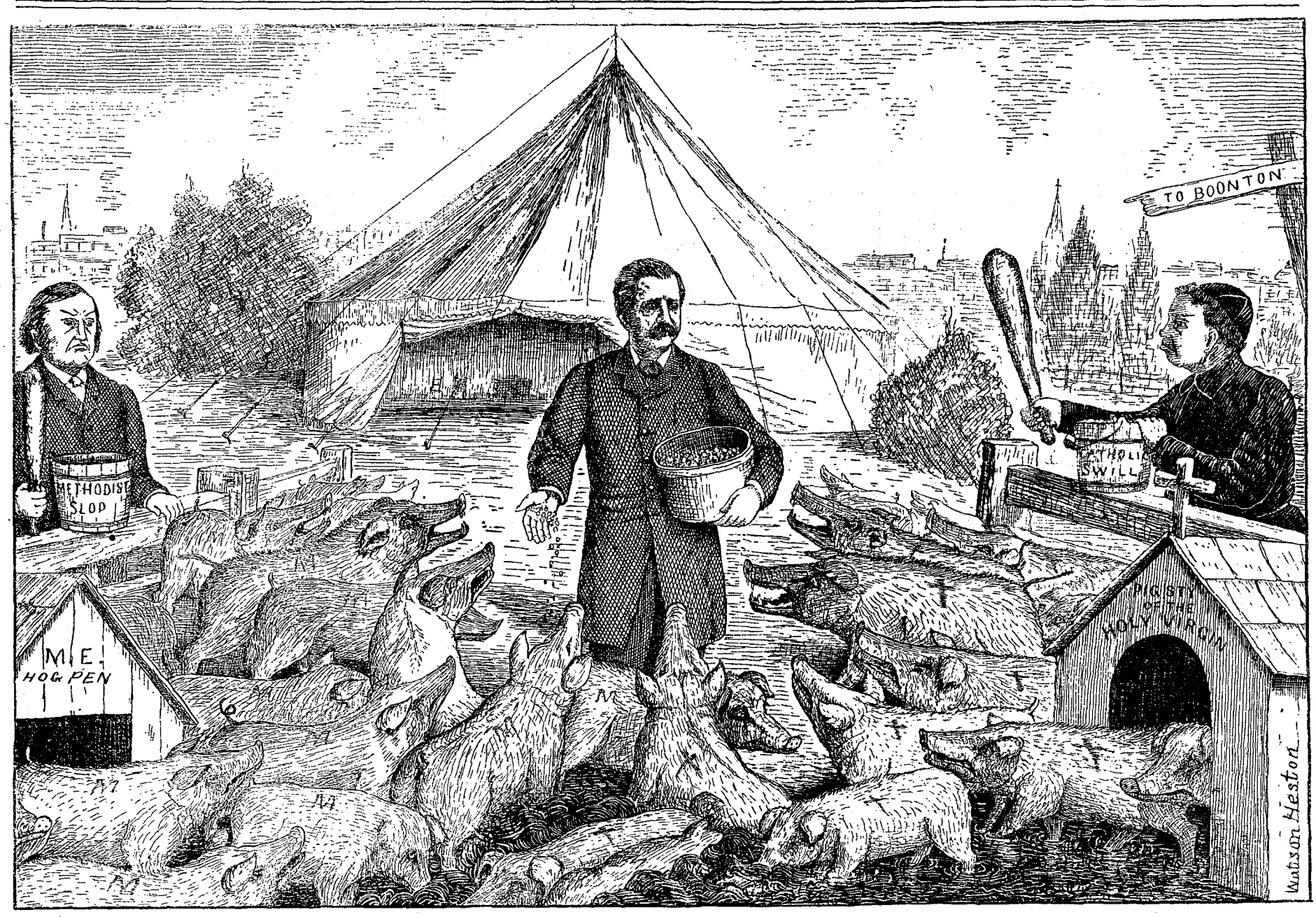
WHEN it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife, for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, watch near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents hav been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous (well-born) soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth, for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continued disgrace, and it will yiske (Yankee *rite*) thee to hear her talk; for thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she fool.—*Lord Burleigh's Advice to his Son.*

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CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE—C. B REYNOLDS IN NEW JERSEY.

Notes and Clippings.

THE *Southern Churchman* is shocked at the idea that a woman should "preach the gospel and administer sacraments, without one word of approval from Christ or his apostles."

AT Brianconn, France, Catherine Ollagnier, a few days ago murdered her sister Marie, with whom she lived. She told Marie that the Lord had appeared to her and told her to sacrifice her sister as a proof of her devotion, and then killed her with a razor.

PROHIBITION, its friends claim, prohibits in most counties in Kansas. According to reports received by the attorney-general from seventy-two of the eighty-five counties, eighty per cent of the arrests for liquor-selling resulted in conviction, and only fifty per cent of arrests for other crimes.

AT the New York city Seaman's Bethel Evangelist McGuire recently preached on a text treating of the self-sacrifice of Christ, "Who, though he was rich, yet for us he became poor." In illustrating this theme, Mr. McGuire probably abounded more in wise saws than in modern instances.

ON August 29th a powder magazine in Chicago exploded, from being struck by lightning, with a shock felt many miles away, killing four persons and injuring many. The Jesuit church of the Holy Family being badly shaken, a destructiv panic ensued, and admonitions to remain seated from a few with presence of mind were drowned in passionate appeals for help from crushed and down-trodden women and children.

A WRITER in the *Independent* cries for honesty and reform in church-building enterprises, stating that in all such there abound "disreputable frauds, shams, scandals, sharp practice, dishonest economy, over-reaching," and "disputes that so often occur in church-building committees that they hav rendered them a by-word and dread among builders and architects."

IN a recent sermon Rev. Dr. Patton said, on the text, "A glorious church:" "The church of Christ is a glorious church if regard is had to its history. It embodies the two greatest and most glorious truths in the universe—the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. It is glorious if regard is had to its adaptation to human needs." Meaning, no doubt, the needs of the ministers.

A RESULT of the last important debate in Parliament is that the Irish landlords' chances of being bought out at the cost of the rate-payers of the three kingdoms are gone forever. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Irish question, which has just been published, makes it clear that he will never again try an attempt to buy out the Irish landlords. He says, "Their sands are fast running out."

IN a recent letter to a friend, Parsons, the Anarchist, says: "The capitalist system has its morality—a plastic, convenient morality—which it puts on or off like a coat. The golden rule of the carpenter's son is made subservient to the laws of trade, whose morality and religion are expounded in the churches (temples of mammon) where the clergy propagate that good philosophy which teaches man (poor man) that he is here to suffer, denouncing as Atheistic and Anarchistic that other philosophy, which says to man: 'Go! the earth is the gift of God to the whole human race. Discover nature's laws, apply them, and be happy.'"

THE Rev. Mr. Leys, a minister of the Presbyterian church of Scotland, is now a prisoner in Calton jail, Edinburgh, for refusing to obey an order of the court to deliver up his grandchildren to their father. The father has come under the influence of the Roman Catholic church, and the old gentleman objects to giv up the children because he is unwilling that they should be brought up in the Catholic faith.

AT a recent Knight of Labor meeting a speaker said: "Mr. Blaine has cited the eighteen planks of our platform as Knights of Labor, and he has called the issues covered by these eighteen planks, 'side issues.' He has acknowledged that he has no remedy to offer for the existing labor troubles. What an acknowledgment for the statesman of thirty years' experience to make! It is a confession of perfect imbecility. He has no new ideas; he has what he calls an old nostrum. Mr. Blaine, who is protected? I recently examined the pay-roll of the miners of Hocking Valley, and there was an average of from $12 to $18 per month. There was a small army of Pinkerton's thugs going about with a whole arsenal of weapons strapped upon them, who were watching those miners, and yet the miners were supposed to be protected by a duty of fifty cents a ton upon the coal they risked their lives to mine. For twenty-five years we've had this protection Mr. Blaine offers us, and we hav made more millionaires and more paupers under that system than were ever made in a civilized country on the earth in the same time before."

THE *Catholic Review* is very frank in stating its attitude toward the public schools: "We are for perfect freedom of instruction," it says, "every day and all the time, without compromise with or dictation from the state, and our friends may as well understand first as last that if they do not grant us the privilege of teaching our religion in the public schools, as they do in other countries, and as is perfectly practicable and perfectly fair and just, then we shall go on building our schoolhouses and emptying theirs."

THREE weeks ago the *World* started the story that Colonel Ingersoll was going to Paris to have his throat fixed. The *Star* prints the sequel: "Nobody seems to know just how the report arose that Col. Bob Ingersoll was going to Paris to have his throat operated upon. Judge Cowing says that Lawyer Newcombe told him so. Lawyer Newcombe says Lawyer Strahan intimated that such was the case. Lawyer Strahan says that he supposed, of course, the colonel ought to go, while Colonel Bob himself swears by all that's Agnostic that he never had any idea of going, never said he was going. But perhaps the most flabbergasted man of all was dear little Dr. Robertson, physician-in-extraordinary to the colonel, who returned from Europe last week and heard the dreadful stories of his patient's relapse. He had made a study of that throat, it was his pet pathological *amour*. He rushed off to see his distinguished friend, pried open the massiv jaw, and gazed into its eloquent depths. 'Why, colonel, your throat's all right. It's just lovely! Why go to Paris?' 'Who the —— said I was going to Paris? I'm off to the White Mountains. Want to come?'"

Communications.

Evolution and Special Creation.

II.—DIVERSITY OF LIVING THINGS.

A mere glance at the geological records will show at once that the order in which animals and plants hav appeared on the earth is that which accords with evolution. The lowest came first, the highest last, and a regular gradation between the two extremes. In the early rocks in which life appears we meet with polypas, coral, sea-worms, etc., and no trace of land animals or plants. Then, passing upward, we come upon fishes, then reptils, afterward birds, subsequently mammals, and, last of all, man. These are undisputed facts, as the most elementary works on geology, whether written by a professing Christian or an unbeliever, will clearly show.

The only objection, perhaps, of any weight that can be urged against the changes which evolution asserts to hav taken place is the fact that we do not see them occur. But this, in the first place, is hardly correct, since we see the tadpole—which is a fish breathing through gills, and living in the water—pass up into a reptil, the frog—which is a land animal breathing through lungs, and inhaling its oxygen from the atmosphere. Secondly, the fact that we do not see a change actually occur which took millions of years to become effected can surely amount to nothing. An ephemeral insect, whose life only lasts for a day, could it reason, might object that an acorn could not grow into an oak-tree, because it had not seen it occur. But the evidence would be there still in the numerous gradations that might be seen between the acorn and the sturdy old tree that had weathered the storms of a century. And in this case we see all the gradations between a monad and a man in the rock which time has left in the history of the past, although, as our lives are so short, we are not able to see the whole change effected. Plants were not all suddenly called into existence at one particular period, and then animals at another and later time. This we know, because the remains of plants and animals are found side by side throughout all the rocks. If there be an exception, it is an unfortunate one for the Christian supernaturalist, since it shows that animals were first; for certain it is that animal remains are met with in the oldest rocks.

The objection to evolution that no transformation of one species into another has been seen within recorded history is entirely groundless, and betrays reckless carelessness upon the part of the objectors. The truth is, such transformations hav taken place as mentioned above in reference to the tadpole. Professor Huxley and other scientists hav proved this to be the case. It should, however, be remembered that in most instances these great changes are the work of time. As Dr. David Page observes: "It is true that to whatever process we ascribe the introduction of new species, its operation is so slow and gradual that centuries may pass away before its results become discernible. But no matter how slow, time is without limit, and if we can trace a process of variation at work it is sure to widen in the long run into what are regarded as specific distinctions. It is no invalidation of this argument that science cannot point to the introduction of any new species within the historic era; for till within a century or so science took no notice of either the introduction or extinction of species, nor was it sufficiently acquainted with the flora and fauna of the globe to determin the amount of variation that was taking place among their respectiv families. Indeed, influenced by the belief that the life of the globe was the result of one creativ act, men were unwilling to look at the long past which the infant science of paleontology was beginning to reveal, and never deigned to doubt that the future would be otherwise than the present. Even still there are certain minds who ignore all that geology has taught concerning the extinction of old races and introduction of newer ones, and who, shutting their eyes to the continuity of nature, cannot perceive that the same course of extinction and creation must ever be in progress" (Man: Where, Whence, and Whither?).

Let us now apply a similar demand to the creativ theory and what will be the result? An utter failure upon the part of the creationists to substantiate their dogmatic pretensions. Suppose we exclaimed, "Show us a single creativ act of one species within recorded history." It would be impossible to do so, for there is not a shadow of evidence drawn from human experience in favor of what theologians call creation. "We perceive a certain order and certain method in nature; we see that under new conditions certain variations do take place in vegetable and animal structures, and by an irresistible law of our intellect we associate the variations with the conditions in the way of cause and effect. Of such a method we can form some notion, and bring it within the realm of reason; of any other plan, however it may be received, we can form no rational conception." "The whole analogy of natural operations," says Professor Huxley, "furnishes so complete and crushing an argument against the intervention of any but what are called *secondary causes* in the production of all the phenomena of the universe, that, in view of the intimate relations between man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, I can see no excuse for doubting that all are coördinated terms of nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed, from the inorganic to the organic, from blind force to conscious intellect and will." The most that can be said of the creativ theory is that it is a question of belief, but of knowledge never. Dr. Page observes: "We may believe in a direct act of creation, but we cannot make it a subject of research; faith may accept, but reason cannot grasp it. On the other hand, a process of derivation by descent is a thing we can trace as of a kind with other processes; and, though unable to explain, we can follow it as an indication, at least, of the method which nature has adopted in conformity with her ordinary and normal course of procedure. We can admit possibilities, but must reason from probabilities, and the probable can only be judged of from what is already known. Than this there is clearly no other course for philosophy. Everywhere in nature it sees nothing save processes, means, and results, causes and effects, and it cannot conceive, even if it wished, of anything being brought about unless through the instrumentality of means and processes."

To me it has always been a difficulty to understand how an infinit being could possibly hav been the creator of all things. For this reason: If he is infinit, he is everywhere; if everywhere, he is in the universe; if in the universe now, he was always there. If he was always in the universe, there never was a time when the universe was not; therefore it could never hav been created.

If it be said that this being was not always in the universe, then there must hav been a period when he occupied less space than he did subsequently. But lesser and greater cannot be applied to that which is eternally infinit. Further, before we can recognize the soundness of the position taken by advocates of special creation, we hav to think of a time when there was no time, of a place where there was no place. Is this possible? If it were, it would be interesting to learn where an infinit God was at that particular period, and how in "no time" he could perform his creativ act. Besides, if a being really exists who created all things, the obvious question at once is, "Where was this being before anything else existed?" "Was there a time when God over all was God over nothing? Can we believe that a God over nothing began to be out of nothing, and to create all things when there was nothing?" Moreover, if the universe was created, from what did it emanate? From nothing? But, "from nothing, nothing can come." Was it created from something that already was? If so, it was no creation at all, but only a continuation of that which was in existence. Further, "creation needs action; to act is to use force; to use force implies the existence of something upon which that force can be used. But if that 'something' were there before creation, the act of creating was simply the re-forming of preëxisting materials." Here three questions may be put to the opponents of evolution who affirm the idea of special creation: (1) Is it logical to affirm the existence of that of which nothing is known either of itself or by analogy? Now, it cannot be alleged that anything is *known* of the supposed supernatural power of creation. On the other hand, sufficient is known of the facts of evolution to prevent the careful student of nature from attempting to rob her of that force and life giving principle which undoubtedly belongs to her. (2) Is it logical to ascribe events to causes the existence of which is unknown, and more particularly when such events can be reasonably explained upon natural principles with the aid of "the science of probabilities?" Dr. Page forcibly remarks: "Man has his natural history relations—of that there can be no gainsaying—and we merely seek to apply to the determination of these the same methods of research which by common consent are applied to the determination of the relations of other creatures. . . Scientific research must abide by scientific methods; scientific convictions must rest on scientific investigations." To assent that life is associated with something that is immaterial and immortal, and that this force could only hav been brought into existence by a special act of "the one great creator," is to prostrate reason and experience to the assumptions of an over-satisfied theology. To once more use the words of Dr. Page: "Science knows nothing of life save through its manifestations. With the growth of physical organization it comes; with the decay of organization it disappears. While life endures, mind is its accompaniment; when life ceases, mental activity comes to a close. Thus far we can trace; beyond this science is utterly helpless. No observation from the external world; no analogy, however plausible; no analysis, however minute, can solve the problem of an immaterial and immortal existence." (3) Is it logical to urge the theory of special creation when science proclaims the stability of natural law, and its sufficiency for the production of all phenomena? Professor Tyndall, in his lecture on "Sound," says that if there is one thing that science has demonstrated more clearly than another it is the stability of the operations of the laws of nature. We feel assured from experience that this is so, and we act upon such assurance in our daily life. The same eminent scientist, in his Belfast address, says: "Now, as science demands the radical extirpation of caprice, and the absolute reliance upon law in nature, there grew with the growth of scientific nations a desire and determination to sweep from the field of theory this mob of gods and demons, and to place natural phenomena on a basis more congruent with themselvs." Again, "Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius when he affirms that 'nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods,' or with Bruno when he declares that matter is not 'that mere empty capacity which philosophers hav pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb?' . . By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its creator, hav hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promis and potency of all terrestrial life."

CHARLES WATTS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Existence of a Personal God.

It is impossible—if we consider God to be the power that rules the universe—for any God to be worshiped as such unless he be an anthropomorphic God, or one represented as possessing human attributes and affections, for, denying as I do that man possesses a religious faculty, and believing that what is generally so called is composed of fear and credulity, it is very clear to me that all that there is of what is generally known as religious worship consists in the propitiation of some imaginary deity, in order that his anger may not be vented upon those who offer up, or anyone for whom they offer up, such propitiation, and who consider that did they not do something to pacify this angry deity some terrible misfortune would befall them in this world or their supposed next.

Now, anger, love, pleasure, pain, hatred, and jealousy are human attributes; and what is considered as being the Christian God is generally imagined as possessing all of these attributes. Consequently the Christian God is an anthropomorphic God, and it would be impossible for him to be worshiped (in a religious manner) unless he were such.

In regard to the location of God, we hav no data upon which to base an argument. It is a popular custom in Christian countries for Christian people to direct the eyes upward when speaking of the deity, and the holy man of God descants by the hour about his "great redeemer, *up* in heaven," forgetting, for the time, his brother-missionary in the antipodes, who—let us be charitable—is presumed to be doing nearly the same thing at about the same time. But this is no proof whatever, for if we remember that the earth is revolving around the sun at the rate of 65,500 miles an hour, at the same time that it is revolving upon its axis, and that the idea intended to be expressed is that God is *up*, we shall find that God, according to this idea, would occupy the whole of the universe (with the exception of the interior of the earth, which was, until the late revision of the Old Testament, devoted by our Christian friends to the rather warm abode of his satanic majesty, the devil). But this is not so, for we cannot philosophically conceive of a God having human attributes without his having a human form also; and this, as it necessitates his being a personal God, renders it impossible for him to occupy the whole of the universe (with the before-mentioned exception) because of his form. The Bible—which, by the way, is a book not to be relied on, on account of the many incredible and contradictory stories related therein, which are about on a par with those related in the "Arabian Nights"—tells us that God created man after his own likeness (see Gen. i, 27); consequently our Christian friends, if they believe, as they pretend to, in the Bible, must worship a personal God, or none at all.

In regard to the age of God we are, if possible, in a greater muddle than we were when we attempted to find out something regarding his location. In fact, God, if he be the ruler of the universe, can hav no determinable age, for if he has he certainly must hav had a beginning, and if he had a beginning he must hav been created by some power greater than himself, and that power, and not God, would be the power that rules the universe.

God knows all things, and is in possession of all facts, past, present, and future; because if he does not know all things, and is not in possession of all facts, past, present, and future, there is something in existence, or which at some future time will exist, of which God knows nothing, and consequently he is not the all-wise and powerful creator which it is necessary for him to be in order for him to be the power that rules the universe. Moreover, God must

always hav known all things, and he must always hav been in possession of all facts, past, present, and future. If this is not so, then there must hav been a time when God was not in the possession of all facts, and did not know all things. But as we hav see that it is necessary for God to know all things and be in possession of all facts at the present time in order for him to be the power that rules the universe, he must hav received in the interim some knowledge from some source outside of himself, and consequently that source, and not God, would be the power that rules the universe.

Now, if God has a will, he knows it, and if he was ever going to change his will, he knew it before he changed it, and he also knew what that change was going to be, and as God is in possession of all facts, past, present, and future, and always was in possession of such facts, he knew before he created the universe just what man was going to do.

We cannot violate the will of God, for if we can, then I hold that that is conclusiv proof that man's will is more powerful than God's unless it be that God willed that his own will be not done, which would be a paradox.

God makes no mistakes, does nothing wrong, because all mistakes are the result of ignorance, and if God ever made a mistake it would show that he was not in possession of all facts, and did not know all things, and, consequently, could not be the power that rules the universe.

God never feels pleasure, pain, anger, love, or hatred, because if he does it is necessary that there be some power outside of himself which either opposes his will or contributes to the fulfilment of his desire. Both of these are impossibilities, however, the former because any power which can oppose God's will would necessarily be more powerful than he, and consequently would be the power that rules the universe, and not God; the latter because God has no desire, for if he has a desire it must be for something which he does not already possess; but if God is the ruler of the universe he must necessarily possess all things. God never feels jealous.

God never receives any knowledge or information unless he receives it from himself and by his own will, and that would be like pouring water from a glass into itself; it is impossible for him to receive it from any outside source, as he already is in possession of all knowledge and information.

God never thinks, because thinking is the effort of ignorance and weakness, or partial ignorance, to gain more knowledge; but as God is already in possession of all knowledge, it is impossible that he should think.

Men say that there must hav been a plan of the universe, and giv, as an example, a watch, with all its miniature and complicated machinery, stating that the watch could not hav been constructed unless a plan of it had first been made. This comparison, however, is ridiculous, because the atoms comprising the matter of which the watch is formed do not (in themselvs) possess the potentiality of forming themselvs into a watch with mechanism complete, while those comprising the universe most assuredly do possess the power in themselvs (attractiv and repulsiv forces) of forming themselvs into all the varied objects which it is possible for us or any animal to experience; but if we philosophically examin and consider the plan theory, we shall find that if God ever made a plan there must hav been a time before that plan was made, and since there must hav been an eternity previous to any given time, then there was an eternity during which God ruled the universe without a plan; but this was not so, for if God was ever going to change his mind or make a plan, he always knew it, for if he did not always know it then he must hav found it out when he made his plan; but if this was so, then he must hav received this information from some source which knew more than he did.

Now, I hav spoken of the will of God as though he exercised it at the present time, but he does not, for, having ordered anything to be and knowing that it will be, there can be no further exercise of will upon this object, for the reason that when once anything is obtained it is impossible for the same person to obtain the same thing again as long as that person keeps possession of it, as he already has it.

Now, if God willed that the universe exist and it did exist, then it was impossible for God to again will it to exist, as it existed already; nor could he hav exercised his will in making minor alterations in any way whatever in any part of the universe after he had once exercised his will in creating it as a whole, for, if he did, he must (as he knew before he created the universe just what he was going to create) hav made some mistake in his calculations.

But when did God exercise his will in creating the universe? Let us go back and try to fix the time, and we shall find that if God ever exercised his will in the creation of the universe, then there was a time before the universe was created; and since there must hav been an eternity previous to the time when God created the universe, then there was an eternity during which God was nothing, for he could not feel pleasure, pain, love, anger, hatred, or jealousy, nor could he think, desire, or receive any knowledge or information; and, what is stranger still, if God existed before the universe, he would hav been powerless to create it, as there would hav been nothing for him to exercise his will (supposing he had one) upon, and inversely nothing to excite his will to action. But it was impossible for God to exist before the universe, for the simple reason that the universe has always existed, for as void is a portion of the universe, and there never could hav been a time when void did not exist, then the universe must always hav existed—for the identity of void and matter (force?) was fully demonstrated by Sir Humphrey Davy when he proved the impossibility of a vacuum.

CHARLES F. GAUL.

Political Jesuitry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* A few days ago the people of this state (Iowa) were shocked by the report that the Rev. Mr. Haddock was foully murdered in the night by a crowd of ruffians who laid in wait for him. The shock and its consequent indignation were intensified when it became known that Mr. Haddock was an avowed Prohibitionist, and that his fidelity to that cause had brought on him the indignation of "the saloon element." The deceased clergyman is already canonized as a martyr, and the party that avowedly stands for Prohibition is making political capital out of the sad event. More than that, there is an ill-concealed pleasure over it, as it is supposed to be a strong argument in behalf of "law and order," etc.

One of the leading papers of this state lies before me, as I write, and givs the following from an exchange of a neighboring city:

> When the news reached this city that Rev. G. C. Haddock had been shot down in the streets of Sioux City by some unknown persons, a leading Republican of this city rubbed his hands together, and, with apparent glee, exclaimed, "That news is worth $10,000 to the Republican party of this state." At the indignation meeting held in the court-house that same evening this same gentleman told how sorry he was to hear of Mr. Haddock's death.

Every sensible person is aware that no good can result from killing our political opponents. But when the Prohibitionists are posing as law-abiding citizens, and the deceased gentleman is called a martyr, it is time for another voice to be heard. About two years ago, one of the most prominent Methodist preachers of Kansas, whose immoral conduct has since eclipsed his fame, gave an address in the largest city of Kansas, and advocated the burning of saloonkeepers' property. After his incendiary speech was delivered, he was suspicious of the impression he had produced, and after leaving the hall he was struck by a German. The partisan press exaggerated the affair, making it appear that the Rev. Dr. K—— was a martyr in the cause of temperance and morals.

I am acquainted with the following: A certain gentleman had secured a United States license to sell liquor, a license which permits him to sell beer in quantities of not less than a gallon. The Prohibitionists of the city where he livs, believing in the infamous Jesuitical doctrin that "the end justifies the means," one night emptied a can of kerosene oil on his building and then set fire to it. Recently, in Mississippi, the Prohibitionists terrified the colored voters, because they (the colored voters) were in favor of licensing the saloons.

Two cases hav happened in this city (Des Moines). About a year ago some one informed the authorities that a certain German—an old man, whose venerable wife was still living with him—kept beer and used it as a beverage, instead of for medicinal purposes. The old gentleman, as many other Germans do, would buy a barrel of beer and bottle it for his own use. Two unprincipled rascals, clothed with the authority of the state, entered the old folks' home, and instituted a search. Neither of them could well understand English. It so happened that the old lady was on a seat that rested on the cellar door. Not understanding their object, because not understanding our language, she remained on her seat. Finding her unwilling to move, one of them pointed a revolver at her, at which her husband rose in her defense. The brutes then assailed them both with their weapons and ran away. To make a long story short, the old man is unable to work and is a mental wreck as a consequence of the affray, and his wife is reduced to beggary and want.

Another "moral" affair happened in this same city only a few days ago. The home of an ex-saloonkeeper, one of the most highly respected men here, and deservedly so, was entered by a policeman; two bottles of beer were found in the refrigerator, and were immediately seized. The court decided that "there was no merit in the case," and ordered the beer restored to the owner. The above are but samples of numberless cases under which the law is executed.

Your regular readers know that I do not believe in Anarchy, but how much respect will any government receive from its citizens if, under factional influence, those rights are invaded which it proposes to protect? When government becomes the guilty aggressor, rebellion is the result. The laws of this state in relation to the liquor traffic are infamously unjust, and there is hardly a town where they are not more or less openly violated. To rectify a wrong by establishing another is the great crime of modern politics. If a man's home may be entered at any time by a policeman, who is clothed with authority to see what his family drink, it is also right to enter it for the purpose of seeing what they eat, read, etc., and we may see the principle of the Spanish Inquisition established in this country, but applied to diet as it was formerly applied to literature and belief. And what assurance hav we that it may not be applied to these latter as well as to the former?

It seems to me that we hav reached the climax of political hypocrisy and deceit. Some of the most intemperate men I hav met with are avowed Prohibitionists, and in all my travels, I believe, I can almost count on the fingers of my two hands those whom I know or believe to be consistent in their profession of temperance (Prohibition). If it were necessary, I could produce witnesses that many of the leading Prohibitionists in cities where I hav lectured are steady patrons of the new saloon, *i. e.*, the drug store.

I hav not an unkind word or feeling toward those who, believing in the equity of Prohibition, abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages; but no language can express my contempt for men who publicly praise such a law and secretly violate it. "And their name is legion."

J. L. ANDREW.

Fort Scott, Kan.

Organization and Science Schools.

No real advancement ever has been made in any cause without practical, efficient organization. There is an opinion among some good Liberals that, although organization is essential to success, we must wait for it to come of itself, rather than by energetic persistency inaugurate it.

While at Hempstead, Long Island, to deliver two lectures in the grove of that brave old veteran, Elisha Hyatt, it was my happy lot to become the guest of C. H. DeMott, a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, culture, and energy. He had attended the Albany convention of the New York Freethinkers' Association, but failed to get acquainted with other Liberals who were there from the same town, but he realized the necessity of organization at Hempstead, if opposition and ostracism were to be removed and the aims and object of Secularism become known to his friends and neighbors. Although the few Freethinkers of the town resided miles apart, he succeeded in arousing them to united effort, organized a local society, and succeeded in establishing a Freethought library and reading-room in the village of Hempstead—the first and only public reading-room in the town. To increase the interest and attract the young people, Mr. DeMott, being a proficient stenographer, instituted a free school, and has a most successful class in shorthand writing—the students becoming, by their associations and surroundings, familiarized with the principles of Secularism.

Finding the little society could not afford to hire experienced lecturers, although having no experience as a public speaker, he, despite his natural diffidence, prepared and delivered some very able lectures on astronomy, thus greatly increasing the general interest in the organization.

After my lecture on Sunday afternoon (15th inst.), I had the pleasure to listen to one of Mr. DeMott's lectures on astronomy. With the aid of his charts he made the whole subject so plain and clear that the child of eight years was, equally with the cultured adult, deeply interested and fully able to comprehend. I can conceive of no lecture that could more effectually bring conviction to the mind of every hearer of the conflict between scientific facts and the Mosaic account of creation, and yet without in any way arousing the prejudice of the most devout orthodox believer.

The organization at Hempstead is an assured success. The Executiv Committee are hopeful of inducing Mr. DeMott to deliver one of his lectures at the New York Freethinkers' Annual Convention. Nothing could better demonstrate the practicability of science schools on Sundays.

The effort of Mr. C. H. DeMott at Hempstead proves we should not wait for organization to germinate itself, but at once plant, foster, and cultivate it.

The Convention at White Sulphur Springs is especially designed to afford facilities for our best thinkers and workers to become personally acquainted and interested in each other, so they can compare methods and perfect plans for practical organization so that every school district in our state where there are five Liberals may hav its local Secular society and science school on Sundays, devoted to sociability and scientific education.

Never was there a more important meeting, or one of more interest. Recreation, sociability, and advancement of the cause combined render it a duty for every genuin Liberal to make especial effort to attend and induce friends and neighbors to accompany him. Read advertisment on the last page of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,169.28
Mrs. S. J. Carpenter	2.00
Wm. Shultz	1.00
M. F. Roberts	1.00
Wm. Walker	1.00
T. Dunphy	2.00
D. H. Roberts	1.00
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H. L. Boyes	5.00
J. S. Henderson	.50
W. D. Bowers	1.00
Helen Celler	5.00
Frank Portugal	2.15
Total	$3,215.93

Call for the Tenth Annual Congress.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November 11th, 12th, and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Pursuant to a vote at the last Congress, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the constitution of the Union will be acted upon: 1. To reduce the fee for life-membership from $25 to $10. 2. Or, on payment of $10 by applicant for membership, to authorize the secretary to issue ten-year membership certificates, with all the privileges of life-membership during that time. 3. Whenever a man or woman has taken out annual membership certificates for three or five consecutiv years, such person thereafter on payment of annual-membership fee to possess the privilege of life-membership.

The Congress will also be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought, and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly Secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs in the Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executiv committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present.

Per order of board of directors:

R. G. INGERSOLL, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.
COURTLANDT PALMER, Treasurer.
CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com.
E. M. MACDONALD, Ch. Fin. Com.

News and Notes.

The two successful meetings at Denver giv me great encouragement. The large numbers present show the deep and wide interest that is felt in the Freethought movement, especially in the West. In fact, the Western states and territories afford a most promising field for effort. The people out here seem to be ready for work, and heartily believe in something new and better.

The Liberals of Denver are worthy of all credit for the splendid campaign they hav made. They went in for doing their level best, and achieving a result that would be felt far outside of Liberal circles. This they hav done. The Liberal party in Colorado has now a power that it never had before. There is better acquaintance, more unity and enthusiasm.

I enjoyed my visit in Denver exceedingly. It gave me fresh courage to be in contact with such brave campaigners, whose very boldness compelled victory to perch upon our banners.

I found a pleasant Freethought home with Mr. and Mrs. Truss and their little boy, a bright Liberal indeed, whose name is honorable, Charles Darwin—and that indicates what kind of a man he will be. He is born to all the glory of science and liberty.

Mr. Truss is full of the enthusiasm of humanity. He formerly lived in Syracuse, where he was identified with Liberal religious movements among the many reformers of that city, which is the "salt of the earth." His father was a Methodist minister, but with a dash of the liberty-loving spirit. He seceded from the great Methodist church because of its pro-slavery attitude, and was a leader in the formation of the American Wesleyan church, which was distinctivly antislavery, and was the only organized Christian body that set itself without compromise for the freedom of the slave. We see, therefore, that Mr. Truss has good blood from such heroic ancestors, and the material to make an advanced Freethinker. For some years he has been quite blind, but that only seems to make him more bright and activ. He is in thorough sympathy with the outward world. His mental vision pierces beyond the walls of flesh. I find him a scholar and a thinker indeed in regard to the great issues of the day. He has penetrated deep into the questions that now agitate the world. He still keeps the armor on, although many men in his circumstances would retire from the front of the battle. But he is bound to be with the advancing column. He is nobly aided by Mrs. Truss, who is one of those bright women who, in the world of practical activity, demonstrate that woman has just as much brain power and executiv capacity as the sharpest business man.

Mr. John G. Jenkins is a genuin English Secularist. He believes in doing something. He has a heart as big as an ox, with plenty of common sense to guide. He has faith in "social dynamics" and the power of Freethought to make this world better and happier. He has the religion of humanity and this world. He is perfectly courageous in the expression of his opinions. No man has done more for our cause in Denver than John G. Jenkins, and it was a pleasure to meet so genuin a man and his delightful family, whose home is indeed a temple of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Mr. Walter Varian is another good English brother, who has roamed through various lands, and gathered all sorts of truth. He has now pitched his tent in Denver. It did my mind and body good to meet this genial traveler. He has charge of the Turkish and Russian baths of the Windsor Hotel, and these equal in comfort and magnificence anything we can boast of in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooper added also to the enjoyment of my pilgrimage, for they brought me into fresh contact with the great English world of agitation and politics. Mr. Hooper is brother-in-law of Mr. Bradlaugh; was with him in his boyhood, played with him, mingled with all his early difficulties and trials; and it was like a romance, the story told of those days of penury and toil, of nakedness, and almost hunger, whose persistent struggle has resulted in such splendid triumph.

Mr. Z. Shed is well known to many Freethinkers, especially in the West, for his able advocacy of our cause, both upon the platform and in the press. He formerly resided at Fremont, Neb., and was one of its foremost lawyers and business men. He organized the Freethought element there, with library, reading-room, and courses of lectures, and made it a predominant influence. He is now one of the prominent citizens of Denver, and an unflinching advocate of our cause. He recently issued a public challenge to Munhall, the evangelist, but that "champion of the Lord" was afraid, and answered not. Mr. Shed is author of several lectures and articles, which are freighted with facts and arguments, and will make excellent campaign documents. In the future Freethought movement of Colorado Mr. Shed, with his ability, energy, experience, and knowledge, and courageous loyalty, will be a skilful and enterprising leader. I enjoyed the hospitality of his beautiful home, where his wife, and son, and daughter make this world so really pleasant that faith in another is of but little account. We are satisfied where we are.

Mr. Charles Roth is another radical humanitarian who believes in work. He will not let the Christians be at peace. He likes to giv them a touch of the sword of truth now and then, although it does hurt the theological skin. The Christians squirm, of course, but in the end they feel better, for they attain some knowledge.

I spent an agreeable evening with Mrs. Taussig and her family, and Mr. and Mrs. Beekman, who are all ardent Freethinkers. Miss Florence Taussig added much to the interest and success of the lectures by the excellent music which she furnished. I know I spoke better because I had such happy inspirations.

Mrs. Buckner-Johnson the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know well. She has enriched our Freethought literature by her noble contributions. She has fought grandly for our cause in word and life with indomitable spirit and devotion. She has had to overcome great difficulties, and pass through great sorrows, but the glory has not gone from her mind and heart. Humanity is still fresh and beautiful, and truth sublimely joyous. She is "on the hights" because she has been true, not to God, but to herself. She has maintained her integrity—and what nobler victory can be achieved by man or woman?

I was glad also to meet my old friend the Rev. Myron Reed, who is by all odds the most brilliant and popular preacher in Denver. He has mighty little theology in him, however. He sticks to humanity, reform, and this world. He is no clergyman indeed, but a live man, and a first-class heretic. He and I were in the theological seminary together, and I always thought he was about the most sensible fellow in the whole outfit. He didn't look a bit like a theolog, and he doesn't look a bit now like a minister. He tells a good story on himself. He was up in Michigan hunting and fishing, and made the acquaintance of some goodly "sinners." He was preaching then in Indianapolis, and invited them to call upon him when they happened in that city. They did so, and inquired for a *lawyer* by the name of Reed. Nobody knew him. "What, Myron Reed?" "Ah, yes, Myron Reed! Oh, he is a preacher!" "What?" said they; "a preacher? Why, we thought he was a gentleman!" Good for Reed, but hard on the profession. Reed is doing glorious work where he is, but I believe he will do a bigger work in the future. He is too much of a giant to wear the dwarf's mantle much longer.

Mr. Thomas, who introduced me at my second lecture, is one of the brightest lawyers in Colorado. He has always been an outspoken Infidel. Two years ago he ran for Congress on the Democratic ticket. His opponent threatened to spring the "religious racket" on him, and denounce Mr. Thomas as an Infidel. "Do that," said Mr. Thomas, "and I will giv you one thousand dollars. I shall be certain of election then." His opponent didn't dare to do it, and any politician would be a fool in this country who would try to make such an issue in a political canvass.

Well, I could name many others, men and women good and true, in this beautiful city of Denver. Mr. and Mrs. Coplin, E. T. Weber, E. T. Gibson, Fred. Warren, Austin W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, etc., whose names are on the roll of honor, the list of contributors to the Campaign Fund. I must not forget Mr. J. C. Alexander, stage carpenter of Tabor's Grand Opera House, who always does things up in style, and made my surroundings for the lecture as pleasant as possible. He and his wife are both Liberals.

Only think of it, Mr. Richard Day, of Alamosa, came two hundred and fifty miles to hear my lecture. The Christians can't beat that. What one of them all will travel five hundred miles to hear an orthodox sermon? Not much. It don't pay to go so far merely to hav a sound nap under the droppings of the sanctuary. Our Day is a live day, indeed, and brings good cheer. That shows what Western folk will do, and the fire that is in their blood. So long as people come five hundred miles to hear me talk, I will keep on my way rejoicing. It makes up for a thousand disappointments to shake hands with so glorious an Infidel as Mr. Day.

On Monday evening, August 16th, there was an enthusiastic organization of the Denver Secular Union. It will be a splendid power for Liberalism, I know. A large number hav already united with it.

So good-bye, Denver; you hav given the noblest success of the whole campaign, and I thank you with all my heart. All along the line we shall feel the glow of your choice and noble spirits.

Again at Greeley, and two more lectures to good houses, and the organization of a Secular Union. This makes four new Secular Unions in Colorado at important points. What is wanted now is a first-rate lecturer for this "Centennial state." In combination with local talent, a vast work might be done. Who will make good this magnificent promis?

Captain Wadlia, J. W. Leighton, Dr. Camp, Dr. Welsh, and their families and others will make Greeley worthy of its name, a power for political liberty and justice. Whatever other organizations may do, our organization has a special work—a work of the first importance. Our friends at Greeley realize this, that while other Liberal societies can accomplish somewhat of our social and intellectual service, they cannot emphasize with the same tenacity the Nine Demands and strike the blow for political freedom. Our organization exists for a special purpose, and all Spiritualists, Materialists, Agnostics, Atheists, and broad-minded Unitarians can unite on this common platform and labor for a reform the success of which is absolutely necessary to the success of all other reforms.

I was glad to meet again our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Wadlia, Charles Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton and family, Dr. Camp, Mrs. Stillwell, and others. I find that Dr. and Mrs. Camp hav had quite a varied experience in their battles for freedom. They lived in Georgia before the war, and were stanch advocates of the Union, and were compelled for safety to run the blockade and find a home

in the North. The doctor was obliged to travel on foot several hundred miles amid the mountains of Tennessee, and burning forests by night, and it was indeed a wonderful and romantic experience. His wife and children were obliged to follow by a different route, and for several months the doctor knew not what their fate might be. At last they came together in New York. The doctor and Mrs. Camp were at that time Liberals, and endured sacrifices for opinion's sake. They hav brought up a good family of Freethinkers, and all his children—and grandchildren, too, I guess, one of whom, a bright baby, is named Robert Ingersoll—are enlisted for the war. This Camp is indeed a lively camp, but no "chaplains" need apply.

I was disappointed not to meet Mr. Gibbs, formerly minister of the Unitarian church here, but so radical that the conservativ element rebelled and demanded something more Christian, and the good-natured radicals and Agnostics consented. They thought the Unitarian church a good thing and were willing to endure prayers and Bible-reading for the sake of a little social life. Everyone must decide for himself, but my radicalism and the radicalism of some of my Greeley friends are too strong for that kind of food. I want the Unitarian church to do all the good it can, but from my standpoint it has altogether too much of "the sweet by-and-by."

Mr. Gibbs is too strong and honest a thinker to be in the Unitarian pulpit. While a clergyman, he gave one of the best and most cordial sermons on Ingersoll that I hav yet seen, and in it he sounds the notes of a genuin Infidel. He belongs to us, and will do noble work in the Secular movement.

I left Greeley last Thursday and bade farewell to the glorious mountains and vast plains, and am now in a world of enchantment, amid the rolling prairies covered with beautiful grass, waving ranks of corn, golden wheat, and shining orchards. It seems as if I had passed from one continent to another, all is so different. I almost imagin myself on the bosom of a wide and billowing sea, ornamented with ten thousand gleaming isles. I am at the farm-home, "Englewood," of Mr. Lewis Moffitt, the founder of Seward, one of the frontiersmen of this state who came to these prairies twenty years ago when there was not a house to be seen, and the Indians were almost within gun-shot. A vast change has taken place.

The whole country is now under cultivation. Seward is an elegant city. The farm buildings are like those of New England. All is animation, life, and splendor. I hav given three lectures here, to good houses, in spite of the hot weather. It seems as if, while I am writing this letter, I am seated right in front of a furnace. The sweat rolls off my face as if I were packing hay, as I used to when a boy under the barn roof. Scarcely a breath is now in the air. I lecture this evening on "The Glory of Infidelity." I am afraid the Christians won't come, the weather givs such premonitions of what might be if they should fall from grace. On a cooler day they might be more venturesome. The orthodox hav also imported, to offset my lectures, a temperance orator, "the Rough Diamond of Indiana." In spite of all, however, the work goes on. A Secular Union has been formed here. Friends are rallying. I will write more next week—if I am not melted. I go from here to Valley Falls to-morrow.

My lecture engagements are: Seneca, Kan., Aug. 29th; West Point, Neb., Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d; Omaha, Sept. 5th; Cromwell, Ia., Sept. 7th, 8th; Leon, Ia., Sept. 9th, 10th; Ottumwa, Ia., Sept. 12th; West Point, Ia., Sept. 14th, 15th, 16th; Chicago, Ill., Sept. 26th; Belding, Mich., Sept. 28th, 29th; West Union, O., Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d. I shall then return to New York to prepare for the national Congress to be held there Nov. 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th. This will probably be one of the most interesting Freethought gatherings ever held in the country, and I hope that Liberals from all parts of the land will arrange to come to the Empire City and enjoy a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Seward, Neb., Aug. 23, 1886.

Chicago Secular Notes.

The Chicago Secular Union reopens Sunday evening, Sept. 19th. Judge Page, an eloquent speaker and scientist, lectures on "The Origin of Life."

Persons living at a distance from Chicago fail to realize the persecutions of the Liberals in this city at the present time. Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Blackwell preached a sermon in one of our popular churches, in which he contended that every publisher, teacher, or lecturer of Atheism and Infidelity was equally responsible with these seven convicts of crime, and that "Anarchy is but fruit ripened upon the tree of Rationalism planted by George Frederick Hegel in Germany, and watered and cultivated by Robert Ingersoll in America."

The reverend gentleman but reflects in his charge the logic and the animus of the prosecution in the late Anarchist trial. These men were Atheists. Hang them! A lady prominently connected with the defense said to me that could the people of this country know and realize the travesty upon justice that was being enacted in Cook county criminal court they would rise in revolution; and said a prominent Chicago physician, himself orthodox, "A brother practitioner of mine admits that it has not been proved that these men were guilty, but they are Atheists and that should hang them."

You must not think that we hav made ourselvs particularly obnoxious to the authorities by any pronounced declarations of Anarchy; that isn't necessary in Chicago now to insure persecution. The mildest form of Socialism is as fiercely condemned, and no form of Freethought tolerated. Martyrdom is made extremely easy. A system of police espionage has been adopted rivaling the spies of Venice, and in torturing prisoners the methods of the Inquisition hav been revived. The bigotry, intolerance, and persecution of the Middle Ages confront us. On the streets citizens are shadowed, and detectivs are found at the meetings of every society. The *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Spies's paper, is permitted to publish only what a censor may approve. At a labor meeting Sunday afternoon, two policemen came to the door and ordered that no resolutions be passed censuring the action of the jury in condemning the Anarchists. But the command was not obeyed, and the society passed a vigorous resolution denouncing the injustice of the sentence.

It is proposed by Chicago's wealthy citizens to raise a purse of a thousand dollars, to be divided among the jury, offering a premium to the jurors that are to sit in judgment on the Anarchists yet to be tried. "I tell you," said Captain Shaack to a reporter, "the Anarchist business in Chicago has only commenced, and before it is through with we will hav them all in jail, hung, or driven out of the city." And remember that this includes all Socialists. The police of Chicago, with but few exceptions, are Catholics. This case, from the time that Captain Bonfield, unauthorized, as sworn to by Mayor Harrison—and so it goes down in history—led the attack on a peaceable meeting of citizens at the Haymarket, has been in the hands of the police. The witnesses for the state were detectivs, denominated by the Supreme Court of the state of Illinois as professional liars, paid informers, men who would swear to anything to save their lives; and the police. The Protestant ministers at a meeting resolved that they would approve whatever the police might do, thus using Catholic clubs to beat the citizens of a Protestant country. And now that sentence has been passed, the ministers of the city denounce the Freethinkers as the cause, and a daily paper says, approvingly, that "the Catholic clergy are not slow in expressing their entire satisfaction at the verdict."

And so Captain Schaack, as in "The Mikado," is lord high chancellor, and has only to consult himself as to the number and execution of his victims. Like Robespierre, who, entrusted with too much power, became the terror of the French Revolution, this man becomes each day more daring, and adds some citizen's name to his list.

The capitalistic press has howled its approval. Bismarck, through his agents, sent congratulations; but the people, the laborers, are appalled at the severity of the sentence, and, white with horror, huddled here and there in little groups on the corners, whisper one to another, "It can't be; they won't hang them, it is too cruel; for, after all, these men were only speaking for liberty and justice."

These men, says the Rev. Mr. Blackwell, threw no bombs, but their words incited some others to do the deed. These men hav been condemned to death as accessories, and the bomb-thrower, the principal in the crime, is unknown. By the enormity of this sentence all precedent has been set aside, for the law demands that the principal be known before another is punished as an accomplice. And, my fellow-Freethinkers, do not imagin that this trial and its results concern the Anarchists alone. It is a direct attack upon the rights of the people as represented by associations to enable labor to protect itself; upon free speech and a free press. Let every individual, then, boldly add his protest against the persecutions that are being cunningly manipulated by the Catholic and Protestant clergy of this country. Let the rulers feel that the people stand firm for justice as one man, a power behind the throne.

MRS. A. M. FREEMAN,
Secretary of Chicago Secular Union.

Aug. 25, 1886.

The Verdict.

If the article labeled in Chicago as "law and order" be universal, then American liberty is a hollow mockery and a stupendous lie. Eight men, indicted for murder, hav been tried for conspiracy, riot, Anarchism, Socialism, Communism, Atheism, and labor reform in general, and seven hav been sentenced to death for a murder that the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER or I is just as guilty of as those condemned. It is the verdict of a hired capitalistic vigilance committee, aided by the oath of a notorious professional blackmailer, thief, and scoundrel in general to giv it legal form. Their sentences astounded and horrified every person of heart and brain in this city. The capitalistic class, not satisfied with exulting over this infamous "attempt" at the sacrifice of seven human lives, openly offered a blood-money bribe to the jury of $1,000 so that any future juries who might serve on this and other cases (there are a number of others to be tried) will violate their oaths, fall at the feet of the Moloch, and receive their reward.

Oh, how well we remember the traditions of liberty as laid down by the founders of this republic! Think of it, the press of Chicago glory over the fact that the organs inspired by Bismarck, in Berlin, heartily approve of the verdict; that Americans now rejoice that their judicial proceedings are approved by the damnedest despotism of Europe. Of course they are approved—Bismarck rejoices, the czar of Russia is happy, the pope of Rome—the great conspirator—serenely chuckles, and every tyrant of great and small degree is pleased in proportion to his infamy.

Think how sacred is the freedom of the press when bullet-headed policemen are sent by a state's attorney to notify the *Arbeiter Zeitung* that if it passed severe adverse criticism on the verdict, the office would be gutted and the paper suppressed. By the advice of their attorneys much matter was eliminated.

At a meeting of the Central Labor Union, Sunday, detectivs came to the door, called out President Zeller, and demanded that no resolutions should be adopted which criticised this verdict or the judge or jury. To the honor and glory of this brave organization, they passed resolutions in spite of this intimidation. They are of the sterner stuff.

One of our most noted lawyers and citizens, an ex-judge, has just written me:

> I am opposed to judicial murder. . . . The right of free speech, free discussion, for the purposes of reform, is to be maintained at all and every cost. When it comes to police dictation as to what is proper or improper to be said, and discretionary arrests, by the police, for improper speech, we are on very dangerous ground, and every citizen should stand by the right of free speech and resist police dictation by every rightful means. Shall a Roman Catholic policeman, full of bad whisky and worse religion, decide what is incendiary language? Whenever it shall come to that, liberty itself is in danger, and every good man should be prepared to uphold the right of free speech.
>
> The conspiracy of Romanism in this country is its greatest danger. Romanism has policed every city and established a spy system more complete that ever existed in a state of war, through the confessional. Before this republic knows it, Romanism will be firmly clutching at its throat. Both parties are begging and fawning, lying and intriguing, for the Roman vote.
>
> The Protestant clergy are afraid to protest against the great conspiracy. The pope, and bishops of Rome and America, can in a word "absolve" every Roman Catholic citizen from his oath of allegiance to this country—his allegiance to Rome, the pope, being of superior binding force. There is ten thousand times more danger from Romanism than from Anarchism.

My correspondent, with whom I hav taken this liberty, is well known in literary life, and he expresses my sentiments better than I could myself on this Roman question. Is it not a little singular that since there has been a compact between Rome and Bismarck every leading Socialist, except two, who also represent the Liberal sentiment of Germany, is now in jail? Most, if not all, members of the Reichstag, hav heretofore enjoyed the right of immunity from arrest while members?

Now is the time for Liberals to work. Do not imagin that your conservatism on other questions will save you from the "deep damnation" yet to come. Be ready, and fight the fight of political liberty over again. E. A. STEVENS.

Funds for the Blasphemy Persecution.

C. M. Demey	$2.50
V. Snajor	1.00
G. H. Scheel	1.00
G. L. Ladd	1.00
James B. Gay	5.00
D. A. Blodgett	10.00
Jos. Allaster	1.00
H. L. Bailey	5.00
Total	$26.50

New York Freethinkers' Association.

Francis S. Bressell	$1.00
Geo. G. Grower	3.00
J. G. Harrison	5.00
L. O. Bass	3.00
Frank Watrous	1.00
G. L. Ladd	1.00
Thos. Fair	1.00
A. Van Deusen	25.00
Chandler M. Power	5.00
J. C. Turner	1.00
O. B. Jelson	1.00
D. R. Hendrix	2.00
Wm. Hanenstein	1.00
Peter Eckler	2.00
Helen H. Gardener	1.50
Ralph Helm	2.00
Total	$55.50

Another Kind of Baptism.

FRIEND MACDONALD: The cartoon, the "Three Kinds of Baptism," in the last TRUTH SEEKER, is both instructiv and amusing. But, my dear boy, there is still another kind of baptism, and if our Christian friends hav their will, this is the kind you will eventually encounter. They call it, in their pious vernacular, "the baptism of fire." PETER ECKLER.

Communications.

Faith and Prayer.

While so much is being said for and against the efficacy of prayer, and it is so clearly shown through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER that Christians hav no, and that absolutely there is no, prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, the inquiry comes how and why the truly faithful believer experiences so much delight in this exercise, and is so ready and anxious to testify that he knows by experience that such does exist. That there are many good, honest, intelligent people who take more delight in prayer and secret communing with their God than can be afforded them by all else, is unquestionable. We would neither impeach their testimony nor deprive them of their delightful state of mind. We believe them sincerely and truly honest with themselvs and all others, when they tell us that they know that there is a prayer-hearing God. And, further, there is no question that such people are truly happy in their faith, and that their faith controls, in many instances, their moral character. With all these thoughts and evidences before us, we are induced to present a few plain and common thoughts to show that Infidelity is not (as many of our Christian brothers suppose) denouncing *all* Christians as hypocrits, but shows that this faith in God is produced from natural causes; and that the elevation of their moral natures, the opening of their eyes to see themselvs as they are, the iniquity of their hearts, etc., which are alleged to be the workings of the holy spirit in answer to prayer, are in fact only the effect produced upon the mind through *faith in a heart-searching God*, which causes them to turn their minds and look within themselvs, which leads to a self-knowledge. There is not so much difference between the good and the bad as many suppose. All possess both good and bad emotions; in some, the good emotions predominate naturally. Such people, if Christians, will tell us that they hav no recollection of ever experiencing religion; they will tell us that they believe in God and Christ, Holy Ghost, and so forth, but they never hav any testimony to giv us of any positiv knowledge about either. They were born naturally good, with large veneration and benevolence; they join the church as soon as they are old enough to hear of the goodness and love of God. Such people we find always in the more liberal of the Christian churches; they are never Methodists, and are not in sympathy with revivals; they no more understand the direct agency of the Holy Ghost than does the moralist; they ever will refer us to the Bible as the only authority that even God exists; they would not be of any use at a class-meeting, because they hav never had any experience in striving with the Holy Ghost; they can see no harm in dancing, or other social pleasures, where immorality is not intended; they are among our best citizens, would make good Liberals, and therefore are entitled to our highest respect and regard as Christians.

On the other hand, a large proportion of mankind are controlled by evil emotions. Love of gain, approbation, pride, wit, women, and the gratification of appetite are perhaps the chief emotions controlling and guiding their every act; their mind is so absorbed in these various pursuits that any finer feelings and sympathy for others are seldom manifest. They become so constantly intent upon their favorit desire that their thoughts seldom or never are turned within themselvs to see their own selfishness and evil tendency. They are quick to see the failings of others, and perhaps among the first to condemn, which shows plainly that they possess a perfect knowledge and really a fine sense of justice and goodness, but evidently subservient to their blind selfishness.

There are many who hav for so many years ignored the promptings of their higher and nobler sense of right that they seem to hav never possessed any; yet, if they can be drawn away from their favorit pursuit (which perhaps is impossible), evidences of a perfect knowledge and appreciation, and pride in feeling conscious of more benevolent impulses, will lighten up their countenances and the heavy mist will disappear from before their character, which will shine forth to the surprise of themselvs as well as the beholder. With these suggestions we venture the assertion that few people are intentionally bad; that is to say, if they could be made to look within themselvs and study and learn their evil impulses and motivs as they appear to others, all the experiences of a converted Christian would be realized. That "the heart is deceitful above all things" would be as fully realized as with the shouting convert who testifies to the visitation of the holy spirit.

One desires to be good; he is resolved to forsake his evil ways, believing that true happiness is to be found in promoting and arousing those better and higher impulses of his nature which hav for so long been ignored and neglected. What is he to do? Study himself, and when he obtains self-knowledge and sees himself as he is, his surprise upon the discovery of his own rotten heart will cause him to delight in turning from his evil ways and feel his dependence and obligation to humanity.

It is to be urged by the church that, while self-knowledge is necessary, the first thing to do in order to obtain it is to pray to God, the "searcher of all hearts," that he will giv us a perfect knowledge of them. We answer that, while prayer to an imaginary God may be a very proper expedient for attaining self-knowledge, as the actual engagement of the mind in this exercise is in itself a great help to it, because the mind is in a better frame than when it is intently engaged in other pursuits; and while full faith in the existence of God and one's belief that that God knows the motiv of his mind and heart cause sincere honesty to prevail, which is all-essential to self-knowledge; yet the fact that people do attain to self-knowledge through and by prayer does not show to a thinking miud that God answers prayer or the presence of the Holy Ghost. It only shows that the mind has, by its application to prayer and existing faith in God, a searcher of hearts, been honest with itself, and while being honest has seen its own corruption.

Do you claim that we hav admitted at least some good in prayer to God? If we hav, we claim more benefit would derive from prayer to injured humanity. Instead of so much preaching about our duty to God, preach rather of man's duty to humanity. God needs nothing from us—he can take care of himself; but to he who has been robbed of his money and she who has been robbed of her virtue, to these should be offered your prayers for forgivness.

W. H. PENFIELD.

Is This a Free Country?

This question naturally arises when viewing the acts committed by the government officials during the last six months, in which time there hav been fined and imprisoned, under various specious pleadings, for expressing their opinions: Herr Most, convicted of "inciting to riot" in New York, where no riot has occurred; Hirth and his coadjutors, in this city now languishiug in prison for no other cause than that they were denouncing the dishonest injustice under which the people were being crushed. They claimed the money power owned and ran every department to the extent that no redress was possible through legislation. I did not then believe they were correct. It begins to look as though they might hav been.

They "incited to riot," while the only riot we had was the illegal and inhuman assault by the police and militia upon unarmed citizens, shooting down, among others, an old man feeding his chickens in his door-yard and a little boy on his way to school.

Our leading Knights of Labor were indicted at about the same time, and are awaiting trial, and were placed under $5,000 bail for "conspiracy" (boycotting), they having advised people not to buy a certain manufacturer's cigars, because he had broken faith with and discharged without cause four hundred Knights of Labor. Such a "conspiracy" was never entered into by the money and church power? Oh, no!

To-day comes the terrible news that the seven Anarchists (so-called) on trial at Chicago are sentenced to hang.

I cannot think one of those men on the jury believed these persons had any knowledge that a bomb was to be thrown on that fearful night. There was no evidence to show such to be the case; but they were Anarchists and the money power they were fighting demanded their blood. They were in a conspiracy to overthrow the government.

Jeff Davis, whose conspiracy cost the nation millions of lives and enslaved the masses for generations to pay the costs, can be banqueted and petted all over the country, but the men who dare defend the rights of the wage slaves of this country must expect to feel the halter draw.

I am too full of righteous indignation to find expression in words. There was no evidence showing that any one of these men was accessory to the crime. On the contrary, the testimony of the mayor of the city proved conclusivly that the police made an unwarranted attack upon a peaceable meeting of citizens when nearly at its close and already quietly dispersing.

These Anarchists may hav talked foolishly when they claimed that justice could only be brought about by force, but let me say that the way they and others hav been treated in the face of facts to the contrary is convincing many thinking people that their views are correct. The press of the country is the great molder of public sentiment, and, subsidized as it now is, it becomes the worst foe to justice. The great dailies of the great cities hav been persistent in misrepresenting in the grossest manner everything in connection with these various cases. They hav misrepresented evidence and lied outright, and thus hav misled honest people in regard to the facts.

I believe as at present conducted they are a curse to the country. Their functions are perverted, their powers prostituted to unholy purposes; and unless a more healthy action can be speedily secured the little liberty we now enjoy will soon be lost.

Talk of the right of free speech in this country! To be sure, the Constitution declares in its favor, but when people are arrested on all sorts of trumped-up charges to prevent its exercise, such as "inciting to riot," "conspiracy," "blasphemy," etc., and the press indorses and sustains it, we feel to exclaim with Dr. Holland:

Oh, giv us men! A time like this
Demands great hearts, strong minds,
True faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust for office cannot kill;
Men whom the love of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who love honor; men who will not lie;
Men who will stand before a demagog
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking—
Strong men, sun-crowned, who liv above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking,
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in worldly strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justicc sleeps!

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

Milwaukee, Aug. 21, 1886.

Powderly and Communism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Under the above heading, your correspondent "J. M." says some very flattering things of Mr. T. V. Powderly, grand head of the Knights of Labor. He, as the editor of a defunct Socialistic paper, claims to be an authority in discussing the platform and declaration of principles of the Knights of Labor (which principles—those they publish and preach, or those they practice?). Speaking of Powderly, he says: "His ship is stanch, his sails snugly furled, etc., and his pumps manned by strong arms. *And don't you forget it.*"

After all the iconoclastic blows dealt the idols of "J. M." (Mr. Powderly and the Knights of Labor), it may seem cruel to add to them. Still, I desire to ask "J. M." if the action of the Knights of Labor in Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, New York, and the Gould Southwest system, where they resorted to intimidation, violence, forcible possession, yea, and to murder, were, under the circumstances, justifiable? Was their action that of men whose cause was just—that of men "whose ship is stanch, and commanded by a captain whose compass is perfect, and quadrant at all times reliable?" What must be the principles of an order that allows its members to strike because the corporations employing them do not, at their bidding, discharge non-members of their order, as was the case with the L. S. & M. S. switchmen at Chicago and numerous other cases? This is tyranny, and I had rather be the victim of the tyranny of capital than that of organized ignorance and demagogism.

Powderly boasted he would (unless Gould came to his terms in the Southwest troubles) order a universal boycott of Gould. How did he do it? By ordering a strike on the Third avenue street railroad, thereby swelling the earnings of Gould's elevated railroads. Has not the result proven that he is a vain boaster? He declared the Southwest strike uncalled for, "and unjustified, and wrong," yet he givs to it his official countenance and the support of the whole order.

If he has the power to order the course of his "huge craft," why not order it in a justifiable and right course? A man "whose compass was perfect" would steer in a right course.

On March 4th 4,700 men, without cause, and at the bidding of demagogs, stopped work on the Gould system. On May 6th they were ordered to return to work—the strike is over. Cruel mockery! The leaders knew there was no work for them (less than two hundred men were taken back), and such order meant a stoppage of the strike fund and starvation. They are, practically, tramps to-day! With the high-sounding oratory of their leaders they were enticed to their ruin. Some lost their lives, all their situations, that were to them and their families a living, and money—their hard-earned savings of years—that was invested in little homes, and are now outcasts and criminals.

Who can estimate the amount of destitution that exists now and is awaiting the thousands of workingmen and their families during the forthcoming winter? I shudder to think of it. Hundreds of workingmen hold Powderly and his satellites in a large measure responsible for such results.

"J. M." says, "Let the Knights of Labor beware of the Satanic press." Much as I favor free speech and free press, if there is any press more Satanic than a large portion of the so-called labor reform press (Knights of Labor) in this country, "I would honestly vote for its suppression as pernicious literature."

Again, "Let the Knights of Labor gain political ascendancy legitimately secured, and all disturbing issues in America, finding justice, will become harmless as Hybic bees" (rather as hyenas, judging from the acts of the L. S. & M. S. switchmen and numerous other cases).

They hav gained such ascendancy in the city the writer resides in. Results: municipal strife, a prodigal waste of the people's money, a stagnation of trade through the withdrawal of capital owing to the unsettled state of the labor market. Save us from such a state of chaos and desolation as the universal ascendancy of the Knights of Labor would bring about.

I am a railroad laborer, and hav been for twenty years prominently identified as a labor reformer, a member of a labor order, and a Freethinker. I hope you will publish this, as it voices the sentiments of hundreds of workingmen, many of whom are disgusted Knights of Labor. JUSTICE.

Aug. 23, 1886.

In the Streets.

(AFTER SHAKSPERE.)

A rogue! a rogue! I met a rogue i' the streets:
A scribbling rogue—a miserable world!
As I do liv by food, I met a rogue,
Who livs by lies and swings a golden pen,
And basks in Lady Fortune's smiles,
Piling up dimes—and yet a scurvy rogue.
"Good morrow, rogue," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he;
"Call me not rogue till heaven hath made me poor."
And then he drew a telegram to view,
And, looking at it with exultant eye,
Says, very wisely, "This is good as cash.
By this men see," quoth he, "how wags the world.
'Tis but a minute since it came by wire,
And after one hour more 'twill be in print.
And so I furnish news to vulgar crowds,
And thus do make a goodly business for myself,
And thereby cram my purse." When I did hear
The scribbling rogue boast of his lying trade,
My nerves 'gan tingling and my teeth to grate,
And I did rail *sans* intermission,
Knowing his Tribune favored rich men's schemes
To rob poor labor of its hard-won dues.
Boss. What rogue is this?
Jack. An editorial rogue! One bred in college,
Where he was told, who would fair fortune find
Must use his gifts in favor of the rich,
For rich men are the favorits of heaven.
Who doth not so will find himself at death
Drier of dimes than the remaining biscuit
After a voyage. He manufactures speech
And observations, the which he prints as
"Latest news!" Oh, hang a scribbling rogue!
A rogue ambitious, with a golden pen!
Boss. The world needs scribes.
Jack. Most useful fellows, too.
Provided people weed their better judgment
Of all opinion, rogues can be relied on;
If not, not useful. Without a curb,
They take as large a charter as the wind,
Still gulling all they please: no man so good
To keep the scribbling, lying rogue at bay;
No name so pure but he would blow upon,
Rotting with maggot innuendoes
Fair reputations, under guise of news,
Heedless of wrong. And wherefore does he so?
The why is plain as way to Stock Exchange.
Few men would seek to call the rogue to task,
Preferring to keep silent though they smart,
Bearing the stinging venom of the bob.
The wise man's effort is anatomised
By the low cunning of the greedy rogue,
Filling his daily columns with mean hints,
And gilding them with sermons as offsets,
And labor notes recording bootless strikes.
Invest the rogue with pen, you giv him leave
To do his worst, and he will through and through
Infect society discordantly,
To make his journal known and fill his purse.
Boss. Fie on thee! How would'st thou act as scribe?
Jack. What for a living would I do but good?
Boss. Perhaps most grievous wrong, in chiding wrong.
Who knows but thou through all thy chiding years
Hav wronged, not knowing it? For, to know wrong
Needs moral penetration infinit;
What man can comprehend life's ultimate?
Jack. Why, who cries out on wrong
That does not thereby seek impeaching wrong?
And wrong flows freely as the stretching sea.
Yet does the railer's railing go for naught.
What rogue within the city do I mean
When that I say, the scribe I met's a rogue,
Bearing the burden of a villain's shame?
Who will come in and say that I mean him?
When such a one's arraigned, it is his neighbor.
The rogue may be of basest function
Yet feel his roguery is nought to me
(Knowing that I mean him), and therein suits
His sinning to the mettle of my speech.
There then: How then? What then? Let me see wherein
He stands exonerated by his lacks.
And so rogues liv, careless as if they knew
My taxing them with wrong, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaimed of any man.
Boss. Your rogue but swells the burden of the world;
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woeful evidence of wrong
Than rogues with golden pens.
Jack. Then all the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players
Brief living, thinking, acting *fantoccini*,
Puppets replying to the yerk of string.
They hav their exits and their entrances,
While each one plays the role he's fitted for
By circumstances and the bond of build;
And thus the history: The infant,
Helpless within the nurse's arms, begins
To show the temper of the man to be;
Then, as a school-boy all his aims foreshadow
The special aptitudes of after life.
The educating process of the class-room
But givs keen edges to proclivities,
Not even biasing the primal structure.
If gentle, then a gentleman through life;
If coarse, a ruffian still, with but a veil
Veneering brutalism. Heredity
Takes precedence. The miser, ever hoarding,
Dragging lost pennies from the gutter;
The soldier, swearing, brandishing his sword;
The merchant, risking rough seas for sordid gains;
The legislator, framing slippery laws;
The lawyer, like spider, spinning webs round crime;
The priest, tricked out in full canonicals,
Twisting his text to bowstring Darwinism;
The actor on the mimic stage as king;
The judge in court bulldozing outraged strikers,
And praising brute men for swinging bloody clubs;
The wordy crank still harping on his theme;
The scribbling rogue who profits by them all;
With the poor supes of bummers and deadbeats
Thrown in to complicate humanity.
Still reeling on, each plays his cast-for part,
Until at last comes second childishness,
The voice quite changed to treble notes;
And so all parts are played. Each acter, at the last,
Shelving his usefulness in silent nooks,
Shuffles a-down the road to dusty death,
Dragging his weary burden toward the grave,
Sans teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything.
Boss. I grant your predication quite correct,
There is no puzzle in your argument;
For why? All point to one great fact—
Our marriages are ill assorted.
But how, I ask, or what will rectify
The hindrance to such potencies of life?
Come, supple-witted railer, tell us that.

SONG.

I.

All, all, go in and win;
What! scared? there is no sin;
Mankind but dreams on earth.
Each one but plays a part;
Strive to improve in art,
Whate'er your role on earth.

II.

All the same in the end
How life you may spend;
One needs no prompter here.
As the leaves fall from flowers,
So do lives through the hours,
Passing from year to year.

Jack. A truce with all such songs! You do but lie;
Tuning your harp, not us, to discords.
In speaking as I do, I but make voice
'Gainst wrong; denouncing society
For usurpations that defame the bench,
The pulpit, and the school; framing young minds
To favor crime, in guise of virtue.
Earth is a planet plant, whose flower is Right,
Whose fruit is Justice. And so believing,
Sternly condemn we what would vitiate
The common mind; decrying trickery
And savage force, that make men snobs and slaves,
Giving false prestige to the millionaire
By beating poverty with bloody clubs,
Pointing to law and order in vindication.
Law and order! the shibboleth of rogues;
False, knavish, faithless, fraudulent!
A hissing and reproach, inviting hate;
A Roland for an Oliver. J. M.

Le Roy, N. Y.

"A Million for Missions!"

"A million for missions!"

Chaplain McCabe, of the Methodist church, is out with a demand for a million of dollars for missions.

The chaplain means business, too, and the Methodists of the United States hav got to walk up to the chaplain's office and settle or—well, I don't know the alternativ, but they hav got to settle, and will settle without standing on the order.

Chaplain McCabe is the Great North American Methodist Beggar. His racket is the missionary field. Let him run the missions, and he cares not who runs the pulpits.

This beggar-in-chief of the Methodist church is no cringing mendicant. He supplicates not but demands, *à la* Claude Duval. As with the latter it was "Stand and deliver!" so it is with the chaplain. As with the victims of the tax-gatherer of the road, so with the dupes of the tax-gatherer of the church—they stand and deliver at once, and make no protest.

"A million for missions!"

What a blood-sucker is the church! It is giv, giv, giv! more, more, more! if not, anathema! The poor fools can't face anathema, so giv of their own substance into the clutches of ravenous priests. How long, O Lord! O devil! will these cormorants of the church go about seeking whom they may pluck? As long as the fools last, of course.

"A million for missions!"

This is the cry of the Methodist Claude Duval, but it means a million during the coming year for the support of lazy, lying, libidinous, good-for-nothing-but-evil priests, of whom Downs, Nero, Bristor, Sherman, *et al* are shining exemplars. And the poor slaves of superstition hold up their hands while the Methodist Claude Duval goes through their pockets in pursuit of the million!

"A million for missions!"

It is given out that one-half of this sum is to be devoted to foreign, the other half to domestic, missions. Half a million of dollars to be devoted, ostensibly, to the conversion of a few negroes, Hindoos, and Mongolians from their own forms of superstitious worship to that effected by Christians, than which none other is more superstitious, but in reality to the support of McCabe, the members of the B. of F. M., and such shining religious exemplars as I hav named. A soft thing hav McCabe and the B. of F. M.

As to domestic missions, why is it that these proselyting teachers do not seek to convert the home contingent of heathens? There are millions of them here, and conversion, I think, should begin at home. Why go to the Congo and the Ganges to fish for heathens, when the latter abound all along the line of the East river and elsewhere in our own land? Why, because there is more money in the foreign than in the home fishery; and there is more joy in the missionary board over the receipt of half a million for foreign missions than there would be over a million for domestic missions.

And the beggar-in-chief of the Methodist church is now making the greatest effort of his life. And he will succeed, for the crop of fools filled with Bible religion is yet large, though yearly falling back before the advance of the rapidly augmenting hosts whose religion is the religion of humanity, and who believe that mankind should liv for mankind, and not for imaginary gods, of which there are as many as there are races of man and divisions of races, each a better god than the others, and "the only true god"—the "original Jacobs," so to speak. SI SLOKUM.

P.S.—I saw a suggestion in the *World*—by the way, the *World* is no slouch of a beggar; not to be compared with McCabe, of course, albeit not succeeding over and above well in raising funds for a golden ax for Gladstone, but grinding its own ax all the same—a suggestion to the effect that Colonel Ingersoll "hypnotize" Squire, and bring him to the plane of honesty and square dealing, which would be a good thing, and devoutly to be wished; but coupling this suggestion with another, to the effect that Squire in turn shall "hypnotize" the colonel, and bring him under the dominion of that old hag of superstition, the Christian religion, is carrying the thing too far, and is simply a diabolical suggestion. Happily, however, Squire can't thus "hypnotize" the colonel, and so no evil will come of it, but that doesn't alter the diabolical character of the suggestion. Squire "hypnotized" Ex-Mayor Edson, but it looks now as if his power to "hypnotize" is done for, as far as men and affairs in New York are concerned. That it is, let us pray. S. S.

Blasphemy Forty-Eight Years Ago.

From the Investigator of August 18th.

Yesterday (Aug. 17th) was the 48th anniversary of the release of our predecessor, Abner Kneeland, from the Leverett street jail, Boston, where he was imprisoned sixty days in the year 1838 for the alleged and imaginary crime of "blasphemy." We tell the story at every anniversary that the occurrence may never be forgotten, and for the information of those of our new readers who may not be acquainted with the cause of his persecution, prosecution, and imprisonment.

Mr. Kneeland, who was prominent as a Universalist preacher, was inquired of, when he became a Freethinker, to state wherein he differed from the Universalists' belief, and requested to giv his reasons in the *Investigator*. He frankly did so, and among his other statements he used the following language: "The Universalists believe in a God which I do not, but I believe that their God, with all his moral attributes (aside from nature itself), is only a chimera of their own imagination."

For publishing these words he was tried as a reputed blasphemer and Atheist. Mr. Kneeland, however, always said that he was a Pantheist; that his God was nature; and that he did not intend to deny God, absolutely, but only that he did not believe in the same kind of God that the Universalists did. Yet the court ruled that he denied "the God of the statute," and therefore was a blasphemer and an Atheist. He had four trials; on the first the jury disagreed, owing to the firmness and good sense of Col. Charles G. Greene, editor of the *Democratic Morning Post* of this city; and on the second trial Mr. Loring Dunbar had also the moral courage to disagree with the rest of the jury.

On the third trial Mr. Kneeland was convicted, and on appealing to a higher court the verdict was sustained, and he was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment. He was very ably defended on the first trial by Andrew Dunlap, Esq., and on the subsequent trials Mr. Kneeland defended himself. But it all availed nothing; he had violated "the statute in such cases made and provided," and so, on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, which was fought for liberty, Mr. Kneeland was imprisoned for taking the liberty to differ from the Universalists.

A petition for his release, signed by the Rev. Dr. Channing (Unitarian), and other Liberal-minded persons, was circulated, and also a remonstrance, signed by Samuel T. Armstrong (orthodox), and those of his religious opinions. Mr. Kneeland thanked his friends for interfering in his behalf, but added that as he had committed no crime he would not ask for a pardon. He served out his sentence, went to the West soon after, and died in Salubria, Iowa, in the year 1844.

Probably all the actors in the trials of Mr. Kneeland (with the exception of the veteran Colonel Greene) hav passed away. No other legal-religious persecution of the kind has happened, that we are aware of, since that notable event, and for the honor of Massachusetts may nothing like it ever happen in this state again. It was clearly a case of religious bigotry—that ugly spirit, which, commencing here with Puritanism, is alive yet; but among the brave Liberals who hav dared to oppose it we cherish with gratitude and respect the name and memory of that good man and true reformer, Abner Kneeland.

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THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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SATURDAY, - - - SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

The State Convention.

Mr. Reynolds, who is on the ground, writes that there is every prospect of a large local attendance at the White Sulphur Springs Convention, and if the Freethinkers from abroad are as numerous as usual, the meeting will be a great success.

Mr. Reynolds has been studying railroad maps, and the result of his investigation is as follows: New Yorkers can take the boat to Troy, buying an excursion ticket, thence purchasing excursion ticket to Mechanicsville, thence by rail to Saratoga Lake, and across the lake to the grounds. Coming from Boston and intermediate stations, the Boston and Hoosac Tunnel road sell tickets for fare one way to those who ask for Freethinkers' return ticket. Eastern people should also buy tickets to Troy, thence via Mechanicsville to Saratoga Lake, and up the lake to the grounds. From Troy to the grounds is only a little way. Residents of Troy can make the round trip for $1.63. Visitors should hav their mail addressed in care of T. Luther, box 744, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

In addition to the subjects of the orators announced previously, Mr. J. J. McCabe will lecture of "Man," T. B. Wakeman upon "The Present Need of Constructiv Liberalism," and L. K. Washburn upon the "Coming Religious Conflict." The contributions for expenses thus far amount to $153.50. Once more everybody is asked to come and bring their friends.

More Religious Persecution in New Jersey.

Ocean Grove, N. J., furnishes us another Christian outrage upon justice and humanity. About June last a Hindoo called S. Govinda Row Sattay arrived in Asbury Park, N. J., in search of work. He was very intelligent, spoke English well, and soon became popular and made many friends. Public interest in him led to his lecturing in hotel parlors to small audiences upon Hindoo topics, and these finally became dissertations and discussions upon the difference between Hindoo and Christian faiths.

Dr. Stokes, president of the Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting Association, sought to convert the Hindoo to Christian belief. Finding him too firm in his own faith, the doctor was unwilling to hav him remain at the meeting as a standing evidence of the futility of Christian missionary efforts. The cry of "a million for missions," which is the Methodist watchword just now, would prove ineffectiv, it was feared. If a whole Christian camp-meeting could not convert one Hindoo twelve thousand miles away from home, what damaging inferences might not skeptic logic draw?

In some of his remarks, Sattay told his hearers that Christian missionary efforts in India were a failure, and, as he admits, denounced some of the doings of missionaries in India. To Methodist official ears this was worse than blasphemy, especially as the people evidently were inclined to credit the Hindoo's words. Something had to be done to stop him.

On August 18th, a police officer took Sattay to Asbury Park, and warned him never to enter Ocean Grove again. This was by Dr. Stokes's orders. But Sattay, believing himself not in fault, on the following day attended services in the auditorium at Ocean Grove. He himself tells what follows, and his story is confirmed by the papers, given below:

"While I was sitting quietly reading the daily paper, a corporal came to me and said that the chief police officer wanted to see me. I followed him and found that there were only three of us. The warrant was read to me and then the depositions of the witnesses, which were kept ready written, were also read, and immediately the commitment was written and handed over to the corporal. I was at once put into a stage and taken to the railroad depot. I did not resist any procedure, and therefore I was not handcuffed. We got in the train and were at Freehold at 5 P.M. I was put in the jail."

The commitment was upon the testimony of Wistar H. Stokes and Titian P. Summers, and also upon what the police justice professes to hav seen himself.

"Wistar H. Stokes, of Ocean Grove, New Jersey, being sworn, says that he is a police officer in Ocean Grove, employed by the Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting association, and that in relation to one Hines, a Hindoo, he has repeatedly requested said Hines to desist in attracting crowds and has dispersed said crowds at different times; and that the said Hines has insisted upon collecting crowds of people and in this disturbing the peace of the place, and thus interfering with the carrying on of the religious services at the places appointed for such services.

"And that the said Hines has repeatedly returned to and around the said place of meetings, and by his gestures and language collected crowds about him as high as 150, and in this has been disorderly. Wistar H. Stokes.

"Affirmed to and subscribed before me this 19th day of August, 1886. Jno. C. Patterson,
Police Justice Ocean Grove."

"Titian P. Summers, of Ocean Grove, New Jersey, being sworn, says that he is a peace officer in Ocean Grove, employed by the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association.

"And that he knows one Hines, a Hindoo called S. Govinda Row Sattay; that he requested the said Hines to desist from collecting a crowd on the sidewalks in and around the grounds of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association. And that he did remove the said Hines from different places where he the said Hines had by his harangs called together a crowd while the meeting at auditorium was in progress, in this disturbing the peace. That the said Hines said to him he was doing it for money or for pay. And further that the said Hines has by thus collecting crowds in and around the said meetings disturbed the peace of the place.

"Titian P. Summers.

"Sworn and subscribed to before me, police justice of Ocean Grove, this Aug. 18, 1886.

"Jno. C. Patterson, Police Justice."

The above affidavits are made under a statute found in the Revision of New Jersey Laws at page 305, authorizing summary conviction before a police justice for disorderly conduct by a person intoxicated. They do not allege intoxication, however, nor is there any evidence of disorderly conduct given.

The justice evidently felt the weakness of the testimony and knew the illegality of his position, for he attempts to obtain ground for his commitment in a chapter of the "Vice and Immorality Act," at pages 1227–1229 of the same Revision. This act allows a justice, from his own view of the occurrence, to cause the arrest and punishment of a person who shall collect a crowd in the vicinity of places where religious meetings are being held.

The following is the police justice's return of the testimony of Sattay:

"Hine, a Hindoo called S. Govinda Row Sattay, upon examination before me, John C. Patterson, police justice of Ocean Grove, upon the charge of collecting crowds upon the sidewalks and grounds of Ocean Grove, and this during the meetings or religious service now held at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. And upon questioning him, he said that he did not believe but what he could do as he pleased, and that he could talk or hav crowds assemble to listen to him, and that he did not disturb the peace.

"Monmouth county: ss.

"That one Hine, a Hindoo, or, as called, S. Govinda Row Sattay, from my own view, did disturb the peace of Ocean Grove at divers times, but more especially on the 18th of August, in that he did on the grounds of Ocean Grove cause a crowd to assemble after being told by an officer that he should not do so.

"That he refused to obey the officers in their requests, thus becoming a disorderly person.

"From my own view, and the testimony of two witnesses, I do adjudge him to be guilty of being disorderly; and for said offense I do adjudge that the said Hine, a Hindoo, be confined in the county jail at Freehold for thirty days at hard labor from the date hereof.

"In witness whereof I hav hereunto set my hand and seal this day of August, A.D. 1886.

"John C. Patterson, Police Justice."

That Sattay was not awarded a hearing in the matter is shown by his written statement, made after conviction, and it is confirmed by many persons at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. He says:

"While in Ocean Grove I hav always attended almost every religious meeting, and hav never disturbed religious services. Generally after the services were over, when I used to stand awhile outside the church premises, my Hindoo dress naturally attracted the attention of some kind and charitably disposed ladies and gentlemen; and they always used to ask me my whereabouts and my beliefs. Certainly I had to answer their questions, and when my answers seemed to be quite different from their beliefs, their questions increased as the crowd gathered round also increased. Thus there was always a short discussion after the services were over, and never during or before, and it was always outside the premises of the church buildings. Dr. Stokes did not like to see these gatherings and several times ordered the people to disperse; but when he saw that he could not compel them to disperse, he came to me and pulled me out of the crowd by my arm and I always calmly walked away. Such scenes excited the sympathy of the people the more, and they almost every day used to gather round me after the services were over."

On his arrival at the jail, fortunately Sattay found a friend in Warden C. A. Little. Mr. Little, who is a liberal and exceedingly kind-hearted man, had heard Sattay lecture and had become interested in him. He at once, at his own expense, employed legal aid for the helpless Hindoo. Mr. E. A. Arrowsmith, a resident attorney of Freehold, at Mr. Little's request, took hold of the matter, and, finding that the proper papers had not been filed in the county clerk's office, at once obtained an order releasing Sattay. Judge Parker, the supreme court justice who made the order, is ex-governor of the state, and his prompt righting of the wrong, with the action of Messrs. Little and Arrowsmith, shines brightly in contrast with the illiberal action of the other Jersey authorities.

The sentence imposed was the full limit allowed by the law, and fully evinces the malicious spirit which appears throughout the prosecution.

On his release, the Hindoo was supplied by Mr. Little with money, and he returned to Asbury Park. But the hand and voice of bitter religious prejudice are now raised against him. "The papers," he says, "said that I was blasphemous, and now people point their fingers at me, and my business is ruined. I was not blasphemous. I only told people about my religion and they seemed interested."

Sattay has been in this country about a year and a half. He is a nativ of Shelapore, where he received a good English education. His wife and all his relativs dying, he left his only child, a boy, in Shelapore, and came to this country to try and make a home for him. Sattay went to New Orleans, where he was employed in a sash factory. The factory was destroyed by fire last June, and finding nothing to do he came North and went to Asbury Park, hoping to find employment. In spite of his unpleasant experience Sattay believes the people of this country are generous, and that he can manage to make a home in America for his boy in India.

The Church and the Knights.

We hav had considerable to say about the connection of the Knights of Labor with the Roman Catholic church, a connection formed by the subserviency of General Master Workman Powderly to the bishops of the latter organization. The control of the Knights by the church cannot but be fatal to the real interests of the laborers of the country, since Roman Catholicism never advanced the welfare of the people without strengthening its own control of them. Mr. Powderly, it is now well known, regards the church as of greater authority with himself than the organization he manages. Some doubt, however, has been expressed whether the rank and file of the order would choose the church in preference to the assembly. But if all the members are like the Knights of Philadelphia, the doubt is soon settled.

An Associated Press dispatch, dated August 22d, relates that at a meeting to organize the cooks, servants, and waiters into an assembly of the Knights of Labor the action of the archbishop of Quebec was referred to by the speaker as follows: "I am an honest workingman, and I do not think such a thing is proper when we are struggling for an existence. I am, and always hav been, a good Catholic, but I am not afraid of the holy father in Rome. My duty is to keep the bodies of myself and family going." This declaration of independence was received much as George III. heard that of the "free and independent states of America." A woman in the audience was the first to resent it. She arose and moved toward the door, saying: "I would not forsake my father for the whole world, and I shall not stay here to be insulted." Others in the audience arose and followed the woman. Mr. McNeil, a member of Assembly No. 64, strode up the center aisle and said with much indignation: "I am a Knight of Labor, and I claim the right to object to what this man says, for it is not only an outrage upon the Catholic faith, but upon the noble order." The organizer replied that he was addressing a public meeting, and had a right to say what he pleased. Another Knight came up from a rear seat and said: "I don't care a damn whether it is a public meeting or not. This is a Knights of

Labor hall, and it shall not be disgraced in this manner while I am here, and I will see to it that it will not be disgraced by you hereafter. Next Sunday you will find its doors closed against you." The meeting was then adjourned by the organizer, but the "insulted" Catholics remained a long time to discuss the remark of the speaker, and denounce him as an enemy of the "holy father" and true religion.

Of course, one swallow does not make a summer, and it does not follow that all Knights are of the same way of thinking as the Philadelphia Knights. But the indications are that a good percentage of them will choose the church and slavery to the Knights and such industrial freedom as organization and unity can secure. The prediction safe to make, therefore, is that the Roman Catholic church will control the Knights of Labor or break up their organization.

The First-page Picture.

And it came to pass in these days that a gentile named Reynolds went to sojourn among the heathen in the land of Jersey, and he pitched his tent at a place called Boonton.

And seeing the forlorn state of the swine which wallowed in the church mire roundabout, the good man was moved to take compassion on them, thinking that peradventure they would partake of his bounty and be made whole.

Therefore he began to scatter golden grains of reason among them, and lifted up his voice and spake unto them, saying, Why root ye? Know ye not that ye are afflicted with popish scurvy and Methodist mange? Verily I say unto you, ye are fed on slop and swill, and wallow in the mire that your masters may liv on you and wax fat.

And he made merry and laughed at them for their foolishness in doing these things, whereupon all the elders and valiant among the swine marveled much and were angered against the man and began to grunt in their own tongue among themselvs, saying: What manner of man is this that dareth thus to make sport of our holy things, even concerning the garbage of our tabernacles? Hath not this slop been our portion ever since the day when the master gave us the devils for an inheritance? Verily, he blasphemeth; away with him!

And they waxed exceedingly wroth, and compassed him about and wrecked his tent and pressed sorely upon him, and dragged him before their magistrate Van Orden, surnamed Old Tootyache, who sat in judgment over the man, and scoffed him, and persecuted him, and robbed him of his shekels until he was fain to get him thence.

And the rest of the acts which Reynolds did, are they not found written in the Book of Indictments?

The Real Traitors.

The God-in-the-Constitution party held a convention at Saratoga last month which was well attended and markedly enthusiastic and vigorous. The sole reason for the existence of this party is to extend the Christian features of our government, and particularly to put the names of God and Christ into the Constitution. At the Saratoga convention addresses were made by Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and other theologico-political workers. Jo Cook wrote his sympathy with the movement, and Daniel Webster was eulogized to the skies for his erroneous declaration, in the Girard will case, that Christianity was a part of the common law of the land.

It is commonly accepted as an American principle that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. But our Christian oppressors hold that government derives its powers from "God," an extraneous personage having no property or voting interest in this world, and consequently no sympathy with the people of the United States. Christ, another superfluous office-holder, they claim is the rightful king of nations. The assumption made by the Christians for these two alleged beings does not, however, in our opinion, entitle them to rule the United States. The true meaning of the National Reform people is, as we hav before pointed out, that the earth and the fulness thereof belongs to the Lord and his saints, and that the Christians, being the saints, desire to enter at once into possession. This is something that is not at all likely to come to pass so long as a reasonable degree of vigilance is exercised, but that the Christians are becoming more and more aggressiv, and determined to hav the earth, is plainly to be seen. They are seeking to hand this government over to a foreign power, for themselvs to run, and no one can doubt the substantial benefits that would inure to the church should they succeed. Our children would be taught to reverence this foreign power above the people's chosen officials; they would learn in school a system of religion that is false; free speech would be a thing of the past, and every citizen would be compelled to pay taxes to support the worship of this foreign power, and for the maintenance of his ministers. The God-in-the-Constitution party, therefore, is preaching treason.

It may be cruel to suggest such a thing, but how would it work to get the officers of the National Reform Association to hold a convention in Chicago, where they could be indicted and tried for their incendiary language? No doubt a jury could be found which would convict them of murder, and they might expiate their offense upon the gallows. They and the Anarchists are in the same boat.

Editorial Notes.

THE kind of Christians that grow in New Jersey may be guessed from the following paragraph in the *Jerseyman*: "A church within six miles of Whippany has for eleven weeks past paid their pastor, who has a wife to support, the handsome salary of $1.50 per week."

THE *Jednota Osvojenych* is a Liberal Sunday paper published at Cleveland, O., by V. Snajor. The following letter from Mr. Snajor explains itself.

"CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 23, 1886.

"DEAR SIR: One Bohemian reader of my papers sends to Mr. Reynolds, for defraying the expenses caused by his arrest in Boonton, N. J., $1. I published the account of Mr. Reynolds's arrest in my last issue, and asked those of my readers who could spare a few dollars to help that gentleman in fighting those Boonton antediluvian bigots. Respectfully, V. SNAJOR."

WRITING to Mr. Walser, in relation to the late unpleasantness at Liberal, T. M. Horne says:

"I was a little surprised to see Macdonald straddle the issue the way he did."

Mr. Horne labors under a misapprehension. We straddled no issue; the case was plain enough. If a mob had ordered any one to leave the town, or had fired shots at anyone's house because of certain opinions held by that person, then the mob was wrong—infamously wrong. We never believed that Mr. Walser instigated any such proceeding, and said so. We hav printed all the available evidence in the case, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusion. We never straddle an issue, though always suspending judgment till the evidence is conclusiv.

THE *Independent* rises to defend Martin Luther from the charge that he was the author of the German couplet:

"Wer liebt nicht Weib, Wein, und Gesang,
Der bliebt ein Narr sein Leben lang"
(Who loves not women, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.)

The *Independent* says it was cited by a German from a book published in 1494, and concludes that it was common as a drinking song long before Luther. Possibly our contemporary is right, but is it not possible that Luther put the couplet into its present shape, though the sentiment was expressed before he began to appreciate it? Luther was a roistering German monk, and fully enjoyed the dissipation implied in the first line of the couplet. And the church should not object, for she is indebted to German drinking songs for some of her best tunes. The air of "Old Hundred" was sung by lusty Germans long before it rendered tolerable the foolish words now set to it.

THIS is the way Saladin, of the London *Secular Review*, views the town and the people of Boonton: "Boonton, New Jersey, has covered itself with shame by mobbing C. B. Reynolds, one of the most clever and adventurous of America's Freethought lecturers, and by overthrowing and ruining the large tent which Mr. Reynolds carried along in his travels, that he might be independent of Christian caprice and extortion as far as the hiring of halls was concerned. Mr. Reynolds has, further, been arrested on the charge of blasphemy and arraigned before a J. P., a dunderheaded Dutchman of the name of Van Orden, who has succeeded in making an ass of himself, and who seems to possess just about the quantity of brains which usually falls to the lot of a Swedish turnip. A sturdy Freethinker of the name of Maxfield has found bail for Mr. Reynolds to the amount of $400, and our friend, Mr. Macdonald, of THE TRUTH SEEKER, has come forward like a man to stand by this latest victim of Christian brutality. The case now goes to Morristown, the county seat, and we shall look forward to the trial of Mr. Reynolds with deep sympathy not unmixed with anxiety."

WE can sometimes extract comfort for the truth from the fears of its enemies. The Rev. H. D. Jenkins, D.D., writing in the *Christian at Work*, quotes the paragraph recently circulated—with many exclamations against its impiety by the religious press—about the council of Paris having condemned a school-book because it recognized "God," and tells this story:

"As I sat lately in the study of a friend, a college president who, for more than a quarter of a century, has worthily presided over a Christian college, my eye happened to fall upon his little work regarding political economy. 'Yes,' said he, alluding to it, 'it was prepared for use in high schools and academies; to giv the outlines of the science to that great multitude of youth who never enter any higher institution of learning. I sent it the other day to one of our state superintendents of education. But it was returned to me, with the note that its first sentence condemned it for use in public schools. I opened the book, and its first sentence was: "The source of all wealth is the beneficence of God." That is the very sentiment which the council of education struck out of the books to be used in Paris public schools; but the same thing had been done in America before. And it is being done every day in these states, founded in the prayers and self-sacrifices of a Christian people. But he whose blood stirs at these things is branded as "an enemy of our grand public-schools."'"

The ink from Mr. Jenkins's pen flows fast and furious at this rejection by a superintendent of education of his beloved belief, and he inveighs against our public-school system as being Atheistic, and avows his preference for Roman Catholic schools to the present ones. "I am as willing," he says, "to pay a Romanist for teaching geometry as to pay an Infidel. The danger of this country is not superstition, but Atheism; and our school-books are already Agnostic." We sincerely wish that this were true, but it is not. The school-books in most districts are distinctivly Christian. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. REMSBURG is now delivering eight lectures a week in Minnesota. He goes from there to Wisconsin, and will close his campaign in the Northwest, with a month's work in Iowa.

THE Black Hawk, Col., *Times* says of the secretary of the American Secular Union: "Samuel P. Putnam has been entertaining our people this week with a course of lectures treating of Freethought. His subject Tuesday evening was 'Universal Mental Liberty,' and was treated in a highly pleasing manner to all who were in sympathy with this style of lectures. Wednesday and Friday evenings his subjects were 'Glory of Infidelity' and 'New Heaven and Earth.' The seating capacity of the P. O. S. of A. Hall Friday evening was inadequate to accommodate the audience. The lecturer during his stay showed himself to be a man of extraordinary ability, holding his audiences continually wrapped up in his subjects."

CHAS. WATTS and his wife reached New York on the 27th ult., by the steamer America, and left immediately for Toronto, where he began his lecture tour last Sunday. He visited Hamilton, Ont., the 6th and 7th, and will endeavor to get back to White Sulphur Springs by the 10th. September 12th and 19th his engagements are for Philadelphia; September 23d to 27th, at Waynesburg and Pittsburgh; September 29th to October 6th, at Grand Rapids, Mich.; October 10th to 14th, Chicago and Wyoming, Ill. Applications for lectures should be addressed to 82 Berkely street, Toronto. Mr. Watts desires his friends to communicate with him at an early date, that his route may be laid out through the states with due regard to economy in railway fares.

W. F. JAMIESON writes: "In Merrillan we held our meetings at the base-ball grounds, where seats, in ampitheater style, were convenient for the audience. Gave four lectures. The last one, on Sunday evening, was more largely attended than any of the others. The church was but a few rods distant, and at the conclusion of their services the minister, his wife, and a goodly portion of the congregation came over and respectfully listened. One pious sister, however, wa not quite so respectful. Said she: 'Won't somebody put a corn-cob down that man's throat?—disturbing people in their worship!' Whereat the saints laughed. Well, that is not as bad an experience as Brother Reynolds is having in New Jersey. It will take the Christians a long time to learn that they do not own the United States. In Merrillan there are a few outspoken Freethinkers, such as M. Martins, H. O. Syvertson, F. H. Pulling, Dr. Hamilton, Mr. Heath, George Whitney, and a few others. The Christian church is very weak in this town. Many of the business men are, at heart, in sympathy with our movement, but lack the courage of their convictions—and it would not take a thimbleful of courage, either, in a place where Christianity is at such a low ebb. This is the town where, when I was introduced to a clergyman some three years ago, in the street, he had the bad taste to make a loud attack on my Infidelity, merely because my friend, Mr. Martins, who introduced me, politely invited him to come and hear me, and debate, if he chose. This seemed to anger the servant of the Lord, and he was not backward in telling me what a miserable, wicked thing Infidelity is. I was willing to be instructed by a gentleman who knew so much. While engaged in asking my clerical friend all about the wicked points of Infidelity, so that, knowing, I might shun them, a large crowd gathered and were highly intructed. A friend of the preacher came and led him away at last. I never seek strect controversies, but when a preacher presumes on his prerogativs I feel that it is my duty to stand my ground. A sad fate befel that servant of the most high. Seized with the usual clerical distemper. Deposed. Merrillan would be a stronghold of Freethought if there were not so many Gallios there—men who 'cared for none of those things.' What they are afraid of is hard for a sinner to see. H. O. Syvertson is the Freethought Socrates of this part of Wisconsin. He lately married an estimable lady of Black River Falls, Miss Julia Spencer. I was their guest during my stay. Augusta was next visited and three lectures given. The notice was short, the weather warm, and the people pious. Cannot say as much for our lecture-course here as in Merrillan, Neillsville, and Maple Works. Mr. Silas Perry is a stanch Freethinker, and did his best. The proprietor of the opera house, Mr. Russell, is a fair and pleasant gentleman to deal with, and very generous. He has a neat and commodious hall. Later in the season, when the farmers can attend, a good interest in Liberalism can be aroused there. Brother Remsburg was announced for early dates of September. Am now taking a few days' rest at home, in Lake City, Minn., previous to my Montana journey. I may be addressed, until further notice, at Butte, Montana territory."

Letters from Friends.

ST. CHARLES, MICH., Aug. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The pictures are just splendid. I think Heston missed it a little in showing Adam and Eve at their first meeting. They should hav been naked and not hav been clothed until after they had partaken of the fruit. But it is good as it is. Let Heston continue the good work. I am sorry that my old friend and neighbor, Jonathan Weaver, of Angola, took a dislike to the pictures. At first I thought they told too much, but now they are the first thing I look for. MILO MINER.

DAYTON, O., Aug. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: By all means keep up the cuts. I send out all my old papers among friends, and know of good results from the pictures alone. I hate to part with THE TRUTH SEEKER, on account of the pictures, and hope at the end of each year to get a book of them. I am away so much of my time it does seem as if I never would get to read your paper, but after business I devote all spare time to reading the papers and get through them, and they are one hundred cents on the dollar every time. GEORGE E. BLAINE.

DIGHTON, MASS., Aug. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Will you allow me space for a few words of commendation of Miss Wixon's "Story Hour?" It is a book that grown-up children will find interesting, as well as those of tenderer years. The sketches, stories, and poems are well written, sprightly, and entertaining. Some of them are amusing, and a few are pathetic; but they are all pervaded by a cheery spirit of encouragement which shows that their author is an optimist, as all writers for children ought to be. A young lady told me the other day that she had read it through three times for her little niece, who, when she is sick and has to stay in the house, makes her aunt read the "Story Hour" to her. It is to be hoped that the gifted author will find time to publish more books as interesting and healthy-toned. G. A. SHOVE.

ROCKPORT, MO., Aug. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 14th is at hand, and the cartoon of "Adventures of Adam" I think is the boss. I wonder if they did really hear the voice of the Lord God walk. Who ever heard a voice walk? But enough on that subject.

I see J. F. Beck, of West Union, O., claims that he is not J. F. Beck at both ends of the line, *i. e.*, in Ohio and Montana. He winds up his communications by calling on the other Liberal Becks that happen to liv on this planet to come to the front. Well, here we come. I was at the front at the time that D. M. Bennett was sent to prison, and circulated a petition for his release to present to President Hayes; and I expect if Brother F. J. or J. F. will make sufficient inquiry he will find the majority of Becks are Liberals. Wishing Liberalism and the Becks unbounded success, I am

Yours truly, G. G. BEOK.

INGALLS, KAN., Aug. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading "Social Wealth," by J. K. Ingalls, and "Rational Communism." They are both grand. Freethought is on the gain here. A theological college that was started in Lincoln Center, our county seat. some four years ago, got above ground and stood till this spring. It has moved along slowly, and now its managers seem to be locked horns with the devil and don't know what to do. We are to hav a library in our school district soon, as we hav voted a district tax. The books will consist of histories, travels, biographies, and works of science, and you can rest assured that some of Brother Bennett's books will adorn its shelves, and I expect to see his portrait, with that of Paine and of Ingersoll, on its walls; and then if we can put in an organ and put up a few of the TRUTH SEEKER mottoes we can feel as though we hav done something for Freethought. A. BUTTERFIELD.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Aug. 15, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Brother C. B. Reynolds paid us a visit Sunday, Aug. 8th, and gave us a very interesting lecture. His subject was, "The Bible—Whence it Came and What it Teaches." There were not less than one hundred people present, and out of nine sky-pilots who suck the blood of the dupes in this place, not one had the stamina to show himself and answer such questions as might be asked of him according to the faith that is in him. But, nevertheless, Brother Reynolds put the thinking-cap on a large number of those present, and quite a few bought pamphlets, and a good many hav expressed their intention of attending the Convention. Hoping you will aid us by your prayers in bursting the shackles that bind our villagers to superstition, bigotry, and priestcraft, we are as ever, yours for the cause we love,

WM. AND HARRIET THORPE.

CENTRAL CITY, NEB., Aug. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: That indefatigable advocate of Freethought, John E. Remsburg, closed last evening in this city a course of three lectures with grand success. On the first evening his subject was "The Apostle of Liberty," which was attended by a fair, but appreciativ, audience. The second lecture, Sunday, 10:30 A.M., subject, "False Claims," was also fairly attended, but, owing to the extreme heat, few ladies came. In this lecture Mr. Remsburg has shown how to capture and interest an audience. It was crowned by a roaring applause. The third and last lecture, in the evening of the same day, subject, "Sabbath Breaking," was a masterpiece of mental labor and the acme of perfection. This lecture was visited by our city mayor and wife, county and city officials, doctors, lawyers, and the most prominent citizens of this town with their wives and daughters; but not one minister of the gospel had backbone enough to face the truth. I respectfully urge our Liberal friends to make arrangements with Mr. Remsburg for lectures, which they never will regret. He is the Ingersoll of the West, a title which he really deserves. Mr. Remsburg left this morning for Crab Orchard, where he will lecture, taking with him the best wishes of the many friends he made here during his stay. A. S. BLEYER.

BARRIE, KAN., Aug. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The Barrie Secular Society held its annual excursion on Saturday last, the 7th inst., on Kempenfeldt Bay and Lake Simcoe, under the careful management of Mr. D. C. Campbell, a prominent worker and faithful advocate of our great cause. The affair throughout was one of great pleasure, not only on account of the splendid scenery which surrounded us on our way down the bay, but also in meeting with kind friends, whose happy and jovial faces made everyone feel at home, especially those of the party who were from Toronto by invitation, and who at all times and under all circumstances think it only a pleasurable duty to lend a helping hand to our brothers in the cause of truth. The trip will long be remembered as one of the best that has taken place in this great northern country for years, and we hope that our friends will not allow another season to pass without a similar trip and under as happy auspices as the one above recorded. J. SCOTT.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, WYO., Aug. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The recent Yellowstone letter of S. P. Putnam has been read at camp-fire and lunch parties with much interest. All who hav read it, or heard it read, pronounce it one of the most eloquent and graphic descriptions of Wonderland that has ever been written. It is a poem in prose. The word-painting is so appropriate and elegant, especially where he describes the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone! His picture in words ought to go with Thomas Moran's painting that graces the great Rotunda of the national Capitol at Washington. The one would speak to the eye; the other to the intellect and the imagination. Mr. Putnam omitted to mention our seeing four elks on the Mammoth Geyser Plateau. These antlered monarchs of the mountain came very near us, and, as we knelt down, the ladies whirled their sunshades so as to attract their attention and excite their curiosity. On our starting to our feet they bounded away and disappeared in a pine forest.

It is astonishing the amount of valuable information that is contained in Mr. Putnam's article on the Park; all the more so as no one saw him take notes. Our party being all Rationalists, our camp-fire talks were entirely free of all supernatural explanations of the wonderful objects that met us at every step in our five days among geysers and canyons. There was no selfish or unsocial conduct to mar the harmony of our journey. I do not mean to say that Freethinkers are invariably generous and unselfish, but I do say that it is seldom that a party of six tourists can be found who act so naturally, so kindly, and even lovingly to each other as did those of the Putnam party.

It is possible that this meeting of three ladies and three gentlemen may result in a lifetime of love and harmony to two of them. No one can predict when, where, or whom the blind god may shoot. Many a couple meet in Wonderland, and it is so natural for a fair maid to seek safety under the strong, protecting arm of a gallant man when near boiling caldrons, hissing paint-pots, spouting geysers, and roaring canyons that she feels the need of a man god, and he of a guardian angel.

Higher than geyser's gush;
Deeper than canyon's rush;
Hotter than paint-pot mush,
Is that of human love.

O Love, Love, Love! thou magician that transformest a quiet pool into an all-absorbing torrent, into which madmen rush, and out of which all sanity comes to bless the world! O heart of man, thou wonderland of all lands, may thy waves never grow cold, nor thy pulsations ever cease!

G. L. HENDERSON.

MECHANIOSBURG, ILL., Aug. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In the month of July, while paying a visit to some of my kin-folks, I paid you a visit and purchased of you Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary" and a copy of "Alamontada, the Galley Slave," and you gave me three months of your tip-top, valuable paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like the contents hugely. Please don't fail to still illustrate it. It is quite interesting to many in my town, and I think I can get you some subscribers; will try, at least, to do so.

Well, when I left your city I went to Ocean Grove to see my sister, who resides there. It is a beautiful place—a city by the sea. But, O God (if there is a God—I don't know)! it is an awful orthodox hole. The privacy of the town is secured by a high gate. All north of the lake is Asbury Park and all south is Ocean Grove. Now, nothing is allowed to enter on Sunday. In Asbury Park all vehicles run on Sunday; but in Ocean Grove you hear nothing on a Sunday only the cat purring and the kettle singing. I am carried back to the old Puritan days of Connecticut, when the hands of the clock were padlocked, the hens not allowed to set, nor the beer-barrel to work. O consistency, thou art a jewel! Will those days come again? God forbid—if there is a God! But I will come back to that Sunday morning in July when I left your office. My sister being an invalid, I was deputized to go after the milk. Out I started with my little can to get the allotted allowance, and I met a miscellaneous crowd—males, females, boys and girls, negroes, etc., returning with their milky fluid, some having to go a mile; and just outside of the gates there stood the milk-men with their large pails dealing out their fluid to the orthodox. I felt then that I wanted those rams' horns spoken of in a certain filthy book. I would hav blown such a blast on them that it would hav shattered those gates into a thousand pieces. But I had no horn to toot, and I doubt that those rams' horns ever accomplished anything in front of Jericho. Oh, when will the people be schooled up to a higher sphere so as to throw off the seals of orthodoxy? Oh, hasten the day when truth and reason will succeed!

Consider me a regular subscriber to your inestimable paper. Long may it thrive. M. L. D. M. HEISS.

P. S.—I hav R. G. Ingersoll's likeness, that I got of you, framed and hanging near my bed, so that when I open my eyes in the morning I see him and my heart swells in praise to him who is doing so much for humanity. M. H.

DENVER, COL., Aug. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The apostle of "This-world-ism" has been among us. He came to us from the Northwest, where, amid a portion of the Rockies, he had held sweet communion with the marvelous and picturesque, the sublime and the majestic, the grand and the glorious, in nature. He had clambered upon the flanks of the snow-mantled peaks, and rested 'neath their shadows in the verdant vales. He had peered into the deep, dark recesses of the mighty chasms, and had observed the awful ruggedness of the stupendous crags. His brow had been fanned by the dry, clear breezes of the mountain hight, and his vivid imagination glided into varied pathways as he beheld the records, written in geologic lore, of the mighty transformations wrought within and without this sphere during an indefinit past. Here nature baptized him anew with the spirit of freedom, and increased and brightened the fire of liberty which dwells within his breast. The vigor which this environment imparted to him found expression in the emphasis of his appeal for "Universal Mental Liberty."

Mr. Putnam arrived in Denver on Aug. 6th, and on the following Sunday evening, at the Tabor Grand Opera House, he delivered his address bearing the above title. An audience of about twelve hundred persons was in attendance. After the rendition of a piano solo by one of Denver's graceful artists, the speaker was then introduced. He spoke for about ninety minutes. The vigor of his argument and the eloquence of his appeal attracted the closest attention from his listeners. He was in grand spirits, and with all the surroundings calculated to engender and maintain such a fortunate mental condition. Upon the stage of one of the finest (if not the finest) opera houses in this broad land; with an intelligent audience before him, so nicely seated that he could almost distinguish the pupil of every eye; with applause after applause greeting him as the pertinency of his logic and the humor of his anecdote displayed the weakness and the ludicrousness of many of the orthodox positions which he assailed; possessing a sound body and a lofty mind, did he not hav the factors within and about him that could not result in any other mental condition? For thirty months there had been no radical heterodoxy preached in Denver. The meeting closing, the hearty shaking of hands, the exclamations of approbation displayed toward the sentiments expressed by Mr. Putnam, the words of good cheer exchanged, betokened a revival of Liberalism within our midst, and insured a grander success for our meeting a week later.

On Sunday. evening, Aug. 15th, the audience which greeted Mr. Putnam at the same Opera House mentioned above was increased by several hundred. All that has been remarked above as characterizing the first lecture may be applied to the second one. The subject, "The New Heaven and Earth," treated from the Secularist's standpoint, opened a field in which the logic and genius of the lecturer had free scope. One by one he removed the old gods and idols to their places in the childhood of the race, and presented to our mental vision the glorious future which is the heritage of humanity when freed from the bondage of ignorance and superstition.

The Nine Demands were read before the audience dispersed, and the sentiments expressed therein found an echo within the heart of many a listener. A call for a meeting of those favoring the organization of a Secular Union in Denver was generously responded to on the following Monday evening. Ere this our petition for a charter has been forwarded to New York, and we anticipate perfecting a permanent organization before the closing of the day on September 5th.

THOS. J. TRUSS.

LONGMONT, COL., Aug. 9, 284.

MR. EDITOR: Though you rarely hear anything from us who occupy this point in the great battle-line of Liberalism, we are not entirely "cumberers of the ground." Samuel P. Putnam has just closed a series of three lectures in our beautiful town of "many churches." The subject of his first lecture was "Universal Liberty;" that of his second, "The New Heaven and Earth;" and that of his last, "The Glory of Infidelity." These subjects were handled as only a Putnam can handle them, and they are proving to be good seed sown in good soil. The hurry of mid-harvest being upon us, the audiences were not large. No more attentiv audiences, however, ever assembled to hear the true gospel of humanity. At the close of the lectures we organized a local Secular Union, with thirteen charter members. With this little band of braves we intend to advance upon the hosts of superstition, and compel them to rally to the support of their little antiquated God, who is not cutting a very prominent figure here, anyway. He seems to be in his dotage, and to need a good deal of nursing and doctoring. The pure, thin atmosphere of this high altitude does not seem to agree with him. He did far better in his nativ country, in which he was wont to be carried about by a semi-barbarous tribe, whose tutelary divinity he was, in a goods-box, on an ox-cart, or to be kept and regaled on roast meats in the kitchen of a temple erected for his special benefit. Those people did a cruel thing who kidnapped him and brought him to this country, as cruel a thing as was ever done by the slave-

traders who kidnapped negroes and brought them hither. He may be greatly improved, as the negroes hav been, by the change, but he can never become fully adapted to our climate and our higher civilization. For one, therefore, I vote that he be carried back to his nativ land, to the graves of his mother, and his son, and his other relations—if he has any others. Why keep him, anyway, at an annual expense of over a billion of dollars, when we hav not the slightest use for him?

My wife and I are taking about a dozen Liberal papers. These we hand around to our friends, and thus help sow the good seed. After thirty years of faithful labor in the school-room, I hav retired from the profession of teaching. Instead of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," I am now teaching the young tomato vines, the young onions, etc., how to shoot. In short, I am winning some laurels in a great battle with weeds in the gardens of our beautiful farm, six miles from Longmont. I hav found increased health and enjoyment in my new occupation.

JOHN R. KELSO.

TONTOGANY, O., Aug. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hope you will continue to print pictures, though I find fault with some of them. Samson should hav been lean and lank, with hair like crowbars, for his strength lay in his hair; and the artist should hav shown us how the rib was taken out of Adam. I think it would hav looked so funny to look in and see the young man's vitals squirming round. Lazarus should hav been stowed away inside of Abraham's shirt front, and had his head protruding through a buttonhole or the opening in front.

But, to take all in all, your artist has done well. He has thought of things that I would not hav thought of. I want to save my copies of the pictures, and put them in the Bible where they belong; it brings things out more clear and vivid, as it were. M. BROWN.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The Methodists hav been holding a camp-meeting at Lebanon, Columbia county, N. Y. Their meeting closed the middle of this week. Some of the incidents that transpired on and about the grounds are food for thought—I do not mean in what they call a religious point of view, but to parties who look to true principle and the rights of their fellow-men, as in every mind that should be our first and highest ambition. What if it does conflict with *their* or any other so-called religious views or notions? Humanity to man—what is nobler? Without that all is degrading. Please follow me in this incident, showing how this humanity to man was practiced at this camp-meeting at Lebanon. First, I wish to explain that C. L. Penrose, of Chatham, N. Y., a man of integrity and honesty, combined with a full share of business ability, chose to make arrangements with the New York, Rutland, and Montreal Railroad Company to use a portion of their depot at Lebanon as a restaurant, making arrangements in early spring, not choosing to open until the early part of August, the time of opening occurring just previous to camp-meeting. While Mr. Penrose was engaged at his business, Rev. W. L. Smith called upon him, saying that he wished him to close his business there and then; also wished him to understand that *he* demanded it; that in case he did not close he would hav him arrested, as "the law does not allow your business going on during this camp-meeting within two miles of our grounds." Mr. Penrose replied, "I am an American, and wish to be a law-abiding citizen; also wish to talk and reason on this subject." Rev. W. L. Smith said, "No! I hav no time to talk with you about it, but do demand you to close your business." Mr. Penrose immediately conferred with the superintendent of the road. Mr. White said, "Keep open and we will protect you." However, Mr. Penrose, though knowing that he would be protected by the railroad company, being a man who wished to avoid litigation, closed his business. Upon the camp-meeting grounds were scenes of rowdyism and drunkenness too horrible to mention.

What is needful to the rising generation? No camp-meetings; more humanity to man, woman, and child. We may well exclaim that "superstition is the child of slavery," and "reason is the lamp of the mind; the only torch of progress." J. L. BROWNING.

HAVANA, ILL., Aug. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find 50 cents for "Order of Creation." I was sorry to hear of the trouble Mr. Reynolds had at Boonton. I hope he will come out victorious, and go on with the good work as before. I hav tried to get subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I think I will succeed in getting a couple. Freethinkers here seem to be afraid to take hold. I am going to stick to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like those pictures; whatever you do, don't stop them. I am one of those fellows that don't believe the Bible is an inspired book, and I am not afraid to tell it. I can't swallow that whale story; and that rib story is too much for me; and I don't believe the world was made in six days; and there are other things in the Bible, too numerous to mention, that I don't believe. I don't know if there is a life after this or not; but if there is, I think those will enjoy it best who liv happy while here on earth. If there is a life after this, it has never been revealed unto us only as man has told it, and one man don't know any more about a hereafter than another. And no one knows anything about it. I don't believe there is a hell; but if there is, and Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, Voltaire, and the rest of the great Freethinkers are there, it certainly is not such a very bad place, after all. If I had my choice, I would rather be with these men than be with the preachers. I don't go much on these preachers. Some of them are good men, but I think they are all preaching for the money there is in it. This thing of saving souls seems to be such an easy profession, it's no wonder the ministry-market is glutted. If preachers in order to save souls had to do some labor that took a little muscle, something like sawing wood, I am afraid there would not be many souls saved unless the wages for sawing wood were extremely high. I can't see how a minister can hav the cheek to teach something he don't believe in himself; but it seems that some people will do anything nowadays for money.

I would like to hear a lecture on Freethought every Sunday, but we can't hav them because no one has got grit enough to get up to preach it. I wish Mr. Reynolds or some other Liberalist could come and giv us a few lectures. I expect to be a Freethinker all my life—to liv and die a Liberalist. A Freethinker has nothing to fear. His mind is always free from that horrible hell-fire these ministers harp so much about. I went to church the other night, and saw the leading members thereof asleep, and if one should ask them how they liked the sermon they would say it was a grand sermon, when they did not hear enough of it to tell what the text was. I am going to liv in this world the way I can be the happiest. I want to see every man think for himself. The creator gave to every man a mind and mental faculties so he could learn and investigate for himself. Giv to every man the same rights that you claim for yourself.

J. A. WEABER.

EUREKA, CAL., Aug. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: "Self-preservation is the first law of nature" is accepted as a fundamental truth by all mankind. And in a general sense, it is worthy of its universal acceptation. But not to the extent that intensely selfish persons, and cringing cowards, eagerly embrace and cherish it. Such persons interpret it to serve their own sinister and ignoble purposes. Their conception of this law incites them to save their own lives at the expense of every virtue, the sacrifice of every life, whether of friend or foe. They rob the fatherless and the widow, the sick and the afflicted, the poor and the indigent. They absorb the means and living of every other creature to swell their individual pile of wealth, to gratify their insatiable greed. They stoop to the most disreputable sneaking, lying, and swindling operations to deceive, decoy, and fleece their unsuspecting or helpless victims, and glory in their base and crafty motivs and actions, and gloat over the misery and death of those they hav the physical and legal power to rob and kill. And then, forsooth, they prate about the survival of the fittest—the most damnable doctrin anyone can advocate and indorse, as generally understood. Instead of the survival of the just, the innocent, the temperate, and peaceable persons, they urge and support the survival of the unscrupulous, the vicious, and the lawless. They adore and fawn at the feet of those whose hearts are adamant; whose conscience is numbed and paralyzed; whose whole moral and physical economy is calloused and depraved; who worship nothing but wealth and usurped power; whose religion is supreme selfishness and corruption. And their numbers are daily increasing. In fact, this age may be truthfully said to be governed by the reign of selfishness, tyranny, and inhumanity. And nowhere is this more noticeable than in what is called Christendom. Nine-tenths of what are called the upper classes are guilty of this culpable degree of selfish greed, of stolen wealth, and usurped power. They stifle their own conscience and chain the tongue of justice and truth by their criminal liberality to the church, and proclaim a greater but sham concern for the people's spiritual rather than their temporal welfare. Yet it is the grievous poverty, the vindictiv injustice, inflicted by these very classes that drive the laboring classes to desperation and crime. They gull the people with hopes of future bliss if they will be docil and obedient in this life, and pay homage to those who hav seized the power which should be properly invested in the people; who rob the people by unjust and vicious laws, and then arrogate to themselvs credit for charity and generosity by giving some of them a moiety of the wealth they hav accumulated by extortion and wrong.

They exhort the poor to practice every virtue, while they secretly or openly practice every vice. They profess to believe and follow the precepts of Jesus Christ, whose preeminent trait was disregard of self and deep concern for the poor. And to this more than anything else is Christianity indebted for the impetus it received, and the progress it has made. For Christ was no more divine than all goodness and the advocates and doers of good are divine. And the proof is that some of his words and actions are subject to criticism by reason and justice. But an all wise and just being could say or do nothing susceptible of criticism. For instance, in Matthew xxiii, 3, 4, Jesus said to the people, referring to the scribes and Pharisees, "All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their work, for they say and do not; for they bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselvs will not move them with one of their fingers."

What was true of the scribes and Pharisees in that age is equally true of the rich and powerful now. They do bind heavy and grievous burdens on the people, but will not lift one of their fingers to help remove them. But Jesus made a mistake by exhorting them to do as they were commanded. Those who surrender their rights and bow their necks to be oppressed and enslaved are quite as culpable as those who usurp authority and inflict grievious tasks on involuntary slaves. There is not one among you but will extol the action of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Washington, and all those who participated in the Revolution of 1776. But if they had given heed to the injunction of Jesus Christ, and obeyed those then in power, America would yet be groaning under the British yoke. Thus every one of you, by indorsing those brave men who rebelled against injustice, condemns the words of Jesus Christ. The preservation of a nation consists in every member of such nation defending to the utmost his fellow-members, and the homes and institutions dear to his heart. And only when every means has been tried, every power exhausted, should they submit to spoliation. And so it is with communities and families; every member should unite in resisting unprincipled invasion from without, and oppression within. And those who assume to rule the others without their consent; or, having obtained their consent, employ harsh and arbitrary means, are unprincipled tyrants who should be deposed by unanimous voice or unanimous force. And those who submit to tyranny and wrong are cringing cowards and contemptible slaves.

O citizens! awake from your lethargy; prune the tree while it is young, so that you may gather the fruits of justice, mercy, and peace in its old age. H. DELMAR.

V. B. DENSLOW ON THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

VINELAND, N. J., Aug. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: At present I've not time to follow, indicate, and refute the absurdities in Mr. Denslow's finely written dissertation on this topic, but am sure it can be done. He aims to show that the adhesiv force of religion, with its worship of incomprehensible gods, is the moral power of humanity, a necessary hypocrisy that will remain the binding force of conscience and rectitude. I think the goodness manifest amid religion is the love its acceptauce does not annul; and without being deflected by religion from legitimate action and stifled by false co-action on a spurious basis, it would be a hundredfold more potent and refining. My present aim is simply to invite attention to discrepancies, and suggest ideas on the moral nature of love and religion distinctivly. Love of our kind is the inspiring light of progress. Religion exists on ignorance, is subversiv of advance, of individual and national integrity and justice; it makes faith in atoning idols paramount to ethics and principle; disparages self-poising character, and sets the love of myths above that of kindred and all humanhood. Yet, fraternal love is the great adhesiv force of unity and harmony, and, with sound intelligence and demonstrable science, will, I believe, if given opportunity, balance the positiv and negativ, the swaying forces of the human world, and possibly portions of the inhuman. Conceded facts, showing religion is the luring, suasiv side of oppressiv cruelty, condemn it; the fact that love brought to bear with and upon it is the saving, cohering element shows that, without religion, it can rest on a basis of principle, and be as much more efficient in morality and institutional propriety as truth is superior to falseness. Again, the religious and idolatrous basis, taking on the love phase of vigor, takes, through the selfish nature of the unity, not so much of the broad, fraternal, enduring, upper-brain love as the self-centering, conjugal, more vacillating, more physical, elements. This being the case, worshipful ecstasy and amoral fervor mutually stimulate and excite; hence practically induce moral turpitude instead of purity. Religious compacts thus—as well as professed, unnatural restraints—are known to foster insatiate appetites, unbalancing reason's sway and inciting to all phases of excess. We cannot walk the street without viewing specimens of Christian abnormality. The system antagonizes consistent sex-blending and pure heredity; and those outside the fold imitate church customs to escape its ostracism, and display warped wrecks of the same depraved conditions. "Sick in body and mind" labels majorities. All history and these facts demand a just, principled, logical, and secular basis for moral culture as well as civil safety. Social order would found civil equity. Social disorder holds disjointed relations through the world to-day; it brought the crisis, and needs rectifying on the bed-rock of woman's vitalization and valid position as mother of men. Distortion mars the lines of commerce, marriage, education, and wealth; and the religions of to-day forbid justice and loving harmony. A true foundation and true action upon it would soon rear the standard of justice, liberty, and personal responsibility, where fraternal love, the universally vitalizing force, might be so normally exerted as to culture and regulate generativ affection. When its friendly guidance can harmonize the spontaneity of select attraction, prostitution will be scarce. But religion, with its submissiv women, its different standards of honor for the sexes, and lash of scandal for the long-controlled, scapegoat sex, is the great hindrance to righting our wrongs. But the sooner we begin the better; the more earnestly we continue, the easier will be the labor, the more sure and complete the success. Advanced men and women are discussing the work, and many women are anxious for the chance to aid it more effectually than men allow. Whoever appreciates true life should advocate forward measures, not look to past deceiving tyrannies and plead that they are the human order, the moral influences, and must ever hold science and philosophy at their service. All the peace they ever permit is a feverish, fitful seeming produced by the submission of the masses to cruel exactions. Religion is the soft, furry, psychologic paw of the man-agent of the God myth; and love, the good element, should leave its partnership and establish its own almighty throne. Nay, I'll not say throne—even love need not be a tyrant—it is the mutual good, harmonizing justice in all directions and relations, equity hinging in unity. The nature of things assures that in such cohesion the structure of happiness will find pedestal and dome with all the jasper pillars and golden portals necessary. And these things will be obtainable after sufficient reformation has lifted good women's bowed heads above superstition, called religion, and changed their prayers to self-ennobling care, and men's hypocrisy to practical honesty. A few are laboring for the hallowed time; thousands will wheel into action when proper arrangements call.

I hope some one will review Mr. Denslow's theory systematically and convert him to the truth as it is in loving harmony. MARY E. TILLOTSON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

When Baby Has Gone To Sleep.

The tired young mother's troubled air
Was proof of a load of household care,
And as baby nestled his curls of gold
Against her skirts, her brow was cold.

The baby lips quivered, he turned away;
But dear old grandmamma bade him stay,
And said, while she coaxed him not to weep,
"She'll be sorry when baby has gone to sleep."

The toils of the trying day hav fled;
The mother bends o'er the cradle-bed:
"What if the lids should never rise,
Unveiling the luster of sweet, glad eyes?"

Ah, me! how we mortals struggle here,
Forgetting much that we hold so dear!
The words of encouragement left unsaid,
Kisses kept for the lips of the dead!

O parents who toil with brain and arm
To keep your little ones safe from harm,
How much of sunshine and beauty is lost
In the dread of bridges that will never be crossed!

And children, or we of larger growth,
Might heed grandma's warning, nothing loath;
Giv voice to the love in our bosom's deep,
Nor wait till the dear ones hav gone to sleep.

Eva V. Collins.

Where Do You Liv?

I knew a man, and his name was Horner,
Who used to liv on Grumble Corner,
Grumble Corner in Crosspatch town;
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this, and he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog, and he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was not a cloud about,
He would grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown he used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head,
"But it is, and it isn't, Mr. Horner,
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner."

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain:
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down.
But a smile had somehow replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much, and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said, "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can hav happened to change you so."

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, but with none of the old-time drawl,
"Why, I changed my residence, that is all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner.
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete,
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving street!"

Now every day as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell.
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving street.

Bouquets Under Water.

The following, taken from *Vick's Magazine*, is a description of the process by which a bouquet of flowers may be preserved fresh for a long time:

A vessel of water is required; the vessel should be large enough to allow the submersion in it of a plate or dish holding the bouquet to be preserved, and a bell-glass to cover the bouquet. The dish or plate should contain no moss or other material; the water should be limpid and quite pure. Place the plate at the bottom of the water, and on the plate, submerging it, place the bouquet, which is maintained in an upright position by a weighted base previously attached to it. This being done, the bouquet is covered with a bell-glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly to the flat part of the plate; the bell-glass should be entirely filled with water, and without the least air-bubble.

Then all are raised together, plate, bouquet, and bell-glass filled with water, and placed on a table, carefully wiping the exterior, but leaving on the plate, around the base of the bell-glass, a little provision of water, which prevents the entrance of air. The flowers in this condition will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks, and their beauty is increased by a great number of bubbles of gas, produced by the respiration of the leaves, and which attach themselvs to the petals, appearing like pearls. The edge of the plate and the water that it contains should be concealed by a light bed of moss, in which are set some other flowers. In the evening, by artificial light, a bouquet thus arranged produces a charming effect.

A Hard Question.

A Chestnut-street miss of less than five summers, who was playing in the yard and observing the works of nature, surprised her father the other day with the following questions and original conclusion:

"Papa, does God make the worms?"

"Yes, daughter."

"Papa, does God make the hopper toad to eat the worms up?"

"I s'pose so."

"Well, I should like to know what he bothered his head with the worms for if he had to make the hopper toad to eat them"

Her father did not attempt to unravel this juvenil puzzle.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Popular Science.

Liquefied oxygen is lighter than water, and a little heavier than alcohol, according to a French chemist, who has calculated its specific gravity as 0.888.

According to Mr. J. Harrington Douty, of the asylum at Worcester, England, an imperfect supply of oxygen, or simply breathing a vitiated atmosphere, may suffice to produce a mental disorder known as melancholia.

The deep sea is illumined only by the deep green sunlight that has passed through a vast stratum of water, and therefore lost all the red and orange rays by absorption. The deep sea star-fishes are nearly all orange, orange-red, or scarlet, even down to three thousand fathoms.

Sound Principle but Poor Poetry.

Jacob Halstead, who died recently at Elbridge, N. Y., is said to hav lived according to the following motto:

I'll get my living by the sweat of my face,
And bear good will to the human race;
I'll pay my debts as soon as due,
And wear my old clothes till I can make new.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CHARADE.

My first, if Milton truth doth state,
Is a chariot used by those called great;
My second is a squirrel, a bird, or monkey—
And sometimes even the blundering donkey;
My whole a fabric, finely wrought,
From Asian looms at first was brought;
Tho' now the Yankees' close attention,
Hav made it almost their invention.

Washington, D. C. Henry F. Smith.

2.—ENIGMA.

In vice, but not in fault;
In oats, but not in malt;
In lack, but not in need;
In plant, but not in seed;
In attire, but not in dress;
In slide, but not in press;
In rain, but not in shine;
Not in mane, but in rhyme.

My whole is one who abolished torture in France. C. R.

Lyons, N. Y.

3.—THESE THREE TURKS.—AN ANAGRAM.

These Three Turks, of whom I tell,
Anywhere on earth may dwell.
Any land in all the earth
Well may be their place of birth.
Any language they may speak—
Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, Greek.
Every age and clime are theirs;
They are Nature's only heirs.
For her verities they search,
Unconfined by creed or church.
Count them not as numbers count,
In humanity's amount;
Count them by their tho'ts and works—
These Three Turks; These Three Turks.

These Three Turks, again I scan,
Neither woman, child, nor man.
Tho' they utter not a tone,
Yet their language is my own.
Purest gems of ray serene,
In their costumes may be seen
Diamonds, pearls, and agates rare,
All arranged with taste and care;
Roman caps and richly dressed,
Every week one is my guest;
Voiceless, yet their rhythmic signs
Thrilling through my being shines;
No regret for deafness lurks—
This I owe to *These Three Turks.*

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. Baker.

4.—WHY?

1.—A body is heavier at the surface of the earth than it is above or below? Why is this?

2.—Why does not the air flow in and out of one's lungs the same after death as before?

Wm. Scott.

5.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, AUGUST 21, 1886.

1.–2,010.624 acres. 2.–Foxglove. 3.–

H
HAT
ARROW
HARPOON
SPOON
POT
N

4.–Tophet. 5.–

Now if this traveler wants a drink,
He'll find it close at hand, I think;
Beneath his feet is the very thing,
A still, unfailing, mineral spring.

Solvers.—Ruth M. Brinegar, H. J. Messinger, C. Rooker.

Correspondence.

A LETTER IN RHYME.

Strasburg, Ill., Aug. 16, 1886.

Papa and I are Liberals,
Of the very brightest hue;
We spell our names Y-o-r-k;
With interest your works pursue.
We liv in little Strasburg town;
Our county's name is Shelby;
Illinois is our dear old state;
The Truth Seeker is our stand-by,

Although we're looked upon by some
Of John R. God's dear people
As traitors mean, that should be hung.
But why? We're very civil.
Oh, our "sad fate" we will not rue,
And go to church a-trembling,
And sit so still, afraid to stir,
Lest the devil should come tumbling!

John R. is a prominent man;
He sits on a golden throne,
Like old King John, of En-gli-and,
With tyranny rules the world.
Why in the name of common sense
The old fellow don't resign,
And giv us poor sinners a chance
Is a secret beyond mankind.

Resign—why not? Are we not smart?
Hav we not tasted the fruit?
Giv us the throne and a good harp;
We'll show what we will do.
There will be a world pure and bright,
Free from hell and damnation,
With hearts made happy and so light,
Not knowing predestination.

If it pleases the editor
To make public these verses,
In the grand old Corner so dear,
'Twill make one of the children's hearts
Gladden with pleasure, and, perhaps,
Again from her you will hear.

Ida York.

Idaho Springs, Col., July 29, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I feel that I may be excused for addressing you so freely, since, though personally unacquainted with you, I hav, in company with my two little truth seekers, shared your thoughts in the Children's Corner. I inclose a contribution for that department if you see fit to publish it.

With sincere wishes for your success in the work of entertaining and instructing our young folks, I remain,

Mrs. Eva V. Collins.

Palatka, Fla., Aug. 16, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: The mathematical problem (1.) in the Children's Corner of The Truth Seeker of the 14th inst., like everything else, "is quite easy to those who know how to do it;" but don't you think it a little hard for children? Not many girls and boys of less than sixteen or eighteen can solve an algebraical equation of the second degree containing two unknown quantities, after it is presented to them; much less can they form from a puzzling question such a one as will lead to the true answer. Ask Mr. Scott to be a little easy on the tender and undeveloped brains, less precocious, mayhap, than his own; and he will doubtless solicit thereby more general interest in, and contribute more largely to the amusement and profit of, the Corner.

A's fence will hav to be 520 rods long (with five sides). If Mr. Scott wishes to amuse himself by constructing mathematical puzzles suitable to mature minds, he can send one or two—just little ones—to

Lewis Morris (Box 474).

Springfield, Ill., July 31, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: My name is Fannie Florence Hudson. I am eleven years old; will be twelve in September. Mrs. Cellers, my music-teacher, has just given me The Truth Seeker to read. I hav read but little in it as yet, but as far as I hav gone I like it. I like the Children's Corner very much, but I am going to read it all through. My school was out the 3d of June. It will begin again the first of September next. My brothers read The Truth Seeker and said they were going to write to you. I hav some little white rabbits. There are seven of them. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday at the Second Methodist Episcopal church here. When I went to school I was in the Fourth Reader, and had grammar, arithmetic, writing, reading, drawing, and geography. Well, I must close, as it is getting so long. I thought I would write to you to amuse some little folks in the Children's Corner.

Your little friend, Fannie F. Hudson.

Brooklyn, Aug. 19, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I feel a little reluctant at writing, knowing that your time must be valuable, and much taken up attending to the many calls and answering the numerous correspondence which your position of editress of a portion of so widely-circulated and much-needed a paper as The Truth Seeker naturally involves.

Away back in the years I often wondered why papa took so much interest in the paper, and anxiously looked for its arrival and perused its pages eagerly. He used to often mention Mr. Bennett's name, and the persecution he encountered for his boldness and manly courage against his opponents.

I hav lately read with interest your and Mrs. Slenker's articles, and hav profited much therefrom. I am particularly interested in the Children's Corner, for you know the church people strain every nerve to get hold of the little ones. You should see some of our anniversaries here in Brooklyn. Mothers are put to their wit's end for weeks to invent some gingerbread and flashy habiliments to adorn their children for that turn-out. Poor washwomen and others, that never see a $5 bill above their wants, will stint and scrape money to compete and cope with their more wealthy and opulent neighbor's children. Children with banners bearing all sorts of silly inscriptions march under a scorching sun to satisfy the conceited vanity of their minister and teachers.

Of course, the little ones know no better, and are taken away by the excitement, and music, and gorgeousness of the affair, but when gray-headed men and women and the unthinking populace lend aid by presence, and window-adornments, and house-decoration, I often think that very little common sense is given in religious matters.

I am writing foreign to what I intended. I wished to thank you for the kindness of noticing my story and publishing it. It was my first effort, and I had only a faint idea that it would be noticed at all, for certainly I could not bring myself to believe that I would be the lucky one out of so many as would compete out of so intelligent a constituency as The Truth Seeker readers.

It may be that you would visit Brooklyn some time; if so, I would be pleased to make it pleasant for you to stay with us, if possible.

I am yours, Laura Slensby.

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"Next Sunday morning it occurred to me I would go to this church of his and see how he got on. Services had just begun when I got in, but I took my seat where I could hav a good view of him and he of me. He saw me before I got half-way down the aisle. He went on with the service, and when he arrived at the point of conflict between the Episcopal church South and the order of Sherman, with one eye on the prayer-book and the other eye on me, he prayed for 'all in authority over us,' left out Davis, and let Lincoln alone. I had no more trouble with the Episcopal church after that."

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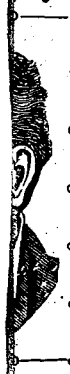
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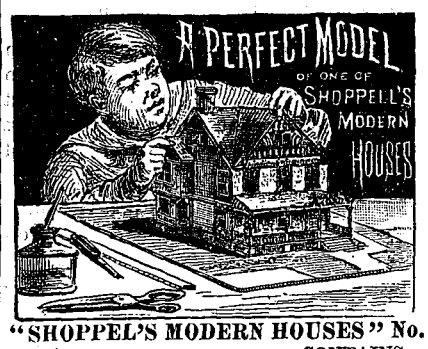
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The Apostle of Liberty. An address delivered in Paine Hall, before the N. E. Freethinkers' Convention, January 29, 1884. Price 10 cents.

News of t

Mr. Williams, forme Brooklyn court-house, certain supervisors of t compelled him to add the bills he presented t divide the extra money a

Earthquakes in Italy and Greece hav destroyed six towns, killed 600 persons, and seriously injured 1,000.

Fifty thousand Socialists attended a recent meeting in London to protest against the tyrranny of the police.

The English government in Burmah is forcing the nativs to adopt English laws, customs, language, and religion.

At Newport, R. I., on Aug. 28th, each policeman was provided in the morning with a warrant, and sixty-four arrests were made for illegal sale of liquor.

Evangelist Moody will shortly open his sixth training-school for Christian workers in Chicago, where $150,000 has been raised toward the sum needed for suitable buildings.

Mr. Blaine has opened the Republican campaign by a speech in Maine, in which he says he has no new nostrums to offer for the cure of labor troubles, but is a firm believer in the efficacy of the protectiv tariff.

At the late English Methodist conference members stated that "there is in the breasts of the young people a suspicion that Methodism is played out and incapable of adapting itself to a stirring, democratic age."

The Belfast districts in Ireland are overrun with hoodlums who hav lived on rioting so long that they are anxious to continue that idle life. Bailiffs when attempting evictions hav been met with boiling water and hot lime.

Burglars in Massachusetts are despoiling churches of their valuable ornaments. Perhaps the depredators are merely disguised taxpayers of the vicinity, endeavoring to recover by force that which was taken by force.

Twelve assemblies of the Knights of Labor met in Chattanooga on Aug. 28th and nominated candidates for the state Senate and state legislature, and three aldermen for the city. This is the first action of the kind taken by the order in the South since its organization.

Henry George, having been offered the nomination for mayor of this city by the labor organizations, has required as a condition of his acceptance the signatures of 30,000 voters to promises to support him. Papers for such signatures are being vigorously circulated.

For some time reports hav foreshadowed a rupture between France and the holy see and the recall of the French ambassador to the Vatican. Radicals hav urged the French government to break finally with the pope; but this has not been done, and peace is being concluded.

German Socialists recently held memorial services commemorating the labors of Ferdinand Lassalle, Karl Marx, and other deceased leaders, applauded the martyrs in European and American prisons, and, though totally disapproving of the Anarchist deeds in Chicago, nevertheless extended sympathy to those "misguided fellow-men."

Rumors giv the details of a plot within the Knights of Labor to assassinate Mr. Powderly. It is asserted that three years ago the Home Club, a New York wing that was opposed to him, hired two New York thugs to take his life. These men went to the Fulton Ferry one night and waited for Mr. Powderly. He was to hav addressed a Brooklyn meeting that night, but, for some unexplained cause, was delayed. This saved his life.

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OF THE

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of Thought.

ll recently made one of his He said that "if Christianity and Emerson are in hell togersoll is making no wild easily turn to the written of the church, and furnish his statement. The religious nd Longfellow is well known. They stood in direct and positiv opposition to these beliefs which a large part of Christendom still claim to be essential to salvation. Logically and mercilessly interpreted, these standards would leave no other conclusion open to us than that adopted by Mr. Ingersoll concerning the future destiny of Longfellow and Emerson, and, we may also add, of Mr. Darwin.—*Christian Register.*

Wandering tribes do not, as a rule, consider it wrong to rob outside the circle of their clan. Their God is therefore a robber like themselvs. If they settle in a fertil country, pass into the agricultural state, build towns, and become powerful citizens, with property of their own, they change their views respecting theft, and accordingly their God forbids it in his laws. But it sometimes happens that the sayings and doings of the tent-gods are preserved in writings which are accepted as revelation by the people of a later and a better age. Then may be observed the curious, and by no means pleasing, spectacle of a people outgrowing their religion, and believing that their god performed actions which would be punished with the gallows if they were done by men.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

It is a *gentleman's* business to cultivate his mind with knowledge, with generous dispositions, with all worthy accomplishments befitting his condition and qualifying him for honorable action; so that he may excel, and bear himself above the vulgar level, no less in real inward worth than in exterior garb; that he be not a gentleman merely in name or show.—*Isaac Barrow.*

In the Pentateuch we hav a book, presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and, in all probability long after the facts which it relates. [The investigations of Bishop Colenso, Robertson Smith, and many others, hav turned what then was looked on as "probability" into moral certainty, and none now but the laggards and dastards of an effete theology would dare to say that the Pentateuch is the work of Moses] corroborated by no concurring testimony, and resembling those fabulous accounts which every nation givs of its origin. Upon reading this book we find it full of miracles and prodigies. It givs an account of the state of the world and of human nature entirely different from the present; of our fall from that state; of the age of man extended to near a thousand years; of the destruction of the world by a deluge; of the arbitrary choice of one people as the favorits of heaven, and that people the countrymen of the author; of their deliverance from bondage by prodigies the most astonishing imaginable. I desire anyone to lay his hand upon his heart, and, after a serious consideration, declare whether he thinks that the falsehood of such a book, supported by such testimony, would be more extraordinary and miraculous than all the miracles it relates, which is, however, necessary to make it be received according to the measure of probability that I hav just established.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

If we were only required to accept the authority of the Jews for the belief that they sprung from Abraham, were captivs in Egypt, received a complete code of laws and systems of theocratic polity from Moses, conquered Canaan, and committed manifold follies, frauds, and cruelties in their national career, we might accede to the demand without much recalcitration. But we are called on to admit something very different from this. We are required to believe that Jehovah, the ruler of all worlds, the pure, spiritual, supreme, ineffable creator of the universe, our father who is in heaven, selected one favored people from the rest of his children; sanctioned fraud; commanded cruelty; contended, and for a while in vain, with the magi of other gods; wrestled bodily with one patriarch; ate cakes and veal with another; sympathized with and shared in human passions; and manifested "scarcely one untainted moral excellence," and we are required to do this painful violence to our feelings and our understandings, simply because these coarse conceptions prevailed some thousand years ago among a people whose history, as written by themselvs, is certainly not of a nature to inspire us with any extraordinary confidence in their virtue or their intellect.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Confucius.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL

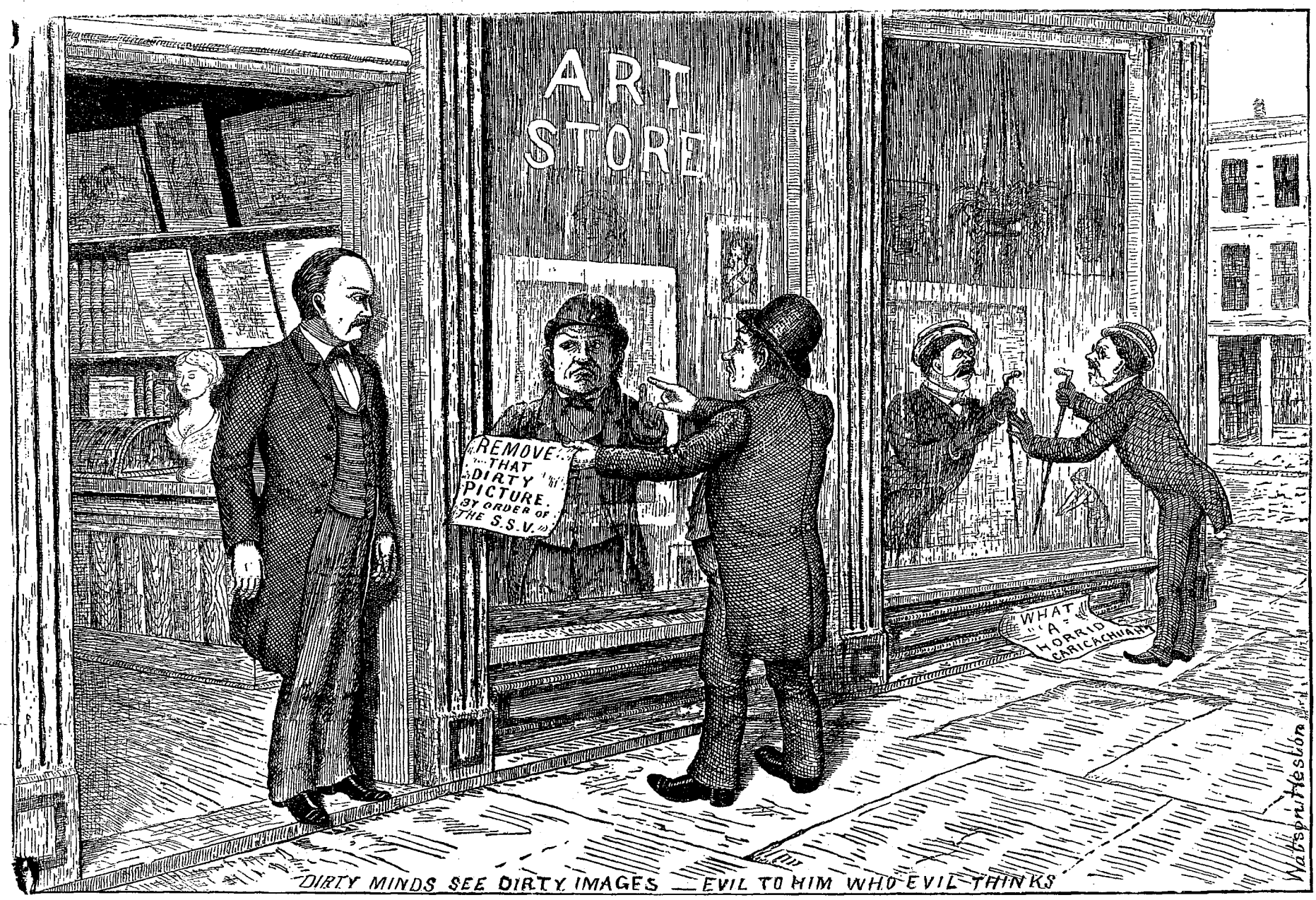
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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 13. No. 37. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. New York, Saturday, September 11, 1886. 33 CLINTON PLACE. $3.00 per year.



A HINT FOR ANTHONY COMSTOCK'S SOCIETY.

Notes and Clippings.

HENRY GEORGE will probably run for mayor of New York. If the workingmen vote as they hoot, he will be elected. Any way, he is a dangerous opponent of the candidates of the old parties.

HEATHENISM clearly defined: Sunday-School Superintendent: "Now, children, tell me what heathens are?" Small Boy (who has been reading about the Belfast riots): "Heathens is folks what don't fight over religion."—*Omaha World.*

ONE is shocked by the tragedy of the Charleston earthquake. Yet the ravage of life in this city alone every week of the year, through the dry rot of our false social system, is a hundredfold greater than that by the quakes of the past week in Charleston.—*John Swinton.*

DEXTER BROWN, a boy preacher of the Methodist church, noted for his eloquence and power as a revivalist, committed suicide at his home in Oneonta, N. Y., on Tuesday morning. This is an unfortunate occurrence, since there is apparently no way in which it can be turned to bolster up the religious theory that only Infidels commit suicide.

THE Rev. Mr. Kittredge, of Chicago, preached his first sermon from his new pulpit in this city last Sunday. He comforted his congregation with the assurance that there was never before so little skepticism as now. In the course of his remarks he also said that our moral average was not so high as it has been. He did not discuss the two propositions in connection with each other.

A DISPATCH from Shanghai, China, says: "Advices from Ching-Too-Foo, chief city of the province of Ssuchnan, say that the nativs of the eastern part of that province and those of Northern Cochin China, hav risen against the Christians, and are massacring them and destroying their property. This activ persecution is attributed to the imprudence of the English and American missionaries."

THE following from the *Investigator* will be gratifying to others besides the patrons of that paper: "It givs us great pleasure to state, and we are sure our readers will be very glad to learn the fact, that Mr. Mendum is recovering his former health, though he is not able as yet to come to the office. He has had a very severe and dangerous illness, but thanks to the kind care of his family and a skilful doctor, together with his own patience and resolution, he has been saved to the *Investigator* and to the Liberal cause for many years, we hope, in the future."

REMLY SIDELINGER, the owner of the *Boston Knight*, besides performing the duties of editor of his paper, pursues the ancient and honorable vocation of barber at his barber-shop in Boston. But his editorial services to labor hav offended his wealthy customers, without attracting others. He now issues, through his paper, the following appeal in favor of his barber-shop. "Brother Knights, I wish to say a few words to you about my own affairs. I am not making a cent out of my paper, and, since working in the cause of labor, I hav lost as customers from my barber-shop, where I do make my living, all rich customers who are opposed to organized labor. The result is, that unless friends of labor come to my support by giving me their trade in the barbering line, I will hav to go to the wall. Will you do it?—REM. S. SIDELINGER, barber, 20½ Leverett street." Mr. Sidelinger is a Freethinker, and a long-time reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He merits patronage and encouragement.

THE Key East, N. J., Summer School of Philosophy is discussing the labor question. The latest speaker solves the question thus: "God declared that man should eat his bread from the sweat of his brow. In the law as given at Sinai the commandment was, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' The work is to be as constant as is the demand for food and raiment. This law takes precedence of all others in relation to our material life. The clergy are the heaven-ordained teachers of the people. It is in the power of the clergy of New York city to set in motion during the coming winter a movemcnt that will quickly solve the difficulty."

THE Central Labor Union, in promulgating a call to the workingmen to join in the labor parade of Sept. 6th, says: "Show that you are with us in our efforts to place man in the position his creator and nature intended he should occupy." For the benefit of the Central Labor Union the following outline of the "creator's" intention with regard to man's position may be given. It is found in the early part of Genesis, and reads: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life: thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground." That is very much like the present condition of the majority of men.

CAMP-MEETING season is in full blast now, and this story, fresh from a meeting up in the mountains, is in order: A very eloquent exhorter was holding forth on the sin of neglecting religion. "What is it, my brethren and sisters, he said, "that you neglect when you neglect religion? Why, it's the salvation of your souls. You think murder is a great sin? Well, so it is. You think stealing is a great sin? So it is, sure enough. You think bearing false witness is a great sin? So it is. But I tell you, my brethren and sisters, if you neglect religion that is the greatest sin of of all. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you!" And a shout of "Hallelujah!" rose from the congregation.—*Boston Record.*

THE people of the island of St. Kilda are great Sabbatarians. A correspondent of a Glasgow paper writes that he was refused more than a cupful of water for his Sunday morning ablutions, on the ground that the Free Church minister declared it to be a violation of the Fourth Commandment to draw water on Sunday. The islanders fill in the day with long sessions of public worship. There is a sermon of two hours' length in the morning, followed by a short interval for refreshments. A bell then rings up the congregation for a two hours' sermon in the afternoon. From the church the St. Kildians proceed to the Sunday-school, and are then allowed another short interval for tea. In the evening there is another religious service, at which the spinsters and bachelors each repeat a psalm. If through the severity of these religious exercises any St. Kildian goes to sleep, the minister takes him to task by name, thus: "Lachlan, waken your wife; she won't nod much in hell, I think."

Communications.

Evolution and Special Creation.

III.—CONCLUSION.

PSYCHICAL POWERS.

This is the great stronghold of the opponents of evolution. They maintain that, whatever may hav taken place with regard to physical powers and bodily organs, it is clear that the higher intellectual faculties of man could not so hav originated; that those, at least, must be the result of a special creation, and must hav been called into existence when human beings first appeared upon the stage of life by some supernatural power. Such persons further urge that, even if it could be shown beyond doubt that the marvelously constructed body of man, with its beautifully adjusted parts of bone and muscle, nerve and brain, skin and mucous membrane, had its origin in evolution, yet no light whatever would be thrown upon the source of the wondrous powers of judgment and memory, understanding and will, perception and conception. This argument, no doubt, to some at first appears specious, but the question is, Is it sound? The assumption seems to be that we meet with these powers now for the first time, and that, therefore, it is here that a special creation must be called in to account for their origin, their character being so different from anything that has previously crossed our path in this investigation. But assuredly this is not correct. Some of these powers are certainly to be met with in the lower animals—a few of them low down in the scale—and for the rest the difference will be one of degree more than of quality. It will not surely be maintained that perception is peculiar to man; it must exist wherever there are organs of sense, and these extend in some form or other to the lowest phase of animal life. Volition is also met with in all the higher animals; and memory may be observed in the dog, horse, elephant, cat, camel, and numerous other mammals with whose habits every-day life makes us familiar. Even judgment in the form of comparison is often displayed by the domestic animals, the dog in particular. Dr. H. Bischoff, in his "Essay on the Difference Between Man and Brutes," says: "It is impossible to deny to animals, qualitativly and quantitativly, as many mental faculties as we find in man. They possess consciousness. They feel, think, and judge; they possess a will which determins their actions and motions. Animals possess attachment; they are grateful, obedient, good-natured; and again, false, treacherous, disobedient, revengeful, jealous, etc. Their actions frequently evince deliberation and memory. It is in vain to derive such actions from so-called instinct, which unconsciously compels them so to act." Max Müller, also, in his "Science of Language," admits that brutes hav five senses like ourselvs; that they hav sensations of pain and pleasure; that they hav memory; that they are able to compare and distinguish; hav a will of their own, show signs of shame and pride, and are guided by intellect as well as by instinct.

With such facts as these before us, what reason hav we for supposing that these psychical powers are not as likely to hav been evolved as the bodily organs? There is no break whatever to be seen in the chain at the point of their appearance in man. If the mental powers of the lower animals hav come by evolution, there is not a shadow of reason for supposing that those of man came in any other way, for they are all of the same quality, differing only in degree. No doubt, as Mr. Darwin says, "the difference between the mind of man and that of the highest ape is immense." And yet, as he also remarks, "great as it is, it is certainly one of degree and not of kind." The highest powers of which man can boast—memory, judgment, love, attention, curiosity, imitation, emotion—may all be met with in an incipient form in lower animals. Let any man analyze his mental faculties one by one—not look at them in a state of combination, for that will be calculated to mislead—and then say which of them is peculiar to man as man, and not to be found in a smaller degree much lower in the scale of being. Even the capacity for improvement, in other words, for progress, is not peculiar to man, as Mr. Darwin has shown by innumerable examples of great force and beauty.

The emotions hav often been spoken of as being peculiar to man, but evidently with no degree of accuracy. Terror exists in all the highest of the lower animals as surely as it does in man, and shows itself in the same way. It causes the heart to palpitate, a tremor to pass along the muscles, and even the hair to undergo that change which is called "standing on end," in the horse, the dog, and other animals, as in the human species. "Courage and timidity," observes Darwin, "are extremely variable qualities in the individuals of the same species, as is plainly seen in our dogs. Some dogs and horses are ill-tempered and easily turn sulky; others are good-tempered; and these qualities are certainly inherited. Everyone knows how liable animals are to furious rage and how plainly they show it." The love of a dog for his master is proverbial; indeed, this noble animal has been known to lick the hand of the vivisector whilst undergoing at his hands the severest torture. And revenge is often manifested by the lowest animals—not simply the sudden impulse which avenges itself at the moment for pain inflicted or wrongs done, but long, brooding feeling which may smolder for months, waiting for the opportunity for manifesting itself, and when that comes, bursting out into a flame violent and hateful. There are thousands of cases on record in which this has happened, especially in the case of monkeys which hav been kept tame. And, perhaps, the personal experience of most persons can furnish an example of the truth of this allegation.

The social instincts are plainly seen in many of the lower animals; not, of course, in that perfect form in which they are met with in man, but the difference here again is one of degree only. Many animals experience pleasure in the company of their fellows, and are unhappy at a separation being effected. They will show sympathy one for another, and even perform services for each other's benefit. Some animals lie together in large numbers, and never separate except for a very short time, and then only for a purpose which they clearly understand. This is the case with sheep, rats, American monkeys, and also with rooks, jackdaws, and starlings. Darwin observes: "Everyone must hav noticed how miserable horses, dogs, sheep, etc., are when separated from their companions, and what affection the two former kind will show on their reunion. It is curious to speculate upon the feelings of a dog who will rest peacefully for hours in a room with his master or any of the family without the least notice being taken of him, but who if left for a short time by himself barks and howls dismally." Here we find the origin of the social faculty in man. It is very easy to imagin the course of development which this must hav taken in order to hav reached its way to the highest form as we see it in the human species. The psychical powers appear first in an incipient form, and then gradually develop through a long course of ages, until they rise to the hight of human variety. Other influences, such as the power of language, further the development, these powers themselvs being the result of the process of evolution. The question how far language is confined to man is one of great interest to the student of evolution. In replying to the inquiry, "What is the difference between the brute and man?" Max Müller says: "Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is our Rubicon, and no brute has ever crossed it." Referring to this statement, Dr. Page remarks:

"Are not these powers of abstraction and language a matter of degree rather than of kind? Do not the actions of many of the lower animals sufficiently indicate that they reason from the particular to the general? And hav they not the power of communicating their thoughts to one another by vocal sounds which cannot be otherwise regarded than as language? No one who has sufficiently studied the conduct of our domestic animals but must be convinced of this power of generalization; no one who has listened attentivly to the various calls of mammals and birds can doubt they hav the power of expressing their mental emotions in language. Their powers of abstraction may be limited, and the range of their language restricted; but what shall we say of the mental capacity of the now extinct Tasmanian, which could not carry him beyond individual conceptions, or of the monosyllabic click-cluck of the Bushman, as compared with the intellectual grasp and the inflectional languages of modern Europe? If it shall be said that these are matters merely of degree, then are the mental processes and languages of the lower animals, as compared with those of man, also matters of degree—things that manifest themselvs in the same way and by the same organs, but differing in power according to the perfection of the organs through which they are manifested."

The doctor's view of this matter receives a striking corroboration from the following excerpt from the introduction to Agassiz's "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States:" "The intelligibility of the voice of animals to one another, and all their actions connected with such calls, are also a strong argument of their perceptiv power, and of their ability to act spontaneously and with logical sequence in accordance with these perceptions. There is a vast field open for investigation in the relations between the voice and the actions of animals, and a still more interesting subject of inquiry in the relationship between the cycle of intonations which different species of animals of the same family are capable of uttering, which, so far as I hav yet been able to trace them, stand to one another in the same relations as the different, so-called, families of languages."

The moral powers of man hav been evolved in a manner similar to that in which the other forces belonging to the human race were evolved. All that we see in the evolution of human conduct is the result of the great and potent law of evolution. To quote the words of M. J. Savage in his suggestiv book, "The Morals of Evolution:" "Notwithstanding the fact that conduct is so large a part of life, there has never been in the past any universal, even any general, agreement as to its fundamental principles, as to wherein right and wrong consist, as to the authority on which they rest, as to what they would ultimate in when wrought out into practical details. Just as there has never been any agreement concerning the world's religions, so there has never been any general argreement concerning principles of morality or human conduct. But now the course of human thought has been so largely studied, the world's past customs are so widely known, the principles and laws of the external universe and the nature of human society are coming to be so clearly comprehended, that we must believe that the time is not far distant, even if it has not arrived already, when we may be able to agree as to what right and wrong mean, as to where they hav come from, and what they shall ultimately come to when acted out in human character." Thus it is that as time rolled on nobler and more lofty conceptions of human duty and more accurate sanctions for human conduct hav been evolved. Within the domain of civilization, human sacrifice, self-mutilation, persistent neglect of the world, and preference for poverty are no longer regarded as ethical requirements; neither within the realms of scientific and philosophic culture do people base moral action on the supposed will of God, the hope of heaven, or the authority of the church. "It is said," writes Savage, "that there can be no permanent and eternal law of morality unless we believe in a God and a future life. But I believe that this moral law stands by virtue of its own right, and would stand just the same without any regard to the question of immortality or the discussion between Theism and Atheism. If there be no God at all, am I not living? Are there not laws according to which my body is constructed—laws of health, laws of life, laws that I must keep in order to liv and in order to be well? If there be no God at all, are you not existing? Hav I a right to steal your property, to injure you, to render you unhappy, because, forsooth, I choose to doubt whether there is a God, or because you choose to doubt whether there is a God? Are not the laws of society existing in themselvs and by their own nature? Suppose all the world should suddenly lose its regard for truth, and become false through and through, so that no man could depend upon his brother, would not society be disintegrated, disorganized? Would not all commercial and social life suddenly become impossible? Would not humanity become a chaos and a wreck, and that without any sort of regard to the question as to whether men believed in a God or did not believe in one? These laws are essential in the nature of things; and they stand, and you liv by keeping them, and die by breaking them, whether there is a God or not." These are the accurate and ennobling views of existence born of minds which evolution has raised from the ignorant depths of the past to the intellectual hights of the present.

On all sides, then, the candid and impartial observer may behold undoubted evidence in favor of the doctrin of evolution. We see it in the various changes of the solar system. There are (1) fire mists, (2) globes of gas, (3) condensed oceans, (4) crust formation, (5) mountains and rivers, and (6) its present phenomena. What is this but evolution? Is it not a manifestation of changes from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex, and from the chaotic to the consolidated? The same principle is illustrated, as before indicated, by the science of embryology with its clearly marked stages of development—the fish, reptil, bird, quadruped, and, finally, the human form. The relationship of the species givs its proof in favor of the evolution theory. The different types of to-day had their one starting-point, the variations now seen having been produced by altered conditions. Moreover, we find that in the process of evolution some organs in animals become useless, while others change their use, thus proving that the animal kingdom possess structural affinities, and that subsequent classification depends upon the opportunity afforded for evolution. Then, again, the ability man has of diverting animal instincts and intelligence from their original sphere, as shown in the training of certain of the lower animals; of improving the eye as an optical instrument; of rendering less antagonistic the natures and instincts we discover in different species constantly at war with each other, all point to one process—that of evolution.

There is the old sentimental objection to this theory that it is humiliating to think that we hav evolved from forms lower down in the scale of animal life. But, as Dr. Page points out, there is nothing in this view necessarily degrading. "If in virtue of some yet unexplained process man has derived his descent *from* any of the lower orders, he is clearly not of them—his higher structural adaptations and improvable reason defining at once the specialty of his place, and the responsibility of his functions. It can be no degradation to hav descended from some antecedent form of life any more than it can be an exaltation to hav been fashioned directly from the dust of the earth. There can be nothing degrading or disgusting in the connection which nature has obviously

established between all that livs, and those who employ such phrases must hav but a poor and by no means very reverent conception of the scheme of creation. The truth is there is nothing degrading in nature save that which, forgetful of its own functions, debases and degrades itself. The jibing and jeering at the idea of an 'ape-ancestry,' so often resorted to by the ignorant, has in reality no significance to the mind of the philosophic naturalist. There is evidently one structural plan running throughout the whole of vitality, after which its myriad members hav been ascensivly developed, just as there is one great material plan pervading the planetary system; and science merely seeks to unfold that plan, and to determin the principles upon which it is constructed. If there be no genetic connection between man and the order that stands next beneath him, there is at all events a marvelous similarity in structural organization, and this similarity is surely suggestiv of something more intimate than mere coincidence." Evolution, therefore, although unable to supply the solution to every problem presented to the student of nature, is, so far as can be discovered at the present day, the true theory of man and the universe, and is sufficient for all practical purposes. Further, it satisfies the intellect as no other theory does, and is assuredly more reasonable than that of special creation.

One question of great importance will probably suggest itself to those who hav given the theory of evolution much consideration. It is this: What is to be the position of things, and especially of man, in the future? Will there be evolved higher beings after him, as he is higher than those who preceded him? He stands now as the lord of creation; but so stood many mighty reptils of the past in their day and generation. Could they hav reasoned, would they not hav concluded that they were the final end of creation, and that all that had gone before was simply to prepare for their entrance into the world? In that they would hav erred; and, it may be asked, Shall we not equally err if we hastily decide that no higher being than man can ever come on earth—that he is and will ever remain the highest of organic existences? Now, the cases are not quite analogous, as a little reflection will show. The earlier animals were entirely the creatures of evolution; man is largely the director of the process. He can, by his intellect, control the law itself just as he bends gravitation to his will, though in a sense as much subject to its power as the earth on which he treads. Before man arose the animals and plants then existing were molded by the great power operating upon them from within and without, hence the form they took and the functions they performed. When they had to contend with an unfortunate environment they became modified; or, failing that, they disappeared. Now, man, by his mental force, can supply natural deficiences and thus not defeat evolution, but direct its current into a new channel. He can bring his food from a distance and thus avoid scarcity in the country where he dwells; he can successfully contend against climate, disease, and a thousand other destructiv agencies which might otherwise sweep him away. It is, therefore, no longer a contest between physical powers, but between physical and mental. No higher physical development is likely to occur, because it would not meet the case, since, however perfect it might be, it could not hold its own in the struggle for existence against man with his intellect. The development in the future must be one of mind, not of body. We do not consequently look forward to the time when organized beings, higher and more perfect physically than man, shall take his place on the earth; but we do believe that a period will arrive when the intellectual powers shall be refined, expanded, and exalted beyond anything of which at present we can hav any conception. The future of man is a topic of all-absorbing interest, and it needs no prophetic insight to enable us to form some dim and vague idea of what it will be. Mind will grapple with the great forces of nature, making them subservient to man's comfort and convenience. Virtue shall array herself more determined than ever against vice, ridding the world of its malignant power. Brother shall cease slaying brother at the command of kingly despots, and thus the world shall be crowned with the laurels of peace. Priestcraft shall lose its power over humanity, and mental liberty shall hav a new birth. The barriers of social caste shall be broken down and the brotherhood of man thereby consolidated. Woman shall no longer be a slave, but free in her own right. Capital and labor shall cease being antagonistic and shall be harmoniously employed to enrich the comforts and to augment the happiness of the race. Education shall supplant ignorance and justice take the place of oppression. Then the era shall hav arrived of which the philosopher has written and the poet has sung. Freedom shall be the watchword of man, reason shall reign supreme, and happiness prevail throughout the earth.

When from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
The whole dark pile of human miseries.
Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,
And starting forth, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunrise of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.

CHARLES WATTS.

Divorce Laws in New Jersey.

New Jersey is a great state so far as her laws touching divorce are concerned. The laws regulating the relations between husband and wife are predicated on the rules and laws of nations that existed ages upon ages ago, in the Old World, when the husband used to yoke his wife and a donkey together to draw a crooked stick to till the land. In New Jersey a wife is the property of her husband just as much as his horse, mule, goat, and hogs are his property. The reader may smile at this declaration, but it is an incontrovertible fact that stands out in bold relief in all the laws of New Jersey that affect the interests or relations of husband and wife. When a man allows his daughter to marry a man in New Jersey, she immediately becomes the property of her husband. If she quits her home, the law requires her husband to go for her, as he would go for a stray animal, and try to induce her to go home and to remain there. The province of a wife in New Jersey is her husband's home. She must go and liv where her husband provides a home for her or take care of herself. Then, if her case is taken into the Court of Chancery (the only court that has any jurisdiction over divorces), her word, her explanations, her excuses, her affirmations in court, and her pleas will always hav greater influence and weight than anything her husband may state, for the reason that he is her lord, and she his property.

The law states plainly that "repeated refusals by a wife for three successiv years to liv in a home provided for her, in New Jersey, constitutes sufficient cause for a divorce."

Yet, after a wife has been as perverse and obstinate as she could be for three successiv years, and has not lived at home one day nor night for three years, and the husband commences suit for a divorce, if she pleads that she now wants to go home and liv with him, if he refuses to take her on his arm and go home with her, the law will adjudge *him* to be the deserter, and punish him accordingly.

A divorce case recently decided shows clearly what a miserable apology they hav in New Jersey for a divorce law. In 1876 a man and his wife (both good Presbyterians) owned a beautiful home in Bergen county, which cost them over $12,000, and it was all paid for. Besides this, the husband was receiving a salary, as an editor in New York city, of $60 per week, cash every Saturday. His interest from good notes and mortgages was over $2 per day. But she refused to liv with him unless he would discard THE TRUTH SEEKER. She quit home in 1877, and boarded at his expense about the country. He kicked and demurred at her bills, but always had them to pay. Domestic trouble preyed on his health so that he could no longer attend to the duties of his editorial position. So away went his $60 per week. His grown-up children persuaded him to sell his home, which he did, and lent them the money, and they spent it. In 1882 he accumulated enough to build a cheap cottage in Orange. Having furnished it nicely, he invited his kicking wife to come and liv with him. She came, but stated plainly that he must pay her $2 per week and discard THE TRUTH SEEKER, which he refused to do. She then ran him in debt $3,000 for a house and lot in East Orange, and demanded that he should allow her to take what furniture and household appliances she wanted and go and liv in her own home. He refused to allow any goods to be taken out of the house. When he was too ill to make his own bed, she employed three strong truckmen to move her goods, and went to the police station and got a platoon of armed police to go to her husband's house to intimidate him while the goods were being loaded. They took away every article of any value, and left the old man alone, with nothing but an old mattress and a few ragged bedclothes, not sufficient to keep a robust man warm. This occurred about April, 1883. She told her liege lord emphatically that "the Jersey laws are good for wives, and I intend to hav what I want, to go and come when I please, and you hav got to pay my bills."

He then consulted with many lawyers concerning a divorce. They all assured him he could not fail to get a divorce in a month or two, at longest. He directed a vestryman, in an Episcopal church, to sue for a divorce. She employed a lawyer; and the lawyers went in for making all the money they could out of the litigants. The lawyers hobnobbed, and chuckled, and played dice with the case, and kept drawing money, money, more money, until the old man had to sell his last little home for half-price to pay lawyers' fees, the costs of the court, and the wife's alimony.

In answer to her husband's bill for a divorce, on the ground of desertion, the lawyers induced her to plead that she had never deserted home, and was only away temporarily on a visit, and wanted to return and liv with her husband. As her husband refused to take his wife on his arm and go home, the court piled the alimony on him. He brought up a son and other witnesses to testify that he had no means of support, and that his health had been so poor for several years past that he could engage not in any regular business. He was then hauled up before the court and required to giv a full account of every dollar, and every note and document, good and bad, and to deliver them to a receiver. Prior to this, the court adjudged him to be able to work at some employment for three hundred days in a year, and to earn $300; and $104, the court said, must be paid to his wife.

The case was kept in court until July 30, 1886, when the vice-chancellor, seeing the money was gone, dismissed it without granting a divorce, and stated that the husband must pay all costs. The man stated that his money had all been extorted from him, his last little home had been sold to pay costs and debts, and his poor health would admit of but very little mental or manual employment. The only way he could pay, he said, was to go to Caldwell to the penitentiary and break stones with the rest of the wife-beaters, or be sent to Trenton and put on a striped suit. "Old Time" will reveal what will be done in the case.

The vice-chancellor, who is judge, jury, and the entire court, stated that "there was no question about the desertion." The wife deserted April 1, 1883, and had not lived with her husband since that date. But the bill of complaint lacked a few days of being three years old; hence, because the bill drawn up by the husband's lawyer was not quite three years old, the case must be dismissed. But the plucky old man declares that now he will get a divorce. He will be his own lawyer. There is one redeeming feature in the divorce laws, of which he will take advantage. The law provides that when a man is not worth one hundred dollars, clear estate, he can sue, *per se*, if he feels competent to manage his case, without costs. If he does not feel competent to conduct his case, the chancellor will assign competent counsel for him free of all costs. This man has already drawn up a new bill for a divorce, and says he will not now be hindered, and delayed, and stove off, and robbed of his money, by hobnobbing lawyers.

The writer has been informed by one who assumed to know that the chancellor, when they first met, directed the man to advance one hundred dollars as counsel fees to pay his wife's counsel. She had already paid him seventy-five dollars. Then one of the children (it was said) gave each lawyer one hundred dollars to manage the case in such a manner as to prevent a divorce. Besides the foregoing sums, the man was required to mortgage his little home to his lawyers to pay costs. The actual costs of the court and clerk amount to only a few dollars—less than ten. If the devil don't get such good Christian lawyers he ought to be turned out and another entrusted with his business who will carry it out with more efficiency.

All those parties, the man and his wife, the two lawyers, and the court, are professedly good and zealous Christians. Their proceedings in the court were instituted to prevent scandal and demoralization. The grand object of a divorce is to prevent demoralization in society. Let the reader contemplate for a few moments the scandal and demoralization incident to the career of that man and his wife since 1877—he a wreck, without money, without home, and without any means of support, while she is staying a few days here and a few days there, while both are thoroughly ostracised by relativs—and then let him judge whether or not New Jersey has not marvelous divorce laws! CRITICUS.

To Aid Mr. Reynolds and His Work.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav made an imperial-size photograph of Mr. Charles B. Reynolds which is considered an excellent likeness by those who hav seen it. One friend writes: "The portrait of Mr. Reynolds is superb; the most life-like and artistic picture I ever saw. The 'real presence' is in this picture." Through earnest solicitation I hav obtained Mr. Reynolds's consent to make this portrait a factor in the Freethought cause, and propose to sell copies (direct from the negativ) at fifty cents each, the proceeds to be given Mr. Reynolds to aid in the grand tent movement. I think every true Liberal, Freethinker, or Secularist will want a copy of this picture. These portraits will be offered for sale at the coming Convention, and copies will be sent, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. C. F. DEMOTT.

Hempstead, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1886.

Dissatisfaction Expressed.

Not long since, in a leading Boston daily, the following was among the regular death notices:

We cannot hav all things to please us,
Our little Georgia has gone to Jesus.

To the parents this may hav seemed proper. To the observer the implication that they would hav preferred the child to go somewhere else would, at least, seem one of the logical possibilities.—*Profane Editor of the Christian Advocate.*

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

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CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com. E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,215.93
John and Susan Reicherter, Valley Falls	5.00
N. H. Harman, " "	6.00
John Fisher, " "	5.00
G. Van Goesbeck, " "	1.00
M. Shiffbauer " "	1.00
H. Nolker, " "	1.00
J. Earnst, " "	1.00
A. Beland, " "	.25
S. Deutsch, " "	.25
M. Frasier, " "	.50
M. Legler, " "	.50
Joel Grable " "	1.00
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J. Piazzek, " "	4.00
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F. Lafontaine, " "	1.50
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Mr. Jones, " "	1.00
John Wunder, " "	.75
Scrafford & Cone, Seneca, Kan.	1.00
John Yates, " "	1.00
John Paine, " "	1.00
Jas. Larew, " "	1.00
John Peckham, " "	1.00
John Smalley, " "	1.00
R. E. Nelson, " "	1.00
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L. A. Harden, " "	1.00
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R. M. Emery, " "	1.00
J. H. Gleason, " "	1.00
A. H. Burnett, " "	1.00
Mr. Kennard, " "	1.00
E. Sterling, " "	1.00
Joshua Mitchell, " "	1.00
L. Cohen, " "	1.00
Frank Harford, " "	1.00
H. W. Jenkins, " "	1.00
Ed. Butt, " "	1.00
J. H. Larew, " "	1.00
A. Obendorf, " "	1.00
E. Collins, " "	1.00
J. Y. Benfer, " "	1.00
Milton Todd, " "	1.00
Walter Sterling, " "	1.00
J. P. Taylor, " "	1.00
Axtell, per Mr. Cone	2.00
Centralia, per Dr. Hidden	2.00
Seneca, per John Fuller	11.75
Total	$3,295.93

News and Notes.

In spite of the tremendous efforts of the orthodox party, who engaged the opera house for the especial purpose of keeping people away from the Infidel meetings, our lectures at Seward were eminently successful. They resulted in the formation of a Secular Union, and a largely increased interest has been developed. Mr. H. L. Boyes has not much of age about him, although he has been in the Freethought ranks for over half a century. He is young yet in spirit, and believes in perpetual progress. He givs me greater faith than ever in the triumph of our cause. His wife, although not physically strong, sees still all the brightness of this world, and has the cheeriness of the springtime of life.

Mr. and Mrs. Maffitt are royal Liberals. They could not be anything else. It is impossible for orthodoxy to convert them. Freethought is in their very blood and bone. Mr. Maffitt is the founder of Seward, and has given over twenty thousand dollars for its advancement, and he has the pleasure of looking upon a beautiful city as the result of his efforts. He livs on a noble farm, just outside the city, ornamented with lovely groves, and rich with the garniture of harvest. The few days I spent here were a rest indeed, and I reveled in the glory of this prairie country, which, at this season of the year, is magnificently picturesque. Mr. Edward McIntyre, mayor of the city, introduced me at the lecture. He and I used to be together in the Green Mountain state. Then I was a pedagog fresh from my sophomore years, and I knew a great deal more then—I thought—than I do now, and I don't know but what I was happier in my blissful ignorance. Mrs. McIntyre was one of my scholars. Only think of it! I wonder how old I am. I don't believe I can guess, but it seems a long time ago since I was in that quaint little village, nestling so sweetly among the hills, where the moonlight nights were so brilliant, and the maidens so fair, and the squirrel hunts so fascinating, and the midnight suppers so gorgeous, and the debating club so animating, and the old, vast meeting house so solemn, and so decked with splendor when we put the theatric stage just where the melancholy pulpit used to be. O youth! glorious youth! don't desert me yet. Let the blood tingle just as joyously as it used to do, for I am still climbing the hights of life. I am not going down into the vale of years yet awhile.

Dr. and Mrs. Bumstead I found delightful friends. They hav some vague glimpses into spirit-land, but not enough to make this world less lovely and less grand. They are good Secular philosophers and poetic dwellers in this earthly sphere. They realize the ever-present beauty.

Many other noble and friendly Liberals I met, the leading business and professional men of the place—the Messrs. Roberts and Dunphy, Mr. C. Jones, I. M. Strayer, G. Babson, D. C. McKilup, W. D. Bowers; Mr. Marshall, of the Commercial House, who knows how to entertain the traveler; all these and others will make a gallant encampment of the Liberal legion, and we may expect honorable strife and merited victory.

From Seward the rattling train brings me to Valley Falls, Kansas, where Harman and Walker keep up the tug of war on "the ragged edge" of reform, and where the banners of *Lucifer* are given to the "god of storms, the lightning and the gales." I would that these determined combatants might join the central column that is sweeping on to such glorious victory, for surely they are trenchant warriors, and I would like to hav them in at the winning of the game and take their share of the triumphant feast. But they are bound to be of the "forlorn hope;" to fight on side issues which may or may not tend to the general progress. They mean to camp out constantly and hav no headquarters except in the saddle. Well, I can only giv them my heartiest blessing, and while I pursue a different course, which seems to me ideally and practically more for man's advancement, I will honor these splendid fighters and giv them the martyr's bay. Though they hav hard knocks instead of hard cash, I hope they will still enjoy the earthly paradise.

The majority of the Liberals of Valley Falls are in sympathy with the American Secular Union and its basis of work, the Nine Demands, and believe, as I believe, that on this line of battle the most useful triumphs can be achieved. Mr. N. H. Harman, Mr. John Reicherter and Mrs. Susan Reicherter—a grand worker indeeed—Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher, Mr. J. Earnst, Mr. S. Deutsch, Mr. J. Piazzek, Mr. J. R. Mitchell, Mr. Jones, Mr. Chris. Jorgensen, Dr. Senft, Mr. Frank Gregg, Mr. Backus, and others make really a predominant Secular element in the place, and I look forward to a strong organization in the future. Quite a number came from a distance to attend the lectures. Mr. Samuel Carter came from Mitchell county, a distance of one hundred and forty miles—an old worker in our cause, who added to the interest of the lectures by his addresses. Mr. Joel Grable came from Missouri, and has been a Liberal for over sixty years. Mr. T. H. Terry, a live Infidel, came from Bavaria, Kan. He wanted me for a week's campaign in his county, but I could not go, as my time is all occupied up to October 3d. Mr. Baldwin came from Kennebuk, Kan., and walked the whole distance, twenty-six miles. Where is the Christian who will do that nowadays? According to latest reports, the saints generally prefer to take the lightning express for Canada. Mr. Willetts, state lecturer for the Grange Association, came from McLouth, Kan. He is one of our ablest representativs in the state. He has been in the legislature, and is a prominent citizen. He says that Liberal thought prevails to a large extent in the Grange. Mr. T. P. Brinager came from Salem, Neb. His father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and keeps things lively in his part of the country. Thus we had a generous company together. The meetings were quite successful. The Opera House was well filled, although the churches kept their bells a-ringing all the time. I gave three lectures, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and one out-door lecture Friday afternoon on "American Democracy," and the importance of present work on the line of the Nine Demands. I hope to come to Valley Falls again. In every respect I had a pleasant and profitable time.

Saturday I was obliged to get up before sunrise and take my winding way to Seneca, Kansas, where I arrived in the afternoon, and was met by that genial worker and good Anglo-Saxon reformer, Mr. John Fuller, Sr., a fine, typical Englishman, and the kind I like to meet. He believes in doing something, and under his management the campaign at Seneca was a brilliant one indeed. There is a United Independent Society here, and it is one of the best Freethought organizations in the state. Mr. Fuller and his five boys, all Liberals, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Brooks, Mrs. Clark Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Peckham, Mrs. John Smalley, and others constitute a live force that will hav a commanding influence in the community. Mrs. Brooks is from that big Liberal family, the Thayers, of Linesville, Pa., in which there are thirteen boys and girls—or men and women now—besides the father and mother. A few more such ample firesides of Liberalism, and we would fill the world with the glory of Freethought.

I gave two lectures at Seneca on Sunday, August 29th. About four hundred were present in the afternoon and six hundred in the evening. Axtell sent quite a delegation—Mr. Minor, the Messrs. Cone, and others, who hav formed quite a flourishing organization at Axtell, which is fourteen miles from Seneca. These are subscribers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and its earnest supporters, and this shows that they are made of the right stuff, and will keep things a-going. Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Smith, and others aided the lectures with good singing, and the whole campaign went off in ringing style. The orthodox were set all agog, and the next morning the streets were full of talk, and especially did the tide of battle rage around the "corner grocery." Christians found out that the world was moving on.

I was pleased to meet with Mr. Rodgers, the Universalist minister, who is quite a Liberal. I listened to one of his sermons, and it was full of advanced thought, and would not differ from what I myself might say if I were a radical Theist, after the manner of Savage or Chadwick. However, I am no Theist. So far as we hav any evidence, humanity is the grandest intelligence in the universe. I stick to the evidence, and not to faith. One can believe in God, but I can see no use in it, but rather, to a certain extent, a weakening of moral effort. Good, sound Atheism is the best intellectual and moral tonic one can hav. It is the basis of self-reliance. I won't quarrel with the Theist. Romance is good, and let those weave it who can.

I am now, Tuesday, August 31st, at the home of Mr. J. W. Scott, of Morrill. His son, Oliver Joseph Scott, died yesterday morning, and I remain to make the funeral address this afternoon. He was a young man of good promis; a faithful worker, a good Liberal. We stand at his grave, not with false hopes, but with that courage which comes from the sympathies and affections of humanity. Death is an evil—a terrible tragedy. It can be nothing else. An infinit love would never make it what it is. We learn, however, from the evil as well as the good. We derive moral power even from pain itself, and from the grave shall spring the flowers of sweet human sympathy; the generosity that will help the breaking heart; the affection that will minister with more willing hand; the beautiful spirit of love, that becomes more devoted as the disappointments of life become greater. It is our glory to conquer, not by prayer and faith, but by heroic action, the ills by which we are surrounded.

Mr. J. W. Scott is one of the oldest settlers in this country. He came here nearly thirty years ago. He has been an outspoken Freethinker and a generous supporter of our work. Our good friends, Jamieson and Remsburg, who hav lectured here, will remember his open-handed assistance and his pleasant home and family. To him and to his wife and children shall flow the tender sympathies of a thousand unseen friends, who throughout our ranks recognize the worth and share the sorrow of these noble fellow-workers, whose sublimest hope is the triumph of liberty and justice and the happiness of this world.

To the Liberals of Montana: I hope every Liberal in Montana will welcome and assist Mr. Jamieson in his proposed lecture tour through that territory. Now is the time to consolidate its Freethought forces. Arrange for lectures if possible. If any Liberal is so situated that he cannot do this—or attend lectures even—still let him show that he is a true Liberal by contributing to the general expense, and help others if he cannot help himself. Let there be a unity of purse as well as mind. Please communicate in this regard with Thomas Burke, Saylesville, Montana.

Lecture engagements: West Point, Neb., September 1st, 2d, 3d; Omaha, September 5th; Cromwell, Iowa, September 7th, 8th; Leon, September 9th, 10th; Ottumwa, September 12th; West Union, September 14th, 15th, 16th; Chicago, September 26th; Belding, Mich., September 28th, 29th; West Union, Ohio, October 1st, 2d, 3d.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Morrill, Kan., Aug. 31, 1886.

Call for the Tenth Annual Congress.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November 11th, 12th, and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Pursuant to a vote of the last Congress, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the constitution of the Union will be acted upon: 1. To reduce the fee for life-membership from $25 to $10. 2. Or, on payment of $10 by applicant for membership, to authorize the secretary to issue ten-year membership certificates, with all the privileges of life-membership during that time. 3. Whenever a man or woman has taken out annual membership

certificates for three or five consecutiv years, such person thereafter on payment of annual-membership fee to possess the privilege of life-membership.

The Congress will also be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought, and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly Secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs in the Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executiv committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present.

Per order of board of directors:

R. G. Ingersoll, President.
Samuel P. Putnam, Secretary.
Courtlandt Palmer, Treasurer.
Charles B. Reynolds, Ch. Ex. Com.
E. M. Macdonald, Ch. Fin. Com.

Canadian Notes.

Sunday evening, Aug. 28th, was, on account of the extreme heat, considered rather a bad night for an opening lecture, but, notwithstanding the atmosphereful state of the weather, Science Hall was filled to the doors to hear Mr. Watts deliver the first lecture of the season. This was Mr. Watts's first appearance in public since his return from England, and he received a right hearty welcome from the audience, who greeted his appearance on the platform in a manner which proved his ever-growing popularity among Toronto Liberals.

His lecture, "Secularism—Past, Present, and Future," was, as usual, a masterpiece of oratory and unanswerable logic, and that it was fully appreciated is shown by the fact that not one of the sweltering audience left the hall during the hour and a half of its delivery.

On the following evening, Monday, Aug. 29th, Mr. Watts lectured again, subject, "Gladstone's Defeat and the Irish Question," and I venture to say that had he delivered that lecture at the late convention of the Irish National League in Chicago, he would to-day be one of the most popular men in [illegible] has given in Toronto on the Irish question; and while all who hav heard them agree that they are the best they hav ever listened to on this subject, yet the priests and ministers here hav the power to keep from attending the very people who would be most benefited by hearing them.

The audience though small was appreciativ, the applause and enthusiasm being unlimited. At the close of the lecture the secretary of the Toronto branch of the Irish National League, in a few eloquent remarks—during which he expressed the wish that every lover of religious and political liberty in Canada could hear the eloquent and instructiv lecture he had just listened to—moved a hearty vote of thanks, which was carried with cheers. I could not help comparing Mr. Watts's grand plea for "reason, toleration, and intellectual rather than physical force" with the action of some of the parson bigots in Toronto, and the Rev. Dr. Kane, of Belfast, whose name should be spelled "Cain," and who, from all accounts, is responsible for much of the bloodshed there during the past few weeks.

The Rev. Dr. "Wild" drives the bigoted Orangemen "wild" by offering to lead a regiment into Belfast to butcher the Catholics. The Rev. Dr. Potts volunteers as a captain in the same regiment, and preaches to the "Prentiss Boys" "to be ready for any emergency and stand fast in the faith." And so they drive their horrible trade, while Mr. Watts and other (so-called) Infidels, Secularists, and Agnostics plead for reason, education, and intellectual force.

If the above should meet the eyes of the Toronto Masons, who lately expelled a brother for being an Infidel, Secularist, and Agnostic, I hope they will make a note of it, and oblige Kanuck.

Toronto, Sept. 3, 1886.

Rum and Missionaries.

Among the religious items in a weekly journal devoted to missionary news occurs the following: "Sailed for Africa, Rev. R. S. Simpson, missionary," and as a part of the cargo were mentioned one hundred thousand dollars' worth of New England rum! The missionary was also well provided with "revised versions," and attractiv tracts. Rum and religion hav always gone hand in hand in orthodox New England, and they hav carried it into Africa. It is a well established fact that one pint of New England rum will convert a negro quicker than the entire extract of all the camp-meetings ever held. Besides, its spiritual nature is well adapted to the African's needs.

When Mohammed went on a missionary trip he carried the sword in one hand, and the Koran in the other. He made short work of the Infidel who refused to believe. The result was satisfactory, and converts came in by the thousand. Now, this was the Mohammedan way, but the New England Christians can discount them in a more spiritual way. They take a revised version in one hand, and a demijohn in the other, and if one doesn't bring the nigger over to Jesus, why, the other does.

This is an old trick of the New England Christians. One hundred years ago they use to freight their ships with missionaries on deck, and Medford rum, tobacco, and Bibles in the hold. These ships would sail regularly from Boston, Salem, and Beverly, but on the return trip would deliver a cargo of Guinea humanity in Virginia or South Carolina ports in order that they might be Christianized under the lash and spur. Thus rum, tobacco, Bibles, Christianity, and niggers were made profitable all around. Then there was another consoling thought. As soon as the poor darkies had learned the beauties of religion, and had the devil whipped and spurred out of them, they were transferred to the arms of Jesus, when otherwise they would hav been damned certain.

The fact is that Infidels know but little of the real beauties of New England Christianity, and less of the virtues of their rum. There are thousands of deluded heathen all over the West and South who would willingly be converted by a quart of old Medford rum, which would put more spirits into them in five minutes than could be preached in in ten years. But this would not do. It would materially interfere with the comfortable salaries paid to secretaries, clerks, and religious printers who enjoy life in New York, at the expense of the simple faithful of our churches. It is well known that out of every dollar given for missionary purposes, ninty-nine cents is spent in New York.

Now, if they would only stop this expensiv business, and establish a distillery in every parish, set the minister at work on the mash tubs, with the deacons at the furnaces, they could turn out holy rum enough to convert the world in less than a year. Whereas by the present system they are sending the heathen to sheol by the wholesale, and at a cost of thousands of dollars for every soul sent to the burning. It is now a settled dogma with the improved Christians of the present day that the heathen who hav never heard of Christ are finally saved. Then why don't they call off their Christian hounds, who, by yelling Christ at them, send them all to sheol? Oh, what a comforting thing is religion! The poor, deluded Infidels in our degenerate and fallen state can never fully appreciate it. We must hav a revised version, the grace of god—I spell it with a small *g*—and a quart of sanctified New England rum, to understand it.

The missionary system has its good points, after all, for it rids us of a lot of incapables who hav not brains enough to be anything at home. It is a pleasant excursion to Africa and other heathen lands; besides, hareems are easier kept there than here, and the women are not so particular. We know scores of ministers who could be got rid of to advantage if they could be fitted out with $100,000 worth of New England rum. Well, let the good work go on, but we would advise the societies to stop the big salaries. Send out fewer missionaries and more New England rum, and the entire heathen world will be found around the communion-table in less time than it takes to save an ordinary soul, as things go now. T.

Our Theory Questioned.

The Truth Seeker says it was not a serpent that tempted Eve, but a "minister of the gospel." We find this item in the *Hebrew Standard*. We want the proof before we will believe the assertion. We think there were no preachers in heaven then, and we doubt if there are any now.—*Jewish Times.*

New Light in Iowa.

"The Truth Seeker, a journal of Freethought and reform," published in New York, reached our sanctum this week. It strongly advocates Freethought, denounces religious intolerance, ridicules superstition, and is altogether a spicy, readable paper. It would at first shock the average reader, but it would be a good thing for civilization if it was in general circulation throughout this country.—*New Hampton Tribune.*

A Difference of Opinion.

A clerical gentleman in this city stated recently in a sermon that a man who didn't believe in God was either "an infamous liar or an infamous (!) fool." The dispatches from England tell us that the Atheist, Charles Bradlaugh, has just been returned to Parliament from Northampton by a large majority, and is, in truth, the only candidate who polled more votes than at the last election.—*Denison Gazetteer.*

The Apostle of Liberty.

John E. Remsburg delivered his address on "The Apostle of Liberty," Thomas Paine, on Tuesday evening, in the park. The night was exceedingly hot, but an audience of between one hundred and two hundred listened with attention. The address was remarkable for choice language—a style at once perspicuous and ornate—an overwhelming array of facts—and was delivered with the rich voice and quiet power of an orator. It settles the matter, so far as facts can settle it, that Thomas Paine furnished the ideas and inspiration of the Revolutionary period; that he first suggested independence, and that he was one of the purest and best men that the cause of human liberty ever developed.—*Worthington* (Minn.) *Advance.*

Editorial Notes.

It is a queer thing that the Christians of Charleston, after their houses of worship had been damaged by the earthquake to the extent of a million dollars, should hav assembled in the streets last Sunday by the thousands to worship "God." If they can worship the being who, according to their own profession of belief, has sent this great affliction upon them, what reasonable objection could they hav to worshiping the devil? But there is no accounting for the acts of people when once superstition has got hold of them.

When something atrocious is wanted, turn to the religious press. The *Advocate*, for instance, says:

"It is well they killed the police. Not that the police should be killed; but killing them made all the police in the United States the deadly foes of Anarchists."

By parity of reasoning, it is well that they crucified Christ. Not that Christs should be crucified, but crucifying him made all Christians the deadly enemies of the Jews, and the Jews, therefore, may be justly persecuted to the end of time. Is that your meaning, Brother Buckley?

"New Glasgow, N. S., Sept. 1, 1886.

"To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir*: I think you will confer a favor on many of your readers if you will watch the religious journals, and tell us from time to time what they say (if anything) about the Reynolds blasphemy case—the leading journals, I mean. I, for one, would like to know their attitude toward the matter. F. M. Borden."

We share our correspondent's curiosity to know what the religious editors think of the case of Mr. Reynolds, but that curiosity has not been gratified. Apparently they hav not as yet heard of it. At the same time we are kept apprised of the progress of Christianity in China, and the Methodist million for foreign missions is booming.

One of the methods of keeping her people in proper subjection employed by the Roman Catholic church comes out through a disagreement between two priests of Detroit. One priest had reason to believe that another priest had inspired an article concerning the first priest in a Detroit morning paper, which was considered libelous. The first priest thereupon instructed a lawyer to sue the second priest. The lawyer, being a good Catholic, notified the second priest that he was to be sued. The second priest answered that if suit was brought the first priest and the lawyer would both be excommunicated. This threat made the first priest angry, and he ordered the lawyer to begin proceedings right away. Regarding the case the lawyer said to a reporter: "I hav looked into the question of the threats, and don't think they are well founded. Until a few years ago it was considered a bad thing to sue a priest in a civil court. Such cases were usually relegated to ecclesiastical tribunals, and kept secret. You probably remember the case of Blindbury, in Kalamazoo, who was excommunicated for suing Bishop Borgess. Blindbury was, or had been, a good Catholic, and the shock of the excommunication proved too much for him. He died soon afterward. The question was then discussed, and it came to be acknowledged, I believe, that a Catholic could sue his priest, or even higher authorities, in civic courts. Anyhow, the thing has been done since repeatedly, and no excommunications followed." The second priest claims that the recent plenary council at Baltimore made a ruling on the subject, and restored the old penalty. If this is so, the only way for a Catholic to get redress for wrongs done him by a priest is to first disabuse his own mind of the notion that excommunication amounts to anything. But the claim of the priest shows very plainly why more of the priestly rascalities are not brought to public notice.

A correspondent sends us the following clipping from the Middletown, N. Y., *Argus:*

"A gentleman residing in Middletown, who was visiting in Sullivan county last week, was attracted by eight headstones in a little grass-grown cemetery, near Fallsburgh, all of which stood in a row and were exactly alike. He got out of his wagon to look at them, and found that they were all children of a well-known physician, and that all were grown when stricken down, and that the dates on the headstones showed that the first one died Nov. 23, 1861, and the other seven between that date and Dec. 15th, following, or that the entire family of eight children had died within eight weeks. When speaking of the matter to friends that day, he was told the history of the case, which is regarded in that neighborhood as a visitation of Providence in punishment of defiance of the deity. The story as told is that in 1861 there was a scourge of diphtheria in that neighborhood, and the physician was kept busy treating patients suffering from that disease. He was very successful, and gained such confidence in his skill that he began to boast that he could cure any case, and went so far that he 'defied God Almighty to produce a case of diphtheria he could not cure.' In less than a week his youngest child was seized with the disease, and although he exercised his skill to the utmost, having not only professional pride but a father's love to urge him to do his best, his boy grew worse and died. One after another his children sickened and died, until all were gone, and laid side by side in the little graveyard near Fallsburgh. But one child was left, a married daughter; but in a few weeks she, too, was stricken down and became a victim to the dread disease."

Referring to the above our correspondent asks: "How do you account for such publications? What is the philosophy involved?" In the first place, we take the risk of saying that the story is not true—at least, so far as the deaths following from the physician's careless remark is concerned. It is not the business of unbelievers to explain or investigate such libels as this upon the deity. Let those who believe in an overruling providence, whom they worship, attend to that task. As for ourselvs, we wish it put upon record to our credit that we hav never believed in nor worshiped a being who would be guilty of taking the lives of innocent children for anything which their parents may hav said, and merely as an exhibition of his power. An act like that would disgrace the record of a pirate. We account for such publications on the theory that prevaricators are not all dead. The philosophy involved is that the majority of these surviving prevaricators are of a religious turn of mind.

Communications.

Idling Again.

My Dear Brother: When your eye falls upon these lines you will recall that I obtained a few days' vacation this year on condition that the vacation was to end when I got back, and that I was not to ask for space in two or three issues of the paper to talk about idle days, and other things of that sort. Idle days, you remarked, did well enough for a season or two, but grew monotonous at last to those searching for variety. But you forgot that immediately upon my return you were to go away to the State Convention, and that during your absence I was to run things according to my ideal of how a great newspaper should be conducted. If I work in a few words and get them printed while you are absent it is beyond the capacity of my poor weak understanding to see how anything can be done about it. Leaving that for your consideration when you get home, I will proceed with the main proposition.

There were three places which held out attractions for me this year. The first was Aroostook county, Maine. I wanted to go there. It is a handsome country, and I thought when I was there two years ago that if the Lord had happened to get his eye on Aroostook county in season he never would hav picked out Palestine as his chosen land. But Aroostook was so far away, and time was so short, I had to giv it up.

The second place was a lake resort in Pennsylvania. My friend, Counsellor Sherman, wanted me to go there. He represented that the shores of the lake were lined with nymphs from the surrounding country, that males were very scarce there, and that a practical monopoly of female beauty awaited a young man from New York. I thought some of going, as you will recollect that I was advised to do by Mr. Somerby, who remarked casually that he wouldn't mind taking it in himself. But from this vision I turned aside, and one day when I had a little leisure time I flung a few things into my old gripsack, and bought a ticket for Keene, New Hampshire, and the scenes of my childhood, which, I may here remark, are still dear to my heart. I went by way of boat to New London—the same old boat, and, it seems to me, the same old crowd of passengers. Here, for instance, is the woman with the squalling infant who reaches for the cane of the nearest male passenger, and calls him pa, to the great distress of the mother. Then there is the man in a tall white hat with a weed on it. His hair is long and turns under at the end. He has some sort of pass instead of a ticket. He wears a watch chain, but it is safe to bet dollars against doughnuts that he can't tell the time of day. There is no watch on the end of the chain. Then here is the newly-married couple who sit and gaze at each other with dreamy, watery eyes, and yawn. Havn't had sleep enough. Then there is the woman with the five-year-old boy who wants to know what everything is "for." If I had to travel with such a boy I should turn a large barrel over him and sit on it.

I slept that night to the music of the thumping engin and fiendish deck-hands chasing one another about with trucks. When the engin stopped at New London and the deck-hands had ended their revels, the steward came and banged on my door with a club and told me to get ready for the train. I adopted his suggestion, but the train didn't get ready for me for about an hour. There is a daily paper or two published at New London. To encourage the enterprise I purchased a copy of the *Telegraph*, and was much entertained by reading in the column of locals that Captain So-and-so, of the yacht Hornet, would take a party of ladies out that day for a "sale." The editor predicted an enjoyable occasion. I should say so. The paper also contained a poem written especially for its columns. I giv you a stanza of it:

> Oh, how the entire city did gloat
> Over Osprey, dear Osprey, cool Osprey,
> And when there came an excursion boat,
> How all the people down there would float,
> Right down towards Osprey, gay Osprey.

In the early morning we went scooting along through Connecticut. The scenery consisted of wire fence and fog, with occasional patches of water, in which floated some neglected rowboats half filled. I called it pretty dismal. The road runs along the Connecticut river, which does a lively business turning water-wheels. It is dammed up and run through a flume wherever the site seems to be worth a dam, so to speak. Where the banks are high these dam-sites are frequent. I write thus without intending to be profane.

We passed by Lake Pleasant, Mass., where the Spiritualists hav a camp-meeting all summer. Quite a number of good-looking passengers got off there. I did not see the lake nor the camp, but I saw a lot of wooden steps and a plank walk that leads off over the hill to them. Somewhere along in the town of Winchester, N. H., the train stopped and the conductor announced "Forest Lake." I looked out. A pair of bars down were the only visible signs of a station. I asked the conductor where the forest and the lake were, and he explained that Forest Lake was the sheet of water down there in the woods. They used to call it Humphrey's Pond. The people up there are developing a weakness for something hifalutin in names. "Sylvan Glade" is the sign stuck up in one place where it looks as if a picnic might be possible. Then away up in the godforsaken town of Marlow there is, near the highway, a section of howling wilderness, whose natural wildness is somewhat saddened by the presence of some mournful-looking seats. This picture of desolation is called "Edgewood," which givs the thing a sort of English turn, as it were.

When I arrived at Keene I found the vicinity torn by an excursion which had recently been made from there to Saratoga Springs. The railroad company put the fare away down, and the people responded nobly. If there is a resident of Saratoga within sound of my voice, he must remember the day. Everybody I met had either been on the excursion or was darned glad he didn't go. Those who went were packed into the cars like cigars in a box, and rushed off to Saratoga and back with only time to get a drink of spring water. I heard some severe criticisms of the taste of Saratoga spring water. They said there was the flavor of old feet about it, and it was judged that ordinary well water drunk from a rubber boot in hot weather would go about as good.

I hav been stopping most of the time up in Surry, close by the school-house where I went to meeting last year. I learned that the elder who conducted the services on that occasion has read my report of the same and don't like it. I saw others who said it "touched him off just right." A revival is now in progress at the school-house, which building bids fair to lose its identity as an educational institution, and to be given up to the service of superstition. I did not attend meeting. There was no need of it. The parson was good enough to shout so he could be heard for half a mile. The sect doing business there is the Christian, which, I suppose, is the same as the Campbellite. What interested me most about this church is the deacon. I knew him nearly twenty years ago. He was a wild coot then, and showed none of the distinguishing characteristics of a deacon. He seemed more inclined to swap horses than to do anything else. I never heard anything against his honesty, but he had the reputation of being pretty "s'rewd." I worked with him one summer haying, and by listening to him attentivly I learned to swear in quite an artistic manner for one so young. He gathered things around him—a family among the rest—and three years ago I found him located on a farm near our old home, settled down steady as a clock, knocking pennies and dollars, in a moderate way, out of whatever he turned his hand to. A year ago I learned that he had been converted, given his heart to Christ, and subscribed for a religious paper. It is worth something to see him struggling with that religious paper Sunday mornings. I imagin he is not much of a theologian, and I guess he doesn't gather ideas so fast from printed matter as he would if they were spoken. His house is now the rendezvous for all the pious beats in the vicinity, and I couldn't help feeling for him. I am interested to see whether his piety is going to bring him any more prosperity than he enjoyed before, whether people are going to respect him any more, or how it will be. He is rather sharp, and my notion is that he won't invest any more in the business than he believes to be necessary. Further, he is gifted with a large amount of cautiousness. He sees his buildings in flames if anybody lights a pipe in the neighborhood. He is insured to cover all such possible catastrophes, and I suppose that when the preachers came around and talked about worms and everlasting fire, and other unquenchable things, he got a little shaky and thought he would cast an anchor to windward. He is religious on strictly business principles. I am going to watch this deacon and report on him from year to year. There may be hope for him yet.

The man on whose premises I "lazed around" does not go to church. He makes no profession of religion, and has only that faith in Christ which one man of good intentions has in another. I believe that if Christ were a resident of Surry the confidence would be reciprocal, which is more than can be said of all who call upon his name.

The prayer-meeting does not meet with any encouragement in this district. There was one called at the deacon's the other evening. The minister started to attend, but never got there. He avows in explanation that the devil met him on the road and turned him back, which is undoubtedly a lie. Those who got there had a warm time, but a young man and woman riding home drove off a bank and came near breaking their necks. It is thought that the young man will be unable to turn over in bed until his father finds out whether the town is going to pay damages or not. Quite a number of those who attended the prayer-meeting rushed to the scene of the accident, and it is reported that when some one called for whisky for the sufferer, numerous bottles of it were produced with surprising alacrity. I don't believe the revival is doing any good, for some of the time I was there the heat of the weather suggested that hades was as near the top of the ground as ever.

While in New Hampshire I met your young son, and for a night or two fortune brought us to occupy the same bed. I thought at the time, and since, that maybe King Herod had to sleep with his nephew, which would account for the prejudice he held against children, and if so I am ready to be charitable. We should not judge men too hastily without acquainting ourselvs with surrounding circumstances. Perhaps King Herod is a very much misrepresented historical character.

I liked the looks of New Hampshire this year better than ever before. The farms were greener, the barns were fuller than last year; people appeared more cheerful. I got the same horse and carriage I had in other years. The carriage rode easier, and the old horse had grown more contemplativ. He is a thoughtful beast. Going up-hill he stopped often to think, and having come to a conclusion, he would take a long breath and go on again. I imagined it took him longer to make up his mind than previously. His forelegs hav got sprung a little out of perpendicular. I should say they would fit pretty closely the inside of a barrel stave. His appetite, I was gratified to observe, remained unimpaired. I gave him his own way, and the spider spun his web undisturbed between the whip and the dashboard. When I took the horse back to the owner, and paid for the use of him about what he would sell for, it gave me food for thought to hear the owner say that old Billy was in better condition than when I took him out. I wondered how much money I could make taking other people's horses and fattening them.

Perhaps you would like to know if I rode about alone all this time. I don't mind telling you that I didn't. In 1876, in writing of my vacation, I had some complimentary words to say about the New Hampshire girls. I was a boy at that time, but I can point with pride to the verdict then delivered. It is pleasing to thus be able in maturer years to look back with approval upon the judgments of our youth.

I engaged in no religious discussions this year. I met but one theologian, and he declined to outline his system of theology in any intelligible way, but I made it out that he deprecated the methods of preaching now in vogue. There were four exponents of what he denominated "this ere poppiler, carnal, hippicritical, blasphemin' preachin'" toward whom he expressed a particular aversion. The first was "this ere Foster over in Westmoreland;" second, Henry Ward Beecher, of New York; third, the man who preached in the adjacent school-house, surnamed Eaton; and, again, "this ere Robert Ingersoll." He complained that these three preachers "add to and take from" the scriptures in a scandalous manner, and that their only desire is to draw large audiences. It was the revision of the Old and New Testaments that had played the mischief with Christianity, and he was ready to giv the world its head and let it go to the devil. Other people wouldn't listen to his preaching, and he wouldn't listen to theirs. Having thus delivered himself, my friend slapped his leg and laughed uproariously. That was all I could get out of him.

Denman Thompson, the actor who plays Josh Whitcomb, livs about seven or eight miles from Keene. He played his new piece, "The Old Homestead," in Keene while I was there, and I went to see him. It seemed rather superfluous to bring a character like Josh Whitcomb into that neighborhood. The woods are full of them. There were just as good Joshes in the audience as the one on the stage, and Thompson's funniest sayings were household words to them. When Uncle Josh pulled off his cowhides in the parlor of his New York friend, and squinted lengthwise them from heel to toe, with the remark that there was some "darned good leather in them boots," it need not hav struck the New Hampshire man as odd. He is likely to do and say the same thing himself any day.

I hav not told you much about my personal doings on this vacation, because I hav done nothing in which anyone but myself could take an interest. I hav idled away the time as I meant to do. I sat under the old apple-tree in the dooryard, where we used to roll about when we were boys. The tree is dead and furnishes hardly any shade; so I sat in the sun and watched the summer clouds go over, like ships sailing in the sky. The old times came back, and old familiar faces clustered around, and I saw them best with closed eyes. The hum of bees and drone of vagrant flies sounded now as then, and with their music came memories, floating, drifting, appearing and disappearing, like things seen through a glass reversed, distant but distinct. Thus I saw my friends not only as they are now, but as I knew them then; not only those who still walk the earth, but those who hav sunk back to that dreamless sleep from which they first awakened on this life. So under the old apple-tree I dozed and dreamed till the days of my vacation slipped by and work called me back to New York. Here I am once more in the swim, among the types, and the wads of manuscript, and the piles of papers. The world turns slowly

again, and the days that hav been so short of late hav resumed their accustomed length. I hope all your readers hav enjoyed a vacation as pleasant, and that when it was ended they dropped back to a work as congenial to them as mine is to me.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

The Unequal Contest.

It will be noticed that the writers of the new books which deal with the labor problem all agree that the state, its laws, and the enforcement thereof, hav much to do with the solution of the knotty problem of labor.

That they are right in this assumption there is not the slightest doubt. Some faint idea of the disadvantage and disproportion of the conflict between capital and the just rights of the employed may be gathered from the following: On one side we hav laborers presenting their grievances and asking for relief, with nothing but justice to sustain them. On the other side we hav, first, the colossal money-kings with a power approaching the miraculous; second, their envious followers, not possessing so much, but bending every energy to reach the size of their "piles;" third, the well-to-do wage-workers, whose salaries are good, labor light, and who, as they see no cause to complain, oppose complaints from others; fifth, the "stability of society," which, dreading a revolutionary shock, is firmly opposed to a radical change in anything; sixth, the opposition of the church. We may as well say it first as last, the colossal money-kings use the other five objectors as fencing sticks to keep labor just where it is—namely, in bondage. To their followers just at their heels they turn and say: "If you want to reach us in importance and riches, you must deal with labor with an iron hand, for it is from labor that we get all we hav, or ever expect to hav. Be sure that they do not get justice, for if they should they might hav some of it to spare for us, and we hav not, nor never did hav, any use for that commodity." To the satisfied wage-workers they hold up the dread of dismissal. To the "stability of society" they direct their newspapers to hold up the awful horror of a state of Communism; to enlarge upon, to misrepresent, to exaggerate, the utterances of every friend of labor; to bundle them all up in one package, and, labeling it Anarchistic, denounce them all as enemies to the well-being of society, and highly revolutionary and dangerous. To the kid-gloved and perfumed darlings of the church, cultured, ascetic gentlemen who trade in goodness at so much per year, they issue directions that sermons on the subject of the "Divine Will," in which it is clearly set forth that the condition of the workingmen at the present day is the will of almighty God, should be more frequently preached. Also anathema and threats of excommunication against those who join secret societies or associations. The above orders are faithfully executed and payments for such services promptly made, and everybody except the poor workingman is supremely happy.

To the ignorant masses the word of the church is a command from God, and, no matter how unreasonable nor how hurtful it may be to their interests, they will follow it. But not all, as we hav reason to believe.

The recent edict of the Catholic church against the Knights of Labor may open the eyes of thousands to a fact that people hav failed to see for centuries—namely, that all churches, Catholic or Protestant, are hand in glove with moneyocracy. One of the cardinal creeds of all churches—that of a heavenly recompense for the ills, suffering, and poverty of this life—is of itself enough to indict the whole scheme as a bugaboo, originating in the cunning brain of the "governing class." With not a particle of common sense, much less reason, in them, religions and their creeds hav been rammed down the throats of the people for ages. They hav been liberally supported, for they dealt with a subject that no one ever really knew anything about, and as they claimed they had a revelation from God on the subject, thousands, too lazy or too incapable of thinking about its credibility, accepted it as such, joined the church, and secured a ticket for heaven. This, of course, in itself is but a harmless myth; but when the church leaves its legitimate business of dealing in futures, and arrogates the right to command its followers to do that which is directly contrary to their physical, mental, and moral well-being, then it's about time to face about and say to the church, Who and what are you, anyhow? It is safe to say that to a reasonable inquirer its reply will be very lame and wonderfully impotent.

Based upon the lowest superstitions of the ignorant in the remote ages, it has been enlarged, modernized, and added to as occasion required, but, still adhering to its baseless fabrications, it should be swept away as any old rotten lumber is in the erection of a new and better edifice. So long as it confined itself to singing lullabies to good old ladies, and telling fibs over the remains of its dead members, so long as it was a convenient refuge for the physically weak and not mentally strong members of our families, where they could earn an easy living preaching milk-and-water sermons to admiring congregations, why, we make no objection to it—quite a harmless diversion, the same as any other amusement. But when it turns around and says that we shall blindly allow injustice and wrong to be heaped upon us and take a draft payable after death in payment for it, then I think it is about time to snatch off its veil, as the veil of the Great Mokanna was lifted, and show the world what a hideous, rotten humbug it is. Let the church of Rome remember this is the nineteenth century, that the people are becoming more enlightened every day, and that its interference in matters pertaining to labor and with the Knights of Labor may be one of the very worst moves it ever made. The Knights of Labor hav nothing to do with religion—the order was formed to protect the rights of its members from the unjust encroachments of monoply and greed. And that a church who professes to hav the welfare of its members at heart should take sides with its bitterest foe ought to be reason enough for a wholesale exodus from that church. Stand by your order. God will never punish a man for doing right.

WM. ALLEN SMITH.

Mixed Pickles.

It is said that a deacon of a Greenville, Pa., church has a string of buttons a yard long, said buttons having been "chipped in" to the contribution-box at various times by the devout parishioners. I don't doubt this story at all. Neither do I doubt that, when members chipped in a button or buttons, they chipped in full value for all they received spiritually, and had they chipped them in as buttons no fault could hav been found with them justly; but they chipped them in as so many shekels, the hypocrits.

Many a deacon, if of long standing, can tell a similar story, I guess, button-giving Christians (?) being far plentier than angels' visits, in my opinion. While posing as "cheerful givers" to the church, they bamboozle the Lord with buttons, many of which, no doubt, are iron, which is fairly running the iron into the soul of the Lord, as I look at it. If the aggregate of buttons is not what it should be—I mean what it might be—what a story the pie-plates, hats, and boxes could tell of brummagem coins and "queer" notes, eh? The deacons wouldn't "giv it away," probably, but there is no doubt that the church contribution-box is a great place for the "shoving of the queer" and the getting rid of bogus, sweated, and mutilated coins. If the getting of the "queer" into these receptacles was the last of it, it would be well and good, and that all the "queer" might get there to stay would be a consummation devoutly to be wished; but I hav no better opinion of the average deacon than to think he would send it on its way again with the specious argument that he doesn't *know* it is bad. If I wrong the average deacon, I am willing to be forgiven by him.

A weekly is to be started in London to be called the *Earth*. Its mission is to prove, if it can, that the earth is flat and stationary, and not round and revolving according to the "pagan fictions of Kepler and Newton," so largely and alarmingly accepted by the people of the earth. We read in the Bible of the "pillars and foundations of the earth," and those who take their Bible straight can't see where said "pillars and foundations" come in with a round and whirling earth, you know. The society which is to publish this hebdomadal is of this class, and is now begging "those who love their Bibles" to chip in each a few shillings monthly to help the thing along. Doubtless the shekels will be forthcoming, with more or less buttons, and we shall soon see what we shall see in the way of proof in the direction mentioned. I hav no doubt that the first number will prove the *Earth* to be "flat." Anyhow, it should be welcomed, as we shall then be able to find many more people who do not "want the *Earth*" than we can find at present.

"Riots in Belfast, Ireland." Thus the press styles the fights in the Irish city. Rioting, eh? Why, it is almost up to the dignity of civil war—quite up to the implacability of religious war. Yes, the citizens of the Irish city are engaged in a religious war, shooting, stoning, and clubbing one another to death for Jesus's sake! Catholics murdering Protestants, Protestants murdering Catholics, for the love of God! Religious history from the days of the way-back repeating itself. Never since the aforesaid days were religious combatants more bitter, relentless, and ruthless than the warring Irishmen of to-day. Figurativly it is war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. I say figurativly, guns and stones being the weapons used instead of knives. But the intent is the same. With guns and stones they fight to the death, if possible, which it too often is, and all for the sake of Jesus! Men, women, and children are shot down because they are Catholics. Men, women, and children stoned to death because they are Protestants! And this murder most foul religionists hav been doing ever since religion first came into the world to curse the world, and, I suppose, it will be done until the religion of superstition giv way to the religion of humanity. When that time comes the millennium will hav come, and the world up from and out of the slough of superstition will go on its way rejoicing, led by progress, which has been fettered ever since pagan Rome went over to Christianity.

John Wilberforce Kennion is dead. J. W. K. was a preacher of the "gospel" whose church was the highway. His audiences were composed of bums, hoodlums, and *les miserables* of both sexes. His church in the open, with his tatterdemalion congregations, he would not hav exchanged for the most imposing "sacred" edifice in Christendom, with its fashionable worshipers in purple and fine linen. The "gospel" with him was the gospel practical. He fed his listeners, who oftentimes were suffering from hunger. He took miserable wretches by the hand and called them brothers. In every way possible would he try to befriend them, and his ways were the most practical of all ways. His gospel was not, "Ask from on high and ye shall receive," "Repent or ye will be damned!" That was not his gospel at all. His gospel was, "Come up here, brothers and sisters who are hungry, and take hold of this bread and coffee. There is plenty, and you are welcome. Eat and fill yourselvs!" That was Kennion's gospel, but not the whole of it. After they had fed he would giv them some of the sensible precepts of the Bible—old, however, before the latter book was collated by priests—and then go round among them and assure them that he would do all in his power for those who would try to be men and women, meaning what he said, too; and many a one has he helped from the gutter, where rum had formerly sent him. Is there a fashionable preacher of the gospel in this wide, wide world, presiding over a gilded congregation, that would do as John W. Kennion did? Not one, for ducats—not one! Hypocrits and Pharisees as they are, *in toto*, how much less as a man is any picked one of them than was John W. Kennion! I don't believe that Kennion was any more imbued with Bible doctrins than I am, but he knew he would hav to work the gospel racket to enable him to touch the sympathies of the priest-ridden public, and do good to those who needed it, and he worked it for that purpose; but to the gospel of superstition was added the gospel of the man himself, the leaven that made his preaching palatable to those who hungered for bread and not stones! The benediction of Howard, who wrote of Kennion, was, "May his soul rest in peace." Knowing nothing of what is meant by soul, as does Howard, I say, "May his body rest in peace," in which case his soul most assuredly will, *and his memory be kept green by* those whom he benefited more than any parson ever did.

SI SLOKUM.

The Injured Boonton God.

Some forty years ago, when I published the *Pleasure Boat* in Maine, Wm. Coates, of Boonton, N. J., met with a copy of it and subscribed for it, and in a short time I had quite a list of subscribers in that town. When I killed my paper by opposing that iniquitous war against the South, which I hav never repented, I advised them to take the Boston *Investigator*, the only Liberal paper that I knew at that time.

It appears that the seed sowed by those two and other later papers has taken root, and is about to bear some glorious good fruit and a fine crop. The Liberals there, as you know, invited Mr. Reynolds to come with his tent and giv them some lectures, and the result is that the ignorant bigots hav got him under bonds for blasphemy.

This is the same old spirit that drove the stake, tied John Rogers to it, and lighted the fagots that consumed him; the same spirit that has put millions of the best people to death for not believing in an unseen, unknown, and imaginary God, the myth of ignorant brains; and the time will come when the names of those who hav committed this outrage will stink in the nostrils of all good men, as the names of the old persecutors now do in the nostrils of the most pure and enlightened of our age.

If the Boonton God had power to create this universe out of nothing, by simply saying, "Let it be done!" if he could create a man out of dust, and a full-sized woman out of a small, dry bone; if he could drown a whole world for its wickedness, and rain fire and brimstone from heaven to destroy wicked cities; if he could speak with man's voice through an ass to reprove a venal prophet, and strike a man dead for blasphemy, as they say he does now, it would hav been much wiser to hav left Mr. Reynolds in his care than to hav put forth their own puny, fallible hands to deal with him by human laws which are of no force except when backed up by sword and gun, which their master repudiated. Let this case turn as it may, whether Mr. Reynolds is convicted or not, this action of the bigots will be the death of the Boonton church, and they had better get rid of it the easiest way they can.

Toil on, O ye faithful! and fear not to suffer;
The blood of the martyrs can never be lost;
A world saved from priests will at length be your trophy,
And worth more by millions than all it will cost.

Berlin, N. J. J. HACKER.

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The Great Earthquake.

In all respects the most disastrous earthquake shock ever felt in this country visited Charleston, S. C., and vicinity on the night of Tuesday, August 31st. Half the city was wrecked or burnt; above ninety persons were killed by falling walls, and a hundred were injured. Ten distinct shocks were felt, the first being by far the most violent. Brick buildings fell like cob houses. Great fissures rent the earth, and a strong sulphurous odor pervaded the air. Doubtless many people died without an effort to escape, believing this to be indeed the judgment day. To add fresh terror to the situation, fire broke out, and the wrecked city was illuminated by flames. Everybody came out of doors, and the scenes of confusion and distress were beyond description.

This earthquake, occurring so near home, has aroused new interest in the subject of seismology, and various theories of the cause of these tremendous convulsions are being advanced. The explanation most generally accepted is about as follows: The planet which we inhabit was once a sun, and as such constituted a molten mass of fire. The outside of course cooled first, solidifying and forming a crust after the fashion of the hardened peel of a lemon. We all know that a heated body contracts as it cools. So with the earth; as the heat escapes and the interior mass diminishes in size the outward crust must adapt itself to its shrinking support. In settling, the hardened portion breaks, and portions of it are pushed outward. Thus were thrown up mountain ranges, and thus were caused the unevennesses visible upon the surface of the earth. In times past, when the crust was comparativly thin, these changes must hav been accompanied with tremendous upheavals and contortions, compared with which modern earthquakes are mere local disturbances. At present the process is slow, and is accomplished imperceptibly except where the crust is thinnest. It is undoubtedly continuous, and at some portion or other of the surface of our globe a perpetual tremor might be noted. The reasons for believing that this is the true explanation of earthquake shocks hav been briefly summarized as follows:

1. From very many observations made in mines, artesian wells, etc., it is discovered that there is an increase of temperature from the surface downward, and that this increase is so great that a degree of heat sufficient to melt all known rocks is soon reached.

2. By certain geological agencies certain rocks from below are brought to the surface in mountain building, and these rocks show evidence of having been greatly heated, and even of having been melted.

3. Molten matter in very large quantities comes up from the interior of the earth through crevasses and volcanic veins. Besides these lines of evidence there are many accessory facts which tell the same story.

One of the saddest results of this terrible disaster at Charleston was the exhibition of superstition which it evoked. The reports say that upon all sides could be heard such exclamations as "My God! save us!" "God hav mercy on us sinners!" Men and women could be seen kneeling everywhere, offering up prayers, and the falling walls crushed and killed them as they prayed. To suppose that any of the prayers were answered would be absurd. It is equally absurd to suppose that any prayer depending upon the intervention of some deity ever was answered. God never stood between any person and danger. He did not stand between Garfield and the bullet of the assassin, nor between the Rev. George Haddock and his murderers. He did not stop one brick or stone from falling upon those who knelt to implore his assistance when all other help was out of reach. It is about time these truths were realized. They are taught by every manifestation of nature, and they hav received a fresh illustration from the Charleston holocaust.

The earthquake shocks still continue intermittently, and the inhabitants of the stricken city are living in tents. Appeals for financial aid are being sent out and generously responded to from all over the country. Shocks hav been felt in at least a dozen states besides South Carolina, though nowhere with such severity as in Charleston.

Roman Catholic Encroachment.

The priest in charge of the Roman Catholic parish at Keene, New Hampshire, deserves special recognition from the pope. He has set himself at work to provoke a public school fight in that city, and has succeeded. Some two years ago he endeavored to get himself elected to the school board, but failing after two attempts, he turned his attention to the erection of a parochial school, which was completed last winter, and dedicated by holding in it a fair of a week's duration. For weeks previous to this the priest sent members of his congregation around among the Protestants for signatures and money for chances on different articles to be voted for at the fair. Merchants declining to subscribe were to be boycotted; no Catholic should patronize them. By this method some three thousand dollars was raised direct from Protestants. Thus the parochial school was dedicated and paid for. The total cost was $8,000.

The next concern of the priest was to get material for his Catholic-manufactory. In this circumstances favored him. A large public school-house had been torn down to make way for a new street, and the children were without a school-room. A quarrel was in progress concerning the rebuilding of the institution, and this quarrel, there is reason to believe, the priest has been instrumental in aggravating. During the hottest of the contest the priest throws open the doors of his ample parochial school, and invites parents to send their children. Three hundred pupils are enrolled, which include nearly all the children of school age in the district. The scheme works, and the little flies walk into the parlor of the spider. He then causes a paragraph to be inserted in a local paper asking why there is any reason in going to the expense of building a new public school, since the scholars are already accommodated by the Catholic institution. The editor admits that it would be "money thrown away." Whether the priest has as yet asked for an appropriation from the state school money we are not prepared to say, but that he will do so is beyond a doubt, and that he will get it is about equally certain. The people of the vicinity seem to be too blind or too stupid to realize the drift of events. The local press is dumb and dare not be otherwise. The shadow of the bat is on the roofs of the city.

A Christian Writes Us.

From Spring City, Pa., we get the following by due course of mail:

"SIRS—Enemies of the Cross of Christ: I received from your office a miserable sheet called THE TRUTH SEEKER which I put in the stove you need not send me any more such hash. for

"I hav found the truth in Jesus Christ glory to God. The law came by Moses but grace and truth by Jesus Christ hallelujah bless the Lord.

"He is the first principle of truth.

"Whom you've got to accept or be lost. So you better accept him now. for you are not one step nearer the truth than when you started your Infidel sheet, but you are worse men and you know it.

"there is not a man of good principle among you for none such would connect himself to your foul sheet.

"You men are what is called a lot of learned ignoramuses. I would rather be a slave on New Orleans levy than to be one of your spirit.

"You are not worthy a home in this land.

"O ye generation of vipers

"I do not want to hear anything from you here after unless it is that it is you are soundly converted to God

"In the meantime I will pray ANDREW ORTLIP."

We will cheerfully promis not to send Mr. Ortlip any more papers if he will kindly agree to write us no more letters. We are gradually growing weary of his style of literature, of which we are of late in too frequent receipt. It is a peculiarity of fellows like Ortlip that they cannot conceal their ears, even in writing. It has never occurred to them that decency is among the religious requirements, as perhaps it is not. Some of the vilest, most indecent, and most profane language that could be conveyed on paper has come to us from Christian sources, from writers who professed to be outraged by the contents of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Ortlip himself, though a rather superior specimen, has the courtesy to address his letter to "Skunk Nest, 33 Clinton Place, New York." We would not endeavor to make a Freethinker of this man. Those who ought to know hav assured us that it is impossible to manufacture a silk purse out of a pig's ear, and Mr. Ortlip does not contain the stuff that Freethinkers are made of. That he and the class of which he is a type hav attached themselvs to Christianity is no cause of regret to us, but we hereby extend our sympathy to the Galilean reformer, in whom Mr. Ortlip professes to hav found the truth. Christ had a cross to bear while he lived, but it was a beatitude compared with what has been inflicted upon him in the name of religion since his death.

"In the mean time," concludes Mr. Ortlip, "I will pray." We may add that in the mean time, also, the donkey will bray.

The Unitarians.

The *Lutheran Observer* of July 30th has a very clear editorial upon the break in the Unitarian ranks, and its conclusions are strictly logical. Unitarianism originally was a protest against orthodoxy, and as such was heresy. For years Unitarians maintained a creedless religion, and were consistent religious reformers. They would adopt no form of creed, simply calling themselvs Christians. As an authoritativ label this was finally objected to and dropped, and they then invited all to fellowship with them

At their last meeting, the name of God was objected to also, on the ground that the word God was dogmatic, and they wanted no dogmatic test to fellowship—that "the proper basis of Unitarianism was ethical, and not in any sense dogmatic or theological." A resolution declaring their purpose "to promote pure Christianity," and another "to promote love to God and love to man," were both voted down, and the only thing they could unite on was a declaration of their purpose "to promote truth, righteousness, and love." In *Unity* of August 25th the difference between the old and the new is set forth in parallel columns as follows:

1. Is belief in God essential to Unitarianism?
The Christian or Theistic party answer, yes! The Ethical or Unity party in the West answer, no!

2. Is worship essential to Unitarianism?
The Christian or Theistic party answer, yes! The Ethical or Unity party answer, no!

3. Is belief in immortality essential to Unitarianism?
The Christian or Theistic party answer, yes! The Ethical or Unity party answer, no!

4. Ought emphasis to be placed on the spiritual leadership of Jesus Christ, and the historic and vital connection of our movement with the Christian church?
The Christian or Theistic party answer, yes! The Ethical or Unity party answer, not necessarily!

5. Ought our *ministry* to be open to non-believers in God, immortality, and worship, if such non-believers desire to enter or remain in it?
The Christian or Theistic party answer, no! The Ethical or Unity party answer, yes!

6. Ought our Unitarian *name* to be regarded as one which may properly be appropriated by Agnostics, Materialists, or Atheists?
The Christian or Theistic party answer, no! The Ethical or Unity party answer, yes!

7. Ought our conferences, associations, and other general organizations which hav administrativ or missionary functions, and ask contributions from our churches to carry on the same, to stand on a distinctly Christian or Theistic basis of declared aim and purpose?
The Christian or Theistic party answer, yes! The Ethical or Unity party answer, no!

8. Ought money contributed to any of our denominational organizations for Unitarian missionary purposes to be used to "giv assistance to any church or organization which does not rest distinctly upon the Christian basis?"
The Christian or Theistic party answer, no! The Ethical or Unity party answer, yes!

9. To sum up in a word, Is Unitarianism essentially or necessarily Christian or Theistic?
The Christian or Theistic party answer, yes! The Ethical or Unity party answer, no!

[10.] On the question of the *essentialness* of *ethics*, both are agreed.

[11.] On the essentialness of "Freedom, Fellowship, and Character," both are agreed.

[12.] On the essentialness of "Truth, Righteousness, and Love," both are agreed.

[13.] Both parties unite in saying, Men must believe in *all* these in order to be true Unitarians; there is no true Unitarianism which leaves these out. So far we go together. Then we separate; and in this wise.

The Christian or Theistic party say, To these Ethical and Freethought essentials must be added certain Christian and Theistic essentials, viz.: At least belief in God, worship, the immortal life, and the moral and spiritual leadership of Jesus. These are precisely as necessary and fundamental in Unitarianism as are Ethics and Freethought. Unitarianism is an arch, one foot of which rests upon Ethics, and the other upon Christian Theism. It is equally impossible to take away either foundation without destroying the arch.

The Ethical or Unity party say, No! Unitarianism is a structure no part of which rests fundamentally on any Christian or Theistic belief whatever, not even belief in God. Ethics and Freethought exhaust its essentials. The Christian and Theistic beliefs named used to be regarded generally as necessary; but that they are so *we deny*. We contend for a new interpretation of Unitarianism which shall place these among non-essentials. Individually most of us believe, and believe earnestly, in these, and sincerely wish others generally to do the same. But this is purely an individual matter. These Christian and Theistic beliefs are no necessary part of Unitarianism, and need not be declared to be. Nothing is essential to Unitarianism but Ethics and Freethought.

This position of the Unity party has led to a split. Every religious body contains such growing men who, sooner or later, will take a look over the fence around the church. Unitarians had no formulated creed, but they did hav an unwritten one as conservativ and strong with them as the unwritten constitution of England. It was this unwritten creed that drove Putnam and Miln from their ranks, after they had previously outgrown Methodism. But in every religious body also there are men who drag at the coat-tails of the lookers over the fence and beseech them to come back and be contented with the little narrow strip of sky between the church walls and the fence. It is a wonder how this party in the Unitarian ranks ever broke away from orthodoxy. But they hav now united against the majority of the conference that passed the resolution which formulated their "creed" into the ethical purpose of promoting truth, righteousness, and love. Several churches full of this kind of men nav withdrawn from the Unitarian conference and declared their resolve to form a new organization and carry on their work hereafter on a distinctivly Christian basis.

All of this is, as we said, not surprising. So soon as a religious body breaks away from its previous beliefs, the door is opened for unlimited heresy. It is the most natural thing in the world for those who once were satisfied to reject all the dogmas of Christianity but the belief in God, to finally realize that God is also what men make him. Philosophical Agnosticism, expounded by so great a thinker as Herbert Spencer, must inevitably attract many of the best minds in the Unitarian church, and with them a creedal definition of the "Unknowable" is impossible. The past four or five years hav seen Unitarians growing into Agnostics or conservativly defining themselvs as Theists. It is impossible for these to agree upon a creed, and so the growth culminating in the resolution which precipitated the split is only the logical outcome of the first breaking away from orthodoxy. The old-school Unitarians, with their unwritten creed, and their determination to work on a distinctivly Christian basis, will be taken back to the bosom of orthodox Protestantism, and the Agnostics, who work only to promote truth, righteousness, and love, will shortly be classed among the outspoken Infidels. In this separation the Unitarians get little consolation. The orthodox exultingly say that they are reaping, in Agnosticism and unbelief, what they hav been sowing by denouncing creeds and confessions of faith, and the Infidels say that while heretofore Unitarianism has been neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, it will now be possible to classify it among religious sects, and they will rejoice over the accessions to the ranks of the Agnostics. The split, like the Protestant Reformation, was as inevitable as the progress of the race, and the result must certainly count on the side of truth.

PERHAPS the most readable article, as it is sure to be the most read, of any in the September number of the *North American Review*, is the novelist Ouida's contribution on "Female Suffrage." The fact that such an article has been written by a woman is stronger argument than any reasoning it contains against extending the franchise to her sex. Still, men hav written just as foolishly on the same subject.

The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Mr. Goodell.

It is but a short year ago that THE TRUTH SEEKER felt impelled, in the interests of true piety, to point out that a conspiracy was being concocted to get the Rev. Mr. Downs, of Boston, into deep trouble. It will be recalled that the Rev. Mr. Downs was discovered scantily attired in the private apartment of a parishioner's wife, and that the lady in question was not at the time much better prepared for a cold snap. The explanation given by the Rev. Mr. Downs was perfectly satisfactory to an unprejudiced mind. The lady was to go away the next day, and he had merely been assisting her to pack a trunk. To do this, the weather being warm, he had removed his coat, his waistcoat, and his shoes. No one wearing shoes can pack a trunk as it ought to be packed. The woman's destitute condition as regards clothing was accounted for by the fact that her dress was in the trunk. As we pointed out at the time, there was nothing about all this that a knowledge of the ways of preachers would not lead anyone to expect. In spite of that fact, Parson Downs has been persecuted and despitefully used. Nevertheless, it seems that the Lord was with him, since he has been more popular than ever before, and has brought numerous souls to Christ that might otherwise still be dead in their sins.

We are now called upon to chronicle another case of conspiracy against a truly good man and preacher of the gospel, this time in Rhode Island. It seems that the Methodist Episcopal church at Providence, in that state, is always in hard luck. A few years ago one of the most popular preachers of this denomination was the Rev. Mr. Whitcher, who was the idol of his people. He spread amazing grace around his parish with a gifted and unsparing hand, and was believed by good Methodists to be a special messenger from heaven, ordained to save Providence (R. I.) and its suburbs. But Mr. Whitcher had a fondness for rare books, and the more expensiv they were the more he longed for them. This led him to steal from private and public libraries all the rare and expensiv books he could lay his hands on, with the result that he was apprehended as a thief.

When the Methodists had recovered from the shock of this blow, they cast about for a new pastor, a preference being expressed for a man with less strongly marked literary proclivities than the Rev. Mr. Whitcher possessed. Out of the obscurity of a small town in Massachusetts, the Rev. Charles L. Goodell, the subject of this memoir, finally received the call. He was a young and engaging person physically, and displayed great vivacity and enthusiasm. When something ornamental in the way of a speech was required, Mr. Goodell could be depended upon. Close watch upon his actions satisfied his congregation that Mr. Goodell would not steal books, and they were happy; but the mother-in-law was inconsiderate enough one day to discover her daughter's husband occupying a ministerial attitude toward a good-looking young woman in the back parlor, and a domestic cloud arose. Out of this, however, the pastor emerged triumphantly, and the conference gave him a new charge, with their blessing and a larger salary attached. It is a rule of the Methodist church that no one parish shall hav the monopoly of a good-looking minister for more than two or three years. Variety is the spice of a Methodist parson's existence. But now another blow has fallen, and it is emphasized by affidavits of witnesses connecting the pastor, again in a ministerial capacity, with a certain, or uncertain, Mrs. Foster, whose husband sues for a divorce. Other women are also named. The testimony of Pastor Goodell's wife, it is said, sets forth that it has been several years since he has treated her with "due consideration." All this, of course, is persecution.

Perhaps the most disgusted man connected with the affair is Mr. Foster. He first met Goodell at the Chestnut street church. He admired the pastor very much, and so, unfortunately, did his wife. Foster was one of the richest members of the church, and the superintendent of the Sunday-school. The Fosters, the account says, had a luxurious home, and into the family the Goodells were taken. When Mrs. Foster was at her summer residence in Bristol, and Mr. Foster was absent at his business, the Rev. Goodell, in pursuance of his ministerial duties, also went to Bristol. When, last spring, the conference, in response to the popular demand, again returned Mr. Goodell to the city, this time to the Trinity church, which the Rev. J. Benson, now of Brooklyn, had brought to a high state of efficiency, the whole city, of all denominations, congratulated the Methodists, and Mr. Foster resigned his position in the Chestnut street church, and hired a pew at Trinity, to be with his beloved pastor.

In June last Mr. Foster began to get suspicious of his wife. He pretends that if any one had told him the first of that month that anything was wrong he would hav kicked him out of the house. It did not take him long to learn some surprising facts, and he sent his wife away to Newport. He alleges a belief that either she or the minister needed a vacation. Then he began suit for a separation, and the conspiracy has now taken a legal form.

Of course there will be but one comment upon the conduct of Mr. Foster. His is inconsiderate in the extreme, and can hav but a narrow and restricted conception of the scope of a Methodist parson. A little study of the "Book of Discipline" and the unwritten laws of the Methodist church would hav shown him that the Rev. Mr. Goodell has not exceeded the duties of his high calling, and that his conduct has been in strict accordance with distinguished precedents. The bigotry of the law will perhaps make it hot for Mr. Goodell, but a good deal of fresh evidence will be necessary to convince a discriminating public that he is any more culpable than a great many other reverends who go scot-free.

The State Convention.

From the New York Herald.

SARATOGA, Sept. 4, 1886.—There was an increased attendance at the New York State Freethinkers' Convention at Saratoga Lake to-day. At the afternoon session Mr. L. K. Washburn spoke on "The Coming Religious Conflict." He freely criticised Christianity as a theological system, humorously touching the Thirty-nine Articles and severely denouncing the church for assuming the guardianship of public and private morals. He denounced the Christian editors and writers who hav recently characterized Freethinkers as Anarchists.

In the evening ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds delivered a lecture entitled, "Sabbath or Sunday," in which he made a vigorous argument against Sunday being observed as the Sabbath Secularists are in favor of Sunday keeping, not as a day for religious worship, but as a day of rest and recreation. Giv to all the privilege of spending its hours as they elect without *encroaching upon the rights* of others. He claimed that according to the Bible itself the seventh day, or Saturday, was the rest day whose observance was enjoined. He also maintained that Christ did not change the rest day from Saturday to Sunday. He concluded by saying that there was no authority in heaven nor earth for the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath, save that of the pope and the decrees of the Roman Catholic church. He declared, therefore, that Catholics alone are consistent in observing Sunday, since they believe their holy Roman church is infallible and cannot err, and she boasts of having made this change of the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday.

To-morrow a large crowd is expected. J. J. McCabe will lecture in the morning, L. K. Washburn in the afternoon, and and Mrs. F. C. Reynolds in the evening. The last named speaker will discuss the subject, "Woman—Past, Present and Future."

THE CROWD ARRIVES.

SARATOGA, N. Y. Sept. 5, 1886.—The Freethinkers' Convention at the White Sulphur Springs Hotel had a very large attendance to-day. The pavilion was crowded and there were hundreds of people around the hotel and park unable to gain admittance. The first speaker was Mr. J. J. McCabe, of Albany, whose subject was "Science and Theology." The speaker said science was the knowledge of things grounded on demonstration. "What is theology." The clergy say it is the science of God. "What is God?" Technically it is the worship of everything, from a fly to the whole univere; practically it is anything we make a god of. He then traced man from his first barbarous notions of a deity up to his latest conceptions on the subject. He attempted to show that in proportion to his increase in knowledge his conceptions changed for the better. Then, passing to an examination of the Old Testament, he attempted to show the absurdities in which it abounded. One of the best arguments against the divinity of Jesus, he said, is furnished in the apparent approval which the gospels make him giv to the most absurd stories in the Jewish Bible—such as the stories of Adam, Jonah, the Israelites living on manna in the desert, etc.

In the afternoon a very large audience greeted Mr. L. K. Washburn, of Boston, who spoke on "The False Teachings of the Christian Church."

The evening session was devoted to a lecture by Mrs. F. C. Reynolds upon "Woman—Past, Present and Future." Mrs. Reynolds made the most decided hit in the Convention so far. She took strong ground in favor of giving a wider scope to the work and consequent influence of women in the world, tracing the growth of liberal ideas on this point from the dawn of civilization. Woman occupies, she said, a vastly higher plane of power now than ever before, and this is but the beginning, which shows simply the outlines and suggestions of the grandeur of the work before her in the future. Mrs. Reynolds was frequently and vigorously applauded.

Letters from Friends.

TOUTI, ILL., Aug. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: There seems to be a diversity of opinion in regard to the cartoons in THE TRUTH SEEKER. My wife and I heartily approve of them; they are the first thing looked at, and we hav much pleasure in showing them.

The clergy stand in mortal fear of ridicule. They hav held place because people hav been educated to think their trade too sacred to be viewed with a critical eye or be made light of in any way.

Hoping that Watson Heston is a young man and a descendant in a direct line of Methuselah, I remain, A. HOPE.

SILEX, ARK., Aug. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I learn from THE TRUTH SEEKER of 7th inst. that Brother Reynolds has been visited by a religious cyclone, which destroyed the roof of his house. In our rural district, when one of our neighbors suffers loss by fire or storm, we make what we call a bee. All turn out and make his domicil good as new, and sometimes better. Now, I think the Liberals should turn out and put a new roof on Brother Reynolds's house. Inclosed find my shingle for that purpose, with instructions for Brother Reynolds to nail it on where it will do the most good. H. L. BAILEY.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Aug, 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5.25, to be applied as follows: $3 to pay my subscription; $1 to the illustration fund, as I think the pictures of Watson Heston make THE TRUTH SEEKER the grandest paper in the world; $1 please hand to Mr. C. B. Reynolds, to help fight the enemies of Freethought—and I must say here, Bravo for Robert G. Ingersoll, the worthy president of the American Secular Union, for rendering assistance to Mr. Reynolds in defending him. For the other 25 cents please send me a copy of the TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC for 1886. I shall never do without THE TRUTH SEEKER.

With success to yourself and your grand paper, I remain,
A brother in Freethought, G. H. SOHEEL.

NEWPORT, MAINE, Aug. 24, 1886.

TO THE READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: I am this day, Aug. 24th, seventy-three years old. I feel it to be proper to make this request. For at least sixty-five years I hav been a producer—a farmer and mechanic. Twelve years ago my home, a home made with my own hands of twenty-five years of hard labor, by mortgage passed from my hands. Since then I hav had no home of my own. I hav traveled a great deal, and hav sold and given away a great deal of the best reading, and hav done a good deal of work on a farm, for which I hav received nothing. I hav just had another edition of my paper, the *World's Reformer*, printed, and I kindly ask those who are able to *send me a dollar, or less if* they cannot afford that sum, and I will send them their money's worth in what I feel to be a paper worth circulating.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

GENESSEE, Aug. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I find I am in arrears again with my subscription. If you will pardon me, I will try and do better in the future. Wife and I could not get along without the noble TRUTH SEEKER. It just suits us. The "Letters from Friends" comes every week to cheer us up, and is one of the best parts of it. The "Gems of Thought" can't be beat. And, last but not least, the illustrations are just splendid. I care not how hard they hit or how much they hurt. They, the orthodox, hit us as hard blows as they know how, and speak, and, perhaps, think, as meanly of us as they can. The true way is to pay them back in the same kind of coin, so if they are not too stupid to learn it will teach them that as they giv they must expect to receive. Go right along with the illustrations, and let every Liberal feel under obligation to get a new subscriber for everyone who cries, "Stop my paper." L. G. BARNES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Will you permit me to say a few words to J. W. Benoit, of Oakland, Ill., to whose query you editorially replied in your issue of August 28th?

When a Christian asks, "Can you giv me a better god?" does this not show the mercenary light in which he regards his God? He serves his God and worships him. Why? Because in the long run he expects it to pay. He is supposed to deny himself worldly pleasures, and thus secure stock in the New Jerusalem. He thinks he is making a splendid bargain—a shrewd stroke of business—in swapping a few years here for a great many more years hereafter. If the Bible is true, a person is a fool who acts otherwise. But the question between Christianity and Freethought is not one of giving or taking away. It is simply one of truth and delusion.

Suppose I make the acquaintance of a young man who was raised by his parents and taught from his babyhood that by investing every cent he could make in lottery tickets he would, by his fortieth birthday, win a $100,000 prize. He devotes all his time and energy to making money, with which he buys tickets. I say to him, "My friend, your parents were mistaken. If you should liv two centuries you would never win so much money." Then he would reply, "If you take away my $100,000, for which I hav labored so long, what will you giv me instead?" I can giv him nothing. There is no question of giving. This prize exists only in imagination, and his efforts are misdirected.

This life is the only one we will liv, and instead of "feeding on wind and pursuing after the east wind," as Ephraim is reported to hav done, it would be far better to take the $800,000,000 invested in churches and other "next-world" property, and apply it to the building of schools, hospitals, and asylums. And the thousands of able-bodied persons who are wasting their time and energy in upholding a delusion could be better employed in adding to the earthly comfort or alleviating the misery of their fellow-men.

SAM C. MCELWEE.

EAST OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish I could put on paper in a readable manner the tremendous feelings of my heart when I read about the actions of what was once my church, the Catholic. I can hardly realize the fact, although I know it to be true, that men like bishops and priests, men of learning, should be so depraved as to teach our children such most damnable lies. For thirty years I believed in the Virgin story, and heaven, hell, and purgatory, in their money-making saving business. According to your pictures, which I admire, those bishops and priests all go to hell; and, being an Infidel, I must go, too. Well, I'll make it hot for them, for if there is a class of men on our planet that I detest it is those rogues that fight our schools so they can get our children to make fools and slaves of them. Of all the ingenuity practiced by religionists the Catholic is the most complete for making fools of our children. Oh, my friend, there is too much truth for our dear children to learn! American children can not afford to waste their valuable time in trying to learn what they never can know. THOMAS ARPER.

CARTHAGE, MO., Aug. 17, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Find $1 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the balance of the year.

Well, Mr. Macdonald, I read with astonishment in your paper of August 7th of the arrest of Mr. Reynolds. Is it possible, in this much-boasted-of free and civilized country, to hear of such religious fanaticism? Oh, we hav a tremendous work before us! I do all in my power that I can. I hav saved the souls of my family, and made a few doubters around me, but can get no subscribers for your paper. Times are too hard for people to get money. The trouble is, the most of us are poor, and hav not the influence we should hav, and the rich, with a few exceptions, will not do anything, and money is needed to send lecturers all over the country. Now, if every reader of your paper would pay ten cents a month (the poorest of us could do that), we could send a few more good speakers to preach the new gospel of salvation; and they that will not listen, let them go wherever they hav a mind to.

With the hope that Mr. Reynolds may get safe out of the clutches of the Jersey bigots, with the best wishes to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its readers, I remain

Yours, CHAS. SAGNER.

BOERNE, TEX., Aug. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to announce to you the death of Wm. Hillert, of New Braunfels, Texas, a Freethinker and friend of humanity. He was an old subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and, if I am not mistaken, an occasional contributor. Hillert was born near Berlin, Germany, about sixty years ago. After graduating at the Gymnasium at Berlin at the age of seventeen, he entered the service of the government as civil engineer and draughtsman. A Freethinker from the start, of which he made no secret, he soon came in conflict with the clergy. He also was an open republican. This at last made his stay in the old country uncongenial and caused him to emigrate to Texas in 1847. He settled in the mountains near New Braunfels, then yet a very wild country inhabited by the Comanche Indians, and commenced farming. In spite of the privations of a frontier life, he kept in correspondence with the outside world. When the Abolition movement began he advocated the abolition of slavery with pen and word—certainly a daring undertaking in a slave country. During the civil war he was a stanch Union man.

He, perhaps more than any other one man, prevented the churches from getting a foothold in the mountains of Texas, an area of sixteen hundred square miles. He leaves a good wife and eight well-brained children, besides a host of friends.

In his private dealings he was a man of scrupulous honesty. He would never contract a debt. No one ever held his note. He would even rather forego the necessities of life than go in debt. He always paid as he went. F. W. SOHWEPPE.

GREELEY, COL., Aug. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The people of Greeley hav been somewhat aroused by Mr. S. P. Putnam, who has delivered four lectures here. "If there is anybody more enthusiastic and better calculated to impart something of his enthusiasm to others than Mr. Putnam, I do not know him." After hearing him speak, all his writings are more interesting than ever. My father, Dr. Camp, takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I liv with him and hav the privilege of reading it; so, instead of going to church or reading the Bible, I find something a great deal better in THE TRUTH SEEKER and books which I bought of Mr. Putnam. Mr. Putnam lectured here on the 17th and 18th of August. The first night he lectured, the Unitarians had a lawn sociable to keep any of their flock from attending, for they are going to build a new church and want the support of the Liberals, who go with them for the want of a better place, and are a little afraid of public opinion. We used their hall, and at seven o'clock they sent an expressman and took away fifty of the chairs; but we got more and listened to "The Glory of Infidelity," and it rained so hard they could not hav the lawn party. The second night Mr. Putnam organized a Secular Union. It is a small one, but we will all work, and I hope it will grow and be a benefit to this part of the world, for they need something besides churches. We hav a great deal to do and few to help do it, but I hope we will be able to establish a flourishing Union. I will try and send you some new subscribers soon for your valuable paper. My life would not be much without it; it is to me what the Bible is to the Christian. I hope Mr. Putnam will come again some time.

EULAH C. STILLWELL.

DENVER, COL., Aug. 22, 286.

MR. EDITOR: August 8th and 15th we had Mr. Putnam here to lecture. Both nights he gave us the very best gems of Liberal thought. His audiences were large, and, judging from the repeated applause, appreciativ. On August 8th about twelve hundred people listened to his discourse on "Mental Liberty;" many more to his second effort, "The New Heaven and Earth."

We expected a feast of good things when Mr. Putnam came. We received all and more than we hoped for. He is a graceful, earnest, and enthusiastic speaker—the needed man in the right place.

On the evening of the 17th Mr. Putnam met with us and formed a Secular Union, thirty-eight joining. Enthusiasm prevailed. All the expenses of the lectures were promptly met and $33 raised for Mr. Putnam.

When we get our charter and hav things in working order, we shall hav a large League in Denver.

Thousands of dollars hav been taken out of this city during the last two years by itinerant revivalists. I cannot understand it. We hav, I am informed, over forty churches; each church has its pastor. These men are generally well paid. They claim to hav a "call" to save souls, but somehow the "holy spirit" will not work with them in the conversion of sinners; so when new recruits are wanted for the churches a revivalist, who is more "hail fellow, well met" with the converting agency, has to be summoned to the "help of the Lord against the mighty." Strange, is it not?

The churches are improving, however. One revivalist preached a literal fire and brimstone hell; polite Christian ears were greatly shocked. One orthodox minister said more harm had been done by such a sermon than all the pastors in Denver could undo in three months. Glory to common sense! Yet this man preached the unadulterated Bible hell. What can they do about it?

There was more sense, truth, and eloquence in Mr. Putnam's two lectures than in all the orthodox sermons preached here in a year. I trust the time is not far distant when he can return and stay longer with us.

MRS. BUCKNER-JOHNSON, M.D.

BARRE, MASS., Aug. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having received a letter from a correspondent in Young county, Texas, containing so many excellent things, with his permission I send a few extracts to THE TRUTH SEEKER for publication.

The writer is a strong, robust young man, twenty-six years of age, formerly a successful school-teacher, now a civil engineer and land surveyor. It will be seen, first, that he is from all Liberal society; second, though unmated, he has the true bravery of manhood to remain so rather than unite with a Christian (for which he should be commended); and, third, he can not perceive how strong, clear, intellectual powers can be so obscured by the myths of old theology as to blind their possessor to the fatal delusion of Christianity! How many men like him are struggling on alone for lack of a companion or a congenial one because Christianity claims most of our young girls, women, and wives is unknown. Oh! that woman would rise and shake off the slavish thraldom of the yoke of superstition, and with man—her husband—seek to crush out the most infamous religion that ever cursed the earth!

THE LETTER.

. . . It has been so long since I hav seen or talked to a genuin Liberal that, with the poet Moore, I sometimes

Feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted.

This country is priest-ridden, and every institution is headed by the church. I cannot enjoy anything that savors of the old dogmas that I know to be so detrimental to liberty, and as it would be a very difficult matter to find anything in this country wholly free from superstitious ideas of some kind, I feel very isolated sometimes. And, again, I must either hold my tongue and tolerate the silly arguments that I so despise, or openly declare my honest convictions and be socially ostracized and shunned as though I were a leper. Of the two evils, I choose the former, whether it is the best or not, and it is policy; but I hope to see the time when a man is valued for his true worth, and not for what he believes or professes to believe; when a man can speak his mind and not lower himself in the social scale; when a man shall be measured by worth and not by faith. Such a time, I believe, will come, and I hope to liv to see it. I am so much alone in my views, and am troubled so much in consequence, that I sometimes think of coming North to find some kindred spirits with whom I can enjoy myself. The world has gone well with me since I last wrote you, and I am still in robust health. . . . I hav not seen fit to change my condition in life. Need I say that too much religion among the gentle sex is the principal cause? It is even so. I had far rather lead the life of a bachelor than to be married to a woman who is identified with any of the religious sects of to-day. Don't think me illiberal (if I may use the word) in this view. I show my willingness to grant them their dogmas by letting them alone, but I am sure they would not be as charitable to me. [Indeed they would not; you are just right, my boy.]

I am often puzzled to think that belief in such absurdities as the story of the creation, the flood, resurrection, etc., can be associated in the same mind with such sound ideas as I hav heard some professed Christians express. My father, for instance, is by occupation a civil engineer and land surveyor, and possesses a thorough knowledge of mathematics, together with ancient history, etc., and still he is a devout

Christian. Did such ideas as the above ever occur to your mind?

Yes, my friend, over and over and again, and I account for it in this way—early teaching, popular opinion, and the love of society—just the excuse you make for holding your peace, policy—induce thousands to join the church who no more believe in the creed than do you; others cannot bear ridicule and so go with the crowd, while poor woman, from a variety of causes, cannot let go of her "dear Jesus." But I must not go on expatiating on woman or any of the points touched in this letter, but invite the attention of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to the same.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

WAMEGO, KAN., Aug. 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: My friend Professor Bell calls me to account for my Prohibition. After much deliberation and a suspension of judgment for a period of over five years, I hav come to the conclusion that Prohibition is right, and perfectly consistent with Liberalism. Furthermore, the success and good effects of the system speak volumes in its favor. The fact that church people often make themselvs conspicuous in the matter has prejudiced many good Liberals against it. The only rational way is to try the question on its meriis, and not allow side issues to prejudice our opinions. We will find good and bad people on both sides of this question.

The open, promiscuous selling of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited by law; we hav as much right to regulate the sale of alcohol as that of any other poison. And such regulation is no hardship or injustice to anyone. In this way we lessen poverty, crime, and human suffering, reduce the burden of taxation, and abolish three-fourths of the criminal courts, prisons, and almshouses. An open saloon is a blight upon any community. It is a manufactory and rendezvous of criminals; and the maintenance of such an institution is a crime against the public. I am not in favor of licensing crime, but am in favor of closing these places wherever it can be done.

Prohibition does not dictate to a man what he shall or shall not drink. All this talk about it interfering with personal liberty or being legislation against the shape of a man's head I regard as pure sophistry, although well calculated to mislead. Under Prohibition, if a man thinks he needs liquor, he can get it, but he must buy it as a medicin; the result is that the use of it is reduced to a minimum.

Prohibition is progressiv, radical, and right, and Freethinkers can well afford to favor it. A. T. MCMILLAN.

BERLIN, N. J., Aug. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: There is one thing I feel perfectly satisfied of, beyond all doubt, and that is that if there is a supreme being worthy to be called God, he has kept himself out of the sight of men, and is not the monstrous, partial, unjust, cruel, angry, revengeful, murderous, abhorrent being that the Old Testament calls God.

I hav been carefully reading the first five books of the Old Testament, and such another mess of partiality, injustice, revenge, and cruelty I never found in any other book. I could sooner believe that "Gulliver's Travels" is all true than believe that a god could be guilty of all the monstrous falsehoods, absurdities, and outrages that are imputed to God in that book.

It says God made man, but made such a mistake and failure in the work that he repented of having made him, and got up a flood and drowned all but eight, whom he was foolish enough to save to perpetuate the same worthless breed—drowned them, when he had the power to change their hearts or dispositions in a moment of time, and make them just what he would hav them to be. Why did he not do it, and make them all good, pure, and happy? Or why did he not drown the whole lot, and hunt up some better dust, and start a new and better race, and save a nation like this the expense of supporting eighty thousand priests and building millions of dollars' worth of churches to patch up his blunders, and try in vain to make a decent race out of such bad materials?

Just read those old books—the first five in the Bible—and see what a fickle, wrathful being the God of that book is. He sent out Moses with an army to kill all the tribe of Benjamin, and not let a single soul escape. They killed all but six hundred cowardly men who forsook their mothers, wives, and children, and got among the rocks, where the army could not get at them, proving that they were commanded, if they were commanded at all, to do what they found impossible.

Then, when they got together to worship, they began to whine about the tribe of Benjamin, whom God had commanded them to exterminate: "Our poor brother Benjamin. What shall we do for Benjamin?" So they got up a plan, by order of the same God, to save the tribe he had commanded them to destroy. They were commanded to go out against another tribe and slay all the men, all the married women and the children, and save the virgins as wives for the six hundred human devils that God had tried to kill but could not!

Now, what kind of a marriage was that for a God to institute? How much love or respect could those virgins hav for men for whom their parents and little brothers and sisters had been butchered before their eyes? I never swore but one oath in my life, and that one was not spoken aloud, but I will now venture to say, To sheol with such a marriage as that, whether it is instituted by God, man, or the devil!

Well, they got four hundred virgins and gave them as wives to those cowardly men, not one of whom was worthy of a wife.

Still there were more than two hundred men not supplied. What next? "Go ye up to Shilo [like thieves or robbers] and lie in wait in the vinyards," and when the innocent daughters, weary of toil, come forth to hav a little healthy recreation in the dance, let each man leap forth and catch a miss. Another horrible marriage! How many men are there now among two hundred that would be willing to rush into a company of strange girls and grab the first one he could get hold of for a life-companion? And how many girls in two hundred, as anxious as too many of them are to be married, would be willing to be caught by a strange man, of whose character, disposition, and habits she was ignorant, and made a wife of by force? I could write a book as large as the Bible about the absolute falsehoods, mistakes, errors, partialities, contradictions, impossibilities, absurdities, murders, injustice, vulgarities, and other abominations blasphemously charged to a pure, just, and merciful God in that old book by ignorant men in barbarous ages, and which hav been crammed into the minds of ignorant, unthinking people for fifteen hundred years by ignorant or designing priests, too lazy to work and too proud to beg in an honest way. But this, I hope, will be sufficient to set the reader to reading the old book and thinking for himself. When the Bible is placed on a level with the other works of men, it will be comparativly harmless; but so long as it is called the word of a God, it will continue, as in the past, to do more harm than any other book ever published, for within its pages authority may be found for the commission of every species of vice and crime. JER. HAOKER.

AUSTIN, Mo., Aug. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money-order for $3.35 for another year in company with the readers and contributors of the TRUTH SEEKER family, and for the balance send me "Anti-Prohibition," Bell; and "Liberty and Morality," Bell.

Your renewal reminder is received, but it was wholly unnecessary, for I hav become so attached to the great religious truths promulgated through your columns that it is almost as impossible for me to liv without the paper as it is for life to be sustained without oxygen.

I had not really begun to liv until I became acquainted with THE TRUTH SEEKER some five years ago, since which time I hav been a constant reader and expect to be to the end. I hav only to regret that I did not know of the existence of the paper in my younger days—days and years that were wasted; yes, more than wasted, for then I was insulting God to his face (if there be a God) by attributing to him the authorship of that old Jew book. I believed (in fact, I had to believe, if I believed the Bible) that God was a tyrant, a villain, a monster, a demon; that he was a liar, a thief, a murderer, and that he never missed an opportunity of wreaking his vengeance, destruction, and death, and in many instances without a shadow of a cause.

I was taught, admonished, and exhorted to believe in the goodness, the mercy, the graciousness, the justice, of that great, infinit God, and that I ought to be perfectly willing to praise and glorify his name, if he, in his infinit wisdom, thought it would add to his glory to send me to hell. And I was taught that if I doubted the justice and mercy of God I was doomed eternally to a literal hell—a lake of fire and brimstone—and the devil and his imps would stand guard with long-handled forks and keep me eternally pushed out into the very depths of hell.

But since I hav been doing a little thinking for myself I hav come to different conclusions. I do not believe in a personal, individual God or devil, a literal hell or future punishment; and if there is anything inherent in the laws of nature that will continue our existence in the future under other conditions, we do not know it and cannot know it. And should there be a future life, the conditions may be such that we will hav no more knowledge of the life we hav lived in this world than we now hav of time before our existence here. How foolish it is for the clergy to pretend to teach something they do not and cannot know anything about!

I do not see how any true Liberal, anyone who is opposed to the tyranny of the church, can object to the cartoons. I earnestly indorse them. I think it is a great feature added to the paper; they are read at a glance by the people of all languages; they contain condensed history, history *multum in parvo*. It would require many pages of written matter to tell what the cartoons tell at a glance. But some few do object to them, for fear it might hurt the feelings of some of their church friends. THE TRUTH SEEKER is not run in the interest of the church. Let the cartoons appear weekly on the first and last pages and it will please ninety-nine-hundredths of TRUTH SEEKER readers.

Success to Watson Heston. R. A. SMILEY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: "He goes—I know not where, but he does." This was the remark of a lady friend yesterday morning, at the same time asking me with her to watch the course of a large ant carrying an object of nearly his size. Leaving her to enjoy this pleasure, I engaged on a more practical part of our garden. Soon seeing her outside, I hastily inferred that, failing in the ant adventure, she had found something else of more interest. But in due time she returned, soliciting my attention for a few minutes, when she led me some thirty yards through the gate to the wonderfully busy home of a large family of ants. precisely matching in size the one she had followed, depositing in his home his precious burden. On his long way she noticed that he ran an air-line, deviating only to pass obstructions. In the evening I chanced to find in our garden another family of the same class whence our messenger came. In all probability they had all lived together until it became wise to divide, to avoid the jam from an increasing dense family. Leaving some of their goods—possibly children or invalids—behind, this faithful worker had engaged in transporting as a common carrier. We now regret that we had not arrested him, detached his burden, and, with our microscope, learned just what it was. But enough was taught us in this Sunday's incident to justify the industry, economy, and wisdom of the ants. This is the general and well-deserved compliment given them.

Though their home in our garden may slightly interfere with contiguous vegetables, it shall not be disturbed, as I shall not soon forget the abuse a like family suffered from a barbarous young man two years since. Directing his attention to their industrious skill and system, he jumped upon their place and stamped all he could into the earth, then trying to turn aside the sting of my reproofs by saying they ate plants, etc. His parents, brothers, and sisters were of the established English church, and, of course, believed that, as their holy Bible taught, the Lord had created all things good and preserved them in the ark. Being the perfect creatures of a perfect God, it was the consistent duty of his regenerated and sanctified son to murder down ruthlessly these wiser and more harmless little creatures. If such be the fruits, what must be the tree? The reasoning from effect to cause no less than from cause to effect proves the Bible to be a barbarous book. *A posteriori* and *a priori* combine to demonstrate this lamentable and, must it be added, horrible fact.

The grand modern science of evolution, binding, as it does, the entire animal kingdom into one vast generic family, is doing much, probably more than any other branch of learning, to unshackle and civilize the minds of our kind. While it unites all Freethinking scientists in a common belief, and goes far in discovering the origin of our race, it instructs and converts more than a few preachers of a bad, superstitious book. Beecher and Dr. Woodrow are but specimens of this widening, happy influence. Like the woman's leaven in the meal, this pure truth and incontrovertible science is leavening the whole lump.

Besides, it is seen doing a humane work for oppressed animals even beyond the noble efforts of Bergh. His lectures and his law are good specifics, while Freethought, truth-loving editors and lectures, are yet mightier in their generic blows. Putting the ax to all evil roots, slaying absurdities and superstitions, the ground is cleared and the way opened for abundant crops of delicious fruits. Get the weeds, thorns, and thistles out of the ground, that useful products may grow. One must see and abhor the false and the evil ere he can cleave to the good.

With no faith or manner of old-fashioned piety, Burns, from his tender, noble, manly heart, could pour out these immortal words about his distressed mousie:

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
And fellow-mortal.

In this there is more honor and social science than in all the sermons ever delivered, or all the books ever written to bolster up an inhuman, superstitious, bloody book.

W. P.

CHARLOTTE TOWN, PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, Aug. 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5—$1 to assist poor Reynolds in his fight with the Christian mob of Methodists and Catholics, $1 to help pay expenses of Convention at Saratoga, and $3 to extend subscription on paper, charging me $4 on THE TRUTH SEEKER from the commencement of the cartoons. I would my purse was sufficiently plethoric to send $50 instead of $5 to assist the various laudable objects the Union, under such formidable difficulties, is striving to accomplish. Considering the power and prestige of your enemies, I often wonder at your pluck and persistence in continuing the conflict. Surely every true Liberal cannot eschew the responsibility of holding up your hands with not only his sympathy and coöperation, but also with funds according to his ability. The present position of Charlotte Town is unfortunate, burdened as it is with the maintenance of one holy Catholic church; and, although times are very hard and the dupes generally poor, still the clergy hav ordered the erection of another to cost some $150,000. In addition, they hav to maintain two costly Methodist churches, two costly Presbyterian, two very costly Baptist, one ditto Puseyite, one ditto Episcopal, and, in addition, the evangelist, Mitchell, with his spacious tent where hundreds congregate Sunday and week-day, day and night; also the Gospel and Salvation Armies with their drums, etc., making day and night hideous. This, for a population of about ten thousand, one would suppose must strain their financial powers pretty severely. No doubt there are a considerable number of Liberals of the various grades in the city, but, as in other places, few of them hav the courage to face the storm that bigotry and prejudice would bring upon them. I am not aware that THE TRUTH SEEKER, or any other Liberal paper, comes to our post-office except my own. But as I hav been notorious as a *quasi* Liberal, or Universalist, for over thirty years, the prejudice against me has partially subsided. The fact is they dare not attack my moral character, although some thirty years ago certain Methodist ministers used their best exertions to hav me driven out of the place where I then resided. Now, Mr. Editor, you can conceive that after all the experience I hav had for near seventy-five years, what an intellectual treat it would afford me to be near and able to attend at the coming Convention at Saratoga, and listen to the advocacy of the truth from such able men and women as will be on hand, and which I hav never had the privilege of hearing advocated from a public platform. I do not doubt you will sympathize with me in my isolated position.

But as I hav now exceeded my allotted time, and cannot expect to realize what I confidently anticipate will be the satisfying experience of younger men, it is still a great solace to me, in my isolated position, to perceive that the day-star is rising on high, and science comes on with her conquering legions, and every respectable, time-honored lie must shortly fly from her face to the mythical regions. And viewing the near approach of this joyful time in a much clearer and intelligent perspectiv than I can hav the means of doing, is for the Union a strong means of encouragement to persevere with an otherwise discouraging prospect. Wishing you all a glorious time and great results at the coming Convention, I am, as ever,

Yours in bonds of sympathy, JAS. B. GRAY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

My Choice.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet—
The traces of small, muddy boots,
And I see your fair tapestry glowing
All spotless, with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And I see that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands!

Yes, I know my "black walnut" is battered,
And dented by many small heels,
While your own polished stairway all perfect
Its smooth, shining surface reveals.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day,
While you sit in your own unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know that I hav jackets that wear out,
And buttons that never will stay,
While you can embroider at leisure,
And learn pretty arts of crochet.

And I know there are lessons of spelling
Which I must be patient to hear,
While you may sit down to your novel,
Or turn the last magazine near!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman—
I like my house orderly, too,
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings—
Yet I would not change places with you!

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from trouble and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But giv me my four splendid boys!

—*Jerome Harrison.*

Spring-time; or, the Little Poet.

Flossie Stanhope was orphaned at an early age, and, as she had no relativs that the townspeople knew of, she was taken to the poorhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who lived there to manage the farm and care for the paupers, were not very kind to this little waif, who was sensitiv in the highest degree, and needed kind and affectionate care and treatment. Any child in a like situation would suffer, but her extremely sensitiv and delicate organism made her suffering more intense. Her beautiful amber curls were cropped short by Mrs. Williams on her arrival at the poorhouse. Her lovely curls that her dear mother had so delighted to twine around her fingers, and arrange in perfect order for her father to admire and praise! Click, click, went the shining, cruel scissors, while sobs that she could not suppress came from her throat as the golden mass accumulated on the floor at her side.

"What are you sniveling about?" asked Mrs. Williams. "Because I'm cutting off this mess of snarls?"

"Mamma used to comb and curl my hair every day, and then it was not snarled, and papa used to call me his little golden head."

"You needn't think you'll get any such nonsense talked to you here, nor that I'm going to comb and fix up such a mess of hair as that every day either."

There were a few other children there besides Flossie, but they were too rough for her to associate or play with. When obliged to come in contact with them they were very unkind, and tortured her in various ways. At length they were all sent to the village school. Unless Flossie could manage to go and come from school by herself these children annoyed her on the one-mile walk all the way, sometimes by bad and rough talk, and often by throwing stones at her, and even hitting her with them, or by striking her if no one was passing by on the road. If the roads were muddy they compelled her to walk in the mud and water, and, pushing her down, thus caused her to be whipped by Mrs. Williams for "being so careless, and getting her clothes so dirty that they never could be got clean again;" and Flossie dared not tell the truth, for the children had threatened dire vengeance if she "telled on us."

Gertie Lawrence, the school-teacher, had a home in the city. Her parents were wealthy, and she was not obliged to teach, but she came to this village to visit an old and dearly loved schoolmate, Minnie Jason. Mr. Jason, her father, was superintendent of the school, and was disappointed in his failure to hire the teacher he expected. As Minnie was as yet unqualified for a teacher, and Gertie had even a teacher's diploma, Minnie suggested that she should teach the summer term. "I will do it," she replied, "so I will hav had some experience should I ever be obliged to teach. I will teach and giv the money I earn to some one who is poor."

"That is what you always think of—helping some poor and unfortunate person. I wish everyone was as good as you are, dear Gertie," said Minnie.

"There are many much better than I am, darling."

"Then I would like to form their acquaintance."

Here some one called and conversation ceased.

Flossie's age was now about ten years, but she was so very small that she looked much younger.

Gertie, not knowing her history, had paid her no particular attention, except to greet her kindly and hear her lessons, which she always recited perfectly. She had, however, noticed that the child possessed uncommon beauty, and that her noon lunch was very meager, and sometimes unwholesome, and often gave her a piece of pie or cake from her own basket.

Nearly all the children had of late formed the habit of drawing rude pictures on their slates during study hours, and as it greatly interfered with their lessons, Gertie had made several efforts to stop them. One day she discovered Flossie to be very busy with slate and pencil and walked quietly over to her side, but instead of the picture she expected to see, she saw and read the following:

No one has loved me since my papa
And dear mamma were gone,
And many are the tears I've shed;
Many the sighs I've drawn.
A kick or a blow
From Susan or Joe,
Or an unkind word
Is all I hav heard
From nearly all,
Both great and small.
I sigh to die,
And pray to-day,
To see near me
Grim death. My breath,
Oh, cease! Release,
O Ghole, my soul!

"Where did you find or learn those lines, Flossie?" asked Gertie.

Flossie started on discovering her teacher by her side.

"I—I made it up," she replied in a frightened voice. "I hav not made any pictures, and I hav learned my lesson."

"Did you compose that all yourself, Flossie?"

"Yes."

"Stay in to-night after the others hav left; I wish to talk with you a little. Do not rub out the lines."

"Did I do wrong to write them?"

"No."

At the usual hour the children were dismissed. Flossie alone remaining.

"Are your papa and mamma dead, Flossie?" asked Gertie.

"Yes."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Touch it Never.

Children, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm;
It will surely lead to harm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!
Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!
Never let it pass your lips;
Never even let the tips
Of your fingers touch the bowl;
Hate it from your inmost soul.
Truly hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—A CHARADE.

The *first's* a kind of fairy;
The *second's* a cap that's hairy;
If Elisha had only worn one,
Of those children the bears had not torn one;
But God can easier make the bears, sir,
Than caps of artificial hair, sir;
So, little boy, beware, beware, sir,
Or the man of God without the hair, sir,
Will look at you and "cuss" and swear, sir;
And out will jump the two she-bears, sir,
And tear, and tear, and tear, and tear, sir,
Till you had wished you had sauced some sinner,
And left the bears without their dinner;
But I digress—let us go back,
And keep along the subject's track.
The *whole* is like the *second*,
A kind of *peruke* reckoned;
If from the *whole*, as I hav said,
You draw *reversed a metallic thread*,
Lo! punko, dunko, munko mine!
All that is left is a *youthful swine*.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—HOUR GLASS.

A Mohammedan monk.
Useless.
A verb.
A letter.
A small species of deer.
Full of sand.
A bird.
Centrals a state.

Lyons, N. Y. C. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, AUGUST 28, 1886.

1.-Weevil. 3.-Thomas Paine. 4.-Be honest, be honorable, be kind, be upright, be wise, be polite, be charitable. 5.-Because he already has *a bit in his mouth.*

SOLVERS.—J. H. Paine, Oliver Jones, H. J. Messinger, Lee Hincher.

Correspondence.

OVERTON, GA.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I do not get a chance to read THE TRUTH SEEKER often, because papa does not take it; but when I do read it, I always turn to the Children's Corner first, and appreciate it highly. My mother and father are both members of the church. Mamma says it is a sin to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, although it is so interesting she cannot help reading it whenever she sees it. But mamma has told me that I can write to you, and I hope you will publish my letter. I am sure you would publish it if you knew how much pleasure it would giv me.

The Children's Corner has such nice stories in it. I wish I had "The Story Hour," because I like so much to read. I am eleven years old. I hav a sweet little sister, four years old, named Pearl. Do you care if I write again? I wish some of THE TRUTH SEEKER cousins would write to me.

Your little friend, NANNIE FAMBROUGH.

[We are very much pleased to hav a letter from Nannie. We giv her a hearty welcome to the Corner, and hope she will write again some time. Perhaps some of our little girls will write to her soon, and we hope her papa may take THE TRUTH SEEKER on trial, so that his little girl may hav the pleasure of reading the Children's Corner every week. With kind regards to her papa, mamma, herself, and little Pearl, we trust ever to be the children's friend.—EDITOR C. C.]

GATES, TENN., Aug. 21, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I read THE TRUTH SEEKER, examin the sketches produced by Heston, and believe them to be a better way to place the superstitious views of orthodoxy before the people than any other.

What a farce is the case of C. B. Reynolds! Can it be possible that such ignoramuses yet exist in "America?" Did these people hav such fools for parents? Every boy and girl writing for your Corner should cry, Shame!

It only proves what religion would do if it could hav the power, and I am glad there are so many intelligent men and women to defend Mr. Reynolds.

Please giv address of Geo. Sam. Newton.

Your friend, BERTIE WINEMAN.

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If we were trying to show that vivisection is justifiable, and is required for the development of the healing arts, we should point out many other most valuable discoveries that hav been made by means of such experiments. It may be that some experiments that are made upon animals are made unnecessarily or frivolously, for unworthy motivs, in improper ways, or without due regard to the results that should be aimed at. We do not see why a physician should be allowed to torture and maim countless animals for the sole purpose of getting so-called evidence to be used by a rich railroad company in opposing the claims of passengers who hav been injured on its lines. Such a use of vivisection was recently made by a physician in a neighboring state. But a careful examination of the history and results of vivisection, if made with intelligence and without prejudice, will prove that experiments among animals hav been of very great service in the development of the arts by which human suffering is removed or alleviated, and valuable human lives are saved. The case of Dr. Horsley's epileptic patient furnishes a remarkable addition to the literature of this subject.—*Times*.

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News of t

CHOLERA is carrying off a day in Italy.

VICTORIA MOROSINI, th Gould's partner, has at le man husband, after man sities, and will enter a co

STRIKES are rife among New York tailors, plumbers, capmakers, and boxmakers.

GERONIMO and his band hav surrendered to Captain Lawton. They were conveyed to Bowie, A. T.

AN Orange funeral procession in Dublin, Ireland, on Sunday was attacked by Catholics, and there was much throwing of stones.

THE hatters' union, of New York are endeavoring to enforce the religious law on dealers who open their stores on Sunday. The police very sensibly decline to coöperate with the hatters in this hypocritical movement.

THE Association of Creditors of Archbishop Purcell met at Cincinnati on the 5th, and passed a resolution calling on the trustees of the estate to render an account of rents of property in their hands; also a resolution calling on the clergy to giv the communicants the control of the business affairs of the churches.

THE earthquake shock in Charleston damaged church buildings to the amount of more than a million dollars.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is enjoying a vacation in Clinton county, New York. He is reported to hav shot a deer last week.

THE Government of Peru has decreed that Chinese residents of that country may enjoy the same rights and privileges as other colonists.

THE "sea serpent" is now showing himself in the Hudson River. Up to date he has been seen by none but persons of "undoubted veracity."

IT is reported that nearly one thousand members of Typographical Union No. 6 are are now out of work. It is said that this summer has been the worst for several years.

THE czar of Russia has forced Alexander, the Bulgarian prince, to abdicate. Dispatches say that the other European powers are greatly exercised over the affair, Germany being indignant, Austria astonished, and England very angry.

ALTHOUGH Brooklyn is called the city of churches, the Rev. W. F. Bainbridge, of Providence, R. I., regards it as a promising place for missionary effort, and thirteen mission stations are to be established.

FATHER EDWARD COLEMAN, of Iowa, was taken from the street in this city last week in a very drunken condition. In the police court he pleaded that he had not had a drink before for ten years, and the justice discharged him.

A CHRISTIAN or Campbellite minister named George W. Hortzclaw, aged forty years, has been convicted at Heber, Ark., of forgery and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He became a Methodist minister at the age of twenty-eight. He married three times, deserting his wives in succession. He was in the midst of a successful revival in Franklin county, and had immersed several converts in a stream near the scene of his labors when arrested on the charge of forgery. He protested his innocence, and considerable excitement ensued among his followers. When his case was called in the Cleburne county circuit court he entered a plea of guilty and accepted the five years' sentence. He did this to avoid other complications, a sheriff from Illinois having arrived during the trial with a warrant for his arrest on the charge of bigamy.

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of Thought.

the ideas of God held by the more sensible than Paul's. ed in the flesh and blood neheir conceptions of him were n of nature's forces. If Paul ture instead of God, he would correct. Nature is truly the , and the power of motion, and is at all times near every living being. This ever-present power was never made nor devised, while the God Paul believed in was devised in the minds of ignorant men.—*D. M. Bennett.*

POPE'S view of his own career suggests the curious problem, how it came to pass that so harmless a man should be the butt of so many hostilities. How could any man be angry with a writer of gentle pastorals and versified love-letters? The answer of Pope was, that this was the normal state of things. "The life of a wit," he says, in the preface to his works, "is a warfare upon earth," and the warfare results from the hatred of men of genius natural to the dull. Had anyone else made such a statement, Pope would hav seen its resemblance to the complaint of the one reasonable juryman overpowered by eleven obstinate fellows. But we may admit that an extremely sensitiv nature is a bad qualification for a public career. A man who ventures into the throng of competitors without a skin will be tortured by every touch, and suffer the more if he turns to retaliate. — *Leslie Stephen's Pope.*

THE civilized world has outgrown Christianity, and is now in the condition of the Roman empire in the pagan days. A cold-hearted Infidelity above, a sordid superstition below; a school of Plutarchs who endeavor to reconcile the fables of a barbarous people with the facts of science and the lofty conceptions of philosophy; a multitude of augurs who sometimes smile when they meet, but who more often feel inclined to Entering the church in their youth, before men. minds were formed, they discover too late what it is that they adore, and since they cannot tell the truth, and let their wives and children starve, they are forced to lead a life which is a lie. What a state of society is this in which Freethinker is a term of abuse, and in which doubt is regarded as a sin! . . Worship is a conventionality; churches are bonnet-shows, places of assignation, shabby-genteel *salons*, where the parochial "At Home" is given, and respectable tradesmen exhibit their daughters in the wooden stalls. . . We are now in the dreary desert which separates two ages of belief. A new era is at hand.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

MILTON read with selection, and "meditated," says Aubray, what he read. His practice conformed to the principle he has himself laid down in the oft-quoted lines (Paradise Regained, iv, 322):

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.
—*Pattison's Milton.*

TRUE Scotchman as Carlyle was, with all his fiery emotions and prejudices in favor of the bigoted Presbyterianism of his parents, of his mother especially, whom he idolized; and fond as he was of spicing his talk with the imagery and aphorisms of scripture, still he, at a quite early day in his life, repudiated the orthodoxy of Scotland, and declined to be a professional mouthpiece of it in a pulpit, where his mother hoped to see him. He would do anything to please her, but he could not make such a sacrifice of his deepest convictions as compliance in that matter would hav involved. But he always had a kindness for Christianity—not doctrinal, sophisticated, ecclesiastical Christianity, but for the primitiv, genuin article. To him it was the "worship of sorrow," as it was to his master, Goethe—the religion of reverence to that which is beneath us. "The temple of Christianity," he says, "founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures." He saw in the founder of Christianity man morally at his highest and best, and no so-called God, or son of God, and vulgar miracle-monger.—*B. W. Ball.*

THE worst ill service you can do to the violent is to show them that they may work their wicked will unpunished and unchecked by the natural instincts of humanity. It is to make them "masters of the situation," to encourage them by success and impunity, to enthrone them as monarchs of the world. It is to put goodness under the foot of evil, and so to drive back the progress of humanity; . . it is, too, to harden the sinner in his wrong, the criminal in his crime, and the brute in his brutality; to teach him to proceed in outrages and iniquities that pay so well. Hundreds that would hav been stopped at the outset of their criminal career by prompt and timely resistance are led on by the impunity which submission secures till habits of crime are formed, and recovery becomes hopeless. Non-resistance, again, becomes connivance and complicity in wrong.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Vol. 13. No. 38. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. New York, Saturday, September 18, 1886. 33 CLINTON PLACE. $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

IN New Jersey the Catholics and Protestants unite in mobbing Infidels; while in Ireland, where there are no Infidels, they mob each other. — *Independent Pulpit.*

IN a convict camp in Georgia there are eighty-six negro convicts, of whom thirty-five are preachers.

AN orthodox preacher in Storm Lake, Ia., thinks that the Universalist preacher of the same place is objectionable. So he prayed the other day in church that the Lord would either change the heart of the Universalist, or kill him.

THEY tell in Brattleboro, Vt., of a clergyman who refused to take meat of his butcher because it had been killed on Sunday. A few days later the preacher told the butcher that he wanted some meat. "I havn't any to sell you," said that conscientious man. "I hav stopped receiving money that is earned on Sunday."

DEPRECATING the fashionable organ solos called interludes during the singing of hymns, the *Religious Herald* says: "As these interludes are often thrown, they remind us of the remark of the Scotch divine who said, 'It used to be "Great God, attend while Zion sings," but now all attend while Jim fiddles.'"

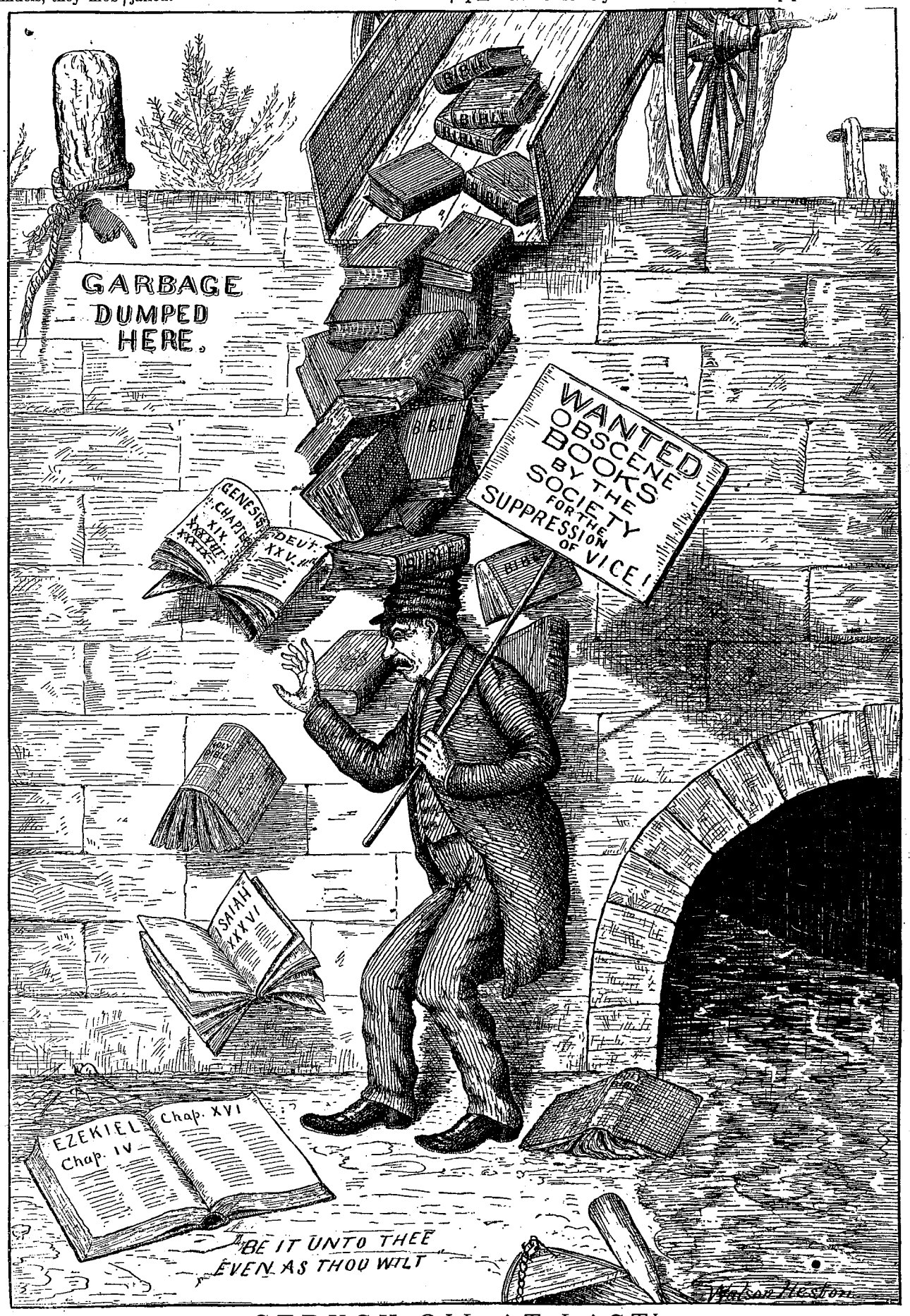
A COLPORTEUR of the American Bible Society found in Riley, Wis., the other day the son of a Methodist clergyman who had no Bible in his house. He wouldn't buy one, and wouldn't accept one as a gift, and when the colporteur intimated that he'd leave one anyway, the bad man became very angry and put the Bible man out of the house.

A CITIZEN of Olneyville, R. I., bragged that he could get a drink on Sunday, and to prove it, confidentially asked a doctor for something to brace him up. The doctor knew the man, and wrote a prescription calling for *aqua pura;* the druggist saw the joke, and put up the water in a flat bottle, and charged a round price for it. The buyer's remarks when he tested the dose are not reportable.

THERE is a Catholic monastery in West Hoboken where all manner of diseases are claimed to be cured by faith and the application of a bit of bone which was once a portion of the anatomy of Paul the Apostle. There is also a Chinese theologian on Mott street, in this city, who accomplishes equally surprising cures by burning paper and killing fowls.

A LONDON clergyman wanted to raise the sum of £1,200, and he converted himself into a "sandwich man," carrying a couple of boards setting forth his desire. He obtained 2s. and 6d. and narrowly escaped being jailed.

THE Indian question is now whether Chief Geronimo shall be hanged or not. As he has not been charged with making incendiary speeches, it is thought there is hope for him, though he has been slaughtering the settlers of Arizona for some years.



STRUCK OIL AT LAST!

AGENT OF THE S. S. V.—This is the place I long hav sought—And mourned because I found it not.

THE excitement caused two or three months ago, says the *Independent*, by the desertion of the Old Catholic cause in Rome by Savarese, and his humble submission to the Papal authorities, has been overshadowed recently by the return of Paul Grassi to the Roman Catholic fold. He had for twelve years been a Protestant, and of late had been in connection with the Baptist denomination. As in the case of Savarese, money considerations were the chief persuader in the step. Grassi had a remarkable gift for getting into debt, and when the Baptist leaders in Rome, after having paid large sums for him on a number of occasions, refused to do so again, he found it opportune to "pervert" back into the church of Rome. Grassi has, however, got to stand on trial before the civil courts. When returning to his old church, he simply discarded his wife and threw her on the public charities, and the attempt is being made to compel him to see to her wants.

A ST. PAUL clergyman is reported as saying that if Jesus Christ "run a carpenter-shop here in this city there are fully one-half of our church-members who drive up to our churches in their fine carriages would not speak to him. He could not get social recognition unless he lived on Summit avenue, or belonged to a club." The *Globe* says that there is more truth than poetry in the remark.

THE Denison, Texas *Gazetteer* says: "To put it mildly, the editor of *Our Battle Flag*, a new paper published by Rev. Tynes, of this city, shows bad taste in classing Infidels with gamblers and fallen women. There are a good many 'Infidels' in Denison, but so far as our acquaintwith them extends they will compare favorably in moral character with 'believers.'"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Churchman* thinks that the baptism of infants should not be deferred until the mother is able to come to church with them. Such a practice is, in his opinion, "unchurchly, modern, American, and ultra-Protestant." Moreover, it endangers the salvation of the child's soul, as there can be no certainty of salvation without baptism.

ACCORDING to a table published in London, which, the *Churchman* says, may be depended upon as sufficiently accurate, the numerical strength of the leading religious bodies among all English-speaking people throughout the world is as follows: Congregationalists, 5,750,000; Baptists of all descriptions, 8,195,000; Presbyterians of all descriptions, 10,650,000; Methodists of all descriptions, 16,000,000; Episcopalians, 21,305,000.

CITY ASSESSOR WILLIAM A. KELLY says that the loss from the Charleston earthquake will readily reach $10,000,000. The taxable property aggregates $22,000,000. Then there is the non-assessable property, churches, schools, and charitable institutions, aggregating $10,000,000. As the greater portion of the property destroyed was inherited by old families who hav no surplus means, it is believed that only a portion will be rebuilt.

IN the city of Charleston God's recent work did over a million dollars' damage to churches. This is too bad, for it will spoil the effect of all the pretty Sunday-school stories which may be told about the earthquake and the "hand of providence" in it. An earthquake that will knock the homes of people into a heap and leave the churches standing should be prayed for, because this one has plainly been managed in a bungling manner.— *Winsted Press.*

Communications.

The Church and Its Influence.

A believer in the so-called divine revelation must necessarily be intolerant, because he believes that it emanated from God and must therefore be perfect. Anything contrary to the revelation must be wrong and therefore will meet his displeasure.

I wonder why the Christian cannot see that the Mormon, the Mohammedan, or the Brahman must necessarily hav the same confidence in his particular revelation that he has in his.

The Christian believes that God will punish every man who goes contrary to his "will." The "will" of God is the Bible, as the Christian understands it, and when he takes the punishment into his own hands he thinks he is only carrying out the purpose of God. Every Christian persecution has had its root in this belief.

If I believed the Bible to be the word of God, I would hang a witch at sight; I would stone a man to death who picked up sticks on the Sabbath; I would burn every work on astronomy and geology, and their authors should share the same fate.

I would plant myself on the Bible and say, "This book is God's holy will to man. God knows everything, and if it had been necessary for man to know more than his 'will' contains, God would hav put it down in this book." I would oppose every improvement, knowing God would hav spoken about it if it had been agreeable to his "will."

If a man should speak lightly of the account of creation, or Noah's big boat and floating menagerie, or Jonah's wonderful sea voyage, or the feats of Samson, I would burn him as a blasphemer.

I hav no doubt that in the main every woman who has been publicly whipped; every witch that has been hanged; every heretic who has been burnt, has been whipped, hanged, or burnt by those who thought they were doing the "will of God."

The difficulty is to make the Christian understand the difference between ignorant men and a wise God. The most ridiculous things written by the most ignorant men in semi-barbarous times are to the Christian the word of an omniscient God.

It was impossible for Bible writers to anticipate the civilization, wants, and condition of the people of today; and hence the Christian is chained back to the ignorance of the times in which his Bible originated, and he fights the reformer who tries to break his chains. Nothing suits him like the mental darkness of old Bible times, because he believes such darkness to be in accord with the "will" of God. With such belief, how can the Christian progress only as he is pushed along by outside force?

How can a man believe in the science of geology and at the same time believe in the "six days of creation," as laid down in the book of Genesis? How can he teach the science of astronomy and at the same time teach that the jumble in Genesis is a "divine revelation?" The Bible writers knew nothing about the science of astronomy or geology, yet to the Christian their ignorance is divine knowledge.

The Christian is just what his Bible makes him. There are laws of mind as well as laws of matter. He would not be proscriptiv if he knew it, but the Bible writers hav made his God a tyrant, and he is all the time trying to carry out the "will" of his God.

When he reads in his Bible, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv," instead of regarding the command as the vaporings of a superstitious fanatic, he firmly believes it to be the word of God; and if by anything which may transpire he comes to believe that a person is a witch, he will kill the person at sight.

The difficulty is to see things as the Christian sees them—to view them from a Christian's standpoint. When he reads in his Bible that women are to be "ripped up alive," and helpless children murdered, he sees no brutality in it. To him they were enemies to God and justly deserved the cruelties practiced upon them.

He does not reflect that, instead of such horrid commands coming from God, they were issued by a military savage. He does not think that if God wanted to wreak his vengeance on innocent babies which he himself had created he would not be compelled to call on a lot of half-savage wretches to execute his will, when one turn of the screw of his almighty power would blast them all out of existence. The history of the Christian religion is simply the philosophy of cause and effect. The cruelties, persecutions, and ignorance engendered are the natural outgrowth of Christian belief.

If a man believe that God has written a book, everything in that book will be "divine will" to him, whether right or wrong. If, instead of being written by God, the book was written by ignorant men, with all the instincts of brutality, ignorance and brutality will characterize the readers to a greater or less extent. A period of a thousand years, known as the Dark Ages, marked by every act of brutality, persecution, and misery, when the whole of Europe was subjected to the thumb-pressure of Christianity, is ample proof of the truth which I utter.

A belief in a divine revelation must necessarily antagonize every attempt at improvement, and act as a clog to mental development. There will ever be a conflict between the expansiv force of the human intellect and blind faith in an infallible revelation. The human mind must be lifted above the delusiv belief in so-called divine revelation before its powers can be known or calculated. Gods and "divine revelations" are always stationary; whatever is perfect cannot improve. The mind of man is expansiv, ever advancing, ever exploring new fields and making new conquests when left to its natural bent.

So long as man is tied down to gods and revelations, so long as he is frightened by demons and ghosts, he is a slave. The first step to be taken to elevate him is to teach him that he is free—that there are no angry gods to fear, no big devils to dread. The enslaved mind can no more be developed than the caged eagle can exhibit its powers of flight.

Gods and revelations, demons and ghosts, must be left behind; the well-being of the race should most occupy the minds of men. So long as the mind is chained down to musty creeds, man is in an iron jacket; so long as his mind is swayed by ecclesiastics, and held in fear of hell, he is a slave.

The great lesson for Christians to learn is that they cannot sin against a being whom they cannot injure, and who cannot suffer. Every sin which it is possible for man to commit must be committed against some being who or which can suffer. He can no more sin against the tenants of the sky than the pope's bull could affect the comet. The Christian will torture, and roast, and hang his fellow-man, who is capable of suffering the most excruciating pangs, yet is ever afraid of sinning against God, whom it is impossible for him to affect either for good or evil. Ecclesiastics held all Europe in the midnight of mental darkness for more than a thousand years. They caused the torture and murder of untold thousands of human beings. A happy day for the race when the energies of such men are directed to the welfare of human beings, instead of trying to benefit imaginary beings in the skies. In the morning of life every man ought to dedicate himself to the service of the race, and not to the gods. Who says the gods can not take care of themselvs without man's help? But ecclesiastics hav turned the steps of men in the wrong direction, and sent them after the gods in order to rob them on the way. Not only this, but, Professor Draper says, "the hands which are raised to the Most Merciful are steeped in blood."

These Christian vandals put the torch to nearly all the ancient literature, and well-nigh severed the chain which linked us to the intellectual wealth of ancient times.

Every time science storms the citadel of divine revelation, the church attempts to make these revelations harmonize with the discoveries of the scientists. New interpretations of the scriptures become necessary as new discoveries are made. Many things which hav been regarded with veneration for hundreds of years are now regarded as myth and fable. The hottest kind of a brimstone hell has been tempered down to sheol; and the devil is not as black and sooty as he was when I was a boy and went fishing on Sunday. Ecclesiastics hav been compelled to yield to the progressiv spirit of the age in some degree, but it has been only with a death struggle.

The policy of the church has ever been to strangle every progressiv movement if it could. If it could not choke the life out of the movement, it did the next best thing it could, viz., to cover it with her protecting wing, and finally profit by the hypocritical claim that it had its origin in the church. The church claims all the glory of the temperance and antislavery reforms, yet many still living can remember full well what bitter opposition these reforms met from the church in an early day. Hasten the day when the last vestige of superstition shall be swept from the minds of men, and all shall join with alacrity in any movement which shall tell for the interests of the race! The ignorance and persecutions of the Dark Ages, when the church had everything its own way, are no secret to the student of history. That the church burnt Bruno, and imprisoned and persecuted Copernicus and Galileo, no one will deny. That nearly every new discovery and improvement has been opposed by the church is a secret to no one. And yet the first time the Rev. Mr. Talmage is moved by the "holy spirit" to do the "Highland Fling" on the heavenly spring-board he will declare that we are indebted to the church for every improvement and reform. And the next Sunday, to show that he is abreast with the times, every file-leader of a pious flock will repeat the stale lie.

Christianity has never been noted for building mental lighthouses for the world. The bat and the owl can best secure their prey in the night. Ecclesiastics hav been most successful in their schemes in the darkest days of the world.

From long observation I am satisfied that Christians know but little about the rise and early history of their own religion. As briefly as possible I will giv what I know about the circumstances attending its introduction and its rise.

By the conquests of Rome many peoples were brought into close relations with each other who had been strangers before. Their various systems of religion began to be studied and investigated. The result was a partial or total disbelief of them all.

The rich and high-born were slaves to their appetites and corrupted desires; the poor were slaves to the rich.

The halls of the rich glittered with gold; power was worshiped; little virtue remained beyond the reach of gold; women were dissolute; successful warfare confiscated goods and lands; the taxation of conquered provinces secured all that toil and trade could produce.

How natural it would be for those oppressed peoples, made up of the various nationalities which Rome had conquered, to lend a listening ear to the universal doctrin of benevolence and brotherly love—a doctrin in harmony with the idea of a "universal father," whose equal children all the nations of the earth are!

There seems to hav been a variety of circumstances which dove-tailed together to open up to a man of genius and a true reformer an opportunity of leaving a lasting impression in the world. Such were the times when Jesus appeared, and such the doctrin he taught.

Is it any wonder the poor flocked around him? Is it any wonder that they loved him with a tenderness almost unknown in the history of human transactions?

He taught a doctrin which elevated the poor above their oppressors. Is it any wonder that they regarded him almost with veneration?

But the priesthood (as has always been the case) derived their substance mainly from the rich, and the teachings of Jesus were detrimental to their interests, and they denounced both Jesus and his doctrins to the Roman governor, and clamored for his execution as an innovator, and to satisfy their demands he was given over to persecution and death. But the doctrins which he taught outlived their author. His followers organized. The doctrins which their loving master taught were dearer to them than their friends, houses, and lands. The little they had they put into a common stock for the support of the poor. The followers formed churches; the churches formed leagues. Everything tended to a crystallization of power, and ended in the hierarchy of Rome.

In their weakness they were persecuted; in their strength they met their opposers with fire and sword. Paul was the great character in the early days of Christianity. He persecuted the Christians with the malignity of a tiger. After what was called his conversion, he manifested the disposition of a tiger toward those who opposed the new religion which he was trying to build up. Wherever Roman arms had triumphed, the way was paved for the reception of the new religion, and it spread rapidly.

A Christian government grew up inside the civil government, and soon controled it. Constantine, seeing the power which could be wielded through the influence of the new religion, and willing to take any advantage which could be utilized, after murdering those of his own household, mounted the throne of the Cæsars as the first Christian emperor.

The new religion was now in condition to grant place, power, and profit. The vilest worldlings now flocked around the standard. Pagans formed so great a part of their number that the ear-marks of Paganism were transferred to the Christian doctrin, and hav never been eradicated to this day.

Such, briefly, is an outline of the circumstances which gave rise to the Christian religion.

If Christianity were to-day what it was before it became a power, all Liberals would be on the side of Christianity, because it taught the broad doctrin of a common humanity. But like a stream starting from a pure fountain and running through filth and mire, Christianity became adulterated with other systems, was made the highway to power and profit, and was finally prostituted to the lowest purposes.

As nearly as I hav been able to learn, the teachings of the early Christians were almost identical with the principles now advocated by so-called Infidels—fraternal feelings, a broad, brotherly love, and a just regard for the feelings of others.

The early Christians taught nothing about the fall of man, or a redeemer, or a resurrection, but "peace on earth and good will to men."

Tertullian says of the early Christians: "They acknowledge but one republic, but it is the whole world. They constitute one body, worship one God [not three], and all look forward to eternal happiness. At the end of every month each contributes if he will, but the money is not spent in eating or drinking, but in feeding the poor, in comforting the children who are destitute of parents and of goods, in helping old men, in assisting those who hav lost by misfortune and those who are doomed to the mines or shut up in prison."

I can find in the writings of Thomas Paine sentiments almost identical with this teaching, and no intelligent Liberal will take exception thereto. He

further says: "The object of a Christian life is innocence, justice, patience, temperance, and chastity." Good Infidel doctrin, every word.

Well had it been for the whole world, especially for the intellectual development of Europe, if the practice of Christianity had been squared to its early teachings.

As Christians multiplied, and as their religion grew in consequence, they became more anxious to acquire power than to preserve their primitiv purity. Although it had become strong enough to deck Constantine in the imperial purple, it was not strong enough to entirely obliterate paganism.

The old pagan temples had not yet been forgotten and the old heathen deities were still present in the dreams of the people. Constantine, entirely void of principle, and willing to cherish any system which would give him prestige and power, allowed the old heathen notions to be incorporated in the new religion. It was an attempt to conciliate worldly power by adopting their ideas and practices.

Draper says: "The heathen rites were adopted; images and relics were introduced into the churches and worshiped after the fashion of the heathen gods. It was given out that prodigies and miracles were seen at certain places, as in heathen times. There was a multiplication of temples, altars, and penitential garments. The festival of the purification of the Virgin was invented to remove the uneasiness of the heathen converts, on account of their loss of the feasts of Pan. The worship of images, fragments of the cross, bones, nails, and other relics was cultivated.

"As centuries passed the paganization became more complete. Festivals were instituted sacred to the memory of the spear which pierced the side of Christ, the nails which fastened him to the cross, and the crown of thorns which he wore."

If all the sacred relics which hav been exhibited could be collected together, it is doubtful if there is a building in the world which would contain them. There hav been true crosses enough on exhibition, first and last, to bridge the Hudson. Crowns and thorns and spears and hair and nails enough hav been used to dupe the unthinking to fill all the rookeries in the world.

Few Christians realize that these relics were first introduced as a sop for paganism, and that half of the mummery in the churches was introduced for the same purpose.

Bishop Newton says: "In short, almost the whole of paganism is converted and applied to popery. The one is manifestly formed upon the same plan as the other, so that there is not only a conformity, but a uniformity, in the worship of ancient and modern, of Christian and heathen, Rome."

It has been seen that Christianity had become strong enough to put a nominal Christian on the throne. Presto, change! The mild and persuasiv teaching of the gentle Jesus is no longer the order of the day. The humanitarian doctrins which he preached are abandoned when a hierarchy is to be built up. Thenceforth whatever power Christianity could wield was hurled against its opposers, whether they appeared openly, with written or oral arguments, or whether they planned secretly against it.

All writings against the Christian religion were prohibited. Constantine even went so far as to pronounce the sentence of death upon anyone finding the writings of Arius if he did not destroy them. Henceforth any measure was to be considered legitimate (including lying and deceit) which would build up the Christian religion. JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Patience.

The world is full of good women—of true, earnest, helpful, loving women, who liv in quiet homes far from the busy crowds, making no visible marks along the great highways of life, but nevertheless quietly impressing their personality upon the home circle, neighbors, and friends around them. Such a woman was Patience Taber. You all remember her as the sister-in-law of Mr. Masquerier, of Brooklyn. I made my home at their house for some weeks while hunting after the unfindable ghosts, the mediums, and the phenomena. While I found nothing I called real as regards those three things, I did find a rare and beautiful woman—beautiful in all that makes a true friend, a loving sister, a good home-maker, and a universal mother to all around her. Though 'way along in the eighties, she had never married, and yet she was full of love, romance, poetry, and almost girlish enthusiasm.

She was intelligent, Liberal, and practical; a good reader and talker, and enthusiastic in her love of reform. I never before met a woman who so attracted me on so short an acquaintance. I miss her as I would some near and dear relativ.

She was her own housekeeper, and was as mother, sister, and care-taker of Mr. Masquerier, who is so nearly blind that he can see nothing that is not close to him, and so needs a woman's kindly hand ever near him. These two had lived in constant companionship as brother and sister for thirty-eight long years, and you will all realize how entirely alone he must feel in his old age, for he is eighty-five years old, and not a relativ near him.

It is well for him that he is wedded to his books and work, as they will keep mind and hands employed and make life useful as well as enjoyable; for we always enjoy the work that is nearest our heart. His hobbies are, first, the idea of dividing the world up in farmsteads that shall be inalienable, so that all will hav homes and work and food.

He has also invented what he thinks is the only perfect alphabet and key for all languages, and a code of Rights and Wrongs.

His whole aim seems to be to do good work for coming generations, and Patience was his helper and friend. He has also erected a fine monument at Cypress Hills Cemetery. I told you about it in my letter, while relating the incidents of my trip.

There his wife sleeps, and there sleeps the good, and loving, and motherly Patience, and in a few short years Masquerier will sleep there also, and strangers will pause to read the inscriptions on the stone, just as Patience read those on D. M. Bennett's monument for Mr. Masquerier and Elmina, when we stood by the old hero's grave.

In this age of labor troubles and community experiences, I think Liberals will do well to read Masquerier's book on "Sociology." It is cloth-bound, and worth $2. I will send it for 50 cents, so as to help get it circulated. Friends who read it will learn to appreciate the old man while he is yet alive. The book is full of essays on temperance and all kinds of reforms, and contains short biographies of Liberals, and poems by Mr. Masquerier, by Annie (his wife), and by Patience's brothers. Let us circulate it and all other Liberal books, and do all we can to encourage the living workers while they are with us.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

Snowville, Va., Sept. 1. 286.

Who Wrote the Declaration?

Undoubtedly Jefferson was the creator, designer, and producer, and no one else. At one time he writes, among his private papers, that he has often reflected whether his life has been of service to mankind. He then sums up what he has done. Among other things, he claims "the Declaration of Independence" as his work. Would he thus testify falsely to himself?

At another time, in reply to a letter of Dr. Priestly, who had written to him stating the many great services he had rendered mankind, Jefferson says: "In one thing you hav made a mistake. I had no hand in making the Constitution. After it was made, I suggested certain amendments that were afterward adopted. I was not in the United States when the Constitution was made; did not see it till some time after."

Here he does not disclaim that he was the author of the Declaration.

But if anyone has the least doubt as to the authorship of the Declaration, let him read an article composed by Jefferson, on or before August, 1774, entitled, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." Jefferson drew this up as a set of instructions to the first delegation of Virginia to Congress in August, 1874. (See Note C, Appendix to Vol. I. of Jefferson's Works, by Washington.) Anyone accustomed to composition knows that, after he has studied and written at length on a subject, if he shall be called on to frame an article, on some more than usually important occasion, on the same subject, his previous labors enable him to grasp the whole matter and express, sometimes, whole lines in a word or two. This terseness evinces his perfect mastery of the subject. In this Summary we see the Declaration in embryo. I will giv a few lines from it. I abridge and occasionally transpose:

Resolved, That an humble and dutiful address be presented to his majesty, begging leave to lay before him the united complaints of his subjects in America—complaints excited by the many unwarrantable encroachments and usurpations attempted to be made by the legislature of one part of the empire upon the rights which God and the laws hav given equally and independently to all. To represent that these his states hav often individually made application to his imperial throne to obtain some redress of their injured rights; to none of which was even an answer condescended. Humbly to hope that this address penned in the language of truth shall obtain from his majesty a more respectful acceptance. . . . And in order that these our rights as well as the invasions of them may be more fully laid before his majesty, to take a view of them from the origin and first settlement of these countries.

Our ancestors were the free inhabitants of the British dominions in Europe, and possessed the right which nature has given to all men of departing from the country in which chance, not choice, has placed them; of going in quest of new habitations, and there establishing new societies under such regulations as to them shall seem most likely to promote public happiness.

A respectful acceptance of our petition his majesty will think we hav reason to expect when he reflects that we are seeking, not favors, but rights; and that he himself is no more than the chief officer of the people appointed by the laws, circumscribed by definit powers to assist in working the great machine of government erected for their use. . . . From the nature of things, every society must at all times possess within itself the sovereign powers of legislation. The feelings of human nature revolt against the supposition of a state so situated as that it may not in any emergency provide against dangers which perhaps threaten immediate ruin. While these bodies exist to whom the people hav delegated the powers of legislation, they alone possess it; but when they are dissolved by the lopping off one or more of their branches, the power reverts to the people; who may use it to unlimited extent. We forbear to trace consequences further—the dangers are conspicuous with which this practice is replete. ["Prudence will dictate"—see Declaration.]

Single acts of tyranny may be ascribed to the accidental opinion of a day; but a series of oppressions, begun at a distinguished period, and pursued unalterably through every change of ministers, too plainly prove a deliberate, systematical plan of reducing us to slavery. . . .

Thus hav we hastened through the reigns which hav preceded his majesty's, during which the violation of our rights was less alarming, because repeated at more distant intervals, than the rapid and bold succession of injuries which is likely to distinguish the present from all other periods of American history. Scarcely hav our minds been able to emerge from the astonishment into which one stroke of parliamentary thunder has involved us before another, more heavy and alarming, is fallen on us.

That the act entitled (to grant duties).
That the act entitled (Stamp act).
That the act (declaring the right of Parliament).
And one other (duties on paper).

These form one connected chain of usurpation, the subject of frequent remonstrances, to which no reply has been even condescended.

We next proceed to consider the conduct of his majesty as holding the executiv power, those previously mentioned being acts of power by a body of men foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws, against which we do enter this our solemn protest. . . .

His majesty, for the most trifling reasons, and sometimes for no reason at all, has rejected laws of the most salutary tendency.

He has permitted our laws to lie neglected in England for years, neither confirming them by assent nor annulling them by his negativ.

He has, by his instructions, laid governors under such restrictions, they can pass no law without the suspension clause, so that no law can be enforced until it has twice crossed the Atlantic.

He has refused assent to a law for the division of a county of Virginia, unless the new county will consent to go unrepresented. As the boundary of the state is not fixed on the west, such new counties are hundreds of miles from their eastern limits.

He has dissolved the legislature of New York, an act that must ever require peculiar mention. One free and independent legislature hereby takes it on itself to dissolve another, free and independent as itself.

After dissolving one house, they hav refused to call another. . . . Thus dissolved, the power reverts to the people.

His majesty has lately taken on him to advance the terms of purchase of lands, by which means the population of our country is likely to be checked. . . .

He has from time to time sent among us large bodies of armed forces not made up of people here nor raised by our laws. . . . To render these proceedings still more criminal against our laws, instead of subjecting the military to the civil power, he has expressly made the civil subordinate to the military. . . .

These are the acts of power foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws. [This section is long; refers to Boston riots, mock trials for murders, carrying witnesses and accused out of their vicinages for trial, says the cowards who would suffer a countryman to be torn from home for trial merit everlasting infamy. By the way, is it not as bad now in the United States, where we are dragged far off to United States courts?]

Our repeated attempts to prohibit the importation of slaves from Africa hav been defeated by his majesty's negativ, thus preferring the advantages of British corsairs to the interests of the states and rights of human nature deeply wounded by this infamous practice. . . . Our ancestors, before their immigration to America, were the free inhabitants of the British dominions. . . .

America was conquered and her settlements made and firmly established at the expense of individuals and not of the British public. Their own blood was spilt in acquiring lands for settlement; their own fortunes expended to make that settlement effectual. For themselvs they fought; for themselvs they conquered, and for themselvs alone they hav right to hold. . . . That settlement having been made, they thought proper to adopt that system of laws under which they had lived in the mother country and to continue the union with her under one common sovereign, who was thereby made the central link connecting the several parts of the empire. . . . Yet these states never supposed that by calling in her aid they thereby submitted to her sovereignty. [Such assistance she had given to Portugal and other allied states.]

These are our grievances thus laid before his majesty with that freedom of language which becomes a free people claiming their rights as derived from the laws of nature, and not as the gift of their chief magistrate. Let those flatter who fear; it is not an American art. To giv praise when it is not due would ill become those who are asserting the rights of human nature.

They know and will say kings are the servants, not masters, of the people. Open your breast, sire, to liberal and expanded thought. Let not the reign of George III. be a blot on the page of history. The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. Do your duty and mankind will giv you credit where you fail. No longer persevere in sacrificing the rights of one part of the empire to the inordinate desires of another, but deal out impartial justice to all. This, sire, is the advice of your great American council. It is neither our interest nor our desire to separate from Great Britain. We are willing to sacrifice everything reason can ask to restore that tranquility all desire. Let them be ready to establish union on a generous plan. Let them name their terms, but let them be just. Let them not think to exclude us from going to other markets. . . Still less let it be proposed that our properties in our own territories shall be taxed by any power on earth but our own. The God who gave us life gave us liberty. The hand of force may destroy but can not disjoin them. This, sire, is our last, our determined, resolve.

Now, if anyone will take the original Declaration of Independence, and the foregoing, and the article entitled a "Summary," etc., referred to (in Vol. I Appendix C), and compare them, he will be assured that the author of the Declaration was the composer of the last. I mean the Declaration as it was offered to Congress, before it was abridged by that body.

The most striking resemblances are in the excluded parts. It is all in the style of Jefferson when he was highly animated. He was recognized as one of the best writers in that age of decidedly great English writers. The style of Paine differs much from that of Jefferson, being more condensed, and hot, and glowing. The Declaration was the full and perfect birth of that which had been carried in the thoughts of Jefferson for years. He was the very genius of our Revolution. Nor is there anything in the conduct of his whole life to justify the infamous charge that he repeatedly claimed to be the author of another's production. As to the authorship of Junius, if Paine is the man, I contend that expressions identically the same will be found in Junius and in "Common Sense," and "Rights of Man." A perfect disguise of style or a perfect counterfeit has never yet been made. Nor is it creditable to our founders that they should hav to owe their grand Declaration to a foreigner. But, *fiat justitia.* HOLT.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,295.93
M. Harman	5.00
J. W. Cook	5.00
Valley Falls, per Mrs. S. Reicherter, P. Mitchell, Chris. Jurgenson, Wm. Stiffins, R. Simpson, W. Evans, Wm. Butts, and others	8.75
West Point, per H. Springer, Anton Langer, F. Herman, Gust. Will, B. Von der Bergen, B. Roehl, J. Shaefer, E. Weise, L. Theimke, A. E. Zenske, G. Brantz, I. M. Schelly, F. Maurer, F. Koch, Otto Wickert, A. A. Peterson, August Zenske, and others	15.00
Cromwell, per Jacob Geier, F. I. Green, Dr. A. S. Bailey, James Beck, Jesse Wright, Charles Wright, G. B. Johnson, E. S. Cresswell, D. B. Blosser, and others	11.10
Jacob Geier (pledge)	10.00
Total	$3,350.78

News and Notes.

An all-night ride amid a driving rain brought me in the early morn to the busy city of Omaha, and I almost thought I had struck the Arctic regions, such a chilling wind came sweeping over the Missouri. It was a grateful change, however, from the heated days through which I had just passed, wherein I was used to the "melting mood," and almost expected to be translated to heaven in a chariot of fire. The wintry blasts brought me to *terra firma* and a secular frame of mind and body. A good ice-box was just what I wanted. A refrigerator was preferable to a palace-car. This cold, lowering, and drizzling September morning was a refreshment. However, as the cars went speeding along the sun came shining brightly forth and all the fields were aglow, and when I arrived at West Point the noon-day radiance was almost unclouded, while cooling breezes fanned the cheek. It was a lovely day, and a lovely country spread about me, as if I were in the garden spot of the world. I was met at the station by my good friends A. A. Peterson, Ernest Wiese, and Otto Wichert, and driven to a comfortable hotel, where I felt as if I had got to a good resting-place after a nearly twenty-four hours' trip. West Point is in the midst of a prosperous country. It is to a large extent occupied by German settlers, most of whom are of the Liberal class. If I could hav spoken in the German language I should hav had crowded houses. However, the attendance at the three lectures, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, was good. These were the first Freethought lectures in the English language ever given at this place. There hav been German Liberal speakers before. A Secular Union will undoubtedly be formed. The friends are enthusiastic. West Point, however, has seven churches to its population of two thousand, and so, of course, there must be plenty of hard work before the way is clear. Even if the churches hav not much life, they are dreadful stumbling-blocks in the path of improvement. Their very inertness is a power for evil. Doing nothing themselvs, they seem to exercise a fatal influence in the same direction over the community. A dead church is worse to deal with than a live church. Any kind of life is ultimately in favor of Liberalism. Mr. John D. Neligh, who introduced me at the lectures, is one of the oldest citizens of West Point, and has done more by the building of factories, etc., for the development of the place, than any other. He is a live man. He is prominently talked of for the governorship of the state, and he is worthy of that position. He is broad and generous in his aims and of superior executiv capacity. It will be a good political era when such really representativ men can be elected to office.

Mr. Anton Langer, Gustave Will, A. A. Peterson, Barney Von der Bergen, Otto Wickert, August Zenske, Ernest Wiese, H. Linert, Ferdinand Koch, H. V. Shaffer, with others, make a strong battalion of Freethinkers for this important point, and I believe that much effectiv work will be accomplished. This is one of the richest portions of the state. The farms are in excellent condition. The creamery makes over a thousand pounds of butter per day. I quite enjoyed my rides about the country, where the sturdy settlers, beginning with nothing almost, hav made such beautiful homes, where the abundance of harvest smiles amid the embowering trees. This is an Arcadian land.

The hot September sun shines when I strike Omaha, and Sunday, September 5th, was one of the most fiery days of the season. It had a tendency to make people indolent and stay at home. However, there was a very good attendance, afternoon and evening, at Boyd's Opera House. In the evening I gave my ideas about Mormonism, its religion, theology, etc., and the proper way to deal with this "eye-sore" of the republic. The present legislation is absurd and unjust, and unless a better way can be found out, the "let-alone" policy is about the best that can be adopted. This, however, is a confession of failure on the part of American democracy to meet the issue, and a giving over of one of our states to an absolutely oriental despotism, which will be the entering wedge for the disintegration of the republic. The Mormon question is of vast importance, for its solution requires the application of the profoundest principles of political philosophy.

I am now at the home of Thomas Foreman, who is one of our best workers. He used to be a Methodist, and that accounts, I guess, for his untiring devotion to our cause. He is the main spoke in the wheel here, and keeps it on the move. The Liberals are a bit of the *laissez faire* order. They don't care about doing much. If the world isn't all right, they themselvs are in a comfortable condition, and that is satisfactory to the average conscience. Omaha is such a rushing city, and everything is so on the boom in a business way, and material prosperity advances with such rapid strides, and the star of empire blazes so over every corner lot, the prices doubling in twenty-four hours, while even churches are on the go, and are not satisfied with anything less than a hundred-thousand-dollar building, that under such circumstances there is but little chance for the study of broad intellectual and social affairs. Still, the deeper elements are at work, and thought prevails. Mr. and Mrs. Foreman are those generous-minded and noble people whom it is a pleasure to meet with in our arduous labors. It gives us encouragement to endure all the disappointments of the way to know that the ideal world is not forgotten in the rush for the almighty dollar; that the truth is recognized as glorious, not because it gives food and clothing, but because it illuminates the whole way of man from age to age.

I also enjoyed the lively hospitality of Jas. Griffith, who believes in Freethought with all his mind and heart. He is radical to the backbone, and is always ready to do his share. He was formerly secretary of the society here, and was on hand every Sunday. Some years ago the activ campaign ceased at Omaha, but we hope for its vigorous prosecution hereafter. With a few such men as Griffith in the field, victory would not be long in coming.

I spent Monday afternoon with our stanch Scotch friend, Robert S. Colvin, who has sometimes given vigorous thought to the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He came to Omaha about seventeen years ago, and has been here ever since, and made a snug little home of his own in what was a comparativ wilderness when I was here twelve years ago, but which is now almost covered with buildings. It was a delight to break bread at this happy Secular fireside, and take the benefit of "this world," and, like the bee, improve the "shining moments," and make all the honey we can while "above ground," amid the sunshine and flowers.

The cool and golden evening came on, and with it another cheerful companion, C. C. Littlefield, in his carriage, behind a magnificent horse, inviting us to take a ride, and of course we accepted, for no Secular pilgrim will ever disdain the glorious horse, who more than any other animal makes life worth living. Every time I see a splendid horse I feel better. It gives me big faith in humanity to mount a gallant steed and rival the whirlwind's flight.

We went out to beautiful Fort Collins, the headquarters of the department of the Platte, and witnessed the handsome dress parade, while the sunset gun boomed and the band marched and sounded its martial strains. How the war visions swept over my mind as I looked upon the familiar picture of which I was once a part, keeping step to the music and following the resplendent colors! I was a dreamer then, with the knapsack on my back, and after the weariest march would fall asleep with thoughts of the "good time coming;" and I dream still. How I do envy the drum-major! What a picture of absolute content he is, with his gorgeous trappings, gold and crimson, and his enormous head-gear, that makes him look a giant among pigmies! What absolute, infinit delight he takes in himself! He has not the slightest doubt that he is the center of creation, and, as he twirls his glittering baton, his happiness is simply immense, perfectly continental, a divine intoxication. Would I were a drum-major! I don't believe anybody revels in the pure joy of existence as he does.

Littlefield took me over Omaha in the moonlight and the gaslight, and it is a wonderfully lively place. It is rushing right along to a population of one hundred thousand people. It claims over eighty thousand now. Over a million dollars' worth of buildings are in processs of construction, and every day some new enterprise is on foot. I stopped at Mr. Littlefield's dairy farm, which is prettily situated in the suburbs of the city. Like a good Liberal, he furnishes the best of milk, as I can attest, for I tried the refreshing draught, in rural fashion, from a tin cup.

So I leave Omaha with pleasant memories and happy anticipations. Something will be done and fraternity prevail. I had an agreeable visit also with Dr. Kaufman, who is an earnest and cultivated Liberal. I was pleased also to meet again Professor Huggins and J. E. Jurgenson, who was with me at Denver, and other friends whose cordial presence makes new hope in the gathering ranks of Free thought.

We are now speeding eastward. This evening and to-morrow evening I lecture at Cromwell, Iowa; Thursday and Friday evenings at Leon; Sunday next, Sept. 12th, at Ottumwa; Sept. 14th, 15th, 16th, at West Union, Iowa; Sept. 18th and 19th, at Chebanse, Ill.; Sept. 21st and 22d at Nekoma, Ill.; Sept. 26th at Chicago; Sept. 28th and 29th at Belding, Mich.; Oct. 1st, 2d, and 3d at West Union, Ohio.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

New York State Convention.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association began under rather unfavorable auspices, and continued under the same auspices to the end. It seems to be pretty well settled that Freethinkers do not want picnics, and that sociability, as Mr. Reynolds calls acquaintanceship and friendly intercourse, is held at a large discount —so large, in fact, that nothing remains. The Cassadaga Lake meeting was voted a failure, and the White Sulphur Springs Convention was no greater success as regards attendance. In another way, however, the Convention was an immense success. There never was a merrier party than the dozen or so who wrote their names in Mr. Luther's register on the first or second days. Even the transparent fact that the annual gathering of Freethinkers was not a gathering at all did not dampen the enthusiasm of the old guard, nor make their wit less keen nor their laughter less hearty. It was voted every day with great unanimity that the absent members of the great Freethought family were missing several valuable years of existence. Among those who voted affirmativly on this question were the following: S. W. Devenbaugh, of Brimfield, Ind.; William Thorpe and family, of Ballston Spa, N. Y.; C. P. Somerby, of New York; Mrs. Gault, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. C. B. Reynolds, of North Parma, N. Y.; L. K. Washburn, of Boston, Mass.; Charles Booth and wife, of Boonton, N. J.; J. J. McCabe, of Albany, N. Y.; C. M. Powers, of Springfield, Mass.; C. B. Reynolds, of North Parma, N. Y.; Alexander McAlpin, of Newark, N. J.; C. F. DeMott and wife, of Hempstead, L. I.; John Peck, of Naples, N. Y.; Lucy Colman, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Josephine Tilton, of Boston, Mass.; E. Chantler, of Welland, Ont.; F. A. Mollineaux, of Merrick, L. I.; J. L Andrew, of Kansas; Robert Wade, of Troy, N. Y.; S. N. Gardner and wife, of Troy, N. Y.; William Hawenstein, of New York; Gopal Vinayak Joshee, of Roselle, N. J.; Helen Gardener, of New York; Miss Frances Lord, of London, Eng.; Ida L. LeCompte, of New York; Marie C. Burnier, of New York; T. B. Wakeman, of New York; T. L. Brown, of Binghamton, N. Y.; E. B. Foote, Sen., of New York; Mr. G. G. Grower, of Ansonia, Conn.; Mary Tillotson, of Vineland, N. J.; William Wilcox, Warrensburgh, N. Y., and Henry Evans, of Lowville, N. Y.

C. B. Reynolds, as major domo and general director, was busy as a bee on the grounds several days before the beginning, engaged in advertising the meetings and erecting the large tent in which they were held. The first person to join him was the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who shortly wished he had been less precipitate in following the meandering railway path that leads from Troy to the White Sulphur Springs. He was promptly put to work driving stakes for the tent, making seats out of huge planks, and building the platform from which the speakers were to enlighten such of the Saratoga county heathen as could be lured into the pavilion. Up to the Monday night following the Convention consisted of the two individuals named and Mr. L. K. Wash-

burn, the *Investigator* lecturer; C. P. Somerby, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, of Boonton; Mr. Devenbaugh, of Indiana; Mrs. Tillotson, of New Jersey; Mr. Grower, of Connecticut; Mr. Powers, Mrs. E. H. Gault, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, J. J. McCabe, of Albany, and Frank Burnier, a TRUTH SEEKER clerk on his vacation. The speakers were Mr. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and J. J. McCabe. The audience at all the sessions except Sunday consisted of the above named people, reinforced by the hotel employees, a few sinners from Saratoga, and a woman who had once belonged to the Salvation Army, and whose husband would not giv her money to go and hear the Freethinkers. She had a front seat at every lecture. Sunday the population from the surrounding country came in, to the number of three or four hundred, and the grounds presented less the appearance of a desert with a tent in the middle and hotel in the background.

Friday evening Mr. Reynolds addressed the center-pole of the tent in an enthusiastic manner; Saturday afternoon about thirty people heard Mr. Washburn; Saturday evening some twenty gathered to hear Mr. Reynolds. But on Sunday morning Mr. McCabe had a good audience; Sunday afternoon Mr. Washburn drew the largest concourse of the whole ten days, and in the evening Mrs. Reynolds spoke to some two hundred people in the tent and about a hundred outside for an hour. A prominent feature of this Convention in a tent was the facility it afforded for the heathen to cheat the Association out of the door fee. At every session at least half as many pressed their ears to the exterior of the canvas walls as sat within. They obtained the gospel of humanity free and without price, except such payment as tired legs enforced.

The mornings of the Convention days were passed in recreativ enjoyments. The outside world could not penetrate the little wilderness until noon, and therefore no lectures were held till 3:30 P.M. White Sulphur Springs is a beautifully situated park of about one hundred acres, consisting of woods and fields, picnic groves and rambling roads; the whole bordering on Saratoga Lake, a sheet of water eight miles long by from two to four wide. Over these hills, through these woods, and across this lake the New York State Freethinkers' Association diffused itself early in the morning. There were enough of them to fill a good many nooks, and from every corner came sounds of conversation and laughter. Across the lake livs J. V. Arnold, a wealthy Freethinking farmer with a large melon patch, which was the objectiv point of boat-load after boat-load of people who agreed with Mr. Arnold in his speculativ opinions and in his estimate of watermelons and cantelopes. Mr. Arnold ought to be glad that the Convention is over, for his own generosity and the patience of his wife were sorely taxed in entertaining Freethinkers who talked theology with one eye over the garden fence. The people who missed attending this Convention—and Mr. Arnold's melon congress—will always hav cause to regret their inaction. With a forenoon spent in fun and jollity, the Convention was always ready for serious business in the afternoon. And it was serious business for the speakers. Two-thirds of the average audience were speakers themselvs, and he who can instruct such men and women as Lucy Colman, L. K. Washburn, T. L. Brown, Judge Brewer, Helen Gardener, John Peck, and others of brilliant attainments must needs be wise indeed. C. B. Reynolds began the work of the last week by speaking on Monday evening upon "Bible Ghostology." Tuesday afternoon the Convention met in the picnic ground to listen to Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Colman, Judge Brewer, and Mr. Peck. In the evening Mr. Peck put "The Gods on Exhibition," and the show was worth traveling several hundred miles to see. Wednesday, Mr. DeMott, of Hempstead, and Mrs. Colman, were the platform attractions—the first lecturing upon astronomy, the second giving her reminiscences as a reformer. Thursday afternoon J. L. Andrew, of Kansas, gave his definition of "True Liberty," and in the evening Mr. L. K. Washburn told how "Christian Morality" is decaying. Friday was devoted to short talks upon all sorts of subjects. Saturday afternoon Mr. Andrew described "Modern Infidelity," and in the evening Gopal Vinayak Joshee told us about "Socialism in India."

Saturday forenoon the business meeting of the Convention was held. The secretary, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, read a report of the proceedings of the convention at Albany last year. This report was substantially as given in THE TRUTH SEEKER at the time. The treasurer, E. M. Macdonald, submitted the following summary of his stewardship:

EXPENSES OF ALBANY CONVENTION.		RECEIPTS.	
Preliminary expenses of Ch. Ex. Com.	$60.58	Advanced by Ch. Ex. Com.	$13.73
Debts incurred at Cassadaga	149.30	Donations	230.00
Advertising and Printing	296.83	Sale of Convention tickets	279.55
Lecturers	229.00	Sale of tickets to R. G. Ingersoll's lecture	736.50
Expenses of lecturers	125.75		
Hall rent	45.00		
Music	60.00		
Incidentals	40.48		
Divided by R. G. Ingersoll's direction between C. Watts and S. P. Putnam	252.84		
	$1,259.78		$1,259.78

The two reports were adopted. C. B. Reynolds then offered the following amendment to the constitution of the Association:

OFFICERS: The officers of this Association shall be a president, one vice-president for each county in the state, a secretary, and a treasurer. The duties of the officers shall be those usually pertaining to these positions.

EXECUTIV COMMITTEE: There shall be elected annually an executiv committee consisting of a chairman of the executiv committee and two other members, who shall hav the general supervision of the Association. The president of the Association shall act as president of the executiv committee, and the secretary of the Association as the secretary of the executiv committee.

After considerable discussion, these amendments were unanimously adopted. The following additional amendments were also adopted, being the general expression of several members of the association:

That the executiv committee shall at their discretion appoint a vice-president for each county in the state, and such vice-president so appointed shall, within twenty days from the date of appointment, send to the secretary of the association letter of acceptance and the names and post-office addresses of two persons, residents of the county, to act as associates. The three persons thus chosen shall constitute the county committee. It shall be the duty of each county committee, under the advice of the executiv committee, to procure and superintend the distribution of leaflets and other Liberal literature within their county, use every endeavor to obtain subscribers to Liberal papers, and aid and encourage the formation of local Secular societies, with science schools on Sundays, in every school district in their county, and in all and every practicable way work to secure the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

That in case any person appointed by the executiv committee to act as vice-president shall fail to notify the secretary of acceptance, and the names of associates, or when no suitable person can be found or decided on for the position of vice-president, the executiv committee shall at its discretion appoint and send capable person or persons into such county to build up, interest, and organize local Secular societies within such county.

The new executiv committee were also instructed to incorporate the Association, and to prosecute before the legislature the work begun last year for the repeal of the laws exempting church property from taxation. The following motions were also unanimously adopted:

That the business part of the next Convention shall consist of delegates from local Secular societies, and members of the Association. That none but those holding certificate of membership, showing dues paid for the year, shall be admitted to or participate in any business meeting of the Association. That the annual dues of membership shall be twenty-five cents, payable yearly in advance, and that on receipt of the name, post-office address, and the sum of twenty-five cents, the secretary shall send a certificate of membership signed by the president and secretary of the association. That the executiv committee be and is hereby requested to prepare and instruct the secretary to send to every Liberal in the state an appeal for a donation of one dollar, to create a fund to carry on the work of the association; and that every person contributing one dollar or more shall be entitled to certificate of membership for the year. That the secretary be and is hercby instructed to write and obtain from H. L. Green, of Salamanca, the list of members of the association while he was secretary, and also all books of account, minute books, and all documents and papers now in his possession belonging to the association.

The resolutions passed at the convention of 1885 were unanimously reaffirmed. These resolutions will be found in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 19th of last year. The following officers were then elected:

President: T. B. Wakeman, New York.
Secretary: Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, North Parma, N. Y.
Treasurer: E. M. Macdonald, New York.
Executiv Committee: C. B. Reynolds, chairman, North Parma, N. Y.; C. F. DeMott, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.; Helen H. Gardener, New York.

Sunday the 12th was expected to be a big day, and preparations were made to preach the gospel of humanity to a large multitude. But the morning broke cold and cloudy, promising rain, and the multude did not arrive. At 10:30, Dr. T. L. Brown, for seven years president of the Association, spoke upon "What We Know and Do." In the afternoon Mrs. Reynolds gave a "Woman's Reason for the Gospel of Humanity," and Helen H. Gardener delivered her new lecture upon "The Pulpit, the Pew, and the Cradle." In the evening T. B. Wakeman instructed those present upon "Earthquakes as a Factor in Constructiv Liberalism." Previous to the lecture the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the Freethinkers' Association now assembled remember with sadness that our friend, the good and true Elizur Wright, has crossed the river of death and his bodily presence is gone from our sight forever; but our sorrow is relieved by the remembrance that he was in an especial manner an honor to the cause of liberty and humanity, and his memory is a perpetual benediction.

At the conclusion of Mr. Wakeman's discourse, the Convention adjourned subject to the call of the executiv committee.

Such, in brief, was the work of the Ninth Annual Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association. So far as numbers go, the Convention was a disappointment. But the absent members are the only ones to be commiserated. Those who were present are to be congratulated. They nobly fulfilled the main purpose of the gathering, which was to become acquainted, and to organize or to perfect plans for an organization which will enable the association to become something more than an annual mass meeting. If the executiv committee shall fulfil its duties, and hav the support of the Liberals of the state, next year ought to see at least one hundred activ local societies and Sunday-schools formed between New York and Buffalo. As the greatest results achieved by the National Liberal League at any time in its history were the product of the smallest congress it ever held, so, let us hope, will the last Convention of the state organization produce a better year of work than any that has preceded it. The fortunate few who were there were not in the least discouraged, but rather stimulated to more heroic endeavors.

Of the speaking and speakers it is almost superfluous to write. All but three of the orators are well known to the eastern Liberal public. Mrs. Reynolds, however, has but recently entered upon platform work, and the pity is that she had not sooner found her true vocation. L. K. Washburn, too, was a revelation to New Yorkers, and, like Mrs. Reynolds, captured the affections of every one of his listeners. Educated for the Unitarian ministry, he became a heretic before his ordination, and refused at that ceremony to hav sacerdotal hands laid upon his head. When occupying a pulpit he selected texts from Emerson instead of from the Bible, and taught his congregation ethics instead of theology. He has formed large congregations of substantial Infidels at Revere, Harwich, and Lynn, Mass., and at Minneapolis, Minn. For the past five years he has been engaged in business, emerging only occasionally to occupy the Paine-Hall platform. The readers of the *Investigator* know him from his published speeches. Mr. Mendum has engaged him to lecture for the coming season, and he ought to hav a platform every evening. His lectures are among the most scholarly productions of the Freethought speakers. He has the graces and gifts of the orator, and withal carries around an exceedingly level head. There is no speaker in the field at present who is his superior, except Colonel Ingersoll, and that gentleman is not personally more loved than Mr. Washburn by those who know him. Mr. J. L. Andrew and Mr. C. F. DeMott are the only other speakers with whom our readers are not acquainted. Mr. Andrew was suffering from a bad cold and scarcely did himself justice. He is a solid, logical, platform worker, used to hard labor and delighting in it. While in the East he desires engagements, and may be addressed for the next three weeks in care of this office. Mr. DeMott is a young man, who does more than he says. He possesses the quiet courage that insures success, and his efforts in behalf of Liberalism at his home are a record of glory. An outline of most of the speeches appeared in the *Herald*, and we shall publish in full such of them as were written out.

While not ending in a blaze of glory, as did the Convention last year at Albany, we think this meeting will be fully as fruitful as that one. People with sufficient enthusiasm to attend a convention are usually self-sacrificing enough to continue the work when they reach home. At this Convention they became aquainted, and a unity of purpose now binds them together. For the first time the State Association assumes an aggressiv form, with the distinct purpose of supplanting the churches by local societies so far as may be done. We hope the executiv committee will receive the support of the Liberals of the state financially, and by forming local associations wherever there are two or three people who may gather together in the name of Liberalism. The executiv committee is preparing directions for forming these associations, and literature for distribution, and as soon as completed they may be obtained of the secretary, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, North Parma, N. Y.

MR. HENRY APPLETON, of Boston, will cease his editorial labors on *Liberty*. He and Mr. Tucker are unable to agree on the question whether the state itself should be abolished, or the spirit of authority which breeds the state. Mr. Tucker goes at the state; Mr. Appleton at authority *per se*. Though no longer an editorial writer, Mr. Appleton will probably continue his contributions to *Liberty*.

THOMAS F. PLUNKETT, of Hartford, Conn., president of the Hartford Silk Company, and treasurer of the Manchester Union Manufacturing Company, has left for parts unknown, taking $250,000 with him. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* alludes to Mr. Plunkett as a "fiduciary infidel," but that must not be construed as reflecting on his orthodoxy. What the *Inquirer* meant to say was that he had been unfaithful to his trust. There is nothing about Mr. Plunkett's conduct to indicate that he is religiously unsound.

THE Salvation Army invaded Winsted, Conn., recently, heralded by circulars announcing that "Captain Gilleo, for the Glory of God and the Salvation of Souls, would preach ten minutes, standing on his head." A crowd of young men attended the meeting to see the salvationist stand on his head if he would, and with an understanding among themselvs that they would "stand him on his head" if he failed to fulfil the promis of his circulars. He did not stand on his head, nor did they undertake to make him do so, three policemen being on hand to prevent any attempt to compel so peculiar an act of devotion. The editor of the *Press* remarks that when a man advertises to stand on his head for the glory of God he should keep his word or refund the gate money.

Communications.

"The Mystery of Matter."

Under the above title Mr. Fitzgerald has published an essay by J. Allanson Pincton, in the last number of the Humboldt Popular Science Library. The author joins issue with the Materialistic conclusions of the majority of scientists, and undertakes to prove that their philosophy fails to account for the phenomena of feeling and consciousness. This essay is followed in the same number of the library by another from the same author entitled, "The Philosophy of Ignorance," in which the author advances the idea that matter and spirit are equally phenomenal manifestations of one unknown substance.

It is to be expected that the acceptance of the theory of evolution should giv a new impetus to the effort to solve the problem of the true nature of matter and spirit, and that entirely new arguments should be brought forward, pro and con, and that many new conclusions should be reached.

The old belief that God—spirit—has created the universe—matter—out of nothing being overthrown, matter, ever-present in all known phenomena, seems to be the controling force, while spirit, only manifested in conjunction with matter, seems to be compelled to take a subordinate place. But if the logic of evolution undoubtedly points to the supremacy of matter, there are sensations and feelings inherent in ourselvs which prevent many thinkers from accepting this position, and the belief in the supremacy of spirit finds many supporters among persons of sufficient ability to command respect for any opinions they may entertain. It is true that their belief does not rest, so far, upon a logical process of investigation, but upon an inward feeling which prevents them from accepting the ultimate conclusions reached by following the Materialistic arguments.

It is on that account that these essays hav special value, for if Mr. Pincton is not very successful in establishing his new theory that spirit and matter are equally phenomenal manifestations of some unknown substance, he is a very competent critic, and points out many fallacies in the theory of the supremacy of matter.

His first objection is one hard to overthrow. It is the impossibility to establish the chain of communication between the material phenomena and their effects upon feeling and consciousness. It is possible, and has been done, to follow an impression, as conveyed by a distant object, by means of waves of light, to our eyes, and by the optic nerves to our brain, but once there we lose track of it, and the most learned physicist cannot tell how this impression affects our consciousness, or why our consciousness should be affected by it. At the end of the mechanical process we reach the domain of feelings and consciousness, a domain so widely separated from the domain of molecular mechanics that no bridge has ever been built to span the space between them; and it is this wide space between the two, the immeasurably great distance which exists between the cause—molecular changes—and the effect—sensation and consciousness—which prevents many scientists from accepting in full the Materialist theory.

Mr. Pincton shows also that, plausible as is the atomic theory, it fails to account for the expansion and the contraction of matter. After a very interesting and clear dissertation upon matter, and arriving at the conclusion that "the one essential property of matter is its exclusiv occupation of space," he says: "The more favored doctrin of modern times teaches that matter is ultimately constituted of minute indivisible particles, which are separated one from another by spaces immeasurably small, yet definit and real. The attraction and repulsion of these atoms between themselvs is supposed to explain the phenomena of chemical combination Their agitation in their narrow orbits constitutes heat, the repulsion occasioned by this agitation explains expansion, and the same agitation, if sufficiently intense, may be communicated to the ether, thus creating light. There is, of course, very much to be said for such a theory, but when molecular chemistry undertakes to say what those centers are, and assures me that they are hard little kernels of a substance fundamentally different from and incommensurable with the life which is the only mode of being which I certainly and directly know, then I must beg leave to demur. I might do so on the ground that the physical philosopher is here asserting what he cannot possibly know—precisely the crime which he is always imputing to theologians—but I go further, and I say that he is asserting what is absurd, unthinkable, impossible. For in the spaces between these ultimate atoms there exists either some matter supposed to be more subtle than the atoms, or absolutely no matter at all. If the former alternativ be taken, this is simply the continuity of matter over again. Every point of space is occupied by its own point of matter, which positivly excludes any other from occupying the same space. The atmosphere in the interspaces, therefore, must be equally dense with the atoms which they surround, and the distinction between them disappears. But if there is absolutely no matter between the atoms, then all their effects one upon another must be exerted across a void—that is, through a medium of nothingness; or, in other words, the presence of force does not necessarily imply the presence of matter, and the only reason for assuming the latter as something different from force is given up. The size of the interval makes no difference at all in the argument. Whether that interval is the ninety-two-billionth of an inch or the ninety-two million miles, or thereabouts, between the earth and the sun, if force can pass through—that is, can exist in—a space absolutely void of all matter, then the inseparability of matter and force is altogether given up. Yet the only reason for our belief in any matter different in substance from the subtle essence of our consciousness is an inference from the presence of force, and from its apparent distribution at definit centers. Force, it is argued, must be exerted by something and must act upon something. Very true; but if you infer from this that the presence of force implies always the presence of a sustaining material substance, the one essential quality of which is the exclusiv occupation of space, then I say your own atomic theory contradicts you. I put before you the conception of two atoms, and I draw round each of them a circle. These circles touch at the middle point between the two, and I ask you, what exists there? On the theory, you are bound to reply, nothing but force. If the atoms repel each other, their contrary forces meet here and struggle here. If the atoms attract each other, the attractiv force of each meets here and lays hold of that of the other here. Now, if force can exist here at the tangential point of the two circles, without any matter at all in which it inheres, why is not the same thing possible at the centers as well?"

The reading of these essays, and especially the line of arguments used to show that the atomic theory fails to account for the transmission of force, has led me to attempt to express some ideas of my own on these problems, ideas which are the result of some observations upon the phenomena of conduct, and its relation to feeling and consciousness. I will not express any opinion upon Mr. Pincton's theory that matter and spirit are equally phenomenal manifestations of one unknown substance. He may be correct, for he advances some strong arguments to show that any other proposition cannot be maintained. These essential propositions as he states them are:

1. We may regard matter and spirit as two separate and distinct substances, capable of mutual relations, but entirely incommensurable. This is the popular view—tolerable only so long as the word substance is loosely understood.
2. We may suppose spirit to be a generalization of certain phenomena of matter.
3. We may treat of matter as a phenomenon of spirit.
4. We may insist that matter and spirit are equally phenomenal manifestations of one unknown substance.

This last proposition is the only one he accepts as correct, but it seems to be difficult to prove, and if proven throws but little light on the mystery of matter.

Leaving aside the question of the origin of spirit and matter, the fact remains that they are separately manifested by two classes of phenomena entirely distinct and separate from each other, and it is in relation to the part or function which each plays in the perpetual changes which contribute to progress that I hold some opinions somewhat different from those usually received.

Matter I hold to be composed of atoms, according to the atomic theory. I see no reason to reject the scientific definition of atoms that they are infinitesimal kernels of substance; but to these atoms I do not concede any force, motion, heat, sensation, or knowledge, nor the possibility of acquiring any. They are simply the material used by the spirit—so called—to make the different combinations which make up the universe as we know it.

This inert matter, incapable by itself of any progress or changes, is controled by another agent which, on account of the many variations of its manifestations, is known to us by many different names. This agent is alone capable of motion, of force, of heat, of sensation, of knowledge and intelligence. In its higher manifestations it is known to us by the name of spirit, mind, soul, intelligence. It is this agent which controls and directs all phenomena, but it can only perform its work in connection with and by the coöperation of matter, and thus is not recognized by us except in material phenomena.

What is this agent? Scientists tell us that the greater or lesser attraction of atoms for each other is due to something they call electricity; and some agent which is called living force, nervous force, vital force, vital electricity, controls living growth and living actions, and under the name of magnetism is found to control many phenomena which otherwise could not be explained, and the proof seems to be getting stronger every day that this comparativly newly recognized force, electricity, is the basis of all the life, motion, and changes which take place in the universe.

This is the conclusion to which I hav slowly been led, and I will support it by a few of the arguments which hav induced me to accept this opinion.

First, let us take the simple phenomenon of the expansion of iron by heat. If we accept the atomic theory, we cannot account for the expansion by the atoms enlarging themselvs. Another substance, stronger than they are, must be injected in the spaces, and thus drive the atoms apart. If scientists are right, and electricity is the substance which holds them together, then nothing but an increase of electricity will account for the expansion, and it is easy enough to understand how it is done by heat, if heat is one of the forms by which electricity manifests itself. But if it is electricity which either draws closer or drives farther apart the atoms which constitute the iron, then it is electricity which is the controling force, and although we may not be able to see it or feel it, and the atoms may be the most perceptible to our senses, yet it is not the iron which contains the electricity, as we now express it, but the electricity which contains the iron; and as this must be true of all substances, our mode of expression, and mode of thought, and our conclusions in regard to the true function of matter, must be as erroneous as were the expressions, thoughts, and conclusions in regard to the movements of the earth around the sun.

The same mistake is made in regard to living organisms, and it was the study of human conduct and human actions which has led me to surrender the extreme Materialistic belief, and adopt the modified theory I now hold, for neither the Materialist nor the Spiritualist is able to explain the different phenomena of human action. No theory of mechanical vibration can account for the faculty of memory and for its cumulativ result in intelligence, nor for the translation of perceptions into feelings and actions. Nor is the Spiritualist idea of the unlimited control of spirit over matter, of the spontaneity of its knowledge, of its infallibility, of its power of free will and of free desire, any easier of acceptance, for it is disproved every day by a close study of the phenomena of human action. These phenomena can only be accounted for, with our present advanced knowledge, by the presence of some agent capable of acquiring and storing knowledge, of realizing the difference between pleasant and unpleasant sensations, and of using its knowledge and sensations in controling matter in any desired direction. This agent I find in vital force. Grant to electricity the faculty of registering past experiences, and of making use of them for future action; grant also to it the faculty of realizing its own knowledge, that is, the power of feeling which ultimates into self-consciousness, and we can follow the evolution of knowledge and of feeling step by step with the evolution of matter from the most simple form of combination in the gaseous or nebulous stage to the actual period of the most complex organisms.

This theory furnishes us with a plausible explanation of phenomena which cannot be explained under any other supposition, and it does away with Mr. Pincton's objection of the lack of continuity between material phenomena and their effect upon consciousness. According to its teachings, there are no purely material phenomena. The waves of light and the nerves are the material which furnishes the means of communication to the agent which itself feels and is conscious. It explains the phenomena of heredity. It is the vital force present in the germ which seizes upon matter and with it builds the living organism, and it is the unconscious memory of the past experience of its ancestors which enables it to control and direct its own conduct.

There are many other problems which hav puzzled the human mind, and to which accepted beliefs furnish no answer. One very interesting is the origin of life. In denying the existence of a being able to create, we hav no means of accounting for the sudden appearance of life here. According to my theory, life is one of the forms under which this electric force manifests itself, and it permeates the whole universe, and what we call living organisms are simply a form of combination more complex, and the difference between living organisms and inert matter is one of degree and not of kind.

Nor hav we, at this time, any plausible explanation of the presence of intelligence in the universe; and yet it seems to me very clear that, just as life permeates everything, so do knowledge and intelligence exist all around us. How shall we account for it? We can no longer ascribe it to the will of God who gave to each organism knowledge and wisdom according to its wants. And yet knowledge, both activ and latent, not only exists, but is found to control all phenomena. The germ of each living plant, for example, contains sufficient latent knowledge to control its growth in a special direction, but that knowledge may remain dormant for ages until brought out by the right environment, when it will assert itself, and so direct the growth that the best result will be attained possible in the actual conditions. How do scientists now account for this? When a man breaks one of his limbs and the bones begin to knit together and the wound to heal, they tell us that it is due to a wise provision of nature, which accomplishes what the intelligence of man

could not do. But they do not tell us what they mean by the word "nature," nor who gave it the necessary knowledge, nor what are the limits of its intelligence. Nor can they tell us if nature is a conscious or unconscious force. Yet those questions are inseparable from the question of the true relation of matter and spirit. The knowledge and intelligence exist. No one can deny it. Are they the attributes of matter or the attributes of spirit? Is the knowledge in the broken limb, or outside of it?

My theory of the ability of electricity to acquire and store knowledge accounts for its presence all through matter; for its latent condition, and for its proper specialization; and what is called the wisdom of nature is, I believe, the result of past experiences transmitted to the organism through heredity.

I hold that at the time this earth was in a nebulous state there was in it the potency for all the life, motion, intelligence, feeling, consciousness, that there is in it now, but the power was activ in another form and manifested itself in a different manner. As the earth cooled, the heat, instead of being radiated in space—a belief incompatible with the theory of the conservation of energy—was transformed into life, knowledge, and consciousness; and new combinations, adapted to the manifestation of these faculties, replaced the combinations of the heated period. Through heredity these combinations became specialized, each line experimenting in a special direction, and transmitting its acquired knowledge to its successors. Thus vegetables acquired the knowledge needed for vegetable life; fishes, the knowledge that fitted them to liv in the water; and animals and man hav progressed so far as to reach the high stage of development of the present time. Thus an immense amount of knowledge has been developed and is stored away for use, but it is all specialized knowledge, each organism possessing just that kind it needs and no other; and all this knowledge is not a spontaneous creation, nor the gift of a superior and omnipotent spirit, but the result of hard-bought experience tested by the ordeal of the survival of the fittest.

While this hypothesis may seem fanciful to many, and to rest on a very slender foundation, it will alone, so far as I can judge, account for the phenomena by which we are surrounded.

If we admit a difference in kind—not degree—between living and dead, motion and rest, knowledge and ignorance, heat and cold, we fall into a dilemma from which there is no escape; if we attribute to matter heat and motion, and to spirit feeling and intelligence, we fail to follow the chain which unites these different phenomena, and are stopped on every hand by gaps which we can neither bridge over nor cross. But with this theory we meet no such difficulty. Electricity becomes the base of all spiritual phenomena, as atoms are the base of all matter, and ever united the chain can be followed from the single phenomenon of the attraction and repulsion of atoms in their narrow orbits to the complex phenomena of intelligent action; and the blind force of gravitation is found to develop into sensation and feeling till it emerges in self-consciousness, and electricity, under the form of magnetism, is found to rule the loves as well as the hates of man and woman.

And now, before I conclude, I want to quote here some opinions expressed by men well known by their mark in the field of scientific researches, and bearing upon the subject under investigation. Speaking of the influence of the sun's rays upon life, Grant Allen, in his work upon Charles Darwin, says: "Here biology next steps in with its splendid explanation of organic life, as due essentially to the secondary action of radiated solar energy on the outer crust of such a cooling and evolving planet. Falling on the cells of the simplest green plants, the potent sunlight dissociates the carbonic acid floating in the atmosphere, and builds it up with the hydrogen of water in the tissues of the organism into starch and other organic products, which differ from the inert substances around them mainly by the possession of locked-up solar energy. On the energy-yielding food-stuffs thus stored up the animal in turn feeds and fattens, reducing what was before potential into actual motion, just as the steam-engin reduces the latent solar energy of coal into visible heat and visible movement in its furnance and in its machinery."

How this influence of the sun is exerted is not yet well known, but it is somewhat remarkable that in a series of observations to ascertain the relation of the periodical appearance of the sun's spots upon earthly phenomena, no influence could be recognized except in regard to the variations of the magnetic needle, where a perfect coincidence was found to exist, thus establishing a clear connection between the sun's rays and magnetic influences, as well as between the sun's rays and organic life.

In his work on "The Atomic Theory," A. D. Wurtz says:

> We will, however, consider more closely the hypothesis of the discontinuity of matter, which would be formed of molecules and atoms in motion, in a medium which fills the activ universe and permeates all bodies—the ether.
>
> Atoms are not material points; they possess a sensible dimension, and doubtless a fixed form; they differ in their relativ weight and in the motions with which they are animated. They are indestructible and indivisible by chemical and physical forces, for which they are in some manner as points of application.

This expression, "for which they are in the same manner as points of *application*," means exactly what I hav tried to express, that atoms are the substance acted upon by electricity, but I differ in denying to them the power of heat, motion, etc., which is generally attributed to them, as is shown by the following quotation from the same author upon the nature of ether:

> Ether is not a vacuum; it is a medium formed of a highly rarefied and elastic matter, agitated by perpetual vibrations, which are transmitted from atomic matter to the ether, and from the ether to atomic matter. Is it a homogeneous, continuous medium? Is it formed of atoms of a second order, a kind of monads which would form by their aggregation ponderable matter itself? This is a question which can be brought forward, but which cannot be solved. Poisson inclined toward the hypothesis of the discontinuity of the ether; it seemed to him difficult to admit that luminous vibrations could be propagated transversely in a continuous medium. Such as it is, this imperceptible and imponderable medium has, nevertheless, a density, and, after a revived hypothesis of Lesage—that of transmundane atoms—it is the influence of this fluid which would cause the stars of the visible world to gravitate toward each other.

This hypothesis of an ether, filling up all space, imperceptible and imponderable, is brought forward not as the result of physical experiments, but because it can alone explain phenomena otherwise incapable of explanation, and is a step toward the acknowledgment that this medium alone possesses heat, motion, feeling, and intelligence. I find another step in the same direction in an essay from a noted physician, Dr. Richardson, entitled, "A Theory of Nervous Ether." Among other things, he says:

> It occurs to my mind, however, that the veritable fluid of nervous matter is not of itself sufficient to act as the subtle medium that connects the outer with the inner universe of man and animals. I think—and this is the modification I suggest to the older theory—there must be another form of matter present during life, a matter which exists in the condition of vapor or gas, which pervades the whole nervous organism, surrounds, as an enveloping atmosphere, each molecule of nervous structure, and is the medium of all motion communicated to or from the nervous centers.
>
> When it is once fairly presented to the mind that during life there is in the animal body a finely diffused form of vapor, a vapor filling every part, and even stored in some parts, a matter constantly renewed by the vital chemistry, a matter as easily disposed of as the breath after it has served its purpose, a new flood of light breaks in on the intelligence. Our own consciousness reëchoes to the fact. Our experience assures us that between ourselvs and the outer world there is, while we liv, an intercommunicating bond which connects us with the outer world, which is apart from the gross visible substances we call flesh, bone, brain, blood; which in some way nevertheless is connected with both heart and brain and organs of sense; which is made in and within our organism; which, produced in over quantities, oppresses us; which, produced in too small quantities, is insufficient for our wants; which is renewed by food and sleep, exhausted by wakefulness and labor; which receives every vibration from without, and lets the same vibrate within us, to be fixed or reflected back, and which conveys the impulse when we will an act and perform it.

These are only some of the statements which I hav found, in the last few years, expressed with much caution by scientists, but all leading in the same direction. The question of the true nature of these feelings we call personality, consciousness, of the basis of instinct and intelligence, of the true scope and function of the living principle, are attracting more and more attention, and in the light of the theory of evolution, which compels the investigator to establish a complete chain between the dead, unfeeling, ignorant matter of the early ages, and the living, conscious, intelligent man of to-day, the old explanations are discarded, and new hypotheses tentativly tried.

The subject is not one of purely speculativ value. It holds the key to the problem of future life; of the probability of so-called spirit manifestations; of the overthrow of disease and the increase of life; and a true solution will alone furnish a scientific basis for the improvement of the social relations, for the knowledge of the true relation of matter and spirit can alone giv us a knowledge of the true position of man here.

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

Colonel Ingersoll's Theory About Music.

Colonel Ingersoll thinks that great progress has been made in music in this country, and declares that Americans are coming to an era in music which appeals to the intellect. In talking about the drama, he declared his admiration for men of intellect to lead him, first of all, to pay homage to Shakspere, whom he regards as the most wonderful delineator of human passions the world has ever known. Speaking of music, he said: "The first form of music is that which appeals to the heels. It is merely regularity of sound. As it is lower or higher in tone or quicker or faster in movement it is rhythm, and appeals to the senses in a greater or less degree. Then there is music of association. Persons learn to associate a national air with their feelings of patriotism. A man may like a tune because his mother sang it, or because he heard it in the old home days. But there is a higher music than all this, which appeals to the great intellectual force in men, by which they are led to forget themselvs and all the surroundings, and are carried away to realms of thought from which they would be glad never to return. This is the highest music of all, and is the music in which this country is making progress more rapidly than any other country on the face of the globe."—*Tribune.*

Mixed Pickles.

Talmage and Sam Jones are working the salvation racket for all it is worth, apparently, but they go about it in different ways. The Brooklyn fixed star does not obtrude hell to a frightful extent, but dwells mostly on the joys of hevaen. While he doesn't specify many of said joys, he describes heaven as being a place of far more transcendent splendor than John Hoey's park at Elberon, or "Paradise Park" in this city, and says all the "saved" will prance around there on white horses, and carry golden harps. Heaven has twelve gates of pearl, he says, and all the roads, which are paved with gold—how Squire would like to be superintendent of public works there!—lead to the throne of Jehovah; and immortal life there will be one of ecstatic bliss from start to finish—stop, there is no finish; from start to—to —well, to forever more and moreover, say. Thus Talmage is trying to secure recruits for heaven with promises of a life of unalloyed bliss, *suns* toothache, *sans* taxes, and things that render earthly life hardly worth the living.

Jones, the wandering aërolite, dwells not so much on heaven as on hell, which he trots out in all its red horridity, thinking, no doubt, that heaven is too good for sinful mortals. No cowboy ever painted a town as red as Jones paints hell. He doesn't know any more about hell than his co-worker of Brooklyn does of heaven, but you would think he did, from the way he handles his figurativ brushes, and slaps on the red paint, with yellow-of-brimstone touches. While Talmage is trying to coax us into heaven with promises of celestial mint-juleps, so to speak, of never-ending deliciousness, Jones is trying to scare us into the abode of bliss and glory with threats of "blue blazes" being held to our lips for all eternity, and of which we must drink and keep drinking forever, without a let-up of a moment. My readers can take their choice of Talmage and Jones, and be coaxed or scared into heaven, as they like.

A "down-east" parson at a camp-meeting, at the close of a "love feast," when surrounded by the "sisters," remarked that he was thrice a widower, but felt a glorious satisfaction at knowing that he had been the means of sending all his wives to heaven, hinting that on that account he would be willing to extend his matrimonial record, looking approvingly at one of the sisters who flocked about him. Instead of reciprocating the amorous glance of the parson, the "sister" aforesaid bridled at once, saying:

"Well, you'll never hav the satisfaction of sending me to heaven, never! If any of the others want you to send 'em to heaven you just look at them and not at me." There was an immediate breaking up of the "love feast" aftermath.

The Prohibitionists are laying the flattering unction to their souls that they will one day run this entire aggregation of states. That they will is possible, but not very probable. But suppose they do, will their Prohibition prohibit? Has it "prohibited" in Maine? Does it "prohibit" in Rhode Island, Georgia, and the Western states, where it is pretended it prohibits? Not a bit of it—well, yes, it does a "bit" here and there, in some isolated place, but for a' that an' a' that, those who want the "prohibited" juice get it every time, and make the most of it. There is more rum drank to-day in Maine than ever, albeit ginshops are not in vogue; and the trouble is it is worse rum than in the days before "Prohibition." But as stolen fruit is the sweetest, so is "prohibited" gin the best flavored, malgre its degenerated quality, and people will hav it if only for spite because it is "prohibited." Do these one-idea men, these rule-our-stomach fanatics, imagin they are going to choke the Teutonic throat off its beer, the American and Irish throats off their whisky? If they do, there is only one term for them—Fools! The best or worst they can do is to bother us. But the more bother, the more we will drink when we get it. That is human nature, and the Prohibitionists will hav to prohibit that before they can successfully work the Prohibition racket. I hav used rum all my life, and intend to use it till death—"I" means a multitude, understand, myself included. I don't abuse it, never did, and don't think I shall; but there is no saving grace in that for me—for the multitude who use and not abuse—oh, no! Because Mike Dooly abuses rum, I am to be shut off from the use thereof! There are gluttons who abuse food. Why not choke them off from using food? It would be just as consistent, I think, the fact that I should succumb from starvation not militating in the least against consistency in the premises. There are those who abuse life in every way possible. Why not prohibit life? Cranks of this one idea—Prohibition—let me say to you that the only way in which you can establish Prohibition that will "prohibit" is to prohibit procreation. And don't you forget it!

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To Whom Will the Infidels Apply?

The subscriptions for the relief of sufferers from the recent earthquake in Charleston, S. C., amount to considerable over one hundred thousand dollars, contributed from all sources. This is as it should be, and speaks well for the generosity of the American people. Now is the time for persons of abundant means to display their sympathy for suffering humanity.

But one fact in connection with this relief fund must fill the destitute Freethinkers of the stricken city (if such there be) with misgivings. The Charleston correspondent of the Baltimore *American* writes under date of September 8th:

"The subsistence committee is in full swing, and is serving out to-day ample rations of meat, bread, and sugar to all worthy applicants. *The plan is to make the distribution hereafter upon the recommendation of the clergymen of the different denominations in the city.*"

This method of dividing the relief fund will undoubtedly cause it to be shared by a great many worthy religious people, but how is it to reach those not connected with the church? Does the subsistence committee imagin that only church communicants hav been afflicted, on the theory that "whom he loveth he chasteneth?" and hav the clergy shown themselvs to be so free from prejudice in all respects that they can be safely trusted with the direction of this great fund? The committee is perhaps doing its best to put the money where it will do the most good, but it has made a mistake in inviting the clergy to take a hand in the scramble.

Still in the Depths.

There are intelligent people who profess to believe that the work of Freethought is ended; that there is no longer any field for papers like THE TRUTH SEEKER; that superstition is dead; that the mists hav cleared away; that the Bible is no longer believed, or its teachings followed; that the world is drifting in the right direction, and that the only duty left for Liberals is to go about some other business, and let it drift. To the notice of such we would commend the following extracts, all of them from newspapers of recent date. Here is one from the New York *Times*:

"INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 4, 1886.—A remarkable faith-cure is reported from Anderson, Madison county. The subject, Albert Wampler, thus relates his experience: 'About five years ago I was stricken with pains in my limbs. The doctors pronounced it rheumatism, and I was treated for that, but I failed to receive any relief whatever and continually grew worse. All at once, during a season of prayer held for my special benefit, I arose, laid aside my crutches, and walked unaided. The disease had deformed me so that I was unable to straighten up, but now, thank God, I am as straight as anyone.' Mr. Wampler is about twenty-seven years old, and he firmly believes he was cured through faith in prayer."

Of course, no one really diseased was ever cured by "prayer." On the other hand, the greatest evils hav arisen from this belief. Proper medical aid has been neglected; and victims of faith hav died when intelligent treatment might hav saved their lives. Yet that a belief in prayer-cures is still held by some is attested by the above instance, unless it be a newspaper fabrication, of which there is a strong likelihood. A test which would satisfy skeptics is that proposed some time ago by the Maine *Farmer*, *i. e*, the restoration of an amputated leg. Though scarcely more wonderful than the sudden cure of long-seated rheumatism, it would still be a better test.

The next is from the *Morning Journal*, published in this city:

"FOND DU LAC, WIS., Sept. 4, 1886.—The Rev. Father Keenan will, in a few weeks, make an interesting experiment. Aware of the fact that snakes will not liv in Ireland, he is going to see if they will liv in this country under the conditions which are believed to exist in Ireland. According to tradition, St. Patrick visited the Emerald Isle in the fifth century, and found it infested with snakes, but after blessing the soil the snakes vanished. Father Keenan sent to Ireland and secured some of the old, genuin turf, which is now in New York, ready for shipment here. He has obtained some snakes also, which he will place within the turf. If the snakes die, it will hav a tendency to prove the truth of the tradition, or that there is some peculiarity of the soil which is fatal to their existence."

One of two conclusions must be drawn from this: either that the priest, Keenan, is stupidly superstitious, or that he is a hypocrit.

Then, from the Charleston *News and Courier*, published at the scene of the recent earthquake, we obtain this:

"After the fire on King street broke out (Tuesday night), when the whole of the lower ward housetops were illuminated, a strange thing was seen. On the top of the ruins of the porch of the Main station was seen a cross, the emblem of Christianity, which shone with resplendent brightness. There never was a cross on this building as far as known, and the appearance of this one soon attracted attention, as it stood out of the ruins. A policeman—it is needless to say that he was an Irishman—pointed to it, and said, as he uncovered his head, 'It is that that saved us.'"

The Charleston correspondent of the New York *World* says that this apparition did not take place, but his denial will hav no weight with Catholics, who can see the sun dance on Easter morning, and who believe in the "lady of Lourdes" and the Virgin at Knock. When an intelligent man like Cardinal Newman avows: "I firmly believe that the saints in their lifetime hav before now raised the dead to life, crossed the sea without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured innumerable diseases, and superseded the operation of the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways," what can be expected from ignorant Catholics?

The next case is worse. The account is from the London *Globe*, and reads:

"A painful case of religious madness is reported by a Paris correspondent to hav just taken place in the Hautes Alps, near Braincon. Two sisters, named Marie and Catharine Olaguer, aged respectivly forty-seven and forty-five, lived there on a little property which they had inherited. They had also a sum of forty thousand francs, which was well invested. They were noted for their piety, and both had profound belief in miracles and the supernatural. Last Monday morning Catharine told Marie that she had had a vision in the night, in which God appeared to her and demanded a proof of her obedience in sacrificing her sister. Marie lent herself to this idea, which did not appear to her at all strange. So, after devoutly hearing mass on Tuesday morning, she came home to prepare herself to be a sacrifice. Catharine got a sharp razor, and cut with it into each of the arms in front of the elbow and into the instep of each foot. The victim kept repeating, 'Jesus, Marie, my hope, my savior!' Catharine then collected the blood, to dry it and keep it as a relic. When Marie was lifeless, her sister dressed the corpse in white, and went with the will of the defunct to a notary, to whom she related what she had done. She also said that, in obedience to God's command, she had burnt all the debentures and scrip belonging to her sister."

The insane acts of these two sisters prove their sincerity, and that sincerity had its root in religion.

Readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav already heard of the Perfectionist craze at Cincinnati. Here is the latest feature of that delusion:

"The Rev. Duncan I. Jerome, a young Baptist preacher freshly graduated from Spurgeon's College, announces his conversion by the Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, Perfectionists and his abandonment of the Baptist Church. He says: 'We hold that Christian churches hav been tried and found wanting. We believe Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Brooks hav attained perfection, and that sinning to them is impossible. We do believe in the divinity of Mrs. Martin. She has as much divinity as Jesus Christ.'"

However far from the truth the Rev. Mr. Jerome may be in other respects, his closing remark, as given above, is undoubtedly true.

We now come to the most marvelous fabrication that has appeared in print since the last copy of the Bible left the press. The *Globe-Republic*, Springfield, Ohio, Aug. 5, 1886, is responsible for it:

"The most awful event in Ohio's history—a weird and horrible manifestation of the omnipotence of an angry God, if it be true—occurred some days ago near Lima, Allen county, Ohio. Sylvester Redyan was among the richest of Mercer county farmers. He was a brawny, black-browed, heavily-whiskered man of five and thirty years. He was in easy circumstances, and owned a fertil farm of several hundred acres. His family consisted of a wife and five children. Reydan, although generally respected, was so addicted to profanity that his oaths were constant and frightful. The fertility of Mercer county is well known; but the prospects for abundant crops this fall hav been almost, if not wholly, destroyed by a prolonged drouth, the effects of which hav been most noticeable in the wide and spreading corn-fields. The stalks, once sturdy and brightest of living green, slowly shriveled and faded into the sere and yellow of an untimely decay, and the once branching blades hung limp and lifeless. This condition of things maddened Redyan, and moved him to utter the awful blasphemy that cost him his life and semblance to humanity. On the day in question, he and four of his hands were sitting in the entrance of a small cave in a mass of sandstone overlooking a forty-acre field. The day was burning hot, and as Redyan looked out over the dreary waste of dying grain, his face grew dark with passion and discontent. He finally rose to his feet, his face aflame with insane rage, and shaking his fist with fury at the sky, shouted in ringing tones, 'If thou art a God descend and I will cut the heart from thy body!' The men shrank back appalled. For a single instant Redyan stood there, more like a brazen image than aught else, utterly powerless to move; then the heavens burst wide asunder, with a stunning shock, and a flaming bolt of fire descended, smiting and completely enveloping the blasphemous Sylvester Redyan, transfiguring him in the twinkling of an eye from mortal flesh and blood to a pillar of lifeless stone! Some time after the descent of the awful bolt, Redyan's hired help awoke to consciousness, to find themselvs strewn about in various postures on the ground in the shade of the rocks—awoke to huddle closely together, fairly frozen with horror, after one glance at the frightful object standing erect and rigid a few paces distant. Benumbed though their senses were, they felt and knew that Redyan was lifeless. The form there, just within the cave entrance, could not be that of a living being. The only thing human about it was its shape. It bore Redyan's head, broad shoulders, and massiv chest. It was almost devoid of clothing, and was vested with a grayish, stony appearance. The defiant attitude was wholly gone; the clenched hand had been lowered, and the head was inclined slightly forward. This much the men noted in their brief, fleeting glances. The men struggled to their feet. Their limbs almost refused to support them. They hung back, as if loth to approach the horrible object. Reluctantly the men advanced. With each step toward the cave entrance the air seemed to grow hotter, as if exuding from a fiery furnace. When within a few paces of Redyan, one of the men halted. 'This if awful—I can't go nearer!' he gasped. The others continued to advance. They put out their hands to grasp the upright, lifeless form. Then a wild shriek burst from their parched throats, and, turning, they fled as if pursued by a thousand demons. The figure was A LIVID, RED-HOT STONE.

"August Gebauer is a well-known saloon-keeper on West Main street. He was seen by a *Globe-Republic* reporter last night and told what he knew of the awful affair with marked agitation. 'Yes, I saw the Lima horror Friday afternoon,' said Mr. Gebauer. 'I went to Lima on business,' he resumed, 'and I took Mr. Black there with me. When we had finished our affairs we concluded to go see the stone man. There were so many conflicting reports rife in Lima that we more than half suspected we were going on a fool's errand; but we were not. The Redyan farm lies a mile and a half east of Lima, in a level stretch of cleared country, and is quite easy of access. The neighborhood is but thinly settled, and this fact accounts for the slowness with which the report of the awful occurrence spread. It happened in the southeast corner of a large corn-field, lying some distance from Redyan's house. It is needless to go into details as to how it occurred—you hav heard that. Suffice it that it did occur, and the sight I saw is such a one as I never want to see again. We found ourselvs in the front ranks of the throng and facing the narrow entrance to a cave in the rocks. My God! what a sight it was we saw! I shudder yet, and almost wish I had stayed away, for it has been constantly before me since that hour.' Even as he spoke a shudder went through Mr. Gebauer's sturdy form, and his voice was one of plaintiv earnestness. 'Yes, the corpse of the stricken blasphemer was there, standing in the cave. A number of men were at work striving to remove it. They worked with long iron crowbars, and kept their faces shaded or turned away, for the heat radiating from the body was frightful. But the efforts to dislodge or remove the corpse were of no avail, for as fast as they thrust the crowbars against it the solid iron melted and fell in trickling drops to the stony floor, while long, forked tongues of blue flame issued from the body, driving back the desperately battling men. While untouched the corpse emitted a faint, bluish glow, such as comes from stone nearly red-hot. The horrible thing still retains the form and features Redyan bore in life. The face is distinctly visible, set and rigid, while the eyes seem as if starting from their sockets. It is diabolical! Many days hav passed since the miraculous death of Redyan, and yet the heat is as fierce and blighting as when first noticed. Think of it! Solid iron melting and running down like water when applied to the body. Why, the heat is fiercer and more intense than that of the hottest furnace in existence. Of course Mrs. Redyan and her five children are prostrated

with grief, sorrow, and despair. Both Allen and Mercer counties are shaken from center to circumference, and the throngs surging about the accursed spot are hourly increasing. My only regret is that I went to the place.'

"It may be added in conclusion that the C. C. & I. and I. B. & W. roads here hav both been literally besieged with requests to run an excursion to the scene of this visitation of divine wrath."

This account is not new, but it has never before been published with such particularity as the *Globe-Republic* has given it. Though it has been contradicted often, there are no doubt a certain gullible newspaper constituency in this country who believe it is true, in spite of its impossibilty.

If it be a fact that all the accounts of marvelous events which are here printed find their believers to-day, it is worth inquiring at what age of the world people were more deeply sunk in the depths of superstition, and when the activ, persistent advocacy of Secularism could hav been more necessary than at the present time.

A New Heresy.

The prospects are, as we learn from the New York *Times*, that the approaching annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be rent by a discussion of what is called "the heresy of a second or future probation." The objectionable doctrin consists in a belief that "there may be a period of probation after death for those who die in sin after having lived under Christian influences, and that in all probability there is such a period of probation for young children and savages to whom the gospel has not been preached." This new heresy has its origin at the Andover Theological Seminary, a Massachusetts institution where young men are prepared for the Congregational ministry, and has many adherents.

It is quite natural that those interested in the foreign mission enterprise should object to such a theory. In the books of disciplin of the various churches certain requirements are laid down as necessary to a complete Christian life—such as attending church and prayer-meetings, helping to support the preacher, dropping something into the contribution box, and subscribing for a religious paper. These are called the "means of grace," having no necessary connection with religious conviction, and they are insisted upon scarcely less strenuously than the necessity of belief. The reason is obvious: if the means of grace are neglected the minister's salary stops.

For similar reasons the commissioners of foreign missions deprecate the notion that there is any future probation for unbaptized heathen or babies, and cling to the comforting belief that—

> "Hell is crammed with infants damned
> Without a day of grace."

For if it be true that the heathen are to hav an opportunity after death to know and accept the gospel and to be forgiven and saved, why, they ask, should millions of money and the arduous labors of thousands of self-sacrificing men and women be devoted to the conversion of the same heathen while they are in life? If the obnoxious doctrin preached by Andover is to be accepted, this conundrum cannot be answered.

At the last annual meeting of the board the home secretary reported, says the *Times*, that in the preceding year no new missionaries had been obtained, and that at least one hundred were then needed. This report inspired many students with a desire to enter the missionary field. When these young men offered their services to the board they were informed that they were expected to accept "as a part of their doctrinal belief the dogma of the decisivness of the present life in respect to the eternal destiny of the heathen." Those who would not accept this were rejected.

It is sensible in the commissioners for missions to thus draw the lines tightly. A man holding to the doctrin of future probation of course might accept the position of missionary, because it has perquisits and emoluments; but he could not be expected to work for the present conversion of the heathen with the same enthusiasm that would be looked for in a person who believed in the "decisivness of this life." But there is a matter behind all this which none of the Christians appear to take into consideration. They profess to believe in an omniscient or all-knowing God. If such a being exists, he knows the future destiny of each individual on earth; and if the destiny of each individual is known, of necessity it must be already fixed; and if the destiny of each individual is already fixed, of what possible avail can be all the preaching and proselytizing for which such vast sums of money are annually expended? In overlooking so important a question as this, and discussing the problem of future probation, the commissioners for foreign missions are straining at a gnat after having swallowed a camel.

Editorial Notes.

WE hav received a copy of a pamphlet entitled, "The Haymarket Speech," by Albert R. Parsons, Anarchist. As this is the address for the delivering of which Mr. Parsons is sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he is dead, considerable interest attaches to it. The pamphlet is pnblished by the Chicago Labor Press Association, 76 and 78 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill., price ten cents.

JAY CHAAPEL, who lately severed his connection with the *Liberal* at Liberal, Mo., has been elected secretary of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, which closed August 31st a very successful and pleasant session of a month. The society is in a prosperous condition, owning twenty acres of land, clear of all debt, covered with fine oak-trees, situated on a high and commanding bluff one mile from the Mississippi, and overlooking the city of Clinton. The floating debt was all paid off this year, and the season of 1887 will commence July 1st and continue two months. It has a free platform, and is said to be the only camp-meeting that does not make concessions to some kind of a God or religion.

THE *Ironclad Age* says:

"If a man can't be an Infidel without indorsing Anarchy; if he can't inveigh against soul-saving as the chief business of life without becoming a Socialist; and can't enjoy the comforting belief that death ends pain—ends all—without becoming a fanatic and a damned fool, the propagation of Freethought and mental liberty had better be suspended."

Though the conclusions here specified bear no relation to the propositions laid down, still, this is not the kind of talk we should expect from one who professes to make truth the object of his labors. Whatever happens, the propagation of Freethought and mental liberty must never be "suspended.' The sooner we learn the results of perfect freedom of thought and mental liberty the better, for not till then shall we be prepared to deal intelligently with the whole truth, whatever it may prove to be.

LAST week THE TRUTH SEEKER remarked, somewhat *in extenso*, upon the case of the Rev. Mr. Goodell, of Providence, R. I., whose wife has applied for a separation on the grounds of marital unfaithfulness. Simultaneously, it was stated, Mr. Foster, a Sunday-school superintendent in Pastor Goodell's church, asked for a divorce from his wife, with whom the Rev. Mr. Goodell had been guilty. It now appears that a half was never told. Later information discloses that the preacher and his Sunday-school superintendent hav executed the movement known as *chassez*, cross over, and change partners. One is a bad man and the other is no better. The parson charges that the Sunday-school superintendent's suit against him is intended to blind the public to his own moral obliquities. This complicates the matter considerably, and if the accusations on both sides are true, the most graceful thing for the parson and his Sunday-school superintendent to do is to subside, and withdraw themselvs from public observation. They are decidedly a bad lot.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE Newark, N. J., Liberal League will hold its first fall meeting the third Sunday in September.

LIBERALS of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois may address J. L. Andrew at Brimfield, Noble Co., Ind., in care of Samuel Devenbaugh.

J. E. REMSBURG has made a few changes in his program for Iowa. The following is a list of his appointments for that state: Cresco, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, September 20th, 21st, and 22d; Deerfield, Thursday, 23d; Fredericksburg, Friday and Sunday, 24th and 26th; New Hampton, Saturday and Sunday, 25th and 26th; Busti, Monday, 27th; Bassett, Tuesday, 28th; Maynard, Wednesday and Thursday, 29th and 30th; Troy Mills, Friday, October 1st; Oelwein, Saturday and Sunday, 2d and 3d; Buffalo Grove, Sunday, 3d; Manchester, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 4th, 5th, and 6th; Muscatine, Thursday, 7th; What Cheer, Friday, 8th; Montezuma, Saturday and Sunday, 9th and 10th; Sherman, Sunday, 10th; Hampton, Monday, 11th; Tama City, Tuesday and Wednesday, 12th and 13th; Grinnell, Thursday, 14th; Colfax, Friday, 15th; Osceola, Saturday and Sunday, 16th and 17th.

A MEETING of the Denver, Col., Secular Society was held September 5th, at the Albion Club room on Curtis street. The object of the meeting was to form a permanent organization. The movement was inaugurated by the recent lecture by Mr. Putnam at the Opera House. A meeting was called, and a temporary organization effected. There were about forty present, among whom were several ladies. Mr. Z. Shedd acted as chairman of the meeting. The committee which had been appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws made a report, and submitted to the society a constitution and set of by-laws, which were read separately, and in the main adopted. The objects of the society are: "To encourage the exercise of the understanding; to stimulate discussion and free criticism; to elevate the mind above the authority and tyranny of superstitions; to investigate the truths of science; to disseminate correct ideas upon various social, political, and theological subjects; to promote complete and universal civil liberty; to urge the recognition of the Nine Demands, to the end that the true relations of Justice among all mankind may obtain, and that human welfare may prevail throughout this broad land." The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas J. Truss; vice-presidents, Z. Shedd, J. D. Coplin, E. T. Webber, Charles Roth; secretary, J. G. Jenkins; financial and corresponding secretary, Miss Maggie Pattison; treasurer, Mrs. Coplin.

W. F. JAMIESON reached Butte City, Montana, on September 4th, and gave his first lecture on Sunday evening, having been introduced in a graceful speech by Dr. O. B. Whitfrd. The audience received the lecture with great cordiality. Monday morning the *Butte Daily Miner* contained the following: "An audience of about two hundred greeted Mr. Jamieson last night at the Renshaw Opera House, notwithstanding the fact that the night was anything but an inviting one so far as weather was concerned. The gentleman is quite a pleasing and entertaining, as well as an intelligent speaker. It will be necessary to increase the seating capacity of the house to accommodate those who will go to hear him next Sunday." Mr. Jamieson will deliver six more lectures in Butte, the Sundays of September, and is engaged to giv two lectures every Sunday during October in Bozeman. During week evenings he will giv courses of lectures in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Liberals, in any part of the territory, desiring Liberal lectures, should address him at Butte, Montana, care of Dr. Whitford.

DR. EDWARD AVELING, Socialist and Freethinker, arrived last week from London. His wife, a daughter of the late Karl Marx, accompanies him. They were met on arrival of the vessel at Jersey City by Theodore F. Cuno, of the New York *Volks-Zeitung*, and W. L. Rosenberg, secretary of the executiv committee of the Socialistic Labor party. On Monday Herr William Liebknecht, member of the German parliament, joined the two English delegates. Dr. Aveling and Herr Liebknecht are under engagement with the Socialistic Labor party to deliver a series of lectures in this country on Socialism. They will speak in the Cooper Union on Socialism on September 20th, and Trades Unions on September 22d. On September 19th their will be a meeting in their honor in Bromner's Union Park, Morrisania. Dr. Aveling is well known to our readers as a Freethought writer and lecturer, and as the author of the "Student's Darwin" and the "People's Darwin." He is anxious, if possible, to giv one or two addresses on Freethought, independently of his Socialist lectures. The friends at Philadelphia and Toronto are in negotiation with him to this end. Dr. Aveling's only vacant dates for New York are September 23d and 27th, and October 1st and 3d. On October 9th he is in Holyoke and on the 14th in Manchester, so that perhaps something could be arranged for the 10th. On October 16th he is in Boston, and October 18th St. Lawrence, leaving October 17th free. October 30th he is in Cleveland, and November 3d in Detroit; the intermediate days are free. He has at present no engagements between November 3d, Detroit, and November 8th, Chicago. All communications should be addressed to him at 62 East Fourth street. Dr. and Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling hav just issued a very outspoken pamphlet on the "Woman Question."

Call for the Tenth Annual Congress.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November 11th, 12th, and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Pursuant to a vote of the last Congress, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the constitution of the Union will be acted upon: 1. To reduce the fee for life-membership from $25 to $10. 2. Or, on payment of $10 by applicant for membership, to authorize the secretary to issue ten-year membership certificates, with all the privileges of ife-membership during that time. 3. Whenever a man or woman has taken out annual membership certificates for three or five consecutiv years, such person thereafter on payment of annual-membership fee to possess the privilege of life-membership.

The Congress will also be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought, and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly Secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs in the Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executiv committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present.

Per order of board of directors:

R. G. INGERSOLL, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.
COURTLANDT PALMER, Treasurer.
CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com.
E. M. MACDONALD, Ch. Fin. Com.

Letters from Friends.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Aug. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to congratulate you on your ruling in the Anarchist trials. You discerned the violation of the right of free speech in Most's case when some did not, and your journal was the first and only one, so far, that could see and tell what was the significance of that judicial farce in Chicago. Not even *Liberty* or *Lucifer* has, as yet, protested.

I looked earnestly and impartially for legal evidence to prove their guilt; imagin my surprise, then, to find them not on trial. As soon as the verdict was announced, and the press had their say, I wrote a review of the decision, and sent it to *Lucifer*. I regard "incendiary," "obscene," and "blasphemous" speech as entirely constructional, and this decision means that the labor question in no form shall be agitated in Chicago. Yours truly, C. T. FOWLER.

DAVENPORT, IOWA., Aug. 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. J. L. Andrew, the noted English Freethought lecturer, spoke in Turner Hall here in this city on the 20th inst., and the Liberals were once more stirred up. His subject, "Liberty and Law," was handled in a masterly manner, and all those present spoke very highly of Mr. Andrew's delivery, logic, and wit. His other great lecture, "Modern Infidelity," was given in Moline Turner Hall the following evening, and in it, as in the one delivered here in Davenport, he very ably discussed the subject, holding the audience spell-bound for one hour and twenty minutes, irrespectiv of the troublesome heat.

Mr. Andrew, but a young man, will no doubt make his mark triumphantly in the Liberal field, and while his terms are so exceedingly liberal and his oratorical talent well worthy of appreciation, Liberals throughout the country should encourage him and make arrangements to hear him. Davenport's and Moline's Liberals express their best wishes, and they will at any future time be glad to hear him again on the rostrum defending the grand and noble cause of Freethought and reform. H. G. SCHARFENBERG,
Secretary Davenport Secular Society.

CLEOPATRA, MO., Sept. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of your valuable paper about two years, and don't see how I ever got along without it. I am deeply interested in the labor movement. I eagerly read the letters of correspondents, and wish that more of the sisters would write. I think that we Liberals ought to be better acquainted. I must say that I thought that John R. Kelso's article on "Non-needy and Non-deserving United States Paupers" was just to the mark. It is the truth and was just. Would that we had more writers as fearless as he to expose the frauds practiced on the people of this nation by its rulers!

Go on, true friends of freedom; you will find friends to help you. I read eagerly every word from Aunt Elmina and Mrs. Dr. Juliet Severance.

There are a few Liberals around here. Three subscribe for your paper in this neighborhood, and there would be more but they hav not the backbone to stand the taunts of Christians. You can tell a true blue by the literature he takes.

Bravo, Watson Heston! Keep on with those blessed Bible scenes. The pictures are grand. If our dear Christian friends think the shadows are so awful, what would the reality be? But that is for heretics, you know—no danger of a Christian going to sheol. ANN E. STEWART.

SOUTH PRAIRIE, W. T., Aug. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The preachers of the United States are a great benefit to themselvs. They hav translated hell out of the Bible; that doesn't help the Bible much, but it helps hell out wonderfully.

I went to church not long since. The congregation were singing about the time Jesus washed their sins away. The preacher asked me afterward what I thought of the singing. I told him I thought Jesus had a tolerable big day's washing.

Christians hav a good recommendation—which they wrote themselvs.

Preachers expect to go from parasites of this world to paradise in the next world. Some of them are wise, and some are otherwise. I don't mean to condemn them all; there is a white sheep in every flock.

Suppose some one was to pray to hav the laws of gravitation reversed, then the world would fall on us.

Some members of the Young Men's Christian Association were caught stealing chickens in Washington territory. The society is now called the Young Men's Chicken Association.

The Christian religion kills a good man to reward him, and brings a bad one to life to punish him.

I don't believe anything exists that you can't kick; and I don't believe that any preachers exist that don't deserve to be kicked. Yours truly, GEORGE W. BOWMAN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Sept. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to report from this part of the country. Our League meetings are adjourned during the summer months, yet the labor movement has been quite activ preparing for the coming fall election.

I hav just returned from Mt. Pleasant Park camp-meeting, in Clinton, Iowa, and I am proud to say that we had a platform for free discussion of all subjects pertaining to humanity. The camp lasted one month, with meetings every day. The labor question was ably discussed, as well as religious, political, and social reforms. A person attending all the meetings would learn something to his advantage; it could not be otherwise, for in free discussion you hear all sides of a question, and this seems to me to be the only true way of arriving at the truth.

And I am glad there is one Spiritualist camp-meeting in this great country whose sessions are devoted to the best interests of humanity, and which will maintain practically a free platform. Camp-meetings run by Spiritualists in the interest of God and the angels seem a waste of time, for it does not strike me that they need our consideration as much as the people do here on our earthly plane. Let us help to make this world as good as we can, and I think we shall hav enough to do and shall need all the opportunity for consulting on the best way and means to make this world brighter and better. A. B. SEVERANCE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: An obscure sheet called the Brooklyn *Union*, whose circulation is principally confined to a few local fossils of the Jonah gastronomical school, clearly enough emphasizes its own coarseness and intellectual asininity by the following undoubtedly "divine inspiration:"

THE TRUTH SEEKER, a coarse, disreputable organ, representing New York Infidels of the Ingersoll school, clearly enough indicates the trend of its own teaching by a bitter editorial protest against the conviction of the Chicago Anarchists. From the level of the hog to that of the hangman would appear to he the normal gravitation of the American Infidel of this type (*Issue of Sept.* 4, 1886).

A little comment by yourself on this latest phase of "divine omniscience" might interest some of your subscribers.
JAMES W. DARE.

[We do not feel like making any extended remarks on this tirade. Those who hav read THE TRUTH SEEKER know that the *Union* is guilty of gross misrepresentation. Anarchism is not a logical outcome of Infidelity. Some Infidels believe in it, and some do not, while some Anarchists are Infidels and some are not. It makes no difference what their religious views are; when men are indicted for being unpopular, and sentenced to be hanged for being indicted, it is the duty of some one to protest; and THE TRUTH SEEKER has not protested any more strongly than papers conducted by Christians. Mr. John Swinton, for instance, a Christian, lets no opportunity pass for denouncing the judicial farce at Chicago. Why does not the Brooklyn *Union* point to that fact as illustrating the trend of Christianity? To paraphrase the closing remark of the above extract, we might say that from the level of an idiot to that of a malicious blackguard would appear to be the normal gravitation of some Brooklyn newspaper writers.—ED. T. S.]

GREAT VALLEY, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The cartoons that hav thus far come to me in the old, reliable TRUTH SEEKER now adorn one side of my bar-room, and I must confess they make quite an attractiv picture-gallery, attracting the eye and instructing the mind of the public generally, so far as I am able to judge from the interest that people take in scanning and pointing out to me the lifelike and truthful character of many features that I in my dullness had not perceived until pointed out to me and illustrated.

Even our orthodox friends don't pretend to deny that the pictures are true to life—at least, in the main, and so far as heard from yet. But I hav heard it hinted that it is believed by some of the more thoughtful ones that Brother Heston must hav drawn on his imagination to an unwarrantable extent to hav given the voice of God walking in the garden physical structure. They think they are dead sure on that point, since God never can be seen by mortal view. On this point we shall hav to grant them a double score—at least, if their premises are correct. But, then, if we wished to be fastidious or technical, we might as a rejoinder read to them from the word of God how he showed a part of his august personage to Moses, and how Moses through his familiarity with God did behold him face to face, as one man looketh upon another man. And, again, Brother Heston might hav taken his duplicate from that third part of God who did appear and was seen by many, the Lord Christ Jesus, the veritable God made manifest in the flesh. Hence I doubt not after seeing this lucid and simple explanation, our heretofore opposing friends will readily see where Brother Heston got his model from in giving physical proportions to the great "I am that I am." But since only this feature of our greatest living artist is objected to as yet by our opposing friends, I shall not insist in my pleading on holding them to the strict letter of God's law, so, should the world's great critics see fit to grant them a score, I shall not complain—no, no! My only thought when I started my picture-gallery was to entertain my guests and neighbors gratis. But I don't know but I shall be obliged to ask a fee in order to liv a more quiet life, and in part to suppress the throng of curious amateurs, for no later than last evening my bar or picture room was thronged with a motley crowd of from twenty-five to fifty people, discussing and pointing out the life features of ye olden times, by our very modest and modern artist, Watson Heston. Of course there are a few who look and run away, only to come and look some other day.
A. F. ALBRIGHT.

BROOKLYN, E. D., Sept. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been debating with myself for some time the propriety of throwing up my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I cannot find it in my heart to do it. I am determined to set a good example; for the spirit of our friend, Bennett, is ever before me (for, unfortunately, I believe in spirits, to the horror of Aunt "Elmina").

On the main, THE TRUTH SEEKER is doing a mighty deal of good. Like the coulter to the plow, it is the first to encounter the hard knocks of the boulders of superstition, which the plowshare gently exposes to our sight, with its brambles and weeds, to undergo the grand harrow of scientific research.

One motiv which induces me to continue my subscription is this. I come occasionally in contact with ladies and gentlemen of a mild, fashionable Christian type of thinkers, who borrow my paper, first to look and laugh at its cartoons; but, what is strange, I seldom see the paper again. Well, let the paper go on if it will do them any good. THE TRUTH SEEKER is something like the good old lady's pills—it is mighty "s'arching."

As editor of a truth-seeking journal, I suppose you feel it a duty to lay before its readers any communication gravely and honestly placed before them for their consideration. In this connection, I was surprised on reading an article on Anarchy, by Stevens, published in your issue of August 28th. Perhaps I am too thick-skulled to absorb this modern idea of unrestrained liberty. It is true, the great inequality in the possession of wealth, and its consequent power over the earth, either for good or evil; the malfeasance in public office and the maladministration of law operate as a great provocation to the honest thinker, and almost tempt desperate men to do desperate deeds. But Stevens and his Anarchists should remember the danger of unrestrained liberty.

That there is a wide difference in the public mind and that of Anarchists on the subject of Anarchy is very apparent from the repletion or overflowing of our state and county criminal prisons. Alas, students and patriots in this phase of philosophy, pickpockets and burglars, too often wake up and find themselvs inmates within their gloomy walls—merely a difference of opinion, you know!

It is surprising how some writers will trifle on this subject of human rights. I think it was Butler who unfeelingly wrote,

> No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law.

The immortal Shakspere wrote a long time ago, and therefore is excusable in inditing the then supposed aphorism, "Why were laws made, but that we are rogues by nature?"

Please giv me credit for the inclosed $3. D. BRUCE.

WATERVILLE, MINN., Sept. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am a recent subscriber to your paper, and can sincerely say that I am very much pleased with it. Although brought up in the faith once delivered to the saints, I early went astray, the prime cause being, I think, reading religious papers such as the *Watchman* and *Reflector*, of Boston, and the *Christian Union*, of New York, with others of similar character. Perplexing questions often arose in my mind, and when I questioned those in spiritual power, I was frequently told that such things could not be explained, but that it was all right, and that all that was needed was faith; and as I could never bring myself to hav faith in anything that was directly opposed to all laws of common sense and reason, I gradually drifted away, and began looking after truth wherever I could find it. From what I can observe, it is hard to think that any Christian believes what he preaches. For example, we hav been having in this country a severe drouth, and consequently many prayers for rain. Now, I hav never seen anyone attending a meeting where these prayers were made take an umbrella with him. Another and more painful illustration was given me a few days ago in confidence, which I trust I shall not violate by repeating it. A physician was recently called to attend a lady in a case of confinement. When he arrived he found her in a terrible condition, in which she had been for over a day, and had the doctor not arrived when he did she would soon hav died. Her idiotic Christian husband was kneeling at the foot of the bed, praying to his God to help her out of her trouble, and this was all he proposed doing for her. In thirty minutes after human aid was present she was saved. Now, there are weak-minded persons who will say that the doctor's presence was an answer to prayer; but if he had not been sent for by unbelievers, the woman would hav died.

Notwithstanding that I air my peculiar views on religious subjects on all occasions, the Almighty has not seen fit to sit down on me as yet, although within two weeks one young convert has had his house blown over, and an Episcopal church and the house of a good church-member hav been struck by lightning. Had any of those things happened to me, it would hav been a dispensation of providence. As it is, they roll their eyes and wonder how it can be so.

While I am in entire sympathy with your expressed views on religious matters, I hav no liking for those who would overthrow our form of government. That it needs much alteration, there can be no question; but, even as it is, it is the best on the face of the earth, and the most perfect that man or God has yet devised.

Hoping that THE TRUTH SEEKER may always be published, and hav a long subscription list, I am,
Ever its friend, L. ALEXANDER.

PALATKA, FLA., Aug. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: If L. L. Northup, Materialist's, head, near its crown, is no flatter than those of the rest of us amateur correspondents, he will not object to the notice I shall take of him. His letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 7th reminds me of a wish I hav for more than a year entertained, to be able to send you something for publication that might hav the effect, either upon yourself or your correspondents, to at least lessen, if not wholly check, the discussion of Spiritualism in the columns of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, whose space is of far too much value to be occupied by speculations upon a subject that has entirely passed beyond the speculativ field, and fairly entered that of the scientific.

If Spiritualism, so called, is not a science, it is nothing, and with more than an ordinarily extensiv acquaintance with Spiritualists and their individual conceptions of the subject, I know none at the present day who were able to tell you the difference between the meaning of the words natural and supernatural, and who, defining Spiritualism, would tell you it was a *religion*. Nevertheless, there are religionists who are also Spiritualists, as there are religionists who are also astronomers and evolutionists, and both alike often associate their

knowledge upon these respectiv subjects with their religious beliefs in such a manner as to justify the uninitiated in assuming that it is all of the same piece.

Mr. Northup says: "I hav had occasion at times to speak of the pernicious and demoralizing influence of Spiritualism and religion (as I consider both in the same light), and the postal [received by him evidently from a crank] confirms all my previous convictions and statements." In the above quotation Mr. Northup develops two very weak points in his mode of investigation: First, by assuming a relation of which he has no adequate proof, and then by accepting as a confirmation thereof, and of other dogmatic assertions, the "effusions" of a crank limited to the capacity of a postal card. Evidently Mr. Northup is poorly informed upon the real subject of (so-called) Spiritualism, and, with the utmost respect, I would suggest that he try his lance with D. Priestley (in last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER) on the yet live and eminently speculativ question of Prohibition.

In confirmation of the somewhat dogmatic assertion that "Spiritualism is a science if it is anything," and therefore should be discussed, if discussed at all, only on that basis, I need but to remind you of the fact that its conclusions are claimed to be entirely based upon natural phenomena, observable to the natural senses, and that it makes no claim whatever to supernatural agency or favor, but holds itself strictly amenable at all times to demonstrated truth.

LEWIS MORRIS.

HEBER CITY, UTAH, Aug. 28, 286.

MR. EDITOR: As my father-in-law, my brother, and myself are the only readers of your valuable paper in Wasatch county, we must endeavor to keep our small lights burning. We may be able to show our Mormon friends it is possible to liv lives of honor without being subject to priestly power, although we hav had a hard time this last winter. To explain this I will giv you an introduction to our family. Mr. James Watson is the father of three daughters. Joseph Thomas married the eldest, myself the next, and Mr. Edion Oaks the third. Consequently we are considered the Infidel family. In the beginning of February last, Mr. Thomas's children were taken sick with that awful disease, pneumonia. After three weeks' nursing we got the children through all right, but Mr. Thomas took sick, and, being so nearly worn out waiting on his children he so dearly loved, lasted only four days. Mrs. Thomas, being a woman of a nervous temperament, could not bear the loss of her ever-loving and affectionate husband, and succumbed to her trouble and died broken-hearted, making only fifteen days between their deaths. Of course it was seemingly a fine opportunity for orthodox friends, and they did not fail to take advantage of it. You could hear it whispered around, "Is that not awful? You would think it would be a lesson to the rest of them." But in the mean time, when Mrs. Thomas was sick, the Mormon elders took advantage, in the absence of relations, and laid hands on her, claiming it was her request, and as there seemed to be a slight improvement for a day, the news spread all through the town that the Lord had showed his power through his servants, and made whole a woman whom the doctor had given up. After all this, the one who had taken the lead in having hands laid on Mrs. Thomas made the expression in the graveyard that perhaps her death was the best thing that could happen, as it might save the children being raised in unbelief. And yet our troubles were not ended. Mr. and Mrs. Oaks had a little five-year-old girl sick at the same time the others were, only lingering longer, being buried just twenty days after Mrs. Thomas; but as Mrs. Oaks is a sensitiv woman, and seeing the advantage gained by our Mormon friends in taking lead at the burial of her sister and brother-in-law, she positivly refused to hav any one take part in the services over her child who had never called to see her through her long illness. I think a woman who has the courage to stand by her convictions in the midst of such trouble is worthy the respect of every true Infidel. I don't wish to giv the idea that there are no kind and feeling people among our Mormon friends; they are just like all other religious people—hundreds of them are ten times better than their creed.

Perhaps I hav made my letter too long already, so I will close by saying, Long life and success to THE TRUTH SEEKER. And as I hav had notification that my year's subscription has expired I will renew and send two dollars extra to help repair Brother Reynolds's tent which God-loving people destroyed. With kindest regards to yourself and the Booth family who stood by Mr. Reynolds in his trouble. JAMES LINDSAY.

RUM AND BLOOD, BLOOD AND RUM.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav refrained from sending you any communications on the subject of Prohibition for a long time, because I hav no desire to expend any more of my energy upon your waste-paper basket. John R. Kelso, A.M., demands replies to his vaporings on this subject, and seems to imply not only that his arguments are invincible, and his own intelligence overwhelming, but that there is no Prohibitionist living who has either the courage or the ability to assail the one or refute the other.

When satisfied that THE TRUTH SEEKER welcomes the words of Prohibitionists to its columns as well as those of the whiskyites, I shall endeavor to be the St. George to this horrible dragon who drinks whisky, breathes fire, and froths up misery every day. Why do I write you to-day? Why do I honor your waste-paper basket once more? Why, simply because you published in your number of Sept. 4th an article by J. L. Andrew. Nothing more shameful than his effusion ever disgraced the columns of any newspaper in this world before. His atrocious stories about the sayings and doings of Prohibitionists are unworthy of belief. I now declare them to be lies. These are my reasons: He givs no names of persons or of places, nor indicates the times of said occurrences. All his stories should hav been begun in these words: Once upon a time, in a far-away country, and a great many years ago, there lived a certain man, etc.

Your readers cannot fail to find answers to the rumitick's arguments in the daily papers, and in the returns at the ballot-box. The saloon, my dear fellow, is going, going—we will soon cry, gone. Be prepared to send your red nose along with it.

While I hav my hand in I want to say one other thing to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Even Freethinkers, it will be discovered, are persons of common sense and decency, who cannot always afford to allow their class papers to misrepresent them on almost every question of the hour. We are not murderers nor the friends of murderers. We do not claim that it is one of the inalienable rights of citizenship to set mad dogs on those who do not agree with us. The wild animals that are to be hanged at Chicago cannot be saved by us from their well-deserved fate. The new command has gone out over the world: They who wilfully take the lives of others with bombs shall perish at the gallows or the block. Thus it should ever be. Hav they a grievance, let them go forth and instruct the world. Let them show their wrongs, their wounds, their sufferings, to a sympathetic world. The success of Prohibition lies in the fact that its sober, tender-hearted men and women go to society and as best they may tell the story of agony, poverty, and misery this horrid traffic has so long cursed the world with. They fire no buildings, kill no rum-sellers. They never meet to tell each other to kill the reporters present; to kill the policemen in the streets; to teach each other the art of manufacturing dynamite. Perhaps if Prohibitionists would do these things, they could stir a fellow-feeling in the bosom of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Unless you mean to make THE TRUTH SEEKER in the future useful, instructiv, and helpful to the human race, by exactly reversing its present position in relation to Anarchy and temperance, I should suggest that you place the following at its head as the motto of its choice: "Rum and Blood, Blood and Rum." LIBERTA.

[If we bore our correspondent a grudge, which we do not, we should feel that in laying the foregoing unreasonable and intemperate communication before our readers we had secured a revenge more deep and lasting than anything we could hav the cruelty to wish for. After perusing it, no room will be left for inquiring why some of "Liberta's" previous articles hav found their way into the waste-basket, to which a due consideration for the author would perhaps consign the present one.

We may differ with "Liberta" as to the most efficient method of curtailing or entirely doing away with the liquor traffic, but that is not a good reason why he should denounce THE TRUTH SEEKER as a rum organ. We probably would not always agree with him in defining capital offenses. Does that justify him in saying that this paper advocates bloodshed and murder? We cannot admit that it does.

Prohibition may be a practical scheme, or it may be impracticable. Those who do not think it practicable should certainly hav accorded to them the liberty of saying so. The same holds good with reference to its constitutionality. If there are two sides to the question, let both sides be represented by argument. Abuse on either side or both sides will never settle the matter. And here we would recommend to "Liberta" a study of the calmly philosophical style of Mr. D. Priestley, as illustrated by his letter in our issue of July 31, 1886. There he will find argument met with argument in a way that must be pleasing to all admirers of courtesy in discussion. Then let him calmly reread all we hav had to say about the Chicago or any other Anarchists, and find out if we hav asked for them anything more than the fair trial and just verdict to which every American citizen charged with crime is entitled.—ED. T. S.]

FORKS CREEK, COL., Aug. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I became a subscriber to your valuable paper about one year ago, while at Custer City, Idaho Territory, and hav been a constant reader and admirer of it ever since.

When my brother, B. L. Smith, came to Colorado, he sent you a renewal of the subscription. He had it sent to his address, but as we do business in partnership, it is all the same. I make this statement merely to let you know that I am not a "backslider" from Liberalism. We take several Liberal papers, but could not get along without the old TRUTH SEEKER.

I hav been an outspoken Freethinker for about two years, and hav no desire to go back into the arms of the church. On the contrary, I thank God, as it were, every day of my life than I am free from the blighting curse of superstition.

My parents were devout Christians, and the first words I remember ever saying were the Lord's Prayer lisped at my mother's knee. I was taught to revere every word within the lids of the Bible. To doubt any of its teachings or sayings was almost an unpardonable sin. An Infidel was the most despicable thing on the face of the earth, and always called upon God for mercy when he came to die.

My father was ever telling us of the goodness of God and that he created all things, and in a conversation one day one of my little brothers asked him who made God. His reply to that question was: "Shut up, sir! That is an Infidel question. Don't you ever dare to ask such a question again."

But my parents taught their children to despise everything that was bad and immoral, and I never heard my father utter one word or syllable that would not hav been appropriate in the most refined society. They prayed daily for the conversion of their children, but we did not take to religion readily, although we believed it was all right and some time we would understand all about it, be converted, and finally go to heaven.

I well remember my first impressions of doubt and disbelief. In the year of 1878 I was attending the Raisin Valley Seminary and Dr. Test, the principal, gave several lectures on geology, in which he made the statement that animal remains had been found beneath different strata of geological formation, and these animals must hav existed thousands of years prior to the creation as recorded in the Bible. I knew that either one or the other was wrong—either geology or the Bible—and I thought to doubt the word of God was a terrible thing. There was a revival near the school that winter, and as I wanted to do what was right and get light on the subject of religion, I attended the meetings, and finally got it into my head that I was converted. I prayed to God to giv me light and take away my doubts, but somehow I couldn't catch on. Pray as I would, I could get no light, and this geological affair was always coming up to giv me trouble. I often asked myself the question: Am I getting to be an Infidel? I was in the deepest abyss of gloom. I knew not if there was a God above; if I was a thing of chance; if beyond the bounds of this gloomy present there is annihilation or a hereafter. I said, "O God, if thou art, solve me these doubts and giv me light!"

I would not for all the world hav had my friends know that I harbored such doubts, and thought time would make it all clear to me.

I finally left school and went to the northern part of the state to teach, but still kept up my studies by joining the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circle, and as I studied astronomy, geology, philosophy, and chemistry, they each led me farther from what I sought—a reconciliation with the Bible and Christian teachings. I still attended the Methodist Episcopal church, but took little interest in it, as I heard no new ideas advanced.

As yet I had never read any Freethought works. I would not, as I had been taught from my very infancy that all such were morally corrupt and ruinous to both soul and body, especially "Tom" Paine's "Age of Reason." And to make matters worse, my brother "Ben" married into an Infidel family, a daughter of Alexander Campbell, of Elk Rapids, Mich., an old-time subscriber to the Boston *Investigator*, and an Infidel in every sense of the word. I had nothing against my brother's wife. She was good, and kind, and intellectual, but she was an Infidel, and my brother soon openly professed his Infidelity.

As time passed on I taught five consecutiv terms of school in what was known as the Campbell district, near Elk Rapids, Mich. The majority in the district were Methodists, and the first thing I heard was what a terrible man Campbell was. As a director of the school he had robbed the district of money; as supervisor of the township he had defrauded the people, and he was a despot in his family, and he had even gone so far as to plaster the schoolhouse on the holy Sabbath day. I did not care to become acquainted with any such man, and, by the way, I guess the feelings were mutual, for he seemed very indifferent about making my acquaintance. I dreaded to see him come to the school-house, but, nevertheless, he would come, discharge his duties as an officer, and leave—and to me it was a relief, and why? Because my early teachings were such that I felt the presence of a disbeliever of divine revelation to be contaminating to morality. His little daughter, Maud, was always a regular attendant at the school, and she did not look as if she had a very hard time of it at home. Her cheeks were always rosy and her face always wore a smile. She would whisper in school contrary to the rules, and sometimes neglect her lessons, but never would she tell a lie to screen herself from any punishment. I knew she received these impressions and a reverence for the truth at home. I knew that a man who would teach his children such principles could not be very bad, so I determined to investigate. I became more thoroughly acquainted with Campbell, asked him about the reports circulated through the neighborhood in regard to his dishonesty, when, to my surprise, he showed me receipts and statements which proved conclusivly that the reports were wholly false. When I asked him why he did not vindicate himself, he replied by saying, "I consider the whole set are beneath my notice."

By this time I had more respect for Infidelity and less for Christianity, and resolved to investigate to the bitter end, even if I had to read Paine's "Age of Reason." I knew if Christians would lie about one Infidel they would about another.

At this time I was boarding at Mr. Campbell's and had access to several works on Liberalism. I read Colonel Ingersoll's lectures; Remsburg's "False Claims" and "Bible Morals." I had read the Bible considerably, but had no idea there was such indecency in it. The veil was rent. I beheld Christianity in all its hypocrisy. I threw it from me as I would a venomous snake. I stepped beyond the pale of theology into the beautiful field of reason, and day by day as I read and investigate I am convinced that this is the only true source of happiness.

In conclusion I send you $1.25 for McDonnell's "Heathens of the Heath," and 25 cents for the motto, "Reason is the Lamp of the Mind, the Only Torch of Progress;" 20 cents for two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER in which you publish this letter; one to be sent to W. H. Smith, and one to Alex. Campbell, Elk Rapids, Mich. CHARLES E. SMITH.

It Would be Crowded.

We always did favor a good, well-ventilated, and safe "club house" for criminals, an asylum for the insane, and now, as the people are agitating the question of a home for fallen women and weak-minded children, may not we hope next for a home for fallen preachers?—*Progressive Age.*

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Dinner and a Kiss.

Selected by E. W. Chamberlain.

"I hav brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arms a kettle,
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will giv you this—"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,
While all about were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopped at the sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss!

Spring-time; or, The Little Poet.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Who takes care of you?"

"I liv at the poorhouse."

"And they are unkind to you, and you hav no one to love you?"

"No," sobbed Flossie.

Gertie clasped the little form in her arms, saying, "I will love you, darling; would you like to be my little sister?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

That evening Gertie wrote home. The following is an extract:

I hav a little scholar—her name is Flossie Stanhope—whom I think much of. She is ten years old, but looks two or three years younger, she is so small and slight. She has the loveliest blue eyes and amber curling hair, and—isn't it terrible?—she is an orphan and a pauper. She writes poetry. I inclose a copy of some she wrote on her slate today, which I think is wonderful for a child of her age to compose. I hav promised to be her sister. Can you not find room in your hearts and home, dear papa and mamma, for one more daughter?

Lovingly, GERTIE.

In a day or two came the reply from her mother:

MY DEAR CHILD: I hasten to reply to your letter. I am glad that next Friday closes your school, for your parents are both longing to see you. Bring dear little Flossie, for I know she is my dear sister Florence's little girl—the sister who father thought married so poorly, and disowned in consequence. I was away at school at the time, but was immediately summoned home after she left. I never could learn her address so I could write to her, and if she ever wrote to me, as I think she must hav done, father kept her letters from me. Florence was a poet, and also her husband, Arthur Stanhope. I long to see her, my only sister's little girl. I am to see you so soon, dear Gertie, that I will write no more now. MOTHER.

That evening Gertie told all she knew of Flossie's history to Mr. and Mrs. Jason, and her friend Minnie. Mr. Jason readily promised to see the overseer of the poor the next day, and acquaint him with the facts in regard to Flossie.

"There will be no trouble," he said, "about getting the child. Let me think—to-morrow is Friday."

"Yes, papa," replied Minnie, "and the last day of school, and the scholars are to speak pieces, sing songs, etc., and we must visit them and Gertie in the afternoon."

As the afternoon session was about to close, Mr. Jason drove up with his beautiful span of grays and two-seated carriage.

"I couldn't get around any earlier," he apologized, after the children were all dismissed and the visitors had left; "but I am glad wife and Minnie were in time to hear and see all, and I am in time to carry you all home. Here, wife, you sit on the front seat with me, and let the young people sit back. Bring Flossie, Gertie. It is all right; there she is at the corner of the school-house."

Gertie stepped to her side, and found her weeping and sobbing bitterly, and took her hand, saying,

"Don't cry, darling, but come and ride with me to Mrs. Jason's."

"Mrs. Williams will whip me if I ride with you, because I shall be late home; but I guess it will kill me if I don't see you any more, and so I will go."

"Come, girls," called Mrs. Jason; "these horses are getting very restless, and won't stand much longer."

"Come, dear, spry," said Gertie; "and think no more of Mrs. Williams, for she will never whip you again."

Flossie looked with wondering eyes into Gertie's face after they had entered the carriage, and were on the way to Mr. Jason's.

"When we reach the house, Flossie, I will explain it all to you."

After the explanation Flossie was nearly wild with joy. She sang, and danced, and hugged her cousin by turns, while her face was all aglow.

After a while they missed her, and found her outside with her slate and pencil, with the following verse written thereon:

Oh, the bud and bloom of flowers in spring,
What joy and gladness to my heart they bring!
And singing birds so joyous and free,
So merrily trilling from tree to tree,
Attuning my soul to thoughts grand, sublime,
As I look, and listen, and pen this rhyme!

"But it is not spring-time now, Flossie."

"It is spring-time to me," she declared.

SADIE A. MAGOON.

Who Sets the Fashions?

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they working a weary while,
To dress themselvs in the latest style?

There's Mrs. Primrose, who used to be
The very picture of modesty.
Plain were her dresses, but now she goes
With crimps and fringes and furbelows.

And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs,
Because the color in vogue she wears;
And as for Dandelion, dear me!
A vainer creature you ne'er will see.

When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful flirt—
Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt;
But now I notice, with great surprise,
She's several patterns of largest size.

The Fuchsia sisters—those lovely belles!—
Improve their styles as the mode compels;
And though everybody is loud in their praise,
They ne'er depart from their modest ways.

And the Pansy family must hav found
Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe underground.
For in velvets and satins of every shade
Throughout the season they're all arrayed.

Pinks and Daisies and all the flowers
Change their fashion, as we change ours;
And those who knew them in olden days
Are mystified by their modern ways.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they busy a weary while,
Dressing themselvs in the latest style?

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—RIDDLE.

I hav an actual and palpable existence in the world, and hav had for hundreds of years. I am not an unfamiliar object, but make myself useful in almost every home in the land. You young folks who guess riddles hav seen me hundreds of times—see me almost daily. If it will shorten your search for me, this much I will say, that if you look for me in books or manuscripts you will probably nowhere find me, for in books, either printed or written, I am nowhere named.

In order to still further circumscribe your field of search, I will say, what is true, that I am even now palpably and visibly in your presence.

How many of our young folks can guess me in next week's Corner? S. BREWER.

2.—REBUS.



Geographical.

3.—WORD SQUARE.

1. Two-wheeled carriage.
2. A chilly fit.
3. Means employed to deceive.
4. To abound. LEE HINCHER.

4—CONUNDRUM.



A repulsiv face—and yet 'tis clear
That it would suit an auctioneer.

5.—A LETTER REBUS.

P { An inferior ilk
G { Of India silk. J. K. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

1.-Carpet. 2.-Voltaire. 3.-The Truth Seekers—first, the people; next, the papers.

5.-
T
PIG
TIGER
NET
R

Correspondence.

DEL MAR, CAL., Aug. 29, 286.

DEAR MISS WIXON: We just moved down to this beautiful county of San Diego from a church-ridden town of Pomona, in Los Angelos county, where there are ten churches and only eighteen hundred population. We liv twenty miles from San Diego, and two and one-half miles from the ocean, on a ranch where we raised everything we wanted to eat since the 25th of March, with only two rains. Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and would not be without it. I read the Children's Corner. I think the pictures on the front and back of the paper will break up Christianity. Well, I can't think of anything more to write, so I will close for this time.

MARCUS LUTHER SHAUG.

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An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary Hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary Feet! that many a mile
Hav trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trysting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze:
"'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!"

O weary Eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary Heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know, whatever comes is best
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

—*Anon.*

Served Him Right.

Old Birch, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit.
He was as stubborn as a mule,
And she as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Kate had scarce become his wife
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Katy sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger rose, and red
And white his face alternate grew.
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
"Oh, dear, I didn't know 'twas you!"

—*Oakland Echoes.*

A Chapter on Millerism.

It was in the year 1831 that William Miller, a well-to-do farmer of Washington county, New York, rose up from a prolonged study of his Bible convinced that the prophet Daniel had clearly foretold just when the end of the world would be, and that to him had been given the key which unlocked the prophetical numbers revealing that some time between March 21, 1843, and March 21, 1844, Jesus Christ would come in person to judge the world. Twelve years was little time enough for plucking brands from the burning. William Miller was not an ordained minister of the gospel.

Now, his neighbors in Low Hampton, where lay his well-cultivated and unmortgaged two hundred acres of land, had said that if there was a man on earth who never bottled moonshine or dug wells in the air, William Miller was that man. He was a fair type of the prosperous Green Mountain farmer. His proverbial honesty and hard common sense made him a leading man in the community. He had been captain of brave men at the battle of Plattsburg. To his record as constable, sheriff, and justice of the peace had been added the laurels of the poet of Low Hampton. Then, he was a great book-worm in the eyes of his neighbors. He read the few books he owned and could borrow many times over. In his early middle life—for he was past fifty when he went forth to proclaim "the midnight cry"—he had shocked the religious sense of his passiv-brained townsfolk by reading Hume, Voltaire, and Paine, discussing and advocating their arguments with an ability few cared to oppose. But he finally returned repentant to the Baptist fold and began a devout study of the Bible. "I lost all taste for other reading," he wrote of this period, "and I applied my heart to get wisdom from God." He laid aside all aid but his Bible and Concordance. He began with Genesis, and left no verse behind that he did not think he clearly understood by comparison with collateral texts. "I found that all the prophecies that had been fulfilled had been fulfilled literally."

Then he became convinced that the popular doctrin of a temporal millennium before the second coming was fallacious; also the doctrin of the return of the Jews to Palestine before the end of the world. The next event in the history of the human race was to be its final judgment. He focalized his study upon the prophecies of the second coming. The result was his formulating as one of the articles of his belief: "I believe that the second coming of Jesus Christ is near—even at the door; that is, in or before 1843."

His theory of interpretation was founded on established principles of Protestantism. The Bible was to be interpreted literally; its figurativ language explained by collateral passages. Private judgment was to be unfettered in the search for truth. The then new and alarming heresy of Universalism was considered an illustration of what a spiritual interpretation might bring forth. Orthodoxy had been little disturbed in those days by philological research, geological discovery, and a philosophy of evolution. The infallibility of the writers, compilers, and translators of the sacred books was unquestioned by those calling themselvs Christians. The six days of creation meant six literal days. That there was to be an end to the world was a fundamental doctrin of the true faith.

He began preaching in the country churches around Low Hampton—his theme the speedy appearing; and so great was the revival wherever he held meetings, he could not begin to answer the calls from Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, and the so-called "Christian" (Campbellite) churches. It was after he began proclaiming his peculiar views that he received a license to preach from the Baptist church at Low Hampton. Wherever he went great multitudes pressed to hear him, and leading churches were opened for his lectures. This was in the beginning of his public life. The tide turned when his converts began their bitter attacks upon the churches, calling them "Babylon," and warning the believers in the blessed hope against remaining in their communion. There was a fascination to many in his prophetical charts and his mathematical solution of the mystical problem of the 2,300 days of Daniel's vision—in working out, like a lesson in arithmetic, the exact year when the third woe would be sounded, and the seventh trumpet, and *just when* "the stone would smite the image on the feet." How could there be a millennium when the little horn was warring with the saints? Had not the sun been darkened on that dark day of May 19, 1780, and had they not seen the last sign that was to precede the coming of Christ in the meteoric shower of November 15, 1833? When had there been such distress among the nations—such roaring of the winds and waves?

The keystone of William Miller's gospel was the prophecy of Daniel: "Write the vision and make it plain upon tables, . . . for the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; . . . it will surely come, it will not tarry."

He taught that the scriptures revealed *just when* the end would be. The prophecies were an unerring diagram. Whoso readeth let him understand. He never doubted in his simple soul that Josephus and Rollin were infallible as chronological authority. The vital point in his argument, which fixed the end of the world some time between March 21, 1843, and March 21, 1844, was the connection between the seventy weeks of Daniel and the 2,300 days. To one inclined to enter into a fair controversy upon the subject he would say:

"Open your Bible. That is to be your teacher alone. Now read the first three verses of the twelfth chapter of Daniel:

"(1.) And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book.

"(2.) And many of them that slept in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

"(3.) And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

"Now read the sixth verse," Father Miller would say:

"And one said to the man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters of the river, How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?

"What wonders? The resurrection, of course. How long will it be to the resurrection? A time, times and a half. That's plain enough. Who swore it would be after that? Our Lord Jesus Christ. Now, if Christ himself, in answer to the question, How long shall it be to the resurrection? has sworn with an oath that it shall be for a time, times and a half, is not that telling *just when* it will be? What is meant by a time, times and a half? Read the sixth verse of the twelfth chapter of Revelation:

"And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and three score days."

"Now read the fortieth verse:

"And to the woman was given two wings of a great eagle that she might fly into the wilderness into her place, where she is nourished for a time, times, and half a time."

"Now, those two verses," Father Millc would say, "refer to the same period o time. It is the same as the 1,260 days. The same period is presented under different forms in several places. . . . Time, times, and a half is 1,260 days. Allow thirty days to a month, and twelve months to a year, and we hav three and a half years, equal to 1,260 days. Has not God revealed the time in days that must pass before the resurrection? How do we know how to reckon those days? Read Dan. vii, 25:

"And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws. And they shall be given into his hands until a time, times, and dividing of times."

Here Father Miller would make plain that the time mentioned was the time of the continuance of the saints in the power of the "little horn." The little horn meant the papacy. Time, times, and dividing of times, was a period of the same length wherever spoken of in scripture. Could it mean 1,260 literal days, when the persecution of the saints had extended far longer than that? If not 1,260 literal days, what then?

Read Num. xiv, 34:

". . . Forty days each for a year."

Now Ezek. iv, 6:

". . . I hav appointed thee each day for a year."

Admitting that days meant years, it was easy proving how the seventy weeks were fulfilled in 490 years, as many years as there were days in the seventy weeks; . . . 1,260 years from the time the decree of Justinian went into effect, A.D. 538 to 1798, when the papacy was subverted by Napoleon. The time sworn to by Christ himself meant the 1,260 years. . . . The 2,300 days and the four great kingdoms bring us down to the end, A.D. 1843. All the great events in the history of God's dealing with his people were preceded by special warning. Daniel knew by books *just when* the captivity of his people would end. So they were to know by books just when the days of the little horn were numbered, when the saints should possess the kingdom. "If you can make a calculation with the prophetical numbers," Father Miller would say, "a calculation based on a true interpretation, that does not show you that 1843 is to see the end of the world, I should like to see that calculation."

'Forty-three went by. We find him in '44 confident that there had been no mistake in his reckoning, and that there was nothing to be discovered that would account for the delay in Christ's coming. He cheered his disciples by his patience with the tarrying vision. They had not taken into account the difference between Roman and Jewish time; he told them 1843 Roman time was 1844 Jewish time. He should be happy, he wrote, if he was as sure of heaven as he was of the truth of the prophecies of Daniel.

It was in the summer of 1844 he called attention to the focalization of the prophetic numbers upon *the tenth day of the seventh month* of that current Jewish year, which corresponded with the year of Jubilee. The tenth day of the seventh month was that of the great day of the Atonement. Might they not believe that the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four was the year of the world's Jubilee—the great and final atonement? The well-worn Bibles of his followers were studied with increased interest. Dark passages found wondrous illumination in the light of the new gospel. The few that opposed the theory were silenced by an avalanche of prophetical exposition, showing that the "tenth day of the seventh month, year of Jubilee—*and probably at the hour of even*—would see the Lord himself coming in the clouds of heaven." The exact time had not been fixed upon without vexatious difficulty. There was the matter of a difference between the time the Rabbinical Jews kept the Passover and that of the Caraite Jews, which must be considered in deciding upon so momentous a date. "If the Caraite Jews always observed the Passover at the second full moon after the vernal equinox, we might always know where their year began. But when the barley is ripe they observe with the Rabbinical Jews at the first full moon. The first full moon after the equinox varies from the 20th of March to the 5th of April. When it comes near the 20th of March the barley is not ripe, and the Caraites observe the 2d. But when it comes near the 1st of April the barley is frequently ripe, and then the Caraites and Rabbinical Jews observe the Passover at the same full moon. *This year*, the first full moon came on the 3d of April, and whether the barley was then ripe and the true Passover then kept, or whether it was not observed till the following moon, we hav no certain means of knowing. As the first full moon came so late this year, it is probable the Caraites then observed the Passover, unless the harvest was more than usually late. If so, it follows that we shall soon be in the seventh month. . . ."

Many were the struggling offshoots of the fanaticism when that October went by, and all things continued as they were. Strange leaders arose in the camp of the disappointed, men and women claiming supernatural gifts and authority in scriptural interpretation not to be lightly set aside. But the majority of the fifty thousand and more of believers in William Miller's gospel did not forsake their leader nor giv up their faith in the speedy appearing. At the call of Father Miller this remnant, sifted of the weak and wavering, assembled in conference at Albany, April 25, 1845, when a declaration of faith was agreed upon and the name "Adventist" adopted—the birth of another organized sect in Christendom, numbering to-day many thousands.

Father Miller never lost the love and veneration of his followers. "There was no mistake in the prophecies," he maintained; chronology was at fault. He was gathered to his fathers on December 20, 1849, aged sixty-eight years. Upon his monument in the graveyard at Low Hampton is inscribed:

But go thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

Who shall say that Father Miller contributed nothing to the better understanding of scripture? He was the martyr of mistake—of false teaching. His doctrins in the abstract were based upon the principles of orthodox Protestantism—the right of private judgment in the interpretation of scripture.—*Jane Marsh Parker in the Post.*

Obituary.

DIED.—At Patch Grove, Wis., July 22d, William Humphrey, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It has become my sad duty to announce to you that another of your constant readers has "gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns." In other words, my husband, William Humphrey, departed this life on the morning of July 22d. Mr. Humphrey was a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER until his strength failed; then he required some member of the family to read it to him to the very last number that was received previous to his death. His fear was that you would not sufficiently condemn the Anarchists in their nefarious conduct. He greatly feared that the cause of liberty would suffer at their hands if the friends of liberty and progress were not emphatic in their condemnation of their hellish work and words. He attended the Liberal Congress when it was held in Cincinnati, and ever since then he has feared that the cause would be injured by the hotheads styled Socialists, more correctly Anarchists. Mr. Humphrey was a subscriber to the Boston *Investigator* for more than twenty years, when he said he had outgrown it, as he had been so long settled in his mind in reference to all Bibles and religions, and had become a confirmed Spiritualist. I continued the subscription to the *Investigator* five years longer for the good it had done for us and others, and when I subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER, simply because I loved to see fair play, he objected and said he wished me to take, instead, some Spiritual paper, as Spiritualism, he said, was a live subject, and he didn't wish me to spend time and money in contemplation of an old effete subject like Christianity or its Bibles, as these subjects were worn threadbare for both of us, which I well knew was true enough, but yet I continued to take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and its free platform, and Mr. Bennett's evident truthfulness and patriotism, won him so that until the day of his death he was a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He read it all, and he very much admired some of its contributors, and enjoyed the "Letters from Friends."

No man, be he who he may, ever left this life to whom these words were more applicable:

He so lived, that when the summons came
To join the innumerable caravan
That moves to the pale realms of shade,
He went not like the quarry slave at night,
scourged to his dungeon;
But, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approached his grave like one who wraps the
drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

And truly the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism divests Death of his grim terrors, and life of its coldness and hollow vanities.

MARY T. B. HUMPHREY.

Patch Grove, Aug. 7, 286.

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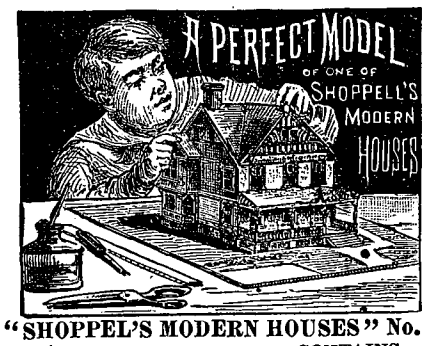
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from the bishop of Ton
that seven hundred C
massacred and forty vi
province of Manhoa, and
Christians are perishing
port is denied from other
quarters.

MAINE went Republi-
can by a reduced plural-
ity last Monday.

AN attempt was made
on the 11th to blow up
with dynamite the switch
tower on the Lake Shore
road at Chicago.

THE Wendell Phillips
Club, of Boston, gave a
dinner last Saturday
night to Frederick Doug-
las, the colored states-
man.

A HURRICANE swept the
West India Island of St.
Vincent last Saturday,
nearly obliterating a
number of villages and
destroying seven
churches.

IT is said that the *man-
dement* of Cardinal Tas-
chereau, of Canada,
against the Knights of
Labor has caused no de-
serters from the ranks of
that order.

PARSON DOWNS, of
Bumstead Hall, Boston,
rose up again last Sun-
day and reviewed the
scandal in which he is
implicated. A renewed
interest in religious mat-
ters may now be looked
for in Boston.

THE Rev. Nels Ryder, Methodist, of Chicago, committed suicide by hanging, September 8th.

EIGHT deaths believed to be the results of the recent earthquake took place in Charleston on Saturday.

NEW YORK had a little tornado, Sunday night. A few houses were unroofed and sailboats capsized.

As a sequel to the Archbishop Purcell swindle it now appears that Mannix, assignee of the Purcell estate, has embezzled $200,000.

FATHER PALMER, a Roman Catholic priest from England, fell dead in the streets of Baltimore on the 10th inst. He was traveling for his health.

DURING a severe thunder storm which passed over Richmond, Va., Sunday, a bolt struck and shattered the spire of a Jewish synagog, piling up the débris in front of the edifice.

THE Louisville Presbytery is now trying the Converse brothers, editors of the *Christian Observer*, for charging the Rev. Messrs. Daniels and Boggs, of Memphis, with violating the ninth commandment, which prohibits lying.

AT a meeting of the Provincial Synod of the Church of England, in Canada, Sept. 10th, it was decided that members of the synod should do everything in their power to influence the legislatures of the various provinces to authorize the reading of the scripture in the public schools.

IN the report at their convention held at Niagara Falls last week, the United Brewers' Association charge that "the more prominent activ supporters of the Prohibition law are pecuniarily interested in large whisky distilleries," their object being to destroy the "beer industry." The brewers failed to giv the names of those against whom this accusation is brought.

THE British cutter yacht Galatea, which came to this country to compete for the international cup, will return to England without it, having been beaten literally out of sight by the Boston sloop Mayflower. Practically three races were sailed, and at no time during either race was there a possibility of the Galatea winning. The result is thought to demonstrate the superiority of the centerboard yacht and Yankee seamanship over the cutter model and the English method of sailing race-boats.

Odds and Ends.

CHINA and Japan buy our dried apples freely. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the orient.

THE man who goes to a summer resort for change and rest, often finds that the waiters get all the change and the landlord the rest.

THE bravest are not always the tenderest, as the poet sings. There is the red game rooster, for instance; he will fight a bird of double his weight, but he cuts up tough in a potpie.

STANDING before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked: "Wilt thou hav this woman?" etc. The man started in surprise and replied: "Ay, surely! Whoy, I kummed a puppus."

"HAV you heard that card-playing has almost ceased in Brooklyn?" asked the Snake Editor. "No, I havn't," replied the Horse Editor; "what is the reason?" "One of the churches decided it wasn't wicked."

CONTRIBUTOR: "Here is a manuscript I wish to submit——" Editor (waving his hand): "I'm sorry. We are all full just now." Contributor (blandly): "Very well. I will call again when some of you are sober."—*Boston Courier.*

SHE: "James, do you know you put three buttons on the plate in church to-day?" He: "Yes, I knew what I was about." She: "James, perhaps you don't know that I bought those buttons yesterday for my new dress, and paid fifty cents apiece for them." He: "Alas! What hav I done?"

IT is said that the Rev. Sam Small owes certain small sums of money, which he is in no haste to pay. When a man becomes so thoroughly imbued and saturated with religion as Sam is supposed to be, he would rather owe money all his life than cheat anybody out of it.

A SOVEREIGN prince on his travels, when passing through a village, expressed to the nativ magistrate his astonishment at seeing so many of the children running about with bare feet. "Ach, your highness," replied the worthy official, "that is the way with the children hereabouts; they are all born so."

OLD gentleman (to boy): "Do you go to Sunday-school, little boy?" Little boy: "Nop." Old gentleman: "You shouldn't say nop. Nor church?" Little boy: "Nop." Old gentleman: "Bless me! Aren't your parents Christian people?" Little boy: "Yep. But you see one's a Catholic and the other's a Protestant. That lets me out."

A MAIDEN of Boston,
One morning while tossed on
The waves of the surf at Long Branch,
Set up a wild squealing,
With such piercing feeling,
That every face near her did blanch!

She kicked and gyrated,
In a way animated,
While her face wore expression of woe,
Till when rescued she stated,
In voice with fear freighted,
That a lobster shook hands with her toe.

THE small boy, with complacent mien,
At twilight eats the apple green;
The doctor pours at midnight dim
Jamacia ginger into him.
He vows, while in the colic's power,
No more green apples he'll devour.
Next day, recovered from his pain,
He hankers for the fruit again.

"WHY should New Yorkers get up a testimonial to Mr. Gladstone?" asks a correspondent. Because Mr. Gladstone has labored to establish Home Rule in Ireland. Because Home Rule in Ireland will doubtless cause the Irish to desert our shores and return to their nativ heath. Because New York may stand a chance of getting a little Home Rule for themselvs in the above desirable event. That's why.—*Life.*

A YOUNG man was to speak in response to the toast, "The Ladies." He got the lines of Pope on vice mixed with these of Scott on woman, and delivered himself as follows: "I rise to say that I hav no doubt but I voice the sentiment of every gentlemen here when I say in the familiar lines:

"'O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But when too oft familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'"

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

60pp. Price 10 cents; 12 copies, $1.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CANARD

A Fabricated Account of a Scene at the Death-bed of Thomas Paine.

BY W. H. BURR.

This pamphlet shows that the account of Paine's dying moments attributed to Bishop Fenwick (upon which the *Observer* relies to prove its principal charges) is a forgery, it being impossible that Fenwick could hav written the alleged account.

18pp. Price 5 cents; 25 for $1.00.

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of Thought.

measure of power, the devil
ar more successful than his
ng the whole world together
ul followers where God has

arism has neither heaven nor
rld. On the subject of im-
dumb. Science tells it noth-
ing which points to con-
tinued life after death;
all analogy is against it
we hav never met lif
apart from organization
we cannot conceive of mind
as apart from matter. Life
is, to us, an attribute of
matter, under certain con-
ditions, just as brightness
is an attribute of polished
steel, sharpness of the
pointed iron. But Secular-
ism bids us leave a future
life alone. If there is one,
we shall get it in due time;
if there is not, extinction is
far preferable to torture or
to personal happiness while
others are being tortured.—
Mrs. A. Besant.

A BEING of infinit wisdom has no right to create a person destined to everlasting pain. For the honest Infidel, according to the American evangelical pulpit, there is no heaven. For the upright Atheist, there is nothing in another world but punishment. Judge Black admits that lunatics and idiots are in no danger of hell. This being so, his God should hav created only lunatics and idiots. Why should the fatal gift of brains be given to any human being if such gift renders him liable to eternal hell? Better be a lunatic here and an angel there. Better be an idiot in this world if you can be a seraph in the next.—*Ingersoll.*

A MOTHER should desire to giv her children a superabundance of enthusiasm, to the end that, after they hav lost all they are sure to lose by mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through good actions. A cloak should be of three-pile to keep its gloss in wear.—*Hare's Guesses at Truth.*

THERE is no great merit in taking care of one's own interests, whether it be in this world or the next. The man who leads a truly religious life in order to go to heaven is not more to be admired than the man who leads a regular and industrious life in order to make a fortune; and the man who endeavors to secure a celestial inheritance by going to church and by reading chapters in the Bible, and by having family prayers, and by saying grace in falsetto, with his eyes hypocritically closed, is not above the level of those who fawn and flatter at oriental courts in order to obtain a monopoly or an appointment.—*Winwood Reade.*

TRUTH and error, as they are essentially opposit in their nature, so the causes to which they are indebted for their perpetuity and triumph are not less so. Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry is favorable to error; whatever promotes it, to truth.—*Robert Hall.*

A CONGREGATIONAL minister, defending himself from the charge of insincerity, replied to a liberal correspondent: "I do, without any concealment, declare that I do not believe the whole Bible to be true; that there are human additions and interpolations; that, in fact, Prof. Robertson Smith is right in the view he has taken. Must I say all I think to the weak and stupid public—for such it is? I never say anything I don't believe. I only act on Christ's own principle, 'I hav many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now.' Yes, God is afraid of upsetting weak minds, if Christ echoed the divine view of things in that statement." We giv this extract without by any means approving all that it implies.—*Index.*

IF I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Giv a man this taste and the means of gratifying it and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most pernicious selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that hav adorned humanity.—*Sir John Herschel.*

THERE is not to be found, in all history, any miracle (1) attested by such a number of men of such unquestioned good sense, education, and learning as to secure us against all delusion in themselvs; (2) of such undoubted integrity as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; (3) of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind as to hav a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; (4) and, at the same time, attesting facts performed in such a public manner and in so celebrated a part of the world as to render the detection unavoidable; all which circumstances are requisit to giv us a full assurance in the testimony of men.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

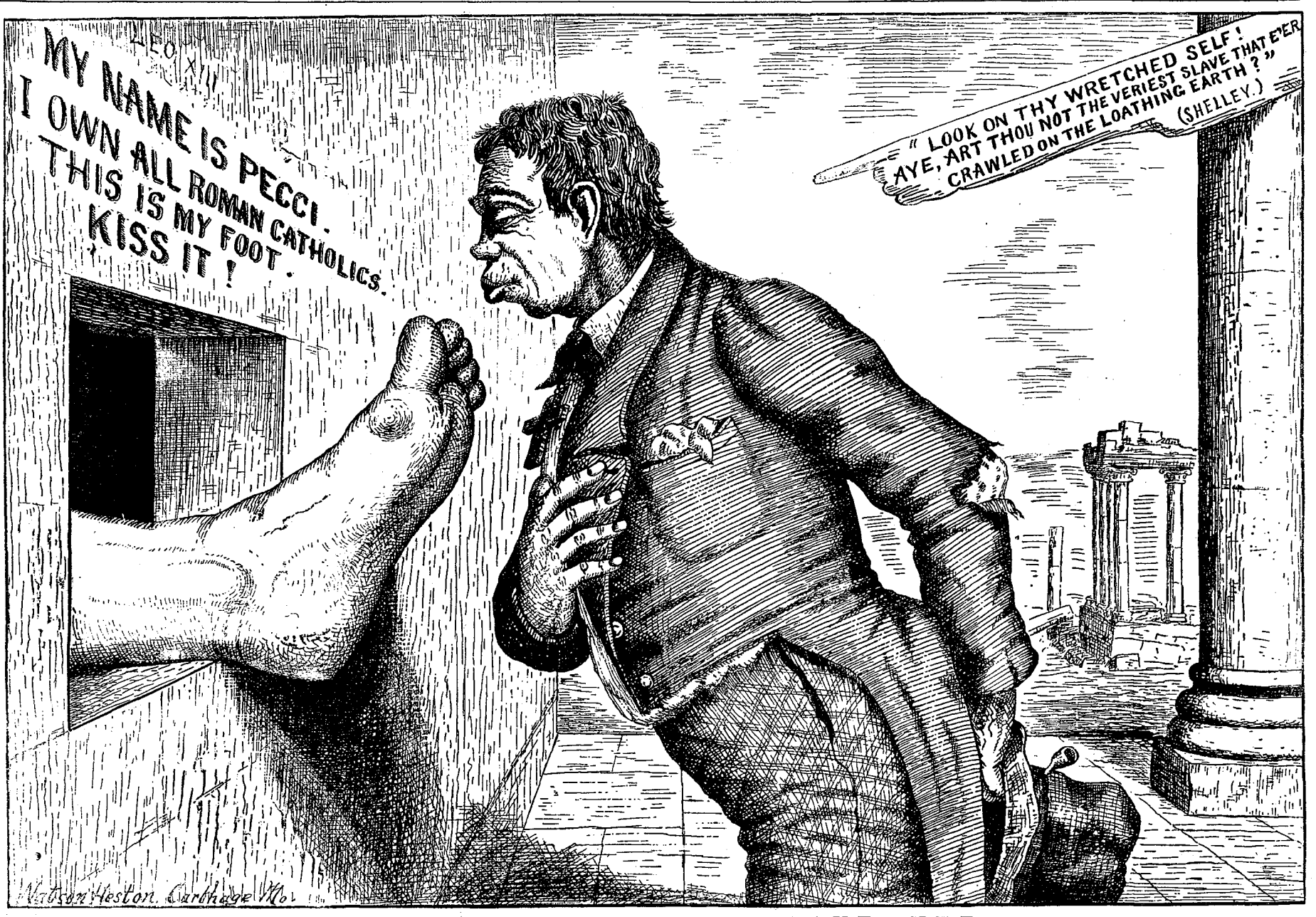
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TOTAL DEPRAVITY ILLU STRATED.

Notes and Clippings.

A WRITER from Paris says that in that city every Catholic priest is a watched man, and significantly adds, "Hence there is a great moral reformation going on."

THE Rev. Sam Jones says: "The reason why the Baptists are so fond of cold water is because they know they are all going to a place where there is not a drop to be had."

CHILDREN playing in the bed of Silver Creek, in the midst of the city of Silverton, Ore., found a piece of gold-bearing rock, rich in the precious metal, and now there is a gold craze among the inhabitants of the little city.

THE shah of Persia has joined the Prohibitionists and closed all the cafes in the kingdom. The women of Persia had grown tired of spending their evenings alone and requested his oriental sublimity to interfere, and the domestic equilibrium is again restored.

AT the October term of the City Court of Brooklyn it is believed that the action for divorce of Mrs. Staunton against her husband, the Rev. Benjamin Staunton, pastor of the Fort Greene Presbyterian church, will be brought to trial. The accused pastor has just had his answer delivered to his wife's counsel. Mrs. Staunton charged her husband with serious offenses. Staunton is charged with undue familiarity with Mrs. Mary Laidlaw, a member of his church choir. In his answer, which covers twelve pages of legal cap, these charges are denied. He claims to hav only treated Mrs. Laidlaw as he "would any other member of his congregation." Until it is ascertained how the rest of the congregation fared, the Rev. Mr. Staunton's defense will hav to be set down as somewhat ambiguous.

A ST. PAUL clergyman is reported as saying that if Jesus Christ "ran a carpenter shop here in this city fully one-half of our church-members, who drive up to our churches in their fine carriages, would not speak to him. He could not get social recognition unless he lived on Summit avenue or belonged to a club."

MARY S. MARTIN, of Philadelphia, a member of the Society of Friends, saw William C. Eisenhower beating his horse. She remonstrated, and he swore at her. She had him arrested, and the justice looked over the statutes until he found an old law against swearing, and he then imposed the fine provided therefor. The fine was sixty-seven and a half cents.

A CHINAMAN, who has been in the New Westminister, Canada, jail, under sentence of death, was very angry when told a few days ago that he was reprieved for a month. He said that after death his soul would inhabit the body of a bird, and he was anxious for the transmigration to take place, that he might peck out the eyes of those who had testified against him.

THE disposition of the thrifty temperance farmers of Iowa, as noted by the *World's* correspondent, to be willing to sell their corn to local distilleries, provided the whisky is sold outside the state, reminds one of the virtue of the woman who "experienced religion" at a revival. "Finding that my jewelry was dragging me down to hell," she remarked, "I took it off and gave it to my sister."

H. G. RUSH, of New Danville, Pa., has published what he considers a startling astronomical theory, that upsets all of Kepler's laws and the old doctrin that heavenly bodies move in ellipses, parabolas, and hyperbolas. He proposes to show that the form of all orbits is circular, and that the central force may occupy any position in the orbit from center to circumference, the circumference only being excluded.

THE Roman Catholic bishop of Kilkenny declares that the penalty of excommunication will be visited upon all Catholics marrying Protestants, and upon the witnesses to such marriages as well. Furthermore, notice of the marriage will be read from the altar of the church which the Catholic party attends for three consecutiv Sundays, and thus "the crime of the offending party be brought into light before his or her fellow-parishioners."

THE Superior court at Taunton, Mass., has just found John M. Driscoll, of Fall River, guilty of keeping open shop on the Lord's Day. Driscoll is a barber, and on a Sunday in July the city marshal found him shaving a customer in his shop. That constituted keeping open shop. The judge in his charge said it is a provision of the law that whoever keeps open his shop, warehouse, or workhouse on the Lord's Day shall be punished. So the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the case will now be taken to the Supreme court.

THE Canadian and Michigan conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church, recently in session at Grand Rapids, rolled up its sleeves one day and bounced the Rev. George Solomon for alleged slothfulness; the Rev. A. Wilson for alleged indolence and creating dissensions among his people; the Rev. S. T. Whiting for alleged failure to settle his accounts with the conference and sowing discord; Deacon Chandler for alleged lying and doing the discord act. Had the conference not grown tired it is thought that there would now be no negro preachers in the church.

AN Italian paper contains the following information with regard to the state of the pope's health. "It is perfectly true," it says, "that the other night the pope had an intestinal disturbance which alarmed the Vatican. But it was not an unforeseen case. The pope had suffered for more than two years from intestinal inflammation, and the most eminent physicians were consulted in vain. The other evening the pope had gone to bed earlier than usual, after having drunk some warm beverage. He was rather fatigued and in pain. The doctor had visited him during the afternoon. At about 12:30 o'clock at night the cardinals in the antechamber, and the valet who was watching, were aroused by a loud ringing of the bell. They ran, and found the pope suffering from excruciating pains. The doctor was immediately sent for, and in a moment the whole Vatican was aroused. The severe pains lasted till 5 A.M., at which time the pope fell asleep for a short time, but at 6 o'clock he determined to get up at all costs. For the next two days he received no one but his familiar friends and servants, who were deeply impressed by the extreme pallor of his countenance." At the next election the cardinals should see to it that they run a healthy man into office—one who will not be continually alarming the Vatican with "intestinal disturbances."

Communications.

The Church and Its Influence.

Christianity was first under the power of the government, but in time it bent the government to all its purposes, and finally subverted it. Christians little think what they are doing when they attempt to defend the Christianity of the present day. Millionaire Christians and aristocratic churches are no more in keeping with the teachings of Jesus than the acts of the czar of Russia are in keeping with the Declaration of Independence.

The pagan party was the most intellectual. It asserted that human knowledge could only be obtained by reason, study, and observation. The other party maintained that the written revelation of God was ample to furnish man with all the knowledge it was necessary for him to obtain. The baleful effects of such teaching upon the destinies of the world can never be computed.

A belief that the Bible is the word of God, and will impart all the knowledge requisit for man to possess, has had a tendency to check human progress all through the Christian centuries.

It is such belief which has caused the ministry to be overrated both mentally and morally.

It was the teaching of such doctrin which caused the beautiful Hypatia, who taught mathematics and philosophy to the wealthy and cultured classes of Alexandria, to be murdered by a Christian mob and cut in pieces, the flesh scraped from the bones and the fragments burnt. For centuries the fate of this grand woman was held up as a warning to all who should dare to promulgate ideas of their own. The great library at Alexandria was burnt and the chain which linked us with ancient science and literature was severed. From this time on everyone must think as ordered by ecclesiastics.

In proof of what I say I quote from a decree promulgated by Theodosius, in the fourth century: "We decree, therefore, that all the writings which Porphyry or anyone else hath written against the Christian religion, in possession of whomsoever they may be found, shall be committed to the fire." And he gives this as a reason for the decree: "For we would not suffer any of those things so much as to come to men's ears which tend to provoke God to wrath, and to offend the minds of the pious."

And to show how free the people were to think for themselves, and how easy it was to cram the dogmas of the church down the throats of the people, I will quote next another decree of the same emperor in regard to the belief of the holy trinity. Those who objected to the doctrin of the trinity were not only to suffer the condemnation of divine justice, but the severest penalty which our authority, guided by heavenly wisdom, may think proper to inflict."

In the year 529 Justinian ordered all the schools in philosophy to be closed. To affirm that death was in the world before the fall of man was made a state crime. Thus it will be seen how reason was hamstrung by the decrees of Christians in power. Before Adam ate the apple the strongest man could not hav killed him with a cleaver. A cannon ball fired against him would hav got the worst of it. Dynamite would hav sniled off the other way. Strychnine would hav proved as innocuous as a drop of heaven's dew. In short, if Adam had not eaten the apple he would hav been among us to-day hale and hearty, and Mrs. Adam would hav been as rosy a lass as ever fired the muse of Burns. They could not hav been killed if they had been chopped up into mincemeat or roasted in a furnace. That fatal apple is all that hindered our first parents from being amongst us to-day without the frosts of age, decrepitude, or wrinkle. Believe or be damned."

I wish Adam had been in "Sheol" before he got a bite of it. What a volume of history he would hav been able to write, and how many differences between historians he might hav settled! Such was the nonsensical drivel crammed down the throats of the people and backed by the severest penalties, for centuries, till the people into fools and the other half into lying hypocrits.

History, geography, astronomy, in short, every branch of human knowledge, was made to square with and conform to this nightmare of Christian superstition. To show the spirit of the times and the wonderful knowledge which the Christian religion was capable of imparting, I will quote from St. Augustine, acknowledged to be one of the most learned fathers of the fourth century: "I now beheld the father who made these things—the son in whom he made these things—and believing as I did, my God as the trinity, I searched farther in his holy word, and lo, thy spirit moved upon the waters! Behold the trinity! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, creator of all creation! Wondrous depths of thy words. It is awful to look therein. The enemies thereof I hate vehemently. Oh, that thou wouldst slay them with thy two-edged sword."

The language and the ideas would seem to convey the impression that this pious old stickleback was filled with the holy ghost. Very few men had more to do in molding the character of the church than this Christian fungus.

Better for the world if such bigots and tyrants had never lived. Such are the characters of the promulgators of the Christian religion. Even to-day we are not free from their influence. In magazines, histories, and encyclopedias, theological matters are referred to and written up by theologians, and are to be taken with a grain of allowance. They never write anything contrary to the faith which they preach. A belief in the Bible as the divine word of God has been productiv of untold evils to the human race. A divine revelation admits of no change—no improvement. All new discoveries are a blasphemous prying into things which God would hav revealed to us if it had been for our good.

God is a great giant with all the ignorance and brutality which characterized man when he was fashioned. He made a flat earth because his creators believed the earth to be flat. He made it in six days out of nothing, with all the trees and plants and animals pertaining thereto. The planets, stars, and sun were simply appendages to his flat earth, because man had not risen above such crude notions. Above the flat earth was heaven, below was a fiery hell where those who do not believe such holy nonsense can be eternally roasted. Man was made out of dust, and then God chloroformed him and took out a rib and made a woman, and that is the reason she is such a soother. And then a snake treated them to an apple and they were condemned to labor and to death. One absurdity after another. If God inspired somebody to write these foolish lies, then the author of Baron Munchausen ought to be deified. Such balderdash is a disgrace to human intelligence, much more to a God. Such was the profound learning of the men who wrote the Bible and fashioned its God. And to establish a belief in this divine wickumtweedle and oppose every improvement and fight every reform has been the work of the church.

In proof of what I say I will call another witness to the stand—one of the fathers of the church of the fourth century—Lactantius. He was so learned as to receive the appellation of the Christian Cicero. He is going to tell what he knows about the rotundity of the earth. Listen: "Is it possible that men can be so absurd as to believe that the grass and the trees on the other side of the earth hang downward, and that men hav their feet higher than their heads? How could men on the other side of the globe see the Lord ascending in the air?"

This was very pious, if not very scientific. If this sets forth the learning of one who was noted for his erudition, what must hav been the condition of the masses? He knew nothing about the rotundity of this earth, or systems and universes, and cared less. Like other Christians of his day, it was enough for him to know "Christ and him crucified."

Every rational thought was held as blasphemous. At the command of such pious cranks ancient philosophy and art and literature were suppressed, and for nearly two thousand years these holy imbecils hav fought every new discovery, and hav thrown their solid force against every improvement. Draper says: "Since the party that had become dominant in the empire could not furnish works capable of competing with the great pagan authors, there arose a political necessity for the discouragement and the persecution of profane learning. The profession of philosophy had become dangerous, and it was made a state crime. In its stead there arose a passion for the marvelous—a spirit of superstition. Egypt exchanged her great men, who had made her museum immortal, for bands of solitary monks and sequestered virgins, with which she was overrun." And farther, that "Christianity had modified paganism, and paganism had modified Christianity," and that "no insignificant portion of the vast revenues found their way into the church. Men who, under the mask of zeal for the predominant faith, sought only the enjoyment of its emoluments."

Christian zeal and the love of filthy lucre form a strange compound, but the one is sure to be accompanied by the other. Sam Jones and Talmage keep whacking away at the world's greed, but always keep an eye on their salaries.

The church has always opposed scientific investigation. The size of the earth was quite accurately ascertained three hundred years before the Christian era. Why was not the fact generally promulgated among Christians? If any new theory was brought out, especially in regard to astronomy, it was referred to the church fathers, without any regard to facts, and there investigation ceased. Draper declares that "so great was the preference of sacred over profane learning that Christianity did not produce a single astronomer for fifteen hundred years."

Is it surprising that Bruno was burnt, that Galileo was persecuted, that the most important scientific records and books were destroyed by the church? What was science compared with the interests of the church? What was human life worth when a thinker struck at the infallibility of the church and the holy fathers? Many of the murders and tortures of the Inquisition were inflicted to suppress thought, or to get thinkers out of the way entirely.

Long and hard did the church struggle to retain its flat earth. The thought of a revolving world threw the church into a fit of hysterics. Heaven was up, hell was down; where would heaven and hell be if the earth revolved upon an axis? One starting off in the right direction for heaven might land in hell. When Gabriel blows his trump, how can those hear who are on the opposit side of the earth? How can those on the opposit side of the earth "see the Lord in the air?" We hav always pointed "up" to heaven; if the earth revolves on an axis, how shall we know whether we are pointing to heaven or hell? If the earth revolves, how did Joshua stop the sun and moon in their courses? For hundreds of years the church opposed such arguments as these against astronomical science.

The solar theory was quite well understood centuries before the dawn of the Christian era; the sun in the center, the planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn—revolving around him, and each supposed to rotate around an axis.

Under this theory, the difficulty of the inconceivable velocity of the sun and fixed stars in revolving around the earth every twenty-four hours at once vanished. Astronomers, perceiving that the annual motion of the earth did not appear to affect the positions of the fixed stars, drew very rational conclusions in regard to their great distances from the earth. These matters were understood by a few, and discussed in a secret way, but the theory was met by the church and choked down by objections as narrated.

The fathers had dabbled in holy water until they were incapable of rising to a comprehension of a system of worlds. Some of these same objections against the solar theory were urged by the Inquisition when Galileo was summoned before that august body.

It is not hard to understand why science went limping and slipshod. Science is ever exploring new fields, ever making new discoveries, ever advancing. But how does this comport with the idea, which the church had fairly soaked into the heads of its dupes, that God had revealed to them all that it was good for them to know. The more the people could be kept in ignorance, the greater the power which ecclesiastics could wield, and the greater the amount of money which would flow into their coffers. Whichever way science turned its piercing eye, its vision was bounded by the power of the church, whose cardinal doctrin was that a perfect God had put into the hands of infallible men a universal guide-book, which contained the ultimatum of all that man should know—that it was far better to hav ignorance and chains and rags here than eternal hell-fire hereafter. The doctrin of infallibility, either of books or men, will one day be pushed to the wall.

Even now it is doubtful if the church has the power to drive science from the field. And the attempt to harmonize this heavenly guide-book with science is as silly as to attempt to make a lioness suckle a young lamb.

The project of Columbus met with deadly opposition from the church. Its heretical tendencies were pointed out and condemned by the Council of Salamanca. The writings of the holy fathers were quoted against it. The gospels, the psalms, and the prophecies were brought in requisition to show what an unholy undertaking it was.

If the church had not been thwarted in its designs we should be living on a flat earth to-day, and, for aught we know, the wild Indians would hav remained the sole occupants of this glorious land of America.

On the seventh day of September, 1522, the San Vittoria anchored near Seville, after a voyage of more than three years, having circumnavigated the globe. This was the beginning of the end. A thousand times had the church pronounced upon a flat earth; as many times had it asserted its infallibility; but now the spinal cord of the arrogant old hag was paralyzed. No longer could she stand erect; henceforth she was doomed to crawl; the dogma of infallibility had turned to ashes.

The lie which she had so often told in the face of the world had been hurled back into her teeth. All the scripture which she had quoted to prove a flat earth showed that God had made a mistake. Even the story of old Joshua, the great planetary thimble-rigger, had ended in smoke.

Priests might rave, popes might howl, but the flat earth was gone. God's word had been impeached. Science had plugged up one hole in the ecclesiastical skimmer. There was no way to cover up the big lie which the church had been telling in the face of all the world, for a vessel had actually started west, under the command of one Magellan, and continued to sail in a westerly course, and had arrived home from the east. The most strenuous efforts of the church can no longer make the key of science fit the old ecclesiastical lock. St. Peter is sick; shut the door; close the blinds; the church is going to change its shirt.

It would seem that writers hav not given due weight to the importance of this event. That single

voyage did more to break the spinal column of the church than any other one event. A mistake of an infallible God, or Bible, or church, strikes a fatal blow at the pretense. The church could no longer face the world and say that she had made no mistake. She never recovered from the shock of that fatal voyage. From the day that the San Vittoria dropped her anchor on her return from that memorable voyage the power and prestige of the church began to wane.

Before the voyage of Magellan the Bible was quoted to prove a flat earth. Now the attempt is made to harmonize the scriptures with a globular earth.

Has the Bible changed, or are a flat and round earth identical? Some Christian Moses ought to be able to lead us out of the wilderness of this dilemma. So in the beginning of the temperance agitation the Bible and the bottle were boon companions—the one was quoted in favor of the other, and many times the minister carried both. Now the Bible is all on the side of temperance.

So in the early days of the antislavery movement the Bible was all on the side of slavery. Now there is nothing in it to uphold the institution. So in the time of the last war "the God of battles" was particularly on "our side," and to hear ministers quote scripture in their war sermons one would think that they had received a special telegram from "headquarters" to let them know on which side of Mason and Dixon's line the Christian God roosted. Down in "Dixie" he was on the other side.

> "He dodges in and dodges out,
> And leaves the people still in doubt;
> You cannot tell, to see his track,
> If going south or coming back."

In 1507 a Prussian, one Copernicus, wrote a book on the "Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." Knowing how fiercely the church had set its face against scientific enlightenment, and dreading its ferocious punishments, he postponed the publication of his book for thirty-six years. It was written in the most conciliating style and courteous manner.

Nothing was stated positivly. He even apologized to the church by stating that he had only written his book to see if by placing the sun in the center, and supposing the planets to revolve around him, a better solution of the revolution of celestial orbs could be found.

The fate of the book was what might hav been expected. It was prohibited by decree of the church, and denounced as that "false Pythagorean doctrin, contrary to scripture, and calculated to turn the attention away from God. It was better for men to keep their eyes on a book written by God, and secure heaven, than to turn their attention to books written by men and fall into hell."

The Christian of to-day will tell you that if he had lived in the time of Copernicus he would hav had no hand in his persecution. But the fact that the smoke of the battle between the church and the science of geology has not yet cleared away shows that the conflict is not yet ended. Every church-member will fight for his church. Whenever the ramshackled leaders giv the signal, all will act as butters, down to the smallest lambs in the flock.

The mobs which murdered Lovejoy and sought the life of Garrison and others who struck for human rights were Christian mobs. The spirit which imprisoned Bennett and Kneeland, and many others, was born of the church. Comstock, the human tiger, is sustained in his nefarious work by the power of the church. Nothing short of the cruel system of Christian training could transform a human being into such a monster. The boy's description of his dog will apply equally well to Comstock and a great many other Christian persecutors—"one-half bull terrier and the other half common dog."

The howl of Talmage against what he was pleased to call the Infidelity of Theodore Parker has not yet died away; nor is the carnivorous disposition which he manifested toward Colonel Ingersoll yet forgotten.

Persecution and proscription will never cease as long as men are taught to regard the barbarous teachings of the Bible as holy. JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Among the Mountains of Montana.

This land is all that my imagination had painted. All my life hav I desired to see the Rocky Mountains, and now I look out on their snow-capped summits on this 6th day of September, as I sit writing this. For nearly a week I hav been living on beautiful and sublime scenery, with three square meals on the Northern Pacific dining-car thrown in.

To do full justice to the long journey I hav just had would require a book. I think I hear some of your readers say, "Don't." Well, I won't.

Hitherto I hav had to be content with descriptions of this wonderland—there, there, I'll not tantalize you, but I almost seem to be bubbling, like the hundreds of mountain streams which I hav seen.

The air is full of Liberalism—this pure mountain air. Cattle on a thousand hills, and the Lord does not own one of them. As our train sped by I saw flocks of sheep which made me wish for a peaceful pastoral life.

I was greeted by a good audience, notwithstanding the inclemency of the night. Judging by my last night's reception, I will hav a successful season in Butte, a city which I am told numbers twenty thousand. I then will be in Bozeman for a month. Our poetic friend, Putnam, has done good service in this region. The Secular Union can do no better than to reëlect him secretary. He is a live worker. That is just what Liberalism needs. I am rejoiced to see the fraternal spirit that exists among our lecturers. Such is the "gospel" of Liberalism; its tendency is toward universal good-will as well as universal mental liberty.

Yesterday forenoon I went to hear the Catholic priest preach. He gave a very able discourse against Atheism, Infidelity, Protestantism, and heathenism. I felt sorry for our Protestant friends, on account of their being found in such company. The Catholic preacher told us that Protestants are not Christians, but really Infidels. There is only one true church, and that is the Catholic. The gentleman is an eloquent speaker, and at some of his hits on the Protestant ministers the people laughed loudly. Yes, Catholicism is logical Christianity.

From time to time I will drop you a few lines to let you know of the progress here.

Butte, Montana. W. F. JAMIESON.

Knights of Labor.

So it appears Powderly has had the ambition to answer a double purpose in the great enterprise he still so activly leads—giving occasion for the quotation ranking him with Cæsar:

> Why, man, he doth bestride this narrow world
> Like a huge colossus—

that is, the world of the great agitation of the workshop. He not only seeks to mobilize labor, giving its thousands compact organisms, and with watchwords, countersigns, and disciplin render them an effectiv, nimble power, ready to advance or retire where and whenever in his wisdom he may see fit, but, greater still, doing so all for the glory of God and the holy Catholic church; thus enabling him to call to his aid all the saints in the calendar, from the first in the sacred register to the last name on the holy roster of the canonized; and, as auxiliaries to them, all of the hosts of heavenly cherubim and seraphim, as led by archangel Michael, when, panoplied in shining arms, he moved them

> In square, in crescent, and in phalanx firm,

victoriously against the embattled legions of

> Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,

and sent them, beaten, down, down to sheol,

> Whaur damnèd deevils roar and yell,
> Chained to a stake.

Great is Powderly of the Knights of Labor, and Pope Pius is his prophet! But, great though he is, in undertaking so much he will fail. That is, he will fail as an individual, while the cause he now leads will go on, adding to its vitality and directing power until labor, worthily marshaled, shall hav an acknowledged status in the commonwealth, perhaps be the principal factor in the management of the government. To that end, at least, my humble endeavors will point.

It may be said, Powderly might at least be spared the ridicule of the railer, the mortification of his coming defeat being enough and to spare in the premises. That certainly ought to hav weight in discussing an ordinary failure, but, under the circumstances, reprobation cannot be too strongly expressed, especially so when using the columns of a paper the aim of which is the overthrow of the power of the church the offender seeks to advance. It must be remembered, too, that in seeking to drag the master from his pedestal I would pull down an idol which I had placed in the pantheon of my best aspirations. So great was my admiration for the man that I thought of sending for a lithograph likeness of him. I had the fullest confidence in his capacity as a leader. He was to me the right man in the right place; a man who, above all others, I could point to with pride as the man of the hour in the position he now occupies, general master workman of the Knights of Labor.

And here I am made to pause appalled at the hint, which, like a slimy reptile of the stagnant marsh, slides into mental view suggested by dwelling on the treason theme I hav been discussing. What if Henry George or John Swinton, the noblest Romans of them all, should—away with the foul thought!

I can imagin a man of transcendent qualities unbosoming himself in humble deference to another, seeking to share his sympathy in his efforts to forward an enterprise entered into for the general good. Merit and humility are not, as are vice and virtue, antitheses. To submit to a friend the innermost workings of an organized movement, the members of which had honored him by his selection as their chief, might be justifiable, even when under a vow of secrecy. Torquemada, of the Spanish Inquisition, may hav had his adviser; so, too, Diego Deza; so also Cardinal Jeminez Cisneros; so Adrian Florencia, all of whom, in their obedience to the holy father, so liberally furnished victims for the glory and honor of the church of St. Peter. Why, then, deny to Powderly the same privilege? Like the worthies above named his first duty he felt was to the pope. If not advancing the glory and honor of the church, the organization above all others owning his allegiance, his elevation to the leadership of the Knights of Labor was as nothing. He sought the bishop, whom, above all others as authority, he was bound to be guided by as an aspirant for church honors, hopeful of having the organization he led acknowledged as an appanage of popedom and be bestowed upon him as the youngest son of the royal ecclesiastical family of Christendom. 'Rah for Powd!

The public is informed that the great secular acolyte will issue his first "message" to the order at the coming convention. Pronunciamento, perhaps, ought to hav been the preferred word; or, better still, encyclical letter.

To come down to the brass, I am inclined to think that the disclosure made by Stevens will prove to be anything but a boom for the grand master; that instead of a reëlection to the dignity he has thus far, without doubt, so well maintained, he will find himself relegated to the ranks, giving him occasion to take the cue of the archbishop of Shakespere (or Bacon) and exclaim:

> O Knights of Labor! had I served the cause
> With half the zeal I sought to serve the pope,
> You would not thus hav left me naked
> To mine enemies.

"A man's first duty is to the church" is the fallacy *par excellence* of the priesthood, and doubtless was the string harped upon by Powderly's pal, the bishop; and in proportion to the degree of the influence exercised on the Knights of Labor would be the swag falling as share to the altar, strengthening the theocratic element in the government of the nation, an element idle, ravenous, cruel.

Another fallacy well sustained by the common mind finds expression in the words, "A man's first duty is to his family." In a proper state of society there would be no need of extra personal endeavor to meet wants, a practical realization of the central motto of the Knights of Labor making all workers equal claimants on life's necessaries. "An injury to one is the concern of all" makes common claims to man, woman, and child alike. In our present heterogeneous methods of life, claims are restricted, only the grabber having the ticket that insures a seat at the table of plenty—the cunning grabber or the muscular one—all others must deferentially stand back waiting for the crumbs. To giv a man a hundred millions for recognized services while another is apportioned merely a stinted living, shows the unfinished condition of our system. While the idiotic theory is maintained that brain work, as it is called, should giv the individual an unlimited supply, just so long will so much of what is needed by the ungifted many be withheld to glut the minority. There is no feature of civilization that calls for the wisdom that comes of discussion more than does this. While the diocy holds sway, suffering, misery, injustice, will boom; the ash-barrel will be ransacked for food; the tenement, the basement, the poorhouse, and the jail resorted to for shelter; while rags will clothe the body, and ignorance and beastly superstition will rule the mind.

A man's first duty is to the community. That is the true sentiment. Charity is a snare; the altar a foolishness; heaven a fraud in view of the claims of life. What need is there of charity in a land teeming with plenty? Why genuflect and maunder before an altar when science stands ready to open up the secrets of her stores? Why dream of the unknowable when the knowable can be so delightfully realized?

> Why this longing, why forever sighing
> For the far off, the unattained and dim,
> While around thee the beautiful is lying,
> Offering up its low perpetual hymn?

I would close here but for a question suggested by the words, the "ungifted many." Is not brain work, as understood, the result of the school-house more than it is due to individual aptitude? If so, then education empties out that very empty argument in favor of high salaries. So much are we the victims of old-time fallacies that we deferentially uncap to authority, shouting when the Cæsar of the ballot-box passes, and falling back at the movement of the baton wielded by the mound of brawn buttoned and starred for easy recognition, yclept a cop. How much we need Saint George—I mean Henry—to slay that dragon of the city, at least to keep it in its proper place. Giv us Henry George as mayor of the city. Here endeth the present lesson. And now may the grace of God and the fellowship of the holy spirit be with you and abide with you till election day. Amen. J. M.

Le Roy, N. Y.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

The American Secular Union.

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E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,350.78
E. Carpenter	1.25
J. G. Rodman	5.00
David Ferguson	4.50
John Riggins	1.00
W. F. Adams	5.00
Total	$3,367.53

Call for the Tenth Annual Congress.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November 11th, 12th, and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Pursuant to a vote of the last Congress, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the constitution of the Union will be acted upon: 1. To reduce the fee for life-membership from $25 to $10. 2. Or, on payment of $10 by applicant for membership, to authorize the secretary to issue ten-year membership certificates, with all the privileges of life-membership during that time. 3. Whenever a man or woman has taken out annual membership certificates for three or five consecutiv years, such person thereafter on payment of annual-membership fee to possess the privilege of life-membership.

The Congress will also be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought, and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government, as shall make the United States thoroughly Secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs in the Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executiv committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present.

Per order of board of directors:

R. G. INGERSOLL, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.
COURTLANDT PALMER, Treasurer.
CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com.
E. M. MACDONALD, Ch. Fin. Com.

News and Notes.

As I stepped from the train at Cromwell, Iowa, I was greeted by those good friends, F. I. Green and Jacob Geier, who helped me fire some of the first guns of the campaign, when the "winds of March were blowing," and a big snow-storm came. It was summer now, and the skies were fair.

F. I. Green is one of our best workers in this part of the country. He is a true Infidel, and he keeps things a-going. When the opportunity offers he pours hot shot into the enemy's camp. Through his efforts Remsburg has been before me in this field and done his usual effectiv work, and I found myself in a congenial atmosphere. I went to the farm-house of Mr. Geier, and found everything comfortable, and I enjoyed the quiet and luxury. Close by his house is a beautiful grove, and in it swings a hammock, and I found a delicious retreat from the hot sun, which, when I arrived, was pouring down its burning rays. Here I slept and dreamed amid the shadows and the music, and as I gazed upon the effulgent landscape about me I might imagin that I was amid the "isles of Greece," and that I had come to some lovely temple and haunted wood. Mr. and Mrs. Geier are stanch Liberals, and so also are the little children, George and Mattie Geier, and the baby also, with its sweet face and bright eyes, whose name is Edna Elizabeth; and I will put it on the roll, that she may hereafter see in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER how early she was on the campaign list. And Miss Hattie Babbitt belongs also to the same company. Although she has yet considerable Methodist fervor and, like the old preacher, is inclined to come out on the Lord's "side," yet she has too much sympathy with the sunshine and flowers to remain in the underground of orthodoxy with its showers of grace. So we had a good Freethought circle, and, Mr. Green being with us, the tide of time was brilliant, not only with the descending sun, but with the glow of reason and progress, and thus with a hearty supper the "inner man" was amply prepared to meet the onset of the "evangelicals," who had just pitched their tent in Cromwell, and were preaching and praying and singing to keep away the "devil," as they termed the Freethought lecturer. However, the hall was full, although the black clouds began to sweep the sky and it looked like rain, and this threatening aspect prevented many coming from a distance. By morning the clouds had full sway and rolled heavily over, and the rain came down as if it meant to make up for its long absence. By night, Wednesday, Sept. 8th, the roads were quite muddy and the heavens still dark. The lights gleamed fitfully in the fluttering tent of the "evangelicals," and Christians were few and far between, while our hall was more than half full, in spite of the gloomy weather. Mrs. Almeda Green, the mother of F. I. Green, from whom he got so much fire of Liberalism, and her sister, Mrs. Theresa Trueman, and her daughter, a bright young Liberal—all these came twelve miles to attend the lecture. This shows what a woman can do when she makes up her mind, and such are the women that giv glory and inspiration to the work of Freethought and make victory certain. Although my audience was not large, I enjoyed speaking to so earnest a number of Liberals, and I feel that Cromwell givs a good sign for our cause. Dr. Bailey, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Cressell, James Beck, Mr. Wright, and others are generous supporters of Freethought, and it will always be a delight to me to come to this camping-ground. Rain or shine, I know our banners will fly.

On from Cromwell *via* freight trains, etc., I come to Leon; and here I find that dauntless pioneer, John L. Long, who keeps up a lively campaign in Decatur county, although his forces are not very numerous—but they are constantly increasing. He took me out to Pine Grove Farm, his home, which is a kind of Freethought paradise, with his wife and three children to grace it, who are bright as sunbeams. The little baby was born since I was here last spring, and it was a delight to take the wonderful child in my arms and try to read the message of its beautiful eyes. Babies know so much—if they only would or could tell all they see! I do like babies, no matter how much they cry. They hav a right to cry. Are they not born Infidels and rebels? I rejoice in their spunk, and that they make things lively until suited and justice is done to their "demands." I wish we older Liberals could keep up as splendid a campaign as these tiny revolutionists who are soon masters of the situation. I believe in the baby, and in the music of its lungs. If it were not for the babies, what miserable conservativs we all should be! If it were not for their smiles and dimples and innocent eyes, where should we get courage for the battle of life?

I lectured Thursday evening in the school-house at Whitehall. It was full, and "The New Heaven and Earth" was, I believe, the first Freethought lecture ever given in this place. I spent the night with W. E. Gammon, who is one of our pioneers in this country. He livs at Eden Prairies Farm. This township was called Eden by the first settlers from Missouri because it was so beautiful and wild honey was so abundant. Mr. Gammon has been a citizen here for over thirty years. He has reared a good family of Liberals—five daughters and a son. One of his daughters is the wife of friend Long, and we can see what a temple of Freethought his home must be, with so much heredity in his favor.

The next day, Friday, September 10th, was one of the loveliest days of the season. The rains had made everything fresh and clean, and the atmosphere was shining like silver, and the earth was gemmed with mingling gold and emerald. The trees were glistening as if their thousand leaves had been touched with diamonds, and softest music flowed from the immeasurable brightness. It was a day for dreams, for happy dreams; and dream I did, and air-castles came and went to the rhythm of my enchanted soul.

In the evening I lectured at the opera house at Leon, which was nearly full. Those who came listened attentivly to what I had to say. A Secular Union will be formed here, and with the earnest friends engaged in it there will be effectiv work. The Long brothers, all stanch Liberals; Mr. Gammon; Mr. Allpaugh; Mr. Hall; Mr. Garrettson, whose hospitality I also enjoyed, and others, together with their families, all of the best men and women of the community, will surely make Freethought in this place and vicinity a great moral and social power, as well as intellectual illumination.

I am now at Ottumwa, a bright and busy place with a fine Liberal element and a growing organization, which includes both Spiritualists and Materialists, and is at the front of reform and progress, taking in all that is humanitarian. I arrived here Saturday and was met by our cordial coworker, William Lindsey, who is always ready with heart and hand for the service of freedom. I lectured here Sunday morning and evening to good houses. I was introduced by my old friend, R. L. Tilton, who is one of the leading citizens of Ottumwa. We all know the Tilton family and what bright Freethought blood and brain they hav. Tilton and I used to go to s cool together ta Pembroke, N. H. Ah! the wonderful days when I first went to that academy! I was a dreamy youth then, and all the world was music. The glorious autumn hours went by on wings of fire. It was a rare delight to sit with my old friend, and, after ten thousand hardships, talk over those school-boy days and recall the paradise of youth, as living to-day as ever in the magic halls of memory. I like Ottumwa. Our friends work on in spite of many discouragements. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McCarroll are our courageous leaders here. They never giv up, whatever may be the fortune of war. The standard is never lowered, and from year to year it advances and hights of progress are gained. And generous co-laborers with these are Mrs. Phillips, Mr. Bolton, Mr. Wagg, Mr. Winn, Mrs. Peters and Mr. Clay Peters, Mrs. Millersack, Mrs. Rosenkrans, and others; and with such supporters of the cause it cannot fail.

I was pleased to meet Mrs. Cramer, daughter of Mrs. Rice, of "Lone Ranch," Longmont, Col., where I spent some happy hours, and thus Iowa and Colorado were linked in pleasant association.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kilby, Miss Phœbe McCarroll, Miss Edna Douglass, Mrs. Emma Kilby, furnished delightful singing for the meetings, and I must thank them for giving me such glorious inspirations to say the best I could.

Miss Katie Kemm recited "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" and what greater pleasure can there be than to hav the music of one's own heart thus felicitously expressed in the skillful interpretation of another's mind and voice?

It was my pleasure to announce that Professor Peck and Mrs. Lake would lecture at Ottumwa the next two Sundays. I rejoice that these untiring reformers are still at work, and "ring out the old, ring in the new," with merry music and mystic readings of the inmost heart of man and woman. They hav my warmest wishes for success in their arduous labors.

As I jumped off the train at Cedar Rapids, where I was obliged to stay all night on my way to West Union, I was heartily greeted by Warren Goddard, a TRUTH SEEKER subscriber, who was on the lookout to waylay me as I crossed his track, and he made my sojourn at a strange place quite pleasant. He was formerly of North Platte, where I was in the Unitarian pioneer service, and his wife used to attend my meetings there. So we could talk over old times. I also met Mr. Bedner, another subscriber, and I hope that friends will some time arrange for a lecture at this point, for I hav no doubt there is a large Liberal element in Cedar Rapids.

Another surprise awaited me. I came across, at the opera house, my old friend Gustave Frankel, who is in the full flush of professional success, and is winning golden opinions as one of the best actors on the stage. He has made a brilliant hit, and may fortune attend him, for he deserves it. He comes of that splendid radical family, the Frankels, of Newark, of which Joe Frankel is a member, who is known as one of the founders and first president of the Newark Liberal League. It was pleasant in the romantic world of art to thus greet the Infidel brother, whom you thought a thousand miles away. Hurrah for fate, I say! It does us a good turn now and then.

I am at this moment speeding to West Union. I lecture there this evening and two following evenings, and at Chebanse next Sunday, Sept. 19th. I shall be at Chicago until Sept. 26th; at Belding, Mich., Sept. 28th, 29th; at West Union, Ohio, Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d; and at New York, Oct. 4th.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

B. C. & W. R. R., Sept. 14, 1886.

An Important Matter Explained.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In noting the discontinuance of Mr. Appleton's editorials in *Liberty*, and the cause thereof, you say: "Mr. Tucker goes at the state; Mr. Appleton at authority *per se*." This does not correctly state the difference between Mr. Appleton and myself. The article in which I announced the change in Mr. Appleton's relations to *Liberty* contained this sentence: "*Liberty's* position [and my own, of course] is that, of the really serious and important acts of invasion of individual sovereignty, at least nine-tenths are committed by organized state governments, or through privileges granted by them, and that *the governmental idea*, with the state as its principal embodiment, is the efficient cause of almost all our social evils." Since I assail *the governmental idea*, my battle, no less than Mr. Appleton's, is against authority *per se*. The real differenee between us is this: I hold the state to be the necessary, principal, and almost sole instrument of authority, and so make it the center of my attack; while Mr. Appleton holds that authority exercises most of its power outside of the state, and so fights on other lines.

Boston, Sept. 19, 1886. BENJ. R. TUCKER.

The God of Civilization.

It is part of the business of the church to hold up the heathen to pity; to picture him as worshiping false gods; to send missionaries to reclaim him and turn him to the worship of "our" God, the only original God. Let me premis my remarks by denying the right of church people to impute to any or all dissenters egotism, intellectual vanity, and a desire to appear superior to the millions who adhere to religion. If a man, led by his natural gift of reason, attempts to inquire into the "scheme of salvation," and asks reasonable questions in regard thereto, instead of receiving a valid reply, he is called conceited and puffed up with his own importance for daring to doubt the infallibility of scripture doctrins.

As the church has recently taken a bold stand in its menacing attitude toward labor organizations, it may not be amiss to open its book and glance at its claim to divinity, to truth; and to its claim of authority in matters carnal as well as spiritual.

The ancient heathens, moved by an impulse of awe at the immensity of creation, created out of their imaginings various gods, to whom were given all the attributes of divinity, and before whom they bowed with real feelings of superstitious worship just the same as Christians to-day bow before their only original God. Now, it is to the relativ merits of the heathen gods and the God of civilization that I desire to call especial attention. Most heathen gods were modeled from animals. Few hav a "scheme of salvation;" but, coming in direct and personal contact and intercourse with their gods, the only requisits to propitiation appear to hav been self-immolation and abasement. The God of civilization also appears to hav an animal as its model, and it is surely a small compliment to man that he was the unfortunate animal selected. Not in the most barbaric age of the world, nor in its bloodiest and most cruel epoch, has there lived a man capable of the atrocities and the eternal cruelties which characterize the God of civilization and the Bible.

It is beyond human credulity that any revenge, hate, and malice which ever actuated any man would follow his victim beyond the penalty of death.

Yet here we hav a God given to us of whom it is recorded that he did, with malice aforethought, create millions of beings, knowing full well that a large proportion of them would be cast into an eternal hell. But, however, being moved to a little pity, he detaches a part of himself and sends it down to be born of the Virgin Mary; to be crucified, dead, and buried; and to ascend to heaven and to sit on his right hand to be the judge of the quick and the dead. And this God is claimed to be the creator of the universe! It is an insult to the great creativ cause of life. No God of that description had any part in the creation of the universe.

Again, we may ask, How is it possible for the creator to hav a cause for anger and hatred of anything in the wide domain of his creation? Admitting, for the sake of argument, that he could get angry, what particular benefit accrues to him by eternally roasting millions of poor devils that he made and making a heaven for the saintly minority who were smart enough to accept the Bible and believe in it? The absurdity of the "scheme" ought to be apparent at once when we remember that the author of all things could with a wave of his hand blot out from the face of the earth all misbelievers, and in their stead create a race that would eternally worship him and sing his praises. Again, we meet the more monstrous absurdity that such omnipotence made us to crawl before him, to flatter him in one breath and in the next to tell him what a poor, miserable job he made of it when he manufactured us; and that we don't think much of this world that he gave us to liv in anyhow, but are making great reckoning on the next one, and want to go there terribly bad—but if it is all the same to him we would a "leetle" rather stay here just as long as possible, as bad and wicked as it is. Now, between the gods of the heathen and the God of the Bible, we think the former the more sensible of the two. They hav no red tape, no preliminary formalities, no savior, pope, or priest to conciliate or to fee, but the communication is direct, and the spiritual satisfaction just as ample. Both are the outcome of superstitious fear, and are relics of the ignorant past. Both are crumbling to decay before the dawn of reason's sun, which, illuminating the conscience of men, will teach that to deserve a better world than this we must not decry it, but, unfolding its hidden beauties, its harvests, its fruits, so fix the social economy of our lives that all may partake thereof and be led to say: "Lo! that which we called hell is a heaven indeed. Nature is a generous giver—why niggards we?"

Nature is the direct handiwork of the almighty creator, and, if we would be in accord with him, we must find a charity in our hearts as broad and universal as the bounty of nature.

Creeds are cold and formal avowals of belief; prayers are selfish petitions born of fear. Neither of them inspire the heart with love—a love that impels a tear of pity for the oppressed and suffering ones of earth. Injustice, political and social, may wreak its venom upon thousands; by scores they may drop into premature graves; but the church bells toll on, the litany is read, the sin is confessed, forgivness assured, and not hand or voice is raised to succor those whose lives are but dark and painful pilgrimages to the oblivion of death.

Religion should be love, but, alas! it is hate and malice and all uncharitableness. Each one looks out for himself. Each church is jealous of the other. Divided by differing creeds, they denounce one another. Each claims to hav the direct and only route to heaven, forgetting that heaven is a condition and not a locality. The echo of the cold, formal tones of the preachers and priests sounds the knell of hope to the oppressed, and tells them too well of the hollow mockery of the profession. WM. ALLEN SMITH.

Our London Letter.

In the current number of prophet Baxter's *Christian Herald*, portraits and biographies of Sam Jones and his assistant, Sam Small, are given; and, if the portraits are correct, these two professional revivalists appear to be smart Yankees who would make their money out of any particular line of business they fancied embarking upon. According to their biographer, they appear to hav been a couple of abandoned scoundrels, and, as is usually the case, hav consequently turned out to be unexceptionally eminent Christians. I don't know how it is, but if one is to go by the published accounts of those who are most fitted for everlasting glory, it is absolutely necessary to previously plunge into the lowest depths of infamy to attain any great degree of future happiness or to be of any good to one's fellow-creatures here. It is rather hard on a clean-living and peaceable individual that he is not likely to do any good to himself or anyone else either here or hereafter.

According to the biographical sketch, Jones possesses the eloquence of earnestness and action, the fire and glow of passion, surprises of thought, the wit, humor, ridicule, irony, sarcasm, invectiv, pathos, sympathy, love, humanity, and faith, besides the calling, spirit, gift, courage, directness, sympathy, faith, fervor, and flexibility, of a true evangelist; and then, to illustrate all these happy attributes, it givs a series of his stock anecdotes, which are just the same sort of thing all children who hav ever been sent to Sunday-school hav brought before their notice in little pamphlets. I remember reading these identical anecdotes years ago, and I quite fail to see any particular genius required or displayed in dragging such senseless anecdotes forward; but those who appreciate them are fond of the old, old story, and it would be too great a strain on their weak and small modicum of brains to listen to any new and original anecdote.

The same paper contains an interesting account of the result of faith on the part of Mrs. Susan Teeple, of Hotchkissville, United States, who broke her leg in 1866, had bronchitis and lung disease for many years, and was taken to bed in 1878, where she lay for three and a half years without moving. Just recently a brother went to the mercy-seat for her, with the result that, after twelve and one-half years' dumbness, she suddenly recovered her voice, the lung disease disappeared, and the leg was all right again, and the staff on which she had to lean while walking was given to Brother Davis (address not mentioned), who will no doubt testify to the above work of fiction.

Miss Ross, of Maungatua, who has been confined to her bed for sixteen years, had an interview on August 1st with a faith-healing medium, who ordered her to get up, which she at once did without the slightest difficulty. If such was the case, I should be inclined to believe she had been suffering from sixteen years' chronic laziness.

George Muller has just published his annual report of the orphanages of which he was the founder, from which it appears that since 1834 he has received the sum of £1,086,507, which he maintains was sent him solely in answer to prayer, totally ignoring his skilful method of advertising. He and his wife are making a tour of the world, and as he professes never to hav used any of the money sent him for the support of the orphans, it must be presumed that the Lord has opened a special account for his traveling expenses.

Grattan Guinness, who is great at the prophetic business, has published a book recording the signs of the approaching end of the age, and the speedy advent of Christ, but as the author charges a good sum for his books, it does not appear that he anticipates a very early advent, or he would not be so desirous of making such a respectable income and provision for his old age as he is now doing. But professional prophets only write for other people, and can scarcely be expected to believe their own tales.

What a nuisance missionaries and chaplains stationed abroad make of themselvs! One of them having been expelled from France for sending an address of condolence to the Duc d'Aumale, lately exiled, has tried through his friends to persuade the English government to take up the matter, and, to satisfy his wounded pride, would only be too happy to see the two nations at loggerheads. These persons hav such a vast sense of their own importance that they can not understand it when they are put on the same footing as other citizens or aliens. Christian missionaries hav been one of the greatest curses of the world. The evil caused by the drink traffic, though considerable, is comparativly nothing as against the other. Blood has ever followed in their footsteps, and if of late years the mischief has not been as great as formerly, it is not because of absence of the will but of the power. J. D.

London, Sept. 6, 1886.

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. REMSBURG has delivered thirty lectures in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and is now at work in Iowa. Large audiences greet him at nearly every place. One of the most successful meetings he has yet held was at Green Bay, Wis., Sept. 10th. The arrangements for this meeting were made by George Chamberlain, a veteran, seventy-eight years of age.

MR. J. L. ANDREW writes: "As I shall remain in the East until about Oct. 7th, I am desirous of lecturing in as many places as possible. All who desire Liberal lectures in their community may address me in care of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am also desirous of making a tour through Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Liberals in these states may address me in care of Mr. Samuel Devenbaugh, Brimfield, Noble co., Ind."

W. F. JAMIESON is stirring up the Christians out in Montana. He has sent a challenge to the Rev. Jacob Ditzler, D.D., who happened to be traveling in Montana, and whom Jamieson has not met since their famous debate eight years ago in Kirksville, Mo. Dr. Ditzler signified his willingness for a debate, and it will probably take place in Renshaw's Opera House, beginning September 28th. Jamieson will lecture in Dillon three evenings before the debate, and in Bozeman the Sundays of October. Address him at Butte, Montana.

MR. CHARLES WATTS, since his arrival in this country from England at the end of last month, has lectured five times in Canada and twelve times in the States. The local press contained the following notices of his lectures in Hamilton and New Jersey: "The abilities of Mr. Watts as a Secularist orator are very well known. His audience last night was delighted, judging from the enthusiastic manner in which the lecture was received and the lecturer applauded. The lecture was full of the pithy expression, clever reasoning, fervent eloquence, and lively humor which distinguish Mr. Watts's oratory. No matter how radically his hearers may differ from him in opinion, those who go to hear him are always sure to be entertained and mentally stimulated" (Hamilton *Spectator*, September 8th). Referring to Mr. Watts, the Mount Holly, N. J., *Herald* of September 18th remarks: "He is a very eloquent and logical orator, and there was nothing offensiv or blasphemous in his remarks. He held the attention of his hearers closely, and all united in pronouncing him one of the finest speakers they ever listened to." After giving a course of lectures in Pittsburgh and Waynesburg, Mr. Watts will go to Grand Rapids, Mich., where he delivers five lectures. He then proceeds to Chicago, which will be his headquarters till early in November, when he returns East to be present at the great Convention of the American Secular Union in New York city. Friends in Illinois and Michigan wishing lectures from Mr. Watts during October should write him direct. His address for that month will be care of A. D. O'Neill, 107 Park ave., Chicago, Ill.

New York State Freethinkers' Association.

R. B. Jackson	$5.00

For the Defense of Mr. Reynolds.

Charles Eckhart	$5.00
B. F. Hyland	5.00
S. Brewer	1.00
J. G. Rodman	5.00
R. B. Jackson	5.00
R. Butterfield	2.00
A. Moot	5.00
T. J. Conley	1.00
S. H. Davis	1.00
Jacob Tausig	2.00
J. P. Hill	.50
Thos. Arper	1.00
J. S. Shepard	1.00
W. H. Baxter	1.00
Samuel Elkinson	.54
Isaac Slenker	1.00
Isaac N. Jones	1.00
Ernest Jones	1.00
John James	1.00

On the Side of Justice.

All through the Anarchists' trouble at Chicago, the old TRUTH SEEKER has given the fairest, best balanced, and most comprehensiv comment of any journal, not Anarchistic itself, that we hav seen. All considered, it is as nearly a representativ journal of freedom as can exist on a public patronage. —*Equity*.

Preaching and Practice.

"I am sorry to find you no better, Mrs. S.," said the minister to a sick parishioner, "but we must hope for the best. We must put our trust in him upon whom alone we can depend for health and strength. I will try and see you again before I go, and in the mean time I will pray——"

"Are you going away, Mr. Goodman?" inquired the invalid.

"Yes. The members of the church hav given me a trip to Europe, hoping that the sea voyage will giv me health and strength."—*Sun*.

Communications.

Freethought in England.

I.

Freethought in England is growing apace. To adopt a phrase of Lord Randolph Churchill—the impudent and unscrupulous leader of the present Tory government—during the recent election, in reference to the Conservativs—I may say with truth that the Freethinkers are winning everywhere, in the battle between truth and error, "hands down," or, in other words, without effort.

Truth is learned by contrast with error; the rising generation, having been soundly educated, are inquiring into theology and religion, and finding to their amazement, and first doubtless to their regret, that they will square with neither the teachings of science nor with common sense. With a larger knowledge of the subject these inquirers are often driven to the conclusion that theology means ignorance of nature, and religion ignorance of humanity.

In the past theology expressed the limit of man's knowledge in regard to the phenomena of the universe. Man endeavored to scale nature's hights and fathom her depths, and when he had penetrated as far as he could he labeled all the rest with the word "God." Science has now extended nature illimitably; she is found to be boundless in extent, and from the indestructible character of matter and force, we are led to infer that she is also eternal in duration. English Freethinkers are of robust mind. Few shrink from the term "Atheist," though many prefer the new description of "Agnostic."

Mr. Bradlaugh called himself an "Atheist" early in his career as a Freethinker, when with sledge-hammer blows he carried on his iconoclastic work of slaying Christian Theism, and he does not readily change his views. But even he sometimes describes himself as a "Monist," which is a much more expressiv term; for while Atheism expresses the negativ attitude of his mind, Monism expresses the affirmativ side, which is much more important.

Mr. Bradlaugh's followers are Atheists to a man—I might say, to a boy—and so strong is the influence of their leader that, however poor and humble their position in life, they display an amount of courage in the advocacy of their opinions that is quite remarkable.

To be a Bradlaughite is to be known for one's earnestness and courage. Some years ago the junior member for Northampton declared that in his opinion a Freethinker who had brains enough would be certain to arrive at the Atheistic goal if he were only assiduous enough in his study. Many Freethinkers hav since felt that if they cannot conscientiously call themselvs "Atheists" they may be regarded by at least one prominent Freethinker as in some sense "intellectually deficient."

But there are a large and increasing number of Freethinkers in England and Scotland—but, alas! not in Ireland—who delight in the cognomen of "Agnostic." They say that whether there is a God or not, they hav only finite minds, and as all knowledge applies to phenomena, unless God is one of the manifold changes that are perpetually taking place—that is, unless deity is a phenomenon—they can take no cognizance of him. They are not Atheists, because they do not deny God; they merely declare themselvs to be without knowledge of him. As in the Greek, *a-Theist* merely means "without God," the difference between the Agnostic and the Atheist is so slight as to be hardly worth wrangling over.

Some, however, think otherwise, and the subject is thus made a perennial source of discussion. For my own part I prefer the term "Naturist," and if the theologians had not filled the skies with their imaginary gods there would hav been no need for Theists nor Atheists. Since Mr. Bradlaugh has taken his seat in Parliament he has not lectured very frequently on the Bible or on theology. No doubt he has strong grounds for lecturing principally upon politics. The public want to know what his opinions on the various political questions of the hour are, and, in my view, he is quite right in taking every opportunity of making them known. Moreover, he does Freethought good service by occasionally lecturing on "Religions—Old and New," and demonstrating their manifold difficulties and absurdities on the Sunday afternoons when he visits the provinces. It is a singular fact that Mr. Bradlaugh has many political admirers who would not suffer themselvs to listen to a Freethought lecture from him lest they might be persuaded to become "not almost" but quite Infidels.

I once heard an old gentleman say: "I heard Mr. Bradlaugh last night, on the Irish question, and if he reasons with equal force on theology I should be afraid to hear him, for he would so disturb my beliefs, which are a source of consolation to me, that I should go down to the grave a miserable man."

Of course I disabused the gentleman's mind of this error. I told him that I could understand him being miserable on the brink of the grave if he believed that the large majority of mankind would be consigned to eternal torture, but I assured him that if he once got that theological error removed from his mind, it was wonderful how happy he might be, and how philosophically he might approach the real difficulties of life.

Undoubtedly Mr. Bradlaugh is a real orator; already he has made his influence felt in the House of Commons, but I long for the day to come when Lord Randolph Churchill or some other equally audacious Tory shall offer strong opposition to a measure of his, so that the highest dialectical qualities of the junior member for Northampton may be brought out, and then the house will understand completely the argumentativ giant with which they hav to deal in him.

Mrs. Besant's name has been so identified with that of Mr. Bradlaugh in the various struggles for intellectual liberty in which Freethinkers hav taken part, that it would be anything but gallant or respectful on my part to speak of other prominent Freethought advocates before her.

In addition to being a lady of wonderful scholastic attainments, and excellent argumentativ power, she is intellectually and morally fearless.

Recently she has reasoned herself into the acceptation of Socialism as the panacea of most of the evils to which human beings are subject in the present condition of society. With admirable courage, she has proclaimed her conviction whenever she has regarded her advocacy of Socialism useful in the columns of the journal of which she is co-editor (the *National Reformer*), regardless altogether of the consideration whether by so doing she was alienating Freethought friends who could not possibly accept her newly-adopted doctrins. But, as Mr. Foote, editor of the *Freethinker*—and, in my opinion, one of the most subtle and brilliant advocates of Freethought this century is likely to see—well observed a short time ago, "It is not very likely that Freethinkers, who hav suffered plenty of persecution themselvs will commence to persecute others for a 'social heresy.'" There is not much fear that Mrs. Besant will lose anything by the earnestness, courage, and enthusiasm she displays in the advocacy of her new faith.

My only wonder is that she regards Socialism as of chief importance, and Freethought as merely secondary; whereas, in my opinion, if Socialism were ever attainable, Freethinkers would be the fittest persons to bring it about.

Mrs. Besant is a great Freethought advocate, for all that, and frequently hammers away at the old theological dogmas, and the amount of work she is capable of getting through often astonishes even those who know her best. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

The American Press.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 28th Professor Bell, in a few well-chosen words, denounces the great dailies published in our great cities. It is to be regretted that the article does not specify more particularly the reasons for the professor's words. In the next week's paper, however, Dr. Severance, who never hesitates to "speak right out in meeting," in an article entitled, "Is This a Free Country?" condemns in strong terms the injustice of the papers in the late Anarchist trials in Chicago and Milwaukee.

The doctor says: "They hav misrepresented evidence, and lied outright, and thus hav misled honest people in regard to the facts." This statement is true, and for this reason Professor Bell, Mrs. Severance, and every Liberal who has been conversant with the facts feel the necessity of increasing the circulation of the Liberal papers.

When the despot Napoleon III. ruled France there was no freedom of the press, no voice of the people. Now and then some liberty-loving soul sent forth surreptitiously a few words of pitiful protest against the enslavement of the masses, crying for justice, and his reward was a dungeon in the Bastile. It was absolutely impossible for the people to make themselvs heard. And in Chicago, during the progress of the late Anarchist trial, not a single daily paper would publish a line demanding justice for these men. Not only this, but they would make misstatements calculated to injure the prisoners, and refuse to publish the refutation of their libelous words.

A free press is one of the greatest guardians of the people's liberty, but that is not a free press where one side of any question is suppressed. Letter after letter has been written to the dailies of this city, full of indignation, full of protest, full of burning words of liberty, and not one of them has been published. The press has become the voice of capital, the police the arm; and in America to-day we hav in this union a power as dangerous to the liberties of the people, and as despotic, as was ever Louis Napoleon with his perfectly trained police.

The only hope, then, for the future lies in the Liberal papers that dare publish the people's words. And the very fact that they dare publish the truth, where so much has been suppressed, will increase their circulation a thousandfold. Let every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, then, send in a new subscriber—not only one, but as many as he can secure. Let the publishers hav not only the satisfaction of feeling that they hav stood by the right, but that it pays to be just.

On Sunday, September 5th, a picnic was held at Sheffield, Ind., to raise funds for the continued defense of the Anarchists. Three thousand persons were on the ground, and many were left behind in Chicago with no means of transfer, not enough cars having been chartered. The excursion was a grand success, two thousand dollars being realized. A number of very enthusiastic speeches were made—incendiary, the papers said in the next morning's report; but this was not true.

Said Mrs. Parsons: "State's-Attorney Grinnell in his speech before the jury stated that he had the Socialists like rats on the rungs of a ladder, and that he would drive them into their hole. This meeting givs the lie to his statement. It would take a big hole to put them in, and a big cork to hold them in. (Immense cheering.) I do not wish, brothers, sisters, fellow-workers, to appeal to your passions. These men were your mouthpiece. It was your wrongs they were seeking to redress. It is for you, then, to demand that they be given justice; and if it goes on to the bitter end, if the crash of those seven scaffold-traps echoes through the land, may the people send forth a cry that all tyrants throughout the world shall hear, and hearing tremble." (Prolonged applause.)

For speaking these words a daily paper advised that Mrs. Parsons be rearrested, and yet P. J. Dusey, an Irish Catholic, who has been one of the most radical speakers on the labor question, and who was arrested after the so-called "Haymarket riot," and for some unexplained reason let go again, was present, and made a strong, telling speech, and his name is not even mentioned in the report of the meeting. Mrs. Parsons, her husband condemned, as she believes, unjustly, to be hung, her woman's soul smarting under the wrong, and her wifely heart tortured with the outrageous cruelty, pleads with tears in her eyes, and in tremulous tones, to the people to demand justice for her husband; and a barbarous paper, lost to all sense of tenderness or humanity, recommends that she share her husband's fate, and no words are said of the Irish Catholic, P. J. Dusey. He is to be congratulated upon his independence and manliness, but the question persistently presents itself, "Why this discrimination?" Is it, as has been claimed, that the Chicago police wanted no Irishmen among the arrested Anarchists or Socialists, and so all such hav been discharged, while poor Tom Brown has lain in Cook county jail nearly five months for lending Parsons five dollars? Mr. Dusey used the following words, which it will be seen are fully as incendiary as the language made use of by Mrs. Parsons: "The previous speaker has said that these men will not hang while there are two hundred and fifty thousand Germans in Chicago. I say they will not hang while there are one hundred and seventy-five thousand Irishmen in Chicago. The time was when it was the Irish in this country that were maligned and persecuted. To-day it is the Germans, and when the struggle comes the Irishmen will be found fighting in a line with the Germans." (Loud applause.)

A number of the leaders of the labor movement were present at this picnic, among them Mr. Louis Zeller, president of the Central Labor Union. Mr. Zeller furnished the following resolutions, which were passed at a meeting of the Central Labor Union, in response to the dictation of the Chicago police, that they should express no condemnation of the judge, jury, or verdict in the Anarchist trial:

WHEREAS, The Constitution of the United States givs each inhabitant the right to express his opinion in word and writing; and

WHEREAS, This right has never been denied to the property-owning classes, who hav during the last year made more than rightful use of the same; and

WHEREAS, That on this day, Sunday, the 22d of August, 1886, our police, through their representativs, hav forbidden us to say anything about the Anarchist trial, or to express our opinion in a resolution about it which might be in favor of the convicted, or to do anything which might cause an impartial revision of the verdict; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we condemn the action of the capitalistic press of Chicago, because it is inhuman, barbaric, and brutal, and it denies the right of the working class to express their free opinion, and is especially against foreigners, who hav worked more for the prosperity and glory of this country, who hav participated in all its wars more numerously, who hav sacrificed more, and shed more blood for this country than all know-nothings together, who are trying at present to cause a hatred against foreigners; and be it further

Resolved, That we hereby express our disapproval in regard to the conduction of the so-called Anarchist trial and declare that we consider the verdict partial, ancient, and barbaric, because it does not condemn the principal or accessory of a crime, but only the exponents of political ideas. Be it therefore

Resolved, That we will use all legal means to procure an impartial execution of the law.

THE CENTRAL LABOR UNION OF CHICAGO.

An article in a Christian temperance paper recently published in Chicago contained the following words:

It is estimated that tens of thousands of workingmen spend one-half their wages in saloons. The working classes spend from four to five hundred million dollars annually for drink. No wonder we hav Anarchy, strikes, riots, and threatened revolutions. Destroy the saloons and it won't be long till the American laborer will be a house-

holder. Destroy the saloons and you deprive the brutal Anarchist of his devilish inspiration.

In another part of the same paper, with an amazing, refreshing, and ingenious candor, the following admissions are made:

Five years ago liquor was unknown among the tribes of the Congo basin, but recently one hundred thousand gallons of New England rum and one missionary were sent over in the same vessel.

Before the ports of Japan were opened to the Christian nations of the world, there were only eleven intoxicant drinks known in the country; now there are more than two hundred, and many horrible vices peculiar to highly civilized nations are becoming common in Japan.

According, then, to the logic of this Christian paper, the deductions of which Whateley himself could not evade, where there is no Christianity there is no rum; where there is no rum there is but little vice. Attacking saloons, then, condemning strikers, hanging Anarchists, is only dealing with effects.

Prohibit the cause, which, according to this temperance paper, is Christianity; for if with its introduction into heathen nations it has increased their intoxicating drinks from eleven to two hundred and familiarized the people with many heretofore unknown and horrible vices, is it not to be argued that intemperance and vice would decrease in this country in proportion as a belief in Christianity decreased?

And then another item in this same paper says:

It is estimated that sixty thousand gallons of wine are yearly consumed in the churches of the United States for sacramental purposes alone.

Do away with the church, and the pernicious influence of this so-called sacred, bloody rite will no longer be left to corrupt and vitiate the people with its revolting power.

Permit me to make a correction in my last letter. The purse proposed to be raised by wealthy citizens of Chicago for the jury condemning the Anarchists was one hundred thousand dollars instead of one thousand dollars, as printed.

The Chicago Secular Union, corner of Halstead and Madison streets, reopened Sunday, September 19th, Judge Page speaking on "The Origin of Life." Sunday, September 26th, Samuel P. Putnam lectures before the Union both afternoon and evening.

MRS. A. M. FREEMAN,
Secretary of Chicago Secular Union.

Le Seur's Dissection of the Rev. Dr. Porter.

If there had been a law for the prevention of cruelty to doctors of divinity and ex-presidents of colleges, it ought to be vigorously and rigorously enforced against Mr. W. D. Le Seur, a Canadian, I take it, who, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, has been practicing vivisection on poor old Dr. Noah Porter, the late president of Yale College. This venerable doctor of a sickly divinity, it seems, delivered an address last May before the Nineteenth Century Club, which must hav sounded at the time like an old lecture given twenty years ago to a class of sophomores, and vamped up to suit the present occasion, in which production the spirit of *stat pro ratione voluntas* superseded the necessity of giving reasons. The venerable president seemed to forget what the lapse of time, in this age of inquiry, does with men's opinions, and that the Nineteenth Century Club has a very different audience from that of the verdant youths of an American college, who, like a nest of young robins, open their mouths to their utmost capacity, and swallow down whatever is put into them. The cruel critic, Mr. Le Seur, shows, to the entire satisfaction of the reader, that his victim is almost as unacquainted with science, philosophy, and even grammar and rhetoric, as was his illustrious predecessor and namesake who sailed in the ark; that he undertook to discuss a subject which he did not understand; that he presumed on the credulity of his audience, and attempted to play the role of authority, as men of his cloth did in the eighteenth century. During the heat of the anti-slavery controversy, I knew a Presbyterian doctor of divinity and president of a college, who, in the same spirit evinced by Dr. Noah, attempted to crush out Abolitionism and the Abolitionists by authority, in a great speech delivered before a synod of clergymen, and afterward published in pamphlet form, in which he proved that slavery was a divine institution, and that the Abolitionists were Infidels. In this production he repeatedly used the phrase, "*Pars sequitur ventrem*," which any Latin scholar sees makes no sense. The doctor intended, no doubt, to avail himself of the legal maxim "*Partus sequitur ventrem*," which expresses, in the slave system, the legal status of a child born of a slave mother.

The blush was brought to the doctor's cheeks during a subsequent debate when a young man, not a doctor of divinity, but whose ears had been boxed some years before by a volume of Blackstone's Commentaries, pointed out the blunder and showed that the doctor did not understand the subject. In like manner the Rev. Dr. Noah uses the word *protean*, ignorant altogether, if not of its meaning, at least of its application to the subject of discussion. He had heard, evidently, something about *protoplasm* and *protista*, and from the similarity of the first syllable in *prot*ean, supposed that this word was used in discussing Mr. Darwin's theory of evolution. But by this time, no doubt, the reverend doctor has found out from his dictionary the character of his blunder.

My only object in this communication is to induce those of your readers who like to see an anatomical dissection in which the various parts of the subject are separated and laid bare, to read Mr. Le Seur's article in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Many a sensitiv author whose blunders and incompetency to discuss an important subject hav been so unmercifully pointed out would die of sheer mortification at the exposure. But Dr. Porter, being a Connecticut Yankee, and having long been nurtured on the mental, moral, and physical pabulum of that state, will, in all probability, survive and continue to flourish like a green bay-tree. But after reading Mr. Le Seur's criticism, a person is inclined to wonder what influence so mushy an intellect as that of Dr. Porter must hav exerted in shaping the minds of the hundreds of young men who were more or less under his plastic influence during his long presidency of Yale College.

B.

Dr. York in Queensland.

DEAR FRIEND EUGENE, AND READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: You will learn by this that I am still on the warpath and in good health.

At the present writing I am in Gympie, a beautiful town in the gold field of Queensland, and hav had the honor of being the first to break the bread of common sense in this city, which is stupidly religious.

The parsons here, too cowardly to defend their castle, sent for H. A. Long, with whom I had previously debated six nights in Brisbane, and before us we hav kept the town hot during three weeks past. Last night was our eighth and last of the course, at which time we organized a Freethought union, with about sixty members, raked out from the ashes of a religious night which pervaded the town. Scotch Presbyterians, babies in hell, and Roman deviltry held despotic sway here, and the priests and parsons look upon me as Satan incarnate. The pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER set them wild. Eugene, these devils die hard, but the gods must go, and with them the domination of priests.

I go to Maryburough for four lectures, and then back to Brisbane for twelve Sundays more, making over thirty lectures in Brisbane.

My work in Queensland will close in November, after which I go to Melbourne for a short course. Then we—mother and I—hope to turn our faces toward the land of the Stars and Stripes, stopping one month at Auckland, New Zealand, on our way home, where we hope to arrive in January next. Freethought in the colonies is rapidly on the increase, and everywhere our labors hav been attended with good audiences and good results.

I am in receipt of THE TRUTH SEEKER and Boston *Investigator*, and am pleased to show them to our people here, but being so far away I find it difficult to get subscribers in Australia, but am quite sure that American literature is fast finding a permanent foothold in the colonies, which, ere long, will become a federated sisterhood of republican states like our own dear country.

You will find inclosed post order for two yearly subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be sent as directed in private letter, and the orders which I sent for books for the friends at Brisbane, by last mail, I trust are on the way by this time and hope they will arrive before I leave Brisbane.

With many and oft-repeated good wishes for the cause of mental liberty at home, and wishing to be kindly remembered by the friends and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I am, as ever,

Yours for truth,
DR. J. L. YORK.

Liberalism and Anarchy.

As the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER are open to the wide world for the promotion of truth and justice, I desire to say a word or so about the question which has recently excited all America to a dangerous pitch, viz., Anarchism.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 4th, I notice an article from the pen of Mrs. A. M. Freeman. Mrs. Freeman is a strong advocate of the principles of free speech, Freethought, and Liberalism, and loses no opportunity for combating the popular superstitions of the Christianized world, for which the Freethinkers and truth seekers of the whole country can but be truly grateful; but Mrs. Freeman, as is the case with all of us, is liable to err, which, to my mind, is palpable in the article referred to.

The connecting link between Anarchy and Liberalism is yet to be forged. The intellect of enlightened people elevates the morals as well as the understanding, and it cannot be denied that no moral man will seek to justify Anarchism. Among the poorer classes of Russia, where men are compelled to minister to the tastes and comforts and luxuries and extravagances of those in power, for which not only no compensation is allowed, but the laborer is obliged to furnish his own living, there might be found a possible excuse for Anarchism, but in free America, where the right hand of fellowship is held out to all honest comers; the country that invites the down-trodden of other lands to make their homes with us; that offers to furnish the means of a better existence than most of them hav ever dreamed of; the land that has been the haven of refuge for the exile, and the source of rich competence for untold numbers; I say the fostering agent of Anarchy in such a land requires the utmost rigor for its suppression.

The principles of free speech in this country are sacred to the hearts of all true Americans. The justness of a man's cause must bear its own reward. When the dissatisfied, turbulent element of other countries flee to our shores, and seek to inflame the people to riotous conduct, it is an abuse of privilege that cannot be tolerated with safety. The laws of our country are potent enough to right the wrongs of a just cause, and when people ignore the law, and pursue barbaric methods, they forfeit all rights to protection, and invite governmental scrutiny and rigorous measures.

If the man who throws a bomb for the purpose of taking life escapes detection, can it be fairly argued that those who incited the immediate criminal to the act are innocent?

The idea that the laboring people are horrified at the sentence of the Chicago Anarchists is, I think, erroneous. The law-abiding citizen of this land, be he pauper or millionaire, be he a layman or a member of any or of all the labor societies of the country, will signify his approval of the maintenance of our laws by lending the full force of his influence to the side of law and order.

Liberalism must not be confounded with Anarchy. The enlightened people of the world will not, cannot, countenance the unlawful proceedings of bloodthirsty adventurers.

It has been my pleasure to support THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last ten years. I hav been well pleased in the main by its course, especially so with that which has advocated the taxing of church property. It cannot be expected that every individual will be entirely satisfied with all the articles of a newspaper, otherwise there would be no cause for argument and consequent diminution of literary matter. Myself, as well as others, can, at times, afford to swallow unsavory articles, but I feel inclined to protest against the defense of Anarchism in truth-seeking journals.

WILLIAM MALCOLM.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Missionaries in Persia.

Correspondence of the Galveston News.

Many people in America hav the idea that missionaries sent out by them into the spiritual wilderness of Persia and adjacent villages hav an awful hard time of it, that everybody here is working against them, and that they hav hardly enough to eat or a roof above their heads. You may tell such people that they are mistaken; that American missionaries in Persia hav a much easier time and more pleasant life of it than the vast majority of non-missionary folks in the United States. In fact, they are treated like princes here, like the salt of the earth. They live in fine, spacious houses, surrounded by verandas and gardens, and cool courtyards, in which the soldiers, the Persian government furnishes them with as guards hold forth; they hav enough to keep native servants and horses, and to eat the best meat and vegetables the land affords.

So far the labors of the missionaries hav laid mainly with the so-called Christian population, the Armenians, Nestorians, and Chaldeans being barred from meddling with the Moslem Persians proper by a religious law—still in force, though not always enforced—which decrees the painful and shameful death of any Islamite turned Christian, and the vigilance of both the authorities, and imams, and mullahs in this respect is truly remarkable. Considering that these missionary efforts hav been going on for fifty years, the number of converts to the Presbyterian form of Christianity is not alarmingly great, for the latest report gives but 1,796 communicants all over Persia. There are several thousand, however, belonging to the church, or animated with it. The Persian government does not directly interfere with the propaganda among its non-Moslem subjects, and hitherto a great deal of liberty has been enjoyed in the sale and distribution of the scriptures and other religious books, printed in Persian as well as Syriac and Armenian.

It is drunkenness especially which is the besetting sin of the Armenians, male and female. The manufacture and sale of wine and liquor is carried on in Persia exclusively by Armenians and Jews, who almost invariably grow rich at it. Indeed, it is held here the best paying business—that of selling drink. The Persians, being for the most part Shutes, are forbidden by the Koran to make or drink wine and spirits, and the small fraction of Sunnites in the north are just as strict in this respect.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
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"Free Schools."

The Roman Catholics are crafty as foxes. When they presented to the legislature of this state a bill asking that altars and other paraphernalia necessary to their worship might be provided in our penal institutions, they gave it the attractiv title of "Freedom of Worship" bill. THE TRUTH SEEKER had considerable to say about that bill, and will resume the subject if the bill should again appear before the New York legislature. Besides considering it as to its constitutionality, we pointed out that in face of the fact that the majority of our criminals are Roman Catholics, introducing Catholic worship into our prisons would be very much like carrying coals to Newcastle. Religion is already quite adequately represented there, and if worship were found to be desirable it would not in many cases be necessary to go outside the prison walls to find a priest or preacher to conduct the services. The majority of prison rolls include sufficient home talent in this capacity for all occasions that are likely to arise.

In a direct line with the "Freedom of Worship" bill is the Catholic demand for what the projectors are cunning enough to denominate "free schools;" free schools with a Romanist meaning schools where the teaching of Roman Catholicism is compulsory.

One of the most persistent clamorers for these schools is the *Iowa Messenger*, a Roman Catholic organ published at Davenport, Iowa. This paper denounces our public school system as "the common enemy of Christianity that is fast decimating the Christian ranks, and sowing seeds of Infidelity." Our present free school system, it adds, is "ruthlessly threatening the pillars of the Christian household," and "is throwing out a class of Atheists believing in no God, no law but their own ambitions, which are sufficiently large to desire the fruits of others' labor without any labor on their part." This last accusation comes with a poor show of consistency from the representativ of a class of priests who are notorious do-nothings, and who liv exclusivly upon the labor of others. As a matter of fact, it is the "spiritual-minded" everywhere who liv without work, and the worldly-minded support them.

But is it true that our common schools, with nearly every text-book reeking with pious twaddle, make Atheists of the children? And, if it is true, whose fault is it? If the modicum of secular knowledge which pupils acquire in our public schools overturns all the religious teachings of parents at home, teachers in the Sunday-classes, and priests in the churches, then those parents and teachers and priests must certainly hav very poor success in gaining the confidence of the children.

It is a lamentable truth that our public schools are not calculated to turn out minds free from religious bias. An examination of the text-books used will convince anyone that the contrary is the fact. Every text-book in common use, except, possibly, the arithmetic, contains allusions to God and religion; the New Testament is almost universally read, and many teachers open each day's exercises with prayer.

Our schools, then, can in no sense be said to be "Godless," and the Catholic shouters for "free" schools are aware of that fact, though, with a reckless disregard of truth, they seek to cover it up. Their real grievance is that the religious instruction now unlawfully afforded by our schools is not distinctivly Roman Catholic, but Protestant; and while this instruction is continued, and the compulsory school-law is in force, they hav real cause for complaint, as hav the Freethinkers and all other non-Protestants. Of course, no Catholic should be compelled by law to send his children to school and hav them taught what he regards as the Protestant heresy. Neither should a Freethinker's children be forced to receive religious teachings which they know to be false.

The way out of it is to keep religion out of public schools. If the Catholics desire the catechism taught along with secular instruction, let them proceed with their parochial schools, and support them by voluntary contributions. No one can deny them that right. The same course is open to Protestants. The Freethinker, having no special ax to grind, will be quite satisfied with a secular school. We hav no fear of the results of open competition between public schools and any which either Catholics or Protestants are likely to establish. Parents will not be slow to learn that something more than a knowledge of the catechism is necessary to a good education.

"The Truth Seeker" and the Anarchists.

Just previous to the ninth annual gathering of the New York Freethinkers we received the following:

"WELLAND, ONT., Aug. 13, 1886.

"MY FRIEND E. M. MACDONALD: I am not going to enter upon a discussion of the war that is now being carried on between labor and capital, though I hav my own views upon the subject, and do not think the affairs of the nation would be improved by conceding to the demands of the Anarchists or working classes. It is true that trade is dull and times are hard; many factories hav shut down, and large capital lies idle, because they cannot be run at a profit; and to be compelled to pay the same wages for less work would hav the effect of closing many more, which, instead of improving the condition of the working classes, would make it worse. If intelligence and capital are unable to direct the operations of trade profitably, it is, in my opinion, very doubtful that a class of people lacking both these requisits would be more successful.

"This is all I wish to say upon this subject. I notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER you appear to advocate the views of the Anarchists. Such may be your honest views, but in doing so you are losing the influence of THE TRUTH SEEKER for good, for upon this subject many intelligent and thinking readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER do not agree, and think you are to some extent losing sight of the object which THE TRUTH SEEKER had been intended to accomplish. I hav heard some of your best friends say that they did not like the course you were taking in the matter.

"My object in writing this is that you may think well whether you are not outside of your latitude.

"AUG. 28TH.—I wrote the above ten days ago, and had decided not to send it, but since reading 'The Trial of Anarchy in Chicago,' I hav decided to do so. You will at least see that all your readers do not indorse the same views. Hoping you may hav wisdom to edit THE TRUTH SEEKER in the best way to accomplish the most good, I am

"Sincerely your friend, JOHN RAY.

"P.S.—I am well aware that yours is a difficult task.

"J. R."

The writer of the foregoing is an aged friend whom we highly esteem for his many works of righteousness, as the Christians would say. But his mind seems to be a little clouded by the smoke of the war in Chicago, and we desire to talk to him a little.

With Mr. Ray's opinion of the struggle between capital and labor we find no fault. We are glad to see so great an economic question satisfactorily settled. But the statement that we seem to be advocating the views of the Anarchists we desire to dispute. It grieves us to think that those editorial columns of opposition to Anarchy which we printed last winter were wasted upon Mr. Ray. In them we distinctly combated the fundamental postulates of Anarchy, and pointed out, as we thought—and hundreds of readers hav assured us that we did—the untenableness of the position held by the Anarchist representativs. To us it seems that Anarchy is against all the experience of the human race, and about the most impracticable impracticability that a nest of brilliant impracticables ever astonished the world with. So much for the philosophy.

But since then a lot of so-called Anarchists hav been accused of conspiracy to murder. They hav been brought to trial, and sentenced to be hanged. Now, hanging is the penalty for only one crime—premeditated murder. The question is, then, not whether these men are Anarchists, or Socialists, or Infidels, or Christians, but, Are they guilty of premeditated murder? The evidence adduced by the prosecutors has not shown it. The man who threw the bomb at Chicago has not been found, and the connection of the condemned men with that wretch has in no wise been shown. Nevertheless, upon the testimony of an ex-convict, and in response to a popular clamor, started by a dishonest pulpit and increased by some unprincipled journalists, the jury find a verdict of guilty. THE TRUTH SEEKER protests against such a perversion of law and infraction of justice, and straightway we are accused of being Anarchists. If we did not know that our friend Ray has an unusually acute mind, we should be tempted to indicate our contempt for the reasoning faculties that cannot see the difference between advocating an opinion and advocating the right of a man to hold that opinion. Years ago a former editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER went to prison in defense of another's right to differ from him. The present editor has a vivid recollection of those times, and also remembers that he defended the action of D. M. Bennett. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is neither an Anarchist, a Socialist, or a Communist, but he has a sincere respect for the many able men and women who hold those social views, and is not quite so arrogant in his own conceit as to say that there is no good in any of their philosophies. The present times are decidedly out of joint socially, and perhaps in one of these systems, or in all, lies the remedy for the labor troubles. Let us study them and see, instead of hanging their advocates.

Again, Mr. Ray says we shall lose the influence THE TRUTH SEEKER now has for good. Mr. Ray forgets that Freethinkers desire no influence but that which is gained by the reasonableness of their opinions. We should forfeit our own self-respect by pandering to a popular clamor, based on ignorance. An iniquity is none the less black because a majority howl for it; and if every other man, woman, and child in the United States demanded the hanging of every Socialist in the country, we should oppose it unless the Socialists had first been legally and justly convicted of some crime punishable by death; and even then we should rather make efforts for their reformation than see them executed.

Whether in this position we are outside of our latitude or not depends upon what lines of latitude bound Freethought. For one, we do not think that thought can be bounded. We know that there are a great many people who think that freedom means the right of themselvs to think and speak what they please, but not the right of their neighbors. Some Freethinkers limit Freethought to the right to criticise theology, but say that social institutions must be left alone. We cannot accept this definition. The Freethinker has been compared to the eagle beating the air with tireless wings, while the Christian is a caged bird piping his little song behind captiv bars. Is this but an insincere figure of speech, or is it the truth? We believe it to be the truth, and as applicable to those who criticise human institutions as to those who labor to remove alleged divine superstition from the world.

Freethought, as we understand it, stands for absolute freedom of thought, of speech, of publication, upon any and every subject upon earth. There is no such thing as a treasonable utterance in this country. Treasonable *acts* only can be cognized by the authorities placed in power by the people. If the traitor who threw the bomb that killed the policeman of Chicago could be found, we should advocate his punishment. Or if any of the condemned men had been shown to hav urged him to throw the bomb, then would their conviction be just. But the man has not been found and the connection has not been established. Therefore, we contend that the men are unjustly convicted. Perhaps no persons hav been more bitter opponents of Anarchy than J. L. Andrew, of Kansas, and E. A. Stevens, of Chicago. It was Mr. Stevens who thwarted the attempts of the Anarchists to capture the Liberal League of Chicago. Mr. Andrew has repeatedly shown in print the fallacy of Anarchistic philosophy. Yet Mr. Stevens is obliged to denounce the trial of the Anarchists as a farce, and Mr. Andrew, at the Freethinkers' Convention, said that the men were convicted in response to the same public clamor that nearly two thousand years ago rang through the streets of Jerusalem and ended in the crucifixion of Christ. Mr. Andrew

added that the clergy had accused Infidelity of being the mother of Anarchy. If this were so, he said, he should advocate the suppression by law of Infidelity. But because he denounced as unfair the trial of the Anarchists, Mr. Andrew has since been accused by the press of teaching Anarchy. Mr. Andrew has our sympathy.

But, notwithstanding the liability to misrepresentation that one who stands up for the right incurs, we are not yet in that condition of mind which afflicts Mrs. Helen Wilmans, and which she describes to the editor of *Foundation Principles* in the following words:

"I am a coward, Lois. Ever since the result of the Anarchists' trial here I hav been boiling over with rage. Think of hanging men who hav no more been proved guilty of murder than I hav, and all because an idiotic people—the wretched tool of a monopolistic press—are crying for innocent blood! I hav been boiling with rage, but dare not say so in my paper. Yonder in the next room my forms are made up ready to go to press, and there is not one word of which my heart is so full. Am I afraid to speak my thoughts? *Yes, I am.* My paper would be condemned in the mails if I did, and I should run the risk of having my ribs stamped in by a ruffianly police that hav treated hundreds of people in this manner since the 4th of last May, when every soul in the city of Chicago was put under gag law under penalty of death."

We would not feel like that for four dollars. Far better would it be to fight the matter out. Neither do we care for the insinuation of a Western editor that we support Anarchy. We never did advocate Anarchy, and never shall till we experience a change of heart. However, this editor's insinuation counts little, for in his next paper he has to defend himself from the charge of being an Anarchist because he printed without specific condemnation one article from an Anarchist. This editor also has our heartfelt sympathy.

Suppose, for a moment, that we grant the right of the state to punish the advocacy of any opinions, where will it end? Who will say what opinions are to be suppressed? The majority, of course. Where then will Infidels be? Blasphemy laws are attempts to suppress freedom of speech. But what Freethinker is there who will not resist the enforcement of these laws? And is freedom only for Freethinkers? for theological heretics and not for social heretics? It would be very unsafe, we think, to allow that the majority hav any right to control the expression of opinion of the minority. If the principle should be once allowed, every Freethinker would shortly be in the predicament of our friend Reynolds—under arrest for expressing sentiments repugnant to the beliefs of the majority. Seeing the inevitable outcome of such laws, Freethinkers must avoid the consequences by denying the principle upon which such laws as those against blasphemy rest. To be consistent we must maintain the rights of our enemies as jealously as we defend our own. And that is all that THE TRUTH SEEKER has done in condemning the sentence of the Anarchists.

Editorial Notes.

SOMEBODY has suggested that the fortunes accumulated by ministers and priests should, upon the death of the owners, be devoted to the establishment of asylums for idiots. In this way, it is believed, the money would get back to those from whom it originally came.

RECENTLY the *Evening Post* included among "selections from scripture" the first verse of Psalm xc, "God, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," and the *Observer* calls it a "most ludicrous mistake," saying, "This passage is not in the Old or New Testament." Like most Christians, the *Observer* editor is unfamiliar with scripture.

A MONTREAL correspondent of *John Swinton's Paper* says that in that city Cardinal Taschereau's order against the Knights of Labor has not had the effect intended, and that the order is growing faster than ever. This independence of the church is a healthy sign. Perhaps the pope has not got all the French Canadians under his thumb, though it would be hazardous to stake much upon it.

SEWARD MITCHELL, of Newport, Maine, has issued another number of his *World's Reformer*. There are but very few questions upon which the average man or woman can agree with Mr. Mitchell, but his very difference from all the other people in the world makes his paper good reading. Life would be tiresome if everyone thought and acted and looked just like everybody else. Ten cents will procure a copy of the *World's Reformer*, and it is worth the money.

WHEN New Jersey entered the Union the following law was upon her statute-books: "All women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors." New Jersey ought to again enact this law and put it alongside of the law which makes denying the providence of "God" a crime. The two laws are identical in spirit.

IT is amazing what stupidity sits enthroned in religious editorial chairs! Writing of the recent earthquake in Charleston, the Presbyterian *Observer* says: "However prompt and definit science may be with its explanations, the rumblings of the dreaded and dreadful earthquake are most certainly echoes of the tones of the most high." The *Baptist Weekly* in its earthquake editorial thinks "it is useless and presumptuous for finite minds to attempt to say why God permits calamities" like this one "to occur." The *Freeman's Journal*, Catholic, asserts that "these chastisements are mercies, intended to waken up men to the vanity and briefness of life." With men like these directing the thought of the people, what wonder that the world is full of superstition?

HELEN GARDENER tells a nice little story for the amusement of her Christian acquaintances. One of her friends happened to be at an Indian mission, and, among other inquiries into the condition of the Indians, asked whether many of them were converted. "Oh, yes, a great many," said the preacher in charge. "Come around at the hour for distributing Testaments, and see for yourself." The lady found it convenient to make several calls on these occasions. At her last visit an Indian came who she thought had already been presented with a Testament. "Havn't you got a Testament?" she asked. "Ugh!" replied the brave, "Indian need lot Testament. Indian damn lonesome." The graceless aborigine had been getting Testaments and trading them off for things to render his lone condition less irksome. Miss Gardener's friend's interest in the Christianizing of the Indians was satisfied.

W. E. SOOTT, one of the activ labor agitators of this city concludes an address to the laboring men with these chunks of truth: "Politics and religion are two subjects that hav always been excluded from labor organizations, under a false notion that they hav nothing to do with the object of a trade union, and that politics and religion are foreign to it. The labor organizations see things in a different light now, and hav gone so far as to put up a few candidates of their own. On the political road, which is the only one by which they will ever reach the goal they are striving to obtain, they will meet with that formidable barrier to their progress—church and religion. Religion will never sanction anything that wage-workers undertake to do when they see it will better their condition. The pope of Rome condemned the Irish Land League, and lately an edict was issued from the same place against the Knights of Labor for being just what the Roman church is itself—a secret order. They know that the Land League of Ireland and the Knights of Labor are two organizations whose sole object is to better the condition of the poor, and anyone with a streak of common sense in him can see that everything in the interest of the wage-worker will always be contrary to the church."

AMONG those who attended the recent New York State Freethinkers' Convention was C. F. DeMott, of Hempstead, L. I. Mr. DeMott is a photographer, and he brought along his camera. The result is found in our advertising columns, wherein Mr. DeMott sets forth that he "took" the Convention in three positions. Position number one discloses thirty-six heretics, including a Hindoo, as follows: J. V. Arnold and his nephew, Mrs. Wilbur, Mrs. Gault, Sadie Thorpe, Mrs. Reynolds, Prof. G. G. Grower, analytical chemist; E. M. Macdonald, L. K. Washburn, C. B. Reynolds, Mr. McAlpine, J. L. Andrew, S. W. Devenbaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, C. P. Somerby, Miss Marie Burnier, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, T. B. Wakeman, T. L. Brown, F. Burnier, Hattie Thorpe, Mrs. and Miss DeMott, Gopal Vinayak Joshee, Lucy N. Colman, Miss Ida Le Compte, C. M. Powers, Mr. Evans, Mr. Bissell, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Thorpe, his wife and son, and a stranger who wouldn't pay ten cents to go into the tent and who only had his picture taken because it was free. Every one of these individuals, except the stranger, will, of course, send fifty cents for a copy of this picture. Position number two is a view of the grounds, tents, and lake, with no individuals in sight to mar the landscape. Mr. DeMott must hav arisen very early to obtain this desirable negativ. Position number three is a close view of the tents with a few persons in front. The rest of the Convention was inside the large tent listening to Dr. Brown. Mr. DeMott asserts that every Freethinker will desire to possess these pictures, and he generously offers to send them all for one dollar.

So bitter is the opposition just now against social reformers that we almost fear to recommend to our readers the new edition of "Rational Communism" just issued by the Truth Seeker Company. If we venture to write a few words in praise of the scholarly qualities of the work, someone will say—notwithstanding the contrary declaration elsewhere—that the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has turned Communist. But if we quote only the recommendations of others, such, for instance, as the well-known conservativ, W. S. Bell, who says the book "exposes the barbarism of civilized society, and points out methods of escape from it," we trust we may, without exciting public prejudice and losing several valued subscribers, be allowed to say that a paper-covered edition is now on the market at the ridiculously low price, for a book of 498 pages, of fifty cents per copy, and one dollar in cloth. The book, as we hav before explained, is a concise statement of the wrongs under which poor people now labor, an indignant protest against the perpetuation of these wrongs, and an endeavor to show how, by adopting a rational system of Communism, society can be so reorganized that there shall be no extremely rich nor extremely poor. Everybody, according to our author, will, in such a community, hav enough to eat, enough to wear, enough recreation and pleasure, and enough work to earn all these, which shall then come as a matter of justice between man and man, and not as a result of sharp practice, lucky speculation, or excessiv toil. Whether the author is right or not is not for us to say, but for each to determin for himself. These is no question but that the author's statements of the societary evils of to-day are correct, and there is also no question that such a state of affairs is a burning shame in a civilized community. The only open subject for discussion is whether our social doctor has prescribed the correct remedy. Those interested in these matters can find that out by reading the book.

THE Rev. Mr. Lauer, of Cleveland, Ohio, seems to be a second L. K. Washburn. Recently at a watering-place he preached a sermon upon "The Church of the Future," and his appearance is thus described by a correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*: "He is young, good-looking, scholarly, and nothing about either himself or his sermon indicated shabbiness, seediness, or any of the characteristics of a crank evangelist. He did not wear his hair behind his ears, nor did he hav the look of far-awayness suggestiv of a screw loose in his brain. He was evidently a sober, sensible young man, full of energy, enthusiasm, and ambition." The sermon he preached was an exposition of the "new theology," as far away from the old doctrins and creeds as anything can possibly be. The foundation of this "theology" is evolution. It holds that man, instead of being created perfect in the garden of Eden and degenerating by reason of original sin, had, on the contrary, risen from a germ or protoplasm, and was in the nature of things growing more and more toward perfection; that mankind, instead of being predestined in the majority to endless punishment, was rather growing more and more up to the highest ideals. It rejects nothing that can be sustained by science. It holds as truth the brotherhood of man. It holds as false and cruel the doctrin of election and total depravity. It entirely abjures the notion "that in Adam's fall we sinned all." It would break down the barriers of sects, and claims as brother every man who desires to liv a pure, true, and righteous life. The people of Cleveland are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in securing such a preacher.

IN arranging for intellectual treats for the Freethinkers of this state who did not attend the recent Convention, Mr. C. B. Reynolds sent the following letter to the preachers:

"33 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1886.

"DEAR SIR: The New York Freethinkers' Association will hold its annual Convention at White Sulphur Springs, on Saratoga Lake, N. Y., September 2 to 12, 1886. Hundreds of persons who are now in 'Doubting Castle' will be influenced to decide for Secularism or Christianity at this meeting. The first principle of Secularists is justice; our motto, 'Seek your own happiness by promoting that of others.' We desire therefore that all honest hearts be afforded opportunity to learn all the facts—that error may be refuted and all be enabled to decide intelligently. Knowing your great reverence for the Bible, we respect your consistent course in urging all to obey and reverence its teachings. 'But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, and be ready always to giv an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear' (1 Peter iii, 15). We, therefore, feel confident you will promptly respond to our invitation to giv the reason of your faith and hope. We cordially invite you to attend on the days most convenient to yourself, and discuss the claims the Bible has upon the people as a guide of life, and the effect upon the civilized world of the religion known as Christianity. We pledge you the most kind and courteous treatment. Your opponent shall be of highest moral character, a scholar, and in every respect a gentleman, whose sole desire is to hav the truth triumphant. Please forward the proposition you desire to affirm, and make your own selection of dates between September 2d and 12th for the discussion, and the Executiv Committee will arrange their program to suit your convenience. Awaiting your reply,

"With respects and kindly wishes,

"Yours truly, C. B. REYNOLDS,

"Acting Chairman of Ex. Com. N. Y. F. A."

This was mailed to the subjoined list of noted "divines" and ordinary ministers:

Rev. John I. Tucker, Troy, N. Y.
Rev. Eugene L. Toy, Schenectady, N. Y.
John B. Tibbitts, Hoosac, N. Y.
C. H. W. Stocking, Albany, N. Y.
W. E. Snowden, Cornwall, N. Y.
Thaddeus A. Snively, Troy, N. Y.
Addison M. Sherman, Sing Sing, N. Y.
W. E. Wilson, Troy, N. Y.
W. D. Wilson, Ithaca, N. Y.
Jos. T. Duryea, N. Y.
Daniel Curry, D.D., N. Y.
E. P. Parker, D.D., Hartford, Conn.
Wm. Wilberforce Newton, D.D., Pittsfield, Mass.
Jos. Anderson, D.D., Waterbury, Conn.
Rev. Dr. MacArthur, Baptist church, N. Y.
C. S. Robinson, D.D., Presbyterian church, N. Y.
Leonard W. Bacon, D.D., Philadelphia.
C. H. Parkhurst, D.D., Madison square Presbyter.
Daniel Curry, D.D., Methodist, N. Y.
Otis A. Glanbrook, Elizabeth, N. J.
A. A. Hedge, D.D., Princeton, N. J.
J. Banard, D.D., Paterson, N. J.
J. H. McIlvaine, D.D., Newark, N. J.
Geo. B. Cheever, D.D., Englewood, N. J.
Edwin B. Webb, D.D., Boston, Mass.
A. A. Miner, D.D., Boston, Mass.
J. L. Witherow, D.D., Boston, Mass.
John Lourey, Hackettstown, N. J.
C. B. Parson, Geneseo, N. Y.
O. P. Eaches, Hightstown, N. J.
J. H. Dudley, Paterson, N. J.
G. E. Weeks, Vail ave. church, Troy, N. Y.
Rev. Mr. Lyell, Calvary church, Albany, N. Y.
Rev. Mr. Hahn, Memorial chapel, Albany, N. Y.
Rev. David B. Ford, Hanover, Mass.
Rev. Dr. L. Baldwin, Boston, Mass.
Rev. L. A. Lambert, Waterloo, N. Y.
Rev. J. H. Knowles, Newark, N. J.
E. B. Olmstead, Arcade, N. Y.
Arthur S. Burrows, Passaic, N. Y.

Of all these not one accepted. A few sent letters of regret that they could not attend, others put their negativ replies in their local papers, and the balance kept very quiet. It seems astonishing that among so many men earning a living by preaching none could be found with sufficient courage to face the Freethinkers.

Letters from Friends.

VINELAND, N. J., Sept. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you $2, and request you to pay $1 to friend Reynolds, to aid him in his fight with the saints of Boonton, and the other dollar accept to aid in THE TRUTH SEEKER illustrations.

If THE TRUTH SEEKER could afford to hav an artist when Friend Reynolds's trial comes off at Morris county, and at Monmouth county when the Hindoo is tried, perhaps you might discover the missing link. J. S. SHEPARD.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Aug. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order for five dollars—three for renewal for one year, and two for C. B. Reynolds to aid the cause of Freethought at the Convention.

The two books came as per order. I take pride in circulating all such productions among my Christian friends. I wish Brother John Peck would reconstruct and enlarge on his late article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hav it published in pamphlet form. The subject is a good one, and material is sufficiently abundant to insure good results.

R. BUTTERFIELD.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, to apply on the picture fund. Mr. Heston is doing splendidly, and I sincerely hope he may be spared many years in the exercise of his artistic skill in showing up the inconsistency of the Bible and the pernicious influence of Catholicism. I hav gained much information from the illustrations myself, in that they hav made clear to me subjects that before were obscure. I consider the pictures not only essential for the conversion of Christians, but also of incalculable value to the uneducated and indifferent Liberals. J. C. ROE.

GYMPIE, QUEENSLAND, Aug. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Dr. J. L. York, the Californian Freethought lecturer, has now finished a series of eight lectures to fairly representativ audiences. Notwithstanding the weather was rather inclement for the greater part of the three weeks that the doctor has been with us, it is noteworthy that the attendance at the lectures formed the more advanced, liberal, and intelligent portion of our town and district, and judging from the manner in which Dr. York's scathing criticisms of the superstitions and bigotry of the various sections of the Christian churches were received, the audiences were thoroughly with the lecturer.

The Protestant ministers associated and invited a Mr. H. A. Long from Glasgow Green, an anti-Infidel orator, who was lecturing in Brisbane, to come here for the purpose of counteracting Dr. York's influence with the people. Mr. Long is evidently a mere puppet as compared with our American friend, the whole of his logic being a mere play upon words, and twaddle of the most childish description, whilst the oratory of the doctor is most irresistible in its logical reasonings and appeals to the common sense of the people. The more Dr. York has spoken here, the greater influence he has obtained.

Last night was his farewell lecture here, and at the suggestion of some friends a Freethought Union was formed in the room, forty-seven members joining. The following officers were elected: Mr. W. H. Walker, president; Messrs. Lewis and Robinson, vice-presidents; Mr. C. Glegg, treasurer; Mr. R. H. Datson, honorable secretary. I hav no doubt that this branch will grow and flourish, as the platform is sound and liberal, and the people are anxious for the truth. The circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER will also be extended here. Dr. York leaves here to-day for Maryborough, where he will giv a course of lectures prior to again returning to the metropolis. R. H. DATSON.

LONG LAKE, MINN., Aug. 30, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I need not say I like THE TRUTH SEEKER, for I hav taken it ever since the first issue, and will continue to take it until I "shuffle off this mortal coil," which (to me) momentous event cannot be much longer deferred, as this is my seventy-sixth year. But, like the man about the horse trade, I will leave word with my boys to take it. Two of them, who liv one hundred miles from me, take it now.

Thirty-one years ago, I came with my family from Nova Scotia to Minnesota. My two oldest boys, aged sixteen and eighteen, enlisted and served through our war. My wife passed to spirit life twenty years ago. About that time I learned that Spiritualism was true; that the great question of the ages, "If a man die, shall he liv again?" was solved. Yes, if I may trust the evidence of my senses, my nearest and dearest relativs and friends hav come to me again and again.

This to me is not belief merely, but knowledge. It is granted that frauds, impostors, and parasites hang like an incubus on the skirts of our philosophy; but suppose one-half the phenomena falsely called Spiritual is fraudulently produced, that does not disprove what is genuin. Nay, one fact in a thousand, demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt, will stand against volumes of sophistry and ridicule. Spiritualism is growing fast enough. The world is not ready for it yet. It is like casting pearls before—well, before some people who do not know their value—to talk to them on that most interesting of all subjects. When I read such letters as we sometimes hav from Messrs. Winter and Northup, I am almost a convert to Mr. Beecher's latest departure, that a large minority of our race are at death stricken out of being, and possibly where there is no desire for a continued life or a knowledge of spiritual things, persons so constituted are not worth saving.

Some people think that the power to reason exists only in the human brain. Our brain is well adapted to this condition of being, but does it follow that a more etherealized brain more powerful to think and reason does not exist? We learn something of the almost endless forms of life on this planet, but who knows what forms life may assume on other worlds? We can produce all the tones and semitones employed in music. Does it follow that there are no other sounds in the universe than we can create? We can make all the colors and shades of color conceivable. Does it follow that no other colors exist?

I don't offer argument, but many of your readers are well qualified to teach our philosophy, and those who wish to get knowledge must reach for it. The Materialists hav been getting ahead of us as regards volume, not argument, for some time past in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hope to hear from some of our able writers soon.

Mr. Heston's pictures are excellent. He is a philosopher as well as an artist. W. ARCHIBALD.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: At this stage of the world's progress, it seems rather strange, and givs me a sense of being set back a century, to learn through your paper that our friend and brother in the cause of humanity was mobbed, arrested, and otherwise maltreated for violating a law I fear was made more to protect a worthless, idle class than to benefit an almighty who can take care of himself.

If we punish Mr. Reynolds, I fear we shall punish ourselvs also. Are the American people to wade through the church-made rivers of blood that our fathers crossed only a few years ago? Will the American workingman pay a church for teaching old fables that degrade and brutalize his children? What is more degrading than the doctrin that a man should eat his God? And yet we Catholics must do that. I could see with my God-made eyes the consecrated wafer; I could taste, and my reason, God's highest and most sacred gift to me, declared, "'Tis a wafer and nothing more." The ox can follow his God-given instinct, but man must obey the church, and must lower himself beneath the ox. He must subscribe to a doctrin which God himself tells him, through nature, is not only false, but barbarous.

It is not to be wondered at that Christians are themselvs cruel to one another and to their neighbors, when their God planned from the beginning that monstrous fable, the agony on the cross. Oh, what pain comes over my heart to see that dreadful symbol of ignorance and superstition and cruelty, that dreadful cross! Mr. Reynolds, beware of the cross? Remember Bruno, and don't forget our persecuted Thomas Paine.

I will end by commencing with $1 to help pay for your defense, and hope that all lovers of truth and free speech will do the same. Yours truly, THOMAS ARPER.

SMITH'S MILL, MINN., Sept. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It was not my intention to intrude so soon again, but the temptation to acquaint you with the success of our Liberal meetings is irresistible. There were three of them, occurring Saturday evening, August 28th, Sunday afternoon and evening, August 29. Saturday evening's meeting was held under difficulties, a day of drizzling rain having degenerated into a night of intense darkness. Notwithstanding, Mr. Remsburg was greeted by a fair audience. His lecture on Thomas Paine was a revelation to some of his hearers, and had the effect to drive one good father in Israel from the house.

Sunday morning dawned in sorrowful protest against our contemplated wickedness, but sunshine under certain circumstances is a part of nature's inflexible law, orthodoxy to the contrary notwithstanding. So out amid waving trees and dancing sunbeams, after partaking of something better than miraculously evoluted "loaves and fishes," we were treated to an intellectual feast, on the subject of "Sabbath Breaking." The audience, though small, owing to the previous unfavorable condition of the weather, was thoroughly appreciativ, as was shown both by their attention and willingness to lend a hand financially. The inspiring strains of a brass band gave life and zest to the occasion, and altogether the meeting was a success of which our Liberals may justly be proud. Fortune favored us with perfect conditions on Sunday evening, and our speaker stood in the presence of such an audience as Jamesville seldom sees. The churches were closed, and orthodoxy lent a reluctant, though curious, ear. I venture to say "False Claims" were never received by an audience of greater diversity of opinion. All shades of thought were represented, and judging from the emphatic and continued applause with which some of his most sweeping denunciations of the church were received, the citizens of our vincinity must hav fallen from grace, or the new philosophy, with its broader humanity and infinitly more enobling attributes, has fired their slumbering minds with its irresistible magnetism. Liberals should be proud of Mr. Remsburg; he goes forth clad in the impenetrable armor of science, truth, and reason, to battle against the death-grip of superstition, ignorance, and fear.

May the light of reason disclose many thus ready to battle for eternal right. MRS. JESSIE S. CROW.

IRWIN, IOWA, Sept. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Critically examining the picture, "Casting Pearls Before Swine," I came to the conclusion, while looking at the guide-post which directs the wayfarer "To Boonton," that the swine idea is a mistake. Boonton is, I make it, an abbreviation of Baboon-town. There is this tendency to shorten words observable among all people. We hav here in Iowa the Coon river, and everyone knows this is short for Raccoon. The opossum is now called by almost everyone simply the possum. So in this word Baboon-town both ends hav been cut down, just as its natives say "tate" or "tater" for potato, and I hasten to set its etymology in a proper light. This derivation of the word is so obvious that I hav not thought it necessary to consult authorities. As Prairie-du-Chien is named from its former inhabitants, so is Baboonton called so to show the character of its present population. This curious town, with its half-evoluted breed, is an excellent argument for the Darwinian theory. It furnishes the long-sought "missing link." As there is a transitional period in the metamorphoses of the batrachia when it can be pronounced neither tadpole nor frog, so it is difficult to call these either human or brute. Dean Swift would probably call them Yahoos; but let us call them as they are, baboons, and let us compassionate them with a sort of fellow feeling, for where they are now our ancestors were several million years ago. It is related that one of these creatures, several years ago, by some chance found itself in France and in the presence of Dumas *fils*, on which occasion it evinced a curiosity greatly to be wondered at in a creature of such low parts. It interrogated this celebrated Frenchman of African descent as to his ancestry.

"What countryman was your father, sir?"

"He was a Frenchman, sir."

"And your grandfather?"

"A Frenchman."

"And your great-grandfather?"

This, from a Yahoo, was too much for even our imperturbable Frenchman. A cloud shadows his brow and lightning flashes from his eye as he thunders at the impertinent brute:

"He was an ape, sir! My pedigree began where yours ends!"

Just so we may seek to abate the disagreeable characteristics of these creatures; but we should remember what has been may yet be, and from this humble stock may yet spring true men. However, till there be some encouraging sign, as a warning to strangers, let us restore the original orthography of this name and write it on our maps "Baboonton." As the case stands now, who could blame a "decent-like hog" for getting enraged at being pictured in such beastly quarters, or at being identified with the "Baboons of Baboonton," N. J.? J. K. P. BAKER.

LIBERAL LITERATURE.

UNION STAR, KY., Sept. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In no way can the cause of Freethought be more benefited and advanced than by the free, liberal, and indiscriminate scattering of Freethought literature.

There are thousands of persons in this country who hav grave and honest doubts in regard to the infallibility, honesty, and truthfulness of the teachings of Christianity, though they hav never read a page of Liberal literature, hav never seen a Freethought journal, pamphlet, tract, or leaflet, and probably do not even know there are such publications in existence.

Such persons doubt, but cannot tell why they doubt. They do not believe the Christian doctrin, but do not know what else to believe. They drift about aimlessly in this chaos of doubt and uncertainty, it may be for many years, unable to collect their scattered, skeptical thoughts, or center them on anything tangible. Being surrounded by churches, Christians, Bibles, and all kinds of religious (superstitious) literature, after sermon upon sermon has spent itself upon their heads, revival after revival has thundered about their ears, they at last—reasoning that "if there is no good in it there can, at least, be no harm; if we are right in our doubts we will be none the worse off, and if we are wrong we may save our souls from eternal punishment"—generally succumb, join some religious society, and by so doing assist in the propagation of ignorance and superstition, when, probably, if a single copy of some Liberal journal, tract, or pamphlet, containing a catalog of other Freethought works, had fallen into their hands, 'twould hav been manna to their doubting souls. It retained them and their influence in the cause of liberty and enlightenment.

This being the truth, every Freethinker in the land should take it upon himself or herself to distribute and circulate just as much Freethought literature as it is in his or her power to do. It is a fact that there are a great many Liberals that are not pecuniarily so fortunate as to be able to do a great deal. For many of us it is about all that we can do to keep the wolf of want from our doors, still we can add our mite, and every little helps. Too many of us are in the habit of not doing anything for the cause that should be next our hearts. We hav had the clouds of superstition rolled back, our mental sky shines forth thickly studded with the brilliants of truth and science, and we move along in the even tenor of our way, basking in the sunshine of happiness, never once mindful of the thousands of poor souls that are continually trembling with superstitious fear, and giving their hard-earned dollars to a set of sleek, lazy, good-for-nothing vagabonds to atone for some imaginary sin they hav committed against some imaginary being, in some imaginary world; never once, mindful of the thousands of little children—natural Freethinkers—that are having their innocent minds pressed and molded in the strait-jackets of religious creeds.

It is high time that Freethinkers were awaking to a sense of their duty. Let us up and be doing. Let us reach out our hands to our fellow-being and help lift him out of the slough in which he has so long been plodding.

There hav been many schemes set forth in the columns of our Liberal papers, by their able contributors, for the more general distribution of Liberal literature, all of which we all approve but never act upon. And now, kind friends, your humble servant, the undersigned, has a plan of distribution which he wishes to submit for your consideration, and it is hoped that it will not only be approved, but liberally acted upon.

We are all of us subscribers, or ought to be, to one or more Liberal papers, and are continually buying pamphlets, tracts, etc. These we read and then generally throw them upon our book shelves, or in our desks, and right there their mis-

sion ends, their circulation stops. This is not doing either our cause or our publications justice. They should be kept in circulation, and my plan of distribution is this: Let us set apart a certain day—say, the first day of each month—to gather up our old papers, tracts, etc., and mail them severally to other persons. We can obtain names from newspapers, circulars, school and college catalogs, etc., or we can exchange a list of names with each other. It might be asked, Why exchange your lists of names? For this reason: Most every Liberal, in his own community, is a "notorious Infidel," and any reading matter that he would hand an orthodox Christian would be immediately consigned to the flames, with the accompanying prayer that its donor might meet with a like fate hereafter, though, if the same thing should be received through the mails, it would be read, and probably some good accomplished.

Now, brothers and sisters, let us act upon this suggestion. On the first day of every month let us start some Liberal reading matter out on missionary work, if it is only a single package. What a pleasure it will be to know that, while we are folding, wrapping, and superscribing the dear old TRUTH SEEKERS and *Investigators*, and starting them out on their mission of love, enlightenment, liberty, and reform, there are probably thousands of others occupied in the same pleasant manner!

Let us begin this good work the first day of October, and so load the United States mails with Infidelity on that day that the great Jewish Jehovah will be so enraged he will feel like wrecking every steamboat and railroad train on the continent. I, for one, will pledge myself to make a general clean cut on that day, and start at least fifty packages. If 999 other persons will do the same thing, there will be fifty thousand persons receive reading matter of a kind that probably they hav never seen before. Just think of it! Fifty thousand strangers reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, and other Liberal journals, periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, leaflets, etc., the first few days of October! Could the result be anything but good? CLAYTON CROSSON.

BROOKLYN, E. D., N. Y., Sept. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Some Freethinkers would be startled at the idea that a live Spiritualist should hav the folly to attempt to ventilate his ideas through your columns, but when such thinkers understand you hav hundreds of these demented subscribers on your list, they will cease to wonder.

In speaking of mediums and mediumship, I think there is much misconception. Many suppose that the circumstance of a person, man, woman, or child, being a medium implies that such individual is of superior intellect, superior morality, superior learning, and superior wisdom, when in fact the reverse is too often most sorrowfully the truth. Thus, although we hav met, in our long experience, many estimable mediums of all phases of enlightenment—mediums who hav stood and still stand high in the estimation of the public—yet we regret to affirm that we hav among us creatures who are equally as good mediums, but of the most degraded type, without the slightest conception of virtue or morality. This is well to be early understood. About this time much is said about Mr. Truesdell's teachings. Now, whether he is a fraud or medium, or both, is a matter of question.

It is a known fact among Spiritualists that there are many mediums sailing around among the public "so loose of soul" who sell the phenomena of Spiritualism for greed—that is, where there is a community of skeptics they serve it up as a mere trick, and so it passes; but when they strike a community of believers, they pass off the phenomena as genuin. These creatures select the name of some reputable medium, slate-writer, rapping or clairvoyant, as the case may be, and when detected, bring down disgrace both on their own head and that of the assumed honest medium. All they go for is the almighty dollar.

Mediumship, in all its strangeness, is far from being a lucrativ business, and mediums, like all our advanced thinkers and lecturers, hav to eat off very small plates to make a living, and I hav yet to learn of the first genuin medium who has laid by a competency for old age. It is true such mediums may write an interesting book, and expect much from its sale; but people are beginning to discriminate between fact, fraud, and fiction, and there is too much private or domestic examination of this mystic subject to question its truth.

The writer, perhaps, was the first one who tried the invisibles in their ability to giv the word that would open the common Bramah lock, with its three or four million changes. He once flattered himself it was an impossibility, but was mistaken, let the lock be set as remote from the medium as was chosen, or by whom. This experiment took place fully twenty-five or thirty years ago.

While in at the rooms of a medium one day a stranger entered. He addressed the medium, saying, "I hav recently heard much of late on the mystery of lock-opening; now, here is one that has been closed for five years past. It belonged to my brother, who has been dead that space of time. Now, if the combination cannot be given, it must remain closed and useless.

The medium and myself gave the lock an inspection. It was really a costly and beautiful lock, of silver, and artistically made. The lock was laid on the table before the medium, and his hand involuntarily wrote the word "Mohawk." The gentleman seized the lock, and, on trial of its six rings with trembling hands, it readily opened to the word.

The gentleman mused in silence for a few minutes, and at length said that, by computation, this lock, with its six rings inscribed with the Roman alphabet of twenty-six letters, would giv changes of many, many millions, to open it by mere guessing! If the skeptic should choose mind-reading as a last resort, the only mind conceivable would be the mind of the defunct brother. The writer has in store, through his experience, hundreds of facts, but to conclude that he had, arrived at the bottom facts of the mysteries of existence he does not presume, although he has a very vivid recollection of some of its rascalities and frauds. D. BRUCE.

MILWAUKEE, OR., Sept. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Evolution is a fact, but the manner in which it takes place is to some extent theory. The value of a lecture like that recently published in THE TRUTH SEEKER by Mr. Watts is that it helps us to understand that process. Those who hav access to books and museums, and leisure to study, should be careful to giv us accurate statements of the results of scientific inquiry.

Mr. Watts speaks of "spontaneous generation" as a part of the process of evolution, whereas, if it were true, it would disprove evolution. He says: "Dr. Bastian maintains that he has succeeded, in innumerable instances, in producing live organisms from non-living matter. Hence the doctrin of evolution, which is in accordance with true philosophy, finds support in that physical science where we should expect to meet with it, and to which it really belongs."

If innumerable organisms, some higher, some lower, belonging to different species, can be produced spontaneously, evolution is superseded. The independent slate-writer fastens two slates together so nothing can possibly be written between them, and then produces the slates with writing on them, and says it was done by spirits. M. Pouchet manufactures "artificial water" out of oxygen and hydrogen, subjects it to heat above the boiling point, isolates it from the whole world, from all the past of our planet's history, in fact, makes a little artificial world of his own, and in that world makes the conditions for the production of life the most favorable possible. He then shows it to you containing animals vastly higher than many which are known to hav been evolved from lower forms, and says they came there themselvs. If this is true, what may we not assume to hav occurred where the conditions were favorable? If so much can be done in such a little world, made out of artificial water, surely this great world, with its immense variety of chemical and thermal conditions, its vast oceans and continents, should be expected to produce spontaneously the higher animals and man. Instead of saying, with Reade, "Dots of animated jelly, without definit form or figure, swimming unconsciously in the primeval sea, were the ancestors of man, and the history of our race begins with them, and continues *without an interruption* to the present day," we may say of our maternal ancestor, in the language of the poet:

> Hopsy Popsy never was born;
> She never had a mother.
> She must hav hatched out in the corn
> Or haystack, one or t'other.

The notion of spontaneous generation contradicts the plainest facts of embryology. Francis E. White, M.D. (*Popular Science Monthly*, March, 1884), says: "In the earliest perceptible stage of its existence, the human being consists of a minute, apparently homogeneous mass of living matter, of a kind known, since the days of Von Mohl and Remak, as protoplasm." But protoplasm is itself the result of evolution, and its production implies time and conditions which could not possibly be obtained in a little isolated world made out of artificial water.

Another point needs a little criticism. Mr. Watts says: "Man was certainly the last animal that appeared, as he was the highest. If it be asked, Why highest as well as last? the answer is that because, by the process of evolution, the highest must be last."

Why should all the animals stop evoluting the instant a being distinctivly human appeared? Is it not inevitable that the same forces and conditions which had produced thousands of species before should continue to operate? How could we know if such a sentiment were true? Listen to Professor Huxley: "It is not by any means certain that man—I mean the species *homo sapiens* of zoological terminology—has consummated the land population in the sense of appearing at a later period than any other. Let me make my meaning clear by an example. From a morphological point of view, our beautiful and useful contemporary—I might call him colleague—the horse (*equus caballus*), is the last term of the evolutional series to which he belongs, just as *homo sapiens* is the last term of the evolutional series of which he is a member. If I want to know whether the species *equus caballus* made its appearance on the surface of the earth before or after *homo sapiens*, deduction from known law does not help me. There is no reason that I know of why one should hav appeared sooner or later than the other. If I turn to observation, I find abundant remains of *equus caballus* in Quaternary strata, perhaps a little earlier. The existence of *homo sapiens* in the Quaternary epoch is also certain. Evidence has been produced in favor of man's existence in the Pliocene or even in the Miocene epoch. It does not satisfy me; but I hav no reason to doubt that the fact may be so, nevertheless. Indeed, I think it quite possible that further research will show that *homo sapiens* existed not only before *equus caballus* but before many other existing forms of animal life" (The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature). Is not man as likely to be the oldest as the youngest of the present mammalian inhabitants of our planet?

D. PRIESTLEY.

DECATUR, ILL., Sept. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The Christian says that God will protect him in time of disease and battle, and also that he will answer his prayers. Now, I will not only ask the layman, but also the clergy, to come and let us reason together, that by our commingling ideas we may both be profited. Now, when the Christian is stricken low with disease he never once dreams of the efficacy of prayer, but hastily resorts to the skill of medicin, which is not the invention of God but of man. And while in this moment of peril his faith in God as a healing medium vanishes like the hoary frost before the dawning sun. And should the patient recover under the treatment of the physician, the clergy will assume the authority for saying "the Lord is not willing that he should pass from among us yet." But should the physician not understand the disease of his patient, and he dies, the clergyman in attendance at the funeral will again assume the authority for saying, "Brothers and sisters, the Lord has seen fit, in his tender mercy, to take this brother from our midst that he might be relieved of his suffering"—speaking as though (taking the Christian at his own idea of God's power) God could not just as easily relieve the suffering by healing them as to kill and rob them of their lives.

Now, taking the Christian at his own claim, that God inspires or dictates to the physician how to administer his medicin to the afflicted in order to heal or kill them, what then would be the need of men to concern themselvs to acquire a knowledge of what is required to get a diploma? If God does administer aid to suffering humanity through the efforts of man, why can he not dispense with man entirely? If God is ever-present, and in attendance with the physician at the bed of affliction, why has it not always been just as easy to cure a case of small-pox as one of chicken-pox? Does the fatality of a disease depend upon God's assistance? If so, is not his attribute of a contagious order? In what way does he commingle his infinit attributes with any disease in order to heal or kill the ailing?

These are questions that certainly can be answered by the Christian sa he would not believe in something of which he could giv no conception. Again, it is erroneously claimed that there is a God of battles. This silly notion, however, is not confined to the Christian world, but is harbored in the minds of every barbaric tribe on the face of the earth—the combatants on each side claiming that God in some mysterious way is particularly interested in the extermination of those they are pleased to call their enemies. Of course they admit that battles are fought by men, but they are credulous about the matter to the effect that God is the real cause of the victory. But how this miraculous achievement is obtained they offer no information that would satisfy a rational mind—that relies upon ocular demonstrations—but they comfort themselvs in this way rather than disturb their dead calm of faith to learn the startling facts that an abundance of ammunition, disciplined soldiers, and good generalship are required to win battles. To deny the assistance of God's hand in time of battle is simply sacrilegious in the sight of an adherent to this delusion; though we should not expect anything better of the Jew or Christian when they hav from time immemorial been infused with the following Bible passages which they consider as having emanated direct from God: "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name." "The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war; he shall cry, Yea, war! he shall prevail against his enemies." "The Lord hath opened his armory, and hath brought forth the weapons of his indignation." "And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion; and my wrath shall wax hot and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless." "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Vex the Midianites and smite them."

I might continue to quote at great length these hideous passages which the frenzied warriors of those barbarous ages had craftily put into the mouth of their Jewish Jehovah in order to hoodwink and intimidate their opposers; also to encourage their own army. And it is amazing to state that this ancient delusion has reached the shores of our own time—that God still continues to finger in battles at the present day. But it appears from the following that he was no more successful in battles of early times than at the present, for we read, "And the Lord was with Judah, and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountains, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron."

What did it matter if they did hav chariots of iron? Is it to be supposed that if God ever had any hand in war man could invent an implement that would defeat him in battle? To admit of such a thing is to assume that man is equal with God in power. In our late war of the rebellion, between the North and South, it was the firm conviction of thousands, yea, millions, on both sides of the contest that God was in their favor, and on their side alone did he assist. And this they proclaimed from the house-tops whenever they achieved a victory, but were as silent as the grave whenever met by defeat. Why did either army claim his assistance in one victory when they were defeated in the next contest? I hav been answered to the effect that God allows his elect to be defeated occasionally by their enemies in order to chastise them. Very well; but is he not favoring his enemies when he allows them to defeat his own army, which was done almost alternately during the war of the rebellion? Then upon what grounds is it claimed that there is a God of battles? Please just giv us proof of that fact. Giv us just one shadow of evidence that there was ever a power in battle superior to man? Shame on the fiendish idea of God causing one portion of his own creatures to be slaughtered by the others just in order to chastise them. If God has the power, as it is claimed, to inspire one to victory, why has he not the same power to win battles by the mere exercise of his will? The Christian who considers it a religious duty to accuse God of shedding innocent blood would stand ready to condemn the same act were it committed by mere finite man. M. L. SANDERS.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Carlo's Sacrifice.

A hundred pounds for Carlo Monaldi!
Gifts for the brave who has given his all!
Bolder than he never followed a banner;
Grander than he never guarded a wall.
Hero unnamed with the heroes of story—
Praise him whose praises no bard ever penned;
Honor the soldier who, careless of glory,
Offered his life for the life of his friend.

Down on the valleys of Piedmont in thousands
Poured from the mountains the Austrian foe;
Up at the call of the trumpet to meet them,
Alpine and Appenine marched to the Po.
Vainly her firesides in sorrow forsaken
Love from the lot of the sword would defend;
Carlo was left, and his comrade was taken,
Cæsar Manati, bis kinsman and friend.

He was the stay of his father and mother,
He was their comfort, their idol, their all;
Woe for the home and the hearts of the aged,
Sonless if Cæsar Manati should fall.
None for their proffer of gold would replace him,
Pity no hand to release him could lend;
Only young Carlo stood by to embrace him,
Daring for love to deliver his friend.

"I am an orphan," said Carlo Monaldi,
"Bound by no filial or family tie;
Better for me to be fighting your battles,
Absent unlonged for, unmissed if I die.
Better my loss than that many another
Fortune should ruin or sorrow should rend;
Duty is first to your father and mother—
Mine be the danger that threatens my friend."

Long was his pleading unheeded. "In friendship
Cæsar Manati shall not be outdone;
Never thy safety for mine"—and the soldier
Manfully shouldered his knapsack and gun.
But his strong heart, as his mother stood weeping,
Strong in its trial, gave way at the end,
And the hot tears to his eyelids upleaping
Answered their thanks to the pledge of his friend,

"A hundred pounds for Carlo Monaldi!
Nobly our hero the bounty has won,
Well shall the father reward him who, willing,
Offers his life for the life of his son!"
But the bright gold in the hand of its giver
Carlo's proud spirit could only offend.
Duty with him was no sordid endeavor,
Only a service for love of his friend.

Forth to the war went the youth in his beauty,
Nerved by affection to peril unknown,
Facing the fate that was forged for another,
Bearing the burden he chose for his own.
Fierce his heart kindled when morn o'er the river
Saw the black eagles to combat descend.
Dire was their flight, but they daunted him never,
Fearless of foes while he fought for his friend.

On to the strife where the crosses were gleaming
White on the flags of his country and king!
And the dark hosts, on the field of Novara,
Met like the meeting of storms on the wing.
Down with the Hapsburg! but shadows of ruin
Hover where patriot and tyrant contend;
Death, in the tumult of flight and pursuing,
Spares not the bosom that bleeds for a friend.

Yonder fair marble records the brief story—
"Cæsar Manati erected this tomb,
The conscript redeemed to the volunteer soldier,
Carlo Monaldi, who died in his room."
There, till expires the last grateful emotion,
Italy's sires will in pilgrimage wend,
Teaching their children love's gallant devotion,
Praising the hero who ransomed his friend.

Let the bright babes of all Christendom's mothers
In the sweet songs at their cradles be told
Of the young warrior whose knightly oblation
Points to the sweeter evangel of old.
Till the last splendors of man's self-denial
Into the glories of Calvary blend,
Where the divine one, supreme in his trial,
Perished, the sinner's redeemer and friend.

THERON BROWN.

The story of "Carlo's Sacrifice" is well told in the poem above. Cæsar Manati had been conscripted into the Italian army, but his friend, Carlo Monaldi, "an orphan," "bound by no filial or family tie," volunteers as his substitute, out of pure friendship, rejecting the "hundred pounds" with which Cæsar's father desired to reward him.

Carlo falls in battle, and Cæsar erects a monument to the memory of his self-sacrificing friend. So far, it is a good story well told; but now our poet breaks out in his final illogical and irrelevant stanza. It is like a total eclipse of the sun in its mid-day refulgence:

Let the bright babes of all Christendom's mothers
In the sweet songs at their cradles be told
Of the young warrior, whose knightly oblation
Points to the sweeter evangel of old.
Till the last splendor of man's self-denial
Into the glories of Calvary blend,
Where the divine one, supreme in his trial,
Perished, the sinner's redeemer and friend.

* * * * * * *

Ah, Theron Brown, I think, with you,
To Carlo's sacrifice is due
The glowing praise you render—
A monument that far outvies
The shaft Manati's care supplies,
With all its chiseled splendor.

I, too, once heard my country's call;
I cared not where the "draft" might fall—
I was no craven schemer;
For then to me it plainly seemed
That whosoe'er would be redeemed
Must be his own redeemer.

Had I, from love of child and wife,
Sent some one else into the strife—
My place supplied by proxy—
'Twould take, methinks, a fertil mind
In this a parallel to find
To self-styled orthodoxy.

But if I had deserted quite,
Against my country's cause to fight,
Then caught, condemned for treason,
Could Justice, with impartial eye,
Accept a friend for me to die?
No rhyme can giv it reason.

No babbling babes, however bright,
Though sweet their songs, can make wrong right,
'Tis senseless as their rattle.
Each soul in its own place must stand
To wear a coward's, traitor's brand,
Or hero's crown in battle.

In vain the murd'rer, traitor, thief,
Urges the plea of his belief
In substitution's story.
Even his Christian judges see
On earth, at least, it may not be,
And "swing him off to glory."

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

[The above criticism of "Carlo's Sacrifice" is very fine, and we agree with our talented correspondent that man must ever be his own redeemer, and that each soul must stand in its own place forever.—ED. C. C.]

Joe.

Joe, of whom I write, is an Indian. He is of the Micmac tribe, and his tribal name is Spotted Horse.

I will tell you how I became acquainted with Joe, or Spotted Horse. At the close of a summer day, a messenger came up to the cottage where I was living, and said:

"Edgar wants Susie to come to the shore with her hat and shawl. He has borrowed the Indian's canoe."

I did not wait. but, snatching my shawl and hat, ran across the road and down the bluff to the edge of the water, where Edgar was paddling in a pretty birch-bark canoe.

"Come, get in, get in, and I'll paddle you over to the dock," said Edgar. "Come, I can't wait. Be spry."

But, in being spry, I nearly capsized the craft, and found myself almost on all fours, sprawling in the water that kisses the beach at Onset Bay.

"Hold on now! Wait, I tell ye. You're so—so—careless. A canoe isn't a gunboat or a battering-ram. You—look out—there—step carefully now. All right—so—squat!"

I obeyed instructions.

"Now, don't you move on the peril of your life," and Edgar's eyes glared at me dreadfully, savagely, and I did not move an inch. I scarcely breathed. We paddled along smoothly, gliding over the waters, but I never felt happier than when that canoe slipped alongside the floating dock, and I pulled myself up on its pine flooring.

Joe stood there, grinning in a ghastly way, and I then discovered that Edgar had "borrowed" the canoe without leave, while its owner was off in his wigwam, and this was the first intimation that the brave had of the whereabouts of his birchen bark. Visions of hatchets, tomahawks, sharp knives, and scalps of various hues floated before my vision.

"It's all right; you needn't be scared," said Edgar, eyeing the red man rather dubiously at the same time.

"I'm not scared by any means, but it is rather cold on the water," and, of course, I quivered some, though I spoke up bravely.

"Please, sir, you are a friendly Indian, I believe—and you won't scalp me, will you?" I looked at the Indian inquiringly.

He kept on grinning.

At last he spoke. "Me no scalpee short-haired squaw! Ho! ho! he! Me likee squaw."

So we became friends at once, and I promised him I would tell the children in the Corner all about Joe and his canoe, if he would come and spend the evening with me, which he readily agreed to do, if Arthur, the captain of the floating dock, would accompany him. Arthur said he would be glad to do so, and when they came, we passed a very agreeable evening.

Joe sang some Indian songs in his nativ tongue, and spoke the names of the inmates of our cottage in Indian language, and Arthur sang several pieces, also, in his own dialect. Joe told stories of his childhood, and of how his mamma died when he was a little pappoose. His father played the violin once for many years, but when Joe's mother died, after that his father could play no more, the strings all broke, and the violin was lifeless evermore. Joe was sent to school, and learned some, but when the teacher beat him with a rod, his proud spirit rebelled, and he would never go to school afterward.

"Why are you called 'Spotted Horse?' And why do Indians hav such names as 'Flying Cloud,' 'Bright Star,' 'Rising Sun,' etc.?" I inquired.

"Because," answered Joe, "the children are named for the first object that the mother sees after she looks on the baby for the first time."

This was said in Joe's quaint way of speaking our language:

"If the momer see big spoon, baby be named Big Spoon; if she see speckled hen, baby be Speckled Hen always; if she see the sun shining, baby be Sunlight; and so on."

We all thought that very romantic indeed. We asked a great many questions of Joe, all of which he answered intelligently—and truly, I suppose. For a wonder, Joe is a Catholic, having been trained in that faith.

"Me not much great belief in it," said he. "Best religion be to do good."

"So it is, Joe; let us practice it," we all said.

Joe was delighted to think he would be put in print, and said I must tell that he went to a picnic at Calamuet and was in a race with two other canoes, and his canoe won the race, and that next year he will hav three canoes in the waters of Onset bay, and take all the girls on the water who will care to go with him. Joe has a full Indian suit, in which he dresses sometimes. He appears quite stylish in his beaded frock and cap of feathers. The children all think he is beautiful when dressed up, and say that if they were Indians they would wish to be just like Joe, or Spotted Horse. S. H. W.

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Our Puzzle Box.

1.—ENIGMA.

My first is in flour, but not in wheat;
My second is in sour, but not in sweet;
My third is in blue, but not in black;
My fourth is in face, but not in back;
My fifth is in thrice, but not in twice;
My sixth is in tea, but not in rice;
My seventh is in bud, but not in rose;
My eighth is in shut, but not in close;
My ninth is in rain, but not in shine;
My tenth is in ring, but not in chime;
My eleventh is in frost, but not in rime.
My whole is a Liberal poet.

Carlow, Mo. JESSIE L. LAWSON.

2.—QUESTION.

How can you salute a man and inquire the state of his health by simply speaking his name? A. H. WALKER.

Oswego Center, N. Y.

3.—DIAMOND.

1. A vowel.
2. To regulate.
3. A blade of grass.
4. The vowels.
5. A temporary peace.
6. A female sheep.
7. A vowel.

Lyons, N. Y. C. ROOKER.

4.—CHARADE.

The first's an endearing name for mother,
The second should also be another—
"A well-bred woman," but, by my troth,
I think they *should* be mother's, both,
For *three-fourths* of the *latter's* blest employ
Is to press to her breast *a little boy.*
"*A boy!*" "*a boy!*" and, *between the two,*
It seems they hav nothing else to do
Whenever they meet, from *first to last,*
But to clasp *a boy* and hold him fast,
And worry and fret, for never yet
But a world of worriment goes with a pet.
Whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox, mumps,
This is the way their worry jumps;
Any *one* or *all* of these,
Or any other dread *disease.*
That is their meeting's sole pretense,
And this of their theme is the only sense;
Alas! that even our sweets must sour,
That a spider lurks in the fairest flower,
That a pestilence rides on every breeze
Sowing the seeds of *disease,* DISEASE.

J. K. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

1.–Peri-wig.

2.–
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A Secular Funeral.

The funeral of B. Moore, of whom we spoke last week, says the Shelby, Mich., *Independent*, took place from the residence of his son of this place, and was well attended. The religious services were conducted by his brother, S. D. Moore, of Adrian, Mich. The following is a synopsis of his remarks on that occasion:

"FRIENDS: The occasion that has called us together is a solemn one. Death has entered the field, and another sheaf, ripe for the harvest, has been gathered in. Death is a great mystery; who can fathom it or pierce the mist that shrouds the last act of the great drama of life? The universe is a mystery. Life itself is a mystery. Whence do we come? What are we? and whither do we go? are questions that hav engaged the attention of earth's wisest and best sons and daughters from all time. He who lies silent before us believed that it was not only his privilege but his duty to attempt for himself the solution of these problems. He brought to this task an honest purpose, and an intellect of more than ordinary vigor. His desire was to know the truth, which he loved for its own sake. Error he discarded as soon as discovered. In his investigations he took reason for his guide, and, appealing to nature, lent a willing ear to her gentle teachings. Regarding himself as only responsible for good motivs and correct methods, he did not trouble himself about the conclusions to which his investigations might lead, and if his views on some of the great problems of life were different from some of his neighbors, he never dogmatized.

"Casting the robes of superstition and hypocrisy from his shoulders, he courageously followed where reason led the way; and if his interpretation of the laws of nature did not suit his neighbor, he was willing for them to interpret for themselvs. He calmly resigned himself to the inevitable, and walked down into the valley of the shadow of death with a steady step and a heart devoid of fear, trusting to Mother Nature to giv her children sleep. Conscious of having done the best he could in this world, he was willing to risk the probabilities of another. The golden streets of the New Jerusalem he knew not of; this world he did, and tried to make it a pleasant place to dwell in, and regarded a well spent life as the best preparation for death. Tired of life's fitful fever, he sought respit in eternal rest. My friends, we are all mortal. A few years ago we were not; a few more fleeting years and we will be gone and others take our places in the program of life, and we shall sleep 'beneath the shadow of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm.' But one who leads a true life need hav no fear of death or what may possibly follow after; death has no terrors but for the ignorant and superstitious.

"One who faithfully discharges his duty according to the sphere in the life he occupies has no need to recoil at leaving this state of existence. He dreads no angry being, no vindictiv spirit, from whom to expect vengeance. If at death our consciousness (as many believe) ceases; if our individuality comes to an end, and our bodies decompose and return their elements to nature from whence they came, and if the mind falls into a quiet, peaceful sleep which knows no waking, we are at least free from pain, sorrow, regret, or remorse. If, on the other hand, as many others believe, we hav a continued existence; if we pass from a crude state to one more subtle and refined, from an imperfect life to one permanent and beautiful, we surely hav nothing to fear. If there is a future life, there surely are no just grounds for believing that it will hav any more terrors than this. We shall doubtless find the same intelligent law governing there that exists here. In the grand economy of the universe birth, growth, maturity, death, and dissolution are the natural sequences of life; they are complementary parts of one great whole, and equally essential to each other.

'Life evermore is fed by death
In earth, and sea, and sky;
And that a rose may breathe its breath
Something must die.

"Let us not regard death as a dread phantom, but rather as a white messenger bringing release from the many ills of life.

"Thus believing, we accept the natural order of things, and do not rebel against fate. What we can change for our comfort and the good of humanity we gladly do; but what cannot be improved is borne with philosophical resignation. And when we shall lie down to our last solemn sleep, worn and wasted with the world's wearied warfare, though we may see no voyager's bark returning across the silent sea of the future, we bow to the inevitable, and meet with heroism the mystery of an untried existence. But we are not without hope. Our marvelously beautiful world is all alive with rich and mighty meanings. It bids us hope that even though we perish as individuals, the race will go on unfolding, and that the great tide of life will sweep on forever. Men may come and go, flowers may fade, hearts wither, generation after generation go down into the sepulcher of the ages; but none of the glorious attributes of humanity shall ever cease to be. All that is grand and good and noble and beautiful is secure from the moldering touch of time. Every disinterested deed, every generous impulse of the human heart, shall hav its own reward in peace of mind; and when our time comes to bid farewell to our friends of earth, we, like our departed brother, can say, 'All is peace within: I am ready; let me go.'

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

"Our departed brother needs no eulogy at our hands. His good deeds speak for him. His life was a useful one. He died as he had lived, firm in his own faith, and faithful to his highest conviction of truth and duty."

At the grave a worthy tribute was given to the departed, in the words of Robert Burns:

A worthy man has gone to rest,
To rise, or lie, as heaven thinks best.
A friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, the friend of youth,
A heart was his by virtue warmed,
A head with knowledge well informed.
If there's another life, he livs in bliss;
If none, he tried to make the best of this.

Jersey Justice.

The little commonwealth, which is debatable ground in presidential contests, is famous for three products: Jersey lightning, Jersey peaches, and Jersey justice. Of the three perhaps the last can be safely relied upon as producing a never failing crop. Jersey justice is not always characterized by humanity, but as that does not enter into the strict Jersey view of the question it is not properly considered as cutting much of a figure in a point of law and order. The Jerseyman is a stickler on matters of religious etiquet, on the principle which was wittily said to actuate the Puritans, who came to New England to worship God in their own way and to prevent everybody else from worshiping in his. A week ago a heathen Hindoo, who was endcavoring to explain to a crowd of wondering Jerseymen the delights and beauties of his oriental religion, was promptly arrested for "blasphemy" and thrown into jail.

But a still finer point of Jersey justice has been developed in the little town of Keyport in the arrest of an ice-cream pedler. Upon full presentation of the facts it appears that the artist aforesaid had become involved in an altercation with another hitherto respected citizen, and at the hight of an acrimonious debate the caterer so far forgot his Jersey citizenship and the proprieties as to say, "Damn you," in a loud and violent tone, thereby signifying a contempt for his neighbor and a repudiation of all Jersey precedents as defined by the statutes. It further appears that Jersey justice swooped down upon the ice-cream specialist and bore him before the tribunal, where he was mulcted in the sum of fifty cents, the extreme penalty of the law. Fifty cents may not strike the somewhat profligate Western man as a very deterring sum, but in portions of New Jersey the expenditure thereof, without value received, would involve a good deal of serious reflection, coupled with some chastening twinges of remorse.

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The Apostle of Liberty. An address delivered in Paine Hall, before the N. E. Freethinkers' Convention, January 29, 1884. Price 10 cents.

News of t

SEVENTEEN persons w injured in a railroad sma Silver Creek, N. Y.

THE Mayflower beat a including the English c Newport races last week

A YEAR ago the Rev. Jesse Cook (colored), of Georgia, killed his wife with an ax. On the 17th day of the current month he was hanged at Butler, Ga.

A MAGNIFICENT soldiers' and sailors' monument was dedicated at Hartford, Conn., on the 17th. The memorial is in the form of an arch, built of Connecticut brown stone at a cost of $60,000.

THE Rev. Abram J. Martine, of the Reformed Church in Manhasset, L. I., is having some charges of unpastoral conduct, made by a Miss Hutchinson, investigated by the consistory of the church. The investigation is secret.

COLOR-BEARER KERN, of the Salvation Army at New Brunswick, N. J., was put in jail last week on a charge of ruining a half-witted girl whom he had "converted." Kern has a wife, also a Salvationist, who is said to sustain polyandrous relations with numerous officers of the army.

THE New York Central Labor Union has indorsed Henry George for mayor.

SUNDAY, the 19th, was President Cleveland's last Sunday in the Adirondacks, and he returns to Washington this week.

THE National Women's Christian Temperance Union has set aside Saturday, October 16th, as a special day of prayer for the correction of the national sins of intemperance and impurity.

THE governors of the thirteen original states are making arrangements to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the promulgation of the United States Constitution, Sept. 17, 1887.

THE discomfort of the Charleston, S. C., earthquake sufferers has been added to the past week by wind and rain. The sanitary condition of the city is bad, and disease threatens. The relief fund amounts now to above $300,000.

THE two pugilists, Sullivan and Hearld, met in the ring at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 18th. The police interfered and stopped the fight before Sullivan had a chance to annihilate his opponent, which he appeared in a fair way to do.

A MINE in Huntsville, Mo., is run on the co-operativ plan. The miners are to hav the use of the company's machinery, and to pay the latter a royalty of one cent per bushel, retaining for division among themselvs the remainder of the profits.

TEN thousand people are reported to hav gathered in Brommer's Park, this city, last Sunday to welcome Herr Liebknecht and Edward Aveling, the Socialist orators. The police were on hand and were very officious, but failed to create a disturbance.

WILLIAM E. GOULD is a son-in-law of Neal Dow; he is ostentatiously pious, and has often preached the gospel in the churches. He was cashier of a bank in Portland, Me., and has embezzled $87,000. The people in the community express great surprise that a man so pious could be such a rascal.

THE Baptist denomination has cast out Parson Downs, of Boston. Downs thanked the conference for its action, and declared that he was intending to withdraw anyway. In his reply he says: "My friends, did I care to could startle you with surprises—surprises that would make your hair stand on end, make your eyes stand out in wonder." Brother Downs was not encouraged to unbosom himself.

Odds and Ends.

PENNSYLVANIA railroads run "Camp-Meeting Specials" on Sunday instead of "Excursion trains," as heretofore. The price of beer, however, remains unchanged.

LATELY in a music-hall, after a ballad lady had warbled "Would I Were a Bird," great excitement was created by a stalwart miner in the audience shouting, "Would I were a gun!"

COUNSEL for the defense: "Gentlemen of the jury, if there ever was a case which, more than any other case, challenged careful comparison with similar cases, that case is this case."

"WHAT!" exclaimed Fogg, reading the newspaper. "Fifty Christians killed in Cochin China! For heavens sake, how many hav they got? Well, thank goodness, such a thing couldn't happen here."—*Boston Exchange.*

"Now, little boy, what is the meaning of the word hypocrisy?" asked an Austin Sunday-school teacher of her favorit pupil. "I can't explain what it is, but I know it all the same." "Giv me an example of hypocrisy." "When a fellow says he loves his Sunday-school teacher, that's hypocrisy."

IT can scarcely be credited, but it is said that there are even now religionists so narrow-minded that they will not allow the music of organs or other instruments in their churches. It is fortunate that such bigoted souls cannot go to heaven. They would make a disturbance attempting to throw out the harps used by some of the leading angels.—*Ex.*

A FARMER sent a dollar for a lightning potato bug killer, which he saw advertised in a paper, and received by return mail two blocks of wood, with directions printed on them as follows: "Take this block, which is No. 1, in the right hand; place the bug on No. 2, and press them together. Remove the bug and proceed as before."

THE new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary vocal powers and had exercised them much to Johnny's annoyance. One day he said to his mother: "Ma, my little brother came from heaven, didn't he?" "Yes, dear." Johnny was silent for some time, and then he went on: "Say, ma." "What is it, Johnny?" "I don't blame the angels for bouncing him, do you?"

AN editor is a man who is liable to grammatical blunders, toothache, typographical errors, and lapses of memory, and usually he has 97,000 people watching to catch him tripping. He is a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief and poverty, and frequently liable to go ragged, hungry, and dry for a long period, and yet the prairies are full of people who want to be editors.

"LOOK'Y hyar. I'm goin' ter preach ter day, an' I'm goin' ter hev order," said "Pizen Bill," who had recently been converted, and had organized a revival on his own account. "Now, bruth'rn," he went on, "I'm goin' ter giv yer a little talk about Noah's Ark. Noah knew ther were goin' to be a flood, an' built an ark an' went to work an' got all the animals on the hull earth together and driv em in. There was two of every animal yer kin think of. There was a couple of hosses, an' a pa'r of jackrabbits, an' a pa'r of prairie dorgs, an' a pa'r of b'ar, an'—an', gentlemen, I'm d——d if ther was three of a kind in ther hull buziness."—*Merchant Traveler.*

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DEATH is the right termination of old age. When the body is worn out and the senses are oblivious to the surrounding world, when the mind is tottering and too weak to hold its thought, then man dies unconsciously. This is nature's death. Man is made to die at the end of life; to perish like the tree when its roots no longer sustain it; to fall like the fruit when the bough can no longer nourish it.—*L. K. Washburn.*

EVEN at the time when the pagans regarded the new sect of Christians with most abhorrence, they were forced to exclaim, "See how these Christians love one another!" It was reasonable to suppose that the victory of this religion would be the victory of love and peace. But what was the actual result? Shortly after the establishment of Christianity as a state religion, there was uproar and dissension in every city of the empire; then savage persecutions, bloody wars, until a pagan historian could observe to the polished and intellectual coterie for whom alone he wrote, that now the hatred of the Christians against one another surpassed the fury of savage beasts against man. —*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

QUEEN MARY—the bloody Mary—when she had burnt a few heretics, explained, half-apologetically, that she did not think God could be angry with her for burning the heretics a few hours for their heresy, as he would, in the next world, burn them forever for the same thing.—*Bell's Irrepressible Conflict.*

THE outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captiv in the use
Of wrong alone—
These wait their doom from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

DOUBTLESS in these stages of the rise of man which are yet to be accomplished there will be ample room for the most splendid organizing genius to display itself. But it is not everybody who is endowed with such genius, and in the mean time everyone ought to do something "to widen the skirts of light." What can men do who are not geniuses or constituted for leadership? It is the old, old story; so old that you are, perhaps, getting tired of hearing it from me. But if I hav any gospel to deliver, it is this, that to each one of you, in your various vocations, in your places of business and in your homes, there is ever a better and a worse way present to your choice, but the worse way is often very pleasant-looking and inviting, and the better way is often rough and hard, forbidding and repellant. But it is by steadily choosing that which we know, or even feel, to be the better way that we become co-laborers with the infinit—not ourselvs—which makes for righteousness. Various organizations will solicit our support, and let us not withhold it when we can giv it without loss of personal independence or forfeiture of personal conviction. But first, and last, and always, let it be our highest aim to lead an individual life of thoroughgoing honesty and purity and self-control.—*Chadwick's Rise of Man.*

ONLY TO SEE THEE AGAIN.

What would I giv to be near thee,
Once more thy form to enfold?
What would I giv just to hear thee
Whisper my name as of old?
All that is mine of earth's treasure,
All that to me doth remain,
Freely I'd giv for the pleasure
Only to see thee again.

Long time it is since I missed you,
Down where the daisies are white;
Long time it is since I kissed you
Under the moon's silver light.
Now, where the sweet bloom is paling,
Sadly the breezes complain,
Still is my prayer unavailing,
Only to see thee again.

Only to clasp and to hold you,
How would my heart's pulses leap!
Oh! could my empty arms fold you,
Something forever to keep!
Dark hav the hours been and lonely,
All through the summer's brief reign,
Waiting and watching here only—
Only to see thee again.

Sometimes in dreams we are treading
Paths by us trod oft before;
Fond eyes their glory are shedding,
Sweet words my lost hopes restore.
Then do I cease to remember
Joys that misfortune has slain—
Ah the sad waking from slumber
Never to see thee again!—*A. M. Curtis.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 13. No. 40. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. New York, Saturday, October 2, 1886. 33 CLINTON PLACE. $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

THERE is only one thing that softens the grief of America on being told that "General" Booth, of the Salvation Army, is coming to visit us. He leaves his Army behind.

IT is told in Boston that, after a most excellent young woman had talked earnestly to her Sunday-school class for ten minutes, one of the boys, who had been gazing into her face with the utmost attention, broke out with, "Say, teacher, you hain't moved your upper jaw since you ben talking."

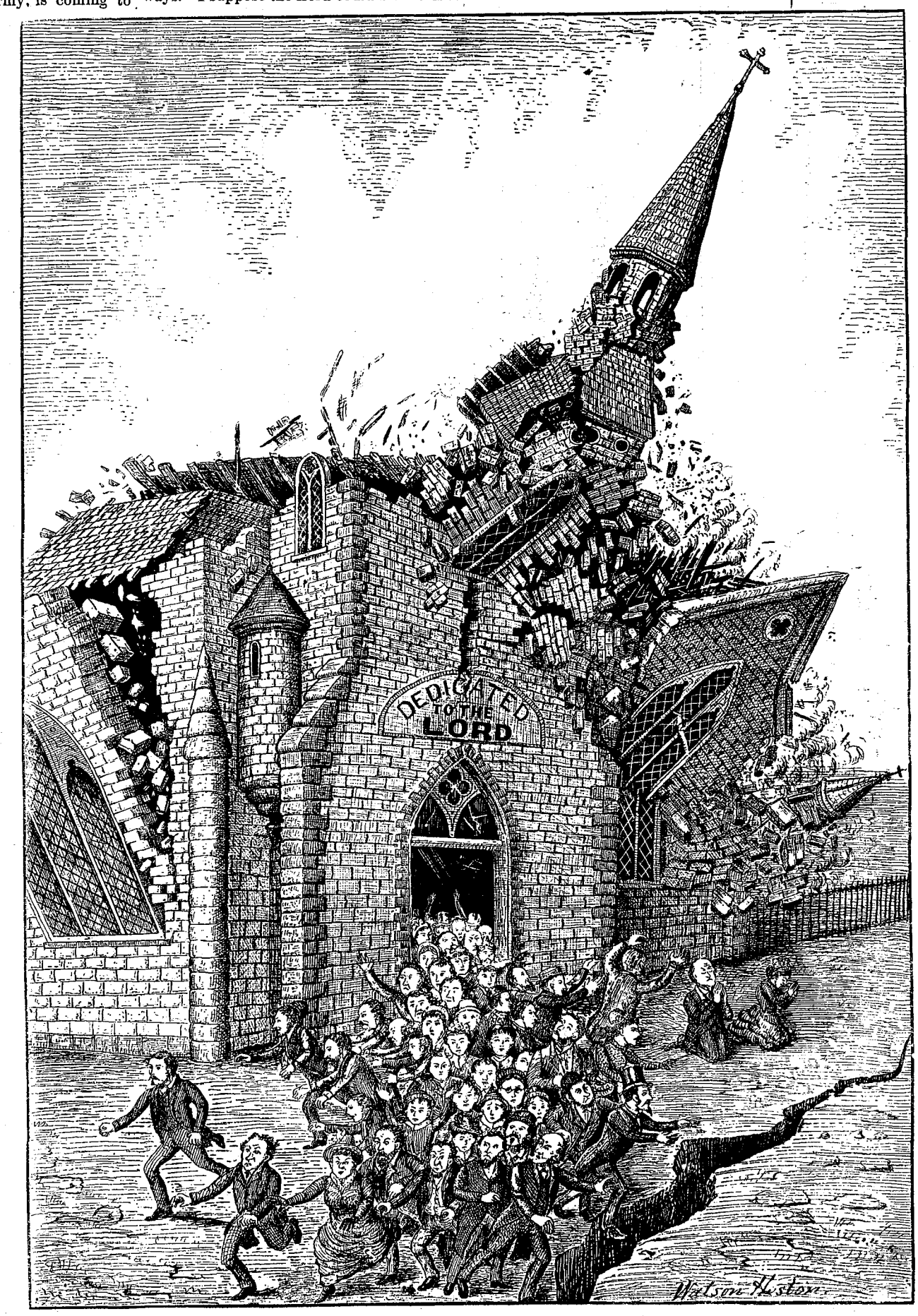
"YOUNG man," said a grim-visaged passenger, solemnly, "we read in the book of books that some day this world will be destroyed by fire. What would you do in the event of such an awful emergency?" "What would I do?" repeated the young man, calmly. "I would turn the hose on, of course. I belong to the fire department."

A COLPORTEUR of the American Bible Society found in Riley, Wis., the other day, the son of a Methodist clergyman who had no Bible in his house. He wouldn't buy one and wouldn't accept one as a gift, and when the colporteur intimated that he'd leave one anyway, the bad man became very angry and put the Bible-man out of the house.

THE story is told by a Boston newspaper of a country parson who, with that tact that distinguishes some parsons, said to the local tailor: "When I want a good coat I go to Boston. That's the place. By the way, do you ever go to church?" "Oh, yes." "Where?" "Well, when I want to hear a good sermon I go to Boston. That's the place."

MR. WILLIAM C. PRIME, of this city, who for ten summers has driven through New England in his own carriage, resting on Sundays, and going to church wherever he might happen to be, says, in the *New Princeton Review*, that there is no disputing the fact that in the rural districts of Vermont and New Hampshire the people hav lost the habit of going to church.

A STORY is going the rounds to the effect that Senator Vest, being at dinner in Boston, was asked if he did not always request the Lord to bless the food before eating it, whereupon he said: "No, ma'am, not always. I suppose the Lord could bless this if he had a mind to, but I really havn't the cheek to ask him to." And yet the recent Bourbon state convention in Missouri, of which Mr. Vest had full control and direction, was opened with prayer.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*



A LESSON ON THE FOLLY OF BUILDING GOD-HOUSES

DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS says: "God shakes the earth in order to save the things which cannot be shaken." Unfortunately the learned divine has not yet furnished the public with an explanatory diagram of this remark. What are the things that cannot be shaken?

A MEETING of the members of the House of Commons interested in church defense was held September 14th to devise means for counteracting the efforts of those who favor disestablishment. A strong feeling was expressed in favor of forming an organized party in the House of Commons, with "whips" whose objects may be summed up in the phrase, "Churchmen first; politicians afterward."

DURING the thirty years ending in 1885, forty bishops of the Church of England died in Great Britain. In accord with British law, the personal property of each is sworn to by the executors. From a table recently published, we find the poorest one had $60,000 in personalty, and the richest one $700,000. They averaged $273,000 each; and some of them no doubt had real estate besides. The London *Democrat* remarks that an English bishop's sermon on the text, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," would be deeply interesting.

AMONG the old papers in the county clerk's office in Freehold, N. J., is the death sentence of a negro named Cæsar. It reads: "Therefore the court doth judge that thou, the said Cæsar, shall return to the place from whence thou camest, and from thence to the place of execution, when thy right hand shall be cut off and burnt before thine eyes. Then thou shalt be hanged up by the neck till thou art dead, dead, dead; then thy body shall be cut down and burnt to ashes in a fire, and so the Lord hav mercy on thy soul, Cæsar." No wonder New Jersey still tries to enforce blasphemy laws! It will take centuries to civilize a people so barbarous as the Jerseyites' ancestors. Mr. Reynolds had better prepare to go prison.

THE Scottish Protestant Alliance recently sent a respectful, if unwise, letter to Lord Randolph Churchill, protesting against the appointment of a Roman Catholic to the Cabinet office of home secretary. Lord Randolph sent back a vigorous answer, in which he begged to remark that he observed, with astonishment and regret, that, in this age of enlightenment and general toleration, persons professing to be educated and intelligent could arrive at conclusions so senseless and irrational. The answer that rushed back from the Alliance was also vigorous. "You hav penned an insolent reply to a respectful public document," it said. "Although you are now a Cabinet minister, we observe, with astonishment and regret, that you hav not laid aside those weapons of abuse with which you tomahawked your way to power. It is a national misfortune when men pitchforked into high position are destitute of decent manners." Honors seem to be easy between Lord Randolph and the Scottish Alliance.

GRACE GREENWOOD says that "among its other admirable manufactures, New England produces the best educated girls, the truest wives, the noblest mothers, and the most glorious old maids in the world."

THE Jewish Almanac, just published, states that there are 5,400,000 Jews in Europe, 300,000 in Asia, 35,000 in Africa, and 250,000 in America. The total Jewish population of the world is estimated at 6,300,000.

THE Brooklyn *Examiner* (Roman Catholic) warmly approves what C. B. Reynolds recently said at Saratoga at the Freethinkers' Association Convention, that the only authority there is for observing Sunday as a Sabbath is the pope and the Roman Catholic church. "This is perfectly true," says the *Examiner*, "and deserves consideration by our Protestant friends, who are such great sticklers for what they call the observance of the Sabbath."

Communications.

Reminiscences of a Reformer.*

My Friends: I come before you with many misgivings lest I should fail to meet your expectations. Some years hav passed since I hav spoken much, and in that time you hav been listening to men and women of the highest order of intellect, trained in the schools to speak, not only grammatically, but in sentences rhetorically perfect. I never could boast of education or genius. My only qualifications were earnestness and a heart full of love for humanity; and so, with all my imperfections, with added years, I come to tell you some of my past life. If I shall seem egotistical, excuse me. I must, under the circumstances, be the hero of my story.

I hardly know what particular reminiscence to giv you. In a life of nearly seventy years, fifty of which hav been given to reform, memory is crowded, and you would all tire before I should get very far into such a history; but without taking time for further preface I will begin by telling you I was born of a very orthodox mother, but my father and his father before him were Universalists. Universalism seventy years ago was Infidelity. To dispute the fact of a burning hell, into which ninety-nine out of every hundred of the human family would be plunged at death, there to remain forever and forever, was blasphemy, and some of my earliest recollections are of discussions and disputations upon the subject. I hav heard my father condemned to never-ending misery by the minister of the parish in the presence of my mother, whose love for him was so great that she used to say her every breath was a prayer for his salvation. I, of course, in my early years believed or accepted my mother's creed, and when only three or four years old was afraid to die lest I should be sent to the place of burning. I knew I did not love God, and as God knew all my thoughts, he knew all my hatred for him (I was a good hater very early in life), and so would punish me for not loving so detestable a being as the God I believed in. My early years were all embittered by the fear, yes, the anticipation, of future "endless misery." Do you wonder that I hate the Christianity of the past? My pious mother died when I was six years of age, and, like other motherless children, I found many hard things to bear, though a good sister of my mother labored hard to make the path smooth for the half-orphaned little ones. I, with my sisters, was baptized in my mother's sick-room, and I was told that my chances were much better for heaven after that rite was performed. The church would now pray for me, and my mother's piety would be considered, and possibly I was "one of the elect." When I was nine years old there swept over all New England what was called a "revival of religion," and I was so excited upon the subject that in looking back to it I am amazed that I lived; I wonder that my nervous system was not entirely destroyed. At last there came a rest for a few years; the religious world was waiting to gather strength for another crusade; and the year I was twelve years of age I was converted, and supposed my salvation secured.

Would you like to know what conversion of that sort is? Read "Ideology," by the late Dr. Sunderland; you will find therein a vivid description of the whole thing. Some two years after my conversion, my father removed with his family from Berkshire county to Bristol county, Mass., and the opportunity now came to me to hear the doctrins of Universalism preached by such men as Abner Kneeland, Hosea Ballou, Walter Balfour, and others of like stamp. I accepted their interpretation of scripture, lost my belief in hell, and was so happy in the knowledge that all the human family were redeemed by and through the blood of Jesus Christ, that not one would be lost, that human life seemed to me a blessing for the first time in all the fourteen years in which I had existed. Oh, my friends, I cannot tell you how glad I am to know that these dreadful doctrins of the Christian church were not given to the world by a woman! We—that is, one of my own sex—according to the creed, ate the apple and thereby introduced sin, and at the same time knowledge; but no man has ever dared to charge upon woman the origin of this Christian doctrin. She, to be sure, is charged with yielding to the seduction of Jehovah, and thereby giving to the world a savior, to atone for the guilt of introducing to the human family the tree of knowledge. I submit it was a justifiable deed, even though it has given an example of free love somewhat dangerous, if we feel it incumbent upon us "to be followers of God as dear children."

But to return to my own history. I was married very young, became a widow at twenty-four, was again married at twenty-six, and was a mother at twenty-eight. From the day that I became a mother I date my first real work "for the life that now is." Heretofore I had worked for the imaginativ future; how void is the memory of that time! A happy wife and now a mother—no adjectiv is needed to describe the word or meaning of mother; simply *mother*, that is all; nothing in life excels it! Judging from my own experience, no joy equals that of motherhood. Alas! that to-day and for more than twenty-five years motherhood is only a memory! I had never realized as then the condition of the slave mother of the South, suffering all the pangs, with all the joys denied her; her child born of her own body, but she denied the privilege of caring for it. Oh! how dreadful was her situation, obliged to yield to the lust of her master, a degradation that it almost freezes my blood to think of; denied the marriage rite, treated as a brute—and even brutes do not force themselvs upon unwilling victims. I vowed on that day that I would devote my life to the cause of "woman in slavery," and as far as in me lay I hav kept the vow, and am not done yet. That was a conversion which you need not go to any book to learn the meaning of. When one really knows the needs of humanity, I think 'tis not so great a thing to die for its redemption, if you are convinced that your death will giv life to the suffering millions. Let me say that at that time I was not situated so as to go out into the world and publicly plead the cause of the oppressed. I worked at home, in the church, anywhere, and asked my husband to think of the slave at the ballot-box. I wonder how you would feel, my brothers, if you were obliged to ask your wife or sister to represent you at the ballot-box, you being denied the right to represent yourself. How reads your Constitution? "All governments derive their just rights from the consent of the governed;" and again, "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

Before eight years had passed I was again a widow, and now I made the circumstances which rendered it possible for me to go upon the public platform and plead the cause of the enslaved. You all know that chattel slavery was abolished by and through the civil war, President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and the passage of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments by Congress; but perhaps you do not know that it took thirty years of activ, earnest work by men and women so thoroughly baptized into the spirit of freedom for humanity that they took their lives in their hands, and with apostolic power preached in the cities and towns "the deliverance of the captiv and the opening of prison doors to them that were bound." Such hatred was aroused by our demands for the emancipation of the slave that it was an exception to the rule if we were allowed peaceable exit from the places where we delivered our message. All the churches were closed against us; the ministers often led the mobs who assailed and insulted us. The church is to-day on the side of the oppressor; it always has been, and I think it always will be. I do not mean that every member of the church is an oppressor, but the church as a whole is never with the oppressed.

I hav been mobbed several times, and in more than one instance the mob was led by a minister, and the persons composing the mob were eminently Christian. Hav any of you ever seen a mob? Our friend Reynolds I think knows something of their nature. If you will permit me, I will tell you something about the mobs of thirty and forty years ago. I had been speaking in Ohio, and roused the ire of the Methodist church by showing their complicity with slavery. They were determined to put a stop to such exposure, and first tried smoking the building, putting pepper and tobacco upon a hot stove; then throwing hard apples, stones, brickbats, etc., at and onto the platform. At one place they had a kettle of tar and a bag of feathers outside the room—a school-house—which by great difficulty we had obtained for the use of the meeting. My friends begged me to make my escape by the window, but I was determined to speak, and did so, and finally the furious creatures, perhaps somewhat magnetized by a woman's voice, became quiet, listened to what was said, refused to use the tar and feathers, as commanded by their leaders, and in after years became antislavery men. In those days we were not only assailed in person, but our carriages were broken and besmeared with addled eggs, night-soil, or whatever filthy substance came to hand; our horses were often shorn of mane and tail, and sometimes lamed for life. We had no redress. The courts were as much our foes as was the church; we were disturbers of the peace, and the entire destruction of three millions of men, women, and children was as nothing in the balance against peace with the South.

We were obliged, like the Freethinkers of to-day, to provide a tent, and transport it to different places, as it was impossible to obtain any place in which to hold our meetings, and in one year I think we held one hundred conventions. Some few of the early Abolitionists were, like our friend Courtlandt Palmer, rich, and like him they gave of their abundance, but it was an expensiv affair to keep a paper in running order, and what can a cause do without a paper? So the money was used first for the paper, and what could be spared from that for the expenses of the speakers employed. But we depended upon the making of friends, who should feed us and giv us lodging. So our experiences were sometimes ludicrous in the extreme. Forty years ago a great many families of ordinary intelligence in the what were then Western states occupied log houses with only one room, and a loft of small dimensions, not high enough for a woman of even my short stature to stand erect in. But these people were hospitable, and many of them had emigrated from New England, and they desired our presence, and treated us just as well as their circumstances allowed. I hav been often entertained in such a home. The boys of the family would ascend the ladder and make their beds on the floor of the loft, and the proprietor of the house (no wife is ever a proprietor if the husband is living) would vacate the one room while I made my bed with his wife, and in a suitable time he would come in and in some corner make a bed of whatever he could find, disrobe, and lie down. In the morning, after making his toilet, he would again vacate the room, remain outside long enough for me to dress, and then return. Such was the way the reformers of this the nineteenth century carried on their work for the emancipation of a race suffering the most abject slavery.

When I began work for the slave I was a Christian, and believed the Bible to be the word of God. I knew there were strange things in it, but I had accepted it in my childhood, and had never reasoned upon its meaning. I had heard an interpretation which had destroyed hell, and the other matters I had not yet considered, and so I founded my argument upon a few passages supposed to be the word of God, such as, "God has made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the earth," and, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." But the clergy met me with words from the same book forbidding a woman to speak or uncover her head in public. I immediately set about finding rebutting testimony, or, rather, perhaps found my opponent clearly disobeying some requirement of the Hebrew scriptures while he accused me of being unChristian in my acts. Once or twice I completely silenced such a one by charging him with breaking one of the commands of the Bible God by shaving his face. Of course, he denied that such a command was to be found, but when I showed him the words, "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard," his ignorance of the Bible was a great mortification to him. I hav known very few Christians who know much about the Bible. A few passages are enough for their stock in trade, and if one knows how easy it is to pay a Christian in his own coin, I think he may never be much in debt. If Mr. Comstock, even, as he travels about, with his gripsack filled with obscenity, could be met, and submerged with the filth of the Bible, I am sure he would escape from the contact with as little noise as possible, and perhaps confine his future depredations to something he has not yet thought about. Would you know how woman is treated in the Bible without reading too much of it? Our good friend, Miss Helen Gardener, has printed it in colors that no one can mistake. Let all women bless her. She has done what very few men or women hav ever dared to do—told to all who dare to read from whence came the laws which so degrade woman. Read her book and then send your children where the Bible is taught, if you dare.

The Abolitionist emancipated himself long before the chattel slave was freed. We found we must put humanity before all books, all customs, all religions. We were given the name of Infidel, and I came to love the name, as I usually hav loved the one who has borne it. I am sad, more sad than I can tell you, when men or women who bear that name prove recreant to right, and for selfish ends wrong others. I wish we could say such a thing could not be. But humanity is imperfect, and as yet in government power is wholly masculin. We cannot expect it to be to day what it will be when the feminin element shall take its place in perfect equality. I said we were called Infidels, and surely we were Infidel to the teachings of the church, and to the civil law that forbade us to help the flying bondman. Had I time, I could tell you of women even, and many men, who spent months, even years, in prison, because of helping those who were trying to reach a land of freedom. But even in prison we were respectable and respected, and because we were respected we were persecuted. Do you suppose even the pious people of New Jersey would tear down a tent where a dog-fight was in progress? The proprietors of such assemblages are usually Christians, and perhaps open their exhibitions with prayer. The slave-holders of the South, who debauched women and sold their babies, always maintained family prayer and supported churches. But you are tired, and I must hasten. When the chattel slave was freed, and the laws of our Northern states were somewhat amended in woman's favor, I felt that the time had come to giv up public labor. I had grown old; my labors in Washington during the war had been severe; my only child had died; my heart was broken; I felt that my work was done. But a letter from D. M. Bennett, asking me to do what I could for free speech, free mails, and the freedom to publish works of physiology and social science, so roused my deadened energies that with what of power was

*An address at the ninth annual Convention of the New York State Freethinkers' Association.

left me I came again to the front. Lucretia Mott told me that she promised her children that when she should reach sixty years of age she would step down from the "high seats" in her church, retire from the rostrum, and rest; but when past four score she was still speaking—she had found no time to rest. I hav reached the year that will complete my three score and ten, but find it hard to feel that my work is done. I am alone, hav outlived all my own family and all my father's. Were it not that I love my race, love would die, as hav those on which love was fed. But all humanity is to-day my family, and I am not willing, not quite ready, to leave the family to a new parentage. A step-mother is often much more capable, and will do even better by the family than did the own mother; but what woman believes her children can be loved by another as she loves them? And so, friends, I cannot giv up my right to work in the work of reform, even with the knowledge that you are younger, abler, and will do so much better. Let me work on for a little longer. How many of our friends are already gone! Who can fill the place of Elizur Wright—always ready with voice, pen, and purse? Surely he was one of the very best and wisest of the sons of men. But the departed are more than they that remain, and the best honor we can giv to their memories is to continue the work which was so dear to them with unflagging zeal.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

The Church and Its Influence.

From a flat and central earth up to the scientific triumphs of the nineteenth century the church has contested the ground inch by inch, denouncing scientists as heretics and Infidels, and declaring before the world that their doctrins were only calculated to bring the word of God into disrepute, and drag the souls of men down to hell.

Until the ideas of God-written books and divine intervention are given up, the hand of the church will be found at the throat of science, and human progress be retarded.

After Galileo had constructed his little telescope, in 1610, he discovered the moons of Jupiter. Here was the Copernican system in miniature—four worlds revolving around a center. The spiritual autocrats were not slow in detecting the results of this discovery.

It had been urged by the church that, if the Copernican theory was true, the interior planets, Mercury and Venus, ought to show phases like the moon. The keen, scientific eye of Galileo at once saw the force of the objection, and honestly admitted the truth of the position, but urged that these planets were at such immense distances from the earth that, although these phases did actually take place, the unaided human eye was too feeble to perceive them, and that it was philosophically correct that they should appear in the heavens as mere points of light.

On turning his telescope to these planets, what must hav been the ecstasy of his soul when he found that he was able to declare to the church and to the world that these phases were a reality! But his declaration only gave the church the greater alarm. Ecclesiastics everywhere denounced his discoveries as blasphemous frauds, and declared that whoever should look through his glasses would see more devils than planets.

He was summoned before the Inquisition to answer to the charge of promulgating a theory utterly at variance with the holy scripture. Knowing the power of the law, and fearing the feline disposition and the jaw and the paw of the church, Galileo yielded to its demands, and swore upon the "holy gospels" never more to teach the damnable heresy.

A great scientist had been silenced, the church was at rest; but in 1632 the holy waters were again roiled from the very bottom. Galileo was again summoned before the Inquisition. He had written his "System of the Worlds." It was declared that he had brought upon himself the penalty of heresy, which was to be burnt alive. To escape this terrible penalty, he again went down upon his knees, with his hand upon the Bible.

What a degrading spectacle! Where are your curses, O ye indefatigable, toiling sons of science? Think of it, ye scientists of the nineteenth century! This grandest, noblest man, who flashed such a flood of light upon the world, down upon his knees, and forced to take an unholy lie into his mouth at the bidding of the assassins of science!

He was thrust into prison, and the last ten years of his life rendered as painfully unhappy as a lot of relentless bigots could make them. When, at last, death came to his relief, he was put out of sight with as little ceremony as would attend the burying of a mad dog. As long as I liv I will denounce a system which has caused men to treat the world's greatest benefactors with such unfeeling brutality.

Seven years after the death of Copernicus an individual was born whose life was scarcely less conspicuous. He wrote "The Infinity of the Universe of Worlds," and other works on kindred subjects. He was proscribed by the church, and made a wanderer in foreign lands. He was finally arrested and imprisoned for six years, without books, paper, or friends. Subsequently he was removed from the prison at Venice to the prison at Rome, and accused by the Inquisition of "teaching the doctrin of a plurality of worlds," a doctrin at once repugnant to the whole tenor of the scriptures and the great plan of salvation." He was found guilty of the charges as alleged, and Giordano Bruno was sentenced to be burnt alive in the city of Rome, Feb. 16, 1600.

Friends, let us join hands and swear on the sacred altar of human rights never to giv up the struggle until the last throb of life is choked out of the persecuting old hag of superstition, and the mind of man is free.

To-day steps are being taken to slap the bloody old church in the face. Contributions are being received to erect a monument right under the shadow of St. Peter's church at Rome, in honor of the scientific martyr who was burnt by Christian bigots for teaching just what every intelligent man knows to be true.

The fallacy of a flat and central earth had to go, although the church went to the extreme of its crushing power, even to torture and death, to keep alive the faith in an infallible church and a God-written Bible. It was declared that "a belief in the Copernican theory would completely undermine the church."

Although the church thundered forth its terrible curses upon all who dared to believe the damnable doctrin, yet, in spite of hell fire and the fear of losing a title to mansions in the skies, the doctrin was believed, and, according to the church's own showing, the infallible Bible and infallible church went to the wall.

The Bible and the priesthood had been final authority on all matters of science, and to hav the backbone of that authority broken was a severe blow to the church.

But her hands were still dripping with blood shed to suppress the Copernican heresy when the church found another difficulty to encounter. The church demanded that all history and science should be made to conform to the Bible. This showed the earth to be of comparativly recent date—not more than four or five thousand years old at the birth of Christ.

When men began to study and interpret the language of the rocks, it was found that the book of Genesis was a big lie. It is demonstrated that the river Nile has been flowing where it now does for a period of time reaching beyond the time of creation, as laid down in the book of Genesis, many thousands of years, showing that the evidence was not all in when the Mosaic account of creation was written.

The ruins of a city hav been found covered with mud, which, according to the Bible account, is older than the earth. The mud brought down by the waters of the Nile causes the bed of the river to rise higher and higher each year, and consequently as the bed of the river is elevated the waters flow farther and farther inland each year, and deposit a new layer of mud. By measuring the depth of these deposits the facts hav been arrived at as above stated.

It would be foreign to our purpose to giv a detailed account of the struggle between the church and the science of geology. It was a bloodless struggle, but, as in the other cases, science triumphed and the church again went to the wall.

Is it not strange that, with an infallible book as a guide, in every encounter with science the church has been beaten. Mosheim furnishes the key to the secret. He says: "There was nothing to exclude the ignorant from ecclesiastic preferment. The savage and illiterate party who looked upon all kinds of learning, particularly philosophy, as dangerous, was increasing. The will of their councils was determined by a majority vote, and, to secure that, all manner of intrigues were resorted to. The influence of court females, bribery, and violence were not spared."

And yet by such decisions of such councils the scriptures of the New Testament were made the word of God.

Yes, and by these councils it was held to be an act of virtue "to deceive and lie," when by such means the interests of the church might be promoted. And so by these councils it was decided that "errors in religious belief," after proper admonitions of the church, were punishable by the civil power with "penalties and tortures."

To show the moral and intellectual standing of society when the church had full sway, it may be stated that for six hundred years trial by water and by fire, by combat and by the cross, was in vogue.

If a man was accused of any crime, he was thrown into the water—if guilty, he sank; if innocent, he floated. In other cases the accused was made to walk over hot plates of iron—if guilty, he was burnt; if innocent, God protected him. In cases of dispute two champions were chosen, and truth or falsehood was established by a hand-to-hand fight—if the accused could hold out his arms like a cross longer than the accuser, he was judged innocent.

There are cases on record where innocent parties who were physically disabled were thrown into water and did not sink. In other cases innocent parties walked barefoot over plates of hot iron and were not burnt. Such were the modes of establishing justice in the palmy days of the church.

For more than a thousand years all Europe was filled with holy men, miracle-workers, superstition, saints, lying, deceit, ignorance, and crime. The church councils, ruled by ignorance and hypocrisy, had not only produced this result, but had established the truth of miracles and the sacred character of the New Testament. But the time came when such monstrous notions were not only doubted, but openly derided.

To stem the tide of opposition, and keep the cause from open ridicule, the Inquisition and auricular confession were instituted.

Private confession turned those of one's own household, even his wife and children, into spies. The Inquisitors were on the track of every man, clothed with power to enter any house, town, or city. No place was exempt from their search. And with such ferocious Christian instincts did they carry on their diabolical work that from 1481 to 1808 they had punished no less than 340,000. Of these, 32,000 were burnt alive. A thought of the Inquisition still curdles the blood.

The inventiv ingenuity of the age was taxed to produce instruments of torture. Delicate little instruments were invented to put on the fingers and toes, operated by a thumb-screw, so as to reduce the flesh to pulp or even crush the bone.

Sometimes the subject would be bound in such an unnatural position that the pain was most excruciating, and then these little Christian bull-dogs were put on the fingers and toes, and every few hours another turn of the screw, and this kept up for days and nights together, every throb a messenger of death mounting up to the brain, with no relief but death. Thus in the darkest dungeon, where no friend could hear her wailing cry, many and many a helpless woman has met her death. And then to think of a hypocritical priest coming into the presence of such a suffering subject with a crucifix in his hand and reminding her of the "just punishment which God is inflicting upon her" for something she may hav said to the injury of God's holy cause!

Another instrument of torture consisted of an iron ball, somewhat larger than a musket ball, with a "long iron stem to it of the size of a pipe-stem." The subject was confined in an immovable position; then the ball was brought to a red heat and pressed upon the eye until it fried and bubbled in the socket. Such were the means adopted to impress the people with a love of God and fill them with reverence for his holy word.

Think you I would not hav believed in the inspiration of the Bible? Why, at the first turn of the thumb-screw I would hav believed that the earth is flat and made out of nothing. I would hav believed in the fall, in the plan of redemption, the flood story, the Jonah story, the story of the talking jackass, in all the miracles and impossibilities which were ever written, with "Baron Munchausen," "Sinbad the Sailor," and "Gulliver's Travels" thrown in.

History furnishes no account of meaner deeds than were perpetrated by the church. The selling of indulgences for the commission of the vilest crimes shows how much God was directing the affairs of the church. Indulgences for the commission of the same crime were sold by different ecclesiastics for different prices.

Abbots and monks perambulated the country with old relics, and vast sums of money were raised for the church for looking upon or touching these holy impositions. These relic-drummers entered into sharp competition with each other in regard to the sanctity of their respectiv relics. Of course God was directing these precious Christian practices. Could Christians go wrong when they were guided by God's holy word? The church, guided by God's holy word, affirmed that the earth was flat, and the most important body in the solar system. But science, without any help from God, demonstrated that neither the church nor the Bible could be relied upon as authority. On the authority of the Bible, the church affirmed a universal deluge. Science has shown that no such catastrophe ever occurred, and that the church and the Bible were in error. The church affirmed, on authority of the Bible, that the first man was created with a high degree of intelligence, and with moral and physical perfection. The book of geology was opened, and the history of man as there recorded shows that man was on the earth thousands of years before the time assigned in the Mosaic account, and instead of being a type of perfection was elevated but little above the brute.

If the Christian can ever wake up enough, he will see why there is an ever-widening breach between science and the Bible. The world has grown much wiser since the Bible was written. The experience of two or three thousand years has been worth a great deal. The men who wrote the Bible and those who lived in Bible times would not compare with men of the present day. There was not the facility for making great men that there is in modern times.

Yet the Christian believes that old Moses, rummaging round in the woods for forty years of his life, was

far superior to the best man in our day. And he believes that the Bible, written by semi-barbarians, is superior to the choicest production of the best brains of modern times. Such belief has turned the church into a huge giant with a great club ready to beat the brains out of every scientist who conceives an idea above a flat earth.

Is it any wonder that a man who believes the story of Jonah and his pet whale should denounce such men as Darwin, Tyndall, and Huxley as Infidels? Until the Christian can be brought to see the difference between reason and inspired ignorance, between science and superstition, he will regard the ball and chain which designing ecclesiastics hav fastened to his limbs as an ornament, and fight for the privilege of wearing it. JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Chebanse, per Jos. Haigh, Dr. De Veling, and others	7.00
Total	$3,401.63

News and Notes.

West Union, Iowa, is a quite attractiv place, amid the many trees, and the swelling uplands, almost like hills in this prairie country. The only drawback is that there are nine churches to about two thousand inhabitants. This makes quite an overpowering orthodox sentiment, although the churches are not financially strong. I guess it is "poor pay" and "poor preach." One of the clergymen receives only two hundred dollars a year salary, and that is not a very loud call of the Holy Ghost. One can't be very eloquent on such rations. There is a pretty good Liberal element at West Union and throughout the county. Several friends came from a distance, and so we had a sort of convention. The county fair was going on at the same time, and this gave the town a holiday aspect. The governor of the state was there and added to the dignity of the occasion. The brass band kept pealing forth its martial strains, and was exhilarating. The streets and grounds were crowded with men and women, and handsome carriages and horses, and the balloon went up splendidly and the acrobats displayed gracefully, and the races were really exciting when the steeds were fairly under way. The exhibition of handiwork by the ladies was excellent—the pictures, the painted china ware, the stuffed birds, and especially the crazy quilts. The women, I see, hav a wonderful faculty for making crazy quilts. I wonder if this is a development of their "inward consciousness." The metaphysics of the case are quite puzzling, as are the quilts themselvs; I like to look at them, but I should be afraid to sleep beneath their dazzling folds. What dreams might come! The fruits were delicious, and the cattle were superb and the hogs fat, and I really enjoyed this exhibition of a healthy and wealthy country life. The county fairs are good Liberal institutions. They educate the people, who get better ideas and acquaintance by their means. The governor, who is himself a practical farmer, and had some fine stock on exhibition, gave an address on the improvement of products, etc. General Prentiss, the hero of Shiloh, was present, and gave an exceedingly interesting account of that great battle, which was so stubbornly fought. General Prentiss is a mild sort of a Methodist, and confesses to an occasional prayer. However, he is a warm admirer of Ingersoll, and so I shall not quarrel with him. I enjoyed making his acquaintance, and found him a sociable and good fellow, as well as a modest and brave soldier, who deserves well of his country.

Amid these many pleasant surroundings I gave my three lectures at West Union to full houses, and they were cordially received. Some of the ministers were present, and one of them took voluminous notes. I invited a reply, but none came. I suppose the thunders will begin to volley after my departure.

I went out and spent a night on the farm of I. F. Smith. He has been in this country since 1853—from boyhood—and although in the prime of life, he is now one of the "oldest inhabitants." He has a pleasant situation indeed, with beautiful fields and groves on all sides. The views are broad and rich, and one could not find in all the world a country-seat in the midst of more delightful prospects. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and all their children are Liberals, and so their home is cheerful, and my pilgrimage found here a happy rest and change.

Mr. J. S. Brewer is one of the most earnest workers in our ranks. He was formerly of the Methodist church. The superstition has gone, but the zeal abides, which is a good thing. I was pleased to meet so noble a spirit. Mr. F. B. Zigler, who introduced me at the lectures, is one of the leading citizens of the place. He has been all over the world, and has a well-furnished mind, for he is both a thinker and an observer. He has been several times to the "holy land," and his lectures upon that topic are quite popular. Even the orthodox churches are desirous of his services, and he generously givs them that which is both entertaining and instructiv. He has a beautiful home at West Union, and his hospitality was a delight indeed for both the mind and body. Mrs. Zigler is equally Liberal, and has been with her husband in his many journeyings, and is a charming hostess. So I found West Union a delightful haven, and my work was a joy.

Mr. Wallace, Mr. Thos. Reeder, Mr. G. E. Hennig, I. H. Schreicker, and others of West Union are also friends whom it was a pleasure to meet.

O. H. Garretson, of Salem, Iowa; Alex. Risk, of Putnam; Wm. Redfield and wife, of Olwein; Warren Goddard and brother, of Cedar Rapids; S. C. Smith, of Alpha; Gust. A. Kohn, of Nashua; Daniel Davis, of Fayette; H. F. Dean, of Castalia; J. Daniels and wife, of Ossian; T. E. Delamore, of Wadena, were among those present from abroad, and it will be seen that we had quite a gathering of the Freethinkers of northern Iowa. Remsburg has been here before and is coming again, so the work is going prosperously on, and without doubt orthodoxy will grow "small by degrees and beautifully less."

An all-night ride brings me to Chicago, and then a morning ride of sixty-odd miles takes me to Chebanse, and here I am met by Jos. Haigh, and taken to his home, a farm just outside the village, of one hundred and sixty acres, which he took up over thirty years ago. In perfecting his claim he had to go to Danville, a distance of seventy-five miles. He walked the first day, which was a Sunday, sixty-three miles. This is good traveling for a "Sabbath day's journey," and I don't know that any Christian pilgrim, even *en route* to the celestial city, could beat that record. Mr. Haigh and his brother Edward—both originally from England, but coming from Canada to Illinois—hav always been outspoken Freethinkers and made it lively for the slow-going orthodox. Mr. Haigh has been quite a writer. He has written about a hundred poems on Freethought and other matters, among them "The Prayer to the Unknown God," and "Why Don't God Kill the Devil?" The latter has been utilized by friend Babcock in his lively satire of the same name. Mr. Haigh has also written a valuable history of Chebanse, and contributed much to the columns of the local papers. Dr. De Veling is another stanch Liberal soldier, and he has done some good fighting and will do more. He also came here thirty years ago. He has a large practice and an honorable position.

I was quite unfortunate in regard to the weather at Chebanse, and the campaign was disarranged. On Saturday night, just at the hour for meeting, the lightnings flashed constantly all along the horizon, and the thunder growled ominously. A few, however, met at the appointed place, and I gave my lecture, but before it was over the rain came in torrents, and it was an hour before we could plunge into the darkness and seek our homes. On Sunday afternoon we were to hav an out-door meeting at Smith's Grove, Sugar Island, and if it had been pleasant I should hav had a congregation of hundreds, but the thunder and the rain and the mud compelled a change, and we had to hold a sort of extemporaneous meeting in the hall in the village, and make the best of it. In spite of Dame Nature's tremendous frowns, we had some fun, anyhow, and some enthusiasm was created, and there was no discouragement. Without doubt a Secular Union will be formed here, and the work pushed forward.

Friends came twenty-five and thirty miles, in spite of the weather, to hear the lectures, and it givs one good cheer indeed to find such deep and wide interest in Freethought. Mr. Beery, of Gilman; Mr. Antoine Johnson and wife, of Buckingham; R. H. Enos, of Kankakee; G. Gunnison, of Hereher, and family, were on hand, and their cordial greeting made up for the other disappointments of the occasion.

I am now in Chicago, in the midst of its immense life, which givs me new vigor. I am meeting old friends. I shall lecture here on Sunday, and in the mean time see the sights and study this great world. Stevens is with me, and it is a delight to meet this enthusiastic soul, who believes so thoroughly in justice and liberty, and who has so clear an understanding of the issues of the hour. I shall see much and learn much while here, especially of the tragic side of reform.

I am at Belding September 28th and 29th; at West Union, O., October 1st, 2d, and 3d; at New York, October 5th. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Chicago, Sept. 23, 1886.

Important Notice.

ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

The chairman of the Executiv Committee desires to call the attention of all local Secular societies to the approaching annual Congress to be held at Chickering Hall, November 11 to 14, 1886.

In accordance with the constitution, Article 5, all charter-members and life-members of the American Secular Union, and all duly accredited delegates from local Secular societies holding charters from the National Liberal League or American Secular Union, are entitled to seats and votes in the annual Congress.

Annual members are entitled to seats, but not to votes, in the annual Congress. All such officers, delegates, and members who intend to be present at the annual Congress are requested to write me immediately, so that the necessary lists may be perfected and the necessary tickets entitling bearer to seat in the Congress can be furnished in season. Article 16 provides that every local auxiliary Secular society, organized in accordance with the provisions of the constitution, shall be entitled to send its president and secretary and three other members as delegates to the annual Congress.

Article 17 provides that it is the especial duty of the secretary of each local Secular society to furnish the secretary of the American Secular Union with a complete list of all the members, with their post-office addresses in full, and a list of the officers.

The prompt compliance by the secretary of every local Secular society in the United States and Canada with Article 17 is absolutely necessary.

All auxiliary societies that hav not received charters are especially requested to at once send full list of members, with names and post-office addresses of the officers, together with the charter fee of five dollars. This should be done immediately, so that the society can be entered on the roll and its delegates admitted to the Congress. All auxiliary societies, duly organized, are requested to at once call a special meeting and elect three delegates to the Congress.

Secretaries will confer a special favor on the chairman of the Executiv Committee and facilitate comfort and convenience of members by promptly sending me names and post-office addresses of president, secretary, and the three delegates elected, and also the names and addresses of all members of their societies and other friends in their vicinity who propose to attend the Congress. C. B. REYNOLDS,

Ch. Ex. Com. Am. Secular Union.

The New York Congress.

The date is fast approaching when the tenth annual Congress of the American Secular Union will take place. The fact that it is to be held in the fine Chickering Hall in the city of New York, and that it will be addressed by some of America's greatest speakers, including Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, should be sufficient to inspire all friends of the Union throughout the States and Canada to concentrate their efforts in the endeavor to make the gathering the most successful one ever known in connection with the Liberal movement in this country. There are, however, other important considerations which ought to induce friends to render special support to this annual assembly, and those are the supreme value of the objects sought to be achieved in calling the Congress together. Briefly, these are to giv public recognition to the progress made during the past year within our ranks; to devise plans for future advancement; to giv a varied and dignified exposition of Liberal principles, and to strengthen the bonds of mutual cooperation. The respectiv officers of the Union hav an encouraging record of work done since our last meeting, and a useful program as to future action. These will be presented to the Congress, and should command the earnest attention of every delegate present.

The necessity of presenting our distinctiv principles before the public cannot be doubted at the present time. Liberal views as to all questions of a theological character are rapidly permeating the minds of all classes of society. This diffusion of Secular light will continue so long as people read, think, and enjoy the advantages of free speech and a free platform. One of the features of the Congress will, no doubt, be to indicate how these views can be consolidated upon the broad principle of mental freedom and intellectual liberty. A destructiv policy is still a necessity, but constructiv work is equally desirable. Can the two be wisely blended in the propaganda of the Union? This is another point for the attention of the Congress. When it is in session, I shall be pleased to offer a few suggestions upon this head.

Our success as an organized body would be the greater if the many who are now apathetic, exhibiting too much mental reservation, were to come forward as declared standard-bearers in the cause of Secular truth. Probably one way of bringing about this de-

sirable result is to prove the importance of our principles and to demonstrate that the surest way to make them popular and keep them so is to hav an efficient organization. No movement, however great, no teachings, however sublime, adequately succeed without this adhesiv force.

In this practical commercial age, if a man is known by his fellows as an honest, consistent worker in the path of ethical conduct, he has little to fear because he does not subscribe to the popular creeds and dogmas. What the Secular movement requires more than ever is the display of courage of well thought-out convictions upon the part of its adherents. The man of fortitude may be compared to a castle built upon a rock which defies the attack of surrounding waters, whilst he who lacks the courage of his opinions is as a hut placed on the shore which every wind shakes and every wave overflows.

Let all, in the sacred name of duty, who avow themselvs Liberals, Freethinkers, or Secularists, show their love for the cause they profess by uniting in the resolve not only to be present at the Congress, but when there to do their best in assisting to realize the objects of the meeting and thus increase the happiness of human brotherhood, the usefulness of the Union, and the scope of moral and intellectual freedom. CHARLES WATTS.

Liberal Organization in New York.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The earnest attention of all people who are not under the control of the old superstitions is requested to the following circular from the officers of the Freethinkers' Association of the state of New York. The objects of the Association are expressed in the appended constitution of the Association and the resolutions which hav been passed unanimously at the last two Conventions of the Association—the one held at Albany last year, and the one lately held at White Sulphur Springs, Saratoga. This Association is the only general association of Liberals for this state, and its officers hav been directed to proceed at once to effect county or local organizations in order to generally promote its objects, and also to afford to those who are not connected with the churches a truer and better basis for social intercourse and mutual assistance.

How this constructiv Liberal work can be best commenced must be determined by the Liberals in each county for themselvs, as the circumstances of no two localities are the same. I wish to call attention, however, to the very practical report of Mr. C. F. DeMott, of Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., as an example worthy of imitation. Certainly his earnest words in favor of immediate action should lead to some earnest effort in every county, city, or town where two or three may be gathered together.

T. B. WAKEMAN.

93 *Nassau st., New York*, Sept. 19, E.M. 286.

HEMPSTEAD FREETHOUGHT ASSOCIATION.

TO MR T. B. WAKEMAN, *Dear Sir:* As you request a report of the work done in the town of Hempstead, Queens county, N. Y., I submit the following:

First, as an illustration and proof of the potency and usefulness of our annual conventions, I wish to say that the work accomplished here is mainly due to the inspiration, if I may use the word, or the enthusiasm, diffused at last year's convention. While at Albany, and listening to the earnest words of our noble workers, and especially to the thoughtful address of our president, I was convinced of the importance of doing some activ missionary work in my own town. I came home determined to start an organization, however small, in Hempstead, that should tend to popularize religious free thought and Secular principles. I was the only person in the village who dared publicly express an opinion against the tyranny of the church, or do anything in the way of Secular propagandism. The people were extremely orthodox. There had never been a Freethought lecture or address heard in our village; but two or three Liberal papers came to our post-office; Freethinkers and Infidels were regarded as pure specimens of total depravity. But, living within a radius of ten miles, I knew there were six or eight outspoken Freethinkers three of whom were also at the convention—but we were unacquainted at the time. To these I wrote, requesting them to aid me in starting an organization. I found them ready, and even anxious, only waiting for a leader. After due consideration, we decided to organize temporarily as a "Progressiv Reading Club," the objects being "intellectual and social improvement." The temporary organization was effected, and meetings appointed every Sunday afternoon at my residence. Scientific works were read and discussed; original essays written and read before the Club; selections from the Rig-Veda, Path of Virtue, and other so-called sacred books were read, and the thoughts of these ancient people compared with those of the Bible writers, the objects being to awaken thought and lead the minds in the right direction. These meetings were continued all winter, and attracted considerable attention. Reports of each meeting were published in the local papers, and the people were favorably impressed.

On June 7th we reorganized as a Freethought association, our object being, as expressed in the constitution, "to disseminate scientific knowledge, increase religious free thought, and to work for the promulgation of Secular principles." Officers were elected as follows: President, C. F. DeMott; vice-presidents, Robert B. Jackson, Elisha Hyatt; secretary, H. H. Geer; treasurer, Franklin H. Mollineoux. A vigilance committee was appointed, consisting of the president, first vice-president, secretary, and two members. To this committee all applications for membership must be referred. Nine members at once signed the constitution and by-laws. Of course, some of our young friends who had met with us as a "Progressiv Reading Club" were so badly frightened at the word "Freethought" that they hav not yet recovered sufficiently to show themselvs at our meetings. 'Tis ever thus. A neat room was rented next to the post-office and nicely fitted up with carpet, chairs, tables, and portraits of Ingersoll, Paine, and other distinguished Freethinkers. Liberal mottoes were hung up among the pictures. A large lot of scientific and Freethought books and papers was brought in by the members and the only reading-room in the village thrown open to the public. Very fortunately being a stenographer, I advertised to giv free instruction to all who would study and practice this useful art every Tuesday and Thursday evening. This has been continued all summer with ever-increasing interest and good results. The reading-room is open every Tuesday and Thursday evening, and on Sunday from one o'clock. Every Sunday at three o'clock we hav either a scientific lecture, select reading, or Secular address. We hav held six grove meetings during July and August, all of which were well attended both by Christians and by those who, although in sympathy with our movement, lack the moral courage to join our association. We hav distributed quite a large quantity of Freethought and Secular literature, which is producing the usual good results.

We are now making arrangements for securing a larger room, and intend fitting up a small gymnasium for the use of members only. Classes in natural history and physiology are to be started next Sunday.

Reports of our work are published in three or four local papers, as well as original Liberal articles and selections from Ingersoll and our best writers.

Our members are men and women of sound principle, respected by all who know them, and we can depend upon every one of them as a member for life.

We hav met no opposition from the church party to speak of, except a very cruel remark from a Methodist Episcopal clergyman declaring that the president of our association had no affiliation with his Lord and master, Jesus Christ. We survived, however, and shall move onward to a glorious victory.

And now let me say to my fellow-Freethinkers, Organize—organize in every township and election district—organize though there be but three or four good, earnest men or women. Be constructiv as well as destructiv; teach men, women, and children how to think; teach astronomy, geology, history, physiology. Open a reading-room where all can come and learn what the word Freethought means. United, organized effort will command attention and respect that individual, spasmodic movements will not. Organize on the simple basis of Freethought; tell the people that they may believe in all the gods they please, in all the heavens they please, in all the ghosts they please, but if they believe in free thought, free investigation, free discussion (and who does not?), they should be with you as members of your society; and you will be surprised to find how many will come. After you organize, stick to it month after month, whether any new members come or not; many will wait just to see whether you mean business or not, and when they find you do they will admire your courage and persistence, they will come to your support and sustain you in the noble work. Do not say, "Oh, my business will suffer; the church people will refuse to patronize me." There is nothing more false than this. I know from experience that the church people will admire you for your courage and candor; they will patronize you the more for being faithful to your honest convictions. The great majority of the church people are really in sympathy with you and will secretly admire and welcome you as one who opens the prison door and lets in the glorious sunlight. I know this is so, not alone in Hempstead, but in every town and village throughout the land. Organize, then, wherever three or four Freethinkers can meet once a week, and you will find hundreds in sympathy with you; the clouds will giv place to beautiful sunlight, and the sneers and frowns will turn to smiles and words of praise.

Fraternally yours, C. F. DEMOTT.

Hempstead, Sept. 15, 1886.

TO THE FREETHINKERS OF NEW YORK STATE.

Organization is absolutely essential to the success of the Liberal cause. The church realizes the power which social and educational facilities insure. Thousands indifferent to her creed yield her allegiance for the sake of the social advantages she affords. If all Liberals should avow their convictions, all would be greatly encouraged, for it would be at once apparent that in numbers and influence they equal any of the Christian denominations.

Realizing these truths, the New York Freethinkers' Association, at their recent convention, held at White Sulphur Springs, Saratoga, N. Y., marked out a course of procedure which, if energetically followed, cannot fail to insure success to the cause.

To awake a spirit of enthusiasm, the Executiv Committee were directed to select some able and devoted Liberal in each county as vice-president, such a person to select two associates, and the three will constitute the county committee and hav general supervision of the work in their own county. They are requested to seek out and report to the secretary of the Association the names of those favorable to Liberalism in their county. Wherever there are one or more Liberals in a town or school district, such persons should be visited or corresponded with and be supplied with papers, leaflets, and Liberal literature for gratuitous distribution. They should be encouraged to use every endeavor to obtain subscribers to our Liberal papers and magazines, and as soon as interest is awakened the Executiv Committee will send to such neighborhood the most suitable lecturer and organizer they can find.

The Executiv Committee will supply the county committees with leaflets and documents containing concise arguments and the evidence in regard to Christianity and Liberalism in its constructiv character, written in a spirit of love and candor that will, they hope, awake to thought without arousing prejudice. The Executiv Committee will prepare pamphlets, leaflets, hints, and suggestions, showing how to form local Secular societies, how to conduct meetings, how to carry on science schools on Sundays without professional teachers. The Executiv Committee will also prepare by-laws showing the duties of officers, committees, etc.

This work will, of course, require the coöperation and more solid organization and support of all the Liberals of the state. We ask you, therefore, to join the Association and support it by work in your neighborhood, and by a contribution to the treasury to secure these results. The membership fee for one year is only twenty-five cents, payable in advance, and we urge you to at once renew your membership or become a member. Finally, in order to supply the means to send an organizer into such places as need his services, it was voted by the Association to ask every Liberal in the state for a donation of at least one dollar. This donation will also constitute the donor a member.

All money received, and all expenditures, to whom paid, and for what, will be published each month in THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator*.

Relying on your known zeal and devotion to the Liberal cause, we confidently await your prompt and generous response. Yours for the cause, F. C. REYNOLDS, Sec'y.

Address all letters and make drafts and money-orders payable to Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, secretary of the New York Freethinkers' Association, Box 104, North Parma, N. Y.

For Mr. Reynolds's Defense.

S. H. Davis	1.00
A. Moot	5.00
Jos. Wengel	1.00
Henry Lawson	1.00
F. Schornhorst	1.00
Mary Jones	.50

Canadian Notes.

The annual convention of Canadian Secularists was held at Science Hall, Toronto, on September 10th, 11th, and 12th, and, although it was not so well attended as had been hoped, yet the work accomplished will perhaps rank in importance with that of any like event in the past.

The country was fairly represented, delegates being present from Welland, Meaford, Muskoka district, Alton, Oshawa, and several other places.

On Friday evening President Algie opened the convention and in an excellent address gave an account of the work of the past year, and explained the plans and objects hoped to be attained during the year to come.

After preliminary business and appointing committees, the meeting adjourned until Saturday evening, when the various committees reported and the real work of the convention began.

The committee on resolutions brought in the following report:

WHEREAS, The Canadian Secular Union having encountered grave obstacles in the organization of local Secular societies in the smaller cities and towns, and having also had some difficulty in finding sufficient local talent to continue in activ existence many local or branch societies that hav already been organized; be it

Resolved, That strenuous efforts be made by our central executiv to bring into membership in our organization every Freethinker and Secularist living in Canada, believing that our forces will thus become consolidated, and that our policy in the past of expending our energies in the formation of branch societies be made a secondary consideration; that the central executiv be requested to frame an appeal to all Freethinkers requesting their personal coöperation and support in furthering the cause in Canada.

This resolution was unanimously adopted, as was also the following:

Believing that a large executiv committee is a source of weakness rather than of strength, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Canadian Secular Union recommend to all its branch societies to appoint not to exceed five of its members to act on its executiv committee, and that when electing them they appoint men in whom they can repose the utmost confidence, and delegate to them full power to transact all the business details of the branch.

These are among the most important measures passed at the convention, and there is no doubt that upon their being successfully carried out depends greatly the future success of our organization.

On Sunday morning the election of officers took place, with the following result: President, Wm. Algie; secretary, J. A. Risser; corresponding secretary, J. Harrison; treasurer, A. Earsman—who, with Messrs. Littlehales and Maddox, of Hamilton, and Strange, Hicks, Piddington, Joplin, and Armstrong, of Toronto, will form the central executiv for the coming year.

Mr. Burnham was present at the Saturday evening and Sunday morning sessions, and rendered valuable assistance. In the evening (Sunday) he lectured to a large audience; subject, "Nature's Reply to Her Critics." It was a grand lecture, and listened to throughout with marked attention. At the conclusion of the lecture President Algie, in dismissing the audience, made a stirring appeal for further support from all who felt an interest in the cause, and in the continuance of the Sunday lectures, which had the effect of bringing in several new subscribers. This was the final meeting of the convention, and after winding up business matters the meeting adjourned until next year, subject to the call of the committee.

So ended the Canadian convention of 1886, and in many respects, including financially, it may be said to hav been fairly successful. It was expected that Mr. Watts would be present, but his engagements in the States prevented his being with us. It is quite probable, however, that he will be here again before the season closes.

Mr. Burnham was induced to remain with us for two weeks after the convention. He lectured last Sunday evening to a large audience, and will complete his engagement next Sunday, after which we expect an *interregne* of a few weeks in the lecture work. In the mean time the committee are making every effort to carry out the orders of the convention with a view to keeping lecturers in the field continually through the season. KANUCK.

Toronto, Sept. 24, 1886.

IN the face of the recent disaster at Charleston the editor of the *Advocate* comes up smiling and remarks that "God is a very present help in time of trouble." There should be some one in the *Advocate* office to gently jerk the gong when these ancient chestnuts are fired off by the editor.

Communications.

Jefferson Not the Author of the Declaration of Independence.

If Thomas Jefferson had died three years earlier than he did, there would hav been no positiv assertion in any of his writings that he composed the Declaration of Independence. From the time of its adoption until 1823, a period of forty-seven years, he studiously and artfully evaded the claim of its authorship. But at last, in his eighty-first year, he said, "I consented—I wrote it;" and again, two years later, he said, once that he wrote it, and once that he drafted it.

Jefferson's "Summary Views," written in August, 1774, is a document three times longer than the Declaration of Independence. It contains all the grievances of the colonies. These may also be found in numerous documents of the time. The complaints were stereotyped and could be recited by almost everybody. There was little material in most of them for a display of eloquence, and it is a curious fact that in one paragraph of the Declaration of Independence there are eleven of these complaints which agree almost verbatim and consecutivly with the same number of complaints consecutivly in a paper drafted by John Dickinson a year before, and another paper drafted by Jefferson a month later, in 1775. The verbal coincidence of these eleven complaints is remarkable, to wit:

Words of Jefferson agreeing with Dickinson's	61
Words of Jefferson repeated in Declaration of Independence	44
Words in common to the three papers	26

This unanimity, which was almost unavoidable, disposes of the argument presented by "Holt," who has taken great pains to copy a portion of Jefferson's "Summary View" for the purpose of showing that some of it agrees with the Declaration of Independence.

The "Summary View" is the best specimen of Jefferson's composition either before or after 1776, and there are a few passages in it that may be called eloquent. But if the reader will turn to page 236 of "Junius Unmasked," he will see how Jefferson, in the best of his literary essays, to wit, this same "Summary View," violates all the rules of rhetoric. The fact is, he was not a rhetorician, and flights of eloquence in his compositions are as rare as billows on a mill-pond. Hence it is that the finest orator and rhetorician of our time is constrained to say in regard to the Declaration of Independence:

> Certain it is that Jefferson could not hav written anything so manly, so striking, so comprehensiv, so clear, so convincing, so faultless in rhetoric and rhythm.

The eloquent and impressiv passages of the Declaration are unmistakably in the style of Paine. "Decency" and "respect" were favorit words of Paine and of Junius. Look now at the consecutiv occurrence of these two words in the first letter of Junius and the first paragraph of the Declaration:

JUNIUS.	DECLARATION.
Let us enter into it with candor and *decency*. *Respect* is due to the station of ministers, etc.	A *decent respect* to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes, etc.

But I will not repeat the many evidences of Paine's authorship. If the reader is not satisfied with what I presented in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 31st, let him examin the proofs in "Junius Unmasked."

The New York *World* lately printed an interview with a descendant of William Cobbett in reference to the disposition of Thomas Paine's bones. Most of the information obtained was incorrect. The bones were dug up by Cobbett in 1819 and transported by him to England, with the avowed intention of having a funeral there worthy of the remains to be reinterred. But the proper time did not come. The bones passed to Cobbett's son in 1835. Soon afterward they became the subject of litigation; but the chancellor decided that they were not property, and so young Cobbett was allowed to retain them. But they were held by a receiver for many years, and at last, in 1846, he gave them to an old friend of Cobbett senior, for the purpose of fulfilling his wishes. How long that person retained them I do not know, but in February, 1875, I wrote to Mr. M. D. Conway, in London, to find out where the bones then were. He answered:

> We seem not to get along, I regret to say, in the matter of Thomas Paine's bones, owing to the determined silence of the man—one Ainslie, a Unitarian preacher—to whom they were last traced.

My object then was, if possible, to hav the bones returned to New Rochelle, and there placed in a mausoleum. I still hope for such a disposal of the remains—not a reinterment, but an inclosure of the well-preserved skeleton in a glass case for a shrine.

For it was the secret work of Thomas Paine, seconded and supported by Benjamin Franklin, that began and carried through to a successful termination the American Revolution. In other words, Paine and Franklin made this nation.

W. H. BURR.

Spirit Photography.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Having no connection with Mr. Keeler, the medium for spirit-photography, except as an investigator, I desired the appointment of a committee to prove, by scientific methods, its genuinness, under such test conditions "as could leave no possible chance for deception."

The appointment was made, and after considerable delay, partly occasioned by Mr. Keeler's absence from the city and partly owing to his suspicions of Mr. Parkhurst's good faith, and Mr. Parkhurst's suspicions of Mr. Keeler's honesty, meetings were held for purposes of experimentation, the results of which were to be published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, without (as I had urged and hoped) comment on the part of the committee other than would be necessary to show the precautions taken to secure genuin spirit pictures, that thus the reader might be able to reach a just conclusion unaided, and the opportunity for the ventilation of opinions and misrepresentation of facts be avoided.

Your committee having chosen a different course, I am under the necessity—in justice to Mr. Keeler, as well as myself, and the truth of Spiritualism—to point out some of the most glaring inconsistencies and evidences of insincerity with which the report abounds, and which are most painfully apparent to me as an eye-witness, familiar with almost all the details.

To do this somewhat thoroughly, has required much more time and labor than I anticipated, I having felt it necessary to obtain the opinions of photographers, which could only be done during my leisure hours from business.

All will agree with the committee in the statement that "the phenomena, if genuin, could be easily established by incontrovertible tests."

The committee did not, by their own admissions, apply such tests, notwithstanding the challenge distinctly provided for their doing so and my reply to Mr. Parkhurst's criticism of the challenge specially enjoined it upon them, by saying, "Certainly no test will be good for anything which leaves a possible chance for deception." It was their duty to guard all avenues to fraud—to leave neither front nor back doors open.

To their report in detail I therefore make the following objections:

1. To the declaration that the challenge "was explained so as to make it available in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 17th," unless it was liable to be construed as a money-making scheme for the committee, without an explanation.

2. To the declaration that "the committee was immediately appointed and accepted," not having been notified of the fact until May 11th following.

3. To the declaration that "the committee wished to aid the spirits in either making an impression upon a photographic plate, or establishing the verity of the results," the intended sarcasm losing its force in the effort to detect fraud by turning the plate when putting it in the holder with the transparency, when pictures Nos. 7 and 9 were obtained.

4. To the allusion to Mr. Keeler's letter to me of June 11th, it having been agreed between Mr. Parkhurst and myself that no allusion to it should be made, owing to Mr. Keeler's withdrawal of all conditions therein named, of which fact Mr. Parkhurst had been personally notified by me before the sessions began.

5. To the representation that Mr. Keeler had "around him such friends as he chose to invite," because it conveys the idea of many, when, in fact, Mr. Keeler had invited none. Only such Spiritualists were present as I had invited. At the first session, one; at the second, two; and at the third, three, two of whom were not "friends of Mr. Keeler's."

6. To all statements of conversations between Mr. Parkhurst and myself days and weeks previous to the sessions, because, as published, they convey wrong impressions to the mind of the reader.

7. To the reason given for "deciding to giv every opportunity for the production of negativs, whether by genuin or fraudulent means," as such a course was directly contrary to the express provisions of the challenge, and I was not notified of such decision so expressed.

8. To the reference to Mr. Keeler's "manifest reluctance to enter upon the investigation," because it is equivalent to charging him with fear of being detected in fraud, and obliges me to state the true reason, which was the conscious knowledge with which Mr. Keeler seemed possessed, that Mr. Parkhurst would not do him justice under any circumstances. Also because it implies that at the preceding sessions, Mr. Keeler failed "to cheerfully and unhesitatingly comply" with conditions, or would hav done so, had any been proposed.

9. To the statement that the second meeting was restricted to two members "in accordance with conditions imposed by Mr. Keeler," because, if the conditions named in the letter are those referred to, they had been withdrawn.

10. To the statement that "the committee were not invited to impose, and did not, any test conditions" at this session, as they evidently did not desire, and probably were not prepared, to do so.

11. To the statement "that it was not the object to detect jugglers' tricks in a process allowing so much room for legerdemain," its insincerity being made manifest by Mr. Parkhurst twice turning a plate several times, in order (as he himself declares) to cause the alleged previously printed face to appear inverted. Also because, had Mr. Parkhurst placed the original package of plates I had purchased for the occasion (and brought with me and offered him) in the possession and charge of Dr. Leigh—the only other member of the committee present at this the most important session—instead of telling us that "he did not care about the plates now, as he had his tests and intended to rely entirely upon them," there would hav been absolutely no room for the practice of legerdemain, nor any opportunity for the committee to refer to an "open back door."

12. To the declaration that the explanation made to me was sufficient to explain the reason for the appearance of the additional face produced at the first session, and that it also applied and accounted for those appearing at the second session, because no proof is offered, and Mr. Parkhurst fails to state what that reason was, in connection with the remark itself, leaving the reader to infer that with such reason I must hav been satisfied.

13. To the comparison of expedition with which pictures are taken in an ordinary photographic gallery, because creating the impression that Mr. Keeler required time to perform his feats of legerdemain, when the facts are, the time was taken up in examining and discussing the results.

14. To the statement that "we had been invited to leave the room, to see if they could not be more successful," because, without explanation, the reader will infer the committee went out of the room, which is not correct, nor was it intended.

15. To the statement that "every one of the twenty-five negativs taken during the three sessions could evidently hav been produced under similar conditions by members of the committee," because it is an empty boast.

16. To the statement: "The total number of successful negativs under complete test conditions, 0," as it implies that efforts made to get pictures under "complete test conditions" resulted in failures because of such conditions, which is not true, unless pictures 3, 7, and 9 be regarded as having been obtained under "complete test conditions." None of the failures occurred under any more "complete test conditions" than the successes.

17. To the statement that the negativ submitted for inspection which showed the slide partially drawn had a spirit face, "which was manifestly printed by the simultaneous process," because the picture itself "manifestly" contradicts it, for the reason that the dress of the spirit, buttoning much below the waist, is "manifestly" behind the chair-back, and the end of the lace or lawn tie of an overdress is "manifestly" partly in front of the sitter's right shoulder.

18. To the statement that "the extraneous face wholly of plus deposit, indicating previous printing, . . . was too vague to show whether it was intercepted by the handkerchief or not," because other expert photographers to whom I hav shown this plate do not concur in the statement that it is "too vague to show," but on the contrary, say it does very distinctly show that "it is intercepted by the handkerchief," the same being the proof against previous printing, which is the charge brought against the genuinness of all the pictures taken at this session.

19. To the positiv statement that "in the five opportunities for spirits to manifest themselvs under complete test conditions, there was nothing upon the plate additional to the sitter," for the reason that, as before stated, none of the plates were exposed under "complete test conditions." Also for the reason that, had any extraneous faces appeared, the same objection to their genuinness could hav been urged (and no doubt would hav been) with as much propriety as it is urged against the genuinness of those appearing, when Mr. Parkhurst tried so hard, but unsuccessfully, to detect fraud, namely: The committee did not keep the plates in their possession all the time and, therefore, could not know they had not been tampered with.

It is certainly remarkable how positiv the committee can be of the fairness of the results when no extraneous faces appear, and yet declare with equal positivness to evidences of fraud when they do; the completeness of the tests in each case being the same, and the session under their management.

20. To the glaring omission to notice, when alluding to the cane picture, the remarkable fact, that, where the cane crosses the neck and drapery of the spirit form, covering the space between the left shoulder of the sitter and the center of the chin of the spirit's face, it is not obscured in the least, whilst making the statement that "it is partially obscured in passing across the face." It is not correct to say

"the cane crosses directly over a spirit face evidently produced in the camera."

The more correct statement is this: So much of a genuin spirit was photographed as the head, face, neck, and right and left shoulder. Her neck was so stretched forward as to advance her face beyond a point which, had she not been a spirit, it could not hav passed, because of the cane in the way.

Having reached beyond that point, her picture was photographed with this result: Her darkly-shaded right shoulder, and the light and dark folds of her spirit drapery, being behind the cane, were obscured by the cane, but so much of the face, head, and spirit drapery as had been advanced in front of the cane, were not obscured by it. The mouth, left nostril, left eyebrow, and front hair, and vaguely, the spirit drapery, etc., above it, even to the end of the cane, show as if through, or on, or over, the cane, and very properly so.

This picture and the one with the slide partially drawn (and which I challenge any member of the committee to duplicate) completely upset Mr. Parkhurst's and the committee's theory of both previous and simultaneous printing.

The reader will please observe that neither of these pictures was taken in the presence of the committee. The "cane picture" was unexpectedly sprung upon Mr. Keeler by myself, as a test, before the sessions commenced, and the "slide picture" the morning of the day following the last session; a gentleman happening to drop in for the purpose of getting a picture, the opportunity was embraced to try the experiment.

As, however, Mr. Parkhurst so utterly failed to catch Mr. Keeler in fraud, he was driven to the expedient of pretending to determin by the negativs themselvs the cause of the existence of extraneous faces upon them. He could not, therefore, consistently refuse to pass upon these, and he having done so, it is legitimate for me to make use of them to show the insufficiency of this last resort to disprove the genuinness of spirit-photography.

They are both complete refutations of the "simultaneous process," and bear none of the marks he alludes to of "previous printing."

The declaration that "genuin results would follow some rule," when referring to the lighting of spirit faces, "sometimes corresponding to the sitter's face and sometimes not," is a fair presumption, but it was hardly to be expected that the committee would be able to determin the rule in so short a time.

But the declaration that "no two original negativs can be alike" is simply ridiculous. Also the reason given, as follows: "As it is too much trouble to prepare transparencies to use them but once," therefore, "if some of the spirit faces could be published and widely circulated, perhaps the duplicates could be found," proves nothing except the crude ideas the committee seem to entertain of the powers of spirits; implying a belief on the part of the committee that, if spirits could manifest in this manner at all, they could only do it once, and for only one person—a very stupid belief.

Neither does the objection to trying the stereoscope appear clearly. The reason given is that "Mr. Keeler had had a month's trial [which, by the way, is also an error], and in that time he might just as easily produce a stereoscopic picture as other kinds."

But he had been taking the other kinds several years! Wouldn't Mr. Parkhurst hav had a much better chance to detect the alleged fraud with the stereoscope? On the other hand, if it was not fraud he was seeking, why would not stereoscopic pictures hav been just as valuable to demonstrate the truth of spirit-photography, although Mr. Keeler had only a month's practice in getting them?

The statement Mr. Parkhurst makes as follows, "I developed the plate myself, carefully searching before the development for a positiv in the plate-holder," givs the whole thing "dead away." Why search for a positiv or transparency in the plate-holder when all the pictures obtained at this session are said to hav been produced by previous printing, for the reason "that it was much the safer method?" The handkerchief picture had been obtained before this, and Mr. Parkhurst had examined the negativ.

The extraneous face of plus deposit on the handkerchief surely did not need, to the skilled photographer, such additional evidence in corroboration as the searching of the plate-holder for a transparency.

Is it not rather evident by this admission that at this stage of the proceedings he really did not know how the pictures were being produced?

Persons who bear testimony against the truth, because of a wilful desire to hav it otherwise, are often liable to entrap themselvs.

The statement in reference to the picture with the hand on the head, the hand being in "an ungraceful position," is also singularly at variance with the opinions of at least ninety-nine per cent of other critics. And why "the whole value of the test consisted in the production of the result without any opportunity for previous preparation" when the committee chose to rely "entirely upon an examination of the negativs," is not very clear to ordinary comprehension, whether the hand occupied a graceful or an ungraceful position.

The reader should know that the negativ noticed by the report as bearing entirely different characteristics, and which "forcibly suggests the consideration that a genuin spirit form would be almost certain to hav these same decisiv characteristics separating it absolutely from the characteristics of plus and minus printing already described," was taken—as I am informed, on good authority—in a dark room, at a so-called materialization, and therefore under very different conditions. Thus, be it observed that, while denying the possibility of spirit-photography (which is the apparent intention of the report), the committee nevertheless attempt to describe the characteristics a genuin spirit-picture should possess.

As well swear to the genuinness of a signature they never saw written.

Now, Mr. Editor, my "reply to the challenge criticism" was made "available" by me to qualify the class of persons I desired to convince of the genuinness of spirit-photography, to wit, "reasonably skeptical persons," not such as would rely "mainly upon examination of the negativs themselvs for internal evidence as to their origin," not knowing what that evidence should be.

The committee hav attempted to pass judgment upon the negativs as experts. As regards the value of "expert" testimony, your readers will, no doubt, pardon me for narrating the following testimony of Mr. Grinnell, a prominent lawyer of Chicago:

> The expert witness belongs to a class apart. Although he is sworn to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, he is usually paid by the side that calls him, and his testimony takes the bias of that side. He givs his opinion upon scientific matters that the jury is supposed to be unable to comprehend without it. Our experience is, it is remarkably easy to get just as many opinions on one side as on the other, if the money holds out. I do not mean such witnesses are corrupt or perjurers—far from it. Scientific and learned men will do simply what all lawyers do—support to the best of their ability the side that retains them. Opinions on hand-writing are the most fallacious in the world, and yet we are constantly calling witnesses to giv opinions on it. A very striking instance of this occurred some years ago in New York city. John J. Cisco, for many years sub-treasurer of the United States, a man of the highest character, testified very positivly to the signature to a check. A large sum of money was depending, and Mr. Cisco's evidence was very damaging to the other side. Judge Pierrepont, afterwards Grant's minister to England, cross-examined him, and failed to shake his opinion. Pierrepont had the check in his hand, and carelessly dropped it into his hat on the table, and examined the witness for a moment on some other matter. Then, apparently taking the check from his hat again, he presented it to the witness, and made him giv the grounds of his opinion, examining the check more closely than ever. Cisco maintained still more positivly that the check was signed by the defendant. "Then," said the counsel, turning to his hat, and producing another check, "who was this signed by?" It was the original check. The one that Pierrepont had cross-examined on was a deft counterfeit, written at the table they were at, by a clerk, during the examination. Needless to say, Mr. Cisco was overwhelmed with mortification, and his testimony rendered valueless.

Now, Mr. Editor, Mr. Parkhurst had declared to me in advance that even though one of his own relativs appeared upon a plate that he could recognize, "he would not believe, unless it proved to be a particular one." Also, when expostulating with him for pursuing truth with a club, he replied that "he did not intend to let the boost my challenge had given Spiritualism stand any longer than he could help." If, therefore, as Mr. Grinnell declares, "scientific and learned men will do simply what all lawyers do—support to the best of their ability the side that retains them," such remarks, indicating strong prejudice, calculated to bias the mind of the experts (?), in this case, would cause them to do the same. And if it is so easy to be mistaken as to the genuinness of a signature with which the expert was perfectly familiar, how presumptuous the testimony of your committee, biased as their minds are proven to be by their report itself, upon the subject under consideration! Its audacity is also surprising in view of the fact that I hav in my possession the pictures and negativs which disprove their assertions.

I believe it will be seen, by reading their report and this reply to it, that their verdict is, "The whole experiment a failure because of fraud." As they were particularly requested to prevent all opportunities for fraud, who is responsible for failure, if such it is, even from their point of view?

It would also appear that their decision was made beforehand, and they purposely permitted an opening for fraud, so that in case it was a success they would not be compelled to admit it.

The report is signed by Prof. H. M. Parkhurst, secretary; Drs. E. B. Foote, Jr., and Edwin Leigh, and Mr. O. G. Mason.

Of these gentlemen Professor Parkhurst and Dr. Leigh were present at two sessions; Dr. Foote and Mr. Mason at but one, at neither of which Mr. Parkhurst's tests were applied.

They all signed the report of things that occurred while some of them were absent.

"Hearsay evidence" is not admitted in law.

Greenpoint, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1886. R. M. ROBINSON.

EVERY human being is a brother or sister to us, and every effort we make to increase their happiness augments our own.—*D. M. Bennett.*

A True Estimate of the Bible.

I brand the Bible as a gigantic fraud from beginning to end, not saying, however, that there were no such places, and many such actors and acts, as therein mentioned, but that tradition, superstition, imagination, vanity, Jewish egotism, etc., hav magnified the mole-hill into a mountain, upon which credulity has reared its castle, and fortified itself against the attack of reason.

I can see the poet, the novelist, the caricaturist, in the background of this "holy word," but I fail to see the molding, fashioning hand of the conscientious historian or moralist, or the "finger" of an almighty, all-merciful God.

I can see the trio join hands in the garden of Eden, part company amid the confusion at the tower of Babel, meet again at the door of Abraham's tent, and the poet tarry with Abraham while the other two journey on to the poet's doomed city, Sodom. I can see them singly, and by twos and threes, alternately appearing and disappearing all through the "blessed Bible," while superstition flaunts her blood-stained flag in the face of reason, and credulity claps her hands and sings praises to the God of the Jews.

The poet, in imagination, soars among the stars in heaven's blue dome, or penetrates the earth's center, bringing to light the hidden things thereof. He adds luster to the colors of the rainbow; paints in silvery folds the waves of the sea; scales the highest mountains; clothes their ragged, barren peaks with verdure and beauty, and sinks to the fiery depths of the volcano, uttering the shrieks and heart-rending groans of the Bible's damned. The poet generally keeps in view the "eternal fitness of things," and givs to the good and pure the exalted, dazzling thrones of joy and bliss among the glittering stars, while he consigns the obnoxious, gross, impure, detestable things of land and sea to the eruptiv volcanic depths, beside which Vesuvius is but a mere bubble.

He leads us along the gilded pathway of life, or journeys with us to the gloomy, silent tomb.

He sees that beauty, joy, and happiness abound under certain conditions; also that misery, sorrow, and woe prevail under opposit conditions. Whatever tends to increase, or simply perpetuate, the former he extols, and that which produces the latter he condemns.

The good (often purely imaginary) in the poet's idol is always described in glowing terms. The evil produced by it is rarely discerned by him, and even then is sometimes excused, or else screened altogether. A David may be the poet's theme. If so, there are none to be compared to him. He sees only the good and not the evil of David's nature. A Goliath, defending his country and people, may attract the poet's attention. If so, there are none so tall, so bold, and so warlike as he, until the half-breed poet comes upon the scene and describes the "stripling" David, with his sling and pebbles, in the act of smiting and conquering the giant of fable. The contrast in stature, armor, bearing, etc., is too great. David must be made equal, yea, even superior, to Goliath, and the imagination again plays its part and brings to view another actor—God.

An Aaron may hav existed in fact; yet if he did not, imagination could hav supplied an actor and called him Aaron. His rod may hav appeared like a serpent to King Pharaoh; but if it did not, fable could hav given the rod its life and serpent form as easily as put language in the serpent's mouth, or giv the fox the power of speech to address the elephant.

There is not the slightest reason to doubt the existence of the Jews, or that they hav a history—everybody and everything has that—and no doubt they warred with and sometimes conquered other nations, but there is good reason to doubt that they conquered by supreme aid, for there had been people of poetic temperament in the land previous to this period who saw the evidence of changes having taken place by agencies unknown to them, and, having been ignorant of the law of gravity, of geology, of astronomy, and science in general, naturally drifted into a belief in a supreme ruler, a God of war, who meddled with their commonest affairs, and often turned a seeming defeat into the grandest victory. And perhaps they had an idea of a "natural standard of right," yet when their self-accusing consciences upbraided them on account of wrong-doing, they ignored the promptings of this conscience and looked past it to their imaginary God and regarded him as being the author of their disquietude and unrest. Then when engaged in battle and overcome by their enemies, they concluded that their God was fighting on the other side because of Jewish sins. Such was their education that they could see God in the rainbow and in the rain-drop; in the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar; in the luxuriant vegetation; in flocks and herds; in famin and pestilence; in the earthquake, the avalanche, the gentle breeze, the devastating whirlwind, the rushing of the mighty rivers, the babbling of the tiny brooks. In all things, great and small, in heaven and earth, was the God of the Jews manifest, but no other. W. S. ALLISON.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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A Kindly Warning.

The Universalists claim that God is too good to damn anybody. The Unitarians claim that everybody is too good to be damned. The Evangelicals hold that God is not too good to damn a very large proportion of the world, and that that proportion is in every way worthy of being damned. They believe, with Paul, that "there is none righteous, no, not one: There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are altogether become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher; with their tongues they hav used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips." Sin and misery, say the Evangelicals, exist under God's government, and therefore cannot be inconsistent with his attributes.

Nowadays, when a Christian is asked if he believes in the everlasting punishment of those who do not accept the supernatural character of Christ, he will either answer No, or qualify his hell by the revised version, or future probation, or refuse to reply. There is no doubt that the majority of Christians (civilized Christians, we mean, not the New Jersey variety) hav outgrown the horrible doctrin of a hell for unbelievers. But this growth in goodness is a direct growth from grace, and a falling away from the teachings of Christ, who threatened a literal damnation for those who disbelieved on him. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." "He that believeth on the son hath life, and he that believeth not the son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Jesus taught a literal hell also in the story of a "certain rich man" who died, "and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." Jesus told the unbelieving Jews that they were the children of the devil—and he ought to be good authority on devils and their residences. Again: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" In upbraiding the unthankfulness and impenitence of Capernaum, Jesus said, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell." Describing the last judgment, Christ says of those who did not minister to him, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." Of those who blaspheme against the "Holy Ghost" Jesus prophesies that they are "in danger of eternal damnation."

If Jesus had not believed that there was a literal, burning hell, would he hav said these things? Or, rather, if those who builded the scheme of salvation upon an alleged Christ had not intended to introduce an eternal prison of torture, would they hav written these threats?

That Paul accepted the doctrin of hell there is no doubt. "If we sin wilfully," he says, "after that we hav received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries." In 2 Peter iii, 7, we read again, "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." Paul and Peter certainly taught the doctrin of a hell. In Jude, the condition of the angels who left their "first estate" is described. Them God "hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto judgment of the great day. Even as Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them, in like manner, giving themselvs over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." Evidently Jude was a Presbyterian. St. John, the divine, was also an Evangelical. The fearful and the unbelieving, he says, together with some others, who, from the description given, must hav been Christians, "shall hav their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." And, for the benefit of those Christians who are too kind-hearted to believe in hell, St. John adds: "And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city."

It is greatly to the credit of Christians that they no longer accept the New Testament on this point. Most of them hav long since abandoned the Old Testament as a geological text-book, and if they are now slowly yielding the New as an infallible guide to the other world, let us not cast too many stones at them. As a history, the New Testament is fallacious. Written nearly two hundred years after the alleged events are said to hav occurred, it is not a matter for wonder that inaccuracies are contained therein. The wonder is that men can be found who ever believed it fully. But if the promises of punishments made by Jesus are not true, how can we be sure that the promises of rewards are genuin? A more infamous doctrin than that of a hell was never conceived; a more childish one than that of heaven never amused a nursery. However, both doctrins rest upon the same authority, and if one goes so must the other. There is nothing more distinct in the New Testament than the thunders of punishment for unbelievers in Christ. Against the doubters of his divine mission Jesus hurled his most terrible threats. He was in earnest upon that subject if upon any. And if the New Testament is to be believed at all, those Christians who refuse to believe what he said will meet the fate of the wicked, and be turned into hell along with those nations that forget God. It is a fearful prospect.

The Latest From Rome.

Some late decrees of Mr. Pecci, pope, are of more than passing interest to the people of the United States, since it is here that Rome will make her last stand among civilized nations.

It is known to those who follow the sinuous machinations of the Romish church that the Jesuits form the retrogressiv party within the church. Of late years, owing to their outrageous acts, the pope has deemed it unwise to countenance them, and they hav been partially deprived of power. A curious story—but a story by no means surprising—now comes from Rome that it is to the Jesuits that Leo XIII. owes his recent intestinal disturbance. The general belief of the people of Italy is that the Jesuits administered poison to the pope, and that a change of his policy toward them was the price paid for the medical services that placed him out of danger.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that the pope has changed his policy toward the Jesuits, and toward the rest of the world. Within three days of the recovery from his illness, the pope issued a bull reëstablishing all the privileges, immunities, exceptions, and indulgences formerly accorded to the "Society of Jesus," and declaring null and void all documents which his predecessors hav ever written against the order. This bull was quickly followed by an order from Cardinal Monaco, of the Holy Inquisition, prohibiting all Roman Catholics in Italy from taking any part in the elections or politics of the country. A few days later a further papal decree was issued, prohibiting the judges in all Roman Catholic countries from pronouncing sentences of divorce, or from putting them into execution. One particular sentence in the decree covers a far wider ground than the mere question of the unbinding of nuptial ties. It runs as follows: "The judicial functionaries must refuse obedience to the state, and to the laws of the country which are in contradiction with Roman Catholic precepts." A few days ago the pope sent out secret circulars to all the bishops, ordering them to instruct their priests that no Roman Catholic parent should send his child to the government or communal schools.

This last decree, says the writer from Rome who sends this to the New York *Tribune*, means civil war in Italy. The order prohibiting Italian Catholics from taking part in the elections or politics of their country, says one of the leading Catholic Italian journals, is a death-blow to all hopes of a reconciliation between church and state, and can but result in disaster to the church.

This disaster to the political aims of the church no patriotic citizen of the United States will regret. But what is of more—of the utmost—consequence is the order of the pope to Catholic functionaries to refuse obedience to the state and to the laws of the country which are in contradiction with Roman Catholic precepts. The Catholic church has a way of issuing a general order applicable to only a section of her spiritual jurisdiction. This was the course pursued against the Knights of Labor. The edict against secret societies is general, but is applied only to Canada in the case of the Knights. Probably we shall be told that the order of the pope to judicial officers applies only to Italy, and that we in the United States are safe. But how shall we know that? Was there ever a sincere Catholic who was not at heart a traitor to the country in which he livs so long as he pays his highest allegiance to the pope? A Catholic may be to all outward appearance a good and patriotic citizen, but if the contest came between his church and his country would he not remain firm to the former and fight against the latter? This order of the pope is open rebellion on its face, and who knows that Catholic officials will not secretly obey it, even in the United States! The church is an organization of enormous influence, and the fact that the pope feels strong enough to openly assist the Jesuits, and defy the Italian government, indicates that he has a reserve force to fall back upon. And in what other country is he so strong as in the United States?

We hav but little hope that, so long as Roman Catholics hav votes in New York, so long as the Protestants are content to share with Catholics in the spoils from our state treasury, and so long as New York is the pivotal state in the presidential elections, anything will be done to check the colossal power of Rome. One of these days there will be a civil war between ignorance and education; between faith and freedom; between the public and parochial school systems; between Secularism and Catholicism, and then the matter will be definitly settled—and probably settled in blood. A little common honesty on the part of the Protestants would obviate this civil war, but it is too much to expect that they will show it.

"Infidels in Old Age."

Under this heading the *Christian Advocate* of the 23d ult. attempts to set forth the earthly end of "open, positiv unbelievers and opponents of the Bible!" We cannot conceive where Mr. Buckley got the data from which he reasons, for we would not, at this time, accuse him of wilful lying, though we once heard a Pennsylvania judge, who knew Mr. Buckley intimately when young, say he had the reputation of being the most gifted heterophemist of the Methodist church. We are charitable enough to hope that since then our doctor of divinity has reformed. But where, we ask, did he get his authority for saying this of Infidels:

"Very often, as they grow old, they become desperate and almost fiendish in their bitterness. Their conversation becomes blasphemous; a sardonic expression settles upon their features. A jaundiced state of mind, which rejoices in hearing evil of Christians and telling it, characterizes them. In other cases an almost diabolical ingenuity in perverting words of scripture is developed. To perpetrate puns and witticisms upon the most holy things, including the atonement of our Lord and his dying words, is their delight. This was the condition of Le Roy Sunderland's mind, and from his once brilliant pen came some most fearful and blasphemous doggerel. Often they decline in morality, and the external conformity to ordinary moral principles on which they hav based their professions of genuin morality is proved to hav been a 'whited sepulcher,' or, if it were genuin, is renounced. Their associations become low, and not a few instances hav been seen of such men becoming drunkards and the companions of fools in their old age. Having no habits of piety to restrain them, no principles, and no religious faith to cheer them as animal spirits giv place to exhaustion, lassitude, and pain, and as the future is without

a ray of light, and the influence of early religious instruction begins to make itself felt, 'a thousand stings within their breasts deprive their souls of ease.' In such a case, that they should seek oblivion in the use of alcoholic stimulants and narcotics is not wonderful."

For over a decade our daily companions hav been Infidels, but we cannot recollect that the foregoing description fits any of them. On the other hand, as Infidels grow old in their religion of doing good, their character becomes so fixed, their convictions so tenacious, that they care less to engage in the aggressiv war upon creeds. A young Infidel is enthusiastic, earnest, aggressiv, sometimes rough in his onslaught upon Christianity. The aged Infidel is a man at peace with his own mind and with the world. He, if anyone, enjoys that "peace which passeth all understanding." The progress of the world satisfies him; he sees in evolution the force which, on the whole, makes for righteousness, regardless of the temporary disappointments. He has an abiding faith in humanity, and is content that the world is better when he leaves than when he enters it. Death, to him, is but a disintegration of atoms, a lying down to sleep, perchance to pleasant dreams. There is no occasion for him to be jaundiced, "blasphemous," or sardonic. And instead of deteriorating in morality, the fact is that those Freethinkers are about the "straitest-laced" folks we know. Even the cheering cigar is condemned as an immoral agent, and a large proportion of Liberals are Prohibitionists. Their habits of piety having long since given place to habits of common sense, their lives are prolonged; having no fear of burning hells and angry Gods, their last days are cheerful; as physical strength departs mental calmness and philosophical resignation ensue, and they meet without complaining the inevitable end decreed by natural law for all living organisms. We never knew of an Infidel with a thousand stings within his breast that deprived his soul of ease, and it is extremely rare that one resorts to stimulants and narcotics. At least, this is our experience; and though we hav not lived as many years in this world as has the editor of the *Advocate*, we think our acquaintance with Infidels is quite as extensiv.

There are, however, other phases of the Infidel character in old age, says the Methodist sermonizer:

"A large number in the aggregate renounce their Infidelity and become humble, God-fearing men. Scarcely any great revival occurs in any denomination that several such do not appear and become earnest Christians. The Roman Catholics are constantly receiving such into their communion. some of whom had been subject to their influence in childhood, and others hav been brought within their influence by domestic and social forces.

"We subjoin a letter recently read in the churches of a New England town under the following circumstances: The letter was written by a well-known local Infidel, 'the best read man in that section of the state,' who had always gloried in being called an Infidel, and has been among those who most bitterly opposed the church and Christianity—in fact, he was their leader for years. He now thinks that he has sinned beyond the hope of forgivness, but declares his intention of spending his few remaining days in endeavoring to counteract the evil influence he has started.

"The following is the letter, which has been placed in our hands by the person who, at the request of the Infidel, read it to the public:

"'My dear friends and neighbors, hear what an old man has to say. I hav been considered an Infidel, which I hav not denied. I wish here to declare that I am convinced that I hav been fighting against the truth as written in the word of God.

"'I desire now to counteract the evil that I may hav caused. I believe for a person to liv and die happily he must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as recorded in the scriptures.

"'My advice to all is, Search for the truth, and pray God to guide you. I pray God day and night to hav mercy and forgiv my sins, which are many, for Jesus Christ's sake. I ask the prayers of all who hav faith in God.'

"It may be concluded that, with comparativly few exceptions, all such whose days are prolonged will either exhibit the natural consequences of being 'without God and without hope in the world' in depraved lives or in a misanthropic and abnormal spirit, or will turn from their unbelief to him who hath the words of eternal life."

Now, these, we submit, are general statements which to be believed need corroborativ testimony. We call for names, dates, places. It won't do to say that a certain man in a certain town sent a letter to a certain church asking for prayers. One swallow does not make a summer, especially when that swallow has been seen only in the mind's eye. The trail of the serpent is too plain in this letter for it to hav emanated from a well-read Infidel. The writer has the cant of the prayer-meeting too pat, and the letter reads as though written to order. Before we can allow that a large number of Infidels renounce their principles, we must hav proof of some one instance of the kind. The misinformation written around this alleged letter of an alleged Infidel is not the kind of evidence that convinces.

Law and Love in Kansas.

E. C. Walker is in sore trouble. On the 19th of September he entered into a marriage contract with Miss Lillian Harman, daughter of the senior editor of *Lucifer*. Mr. Walker has been previously married, but recently procured a divorce. His first wife and his children are now living in Melior, Barber county, Kansas. The Kansas City *Times* reports that his contract with Lillian Harman was witnessed by the friends of both parties, Mr. Harman himself performing such ceremony as was deemed necessary. On September 20th E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman were complained against by the state of Kansas because they "did then and there unlawfully and feloniously liv together as man and wife, without being or having been married, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state of Kansas." Bonds were fixed at one thousand dollars. September 22d Mr. Walker writes us:

"CELL 2, THE JAIL, OSKALOOSA, KAN.

"We were brought here yesterday, having failed to procure bail. We succeeded in getting Lillian released, the officers being better than the law. I remain till October 27th, when our preliminary examination comes on. If held, which is probable, shall hav to come back if bondsmen cannot be found. We very much need money to meet the expenses already accumulating, and appeal to the Liberals everywhere."

Mr. Walker's address is still at Valley Falls, where the Harman family reside. We are informed by private correspondence, and by the public press of the vicinity, that there are other moral questions involved in this matter. Mr. Walker's, Miss Harman's, and the ex-Mrs. Walker's private affairs are no business of the public, but if the public is to be appealed to full information should be given.

Editorial Notes.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD, whose contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER are widely copied and read, is sojourning in Maine, called thither by family matters. Some observations made on his journey are interesting as records of fact. He says: "Traveling was weary, lonesome business. The tedium was somewhat relieved upon entering this state by the numerousness of persons in an advanced stage of hilarity. The first 'drunk' I saw was just inside the confines of Maine. The last I saw of him he was sound asleep under three seats in the smoking-car. Bottles were seen often, and were frequently referred to by male passengers. I counted fifteen bottles in one car. A dozen men were half drunk. Never saw anything like it."

THE Greek Catholic church is the "original Jacobs" of Christianity. All the early "fathers" were Greek Catholics. Those "fathers" are up in heaven now, and their patient souls will be pained when they see the last issue of the Methodist organ of this city, which says:

"It will go harder with the missionaries in Bulgaria under such Christian domination as Russia offers than under Moslem. Under Ottoman rule 'a *quasi* toleration was a national policy. . . . Order was kept between Christians of different religions by officials whom each looked upon as heathens.' Planting missions in Bulgaria has been like attempting to erect piers upon the shifting sands of the Mississippi river."

This is the most unkind cut of all. Abusing a man's grandmother is nothing to it. But the cruelest thing is that it is true. Mohammedans hav a keener sense of justice than Christians.

SINCE the Hempstead, L. I., Freethought Society has been in existence, a local paper, the East Norwich *Enterprise*, has printed several articles written for that paper by the leaders of the society. So-called replies to these articles hav also been printed. These "replies" hav been furnished by the local clergy. The Suffolk *Bulletin*, a local contemporary of the *Enterprise*, thus comments upon the two classes of communications: "There is a marked difference in the style adopted by the two sides, and the coarse, vituperativ method pursued by the ministers in attacking the Hempstead society is in strong contrast with the calm and philosophical reasoning of the latter. We would like to suggest to the ministers who attack this Hempstead society that they will better honor the cause they champion by either keeping silent or avoiding the use of hard names and vile epithets. These are the instruments used by the ignorant, the fanatical, and the depraved, and do not become ministers of the gospel of Jesus."

EDITOR MONROE of the *Ironclad Age* is in a tantrum about Shakspere. He says:

"Since there are people liable to be misled by the crooked work of the crazy idiots and unscrupulous scoundrels (for only scoundrels could be guilty of the infamous acts) who, in the hope of obtaining a little cheap notoriety, are from time to time coming to the front with startling discoveries, such as 'Shakspere couldn't Write,' 'Evidence that Bacon Wrote the Poems,' 'A Cipher Running Through the Dramas, Proving Conclusivly that Bacon was the Author,' etc., it is meet to inquire what sort of a man this Bacon really was."

And then the irate editor proceeds to rake up from obsolete biographies all the calumnies that hav been heaped upon Bacon, but which hav been completely exploded by the recent biographers, Messrs. Spedding and Dixon. In charac terizing such men as Messrs. Burr and Donnelly as "crazy idiots and unscrupulous scoundrels," Dr. Monroe seems to hav lost his own reason, or had an unusually severe attack of dyspepsia. Both gentlemen are certainly his equals in scholarship and honesty of purpose.

A CHINESE scholar is sojourning in England, according to the papers, and industriously comparing Chinese with European civilization. In contrasting the treatment of women in the different continents, he divulges the following concerning the women of China: "From the day of her marriage the wife becomes her husband's equal; she can sign all documents in the name of the family; can buy and sell property; and giv her children in marriage. In fact, she possesses, with only one exception, just the same civil rights as her husband. Moreover, any honor conferred on the latter is shared equally by her, and she is even entitled to wear the insignia of his rank. Women, however, cannot inherit money; no dowries are given, and hence that curse of European civilization, namely, a money marriage, never occurs in China. Old bachelors and elderly spinsters are almost unknown. Celibacy is looked upon by us as a crime, and contrary to the customs and habits of the country. Marriage takes place at a very early age—boys of sixteen marrying girls of fourteen. The climate has nothing whatsoever to do with this precocity, for it is just as customary in the most northern latitudes as in the tropics. It is rather due to the desire of the parents that their children should be settled early in life, and should devote their strength and the resources of their youth to the family, rather than lead a wild and immoral life away from home. The wife is chosen by the parents of the bridegroom, who does not himself see his intended wife until the day of marriage."

IT is learned from the *Oakland County Advertiser*, published at Holly, Mich., that the doors of the Methodist Episcopal church at that place are temporarily closed, and that the pastor the Rev. Henry Cartledge, is taking a vacation. The *Advertiser* further makes it clear that the reverend gentleman's agility in getting out of town saved him from a coat of tar and feathers at the hands of "a justly indignant crowd." The victims of this rascal were young girls, "even those who were sent to his house and church on errands." The editor of the *Advertiser* thus reflects upon the matter:

"There were some grown persons that knew of the circumstances, but dare not make it public, for the reverend was a great favorit and hard worker, and had done more for the church than any minister they had had for a long time. What must hav been the feelings of those who knew of the facts as they sat in the church Sunday mornings and listened to the base hypocrit, as he stood behind the pulpit, pointing out the straight and narrow path that led to the bright forever, while he, by his brutal conduct, was trying to steal the crown of innocence, woman's virtue, from those little children, leaving in place shame, disgrace, agony, broken hearts, and often the death of the unfortunate victims themselvs? It was a very fortunate thing for the hypocrit and liar that he left just as he did, for he would hav been tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail. Some of his friends gave him warning, and he skipped by the light of the moon. When the matter was known he should hav been arrested, and placed in jail, and had a trial. If it had been a tramp or anyone else, he would hav beeu mobbed and sent to prison, but a preacher is sacred in the eyes of the church, and no matter what they do they will be shielded, and when it gets too hot will be spirited away. The crime, as we look at it, seems greater committed by a minister than by a tramp, for the former is licensed to preach the gospel and administer the Lord's supper, and when they disgrace the cloth and are lost to all decency and shame, as Cartledge was, they should be kicked out of the church and severely punished. After it was ascertained the sacrilegious sneak had gone, he was hung in effigy by a rope stretched across Main street from the house-tops, and was not taken down until 8 o'clock the next morning. If he should ever appear here again it would be the worse for him."

We make no apology for reprinting the foregoing account and other accounts of clerical rascalities. The apology would be called for if the accounts were not published, and people warned against these religious idlers, whom custom has granted privileges such as no other men hav, and which no man ought to hav. These privileges there are always plenty of reprobates to take advantage of. The pastoral system is mainly at fault, and should be abolished in the interest of morality. It is too often discovered that parsons who come to pray remain to prey.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE lectures by S. P. Putnam, at Zeigler Hall, West Union, Ia., last week were well attended, and the speaker was well liked by all.—*Fayette Co. Union.*

THE Manhattan Liberal Club will begin the fall campaign on Friday evening, October 1st. T. B. Wakeman will be the speaker, and "Liberalism the only Remedy for Earthquakes, Inorganic, Organic, and Social," his subject. This will be Mr. Wakeman's third inaugural address as president of the club. The man with the badge-pin will not be there and Mr. Shook can disport himself without fear of consequences. Said reporter, however, will be around later.

THE arrangements for J. E. Remsburg's meeting at Merrill, Wis., were made by ladies. Mrs. Heath and others raised nearly sixty dollars to defray the expenses. The Opera House was made attractiv by a rich display of beautiful flowers, and Mr. Remsburg declares the meeting to hav been one of the most pleasant and successful that he has held for many a day. When woman discards superstition and espouses the cause of reason, then will Freethought triumph.

MR. L. K. WASHBURN announces that during October he wishes engagements in the New England states to lecture wherever he can do good. In November he purposes to make New York state a visit, attending the Congress of the American Secular Union, and desires to lecturc every one of November's thirty days, except the dates of the Congress. To that end he invites correspondence that all arrangements may be perfected in ample time.

Letters from Friends.

JOBSTOWN, N. J., Sept. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Charles Watts gave two lectures in Arcade Hall, Mount Holly, N. J., on Monday and Tuesday evenings, September 13th and 14th. The subjects were: Monday evening, "The French Revolution—Atheistic or Theistic?" Tuesday evening, "The Reformation—Protestantism or Catholicism, Which?" The lectures were pronounced by those present to be the best ever delivered in Mount Holly. Mr. Watts is an eloquent and logical speaker, and I only wish the people would lay aside their bigotry and hear him just once; but it seems to be impossible to get the Christians to listen to anything outside of orthodoxy. All that heard him wish for his return.

SAM. R. WETHERILL,
Sec. Jobstown Secular Union.

LINOOLN, ILL., Sept. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In your last issue is an article of news about one Rev. Simpson, missionary, sailing to "heathen land" with tracts and new versions to "save" the poor savages in a ship freighted with "New England rum." This calls for a speech from some allite-ativ Burchard, who is said to hav killed Blaine with his three R's. Burchard could fitly say, *apropos* of what is involved in this crazy, foolish scheme for extorting money from dupes to afflict the poor savages, "I want none of it in mine; there is no call in 'reason, right, and reform' for a system that its friends claim is for the salvation of barbarians, when the proof is positiv that the only result is 'rum, raggedness, and religion.'" It puts me in mind of old Abe. He says he asked a Choctaw Indian boy once, "Are you Indian, my lad?" "No, sir; me part Injin, part missionary." How long will mankind be fools about this glaring folly of "missions?" It is only a means of giving places to lazy, non-producing tramps.

A. R. C.

DUNDEE, MINN., Sept. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Remsburg has just been with us, and lectured at Dundee, Fulda, and Heron Lake. While we were taking up a collection at Fulda to defray expenses, one of the prominent citizens, a good Catholic, struck the hat, scattering the contents on the floor. We suppose it was done for the glory of the Lord.

The Catholics are rather strong in this vicinity, but are not on very good terms with the almighty, as he sent a mighty wind a short time ago and shook up their church, damaging it about two hundred dollars' worth. We hav not had a personal interview with Jehovah as to why he did this, but suppose some poor devil was hungry and ate a piece of meat on Friday, which caused his wrath.

At Avoca they hav a large convent and school. Uncle Sam is paying them $167 a head per year for making Catholics out of fifty Indian girls. Our opinion is that this money is wasted, as we would prefer an uncivilized Indian to a half-civilized Catholic, as the one mentioned at Fulda appears to be.

The thinking people were well pleased with Mr. Remsburg's remarks, and should he come this way again he would draw a large audience.

Inclosed find 35 cents. Please send me Mr. Remsburg's works on "False Claims" and "Bible Morals," one of each, and a catalog of your books.

F. LINDQUIST.

JORDAN, MINN., July 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10.75, to be applied as follows: $2.50 each for myself, W. H. Baier, and Johnson Bragg, to renew our subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and $2.50 for a new subscriber, Enos Bragg, and 75 cents for three ANNUALS for 1886.

It is quite amusing to notice the different opinions expressed by your correspondents in regard to the TRUTH SEEKER cartoons. Some say they are ashamed of them, some call them ludicrous, and some even call them ridiculous. Can it be possible that these so-called Liberals are ignorant of the fact that the pictures are not one-half as ridiculous as the subjects that they are intended to illustrate? I am glad, however, that the great majority are in favor of the pictures. In your issue of the 3d inst. are two letters, one from H. H. Gilman and one from Chas. C. Johnson, that hav the true ring of the genuin metal. I feel proud to know that there are such men—men who are not afraid of hurting the feelings of their Christian friends. I fully indorse the sentiments contained in these letters, and I believe that those shameful, ludicrous, ridiculous pictures are doing a vast amount of good by attracting attention to subjects that are far more shameful, more ludicrous, and more ridiculous than any pictures that hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Your subscribers here are highly pleased with the paper. It is all we could desire—except that valuable space is frequently occupied with lengthy articles that hav little or no value except their length. The cartoons are plenty good enough for us—we are not ashamed of them.

THOMAS KNOTT.

AXTELL, KAN., Sept. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We of this country are usually in debt, and if father or mother should be taken away the mortgages on our land would leave our orphans without any homes, and a safe, honest, and cheap life insurance would be the best thing, to make sure to our families a home, that I can think of; and yet we Atheists are not allowed in any of the secret societies, and those that are outside of them are used to furnish fat offices for the officers. Now, I wish that the American Secular Union, or the Truth Seeker Company, or some other society that is known to be honest, would giv the Liberals a mutual life insurance company that we can feel is safe, cheap, and free from Gods, hells, etc. Infidels conform to the laws of life more generally than the average people, and they ought to hav their own insurance.

Now as to the strength of our cause where I am acquainted. Our Union has a small membership, but we cannot get into a discussion on the streets but we find many that are ready to join on our side against Christianity. I can count fully ten that are as radical as any of us for each that is in our organization. At Seneca there are hundreds that are outspoken. At Marysville, Frankfort, and Centralia the same, and yet there is not a vote from all this country in the Secular Union Congress. Churches here are largely supported by mission funds, and poverty keeps many from buying suitable clothes to attend any meetings, and prevents us as a society from joining the American Secular Union.

E. W. MINER, Secretary A. L. U.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: The meetings of the Friendship Liberal League at Industrial Hall, North Broad street, indicate a decided advance in the Liberal movement in Philadelphia. The regular afternoon and evening discussions hav been uninterrupted during the summer, the usual vacation being dispensed with, able speakers holding the public interest in spite of the high temperature.

On Sunday, September 12th, Mr. Charles Watts, of England, began a course of lectures under the auspices of the League, which were highly successful, bringing to our meetings a large addition of members. The lecture upon "The French Revolution—Atheistic or Deistic?" was a broadside for those who make use of that occasion to decry Liberalism. The historical facts and inferences, as presented by Mr. Watts, were searching and convincing, as evinced by the general attention and applause that greeted their delivery. In the evening "The Fall and the Atonement" was taken up. The Rev. Mr. Parker, of this city, entertained the audience by replying. On Sunday, September 19th, in the afternoon, Mr. Watts lectured upon "Protestantism or Catholicism, Which?" The theology of both was handled in a manner that left no ground for either to stand upon. The two Catholic clergymen present deeming it unwise to accept the invitation of the chair to reply to Mr. Watts, the Protestants contented themselvs by asking two or three questions, which were fully answered. In the evening, "Miracles, What Do They Prove?" was discussed. Mr. Brotherhead, one of the ablest Christian debaters in Philadelphia, took the floor in reply to Mr. Watts's remarks.

These lectures of Mr. Watts's hav awakened an interest heretofore unknown in Philadelphia, the large hall we engaged for the occasion being crowded at every lecture. On the last evening there were almost seven hundred persons present, including women and children.

The League has engaged Mr. Watts for lectures in November, and in January, upon Thomas Paine's anniversary, when we will hav our annual festival. In conclusion, I may say that there are plenty of Liberals in this city, who, if they felt so disposed, could hav one of the finest halls in town. All that is wanted is unity of action. I trust the Liberals throughout the entire country will see to it that Charles Watts be kept busy all through the lecture season, for he is, without flattery, the best representativ of the Liberal movement that we hav in this country.

GEO. LONGFORD, Secretary.

LOCKPORT, ILL., Aug. 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Why is it there are so many members of the Liberal school that persist in manifesting an intolerant spirit? To my mind, there is no direction in which our people betray their weakness more than in this tendency toward intolerance and misrepresentation. It were safe to say that there are many in our ranks that are quite as ready to throw mud or stones for difference of opinion (on certain topics) as are the Christians because we call them to account for their arrogance and injustice.

In our persistent efforts to demonstrate the debasing and enslaving tendencies of all popular forms of religion, there is no point of attack subject to our frequent assaults equal to that of their spirit of intolerance and persecution. We affirm, without fear of a denial, that Christianity has been the most intolerant of all religions, and, by its wars and Inquisition, the most selfish and cruel. With this consciousness ever before us as regards the intolerance of Christianity, it does seem as though all who call themselvs Liberals would avoid a narrowness of soul that has made the very name of Christian synouymous with bigotry and superstition.

The Christians will hav general cause for jubilation as they observe what splendid imitators many Liberals are of those peculiar traits that we said Christians alone would manifest. Liberalism is demonstrating also that it has its sects, some of whose so-called leaders are quite as harsh, and, to my mind, as unreasonable and unjust, as opposing sectaries usually are.

While none of us object to opposition or difference of opinion on any or all questions that concern human well-being, there seems to be no valid reason why this difference may not exist apart from intolerance. To be true to our highest interest is to court investigation, to rejoice at even sharp, if just, criticism of any pet notions or theories we entertain.

What we believe, or disbelieve, is never a question of ability, but simply one of integrity. What we do, more than what we believe, determins the measure of our manhood or womanhood. Our love of justice is best illustrated by a loving, tolerant spirit, and the only way to illustrate a correct knowledge of true freedom is jealous regard for the rights of those whose extreme opinions are the antipodes of our own.

It is true, however, that these wordy fights hav their funny phase, and in no direction is this more manifest than in the "I told you so" and "I knew it" asseverations of those who are happy to the full whenever a Dr. Bouton or some similar fraud is exposed. They are sure a few more such exposures will end the superstition of Spiritualism and set us deluded ones knocking at the door of Materialism for entrance to its unsuperstitious domain.

If all Spiritualists are as unmoved as I am at this exposure and as tolerant of the "I told you so's," we will be as happy as Sisters Elmina and Ella Gibson can possibly be. My Spiritualism does not, did not, rest on any Bouton foundation, and these sisters can rest in one fact—that if we cannot equal them in mental grasp and perception we are their peer in tolerance. Definitions make a mighty difference. Like many others of fairly respectable people, we are Freelovers, not as Walser defines it, but as Juliet H. Severance does. I, for one, dare to stand or fall by her definition in the pamphlet that contained her discussion with a certain reverend a year or two ago, published by herself. As between Walser and Stewart on the one hand, and Heywood and Walker on the other, I elect to go with the latter, and that, too, without any intolerance toward the former.

Tastes will differ. Then, again, when Brother Walser charges the Sinaloa colony members as being Freelovers, as he defines it, and attempts to throw this kind of mud at the grand attempt to solve the problem of industrial and social life, he manifests a spirit of intolerance that does great injustice to the better perceptions of G. H. Walser at his best.

Even on the matter of the TRUTH SEEKER illustrations, some there be who can't imagin that a party can be anything less than a moral coward who don't like and won't go into ecstasies over them. For the sake of pricking the bubble of this conceit, I will say to this class I do not like them and never had any taste for ridiculing an opponent, but I am tolerant enough to let others enjoy a different opinion and to think they may hav the best of the argument. True moral courage seldom parades itself; its speech is in deeds of duty; it never listens to the voice of majorities as such; happy indeed if with the multitude, undaunted if alone.

Liberalism has much to answer for in its too ready disposition to place itself in a belligerent attitude, that is often quite as unreasonable and unreasoning as any in which Christianity poses, and for its lack of toleration toward anything that touches its peculiar notions as to what is and what is not moral.

For one, I would much rather be gagged by Christianity than by any Puritanic form of Liberalism. Gags, thumbscrews, and intolerance are legitimate Christian fruits; used by Liberalists, they are the very concentration of dishonesty and injustice.

One of the writers of the letters for THE TRUTH SEEKER, Aug. 21st, M. B. Delano, is quite sure that those who advocate that it were better to hav our usual matter in the place of the cartoons are "poor, timid souls, afraid of popularity or the society where they liv." This fact is very evident, that Brother Delano may liv long enough to learn his mistake, and that it is quite possible for an honest difference of opinion to exist on this, as well as many other matters, where the question of moral courage is about even.

Every honest mind must discover this potent truth, that, with equal sincerity, equal desire for the most advanced truth, and equal earnestness for its advancement, but very few of us take precisely the same view of many important questions. I think it the rule that honest, independent thinkers are very apt to approach (if I may use a figure) the temple or structure of a principle at different points, and to observe from those varied approaches the best methods of presenting it for consideration.

Take, for instance, the question of temperance. For forty-six years I felt it a privilege, as well as a duty, to work in that cause. Nearly all that has been written in THE TRUTH SEEKER *pro* and *con* of Prohibition I hav read. Brothers Walker and Bell hav interested me very much by their ability against Prohibition, and, while they are men that I honor and respect, I cannot see as they do. Am I less Liberal on that account?

Am I right in supposing that Liberalism means an honest desire to hav all questions that concern human well-being fairly and thoroughly discussed, with due respect for the rights of all parties, and a determination not to claim for ourselvs more than we are willing to concede to others, and an equal determination not to allow any man or society of men, Secular, or so-called sacred, to dictate what we shall or shall not believe? As a part of this natural fruit of Liberalism, it seems but reasonable that there is no limit to our right to differ or our right to think what we please and how we please, as regards the existence or non-existence of God or gods, or whether this life "ends all" or not. Mere matters of opinion are our own. The acts that spring from these opinions are what make right or wrongs. If an opinion that we parade generates intolerance, that is illiberal. If the fruit of any thought in me begets any form of injustice toward others, then in that regard I misrepresent true Liberalism.

There are few men or women in the common walks of life that can find the time to examin many of the important questions that present themselvs for consideration, and for this reason most of us know but very little about them, and therefore it is sensible to be careful how we condemn what we know so little about. Would we adopt the wise precaution of taking a little time to try to understand each other, whenever any new agitation is started, it would save a great amount of fault-finding and misunderstanding. Because this course is not pursued, hasty judgment, ill-advised assumption, and too often downright misrepresentation are what we see and hear, and what is the source of untold regret is the fact that Liberals are but a trifle in advance of that very class of Christians the cartoons and illustrations so unmercifully lampoon.

GEORGE LYNN.

HAMILTON, ONT., Sept. 15, 286.

MR. EDITOR: The Secularists of Hamilton and vicinity hav had another visit from our Secular champion, Mr. C. Watts, and we eujoyed a grand intellectual feast during the delivery of his last two lectures, "Secularism—Its Past, Present, and Future," and "Saints or Sinuers—Which?" At his first a young theological student essayed to dispute some of Mr. Watts's propositions by claiming that Secularism as taught by Mr. Watts was but another name for Christianity. The fallacy of his reasoning was at once made manifest, even to the disputant, when the lecturer showed the audience the fundamental principles claimed by Christians as being necessary to be believed in to obtain salvation from a mythical hell beyond the grave, whereas Secularism treated only of the knowable in this life.

I am very much pleased at the increase of the TRUTH SEEKER family here, but I should be better pleased were they to attend our lectures when a few of us bring along a lecturer, as it becomes monotonous to those who hav to meet the deficit when we count the cost. Hoping this hint will not offend, I am, etc., GEO. MADDOCKS.

DOWLIN, TEXAS, Sept. 9, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I am the same grandpa that requested you in 1884 to tell your readers that I was born Jan. 31, 1799, and that I wished every person now in the United States that was born about that time would drop me a postal card telling who and where. Well, I yet liv, on the 9th day of the ninth month of the year 1886.

Now, old brothers and sisters, let me hear from you. I am afraid you are but a very few, and that few too old and trembling to write. Well, one ought not to complain. We hav outlived many millions who were born after we were. I hav been a lucky child. My mother marked me with a love of truth before I was born. I can say in truth that I hav told but one criminal lie in my life. I never was in a house of ill-fame. I never was drunk; never had a fight; hav not cursed in fifty years. I threw away my tobacco twenty years ago, after using it thirty-four years, and hav not used a particle since. Indeed, I am egotistic. I feel like Moses when he said, "Now the man Moses was meeker than all the men on the face of the earth." I am proud of virtues. All good deeds should be known, as examples for the world to go by. The world needs good examples more than it needs good counsel and advice.

I hav been governed by conscience through life. I would not crook a finger or wink an eye if conscience forbade. I hold mental agony is the only hell. We choose to regret a crime. So we are our own punishers or executioners. That is all right. Regret brings reformation; reformation brings progress; progress brings perfection; and perfection brings peace, and peace is but another word for heaven. All may win a heaven at last, and hell be left out in the cold with its nasty brimstone, and no market for it.

J. A. RUTHERFORD.

OTTUMWA, IA., Sept. 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The Ottumwa Liberal Society has resumed its meetings, and will again furnish intellectual food for the thinking men and women of this city.

The opening lecture of this season was delivered by our noble worker S. P. Putnam, and a grand effort it was. How great, how inspiring, his lectures! Never did I feel so proud of the fact that I am an Infidel as I did after hearing Mr. Putnam's discourse on "The Glory of Infidelity."

Would that there were a thousand such earnest workers in the Liberal ranks, that they might go forth, and, with unfaltering step, approach and break down the barriers which hav been erected by ignorance and superstition, and scatter over this broad and fruitful land the seeds of justice, love, and truth.

Although we hav had a flourishing Liberal Union in our midst for a number of years, nevertheless he or she who would be sure of success must still cling to the falling branch of superstition, and keep from his fellow-men all the great and glorious thoughts he may possess. But when I look upon the cruel past, with its horde of priests and preachers, and then upon the efforts of such men as Putnam, Reynolds, C. W. Stewart, and Heston, I do not hesitate to exclaim, "The time is near when the spotless robes of morality and science will cover the dark and bloody field of superstition."

My fellow-workers, hasten the time when we shall realize "the new heaven and earth." Teach the rising generation only that knowledge which will decide the question of their respectability, usefulness, and happiness in this world, that they may no longer cling to the idea that, however mean and vicious their thoughts and ideas may be, there is an infinit God who, if they only believe in him, will overlook their crimes, and "though their sins be as scarlet, yet will he wash them whiter than snow."

Why should we teach this terrible doctrin when our eyes hav been opened to the glorious truths of science? Next Sunday we will hav the pleasure of listening to those great reformers, Prof. W. F. Peck and Mrs. H. S. Lake, with whose writings the TRUTH SEEKER readers are well acquainted. Let us hope that their efforts may awaken the intellectual faculties of those who are still keeping time to the tune of orthodox hymns, and whose brains hav been poisoned by orthodox food. KATIE KEHM.

THE CHURCH A MIND-STEALER.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read the rules of the Methodist Episcopal church, in their Church Disciplin, and a member who follows them has to permit his mind to be put in bondage, and accept total depravity. He is not allowed to think and read for himself, but has to follow the dictates of the ministers.

First, the profaning the day of the Lord, either by doing ordinary work therein or by buying or selling, is prohibited. They want to dictate what the people shall do Sundays. If they tell the people that going into the woods by some shady brook on Sundays and having a good time with your families and friends is profaning the day of the Lord, then you must stay at home, and go to church, and listen to the minister tell the same old story he has told the Sunday before.

Second, uncharitable or unprofitable conversation, particularly speaking evil of magistrates or of ministers, is also prohibited. Here we see they want to dictate what kind of language people shall use, and what their conversation shall be composed of. And especially they must not speak evil of these ministers. They want the people to look up to them and respect them as a higher class, and superior to the rest of mankind. Why should these ministers ask the people to respect them more thau other men? Just think of it—these ministers that try to keep the people in ignorance, that try to cage their minds, want the people to respect, support, and look upon them as men of God! We hav a right to say what we please about them as long as we tell the truth.

Third, putting on of gold and costly apparel is prohibited. Here, again, we see they want to say what the people shall wear, how much gold to put on, and how costly their wearing apparel shall be. What is it of the church's business what the people wear? They hav no right to dictate what people shall wear. You had just as well try to stop the Mississippi river at its mouth as to hinder a woman from buying fine clothes.

Fourth, taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus is prohibited. Here we see they want to dictate what kind of sport and amusements the people shall indulge in. Open-air concerts, Sunday picnics, fishing parties, and pleasure of all kinds are prohibited unless done in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Fifth, singing those songs, or reading those books, which do not tend to the knowledge or love of God, is prohibited. They not only tell us what our pleasure shall consist of, but they want to tell the people what they shall sing and read. What if this plan of theirs was carried out and we could hear no songs but religious songs? I don't think there would be very much singing, and what singing we would hav no one except church-members would care to hear. Our mind was given us by the creator, and he gave it to us to think and investigate just as we please. The ministers tell us it is a sin to read the works of Paine, Voltaire, and Ingersoll, but all sensible men and women know they hav a right to think and read what they please. The churches are doing all they can to keep the people from reading Liberal books, for they know that just as soon as the people begin to read and investigate for themselvs they will no longer believe in their fabulous doctrins. They are afraid to hav their laws and doctrins examined. But just as soon as people begin to doubt their creed, then they begin to investigate it, and as soon as they hav given it a thorough investigation, they see the inconsisteucy of it, and they no longer believe it.

Just as long as the church can keep the people ignorant, just so long will this doctriu be believed. Just so long as the people will allow their prejudice to hav control of their minds, just so long will they believe the Bible myths.

Now, I don't want it understood by what I hav said that I am speaking of the Methodist church alone because I take their disciplin for my subject, for I hav just the same views about all the other churches.

Yours for liberality, fraternity, and equality,

J. A. WEABER.

ST. CATHARINES, ONT., Sept. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 21, 1886, that the wheat transmutation theory is still believed. I was born on a farm, and helped raise wheat till I was sixty, and in the early part of that period I often observed that after a cold, wet, and backward spring the winter wheat would hav a great deal of chess on all the low, wet land, and on the lowest it would sometimes be all chess; and wheat sowed on wheat stubble would generally hav a good deal of chess. When young I heard some farmers say that wheat would often turn to (then called) drips; others again denied it. The cases that M. P. Thurston has cited, and the four following, strengthen the inference that such a change is sometimes the result. First, we plowed sixteen acres of level sod once in June, that had lain five years, and sowed it in August; and it showed well in the fall and early next spring, but later it went what farmers called "back," and got bunchy, and yielded only about two-fourths of a crop of short straw, and that was half chess. This field, a few years previous, on pea stubble, sowed September 20th, yielded first-rate straw and wheat. Second, plowed twenty-four acres of rolling sod once in June, that had lain four years, and sowed it September 1st, and it yielded a good crop of straw and wheat; plowed it again early in August, and the upturned, well-rotted sod showed a fine, rich mold that we thought was equal to fallow, which we sowed September 1st, and the season was favorable during its growth, but from first to last it looked puny, and yielded only half a crop of stunted straw, and that was fully one-third chess, while a fallow side of it, plowed twice and sowed the same week with the same kind of wheat, yielded good straw and wheat, but no chess. Third, I knew a young farmer who cleared five acres of thick forest, and raised a good crop of wheat, and heard him say to an old farmer that he would burn his stubble and sow it again. The latter said it might all turn to drips, as he had seen more crops of drips raised on wheat stubble than wheat. This the former ridiculed, which angered the latter, and he gruffly said, "Any fool knows wheat will sometimes turn to drips." But the former firmly believed that wheat would bring wheat again, and accordingly sowed his stubble field and his new ground (five acres) with wheat from his first new ground. The wheat grew luxuriantly (I saw it) on both fields, and the young farmer was sure of two good crops of wheat. But alas! when it headed out he was almost dumfounded to see that his stubble field had yielded chess instead of wheat. He was now sure that wheat would turn to chess, for he had seen it with his eyes. Shortly after he met that old farmer in my presence, and said to him, "The wheat on my stubble field has all turned to drips." The latter said exultingly, "Didn't I tell you?" etc. I went five miles to see those fields, side by side; and what a contrast! On the stubble field was a heavy crop of plump chess, except a few scattering heads of wheat, and on the new ground a good crop of wheat. Fourth, we once stacked wheat on sod that never had been plowed, and the wheat that fell on the sod came up very thick, and looked somewhat like matted wool. The stack was taken away in the winter, and the next July there was a heavy crop of plump chess, with only a few heads of wheat, where the wheat had come up so thick the previous August. I saw, several times, chess standing very thick in July where wheat-stacks had been made the previous August. M. P. Thurston's and the preceding cases favor the theory that wheat will sometimes turn to chess, but they by no means prove it. I was taught that wheat would turn to chess, and, seeing so many cases that looked like it, I, of course, believed it. However, later we got land on which near a barn was a small (then called) frog pond that had been used perhaps sixty years for watering stock, and was now about filled with manure, ground, etc. This we scraped out four feet deep one fall when it was dry, and spread it on timothy sod by the pond. And next July my brother and I were surprised to see a heavy crop of plump chess where that muck and ground had been put, but no heads of wheat. This not only convinced us, but proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that that chess did not come from wheat, for none had been there for years. Previous to this we had scraped the muck out of more than one hundred such ponds, and spread it on sod, stubble, and fallow ground, but no chess was seen. M. P. Thurston believes that wheat will turn to chess if it is choked and badly treated when growing, but of this we hav had overwhelming proof to the contrary. We often sowed oats stubble, and in warm, wet falls the oats would always grow so thick and rank that we thought the wheat would be all smothered, but it yielded wheat. Again, we plowed oats stubble the second time to kill the green oats, and sowed it October 15th (too late for a good crop), and it came up good, but the winter was open and geese cropped it (till spring) so short that we thought there would be no wheat, but to our surprise it yielded a good crop of plump wheat.

Again, we plowed six acres of stiff timothy sod once in June, and sowed it September 1st, and the fall was wet, and if ever wheat was choked with grass it was that six acres, for the timothy grew so thick that only about one-fourth of the wheat headed out, but what did was wheat. Again, when sowing wheat we sometimes spilt it, and it would always come up so thick that it looked like a mat, and very little of the stunted straw, with only a grain or two in a head, would head out, but it was always wheat. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, I am positiv that wheat will not turn to chess. Nevertheless, I admit that the origin of chess and many other plants is involved in mystery, and the following queries boldly confront me.

I know by experience that if chess is put in the ground in the fall, it will come up, grow, and ripen the next summer, just like wheat. Now, if chess is in the ground, as is affirmed, why did it not grow the first year on that new ground? Why did so much chess grow on the same ground the second year? Why did no chess grow on that sixteen acres for many years, and then so much grow one year and none afterwards? Why did no chess grow on that twenty-four acres the first year? Why did so much grow on the same field the second year? Why did so much chess grow on that sod by the stack where the wheat had come up so thick in the previous August and none in the rest of the field? Why did so much chess grow on M. P. Thurston's six acres of barley stubble, and none on the rest of the field? Why did chess grow only in that fence-corner where a horse ate some wheat? We know that plant seeds are perishable, neither can plants grow and mature their seeds in a thick forest; then whence come the seeds from which the different grasses and herbaceous plants grow and cover the ground the first summer after a thick forest has been cleared? Hav their seeds lain dormant in the ground for thousands of years? Or hav they been evolved in the grouud after the forest was cleared? TRUTH SEEKER philosophers, please uuravel this (to me) incomprehensible mystery, and this much-disputed chess question, and set the matter forever at rest. Now, Brother Thurston, notwithstauding the editorial answer, No, to the question, Will wheat turn to chess? is contrary to your belief, it is nevertheless correct. Now, if you believe that wheat will turn to chess, it, of course, devolves on you to prove it; therefore you should test it by fair experiment, namely, heat ground until you are sure every seed in it is killed; then put the ground in a pot or box and sow wheat in it, or any other grain that you think will choke it, and treat the seed during its growth as badly as you like, and I am positiv that you can no more turn it into chess thau you can turn horse-hairs into snakes. A. MOOT.

P. S.—Inclosed you will find $5 for C. B. Reynolds's defense against those low, vile, wretched, degraded, abominable, and despicable religious fanatics at Boonton. I hope Mr. Reynolds will boldly confront those superstitious bigots, and teach them the religion of this world, based upon love, mercy, and justice, and I think they will see that their outrageous acts at Boonton hav brought contempt and shame on their shameless heads that will disgrace them whilst they liv. I hope Mr. Reynolds will come out victorious with honor bright. A. M.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Barney's Cow.

Barney had a cow that got into his neighbor's barn and ate a bushel of corn (so the neighbor said), so Barney paid for a bushel of corn, and, feeling somewhat indignant, applied to the undersigned to write something about it; hence the following verses.

Go, Barney, go; yes, straightway go,
To Barnum with your bovine;
Such marvels in a mammoth show
Would make folks stare, I opine.

Not many beasts, or cows, at least,
Can boast of such a paunch, sir;
One bushel must hav been a feast,
And taxed her teeth to craunch, sir.

Had I a cow like her, I vow
I'd practice stirpiculture,
And every calf (now don't you laugh)
I'd raise with careful nurture.

I never knew a cow—did you?—
With stomach so capacious;
Four pecks of corn! and duly sworn
By neighbor Tim, by gracious!

Say, Barney, now, sell me that cow,
And corn enough to feed her;
Four pecks a day with good sweet hay—
Now don't say, "You don't need her."

As true's I liv, I'd freely giv
Ten V's for such a creature,
And all forlorn I'd giv her corn,
And Harrington should teach her

Legerdemain, and then again
There's money to be made, sir.
She won't go dry; I'll tell you why:
Corn makes milk—now we'll trade, sir,

And let us sing long liv the king,
And Barney, long liv he, sir,
And when his cow eats anything
May I be there to see, sir. R. F. ROBBINS.

The Wayside Inn—An Apple-tree.

I halted at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending;
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.

Mine host—it was an apple-tree—
He smilingly received me,
And spread his choicest, sweetest fruit,
To strengthen and relieve me.

Full many a little feathered guest
Came through his branches springing;
They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind blowing through the leaves
With whispers low caressed me.

And when I rose, and would hav paid
My host, so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I blessed him, and departed.
—*From the German.*

Gossipy Grace.

"I want to tell you something, girls. Now, you just listen. They do say that Emily Bennett's mother is real stingy. She will not let Emily hav any money to buy chocolate creams! Don't you think that's mean?" and Grace Bond looked from one to the other of her companions with the triumphant air of one who has communicated an important piece of news.

"It's just awful!" said Etta Crinkett.

"If my mother should do so I'd kick some, I guess," snapped Luna Fowler.

"And she makes Emily wash the dishes and clean the silver, and wash her own clothes. What do you think of that?" said Grace, pressing her lips tightly together.

"Horrid!" they all exclaimed.

"And her father and mother hav disputes about the children wearing out shoes. I've heard 'em! And Emily has got to hav a thick pair of clumpers if she keeps on kicking her boots out at the toes. There! Her mother makes over old stockings for Emily, too. Don't you remember Emily's pretty red stockings? Well, they were made over out of her Aunt Violet's."

"Why, I'm astonished, Grace!" exclaimed Meta Johnson. "But where did you get so much news?"

"Oh, I've been there a good deal, and they did not mind talking before me, you know."

"Look here, Grace, you just stop that tongue of yours from wagging in such a shameful manner," and young Robert Bond appeared on the scene. "I'm your brother, but if you persist in your gossip I shall be ashamed to own the relationship. Do you know what I heard some one call you, yesterday?"

"No; what was it?" inquired Grace, anxiously.

"Well, I heard some one say, 'There goes that little gossipy Grace. Young as she is, she appears to know everybody's business.' And I tell you I was mightily ashamed."

"Why, I didn't mean any harm."

"Oh, no; of course you didn't. Nobody does when discussing a neighbor's affairs or somebody's character."

"We were only talking," remarked Etta Crinkett. "Girls must hav something to talk about."

"But can't such little girls as you find something else to occupy your minds and conversation than discussing the dress, manners, or home conduct of your friends? It's a great idea, I must say, if your minds are so vacant as not to contain anything more sensible than such silly gossip," and Robert appeared disgusted and mortified.

"Maybe you'll tell us what to talk about, Master Robert," sneered Luna Fowler.

"Tell you what to talk about? Yes, there's rocks—talk about them if you cannot find any other subject."

"Rocks! What is a rock? Pooh! Anybody knows what a rock is," and Grace tossed her head.

Etta picked up a chip of granit and threw it into Grace's lap. "What is that?" she asked, laughingly.

"I should think anybody would know that that is granit," responded Grace.

"And what is granit?" inquired Robert. "Anyone may speak."

"Oh, we are not old enough to know about geology," said Meta.

"Of course not," declared Robert. "But old enough to gossip and tell tales about other girls and their friends. Pshaw! Well, girls, I will tell you what granit is. There are different kinds of granit, but, in this piece, which is the true granit, there are three minerals—see, there is feldspar, and quartz, and here is shining mica, all mixed up, yet all distinct in separate grains. The very word, granit, is from the Italian *grano*, and means grain. You see it looks like little grains. And then there is water, but that you cannot see. It is, apparently, the lowest rock in the formation of the earth, and yet it is found on the highest mountain peak of Europe, Mount Blanc, and, in our own country, it exists on the top of the Rocky mountains, and you see it almost everywhere in the New England states."

"That's what they build mills and churches with, isn't it?" asked Grace.

"Of course, and many other structures. You ought to go to the quarries and see how it is got out of the earth. A granit quarry is a very interesting place to visit, I can tell you," said Robert. "The old people that lived thousands of years ago in Egypt thought a great deal of it. Why, some of their great obelisks and pyramids, you must understand, were built of granit, and hav stood the wear and tear of time fully three thousand years. Pompey's Pillar, that you hav read about, is made of granit."

"It is very hard, isn't it?" said Etta.

"Yes; but hard as it is, it can be made as soft as dough. The Hot Springs in California are changing by their action the very hardest rocks into clay."

"Now, you wouldn't think you could melt such a hard rock, would you?" continued Robert.

"I shouldn't," said Meta, with dilated eyes.

"But it can be done just the same, though. Subject it to sufficient heat and it is turned into a whitish, greasy-looking fluid, and more heat still makes it a kind of a gas, and then it can still be heated so that it will float away right before your eyes—disappear into thin air."

"And it seems so hard, too," mused Luna.

"Melted rocks! Only think of it!" said Etta.

"I mean to go and see a quarry, some time," declared Meta.

"You had better all go," said Robert. "It is much more interesting than talking about folks, I can tell you. There is a fine one out at Fall River, Mass., upon the edge of which is a 'rocking stone' or a 'rolling rock,' which you might like to investigate."

"What is a 'rocking stone?'" asked Grace.

"It is a big boulder so evenly balanced that it will oscillate by just touching it with the hand, though it would take an immense force to dislodge it from its place."

"I hav seen the 'rolling rock' many a time," said Meta.

"And so hav I," said Grace. "How much do you suppose it weighs?"

"Only about one hundred and sixty tons!"

"My!" they all exclaimed together.

"Yes; but there was a bigger one than that once in the same city, near the river, in a ridge of gravel. It is all gone now, all split up, but it originally weighed over ten million pounds! What do you think of that?"

"Was that a rocking stone, too?"

"No; it was not poised so delicately," replied Robert.

"Was it made of granit?"

"Oh, no; it was what is called 'pudding stone,' and so is the 'rolling rock.' It is composed of gravel and pebbles all cemented and stuck together, so that it looks like plum-pudding—hence its name. Oh, I tell you there are histories in all the rocks, and they tell of fire and flood, and many miles of travel, because the rocks belonging to what is called the 'Drift period' hav come to us a long way, swept down and deposited by forces of which we can hardly conceive."

"Why, it is very wonderful," said Etta. "And honestly, do you not think it is better to be learning something of this earth, and the common things we see about us, but of which we know little enough, than to waste our time in gossip and silly chatter about our friends and neighbors?"

"Certainly," said Meta.

"Of course," said the others.

"But now tell me, Rob, did you actually hear some one call me 'Gossipy Grace?'"

"Yes, I did, truly."

"Well, I am awfully ashamed of it. I don't think I will be called that any more, though. Yonder comes Emily Bennett now, and she is just as good as any girl, if her stockings are made-over ones."

"Grace!" and Robert looked frowningly.

"I s'pose her mother thinks chocolate creams unwholesome," said Etta.

"Well; let us say no more about it, Etta, but let us tell her about the rocks," and when she came up to them Luna began explaining about the granit, and showing her the specks of mica and feldspar.

"Why, girls," laughed Emily, "that is nothing new. I know all about it," and she commenced telling much more about the rocks than Robert had told.

They were all astonished, and inquired how she had learned so much.

"Mother and I read it together, evenings," was her reply. "My mother does not believe in tattling, you know, and we spend our leisure time reading and studying. And it is just beautiful to learn all about the world we liv in, I think."

So they separated and went their ways, Grace, looking very grave, thinking of the title she had unconsciously earned.

"I'm terribly ashamed," she thought, "but, maybe, it will be outgrown and forgotten, if I try to improve my mind. I hope so, for I would feel dreadfully to go through my life and be known by such a name always. I'd better be improving my mind, and learning something, truly, than thinking and talking about such trifles."

"The granit rocks disorganize
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

"And so may you, Grace," said Robert, "and I, and everybody, expand our minds and grow by absorbing knowledge, and thus will life appear more beautiful the more we learn of the uses, economy, and make-up of the simple things that we stumble upon in our pathway." S. H. W.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—SOMETHING MOST IMPORTANT.

The whole, as represented by the nine significant figures taken all together in consecutiv order as one number, is of such great value that if *one ducat* be subtracted, there still remains 34,333,333.

It is also of such great weight that if *one ton* be subtracted there is still left 122,565,100.

Its literal intrinsic value is so great that if *nine* of itself be multiplied by *ten* of itself, the product is 6,060,629.

If the reader has only a fair modicum of *the whole*, the solution of this enigma will not be very hard. J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—QUESTION.

Where was black lead first discovered?
Oswego, N. Y. A. H. WALKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

1.-The word nowhere. 2.-Ashantee (a shanty).

3.-
CART
AGUE
RUSE
TEEM

4.-Why would it suit an auctioneer?
It is forbidding—that is clear.

5.-Pongee.

DAGMAR MARIAGER.—Your poem is very good, but entirely too long for the Children's Corner.

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OF THE
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AT
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No. 1 is a group of 36 Freethinkers, among whom is President Wakeman, Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, L. K. Washburn, Dr. T. L. Brown, J. L. Andrew, and the Hindoo—Mr. Joshee.

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Mr. McDonald was a nativ of Nova Scotia, born there in January, 1883. Coming to New York early in 1860, he pursued a commercial life. For many years past he has been at the head of a leading house for designing and manufacturing art designs, such as are used in embroidery, painting, etc. But Mr. McDonald's real life was in his keen sympathy with all efforts for the betterment of the social condition. He was a Liberal in religion, and a radical in economic affairs. The condition of Ireland, the democratic movement in Europe, the labor agitation here, all received his hearty support. Before his attack in 1872 he was a vigorous worker, while from his sick chamber for fourteen years thereafter he sent constantly words of cheer, and often substantial aid to help on the various efforts to which his intelligence gave support.

Mr. McDonald was a man of fine intellect and scholarly habits, a close student and a clear thinker.

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"'"Excuse me," she said, "I did not know you were here. I am after a book."

"'I arose to leave. "Mr. Romayne," she said, "why are you so shy?"

"'I felt terrified. She had never spoken to me in that way. I could not open my lips.

"'"You need not go," she added; "I'll be but a minute."

"'I felt this like a command, and sat down to my work, while she looked over the shelves. But I could not go on. My eyes were turned away from her, but her image filled my sight, and the figures before me were lost in its dazzling brightness. Soon she moved toward me. I saw no movement, I heard no step, but I felt that she was near. She came behind my chair, and leaned over me—I trembled helplessly.

"'"Why do your fingers tremble so?" she said. "Those horrid figures tire you out."

"'She stooped down as if to look at the accounts. Her face was close to mine—my pulses were on fire.

"'I rose again. "Miss Sibley, pardon me," I stammered. "No, I am not tired."

"'"Then do not let me interrupt you," she said.

"'"I—I will take them to my room," I managed to say.

"'"Do not be at the trouble," she said. "I am going."

"'I was desperate. I had been for a moment in exquisit, painful bliss, and the vision was about to vanish.

"'She turned toward the door, giving me a glance—my soul! the rapture of it was so intense that a strange faintness came over me. I reached out my hands like one falling.

"'"What is it?" she said, smiling.

"'Could I think of propriety, honor, discretion, with a fever in my veins?

"'"Miss Sibley," I cried, blunderingly, "what—what does it mean?"

"'"It means that—I hav your secret. I hav suspected, and you hav disclosed it."

"'"And yours—what is yours?" I exclaimed, hardly knowing what I said.

"'A tear sparkled on her lashes as she came back, lifted her hand till it touched mine, and said, very softly—

"'"There it is!"'"

The power of the author is seen from this extract. The story ends in the usual happy way. The villain reforms and his deserted wife takes him again to her heart; the young secretary and his love are united; the social heretic marries the one only girl in the world worthy of him; her father blesses them, and they devote their wealth to seeking justice for the laborers.

The other side of the novel is no less effectivly written. In one of the conversations between the social heretic and the daughter of the Beacon Hill aristocrat occur these paragraphs, which we cannot help thinking are the sentiments of the author himself, and, if this be so, stand as the purpose of the work. They at least will serve to show the quality of the radicalism of the writer:

"'The inequalities [social] which pain us are the direct outcome of social despotism. The possession of wealth means, simply, power over men. You will find this in Ruskin, which I hav just brought. The value to me of a dollar consists solely in the fact that another man is destitute of a dollar. If I hav no more dollars than he has, I cannot compel him to sell his services or commodities on my terms—I hav no power over him. Deprive him of his dollars, and he becomes to a certain extent my slave. In the light of these facts has been constructed the popular system of economy; by which it is not enough that you become rich—you must also contrive to make others poor. This is the root of all social wrongs.'

"'But in what way are people made poor?'

"'They will tell you it is because of indolence or vice. But this cannot be true, since, as a rule, the toilers who produce the wealth are poor, and the rich are idlers who put their hands to no productiv industry whatever. You would say, would you not, that the man who makes a thing should own it?'

"'Nothing else can be just. Is that denied?'

"'Practically it is. We read in the sacred book, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat;" but the words seem now to be changed into the maxim, "If any will not work, he shall be a millionaire."'

"'I was reading in papa's paper, to-day, that no aristocracy of wealth could arise here, because so many fortunes, gathered in one lifetime, are scattered among the people in the next, and all the while wealth is being equalized.'

"'That delusion is very stale. A fortune sometimes changes hands, but it goes to swell the possessions of those already rich, and, if anything, the people are poorer for the transfer.'

"'In what way do men of wealth use their power?'

"'By abolishing the old maxim, "There are two sides to a bargain." They know but one side, and that is theirs. They make the prices they take, and the prices they giv. They go further than this, and even control the opinions of those they defraud. That there may be no danger of an upheaval, they endeavor to enslave the minds of their victims.

"'More than this, pliant law-makers create monopolies in their behalf. Suppose a law should giv to Stearns and five of his fellow-workmen the exclusiv privilege of constructing all the buildings to be erected in this ward for all time to come, on the pretense that they would build better houses—there are six journeymen mechanics converted into millionaires by act of the legislature. But if Stearns asked for such an act he would be driven in disgrace from the state house. Yet monopolies as unjust and preposterous as that would be hav been secured by men who could command the requisit influence. Wealth enjoys the chief benefits of legislation.'

"'The people who labor are poor because they do not receive their just due, that is what you mean. Then how can their rights be secured?'

"'That is too much for me to say. I do not see how justice can be established with out a social revolution.'

"'You are not thinking of violence?'

"'No, I am thinking of peaceful methods, though we hav, as a nation, been fearfully taught that the violence is inevitable if right is crushed. The wrong must be exposed, the evil must be traced to its roots, the public sentiment must be educated, the public conscience must be aroused. In the artificial complications of our civilization, men do not find it easy to detect the germ of the vast iniquity. They are blinded by interest, by tradition, by falsehood. If a man robs another on the highway, we call it crime, and send the culprit to prison. If a railway manager steals millions by the well-known device of "watering stock," that is no crime—it is financiering. If a corporation, in the wantonness of power, reduces the wages of a thousand men, and exposes five thousand souls to starvation, we clothe the outrage in the euphemism of—overproduction.

"'The press is as helpless for good. A journal stands for the interests of its party; or, if it claims to be independent, it mainly reflects the current opinion—it cannot afford to be entirely just to an unpopular idea. The press never leads in a movement of radical reform.

"'The pulpit has exposed itself to a stronger condemnation. If judged by the standard of the Sermon on the Mount, how many of the maxims recognized in society, how many methods of business or systems of industry, could stand the test? Yet where is the pulpit which ventures to attack the prejudices or interests of the pews? When it touches social questions it is more liable than otherwise to deal ignorantly or deceitfully with them. One clergyman had this to say: "I do not see how a man who is able to make two million dollars while I hav made only a thousand, wrongs me in any way." If it were possible for the wildest fancy to conceive that one man, however able, could honestly earn two thousand dollars while another, however incapable, was earning only one dollar, it would task a superhuman imagination to dream that one man could earn two millions in a lifetime. If the pulpit will thus defy common sense, how can it aid in human advancement?'

"'Then if no help can be expected from these sources, what is your hope, Mr. Bowditch?'

"'It is in the sublime fact that human nature gravitates toward goodness and truth. That is the secret of all progress. It is the intangible moral force behind all reform. Through the force of his moral instincts man has risen out of barbarism and superstition, in spite of popes and priests, in spite of kings and standing armies, in spite of prejudice and the power of wealth.'

"'Will it not yet be a long time to wait, Mr. Bowditch?'

"'But we hav already gained something in our great conflict of emancipation. At first, the Abolitionists were as one against ten thousand; but in thirty years they revolutionized the sentiment of the country. The lesson is our inspiration. We rejoice not alone that millions of slaves were set free; the richer fruits of the victory were seen in the overthrow of that power which, intrenched in government and church, and defended by political parties and the press, deemed itself invincible. The new power—the monopoly power—which, in the confusion following the war, rushed in to rebuild the demolished throne, cannot make so long a battle. And the issue is almost identical. "Justice to the producer!" is a war-cry that does not differ in meaning from "Liberty to the slave!"'"

While "The Dawning" is not an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in its power to arouse the mind, it certainly is a work of unusual merit as a novel, with the additional virtue that it may set its readers to thinking. Beacon Hill and Fifth avenue will be instructed by a thorough digestion of its contents.

INFIDEL DEATH-BEDS. By G. W. Foote. London, Eng.: The Progressiv Publishing Co. Pp. 64. Price, 25 cents.

This excellent work confutes the Christian fabricated accounts of the horrors of Infidel death-beds. Some years ago the Rev. Erskine Neale published in England an extensiv collation of such Christian campaign lies under the title of "Closing Scenes," which was long popular and influential; but its falsity was finally exposed, and it fell into disrepute. However, these falsehoods are still activly circulated by preachers and religious papers, and probably half the population of this country would, if questioned on the subject, be found contentedly confident that all dying Infidels shriek so they can be heard blocks away. Mr. Foote givs the facts of the manner of death of scores of eminent Infidels, of whom a few are: Lord Amberley, Lord Bolingbroke, Bruno, Buckle, Carlile, Condorcet, Danton, Diderot, George Eliot, Frederick the Great, Gambetta, Gibbon, Goethe, Hobbes, Hugo, Hume, Martineau, Mill, Mirabeau, Paine, Shelley, Spinoza, Strauss, Volney, and Voltaire. Mr. Foote, among many valuable thoughts on the subject, remarks:

"For my own part, while I hav known many Freethinkers who were steadfast in their principles in death, I hav never known a single case of recantation. The fact is, Christians are utterly mistaken on this subject. It is quite intelligible that those who believe in a vengeful God, and an everlasting hell, should tremble on 'the brink of eternity;' and it is natural that they should ascribe to others the same trepidation. But a moment's reflection must convince them that this is fallacious. The only terror in death is the apprehension of what lies beyond it, and that emotion is impossible to a disbeliever. Professor Tyndall, while repudiating Atheism himself, has borne testimony to the earnestness of others who embrace it. 'I hav known some of the most pronounced among them,' he says, 'not only in life but in death—seen them approaching with open eyes the inexorable goal, with no dread of a hangman's whip, with no hope of a heavenly crown, and still as mindful of their duties, and as faithful in the discharge of them, as if their eternal future depended on their latest deeds.'"

"God and His Book," Part III., has just been brought out by Stewart & Co., London, Eng. It is written by the old favorit of Freethought readers, "Saladin." A new book by this author is a rich treat. He possesses a depth and accuracy of learning which is of the greatest service in exposing Bible errors, while his style is exceptionally fascinating. His serious passages hav a vividness and vigor of language not unworthy of Carlyle, and his lighter pages are in their humor and wit quite irresistible. In this book he addresses the Lord in the first person, after a fashion of which this may serve as a sample:

"You are, no doubt, in some respects, a very good God. I hav a lingering apprehension that your book makes you much worse than you are, and that, if the said book were competently corrected, you would appear in your true light, and command the respect of all of us. Your careless and unrevised writing has done you incalculable injury. I hav heard—likely so hav you—of a Georgia merchant who, a short time ago, received the following order from a customer: 'Please send me one dollars worth of coffy, and one dollars worth of shoogar, some small nales. My wife had a baby last nite, also two padlocks and a monkey rench.' Through her husband's careless composition this American woman was represented as bringing forth not only a baby, but two padlocks and a monkey-wrench! I apprehend it was some similarly inadvertent writing on your part, O Lord, that has given the impression that a virgin bore you a son by the Holy Ghost. I am sure you never would hav given such an impression in your sane senses and with time to revise. I suspect I, even I, hav had experiences somewhat similar to yours. A good many years ago I wrote, 'This is Palm Sunday.' The compositor set it up, 'This is Sam Lundy.' I felt irritated, and wrote on the margin of the proof, 'Who the deuce is Sam Lundy?' To my horror, when, next morning, I saw the impression which had been thrown off, a certain sentence ran, 'This is Sam Lundy.—Who the deuce is Sam Lundy?' You, O Lord, in that extraordinary book of yours, must surely hav suffered from this sort of thing.

"O holy Lord! where were you brought up? Your son was born in a stable; and, if you were brought up in one, I must excuse you for the lack of refinement and even decency which characterizes much of your book. To tell you the candid truth, your book is *obscene*. I could point you out passage after passage, *ad nauseam*, which would incontrovertibly establish my assertion. But, if I were to do so, my book would be nearly as nasty as yours; and, although it may not shock the feelings and injure the reputation of a god to write an obscene book, it would shock the feelings and injure the reputation of any ordinary human author, including the one who at present, with so much candor, addresses you.

"O Lord, there is another t
should like to bring under th
not mind thy book being c
science; for what is science to
often alters its tune, and I a
back thee against science
science contradict thee as it
minds that hav widely envisag
of being, is a small matter. I
it is, O Lord, thou contradict
this many times and oft.
thy book with self-contra
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by way of specimen, let us t
ginning. If thou hast a cop
book at hand, may I ask thee
second with the first chapter

Here follow conflicting s
The book is as readable, ar
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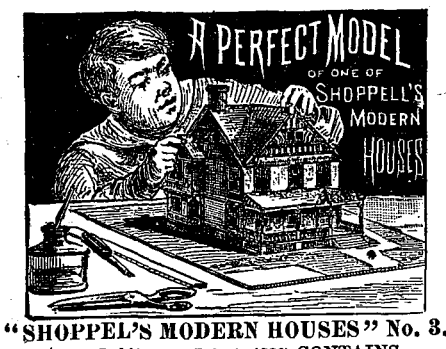
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The Apostle of Liberty. An address delivered in Paine Hall, before the N. E. Freethinkers' Convention, January 29, 1884. Price, 10 cents.

News of t

THE people of Elgin and of Marshaltown, Maquoketa, Iowa, sat do Salvation Army street soldiers now languish in t gangs of those ungodly c

AT Newcastle, Del., Sept. 28th, four colored and two white convicts underwent the punishment of the whipping-post.

ALARMING labor agitations and outbreaks are constantly taking place in Belgium.

RIOTING in Ireland is being resumed at intervals.

THE popularity of cremation in Germany is rapidly increasing.

LEGAL prohibition in Ohio is to be opposed by a state organization of temperance advocates, who rely on moral suasion to check the evils of dram-drinking.

ON the Home Rule question it is thought that some compromise will be found in the way of extending large measures of local government to Ireland.

THE noted New York politician, Peter B. Sweeny, who has recently returned from Europe, reports such discontent and revolutionary tendency among the people of every country in Europe as to justify expectations of immediate outbreaks and wars.

THE power that is most activ in enforcing the R. I. Prohibitory law is the Republican party, the cause being its desire for Prohibitionists' votes.

TWO eminent European Socialists, Mr. Aveling, of England, and Herr Liebknecht, of Germany, are in this country agitating in favor of Socialism.

ON Sept. 25th four boycotting cigar-makers were arraigned in a United States court at Buffalo, N. Y., for conspiracy, and will be tried in November.

AT the recent departure of the Salvation Army from Fishkill, N. Y., four young girls left their families and ran away with male members of that organization.

IN Spain, on Sept. 19th, an insurrection was attempted with the object of establishing a republic, but the effort was ill-organized and weak, and was suppressed.

THE agent of the New York Cremation Society complains of opposition made by religious people on the grounds that "the practice of cremation is incompatible with a belief in the resurrection."

Two thousand indictments of liquor-sellers of this city for violations of excise laws are dishonestly withheld from trial by being stowed away in the pigeon-holes of the district-attorney's office.

IN nearly all the counties of Ontario, Can., where the local Prohibition act has been adopted, all Prohibitionists attempting its enforcement are being terrorized and threatened by the liquor-dealers, and several hav narrowly escaped death by dynamite.

ON Sept. 25th Wm. Alden was tried for theft from St. Paul's church at Mott Haven, N. Y., and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. In view of the way our non-tax-paying churches obtain most of their wealth, why not make such charges "receiving stolen property?"

HENRY GEORGE will formally accept the nomination for mayor of this city on the 5th, and will commence an activ campaign, with frequent public addresses and a liberal distribution of campaign literature. Some politicians view his rivalry with dismay, but the majority contemptuously predict the usual defection at the polls of expected labor-reform voters.

Odds and Ends.

UNDER the laws of the Pilgrim fathers a man could not kiss his wife on Sundays. We can imagin that in those remote, old-fashioned days this must hav been something of a hardship.

A FALL-CRICK VIEW OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

I kin hump my back and take the rain,
And I don't keer how she pours;
I can keep kind o' ca'm in a thunder-storm,
No matter how loud she roars;
I hain't much skeered o' the lightnin',
Nor I hain't sich awful shakes
Afeared o' cyclones—but I don't want none
O' yer dad-burned old earthquakes!

As long as my legs keeps stiddy,
And long as my head keeps plumb,
And the buildin' stays in the front lot,
I still can whistle some!
But about the time the old clock
Flops off'n the mantel shelf,
And the burro skoots for the kitchen,
I'm a goin' to skoot myself!

Plague take! ef you keep me stabled
While any earthquakes is round,
I'm jist like the stock—I'll beller,
And break for the open ground!
And I 'low you'll be as nervous,
And in jist about my fix,
When yer whole farm slides from under you,
And on'y the mor'gage sticks!

Now, cars hain't a-goin' to kill you
Ef you don't drive 'crost the track;
Creditors never'll jerk you up
Ef you go and pay 'em back;
You kin stand all moral and mundane storms
Ef you'll only just behave—
But a' EARTHQUAKE—well, ef it wanted you,
It 'ud husk you out o' yer grave!—*Puck.*

IN A DIME MUSEUM.

And there was the living skeleton—the anti fat man (after taking)—a kind of phantom, a sort of animated ramrod or bone knife, with the edge always toward you. He could sleep comfortably in a floor crack, or crawl through a gas pipe without touching the sides. He couldn't go out on a windy day without an anchor. This was the idea I got from the canvas. But of course it wasn't quite as bad as that, for I learned afterward that the skeleton man was simply an ex-Methodist country preacher.

He had feasted for ten mortal years on "donations."

When I first saw him his bones had quit showing through the skin. This despite the fact that his fare was limited to pickles three times a day, with vinegar. Still this rich diet impaired much of his usefulness, even for a preacher. When I got familiar with him I became a favorit. When Elder Pickles leaned up against me for exercise he made a deep impression on me.

Or crease rather.

"Jim, my boy," he once said, dubiously, with a shake of the head, "if this thing goes on [referring to his growing size], I'm afraid—I'm afraid"——

"Afraid o' wot, Pickles?" I inquired.

"Afraid I shall hav to go to preaching again. A year or two on donations would just fix me."

"Never mind, Pickles," I replied; "I tell yer wot you do if yer don't want to get above yer size."

"What is it, Jim?"

"Start er religious book s-t-o-r-e."

"That ain't a bad idea, Jim," he responded, "but that might overdo it."

"Well, then, start out ter collect a millyun dollars for a monyerment, and don't eat nuthin' till yer get the first dollar."

"That also might bring me down too fine, Jim."

"Take a steerage passage to Liverpool, then—or put up at a fashionable boarding-house. I say, Pickles, if yer really want ter see yer own bones again, take out a patent on perpetual motion and try ter make her work."

"All excellent suggestions, Jim," replied the elder; "but I think I'd better go to preaching and try to build a church. That'll keep me down, I guess."

"Betcher life it will, Pickles!" I ejaculated, with feeling.

Whenever the elder gave me his hand to take a walk I always felt as if I were handling edged tools.

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—o—

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of Thought.

en cruel and mean in so many so many thousand occasions forced to the conclusion that ss are their principal stock in only qualities for which they *M. Bennett.*

a public library, or non-exthe circle where a thinker is born, will forward his thinking or obstruct and prevent it. . . . The futility of founding universities at this time is obvious. The only university you can advantageously found were a public library. This is never out of season: therefore, not now.—*Carlyle.*

FOR the pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning, it far surpasseth all other in nature, for shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the senses as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner; and must not, of consequence, pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and, after they be used, their verdure departeth, which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure and not pleasures, and that it was novelty which pleased and not the quality; and, therefore, we see that voluptuous men turn furious and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable, and, therefore, appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident.—*Lord Bacon.*

ON looking over the world the cause of nine parts in ten of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertakings, and darken much of their history, lies not in the want of talents or the will to use them, but in the vacillating and desultory mode of using them, in flying from object to object, in starting away at each little disgust, and thus applying the force which might conquer any one difficulty to a series of difficulties so large that no human force can conquer them. The smallest brook on earth, by continuing to run, has hollowed out for itself a considerable valley to flow in. The wildest tempest overturns a few cottages, uproots a few trees, and leaves, after a short space, no mark behind it. Commend me, therefore, to the Dutch virtue of perseverance. Without it all the rest are little better than fairy gold, which glitters in your purse, but when taken to market proves to be slate or cinders.—*Carlyle's Letters.*

WOMEN are by nature more excitable than men—prone to be swept by tides of emotion proceeding from hidden and inward, as well as from obvious and external, causes; and female education does its best to weaken every physical counterpoise to this nervous mobility—tends in all ways to stimulate the emotional part of the mind and stunt the rest. We find girls naturally timid, inclined to dependence, born conservativs; and we teach them that independence is unladylike, that faith is the right frame of mind, and that, whatever we may be permitted, and, indeed, encouraged, to do to our brother, our sister is to be left to the tyranny of authority and tradition. With few insignificant exceptions, girls hav been educated either to be drudges or toys beneath man, or a sort of angel above him. The possibility that the ideal of womanhood hes neither in the fair saint nor in the fair sinner; that the female type of character is neither better nor worse than the male, but only weaker; that women are meant neither to be man's guides nor their playthings, but their comrades, their fellows, and their equals, as far as nature puts no bar to that equality, does not seem to hav entered into the minds of those who hav had the conduct of the education of girls.—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

MOSES had been an Egyptian priest, and the unity of God was a fundamental article of that religion. The unity of God was also the tenet of the more intelligent inhabitants of the desert. Whether, therefore, we regard that great man as an Egyptian or an Arab, it can scarcely be doubted that the views which he held of the deity were as truly unitarian as those of Mohammed or Abdul-Wahhal. It is, however, quite certain that to the people whom he led Jehovah was merely an invisible Bedouin chief who traveled with them in a tent, who walked about the camp at night, and wanted it kept clean; who maneuvered the troops in battle; who delighted in massacres and human sacrifice; who murdered people in sudden fits of rage; who changed his mind; who enjoined petty larceny and employed angels to tell lies; who, in short, possessed all the vices of the Arab character. He also possessed their ideal wishes, for he prohibited immorality and commanded them to be hospitable to the stranger; to be charitable to the poor; to treat with kindness the domestic beast and the captiv wife.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

ALL of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.—*Shelley's Letters.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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ROBBING THE FAMILY TO FEED DRONES.

Notes and Clippings.

In consequence of the objections of the religious people of Birmingham to the employment of Christians in the free library on Sunday, a number of Jews hav been engaged as attendants.

At Birmingham, Eng., recently, William Nokes, a captain in the Salvation Army, was charged with deserting his wife and family, who had in consequence become chargeable to the parish. When arrested he said he had been serving the Lord, and while he was doing that somebody else must look after his wife and children, as he had no time for such matters. On being sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labor, he called out loudly, "Praise the Lord for all things; that is what I wish!" He was removed shouting, "Praise the Lord!"

During a sermon in the cathedral last night against the public schools, Rev. Father Kearney is reported as saying that these institutions "are for paupers of the city." True, the poorest child is admitted to the public schools, but on an equality with the richest, and the blackest child on an equality with the whitest, the Jew with the Christian; and that catholic quality of equal rights for all classes, creeds, and conditions is one of the great virtues of the public school system, which Father Kearney admits. But Father Kearney objects that the public schools afford only secular, worldly education. True, but as the masses are to be fitted for secular pursuits and not for the priesthood, secular education is necessary to their welfare, and without some measure of worldly welfare the individual in the present state of society makes but a sorry Christian.—*Pittsburgh Penny Press.*

Since 1884 there hav been constructed in Rome over thirty-two edifices for monks and nuns at a cost of something like $6,000,000. In addition, the Jesuits hav during the past twelve months purchased a large number of buildings already completed, among which is included the well-known Hotel Constanzi, and its appurtenances, which alone cost $1,000,000. One of the best-known architects in the city has received orders to superintend the erection of four great ecclesiastical colleges, one of which is for American Catholic students.

Russia is peculiarly rich in surprising sects and associations, but the most astounding is one lately brought to light bearing the ominous title of "The Red Death." Its members affect to believe that he who consciously permits another to suffer prolonged pain commits a mortal sin. In order to abbreviate the sufferings of humanity it is a matter of conscience with them to kill the sick, that they may be put out of their pain quickly. The association takes its name from the fact that its executioners, dressed in red for the occasion, strangle their victims with a red cord, placing them for the purpose upon a red catafalque, beneath the dull reddish light of an oil lamp. This strange and horrible association was brought to light by the energetic opposition interposed by a man in Saratoi when his mother and sister endeavored to strangle his sick wife. He called in the authorities, who hav already arrested some forty members of the murderous sect. Their organization seems to be a transference from India to Muscovite soil of the worship of Bohwanee, the religion of the Thugs.

M. de Mortillet, well known for his researches on primitiv man, and Radical deputy of Seine-et-Oise, as mayor of St. Germain has decreed that all municipal officials shall send their children to the municipal schools on pain of dismissal. He is so convinced of the excellence of secular education, says the *Times* correspondent, that he will not allow the parents under his rule the option of Catholic schools. If M. de Mortillet were a Catholic and would not allow Secularists the privilege of selecting the schools for their children, he would be called a bigot.

The recent revision of the Bible has done much to shake the faith of the younger Nonconformists of England. An eminent Nonconformist thus explains it: "The late Thomas Carlyle remarked that Dean Stanley was, as usual, boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England; but the dean never bored half so big a hole in the church's bottom as he did in the bottoms of the dissenting sects when he procured their coöperation in that great work of the Bible revision. The Bible was the one great Christian tradition to which they clung. Practically they regarded it as a thing fallen from heaven with every word and stop complete; but by the Bible they meant the English version. 'Where you do open un,' said an old Dissenter once to me, 'there read un.' But now where is this old belief? As strong as ever possibly among the elder ones, but what about the young? How can the doctrin of verbal inspiration stand in the presence of a parallel New Testament with two different texts ranged side by side? The Wesleyans find their favorit passages grievously transmogrified with 'Turn again,' or 'Turn,' for 'Be converted.' The Baptists find one of their *loci classici* removed to the margin, and another seriously maimed."

The Rev. Jo. Cook is a bawling mountebank, whose advocacy of any cause is enough to condemn it, and whose opposition to any cause is *prima facie* evidence that the cause is worthy of the support of respectable men. "I say come on with your schemes of confiscation and forced loans," screams this reverend blatherskite from his perch in Tremont Temple; "come on with your graded income taxes and irredeemable currency, under universal suffrage, and if you are sufficiently frank in proclaiming the doctrins of your ringleaders, then, under military necessity, and even here in the United States, we must get rid of universal suffrage, and we shall! Rather than allow these things we shall hav one of the fiercest of civil wars." "We," Jo Cook and his tongue—combination everlasting of brass and leather—propose to do wonders if the world holds out. But why, Jo Cook, do you yell at Anarchists for wishing to overthrow a government that displeases them, and with that same unruly mouth of yours proclaim your intention of overthrowing the government if it displeases you? You aberrant and enormous ass, what do you mean by your dithyrambic debacchation? You conductitious windbag of podagrous Plutus, who do you think you are?—*Winsted Press.*

Communications.

The Church and its Influence.

Draper says Latin Christianity is responsible for the condition of Europe from the fourth to the sixteenth century. The church has always claimed that the world was indebted to her for its morals; yet the historian informs us that at one time in England there were one hundred thousand women made dissolute by the clergy. The idea of the church being a great moral teacher can hardly be reconciled with its insatiable lust for gold. The methods of the church hav been reduced to a perfect system for profit and plunder. For gold she has sold licenses for the commission of the blackest crimes, murder included, while Christianity held all Europe under sway, when the happiest results should hav been looked for. The people lived in rude huts, which would not now be considered fit for our domestic animals. Men, women, and children slept in the same room, and dogs, fowls, and pigs were frequently joint occupants. Their houses are described as "dens of pollution, swarming with vermin." Their food consisted of black bread and the coarsest vegetables, and even the barks of trees. Their clothing was frequently wisps of straw twisted or tied around the body. Human flesh was sometimes cooked and sold in the market. Epidemics were frequent, and the death-rate terrific. In 1258 fifteen thousand died in the city of London.

The poor had no medical treatment except holy relics and shrine cures. In every part of Europe offices were filled with ecclesiastics, who were noted for voluptuousness and gluttony. There was a double government—a local government and a church government, the local government always dominated by ecclesiastics. The revenues of the local government rarely equaled the revenues of the church; church dignitaries vied with each other in regard to the number of slaves they possessed. The country swarmed with beggars, while a vagabond clergy strolled from place to place with indulgences and holy relics, sucking up what little remained of the people's substance. All ambition for learning died out. There were no schools except for the education of church dignitaries. The church, instead of educating the people, depended on their ignorance for its revenues. Ignorance was believed to be the mother of devotion—and a devoted class they were, but not to the interests of human kind.

No attention was paid to highways. Journeys could not be safely undertaken. Every swamp and forest was thronged with Christian highwaymen. The robber would insist that the victim should say his prayers before having his throat cut. How could there be safety when the church was selling indulgences for theft and robbery? Such crimes were not as likely to be punished as heresy. Travel consisted mostly in pilgrims straggling to shrine or sacred relic.

Prayers of the priests were depended upon to keep epidemics from cities reeking with filth. The general ignorance was such that the people believed that the prayers of the priests could influence the weather and deliver them from impending calamities.

At one time a peculiar disease broke out among the people. It raged with great virulence, and went from the highest church dignitary to the lowest beggar. Shrine cures and holy relics failed to reach the case. Ecclesiastics laid it to a certain taint in the atmosphere. Certain it is that if the clergy had been faithful to their vows of chastity they would not hav been reduced to the most loathsome objects, as thousands of them were.

The relic business was carried to the most ludicrous extent that could be imagined. The savior's crown of thorns was on exhibition at many different places at the same time. Spears which pierced his side were on exhibition at numerous places. In short, such was the power of the priesthood and such the ignorance of the people that their money could be extorted with anything which had the smack of sanctity.

Much of the property belonged to the church, which recognized no law except its own enactments. It virtually held the power of life and death over the people. Places were given to those who would do the most for the church. Though Christianity had its origin among the meek and lowly, the poor no more expected preferment than so many swine. Bribery and fraud were practiced without a blush. Licenses, indulgences, and places were in the market, and at any time to be had for money.

The clergy joined in the hot scramble, and thought only of turning their spiritual ministries and sacraments into profit. Purgatory was becoming depopulated on account of indulgences. The church had become a monarchy, and the Inquisition rendered its power irresistible. To oppose the church was to meet death by fire. The more the church grew in power the more atrocious it became.

To be accused was equal to a death-warrant. One was not allowed even to know the name of his accuser, nor could he hav any legal adviser. He was tortured on suspicion. The Inquisition never learned to pity. The family of the accused was disgraced and ruined, and his property confiscated to enrich the church. Places in the church were sold at auction. Priestly robes were only covers for wickedness.

The priest was the real ruler of the household. At every marriage, birth, and death the services of the priest were indispensable. There was but one policy, and that was the aggrandizement of the church. The individual, the family, and the state were swallowed up by the church. Nothing was done to advance civilization, or ameliorate the condition of the masses.

For more than a thousand years Europe did worse than to stand still; she actually went backward. Every attempt at intellectual development was throttled, until the people became as ignorant as beasts. At one time it was estimated that ninety per cent of the people could not write their own names. Ignorance, insufficient clothing, filth, improper food, and inadequate shelter brought their harvests of pestilences. Our population doubles in about twenty-five years. Under Christian rule the population of Europe did not double in a thousand years. During these years of poverty, pestilence, and death never did the world see more magnificent churches; never were church dignitaries so fat and well-fed. While this was the condition of those favored by the church, thousands of the neglected poor lay on beds of sickness, with no physician or medicin except the mummery of the priest.

This condition of things throughout Europe should be taken as a fair test of the unopposed workings of ecclesiastical rule. During these centuries of ignorance and suffering the church was not only the power behind the throne, but the throne itself.

Such are the consequences of ignoring the useful and proper things of this earth and turning the sole attention to an imaginary kingdom; such the consequences of starving both mind and body to find favor with redeemers, Virgins, and dead saints; such the consequences of a belief in prayers, infallible ecclesiastics, revelations, Gods, Ghosts, supernatural remedies, holy relics, shrines, and miracles.

The secret of the despotic power of the church finds its root in the belief that God has written his will in a book which contains all the knowledge needful for man; that whenever a man acts differently from what is laid down in the book, he acts contrary to God's will, and therefore deserves hell—and forthwith the believers in the book proceed to administer it. Thus we are constantly drawn back as by the power of a magnet to the ignorance and superstition of three thousand years ago.

The effect is to rob a man of his independence, and put a quietus on human progress; in short, to forbid man ever to rise above the ignorant age in which his so-called "divine will" originated. This is demonstrated by the condition of Europe for more than a thousand years—held spell-bound by a dominant church and a designing priesthood.

If I am to be reduced to a state of ignorance and slavery, I care but little whether it is in the name of a devil or a reputed savior. Even the priests and ministers of to-day are not satisfied unless they are forging chains to enslave the mind. Somebody must be on his knees, or in tears, or at the confessional, or in a penitential mood. Some must be harassed with the fear of hell or the danger of losing heaven. Will men ever learn that their highest duty is to their kind, to make the most and best of this life? It is man, and not God, who most needs our help.

If we are doomed to hell, fretting over the situation will not help us. But it will be found in the end that he will get the most hell and do the least good in the world who frets the most about the danger of losing heaven.

The baleful influence of the church cannot be better exemplified than in the conquests of Mexico and Peru by the Christian Spaniards. They overthrew a heathen civilization and planted Christianity in its stead. But, O ye lovers of justice and humanity, witness the change! These countries were ruined by these Christian conquerors—plunged into anarchy and finally reduced to slavery.

Whichever way the murderous columns were headed, they were preceded by the cross. The priest and the crucifix were necessary appendages to every plundering expedition. At the behest of the minions of the church these unoffending nations were robbed of incalculable treasure, most of which ultimately found its way into the coffers of the church.

In the name of God they murdered these helpless people until the country was deluged in blood and the soil made rich with decaying carcasses. Such acts of brutality, such deep-laid plans of treachery, all in the name of heaven, are recorded on but very few pages of history.

These Christian conquerors found a people well up in learning and the arts; rich in agricultural products and mineral wealth; with a government well adapted to their advanced condition—a free and independent people. In the name of God, and through he instigation of the supporters of the church, these empires were overturned. All that remained of these advanced peoples and fertil and prosperous countries were blood, bones, ashes, and slavery. But they found them heathen—they left them Christian. Of course, in the sight of the Christians' God one ignorant, bloodthirsty Christian is of more consequence then ten thousand intelligent, prosperous heathen.

When the art of printing was introduced, of course the church must manifest its blind stupidity as usual.

When it is considered that millions of Bibles are printed and distributed by the church; that every Christian denomination has its papers and periodicals; that religious books, pamphlets, and tracts are as plenty as snow-flakes in winter, one would think that the church would hav hailed the art of printing as the greatest blessing to the race. Not so. The early printers were denounced by the church and accused of being in league with the devil, and for a long time no book could be printed without a permit from the church. Before a book could be published it must be duly examined by a certain number of clergymen and a certificate obtained that it was a godly and orthodox book. For years nobody dare publish a book, under heavy penalties, without a license from the church.

Learned societies were discouraged and even suppressed by the church. Some of those societies began to apply the same rigid rules to the dogmas of the church that they did to the investigation of other matters. The church had nothing to rely on but the Bible and miracles. Such proof did not satisfy the societies, and to settle the difficulty the church suppressed the societies—one as late as 1657.

When science began to teach that ill-ventilated houses, improper food, filth and dirt, were bids for pestilences, the church replied that "pestilences were visitations from God for the sins of the wicked."

Any attempt to palliate the sufferings and improve the condition of woman was looked upon as a crime. It was asserted that God had pronounced a curse upon her, and to alleviate her pains and smooth the rugged road which she was called to travel was to thwart the will of God.

When better houses, better food, and cleanlier raiment began to giv longer life and better health, the church claimed that man was becoming vain and puffed up with pride, and that his vanities and luxuries found no parallel in the life of the meek and lowly savior, and to fare better than he was to expose them to the dangers of hell. A pair of leather breeches worn for years without cleansing, often greased to keep them from chafing, then plentifully perfumed to neutralize the unpleasant odor, was far more acceptable to the average Christian than garments which could be easily washed and often changed. The theory seemed to be that the more a Christian stunk on earth the happier he would be in heaven.

Up to the sixteenth century, and even later, it was a cardinal doctrin of the church that it was wicked to hav any enjoyment; that the life of Christ was a scene of suffering; that he was a man of sorrows; that the more men suffered the more they were like Christ and the surer they were to meet him at the right hand of God. This world counted as nothing—it "was all a fleeting show." "Dark and stormy is the desert through which pilgrims make their way" was the burden of the Christian song.

Men tortured themselvs by fasting and starving; smiles were regarded as the devil's wrinkles; sickness was believed to bring one nearer to God; in short, to liv decent lives and enjoy some degree of comfort was to forget God and serve the devil. The life of Blaise Pascal is a case in point, and it is a curious case to consider. One of the finest intellects that France ever produced had this suffering mania so impressed upon his mind by early church education that for years he lived on the coarsest fare, suffered every privation; even wore a leather girdle around him filled with little, irritating spikes until his body became a festering mass; and when the pain was not sufficiently acute he would push the spikes into the living flesh with his arms, to keep him constantly reminded of the sufferings of Christ. In short, to gain heaven he was for years committing a slow, painful suicide. The "Thoughts" of Pascal are a great treasure in the church to-day. He was one of the most acute mathematical reasoners of his day. France could boast of but very few families who were the mental superiors of the Pascal family. Yet such was the debasing influence of Christian teaching that they believed in ghosts, witches, shrine cures, demons, and all the rest of the silly trash to the end of the Christian chapter.

If Christian teaching could thus degrade and debase the first intellects of France, I ask the intelligent reader to ask himself what must hav been the condition of the ignorant masses. Is it any wonder that they depended upon priests, and prayers, and shrine cures, and that filth and disease mowed down their harvests of victims?

Finally it began to dawn upon the minds of a few of the more knowing that to produce better men there must be better conditions. Somehow, in spite

of the teaching of the church that Christianity was the grand panacea for all the ills of life, it came to be partly understood that poverty, ignorance, and squalor were the hotbeds of crime and disease. It was only when the people began to doubt that plagues and pestilences were "visitations from God" that better conditions were sought for.

It is next to impossible for the people at the present time to understand how the masses, high and low, of that day were hedged in by the infernal hag of superstition.

In the year 1600, the same year that Bruno was burnt at Rome, a trick horse was put on exhibition. The horse was indicted and tried before a regular court, found guilty of being possessed of the devil, and sentenced to be burnt. And the sentence was actually executed.

The man who discovered the philosophy of the rainbow was put in prison and kept there until the day of his death. In his coffin he was brought before an ecclesiastical court and tried for heresy, and his body, with a lot of heretical books, was devoured by the flames. JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Victim Tells His Story.

It was in the month of November, 1884, that the ship Valiant, of Rajah Gauput Lingh, of Calcutta, arrived in the harbor of New York. I was on board that ship till she lay there for about a month and a half. The first cold wave of the month of December dissipated all my hopes of making the North my home, and I took steamer for New Orleans. There I stayed for eighteen months. Mr. Sol Stern, of the New Orleans Moss ginnery, and Mr. George Purves, of the sash factory, proved very good friends to me. I worked and lived very comfortably under their patronage. The editor of the *Times-Democrat*, Mr. Whitney, and the secretary and members of the Young Men's Christian Association, of that city, were very kind and hospitable. I used to pass my evenings and holidays in their pleasant company. They used to enjoy the information they received from me on the Hindoos and their beliefs. I hav also spoken there in public meetings, and occasionally contributed to the *Times-Democrat*. As soon as I went there I opened an account with the Germania Savings Bank of that place. The account is still running. On the face of all these facts, one of the Christians of Ocean Grove has been pleased to publish in the New York *Sun* of the 29th of last August that I had been stranded in New Orleans by missing my steamer for New York, and that I had appealed to a gentleman for a five-cent postage-stamp for a foreign letter. On reading the said issue of the New York *Sun* it will be seen that the Methodist has very ingeniously placed the story as if told by a stranger who had been at Ocean Grove to visit me. Now, this stranger was no other than Mr. Gopal Vinayak Joshee, of Bombay, who has been lecturing in the North and West, from San Francisco to New York. No sooner did I read the Ocean Grove version in the said issue than I wrote a letter to the editor of the New York *Sun* protesting against the false statement, but that gentleman has not been pleased to publish my letter. Mr. Joshee has never been to New Orleans as yet. We both left India in 1884 and took different routes; Mr. Joshee, *via* China and Japan, landed at San Francisco, and I, *via* Cape of Good Hope, at New York. We were thus separated for over two years, and were anxious to meet each other. In June last I found myself out of work on account of the destruction of the factory in New Orleans, and, summer being a dull season there, I came North with a view of meeting Mr. Joshee, as well as finding some situation. As soon as I arrived in Asbury Park I found something to do. Mr. M. S. Gould, the mayor of this place, has been very kind to me since our first visit. But the case is different with the people of Ocean Grove. One day while I was engaged in my work some three tall-hatted gentlemen approached me, and, looking at my dress and features, asked my antecendents, nationality, and beliefs. On hearing that I was a Hindoo, and an unconverted Hindoo, and that I had no faith in the so-called Christian missionaries in India, one of the three turned his back coldly on me and walked away, while the other two were still questioning and listening to me patiently. Subsequently I came to know that they were the pastors as well as the peace officers of the Ocean Grove combination of state and church, and that the first one was the president of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association. On the Sunday following, while I was passing the Association office, the president, Dr. Stokes, called me and took me by the hand in the office room where some other gentlemen were sitting. He introduced me to them by the following significant sentence, "Here comes Bombay to make a bow to Ocean Grove," upon which I said that I am but a poor, insignificant Hindoo, still clinging to my old ancestral faith, and that I do not deserve the honor due to my country, nation, and religion. There again a short discussion took place, and when Dr. Stokes found that I was in no way to be moved he took me again by my arm and pulled me out of the office while yet I was talking to his associates. This was the second cold treatment, and I felt it very keenly. I quietly went home, and in that uneasy state of mind I wrote him a letter which I hope the United States press will ask him to produce before the public.

I hav not kept a copy of it. However, I will giv its substance as below: "That I hav not come to this country in search of any religious truth, and that the differences in point of religious beliefs are delusiv and of human origin; that ultimately there is to be a combination of all religions, languages, and nationalities; that, in order to facilitate and expedite that grand object of the supreme power, men hav to abandon all prejudices against race, creed, and color; that the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence are the corner-stones of the future superstructure of the unity of man in God, and that therefore, as an additional amusement to the visitors of Ocean Grove, I wish to open a Sanscrit school and a class of oriental philosophy, for which I hope you will not deny me the permission, and a lot for a temporary tent." Such, or nearly such, is the wording and meaning of my letter. I mailed it, and it was received by him the next day.

When I saw him again, he said that he had received my letter, and that it was full of nonsense. Meanwhile Mr. Joshee came to see me, and stayed with me for a fortnight. I showed him round in Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. One day, while we both were walking on the sea beach in our nativ costumes, two ladies greeted us, and asked what were our beliefs. When they heard that we were unconverted Hindoos, they said to each other that they would save two souls. They very earnestly asked us to follow them to their house, and we did so. They sang and prayed for us for about an hour, and then asked each of us separately how we felt. My friend said that he felt as usual, and myself the same. When their enthusiasm of saving the souls was over, we told them calmly that we were not in search of salvation or any religious truth. I then introduced Mr. Joshee as a lecturer, and asked them if they could get up any engagements for him. They very readily consented, and, with the usual generosity and promptitude of American ladies, they succeeded in getting up two engagements. When the lectures were delivered (one being on religion and the other on the social manners and the customs of the Hindoos), some of the ladies expressed opinions that, if such were the Hindoos and their faith, there was no necessity of sending missionaries, to India at least. This went to the notice of Dr. Stokes, who immediately sent word to the arranging ladies, Mrs. Inskip and Mrs. Brooks, that no more engagements should be got up for the unconverted Hindoos' lectures. The ladies communicated the message to us, and said that unless we should renounce the Hindoo faith they could do no more for us. We then bid them good-bye, and went home. Next day I went and saw some of the proprietors of the different hotels, and arranged a course of lectures for Mr. Joshee. The guests as well as the proprietors were pleased with the information they received of the foreign countries. Meanwhile Mr. Joshee received invitations from Saratoga and Rochester, N. Y., and when he left me I continued the same course. In nearly ten hotels at Ocean Grove and about fifteen in Asbury Park I spoke and gave parlor lectures. When this went to the notice of Dr. Stokes, he sent me word through John C. Patterson, police-justice, that, by my parlor lectures, I was undermining the beliefs of the Ocean Grove congregation, and that I should cease at once lecturing in Ocean Grove. I paid no heed to this message, inasmuch as I was taking the permission of the proprietor, and announcing my subject beforehand to the guests, as "Hindoos and Their Beliefs." The time of my lectures was always after 8 or 9 P.M., and so never encroached upon the time of their church services. Besides, I hav myself attended almost all the services, whenever I could find time, to hear their sermons and lectures in the auditorium, and when the services were over liberal-minded ladies and gentlemen hav always given me a shake-hand, and hav inquired about myself and my beliefs. I used to answer all their questions according to my convictions, and when they found that my statements differed from what they hav been taught to believe about the Hindoos, they seemed to be more interested, and my strange hat in the center naturally drew around a larger crowd. But this was never during their services nor inside their buildings.

However, Dr. Stokes did not like to see his followers speaking to an unbeliever, and often told them to go home. But when he found that his flock did not obey his mandates outside the church premises, he either sent his janitor or came himself to me and pulled me by my arm out of the crowd and told me to go home, and I silently walked away. Such scenes excited the sympathy and curiosity of the people the more, and almost every day successivly for four or five days, the people flocked round me and asked several questions on the religion, politics, and society of my country. I used to answer them all to the best of my knowledge and judgment. On the 18th of August last. J. C. Patterson, police-justice of Ocean Grove, pulled me by my arm from the crowd and put me forcibly into the ferry-boat and sailed me off across the lake to Asbury Park, saying that if I should be seen within the limits of Ocean Grove again I would be arrested and locked up. As I knew that I was committing no offense, but simply answering the questions asked by respectable ladies and gentlemen, next day, as usual, I went to Ocean Grove to hear the sermon in the auditorium. It being too early, I took a seat on one of the back benches and was reading the daily paper, when all on a sudden a police corporal approached me and said that the chief of police wanted to see me in the court. I immediately followed him and found that there were only three there. The corporal read me the warrant and then Justice Patterson read the two affidavits, one being that of one T. P. Summers and the other that of the janitor, whose affidavits were kept ready written. Dr. Stokes's affidavit (which I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER) was not read to me.

I denied all the charges, but immediately the commitment was written and handed over to the corporal without even reading it to me. I was simply told to follow the corporal. I quietly did so for fear of being handcuffed. I did not resist any procedure, and, therefore, escaped that disgrace. The stage was ready at the door, and it took me and my body guard to the railway depot. We got into the train, and in about two hours I was transferred from the pew of the auditorium to the lonely cell at Freehold jail, to undergo there, as I understood, thirty days' punishment at hard labor. The Freehold authorities who had seen me and heard me speak in Ocean Grove immediately came to visit me in jail, thus proving that the laymen of America are more religious than the church people of Ocean Grove. The judge, the sheriff, and the jailor all sympathized with me, and said that they would soon try to effect my release. They said that as soon as the papers of my case should be received from Ocean Grove I would be released. The Ocean Grove apostolic magistrates, however, detained the records for five days, and on the 24th forwarded them to Freehold. For five days my friends at Asbury Park did not know what had become of me. My particular friend and patron, Mr. M. S. Gould, the mayor of Asbury Park, came to visit me in the jail and offered to pay all the expenses for my release. Thus I was liberated on the 24th, before the news of my commitment for alleged blasphemy and obstructing religious services was published in the New York papers, after six days' imprisonment. Since then I hav been staying at Asbury Park. I applied for a copy of my record to the Ocean Grove authorities as well as to the Freehold authorities, but I received no reply from either. I am glad to see that THE TRUTH SEEKER has procured most of the documents, and thus has placed the truth before the grand tribunal of the press. I further hope that the public press of the United States will make a demand for the production of my letter to Dr. Stokes, and my reply to the New York *Sun's* correspondent of Ocean Grove, whose false statements I hav a reason to resent more than the treatment at the hands of the Ocean Grove pastors.

Dear sir, I do not wish to call upon my offenders to answer in the court of justice where only a few at the bar and the bench hav their yea or nay; I would be satisfied if the majesty of the united press of this grand republic should take up the case and discuss once for all whether such a combination of church and state should be allowed in the great future of this free country. One hundred such monopolies like Ocean Grove, of the different denominations of Christianity, will ignore the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, and the boasted freedom of thought and speech; and it will be seen that the physical slavery of the past will be replaced by the more lamentable spiritual bondage of the imperceptibly creeping future. The forthcoming annual Congress of the Secular Union should pass resolutions asking the United States Congress not to issue any more charters to clerical associations authorizing to build up towns where the characteristics of this free country shall be blotted out with impunity. These religious assemblies are to all interests and purposes speculativ bodies, their whole town being considered to be one church and its premises; they practice buying and selling right in the church, and yet they claim to preach the doctrins of Christ. It is strange that the selected and elected members of the Congress should be made perfect dupes by a handful of Bible sharpers. Not only hav they been allowed to build New Jerusalems, but also they hav been supplied with the rod of the magistrate as well as the counter of a bankrupt. They do not hesitate to pass the hat at the end of each service farce. It is no use bringing such people before the court for their rash acts, but it is necessary that no more such a combination of state, bank, and church be created or allowed to be created by the United States Constitution.

S. GOVINDA ROW SATTAY.

Asbury Park, N. J., Sept. 17, 1886.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec., 33 Clinton Place, New York. COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com. E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,401.63
Belding Secular Union (per O. F. Webster)	18.00
Charles Ostrom	1.00
Amos Fenstermacher	1.00
George W. Briggs	1.00
Total	$3,422.63

PLEDGES PAID.—Chicago Secular Union, balance of pledge $10.

News and Notes.

A few words to the "printer's devil." The sins o- omission, I believe, are greater than those of comf, mission, and what will not the aforesaid individual suffer? His sins are great. I will explain that I did not say in the issue of Sept. 25th, in "News and Notes," from Cromwell, Ia., that Mrs. Truman was the sister of Mrs. A meda Green, but her daughter, and the sister of F. Q. Green. I wish thus to correct THE TRUTH SEEKER's roll of names.

So much for reminiscence. Forward again. Into the big city of Chicago I plunge; and a big city it is, and, like the Mormon's god, it is "growing bigger every day." It has changed wonderfully in the last twenty years. Here is where I studied theology, amid these roaring streets. I can scarcely comprehend the folly of that period of my life, when I was trying to "look up" and thought there was a God in heaven and that John Calvin was his next-door neighbor. I took a survey of the building where I wasted so much precious time. I might as well hav been in jail. Theology is a thief and robber. It lays its ghostly hand upon the golden moments and they become as nothing. If I had invested my little money in corner-lots instead of theology and Hebrew, I should to-day be a much richer and happier man. It was with melancholy disgust that I looked upon that prison-house of hope. and as I saw a few theological students flitting about, how I did pity their worthless apprenticeship to the trade of ignorance! I turned to the busy streets to look upon real men and women and take some consolation in the fact that I hav a few years left for this world.

Life in Chicago is much like that of New York. It is a whirl of immense and invigorating forces. Just now the Anarchists' trial is in the minds of all. It is one of those things that will not down, for principles of infinit importance are involved. If I can believe those in whom I hav the greatest confidence, a huge and terrible injustice has been done, and a deep and deadly blow struck at human liberty. According to the published statement of the mayor of Chicago himself, this has been so, for he says he did that which in England would hav dethroned Victoria. Has it come to this that the American people will allow such an abuse of power? The tone of the newspapers on this question is simply astounding. I almost think I am in Russia, and that these editors are writing at the dictation of the czar. The trial of the Anarchists has been simply a form of "lynch law." If they are hung, it will be by a "snap judgment." The jury was a vigilance committee. It was prejudiced from the beginning. The men on trial were presumed to be guilty, and in order to escape were obliged to prove their innocence. It makes my blood boil with indignation to see such a flagrant violation of all principles of justice and liberty. The verdict of the jury is an outrage and a disgrace. I do not see how any Liberal, when he thoroughly understands the circumstances, can defend it for a single moment. It is not the opinions of these men that are now involved, but the rights of these men, and so the rights of universal humanity, the rights of every citizen. These rights hav been trampled upon, and I, for one, utter my indignant protest against these despotic methods. I admire the splendid courage of Mr. Stevens, Mrs. Freeman, General Trumbull, and other friends here who hav defended these men's rights against a vast popular clamor. Mr. Stevens is totally opposed to the opinions of the Anarchists. He has fought them on the arena of intellectual debate. These men withdrew from the Secular Union because the Union was opposed to their methods. We do not defend the ideas of these men, but we do defend their rights, which are as sacred as our own. Mr Stevens and THE TRUTH SEEKER see this clearly. They pierce to the root of the matter. They stand exactly where Thomas Paine stood when he opposed the execution of the king. and was himse condemned to death for his bold attitude. Thomas Paine did not defend the ideas or methods of the king. He only labored in opposition to these; but he did recognize the sacred right in spite of all that he had done, and was entitled to justice; and the magnanimity of Thomas Paine was simply sublime. He braved the scaffold itself in order to defend the rights of his enemy. Let the Liberals of to-day follow that illustrious example; let them reread "The Rights of Man;" let them get at the real facts of this trial at Chicago, and understand, not that eight men with such and such opinions are on trial, but that the rights of man are on trial; that these rights hav been disregarded, and there is danger of the commission of a terrible crime, a judicial murder, to the disgrace of our country and to the joy of every ecclesiastical and political tyrant in the world. This has been a trial by theological and church methods. It is backed by the Christians and preachers, and the same methods, with a jury of clergymen like Rev. Blackwell, would hang every Infidel in the land. There will be no dissenting voice among Freethinkers when the facts are known, and I honor with all my heart the courageous and clear-sighted course of THE TRUTH SEEKER and Mr. Stevens and the Chicago Liberals almost to a man—and woman, too. The working people here are thoroughly indignant, and if these men are hung it will create an intense feeling, and the consequences will be simply incalculable. It is judicial blindness, madness, as well as crime, to hang these men. It will be an appalling tragedy. I believe that right in the focus of this trial is a great crisis for the American people. It is a combat of despotism with liberty.

I must express myself on this matter, for the deepest principles of our Freethought movement are involved. The issue cannot be evaded.

The world rolls on, however, and day and night mingle all along our path. Friday evening, September 24th, we had a pleasant sociable at the rooms of he Union, and I was glad to meet so many good friends—Mr. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and her daughters, Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Le Page, who are true inheritors of talent, Mr. Frankel, Mr. Card, Mr. Magie and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ostrom, of Nekoma, who came one hundred and forty miles to attend the lectures; Dr. Reynolds, who is eighty years old, and does not look over fifty—a good example that I mean to follow. What is the use of looking old, even if you hav to grow old? Others were present, and we had recitations, singing, etc., by Mrs. M. A. Freeman, Mr. Card, Mr. Frankel, etc. Miss Lizzie Magie gave her brilliant little poem entitled, "The Inquirer," published in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and Mrs. Ella Le Page gave her sparkling anti-theological *jeu d'esprit*, "No Name," and Dr. Reynolds brought down the house with three rounds on his "Crow Song," and everything went off like the dancing, with musical vigor. I myself entered the entrancing circle and kept tune to the rippling notes, although I didn't always keep step. My feet, like my head, are not exactly orthodox, and will take a different turn from the rest of mankind.

I gave lectures Sunday afternoon and evening. In the evening the hall was full, and we had quite a lively discussion of the question presented, "American Democracy." It was participated in by General Trumbull, Dyer Lum, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Moore, Mr. Stevens, etc., and the ideas of each were vigorously expressed. There were differences of opinion, of course, as there should be among those who think for themselvs.

I was surprised and delighted to meet so many friends from afar off as I did at the Sunday meeting. Chicago is indeed the hub of the universe. Boston will hav to resign. Chicago is the true cosmopolitan center, where all the world does come. It waves Aladdin's wand and everybody is present.

Who did I meet first of all but George Maddocks, of Canada? And then right on his heels came Dr. Greer, of Utah; and then Dr. Jones, of Pennsylvania, now of Evanston; and then Mr. Newkirk, of Ludlow, Ill.; W. C. Howard, of Volo, and Dr. J. Howard, of McHenry, and their wives; and Mr. George, of Burlington, and J. W. Ward, of Postville, Iowa; and Mrs. Stella Campbell, of Butte City, Montana, and others whom I hav already mentioned; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ostrom, etc., of Nekoma, Ill., etc. Here were Montana, Utah, Pennsylvania, Canada, Iowa; and representativs from various parts of Illinois, all here in the Secular Union of Chicago, and I shall not soon forget this cordial gathering from so many places. I felt as if I was shaking hands with all the continent when I greeted these many friends.

In a place like Chicago, where everyone seems to hav his own method, and organizations are innumerable, the difficulties are great, but the Secular Union goes on in spite of all, and Chicago is a fighting-point that I like to visit. It is full of energy and electric movement. It is a focus of immense activities, and even amid the breath of opposition one finds the exhilaration of abundant life.

From Chicago I come to Belding, Mich. Here I find myself among wooded hills and green fields. and on the pleasant Platte river, which, summer and winter, pursues the even tenor of its way with but little deviation—never dry, and seldom flooded This is a good country, especially for wheat, and the farmers are prosperous. The buildings are elegant and substantial. Belding is just now having a boom. A silk manufactory is to be built, and this will help make it quite a lively little city, and the bow of promis arches its tumbling water power, which is one of the best in the state.

On Wednesday, in the cool and bracing atmosphere, I went with William Knott, of Belding, over to Grattan to see Converse Close, the patient philosopher, who has been confined for about fifteen years to his house, not being able to do any kind of work. Still he is bright and happy, for somehow nature puts its vitality into his life, and, in spite of weakness, the glory of the universal world is his, and with calm and radiant spirit he awaits all changes. The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know him, for he has been a valuable contributor to its columns. He now writes discourses for the Secular Union of Belding. He must work so long as the flame lasts. He has been in this country over forty years, from its very start. He took the first load of wheat from here to Grand Rapids, for which he got forty-four cents per bushel, half in store pay. He was gone two days, and when he returned he had just five dollars and eleven cents left for his wheat and his work. Since then the same amount of wheat would hav netted one hundred dollars. Such hav been the hard times and the growth of the country. Mr. Close settled in Grattan before the country was organized, and when he wanted to be married there was no public officer to do it, so he had to employ the services of a justice in the adjoining county of Otisco. The jurisdiction of the justice only extended over Otisco county, while our friend wanted to be married in Kent county. Here was a matrimonial problem indeed. It was, however, solved. One beautiful July day, when the sun was shining in all its splendor, the marriage group and justice went down into the green woods, just by the county line, which was blazed upon the bark of the tall trees, and the justice stood upon one side of the line, in Otisco county, and the lovers on the other side, in Kent county, and thus amid this emerald temple, so magnificently decorated, was the unique ceremony performed, and for over forty years these two lovers hav walked together. About two years ago their neighbors, regardless altogether of any theological distinctions, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage, at which there was a large gathering, for none are more honored than Mr. and Mrs. Close, nothwithstanding their radical and outspoken views. If Mr. Close were member of a church, the Christians would certainly call him a saint for his fine and noble endurance of the ills of life, and so we will call him one of our saints, who, no longer in the activ world, is still a lofty spirit, confronting life and death with dauntless mind.

In Belding I find a Union strong in the quality of its membership, and certain of success. Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Webster, Mr. W. A. Knott and wife, Fred Van Vickle, Miss L. M. Smith, Chas. B. Ketchum and wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howe, Miss Ruth Moore, Mrs. Caroline Webster, and others, constitute the working element, and make a growing power for this world and its happiness I had the pleasure also of meeting friends from the vicinity—Mr. Elkins and Mr. Fuller, and their wives, from Grattan, who are subscribers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so, of course, were like old acquaintances. They knew me and I knew them through the masonry of Freethought. Also Mr. and Mrs. Skellinger, of Smyrna, were present, and I hav had a cheering sojourn in this northland. The hall was full on the first evening, and literally packed on the second, and great interest was manifested in the subjects presented. This is where Reynolds did a splendid work last spring by awakening thought, especially by getting the Christians to read the Bible, of which, hitherto, they had been somewhat ignorant. They thought Reynolds had a Bible of his own, but they were soon convinced that it was exactly like the Methodist Bible, and thus their knowledge of scripture was increased. It will be seen that Reynolds is a good "Christian" missionary. Remsburg is coming here in November, and thus the fires of Freethought will be kept burning, and so with bright hope I leave this lovely village. Amid the smiles of nature shall wave the banners of liberty. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Belding, Sept. 30, 1886.

The Blasphemer's Program.

On my return to New York city after the convention of the New York Freethinkers' Association, at White Sulphur Springs, I visited the district-attorney at Morristown, N. J. Mr. Cutler is a very candid, intelligent gentleman, and was naturally indignant at the outrage perpetrated on me by those pillars of the churches I had arrested at Boonton for inciting to riot and malicious destruction of my property, and no fears need be entertained that he will not do his full duty in securing them their just deserts. He informed me that the grand jury would sit on the second Tuesday in October, and most likely be discharged on the Friday or Saturday following, and that my trial would not take place till two weeks from date of the discharge of the grand jury.

I had the privilege to look over the district-attor-

ney's law library, and found the law very clear and positiv on the crime of blasphemy. There is little possibility of my escaping indictment. Col. R. G. Ingersoll, who, with his characteristic chivalrous generosity and devotion to the cause of liberty, has pledged himself to defend me, expresses confidence that the trial at Morristown will be before an intelligent jury and that the case will be laughed out of court. In any other state than New Jersey or Delaware beyond doubt this would be so. But New Jersey bigots and fanatics are not apt to be jovial, nor to possess sufficient intelligence to appreciate a joke. New Jersey Christians, of whom the jury will be composed, are predisposed by nature and long habit to make egregious asses of themselvs, and to act the merciless fanatic with grim, owl-like solemnity—all for the glory of Jesus. But my dependence is in the great ability of my counsel and the intelligence of the Supreme Court, as beyond all question the statute law is contrary to the Constitution of New Jersey, as well as the Constitution of the United States.

I did all in my power while at Morristown to help the people there to an appreciation of truth and the need of investigation. I circulated twenty-five copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER with the "Pearls Before Swine" cartoon, which were eagerly received, and about five hundred leaflets of the Canadian Secular Union—No. 1, on "The Sabbath," and No. 3, on "Immortality."

September 15th I started for Camptown, Pa., to hold a promised tent-meeting, arranged for early in the season through the praiseworthy efforts of Mrs. Addie M. Reed. The meeting was delayed by the Christian mob of rioters at Boonton wrecking the tent.

Thanks to the generous friends who hav so kindly contributed to the tent and defense fund, I was enabled to purchase needed materials in New York, except center-poles, etc., which were provided by Hiram Elliott, one of the most highly esteemed and respected citizens of Camptown. With efficient aids, and by crowding two days' hard work into one, I was enabled to hav the tent pitched and in good order ready for Sunday morning, Sept. 19th. Once more the good cotton cathedral, dedicated to the gospel of humanity, was erect, and looked as neat and pretty as a young maid on her wedding morn. Of course the injury done by the severe strain of the fiber, alike warp and woof, by being wrecked at Boonton, N. J., cannot be remedied until after the damages are collected from the town of Boonton, with which I shall purchase a new top, but the rents and holes are very neatly repaired, so as to be scarce observable. New poles, new guys, and all are now in working order.

Sunday morning the dark clouds frowned, the rain dampened my expectation of an audience, and I retired to my room to work on my pamphlet of "Blasphemy and the Bible," for gratuitous distribution at Boonton and Morristown, N. J., but had scarce got well to work when that sturdy old veteran, J. S. Thomson, notified me I should hav to speak, for friends had come in from a distance, and despite "the clouds that lowered on our tent," there were nearly a hundred persons present; in the afternoon still more; and in the evening over one hundred and fifty, despite darkness, rain, and chilling cold.

Mr. R. G. Bolles walked in from Briney, nearly twelve miles, remained till after the evening lecture, and walked back, and repeated the arduous task four nights during the week and on the last Sunday. Thomas Peet, of Cold Creek, a gentle-hearted, snow-haired veteran of over seventy, came three miles on foot, every evening, regardless of cold, rain, dark, or mud.

The first four days' weather was bitter cold, dark, and rainy, yet the attendance and interest steadily increased. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, of Gibson, thirty-six miles' distance, arrived and remained to the close of the meetings. They are a united couple in all the very best the term implies —readers, independent thinkers, genuin Liberals, workers in word and deed. J. B. Overton, W. L. Vaughn, and Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Shoemaker came from Rush, and Dr. Knapp from Stevenville. I was much cheered and encouraged by their presence and kind words. Friday and Saturday was a shade warmer, and Saturday evening bright, clear starlight. Sunday, September 26th, was a gala day, despite the dark, threatening clouds which, like the fanatics' wishes of evil, failed to reach or hurt us. At 11 A.M. I spoke on organization and science schools on Sunday without special professional teachers, to about fifty persons, my words accompanied by the howling of the wind, the shaking of the tent, and flapping of the walls. But the agitation of the tent was nothing to the commotion of the Christians upon learning of the work accomplished—the organization of the Camptown Secular Society, with nineteen adult members. The following officers were elected: President, John Reed; vice-president, Mrs. Mary Barnes; secretary, Mrs. Addie M. Reed; treasurer, Hiram Elliott; vigilance committee, Nathan Brown, Chas. Slocum, Mrs. R. Shoemaker; educational committee, Mrs. J. S. Thomson, Mrs. D. L. Burrows, and Hiram Elliott; social committee, Nathan Brown, John Reed, Jr., and Addie M. Reed.

Monthly dues were by all promptly paid in advance. The regular meetings of the society and Sunday science school will be held every Sunday at 11 A.M., in Reed Hall, which was generously tendered to the use of the society by Mr. and Mrs. John Reed, with whom I found a most happy, comfortable home during my sojourn in Camptown. Despite their outspoken Infidelity, they are deservedly held in highest esteem, not only by all in the village, but throughout all the adjacent county. With such leading members as Mr. and Mrs. Reed and their noble sons John and Fred, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, and Hiram Elliot, success is assured to the society.

Sunday afternoon we had nearly two hundred to listen to "Defense of Satan;" but for the dark, threatening clouds we should doubtless hav had three times that number. We closed the eventful tent season of 1886 to a very large attendance and great interest and enthusiasm. I spoke on "The Heaven of the Bible," and after the lecture answered many questions that much helped to send home conviction of the truth of Secularism to honest hearts.

After the lecture we took down the tent and packed it away, leaving it in care of our good friend John Reed, until the genial warmth of summer shall again prove the tent the very best possible means of propaganda work.

I left Camptown for North Parma on Monday, and shall enjoy home for a few days, the prospect of a possible two years' sojourn at Trenton making its happy freedom doubly enjoyable. I return to New York city on Monday. The Truth Seeker Company are getting out my pamphlet, "Blasphemy and the Bible," to be ready on my arrival in New York, so I can at once visit Boonton and Morristown, and personally distribute about fifteen hundred copies among the people. And then I prepare to face the terrors of New Jersey law, and answer for the awful crime of expressing my honest convictions in an orderly, gentle, and kindly manner, under my own tent, on a lot I had rented and paid for.

In the mean time I shall do all I can to help complete arrangements and insure success of the Congress of the American Secular Union.

Those desiring lectures during October, except 11th to 15th, will please write me at earliest date, care of Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York.

Those desiring lectures by Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, during October and November, will please address Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, secretary N. Y. F. A., Box 104, North Parma, N. Y.

Arrangements for either of us to lecture at accessible places during October will be especially acceptable and much appreciated. C. B. REYNOLDS.

For Mr. Reynolds's Defense.

H. P. Stone	1.00
Louis Wolfer	.50
M. F. Baler	1.00
John Trueblood	1.00
Isaac Michaels	1.00
Peter Eckler	2.00
Samuel E. Skinner	.54

Wanderings.

September 1st found me speeding to our now thriving suburb, the Cream City, where a warm welcome always awaits me with Professor and Dr. Severance. The doctor's sister and mine were visiting Milwaukee and its exposition.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. V. G. Blatz, a sterling Liberal and wholesale confectioner, who is bondsman for Paul Grottkau, editor of the Milwaukee *Arbeiter Zeitung*, one of the ablest and best known German speakers in this country. Mr. Grottkau was formerly of the Chicago *Arbeiter Zeitung*, but left the editorial management of that paper when the followers of Most grew in ascendancy. He is indicted for inciting to riot, the indictment being based on the supposition that he spoke at a meeting where he was advertised; but as he never attended, you can imagin what a great case the state has. Mr. Grottkau is as much opposed to Anarchy as the writer, so what further idiocy the authorities will be guilty of remains to be seen.

After being refused admission to the House of Correction, when I demanded to see Frank Hirth, I took pains to hav the super-official forced to admit me the next day. My first recollection of Hirth was while editor of the Detroit, and later the Chicago, *Socialist*. Partially educated for the priesthood, he early repudiated his superstitious surroundings, enduring persecution for his vigorous denunciation of the crafty mind-muddlers. Formerly using acute reason, I am sorry to say he has been too chary lately of its exercise, and too largely devoted to the advocacy of destruction. His wrinkled brow, emaciated form, and hair prematurely gray all testify to severely activ mental work, and his sincerity in the cause he espoused. Our interview, with a turnkey within earshot, was necessarily formal and unsatisfactory. I am pained to learn that a few days thereafter, by great effort, permission was given him to visit, between guards, his dying wife, and thus as a felon bid her farewell forever. Such is ever the experience of all those who struggle for humanity. The world's saviors are crucified again and again. No one savior could rescue us from the deep damnation of barbarous injustice. Whether mistaken in his theories or not, had Frank Hirth devoted his time and talents to selfish purposes he would not now be at the mercy of his enemies.

A visit to *Der Freidenker* office disclosed the agreeable fact that that paper held identical views with THE TRUTH SEEKER on the Anarchist verdict in Chicago.

Why Racine was ever so denominated I could never determin, for the few French are from the Guernsey Isle, and partake of nothing dramatic. But there I met young Stillman (Dr. Severance's son) doing the heavy villain in a drama of the "Willow Copse" order in Renfrew's Pathfinder Company.

Returning to Chicago for the 6th, I attended the picnic, which Mrs. Freeman has so well reported that nothing further needs to be said.

So near Rochelle, I determined to pay a flying visit to the great scientific expounder and simplifier, Otto Wettstein, and was warmly greeted at his bazaar of blazing gems and collection of fine arts. His display far outshines anything one could reasonably expect in a town of that size. At his residence I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Wettstein, a lady of refinement and culture, characteristics of which the whole family partake. I am glad to know that the Freethinkers are appreciating his liberal dealing with them. I was sorry that a TRUTH SEEKER reader contemplated discontinuing on account of my letters on the trial and verdict. That was the only one which I heard of during my entire trip.

H. J. and Mrs. Scharfenberg I never miss calling on when in Davenport, Ia., for they are *the* Liberal workers of that place, ever ready to shoulder the larger portion of the burden, and having done heroic work in the past.

At Peoria, Ill., I made the acquaintance of A. A. Avery, whom the newspapers were hounding as an Anarchist, because he published a circular protesting against the Anarchist verdict. It was a bold, brave circular, and the papers said that they did not think he (Avery) could write it. I found him a very intelligent Liberal, and a follower of Karl Marx, the farthest remove from an Anarchist. He recognized me, having attended many of our Chicago meetings. Having had the freedom of Ingersoll's library when the colonel was a resident here, he is well equipped intellectually for the contest.

At Mrs. Helen Cellar's musical school, in Springfield, will be found nearly all Liberal papers in the country, nor is she afraid her pupils will be contaminated, as she leaves them convenient for their perusal.

Wm. Cook, an old friend of D. M. Bennett, and a countryman of mine, is also a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we felt quite well acquainted.

Quincy would be the very last place I would wish to be found in were it not that I know some good Liberals there—Ernst Bertshinger, Captain Steinwedell, and Dr. Durant—who make life quite endurable and even hilarious. The Turners hav just completed a splendid hall at a cost of some $16,000. What a great organization for good could this become if it adopted the American language and methods! Efforts are being made to hav the English language used.

Robert Mulholland would be the man to whom you would be directed if asking for the leading Liberal of Bloomington, for he has figured in every good work of that character. Mrs. Mulholland, though a grandmother, will sit at the piano and sing you ballads by the hour in a voice that, like a violin, seems to hav lost none of its sweetness by age. Miss Mulholland partakes of her mother's poetic fervor, and has distinguished herself in song-writing.

S. P. Putnam's was the first familiar face I recognized when I landed in Chicago. Owing to illness, I was debarred from the full enjoyment of his whole-souled companionship, and must hav been a damper on his exuberance. Friday we had a reception and dance in his honor.

Sunday afternoon he lectured to a limited audience on "Universal Mental Liberty;" those who failed to attend lost an intellectual treat. Afternoon lectures are always indifferently attended here. The theme of his evening discourse was "American Democracy," when numerous hearers with frequent applause attested their interest in the subject, their approval of his position, and their personal regard for our genial secretary. Putnam has made many friends throughout this country, but none firmer than those of Chicago. The tenor of the remarks since his departure was one of universal regret.

E. A. STEVENS.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

Communications.

Blasphemy and the Bible.

The Bible is claimed to be infallible, the inspired word of God, miraculously preserved and handed down to us in all its purity and perfection as our one only rule of religious faith and practice. We read: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Tim. iii, 16, 17).

To question this is regarded as terrible wickedness; to simply imply a doubt will call forth fierce denunciations; to quote the Bible, showing its contradictions, will, in New Jersey, result in being mobbed, arrested for blasphemy, and being regarded as one in whom all goodness, truth, and virtue have ceased to exist.

"Truth has no respect for prejudice," says the Secularist. Prejudice has no respect for truth, declares the Christian bigot, and he quotes:

Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed (Gal. i, 8).

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned (John xv, 6).

Deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus (1 Cor. v, 5).

If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed (2 John x).

Such are the teachings of the holy Bible; such is the spirit it engenders among its devotees.

The idea that we are either to be saved by the scriptures or damned by them is prevalent in all the churches in Christendom. Believe or be damned (Mark xvi, 16).

If a perfect God gave mankind a revelation of his will, would not that revelation be as extensive as the demand which it was made to cover? This is self-evident. Yet millions upon millions of people have lived and died and never had opportunity to even hear of the existence of this holy Bible. Those who have it differ, quarrel, and make war with each other as to its teachings.

Christians express contempt for that mob in the city of Jerusalem who, when asked, "What evil hath this man done?" could only madly yell the words prompted by their priests, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And to-day, as they recently proved in Boonton, New Jersey, they are themselves guilty of the same injustice, and are as blindly, slavishly obedient to the priests' dictation.

Is not the almighty God able to take care of and protect himself and his interests? Were the fanatics of Boonton justified in their fears that I would throw their God from his throne? Was it necessary to rally to his defense a howling mob with stones and jack-knives? Was it to the honor and glory of Jehovah to wreck my Tent, in the hope to thus prevent my destroying the Bible God?

The Boonton Christians are justified by the clergy, who claim the Bible should have entire control of all human affairs. True, their Bible invites us, "Come, let us reason together," but despite all reason Jersey law says "we must believe." Jesus says, "Believe or be damned." Science must yield to sanctity. Unqualified reverence and servile obedience to Bible teaching is the only way to attain respectability here or glory hereafter.

Christian reader, be honest in your answer. If the Bible is indeed God's word, should it not contain unmistakable evidence of the fact on its every page? Can that book be holy or of divine inspiration which gives such blasphemous representations of God as the Bible does? The Bible describes its God as unlimited in being, but yet limited to a personal existence; unlimited in goodness, yet allowing earthquakes, plagues, and famines to desolate the world he loves; a God of love, a tender, loving father, who gives evidence of possessing the heart of a fiend, reveling in murder, lust, and rapine; delighting in the butchery of babes, and the violation of virgins and ripping up of mothers; nourishing in his heart hate, anger, and vengeance. This God commands:

Go ye after him through the city and smite; let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity. Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women (Ezek. ix, 5, 6).

Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes; their homes shall be spoiled and their wives ravished (Isa. xiii, 16).

Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God: they shall fall by the sword: their infants shall be dashed in pieces and their women with child shall be ripped up (Hosea xiii, 16).

Then I will walk contrary unto you also in my fury: and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins. And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters ye shall eat (Lev. xxvi, 28, 29).

I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment, for the day of vengeance is in my heart (Isa. lxiii, 3, 4).

Is it possible to conceive more horrid blasphemy than this holy Bible contains? The Bible tells us of a perfect, just, and holy God, who boasts that he alone is the author of all the evil in the world:

I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I the Lord do all these things (Isa. xlv, 7).

The Bible tells of a God of wisdom, who in his own holy word writes himself down a fool:

Anger resteth in the bosom of fools (Eccl. vii, 9).

The Lord said unto Moses, Take all the heads of the people and hang them up before the Lord against the sun, that the fierce anger of the Lord may be turned away from Israel (Num. xxv, 4).

Therefore will I also deal in fury; mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity, and though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them (Ezek. viii, 18).

Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold mine anger and my fury shall be poured out upon this place, upon man and upon beast, and upon the trees of the field, and upon the fruit of the ground, and it shall burn and shall not be quenched (Jer. vii, 10).

Yet Boonton Christians, under New Jersey law, arrest honest men for blasphemy, and then read this abominable, blasphemous book called "holy Bible" to their children in family and Sunday-school.

This Bible describes God as so loving that he drowned the whole world in his mad fury, because it was so much worse than he (knowing all things?) ever supposed it could be. An all-wise, unchangeable God, who got out of patience with a world which was just what his own stupid blundering had made it, and knew no better way out of the muddle than to destroy it by drowning! "And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart" (Gen. vi, 6). Think of an all-wise, almighty God repenting and being grieved at his heart because his best efforts at world-making were such a wretched failure! What can equal Bible blasphemy?

Christians claim that civilization, the arts, and the sciences are all due to the Bible. But if the Bible is true, this claim is false, for Moses himself gained his wisdom from the Egyptians: "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds" (Acts vii, 22). The highest principle of morality did not need a Bible to reveal it. The pagans first taught the Golden Rule. Pittacus, Confucius, Thales, Sextus, Aristippus, and Socrates proclaimed, "Do to others as you would they should do to you," hundreds of years before Christ. Hillel, the great Jewish rabbi, fifty years before Christ taught, "Do not to others what you would not like others to do to you." All the ideas given of the creation and fall of man are of pagan origin. The Egyptian god, Neff, the creator, formed man's body of clay on a potter's wheel. The Babylonians had the legend of the creation and fall of man fifteen hundred years before the Hebrews heard of it. Civilization, the arts and sciences, flourished in Egypt, Greece, and Rome centuries before there was any Bible or Christianity in existence.

Hypatia, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, taught philosophy and science. Her lecture-room was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria. Cyril was bishop of the church; he realized science would destroy priestcraft; her lectures must be stopped or the church pretense exposed. Cyril and his mob of ignorant, brutal monks stripped the fair Hypatia naked in the street, dragged her into the church, and Peter the Reader killed her with a club. Her corpse was cut to pieces, her flesh scraped from the bones with shells and cast into the fire. Boonton fanatics are not without a precedent for their lawless work. Cyril, and his Christian followers at Boonton, claim the end justified the means. They must prevent, at any cost, the exposure of the false claims of Christianity.

When Constantine indorsed Christianity the church gained absolute control. Church and state became one. Christianity, instead of being the friend of progress, art, and science, took every means to suppress enlightenment. The dungeon, the rack, the stake, the gibbet, crushed out science. During the first ten centuries of unlimited power of the Christian church, the world groped in darkness. The revival of learning in the sixteenth century was simultaneous with the decadence of priestly rule. In every period of the world's history a few brave souls have dared to speak out their honest convictions, and for the destruction of such the church has always used all the power it possessed. Fire, torture, and the sword have been used to murder millions of innocent people whose only crime was that of expressing their honest convictions.

ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE.

The Semitic race known as the Jews were the sons of the desert, the same as the Bedouins of to-day. They possessed themselves of the land of Canaan, and in subsequent generations, in writing up their early history, the fables of their being God's chosen people, and of their residence in and deliverance from Egypt, were fabricated. It was quite common in those days for nations to claim descent from the gods, or that they were the chosen favorites of the gods.

The Bible is simply a barbarous history of a barbarous people, and was confined to the Jewish church for over four thousand years. There is no historical evidence to show that the persons to whom the books of the Bible are ascribed had anything to do with writing them, or ever knew of their existence.

Before the Babylonish captivity Israel had no sacred writings. There were certain laws, prophetic writings, and a few historical books, but no one ever thought of calling them authoritative, or ascribing divine inspiration to them. Ezra brought the priestly law with him from Babylon, altering it and amalgamating it with the naratives and laws already in existence, and thus (442 B.C.) produced the Pentateuch in pretty much the same form as we now have it in.

The book of 2 Esdras (regarded as holy and inspired as much as any other scripture by the Roman Catholic church, and bound up as apocryphal in the Protestant Bible) gives the prayer of the prophet Ezra:

For thy law is burnt, therefore no man knoweth the things that are done of thee, or the works that shall begin. But if I have found grace before thee send the Holy Ghost into me and I shall write all that hath been done in the world since the beginning (2 Esdras xiv, 21, 22).

It is now admitted by most Christian writers of eminence that the compilation made by Ezra is the authority upon which we have to depend for our translations.

The Christian father Ireneus distinctly declared that "the books of the Old Testament were not in existence until they were fabricated seventy years after the Babylonish captivity by Esdras." Dean Prideaux, one of the most learned of church historians, admits Moses did not write the Pentateuch. Adam Clark declares "all antiquity is nearly unanimous in giving Ezra the honor of collecting the different writings of Moses and the prophets, and reducing them into the form in which they are now found." Dean Stanley says: "It is clear to the diligent student of the Bible that the first and second chapters of Genesis contain two narratives of the creation, side by side, differing from each other in almost every particular of time, place, and order." Bishop Colenso, in his great work, "The Pentateuch Examined," vol. ii, pp. 171–3, calls attention to the most noticeable contradictions in the two cosmogonies.

Let us examine the Bible itself. Gen. i, 1: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Now, whether this beginning was six thousand years ago, as until recently all Christians claimed, or cycles of time—each day many thousand years—as the revised version, attempting to reconcile the irreconcilable, asserts, there was unquestionably an eternity before that beginning. How could an all-wise, all-powerful God have existed for all eternity with no place to dwell in, no thing or creature in existence—if existence it could be called—save himself, without sense or motion, in utter darkness? How could he suddenly wake up, after an eternity of torpidity, make light, divide it from darkness, and have morning and evening on a stationary earth without a sun? How could he keep the earth in the immensity of space in defiance of the law of gravitation?

In the first chapter of Genesis it is declared birds, beasts, and creeping things were all created before man (Gen. i, 20, 24).

In the second account, given in Gen. ii, 19, man was first created alone; then all other animals were created and brought to Adam to name.

Gen. i, 12, declares the fowls came forth from the waters. Gen. ii, 19, declares the fowls came forth from the ground. Gen. i, 27, declares man and woman were created together. Gen. ii, 10, declares that man, birds, beasts, and creeping things were all created before woman. Woman was an afterthought. God at first thought Adam could propagate alone; but after he made all other animals in pairs—male and female—he discovered his mistake, but seems to have had nothing left to make woman of, so he put Adam to sleep, stole out one of his ribs, and made a woman of it (Gen. ii, 21, 22). And if you don't believe this silly story you are an Infidel, and under Jersey law must be sent to prison for a year and fined two hundred dollars.

DID MOSES WRITE THE PENTATEUCH?

"And these are the kings that reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned any king over the children of Israel" (Gen. xxxvi, 31). Moses died 1451 B.C. Saul, the first king over Israel, was anointed 1095 B.C., 356 years after Moses died. Did Moses write Genesis 356 years after his death? "Now, the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth" (Num. xii, 3). Did the meek Moses write that of himself? Read Exodus xxxii, 9, 14. The almighty God gets into a violent passion, and makes a lot of wild, foolish threats. The meek Moses rebukes, remonstrates with, and admonishes God, until the almighty feels ashamed of himself: "And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people." Read Deut. xxxii, 21, 27. The Bible God says his people made him jealous, provoked him to anger, and now he will raise the mischief with them; for he declares his anger burns like hell. He will destroy them all "were it not that I feared the wrath of the enemy."

The almighty God afraid of his enemies! Can the

human mind conceive of more horrid blasphemy? Can even a New Jersey Christian believe such stuff was ever inspired by a God?

WHAT THE BIBLE REALLY TEACHES.

The Old Testament records for our instruction in morals the most foul and bestial instances of fornication, incest, and polygamy, perpetrated by God's own pet saints, and the New Testament indorses these lecherous old wretches as examples for all good Christians to follow.

Read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews—how the drunkard Noah, despite the warning of the flood, in drunken rage over his own beastliness cursed his innocent child, doomed him and all his race to slavery (Gen. ix, 21, 22). And God's holy Bible declares this drunken old brute was a just man, of whom the world was not worthy (Heb. ii, 38).

Abraham, the father of the faithful, was God's own dear A No. 1 pet saint. He teaches his wife to lie, and call herself his sister. He thus succeeds in getting his own wife taken to King Pharaoh's harem, and accepts oxen, asses, and slaves in payment for the king's use of her, for she was a beautiful woman (Gen. xii, 13, 16). Next we read that this holy man of God, the father of the faithful, debauches Hagar, his hired girl, and when the poor creature is about to become a mother, and most needs his protection, care, and sympathy, the old brute tells his wife to be just as rough with her as she pleases (Gen. xvi, 4, 6).

The poor, abused girl, Hagar, runs away from a life of sin, shame, misery, and ill-usage, and the Bible God sends his angel to compel the poor girl to go back to her cruel mistress—back to the bestial embrace of the lascivious old saint Abraham (Gen. xvii, 7, 10). And the Bible God indorses and applauds these acts (Gen. xviii, 18, 19).

When did the Bible God ever show respect for woman, heed her suffering, or regard her as other than a creature made for the gratification of the lust of his dear saints? God, reviewing the whole life of Abraham, is so well pleased with it that he blesses Isaac, "because that Abraham obeyed my voice and kept my commandments, my statutes, and my laws" (Gen. xxvi, 5). It was no violation of God's law for Abraham to make a prostitute of his own wife—a second time sell the use of her to a heathen king (Gen. xx, 2). And the heathen king rebuked the saint of God for his infamous immorality (Gen. xx, 9). Yet we are told we should all descend to heathenism but for the teachings of the holy Bible.

Lot is a superior specimen of the Bible God's best saints. He reaches the very highest standard of God's idea of a good father. The Holy Ghost God declares that he was a just and righteous man (2 Peter ii, 7).

Lot offers his two young virgin daughters to be debauched by a wild, drunken mob; unsolicited he offers them: "Behold now I have two daughters which have not known man; let me, I pray you, bring them out unto you, and do ye to them as is good in your eyes" (Gen. xix, 8).

On escaping the burning of Sodom, he dwells in a cave, with his two daughters, gets beastly drunk, and is guilty of incest with them both, the Bible God having kindly killed his wife on the flight from Sodom, for no other apparent reason than to make opportunity for his dear saint to revel in this incestuous intercourse; and, as evidence of approval and admiration of this bestiality, God performs a double miracle, and makes this drunken, incestuous orgy result in progeny and the foundation of two great nations: "Thus were both the daughters of Lot with child by their father" (Gen. xx, 36). And the New Testament declares this detestable wretch was a "just man," "a righteous soul" (2 Peter ii, 7). C. B. REYNOLDS.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Sat Upon by Mr. Truesdell.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Since THE TRUTH SEEKER ceased to advocate the repeal of certain laws against using the United States mails for the circulation of obscene literature, until quite recently, I hav seen so little in its editorial columns to disapprove that I had almost adopted your paper as a Liberal creed, but your recent articles upon the Chicago Anarchists arouse me to the fact that upon some questions we are as wide apart in opinion as it is possible to imagin.

I am never surprised at the sentiments expressed by some of your correspondents, for which, of course, THE TRUTH SEEKER is not responsible. The world is full of strange, unbalanced people, many of whom, although unable to govern or even support themselvs, forcibly imagin that they hav the moral, political, and financial ability to govern the world.

It was to be expected that the average crank who scoffs at all moral and civil law, or the dishonest fanatic who publicly declares that "Spiritualism false is better to advocate than Materialism true," would defend Anarchy and oppose justice, but it was not to be expected that Liberalism would be misrepresented, even unwittingly, by one of its leading organs.

When editors of Christian papers and a few clergymen some years ago denounced Liberals as obscenists, because one fanatic calling himself a Liberal had written a silly book, and others had unwisely sold it, these pious people lied. They knew that the Liberals, as a class, were not obscenists; that only a very weak minority, if any true Liberals, were in favor of circulating dirty literature. They knew then, and they now know, that our mothers and our sisters, our wives and our children, are as pure and as sacred to us, and as moral in the eyes of the world, as any other class of people that can be named. They knew, too (which they hav many times been compelled, with regrets, to acknowledge), that there are quite as much obscenity, knavery, and debauchery covered up by creeds and false pretenses as there are to be found in the ranks of Liberalism.

While we were smarting under the lash of these lying hypocrits, unfortunately one of our leading organs gave color of truth to their charges by forcing upon the Liberal convention at Syracuse a resolution advocating the repeal of the laws referred to.

I believed at that time, and I am still firm in the opinion, that the passing of that resolution was the severest blow that Liberalism has ever encountered.

While I worked and voted against the resolution, I hav charity enough to believe that among my opponents there was hardly one person in that convention who really desired to use the United States mails for immoral purposes. These misguided people were like yourself, Mr. Editor, fighting, Quixote-like, for the right of others to do something which they themselvs abhor.

You say, August 28th, after referring to them as the "so-called Anarchists of Chicago:"

> It has been a trial reflecting no credit upon either the police or state's attorneys of Chicago, and the verdict is the result of popular prejudice against the Anarchists. It is a monstrous verdict, and, unless reversed by the Supreme Court of Illinois, will end in judicial murder. Aside from the injustice done the men themselvs, this trial is deplorable in its results. The verdict angers the thousands of Socialists in Chicago, while feeding the wrath of the general public against them. . . . The trial has outraged every distinctivly American principle, and this conviction, if sustained, and the men executed, will be as black a blot upon the fame of the republic as are the years of negro slavery. . . . We hav no sympathy with the wild gasconade and threats of those Anarchistic orators. They are the blind leading the blind; but we hav an abiding faith in freedom, a warm regard for fair play, and a jealous love for American institutions.

This is precisely the position taken by some Northern newspapers of doubtful loyalty during our late civil war. These papers denied all sympathy with rebellion in as strong terms as THE TRUTH SEEKER expresses its disapproval of Anarchy in; they even went so far as to declare in almost every issue their loyalty to the Union. Yet these very editors bitterly opposed every movement made by the government in defense of its existence. Every copperhead editor in the land had a way of his own to bring the war to a close, and that way was, in substance, to slyly encourage the rebels, and at the same time to denounce every action of "Lincoln's hirelings"—the Union army and the government. It was, they claimed, illegal to raise an army to defend the Union, and unconstitutional to issue paper money.

When Vallandigham was sent "beyond the lines" for discouraging enlistments and other treasonable conduct, indignation meetings were held and the government was bitterly denounced by pretended loyal men, in just about the same language as that in which the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER now denounces the judge and jury at Chicago, and declares "there is no such thing as a treasonable utterance in this country!"

When Mrs. Surratt was hanged as an accomplice in the brutal murder of our lamented President Lincoln, these same editors held up their hands in holy horror, saying, with THE TRUTH SEEKER, "It is judicial murder! It will unite the South" (Anarchists of Chicago). While they could not, with any pretense of fairness, advocate the discharge from all responsibility of the man who fired the fatal shot (threw the bomb) they stoutly maintained, in substance, that *he* was the only man who could be legally punished.

In a later issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER, September 25th, I note with pleasure your strong denunciation of Anarchy; yet I sincerely regret to see, in the same article, you giv vent to the following strange language:

> Freethought, as we understand it, stands for absolute freedom of thought, of speech, of publication, upon any and every subject on earth. There is no such thing as a treasonable utterance in this country.

It is fortunate for Liberalism that you qualified your remarkable definition of Freethought by the words, "as we understand it," for I do not believe that one Liberal in a hundred can be found who understands it as you do. If you had used the word "Anarchy" instead of "Freethought," your definition would be more fitting.

THE TRUTH SEEKER'S denunciation of Anarchy and its tacit defense of the rights of Anarchists is about like denouncing murder and defending the right of a man to be a murderer. You say, September 25th: "The question is not whether these men are Anarchists, or Socialists, or Infidels, or Christians, but, Are they guilty of premeditated murder?"

This is strange reasoning. There is no more analogy between an Anarchist and an Infidel than there is between an outlaw and a Methodist. One may be a peaceful, law-abiding citizen, while the other is a self-acknowledged criminal, advocating the breaking of nearly all law.

Again, you say in substance that Parsons and his co-conspirators were tried for murder and convicted of Anarchy. Well, so much the worse for these human fiends. Suppose they had been accused of petty larceny and found guilty of grand larceny, should we blame the judge and the jury because these wretches were worse than they had supposed them to be? There are crimes on the calendar far worse than murder, and the devilish conspiracy which was clearly proven before a competent judge and a just jury of twelve men against the Chicago Anarchists was as much worse than simple murder as robbing a savings bank exceeds petty larceny.

Liberalism has enough legitimate work to perform without seemingly to uphold the wild whims of every crank who makes war upon society. We should build as well as tear down, and in raising our new structure it behooves every Liberal, be he editor or layman, to be constantly on his guard against tacitly advocating or apologizing for crime.

The Christian church is fast sinking under the waves of popular opinion, simply because she is too heavily loaded with superstition and hypocrisy. Let all Liberals take warning, lest we, too, unwittingly overload our ship or allow our opponents to sink her with the deadly freight of Anarchy and obscenity.

Syracuse, Sept 27, 1886. JOHN W. TRUESDELL.

Picked Up By Mr. Renwick.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am an old man, a patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER, was an earnest friend of D. M. Bennett, and believe to-day, as then, that he was falsely charged, tried, convicted, and punished. You said so then, and say so now, and it seems to hav given offense to some so-called truth seekers, notably, John Ray, of Ontario. And, beginning with his postscript, which, if it means anything, means that a man with a backbone in him is a forlorn hope in the editorial chair of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I beg leave to differ from him.

John Ray plainly tells us that his mind completely flopped over between the dates August 13th and 28th. Then he did not think you were outside of your latitude; now he does. He tells us you "appear to advocate the views of the Anarchists." If this is true, he should be able to point out at least the number of the paper that contains it. "Deprecate" would hav been the exact word—not "advocate" Mr. Ray tells us "there is war between labor and capital, and he does not think the affairs of the nation would be improved by conceding to the demands of the Anarchists or working classes." I am a wage earner, John Ray. I am not an Anarchist. Are you? I believe in law and order. Do you?

I believe in a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. Do you? This is the demand of the honest workingman, only this and nothing more. With the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I do not believe in the vicarious hanging of half a dozen men because they could not catch the wretch who threw the shell. Do you? Tabernacle Talmage recommended that an Irish Roman Catholic policeman should bespatter the walls of a theater with the brains of Colonel Ingersoll, but I would not hang him for it. Would you? For your "intelligence and capital," I would suggest "avarice and capital" as the proper words to use.

And now, in conclusion, permit me to say that I hav seen some service, and would enlist again to defend the right of John Ray to express his views upon any subject, before any audience that wished to hear him. With the most supreme contempt for judge and jury in the trials at Chicago, and a hearty bravo for your backbone in denouncing them, I remain sound for free speech, a free press, and a free people.

Louisville, Ky. WM. E. RENWICK.

W. E. Gould, Portland's Defaulter.

From the Lewiston, Maine, Labor Advocate.

A bosom friend of W. E. Gould, the Portland defaulter, has this to say of him:

"Let them say what they may, I say to you that William Edward Gould has felt a strong desire to see sinners coming to Christ. This busy business man, whatever may hav been his faults, has felt that there was for him a special work if he preached not the gospel. I know that recently he expressed the greatest concern in regard to the possible spread of the errors of Colonel Ingersoll. He has been honest in all of his religious experiences."

We can't help thinking that the stockholders of the First National Bank, of Portland, would much rather hav the errors of Ingersoll spread around their counters than the errors of Gould A man who is so terribly good that he will steal to prevent the spread of Bob Ingersollism is too goody-good for a bank cashier. The best thing that they can do with Gould is to send him as a missionary to the Cannibal Islands, so that when he finds a cannibal that is inclined to eat somebody, Gould can eat the cannibal and thus stop the spread of cannibalism.

We don't pity the bank any. When one thief steals from another the people lose nothing. This seventy thousand the bank has lost was taken from the people and no equivalent given; and Gould knew it and he, undoubtedly, thought he might as well take it as the bank. But we do feel real sorry that Gould has been deprived of carrying out the great aim of his life—stopping the spread of Ingersollism and the substitution of Gouldism in its place.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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An Open Letter to Henry George.

HENRY GEORGE, ESQ., MAYORALTY CANDIDATE OF THE LABOR REFORM PARTY, *Dear Sir:* As you are a Reform candidate for the mayoralty of this city, the Freethinkers of the town take a peculiar interest in your campaign. A large proportion of them are activ advocates of labor reform and of your candidacy for mayor. As in many respects the most brilliant advocate of land reform this century has seen, as an avowed Free Trader, and as a sympathizer with labor, your reputation is as wide as the diffusion of the English language. There is, however, one form of injustice to which labor is subject. upon which no expression of opinion has been published by you. We mean those forms of ecclesiastical robbery which the Nine Demands of Liberalism oppose. A statement of these Demands being also a statement of the laws which Liberals desire repealed, we quote them here for your perusal:

"1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.

"2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

"3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

"4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

"5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

"6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

"7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

"8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of 'Christian' morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

"9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made."

The first of these demands is, in land and property interest involved, the most important. Doubtless you are aware that in the United States there are over 100.000 church buildings, aggregating in value some $746,294,833. This vast property enjoys the protection of the state. If threatened by fire, the state protects it; if destroyed by mobs, the state remunerates the churches. Yet, for this protection the religious organizations pay not one cent to the public treasury. The Freethinkers demand that this $746,294,833 worth of ecclesiastical property bear its just share of the burden of taxation. What is your opinion of this demand?

The second demand of Liberalism relates to chaplains in the various national and state institutions. I would call your attention to the amendment to the Constitution which prohibits Congress from establishing religion, and then to the following facts: The *Army Register* shows 30 white and 4 colored chaplains in service. In the navy there are 23 activ chaplains and 6 retired. Congress employs two. Reckoning their different grades of pay, we find that the United States annually devotes to establishing religion the following amounts: Chaplains in Congress, $1,800; in the army, $84,600; in the navy, $60,000. Total, $146,400. The Freethinkers demand that this unconstitutional expenditure shall cease. Do you, esteemed sir, agree with them?

The third demand relates to public appropriations for schools and other institutions of a sectarian character. Let me call your attention to a few facts which may possibly hav escaped your notice. In the city to the mayoralty of which your friends (and you hav no better friends than among the Freethinkers) desire to elevate you, one church, the Catholic, has been given in real estate $3,500,000; in cash, $6,043,626.45; and is now receiving about $700,000 annually. The reason for these donations is the alleged moral influence of the church. But Freethinkers cannot admit that Catholicism is a good policeman when we find that in 66 prisons of the United States and Canada more than one-third of the inmates are Roman Catholics. Many of the institutions which receive public support are but Catholic parochial schools under aliases, in which children are educated in the tenets of Romanism. Respecting the influence which these schools exert, I would call your attention to the following from Dexter A. Hawkins: "The parochial school," he says, "in comparison with the public school, has relativly reduced and dwarfed the ability of the brilliant Irish race to gain a livelihood to such an extent that in the city of New York, from 1871 to 1875 inclusiv, five years, the Department of Charities and Corrections cared for Irish paupers to the number of 98,787; while of Americans there were only 63,178; of Germans, only 24,273; and of all other races only 17,563. In addition to this there were each year several thousand of the Irish race assisted by the charitable institutions of their church, of which we hav no reliable data.

"The above figures, reduced to a comparativ ratio based on the last United States census of each race in this city, taking the Americans as the unit of the ratio, givs the following:

"Americans	1.00
Irish	3.50
German	1.33
All others	1.50

"In other words, a child trained up in the Roman Catholic parochial school is so much inferior intellectually to one trained up in the public school, that he is three and a half times as likely to become a pauper as he would be if he attended the free public schools of the city."

The Freethinkers, therefore, demand that sectarian appropriations shall cease forever. Do you, Mr. George, incline to this opinion?

The fourth demand asks that governmental religious services and the use of the Bible in the schools shall be done away with. The injustice of the present customs in these matters must be apparent at once to a man of your discriminating powers. The support of the state is compulsory, and every citizen contributes his share toward its expenses. What right, therefore, hav our legislators to use a portion of the people's money to pay for prayers which a large number of taxpayers regard as so much superstitious mummery and a relic of barbaric sacrifices to idols? A Jew is forced in this way to sustain a religion which he knows is false; a Mohammedan pays for what is to him an infidel service; a Freethinker contributes to a most debasing exhibition of fear and flattery, which his soul abhors. Is it fair to force this contribution by law? As to the presence of a religious book in our public schools, you cannot be unaware of the trouble it is at present causing in this country. The Catholics are building parochial schools and withdrawing their children from the public institutions, in many cases crippling the work of secular education. But we cannot blame the Romish church. It is unfair for officious religious teachers to cram their denominational doctrins down the throats of children of all denominations and of no denomination. In some places (West Point, Wis., for one) children whose parents object to hav theology taught them hav been forced to wait in cold entry-ways while the Methodist teacher puts the scholars through a course of Bible reading and Methodist song and lay sermon. Was this right? If our schools are free, should they teach religion of any kind? Freethinkers hav a curiosity to know how so distinguished a man as yourself views the fourth demand of Liberalism.

The fifth demand is for the abolition of governmental fast days. When Thomas Jefferson was asked to appoint fast days and "Thanksgivings" he refused, saying he had no right to do it; and during the eight years of his administration he adhered to this Constitutional construction of his duty. He is to-day regarded as our model president—as knowing most about the intentions of the founders of this government—as being the most American American that ever sat in the presidential chair. And surely a man who played so important a part in establishing the American republic may be regarded as its best exponent. You hav publicly declared your belief in the principles of Thomas Jefferson. Will you, Mr. George, if elected to the mayoralty of this city, do what you may to follow the example of Jefferson?

As to judicial "oaths," for the abolition of which, in our courts of justice, the sixth demand of Liberalism was framed. Oaths are relics of the times when men proved the truth of their words by offering their bodies in mortal combat. It needs no argument to show the absurdity of such a proceeding. Oaths upon a religious book, aside from their farcical aspect, place the liar at an advantage over the honest man. No honest man will conceal, if he hav it, his contempt for a book filled with obscenity, but the liar will glibly take the oath, kiss the book, go upon the witness-stand, and perjure himself. The honest man is ruled out of court; the liar's testimony is taken. Would you vote for the retention on our statute books of the absurd laws that permit this?

Sunday laws, for the repeal of which the seventh of Liberalism's demands asks, are the expression of a theological opinion. They are maintained for the benefit of the priests and ministers, who, not possessing the confidence of the people, are afraid if Sunday laws are repealed they will be out of a job. In the words of Parker Pillsbury: "Break this one yoke and priestly domination is no more. With this holy day must go their holy office, and with it their holy and reverend selvs." Sunday is made gloomy by these laws; and every man who takes a little recreation on that day is made a criminal and a law-breaker. He is forbidden by these laws to enjoy himself; to take his family into the fields, or to indulge with them in healthful out-door amusement. The practical effect of Sunday laws in most places is to close everything but the churches and rum-shops. This is not a healthy result, as the Monday morning books of the police courts show. In this city, especially, do the Sunday laws work disastrously. Every museum is closed; every public library but one is closed; every reading-room but one is closed. A visitor to the park can see nothing but the ground and the outside of the museum buildings upon which the city has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. The present mayor—a Roman Catholic, by the way—made an effort last fall to hav these museums opened on Sundays. Will you, if elected, labor to effect that opening? And will you further use such power as a mayor rightfully can to make of Sunday a free day, upon which the laborer can find that recreation from which his occupation absolutely bars him on week-days?

Morality, which is the subject of the eighth demand, does not depend upon any religious system for its support. Mohammedans are moral in some respects, in others immoral. Buddhists are moral and immoral. Jews the same. "Thou shalt not steal" is an expression of natural morality, and does not depend upon Buddha's reiteration of it for its authoritativness. True morality is the result of the experience of the human race, and is that which benefits them. An action is moral or immoral according as it helps or hurts the doer and those affected by it. Sunday laws, blasphemy laws, oath laws, laws appointing fasts, laws enforcing religious services, laws recognizing any particular religious book, laws allowing churches special privileges, are the result of an attempted grafting of Christianity

upon the state, an attempt also to enforce a morality specially denominated Christian. It is not against natural morality to enjoy one's self on Sunday; and natural morality was never promoted by a blasphemy statute. It is only "Christian" morality which commands one to lengthen his face on Sunday, or that finds blasphemy in the expression of an honest opinion of the Bible. Christian morality, in August of 1886, in New Jersey, indicted as a criminal a man for saying that he did not believe the first chapter of Genesis is true. Freethinkers, therefore, demand the repeal of such laws, and the basing of legal enactment upon the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

The ninth demand ought to meet your ready acceptance. At the present day, in about two-thirds of our states Atheists are disqualified from appearing in court. They may not testify; nor can they sit as jurors. In Massachusetts the law discredits them —they are not supposed to be honest. In New Hampshire no Catholic can hold a state office. Almost everywhere the courts are prejudiced against so-called heresy, and in favor of religion. A Christian known to be a man of doubtful veracity can in all the states be accepted as a good witness. A heretic, though known to be honest, virtuous, wise, is rejected by laws based on Christian morality. This monstrous injustice the Freethinkers are laboring to redress. If you are elected to office, will they obtain your aid?

In the last presidential campaign letters similar to this were addressed to the candidates aspiring to enter the White House. The managers of their campaigns made no reply, nor was it expected they would. They knew too much to commit themselvs upon these subjects. They knew that hypocrisy in a politician is his stock in trade; that no man who honestly expressed favorable sentiments on these matters could be elected; that if the candidate did not cater to Christianity, or "work the religious racket," as it is called by the practical politicians, he might as well commit suicide. But you are running, not as a politician, but as a Reformer, with a capital R. Your published principles are radical—as far from the orthodox social economy as Infidelity is from the orthodox theology—heretical in conception, destructiv in tendency, and revolutionary in their applied outcome. Every orthodox owner of an acre of ground is your natural enemy; every stockholder in a corporation should wish you hanged; and every monopoly would probably cheerfully contribute to the expense of a rope. Your friends are the wronged and oppressed; the weak and almost friendless; the poor, the blind, the halt, and the lame. Like Jesus, you hav for disciples the common people, and not the rich and powerful. Such opinions as you profess hav been given with the boldness and rugged vigor that indicate the sincere man. We are in hopes, therefore, that your moral and political backbone will bear the strain of announcing your views upon those demands which organized Liberalism makes in behalf of justice to the poor, the equality of sects, and impartial liberty for all.

It was the thought of the founders of this republic, as you doubtless know, to make this a secular republic. We do not mean by this that all our Revolutionary forefathers were Secularists, in the sense that a Secularist is an Infidel, but we do mean that the uppermost thought with them was to secure perfect religious freedom for all religions and for no religion. Our forefathers had practical experience with the discriminations which theologians make when they get the chance to govern. The men who established our republic had seen witches hanged on Boston Common; they had seen women stripped and lashed through streets of Massachusetts towns because of their alleged heresy; they had seen Quakers driven into a frozen wilderness to perish; they had seen the bitter fights between the Puritans and the churchmen of England; they had seen Protestants making war upon Catholics; they had read the blasphemy statutes, which sent heretics to the stocks and gallows, to the whipping-post and pillory; they had read the Maryland statute which for three times denying the holy trinity condemned the offender to death, and they had seen with horror the scar of the branding-iron upon Infidel foreheads. Do you wonder, then, that our forefathers placed in our Constitution an eternal prohibition against religion forming any part of our law? And with that prohibition they went down to the grave feeling that they had secured perfect religious liberty for their country for all time. What a glorious monument to their manhood is that prohibition, and in what appalling degeneracy do we see the laws and practices of our states to-day! Confiding in their Constitutional guarantees, the people hav rested in the belief that, religiously, this country is free. They awake to-day to find themselvs in legal chains to the churches. Before the suffrages of your friends can be cast for you, Mr. George, a man will be tried, not thirty miles from this city, for blasphemy—for saying that he did not believe the first chapter of Genesis. That man has a wife and children, and it may be their lot to see the husband and father taken from them and put in a cell in a state prison, a criminal and companion of criminals! What think you of laws that make this possible? Is not the repeal of such infamous enactments as important, as humanitarian, as holy a work as the saving of a few dollars a year to the taxpayers of New York?

But this letter grows long. It was not intended to preach you a sermon upon Christian injustice, for to be hated that needs but to be seen. It was only desired to get your opinion—favorable or unfavorable—upon some subjects which, as Freethinkers, we deemed the most important of any now before the people. Politicians, like St. Paul, are all things to all men, to the end that they may get votes, and their promises are usually valuable only before election. But of a Reform candidate unusual things are expected—even so unusual a thing as a declaration of the views he holds upon unpopular reforms. We shall therefore take pleasure in giving your reply the same prominence we hav given these questions.

A Social Club.

Mr. Willard Brown, a member of the Manhattan Club of this city, last week invited Edward Aveling and Mr. Liebnecht to visit him at his club. The invitation was accepted. While seated on the balcony, discussing music and art, they received a message from the governors of the club to the effect that their room was preferable to their company. The reason given to Mr. Brown as the cause of this expulsion of his guests was that Aveling and Liebnecht were "Socialists over here in the interests of those Socialists who are under sentence of death in Chicago." As such "they are enemies to the free institutions that Americans love." So Dr. Aveling and Herr Liebnecht had to go.

If this were only another illustration of the boorish manners of the members of the Manhattan Club, it would not be a very serious matter, but as showing how scared the people are at Socialism, the incident deserves permanent record. Years ago, the self-named "respectability" of Boston ejected from their houses and clubs the Abolitionists, because they wanted to see justice done the slaves. The "respectability" of Boston has since then tumbled all over itself and rolled in the mud in its eagerness to do honor to those Abolitionists.

Ostracism from so-called society is the penalty usually paid by the holders of unpopular opinions for possessing brain enough to differ from the orthodox folks. Infidels, especially, know what it is to be pointed out as curiosities. But such ostracism is a badge of honor, worn proudly by the victims, and the probabilities are that Messrs. Aveling and Liebnecht can stand their expulsion if the Manhattan Club can. They are not Anarchists, but Socialists, and hav no more sympathy with the opinions of such gentlemen as Benjamin R. Tucker and Henry Appleton than they hav for the teachings of the Communist of Judea or of his apostles. But the people who call everybody who objects to be swindled by law an Anarchist will never find this fact out, and they will go on calling Socialism Anarchy to the end of their days.

As for the Manhattan Club, considering the kind of material of which it is composed, there is nothing strange in its action. Though it is a Democratic club, there is no doubt that Thomas Jefferson would be expelled if he talked his heresy on its balcony today. So would Jesus Christ be kicked off the portals of the fashionable churches of the city. Between the supercilious uppercrust of "society" and the degraded lowercrust of ignorant serfs who vote as the priest tells them, there is but precious little left of that American spirit of independence and love of personal liberty which gave us the best system of government the world has yet seen. Opinions adverse to the rightfulness of buying and selling men and women because their skins were black, and opinions adverse to the claims of scripture, hav all along been met with the cold shoulder, and the passing by on the other side. Now it seems that opinions as to the nature of property and the structure and functions of government are to be punished in like manner. To be consistent, every member of the Manhattan Club should refuse to speak to Henry George, who audaciously proposes to revolutionize our property system by taxing land irrespectiv of improvements, so that those who are now holding land vacant shall be compelled either to build on it themselvs or to giv up the land to those who will.

Fools oft do funny things, but to the Manhattan Club must be awarded the chief jester's cap and bells.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Independent* gravely considers the question of whether we of this generation hav a "personal share in Adam's guilt." The editor once asked a candidate for the foreign mission work, "If you believe that you actually had a personal part in Adam's sin of eating that fruit, why don't you, the next time you kneel in prayer, tell God you repent of it, and ask him to forgiv you for it?" The answer silenced all response: "Why, I hav done it a thousand times." And the editor adds: "President Edwards approvingly relates how a young woman in his congregation was deeply convicted of the guilt of Adam's first sin and heartily repented of it." The utter puerility of such gibberish as this does not seem to be apparent to the writer, but it ought to be to the reader.

THE Petaluma Secular Free Library is the title of one of the best institutions in the city of Petaluma, Cal. It is a well-equipped library, for a young one, due to the generosity and public spirit of a few of the Infidels of the place. One gentleman donated $200, another one $50 with which to start the collection of books, and two others gave some $55 worth of Liberal volumes. For the present the library is located in the store of Philip Cowen, who gratuitously acts as librarian. The collection of works will be extended as means permit and the people show interest in the enterprise. Petaluma is fortunate in at least a few of her citizens, who, by the establishment of a free library, hav furnished occupation for the leisure hours of the people, thereby doing a great deal toward emptying the saloons. It remains only for the people to appreciate and patronize the library and so extend its sphere of usefulness.

EVERY week THE TRUTH SEEKER, illuminated by Watson Heston's inimitable cartoons upon the absurdities of the Bible, finds its way to our table of valued exchanges, bringing up reminiscences of the grand old truth seeker who started upon the waters of superstition the bark which has since grown to be a well-recognized power in the cause of progress. If, as he always hoped, the change termed death did not end his conscious existence, the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER must look with gratification and pleasure upon the conduct and growth of his journal. Impartial and just, its columns are always open to every side of every question. Keen and observing, its managers see beneath the surface and send forth ample warning of hidden dangers. Like a lightship anchored out upon the trackless ocean THE TRUTH SEEKER points to all the way which leads toward eternal justice.—*Missouri Liberal.*

WE do not imagin that a reply in detail to Mr. John W. Truesdell's communication is needed. For a man bent on gathering bottom facts he writes very incoherently. He insinuates that we hav advocated Anarchy, when the facts are that for months we hav opposed it; he likens our position to that of the copperhead editors during the war, but he cannot support his position by the quotation of a line; he brings in the old obscenity business, insinuating that the "repeal" people are working for the transmission of filth in the mails, when he knows that our position on that question is purely one of Constitutional limitation; he tacitly asserts that treasonable talk is punishable, when if he ever read the Constitution he knows that treasonable acts only can be punished by the government; he denies that Freethought means free thought on all subjects; he more than insinuates that an Anarchist is worse than a murderer; and winds up by asserting that a "devilish conspiracy" was clearly proved against the Chicago people now under sentence of death, but does not attempt to support the assertion by a word of evidence. He seems to view the Anarchists precisely as Talmage does the Infidels. Last Sunday Talmage asked his congregation, "Does it not seem to you as if the time had come for God to punish the defamation of his name and truth? Look abroad and see the blasphemy in this country. A blasphemer can go up and down this continent lecturing against God, in defiance of the laws of this country, and no mayor has had backbone enough to stop him, except a former mayor of Toronto. Blasphemy is worse than murder; worse than arson. These are only offenses against humanity, while blasphemy is an offense against almighty God." Mr. Truesdell's argument is one of pure sentiment; his "facts" are entirely imaginary, and his conclusions square with his prejudices. Talmage thinks that Infidels hav no rights that Christians are bound to respect. Mr. Truesdell thinks that Anarchists hav no rights that anybody is bound to respect. We are sorry that our esteemed friend has done us so gross an injustice as to misrepresent what we hav said, but we are content to leave the matter with his own conscience and the common sense of our readers.

Letters from Friends.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Sept. 28, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Charles Watts has again visited Pittsburgh, and stirred up the City of Natural Gas "unto good work." He lectured at Maltby Hall before the Pittsburgh Secular Society on Sunday, the 26th inst., on "The Reformation; or, Catholicism or Protestantism, Which?" As a historical *resumé* of the Reformation, and a critical comparison of the respectiv merits of Catholicism and Protestantism, it was a marvel of judicious discrimination, happy illustration, and logical application of the lessons of history to a correct solution of the problem.

Mr. Watts was in his happiest vein, and the frequent applause of the large audience attested their appreciation of his effort. At 8 P.M. he lectured at Wilson's Hall in Allegheny City, on "Saints or Sinners—Which?" This was an entirely new lecture, and was not delivered with that *elan* and audacious *abandon* so characteristic of Mr. Watts when scoring orthodoxy, yet its frequent sallies of wit and humor were sufficient to amuse while instructing his audience. He left last night for Grand Rapids, Mich., to labor in the vinyard.

Yours, HARRY HOOVER.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, Aug. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: After reading the account of the wrong-doings that took place at Boonton, N. J., in damaging the tent, etc., in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I wrote to my friend, Wm. Reynolds, of Wanship, proposing to him that we send around to all our good folks and invite them to assist in the war against the enemies of truth. In answer he said his mite had been sent, etc., and, of course, we that want to can do the same in a separate or united manner, seeing it is no more than our duty to stand by and uphold our leading men in the front who are battling with the enemy of truth and right for our cause in the lecture-field and through the press, sometimes meeting and having to get along the best way they can with real devils led on by their masters.

I intend in the course of a month, more or less, to see and confer with my friend H. S. Brooks, of Payson, and see if we can raise a few dollars to send in to the assistance of the tent fund, which should be kept going as long as possible.

I expect my friend C. B. Reynolds will defend himself the best he can in law with those mobocrats; and should an unrighteous decision in law be made, it will only lower those who so decide in the estimation of all honest people.

As this world has its ups and downs we may expect to meet both in our travels, but let us stick and hang together to oppose the errors of this world, and cling to the truth and the right forever. People hav to be taught correct ideas and then the world will grow better. Old ideas should be got rid of and new and better ones adopted.

LUKE WM. GALLUP.

GLEN HALL, PA., Sept. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I received a letter from you desiring that all subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER should pay in advance. As my subscription expires on the first, I herewith inclose $3, hoping that all subscribers will do likewise, as surely it would be a small inconvenience to each, while in the aggregate it would be a great favor to the editor.

J. Peck's articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER are very good, and I think that, put in tract or pamphlet form, they might be circulated to good advantage. I would take two or three dozen of them at a fair price for gratuitous circulation, as my lot seems to be cast in strong surroundings of priesthood, and we are rarely ever favored with Liberal lectures. Some three years past, I communicated with Mr. Bell, and he came on. I engaged the hall in West Chester, and it proved to be a very pleasant moonlight night. Only some five or six came out. I hired a bell-man to ring around the town, and yet the number was not increased. So it proved a failure. I paid for hall and bell-man, and so the matter dropped; but not without a strong desire on my part that some one who could draw an audience would offer. I went over thirty miles to Philadelphia to hear Mr. Ingersoll, and see if I could get him to come to West Chester. He promised me he would come. I hav written and sent word to him, and yet he does not come. There is not the least doubt of him getting a full house. I will engage the hall and do the advertising, if he will fix the time and drop me a postal. I do want the still water of orthodoxy stirred up. Will you help me?

R. I. SANBORN.

HOLDEN, Mo., Sept. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav for a few months been a subscriber to and an interested reader of your paper. Some things in it do not accord with my views. This is to be expected in a Liberal paper where all subjects are freely discussed from all standpoints.

I am a Theist. I believe that all organic forms were evolved, and that some supreme being, entity, or energy in some way gave emanation and impress to the force of nature. But I do not believe in a personal God. It would be as absurd to conceive of a God endowed with sex as of one encumbered with a tail. I do not believe that God dictated a book, or begat a son.

Another thing to which I wish to demur is a tendency on the part of some of your correspondents to apologize for the crimes of the Anarchists. From my standpoint their principles are at enmity with civilization, and the organization known as the Knights of Labor is their progeny.

In the main, I like your paper—one grand feature of which is "Letters from Friends." Through these we can commune with intelligent thinkers in almost every part of the world.

I hav been an ardent believer in Freethought and an outspoken disbeliever in revealed religion for many years. Fifteen years ago I stood almost alone here on these subjects. Now we hav good schools, and daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals from all points of the compass, and the result is that about three hundred Liberal men and women get their mail here.

Five years ago, when my boy was only five years old, he wanted to go to Sunday-school. We permitted him to go. On one "blessed Sabbath" morning, however, he said he did not want to go to Sunday-school that day. When asked why, he said, "Oh, there is too much Jesus and Jerusalem in it." I think it the duty of parents to teach their children to avoid the slums of superstition, and the consequent shackles of orthodoxy, and the dogmas of creeds.

All men and women will be better when they know that they can't pray out of the consequences of wrong-doing; that there is no sin-cleansing virtue in the blood of a man who has been dead for many years; that truth, sobriety, and rectitude are the means and harbingers of happiness.

C. L. CARTER, M.D.

ABILENE, KAN., Sept. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed ten cents for another copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER dated Sept. 11, 1886. You will observe that I am doing a little missionary work, by sending some copies of the dear old TRUTH SEEKER, which I appreciate very much indeed, to some friends of mine, although they are very much surprised to know that I am such a strong Liberal in Freethought, and take such an interest in working for the same, after being such a strict and faithful worker in the Lutheran church for the last twenty years. They say they cannot see why it is.

But I was unfortunate, when I was a little boy ten years old, in losing my right arm by the threshing-machine, and ever since I had plenty of leisure time for reading and traveling some in the world, and hearing discussions on all subjects, and I became fully convinced that the Liberals hav the best ground to stand upon, more common sense and reason to go by, whereas the church rests nearly all on faith, something we cannot go by, for the simple reason that it is unreasonable.

I will send a few copies of the *Lutheran Observer*. Observe the marked pieces, as they may be of interest to you.

I hav been a very close and constant reader of what they call religious papers ever since I knew anything, and, knowing so well by experience the running of churches, I am now perfectly disgusted with them. But nevertheless I take an interest in going to church occasionally and reading their church papers. In that way we get both sides of the question. That is the kind of Liberalism I believe in. I pity those fellows that can see only one side of a thing. Accept anything that has truth in it, no matter what it is.

In looking over church papers, it is astonishing the amount of money spent for superstition, and to feed a lot of worthless preachers and priests.

I hav a picture entitled, "A Short Lesson in History for Christians," nicely framed and hung in my bed-room, and also a large picture of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll decorating my room, and when my Christian friends come to see me I show them, and it grieves them so that they can hardly stand the sight. When they see the cut where the church is encouraging astronomy by murdering Bruno; "The Beginning of Freethought;" "Galileo Forced to Recant" by the priest standing beside him with the sword of the Inquisition; "Teachers of Science;" "Teachers of Salvation;" "Presbyterianism, the Telegraph, and the Steam-engin;" and "The Last Argument of the Church"—when they see all that they turn away from it mad and say, "It's a lie!" The church, they say, "never did such a thing." J. BEETEM WISE.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Sept. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Under the heading of "Powderly and Communism," in the THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 4, 1886. is an article by some one styling himself "Justice." For ignorance and misrepresentation of the Knights of Labor and Mr. Powderly, it beats anything I hav seen for some time.

To begin with, he says: "I desire to ask if the actions of the Knights of Labor in Chicago. Milwaukee, Detroit, and New York, and the Gould Southwestern system, where they resorted to intimidation, violence, forcible possession, yea, and to murder, were justifiable." He also says that Mr. Powderly boasted that unless Mr. Gould came to his terms he would order a universal boycott on Mr. Gould. The above statements, taken as a whole, are false and a misrepresentation. In the first place, in the Chicago riots the Knights of Labor took no part, but instead they offered their services to the mayor to put down the riot, and since then they hav been expelling all Anarchists and Socialists from their assembly. In Milwaukee there was no riot, but the men while going in a body to request the men to quit work were fired upon by the Pinkerton detectivs, killing several, which created great excitement among the strikers, who would hav instituted a riot but for the interposition of Mr. Robert Schilling, who was called on by the mayor to quiet the men and keep them from raising a disturbance, and had succeeded in doing so when the governor ordered the militia to the city and gave orders for them to shoot to kill, and the militia, appearing there when all was quiet, so excited the men again that they became uncontrollable, and all the persuasion and entreaties of Mr. Schilling could not stay them. I ask, Who was to blame for what followed? I leave that to all candid thinkers. The strikers were not armed, and intended no violence. So much for Milwaukee.

The strike on the Gould Southwestern system was inaugurated entirely against positiv orders from Mr. Powderly by that hot-headed traitor, Martin Irons, who has since been compelled to fly from the wrath of the Knights of Labor, who hav discovered his rascality, and from evidence which has convinced them that he was hired by capitalists to ruin the order.

The New York strikes were not ordered by the Knights of Labor, and not carried on as Knights of Labor strikes.

"Justice" says: "Yet he [Powderly] givs the Southwest strike his official countenance and the support of the whole order." Why should he not do so? Although he declares the strike unjustifiable and uncalled for, those men were led to and deceived into doing as they did by that traitor Martin Irons. Is that any reason why those men should not be kept from starvation by the support of the whole order? And as for Powderly being a vain boaster, that is false from beginning to end. Mr. Powderly is not a man given to boasting. You cannot put your finger on a single boast that he is said to hav made that cannot be traced to be a sensational newspaper article, got up for the sole purpose of creating enmity to the Knights of Labor. Mr. Powderly says but very little, but when he does speak there is no mistaking what he says and means.

Also the L. S. & M S. strike was not a Knights of Labor strike, nor was it ordered by Powderly. Wherever there has been a strike by the Knights of Labor it has been brought about by the trade unionist and political tricksters that hav gained access to the order, and especially in newly organized assemblies where they, being better versed in governing societies, soon become leaders and trample under foot the principles under which they are organized. I challenge any man to refute the statement that the principles under which the Knights of Labor are organized, if carried into effect, would bring peace and prosperity to the whole world. There would be no paupers, no poor, no money oligarchies, no grinding monopolies, no legalized robbers (the national banks and bond-holders). No such things as these would disgrace our fair land.

CHAS. L. WATSON.

GREELEY, COL., Sept. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: "The Story Hour" came safely to hand, and I am very much pleased with it. There are a great many things contained therein that might prove instructiv to older persons. It is just the kind of literature to place in the hands of small children, being entirely free from superstition.

Two weeks ago a Seventh-day Adventist pitched his tent in our midst, and began a series of lectures. I went to hear him enough to satisfy myself that the Adventists who believe as he does are logically deficient. I am more thoroughly disgusted with the Bible than ever. I do wish Mr. Reynolds would come here and giv the community something worth hearing. There are a great many Liberals here who are highly capable of comprehending facts. I think the late earthquake in the South has done a little good. It has shaken a little reason into one minister's head. I copy the following extract from a letter on the subject, given by Rev. Dr. Wilson, who stands high in the Episcopal church of Charleston, S. C. Dr. Wilson is one of the most learned gentlemen of that city, and has given the subject of earthquakes and the subterranean formations about Charleston special study, and he speaks as sensibly upon the subject as he dares. He says: "The man who calls this a visitation of God's wrath for sins is a fanatic who ought to be silenced. God is a loving father, and not an executioner. Such talk is narrow, dangerous, and false. [I think he is going back on the Bible.] If we suffer from the operation of the wise laws which govern the universe for the general good, the compensation will come hereafter. This earthquake teaches the littleness of our power and knowledge, and our dependence on him." If he would leave out "him," and say "ourselvs," I think it would sound more sensible.

The God above us faileth,
The God within is strong.

He continues: "The very fact that this is the result of a great law givs us absolute confidence, for just as sure as summer follows winter, and seed-time follows harvest, so surely has this danger passed by, and we are not to look for a recurrence until two winters come in one year." But he was mistaken, for it was repeated on the 21st of September, and, according to Wiggins, will occur again; and maybe it has shaken another ray of light into his reasoning apparatus, and he will think God did not even make the law.

EULAH C. STILLWELL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR: In expressing thanks for the able explanations of the evolution theory of formations, by Mr. Charles Watts, published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav to regret his omission to explain the cause of the discrepancy between his theory and facts as they exist in nature. The evolution theory of formation logically assumes that evolution began with the beginning of matter and can end only with the ending of matter, which is quite probable, for if matter never had a beginning evolution should not hav had. The evolution theory of formation, if correct, should logically fill the earth with monstrosities in every conceivable stage of transition from the lower to the higher formations. Instead of that, we find that not only the several species, but the several varieties of the same species, are so strongly marked that we can distinguish them at a glance, and like invariably begets like.

The fact that all mammals hav a root—called the navel-string—attached to them at birth, through which they drew their sustenance while forming, is suggestiv that they originally grew out of the ground, as the Bible theory informs us they did. The navel-string would hav been formed in the stems of the plants that bore them, and their bodies then formed in bolls growing upon the stems. When the embryos had grown to maturity they burst their bolls and walked forth in due time and propagated their species as they now do. They being the only seeds of the plants that bore them, no more plants of that genus should hav grown from the ground. The whale, being a mammal fish, should hav been the product of a marine plant growing at the bottom of the sea. The growth of the animals, from the germs,

being a subsequent or secondary formation, their primary formation should hav been completed when their germs were formed, and, although the primary creation was completed, there should not hav been a man to till the ground until men had grown from the ground, by the usual process of nature, which should require as much time originally as now. The Bible theory distinctly asserts that the work of creation was completed when the seeds were in the ground before they grew. Moreover, it is well known that warm-blooded formations cannot be incubated except in a temperature about equal to the blood-heat of such formations, which temperature could not hav existed in our planet except when it was first formed, and all warm-blooded formations should hav come into being soon after, or never by any known process of nature. The Bible is ahead yet; try again.

J. A. TUTTLE.

NEWARK, Sept. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav often heard Roman Catholic priests remark that a little education is very dangerous. They are not so fearful of education as they are of a little exercise of intelligence, and if the people dare use one spark of that commodity contrary to the priest's interest, he will punish them, the next time they come to confession, for daring to presume to do a little thinking for themselvs. Jesuits detest free schools, free speech, free thinkers, and Freemasons, and warn their faithful subjects to beware of these latter wretches, for they are imps of the devil, and will lead them to hell. They hav declared to me that the laws of this country are not founded on the laws of God, but by godless heretics, and that the Catholics are in duty bound to resist, and when they become strong, to overcome heretics.

The state claims the right to educate her children; to make them intelligent, patriotic citizens. But Rome says, "No; hands off till we hav first christened, then confirmed, and finally schooled them to be loyal to the pope." When they hav graduated from popery, they become aliens to the land of their birth. Their loyalty belongs only to Rome; their country is no consequence. Now, sir, that is the first issue that has got be settled by the American and intelligent foreigners, and politicians and the rest of the demagogs had better take warning. The Jesuits are driven from Europe, and they are colonizing every large city in our country.

They are hungry, and want our revenues. They hav collected half of them for years, but they want the whole, of course. The people are complaining of hard times, and great numbers don't know what affects them. When you tell them there is too much dead church property, they laugh with innocence, and tell you if it were not for the churches people could not liv and there would be no law or order—thereby proving that such people hav no sense, no manhood, no courage, and are willing to be slaves to the church, with its strange Gods, Ghosts, Virgins, and saints. I answer such people that ignorance is a curse, and it is not a folly to be wise. I, for one, don't want to be taxed to suppo t a lot of lazy, idle beats who were born tired, who preach faith, hope, and charity. They hav plenty of faith, and hope—and cheek, that's about the size of it, but charity none. The fools are supposed to hav a double share of that. If they don't giv, I pity their corrupted souls, that can only be purged of their corruption by paying their money. The pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, and sisters all liv by purifying and fumigating souls. It pays well. They are all looking fat and healthy. Wherever there are mills, factories, or workshops, there also you will find the costly cathedral, with its golden cross, the emblem of superstition and slavery, and inside are the priestly wolves, who are ever ready to ring the lambs to mass to rob them of their wages. Money was not earned by prayers, but by work—blood, bone, and muscle. Instead of blessing the people, they curse them. The priests are the only ones that are benefited by prayer. They are idle gods, and intelligent people get along without them; and fools could, too, if they only would take off the hoops that priests put on their heads to suppress their intellect. These priests not only rob the people of their money, the mothers and daughters of their virtue, but they rob our youths of reason and fill their heads with superstition, and build prisons to put poor, demented maidens in, there to eke out a miserable life of misery and suffering. And politicians hav not the courage to demand these lords and sanctified beats to open wide their convent doors for inspection. The cowardly rascals will legislate against Mormons, but dare not raise their corrupted breaths above a whisper against Rome. The patriotism, chivalry, courage, and love of country of the Americans hav departed, and those noble qualities are replaced with corruption, servility, poverty, and cowardice.

If our politicians want office, they take off their hats to the Irish popish bosses of both political parties, and beg them to take pity on their superannuated carcases and giv them a little office. They hav not the courage to demand it as their birthright. The Jesuits are ruling the country and sending the plunder to Rome for a foreign pope, and to support and enrich aristocratic Italian cardinals, living in ease and luxury. How long the people will submit to be ruled by politicians I know not, but there will come a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. That time is near, and those robbers had better take warning, for the signs are against them.

W. W. MORRIS.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, Sept. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As I remarked before, this is an orthodox community, and hence your readers will not be surprised to learn that Christian customs do here obtain.

During the past two or three years a worthy minister of the Calvinistic school has been dispensing gospel fables for the edification of two adjoining congregations, for which service he received the sum of one thousand dollars. In vulgar parlance, the parson had a "snap." His family was small and not necessarily expensiv; his dwelling and adjoining grounds were of course furnished gratis, and his labors in his master's vinyard were far lighter than those of most of his members, who received on an average less than half as much money therefor as himself. In addition to his salary, he received substantial support in the way of an occasional load of coal or hay, or assistance in the harvest of his crops. Not long since, the parson received a "call" to the presidency of a neighboring college, the salary offered being twelve hundred dollars. After mature reflection he accepted the position, not, we presume, for the sake of the increased salary, but doubtless to rid himself of the charge of several scores of lukewarm souls. He had become weary, perhaps, of preaching to empty pews, and longed for a change of scene. At all events, he resigned his double-barreled pastorate and cordially invited the members of his respectiv flocks, with their sisters, aunts, and cousins, to attend a reception at the parsonage on a certain day. He said "reception," but his flock seemed to misconstrue the term into "donation party," for when the eventful day arrived charitable Christians wended their way from all directions to the parsonage laden with baskets full of choicest eatables.

Now, the question naturally arises, What became of the supply of good things provided for the occasion by the benevolent parson? As he had announced a reception, he certainly did not expect the guests to provide their own refreshments, yet I hav not heard of any victuals being wasted or distributed among the poor. It is, therefore, fair to presume that the parson anticipated a "surprise" donation party and hence did not provide for the occasion, except to furnish a dessert of ice-cream and lemonade. After the guests and their "host" and his family had feasted on the edibles furnished chiefly by the guests, some charitable person, with more sympathy than judgment, started a subscription-paper through the crowd soliciting contributions for the "needy" family of this man of God. Result, thirty-five dollars, which the parson accepted with thanks from his misguided admirers, thus exemplifying the sordid greed which everywhere characterizes the leaders in the three-cornered scheme of salvation. Here was a man receiving an exorbitant sum for labors which, in the judgment of many weightier men, are not only wasted, but a positiv injury to society. Within the bounds of his pastorates are living many families who lack the bare necessities of life, yet this gilt-edged pauper accepts without a conscientious pang the charity of his infatuated dupes. Not only did they pay him a thousand dollars a year, with the use of a beautiful home thrown in, but they made donation parties for his benefit, provided him occasionally with free fuel and feed, and when he was ready to move to a better-paid position they harnessed their teams and furnished free transportation for his family and goods.

Is it any wonder that so-called Christianity is losing its influence among many intelligent, thoughtful people? Our ministers are constantly canting about free salvation, but if you will closely observe the *modus operandi* by which it is dispensed you will conclude that it is an exceedingly high-priced commodity.

Some time ago, in a letter to a neighboring daily paper, the writer alluded, in condemnatory terms, to the spirit of religious intoleraunce which prevails to such a deplorable degree in all orthodox communities. He asserted that such a spirit was a disgrace to nineteenth century civilization, and closed with the proposition that a decent, honest Infidel was worthy of public respect and patronage. In the same letter he denounced church fairs, and showed that the employment of such means to raise money for religious purposes is inconsistent with the professions of Christians and the example of Christ himself.

When this letter appeared a holy howl ascended heavenward from a score of orthodox throats. Some of my clerical friends almost rent their linen in giving expression to their outraged feelings. Everywhere the voices of rebuke were heard, and the hardened sinner who wrote the letter was mercilessly abused—verbally and at long range. An answer was designed by a "classical" scholar, but for some reason it never appeared. As my expressions had so shocked my orthodox friends, I thought it proper to afford them an opportunity to convince me of my error, and accordingly, in a subsequent letter, I stated that if any of my offended friends felt impelled to lead me into the path of righteousness they could do so by convincing me that I was wrong, and in order to so convince me they could meet me personally or enlighten me through the columns of the paper in which my first article appeared. No response was received, and I infer from their prolonged silence that my Christian friends, not wishing to cast their precious pearls before Infidel swine, hav decided to leave me severely alone.

I heard the erratic and bombastic Sam Jones the other Sunday, and was highly amused by his abuse of his misguided sisters and brothers, the Calvinists. He denounced the doctrin of election, and mercilessly assailed his fellow-Christians in high places for licensing the sale of whisky.

Sam preaches excellent morality and appears to be sincere, and if he would repudiate the myths and fables of the Bible he might prove a useful member of society. The fact that he appears sincere and says he believes in the hell, heaven, and God of the Bible is to many of his more enlightened hearers conclusiv proof of a lack of intellectual profundity.

I. H. BELL.

JOPLIN, MO., Sept. 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The time has come when I feel it my duty to write a few words for the sake of our Missouri friends, a great many of whom are too timid to speak their sentiments, as in part is my failing; but in looking through the county paper my attention was called to the following article, which is the writing of a little, one-horse Baptist preacher that has lately arrived from the state of North Carolina. (Put the darned thing in here.)

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

To the Editors of The Times:

It is hoped that the time is not far distant when the opposers to religious training in the schools will find that they hav been choosing darkness rather than light, and those who are in favor of right religious training of the youth of our land will come boldly to the front and stand face to face against secularism or denominationalism in education. We are as much duty bound to giv proper training to the heart as well as the mind, and it is justly due to God and to humanity that religious training should be given in the schools while other faculties are being developed. But there seems to be almost a prevailing element in the West hostil to anything but secularism entering the curriculum of the schools. Foreign element is continually swelling the tide of secularists, and this element is strongly backed by the press. Some are so lenient as to think that religion in education is the same thing as sectarianism in education; hence they take advantage of the freedom afforded to citizens of our government and say that religion should be discarded in the schools and giv to all classes a fair and just treatment, but that is *reductio ad absurdum*, good only to be given to the mules and bats.

It might justly be considered an outrage on civilization, for the standard of civilization is raised only as the standard of religion is raised. Whenever secularism supersedes religion in schools the doors are simply thrown open for the entrance of Infidelity, and the people, straining at a gnat, swallow a camel.

The question is asked, What religion is to be taught, as there are so many so-called religions? We answer, there is but one religion but a multiplicity of opinions respecting that religion. That is the religion of Lord Jesus Christ, as taught to us through the words of eternal truth. We want no sectarianism, no creeds or catechism whatever in the schools, but only urge that while the mind of the child is being shaped and its character molded, these be shaped and molded in a religious principle. Those who deny their children the privilege of religious training take away a great part of their children's rights—rights given to them by God himself No one has any more right to shut off those God-given rights than they hav to keep away the supplies of life. God not only makes it incumbent upon parents to look after and supply the temporal wants, but to look after the spiritual interests of their children. Every child is given a religious instinct, or God-trust, susceptible of infinit expansion, and they need the food of religious conversation and surroundings, and a careful Christian culture. Young animals cannot appease their hunger on a barren desert, neither can a child's soul satisfy its hunger if its surroundings contain no food on which it can feed. Then if the Bible and devotional exercises are excluded from the schools the nutritious supply of soul-food is cut off and the soul is left to feed, as it were, upon mere husks.

Then we ask, How can anyone conscientiously keep away religious training from their children during their school-days, and allow the devil to squatter-sovereignty through all those years, working to the utmost his fearful and fatal mischief? Children are God's gifts, and, like all other gifts, may be made a curse or a blessing; and "Oh, that I might hav seen his kind look when he said, 'Let the little ones come unto me!'" Sad, sad will be the account to which many parents will be called in the last day for such willful neglect of their children's education. To educate the youth of our country without any recognition of the existence of God is to fail in a most sacred duty to them, and a duty, not less sacred, to our country. The fruits of secularism can be nothing more than a godless and lawless spirit which would soon ripen into Anarchism. Let us then hav more religion in education and save the children, and by so doing save the country.

B. D.

Aug. 27, 1886.

When I read it I think of an expression I heard, "Oh, giv that bird a worm!" Poor fellow, he says it is hoped that the time is not far distant when we will giv way! But he ought to hav said he hoped the time was close at hand when we would hire poor, little, single-hand preachers only to teach our public schools, as a mining region is a poor place for a beggar (plenty of work) to loaf around, and gambling is prohibited in our state. This paper (the Neosho *Times*), which this pitiful, little one-horse preacher has appealed to, is a county paper of the same county in which I am a teacher, and if he can induce the patrons to require the Bible taught in school, it will giv employment for more hypocrits, as it would be a contract that no peace and liberty loving man would sign. I, a Liberal, am teaching a school where I am now employed for the third term, and, it is said, hav given the best satisfaction that has been given in the district. Now, this district is composed of Methodists, Baptists, Dunkards, Campbellites, Catholics, and Liberals, yet I am getting along as smooth as a shingle. But if such a law were to be enforced (no danger), I would hav a certificate to sell at half-price.

In my school we discuss such subjects as the sounds of letters, principles of arithmetic, degrees of latitude and longitude, geography, history of the United States, etc. Not one word is ever mentioned about religion in my school. I leave that for the parents to suit themselvs in, for, even if I did believe in ghosts, what kind of a ghost story could I fix up to please them all?

Now, maybe you don't understand exactly why I call this man a one-horse preacher, but it is simply this—his faith is insignificant and one-horse in comparison with all the leading denominations. And if he knew it as well as I do, he would know that to establish one religion would destroy his entirely, which he would oppose in the end. For, my friends, to undertake to establish a religion will, in my opinion, end in a war and the triumph of the Catholic faith. I will giv you my reasons for it. The Protestants will first wish to bring the so-called holy Bible to the lead in all things, which we will oppose, as smart, liberty-loving people ought to. The Catholics will oppose it as hard as we will, besides the aid that will be furnished from European nations where Catholicism is the prevailing religion; and, as might be expected, both parties will incline to drift together in the struggle to maintain our liberty, and once the orthodox religion is conquered the Catholics will never stop till they gain their point, if we don't repress them. And I regard such writings as this preacher's as being treason to our United States Constitution and government, and all men that write such stuff as traitors. For there is no excuse for a man not understanding the Constitution, which is the most precious document ever written. Brother-Liberals, let us cling to the Constitution like the monkey to the dog's tail at "The Garden of Eden."

A LIBERAL.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Twin Sisters.

I know two little girls,
With sunny hair in curls,
And bright and laughing eyes
Blue as the summer skies.
They are twin sisters two,
And hav a sister Lou,
A sweet baby brother,
A father and mother,
A cat and three kittens,
That never wore mittens,
A dog white and curly
That never was surly,
A parrot that can talk,
And a doll that can walk.
Not many girls of nine
Hav everything so fine.
Good and kind Elodie
Is unlike twin Rhoda.
One loves mamma truly;
One I think unruly.
One is thoughtful and kind;
The other will not mind.
One brings the dressing-gown
For papa, when from town
He returns aweary.
How pleasant and cheery,
Be it early or late,
Is the chair by the grate,
With the gown upon it,
Waiting him to don it;
Slippers by the fender,
While, so neat and tender,
Near him stands Elodie.
"Kiss for me and Rhoda,
Dearest papa," she said,
"Before we go to bed."
He gave her one and many,
But to Rhoda not any.
She only wanted candy,
In his pocket handy,
So she pushed sister Lou,
And struck the baby too,
And pinched good Elodie,
So selfish was Rhoda,
So anxious for it all
That mamma had to call
And order her to bed.
"I am so grieved," she said,
"So very grieved and sad
That Rhoda is so bad!"
Then Elodie good and handy
Divided the candy,
Bade mamma not sorrow—
She'll be good to-morrow.
You can't believe I jest
When I say I love best,
Much better than Rhoda,
Dear little Elodie. SADIE A. MAGOON.

Lead Pencils—How They Are Made.

[We all use lead pencils more or less, and the following account of how they are made, taken from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is interesting reading.]

The consumption of lead pencils in this country is estimated at 250,000 a day. This is at the rate of one per day to every 160 of population, or about 78,000,000 a year. Graphite, which is the softest substance dug from the earth, is taken in the lump direct from the mouth of the mine to the reducing mill. Here it is pulverized by stamps under water, the particles floating off with the water through a series of tanks. It comes to the factory in Brooklyn in barrels, in the form of dust. The powder is lusterless and of a dingy color. It is finer and softer than any flour, and can be taken up in the hand just as water can, but is hardly retained more easily than water is. If one attempts to take a pinch of it between the forefinger and thumb it is as evasiv as quicksilver, and the only sensation left is that the flesh is smoother than before.

The first process in manufacturing is to separate the graphite dust further, according to fineness. It is mixed with sufficient water to run very freely, and is then turned into a hopper, from which the water runs slowly through a series of tubs. The coarsest and heaviest particles settle to the bottom of the first tub, the next coarsest and heaviest in the next, and so on, the movement of the water being made very gentle. On reaching the last tub the powder, being twice as heavy as water and sinking in it if undisturbed, has so far settled that the water discharged at the top is nearly clear. After the flow is stopped and the powder allowed to settle, the clear water is withdrawn by removing successivly, beginning with the upper one, a number of plugs inserted in holes in the side of each tub, care being used not to agitate the contents so as to disturb the deposited dust. This being done properly, the deposit is removed through the gates at the bottom of each tub. The separation is thus performed by this ingenious process of "floating" more perfectly than it could be by any direct handling, dry treatment being wholly impracticable. For the finest pencils the deposit from the last tub only is used, but for ordinary or cheap grades that from the two before the last will answer.

The graphite is now ready for the clay. This is a peculiar pipe-clay from Germany. After being subjected to the floating process the finest is mixed with the graphite, in proportions varying according to the degree of hardness required. The more clay used, the harder the pencil. For medium grades the proportion is about seven parts clay to ten parts graphite by weight. The graphite and clay are mixed together with water, to the consistency of thick cream, and the mixture is fed to the grinding mills, which consist of two flat stones, about two feet in diameter, placed horizontally, only the upper one running. Between these the mass is ground like paint, for the finest pencils as many as twenty-four times, thus securing the most perfect strength, uniformity, and freeness from grit in the leads. After grinding the mass is inclosed in stout canvas bags, and the clear water forced out by hydraulic pressure until it becomes a thick dough. It then goes to the forming press. This is simply a small vertical iron cylinder, having a solid plunger, or piston, driven by a screw. A plate is inserted in the bottom, having an opening of the shape and size of the lead desired, and the graphite is slowly forced through the hole, exactly as water is forced from a syringe, coiling itself round and round like a coil of wire on a board set beneath the press. The coil is taken up at intervals, "rove" off straight by the hands into lengths sufficient for three heads, which are straightened out, laid in order on a board, and pressed flat by putting a cover over them. They are finally hardened by placing them in a crucible and baking in a kiln. The handling must be done expeditiously, as the leads begin drying immediately and become brittle as they dry; but on first issuing from the press they are so plastic that knots may be tied loosely in them.

The leads are now ready for the wooden case. For the cheapest pencil, pine is used, and for the common grades, an ordinary quality of red cedar. At the saw-mills the cedar is cut into blocks about seven inches long, and these are sawed into strips about three and a half inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick. The pencil consists of two parts glued together, with the lead between. Each strip is wide enough to make the halves of six pencils. The pencils are made six at a time, and the imperfect strips are put together so as to make a full strip of the parts. When these boards (which are now ready for shaping) reach the factory they are first passed in a continuous line under a cutter which cuts six little grooves, round or square, for the leads, and smooths the faces by the same stroke. The lead in the foreign pencil lies wholly in one-half of the wood, the other slip being put on as a cover, as nearly everybody has had occasion to know by the covers coming off and leaving an unpleasantly flat surface; but the American method has the groove equally in each strip. Accordingly, the two strips are glued alike.

Filling the leads is done by girls sitting at brass-covered tables. The first takes a grooved slip with her left hand and a bunch of leads in her right. Spreading these out in her fingers like a fan, she dextrously lays them in the grooves and passes the filled slip to the girl at the left, who puts over it another slip, which has just received a coating of hot glue from a brush wielded by a third. Any two slips fit together, and the united pairs are laid in a row and pressed together in an iron frame by a screw, and the row of slips is left to dry. The rough end of the slips and the projecting parts are next ground smooth against a wheel covered with sandpaper, and are then ready for the most interesting and characteristic process of all—that of separating and shaping.

The foreign maker still makes each pencil separately. His glued slip is one pencil, and he formerly shaped it by hand, but now does that by a plane driven back and forth by machinery. Yet it is still one at a time with him, and after shaping his pencil he has to smoothen it with sandpaper. Not so in the American factories. The work of separating and shaping them is done by the same operation of a single machine. The slips are fed one by one under a revolving cutter, which separates and rounds them on one side by cutting away the superfluous wood. As they come from under the cutter they are turned over and passed under a second one, which does the same work on the other side, so that they fall into a basket in a continuous stream, six wide, of finished pencils. The familiar operation of planing is essentially that of cutting with a pocket-knife. The planing machine, on the contrary, uses revolving knives, which make a succession of little gouges in the wood. These gouges, which would otherwise leave the surface very irregular, are made to leave it tolerably smooth by following one another so closely that the gouges become one long gouge or cut, but usually the board is not smooth enough to answer for nice work without further finishing. Yet so perfect is the operation of these revolving cutters that they leave the surface not only true, but so smooth that the finest sandpaper in ordinary use would scratch it. The machine separates and shapes probably fifty pencils while the foreign maker is making one, and requires nobody to complete its work. As the stream of pencils fall six abreast they are finished in point of utility, and are ready to be sharpened and put to use.

Before they leave the room, and several times afterwards, they are counted by means of a counting-board. This is merely a board on which are fastened two strips of wood about four inches apart, having in each strip 144 grooves. Catching up a handful of pencils, the workman rubs them along the board once and back, thus filling all the grooves, the pencils lying in them as a pen lies in its rack on the inkstand, and he has counted a gross of twelve dozen without possibility of making a mistake, and in five seconds' time. By a similar device the employment of a tray having a number of round depressions of the size of a coin, into which the pieces are shaken, gold coins are sometimes counted.

In deference to custom and the habit of associating the desired blackness of the leads with that of the wood, the natural beauty of the cedar is concealed in the standard commercial grades by coloring. After being immersed in dye, the pencils go to the very curious little varnishing machines. From a little hopper they settle through sidewise, and are seized between two wheels, which thrust them endwise, one at a time, through a hole in a tube wet with varnish from above. Each pencil, pushed on by its follower in the single file movement, emerges from the tube and drops on a horizontal belt. It then moves slowly with the belt some thirty feet, drying as it goes, and when the belt, reaching the pulley, releases it, it drops to the basket. If you place a pencil in the mouth, pushing it well back, and then, compressing the lips tightly on it, expel the air, it will shoot out with some force. In a similar manner this comical little machine spits out from its cylinder a stream of pencils at the rate of one hundred per minute.

The other operations are of minor consequence, consisting of shaving a little from the ends, sharpening certain styles on a wheel, stamping each other style with its proper marking, and the various manipulations in packing. The patent package is a stroke of inventiv genius. The dozen pencils are grouped, each in its respectiv groove, around an oval piece of wood. The oval package is more showy than the round, and eight pencils can be slipped out and replaced at will without disturbing it. The same mechanical skill runs all through the work, all the pencils being uniform in size, length, and finish, and even the stamp falling on all in the same relativ position.

Except the lead-makers and the attendants on the shaping machines, the operators are girls, the machines being so automatic that neither strength nor skilled labor is requisit. The work is singularly cleanly. The shaping machines are covered with a metallic hood connecting with pipes through which all the shavings and dust are sucked down by a blower to the engin-room, where they are used for fuel. Thus the floors are kept free from litter. The work is in no respect unhealthful, and the factory is peculiar in being permeated by the aromatic odor of the red cedar.

Where Heaven Is.

Mr. Mackay, the poet, tell us in two lines where heaven is. It is in no particular place, but just in the heart that knows how to make it. The boy or girl who never frets; who keeps a sunny, merry temper, and who tries to make other people happy all day long wi l make something very much like heaven wherever he or she may be. Mr. Mackay says:

The world is full of beauty as other worlds above;
And if we do our duty, it might be full of love.

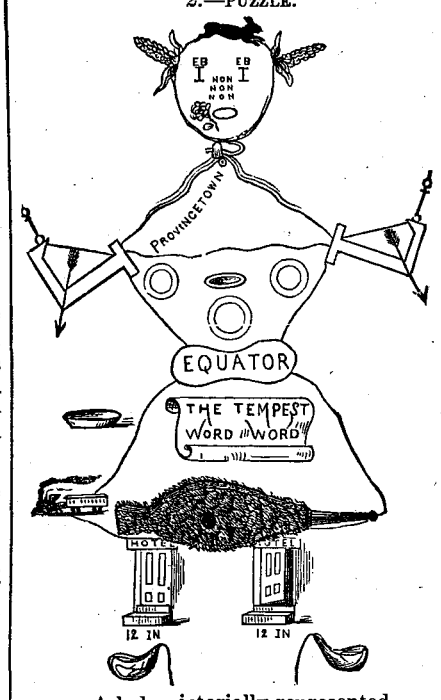
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In *one* and *two* a pronoun see;
An other pronoun, *one, two, three;*
One, two, three, four—adverb of place;
In *three, four, five* a color trace.
A palindrome is *two, three, four,*
Adverb of time and means "before."
Four, five, six, and *seven,* I hint,
Is to make copy fit to print;
But just reverse it and 'twill be
The ebb and flowing of the sea.
"*On five, six, seven,*" is French, "they say"—
In vain you ask what folks are "they."
Seven, eight, nine, and *ten,* my child,
Is not wild, but "gentle, mild."
Eight, nine, ten, eleven, I see,
Is "truth," and "truly, may it be."
The *twelfth* before *first four* we trace,
And form an adverb thus of place.
The *whole*—or land, cash, railroad shares—
Is property that goes to heirs.

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2.—PUZZLE.



A lady pictorially represented.

3.—REBUS.



Good advice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

1.–Robert Burns. 2.–(Sam-u-well) Samuel.
3.–
A
SET
SPIRE
AEIOUWY
TRUCE
EWE
Y
4.–Ma-lady—M(a lad)y.

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Obituary.

Died at Newark, N. J., on the 11th ult., Mattie G., wife of Cornelius A. Marshall, aged 39 years, 9 months, and 4 days. The Newark *Daily Advertiser* says: "Mrs. Mattie G., wife of Cornelius A. Marshall, who died at No. 58 Fifth avenue, on the 11th inst., was a daughter of the late Abijah H. Douglas, who was for many years engaged in the music business in Cedar street. She attracted the friendship of those whom she met, and possessed the happy faculty of retaining their esteem. She bore her painful illness with true heroism, and could the exercise of sheer will power hav availed, she would hav successfully combated her malady."

Mrs. Marshall had been suffering most of the time since the first of this year, but she had occasionally been able to go out of doors until four weeks previous to her death.

Her husband was by her side most of the time for the past seven or eight months. She was the mother of Cora Jewell Marshall, who has occasionally sent a communication to the Children's Corner.

She was a member of the Newark Liberal League, and took part in the first anniversary of the League, in February, 1878, singing a duet, etc., with her husband, who presided at that meeting as vice-president, in the absence of the president.

The trio—father, mother, and daughter—hav been activ in the cause of universal mental liberty ever since. Mr. Marshall is at present secretary of the Newark Liberal League.

Mrs. Marshall thought to liv well here was her duty, and had no fears of an awful punishment for not believing in Jesus as her savior. To do her duty here was her savior.

The funeral was held at her late resi lence, 58 Fifth avenue, Newark, on Tuesday, September 14th, at 3 o'clock P.M.

Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Esq., of New York; Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, and Dr. E. V. Wright, of Soho (near Newark), took part in the exercises, as follows: Voluntary, organ, Mr. H. H. Duncklee; reading of "Thanatopsis," by Dr. Wright; hymn, "Adieu," by quartet choir.

Mr. Frank T. Ripley then made some remarks, and read a poem, entitled, "It Is Well."

Mr. Wakeman made an address, of which we hav space for only this outline·

Friends of the departed one!

This is all sad, very sad. There is not a heart here but aches to relieve in some way this bitterness of grief. To do this we must come willing to giv, to repair, and to receive.

We must giv freely of our sympathy to those upon whom the crushing weight of this affliction has fallen. That is our first duty, for the sympathy which makes grief a common burden relieves those upon whom it first falls. When a great weight falls upon a relativ, friend, neighbor, or even a stranger, how instinctivly do all hands reach out to raise it from him, and how much each hand relieves the strain! Thus the tears of a common love and sympathy relieve the burdened heart, and slowly wash away the barriers that for a time cut off the afflicted from the rest of the world. Let this sympathy connect this special grief with the common fatality of man as has been done in the splendid "Thanatopsis" we hav just heard. Let us consider death, not as the king of terrors, but, stripped of all superstition, as the inevitable, and in the end beneficent, harvester of nature, to which the good and wise will ever submit with a resignation that ennobles while it afflicts, because it ever consecrates to a higher life.

To repair is the next duty that falls upon us here as friends and mourners, for though death may in the end be a necessary and beneficent process of nature, if we can cast the eye over the whole of things, it is no less a calamity to those immediately touched. To repair, therefore, as far as possible the terrible loss which has fallen upon this stricken household should be our immediate care. From it the wife, mother, sister, and friend beloved, ever kind, tender, and beneficent, is about to be borne never to return. Alas! what a void is left! Great and terrible as her worth was precious and inestimable! Yes, the duty to repair this loss to each member of this family is the sacred duty of the friends and mourners here. Had a bolt from the sky fallen and torn asunder the happy home, how readily would each and all rush to the aid of the injured and bereaved! Like such a stroke death leaves broken and lacerated lives and affections. The very nerves of life are torn when the mother and wife, the center of the family and home, is stricken down. To their friends and relativs comes the duty to gather up and weave anew the broken threads of life. They may not say it in words, but the father, daughter, sister, need now the common aid and care which only loving hands and hearts can bestow. Such let their silent grief receive by every grateful office and service within your power.

Finally, we are here to receive. Let us bear in mind that we come to the house of mourning, not only to giv of our sympathy, to repair by our aid, but to receive the soul-life of the departed, and to contribute to its immortality. Every religion has its own immortality, but civilization and humanity hav now reached so far that rarely now do priests or churches dare to assert that the worthy on this earth can fail of a worthy sphere for the continuance of their life, power, or influence. Our departed friend cherished among her friends those who entertain almost every phase of belief and hope in regard to the form of the future life. The charm of goodness held in firm attraction to her the Positiv scientist, the trusting Christian, and the assured Spiritualist. Was it not a blessed life which now enables each one of that widely varying circle of friends to feel assured that in her earthly days she had entered upon the path that must end now in their heaven? She had earned the key of the good and faithful which opens the gate to every paradise.

Thus the Positiv scientist gratefully receives and cherishes her life on earth as an influence and power ever continuing here for good. The whole community who knew her has been and will continue to be blessed by her goodness and grace. This is a grateful reception of her life here by which it is incorporated into the lives of the living, and becomes the foundation of an assured immortality. The first circle of every heaven is thus formed in the hearts who receive and continue the life and soul which has vanished from sight. This duty now chiefly falls upon the little band of Liberals in this city, with whom her life was associated as a member. The good and beautiful which she realized to you must become a part of your higher life and power. Death has been for you the harvester of this noble life. Let it be for you a permanent treasure and a consecration to a higher life!

Nor should the Christian here mourn the departed as without hope. He who is believed to hav said, "Inasmuch as ye hav done it unto the least of these ye hav done it unto me," cannot fail to know his own, whether they were accustomed on earth to cry "Lord, Lord!" or not.

Some of her friends who hav faith in modern Spiritualism are now present sharing our griefs and speaking their hopes with ours. They testify in words more fitting than mine can possibly be their assurance that the life so lately with us is clearer, higher, happier now, in a sphere better suited to her aspiring soul and work. Thus all unite in a common act of reception and grateful hope. All hav brought their tribute of tears, love, gratitude, and admiration. The worthy and faithful woman, as daughter, wife, mother, friend of all, and especially of the poor, the afflicted, and the unfortunate, has not lived in vain and cannot fail to liv forever. Her victory is assured and is eternal. Well might she say, as she did, "I am ready to go." Thankful, then, let us be that it was ours to share for a few years the sunlight of her noble, beautiful presence. My own acquaintance was limited and only at intervals, but never has a more delightful vision or a more blessed influence fallen across my path. Still stronger are the expressions of those who knew her best. Good and true, patient and serving, her life was a blessing to all it reached, and such it shall continue forever!

Husband, daughter, sister, relativs, friends! be comforted, and thankful that such a life has been, and been yours to know and enjoy.

Let the circle of heavenly influences commencing here in your hearts go on ever increasing through every sphere and form of the immortal! Let those to whom the duty is committed now bear to our mother earth the remains of the beautiful form, to rest there forever amid the birds and flowers, and the music of the elements she loved so well as her companions when here.

But to the soul, the life, the influence, which beamed from that blessed, graceful form through the years of earthly life, open your hearts that they shall never die, but pass with renewed activity into the sphere of the immortal.

To this mortal form a last loving, grateful *farewell!* Earth to earth!

To the life immortal, in our own hearts, in the heart of *man*, and in every heaven that the faith and hope of our race hav conceived for the good and the true, we bid thee Hail!

Dr. Wright then rendered some verses which he had arranged for the occasion. A dirge was sung by the choir, "Where Shall We Make Her Grave?" after which her friends took the parting look at her mortal remains. Interment was made in Fairmount Cemetery.

Book Notices.

"Celestial Sonnets" is the title of a book issued by B. M. Lawrence, M.D., Hartford, Conn. It contains 128 pages, nearly the same number of songs, and about 75 new pieces of music. Some of the songs are adapted to old and popular tunes, as those of "Gospel Hymns." It is full of phrases about "Fathers in heaven," "blessings of God," and various other persons and things we don't know much about, and don't want to. Those fortunate persons who hav managed to couple Christianity and Spiritualism may find this a pleasing book. Others will perhaps prefer some of the numerous other hymn-books lately issued for the use of those embracing the new beliefs. The price of "Celestial Sonnets" is 50 cents.

Among the many new educational ideas being tested of late is the device of issuing school reading-books as periodicals, in weekly or monthly parts, with a view toward rendering them more fresh and attractiv to the scholar than the old, much-thumbed reader, which he usually knows by heart. The Interstate Publishing Co., of Boston and Chicago, issue reading-books in monthly parts, of two grades, Primary and Intermediate, at the price of 80 cents for ten numbers, $2 for one hundred numbers.

"Eureka" is the triumphant title given by Mr. R. A. Peet, of Ithaca, Mich., to the little book he has published, at the price of 25 cents, on the labor-question. He thinks he has found the remedy for existing iniquities in certain merely financial measures, manipulations of the national currency and bonded debts; etc. We think that if Mr. Peet would more deeply study his subject, and read such books as "Rational Communism" and "Social Wealth," he would see the necessity of measures broader than any regulations affecting merely the currency.

A late one of the numerous works on mind-cure which are appearing so rapidly of late is "The Christian or Metaphysical Healing." It is religious, incoherent, and worthless. This is a sample passage: "Eradicate all thoughts of physiology, drugs, laws of health, sickness, and pain, and know that God is the only panacea, divine love the only medicin. Send for a Christian healer." Also, we will add as an omitted direction, if the invalid is a lady, see that some robust male relativ is in the closet or other handy place before the Christian healer arrives. "Hints on Metaphysics," published by the Mutual Science University Publishing Co., Chicago, is a work of similar character. Probably a small number of cures of disease hav actually been effected by means of impressions made upon the mind. In nervous diseases especially this method might be of some use. But it is a matter for regret that the efforts being made by competent psychical investigators to understand and develop these and similar occult phenomena should be obstructed and dishonored by the multitudes of charlatans calling themselvs "Christian healers," "professors of faith-cure," etc. The only work on this subject worth reading that we know of is "Mind-Cure on a Material Basis," published by Cupples, Upham & Co.

The Humboldt Science Library reprints for American circulation the most valuable works of the greatest English scientists, philosophers, and Agnostics. Books costing several dollars in their original editions may in this series be obtained for a few cents. Five dollars invested in these publications would procure for one a scientific library which in finer editions would cost large sums of money to a person more fastidious as to binding and form. This series should be a great boon to the masses in this country, and they should liberally avail themselvs of the opportunity to acquire a first-class scientific training at a trifling cost. Four of the late issues we hav just received. No. 80 is "Charles Darwin; His Life and Work," by Grant Allen, an English scientific writer of the highest eminence. In it are related in succinct and clear langage the details of that great thinker's life and labors, from the first showers of Christian maledictions to the final supreme triumph; and the work is also valuable as a thoughtful review of the Darwinian doctrins. No. 81 consists of two treatises by J. Allanson Picton—"The Mystery of Matter" and "The Philosophy of Ignorance." These deal with the most fundamental problems of cause and being. The style is clear and attractiv. It is a popular prediction of the present day that in a few decades fiction and all light literature will be read no more, but be entirely superseded by the study of science. Certainly the attractivness of such works as these is calculated to giv ground to that expectation. No. 82 contains eight essays by Professor Proctor, viz.: "Illusions of the Senses, "Animals of the Present and the Past, "Life in Other Worlds," "Earthquakes," "Our Dual Brain," "A New Star in a Star Cloud," "Monster Sea-serpents," "The Origin of Comets." Professor Proctor is the scientist who is so well known for his exceptional success in making astronomy popular and acceptable with the masses. There is not a dull or uninteresting essay in this volume, and it can be said of this book, as they say of a popular novel, that "no one who has once taken it up will lay it down till he has read the last word." The next issue, No. 83, is on "Profit-Sharing between Capital and Labor." It contains a thorough history of all the instances in various countries in which this industrial method has been adopted, with accurate statistics of their operations and their results. Of the four volumes mentioned above, the first is a double number, price 30 cents; the price of each of the others is 15 cents.

The issue of the interesting weekly magazine, *Science*, for September 17th, comments thus upon the recent address of Dr. Moore, the eminent English physician, before the British Medical Association, on the higher education of women: "The saying, 'Educate a woman and you educate a race,' is full of promis if rightly interpreted; full of dire disaster if it be applied to the mind to the exclusion of the body. Excessiv mental labor is a cause of sterility; and whatever does, or tends to, render women infertil is prejudicial to a nation. Young women at the present time think that they must do men's work, though there is no necessity for it, and when they hav not the constitution to do a woman's proper work. If girls were more properly taught at school the true physiology of woman, this would be in a great measure stopped. We cannot turn man into a woman, nor fit him to perform a woman's duties; no more can we fit woman to perform the work and duties of a man. Dr. Moore's address deals with this all-important question from an exceedingly practical standpoint, and is singularly free from abstractions and generalities, and, if his views are to be controverted, they must be met with correspondingly practical objections. His treatment of the subject shows a large experience with the every-day life of the women of the present time, and will well repay most thorough and careful perusal." A few others of the many subjects treated are: Impurities of the atmosphere; The Charleston earthquake; The defectiv classes in the United States; Are animals happy? Ballooning and its effect on memory; Communist leanings; Science for a livelihood; An easy method of measuring the time of mental processes; The sea-serpent; Anatomical and medical knowledge of ancient Egypt; Economic statistics; Conn's "Evolution of To-day;" Sidgwick's "History of Ethics;" The psychology of reasoning. This periodical is not, as might be inferred from its being a weekly, a small or cheaply got up and unbound sheet, but a large, finely printed, and illustrated magazine, with a handsome colored cover. It thus givs weekly an issue equal to that given monthly by many periodicals of equal cost. The subscription price is $5. Sample copies may be obtained of this office.

Press Notices of Mr. Charles Watts.

Mr. Watts has a very distinct utterance and an emphatic manner which rivets the attention of the audience.—*Albany Express*, Sept. 12, 1885.

Mr. Watts is an able, earnest, and forcible speaker, and convinces his hearers of his sincerity.—*Morning Telegram* (Grand Rapids), Nov. 23, 1885.

Mr. Watts possesses great reasoning powers, a deep, strong voice, earnest manner, and concise, fluent expression, and is the most eloquent speaker that we hav had the pleasure of hearing.—*Liberal* (Mo.), April 16, 1885.

Mr. Watts's appeals are not destitute of fine irony, of vigorous sarcasm, of logical wit; but his strong point is in appealing to the intellect, to the judgment, the common sense, and the reasoning powers of those whom he addresses. He does not seek to beat down others by the assumption that they are either fools or knaves, but labors to show wherein he thinks them wrongly educated or mistaken. He has a power of enlisting the minds of his auditors and moving upon their feelings in such a way as to secure close attention to the end of an address of more than the average length of public lectures.—*Eagle* (Grand Rapids), Nov. 24, 1885.

Apart from what may be said about Mr. Watts's views, he is a remarkably fluent speaker, a keen debater, and treats both the arguments and those who hold different opinions with courtesy and respect—a lack of which is a very marked defect in the majority of those who differ in their religious

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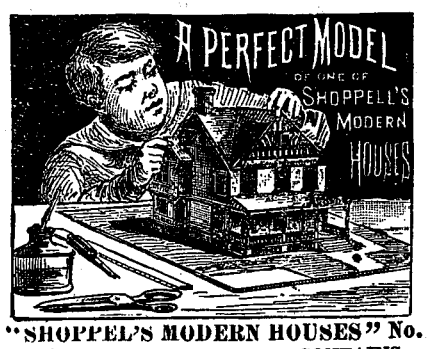
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The Apostle of Liberty. An address delivered in Paine Hall, before the N. E. Freethinkers' Convention, January 29, 1884. Price 10 cents.

News of

THE probability that legislature will submit to amendment prohibiting sale, or importation of li dignation and alarm amc who favor the present hig

THE Pennsylvania Prohibitionists claim that their vote in the coming election will be 80,000 or 100,000.

THE recent massacres of Catholics in China are claimed by that sect to hav been caused by the Protestants.

THE hearing in the motion for a new trial of the condemned Anarchists in Chicago has been begun before Judge Gary.

AN attempt was made to poison three witnesses in the case exposing the corrupt dealings in the management of the penitentiary at Columbus, O.

THE emigration commissioners of this city hav so persecuted Mormon immigrants that the Mormon agents hav been compelled to adopt Philadelphia as a landing-place.

DR. AVELING, the visiting English Socialist, is warned by the press throughout the country not to tamper with public sentiment in Chicago, and the *Times* of that city dangles a noose before his eyes.

THE late Protestant Episcopal convention took action toward securing uniformity of marriage law throughout the United States.

DESPERATE fighting took place Sept. 29th in Belfast, first between Protestant and Catholic mobs and finally between the mobs and the police.

ON Sept. 27th the Red Republicans created a riot at a town in France, displaying the red flag and driving away opposing parties and the police.

MR. SWEENY, a recently returned European traveler, says, "It is a final fact, in my opinion, that no king or emperor can ever again reign in France."

THE Hartford defaulter, Bartholomew, has been going to church and prayer-meeting till he has won everybody's confidence, and now he has gone to Canada with everybody's money.

THE Henry George campaign is assuming proportions alarming to the old parties. During the next mayor's administration the terms of nearly all the present heads of the municipal departments will expire.

AMONG the many instances throughout this country of powerful corporations defying the law, one of the most flagrant is the supreme indifference of the Western Union Telegraph Company to the recent underground-wire statute of this state.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS says: "Cardinal Taschereau's condemnation of the Knights of Labor should not be taken as the sentiment of the church. The cardinal's hostility grew out of some local laws or conduct of the Knights which are contrary to the doctrins of the church."

THE Brooklyn Presbytery is trying Rev. Mr. Staunton for violence to his wife, and for keeping another woman in his house against his wife's protest. Mrs. Staunton says of the trial, "I will rely in the future, as I hav in the past, on my God," not seeming aware that such conduct on the part of his saints is not only commended but enjoined by that deity.

SCIENTISTS are endeavoring to so perfect their knowledge of the laws governing earthquakes that they can predict their dates, saying that if they can do so "a valuable contribution to the insurance of human safety in earthquake regions will hav been attained." But this would be interfering with providential chastisements, and thwarting the will of God.

Odds and Ends.

PHILADELPHIA'S contribution to the Charleston sufferers is a noble one. She gives up her claim to the title of Quaker City.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent: "Now, children, tell me what heathens are." Small boy (who has been reading about the late Belfast riots): "Heathens is folk what don't fight over religion."

"MY dear children," said Deacon Bucrag, addressing the scholars, "can you tell me why you come to Sunday-school?" "'Cause our pas would wallop us if we didn't," promptly responded a small scholar.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Boston young lady (to Chicago young lady): "Young Mr. F. of your city, I understand, is a very fine interpreter at the piano?"

Chicago young lady: "Oh, yes, indeed. The manner in which Mr. F. manipulates the ivories is very much admired by the *elite*."

"YOUNG man," said the village editor severely, to the aspiring poet who had brought in one of his latest efforts for publication, "this poem on 'Lucy's Charms' is not bad as a whole, but that second verse beginning, 'Her eyes, my soul! Her eyes!' is certainly a most flagrant plagiarism. You'll find that in any Methodist hymn-book."

BOSWELL: "Is slang ever justifiable?" Johnson: "Yes, you dog. If a lady on entering a book-store were to inquire for Merivale's 'History of Rome,' and the clerk were to proffer her Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' she might with propriety exclaim, 'What are you Gibbon us?'"*

*In consideration of the brilliancy of the *mot* the anachronism involved in the above will be overlooked.

PARADOXICAL.

"Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "that there is something paradoxical about a mule?"

She replied he ought to know if anybody did, and asked him why.

"Because, although he is by nature somewhat belligerent, yet he is always backward in deeds of violence."

THE LAST RESORT.

Sweet Canada! Unto thy shores I fly
For rest and recreation;
Long Branch and Saratoga I pass by.
Far, far removed from style and fashion I
Will spend my long vacation.

Cape May and Old Point Comfort hav for me
No longer their attraction;
No more in Hudson landscapes do I see
The finest in the world, and unto thee
I humbly make retraction.

From trouble, toil, and strife they say I'll find
Thy breezes disinfectivs;
I turn all thoughts of business from my mind,
I skip to thee and leave all cares behind,
Also U. S. detectivs.

Loved Canada! Ensconced in thy cool clime,
With thee for my protector,
I'll spend in sweet security my time.
Some shekels, too, I think I'll spend, for I'm
A pious bank director.

ARKANSAW school-teacher (to boy): "Do you go to Sunday-school?" Boy: "Ain't went to none yit." Teacher: "Wouldn't you like to go next Sunday?" Boy: "Wall, could git erlong without goin'. What do they do thar?" Teacher: "They tell you all about the creation of the world, the flood, and the great sacrifice of Jesus." Boy: "Don't tell how ther best way to snatch der life outen er terbacker worm, do they?" Teacher (much disgusted): "Of course not." Boy: "Then I don't reckon pap'll let me fool erway my time with it."

OMAHA man: "I understand the arrangements for the reception of immigrants at Castle Garden are very complete." New York man: "We do our best to make strangers feel that they hav come to a Christian country. As soon as they arrive they are furnished with Bibles printed in English, Welsh, French, Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Russian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Slavic, Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Hebrew, or Portuguese." "Do they read them?" "Yes, indeed. You see, there is nothing else they can do, being all penned up like a flock of sheep." "But why do you pen them up?" "To keep them from being robbed."

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

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A Fabricated Account of a Scene at the Death-bed of Thomas Paine.

BY W. H. BURR.

This pamphlet shows that the account of Paine's dying moments attributed to Bishop Fenwick (upon which the *Observer* relies to prove its principal charges) is a forgery, it being impossible that Fenwick could hav written the alleged account.

18pp. Price 5 cents; 25 for $1.00.

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of Thought.

or a man to lack good sense, or him to be simple and over- t necessarily make him a bad wild and unfounded tale he nly there is no virtue in be- a swallowing every falsehood —*D. M. Bennett.*

n, statesman, ever labored to fit himself harder than Milton strove to qualify himself for his vocation of poet. Verse-making is, to the wits, a game of ingenuity; to Milton it is a prophetic office toward which the will of heaven leads him. The creation he contemplates will not flow from him as the stanzas of the "Gerusalemme" did from Tasso at twenty-one. Before he can make a poem, Milton will make himself. "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in lawable things ought himself to be a true poem, . . . *not presuming to sing* high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he hav in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."—*Mark Pattison's Milton.*

IT is asserted that the Old Testament narrativs contain an authentic and faithful history of the actual dealings of God with man; that the events which they relate took place as therein related, and were recorded by well-informed and veracious writers; that God, wherever he is represented as visiting and speaking to Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, and others, did really so appear and communicate his will to them; that the ark, as built by Noah, was constructed under the detailed instructions of the architect of all worlds; that the law, as contained in the Pentateuch, was delivered to Moses, and written down by him under the immediate dictation of Jehovah, and the proceedings of the Israelites minutely and specifically directed by him; that, in a word, the Old Testament is a literal and veracious history, not merely a national legend or tradition.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

LEAVING the vulgar arguments, that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts; that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he can not come, and the *like*; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is, immortality or continuance, for to this tendeth generation and raising houses and families; to this, buildings, foundations, and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration, and, in effect, the strength of all other human desires. We see how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For hav not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter, during which time infinit palaces, temples, castles, cities, hav decayed or been demolished?—*Lord Bacon.*

THE politicians tell us, "You must educate the masses because they are going to be masters." The clergy join in the cry for education, for they affirm that the people are drifting away from church and chapel into the broadest Infidelity. The manufacturers and the capitalists swell the chorus lustily. They declare that ignorance makes bad workmen; that England will soon be unable to turn out cotton goods, or steam engins, cheaper than other people, and then, Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory will be departed from us. And a few voices are lifted up in favor of the doctrin that the masses should be educated because they are men and women, with unlimited capacities of being, doing, and suffering, and that it is as true now, as ever it was, that the people perish for lack of knowledge.—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
Than some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of heaven;
All is, if I hav grace to use it so,
As ever in my great taskmaster's eye.
—*Milton's Sonnets.*

I WILL not leave literature. Nay, had I but two potatoes in the world, and one true idea, I should hold it my duty to part with one potato for paper and ink, and liv upon the other till I get my idea written.—*Carlyle's Letters.*

BELIEF is not a matter of choice, not a matter of will, but with people of good intelligence it is a matter dependent upon evidence.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 13. No. 42. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. New York, Saturday, October 16, 1886. 33 CLINTON PLACE. $3.00 per year.



THE TEACHINGS OF THE GOSPEL PRACTICALLY APPLIED.

Notes and Clippings.

EARTHQUAKE religion will never be worth a hundred cents on the dollar.—*Sparta (Ga.) Ismaelite.*

FIVE professors at Andover Theological Seminary are accused of heresy. Their offense consists in teaching that a chance may be given sinners to repent after death. Joe Cook is said to be one of the accusers.

ANSON S. WOOD, deputy secretary of state, has issued the decision that there is nothing in the laws of New York state to prevent women from voting. The woman suffragists announce their intention of participating in this fall's elections. They will support George for mayor.

A BOSTON Sunday paper recently contained the following: "Mr. F. S. sailed last week for Europe, where she has gone to make purchases for her elegant stone house now building on Beacon street. A prayer was read and a special hymn was sung for her last Sunday at the church of the Messiah."

THERE is a prayer-meeting for business men every noon in the John Street Methodist church. Two minutes are allotted to each person who desires it for testimony, exhortation, or prayer. The meeting was well attended lately. An elderly gentleman in trumpet tones spoke, and after his two minutes were up he kept right on. He had begun with a scene in King David's time, and had got down to the beginning of the Christian era, and ten minutes had gone by. Then a young man in a corner led off with the Doxology. The elderly gentleman looked amazed as all present swelled the volume of harmony. He sat down. As the meeting closed the elderly gentleman stood up, and in tones of thunder said: "That young man over in the corner will not be able to sing me down when I stand with the tens of thousands before the throne of almighty God," and he left the meeting room indignant. The young man said: "The old gentleman is evidently *non compos mentis.*"

MR. T. V. POWDERLY, who is in Richmond attending the national assembly of the Knights of Labor, attended high mass at St. Peter's cathedral on Sunday, and after the services went, on invitation, to a meeting of the conference of St. Vincent de Paul, where he made a short speech. He said the work of the society and the work of the order over which he presided were in many respects similar in that each aimed to ameliorate the troubles of their fellow-creatures and aid and elevate mankind!

A NATIV of India who had visited England was heard by an Englishman describing the way in which he observed Christians worship, and was surprised at their lack of reverence. "With all the vivacity of an Eastern nativ," says the *Church Standard*, "he represented the attitude of some Christians at worship. He lounged back in his chair, crossed his legs, stretched them out at full length, looked up at the ceiling and yawned, and then asked his audience what they thought of that as a position of reverence. He polished his glasses, fixed them on his nose, and stared all round in everybody's face. He fanned himself with a piece of paper, and gaped about. He stood with his legs crossed, and his hands in his pockets, and looked across the room sideways. He sat on his chair and leaned his head forward on his hand. And after each exhibition he asked his audience what they thought of Englishmen's reverence of their God."

"No authentic picture of Christ," says the *Independent*, "and no trustworthy description of his appearance has come down to us. It is remarkable that the four evangelists should hav agreed in omitting just what every other biographer or novelist is careful to giv. Nowhere hav we a hint as to his personal figure or as to a lineament of his countenance. Some hav guessed that he was fairer than all the fair, and others hav presumed that his countenance was marred more than any other man; but no one knows. The conventional picture of Jesus, which seems to us his certain portrait, is not older than Michael Angelo."

THE dean of Chichester (Dr. Burgon) is unrelenting in his warfare on the new version of the scriptures. In a letter to the Montreal *Church Guardian* he says: "A report has reached me (I am unwilling to believe that it can be a true report, but I hav it on very respectable authority) that there is to be a proposal made at the approaching Canadian Provincial Synod to adopt that most infelicitious of recent literary performances—the 'Revised' Version of the Old and New Testaments. I take leave in the most respectful manner, but at the same time without the slightest hesitation, to warn the members of that august body against the egregious error of which they would most certainly be guilty should they, in an ungarded hour, be induced to extend their sanction to a work which here in England is deservedly regarded with universal disfavor, and by the best informed sort is already recognized as the grossest literary blunder of the age."

WE would not be unjust; we do not say that all the religious press is arrayed against labor in its struggles for justice, but the champions of truth among them are lamentably few. The vast majority of them are far too prone to cry "Anarchy," "Socialism," "Communism," when labor demands its right, and to preach that devil's doctrin, that "workingmen should be content in that position of life in which it has pleased God to place them."—*Canadian Labor Reformer.*

LORD LONSDALE—he is the fifth earl of the peerage—is visiting this country as theatrical manager of a performing troupe, the chief star of which is a woman who is the subject of great scandal throughout England. Yet this theatrical-managing earl has within his possession more ecclesiastical patronage than any peerage of the United Kingdom of Scotland or Ireland. In his gift are no less than fifty-nine "livings"—clerical appointments to churches. This number exceeds the number at disposal of any of the following bishops: Carlisle, Chester, Chichester, Ely, Exeter, Hereford, Liverpool, Newcastle, Rochester, St. Albans, Sodor and Man, Southwell, and Truro. Among temporal peers those who nearest approach to it are the dukes of Devonshire, with 40; Rutland, 31; Bedford, 26; Beaufort, 25; Northumberland, 24, and Cleveland, 22; the marquis of Abergavenny, 24, and Baron Leconfield, 22. The Prince of Wales also has 22. Some people think this state of affairs calls for reform. We agree with some people.—*Christian at Work.*

Communications.

Blasphemy and the Bible.—Continued.

And for denying that the Bible is a safe moral guide, or that we should reverence its vile blasphemy or believe its obscene stories, in New Jersey one is liable to be arrested, calumniated, hated, and persecuted by the devotees of this Bible and followers of its holy teachings.

Christians everywhere assure us we are indebted to the Bible for our present civilization and morality; that none can be harmed by reading the holy Bible and living out its teachings, and we are bribed to do so by the promise that, if we will follow the example of God's blessed saints, we with them shall be made perfect. If we will share their faith, we shall also with them share heaven. Decency forbid!

Jacob is another exemplary saint, indorsed by Jesus as sure of heaven (Luke xiii, 28). He is introduced to us in this truthful and holy Bible as taking advantage of his blind old father, lying to him, and cruelly, treacherously, robbing his own brother (Gen. xxvii, 18, 27).

This paragon saint marries two sisters, having them both for wife at the same time, but, not content with them, takes both their hired girls also (Gen. xxx, 4, 10).

Reader, does the Bible relate these filthy stories to warn us from the wrong, the sin, of such doings? No; but the Bible indorses, applauds, the beastly infamy. It declares God blessed Leah and answered her prayers because she gave her hired girl to her husband. Read the damnable record: "And Leah said, God hath given me my hire, because I have given my maiden to my husband" (Gen. xxx, 18). How many parsons, deacons, and good Christian brethren admonish their wives to follow the example of Leah, as the best and surest way to obtain from God answers to their prayers?

Christian, despite your bigotry and blind fanaticism, answer, honestly now, Is the Bible a safe moral guide? Is it a fit book to place in the hands of your children?

You rightly denounce the Mormons for the crime of polygamy, but how can you do so and yet reverence the Bible? The Bible teaches polygamy. The Bible God enforces as well as sanctions polygamy:

"And I gave thee thy master's house and thy master's wives into thy bosom" (2 Sam. xii, 8, 11).

Surely there is no morality like Bible morality; no obscenity more gross; no blasphemy more vile.

"Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him, but all the women children that have not known a man by lying with him keep alive for yourselves" (Num. xxxi, 17, 18). And thirty of these young virgins, God's share, he especially commanded should be given to the priest for his especial use (Num. xxxi, 41).

For repudiating these and similar horrible teachings, and urging to discard them, and instead to live lives of justice, mercy, and purity—to seek happiness by promoting that of others, I have been arrested for blasphemy.

In all candor I ask, Who are the enemies of humanity—they who denounce or they who teach and justify such atrocities?

FALL AND REDEMPTION.

What a loving father is the Bible God! Suppose a father should place a helpless little crippled child of five years old on a chair tilted toward a large glowing fire, then give the child orders not to move or the punishment of its disobedience would be horrible death by burning. He then leaves the child, knowing it soon must move, and he has so fixed it that when it does it must fall upon the fire and be burnt to death.

Would not every sane human being execrate and denounce such a father as a monster of heartless cruelty?

We read in the Bible that God placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, constituted them so they could not resist temptation, then placed temptation continually before them, knowing they must fall; to make assurance doubly sure he creates a subtle devil to beguile them, insuring their fall; then damns them for falling, and damns all the human race who had anything to do with the fall, because Adam and Eve did not resist a temptation God himself especially made it impossible they could resist. Amazing love divine! O sublimity of wisdom!

To appease his wrath and save a few of the myriads thus doomed to eternal hell on account of an act committed hundreds of years before they were born, this God plans to send his own son (as old as his father) to the earth to die, pour out his blood on the cross (which he never did, for he shed no blood till after he was dead—see John xix, 33, 34), that all who would accept this blood should be saved.

It took this God four thousand years to perfect this wondrous plan and to provide this savior; in the mean time he positively declares no savior ever has existed or ever shall exist.

"Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me. I, ever I, am the Lord, and beside me there is no savior" (Isa. xlv, 10, 11).

"I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside me" (Isa. xlvi, 5).

"Yet I am the Lord thy God from the land of Egypt, and thou shalt know no god but me, for there is no savior beside me" (Hosea. xiii, 4).

There is no accredited history on earth describing the birth of this Jesus. The only accounts we have are Matthew and Luke. Luke denies that he wrote by inspiration; he declares in the first verses of his gospel he merely wrote of his own accord because there were so many gospels contradicting each other. He wanted his friend, Theophilus, to know his account of the matter. Thus we are left with the gospel of Matthew alone to afford us any inspired information as to the birth of this savior whom God said never had existed or should exist. Yet this is the all-important event on which the whole claims of Christianity depend.

Matthew was a tax-gatherer, and knew nothing of Christ until called to be a disciple A.D. 31. Yet he gives us all the particulars of what Joseph thought, as well as what Joseph dreamed (Matt. i, 18, 20). This gospel, according to Matthew, it is admitted no one knows the author of. Smith's Bible Dictionary, a standard authority among all Christians, says, in regard to the time of its writing: "The most probable supposition is that it was written between 50 and 60 A.D.; the exact year cannot even be guessed at."

It is a little peculiar that Matthew relates what he was not eye-witness to—the incarnation, visit of the wise men, the temptation, the transfiguration, the agony of Gethsemane, denial of Peter, dream of Pilate's wife, talk between Judas and the priests, etc.—while all the events said to be witnessed by John alone are omitted by John alone. Matthew tells us Joseph, discovering the condition of Mary, decided to put her away; while worrying over it he dreamed that, although Mary was about to become a mother, she was nevertheless a virgin; and this dream rendered Joseph perfectly satisfied that everything was all right. No claim is made that Joseph ever told Matthew anything about this queer dream, yet it is alleged that somewhere between fifty and sixty years after Matthew gives us this astounding revelation, and we must believe it or be damned.

Now, reader, take time and calmly think it over. A Jewish girl becomes the mother of God almighty—the mother of your God. The child of this young Jewess was God. Christ is God. God cried and screamed, squealed and kicked; God flung about his little arms; God made aimless dashes into space with his little fists; God stared foolishly at his own little toes; God smiled when he was comfortable and howled when pricked by a nasty pin; God was nursed at Mary's breast; God was wrapped in little diapers; God lay in a cradle and was rocked to sleep; God was quite sick when cutting his little teeth; God caught the measles, mumps, whooping cough, and scarlet fever; God learned to walk and often tumbled down, bumped his forehead, and made his little nose bleed; God was spanked when he was naughty, etc., etc. We have always been taught to believe that God was born in a manger, but Matthew declares he was born in a house (Matt. ii, 11; Luke ii, 7). Matthew declares that immediately after the departure of the wise men Joseph, Mary, and the child fled into Egypt and remained there till after the death of Herod (Matt. ii, 12, 14). Luke declares this was not so, but that eight days after his birth Joseph, Mary, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem; Mary did penance for the crime of motherhood, and Jesus was circumcised (Luke ii, 21, 39).

Reader, if you read such absurdities and contradictions in any other book would you regard it as divinely inspired?

What does this savior, whom God declares never had, and never should have, existence, save from?

Does he save mankind from sin? No, for men continue to sin.

Does he save mankind from death? No, for men continue to die.

Does he save our souls from death? No, for the church declares our souls are immortal and cannot die.

Does he save from torturing fires of hell? No, for the church no longer believes in a literal hell-fire.

Could this Christ save us, if there was something to be saved from?

Was Christ immortal? The church says Christ is God and therefore must be immortal, and being immortal his soul could not die.

The Bible says: "The soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezek. xviii, 4).

If Christ came to pay the penalty, his soul must die.

The church says Christ, being God, was immortal—his soul could not die. But the Bible and Christ declare he did die (Isa. liii, 10, 12; Rev. i, 18). If these scriptures are true, Christ's soul did die. Then he could not have been God. A dead God is an absurdity. If not God, he needed a savior for himself (Rom. v, 12).

Which is it that sins, soul or body? The body! Then why does the body rest in peace in the grave and the soul go down to hell's torment?

No, it is the soul that sins! Then why did Jesus say if thy hand offend thee cut it off—if thine eye offend pluck it out: "And if thine eye offend thee pluck it out; it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye than having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" (Mark ix, 43–48)?

We know the body goes to the grave. Christians declare it is our soul that goes to heaven or hell. But this contradicts the Bible and Christ. Jesus says the body goes to heaven, the body goes to hell—better enter heaven with one hand, one foot, one eye, than retaining perfect body be cast into hell.

According to Christ, there will be one-eyed cripples in heaven. The Bible says so. Christian salvation goes to the vile murderer whose life is forfeited saying: "Jesus suffered for you; only have faith in the blood of Jesus and you will go to heaven, no matter how foul and infamous the life; Christianity offers to cleanse from all guilt; 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow'" (Isa. i, 18).

And yet Christians prove they do not believe their own or the Bible teachings. They fail to live up to their creed in their daily life. They avow faith has cleansed the murderer of all guilt; he is cleansed by the blood of the lamb and become fit company for the angels—made pure and innocent as a little child by the blood of Jesus. Yet they will not set this innocent one free; do not care to take him to their homes. Saint-like and fit for heaven as he is, they hang him just the same.

Acts are too strong for their creed. Only in an imaginary world can they imagine him in happiness.

Dear reader, we would have you, instead of believing the falsehoods of Christianity, accept the truths of Secularism.

A man who is brutal and licentious brings on himself loathsome disease, poisons his blood, and entails on his children horrible suffering and a tendency to vice. On his death-bed he believes in Jesus, goes to a pure heaven of eternal bliss, and leaves the world cursed by the consequences of his evil life while he revels in extra rank and esteem in heaven, for the New Testament declares there is more joy in heaven over such a sinner than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance (Luke xv, 7). The Bible and Christianity thus put a premium on vice.

Secularism warns all against wrong-doing by pointing out the misery which invariably follows evil, not alone to themselves, but to their children. Secularism teaches us to fix our eyes and hopes on earth. Parsons bemoan this, but there is not one of them but will swap eternal mansions in the sky for the smallest house and lot on this perishing earth. We have nothing to do with a home in the clouds now. Let us make a heaven of our own homes here and now, instead of devoting time and care to meet a future life. Let us prepare for it by learning how best to live this present one. Learn how to live. Death is inevitable. We need waste no time on learning how to die. One world at a time will tax all our powers to the uttermost. If there is a spirit-life, ministrations of love and lives of active benevolence and usefulness are the best possible preparation for it. If there is not, then welcome extinction; the calm, sweet sleep of eternal rest is far preferable to constantly beholding the torture of those we love, even though we ourselves have gained harps and wings.

Secularism sweeps away all the terrors of the supernatural. It bids men look on earth as their fair heritage, capable of being beautified and cultured through knowledge, skill, and love.

It brings peace and joy, for it refines, educates, teaches love and gentleness, plucks fear from the mind and sectarian hate from the heart, and makes brotherhood to all alike. "All the world is our country—to do good is our religion." Secularism gives freedom; it gave freedom to all in the United States by abolishing slavery, taught by the Bible and upheld by Christianity. In the language of that noble and fearless exponent of Secularism, Mrs. Annie Besant: "To him whose highest interest is centered in his own miserable self—to him who only cares to gain his own ends—to him who seeks only his individual comfort—to that man Secularism can have no attraction. Such a man may indeed be made religious by a bribe of heaven, but truth disdains the service of the self-seeker; she cannot be grasped by a hand that itches for reward."

If Truth is not loved for her own pure sake; if to lead a noble life; if to make men happier; if to spread brightness around us; if to leave the world better than we found it—if these aims have no attraction for us, if these thoughts cannot inspire us, then we are not worthy to be Secularists, we have no right to the proud title of truth seekers.

If you want to be paid for your good lives by living forever in a lazy, useless fashion in an idle heaven; if you want to be bribed into nobility of life; if, like silly children, you learn your lesson, not to gain knowledge, but to win sugar-plums, then you had better cling to your creeds and your churches. They are good enough for you; you are not worthy to be free.

"But those who, having caught a glimpse of the

beauty of truth, deem the possession worth more than all the world beside; those who have made up their own minds to do their work faithfully, and zealously, regardless of reward, applause, or censure, they will at every sacrifice spread the gospel of Secularism among men until the minor melodies of Christianity have sobbed out their last mournful notes on the dying evening breeze, and on the fresh morning winds shall ring out the chorus of hope and joyfulness from the glad lips of men, women, and children whom Secularism has set free." C. B. REYNOLDS.

Socialism in India.

What is Socialism? Socialism is that science which deals with and governs society. Every country has her own peculiar rules of government. That country must be the lowest in the scale of justice and righteousness which has inculcated principles and enacted laws for her own benefit at the expense of other nations, but that nation which has inconvenienced, nay, even ruined, her own prospects and sacrificed her interests for the good of other countries must be the highest. She has been, she is, and will be, a beckoning star to others in all paths of life. Where is such a country? The whole audience, nay, the whole world, will answer, pointing their fingers to Europe and America. Shall we find beneficent and consummate systems of administration in these countries? Let us, for instance, take the foremost and pioneering part of Europe called England and analyze her. England, you will find at a first glance, is a country where human species multiply by leaps and bounds, and draw in nourishment from four quarters like the the boa constrictor, who inhales all animals and birds within the radius of one mile. Though entirely dependent for her support on foreign lands, England is a country despotic in government and partial in distributing supplies among her subjects. She represents the lion who sucks the blood out of the veins of his prey and leaves the carcases to wolves and jackals. The gate-keepers of England are the kings and queens, who devour the lion's share of the booty snatched away from distant lands and allow the remainder to be gluttonously swallowed by their relativs, emissaries, and other pirates, who helped them to it, by plotting, and planning, and ransacking neighboring countries, and then leave the carcases and crumbs for being sent into the interior to aid the starving masses in continuing life; hence, seventy-five per cent of the population in England are paupers, who are ready to pounce on anything that comes in their way. This sinful booty is thus divided, no reason or sense being allowed to get the better of avarice and selfishness; hence came the proverb in prominence, "Necessity has no law." How can a nation be just and righteous when her law is necessity? The same principle which governs nations regulates families and modulates the tone of society, for a family is nothing but a small nation, society still larger, and the nation the largest family. When the nation is so unjustly and partially governed in regard to her supplies, the same traits are distinguishable in society, the royalty and the nobility being the law-givers and governors, and the masses the oppressivly ruled and trodden down. Laws are made by a few for the aggrandizement of many. The masses are so badly governed that they dare not assert their rights without losing life. The majority are dextrously imposed upon and assiduously kept ignorant, that the property usurped by royalty may not be encroached upon by them. They are so educated as to feel that the little crumbs they get is a favor specially conferred upon them out of pure humanitarianism and compassion; hence, a minority are possessed of property and fortune, and the majority engulfed in distress and poverty. Now, let us turn to families. They are based on the same principles which control the nation and the society. Every power and right is vested in the person who heads the family. He is the support, the guide, and the rule. The destiny of his people depends entirely upon his whims and caprices. If he wishes, he has the power to impoverish his family, notwithstanding that he has brought so many souls into existence. There is the same injustice and partiality in the distribution and division of power and property of English families as there is in the government of the nation and the society. The eldest son becomes an heir, unless otherwise willed by his father before his demise. It is very often the case that one son is enriched and nine turned out as paupers. And yet the state and the society consider it perfectly just and proper. Why should a father be so unjust and cruel toward his children? But it is so; consequently England apparently enjoys the smiles of fortune. All along the sea-coasts large and flourishing cities and towns hav been established and gigantic industries started for accumulating wealth in some few corners at the expense and starvation of millions. If the father should equally divide his property between his ten sons, it would amount to little in each hand, but by depriving nine of their rightful equal shares, he makes one son bask in the sun of fortune and nine eclipsed by adversity. And why? I ask. There is no reply to this question except, "It is my will and my pleasure." Consequently the whole of England is owned by a few aristocrats, and the masses hav not an inch of ground to stand upon as their own. Slums and alleys are filled to overflowing with wretched life teeming with misery still. Nihilists, Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists are daily rising in all directions. The protection of property and maintenance of peace hangs on their annihilation. They are, therefore, persecuted and imprisoned. But the English government forgets that the peace of society depends upon justice; the happiness of individuals hangs on the equal distribution of nature's bounty and the safe enjoyment of their possessions. The administrators make light of the truth that it is dangerous not to keep within the bounds of moderation the desires of their hearts; it is self-destructiv to cast a covetous eye on the goods of their neighbors when they ought to let whatever is theirs be sacred from their touch. Under such circumstances the masses would seem to be perfectly justified in destroying property that belongs to but a few and spreading terror throughout the length and breadth of the land. When a nation becomes mighty by injustice, partiality, and corruption, so by the law of compensation and a process of the reverse character she will be the most insignificant. If she rose by iniquity she must fall by righteousness, and that righteousness would be that every pauper in England should claim from his usurpers his equal share of the national property. Usurpers, as a rule, never yield to decisions arrived at by arbitration in recognizing individual rights, so that it would appear that all systems as they now exist should be swept away. As there is no obligation binding parents to their children except that of personal pleasure, so children owe no duties to their parents. This lawless raising of families is the root of all social evils and the cause of Anarchy and Communism.

Now take, for instance, the case of many a married man. He marries for lust, and pleads love for its starting. He therefore does not wish an increase to his family, but the union of two results in a third guest, though unsought and uncalled for. Everything concerning this unexpected guest is kept secret until his first cry heralds his arrival. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred both parents are desirous that no offspring should be the result of their union. This state of affairs confirms me in my belief that children in Western nations are unwelcome guests of the family. There is no filial bond between them. What do children, therefore, learn from parents? Nothing but sensuality and disrespect for old age. English society recognizes two factors or pillars on which the whole constitution rests, namely, husband and wife. When I was young I was often told by old people that there was but one pair of lions created by God on earth. They giv birth to two cubs, male and female, and are immediately found dead. This may not be true of lions, as we find them in large numbers in Africa. But it is true of English people. The parents do not die in the true sense of the word, but are deserted and their existence ignored when their children are united in matrimony. It is a miserable affair. No other people will do so. But the English wife often exacts from her husband the desertion of his parents, not to speak of his grandparents, uncles, and aunts, brothers and sisters, that she may be the paramount ruler of his heart and soul. If he ever shows the least affection for his parents or expresses his desire to see them, she at once sues him for separation, saying: "Why hav you married me? If you wanted to serve your parents you ought not to hav courted me. No man can serve two masters." But the result of this unnatural combination is still worse. Lust is substituted for love, secrecy and concealment allowed to brood over child-bearing; reluctance takes the place of willingness to welcome the unexpected guests, who then are brought up in sensuality and intense desires to separate from parents. Individuality is thus fostered at the sacrifice of universality. Man honorably deserts his parents and without remorse forsakes grandparents; he drives away his brothers and sisters. Why should he then care for his fellow-men? Hence in England parents sometimes liv in palaces and sons in degradation; hence in England sons are members of Parliament and parents in obscurity; hence in England brothers are managers of wealthy firms, and other brothers and sisters are rolling in slums in tattered clothes and with tottering frames; hence in England boys and girls are spoilt for life by being forced into wretched self-support at the cost of morality. In this manner one person becomes rich, reducing nine to penury; in this manner one person marries, and nine go wrong; in this manner one rules and nine become fools. In short, English society is rude, and therefore givs rise to innumerable crudities. In a country where the hight of wealth is too high, there the depth of poverty and degradation is too low. It is therefore indispensably necessary to shorten the hight of fortune in order to curtail the depth of misery.

I shall presently turn to America and see if every thing is all right here. America is not like England in many respects. England feeds on the resources of other nations and makes a ruinous return; America develops her own that other nations may look to her for cheap market. Both are therefore, in my opinion, unsound in their tendency and selfish in their desires. While England multiplies in population for the devastation of other countries, America raises enormous crops for flooding foreign markets therewith that the natural resources of other countries may be stagnated and their local industries closed. Why should America do so? Why should she raise more than she can consume? Could any of my audience explain why?

Americans, it seems to me, are well educated in principles of right and wrong, freedom and slavery, liberty and bondage, but they will not admit that it is sinful to raise more than necessary. I do not blame them, as they are not responsible for what they hav inherited from their fathers. Where did the first American settlers come from? They came from England. Their policy, like their forefathers', was that of conquest by slaughter, usurpation by force, and grasping by deception. But the consequences of such traits of character are disastrous indeed. In the long run no one is so much deceived as the deceiver. In England the supplies come from abroad, and in America from within, and yet the masses in one, and the producers in another, are equally miserable. The American farmers had enough and to spare, but as the supplies first reached royalty in England, so in America they went from producers to speculators. It is marvelous to see how, in both cases, a few intriguers managed to monopolize the profits accruing from imports and exports. In the first case, royalty, and their accomplices, swallowed the lion's share; in the second case, speculators and capitalists acted the parts of middlemen and prevailed upon American farmers and mechanics to consign their goods to them for better prices. Yes, the better prices they fetched from foreign markets, but what became of it? They were absorbed in commissions paid to agents and managers of trading-houses, so that a few hav thus become millionaires, and ninety-nine remained paupers. In England royalty, peers, and nobles hoard for themselvs the best part of everything, leaving the crumbs to the masses; in America the producers liv on husks, reserving the substance for foreign markets. They are educated to believe that their goods will fetch better prices elsewhere, but they do not know they will be used up in paying commissions. In this way the commission men become immensely rich, and form the aristocracy of America. The only difference between the aristocracies of England and America is that one is tyrannizing and the other is beguiling. One reduces the masses to starvation, and the other to the rightly merited penury. This is the case as far as the distribution of national wealth is concerned. There are more than fifty per cent of speculators in America who do exchanging business on small and large scales as their liabilities go, whereas in England, where the population increases by leaps and bounds, their number is stationary and limited. There is, however, one advantage that England has over America, and that is that all the English domineering spirits intrude themselvs as paupers upon every land, whereas the Americans dare not step out without money in their pockets.

The family system in America is English in tone and character; though, unlike the English, moveable and immovable property is equally divided among all children if there be no will made by parents. But in this country personality is so strong that almost every person has his will made, sometimes before his birth, so that in case he is unborn his will does his business as if he were born and brought up. This will mania is a terror to all. Wives and children don't know how their future destiny is going to be willed. The whole society is fixed in uncertainty as to the future issue. They therefore feel no obligation to one another. Everybody has to look out for himself; there is unceasing struggle for life from highest to lowest; parents desert their children, and *vice versa*. While one party is imprisoned for debt, another rolls in affluence. It is no shame to a son in good business to see his father locked up in jail. There are many Senators and Congressmen whose aged brothers are in county-houses. Sons and daughters are in penitentiaries, while mothers are wedlocked to big swells, and engaged in whiling away their time in picnics, amusements, and entertainments. Endless troubles and evils confront an observer in studying their social and religious life, which, to him, appears to hav been rotten to the core. The remarriage of widows has converted innumerable children into hoodlums, and filled towns and cities with lawless mobs. Introduction of marriage by choice and selection instead of by natural laws has driven many a man and woman to sadness and madness, nay, even to murder and suicide. Love is a misnomer. It is the estimated capital on which all lottery tickets are drawn. Such love only leads to divorces. People talk against polygamy, but the system of monogamy prevailing in America is the worst type of polygamy. GOPAL VINAYAK JOSHEE.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The American Secular Union.

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The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,422.63
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E. B. Stivors	1.00
J. F. Beck	1.00
D. P. W. Eylar	1.00
Total	3,467.63

PLEDGES PAID.—Samos Parsons, $20.

News and Notes.

I do not think I could hav found a better place or more congenial friends amid which to close my campaign than at West Union, O. The Liberals there are but few in the midst of a very orthodox community, but they keep up the battle gloriously, and there will be no such thing as failure at this point. I came to this quiet village—fourteen miles from the railroad—in the pleasant afternoon, and the first friends I met were Professor Stivors and Colonel Dan Eylar, and with them I enjoyed a delightful drive over this ancient land—for it was settled nearly a hundred years ago, and that makes anything ancient in this rushing new world. Before I came to West Union it had been announced with many a flourish of trumpets that a certain local preacher—and a brawny blacksmith too—was to meet me in debate, and overwhelm me with such dire confusion that in fifteen minutes I should leave the town as if an earthquake were at my heels. The first thing I did after my arrival in West Union was to call upon this formidable adversary. He wanted to see me, and, of course, I wanted to see him before entering upon this terrific combat. He came up smiling, and avowed that he wanted to giv me the grace of God. I told him I was perfectly ready for regeneration, and hoped to see him bright and early on Saturday morning for the intellectual strife, and I invited him to come to my evening lecture to get a few "points." He promised to do so, and he came and took a front seat, and listened, with about two hundred others, to my lecture on "Universal Mental Liberty." In the morning (Saturday) I went to Eylar's Grove, which was prettily decorated for the occasion, to meet this son of Vulcan, who was to deal me such vigorous blows. Alas! he had mysteriously disappeared. The grace of God, somehow, was wanting, and this preacher, who had boasted of such great things, incontinently took to his heels, and I hav not seen him since. I challenged the other clergymen of the county, but they kept a discreet silence. Not one of them dared to proclaim himself the champion of the Lord. We had good audiences, both at the grove meeting and at the court-house. I gave six lectures to very appreciativ people; and I was quite encouraged with all the signs of the times. So much interest was manifested that arrangements are already made for another Liberal camp-meeting next year, and I hav no doubt it will be a brilliant success, for the Liberals of this part of Ohio hav a way of doing things that compels the smiles of fortune. J. F. Beck is well known as an unflinching Freethinker. The orthodox hav just been making a fight about him here on the school question. He is one of the school teachers of the county, and has taught for several years. This year the orthodox party made a desperate attempt to prevent his receiving a certificate, on the ground of his Infidelity, but the Liberal party, with such bold advocates as Professor Stivors, Colonel Eylar, and others made such a strong stand for justice that justice prevailed, and our friend Beck, in spite of his declared and uncompromising unbelief, wields the baton of the schoolmaster. This shows what splendid material we hav in this field for the future work of Liberalism.

Professor Stivors is one of our ablest men. He is principal of the high school at West Union and ranks as one of the best teachers in the state. The church people can say nothing against his ability, and dare not make the issue with him on the question of Freethought. The professor is ready to face the music every time. He is perfectly fearless, and it is refreshing to find one who is so sincere and frank. It is the same with Colonel Eylar. He has no concealments. His Infidelity is a part of his manhood, and he can't keep it to himself. He was born so, and nature will out. I quite enjoyed the thorough naturalness of the man. He couldn't believe in the supernatural if he should try. He wasn't built that way.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Vance, of Wrightsville, are also Liberals of the generous and inspiring order. They work together, and Freethought is to them the brightest gospel. They hav a son, who has been stricken with paralysis, and is confined to his bed. However, his mind is eager, and every week THE TRUTH SEEKER is read to him from beginning to end, and he has the keenest interest in regard to intellectual affairs. At the home of the Vances is the big orchard that we are to hav the meeting in next summer, and I anticipate a grand rally of our Ohio and Kentucky friends where the golden fruits shall welcome.

Dr. Beamer, of Cynthiana, Ky., was present also, and it was a pleasure to meet so genial a gentleman, who came from such a distance to enjoy fraternal associations. Where the doctor resides the community in general is orthodox, and the Liberal has a somewhat lonely path to go. Still the light is breaking and our Southern friends find that their forces are multiplying. The doctor is heart and soul in the Freethought movement. He has been a careful student of its principles and defender of its platform. I was pleased also to meet Benjamin Black, who, amid the silence of nature, has been a student of its sublime reality. A farmer and a hard-working man, on to seventy years of age now, he is reckoned one of the best geologists in the state. He has been a patient observer. He has also written a book on the origin of ideas, the Bible Jesus, etc., which is exceedingly interesting.

It will thus be seen that I had happy entertainment for my closing work. John J. Lockhart and family, John Baird and wife, Samuel Nesbit, S. E. Nesbit, Curtis Roush, F. M. Piatt, J. B. Thompson, James Gash, Gilbert Gash, Smith Grimes, Jacob Piatt, J. W. Anderson, J. Marlatt, Joe Trotter, Hainor Groner, G. A. Crawford, L. Bilue, K. Morris, and others contributed to the cheer and success of the meeting. Such a vigorous campaign was quite exhilarating, and made my homeward journey rich with hope.

Plunging into the mighty smoke of Cincinnati, I really thought I was in hades until I saw the pleasant face of my friend, Edgar C. Beall, and then I knew I was all right. No devils need apply. The "Brain" was ahead of the "Bible." Philosophy and poetry triumphed, and two sparkling hours flew by; and then, in the luxurious sleeper, amid a world of dreams, onward to sunny morn and noon and glowing evening sky I whirled, and once more, after a seven months' trip, I again saw the glorious Hudson heaving with its thousand jewels beneath the glittering moon. The wondrous city stretched before me with its million lights, and as my thoughts swayed with the rhythm of the majestic stream, it appeared like the ideal city of man's ardent desire, where humanity

Shall be good and great and joyous, and beautiful and free.

Memory and hope blend with shining joy; I cannot forget the many friends I hav met whose life is radiant with the spirit of liberty and progress. I hav realized more than ever the nobility of this world and the grandeur of what will be. How wor hy life becomes when it blends with universal truth. It may come and go like the waves of the sea, and death may sometime be a relief from the infinit struggle, and the unattainable may smite the soul with a bitter pain—yet to know that there are joy and glory and virtue and love in the universe of which we are a part; that there are heroism, devotion, purity, and generosity in man and woman; that in aspiration, at least, we touch the highest conceivable excellence—to realize this givs sweetness to every toil, and makes the very brevity of our work sublime. Better a splendid failure than poor success. Better effort, disappointment, disaster, and defeat than that we should accept anything less than what our manhood demands—than that we should surrender one particle of the bright ideal of truth and beauty. The future is ours, immeasurable in its possibilities. To feel that we hav done something to unfold these vast possibilities; that we hav made one ray to flash, one flower to bloom, that life is better, happier, more fruitful because we did our task even in tears and darkness—this will make the silence of the grave more beautiful to us than all the golden heavens of theology. It is not what the future givs to us, but what we giv to the future, that constitutes the glory of our work.

I think there is a nobler companionship among Liberals to-day than ever before. I look forward to the Congress in November for a great advance in the direction of unity. I believe we shall hav an impulse, an enthusiasm, and combination of forces new and powerful. There can be no more favorable place than the Empire City, with its grand cosmopolitan life, for larger plans and wider action. I hope that special efforts will be made by friends to come to this Congress. Almost everybody sometime wants to visit New York. Now is the occasion for Liberals to do this—to hear our speakers, and help by their presence the successful presentation of our cause and at the same time enjoy the treasures of this brilliant metropolis, so varied and attractiv, a world of marvelous progress. There can be no better field to gather inspirations for a great work. There will be a galaxy of representativ speakers, and the Freethought movement will be nobly interpreted. Mr. L. K. Washburn, of New England and the Boston *Investigator*, will be present; also John E. Remsburg, of Kansas; J. H. Burnham, of Michigan; E. A. Stevens, of Chicago; C. B. Reynolds, and Mrs. Reynolds, of New York; T. B. Wakeman, Helen H. Gardener, Charles Watts, etc. As soon as it is certainly known upon whom we can depend besides these, the program will be published. So far as oratory is concerned, we shall not lack. We want a representativ audience of a thousand from all parts of the country to listen to these important addresses. The prospects are bright for an eventful gathering—for good fellowship, harmonious counsel, and invigorating speech.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

New York, Oct. 9, 1886.

Canadian Notes.

Last month was notable for an unusual number of conventions held in Toronto and other parts of Canada.

First, of course, comes the Canadian Freethought convention, of which the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav already had a brief account. Then we hav had a convention of dentists; another of photographers; now one of the American Health Association; also the convention of Canadian undertakers, who hav joined his holiness the pope and the Rev. Dr. Potts in denouncing the sacrilegious idea of cremation.

Then we hav had the convention of the Canadian Temperance Alliance, some of the members of which were more intemperate in their language than the people they are trying to reach are in their appetites.

And last, though perhaps not least, were the two great religious conventions, that of the Provincial Anglican synod, held in Montreal, and the quadrennial convention of Canadian Methodists in Toronto. The movements of both these bodies are fraught with meaning to the Secularists and Liberals of this priest-ridden country. At both meetings the notes of alarm were sounded. The spread of Agnosticism and Infidelity was mournfully taken note of, and measures passed calculated to stem the rising tide.

At both meetings resolutions were passed in favor of the unity of all Christian sects and creeds, those passed at the Anglican synod in Montreal including even the Roman Catholic church.

It is not probable, considering the obstacles in the way, such as the doctrins of papal infallibility, apostolic succession, etc., that this idea of Christian unity will ever amount to much; but when the common enemy even talk of uniting, Freethinkers, and Liberals generally who are observant of the signs of the times, will understand why they wish to unite, and should act accordingly.

I don't wish to be considered an alarmist. The world of to-day—that is, the world of intellect—has passed through its age of credulity, and is now in the noonday of an age of inquiry, with the age of reason close at hand, and there is little cause to fear that secular or political power will ever again fall into the hands of the synods, sessions, or popes of superstition; yet, knowing the blighting influence which they hav exercised in the past, and what they would do again if they had the power, and knowing also how a combination of untoward circumstances might indefinitly postpone the day of universal mental freedom which all true Secularists are hoping and working for, it becomes us—particularly in Canada, where the forces of superstition never were stronger—to waive all minor differences of opinion and methods of procedure, and to form a union throughout all Canada for mutual defense and support.

The necessity for such a union was never more urgent than at present. From nearly every pulpit in the country come insulting references to and wilful misrepresentations of Secular principles, while the alleged religious press teems with calumny and abuse.

I hav before me two of these religious papers; one is the *Irish Canadian*, the Roman Catholic "organ" in and around Toronto, and the other the *Dominion Churchman*, the organ of the Church of England in Canada.

In the former is published a letter from the notorious Rev. Father Lambert (copied from the Brooklyn *Examiner*), being a reply to an invitation sent him by Mr. Reynolds to attend the late New York Freethought Convention, in which he givs a malicious rehash of some of the stereotyped lies of orthodoxy, particularly the lie which makes Freethought responsible for the excesses of the French Revolution—a lie which has been a thousand times re-

futed, but which, after the wear and tear of a hundred years, still comes up a trump card every time.

In the latter is an article entitled, "Fruit from the Tree of Secular Knowledge," in which the writer, speaking of the disgrace which has lately fallen upon Sir Charles Dilke, tries to make it appear that the social and moral ruin here involved is the direct outcome of Secular teaching, and "that the divorce of religion from education is a device of the devil, and that the coarsest immorality finds no restraint in Secular education," etc.

This is another reason why the Secularists of Canada should unite. Let us, then, organize to work in unity with the American Secular Union, and with the object of starting, as soon as possible, a Canadian Freethought journal wherein the deviltry of such statements as these could be exposed, and where for one very doubtful Oliver, as in the case of Sir Charles Dilke above quoted, we could giv them a thousand Rolands among the English aristocracy and in their own ranks.

In reply to several communications from friends in the country, some of whom hav expressed a desire to join such an organization as above suggested, I may say that the central committee will, in accordance with resolutions passed at the late Secular convention in Toronto, frame an appeal setting forth the aims and objects of the proposed union, a copy of which they will receive as soon as it is ready for circulation.

Our old friend, Burnham, left us some two weeks ago, after having delivered three of the most scientific and instructiv lectures we hav ever had in this city. His last one, entitled, "Fictitious and Intrinsic Values," is a gem, and worth going a long way to hear.

We hope to be able to hav him with us again before the season closes. In the mean time we are trying to paddle our own canoe for a few weeks with local talent. KANUCK.

Toronto, Oct. 9, 1886.

Away Out West.

For scenery that will wear, giv me my Minnesota. There is a lofty look about the Rockies very inspiring, but for beauty of outline and picturesqueness the four-hundred-feet bluffs around the shores of Lake Pepin surpass all I hav seen here.

Yet, it must be confessed that Montana is a wonderland. Butte City is the richest mining-camp in the world. In 1864 (twelve years ago) there was not one house here. Now there is a city of nearly twenty-five thousand, elegant buildings, electric lights, and the whirr and buzz of a young Chicago. It is situated in Silver Bow county. It is built on silver hills, intermixed with gold and copper. To get these metals involves immense labor. Silver bars by the wagon-load pass by me to the station. Millions of dollars' worth of copper, silver, and gold are shipped every year. Indeed, a single mine sends away millions every year. All around us are scattered mining-shafts, on the mountain side, in the vales. Day and night the fires of the smelters are going. The air is thick with smoke, carbonic acid gas, and the fumes of copper, and arsenic, too. It is not surprising that the ladies generally hav a bleached look in their complexions.

One mine was sold for $3,000,000 which was purchased by the discoverer for a bob-tailed sorrel horse.

I could fill a dozen pages with interesting facts of mining history—yea, verily, a whole TRUTH SEEKER full for a month. You hav not the space to print nor I the time to write what I hav seen and heard since I came to Butte. This is not so large a story as John tells in the last verse of his gospel.

Here is this city, built among the mountains, born in a day, so to speak, in obedience to man's unslaked thirst for gold and silver. Is the love of money the root of evil? Here, then, are thousands of root-diggers. This city throbs with life begotten of this love. The mass of the population hav but two gods left, whom they faithfully worship—silver and superstition. Yet I was cordially received by good congregations. Dr. O. B. Whitford has never quailed in presence of the church power of Montana. He has suffered persecution for his freedom of speech. A late form is from the Masonic brethren, who ought to hav stood by him in his battle for intellectual freedom. But that beneficent order is infested by Christian bigots, who insist that liberty and Freemasonry are incompatible. The doctor has prepared a reply to the charges preferred against him. He has turned their own weapons against themselvs. His arguments will be read with the deepest interest by all classes, and especially by Masons. His masterly brochure will be read around the wide world.

At this point in my letter I moved seventy miles south to Dillon, where I am announced for three lectures. In Butte I was enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Dunckle. Mr. Dunckle is young in Liberalism and full of energy. I am greatly indebted to him and his kind and cultured wife for a highly enjoyable visit of several days. Mrs. Dunckle is a member of the church, but she was never superstitious or bigoted. I judge that, as she becomes acquainted with Liberalism, she likes it better than the old faiths. She is an excellent artist. With this letter I send you Mr. Dunckle's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER one year.

Mrs. Dr. Whitford is in hearty accord with her husband in his Freethought principles, albeit she is far more amiable in expressing her views, but as decided. When the church charges that our teachings render woman less refined, less womanly, I need only point to many such as she for a refutation.

The lectures by Brother Putnam and myself hav stirred the church. Since the announcements of our meetings the past two weeks we hav had some opposition meetings. A Mr. John B. Knight last Sunday evening gave an address on "Ingersollism Exposed." The *Daily Miner* reports him as saying: "Instead of the various crimes laid to the door of Christianity they should be put on the shoulders of Freethinkers, who, instead of building up the moral character of the people, were every ready to tear it down." The *Daily Miner* further stated that "he mentioned the Communists of Paris, the Anarchists of Chicago, who were all, without one exception, members of the Freethought party, and ready at the command of their leaders to commit any crime which their depraved moral nature gave them the courage to perform. The leaders were ever ready to talk of the moral elevation of the people, but had miserably failed in every attempt to put it into practice."

It is difficult to determin which is greater in the Christian kingdom, the ignorance of such a speaker or the credulity of the dupes who believed him. They dare not risk their cause in public debate. We hav challenged them to make good their claims to all the virtue in the world. We hav offered them the free use of our platform to oppose our principles and advocate their own. The preachers are as dumb as the tombstones in a "Christian" graveyard, else go and hire another hall for their one-sided Christian talk.

My old opponent, Rev. Jacob Ditzler, D.D., gave an address on the previous Sunday evening. He promised to meet me in debate in Butte. I hope we can hav the debate. Dr. Whitford says the Opera House will not hold the people who will want to hear it.

Mr. Bliven, of Dillon, invited me to his luxurious home. He and his excellent wife are making the life of the writer as full of joy as he can hold. I will hav more to say in my next. I fear I am trespassing on your columns, so I must reserve my criticism of the Catholic priest's sermon on the foundations of the church. We hav agitated our Christian friends.

As the preachers say, One word more and I am done. Our activ missionary, Brother Putnam, has done a grand work wherever he has gone through this glorious Western land. He is the right man in the right place. The Secular Congress will be wise to reëlect him. W. F. JAMIESON.

Butte, M. T.

Pennsylvania Secular Union.

The officers of this association and delegates from local societies met at Maltby Hall, 76 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., at 10 A.M., on Sunday, Sept. 19, E.M. 286. The meeting was called to order by President Seymour, who stated the aims and objects of the organization, and made an appeal for moral encouragement and substantial aid in carrying on the propaganda.

The secretary stated that the time for regular election of officers had arrived, whereupon an election was held. The following is the list of officers as elected: President, Prof. Wm. Seymour, Philadelphia; vice-presidents, Geo. Thorn, Clearfield, Pa.; F. A. Pierce, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. W. Shaw, Philadelphia, Pa.; secretary, Henry Hoover, Pittsburgh, Pa.; treasurer, Roman Staley, Pittsburgh, Pa. Executiv Committee, Roman Staley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; George Starkey, Scranton, Pa.; W. E. Baker, Tarentune, Pa.; George Thorn, Clearfield, Pa.; A. Cuthbert, Butler, Pa. Finance Committee, G. W. Baldwin, Linesville, Pa.; Simeon Nixon, Butler, Pa.; Frank Bacon, Pittsburgh, Pa.; D. M. Miller, Etna.

At 3 P.M. the meeting was called to order by Mr. Roman Staley, and Secretary Hoover made a short address on "Secular Work."

Professor Seymour spoke at length upon the theme, "What does Secularism Offer in the Place of Christianity?"

The address was a masterly one, and gave universal satisfaction, as the applause of two hundred persons present testified. He was followed by Mr. Jas. E. Emerson, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who took for his subject, "Why I Left the Church." Mr. Emerson seemed to hav lost none of his old-time vigor, and did not fail to amuse and instruct his audience.

The Convention, although not as largely attended as could hav been desired, was permeated with an enthusiasm that augurs well for the future usefulness of the organization.

The president and secretary, Messrs. Seymour and Hoover, desire engagements to lecture in all parts of the state. The president's address is "Prof. Wm. Seymour, 1610 S. 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa.," and that of the secretary is "Harry Hoover, 86 Diamond street, Pittsburgh, Pa."

Watts and the Grand Rapids Ministers.

Mr. Watts's recent lectures in Grand Rapids appear to hav created quite an excitement among the clergy of the town. While the ministers attended his lectures, none of them would cross swords with him upon the platform. The Rev. Mr. Brooks, however, preached a special sermon from his pulpit aimed directly at Mr. Watts. This sermon was reported in the local paper. On reading it, Mr. Watts at once sent the reverend gentleman the following "open letter" through the press:

TO THE REV. E. H. BROOKS, *Rev. Sir:* I hav read in the *Telegram-Herald* the report of your sermon, entitled, "After the Infidel has Spoken—What Then?" given in your church yesterday morning. I discover therein so many indications on your part of misapprehensions and misrepresentations (unintentional, no doubt) that I hereby respectfully invite you to a public discussion upon the issues raised in your sermon. These appear to me to be, (1) the origin and nature of the Christian religion, (2) the morality and value of the Bible, (3) the truth and utility of Secularism or "Infidelity," as you term it. I am prepared to affirm that Christianity is of human origin and inadequate to meet the present needs of mankind; that the Bible is nothing more than a human production and defectiv as a moral guide, and that Secularism is superior to Christianity as a practical guide in every day life.

My object in thus inviting you to a calm and gentlemanly debate is to hav an opportunity to correct the many errors contained in your sermon, to allow the public to hav an opportunity of knowing the facts, with reference to the points at issue, and to vindicate Secular philosophy from the misrepresentations with which you hav surrounded it. I trust you will not hesitate to endeavor to prove in open discussion the extraordinary assertion you made before your congregation. If you think you hav truth upon your side you should hav no fear as to the result of any honest investigation. Yours with a desire to arrive at the truth,

CHARLES WATTS,
First Vice-President American Secular Union.

P.S.—This invitation is open to any one or for all of the Christian ministers of Grand Rapids. Any reply sent to the papers openly or to Mr. D. A. Blodgett, will reach me, and shall hav my immediate attention. C. W.

The subjoined is the Rev. Mr. Brooks's reply:

TO MR. CHARLES WATTS, *Dear Sir:* Your open letter, inviting me to debate with you, calls for at least a brief reply. It greatly surprises and amuses me to think that one of England's champions of "Secularism" should take any notice whatever of an obscure Baptist minister on the West Side of Grand Rapids. If it were in my power to act successfully the part of a controversialist, my views of such a method of arriving at the truth would prevent me from engaging in the discussion. Among other reasons for not taking this course, one appears in the words of Dr. Isaac Watts, of worldwide renown for scholarship and Christian piety, who said that "disputation carries away the mind from that calm and sedate temper which is so necessary to contemplate truth." From the frequent assertions of unbelief, as well as from your own, I was led without the spirit of controversy to address the young and others of my charge on those propositions which I believe will stand to the end of time. Your eloquence pleased me and your gifts appear worthy of a better cause than you espouse. May the time come when you and all other opposers of Christianity will be converted to the Lord Jesus Christ is my sincere prayer. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfies not?" "Come unto me and I will giv you rest." In the kindest feeling, I deem it best to decline your invitation. Respectfully yours,

E. H. BROOKS.

Subsequently, at a meeting of the Pastors' Union, it was unanimously voted to take no notice of Mr. Watts's lectures, and not to appear in debate with him. Brave ministers! heroic defenders of the gospel! paid to preach week after week that which they are incapable of defending in open debate! Truly, orthodoxy is a religion of blind faith and not of reasonable examination.

A Suggestion for Mr. Reynolds.

The apocryphal 1 and 2 Esdras are properly 3 and 4 Esdras.

The Douay (Catholic) Bible has 1 and 2 Esdras, which are the Protestants' Ezra and Nehemiah.

The quotation you make is properly from 4 Esdras, xiv, 21, 22, which is not in the Catholic canon.

See particulars in "Revelations of Antichrist," chap. xvi, "Old Testament Apocrypha." ANTIC.

Let Both Sides Be Heard.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Please say to your readers, and to the Liberals of the United States, that the press dispatches in regard to the arrest of E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman were grossly if not maliciously false in many important particulars, and that all who care to know the real facts in the case can get them by addressing,

Valley Falls, Kan. M. HARMAN.

A Good Man Nominated in Massachusetts.

MR. EDITOR: On returning from the benighted Down East, whose darkness no ray from THE TRUTH SEEKER seems to hav yet penetrated, I rejoice to find one of the noblest champions of taxing churches and enfranchising Atheists and Agnostics nominated for governor of Massachusetts. His ability is universally honored, as is his disinterestedness, and his political career has been equally remarkable for independence and success. No one is so worthy to take the place once filled by his father, our first Governor Andrew. F. M. HOLLAND.

Concord, Mass.

Curiosity Satisfied.

WALACH CITY, IDAHO TER., Sept. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR, *Dear Sir:* On page 514 of THE TRUTH SEEKER for Aug. 14, 1886, is an article, "Facts About the New Testament."

1. Will Mr. John Peck please account for the presence of these "gospels?" Telling us that "they exist" is not accounting for them, neither is telling us that "men were superstitious in those days." There hav been many conflicting accounts of the great Chicago fire; still, it was a fire all the same and made considerable smoke.

There were many conflicting accounts of Blaine's defeat, yet he was defeated. What we want as Freethinkers is a cause for this peculiar craze which took possession of the people at that time.

2. Will he please construct an argument to overthrow Esop's fables and Mother Goose's nursery rhymes and stories?

3. It would also be well to construct an argument to overthrow ancient mythology and astrology.

4. Please explain why these Christians are printing the Bible, which "rests upon forgeries, frauds, and lies," at the rate of five million copies a year, and in over two hundred and fifty different languages; and that work grown up in this, the most enlightened century in the world's existence, and by the two nations that more than all others influence the world's progress.

If there was a little superstition eighteen hundred years ago, there must be a great deal more now, for there are more Bibles now than ever before, and as much preaching as ever before. Answers to the above will oblige

A TRUTH SEEKER.

AN OPEN LETTER TO "A TRUTH SEEKER."

My Dear Sir: You hav taken a deal of pains to let us know from your far-off Western home the size of the hat you wear.

It is interesting sometimes, when a man is half drunk and wants to inveigh against the temperance reform, to hear him tell what a good temperance man he is.

You are not only a "truth seeker," but a "Freethinker," yet you seem to be very much exercised when the veracity and authenticity of "these gospels" are assailed.

There are thousands of just such Freethinkers in the Catholic church—free to think as ecclesiastics may direct; free to think that the fall and the plan of redemption, the immaculate conception, the resurrection, the ascension, and all the miracles of the New Testament rest upon the bed-rock of truth, just as much as the demonstrations of Euclid. But such "Freethinkers" are never free to doubt.

Your kind of freedom allows you to believe that a man may be brought to life after he has been dead four days and "stinketh," and that a man may hav a devil in him like the man mentioned in the book of Mark—so powerful that no chains could bind him.

Now, a genuin "Freethinker" and an earnest truth seeker would no more be engaged in defending such nonsense than he would be in defending the stories in Baron Munchausen.

A "Freethinker" will never be imposed upon by the impossible. He will free himself from the supernatural and the miraculous at a single bound.

Who clothed you with the power to voice the wants not only of "Freethinkers" like Putnam, Palmer, and Ingersoll, but of all the "Freethinkers" in the world? "What we want as Freethinkers" is more thoroughly honest men who will not turn "pig or puppy" as the occasion may require.

A "Freethinker" and a "truth seeker" trying to uphold any system of supernatural religion renders himself an object of contempt and ridicule.

I knew a minister who could not talk ten minutes without railing against Infidels and Infidel literature, and all the time taking THE TRUTH SEEKER on the sly. You would be more consistently engaged if passing the contribution-box in his church than trying to pass yourself off as a Freethinker and a truth seeker.

You ask me to "account for the presence of these gospels." Now, I will play Yankee and ask you to account for the "Book of Mormon." "There hav been many conflicting accounts" of it, but here it is, and there is no "smoke" about it either.

"The Book of Mormon" originated in my own county, and I hav been to "Mormon Hill," where "these [Mormon] gospels" were dug up, and I hav in my possession the affidavits of more than a dozen men who, upon their solemn oaths, swore that they had "seen and hefted" the original plates from which the Book of Mormon was taken. Now, if you will giv as good a showing for the truth and verity of "these gospels" of the New Testament, you may "sleep on the fore side."

It is a little over fifty years since the "Book of Mormon" was published, and there are more Mormons to-day than there were Christians fifty years after the time that Christ began to preach, according to the account.

Now, if you will "giv a cause for the peculiar craze" that took possession "of the Mormons" and the "people" of Ontario county "at that time," I will agree to giv the cause of the craze that originated "these gospels."

Moreover, there was a "peculiar craze" that originated the Koran and more than a dozen other so-called sacred books. No end to these "peculiar crazes."

What two nations more than all others influence the world's progress has not yet been decided. England, France, Germany, and the United States might each claim that it was doing the most to "influence the world's progress."

But it should be borne in mind that the influence which affects "the world's progress" may retard as well as accelerate. It would require no great effort to show that "these gospels" which you are so much concerned about retarded "the world's progress" for more than a thousand years, and are retarding it to-day.

The idea which you doubtless wish to convey is that "these two nations," whichever they may be, owe their "progress" to the Christian religion. I affirm that they owe their "progress" to Infidelity. For in the most progressiv nations will be found the most Infidelity.

If Christianity has the power of starting nations on the high-road to "progress," how does it happen that Germany, which has the grandest institutions of learning of any nation on the globe, stands so far above Spain, Portugal, and Russia? There are no people more loose in regard to Christian requirements than the Germans, while these other nations just mentioned are intensely Christian. Germany does more brain work, and more to influence the "world's progress," than the other three nations combined.

If Christianity is the great factor in a nation's progress, why did Europe stand still for more than ten centuries while it was under the strict control of Christian rulers?

Was the Inquisition an engin of progress? It was certainly a Christian institution. Did it add to the world's progress to oppose the art of printing, and exercise a censorship over all books printed? Christianity did this for more than a hundred years. Indeed, it has not left off the nefarious business yet. The Christian bull-dog, Comstock, is still its paid agent.

Did it help on the world's progress to contend for a flat earth, and oppose the Copernican theory, and imprison Galileo and burn Bruno? Did the Christian wars in which millions of human lives were sacrificed "influence the world's progress" for good? Was it a happy period in the world's history when not one person in twenty in Europe could either read or write? when thousands were being put to death for the unmeaning crime of witchcraft? when tens of thousands were put to the rack and otherwise tortured for opinion's sake? That was the proudest period in the history of Christianity, for it had everything its own way.

No, no; it will not do to attribute a nation's progress to the influence of Christianity any more than to blue umbrellas.

Colonel Ingersoll said that "the earth was better fitted for fish culture than man culture." There is only a narrow belt which produces first-class men. On each side of this belt the soil, climate, and environments are such as to forbid the production of men and women who will be much interested in "the world's progress."

Where the climate is sultry, and the soil, without much cultivation, will yield nearly enough to satisfy man's natural wants, there is no system of religion which can make the people thoroughly enterprising. On the other hand, where the climate is rigorous and soil steril, and all the time is required to obtain even the necessities of life, not all the "gospels" ever written can lash the people to keep pace with those situated between these extremes.

To attribute these differences to any system of religion would be just as silly as to attribute them to the "presence" or absence of blue umbrellas.

You say there are five millions of Bibles printed every year, and you adduce this fact as evidence that the Bible does not rest upon "forgeries, frauds, and lies." I suppose if there were six millions or ten millions of Bibles printed, instead of five millions, there would remain not a doubt in regard to the matter.

If this is a cogent argument, then the truth of the Mormon religion will depend on the number of copies of the "Book of Mormon" which they hav printed. Of course, it must follow that the truth of any system of religion will depend upon the number of sacred books (or Bibles) which its followers may publish.

Your last paragraph is to the effect that if the Christian religion originated in superstition, there must be a great deal more now, because there are a great many more Bibles printed, and much more preaching. Therefore the last vestige of superstition can be eliminated from any system of religion if the adherents of that religion only publish so-called sacred books enough, and send out a sufficient number of ministers.

You ask me to construct an argument to overthrow "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes and Stories."

I hav wrestled with some abstruse questions in astronomy in years gone by, but this is too deep for me—it makes me feel my littleness. The part is too heavy, I throw up the sponge—"Enough, take him off!"

There are two classes of men which I heartily despise. One is a class of men who hav outgrown the superstition of the Christian religion, and still claim to be Christian. The other is a class who are still entangled in the meshes of superstition, and make a pretense of being Liberal.

I hav seen letters and articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers signed "Liberal," or "Freethinker," or "Truth Seeker," which betrayed a bigotry and superstition befitting the lowest Catholic.

I hav no respect for the man who has "Freethinker" inscribed on his banner, and enters the arena in defense of the Christian superstition.

> God knows I'm not the man I should be,
> Nor even yet the man I could be,
> But still I rather ten times would be
> An Atheist clean
> Than under gospel colors hid be,
> Just for a screen.

Such men are hidebound and troubled with a shrinkage of the heart, and liable to die of "dry rot." They want bleeding and roweling and turning out in the green pastures of Freethought.

My advice to you is to read Paine and Waite and Ingersoll and other Freethought writers, and post up. Put away your bigotry and superstition, subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and never pretend to be what you are not.

JOHN PECK.

Editorial Rights and Duties.

If I understand the vocation of an editor who conducts a public journal in a free country such as ours, it is like that of the ancient watchman on the walls of fortified cities whose responsible office was to observe the movements of the besieging army without, and notify those within of the signs of approaching danger. A watchman owed no duties to those without; all his obligations of honor and duty were to those within the walls who had intrusted their interests, for the time being, to his safe-keeping.

The press in this country, political and otherwise, professes to be devoted, generally and specifically, to the public good, in one or other of its various forms. This being the ruling motiv, it was in former times deservedly regarded as the safeguard of the people's rights and interests, sounding the alarm whenever there was any appearance of encroachment upon them. The framers of the government, knowing that it was the nature of power and wealth to trample upon the weak, provided that there should be frequent elections of the law-making functionaries so that any attempts upon the people's interests could be nipped in the bud.

But in our day the besieging enemy has bribed the watchmen on the walls, and they hav opened the gates and allowed him to enter in. In other words, the press of the country, like almost every other power, has become insane with the love of money, and has sold out to the capitalist; and we are eye-witnesses to the humiliating fact that in a government founded by and for the people, the masses who, by their labor, create all the wealth, are becoming poorer, and the rich richer. As a general rule, with some noble exceptions, the press, like the lawyers as a class, has become a mere strumpet, selling its favors to rich corporations and receiving money in return. Not only influential papers in the great centers of population are subsidized to capital, but the county papers, with their editors, hav been bought up, so that the people who used to look to them for knowledge see no discussions of the questions so deeply affecting their interests, and are misled at the polls by party politicians.

The distinction of the radical, or Freethought, press is that, not being limited by geographical lines, and not belonging to the money power, it takes the highest moral ground, and discusses all subjects that concern the welfare of humanity, not only in this country, but the world over, advocating truth, justice, and right, at all times, under all circumstances, and at all hazards. As the two requisits of a man who occupied the responsible position of a watchman on the walls of a beleaguered city were, first, that he hav good eyesight to see, and secondly, that he hav fidelity of character, so the editor of a Freethought journal should be a man who takes a large view of things; and who, impartially studying the causes, foresees the effects of them. Mounted on the walls, of course, he is expected to see farther than those who are inside, and whose vision must necessarily be limited. Besides the qualification of intelligence and foresight, such an editor must hav a heart loyal to the cause he professes to advocate. He must not be turned aside from the pursuit of his object, or be goaded into a compromise of the truth at any crisis, by short-sighted friends who criticise his judgments. Such friends hav a right to criticise, and he is glad of any light they can shed on the path of his duty. But if he is fit for the place, he must go, after all, by his own convictions, or resign it to the occupancy of some one else. In times of panic, when men's minds are generally confused, and when he is liable to be misunderstood, even by his friends and co-laborers, he must still remain firm. And his only consolation in such circumstances is the *mens conscia recti*—a mind conscious of rectitude—and the strong faith that the truth will triumph in the end. The mag-

netic needle which points to the north is not the emblem of editorial fidelity to the cause of humanity in the great struggle now going on against superstition in the church and injustice in the state; for in certain localities it varies. The Polar star is the true emblem. It keeps its place in the heavens, and shines brightly at night, although the intervening clouds of a storm may eclipse it for a time. Free thought on all subjects of human interest whatever, and the free expression of those thoughts by lips and pen, are the foundation principles of the Radical movement, which must be preserved intact, and constantly enforced in the columns of its press. In times of excitement and doubt every subscriber ought to feel, when he opens his paper, that he is about to scan the words of a capable and honest man, who cannot be tempted to yield one jot or tittle of his principles to the clamors of the multitude. Such was the confidence which the readers had in the Boston *Liberator* and the New York *Tribune* forty years ago, when Garrison conducted the one and Horace Greeley the other. And such ought to be the confidence which the readers of our Freethought journals repose in the ability, courage, and fidelity of the men who conduct them.

This train of thought was suggested to my mind by Mr. Ray's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of a late date, expressing fear that the editor might be tending in his influence toward "Anarchy"—a term which, in its etymology and in the common comprehension, means no government, but every man being a law into himself and doing what he pleased. The fear is based upon the fact that THE TRUTH SEEKER, while vigorously opposing the Anarchy notion itself, has defended the right of the wildest Anarchist to express his opinions. This, as an advocate of free speech, it was bound by its principles to do. There can be no compromise between the two extremes of free speech and despotism.

I hav been for a long time, on principle, an advocate of woman suffrage; yet I hav no doubt that if the women voted it would not be a year before they would, under the influence of the clergy, attempt to put all Freethinkers in jail, and silence all our Radical papers. But because they would abuse their rights in doing so, is it for me to deny them their rights? We are not responsible for the use people make of the ballot, or free speech, but we are responsible, to the extent of our influence, for their being deprived of their rights.

The Anarchists hav a natural, constitutional, and legal right, in this country, to express their opinions, whatever they may be. Treason does not consist in having opinions hostil to the government and uttering them freely. The government itself, although so jealous of its authority, defines treason to be the *overt act* of levying war against the United States. Jeff Davis is as much a traitor in heart and speech as he ever was, but the government lays not a finger of restraint upon him, because it knows that treason consists, not in talk, or threats, or proposals for a revolution, but in *acts*.

All the Anarchists that hav got into trouble in this country, with a single exception, are foreigners. They don't understand the genius of our government; how that law is not here the decree of a king and aristocracy, but the expression of the will of the people; that the people hav the inherent and admitted right to alter, not only the laws, but the Constitution itself; and therefore, if any man or set of men hav a real grievance, it can be redressed peaceably by law, instead of by revolution. This method of reforming abuses by repealing old laws which allow them, and enacting new laws which forbid them, is a slow one, we must admit, trying to the patience of the aggrieved, and to their faith in humanity. It must begin by free discussion of the merits of the questions involved, a provokingly gradual enlightenment of a majority of the people, and an ultimate formal embodiment of their opinion and will in the form of law. We Americans think that this slow way of doing things is safer and vastly less expensiv on the whole than the revolutionary method resorted to by oppressed men in despotic governments which allow of no free speech. In our system free speech is not only a safety-valve to those who are aggrieved, allowing them to express their opinions and feelings to their heart's content, but it has this advantage, that it brings into comparison the views of different honest thinkers, and enables all hands to judge which view or policy is the best. The national Constitution owes its nearness to perfection to the *debates* which preceded its formation and adoption. And the same cause which the Constitution was made to serve—the public good—can be promoted during the changes which time makes only by the same means—free discussion. These Anarchists, crazed and expatriated by the oppressions of their nativ land, think their theory is correct, and they avail themselvs of our freedom of speech to expound it. The editor of a Radical paper, knowing that no one man knows everything, and prompted by a regard for the public good, advocates the right of these men to speak their mind. But he does not, therefore, indorse their sentiments. It is his duty, if he believes these opinions to be wrong, and, if reduced to action, to be dangerous to the public weal, to prove them to be so, as I think our editor has done. Free speech is an inestimable blessing; but if you deliberately take it you must take it, as you do all other advantages, with its drawbacks and disadvantages. It will not do when a man shocks you with the expression of his opinions to clap your hand on his mouth and forbid any further utterance. It is my astonishment and sorrow that some of our most earnest friends and coworkers do this, and by so doing forfeit their claim to be Freethinkers, and show their distrust in the potency and ultimate triumph of truth.

Cities are peculiarly exposed to *panics* of all kinds. I cannot giv in a short newspaper article all the reasons for my opinion, but I am convinced that the Anarchists of Chicago could never hav been convicted, on the evidence, of murder in the first degree, nor Herr Most, of New York, hav been sent to the penitentiary, by a court of justice in a *rural* district, where men's judgments are not heated and clouded by fear and prejudice, as they necessarily are in a city. The time will come, and that before long, when every true American will feel ashamed when he thinks how, in the two largest cities of the republic, justice, panic-stricken by free speech, dropped the emblematical even scales from her hand, tore off the bandage from her eyes, and ran pell-mell, as if the devil was after her.

I hav said that the *mens conscia recti* is the chief comfort an editor has, when, by keeping his eye steadfastly on the Polar star of his principles, and guiding his ship accordingly, he exposes himself to the criticism of some excellent, but timorous, passengers on board. But still he feels cheered by the approbation of others who are sailing with him, and hence I giv my opinion. I hav read every line which THE TRUTH SEEKER's editor has published, and hav never seen the least disposition in him to depart from the fundamental principles on which the paper was founded. As we can only hope for the world's redemption from the bondage of superstition and injustice by the agency of Freethought and free speech, exercised by free men, I admire the pertinacity of our editor in sticking to those principles through thick and thin. He is a young man, but carries a very level head. At least, so thinks

Enon Valley, Pa., Oct. 1, 1886. A. B. B.

Anarchy and "The Truth Seeker."

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in the issue of Sept. 25, 1886, makes a masterly reply to John Ray on the right of free expression on all subjects. Where he says, "Some Freethinkers limit Freethought to the right to criticise theology, but say that social institutions must be left alone," he not only completely sustains his position, but opens the eyes of his purblind critic to the correctness of that position, that thought is not Freethought when confined to one thing.

Again, he says: "The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is neither an Anarchist, a Socialist, nor a Communist, but he has a sincere respect for the many able men and women who hold those social views, and is not quite so arrogant in his own conceit as to say that there is no good in any of their philosophies. The present times are decidedly out of joint socially, and perhaps in one of these systems, or in all, lies the remedy for the labor troubles. Let us study them and see, instead of hanging their advocates." So say we.

Though not identified with the Anarchists, nor claiming a belief in the doctrin, yet we claim the right to study it, and giv expression to our conclusions. Neither do we arrive at them from swallowing newspaper twaddle; for it has ever been the policy of the monopolistic press to make every reform advocated by labor appear extremely ridiculous or herald its encroachment on property rights, and if ridicule failed to awaken the monopolist to the fact that labor should be sat upon, the cry that labor wanted the earth never failed to bring out the blue-coats and militia, and then the under dog was tenderly petted with locust stroke and bayonet push into quiet submission. Of course, this is one way of convincing a man that he is wrong; but somehow or another the principle remains the same. So with the Chicago Anarchists. They may die, and perhaps will, at the hands of the law, but Anarchy livs on, and there is just where the absurdity of the whole thing presents itself. Why does the state kill the Anarchists to destroy Anarchy? This same blunder was made by the English government years ago. It executed some of the noblest of men to kill home rule for Ireland. In executing Robert Emmet it silenced the man, but the principle still livs, and is stronger today.

Thomas Paine, when he was a representativ in the French government, only by accident escaped with his life, because he would not vote for the execution of the monarch. He said, "I want to kill monarchy, not the monarch;" but he was a statesman who fought for human rights and lived for posterity. When an old coward saw the approaching trouble between England and the colonies, he remarked to Paine, if there was to be trouble he hoped it would not come in his day, to which Paine replied, "I should think you would say, 'Let it come in my day, that my children may hav peace.'"

Force gave birth to law, and it evinces all its mother's characteristics. When the strong invaded the weak, the latter conceived the idea that combined force was the only counteractant. Thus combined force was established and christened law; and ever since, Might against might makes all wrongs right, has been the motto of men.

Reciprocity must be the future bond of union that shall hold mankind together. This can only be by exercising the *referendum*, and then our laws will become more and more reciprocal, till force will disappear altogether. Laws as they are now sprung upon us by treacherous legislativ bodies, without the least premonition, prove to be curses instead of blessings. This talk may be full of Anarchy, perhaps it is; but, for the welfare of mankind, let it come. If prayer would be of any avail, we would say, "Let us pray that reciprocity will speedily and effectually supplant force;" but we know differently. Strife and struggle, sunshine and shadow, will long be with us before the bright morn of the millennium dawns upon us. RAY D. CHAPMAN.

Equal and Exact Justice Demanded.

It is not a little surprising that one who has read THE TRUTH SEEKER attentivly for the last six months could hav misapprehended its position in relation to Anarchy and the Anarchists. Such misconception must hav arisen not only from a failure to perceive, as stated in its last issue, the difference between "advocating an opinion and the right of others to hold that opinion," but in the teeth of a distinct disclaimer. It is not less surprising, too, that so many persons are to be found professing Liberal ideas who look with a certain degree of approbation, not to say of tenderness, upon the palpable manifestations of despotism in some recent judicial proceedings.

Herr Most, as every lawyer in the country knows, is serving out an illegal sentence, imposed by a magistrate who could publicly express his regret that he could not, while acting as judge, play the part of a legislator for the purpose of extending the term of his imprisonment.

When, in a case of life and death, the jury, in obedience to popular clamor, or to court public favor, in the rendition of its verdict sets law and justice and common sense at defiance; when the magistrate of inferior jurisdiction, for the same cause, and impelled by the same motivs, sends the unfortunate and the defenseless, or even the coarse and the repulsiv, to jail for some crime not known to the laws, or some offense beyond his jurisdiction, we are menaced by a danger far more formidable than the ravings of a few crazy fanatics, how publicly and noisily soever made.

If the government, under the guise of the administration of justice, tramples upon the right of the free discussion of political and social questions in the public assemblage and through the press, it has already started in a career of oppression under which liberty, if not civilization, must perish. That the danger in this direction is imminent the recent shocking utterances of the leading journals of the country in relation to this subject fully attest, and unless it is manfully and resolutely met we shall soon find ourselvs helpless in the grasp of a worse than medieval despotism.

The assemblies of Anarchists, Salvation Armies, revivalists, etc., should be protected rather than suppressed, so long as these people refrain from illegal acts. The right of free speech and of free public discussion, though sometimes exercised in an injudicious and intemperate manner, should be sedulously guarded. It acts as a safety-valve for the passions and the emotions, motivs and purposes are constantly brought to light and appear upon the surface, and society is thereby preserved from disorder through secret conspiracies and by overt acts, as the solid earth is said to be saved from chaos by seismic disturbances or occasional belchings from the volcano's top.

It was once said that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. This was but an affirmation of the conviction, intuitiv in the mind of man, that bloodthirsty injustice must be in the end retroactiv. If the illegal and unjust verdict of the jury at Chicago is carried into effect, it will do more toward creating a sympathy for its victims and their cause than their impracticable utterances could hav achieved in a score of years. There is an innate sense of justice in the hearts of the "plain people" of this country which cannot be obliterated, and which will, if not borne down by the strong hand, rectify in due time the evils of the social state.

While I am permitted to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hope it will never be wanting in its advocacy of equal and exact justice toward all men. I shall hav no misgivings in that direction while it remains under its present management.

For the sum inclosed please send me an additional copy for distribution during the time for which it will pay. NATHAN L. PERKINS.

Bangor, Me., Oct. 1, 1886.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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Fire.

The evening papers of this city last Friday contained accounts of a most disastrous fire at 33 Clinton Place, THE TRUTH SEEKER's loss being put down at $2,000. As many of our readers may hav seen these accounts, and formed the opinion that THE TRUTH SEEKER is ruined, we herewith state that our loss is comparativly light, and will not exceed $100. If thirty delinquents will remit at once, we shall be whole again.

The fire broke out about one o'clock Friday morning, the 8th inst., in the front window of a barber-shop in the basement. Fortunately, it was at once discovered by a passer-by, who summoned the fire patrol and city fire department, and the flame was extinguished after ruining the contents of the barber-shop and a shoe-shop in one part, breaking a section of the plate-glass window in our store front, and burning our awning. Excepting the awning, these damages are covered by the insurance on the building.

The juxtaposition of a fire and an Infidel journal proved too much for the editors of some of the dailies, and many were the sarcastic comments thereon, with sly allusions to a fire of a different nature further along in our career. But, so far as we can see, all the morals of this conflagration are on our side. The barber is a Christian, and the shoemaker is also. They are burnt out completely. THE TRUTH SEEKER escaped with but a trifling damage compared to theirs. We attribute this escape to the well-known fact that the Lord takes care of his own, and we hail it as a revelation from him that on he is on our side in our crusade against Christian iniquity and in our endeavors to make the world a little freer. At any rate, the Christian press is welcome to all the comfort it can obtain from the circumstances of Friday morning.

The Resting-Place of the Heathen.

Individual Christian hearts may become tender, but the combined heart of theology, the authoritativ heart, is not easily softened. This fact has led to a doctrinal squabble in the American "Board of Missions." This board is supported by the orthodox wing of the church, and its doctrins, therefore, are orthodox. The duties of the board heretofore hav been to send missionaries to the heathens with the cheering intelligence that all the heathens who hav previously lived and died are now in hell, and that all those now alive will, when they die, go to hell unless they first go to Christ. All mankind, say the board, are for the sin of Adam doomed to eternal punishment from which there is no salvation without believing in Christ; and the case of those who never heard of Christ in their lifetime, and therefore had no opportunity of believing in him, is as truly hopeless as if they had heard of him and refused to believe in him.

This doctrin has heretofore been vigorously taught by the missionaries to the heathen, and has proved so inexpressibly painful to the heathen that it has proved a barrier to the extension of the beneficent system of religion which teaches it. A few of the missionaries lately hav seen the cruelty of the doctrin, and asked the board for permission to soften their teachings by holding out a hope that the ancestors of the present heathen may possibly be in heaven. This permission the board has refused, and the missionaries will still be handicapped by the disagreeable doctrin of hell for all who never heard of Christ. The position of the orthodox party is thus defined by the *Independent*, a Congregational journal of some pretensions:

"Here comes a man who wants to preach the gospel to the heathen. He is all right in every respect, it is said, except in the firm belief that God is so good that at *some time* in the far-off future he will 'finally save all men.' 'Shall we send him to China?' we ask. 'Oh! yes,' is the answer, 'for he is a very good man, and perfectly sound in other respects.' Another man applies, who believes that God cannot punish a man who has never heard of the Bible or Christ or the way of salvation. 'Shall such a preacher be sent?' 'Yes; on the whole we will pass him.' Another offers his valuable services, saying, 'I agree with you in all things except in the doctrin of election.' 'What shall we do with such a man?' 'Let him go,' is the prompt reply. Another believes in a future probation for all men—heathen included. 'This is a hard case indeed; but,' it is said, 'we had better send him.' Another candidate says, 'No matter what a man believes, if his heart is right and he is truly good.' 'What shall we say about him?' 'Nothing. Let him go.' Another man, on being questioned, says, 'I indorse all your creeds; but I don't believe much in miracles.' He is a good scholar and appears to be an earnest Christian. But he doesn't believe the story of Jonah and the whale; neither does he credit, as truth, the statement that the sun actually stood still at the command of Joshua, or that there was real fire in the furnace into which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast; and there are other so-called miracles, he says, which he does not believe in. He ends by saying as a clincher that the fish story about Jonah and the whale settled the question with him and he can't go that miracle anyway. 'Well, now, shall we keep such a good man home?' 'No! No!' we will hear it said, somewhere. 'Send him to Japan. We don't want such a preacher here. He can't do much hurt there anyway.'

"Now, then, an amiable man comes who doesn't believe in the chemistry of the Bible. He doesn't believe in real hell fire, or brimstone, or any such nonsense. 'Never mind. Send him along. He can't help doing some good, somewhere—say in the South Sea Islands.'

"At last a zealous, outspoken man comes along, who thinks he has special gifts as a teacher, and would like to be sent to Africa. But the matter with him is that he doesn't believe in a personal devil, while many of the benighted Africans really do. 'And what in the world shall we do with such an erratic man?' The answer is: 'Oh! never mind what he believes and says about the devil. He is just the man for Africa. Send him along.'"

The above shows the kind of men the board does *not* want. Any man too kind-hearted to believe that God will not finally "save all men;" any man who even dreams that possibly the millions who lived and died before Christ are not in hell; any man who does not believe that God "elected" only a certain few to be saved; any man who thinks that dying sinners are given another chance; any man who repudiates sleight of hand as a spiritual weapon; any man who does not think there is a hell and a personal devil; in short, any minister in whom Christianity has not smothered every spark of humanity, hidden every gleam of common sense, removed every trace of feeling, and made as cold and callous as John Calvin, is not wanted, and will not be sent to teach the glorious beauties of Christianity to the heathen. Men are wanted who will teach the barbarians civilized doctrins. The perfect missionary will approach the dusky savage with these sentiments: "My dear savage, you are in danger of hell fire, and I desire to warn you to flee from the wrath to come. God, my gentle aborigine, is a God of war, and he has arranged a program as follows: All men are dead, morally, in Adam's sin; there is no escape from hell except through Christ's offices as a mediator; only a few men are elected, anyway, to be saved; good works are of no account; all your ancestors, never having heard of Christ, are suffering in hell; and you, my beloved barbarian, are already as good as damned unless you believe in this civilized religion and become as a little child in following the savior—which the same is myself, the representativ of Christ—and in supporting his ministers." That being good orthodox Christianity, will entitle the missionary believing it to be sent, expenses paid, house furnished and perquisits allowed, to Borroboola Gha, to liv on the fat of the land and come back once in a while to tell missionary stories to Sunday-schools and collect pennies from the children.

The fight over this matter is a warm one, and reminds us of Don Quixote's tilt with a windmill, except that in this struggle the windmill does most of the fighting. Who knows anything about where the dead are? What shade has walked the earth and told the living the state of affairs on the other side? Who possesses any evidence on the subject? And where did he get it? Upon this subject the wisest knows no more than the most ignorant, and an argument on the color of the hair of the man in the moon would hav as much evidence to sustain it as the one about whether those who never heard of Christ are or are not in hell. The fact that the existence of hell is an absurd idea ought to weigh something with the reverend disputants.

Jesuitical Interference in Belgium.

The "Congregation of the Inquisition" at Rome has sent to the Catholic judges of Belgium an order forbidding them to grant divorces when the suing parties are Catholics. All the judges in Belgium being Catholics, the order virtually prohibits a Catholic from obtaining a divorce. This decree is in pursuance of the settled policy of the church to maintain that marriage is a sacrament and not a civil contract, and that it is indissoluble except by death.

There is a divorce law in Belgium which has been in existence since 1803, but the church has not until now attempted to nullify it. The present order will revive, it is said, the strife between the Liberals and the church, and a fair trial of strength will be made.

To those who hold that Catholicism is not inimical to free government, the order of the Inquisition ought to be significant. That church holds that her people everywhere are subject to her control before that of the state. No matter what the laws are, she assumes that they are not applicable to her children when in conflict with her own laws. This is an arrogant position, and must be galling to the various states, but some of them submit to it tamely enough.

Another significant fact is that this order applies only to Belgium. The reason for this exclusivness is not far off. It is but a few months since a direct issue between Romanism and Secularism was made in Belgium over the school question. The Romanists won. The pope, therefore, feels that in that country, at least, he is strong enough to boldly enforce a policy that is well known, and held in abeyance in those countries only in which Catholicism is comparativly weak.

What the pope will feel sufficiently strong to attempt in this country within the next decade is an interesting problem. Statisticians can figure out the growth of Catholicism, and then guess.

A Fool and His Folly.

It is a singular fact that there are only two preachers in Brooklyn who are listened to each Sunday by any considerable number of people. The one is Beecher, the heretic; the other, Talmage, the orthodox clown. Beecher attracts by his advanced ideas and utter abandonment of nearly all Christian doctrins; Talmage, by his ridiculous adherence to puritan theology and his credulous superstition. Sunday before last, the latter, after declaiming against Ingersoll (quoted in these columns last week) recited the following catalog of punishment upon blasphemers:

"Yet God sometimes demonstrates his power. Two or three years ago, in the Adirondacks, I met the funeral procession of a man who had worked all Sunday in the field and boasted that he had cheated God out of one day at least. He challenged God and God accepted the challenge. Between Marsgate and Ramsgate, in England, there is a place where a young man was struck dead while swearing. A prisoner in Pittsburgh applied a terrible epithet to Jesus Christ, was struck down, and died after two days' fearful suffering. In Sullivan county are eight tombstones, all belonging to one family. In 1861 diphtheria raged in the neighborhood. A physician who was very successful in checking the disease became so confident as to defy God to produce a case he could not cure. In a few days afterward a little child of his fell sick with diphtheria and died. Another followed, and another, till all eight were dead. Last August a man flourished a knife toward heaven and dared God to come down, threatening to cut him if he did. That man himself was cut down, smoke poured from his mouth and nostrils, and he was dying for days, while nobody could go near him."

There is a verse somewhere in holy writ that fits Talmage. It reads something like this: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Every one of his references is a known lie, yet he recounted these supposed exploits of the Lord as though they were

actual facts. Talmage's mental caliber about equals that of Miss Frances Willard, who wrote asking him if he did not believe that the earthquake was sent to Charleston as punishment for its sins!

Faith-Cure.

The London, Can., *Advertiser* of the 4th inst. prints a story of a faith cure in that town which we expect will soon be reprinted all over the country, and triumphantly flung at Infidels with a request to know what they think of it. The story is that on June 8, 1885, Mrs. J. McKenzie, of London, Ont., was taken sick. A medical diagnosis pronounced the cause a cold upon the lungs. Since then she has, it is alleged, been confined to her bed. Recently she said to her husband that she believed she could be cured by faith. The idea, she said, was put into her head by almighty God. A crowd of Christian brethren were summoned, and prayer and supplication ensued, at the termination of which, the account goes, she took up her bed and walked, or words to that effect. Since then she has been rather stronger than Samson was before his dalliance with Delilah, and has cleaned house and gone to church with regularity.

This is a pretty story, and to men of the caliber of Talmage it will be a great comfort. But a correspondent who livs in London, and has known the parties intimately well for a number of years, writes that it is an advertising scheme for Mr. McKenzie. "A bigger piece of humbug," says our informant, "could not be, and Mrs. McKenzie, if she would tell the truth, knows it. It is not the first time their names, or rather his name, has appeared in print, and not many months ago it was published in connection with an affair of even more questionable character. The parties are thoroughly unreliable, as all acquainted with them could testify."

We advise the ministers who hav figured in this affair to next time select people of less equivocal reputation to substantiate their claim to being divine healers. And we advise the credulous press of this country, before reprinting this tale, to write to some honorable person in the place and learn the truth.

A Mental Exercise for the Judicially Inclined.

There is at present in this city an English actress whose claim to fame rests principally upon her liaison with a live lord, who is brazen enough to appear as her manager. Her husband travels with them, and by drinking with the lord in the morning and in the afternoon threatening to shoot him, has advertised the actress to such an extent that the theater is crowded every night. The three persons form a moral pest to the community.

Of this woman's public and private career the *Sun*, of this city, says:

"We are glad that the audience who were present at the first public appearance of the woman who has come over here with an English lord did not make any disturbance in the theater. She is there to be judged solely on her merits as an artist.

"If people object to her manner of life and the methods which hav been used to bring her into notoriety, let them keep aloof from her performances. That is the true way in which to show their disapproval and contempt. If they go to see and hear her, they hav no right to express their feelings against her as a woman to whose conduct outside of the theater they take exception."

There is a case in the West which requires similar nice discrimination in judgment. In Chicago there are a pestilential lot of fellows preaching disruption and Anarchy. At one of their meetings somebody killed several policemen. These pestilential fellows were seized. But when they were tried, the jury found them guilty of being pests and not of killing the officers. It was as though the English woman's acting had been judged by her private life. How few there are who can differentiate facts from prejudices!

Editorial Notes.

SEWARD MITCHELL writes that he will supply several copies of his paper, *The World's Reformer*, at three cents each. He is sick and not able to travel, and depends upon the sale of this paper for money. His address is Newport, Maine.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., where they arrested for blasphemy a man who said that Christian missions in India are a failure, is put down by the *Hotel Gazette* as a very dishonest place. "There is," says the *Gazette*, "a class of hotel men who drag down the fraternity generally. Asbury Park, the sanctimonious place, has been the favorit stamping-ground of these gentry. They imagin that the religious odor of the resort, in which the smell of liquor has no place, is a sufficient recommendation for unlimited credit. This they hav enjoyed in the past to such an extent that every dealer, when a package is sent to that Methodist resort, is very careful to place those mystic letters, 'C. Q. D.,' upon it."

TALMAGE, in his Sunday sermon, declared that "Brooklyn had, fifteen years ago, in its streets no sign of the social evil; but now it is beginning to rival upper Broadway, in New York, and yet not a single minister will say one point-blank word, lest some old libertin should throw up his church pew."

THE Rev. Benjamin F. Staunton is being tried for "unministerial conduct." The proof of the charge is that he paid more attention to another man's wife than to his own. It seems to us that the indictment should be changed to read, "For ministerial conduct." The record of the reverends shows that the minister who is more civil to his own wife than to other men's wives is the exception and not the rule.

THE following letter explains itself, and at the same time acknowledges the receipt of a basket of the finest grapes raised in the state:

"FEED MY LAMBS.

"FRIEND SOMERBY: I make you the custodian of these grapes. I want them divided among my 'pets' in THE TRUTH SEEKER establishment.

"They are not 'my broken body,' but as often as ye partake of them, 'do it in remembrance of me.' JOHN PECK."

AMONG the work that *Unity* urges the Unitarians to accomplish is the correcting of the "irreligious rationalism and irrational religion of the times." We venture to assure *Unity* that irreligious rationalism will never be converted by any of the irrational religions that depend upon the barbaric system known as Christianity. Some religion better adapted to the enlightened times in which we liv will hav to be invented, or grown, than is the irrational religion of the New Testament.

ST. PATRICK'S parochial school in Rochester has 638 pupils. A priest givs daily "spiritual instruction" to the children, and daily celebrates mass for their benefit. Another parochial school, the "Immaculate Conception," is about to be opened, with accommodations for "every child in the parish." The development of these schools is a subject of interest to every patriot, and the attitude of the Protestants toward them ought to be carefully noticed. If Protestants send their children to them, our public school system is doomed.

IN an address to the Knights of Labor at Richmond, Governor Lee said: "Employers, as has been well said, hav no right to lock out a whole shopful of hands to bring a few unwilling ones to terms, nor hav they, in my opinion, the right to engage with other employers to fix a rate for them to pay or compel all to remain idle." If Governor Lee is in favor of equal and exact justice, he should hav said that neither hav employees the right to withdraw in a body from a shop to compel employers to find work for a few workmen whom they do not wish to employ. And if employers hav no right, as an associated body, to fix wages, what right hav employees to do so? Very few people in this world can look at both sides of a question. Everybody nowadays is a partisan. "Our" view is the only right view—people who don't agree with us are fools; "we" are the only ones entitled to any rights—the rest of the world must do as we say. It is curious how quick the persecuted become persecutors when they get the upper hand.

THE latest criticism of Charles Dickens comes from the religious people. A writer in the *Evangelist* complains that Dickens "never found a Christian lady or gentleman in the church; all his good people were outside of the church. His idea of an evangelical clergyman seemed to be a compound of the knave and the sniveling hyprocrit; and his representation of laymen who took an interest in propagating Christianity in foreign parts is that of the most absurd, narrow-minded men and women, caring nothing for the welfare of the poor at home. Hence we hav held up to us such untruthful caricatures as the Chadbands, Stiggins, 'Shepherds,' and the Pecksniffs and Jellybys. On the other hand, he exalted some of his characters in goodness and in deeds of mercy to the highest Christian stamp; but he lets it be understood that they had very little to do with the church!" We do not see the justice of blaming Dickens for portraying what he found in real life. Everybody recognizes the truthfulness of his pictures, and the fault lies in the system that breeds such wretches, and not in him who drags them to the light.

"THE position of woman on the Continent," says a writer in the *Christian at Work*, "is to our notions very anomalous. As represented by the Virgin Mary, she is adored at the altar, while as actually appearing in the street she is often a menial and a beast of burden. In the chapels of the splendid cathedral her form is draped in richest robes, her head crowned with pearls and brilliants, and before her person, enthroned on a lofty pedestal or altar, an endless procession of devout believers bend their knees and utter their prayers; and yet these same believers will go forth from their adoration of the ideal woman in the cathedral to look upon the real woman sawing wood in the street, or hitched beside a dog to a cart, or digging like a slave in the fields, without the slightest feeling of the degradation to womanhood which such a scene implies. We saw on the way from Brussels to Cologne sometimes three, sometimes four, and in one instance six women to one man gathering harvests in the fields; we saw women begrimed with dirt and black unloading coal cars; we saw women mixing mortar and handling stone; we saw half-grown girls driving dog-carts filled with vegetables to market, and working in various capacities which it made one's heart ache to behold."

A DISPATCH from Cincinnati, where Colonel Ingersoll was at the time engaged in a legal affair, to the *Times* of this city givs Mr. Ingersoll's views upon the candidacy of Henry George as follows: "In the city of New York the principal question is not who will be the next president, but who will be the next mayor. Personally, I am for Henry George. I want to giv the workingmen an opportunity of showing the world whether they are intelligent enough and honest enough to stand by each other, and to vote the same way they march. We see processions of thousands upon thousands of workingmen carrying all kinds of banners, and, among other things, saying that the workingmen must stand together. Now they will hav their opportunity. Henry George is an intelligent man; something, it may be, of an enthusiast; without doubt honest, and, above all things, a true friend of the working people. Now, I want them to stand by him, and to vote for him, and I am on that side myself. My judgment is that this labor question will enter largely into the next presidential campaign. I would like to see the laboring men succeed. I would like to see them hav a majority in Congress and with a president of their own. I would like to see this, so that they could satisfy themselvs how little, after all, can be accomplished by legislation. The moment responsibility should touch their shoulders they would become conservativ. They would find that making a living in this world is an individual affair, and that each man must look out for himself. They would soon find that the government cannot take care of the people. The people must support the government. Everything cannot be regulated by law. The factors entering into this problem are substantially infinit, and beyond the intellectual grasp of any human being. Perhaps nothing in the world will convince the laboring man how little can be accomplished by law until there is the opportunity of trying."

Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. H. S. LAKE is engaged to speak at Stafford, Conn., the Sundays of October; at Norwich, Conn., the Sundays of November; at Haverhill, Mass., the last two Sundays of December; at Boston, the first two Sundays of February. She desires other Eastern engagements. Address, Stafford, Conn.

J. L. ANDREW lectures for the Friendship Liberal League, Hall and Wood streets, Philadelphia, Sunday, Oct. 17th, at 2:30 and 7:30 o'clock P.M. Subjects, afternoon, "Liberty and Law;" evening, "Modern Infidelity—a Philosophical Defense." Liberals of Philadelphia and vincity are cordially invited to attend. The seats will be free.

CHARLES WATTS's tour in Michigan has been in every way a success. The audiences hav been large and enthusiastic. Sunday night, Oct. 3d, nearly two thousand persons attended his lecture in the Opera House in Grand Rapids. On Monday, Oct. 4th, Mr. Watts gave a political lecture in Grand Rapids. Mr. Watts lectured also in Muskegon, and was highly spoken of. The last lecture Mr. Watts gave in Michigan was at Kalamazoo. The two local papers reported him as being "an eloquent talker."

MRS. C. F. DEMOTT, secretary *pro tem* of the Hempstead Freethought Society, writes: "The Hempstead Freethought Association removed last week to pleasanter and more spacious quarters at Liberty Hall, next door to the Baptist church. A recitation entitled, 'The Rising Moon,' by Miss Ada DeMott; a talk on 'Earthquakes as Tests of Progress in Theology,' and a select reading from Herbert Spencer were the attractions last Sunday. Several questions in geology and physiology were written by the president, and members requested to find answers for next Sunday. A lecture on 'The Gods of the Ancient World,' a recitation, and a select reading will be given next Sunday afternoon."

MR. J. E. REMSBURG, the famous Infidel author and lecturer, delivered two of his ablest productions in this city on last Friday and Sunday evenings, and those who heard him and were so conditioned as to be able to appreciate eloquent and logical orations, antagonistic to orthodoxy, were astonished and delighted. Athough Mr. Remsburg and his writings are comparativ strangers in this section of the West, his celebrity has penetrated far into foreign lands, and his works hav become standard authority among Freethinkers. As he is but thirty-eight years old, and has hardly reached the climax of mental and physical development, he certainly has a bright career before him, during which, we believe, he will accomplish much toward overthrowing intolerance and superstition and toward the elevation of mankind. He will close a series of eight lectures in this county at Bassett tomorrow evening.—*New Hampton (Iowa) Tribune.*

W. F. JAMIESON is now in the midst of his debate with Rev. Dr. Ditzler, in Butte, Montana. He gave three lectures in Dillon, M. T., and speaks in glowing terms of the brave band of Liberals there. They elected officers for their Secular Union at the close of his last lecture. The Dillon *Examiner* contained the following notice, for which a churchman took the editor to task because he gave so favorable a notice to an "Infidel:" "Pursuant to announcements made several days since, on Wednesday evening last Prof. W. F. Jamieson began his course of three lectures at the Court House on various topics in support of Liberalism and freedom in thought and speech. He had fair-sized audiences on both that and the following evening, and entertained his hearers to their evident satisfaction. Mr. Jamieson is a good speaker, having a pleasing address, and is a logical reasoner, going to the bottom of his subject, and advancing no argument that he does not endeavor to thoroughly substantiate by lucid proofs."

C. B. REYNOLDS's article on "Blasphemy and the Bible is now published in pamphlet form illustrated with the cartoon "Casting Pearls Before Swine." It sells for 10 cents.

Letters from Friends.

THURSTON, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In renewing my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I wish to say that I approve most heartily of nearly all of the illustrations that hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER the past summer, and hope they can be continued.

Yours truly, LEWIS MASTERS.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. J. L. Andrew lectured yesterday afternoon before the Liberal League here on "Liberty and Law" before a good audience, which paid the best of attention, with frequent applause. A discussion of the lecture took place immediately following. In the evening, in the same hall, Mr. Andrew again appeared before the Liberals and Spiritualists; subject, "Modern Infidelity." The audience was large and very appreciativ, and many expressed the wish to hav Mr. Andrew with us again. C. F. MARSHALL.

BROOKTON, ME., Sept. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $1 for another four months' subscription to your admirable paper. Were it in my power, I should be only too happy to send you a much larger subscription, besides something additional to assist you in the battle for freedom and humanity which you are fighting so nobly against such odds. It is hardly possible for me to get you any subscribers in this small community, composed largely of church-going hypocrits and disinterested nothingarians; but I will try. You can, however, always count on my subscription as long as I hav a cent, as I would not be without the old TRUTH SEEKER for twice its price.

MARTIN BUTLER.

CHARLES CITY, IA., Sept. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a Catholic paper, with several pieces marked in it, on different subjects. An old wolf, by the name of E. B. Maxwell, left here suddenly. He was an old member of the Congregational church, and a deacon. He tried to ruin two little girls about the age of ten or eleven, but they hav tried to hush it up, for it would injure the church. He was about sixty years old, and had one of his feet partly off. He has gone to Madison, Wis., from here, and has been kissing several of the sisters, so it has come out since he left.

I am trying to get a lecturer to make us a visit and talk some time this winter, if possible, and am hopeful to be able to do so.

The pictures are all O. K., and easy to read. Put them in

JOHN MAHARA.

BRAMPTON, CAN., Sept. 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose post-office order for $1.50, for continuation of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I believe that will pay up to March 12, 1887. Thanks for sending papers without renewal; they came to hand all right up to date.

I fully agree with W. Malcolm, in the issue of Sept. 25, 1886, as regards Liberalism and Anarchy, and believe to advocate the cause (in any shape) of Anarchists will diminish the circulation of Liberal papers, and do the Liberal cause much harm. E. DALE.

[Mr. Dale will greatly oblige the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER if he will point out when and where THE TRUTH SEEKER ever advocated the cause of Anarchy. We hav advocated the right of even Anarchists to hav a fair trial, but by the comments made we should think there are quite a number of Freethinkers who do not believe in fair trials when an unpopular person is in the prisoner's box.—ED. T. S.]

SOUTH LOWELL, ALA., Sept. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I suggest to the law-making power in the different states that every county be authorized to appoint three or five arbitrators or referees, to whom all civil cases, which would otherwise go to the courts, may be referred; that both plaintiff and defendant be allowed to present their case without the use of a lawyer; and that this board decide on the equity of the case; and that their decision be final, and without the privilege of an appeal.

I think that quarrels between men can thus be settled easier, and with less cost and bad feeling, than in the courts. This system would save lawyers' fees, and continuations, and cases would be decided on their merits and by justice, instead of by law without justice, as is now done. It would lessen our taxes and save trouble.

I hope some state will try this system, and let us learn by experience if there is not some better way than paying lawyers from ten to one hundred dollars a day to settle our difficulties. J. K. DEARTH.

MYRTLE CREEK, ORE., Oct. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I confess it my duty to my fellow-man and the cause of intellectual liberty to state that the old religious dogmas, superstitions, etc., such as pagan and Christian churches teach in all their creeds, hav been renounced by me as being inimical to human happiness, intellectual progress, and scientific development. I am a poor man; Christians hav robbed me of years of toil, but this is not the reason why I am an advocate of Freethought and intellectual liberty, together with human progress. It is because of investigation, reason, and experience. We can expect nothing but injustice from those who sin on the credit system. They tried to make a preacher of me, but I had some individuality and questioned their authority, for which reason they treated me coolly. Other denominations wanted to ordain me, but I questioned their creeds and authority, so, of course, they had no use for me at all in any way. My investigations went on until the chains of superstitious slavery fell from me, and now my mind floats in a higher atmosphere. The clergy may hurl their anathemas at me; their invocations cannot, with all of their flatteries, change the god of truth, science, or the universe. The early hallucinations of my mind caused me much trouble, being the result of false teaching, which some never unlearn.

False theology is the perpetrator of evil, and perpetuates ignorance and crime; fanaticism, bigotry, and intolerance are its progeny.

Now I am an humble advocate of the religion of humanity. Before the inherent rights of mankind can be restored the cause of intellectual and physical thralldom must be removed.

L. C. HILL.

CHESS.

PASSAIC, N. J., Oct. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: To-day (Sunday) I examined several dried specimens of European and American chess (*Bromus secalinus*), and can say that botanically they hav no affinity with wheat (*Trixicum vulgare*), except that chess belongs to the same nat. ord., *graminaceæ* or grass family. That they belong to distinct genera should be enough to convince anybody of the impossibility of either degenerating or running into the other. But, further, they belong to different subtribes of one big tribe of the order—not even allied genera. It is only by hybridization that wheat could degenerate at all, and then only with species of the same genus. For chess to grow amongst wheat, seed must hav been sown with it, or else hav lain in the ground. Not otherwise, because it is an annual. Chess could not develop by spontaneous generation, and Freethinkers ought not to be the people who could think so. The "smattering of science" which all, or most, hav should put them right on such a question. Evolution is the word, and chess probably took as long to evolve as wheat, and stands as high in the vegetable kingdom.

Allow me to remark, anent that Charleston cartoon, it was quite providential so many people got out of that building in such good order before it finally fell.

T. D. HATFIELD.

HUBBARD, Mo., Sept. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Thou friend of the human race! please find inclosed draft for $2 on the National Bank of Commerce, the same to apply on the C. B. Reynolds's blasphemy persecution fund. Please credit $1 of the same to Mr. Isaac Michaels, of Moberly, Mo., and $1 to me. Friend Michaels will try to raise more money among the Liberals of Moberly for Brother Reynolds. Don't despair, Brother Reynolds; we are your friends in adversity as well as in prosperity. We hope you will not try to defeat those swine in their own courts, but carry the case to the highest tribunal in our land, which we hope will decide those barbarous laws unconstitutional.

Although we are limited in means, friend Michaels and I will swell this fund $25 each, if it is necessary. My watch is also at your disposal provided the good brothers and sisters will raise the balance. We mean business; just try us and see. Furthermore, I wish it recorded that friend Michaels and I always hav a dollar or more to defend any Liberal who happens to get into the clutches of such unjust laws for exercising the freedom of speech, even to the uttermost ends of the world. So go on, brave Reynolds, while below, in the sure paths of truth.

Now, old Democracy, the party of my sire, dost thou remember when thou didst loudly howl to get into power, and didst obtain my vote for every president since I reached my majority by quoting these immortal lines:

Giv us the freedom of speech and the press;
A jury impartial selected to try us if laws we transgress.
Giv us a union of peaceful souls blending,
Whose millions of hearts throb as one,
The rights of our fathers defending,
To throttle the freedom of none!

O Jersey, blush for shame! Unjust are thy laws, and the spirit of those lines does not dwell in your state. Verily, Captain Huddy's blood doth cry out against you, and call thee a stiff-necked and selfish generation! JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

CHARLEVOIX, MICH., Sept. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Three months hav almost passed since I was admonished by the tag on my paper that I was reading a paper for which I had not paid.

From week to week I hav been doing so, still hoping that in a few days I would be able to get enough of the root together to pay thee all, and now I am happy to be able to ask you for credit for the inclosed, and to thank you for continuing my paper, pictures and all. I am one of those unfortunate fellows that our very excellent president says "contracted a great amount of disability" whilst in what would now seem to hav been the wrong army; consequently, by reason of such disability, it is hard at all times to make both ends meet. We hav stomachs that crave their daily allowance, and bodies that must hav the wherewithal to be clothed, and souls—ah! there's the rub!—that need to be refreshed, and how is that to be done without proper reading matter. And where can that be found save in the old TRUTH SEEKER? Therefore, I make an extra effort to continue my subscription.

This soul that it requires such extra efforts to save is something that I really know nothing about, only what I hav learned by hearsay. The preachers tell us a great deal about it, and, of course, they would not talk about things they did not know all about. I never saw a soul separate from the body, but I hav realized that I hav a mind, and I hav also realized that its action depends greatly on the condition of the body. Whether it will exist after the body has been returned to Mother Earth is a question for theorists to speculate on. For me, I know only of its present existence, and that it derives pleasures and experiences pain from present surroundings. Among its greatest delights is the perusal of the able articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER, editorial and contributed, and, above all, in contemplating those pictures, that really speak so much plainer than words.

ROBERT MILLER.

PARSIPPANY, N. J., Oct. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: J. L. Andrew delivered three lectures in Pythian Hall, Boonton, N. J., Saturday, September 25th, and Sunday, September 26th. Saturday night he spoke on "Liberty and Law." Sunday afternoon the meeting was opened with singing (same at the close of the lecture and evening too) a Liberal hymn by the members of the Secular Union. The young lady musician, Miss Ada Booth, played on the organ. This time when the young lecturer stepped on the platform we knew we were going to hav a good one, for we were there and all were ready to listen to "Modern Infidelity." When speaking of the ministers, in regard to what they think they know, he said, in the words of Colonel Ingersoll: "'The clergy know that I know that they do not know.'" It was a stirring lecture, as was shown by the attention and applause that greeted its delivery before it was ended. Sunday evening a larger audience; subject, "Christianity and Civilization." He said Christianity is today what it always has been, the enemy of reason and freedom. Its malice is as poisonous as it ever was. The Catholics and Methodists are despots alike. What has it done in civilizing the people, anyway? The truth of the whole thing is, It has made more enemies than it has ever made friends. When Reynolds pitched his tent here for the purpose of gathering in the orthodox brethren and enlightening them, we presume, on all that relates to Secularism, and the absurdities of the Bible, they who caused his arrest were nothing but downright, narrow-minded, orthodox blockheads. The tent movement is a good one for the cause of spreading Freethought, and if there is any lecturer at this moment who needs to be encouraged and make a tour through the East and West to lecture, it is C. B. Reynolds. All able Liberal speakers should be kept constantly in the lecture field. THE TRUTH SEEKER illustrations, though not liked by and ridiculous to some, are up to the point in showing the people how absurd the Bible is when illustrated as well as read. We want more stirring lectures in this town, and mean to have them as time passes on. Honor bright! we mean what we say. Music is a magnet, and music, and singing too, we will hav at the lectures. So wake up, Liberals, and keep the Freethought lecturers lecturing as long as the preachers preach.

FLORENCE HENNION,
Secretary of Boonton Secular Union.

LIBERALISM VERSUS ANARCHISM.

HOLDEN, Mo., Sept. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: During the short time I hav been a subscriber for your paper I hav received the worth of the money invested, especially in the articles by John Peck. I hav, however, seen in it some tendency to Anarchy, which I deplore. In your last issue you giv your own views on that subject, with some very sensible prelusory remarks by John Ray. I am a Freethinker from far back, but see no necessary relation between my views and Anarchy, but the reverse.

Since you giv such unbounded latitude to free expression of opinions, it would be but consistency to giv place to what I now hav to say, though differing with yourself. You say you differ *in toto* from the principles of the Anarchists, but say further on: "Freethought, as we understand it, stands for absolute freedom of thought, of speech, of publication, upon any and every subject upon earth. There is no such thing as treasonable utterance in this country." A hint is thrown out, too, that Freethinkers should hav such fear of restraint on the subject of religion that they should indulge all phases of Freethought and expression.

The Constitution givs us all free scope to think, and to worship, or not worship, as we please. So we need not be frightened nor fly off in wrong and dangerous extremes on other subjects.

I do not believe that anybody has a moral right, or legal right, either, to call crowds of people together and harang them with abuse of our form of government, and thus incite them to acts of crime, as Anarchists are wont to do, and did do at the fatal Haymarket meeting. If men should ever be hung for anything, they certainly should be hung for such acts as that.

Government is, of necessity, a compromise. No government is *absolutely* free. Ours is as free as it can be and reserve to itself the right and power to protect itself and its citizens. Those people are mistaken as to what is a free government. If they don't like our laws, let them leave the country. Our government is free because it protects its citizens in all just rights, bestows the greatest blessing on the greatest number, and reserves the right and the power to protect itself.

Again, in noticing a meeting held to welcome late arrivals of foreign Socialists who come here to orate and disturb the peace of your city, you say: "The police were on hand and were very officious, but failed to create a disturbance." Bah! If Mr. Andrew and Mr. Stevens are with you on this subject, and if you all hold the views of Mrs. Helen Wilmans, as quoted by you, I regret that you hav not, at least, her prudence.

Finally, I say, Yes, we should maintain the right, and the rights even of an enemy, but we should not maintain nor indorse the wrongs of either friends or enemies. I think you are too tender in your sympathies for the Anarchists for the good of your paper and for the good of Liberalism.

C. L. CARTER, M.D.

NORTH SYDNEY, N. S., Oct. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: If you hav room in your best of all papers for a few jottings, I will trouble you with a partial account of my travels from West to East. We—that is, Mrs. Archibald, our little girl, and myself—left Omaha on September 9th. Having some business with Mr. Wettstein, we looked off at Rochelle. And let me say right here that I found Brother Wettstein a host in himself, nicely situated in a pretty little town. We were invited to his house, and there partook of the good things of life provided by Mrs. Wettstein, who is a

lady of refinement, and one who knows how to make things comfortable for both the outer and the inner man. Now, I wish to say right here to all readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, if you want to buy a watch or any jewelry, be sure and send to Wettstein; if you want a watch repaired, send to Wettstein. For in either case you will get a better job done or a better watch for less money than you could any place else that I know of. And at the same time you will be patronizing a true Liberal.

In Chicago, the excitement, to a casual observer, had disappeared, although there is yet an undercurrent of feeling not soon to subside, and if the penalty of the law is carried out on those convicted, the act will never be forgiven.

In passing through Ontario we see some beautiful country, as good as any portion of the United States, if properly managed. On arriving in the, we might say, ancient city of Montreal, we find several extremes. First we notice the very narrow streets, which are no better than alleys in Chicago; but we also find some very fine buildings—though, sad to say, the finest are dedicated to superstition. One of the finest, not-yet finished, is the bishop's palace, which is of gigantic proportions, finished so far in the best style. Then we became of a religious turn of mind and visited two of those holies of holies, houses of God. First we visited the Jesuit church, which is a fine building, finished internally in splendid shape. The arches are supported with twenty-four pillars. It is lighted by seventy-five gas jets, and would hold some fifteen hundred people; but this Sunday evening there were about one hundred and fifty dupes in attendance, and, as near as I could calculate, there were five females to one male. All of them, as they came down the aisle, bowed to some image, crossed themselvs, and entered their seats. Poor slaves!

On Monday we visited the Notre Dame cathedral. There you see, at all hours of the day, poor dupes bowing at some shrine, crossing themselvs, and saying their prayers; but the worst and most disgusting sight I there beheld was several women bowing and praying before a horrid sight supposed to be Jesus as he hung on the cross. There were, in very life-like or natural appearance, the disgusting wounds of the nails and the wounds in his side, all of which were so very disgusting that we passed by as quickly as possible, for such sights are very offensiv to me. But there they were, worshiping this hideous sight; and in this case, from actual count, there were ten women to one man. My thoughts were, Let us Liberals speak out, lend a helping hand, lift our sisters out of the superstitious ruts, open the doors of education to them, giv them what honestly belongs to them, and the rights men claim, and in a short time we will not be able to count ten to one in such a place.

But now we are in the land of the Mayflower, where for the present we purpose to locate, and from whence I will be pleased to giv you some jottings from time to time as they occur to me in my travels through the country—which, I am sorry to say, is full to the overflowing of rank superstition.

J. W. ARCHIBALD.

NORTH PARMA, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been thinking for some time that the first opportunity I had I should pitch into Brother Macdonald, and giv him a mild piece of mind, on account of the semi-support and comfort which the Chicago Anarchists derive from the attitude of THE TRUTH SEEKER in regard to them. Not that I entertain the idea that you believe in the damnable doctrins and ideas promulgated by them, but by even casually reading some of the communications and editorial comments which appear in THE TRUTH SEEKER upon the deeds and doings of the scoundrels who go by the name of Socialists and Anarchists you can perceive a vein of sympathy which they ill deserve. You may reply that Spies, Parsons, and Fielden, did not throw the bomb that caused the brutal murder of the Chicago policemen while nobly doing their duty. But I consider Spies guilty as an accessory to their murder, from the hellish ideas which he formulated and published in his paper. Parsons and the rest of the gang are equally responsible for, by their treasonable and incendiary speeches, urging the mob to resort to deeds of violence and murder, in order to redress some fancied wrong. I hav not a particle of sympathy for them, and hope they will receive their just deserts, which I believe to be hanging. I cannot see how intelligent, loyal men, who love their country and its good, can for one moment hav one particle of fellowship for them. Individuals who came here from the slums and gutters of Europe, where they hav suffered degradation and poverty all of their lives, been poorly paid and illy fed and clothed—I say, come here, where the laborer is the best paid, fed, clothed, and housed of any country in the world, his children schooled, and, if industrious, temperate, and sober, can lay up something for old age—when they come here, and try to tear down society, aud undermine good government, and everything else that pertains to the good and welfare of the community, it is quite time that something should be done to stamp out and counteract their bad influence. To every good, honest emigrant who comes here to better his condition, and build up a home, educate his children, and become a good, loyal citizen, and if he has any real wrongs that need redress, endeavor to right them, not by the incendiaries' torch, and murderous bomb, but by the ballot—to every such emigrant I will extend both hands and giv a cordial welcome.

Now, Brother Macdonald, I am not going to flare up and say, if you don't do thus and so, I will "stop my paper." Not I. For I like the old TRUTH SEEKER too well to do that. But when I read articles published in it and indorsed by its editor that my intelligence teaches me will result disastrously to the paper and the cause of Liberalism, I feel it a duty to giv a warning note. You must be aware of the fact that there are plenty of people who are ready to make Liberalism and Anarchism synonymous terms. They confound Infidelity as only another name for everything that is low and vile. Let us teach them by our lives and example that it is a vile slander. The majority of the Liberals in this locality are among its best and most upright citizens, being found upon the side of law and order, temperance and honesty, benevolence and love for their fellow-men. Dr. Samuel Holman, a pronounced Liberal, has done more to make the town of Parma a practical temperance town than all of the churches combined.

J. TOMPKINS.

BELGRADE, MINN., Sept. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: An old Freethinker as I am, and having come over to this country nearly thirty years ago with the very same fundamental principles of Freethought that I hav now, I could not help watching the religious as well as the social life of the people of this country, who hav and enjoy a Constitution that says distinctly that the greatest possible happiness of the people was and is its object. What every newcomer, with sense of observation; what every traveler from Europe, except from the Puritan parts of England and Scotland, will find and be astonished at, is that the life of the people in this country, in comparison with continental Europe, is so very dull and monotonous. "What!" exclaims the immigrant or traveler, "such a great country, healthy, with plenty of room for everybody—or at least for many millions more—with the most fertil soil in all the world, with the freest Constitution, and the people, who hav plenty of all, and nobody to hinder them in their happiness, leading a monotonous social life!" Yes, in spite of all that, it is a fact. We soon found out what was the cause—the Puritan spirit of the people. Puritan laws and obstructions to mental and social liberty had indeed been mostly abolished, but the people, having been trained under those laws for over two hundred years, could not, and at the present day cannot—partially, at least—banish the Puritan spirit. I landed in New England—Boston—and stayed there one year, and asked myself all the time, "What is the use of the greatest political liberty to man, if he is deprived of his social liberty—if he cannot enjoy his life?" I went to Wisconsin, and there we had, and in some places they still hav, social liberty. Life then was very pleasant and free. The two most prominent parts of the population there, Americans and Germans, were living in the best harmony, one learning from the other. The Freethinkers among both nations rejoiced in their mixture, and hoped that a new, free, and more joyful social life of the people in general would be the result thereof. We started music bands and singing societies, and had excursions with musie and song—unknown then in New England. We celebrated the Fourth of July, when it fell upon a Sabbath, on that day. In short, we worked and enjoyed ourselvs. We had our turn-verein, where, as a matter of course, mental liberty was cultivated. But it soon changed. Puritanism from the East immigrated in full force and went to work, destroying all the weaker strongholds of Freethought, and, especially in the country among the farmers, all the joyful social life, making the people bigoted and devout, and, consequently, social life monotonous and dull. They enunciated and enforced the old sentence, *ora et labora*—pray and work. Before we could realize it, all our doings were simply wicked. Our turn-vereins were wicked, singvereins wicked, picnics with beer wicked, excursions with beer wicked, Fourth of July on Sunday extremely wicked. We were wicked all over. We received private instructions, especially from the ladies, like children in the nursery. It sounded from all sides: "You must not, you must not!" Why? "Because it is wicked and your soul will be lost. Go to church and you will do better"—*i.e.*, you will make more money. Well, soon the Americans retired from us, and we were left alone. The former Freethinking Americans kept silent, and gave to churches as much as anybody.

I admit that we had not always refined social enjoyments. How could we with a people of such different grades of education? But we brought at least the sense of social enjoyment to this country, and if the Americans had not retired and had not branded everything we did in that line with, "Dutch," "Sour-krout," "Lager and pretzel," they might hav improved and ennobled our public social life and at the same time kept away from themselvs the monotony and dulness of a Puritan life. They liked and do like lager, but for fear of their reverends and their reverend-ridden ladies, they went back to their inherited national Bourbon, because they could and can hide before their eyes a whisky-bottle, on account of its stronger contents and smaller size, better than a beer-bottle—one small drink of whisky bringing on the desired effect quicker than two bottles of lager. So it was done and so it is done.

And where would Prohibition be in any state if the people knew that they could get no whisky at all except for real sickness? Prohibition is nothing else than voting up the bottle of whisky—a poison, as we all admit, and a very dangerous one, too—and voting down the lager beer, a beverage which has proved its healthful influence on the physical and mental constitution of whole nations who hav drunk it for thousands of years. He who does not believe that fact on simple assertion from men who know it may go over to Germany and see for himself. Prohibition means whisky against beer, and a Prohibition man is almost always not free in his heart from the principles of the old Knownothing party. Banish in common life whisky and all these distilled drinks and use them only for medicin, and drink beer instead, and you will hav a temperate people, and only then. The public opinion must be brought to that high standpoint which it has in this regard in continental Europe—Russia excepted—of holding that a man who drinks more than one small glass of whisky at one sitting loses his character as a gentleman in the eyes of the looker-on.

Banish the beer as a beverage for social meetings and you banish social enjoyment, for the people in general will not enjoy themselvs sitting by a water-bowl, and if all the Prohibition men of this continent will stand on their heads and insist on the truth of the contrary, then, with social enjoyment gone, what will the people do, what can they do, especially on Sundays, but go to church? This our rever ends know too well, and from that—not from our Infidelity, for what do they care for the soul of a Dutchman, whom they despise deeply on earth?—comes their intense hatred of and opposition to our social enjoyment. A nice, joyful social life makes empty churches, and they know that.

Observing that this Puritan spirit would wipe away every bit of earthly joy in this country, we German Freethinkers felt sorry enough and mourned—the more so as we saw that we could not even keep our children out of the general current of superstition. And it is only since late—say fifteen years—that we find encouragement, and a good, earnest, and strong one, too, from the side of our American fellow-citizens; and you will find us not wanting. "One world at a time"—good; but let us make this our world so that we can enjoy it. To accomplish that end, we must do away not only with religious superstition, but also with whisky—the greatest enemies of America. Prohibition is the third, because it works—known or unknown to the worker—arm-in-arm with whisky and destroys personal liberty in a worse degree than all the despotic governments of the world combined. Rather liv in Russia than in Iowa or Kansas; rather liv in Rome than in a Puritan state; rather send a child to the pope's own private Sunday-school than to one conducted by a hypocritical future bank-defaulter; rather be enveloped in the thickest coat of superstition and enjoy life than be the freest of Freethinkers and be prohibited from enjoying life. Work and joy must be our motto. What is an old, sour Prohibitionist good for socially?

VERITAS.

BARRE, MASS., Oct. 2, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Hasn't your correspondent, George Lynn, made a mistake? I see in his letter, Oct. 2d, an allusion to myself, and wish to say in as far as concerns his insinuation, "My Spiritualism does not, did not, rest on any Bouton foundation," that my disbelief in Spiritualism does not, did not, rest on the exposure of any Bouton fraud, I having had for many, many years the best of reasons for believing in the non-existence of spirits; consequently the Bouton exposure was no confirmation to me of fraud or guilt.

It matters not to me whether George Lynn and "all Spiritualists" are moved or "unmoved at this exposure;" there is the solid fact and they can do what they please with it.

Mr. Lynn's flings at the "'I told you so's'" and "'I knew it's'" comes with a very ill grace from one who uses nearly a column and a half of THE TRUTH SEEKER bewailing the intolerance of Liberals, and comparing such to "intolerant, persecuting Christians," who, he says, "will hav general cause of jubilation as they observe what splendid imitators many Liberals are of those peculiar traits that we said Christians alone would manifest."

Mr. Lynn is at liberty to ask Mr. Walser if "I" did not "tell him so" five months previous to the fire, describing the trap-door and other appurtenances during these five months precisely as the fire revealed them, for "I knew it" just as well as if I had performed the tricks myself; and, more than this, I knew who were Dr. Bouton's assistants; and had I not a right to tell Mr. Walser what "I knew" when I saw him so unmercifully deceived? Why, Mr. Lynn, are you not "happy to the full whenever a Dr. Bouton or some similar fraud is exposed?" You being a Spiritualist, one would suppose you would be more happy than myself to detect imposture in your ranks, if it existed, and bring the perpetrators to justice. I confess I was "happy," but not "to the full"—that cannot be until the last fraud is detected, exposed, and eradicated—but I was happy that the fire had revealed unmistakably to the eyes of Mr. Walser, and others, what I had failed to make him perceive; for, like too many others, he was so sure there could be no collusion, that instead of examining, as I begged him to do, he only attempted to argue the question with me. I say this with all due respect to Mr. Walser's sincerity and honesty, for honest he most assuredly was, as honest as you and other similar victims. Mind you, I do not call you, him, and others "mud-slingers," "dirt battalions," and similar names, and use such malignant epithets as I hav had applied to me by the opposition. This shows for itself which is the most intolerant.

If you "elect to go with the latter" (Heywood and Walker) I'm glad you told us so, recent developments in the Walker case having proved where he stands practically on the subject you introduced. As for me, I still stand where I always did, and am very happy to find Messrs. Walser and Stewart on the same side of the question as myself.

"For one, I would rather be gagged by Christianity than by any Puritanic form of Liberalism." "Gagged!" Who wishes to gag Mr. Lynn? I'm sure I don't. If he refers to the late attempt of Mr. Walser's to prevent promiscuity from overruling his colony, I pity him. I consider that Mr. Walser had a perfect right to try, by all lawful and laudable means, to prevent such a calamity, for what respectable person would desire to settle in a colony of promiscuists?

As to temperance, it is nearly sixty years since I made my first effort in that direction, as I can prove by living witnesses, and that effort was a practical one, I using every cent of money I had ever possessed to hire a boy two years younger than myself not to drink New England rum with his father's workmen—and that boy was my own brother. And from that hour to this I hav never ceased my efforts in the cause of temperance, advocating Prohibition in my lectures while the masses opposed it.

It is hard for me, I admit, to tolerate intemperance, promiscuity, and fraud, but the hardest of all to bear is the very intolerance which Mr. Lynn condemns, resulting in flings, sarcasms, misrepresentations, and as odious names and epithets as a bar-room politician can use against his rival. But I forbear. Let us hav peace.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Benevolent Bishop.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A pious old bishop went out for a stroll;
Fat, rosy, content from his feet to his poll.
No hope of the future earth's comfort denied,
The goods of the present him quite satisfied.

With beneficent smile he passed down the street,
When a poor luckless beggar he happened to meet.
"My lord," cried the beggar, "I'm down in my luck,
And e'en for a dinner I really am stuck;

"If, out of your plenty, a dollar you'll spare,
My days that are dark will appear clear and fair."
"A dollar! Why, man, you must surely be mad!
Pray, why didn't you ask me for all that I had?"

"Then giv me a half, it will help my need sore,
I'll glad take a half if I cannot get more."
"You're crazy!" the bishop cried out in his wrath;
"I'd as soon giv the whole as giv you a half."

"Then please giv a quarter—that's little enough;
Hav tender regard for my lot that is tough."
"No! no!" cried the bishop; "nothing such will I do;
Do I look like a man to giv quarter to you?"

"Then giv me a cent—that much you'll not miss—
And the hem of your coat I humbly will kiss."
Without any "hem," and without any "ha,"
The bishop cried out, "Now get you gone far!
Or else, by my faith, my design shall not fail
To hav you arrested and taken to jail."

"My lord! Be not harsh, some compassion pray *feel*;
For, see at your feet I most anxiously kneel.
My lord! Let your blessing my sorrows enfold,
It may bring me luck somewhere else to get gold."

Oh! broad was the smile on the bishop's broad face,
As the beggar he saw in that lowly place!
"My son! that I'll giv," and his hands he stretched out,
When up sprang the beggar, and said, with a shout,
"If your blessing to you had been worth a penny,
You'd not giv it. No! Thanks, I'll go without any.
I think in my heart that you couldn't be worse;
I'm sure that your blessing is not worth a curse!"

—*N. Childs.*

Why Freethought Is Superior To Christianity.

[Three months ago, through the kindness of a friend, we were enabled to offer three dollars as a prize for the best essay on Freethought—its superiority over Christianity—competitors to be under twenty years of age. We print to-day the well-written essay on the above-named subject that takes the prize.—Ed. C. C.]

Did you notice a picture that appeared in the *Ironclad Age* over a year ago? It was the death-bed of a vivisectionist. All the ghosts of animals he had murdered thronged around him in the most horrible form, dogs, cats, and rabbits staring in his face. If he turned from one, he would face another.

The mind that is enslaved by Christianity is in the same condition. It is not free. It is a slave to the most hideous tales. The devil grins in its face, daring it to take refuge in the pursuit of knowledge.

The mind that is free daily becomes more enlightened, soaring on the brilliant wings of thought. It can dive deep into the mysteries of the past. It can investigate the cause of life. It can appreciate the sublime and the beautiful. It can soar up among the worlds that render night beautiful, without thinking they are just small sparks of fire put there for no purpose. Freethought diffuses its knowledge among others. The very name of Freethought pictures all that is kind, gentle, noble, and grand; something that is ever struggling to rise.

The history of Christianity is all that is wicked, torturing, lawless, and conservativ. Christianity is attempting to pull progress down, while Freethought is ever helping it to rise. Christianity prowls around filling people's minds with fables that are so big there is no room for anything else.

What is there worse than a mind not free?

When I was very small I used to read the Bible, all about the plagues that Moses and God inflicted on Pharaoh. It invariably says, "And the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart." I thought it very strange that God would harden his heart and then punish him because it was hardened. I did not ask anyone to explain it, as I thought it would be sin to even be surprised at anything God did, much less doubt that it was right. So it is with older Christians. Christianity inspires its victims with the fear that God will open the earth and swallow them up. It bids everybody be miserable, so as to be able to enjoy heaven hereafter. It teaches us that the devil controls enjoyment. Freethought teaches us to be happy now.

Freethinkers are intelligent, while the weakest-minded people are Christians. The negroes are a very religious race of people, and very ignorant. It has always been a mystery why any intelligent people would take up with such a horrible branch of religion as Christianity.

Christianity is very unjust to women; it bids them know nothing only what they can learn by asking their husbands at home. Freethought teaches them to be ever on the search for knowledge, not to be safely contented with what is told them, but to be truth seekers themselvs.

It is dreadful—a religion that weakens women's minds. Christianity has for age after age harped on the subject of woman's inferiority, until it has at last convinced her that she is a miserable wretch created simply to brighten life's journey for some man.

The mind cannot develop unless it is free. What a pitiful sight it is to see the most ethereal part of man, the mind, clogged up with a superstitious fear of hell. Superstition and ignorance walk hand in hand. The mind of man is what has caused advancement; let that be free, and the world will not fall back into barbarism. All through the ages there hav been Freethinkers who hav made valuable discoveries. Yes, in spite of all opposition, their minds were free and far-seeing.

How did Christianity reward these Freethinkers who did so much for the world's advancement?

It slew them. *It* built fires and burnt them. Imagin the noble Bruno burning; hissing flames curling around him, baking the flesh ere life is extinct; the scene made more hideous by the presence of sleek, fat, and gloating monks. Only to think how a noble man, who sought only to do good, was martyred, was tortured that he might confess that he had done wrong. That is the way Christianity treats those who do not believe in it. Freethought begs everybody to think freely, and therefore admits of no persecution.

Christianity has always been an enemy to knowledge and philosophy. Recall the history of Hypatia. She was a pagan philosopher, both young and beautiful. She endeavored to spread her advanced ideas among her fellow-creatures, and the wisest people went to hear her lectures. She was not a Christian. A mob was excited. One morning when she started to the hall in which she lectured, she was seized by a mob of bishops and monks; they dragged her along the road most cruelly and killed her. After she was dead they scraped the flesh from her bones.

This is the way Christianity rewarded philosophy. She was the last of the ancient philosophers. Christianity got possession of progress, and the world relapsed into the Dark Ages. Darlina Bell (age 18 years).

Overton, Ga.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PROBLEM.

The sum of the squares of two numbers is 125 and the square of their sum is 225. What is their product? Wm. Scott.

Osceola Mills, Pa.

2.—PUZZLE.



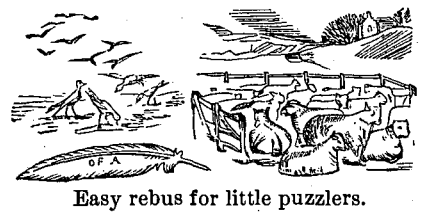
A common sound in time of war.

3.—WORD ENIGMA.

The first three letters, at a glance,
Will show the *vital juice of plants;*
The last three letters, you must know,
An *adverb* used *past time* to show.
A *central letter* still is seen
Just like the *first* one, placed between;
And this with those by fours combines,
First, showing military mines;
Next, starch of palms in little grains,
Webster the *whole*, "Swiss cheese," explains.
The *central three* away you take—
(Reversed 'tis Egypt's hooded snake),
And still, though strange, there yet remains
That same *palm starch in little grains.*
And now within this cheese-rim bound
Behold what may *reversed* be found;
So bound, *first* is elastic, rare,
A *fluid in the form of air;*
The *next*, of letters also three,
A noted *mineral spring* we see.
Reversed in these from side to side
Fair Cleopatra's bane is spied,
That *venomed reptil of the Nile,*
Unmoved by even her sweet smile.
Reversed within this cheese once more,
Instead of five read letters *four*,
"A *quick, convulsiv, painful breath,*"
In human weakness tells of death.

J. P. K. Baker.

4.—REBUS.



Easy rebus for little puzzlers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

1.–Education. 2.–In plumbago (Pencil-veiny).

Solvers.—H. J. Messinger, Medora Clay.

Correspondence.

Wheeler, Ill., Sept. 29, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I am nine years old. I hav two brothers and two sisters. We liv on a farm four miles from Wheeler. We went to hear Mr. Bell lecture. The house was full. He made the people laugh at what he said. Pa brought him home with us the next day. He said he would show pa how to play old sledge, and pa beat him. We had a good time while Mr. Bell was here. I would like to hav the little girls write to me.

Emma E. Hess.

Baxter Springs, Kan., Sept. 27, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I did not see any letter in the Children's Corner this week, so I thought I would write one. I am at my grandpa's, yet my letter took him by surprise, as I intended it should. I think he livs in the pleasantest part of the city. His house fronts two streets—Main on the west, and Council on the south. It is one block east from the school-house, and one block west of the Chalybeate Springs. We can see the bath-house and the band-stand from here. The grove is so tall and thick we cannot see the pagodas where the springs are. The park is a great resort for pleasure-seekers; there is a picnic every few days there. Thanks for the book I received from Oregon. Julia D. Smith, received your kind letter. Will send you my photo when I get one taken; also, some patches for your quilt. Thanks for the flowers. Write again. Grandpa thinks The Truth Seeker the best paper printed. He wishes everyone would read "The Church and its Influence," commenced in the issue of September 18th, on the 594th page. Excuse mistakes. I will try and do better next time. Bertha M. Ferris.

Daleville, Ind., Sept 29, 1886.

Miss Susan H. Wixon: I hav desired to write to you since I hav been reading The Truth Seeker. Last night I went to a rally, one might call it, but they called it a meeting. Such whooping and yelling I never heard. They would all pray at once for awhile, then part would sing, part would talk, part would pray, and the other part would dance, all at once. They had seven trances. One little boy went in four trances and didn't know what he was doing it for; they made him believe that if he didn't do so he would go to the bad place, as some of them call it; he was like some of the elder ones, he didn't know any better. Then there was a young woman went in three trances; she would always manage to get to a certain young man before she fell in her trances. Some of the converts would say, "You know me, and hav known me all my life." So we hav, and there never was a harder set in the country. One of them says he was cured of the rheumatism by the power, but I can't swallow it. We hav some friends that are as good people as ever breathed. Because they are Freethinkers, these fools will talk and bemean them till a dog wouldn't lick their blood. The converts say, "There's no man, woman, or child that will get up and say there is no heaven and hell, and such power as they hav, and that Christ is not the son of God, and prove it by the Bible." I am thinking they are a little off. There are a great many smarter men than they are. There is Robert Ingersoll, Mr. Reynolds, Cousin John Remsburg, and several more men that could get away with them so quick they wouldn't know where they were or ever would be, and here they will get down on there all fours, one might say, and point upwards, no difference what time it was. The geography tells me the earth turns round. I'd like to know what makes them point upwards, for they surely must stand on their heads a part of the time. My father takes The Truth Seeker; my mother is a Freethinker, and so am I, and all the rest of the family. I guess I will close for this time, for I expect I hav written so much nonsense it will be good for the waste basket. Anyway, if it does, I will hope good success to the Children's Corner.

Sallie Remsburg.

P.S.—I will send for some questions for the Christians as soon as I can. S. A. R.

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So he who must its summit make, or try,
Should search not long for graded paths to tread.
But grasp his pick or spade and dash ahead,
And he'll succeed.

Through bog and bramble, over flood and stone,
He hews his pathway to the hights alone,
Where 'mid the grandeur of ethereal snow,
He lays aside his pick and—flits below.
Such is life.

What else is life, what mission to fulfill,
Except to climb this rugged, rocky hill—
To leave youth's sunny plains and blindly grope
Across the summit, down the other slope—
To be forgotten?

They say that "life is real," and "the grave
Is not its goal;" that "blood of Gods will save."
O man! of millions crossing the divide,
Who has reported from the other side,
Or told the tale alike?

The question, whether life would be his choice,
Is never offered him to giv his voice,
Yet nature forms him blindly to fulfill
Her purposes, and clamber up this hill,
As best he can.

Through all past time he did not liv, nor knows
Of grief nor gladness in that long repose.
Upon a time he'll pass the summit o'er
And differ not from what he was before—
A part of nature.

We only know he lived from marks he made
Along his pathway with his pick or spade.
How earnestly he labored, or how well,
These fading marks are all that's left to tell.
And this is life.

Nor sacrifice nor prayer can furnish cause
To change the permanence of nature's laws;
All throbbing life within her wide domain
Is but secretion, activ in her frame,
And must within her boundless realms remain.

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Grandma Theology to C. B. Reynolds.

Oh, Mr. Reynolds, deary me!
What hev yu ben a-doin'?
What wicked ways and crooked paths
Hev yu ben found pursuin'?
Yu ought ter no ef yu blasphemed,
God's righteous indignation
Would sarch for yu on Jersey sile,
And hurl yu tu damnation.

Wy, Mr. Reynolds, don't yu no
That God himself repented
He'd manufactured human folks,
Coz they got discontented?
An' now yu go to plagin' him
By tellin' Jersey pepul
That they can save themselvs without
A parson or a steepul!

Wy, Mr. Reynolds, ain't yu 'fraid
Yu'll die without a warnin',
An' God will hide his eyes from yu*
Becoz yu've ben a-scornin'?
He'll laf at yure calamity,†
And mock tu see yure frightnin';
I tel yu wot, that da'll be wuss
Than modern Jersey lightnin'.

I gess yu'll wish that yu had ben
A reglar mean old sinner,
An' lied, an' swore, an' murdered, tu,
An' stole yure Sunday dinner;
For then when yu could do no more,
Old age an' chance preventin',
Yure sins, tho scarlet, white as snow‡
Would turn by yure repentin'.

Yu'd best repent at once, or else
Yu'll hear on judgment mornin',
When goats are called, this sentence just:
"For C. B. Reynolds's scornin';
Three weeks in sheol just to test
His fireproof suit of kersey;
Then he's condemned to lower realms,
Called Boonton, in New Jersey."

Oh, dear me. suz! yu mustn't talk
'Bout Bibul contradictions;
The carnal mind can't understand
God's ways an' seemin' fictions.
Yure argymunts are strong, I no,
With facks that yu ar fetchin',
But, Lordy massy! deekin sez,
That such air facks ar "ketchin."

Wy, Mr. Reynolds, don't yu no,
Ef yu keep on a-preachin',
Our meetin'-houses will giv way
Tu skules an' honest teachin'?
Yure rank blasphemin' helps to bring
The world more on a level,
An', just think, folks won't be afraid
Of hell, or of the devil.

They'll leave the good old prayin' times
For deeds of airthly beauty;
They'll lose their faith an' aim to know
An' practice truth an' duty;
They'll try to liv all right on earth,
An' thro this heathen leaven
I'm 'fraid they'll laf at savin' grace,
An' airn an' make a heaven.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

*Isa. i, 15. †Prov. i, 26. ‡Isa. i, 18.

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Paul said, "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." He also said that he had determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Apparently in consequence of this resolution, he was constrained to say, "I speak as a fool." He also included the other preachers with himself, and remarked of the whole lot, "We are fools for Christ's sake." Fools, you know, will hav lucid moments. It was in some of these that he made the above remarks, and we are happy to agree with them.

Nebuchadnezzar prepared himself for a believer by subsisting upon grass like an ox (donkey?) for seven years. Sam Small, according to his own statement, reported in the *Inter-Ocean*, prepared himself for conversion and subsequent preaching by keeping drunk so long that his friends all thought he was going raving crazy, and then going to hear Sam Jones preach.

I once knew a man in Fairbury, Neb., who was a skeptic. There was a great revival there, and he was captured among the rest. I had never observed a phenomenon of that kind, and was much interested to see how he would get into the church. I followed him into the inquiry-meeting, and when his turn came he arose and said: "My friends, you must be patient with me. It seems hard to drive reason from her throne." I could not accompany that young man any farther on his way to heaven, and so sorrowfully left him. If he is still on the way wearing the easy yoke and bearing the light burden, which Brother Heston has so graphically pictured, I know not.

In the *Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times* for Oct. 8, 1886, is this item, among others, about evangelistic meetings in Scotland: "The Rev. Mr. Edgar said: 'There was an awakened man in our meeting last night. I think I never saw one so truly earnest to be saved. I was down among the people in the after-meeting when he said, "Will you speak to me for a moment?" "By all means," I said, and led him to another room. Putting his hands over his breast as if in terrible pain, and staring at me with large, wild-looking eyes, he exclaimed, "I think I shall go mad!" I answered, "Be seated, my friend. Do you want to be saved?" I opened my Bible and read John iii, 16. Still staring at me with those wild eyes he inquired, "Is it only trusting?" That man's fearful apprehension ceased as soon as he found peace through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

That kind of treatment is like that of the physician who admitted that he could not cure the disease which afflicted his patient, but he could giv him something that would make him hav fits, and he was death on fits.

Judge Black, in reply to Ingersoll, said: "It is universally agreed that children too young to understand it do not need to believe it. And this exemption extends to adults who hav never seen the evidence, or who from weakness of intellect are incapable of weighing it. Lunatics and idiots are not in the least danger."

The moment you see the faintest gleam of intellect you witness infinit danger. The only ones who hav a dead sure thing on salvation are the absolutely idiotic—the totally imbecil. God, in his infinit resources and wisdom, could only devise a sure means of saving the souls of those who did not, while on earth, exhibit the slightest indications of having any. St. Augustine, you recollect, preached to a nation of men and womeu without heads. Moody and Sam Jones do the same.

So, my intellectual friends who think yourselvs so smart now, because you can overwhelm all the saints and preachers with facts and arguments, how will you feel when you see Barnum's "what-is-it?" in Abraham's bosom and yourself thrust out? In that great day you will not be able to say that Brother Moody and I did not duly notify you that you were on the wrong road. D. PRIESTLEY.

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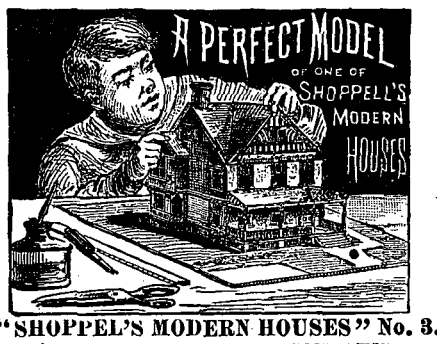
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GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, has pardoned the imprisoned boycotters.

SINCE 1875 the rate of recession of Niagara Falls has been 2.38 feet per annum.

THE queen of Spain has signed a decree freeing the slaves of Cuba from the remainder of their terms of servitude.

THE president has pardoned three Mormon bishops convicted of unlawful cohabitation under the Edmunds law.

DAVID HANELA, a German, having become insane on the subject of religion, was arrested in Troy last Saturday for starving his family.

MINISTER S. S. COX is home from Turkey. He denies that he has the mayoralty of New York in view, but is ready to run for Congress.

THE ocean steamship Anchoria, long overdue at this port, has arrived at St. John's, N. F., with a broken shaft. All on board are safe.

BARTHOLDI'S statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor will be formally inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies Oct. 28th.

THE Catholic priests are indorsing the candidacy of Henry George for mayor of New York. Over 40,000 voters hav pledged themselvs to support Mr. George.

Two indictments against the Rev. W. W. Downs, of Boston, charging adultery with Mrs. Tabor and Alice Dempsey, are pending in the superior criminal court.

THE defeat of the British cutter Galatea has induced English yachtsmen to send a naval architect to this country to find out how Yankee sloops are constructed.

NATHAN M. NEELD, managing partner of J. C. Ferguson & Co., Chicago pork packers, has fled to Canada, after raising over $500,000 by fraudulent warehouse receipts.

COUNTERFEIT ten dollar silver certificates so skilfully executed as to deceive bank-tellers hav been extensivly circulated in Chicago. The extent of the bogus issue is unknown.

A BOA CONSTRIOTOR fifteen feet in length escaped from a box in which it was being conveyed across City Hall park last Saturday. There was a good deal of trouble and excitement before it was recaptured.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, the well-known Roman Catholic prelate, who has recently so distinguished himself as a lecturer in this country, is now charged with having gone the way of all ministers. The evidence against him is very conclusiv.

THE president has received several applications for the pardon of James D. Fish, president of the defunct Marine National bank, and has referred them all to the United States district-attorney who conducted the prosecution of the cases against Fish for report.

THE Vatican has sent fresh private instructions to its different nuncios abroad regarding the anti-clerical agitation in Italy. The pope is anxious that foreign governments be fully informed of the increasing menaces and dangers to which the holy see is exposed.

JANITOR TITUS, of the Methodist Institute at Hackettstown, N. J., is on trial charged with the murder of Tillie Smith last spring. The defense closed on the 9th by attacking the character of the murdered girl. This week will probably decide the fate of Titus.

SEVEN of the Chicago Anarchists, namely, A. R. Parsons, August Spies, Samuel Fielden, Louis Lingg, George Engel, Michael Schwab, and Adolph Fischer, hav been sentenced to be hanged on the 3d of next December. The crime for which these men are to lose their lives consists in having uttered political sentiments not indorsed by the citizens of Chicago.

THE Rev. H. R. Wilson, Jr., was secretary of the Church Erection Society of New York Presbyterian church. Thirty thousand dollars was discovered to be missing, and upon being brought to trial by his brethren the Rev. Mr. Wilson confessed that he had misappropriated that sum. Last Monday he was sentenced to "be deposed from the ministry, and suspended from church privilege until he shall giv evidence of repentance."

Gems of Thought.

IT is a stupid man that refuses to believe the evidence of his senses, it is an unreasonable man who in forming his belief will throw good evidence aside, and that man is equally stupid and unreasonable who will found a fixed belief on no evidence at all.—*D. M. Bennett.*

"THE prince hath every great and generous quality, with, perhaps, a weakness for the sex, which belongs to his family, and hath been known in scores of popular sovereigns from King David downwards." "My lord, my lord!" breaks out Lady Esmond, "the levity with which you speak of such conduct toward our sex shocks me, and what you call weakness I call deplorable sin." "Sin it is, my dear creature," says his lordship, Bishop Atterbury, with a shrug, "but consider what a sinner King Solomon was, and in spite of a thousand wives, too." "Enough of this, my lord," says Lady Castlewood, with a fine blush, and walked out of the room very stately.—*Thackeray's Henry Esmond.*

AMONG the letters of introduction with which Milton provided himself, when about to visit Italy, one was from the aged Sir Henry Walton, provost of Eton, in Milton's immediate neighborhood. Sir Henry, who had lived a long time in Italy, impressed upon his young friend the importance of discretion on the point of religion, and told him the story which he always told to travelers who asked his advice: "At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Albert Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times. . . . At my departure from Rome I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there, without offense to others, or of mine own conscience. '*Signor Arrigo mio*,' says he, '*pensieri strotti ed il visu sciatto*' (thoughts close, countenance open), will go safely over the whole world."—*Mark Pattison's Milton.*

KNOWLEDGE can neither be adequately cultivated nor adequately enjoyed by a few, and, although the conditions of our existence on earth may be such as to preclude an abundant supply of the physical necessities of all who may be born, there is no such law of nature in force against that of intellectual and moral wants. Knowledge is not like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected. It acquires, not perhaps a greater certainty, but, at least, a confirmed authority, and a probable duration by universal assent, and there is no body of knowledge so complete but that it may acquire accession, or so free from error but that it may receive correction in passing through the minds of millions.—*Sir John Herschel.*

THAT which touches morality touches the heart of society; a high and pure morality is the life-blood of humanity; mistakes in belief are inevitable, and are of little moment; mistakes in life destroy happiness, and their destructiv consequences spread far and wide.—*Mrs. Annie Besant's True Basis of Morality.*

LINES ON EMERSON.

Let us honor our friend indeed
As the singer of the May,
For he bade New England's creed
To a sunnier faith giv way.

His words were the flood of life and light
Which hav burst that icy chain,
And he walked himself in the sunshine bright
That never will cease to reign.

The summer of thought draws near,
Bringing truth hitherto unknown,
But the herald of spring is dear,
And the might of his work we own.

—*F. M. H.*

WHATEVER may be the nature of the deity, and whether there be a future life or not, the great moral laws can be in no way changed. God is a purely scientific question. Whether he be personal of impersonal, definable or undefinable, our duties and responsibilities remain the same.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

VAIN hope to make men happy by politics! You cannot drill a regiment of knaves into a regiment of honest men, enregiment and organize them as cunningly as you will. Giv us the honest men, and the well-ordered regiment comes of itself Reform one man—reform thy own inner man; it is more than scheming out reforms for a nation.—*Carlyle.*

DECEMBER 4, 1822.—This is my birthday. I am now seven and twenty years of age. What an unprofitable lout I am! What hav I done in this world to make good my place in it, or reward those in it that had the trouble of my up-bringing? Great part of an ordinary lifetime is gone by, and here am I, poor trifler, still sojourning in Meshech, still doing nothing in the tents of Kedar. May the great father of all giv me strength to do better in time remaining, to be of service in the good cause in my day and generation, and having finished the work which was given me to do, to lie down and sleep in peace and purity in the hope of a happy rising.—*Carlyle's Letters.*

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Odds and Ends.

YOUNG man (driving with young girl): "I say, farmer, how can I get back to the village the quickest way?" Farmer: "Well, you might run your horse."

THE *Medical Record* discusses the question: "How to Sleep," and givs a long, scientific formula for inducing sleep. What's the matter with going to church?

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S Bible is owned in Philadelphia. It is said that it does'nt look as if it had been used at all. It probably hasn't since George died. A Bible will last a long time in Philadelphia.

THE pope has issued a decree forbidding the cremation of Catholics. His holiness don't believe in running more than one *post mortem* furnace. If we could all be sure that he was equally efficacious in holding back fuel for the other and better known retort, what a corner on Christians the Vatican would hav, to be sure!—*Life.*

DOBSON (who has come hither to horsewhip the editor, but is somewhat appalled at his size): "Are you the editor that wrote the article about J. Thomas Dobson?" Editor: "Yes." Dobson: "Well—er—hum. Why—here's a horsewhip I found on your pavement. I thought perhaps it belonged to you."

WE were at a meeting the other day in which one of the congregation could not restrain his feelings, but shouted so vehemently that for a while the preacher had to suspend his remarks. But in five minutes thereafter a collection was made preceded by an appeal, and with that came a total cessation of the shouting.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

"MAMMA," said Bobby, looking up from his Sabbath-school lesson, "I'm sorry for Adam and Eve, ain't you?" "Why, my son?" asked the mother. "Because they didn't hav anything but just a fig leaf to wear," he replied, thoughtfully. "But it was warm in Eden, and perhaps they did not want warm clothes like you and me," she explained. "Yes, but just think, the catechism says the earth was made to bring forth thistles."

ELDERLY gentleman (from way back, on his first visit to New York): "What an immense throng are gathered at the entrance of yonder church! how excitedly they struggle for admission to the sacred edifice! Evidently a revival of unprecedented dimensions is in progress." Unregenerate gamin (scornfully): "Naw, dat ain't no revival. Dis is der last night of der big church fair, an' dey're goin' ter raffle fer der grand pianny in half an' hour."

REMARKS BY A FASHIONABLE CLERGYMAN.

I am the pastor (pronounce, if you please, pahstor) of an uptown church—in fact, the church of the Investigation. What do we investigate? Oh, dear me, nothing whatever, of course—the idea's quite absurd, you know. We are very exclusiv, as you are probably aware. We hav some of the best people, the very best, don't you know, among us, and it would be exceedingly impolitic to admit the riff-raff—quite out of the question, don't you see? My salary is seven thousand a year only, and free house rent, and I think you will admit that I earn it when I tell you that it sometimes takes me all Saturday afternoon to prepare my sermons for the following day. Yes, really. Then I hav the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting to attend, and I make it a point of duty to visit all my parishioners—that is, all who hav any social position to speak of, don't you know—regularly, so you see I am a very hard worked man. I am so exhausted Mondays—oh, you can't think! quite prostrated, I assure you. We hav frequent services of song on Sabbath evenings, and on these occasions I preach only a ten-minute sermon. This is quite a relief to me.

We used to hav an expensiv choir—indeed my people paid at one time four thousand a year for music. I did not approve of this extravagance—I could not see my way clear to do so. I reasoned with my dear people. I pointed out to them that far more would be accomplished toward the healing of the nations if a two thousand dollar choir were engaged, and the remainder of the appropriation added to my salary. This was done, of course. Madame Squalki, the soprano, sang for us a few weeks. It was at the time that I was delivering my famous series of discourses on "Lessons From the Life of the Whale that Swallowed Jonah;" you no doubt remember the sermons, they created a great deal of attention then, don't you know, and hav since been published in neat pamphlet form at forty cents a copy. The church was crowded, of course, and Madam Squalki—I know you'll laugh when I tell you, the idea's so exquisitly absurd—that woman was actually overheard to express the opinion that *she* drew the immense congregations. Ridiculous, was it not? Of course I was annoyed, frightfully annoyed, when I hear this, and I insisted that she be discharged at once, which was done.

The next Sabbath the church was nearly empty; a most remarkable coincidence, was it not? But it vexed me, for I knew what that malicious woman would say. Last June my nerves were in such a state that I was really alarmed—all from overwork, you know. I decided to go to Europe. My people gave me a purse containing a thousand dollars, five dressing cases, nine smoking jackets, and twenty-six pairs of slippers. So nice in them, was it not? I arrived home only a fortnight ago, and last week I received a call from a church in Chicago which offers me ten thousand a year. I hav considered the matter long and prayfully, and hav been driven to the irresistible conclusion that the claims of this new field of labor cannot be ignored, so I shall notify my people here that I am going.

LATER.—I hav just received another letter from Chicago, and find that the good brother who wrote me last week put down one cipher two many in specifying the salary. It is only one thousand. Upon second thoughts I hav concluded to remain here.—*Tid-Bits.*

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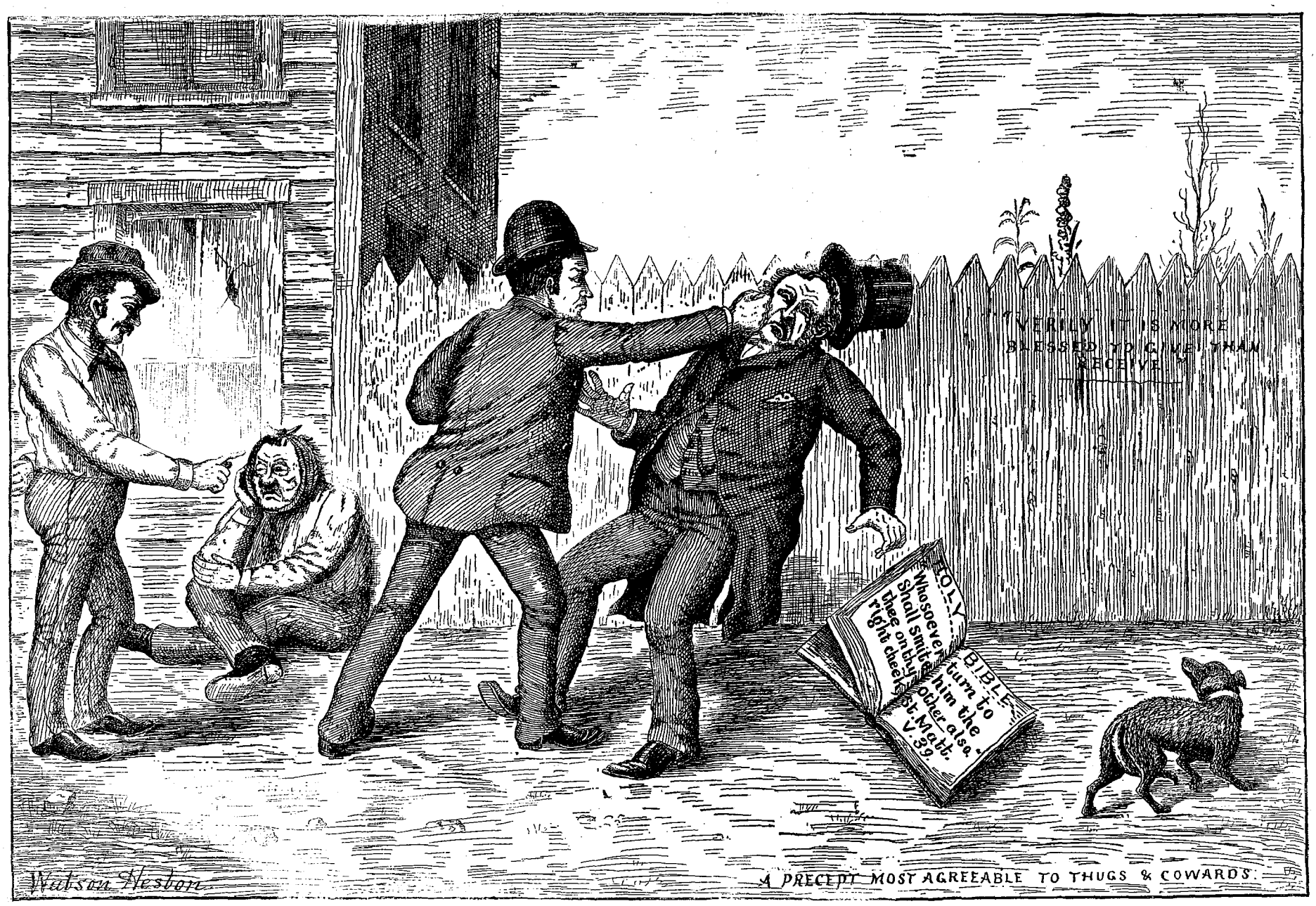
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THE TEACHINGS OF THE BIBLE PRACTICALLY APPLIED.

Notes and Clippings.

When General Corse, the recently appointed postmaster at Boston, was beleaguered in the city of Altoona, General Sherman signaled to him, "Hold the fort, I am coming." From this dispatch comes the "Hold the Fort" hymn. But somehow or other General Corse's reply seems to hav been omitted from the sacred verse. What he signaled back was this: "I am minus an ear and part of a jaw, but we can lick all hell yet." The omission is probably a clerical error, and the hymn should be at once revised.

A clergyman writes to the Boston *Advertiser* that he recently preached in one of the oldest churches in the "old" city of London. As he entered the porch, he was met by a rotund and dignified beadle, who led him to the vestry-room, and, pointing to two decanters, said, "Will you take sherry or port, sir?" The parson smiled at, not with, the beadle, who then explained that about three hundred years ago a good woman of the parish, dying, left a certain sum for the purchase "of wine and sweet cakes for the clergy," and since that time wine and cakes hav been regularly supplied at each service.

The news that the ladies hav carried off three-fourths of the honors in the junior class of Colby University, and that to giv the boys any kind of a showing two English parts hav been assigned instead of one as usual—and this, in connection with the fact that there are but six young ladies in the class—is received with delight by some people who hav not forgotten when an argument used against the admission of ladies into the colleges was that they had not sufficient intellect to master the intricacies of Latin and Greek, or else that their minds were too largely taken up with such frivolities as dress and society.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

In 1822 the Institute of the Propaganda was established in Rome, and since that time 220,000,000 lire hav been expended in its work, resulting in the establishment of 270 new bishoprics and prefectures. In 1822 there were only 12 Roman Catholic bishops in Asia—namely, 6 in China and 6 in India. Now, India, with Ceylon, has 26 archbishops and 1,200 priests, and in Farther India, China, and Japan, 1,500,000 Catholics are under the spiritual care of 50 apostolic vicars and 1,400 missionaries. Before 1822 there was no bishopric on the whole continent of Africa. Now we find there are 2 archbishops, 12 bishops, 17 vicars, and 16 prefects. The strongest growth is reported from the American continent. In British America, where 63 years ago there were but 2 bishops, are now reported 30 bishops, 2,000 priests, and 2,000,000 Catholics. Australia has 23 bishoprics.

The *Travelers' Magazine* tells this story: It was on the Maine Central road, between Augusta and Bangor. A well-dressed gentleman came into the smoker and asked: "Is there a gentleman from Bangor in this car?" "Chestnut!" yelled a young man who was engaged in a game of poker, dollar ante. "Sir," said the well-dressed gentleman, "I simply asked a civil question, and I hoped for a civil answer." "Civil nothing!" said the poker player. "If I'd said I was from Bangor, then you'd hav said, 'Kindly oblige me with the loan of your corkscrew,' and then everybody would hav laughed. That racket is bald-headed and moth-eaten down here—try it on some other road." "Sir, you do me an injustice. I simply wished to know if the secretary of the Bangor Young Men's Christian Association is in town at the present time." "I'll take it all back—accept my apologies—and this bottle. I'm the secretary of the Bangor Y. M. C. A., very much at your service. Sit down till I scoop in this jack-pot, and I'll see what I can do for you."

There is a very prominent business man over on State street, says the Chicago *Mail*, who always wears a very demure expression of countenance, although he is fond of a joke. One day he walked into Charley Barnes's hat store, and soberly inquired whether the house made discounts to pastors. Mr. Barnes himself was on hand to assure him that they did, and would allow him the usual twenty per cent off. The solemn man then said he would like a becoming hat. Several were shown to him, and after a good deal of thought and inquiry he finally selected one marked five dollars, which Mr. Barnes said he would sell him for four dollars. The solemn man put it on and contemplated himself for some time in the mirror. Was the hat becoming to a man in his profession? Mr. Barnes was confident it was. Would his congregation be likely to take any exception to it? Mr. Barnes was confident they could not. Then the solemn man looked at himself some more, and, after making another inquiry as to whether it would be sure to please his congregation, produced his four dollars. Then he started out. At the door he paused and inquired again: "They can't find any fault with it, can they?" "Most certainly not," said Mr. Barnes, confidently. "Because, if they do," said the solemn man, as his hand was upon the door latch, "they can go to h—l."

At an island on the coast of Maine, which is much resorted to, there is an esteemed local clergyman, who is known to the summer residents as the "hen minister." This is by reason of the habit of telling a certain story which queerly illustrates the idea of faith: "I preached a sermon one Sunday," the good minister will say, "on the doctrin of faith, in which I taught my hearers the good Christian doctrin that all things may be brought about by faith, instructing them that faith is the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for. There was a farmer's wife in the congregation who was greatly edified by the sermon, and came to me and told me that she now understood just what faith was. Next Sunday morning I overtook her on the way to church. 'See here, parson,' says she, 'I don't think much of your teachin' about faith.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'Why,' says she, 'the other day I heard my speckled hen a-cacklin' like all to pay. Now,' says I, 'here is a chance to show what faith is. That speckled hen's egg is the evidence of things not seen; the substance of things hoped for. I hav faith that she's laid an egg, and I'm sure that when I'll go out to the shed I'll find it. So I goes out and looks for it, and there wasn't any egg there, and that speckled hen hadn't laid any. Now, what's your faith good for, I'd like to know?' And then," the minister will say, "I told her what was the matter with her faith. 'It was meant for a rebuke to you that you didn't find any egg there,' said I. 'You'd ought to hav trusted in God, and not in the hen!'"

Communications.

The Church and its Influence.

This direful condition of the people is directly chargeable to Christian teaching, with all the ignorance and bestiality of the Middle Ages. A faithful portrayal of all the sickness and sorrows, the starvation and suffering, superinduced by the same teaching, would form one of the blackest pages ever written in the book of history. While science was experimenting in the laboratory, or studying the language of the rocks, or ascertaining the length of a degree on the earth, or watching with tireless zeal the motion of the heavenly bodies, the church was on bended knees, or engaged in war, or selling indulgences, or building shrines, or exhibiting holy relics, or burning heretics.

The voice of science is that every effort should result in the amelioration of the race; that steam, electricity, earth, air, and ocean should be made to contribute to the happiness of man.

The spirit of the church is that this life is of little consequence. No matter how much we suffer here if we can ultimately reach heaven,

> Where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death
> Are felt and known no more.

The world is but a "desert," and regardless of all consequences in this life we should constantly keep our thoughts on heaven.

> I am but a stranger here,
> Heaven is my home;
> Earth is a desert drear,
> Heaven is my home.
> Danger and sorrow stand
> Round me on every hand,
> Heaven is my fatherland,
> Heaven is my home.

Such is the spirit of the church. Our thanks are due to science and not to the church that the earth is not a "desert" to-day. Anciently, the priesthood was the repository of knowledge. They not only taught religion, but so much of science, law, and medicin as they had learned and were willing to hav the people know.

Little was known about disease, and everything of a miraculous character was believed to be possible. Everything not understood was believed to hav some supernatural power behind it.

Spells and charms were at a premium. A spell or charm which would ward off some particular disease could be sold at a high price. Epilepsy, St. Vitus's dance, nervous affections, and even violent attacks of colic were believed to be the work of demons. Hence a formula for casting out demons could be sold at a high price. A man who had power to cast out devils was regarded as the "big Indian" of the tribe.

Is it any wonder that such people believed in celestial communication, immaculate conceptions, inspired men, demons and angels, virgins and saviors, resurrections and ascensions?

Men of such belief hav proved themselvs to be the worst enemies of mental and political freedom. They hav tortured and murdered some of the world's bravest and noblest men. Men who hav tried to bring about better conditions and render life a little more agreeable hav been the special objects upon which the church has vented its fury.

All this is not strange. Stop for a moment and think what it is to be a Christian and to believe as a Christian! The pursuit of earthly happiness is a crime. Sorrow and misery are the only passports to heaven.

Death is the only escape from the bondage of life. Joy is to be banished from the earth in order to secure heaven and a harp. Our natural desires are all wrong. What we most loathe we are to strive for. What will afford us delight we must shun as we would the brimstone regions of the nether world. Is it any wonder that such teaching culminated in the midnight of the Middle Ages?

Occasionally one will meet a minister who will say that he does not believe in "long-faced religion;" that Christians ought to be the most joyous and happy of any mortals on the earth. But this is not Christianity. It is just what Liberals are trying to get into the heads of Christians.

Hear the teaching of real Christians whose lead the people hav been following for the last eighteen hundred years:

"If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross." Deny himself of what? Why, of all pleasure and everything which makes life agreeable or desirable, and wear a Puritan face as long as a stove-pipe. What is it to take up your cross? Why, to go down on your knees in tears and whine like a spaniel, and afflict yourself till life becomes a burden, and then get up in meeting and lie before the world by telling how much you enjoy your afflictions.

"Be afflicted and mourn and weep. Let your laughter be turned to mourning and your joy to heaviness. Woe unto you that laugh."

This is Christ's teaching. If any teach that Christians ought to be happy and filled with joy, he does not teach New Testament doctrin. Everyone is to weep and be afflicted, Everything of a vivacious nature is to be turned to leaden heaviness. The world is to be draped in mourning—no joy, no smiles. Everybody dressed in black—all dead. "Life is a great funeral and all the world a graveyard."

This is the New Testament idea of life. If Christians hav got light enough from the Liberals so that their religious text-book begins to be distasteful to them, let them revise it or get up a new one altogether. If the time ever comes that all men fully believe in the doctrins of the New Testament, and act from their belief, earth will be transformed into a great lair, and all the inhabitants into tigers. Whenever a man fully believes that heaven depends upon faith and belief, and that hell is the reward of unbelief, he becomes a persecuting monster.

In his judgment it would be a thousand times better for an Infidel to be burnt alive than to take the chances of his unsettling the faith of others. The mild punishment of being roasted at the stake bears no relations to that eternal roast, where the smoke of their torments ascendeth up forever and ever.

Better to put an Infidel out of the way than to hav the salvation of a single soul jeopardized by his teaching. This is Christian philosophy, and it has murdered more than three millions of human beings. All the relentless butchers of the Inquisition believed in this philosophy.

Oswald says: "At the end of the thirteenth century the enemies of nature (the Christians) had reached the zenith of their power, and at that time it may be said that, without a single exception, the countries of Christian Europe were worse governed, more ignorant, more superstitious, poorer, and unhappier than the worst-governed province of pagan Rome. Whichever way the eye might be turned was darkness, slavery, and misery; bigoted tyrants and brutalized serfs; neglected fields and blighted cities; perverted sciences and paralyzed industries; hordes of self-torturing maniacs, frenzying the people with their threats and prophecies; international manhunts, religious massacres, witchcraft riots, and a merciless war waged against every form of mental and social independence; the lower classes treated no better than beasts of burden, their habitations more like dens than houses, living on black bread, roots, and herbs."

Such was the condition of France when the church owned two-thirds of the best lands. And yet half of the ministers prate about the French Revolution, and charge to Infidelity all the ruin and bloodshed.

The Christian religion, carried out in its true spirit, will produce these results every time and everywhere. It is a system of ignorance, poverty, and sorrow, and not of intelligence, prosperity, and joy.

In proof of this it may be stated that while Christianity was at its best, and bore full sway in Europe, learning lay dead for more than a thousand years.

About the beginning of the tenth century there were very few men in Rome itself who were men of letters. Not one priest in a hundred in Spain could address a common letter to another. Every philosopher and reformer had a lifelong struggle with despots and bigots. The worst tyranny that has ever oppressed the children of men has been perpetrated by Christians and in the name of the Christians' God.

To show the power and the influence of the church over the times and the minds of men, it is only necessary to mention that Blackstone, in his great work entitled, "Commentaries on the Laws of England," approves of confiscations and penalties of and upon those who spoke in language derogatory to the Book of Common Prayer.

Dr. Priestley, with characteristic boldness, at once attacked the barbarous position, and made the great commentator promis to leave out the objectionable passages from future editions of his work.

In the day of Blackstone (and he died only a little over a hundred years ago), no man could hold a civil office in England who had not received the sacrament and subscribed to the "Thirty-Nine Articles." For a man to preach who did not subscribe to these articles involved heavy fines and a long term of imprisonment. Every student of Oxford was compelled to subscribe to the articles of the church before he could enter the institution.

These positions Dr. Priestley also attacked with the boldness of a lion, and showed conclusivly that a man's religious belief should not cut him off from any of his civil rights.

It should be remembered that Dr. Priestley was one of the most noted chemists and scientists of his day, and that few men rendered greater or more lasting services to the world than he did. And how did the church reward this great man for his invaluable services?

A Christian mob surrounded his house and set it on fire. His library, apparatus, with all his valuable manuscripts—in short, the valuable scientific and literary accumulations of a lifetime—perished in the devouring flames. He and his family were compelled to flee for their lives, and only escaped death through the concealment of friends. Priestley witnessed from a concealed position the destruction of his house and valuable effects, and succeeded in escaping under an assumed name.

To show the loving kindness of those who hav received a gospel education, and the feeling which a lot of pious cranks manifested toward this great scientist and reformer, at a dinner of clergymen, one of the monkey-faced embassadors from God's throne declared that if "Dr. Priestley were mounted on a pile of his own works, he would be ready to set fire to the pile and burn him alive." The speaker was applauded without a dissenting voice; all laughed heartily and thought it would be a "very brilliant process for getting away with an enemy of God."

Another pious scullion in a newspaper article declared that he "would like to see Dr. Priestley begging bread through the streets and ending his days in the poorhouse without a friend to close his eyes." So fare the great and the good in the hands of the church.

Think of squeezing the head of a young man in a theological institution of learning as a Flathead mother does the head of her child, loading him with creeds and dead-weights, putting on curbs, and incasing him in an iron jacket, and then teaching him that men are too vile to liv who teach a better way! Is it any wonder that men are converted into human tigers in such institutions? Better to let a young man take his chance in the universal school of nature.

May I cherish the hope that these facts, told in a broken way as they hav been, will be remembered by the young Liberals of the land, and when a whining hypocrit in black coat and white choker stands up in the pulpit and claims that the church has always been the promoter of science and reform, that they will call him to an account and let him know that he cannot stand up before the world, even in the "coward's castle," and utter these stale, moldy lies without being rebuked? The young men who take this course will render far greater service to coming generations than those who enter theological schools and never rise above immaculate conceptions, resurrections, and ascensions, which hav only served to muddle the minds of men for many centuries. The people will never rise above this holy nonsense until they learn the important fact that the Gods hav never been engaged in writing books.

Suppose, in old mythological times, some person or persons had been impressed with the idea that he or they ought to write out the will of the gods. Then, after a time, suppose these writings should be regarded as inspired, and become of divine authority.

As men became more enlightened and began to study the laws of matter and motion, the causes of wind and tide and other phenomena in nature would be sought for. What produces the changes of the moon? And why at times is her face entirely obscured? Why is the sun sometimes shrouded in darkness? What causes the succession of day and night, the changes of the seasons, etc.? Answers to these and a hundred other kindred questions would be sought for by those whose keen eye had been turned toward scientific subjects.

As these causes came to be understood, the gods which were supposed to be the moving causes would be brought into discredit, and a conflict between the believers in these gods and sacred writings and the scientists would be the result.

Now, it requires no great mental keenness to see how natural it would be for the adherents to that religion to oppose every scientific discovery. To them everything must be accounted for by the gods, and sanctioned by their sacred writings. Of course every scientist would be a heretic and incur the displeasure of the gods, and would consequently be a bad man.

Undoubtedly there would be terrible penalties attached to the disrespectful mention of or allusion to the gods, or for violations of the sacred writings. Hence these religionists would persecute the scientists, because they would think they were carrying out the will of their gods in so doing.

If the punishments in their sacred writings were like some of those meted out in the Old Testament, the devotees would be barbaric in their persecutions, and after inflicting the most dreadful penalties which their ingenuity could invent, they would hand over the heretic to old Pluto to be further dealt with in the infernal regions.

All will see that Pluto is the right-hand man in carrying out the will of the gods. In this comparison I think I hav succeeded in showing the reason why nearly every scientific discovery has met with opposition from the church, and why the Christian religion has acted as a clog to human progress.

With all the light of the nineteenth century, men still believe in the ghosts, bugaboos, impossibilities, and absurdities of two thousand years ago. This is so only because these absurd notions were written down in a book when men believed them possible. This book is regarded as the word of God, and these consequences must follow as long as men are taught to believe in God-written books.

Draper says: "Immaculate conceptions and celestial descents were so currently received in those days that whoever had greatly distinguished himself in the affairs of men was thought to be of supernatural lineage."

Romulus, the founder of Rome, is said to hav owed

his existence to the accidental meeting of the god Mars and the virgin Rhea-Sylvia. For hundreds of years this was implicitly believed.

The legend that the mother of Plato, a pure virgin, conceived through the influence of Apollo, and that the god had declared to the future husband the parentage of the child, was current for hundreds of years in Egypt.

This shows that if the people are sufficiently ignorant and superstitious, women can giv birth to young gods as well as young children.

In our enlightened age it is almost impossible to understand the authority with which the commands and decrees of Alexander the Great came to the people of Syria and Eygpt when he styled himself "King Alexander, the son of Jupiter Ammon." The ignorance of the people makes anything possible with the gods.

Step by step, as man advances, some new error of the church is brought to light. She stands before the world with the broad claim that wherever Christianity is found, there is found the highest type of civilization, and that to it we are indebted for every scientific discovery, and for every improvement of the age. These high claims are known to be hypocritically false, and ere long, instead of influencing the masses in her favor by such claims, she will bring down upon her head the scorn and contempt of all honest-minded men and women. Wilfred Hall admits in a short paragraph that there has been a terrible conflict between science and religion, and that in this conflict religion has been driven to the wall. Now he proposes to recast the sciences so as to giv to Christianity a new lease of life. He virtually admits that it is impossible to harmonize the Christian religion with science as now taught and understood, and declares before the world that unless his new theory of science is adopted, the old hag of superstition is dead, and every attempt to resuscitate her will only be like the unmethodical kicking of a corpse when a galvanic battery is applied. Well, one day we expect to hear that the Christian religion is quietly sleeping in its grave with other old mythological notions, and that Wilfred Hall, with his new theory of science, has taken hold of his own boot-straps, and lifted himself over the fence out of sight. In the campaigns of Alexander astronomical records of Chaldaic origin were found more than a thousand years old. This shows that there were greater scientific attainments two thousand years before Christ than one thousand years after. A determination to know nothing but "Christ and him crucified" has never turned the vigilant eye of the astronomer toward the heavenly bodies. During the centuries when there was the greatest craze over the Christian religion there was the least done to advance science.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) JOHN PECK.

Spirit Photography.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Mr. Robinson complains that the report of the committee did not do Mr. Keeler justice. I am so far inclined to agree with him that I will write another report individually, which shall do him justice:

INDIVIDUAL REPORT OF THE INVESTIGATION.

Mr. Robinson issued a challenge in which he proposed to demonstrate to a committee the genuinness of the spirit photographs produced upon the negativs taken by Mr. Keeler. For three weeks after Mr. Keeler had been notified that the committee were ready to proceed, he hesitated, and then declined to proceed without imposing restrictions upon the investigation. With manifest reluctance, these conditions were so far modified that it was possible to proceed; and the first meeting was held on June 20th. We were not invited to impose tests or to examin the premises. Two hours were consumed in taking six negativs, upon one of which there appeared a face such as could evidently hav been produced by putting a transparent positiv in the plate-holder at the time of the exposure. At the second session, on June 23d, lasting two hours, six more negativs were taken, no one of which bore a spirit face. At the third session, on June 26th, which we were informed would be the last in consequence of Mr. Keeler's leaving the city, we insisted upon proposing tests. During the two hours which these tests consumed, six more negativs were taken, one so-called spirit face appearing upon a plate when I had interrupted my tests in order to giv visitors an opportunity to see a spirit photograph taken, and no result appearing upon any one of the other five plates. Had any extraneous face appeared upon any one of those five plates, it would hav either demonstrated Mr. Keeler beyond dispute to be a fraud, or would hav been an exceedingly strong evidence of the reality of spirit photographs. This ended the investigation proper. Omitting the plate at the last session where I had interrupted my tests, in the taking of seventeen negativs only one spirit face appeared to be produced, and that was before we had been invited to propose or did impose any tests whatever; in other words, before our investigation began. Although Mr. Keeler was in the city most of the time for several weeks, and although the committee formally proposed further investigation, no opportunity was afforded to us. We also examined various other negativs and prints, some taken in the presence of members of the committee after the session proper was closed, and others under conditions unknown to us. Inspection of those negativs and prints showed that, with one exception, every one of them could hav been taken either by previous printing or by simultaneous exposure; and we were satisfied that that exception was a photograph of a prepared tableau. I therefore individually report: 1. That Mr. Robinson failed to furnish us any evidence whatever of the existence of a spirit photograph; 2. That he furnished us abundant evidence of the fraudulent character of the so-called spirit photographs taken by Mr. Keeler.

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

While this is all that was necessary in my judgment, if we had been called upon merely to giv our own verdict, we decided in our report to giv Mr. Keeler the benefit of any possible doubt that even Mr. Robinson could hav or imagin, and to show every circumstance and to count for him every plate which could possibly be interpreted or misinterpreted in his favor. I do not find in Mr. Robinson's long letter any statement that any evidence was furnished us which we omitted or misrepresented, or indeed that any such evidence was furnished us at all as to justify a favorable report.

Having thus done justice to the results of the investigation, let me do justice to Mr. Robinson. Notwithstanding his charge of insincerity upon my part, and notwithstanding his flagrant misquotations from the committee's report, I believe him to be sincere; and this is not "sarcasm."

In order to reply most briefly to his letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 2d, I will classify the points and reply to them as far as possible in bulk:

1. As to the complaints of omission, it is enough to call attention to the fact that our report nearly covered two pages, in spite of every effort at condensation.

2. As to statements that I ought to hav suppressed certain matters, I hav only to deny his allegations of any agreement to suppress them. I do not deny that he expressed a wish that we should.

3. There was no provision in the challenge that we should attempt to prevent the production of fraudulent negativs. On the contrary, in my original letter I stated—and this shall be quoted correctly—"Critical watching would not be required." If Mr. Robinson understood jugglers' tricks a little better, he would hav seen that putting the plates "in the possession and charge of Dr. Leigh" would hav left the door wide open, unless Dr. Leigh himself put those plates into the plate-holder, put the plate-holder into the camera, and after exposure developed the plates himself. Even then it might be said that Dr. Leigh was in collusion with Mr. Keeler. My methods were such that if there had been a dozen or more persons present every one could be certain that all the others combined could not by collusion produce a fraudulent negativ without its being betrayed. My object was not to prevent fraudulent negativs, but to insure that a fraudulent negativ should betray itself.

4. Mr. Robinson makes the most of my attempting to catch Mr. Keeler in fraud by turning the plate, and by looking for a positiv. I was not insincere nor biased enough to induce me to suppress these facts although they were manifestly only known to myself. My turning the plate would not at all interfere with any genuin result, occupied but a few seconds, and might hav betrayed previous printing by inverting the position of the spirit face. And in looking for the positiv, my knowledge how the previous negativs had been produced did not show how that particular negativ was to be produced. If there had appeared upon that negativ a picture bearing the marks of simultaneous printing, it would hav been little credit to my acumen if I had been compelled to declare that I believed it to hav been printed from a positiv in the plate-holder, which, although I had taken the plate out of the plate-holder myself, I had been so careless as to overlook. If such a face had appeared upon that plate as the one which appeared at the first session, my search would hav been important evidence in favor of the genuinness of that negativ, for it would hav tended to show that, improbable as it is, the spirits did produce just such a negativ as we ascribed to simultaneous printing, or else that my careful search was not careful enough.

5. Mr. Robinson quotes, not very accurately, but sufficiently well, two of my remarks, which I will explain. I told him that if the face of one of my relativs should appear upon a plate I should not know that Mr. Keeler had not succeeded in obtaining a print somehow from which he could copy it. The "particular one" was a person who had never had but one picture taken, and I had a copy of that. The other remark was to the effect that if the intention was to giv Spiritualism a boom by an unaccepted challenge, it was a game of bluff, and that it should not rest in that way longer than I could help, but should be put upon a secure foundation if it would bear investigation.

6. There was no "intended sarcasm" in the wish to aid the spirits in establishing the verity of the photographs if the spirits could make them, but it was a misquotation to say that we wished to aid them in producing the results. There are so many misstatements and misquotations with regard to minor matters that I will not take up the space to refer to them. I will only call attention to one misquotation so flagrant that if I were not personally acquainted with Mr. Robinson I should consider it an intentional falsification. He says the committee chose to rely "entirely upon an examination of the negativs," whereas what the committee said was (see IV. at the end of the report), "We were therefore obliged to rely mainly upon an examination of the nine negativs themselvs for internal evidence of their origin." We had just given the reasons why we could not hav our choice; we did not rely entirely, but mainly, upon this sort of evidence, and we referred to negativs already taken, and not to negativs to be taken.

7. Mr. Robinson says the committee attempted to pass judgment upon the negativs as experts. That is his word and not ours, and he proceeds to show the unreliability of the testimony of experts paid to testify upon a particular side. Let us compare the position of the committee with that of Mr. Robinson himself. The committee thought they could judge from the negativs themselvs how they might hav been produced. We selected the tableau picture as "bearing characteristics entirely different" from all the others. Mr. Robinson admits that that picture was taken "under very different conditions" from the others, showing that in that instance, at least, the committee did form a correct judgment of the manner in which a negativ was taken from an examination of the negativ itself. Now, the committee were free to report strictly according to the evidence; he had placed himself in advance as the advocate of one side. The committee were practica ly acquainted with photography; he knows nothing about it practically, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to add, theoretically. The committee gave their judgment upon the "cane picture," and upon that "which showed the slide partially drawn," not only upon the points stated in the report, but upon everything which they could see on the negativs. Mr. Robinson states circumstances which the committee did not enumerate—not having the negativs before me I cannot vouch for their accuracy—and some of these additional circumstances which he refers to as contradicting our opinion, tend, to a practical photographer, to demonstrate the correctness of our opinion. It is for the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to judge for themselvs which is most likely to be reliable, the opinion of three practical photographers, having no interest to bias them, or the opinion of Mr. Robinson unsupported by experience, and in his position with reference to this investigation.

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

Brooklyn, Oct. 7, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In the matter of Mr. Keeler's spirit photography, I beg to say a word in defense of my old friend Henry M. Parkhurst. The charge made against him of insincerity and injustice in that investigation I most indignantly resent. I was Mr. Parkhurst's first assistant in reporting the debates of the United States Senate from 1848 to 1854. For many years thereafter we worked together, some of the time as partners, occupying the same office in New York, and for a time our families lived in the same house. During a period of twenty years, I think no man knew him more intimately than I did; and I can truly say that I hav known few men so just and conscientious as he. In the early days of Spiritualism, he and I tested the phenomena and accepted the spirit theory. In 1867 he and I, together with Dr. Edwin Leigh and the late Wm. Blair Lord, my partner, prepared a test of independent clairvoyance to be submitted by Mr. Parkhurst to the sleepless girl in Brooklyn. She lived nearly opposit Mr. Parkhurst's house, and all the rest of us had been permitted to see her, through the influence of Mr. Parkhurst and family, who were her most frequent and welcome visitors. An accident prevented the use of that test; but Messrs. Parkhurst and Leigh prepared another similar one, which was submitted to the sleepless, speechless, and sightless girl. The result was written out June 3, 1867, and signed by Mr. Parkhurst. It concludes as follows:

> I regard the proof as complete that she read the printed slip, so far as stated above, absolutely independent of all human knowledge of its contents.

This report will be found printed in the New York *Herald*, Nov. 30, 1878, together with a further statement written April 24, 1869, and a corroborativ attestation by Dr. Edwin Leigh. Surely nothing could be more sincere and just than that report. And now, having read his recent report on spirit photographs, and the foggy animadversions upon it by Mr. R. M. Robinson, I am justly indignant at the imputations to Mr. Parkhurst of insincerity and a lack of good faith. If he entered upon the investigation with a suspicion of fraud, it was a just suspicion. In 1863 I saw some of the first specimens of spirit photography in the office of the *Herald of Progress*, New York. They were alleged to be produced through the mediumship of Mr. Mumler, of Boston. At first I was astonished, but on close inspection I discovered internal evidence of fraud, and wrote an exposure for the *Herald of Progress*. From that time to this, I hav suspected the genuinness of all spirit photography.

W. H. BURR.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 1, 1886.

Mr. Bowman's Epigrams.

If God wants us to forgiv our enemies, why don't he set the example by shaking hands with the devil?

It is hoped that before long ministers will honor this country by their absence.

Men will trust those with their souls whom they would not dare to trust with their wives.

GEORGE W. BOWMAN.

The American Secular Union.

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COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com.

E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,467.63
Fayette County (Iowa) Secular Union, per Wm. Redfield	5.00
Leon (Iowa) Secular Union, per John W. Long	5.00
Total	3,477.63

Call for the Tenth Annual Congress.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November 11th, 12th, and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Pursuant to a vote of the last Congress, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the constitution of the Union will be acted upon: 1. To reduce the fee for life-membership from $25 to $10. 2. Or, on payment of $10 by applicant for membership, to authorize the secretary to issue ten-year membership certificates, with all the privileges of life-membership during that time. 3. Whenever a man or woman has taken out annual membership certificates for three or five consecutiv years, such person thereafter on payment of annual-membership fee to possess the privilege of life-membership.

The Congress will also be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought, and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government, as shall make the United States thoroughly Secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs in the Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executiv committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present.

Per order of board of directors:

R. G. INGERSOLL, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.
COURTLANDT PALMER, Treasurer.
CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com.
E. M. MACDONALD, Ch. Fin. Com.

News and Notes.

I presume the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER and subscribers to the Campaign Fund will be interested in a statement of the financial affairs of my lecture trip. This will giv a better understanding of the work accomplished, and the difficulties in the way. Although I hav had what I consider a successful trip, and the Liberals I hav met hav been exceedingly generous, and hav made my labors very pleasant, yet the distances to be traveled are so great, and there is so much to be done in order to arouse large communities and excite attention, that the amount realized above expenses is not sufficient to justify one in making so extensiv a campaign on his individual risk. The mass of the Liberals of this country are not rich. They are, I am glad to say, working people—the most honorable of all—but as they are few in number and widely scattered, the pioneer work of lecturing and organizing can be carried on only by national cooperation. In this way the secretary is enabled to go into new fields, which after a time will amply repay. I desire a frank understanding all round, in order that friends interested in the work of the American Secular Union may know what has been done, how it has been done, and what it has cost, etc., so that, if possible, more excellent plans and methods may be adopted for the future.

The total amount of money received by me as the result of my lecture trip from all sources was $1,262.75. The expenses were as follows: hall rent, $287.50; hotel, $115.50; railroad, $342.81; advertising, $92.49; incidentals, $44.87. Total, $882.72, leaving $380.03 as balance above all expenses. The generous hospitality of friends along the route prevented the hotel bill from being twice as large as it was. I shall make, of course, a more detailed statement, including every item of expenditure, to the annual Congress, for its examination and approval, so that every contributor to the fund will know exactly how the money has been used. In this report I confine myself to the receipts of the lecture field, in order that the needs, difficulties, etc., of pioneering may be understood.

The secretary gave 146 lectures, and received above all expenses $380. This makes about $2.60 for each lecture given—less than the wages of a good mechanic or miner. The secretary, with scarcely an exception, devoted all his time for seven months to the work, and traveled over ten thousand miles. Of the one hundred thousand drummers in the land, I do not think that one of them would go through that amount of labor and travel for the same remuneration. Now, the question for the Liberals of this country and for the American Secular Union to decide is whether this kind of work is valuable, and shall it be sustained? If it is to be sustained, then it must be sustained by a coöperativ effort. The secretary this year has given over one hundred lectures where no Freethought lectures hav been given before, and I venture to say that all of his lectures hav been given at points where there would hav been no lectures otherwise. He has, therefore, not gone over familiar ground, or interfered with other laborers. He has simply put in some extra work which would not hav been done had there been no Secular Union. The Union takes the place of nothing else. It only supplements other instrumentalities—our lecturers, papers, books, etc. If this kind of lecture work is not done by the Union, then it will not be done at all. The policy of the Union was adopted at Cassadaga. It has been pursued with success for two years. I believe much has been accomplished that otherwise would not hav been accomplished. The policy is that of combined effort, the Liberals of the country saying to the secretary, Go into all frontier fields possible, and we will back you up—we will pay the bills. The secretary has done so. In many cases he has assumed the entire responsibility of hall rent, advertising, etc, and the results hav justified his course. In almost every case the local expenses were paid by the communities where the lectures were given, and something above. Audiences of one thousand and fifteen hundred hav been gathered together and a great interest created, and Secular Unions formed, all of which could not hav been done except by the adoption of this policy. The whole lecture trip of the secretary was the result of this policy, and could not hav been made without united effort and support. He could not on his own individual responsibility assume the risks that he did. It would be simply impossible. The figures, as I hav given them, demonstrate this to every generous-minded Liberal. The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know what has been done through the letters which hav been written from week to week. It is for them to judge, and for those who hav contributed to the campaign fund, whether the acquaintanceship, the interest, the fellowship and noble feeling cultivated by these intercommunications among Liberals shall be continued or not. These questions, and others of practical importance, will come before the New York Congress. I hope there will be a thorough discussion. We want to find the best way. We want to understand each other. We want to help all round. We want to keep every worker in the field. We want to make new opportunities for labor. We want to push things, to arouse, agitate, discuss, reform. I want every Liberal that can to attend this New York Congress. I want as large a delegation as possible from the auxiliary societies. I want a representativ assembly and full and frank expression of opinion. We need to look all difficulties straight in the face. It is no easy task that we undertake. My experience for the past year has given me hope and ardor. I hav met so many earnest friends, and with them come in contact with such splendid inspirations and forces for human improvement and happinesss, that I can only hav an abiding faith in the victory of our cause. Yet I also see the great difficulties that are in the way—the innumerable forces with which we must contend; the organized power that is against us; the ignorance, the bigotry, the prejudice, the indifference, the cowardice; the solid mass of uneducated people, and eight hundred million dollars of untaxed capital in the hands of ecclesiastics who rule by fear and superstition. These things, while they do not discourage nor weaken, make one realize that only by the most stubborn patience and endurance and strenuous exertion can the day be won. The battle is not a brief one. The progress is slow. Each advantage gained only makes the conflict more determined. No flowery path is ours; no music, banners, and torchlight processions, but hard work, and work for many years. Unity, therefore, is necessary in our ranks; fraternal feeling, sincerity, and complete understanding and harmony.

Once before there has been a convention of Freethinkers in New York, as recorded by Mr. Mendum in the *Investigator*. It was a noble gathering of men and women devoted to liberty and justice. Let the memory of that first meeting stir us to greater effort now, that we of to-day, after so many years, may make another shining landmark in man's intellectual development. There can be no better occasion for a great conference of Liberals, who, gathering hope and energy from the past, shall find the best way to larger and more magnificent enterprise. So I say to all who read this, Come if you possibly can; persuade your friends and neighbors to come; advertise the Congress as widely as possible; take special pains to hav the call published in your city, village, or county newspapers; talk it up wherever you can, and write about it. The program will be published next week. It will be an attractiv one, and I hav no doubt we shall hav the greatest congress of Liberals ever held in this country.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The Liberal Club.

It was in expectation of sitting down to an uncommonly gorgeous literary spread that the man with a badge-pin ambled joyously up Third avenue on the evening of Friday, Oct. 15th, to attend the 417th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. It was a little past eight o'clock, by the gold watch that he got of Mr. Wettstein, when he reached the hall. Proceedings had commenced, the secretary having just arrived at that portion of the minutes of the previous meeting which chronicled the fact that at the usual hour the club adjourned. The hall was full, the women equaling the men in number, and somewhat surpassing them in good looks, though it is well known that the club has many male members who possess great physical beauty. The treasurer, for instance, is not a bad looking man; the librarian, Mr. King, has been spoken of before in this regard, and Vice-President Chamberlain needs no commendation from this feeble pen. A hundred familiar faces were recognized in the audience, and others that were missed will be seen no more in this world forever.

President Wakeman was in the chair, and discharged the duties of that position with dignity and *aplomb*. There were many notices to read. Meetings would be held at various times and places. The supporters of Henry George would discuss the claims of that gentleman to the office of mayor; a concert would be held for the benefit of Mrs. Parsons, wife of the convicted Anarchist; and the Spiritualists, who yet tarried on the bank and shoal of time, would likewise assemble to discuss the question whether this life is to be continued in our next. Two new applicants offered their names as members of the club, and the Chair urged others to do likewise. For the small sum of fifty cents a quarter they would be given the right to speak upon the platform, and the privilege of growling at the officers.

The speaker of the evening was Prof. Van Buren Denslow. In presenting Mr. Denslow to the audience, the Chair observed that it did not agree with the professor in anything that it knew of.

Professor Denslow was received with applause. He announced that he proposed to consider what are the true relations which Socialism, Communism, and crime bear to our civilization. Crime was, in a large percentage of cases, the outcome of destitution, and destitution was a condition of Communism in which no person had anything except what he owned in common with others. The speaker indorsed Horace Greeley's cure for crime—one hundred and sixty acres of land and a team to work it. Colonization was the only curativ measure that had ever been tried. The criminal needs to be placed back in a simpler state socially. Our civilization is too complex for him. Socialism is the universal state in savage life. There can be no private property among savages, for the reason that their laws are not strong enough to protect it. Socialism is, therefore, an effete condition from which we hav evolved, and not one which we should look forward to. We can learn nothing about true Socialism from the theorizers on that subject, like Henry George. We must depend upon observation, and we can observe its workings best among barbarians. In advocating the nationalization of land Henry George is recommending the methods of barbarism as a cure for the evils of civilization. In all ages men hav followed false prophets. The speaker referred to Moore's Mokanna, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who wore a silver veil, behind which godlike beauty was supposed to be concealed, when, in fact, the veil hid only ugliness, leprosy, and corruption. So, in these days, the people are following a false prophet, none the less false because masquerading behind a veil of sophistry called political economy. A savior from heaven was never more needed than at present. There was no class of people capable of doing as much mischief as those who want to make the world better and don't know how. Incidentally, in the course of his remarks, the professor referred to Martin Irons, and characterized the strike which he ordered in the southwest an act of extreme folly.

The lecture had a somewhat chilling effect upon Mr. George's sympathizers. The Chair announced that the inevitable discussion must ensue, but it would require something besides rhetoric to meet the lecturer's arguments. The floor was open for speeches of ten minutes each, members of the club having the preference.

Mrs. Leonard, the first critic, admonished the professor that we must go back to barbarism not alone for examples of Socialism, but for our first lessons in liberty. Among the North American Indians crime was unknown before these aborigines came in contact with civilization. Somebody in the audience was at this point inconsiderate enough to ask the speaker how she knew that fact, but was silenced by the reply, "I know it." Mrs. Leonard was surprised at Professor Denslow's lack of knowledge, and offered to giv him lessons in political economy free of cost.

Captain Clark next assumed the platform with the remark that he was a neophyte, with a good deal of phyte left in him. He agreed with the lecturer, what that gentleman had said being confirmed by Captain Clark's experience, which was worldwide. The captain prolonged his remarks somewhat, and rambled slightly, so that an auditor was moved to suggest that life was short. Nevertheless, he keeps the people stirred up with his lively humor, and fills a long-felt want.

Dr. Weeks said that a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright, but a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight. Such was the difficulty experienced in meeting the lecture of the evening.

Madam Delescluze complained that ten minutes were quite inadequate to afford her time enough to answer all the fine casuistries of the lecturer. If Communism is barbarous, so is liberty, yet no society can exist that does not hav both for its basis. This city is controled by the slime of the slums, from the judiciary down. The last hour of capital has come, and it must go.

Professor Denslow, in closing the discussion, said he doubted if Madam Delescluze knew anything about the judiciary of this city or any other, whether it was corrupt or not. Violent denunciators were apt to be inaccurate to a marked degree. A protest here from the madam recalled the subject of Martin Irons and the strike he was alleged to hav ordered, and Mr. King arose to explain that Martin Irons never ordered any strike and that Professor Denslow did not know what he was talking about. The professor replied that, presuming Mr. King knew what he was talking about, he was pleased to be corrected. Thus harmony was restored, and the evening's exercises closed amid applause as hearty as that which had marked their opening.

The rest of the program for the month is as follows: 22d, "Mormonism—What It Is and How to Deal with It," by S. P. Putnam; 29th, "Henry George in Politics; or, Ballots Before Bullets," by James Redpath.

It costs but five cents to attend the meetings of this club; and nowhere else is found anything that so fills the empty places in human existence. Hav you trials and temptations, troubles more than you can bear, take this club in Friday evenings; you will find a solace there. Presbyterians and ladies are encouraged to come free of charge.

Chicago Secular Notes.

A MEMBER'S MISFORTUNE.

Among the most liberal and enthusiastic members who joined this year was J. W. Howe, late treasurer of the Secular Union. Mr. Howe was formerly mail carrier, but by recent political changes was substituted for a Milesian member of the faithful. For a few weeks we missed him from his accustomed seat, but hearing he was now engaged Sundays, little dreamed of the true reason of his absence, or of the calamity which had befallen him, until revealed by this brief letter:

COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL, Oct. 7, 1886.

Officers and Members Chicago Secular Union:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Some of you, no doubt, hav observed my absence from your meetings, and I write to assure you such absence is not voluntary. I hav had one of my feet smashed by a railroad train, and amputated. Am now in the county hospital. I expect to be at home in a week at 987 Madison street, and would be pleased to see any of you. Wishiug you every success, I remain

Yours sincerely, J. W. HOWE.

It is my desire that we Liberals practically "put him on his feet," and, as he has only one at present, to do that we must substitute a cork foot. He needs one, and it should be our pleasure and privilege to do that little for one of our most energetic workers.

ANARCHIST SPEECHES.

Those speeches, which I send for your personal perusal, hav already revolutionized public sentiment in favor of the condemned. Those of Spies and Fielden are more thoroughly humanitarian, contain greater depth and profound comprehension of social laws, are more sarcastic, logical, brilliant, and fervid than the famous speech of Robert Emmett. Hare declared that "the ultimate tendency of civilization is toward barbarism," and if that verdict is to stand, I think he is about right. Parsons's speech I hav not yet read. To counteract the effect of these speeches, Inquisitor Grinnell is making a lot of sensational newspaper talk about threatening letters being sent to the judge, prosecuting attorneys, jury, etc. If they hav received letters, they or their friends wrote them, as the friends of those men condemned know that to do any such thing would be the greatest possible injury to their case. Their friends would not be such fools. It serves to show what contemptible liars are these limbs of the law.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

After revising the rubric and ritual, the laymen and bishops of the Episcopal convention hav under consideration a change of name, which at the same time indicates the change of front of orthodoxy, and establishes as prophetic the oft-expressed opinion of THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberals generally, viz., that orthodoxy must eventually fall back on the Catholic church. The name proposed before the convention is the American Catholic Church. It will not take long before some future convention drops the adjectiv, and they fall into the fold of the mother church. Straws indicate which way the wind blows.

CHARLES WATTS,

our first vice-president, lectured here twice last Sunday; in the afternoon on "Atheism and the French Revolution," in the evening on "Saints or Sinners—Which?" There can be no question as to Mr. Watts's great ability, and I think that his lecture on the French Revolution is his most powerful effort; at least, it is most opportune. The French Revolution is a subject on which Americans generally need enlightenment, and this is also a timely topic in view of the growing monopolies which threaten to strangle what little liberty we hav left. To those Liberals interested in social and political reform I can heartily recommend this lecture on the French Revolution. It ought to be given in every town in the land. His evening lecture was a splendid piece of polemics.

Chicago, Ill. E. A. STEVENS.

Evolution and "Spontaneous Generation."

In a recent number of THE TRUTH SEEKER Mr. D. Priestley, of Milwaukee, briefly criticised two points in my late articles on "Evolution and Special Creation." The gentleman says: "Mr. Watts speaks of 'spontaneous generation' as a part of the process of evolution, whereas, if it were true, it would disprove evolution." Now, it must be admitted that the term "spontaneous generation" is by no means a good phrase, neither is it scientific.. It has come down to us from pre-scientific times, and is seldom used in the present day. The process is now called *abiogenesis* with Huxley, or *archebiosis* with Bastian. I shall not, therefore, defend the use of the expression, except on the ground that it is easily understood by the non-scientific. The principle is, however, a different matter. Mr. Priestley says if this "were true it would disprove evolution." But, in my opinion, the reverse is the fact. The evolution of the living from the non-living must be a part of the great scheme. For, otherwise, how did the living organism originate? There is no alternativ but that of miracle. The error that Mr. Priestley appears to me to hav fallen into is in supposing that by "spontaneous generation" is meant that both high and low organisms are thus produced. No one supposes that high organisms can originate in non-living matter, and those of Pouchet doubtless came from germs which all his care had not succeeded in excluding. Indeed, this was proved by Pasteur, a far greater authority than Pouchet. In Bastian's experiments none but the lowest organisms were produced, namely, *bacteria* and *vibriones*.

With regard to man being the last and highest animal, all that I meant was, the highest that had yet appeared. What may take place hereafter no one knows. And the theories respecting it are so numerous that their name is legion. The general impression among scientific men is that no higher physical development will take place, as under the rule of man's intellect the struggle assumes a different form. Professor Fiske has, I think, made this clear. But that is no part of my business to discuss now. The long extract from Huxley sets forth a view in which that professor stands almost—if not quite—alone. That, however, in no way affects the position taken in my articles. CHARLES WATTS.

Cause of Earthquakes.

The cause of earthquakes is very plain to one who accepts the theory of world-formation by accretion. More than seven million meteors enter the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours. Thus this planet has grown through incomputable ages, and with its growth the increased pressure of gravity enlarges and expands the melted core. For the prodigious force of gravity is all-sufficient to produce the internal heat. But some objector will say, Is not the internal heat radiated? Yes, but only infinitesimally. Science tells us that the radiation to the surface is not one-sixteenth of a degree of Fahrenheit. This is not a thousandth part of the heat which the sun imparts to the earth's surface. The meteoric growth therefore constantly enlarges and expands the melted core, causing cracks in the solid crust.

BURR.

THE donations and legacies to the American Tract Society for the year ending April 1, 1886, amounted to $98,893. The salary list of the officers of the society for the same period was $94,800. A committee will see if they cannot reduce the salary expenses.

Lectures and Meetings.

FROM July 15th to October 15th J. E. Remsburg delivered just one hundred lectures.

W. S. BELL'S list of lectures in Texas, up to November 4th, is as follows: October 16th, Temple; 17th, Belton; 19th Sparta; 20th, Clifton; 21st and 22d, Norse; 23d, Meridian; 24th, Morgan; 25th, Walnut; 28th, Fort Worth; 30th, Terrell; November 2d, Corsicana; 3d, Kerens; 4th, Hubbard City.

CHARLES WATTS lectures for Friendship Liberal League, Philadelphia, in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, Sunday, Nov. 7th, at 2:30 P.M.; subject, "If a Man Die Shall He Liv Again?—The Secularist Answer." At 7:30 P.M., subject, "Saints and Sinners—Which?" The Liberal public throughout the city and vicinity are cordially invited to cooperate to make these lectures a success. Seats are free.

W. F. JAMIESON'S lectures are called for in Utah, Colorado, and Nebraska. Liberals in Nebraska hav waited for him several weeks, but on account of his engagements in Montana he will be unable to reach them until the latter part of November. He wishes to remain in Nebraska, lecturing every night in the week, and twice or three times every Sunday, until the 1st of February. He is now lecturing in Bozeman, M. T. But it will be best to write him at his permanent address, Lake City, Minn. All mail is promptly forwarded. His line of travel will be along the Union Pacific Railway into Nebraska.

THE seventeenth regular meeting of the Hempstead Freethought Association was held in the new and beautiful reading-room just fitted up at Liberty Hall. The exercises were opened by a very pretty and finely rendered recitation by Miss Ada DeMott, the youngest member. Mr. Chas. B. Reynolds followed with a grand address on "Secularism," giving a lucid exposition and strong defense of Secular principles. Answers to several questions in geology were read by the president, and questions in astronomy and geology propounded for next meeting. Two candidates for membership were proposed by the president and referred to the vigilance committee. The methods employed by this society are positiv and constructiv, which, while they command attention and respect, yet effectually undermine and destroy superstition. The effort so far is a grand success, and we believe that if the same methods were more generally employed, much more progress would be made in the Secular movement. The president, Mr. C. F. DeMott, will be pleased to giv any possible suggestion or information to those desiring to form similar societies.—H. H. GEER, Secretary.

MR. L. K. WASHBURN will be one of the speakers at the coming Congress of the American Secular Union, and has been prevailed on to devote a few weeks to New York state. Now, let every earnest Liberal in our state make this a personal matter. Here is duty, dear reader, for you to do. Who is not deeply interested in removing prejudice from the minds of friends and neighbors? How many noble, generous hearts would cease opposition and heartily join us in our endeavors if they could be made to realize the ennobling principles of Secularism and what our aims and objects really are! Mr. Washburn is a genial gentleman, a scholar, and a genuin Secularist. He never fails to advance the cause wherever he lectures, no matter how fierce the opposition, for he speaks with the glowing eloquence of his young, vigorous manhood and the devotion the glorious truths of Secularism inspire in a warm, generous heart. His lectures are delivered in such a frank, kindly spirit, yet so logical withal, that, while carrying conviction to the mind, he endears himself to the hearts of his hearers. Write Mr. Washburn for dates at once, so that he may arrange his route without having long journeys to and fro, losing both time and money. Let us make an earnest effort, so that not one night of his sojourn in our state shall be without lecture engagement.—C. B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com. N. Y. F. A.

Literary.

The Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis writes in the forthcoming number of the *Popular Science Monthly* on the orig'n and results of Sunday Legislation. His contention is that the day was first instituted by pagan sun-worshipers, and that it has only been possible to maintain its status in Christian nations by the constant exercise of the authority of the state.

"Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen H. Gardener, has been revised, and issued by The Truth Seeker Company, New York. The introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll is characteristic and emphatic, maintaining that Miss Gardener's arguments are irrefutable. If the writer does not convince the reader, she at least opens up a new field of thought and suggests a critical revision of old belief. The book is interesting from more than one standpoint, and is earnestly written. The author is very strenuous to hav people throw off the shackles of superstition and break away from a blind following after the old teachings about the Bible and religion.—*Worcester Spy*.

Once a month we are reminded by the reception of Mr. Shaw's *Independent Pulpit* that Liberalism is a large and growing factor in the civilization of Texas. By his platform and pen efforts Mr. Shaw contributes more than any other man to spread Liberal ideas in a part of the country supposed to be most obdurate in its belief in ancient errors. The twenty-four pages of the October number of the *Pulpit* are filled with contributions from talented writers, and editorials of solid worth. Mr. Shaw's policy is to secure articles that shall be of permanent value to the cause of Freethought, that may be used by other writers as references. In this he has, so far, been very successful, and a file of the *Pulpit* is a Freethought cyclopedia of argument. There is a wide field for a magazine of this character, and the *Pulpit* covers it in an admirable manner.

Communications.

Socialism in India.

II.

Natural polygamists marry more than one wife, and support them too. The American monogamist does the same, but supports one wife at a time. He marries and is divorced, remarries and is redivorced, so that one person may ever hav as many wives or husbands in his or her lifetime, without bearing their burden, as the natural polygamists do. This sort of thing leads to a life devoid of any sacredness about it except that of loose, slippery character; it leads to anarchy, and saps the foundation of society. Money-eyed people alone can marry. Matrimony is a lottery, and woman is the prize which falls to the lot of a few, so that seventy-five per cent are forced into single life against their will. They therefore take to drinking and licentiousness. In each city there are thousands of unmarried men and women. Instead of leading a lewd life, if these women will enter into matrimony and reform on Potter's wheel so many men, they will entirely do away with anarchy and rowdiness, which hav disfigured this country; not only this, but these women will be the benefactors of society, by establishing social peace and political tranquility. But no, such will not be the case. American freedom, liberty, and independence will revolutionize the whole world, and make life and property unsafe and uncertain. I should therefore like to beg you to patiently listen to the history of India, where all the problems of life, right and wrong, government and religion, hav scientifically been solved.

The Western writers hav attempted to prove that both the Hindoos and Europeans originally belonged to one Aryan family, of which one-half migrated to the east and the other to the west. I do not like to enter into this discussion. I however firmly believe that each country, climate, and soil has its own productions peculiar to itself. Earth, water, air, and wind are full of life-germs when heated by fire. I therefore maintain that the Hindoos were born in and belonged to India as her natural productions.

For eighteen hundred years the West treated the East as savage, barbarous, and semi-civilized. The European called the Eastern people by all choice names, such as pagan or heathen. I do not, therefore, understand why they should now try to consider the Hindoos as their brothers, and claim to hav belonged to that Aryan stock whose shadow, some years ago, was a contamination to the white people. The Englishman is proud of tracing his genealogy back to some king or queen. Until the Englishman, Sir William Jones, and his compeers, led the way into the splendid garden of Sanscrit literature; until the astonished eye of the West saw its glorious flowers of poesy, its fruits of philosophy and metaphysics, its crystal-like rivulets of science, its magnificent structure of philosophy, no one dreamed the world had had any history worth speaking of before the times of the Greek and Roman civilization. But now the Europeans would like to be the descendants of the Aryan race. Let them be as they wish; I must confine myself to the Socialism of India. I beg your pardon for any deviation I may hav made in my discourse. I hav dwelt more on England and America than I intended.

The Hindoos, like the English, hav had their kings and queens, but they were rather the incarnation of their deities than their tyros. The land belonged to the subjects, so that every man has his own piece of ground to plow and cultivate for the support of his family. Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof. The Hindoos do not strive to compete and emulate. Every man has a right to raise enough corn for himself and his family. Anything beyond that is considered sinful and an offense against his neighbor. Small villages are formed, and surplus product, if any, stored up right in the village, as an insurance against famin and hard times. As varieties of products were raised by different farmers, their exchange were thought indispensably necessary. Labor was thus divided, and traders or exchangers were selected from among the farming or indigenous population. Their business was to exchange goods and receive commissions in kind. These were all peaceful settlers, recognizing the brotherhood of man, though different in occupations. Both the farming and trading communities became flourishing, and were so engrossed by business that they knew not how to guard themselvs against disturbances and protect from wild animals. About the time when the demand for protection grew paramount, some noble and self-sacrificing souls came forward and volunteered their services for the purpose. They were called soldiers or warriors. The Indian history is replete with the lives of such illustrious personages. Their names are holy and sacred. They are dear to every Hindoo. They are our gods. We make their images and worship them. Nowhere is the warrior-class so well revered and respected. We hav erected temples and monuments in commemoration of their auspicious advents on earth. Foreigners, especially missionaries, do not know that the images placed in our temples are not images of that omniscient god, but of our protectors. The Hindoos are hero-worshipers. They always pray to that unseen power for such pious protectors. We pay voluntary homage to them; hence, no taxes are levied on us by our kings, and anything given involuntarily and with an unwilling heart was sinful. The farmers, the traders, and the protectors, therefore, lived peacefully and harmoniously, one acknowledging the necessity of another for his own goods. This went on without a hitch for centuries; but as society began to multiply another necessity arose, that of educating their children, and making social and political laws and laws of inheritance. Each class had enough on hand and could not divide attention. They thought that educators and legislators should be unselfish and impartial. They should be free from self interest in works of education and legislation. They saw that parents should not be entrusted with care of their children, because of their natural tendency to impart selfish instruction to them. A fourth class was therefore appointed out of these elders, who renounced themselvs and took a vow that they would on no account seek the pleasures of this world and lay treasures on earth. This class is called the Brahmans, or the spiritual nobility of India. They were unselfish; cared not for frown or flattery, gold or silver, palace or place. The whole world was their home, all mankind their people, and to do good was their religion. Who will not respect such a person, who denies himself, nay, even sacrifices his times and power, for human happiness, without expecting any reward in return?

So you see we hav had in India, first of all, the farmers and laborers who owned the land and raised crops. Then came the traders or mercantil community, at the seeking of the farmers, for doing the exchange business. The merchants, having in their possession the products of the land for exchange, prayed and secured the assistance of defenders of peace and protectors of property. This third class, as I said before, were the soldiers or warriors of India. They, in fact, were the rulers or kings of the Hindoos. They also felt the need of counselors and advisers, and selected from among themselvs and other two lower classes such persons who were universally respected. A fourth class was therefore added, who took the responsibility of instructing and governing the three lower classes enumerated above. That there might not be abuse of power, misappropriation of property, and unjust demands, the fourth class, called the Brahmans, made beneficent laws, touching on social relations, rights of man, politics, and religion, and thus maintained the equilibrium of commonwealth.

This way, you see, in India farmers and laborers are the property-holders. They are in full possession of all they produce. They, however, seek the assistance of traders for exchange, and expect exact return, but the merchants, like the capitalists in England and America, became speculators, and grew rich. Our lawgivers hav therefore imposed upon them the religious duty of distributing food among the poor and giving clothes to the naked. They hav religiously enjoined the merchants to giv their neighbors a periodical feast twice a year, so that what little money they make by unjust speculations is thus employed for charitable purposes, and in fulfilment of social obligation. In this manner the paupers, who in other countries hav become a source of anxiety and trouble to the wealthy, are easily tranquilized, and bound in obligation in my country. The Hindoo lawgivers fully recognized that in the order of things adversity and prosperity must go hand-in-hand, and the influence of one should be counterbalanced by another. If one, by extreme indolence and sluggishness, becomes poor, another, by extreme vigilance and watchfulness, becomes rich, and both, in the scale of law and justice, are guilty, and must be punished—the poor for his laziness and the rich for his sharpness. The poor is proscribed heaven as long as he eats the bread and drinks the water of charity; the rich is debarred from celestial empire until the sins he committed in hoarding money by unjust means are washed away by feeding and clothing the poor with due respect. No social degradation or elevation is ascribed to the acts of giving or receiving charity. If a person, in doing charity, showed any superiority to one whom he fed and clothed, he was at once deprived of his merit; on the other hand, the recipient is made to believe that he increases the burden of his debt as long as he does not eat by the sweat of his brows. Thus the capital and labor was equalized without strikes. Why will the poor destroy the property of the rich if the latter will recognize them as their unfortunate brothers? But the capitalists in England and America will never do so; they hav grown so selfish and so indifferent that they do not feel ashamed to bribe literary men to defend their cause. I do not, therefore, know how their life and property could be safe and secure. The Hindoo capitalists and laborers neither dreaded nor planned such results. They never sought emigrants from abroad and then expelled them by force. India always has had enough work for laborers. As she never aimed at competition, so she never needed surplus labor. Farmers are considered the benefacters of society, and laborers their bosses. Rich folks are generally in plain attire, but their servants must be in livery of gold and silver, silk and satin. It is no shame for a master to be shabbily dressed, but his servant must be well fed and clothed, otherwise he is impeached.

GOPAL VINAYAK JOSHEE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Montana.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In this letter I will giv you a little theology. There is not the least doubt that Christians hav turned a longing eye toward these silver hills. Their theory is that the hills, as well as the cattle, are the Lord's. On the same train I came on, for two days there was a superintendent of the Young Men's Christian Association. He gave me his card, but had no inclination to talk theology. Christians seldom want to talk with anybody unless one agrees with them. He got off at Helena, and I saw by the press, afterward, that he is occupied organizing those assassination societies. Christians put their money (and all they can get of other people's) into untaxed buildings. They know that wealth lends respectability to their church. The question is not so much, with them, the truth of a doctrin, as its respectability. Look at the Catholic church. For four hundred years it has withstood the assaults of reason, and boasts of it. In this country it is the most powerful organization—has the largest following of any sect.

In Butte last Monday a column-and-a-half sermon of Priest Cushnahan was reported in the daily. He probably has more talent than any Protestant preacher in the city. We naturally expect the clearest statements and the most convincing logic from so learned a source. Else of what practical value is the education about which the Christians continually boast? Of what earthly account are the colleges upon which both Catholic and Protestant churches pride themselvs, if the preaching of priest and preacher does not commend itself to the plain dictates of common sense? What do we get from the most learned of them? Assertions without proof. Dogmatizing without end. To make this plain to anyone disposed to reason, we will giv a few extracts from Father Cushnahan's sermon, which was considered valuable enough to print in a daily which charges ten cents a word for notices of our lectures in Renshaw's Opera House. Said the priest:

> My friends, if we admit a God, as every individual must if he trifles not with the reason that is in him, we must, at the same time, admit that we are bound to believe all he asks us to believe. This Reason herself tells, because if his existence be admitted, it must also be admitted that he is superior to us, as he is, and must be, the cause of our existence. There must be some first cause prior to man, that gave man existence, because from nothing nothing is made. This first cause is God, hence our superior—he the Lord, we the servants—and hence our duty to believe what he commands us to believe.

So popular is Catholicism here, and so admired is this priest, that he was invited to lecture in the Grand Opera House. One hundred and fifty business men signed the invitation, and the house was packed at a dollar a ticket. Yet, great as he is, he uttered the foregoing nonsensical statements. About everything which a priest or preacher says must be taken for granted. Is it the fault of the man, or the religion? Some Catholics hav been attending my lectures, and evidently that sermon was delivered and printed for the purpose of counteracting the bad influence of my addresses. We hav had but few Catholics out since. I would, therefore, like to hav as many of them see this article as possible.

Let us now dissect the sermon.

Why not prove a God? Is it not incumbent on the one who affirms to do this? Certainly. Who, then, trifles with reason? The Christian does who wants you to take his bare assertions without proof. If Christians would submit their every statement to reason, their church would collapse before the end of a century.

This priest piles admissions on top of each other in profusion. He wants everybody to "admit" a God exists; next that the God speaks to us, when it is only the priest who speaks for God; and next we must believe what God tells us (that is, what the priest tells us). No theological juggling about that!

We must also "admit" that this God, who depends for his existence upon a priestly begging of the question, is superior to us. Take the gentleman's own Bible for it, and he is greatly inferior to us.

The priest makes but one attempt at argument, and hopelessly breaks down. There must be some first cause prior to man, *because* from nothing nothing is made, he argues. The Christian church has always insisted that nothing is exactly the stuff out of which this entire universe was made. The gentleman's "argument" would be just as sound if he should say there must be some first cause prior to God that gave God existence, because from nothing nothing is made. But right here is where the Christian "begs," makes an intellectual pauper of himself.

The priest tells us that because God is our superior it is our duty to believe what he commands us to

believe. He then proceeds at length to show that the Catholic church is the direct lineal descendant of Christ and the apostles, as if they were all here now to do their own preaching, that would settle, beyond all successful contradiction, that their words were all true. Then, with the flourish of an old-fashioned stage-driver blowing his horn and cracking his whip, as he drives into town, the priest knocks over the Protestants as a set of pretenders. Hear him:

No one of the sects can apply this argument, because no one can span the distance of time between the apostles and us. They all hav originated too late or died too soon. Let it prove much or little, it proves this—that the body claims to be the church of Christ, and coming down with uninterrupted historic existence, for Christ to us is the body that is in common with the see of Rome, and recognizes in the successor of Peter the vicar of Christ.

Of course, this divine commission of Christ has been denied, but a denial to be of any weight must hav a reason, and a higher reason than affirmation denied. A person can deny only by an authority sufficient to warrant an affirmativ. A simple denial or negativ proves or disproves nothing. Yet the reformers only opposed the simple negativ; they opposed to her no authority, no truth. Their denials were based upon no authoritativ truth, and consequently only allegations. They opposed their own simple judgment or caprice against an authority acknowledged for sixteen centuries. They may deny and cavil as they please, but I question the world, Where is the truth outside of her in any religion or heresy in science that she denies or does not recognize or hold and teach in its unity and catholicity? All who reject her hav no truth to oppose to her, no reason for their denial and principle on which to base their rejection of her authority.

This much is certain, it is either the church or nothing. There is no alternativ. It is the greatest absurdity, for those who reject her authority and to pretend to be Christians because they hav no grounds of belief of what is or what is not Christ's revelation, duty and manly anthems. Hence, it is the Catholic who is the only man that has the mental freedom, a reason why he believes and authority that cannot deceive. His faith makes him free. Who can be freer than he who held to believe and obey only God?

All sects of Christians believe that Christ revealed his actions and instituted a church, and that it was Catholic and apostolic.

Severe on the Protestants. If the priest and his church are right, we Infidels hav as good a chance for heaven as the Infidel Protestant. Father Cushnahan settles the whole matter. He says: "The church accredits herself. It is on her fidelity, her vigilant guardianship and uniform testimony, that we depend for our confidence in the genuinness and authority of the scriptures."

He proves the church true by the Bible and proves the Bible true by the church. That is the logic of the priest; but thoroughbred logicians call it "reasoning in a circle—vicious reasoning." To show that this is what he does I will giv his own words:

It is in perfect keeping and harmony with reason to believe on his word. Reason and the dictates of a rightly balanced mind say, Yes, we should believe the word of God; but how know we the word of—how know we what is proposed to us as the word of God is God's word? The Mormon holds one thing to be the revelation of God; the Catholic holds directly the opposit to be the word of God, and this party something different. We take the fact that this is his word on the authority of the Catholic church. Believe it to be his word because she declared it to be.

Now, what will every honest thinker say when I show that the priest makes all his assumptions depend upon the veracity of the Bible God? Let him again speak for himself:

The mind, well arranged, with its faculties in full play, cannot conceive a lying God, a God asking man to believe what is false and untrue. Now, this is the very ground of the Christian's belief. He believes the revealed truth on the veracity of God, because it is his word, and it is impossible for his word to be false. What God says is, and must be, true, and there is no higher ground for belief or faith, nay, even knowledge, than to know that fact that God says it.

Now, turn with me to the gentleman's scriptures. "Doubtless ye shall not come into the land, concerning which I sware to make you dwell therein," save Caleb and Joshua. "Your carcases shall fall in this wilderness," "and ye shall know my *breach of promis*" (Num. xiv, 30, 32, 34).

He confesses his breach of promis.

Again: "If the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord hav deceived that prophet" (Ezek. xiv, 9).

The "scriptures" say this God also sanctioned lying in others. Read: "The Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also; go forth, and do so. Now, therefore, behold, *the Lord hath put a lying spirit* in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee."

Can it be that the priest ever read these passages?

Take one example from the New Testament: "God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie" (2 Thes. ii, 11).

Cannot conceive, says the priest, "a lying God, a God asking man to believe what is false and untrue." But there is the proof that his God did that very thing. The priest has deceived his people. And if he never read these texts, he has deceived himself. After one's pointing it out to him, showing him that his Bible God has deceived and deluded the people "that they should believe a lie," as an honest man he will abandon the Bible God, and leave the Christian church. There is no other course left for him, for he says himself that belief in a truthful God is "the very ground of the Christian's belief." If, as Christians hav often said, a man should giv up life itself for the truth, then he should certainly giv up the church for the sake of truth. Manhood is more noble than priesthood.

W. F. JAMIESON.

Freethought in Australia.

Australia is rapidly coming to the fore with Freethought and radical newspapers. A few years ago, with the exception of an occasional short-lived venture in New South Wales, Freethinkers had little in the periodical line to boast of. Now things are changed. We hav not only the *Liberator* in Melbourne, and the *Rationalist* in New Zealand, but New South Wales issues a new two-cent weekly paper called *The Reflector*, a neat and tastily designed sheet of four pages, of which Mr. Thomas Walker is editor; and at Adelaide, South Australia, there has been recently started a four-cent weekly newspaper called *Our Commonwealth*, an ably written and well conducted political and labor journal of a somewhat advanced radical nature; the latter is edited by Mr. Ignatius Singer.

The Freethinker and New South Wales Reformer, edited by Mr. W. W. Collins, of Sydney, is unfortunately approaching its demise. It has been issued for twenty-two weeks, but is only to run a number or two longer, when it will be incorporated in its larger rival, the *Liberator*, and Mr. Collins will contribute articles to the latter paper. Although it is a matter of regret that so useful a paper should meet with so untimely an end, there are fortunately the others ready to fill its place. The *Freethinker*, however, has not lived in vain. The Sydney School of Arts has been quarreling over the question of its admission to their table, and the question has just been settled by a count of noses, deciding upon its exclusion. Alf. Barry, the bishop of Sydney, has had his little say in the matter. In a letter to a daily paper, he says: "I entirely sympathize with you about the *Freethinker*. It is not a matter of belief or unbelief, but of common decency. Every man has a right to publish his own opinions, but on such subjects it should be with gravity and right consideration of the feelings and faith of others." This letter, as a matter of course, brought out a spirited reply from Mr. Collins, in which he completely turned the tables upon the Bible-worshiping bigot.

Mr. Collins is having another little battle—this time with a champion of the spiritual faith, Mr. George Chainey. The debate is upon the respectiv merits and demerits of Spiritualism and Secularism, Mr. Chainey supporting the former, and Mr. Collins the latter. The debate, which is to extend over six nights, is being reported in the press, and is provoking great interest.

In Victoria matters hav been somewhat quieter of late; the prosecutions of the Freethinkers hav been allowed to lapse, and nothing is now heard of them. An occasional threat and reminder is thrown out by the officials, but nobody takes any notice of it, and everybody seems to be satisfied. Mr. Symes is getting comfortably settled down here, and his lectures are as well patronized as ever. The *Liberator* continues to hold its own, and has lately been increased from sixteen to twenty pages; the illustrations, too, hav considerably increased in merit and are well appreciated by the subscribers.

Some little interest has been caused in Melbourne lately by the formation of the Melbourne Anarchist Club on the 1st of May last. The principles of the club are identical with those of your Boston contemporary, *Liberty*. Debates upon the principal social and political topics hav been held weekly, and they hav proved highly successful. The breadth of the platform has caused those possessing the most diversified views to freely express them; and these debates, which hav not been unlike those of the Manhattan Liberal Club (if I may judge by the reports of your facetious man with the badge-pin) hav proved vastly instructiv.

There is plenty of trade depression in these colonies just now, and strikes are taking place everywhere, while the unemployed are growing numerically stronger, and are holding meetings petitioning the legislators to provide them with employment. At one of these meetings, in Melbourne, the other day, a scrimmage took place between the police and the employment-seekers, plenty of blood being shed by the policemen's handcuffs and batons. Three of the unfortunates were imprisoned for taking a conspicuous part in the affair. During their trial an episode occurred worthy of our Christian colony with its Christian institutions. One gentleman, who had been present at the affray, desired to giv evidence in favor of the prisoners, who he averred had merely acted in self-defense; but, because he stated his desire to make an affirmation in preference to an oath, the magistrate refused to giv him a hearing; and Mr. Fleming, the gentleman in question, had to endure the mortification of hearing only one side of the case stated, and of seeing these starving men hurried off to jail to satisfy the whim of this insolent representativ of justice.

The Christians in this part are not very activ just at present, the Anglican bishop having left for Manchester without providing a substitute, and the Papist archbishop having left for Kingdum Kum with the same hasty want of precaution. The latter has left behind him a memory which is still green—although much to the disadvantage of his character. I post you a copy of a pamphlet concerning him, which his solicitor has just published a new edition of; it might prove as interesting as instructiv.

Freethought is being vigorously pushed ahead in Queensland. Dr. J. L. York, who lately debated with the newly arrived Scottish champion of anti-Infidelity, Mr. H. A. Long, has been lecturing there with great success. He has also formed a Freethought organization, known as the Gympie Freethought Union, and similar to the one which he formed some time ago in Sydney, New South Wales.

Tasmania is still groping in the darkness of "Christian enlightenment," and Freethought makes little headway there. A few weeks ago, an attempt was made to silence a Freethought lecturer in Hobart by a policeman threatening to arrest him for treason if he dared to speak again; but the lecturing has gone on as usual, and the blue-coated official has not again interfered.

The New Zealand Freethinkers hav received an unpleasant experience in the departure of Robert Stout to the folds of aristocracy. Little did they expect that one who had so strongly condemned the use of titles in his paper two or three years ago would so suddenly hav accepted a knighthood, as Robert Stout—now Sir Robert Stout—has done. If Mr. Stout has deteriorated, however, Mr. Joseph Evison has not, but has more than compensated for the loss of the ex-Radical. The *Rationalist* has constantly increased in intrinsic merit, the latter numbers comparing favorably with the earlier ones, and purely Secular matters receiving a far larger share of attention, while the editor has still retained his determined and plain-speaking policy.

All things considered, the prospects of Freethought in Australia are very cheering, and when there is taken into account the increasing amount of Freethought lecturers and Freethought newspapers, together with new Freethought societies and similar unions; and especially when there is noted the increasing interest taken by Freethinkers and others in the practical affairs of this world, there is every reason to expect further progress in the future.

DAVID A. ANDRADE.

South Yarra, Melbourne, Aus., Sept. 7, 1886.

Mr. Bell's Progress.

Leaving Chicago, September 27th, for our long-contemplated trip to Texas, and having several engagements on the way, the first place reached was Wheeler, Ill., and the second, Kirkville, Mo. We are now about to make a bee-line for Denison, Tex.

We began a course of lectures in Wheeler, September 28th, to a very good audience, and on each succeeding evening the audience was larger than that of the evening previous, so that at the last lecture all that came could not find room in the house, and many stood at the windows, outside.

Several ministers were present, and took notes. At the close of each lecture, I invited them to stand up and defend their faith, but they kept silent, thinking that "mum" was the best thing they had to offer. At the close of my last lecture, I made a point to call the attention of the audience to the fact that the ministers did not dare to defend their creeds, and even this dig could not bring them to their feet.

Mine were the first lectures ever given here on Freethought, and, just think of it! in a new church at that; one not yet dedicated. It will take a vast amount of fumigation or holy water to sanctify that temple to make it a fit place for the holy people of God to worship in.

Among the good Liberals here, I made the acquaintance of Charles Hess, Dr. Chapman, Milton Hand, and Charles Harwood. The only fault I hav to find with some of the friends here is that they do not take the papers. I cannot understand what a Freethinker can be doing with his thinker when he does not take even one Liberal paper, and I told some of them so, and they promised to reform and do better in the future. We shall see.

Our good brother Hess and his happy family, who liv four miles out of town, entertained us splendidly. The surviving spring chickens were the only ones who chuckled when we left.

After much tribulation we got across the country to Kirkville, Mo. Here we were cordially entertained by Mr. and Mrs. William Hart, who hav kept lecturers' hotel for many years.

Brother Hart introduced us to a large but not very brilliant audience. We managed, however, to hold them, and occasionally to break the solemnity of some of their sad, dull countenances.

By the time this reaches you I shall be in Texas.

Kirkville, Mo., Oct. 4, 1886. W. S. BELL.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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Our Mayoralty Candidates.

Henry George, the Labor candidate, is an Episcopalian. At a meeting last Sunday he refused to speak upon politics further than to say that it was the business of all to ascertain the will of God and then to do it. On week days Mr. George's modesty does not prevent him from asserting that the will of God is that all should vote for him on November 2d.

Abram Hewitt, the Democratic candidate, is the fussy gentleman who refused to rent Cooper Union for the reception of D. M. Bennett, when he came out of the Albany bastile. It will be recollected that Chickering Hall, though accommodating some two thousand, was inadequate to hold the masses who desired to assure the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER that his imprisonment was a Christian outrage.

Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican candidate, before he was a politician was a Freethinker. The *Times* asserts that he has changed his views, and now believes that Jonah lived three days in the belly of a whale.

The world calls these three men honest—and no doubt they are.

Inspiration.

The following, from an article by Dr. Samuel T. Spear, places the doctrin of plenary inspiration of the Bible upon its rightful level—entirely dependent upon the authority of that book:

"If any one wishes to know what is the true doctrin of inspiration, his proper course is not to speculate on the subject, not to assume any *à priori* knowledge in regard to it, and not to attempt any improvements upon what the Bible says, but to read and study the words of Christ in the promis of inspiration, and also the words of his apostles in their statement of the doctrin. The Bible itself is far the best treatis on inspiration ever written, and the only one that is absolutely conclusiv. It asserts and explains its own inspiration. The Christian, whether the occupant of the pulpit as a preacher of the gospel or of the pew as a hearer, can, on this subject, as on every other relating to religion, do no better than to rest his faith on what it it says. He can in no other way do as well. Let him never forget that, independently of the teaching of the Bible, he knows nothing on the subject."

This, it seems to us, is virtually surrendering the Bible as the word of God, and placing it upon the same footing as other alleged sacred works. Starting from the only known fact about the Bible—that it exists to-day in book form—the problem raised by the Christians is, What authority has the book over men? The Christian answer is that the book is a divinely-inspired work, written by the direction and under the supervision of God; that it records God's works and God's teachings; that it is necessarily without error in fact or theory (seeing an infallible God cannot err); that it is a rule of faith and life which ought to be believed and obeyed, and must be believed and obeyed to earn a heaven or escape an eternal hell; and that nothing is to be added to it, either by "new revelations of the spirit or traditions of men." These are the assumptions made for the Bible.

These assumptions are made by Dr. Spear to rest for their proof upon the Bible itself, and consequently it is only to that work that we can go for the answer to the question, What authority has the Bible over men? A skeptic would immediately pin the Christian to the entomological board with "What is the Bible?" The Christian answers, "The word of God." "Well, who is God?" "God," responds the believer, "is a most pure spirit, who is infinit in being and perfection, invisible, without body, parts, or passions, immutable, immense, eternal, incomprehensible, almighty, most wise, most holy, most free, most absolute, working all things according to the counsel of his own immutable and most righteous will, for his own glory; most loving, gracious, merciful, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin; the rewarder of them that diligently seek him; and withal most just and terrible in his judgments; hating all sin, and who will by no means clear the guilty." "That may be a true description of him, but how do you prove the existence of such a being?" "By his word and spirit." "What is his word?" "The holy scriptures of the Old and New Testaments." "Ah! yes; you prove God by the book and the book by—what?" "The book? Oh, we prove the book by itself!"

The claim that the Bible is an inspired work must necessarily rest upon the acknowledgment that there is a God to inspire; it must be further proved that such a God could inspire it, and that he did. But unless the existence of God is first proved, the Christian is stopped from further claims. A book cannot be the record of a God's works and teachings unless that God exists to hav a record and to teach. But outside of the book there is no such evidence. In the book, however, it is asserted there is a God, who inspired its writing. The question then turns upon the truth or falsity of the book itself. If it be shown that there is no error in the book, then the Christian can go on with his claims. But if there is an error—only one would be sufficient—then the Bible cannot possibly be the work of an infallible God. Dr. Spear's limitation of the proof of inspiration limits the question to, Is the Bible true? Is it what it purports to be—a record of God's works or of its teaching? Is it infallible? Is it without error in fact or theory? Is it such a rule of faith that he who believes it earns a heaven, or that he who obeys it escapes eternal torture? Is its affirmation of a heaven true? Is its description of hell true? Is it the final true word upon all religious matters? If not, then it could not hav been inspired by a God answering to the description of the Christian. But if God is a most pure spirit, as the Christians claim upon Biblical authority, he could not hav dictated the mass of corruption found in the Old Testament; if he is infinit, he could not hav compressed himself to walk in a garden with a fence around it; if he is perfection itself, he could not hav made an imperfect world; if he is without body or parts, Moses could not hav seen one part of his body; if he is passionless, he could not be angry at his foes; if he is eternal, where was he before the beginning? If he is incomprehensible, how could the writers of the Bible comprehend him sufficiently to describe him? If he is almighty, he could not hav been thwarted in his purpose by an iron wagon; if he is most wise, he would not hav made the mistake of creating a world that he had to drown; if he is most holy, he would never hav commanded the unholy slaughter of whole nations; if he is most free and absolute, the devil could not checkmate him; if he worketh all things for his own glory, he would not let the immense majority of the world liv and die without knowing anything about himself; if he is most loving, he would not hav conducted so many unrighteous wars. If he is gracious, why is he a tyrant? If he is merciful, why did he not show mercy to his enemies? If he is abundant in goodness, why is not every one of his supposed creatures happy? If he hates all sin, why does he permit it to exist? If he is just in his judgments, why let the murderer get to heaven and the good man go to hell? It cannot be that the Bible description of God is true, and therefore, according to Dr. Spear, the Bible cannot be inspired.

But if the Bible errs in its attributes of God, how much more unreliable is it when recording human and historical events! The Bible begins with a mistake, and ends with a statement impossible of verification; and between the first verse of Genesis and the last verse of Revelation there are thirty or forty thousand errors of fact in history, in geology, in astronomy, in chronology, in physiology, in philosophy, in morals, in all sciences and upon all subjects of which it treats. Its figures are wrong, its statements are false, its genealogy absurd, its authors unknown; its heroes men of war and rapine, of lust and brutality; its heroins women who crawl into barns with men, who drive nails into the temples of sleeping enemies, who sit by the roadside to tempt men, and who bear children without known fathers. Can such a mass of corruption be God's holy word? Can divine inspiration for itself be proved by such a book? Dr. Spear will hav to find some other authority than the Bible—if he can.

The Constitution of New York State.

Whatever the voters of this state may think of the various parties asking their votes this fall, or whatever the issues may be between them, there is one important issue that should receive the affirmativ votes of all the electors. That issue is whether a state convention shall be called to devise a better state constitution. The present organic law of this state contains this clause:

"At the general election to be held in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six, and in each twentieth year thereafter, . . . the question, 'Shall there be a convention to revise the constitution, and amend the same?' shall be decided by the electors qualified to vote for members of the legislature; and in case a majority of the electors so qualified, voting at such election, shall decide in favor of a convention for such purpose, the legislature at its next session shall provide by law for the election of delegates to such convention" (Art. 13, Sec. 2).

At the election this autumn the question whether such a convention shall be held is to be determined.

There are several provisions in our present constitution which are in direct conflict with the demands of Liberalism; and there are dozens of laws upon our statute books which ought to be rendered null and void, and their further enactment impossible, by judicious provisions in the organic law. California solved the problem of the separation of church and state by the adoption of a constitution which makes it impossible for the legislature to exempt religious corporations from taxation, or to vote the people's money away in gifts to religious institutions. The question of oaths, also, is settled by the constitution. New York's present constitution exempts ministers from taxation on the first fifteen hundred dollars' worth of real estate. A new constitution should leave this clause out. In fact, at a convention for the revision of the constitution, the whole of the Nine Demands can be rendered operativ by prohibiting clauses being inserted forbidding our legislators to practically unite the state to the church, as they hav done in the past—that is, if the delegates to the convention will listen to their presentation. That they can be induced to do so there is but little doubt.

This will be one of the best ways that can be devised for Freethinkers to accomplish their aims. If the work is done, then it will stay done. But though we should fail in getting all demands granted, some of them may be, and the adoption of even one would be a great victory for justice. It is, therefore, important that the convention be called, and as it will require a majority of all votes cast at the coming election to insure the calling of the convention, every voter should remember to cast a ballot for it.

We are now living under the constitution of 1846. The constitution proposed at the convention of 1867 was rejected by the people with the exception of the judiciary clause, upon which a separate vote was taken. In 1846 ministers and churches were regarded as in some way sacred. Since then public opinion has changed greatly, and it may be possible to deal with them as with any other social factor. In 1846 religious corporations were not the power they now are. They did not then own millions of dollars' worth of real estate, the exemption of which added an almost intolerable burden to the taxation of other property. They were not then the rapacious speculators in land that they hav since become. The people mistakenly regarded them as honest institutions, and exempted their property. A great many people so regard them to-day, but there is a wide difference of opinion on that subject, and a convention will be an excellent place to emphasize that difference, with the chance to make it practical. If, when the work of such a convention is submitted to the people, they hav the opportunity to vote on the question of exempting church property, we hope they will fol-

low the lead of the people of California and Washington Territory, and decline to do it.

"The Truth Seeker" Vindicated.

The Augustinian College at Rome has sent its prior to Ireland, bearing a letter from the pope, begging the Irishmen to contribute funds to build an Irish national church in Rome, to be dedicated to St. Patrick. All the Irish archbishops are warmly supporting the project.

The daily *Northwestern*, of Oshkosh, Wis., calls attention to the fact that the same day these ecclesiastical beggars arrived in Rome, the daily papers of this country contained a long and urgent appeal from the president of the "National League of America" calling upon Irishmen, Irish-Americans, and sympathizers with Ireland to send contributions to the "anti-eviction" fund. The appeal set forth the destitute and starving condition of the Irish tenantry and the horrible results of the enforcement of the eviction laws. Contrasting the mission of the pope's agent to Ireland with the appeal of the "National League," the *Northwestern* says: "With what consistency can the National League of this country and the friends of poor Ireland ask the public to donate to the suffering people of that country, who need all the aid they can get, when the Vatican dispatches a deputation among those for whom aid is asked to beg of them for a building fund to erect an Irish national church at Rome and dedicate it to St. Patrick, or any other saint? It is food and shelter at home, and not national churches at Rome, that the poor of Ireland now most need. If there is spare money in Ireland to build national churches in Rome, there is spare money in Ireland to help the unfortunate tenants threatened with eviction. It is little less than clerical imposition to ask the Irish people to build national churches at Rome, while those same people are calling upon America for help. Let them assist the helpless, and build national churches in Rome afterward."

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 20th we printed a picture upon the same subject. Uncle Sam was pouring money into the hat of the Irish pauper at the front door of his cabin, and that pauper's wife was pouring the money through the back window into the pope's hands. The idea represented by this picture was viciously denounced as false, and one officious blatherskite attempted to "boycott" THE TRUTH SEEKER because of its publication. To be perfectly consistent, the people who objected to the picture ought now to veto the pope's project, by boycotting either him or the begging hat of the "National League of America."

The Wolfish Unity.

There are some Christians who desire a unity of the sects of Christendom. Just what their reasons are for desiring this unity we do not know, unless it be, as some ministers hav put it, to suppress Infidelity. But for that purpose we do not see that they need to further unite, for, fighting as they do among themselvs, they somehow manage to present a solid front to the common enemy. Heber Newton fights his own church, and all the other churches that attempt to meddle with him, but he goes with Talmage and the Catholics when Ingersoll is under consideration. Discordant, dissevered, and belligerent as the church is, she manages to keep blasphemy laws upon most of our state statute books, and heap legal disabilities upon unbelievers. If she can do these things disunited, we tremble at what she would do united. There is, however, a movement in the Anglican church to form a Christian syndicate, and, in furtherance of the scheme, the editor of a Congregational journal of this city wrote to Cardinal Gibbons asking for his views on the subject. His reply is a specimen of religious avariciousness:

"Allow me to say, that I cannot conceive any practical plan for the ecclesiastical union of all who bear the Christian name which does not recognize

"1. Some authority, living and acting, that can definitly say what is or is not divine revealed truth, since upon Christ's revelation his church must be grounded.

"2. The obligation, strict and essential, of receiving in its entirety Chistian revelation, since Christ's work in giving a revelation would be, to say the least, useless, if each individual were left free to accept or reject that revelation, or any part of it, as his whim might dictate.

"3. That since Christ left a revelation he must hav left some authorized interpreter of it; otherwise it would be but a puzzle given to unaided ignorance, something which the 'unlearned and unstable' might 'wrest to their own destruction.'

"4. That since the mission of Christ's church is to 'teach all nations,' 'to observe all things, whatsoever he has commanded,' there must be some teacher teaching in Christ's name, and 'as one having authority,' to guide his people unerringly in the way of truth.

"In the Roman Catholic church of the sixteenth century, when Luther went out from her, these great requisits of Christian unity were found, and they are found as well in the Roman Catholic church of to-day; elsewhere I fail to find them.

"In separation from the see of St. Peter, the center of Catholic unity, I can see only discord. In all this broad land there is no one who longs for truly Christian union more than I do, no one who would labor more earnestly to bring about so happy a result.

"May the father of mercies grant that those 'other sheep,' for whose sake his divine son died, that are not yet of his fold, may speedily come home to it, that henceforth there may be 'one fold and one shepherd.'"

The cardinal is hungry for unity, if he can hav his own kind.

Every Christian must acknowledge some authority, activ and living, as to what is divine truth. That means the Roman Catholic church. No individual can reject any part of Christian revelation, but must accept it in its entirety. That means, accept what the Roman Catholic church teaches without question.

Every Christian must acknowledge the authorized interpreter of the scriptures, obediently and without question. That, again, means the Roman Catholic church.

Acknowledgment must also be made of one teaching in Christ's name, having authority. That means the pope.

In short, when every Christian becomes a Roman Catholic, says the cardinal, then unity will prevail—but not till then. Mr. Gibbons is very modest, but he is truthful. When the two wild beasts lie down together, one of them will be inside of the other. The Roman Catholic church will probably be the outside one.

The Letter to Henry George.

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER feels complimented by the receipt of the following letter:

"PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9, 1886.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I inclose you $5 to help circulate your admirable letter to Henry George in your issue of October 9th. Why not print a lot of slips inserting the advertisment of your paper and distribute them day of election?

"Very respectfully, E. M. DAVIS."

The treatment which our letter has received at the hands of Mr. George is unworthy of a man asking the votes of the people because he is a Reformer, because he is honest, because he is independent, because he stands for progress and for justice to all people. Mr. George's backbone, far from being sufficient to honestly answer the questions asked, is not even adequate to the simple courtesy of acknowledging their receipt. Perhaps, however, the Rev. Father McGlynn, or the Rev. Heber Newton, or Bishop Potter's Episcopalian monk, obtained possession of the letter and tore it up, so that Mr. George is not responsible for the discourtesy.

Editorial Notes.

THE activ Freethinkers in St. Lawrence county, N. Y., should see to it that George Z. Erwin does not get back to the legislature this fall. He is the fellow who pigeon-holed the petition to tax the churches, depriving the Assembly of a chance to vote on the question.

THE *Freeman's Journal* says of the "Holy scapular of Mount Carmel:" "The scapular of our lady lays storms at sea, and protects houses from fire, when other houses are burning around. When for the advantage of the person afflicted, the touch of the scapular, with faith and submission to God's will, cures painful maladies." Humbug!

THE editor of *The World's Advance-Thought* says: "Assuming Jesus to be the Soul-Center of the Unity which embraced Paul's soul we should understand in their literal sense (but giving them a spiritual application) the following words: 'There is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus' (Gal. i, 28)." This is indeed advanced thought!

"IN the school of Jesus and Mary," says a Catholic writer, "ignorance and knowledge hav a meaning very different from that affixed to them in the school of the world." This is very true. In the schools of the world ignorance means ignorance; in the school of Jesus and Mary it means unfamiliarity with the catechism and the other rubbish of Catholicism. In the schools of the world knowledge means knowing something useful; in the schools of Jesus and Mary it means the parrot-like ability to run a rosary and repeat a prayer. In Catholicism only the priests are educated, and they only that they may befool the people. For this reason parochial schools are nurseries of savagery.

WHEN the politicians distribute Herbert Spencer's works as campaign documents it shows that ideas are coming to the front—something unknown in any political campaign since the war closed. Henry George has reprinted the ninth chapter of Spencer's "Social Statics" and flooded the city with it. It is the most unique stump speech that the oldest inhabitant can remember. But how many of his Roman Catholic supporters does Mr. George suppose can understand it?

ON Monday night the benign *Independent* kept a force of eighteen young women compositors working all night to get out that "rat" sheet, and refused to pay them a single cent for the extra work involved. What a spectacle! This advocate of Christian thought and practice commits one of the four sins which cries to heaven for vengeance in defrauding the workers of their wages. It is a curious fact that the religious press in New York, as a unit, pays lower prices for work than any others in the business.—*The Boycotter*.

A CATHOLIC priest of Lawler, near New Hampton, Ia., has from his pulpit ordered a boycott of the New Hampton *Tribune*, because the editor of that paper has, as he puts it been honest enough to express his real opinion upon religious subjects. It is needless to say that the editor is an Infidel. The boycott, however, will not force the editor to keep still, for he announces his intention to read, and write, and print what he pleases. We advise him, in addition, to sue the priest for planning a conspiracy to injure his business. According to the decisions of New York judges, boycotting is a criminal offense.

A CORRESPONDENT, facetiously inclined, indulges himself in this wise: "A recent TRUTH SEEKER speaks of 'the best read man in that part of the state,' which, to one in an athletic mood, suggests that about the best red man in any state, if General Miles's experience counts anything, is Geronimo. The same issue remarks also that 'one swallow does not make a summer,' forgetting, perhaps, that general rules hav their exceptions; for instance, I hav known one swallow, as an initiativ, to make some err, and the some-erring continued until it landed them in an inebriate's untimely grave. Does this call for the chestnut bell?"

PROF. MONIER WILLIAMS, in an address before a Bible society at Oxford recently, said:

"To translate the Veda or the Koran into other languages the Hindoos and Mohammedans consider simply desecration. It is the sound and intonation of the sacred Sanskrit and of the sacred Arabic which is of primary importance and primary efficacy; the sense is merely secondary. Millions and millions who know nothing of Sanskrit are obliged to hear and repeat the Veda in Sanskrit, and millions who are wholly ignorant of Arabic are obliged to hear and repeat the Koran in Arabic. Think of what would happen if no Christian in any part of the world were allowed to hear, read, or repeat his Bible, except in Hebrew or Greek!"

The profcssor is partial. There are millions of English-speaking Christians who never read the Bible, and whose services are conducted in Latin, a language as unintelligible to them as Arabic is to an Irishman. "Think of what would happen if" there were no one on earth to tell the truth but Professor Williams!

THERE livs in Hull, England, a Nonconformist clergyman of the name of Hopper Joplin. General Booth, the Salvation Army leader, is another celebrity of that district. Henry Ward Beecher is also known over there. The Hull *Critic* has been denouncing these three gentlemen, and its editor is now under criminal prosecution for his words. Mr. Hopper Joplin is the complainant, General Booth being at present in Canada. The critic alleges that Booth cares for nothing but money; that Hopper Joplin has "as much religion in his soul as a shark has love for the human species;" and that Beecher is a heretic. The libelous article concludes with this poetical view of the three preachers:

"The devil went out one day
In search of an impious preacher,
And he wasn't very long on his way
Before he collared old Beecher.

Flushed with his grand success,
Satan, the champion 'copper,'
Rushed along in his dusky dress,
And collared old Booth and Hopper."

THE Toronto *World* says that "the clergy of all churches in Canada are more or less politicians," though with one exception they "use a certain reserve in making their opinions known." This exception is the Catholic clergy, of whom the *World* asserts that "the whole class seem imbued with the notion that the votes of Roman Catholics may, with perfect propriety, be exchanged for money received for the church. It is a usual thing," goes on the *World*, "for a parliamentary candidate to make a call on the bishop, offer him his compliments, and leave or send a sum of money, which the reverend gentleman disposes of as he wills. When Sir John and Sir David were distributing with lavish hands grants of land to colonization companies, a bishop repaired to Ottawa and returned home with an allotment. The reverend gentleman had no idea of putting settlers on the land or otherwise earning the grant. He took the property to a broker to be sold, but whether he was successful in getting rid of it history does not say. Another bishop was paid one thousand dollars for writing some letters to Irish journals in praise of Canada. Everybody who knows anything of the inner working of parties is aware that sums of money are constantly paid to clergy of the Roman Catholic church to secure votes, and that the votes are in many cases secured. It is not necessary to believe the story, though strongly asserted, that a local official was appointed on condition that he would pay a certain portion of his salary to the bishop of the diocese, and it is not an unheard-of circumstance for a Catholic to demand office or an increase of salary under a threat of complaining to the bishop!" These are very serious charges to make against the government and the church, but the worst of it is, they are no doubt true.

Letters from Friends.

WELLAND, ONT., Oct. 4, 1886.

FRIEND MAC: I did not expect you would publish my letter, but am glad you did so, as your reply places you before your readers in a clearer light, and not to be misunderstood. I was induced to write you more from what I had heard others say, and perhaps the letters of others on the subject of Anarchy had got a little mixed with editorials. I think the labor is not all lost.

Yours very respectfully, J. RAY.

ALTOONA, ILL., Oct. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I would be glad if I could ask you a question through a column of your paper. The question is this, Can you giv a passage of scripture which tells us that woman has a soul? I deny that she has a soul, and want Bible for proof. In Genesis we read, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." It does not say "woman;" it says "man;" hence it must mean man and not woman. Again, we read that when Adam, the man, was sleeping God took out one of his ribs. "And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman and brought her unto the man." A good job well done with poor material. In that whole chapter there is not even a hint about woman's soul. H. R. KEEL.

LYONS, KAN., Sept. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed a letter from Si Slokum on Prohibition. I do not think as he does on that subject. I hav been in whisky towns, and also in Prohibition ones, and think that Prohibition prohibits. But that is not really the question; it is, If it does prohibit, would it benefit? All of our laws are broken. Now, I am not a fanatic on this subject. I do not believe that whisky does any harm if used in moderation, but I think we can get along without it, and be just as healthy. Now, should we not, as Liberals, wishing to benefit our fellow-men, be willing to giv up this indulgence for the benefit of the thousands that it ruins?

Inclosed find $1.75—$1.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER six months, and 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.

ALBERT J. MILLS.

TRENTON, TEX., Sept. 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, which use as directed.

The Liberals of Texas are jubilant in the hope of soon seeing and hearing W. S. Bell. Remsburg has nobly prepared the way for him, and I sincerely hope his labors will be crowned with success. Although bigotry and superstition hav a strong hold on the masses in many and most sections of my noble state, and they are being vigorously manipulated by the fanatical priesthood so as to retard in every way the advancement of Freethought, yet the light is beginning to dawn, and ere long the rats and bats will hie them to their holes. Cartoons are just the thing to carry thought to many who hav either dared not think or hav not taken the pains to think for themselvs. T. H. MANGUM.

PORTLAND, OR., Sept. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As straws show which way the wind blows, I wish to say for one that I indorse your sentiments on the Anarchists' trial, as editorially expressed. I don't see how anyone can take you to be an Anarchist from them. As good acts seem to be forgotten sooner than bad, that may be the reason why Mr. John Ray forgets your argument against the practicability of Anarchy as against the one that the seven Anarchists tried hav been wrongfully condemned, which to him appears to be a bad view for you to take. I think their conviction and sentence a very unjust one. I am glad there are some who may hav an influence that dare to say so, and giv their reasons why through the newspapers.

I don't wonder the "latitude" question bothers you.

Thought, to be free, must hav no bounds. Giv us more strong editorials, is my request. Success and a long life to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its editor, I say. I am no Anarchist, but like to see justice done. C. W. S.

AXTELL, KAN., Oct. 3, 286.

MR. EDITOR: A week ago our society received the one hundred books and tracts all right. We hav started them out on their missionary work. Each member of our society selected of his personal friends to induce to read, and selected such books to start as would be most apt to start in the right way to effect best results.

Now, in regard to a Liberal life insurance company, I think that the agent can make a living on the road soliciting, and that he would also sell books and take subscriptions for Freethought papers, and, if possible, hold debates at every town. And by a thorough canvass—such as an insurance agent will make—orthodoxy would get a shaking that would last for many a year.

We could say that we are afraid to trust Christians with money we leave to our heirs, and each one insured would be a thorough defender of our principles and a permanent member of our working force all the time. What we need is to organize and to get acquainted; hav it as it used to be in northern Indiana before the war, in regard to the underground railroad. We were known and knew others all along the line, and we knew just whom we could depend upon. When we get acquainted, which can only be by organization, the up-hill work will be done. I think that the $2.50 policy fees and the book sales will pay a man to take a horse and buggy and canvass state after state, and as he goes scatter tracts and offer to debate, and show the world that we mean war. Let us hear from everybody, and let the next Congress adopt a Secular Union Mutual Life Insurance, and if they refuse let THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator* join in it, and if that fails I am in the field for it if THE TRUTH SEEKER will make the start. E. W. MINER, Sec. A. L. U.

P.S.—John Peck is at the head of your contributors; he just suits me. E. W. M.

PORTVILLE, Sept. 16, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 to pay for another year's subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Now, friend Macdonald, I would be glad to say something to you to let you know that I enjoy and appreciate THE TRUTH SEEKER very much in all its departments, but you hav it told you so many times every week that I think sometimes you must get sick of it, so I will do as the old fellow did with his winter-night prayer—you select the best letter from friends you hav received, and I will say, "Them's my sentiments." But, friend Macdonald, I think Brother Jas. B. Gray, in his letter of September 11th, speaks my sentiments, and is situated in some respects similarly to myself. We are nearly alone. But one other copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER comes to this office (Brother Coats's). I hav one thing that is very comforting—my wife and I agree in our skepticism. We hav raised one son and two daughters—the youngest twenty-four years old—and they are all good, intelligent truth seekers. J. L. BROOKS.

WEST UNION, IA., Sept. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Last week the Liberals and a few of the orthodox people of West Union listened to three lectures given by the noted and widely known lecturer Mr. S. P. Putnam. The former listened with untold pleasure. The latter gave repeated grunts and groans of dissatisfaction during the lecture, which greatly annoyed those who attended for the purpose of listening.

West Union is a town consisting of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and out of that fifteen hundred we can boast of six men whom we can recommend as good, sound Liberals. All but one of these were born Infidels. They hav seen the time, as thousands of others hav, when they could not get a book or paper in sympathy with their thoughts. Lucky for them they lived a little after the age of witchcraft and stake-burning. Of the rest of the fifteen hundred, about one-third support nine churches.

Mr. Putnam's lectures were the second series of lectures of that kind ever given here, Mr. Remsburg delivering the first about one year ago. Messrs. Remsburg and Putnam gave more than satisfaction to their few interested listeners. The only fault we can find is, there are so few of us, we cannot afford to listen to them oftener. ELLA N. SMITH.

JASPER, TENN., Oct. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is only recently I became a reader of your valuable paper through the kindness of a friend who let me hav a lot of old issues. I see an article in the issue of May 2, 1885, from J. G. Malcolm; title, "How the Liquor Business Might Be Managed." In it Mr. Malcolm says that prohibitory laws when passed do not prohibit the manufacture or sale of liquors. We admit this to be a fact, but are we to giv up the struggle because we fail of success at the start? The world has had laws against theft and murder for over four thousand years, and yet men steal and kill. Mr. Malcolm thinks the government ought to take control of the manufacture and sale of liquor, and appoint good men to see that it is properly carried on. Upon the same hypothesis, the government ought to take control of the stealing and killing department and employ agents to steal from the people and to kill such citizens as might be troublesome to their neighbors. We think if the government takes charge of the liquor of the country it might at the same time appoint some agent to do the stealing and killing, and I would suggest that a preacher or priest take the position, as from his calling he would be the best judges of who are best prepared to go to kingdom come, or who are best able to be fleeced of their worldly possessions. AMOS L. GRIFFITH.

COLUMBIA RIVER, WASH. TER., Sept. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: A case of religious bigotry and intolerance occurred here on Monday, September 27th.

Mr. John and Mrs. Johannah Andrasen, Liberals and subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER, hav had the misfortune within the last year to lose two of their children. The first died nearly a year ago, and was buried at this place. The other little one died a few days ago in the town of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Andrasen, naturally enough, wished that the two little ones should lie beside each other, and immediately dispatched a friend to this place to make preparation for the funeral, and notify his friends and neighbors that the funeral would take place on Monday, the 27th. Everything seemed satisfactory, and no objection was raised until the party with the coffin arrived, and were slowly wending their way up the hill toward the little graveyard, when Mr. Andrasen was rudely accosted by a certain individual of this neighborhood, who gruffly informed him that he had brought a book to be read upon the occasion; that he had noticed a TRUTH SEEKER book in Mr. Scharnhorst's buggy, and if they were going to hav any Infidel speeches or TRUTH SEEKER book read at the grave, they were going to put a stop to it. Mr. Andrasen quietly but decidedly informed this commercial traveler of the house of St. Peter, Paul & Co. (the city, street, and number of the firm I cannot giv) that he should bury his child in the manner that suited him best. If they did not wish to listen to what was said at the grave, they need not attend the funeral, and if they raised further objections he would postpone the funeral, hav his other child disinterred, and move them both to the grounds of Mr. F. C. Scharnhorst, and bury them there in peace. Mrs. Andrasen was just as resolute as her husband. Finding that they could not intimidate him, they offered no further opposition, and the funeral took place. We hardly thought it possible that such an occurrence could take place in this community, but the preacher has lately worked into this neighborhood, and when the preacher once gains an entrance at the door, common sense, decency, and humanity fly out at the window. This coming from neighbors and supposed friends made it doubly hard for the bereaved to bear.

The little graveyard mentioned is about a mile from the home of Mr. F. C. Scharnhorst, and some time ago, in choosing a spot in the neighborhood as a place for burial purposes, the above-mentioned piece was selected, when Mr. Scharnhorst offered to giv fifty dollars toward it if it was made a free burying-ground, but the preacher came in and wanted it to be the property of the Dutch Reformed church, although there were three distinct classes willing to subscribe for its preparation and maintenance, the Dutch Reformed, the Lutheran, and the Freethinker. Mr. Scharnhorst, upon these conditions being presented to him, refused to hav anything to do with it. FREETHINKER.

HARWICH, MASS., Oct. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to notice that your estimable and talented correspondent, Jeremiah Hacker, occasionally furnishes an interesting article for the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Although he is greatly advanced in years, still he is as able "as in the days of yore" to strike powerful blows against superstition, bigotry, priestcraft, and all other evils practiced by mankind.

I hav before me a copy of *The Pleasure Boat*, published by "J. Hacker, owner, master, and crew," hailing from Portland, Me., and bearing date of 1846. It is divided off into several aparments, and under such headings as "Private Cabin," "Children's Cabin," "Intelligence Office," "Purgatory," etc., appropriate articles are placed.

It contains much matter of a reformatory character, and the productions of Mr. Hacker's pen plainly indicate that the editor in his little *Boat* was doing much at that time as a pioneer opening the way through channels that had long been closed by ignorance, bigotry, priestcraft, and similar abominations for larger craft to pass up into the regions covered with mental darkness, and do good work in diffusing the glorious light of Freethought. He then, as now, was on the side of wronged humanity, and labored for the elevation of the race to a higher plane of thought and action. May he long liv to wield his pen against the errors of mankind, which make countless numbers suffer both physically and mentally in this our world. J. H. PAINE.

CATHLAMET, W. T., Oct. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I come again for a few minutes to tell you of our Wahkiakum Liberals. We (Mr. Albert and I) visited the lower part of the county, and called upon several families, and we are much encouraged with the progress Freethought is making in this county. We visited Mr. O. Nelson, an old subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and were royally entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson are outspoken in their views, and hav a little daughter, whom they are educating without the taint of superstition. Little Ella and her parents visited an orthodox neighbor a short time since, where grace was said at table. On her arrival home, she said to her father, "Papa, whom was Mr. Laurence talking to when he looked at his plate and got no answer?" Rather sensible query for a six-year-old girl.

We also visited Mr. J. P. Nelson, a subscriber of the *Investigator*. Here we spent a pleasant evening. While at Mr. O. Nelson's, a minister called, but found himself in such company that, after telling us he'd enjoy seeing us Infidels burning in hell, he took his leave. He thought it hard when the ladies asked questions about his dear "Lordy," as he called him. Mrs. Nelson asked him why his God didn't get married. I asked if he didn't think God a party to Adam's and Eve's crime in the garden, as he could foresee all things, and put the temptation in their way. He first said Yes; then said he didn't understand the question, and changed the answer to No. He did not just understand the Washington territory law, for he said it was necessary to swear by the holy book here, and was highly indignant when we proved the contrary. He thought he could not do much with us, so took his leave, shouting, "Glory to God!"

Inclosed find fifteen cents, for which please send "John's Way."

Our League has increased to thirty-five members.

MRS. S. F. ALBERT.

LEON, IA., Sept. 25, 286.

MR. EDITOR: About two years ago, we procured the services of John E. Remsburg to deliver three lectures—"Sabbath-Breaking," "Thomas Paine," and "False Claims." Mr. Remsburg is an image-breaker, but ere he is through he makes a strong defense of liberty, the Constitution, and our free schools, which are the basis to work on for a strong government and a higher civilization. About a year later we had Mr. W. F. Jamieson for three lectures. Mr. Jamieson builds better than he thinks, and makes friends and converts wherever he labors. This summer Mr. J. L. Andrew gave us an agreeable surprise by paying us a call, on his trip East. He gave us a short and pointed lecture on "Civilization and Christianity." Mr. Andrew is sarcastic, witty, and makes strong points. He did better than his friends supposed he could. He is a young man of growing timber, and with a few years' experience will make a formidable host within himself against superstition and priestcraft.

Next in order is our good captain, S. P. Putnam, who gave us a lecture on the "Demands of Humanity," on his trip to the far West. He was greeted with a good house. We had secured the hall in advance of the superstition party, and they had to call a halt just in the middle of their meeting for Mr. Putnam, which gave him a good advertisment. He fills the bill of a true orator. He "keeps close to the

grass" down among the human family—among the ones he loves best. On his return trip he gave two ringing lectures, one on "Liberty, Science, and Humanity," the other, "The Glory of Infidelity." The lecture, "The New Heaven and Earth," at the school-house, was attended by a house-full of young men and women, and a few families of representativ Christians. One of our best laborers announced in the county papers that it was the best lecture she cver heard, and she has heard all of our men that hav been here. Mr. Putnam is well earning all the means provided him by the generous Liberal fund. Our only regret was that we could not do more for him. We hav denied our bodily wants to supply food for our minds. JOHN W. LONG.

P.S.—I omitted our lecture of the 11th, by C. Vincent, on "Usury." He makes war on our slave-making financial system, and it is truly a scholarly lecture. J. W. L.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We are constantly admonished, "Don't be a clam." I do not desire to be considered as such, yet by force of circumstances over which I hav no control, I am compelled to liv very much, not "very much like a whale," but very much like a clam in its shell; consequently I hav but little time to circulate to any extent among the few friends I already hav, and but few opportunities to form any new ones, and in this condition of affairs I apply to you and respectfully request that you will kindly permit me sufficient space in your columns to extend my right hand to Mr. John W. Truesdell, of Syracuse, and ask him to "shake."

I do this for the reason that I most heartily indorse every line of his article which appears on page 647 of your last issue (Oct. 9th), and I take the liberty of saying right here that I do not think that you were just either to yourself or to Mr. Truesdell in heading that article, "Sat Upon by Mr. Truesdell;" for I do not think that he or any of your friends has any desire or inclination whatever to assume so undignified—not to say arrogant and contemptible—a posture toward anyone, much less toward you, whom we all esteem for what you hav done in the past, and for what we hope for from you in the future; and we all respect you for your evident desire to "be just and fear no man." We are with you heart, hand, body, and soul to a certain limit, and if you cross that limit we say unto you, not in anger, but in sorrow, "Farewell."

I hav, on several occasions of late, been strongly tempted to send you a letter for publication, but hav refrained, for I hav not a particle of vanity, and wish to avoid notoriety or publicity as one would wish to avoid an evil of any kind; besides which I did not wish—*do* not wish—you to consider me one of those hebitudinous cranks who are possessed of "an insane desire to rush into print," and who always know just how a paper should be run in order to please everybody. The term crank is too heavy a one to be borne by a man of so small a "bore," of such small mental caliber, as myself; so if you do discover herein any indication of mental or moral obliquity, please apply the diminutiv, and let the term be cranklet, not crank; and hoping that you will not mistake the kindly feeling which prompts this brief letter,

I am, BENJAMIN F. CLARK.

WEST UNION, O., Oct. 7, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: Our three days' Liberal camp-meeting closed on Sunday night, October 3d, with a splendid round of hearty applause from an intelligent audience. The lecture that night was "The Glory of Infidelity." No man or woman could hear it without being inspired by the heroic Infidel manhood and womanhood coming down to us as a rich inheritance through the dreary ages of the past, and pointing with glorious hope to the "New Heaven and Earth" of the rapidly coming future. Our orator's long array of Infidel heroes in all departments of human culture and civilization made us proud to bear the splendid name of Infidel, and those not yet in this glorious brotherhood which is working for the betterment of human conditions must hav felt some satisfaction in possessing the moral courage to be present, and giv such respectful, earnest, ladylike and gentlemanlike attention to our noble lecturer. We had "Universal Mental Liberty," and "American Democracy," and "New Heaven and Earth," and "The Church and School of the Future" in the previous lectures of this course, and so, for Friday night, the audience had been pretty thoroughly sifted of weak-kneed Christian stuff that dare not hear the truth without becoming "disgusted" and waltzing out. I read "Ingersoll and Jesus," and this cleared out a few remaining specks of trash and nothingness, and left Mr. Putnam a splendid audience of ladies and gentlemen of more than average intelligence.

The whole camp-meeting was a success. Our Infidel workers showed an increase of enthusiasm by an earnest determination to continue the war, and the people know more about our reformatory purposes than they did before. "American Democracy" must save our land, or else we fall under the cruelest, bloodiest Christian monarchy the world has ever known. If, as a republic, we sink beneath the barbarous cruelty of the church, it will be through contemptible moral cowardice, and because we do not deserve to be freed. May manhood help us to do the right! Mr. Putnam is a splendid specimen of the kind of men we will hav when the "New Heaven and Earth" hav been inaugurated—full of cheerfulness, hope, manly vigor, and an unbounded enthusiasm in the cause of humanity. His dress and manners are unexceptionable, and everything marks him a splendid gentleman of the new era of man, and heaven on earth. If you want a glorious old time, and a shaking up of the dry bones of orthodoxy, send for Putnam.

The orthodox churches are more bitter against us than they were last year. The preachers hold the dupes of superstition with a rigid grasp. Constant services in their God-houses prevailed during our meetings, and the cowardly priests refused fair and honorable discussion with Mr. Putnam. They are holding on with a kind of a death-grip, but when that breaks—then, oh, then! Their desperation is encouraging. It shows that they feel a sense of their danger. A structure resting on stupid ignorance only cannot much longer survive in this scientific and humanitarian age.

We had several additions to our Secular Society, and resolved to join the American Secular Union.

J. F. BEOK, secretary.

AN OPEN LETTER TO HELEN WILMANS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1886.

DEAR MADAM: I hav just received your last *Woman's World*. You seem to hav entered upon a new world, one of which I cannot approve. I am sorry you hav left the realm of good (not God), as I regard it—woman's independence and individuality—for the realm of that shadow of shadows, metaphysics.

You may send my paper to some one who will appreciate your ideas; I cannot. And here I might stop, but I want to tell you that, while I recognize your right to publish your ideas, to enter upon any line of thought you believe to be true and applicable to the good of humanity, I believe you are following an *ignis fatuus* that is leading you away from solid ground, where you are needed so much; following one phase of that false philosophy which has filled the world with woe, by demanding faith and obedience and discouraging investigation; originating as a simple duality in nature by our savage ancestor as the only conceivable answer to the phenomena of sleep and dreams, of shadows, reflections, and echoes. First organized as fetichism, it has become, by countless ages of worship, a faculty of belief in our nature, and, though its blossoms at times are beautiful, it has proved itself a deadly nightshade.

Religion has been the curse of the world, and now, just as the people are catching glimpses of the pure sunlight of reason, every emancipated soul should assist in removing this noxious weed. Why cumbereth it the ground? Only as a hlding-place for the bats and owls of superstition. Away with them all, until every benighted soul shall feel the inspiring rays of the bright light of the morning.

Why was I surprised and grieved when Mrs. Wilmans, in her last paper, had no word of rebuke or protest at the gigantic crime perpetrated in her city in the name of law? Why, indeed, when she says: "Metaphysics, or mental science, denies not only the power of evil, but its very existence. It says, 'Good reigns supreme. Good (or God) fills all space, and therefore there is no room for anything else.' What, then, is evil? Simply a dream of what might be if good did not fill all space, and render the existence of evil impossible."

Why should she bother herself about something that does not exist? The poor souls of Chicago that are crying for bread might just as well be given a stone. It's all a mistake; they are not hungry. "The metaphysician denies the evidence of the senses." "It is simply impossible, then, that sin, sickness, and death should exist. Can God be sick?" And again: "All is of God, and evil is an impossibility. Why do I hav this disease? I do not hav it. It is impossible that I should be diseased. Is God diseased?"

Logic forever!
That beats my grandmother, and she was clever!

O absurdity! thy name is metaphysics!

Throw (meta)physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.

Yours sorrowfully, A. L. BALLOU.

BENWOOD, W. VA., Sept. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith inclose $2, for which please giv me credit on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

THE TRUTH SEEKER of this date is at hand, and the illustration on the first page is a very appropriate one. It illustrates a truth the importance of which most people do not realize and appreciate as fully as they should in criticising works of art and objects in nature. Beauty or its opposit is, for the most part, in the eye of the beholder, and, as it reads at the bottom of the illustration, "Dirty minds see dirty images."

No two minds see things just alike, nor does even the same mind see things just alike at different times or in different moods. In short, each one sees according to the scope and character of his mental vision, and that forms the standard by which he is apt to judge of what he sees around and about him.

Mr. Heston is "away up" in pictures, and I hav enjoyed many a laugh over the more comical ones of his production. I want to see the pictures continued, though I hope your artist will not be too hard on the Christians, for the sake of those among them who may be sincere in their belief. I hav no doubt it wounds the feelings of the more pious ones to hav their religion caricatured as is done in some of THE TRUTH SEEKER illustrations. While I am well aware that those Christians who respect the rights and feelings of Liberals are few and far between, yet I believe it is better to do unto them as we would be done by than to do unto them as they do by us.

Why cannot some of the many isolated Liberals, such, for instance, as Miss Gibson mentions in her letter, come together and form coöperativ colonies or societies to engage in farming, or manufacturing, or both? There might be one or more of such coöperativ associations formed in each state in the Union, which, if properly conducted, would secure to each member the full fruits of his labor and enable him to purchase everything he wants at nearly first cost, besides affording the social advantage desired by isolated Liberals.

There is room in the virgin forests of West Virginia for colonists and home-seekers, and good land can be had cheap, so I would advise such Liberals as may be seeking homes and who do not wish to emigrate to the far West, to form a coöperativ colony and come to West Virginia. There are some coöperativ colonies being formed in this state now which promis to be successful; none of them, however, as far as I know, are composed of Liberals.

CHARLES BURSEE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot longer withhold my appreciation of the stand you take regarding Freethought in general and the popular mad cry against Anarchists in particular. It is sad to reflect that among Infidels and so-called Freethinkers and Liberals so much illiberality is found, as many articles from your correspondents prove. One cannot be much of a Liberal who wants to forbid to another man the right to speak and proclaim his opinion. Mr. Malcolm and others will do well to read the Declaration of Independence: "That to secure these rights [life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness] governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructiv of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

The Constitution of the United States says that "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech; or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." This article is really of no effect at all, except for Knownothingdom to vaunt this so-called "free country," because to the contrary thereof any state in the Union can and does act as it pleases.

If after the word, "Congress," "or any state" were inserted, "shall make no laws," then freedom granted might be enforced, but as now, it is of little value. I am an independent reader and observer of newspapers, and can read between the lines, make allowances for the popular prejudices to which they cater, and then form my own opinion. I hav found that the lower, poorer class, whenever discontented, is by the police—the tools of wealth—forbidden to assemble publicly—as if the public places were owned by the police. If the people persist in assembling to peaceably discuss their grievances, then the police command them to disperse, and if not obeyed will club them. The police were the aggressors years ago in Tompkins square, and lately in Chicago and Milwaukee; the police were the rioters really. Without the least cause or provocation, and to the contrary of the freedom to assemble granted by the Constitution of the United States, they clubbed and drove the people away.

We ought to be thankful that some courageous men are found willing to assert their rights and remonstrate even at the sacrifice of their lives against such injustice and against such laws.

I am simply a Freethinker; belong to no associations of any kind; hav had to labor all my life; and saved by abstaining from the use of tobacco and liquors enough to keep my old age in peace, and free from want. Therefore in what I may say or write I can hav no personal interest.

We hav such a mass of nonsensical laws of all kinds (for an example read "Marriage and Divorce Laws," page 154 in the *World's* Almanac, 1886, as a part of them only) that I do not wonder that we hav Anarchists. I do not think that we could be much worse off without any laws at all than we are at present. All the laws now, with the exception of a few established only lately, are for the protection of the wealthy and educated class, and of monopolists and banks, and against the poorer class, who really need protection the most. This state of affairs becomes more and more known to the downtrodden laboring class, and they organize into Knights of Labor, Socialists, Communists, Nihilists, and Anarchists for the purpose of a change in our society, laws, and customs. The organization known as the Knights of Labor is an intolerant tyrant, and professes to be an enemy to Socialism, but slavishly submits to the behest of the church. What good can come of it?

Then, we hav excited disputations about Prohibition. Now, I do not comprehend how any Liberal, less a Freethinker, can vote for that party. Just read its platform of 1884, in which it acknowledges "almighty God as the rightful sovereign of all men, from whom the just powers of the government are derived, and to whose laws human enactments should conform as an absolute condition of peace, prosperity, and happiness." Right to the contrary of the Declaration of our Independence.

Our greatest evils might be rectified in a comparativly short time without any great evolution, much less revolution, in this land, by and with the ballot. The laboring and middle classes constitute the great majority of the people; let them establish a progressiv income tax, the most just tax of any. It will exempt the poor, and will bear only on the rich well able to pay. I would hav it like this: an increase of one per cent with every thousand dollars income, $990 to be exempt; $1,000 to pay tax $10; $2,000 to pay $20 plus $10, equaling $30; $3,000 to pay $30 plus $30, equaling $60; $4,000 to pay $40 plus $60, equaling $100; and so on up to ninety or ninety-five per cent of the incomes. The more one should hav to pay, the better able he would be to pay. Besides this tax, hav a ground tax, cultivated land to pay no more than the wild, uncultivated land next to it. So lots in cities should be taxed only; no building or improvements of any kind should be taxed in city or country. These two taxes would in time equalize our wealth, stop speculation in land, stimulate building and all kinds of improvements, bring down rents, and increase the food supply. What prejudice against these two taxes could operate the majority of the people I am not able to see. Let the leaders of the several organizations unite on these taxes, and they will sooner reach their aim than separated as they now are.

FRED. KOEZLY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Life's Sunny Side.

What—you are dull to-day?
In a sad mull to-day!
Up and be social and stirring, I pray,
Why so lugubrious?
Take a salubrious
Walk, and we'll talk, for I've something to say.

Verily, verily,
Things will go merrily
When you are merry and brave.
But if not cheerfully
Tempered, but tearfully,
Life is a tyrant, and you are its slave.

If you go wilfully,
However skilfully
Nursing your moods and your delicate whims,
Life will be dumb to you,
All things will come to you
Touched by a shadow that saddens and dims.

Life has two sides to it,
Take the best guides to it,
Look at the best and the brightest, my friend.
Be a philosopher,
Don't look so cross over
Matters you never can alter or mend.

Look not so dismally
Down the abysmally
Dark—hanging over the precipice brink.
Worst of all bias is
Hypochondriasis—
Sunshine is healthier than shadow, I think.

If you would drive away
Gloom, and would hive away
Honey-like peace in your innermost cell,
Work—like the humble bee,
Soft let your grumble be;
Burn your own smoke, and the world will go well.

—*C. P. Cranch, in Youth's Companion.*

The Little Smiths.

There are five of them—Freddie, Lottie, Katie, Dan, and baby Edith. They are bright little children, and smart as whips, every one of them. They liv at Buzzard's Bay, and are as healthy and handsome as good, strong constitutions, the sun, and wholesome food and good air can make them. Fred and Dan hav little gardens of their own, and they raise beans, corn, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, and potatoes. Dan is not more than seven or eight years old, and Fred may be about twelve. Lottie is nine, I think, and Katie is five, and baby Edith is, may be, two and a half. They go to school, all but the baby, and are quick to learn. They all can work, and it is very amusing to see even little Edith trying to clear up the table after meal time, and begging—the little tot!—to wipe the dishes.

Fred has to go some distance to school, so he takes a lunch along and does not come home till the close of the afternoon session. He is very honorable, is Fred, and when eating his lunch in his aunt's garden in the summer-time, and the boys come and tease him to get them some of his aunt's grapes or pears, he will look at them indignantly, and say, "Do you suppose I'm going to steal!" "Oh, she never'll know," the boys say. "But I shall know, and I don't want any such trouble on my conscience."

Each little Smith has his own place for his own things, and neither one would think it at all right to meddle with the others' belongings without leave, even if they are brothers and sisters.

Don't they hav any faults? you ask.

Of course they do; they are not perfect children, by any means. They cry and kick and get cross, at times, just like other boys and girls. They are roguish, too. Fred is quite a naturalist, and likes to dissect frogs and fishes after they are dead. He has a great curiosity to inspect bugs, birds, and beetles, but he was never known to rob a nest or hurt a bird.

I'll tell you what he did once, not long ago. He collected a lot of living crickets, and deposited them in his sister Lottie's bed-room. Well, after she went to bed, one night, she began to cry: "Mamma! mamma! Oh, dear! oh, dear! I can't go to sleep!" Her mother went to her room—and no wonder she couldn't sleep! It was "C-r-e-e-k! c-r-e-e-k! c-r-e-e-k!" on the right and on the left, under the bed and over the bed, under the chairs, under the stand, everywhere! The room seemed full of crickets, and every one pouring forth his shrieks to the best of his ability. It was "Chirp, chirp! crick, crick, crick!" and you never heard such an uproar of crickets in all your life. The whole family came to the room, and if there had been very near neighbors, they would hav come, too.

"Who has done this?" inquired the mamma Smith.

Fred, the culprit, stood by laughing.

"Why, don't you like it? I do," he said. "I think it is fun."

"You might hav put them in your own room, then," sobbed Lottie.

Of course there was hunting for crickets, but it was more than one day before all of the crickets were dislodged.

Of course it was naughty in Fred, not to collect so many crickets, but, after he had collected them, to put them in Lottie's room to annoy her and keep her awake. I don't think Dan is quite so roguish, but he will learn to be, probably, as he grows older. He studies hard in school, and has great pride in always keeping at the head of his class.

Well, they are bright children, and some time when I hav more leisure I will tell you more of the little Smiths. S. H. W.

The Beginning.

"Giv me a half-penny, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll giv you threepence." That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or threepence?"

"Threepence," was the answer, and the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six halfpence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You hav taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and giv his threepenee back, and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honorable man. —*Morning Star.*

Fables for the Times.

A Crow with a morsel of cheese in her beak was accosted by a hungry Fox, who begged her to sing, remarking that a beautiful voice must accompany so fair a form. The vain bird at once dropped the cheese and the Fox hastened to seize it. But alas! it was Limburger, and one smell overcame the thief, whose dying agonies were hightened by the Crow's executing "In the Gloaming."

Moral: This little Fable shows that the innocent often develop surprising strength in unexpected quarters.

THE TWO DOGS.

Two dogs one day went lion hunting, one of them being a smart dog with a classical education and the other being very ignorant and unsophisticated. Pretty soon they struck the track of a Lion, and the educated Dog started off in the direction of the royal beast, while his ignorant companion, making an absurd mistake, took the back track and started off in the opposit direction. In a few minutes the educated Dog was serving as an inanimate free lunch for an enormous Lion, while the ignorant Dog escaped unhurt.

Moral: This Fable teaches that classical lore should be plentifully sprinkled with practical knowledge.—*Life.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CONUNDRUM.

What *blazing letter* forms a word
That names a kind of wading bird?
J. K. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, OCT. 9, 1886.

1.–Hereditament. 2.–Black hair (black hare), ebon eyes (ebon I's), Roman nose (non's, *i. e.*, Latin, *noes*), rosy lips (rose ellipse), ribbon (rib on cape), ears (of corn), elbows (L bows), hands (of a clock), plaits in her waist (plates), bone (equator), pannier (pan nigh her), apron (a pun, a play on words), a train (of cars), furbelows (fur bellows), instep (step to hotel), feet (twelve inches), ladies' slippers. 3.–In order to be wise be content to learn.

Correspondence.

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., Oct. 3, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Encouraged at seeing my first letter in print, I will try to write a second. I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is improving all the time. It arrives here on Saturday or Sunday, and we all hav a hearty laugh at Watson Heston's work on the first and last pages. There is a minister in Manhattan, Kan., where my two sisters are attending college, who says nothing that is ridiculed can stand long. Christianity surely will fall then.

S. P. Putnam paid Valley Falls a visit and delivered four lectures in the latter part of August—three at the Opera House at night, and one at the park in the afternoon. We attended them all but the one in the park. It rained and we could not go. We were very well pleased with his lectures and hope he will come again. Papa and mamma purchased his picture and his pamphlet entitled "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" and other Agnostic poems. I think it is as good poetry as I ever read. We hav read his books entitled "Golden Throne" and "Waifs and Wanderings," and think them very interesting. Papa bought Ingersoll's forty-three lectures complete. I hav started to read it through, and think it is the best book I ever read. I think it would do a person more real good to read one of Ingersoll's lectures than to read the filthy old Bible through. I started to read it through once, but didn't get very far until I decided that it was too silly to spend any time on. The board of this district hav hired a religious school-teacher again this winter, and I am very sorry. Their senseless prayers to an invisible deity of whose existence no one knows make me sick. My studies are history, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and spelling. History is my favorit study. I will inclose my card. Wishing you every happiness, I remain,

Yours truly, E. HORTENSIA HARMAN.

[Thanks for the above interesting letter, and the accompanying pretty card. We hope to hear from Hortensia again.—ED. C.C.]

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Parson Joe and the Judgment Day.

Parson Joseph was black, but he had a good knack
Of preaching to converts and sinners;
He'd shout and they'd sing and make the walls ring,
And forget to go home to their dinners.

Year after year Joe kept them in fear
Of customs unrighteous and evil;
Said, "Brudders, all mind, and sistern, be kind;
Or you'll go to the home of the debil."

Parson Joseph one day heard an old brother say
Opposition had sprung up in preaching—
That a stranger had come the neighbors among,
And a new gospel doctrin was teaching.

"Adventism" he taught; Joe's followers caught
In their minds new tidings of Gabriel,
And believed he'd soon blow to let the world know
Earth's fixtures were growing unstable.

When Sabbath day shone Joe stood quite alone
In his church all deserted and dreary,
For his flock looked in vain till closing time came,
Then retired down-hearted and weary.

The stranger's new call drew his followers all
Away from their ancient profession;
Joe took it all in and thought it a sin
To relinquish the right of possession.

He was shrewd to the core, his age was threescore,
He had learned human nature is freaky—
Seeks changes to make and friends will forsake
As do rats an old ship that is leaky.

"I'll hab 'em all back as sure as I'm black,"
Said Joe to a near faithful neighbor;
"I'll try dis queer preachin' and new-fangled teachin',
Den go on undisturbed in my labor."

Next Sabbath Joe went to hear the Advent—
Prostrated himself in devotion;
His people all shouted to see how he scouted
Old things for the new gospel notion.

Converted anew, Joe's followers flew
To his old place of worship to hear him;
His opponent in terror pronounced him in error,
Refusing to hear or go near him.

In fierce opposition and crude superstition
For members they long did compete;
Both strove hard to show that soon Gabriel would blow
And leave sinners out in the heat.

But Joseph could see that a prophet to be
Would giv him high standing and prestige,
So he told it around when Gabriel would sound
And got in ahead with the message.

Said he: "In September—now, friends, all remember—
The twentieth about, I should say,
In de clouds of de sky de Lord you'll espy
Comin' down to de great judgment day.

Now let us prepare white garments to wear,
And go forth to meet the bridegroom;
We'll all go together be it good or bad weather;
I thinks he'll come down about noon."

White robes were prepared, but their feet were all bared
To giv them a lighter ascension;
They met on a hillside where grass it had dried
To enjoy Parson Joseph's invention.

In vain did they wait in uncertain state
Of mind, for no Gabriel appeared;
And, as time had grown cheap, they all fell asleep,
So remained until evening had neared.

But boys were on hand, and with quick firebrand
Encircled the hillside with fire,
Expecting to see the whole company flee
And take a position much higher.

Outside of the crowd Joe, snoring aloud,
Was wrapped in profoundest repose,
As the slow-creeping fire climbed higher and higher
And crackled between his bare toes.

At the first twinge of heat Joe sprang to his feet,
And, seeing the grass all aglow,
Thought Satan the sneak had caught them asleep
And sent them to regions below.

He shouted aloud to his sleep-loving crowd,
"Say, niggers, awake! don't you know
Dat Satan has caught us? New preachin' has brought us
Just where I expected you'd go."

Then bounding through smoke, Joe instantly broke
Away from the sable ascenders,
And seeing the game when clear of the flame,
Never mingled again with pretenders.

WILLIAM ERECKSON.

Stray Scraps.

John O'Mally, of Dallas county, Iowa, is one hundred and twelve years old, has chewed tobacco and smoked since he was a boy, takes a nip of old Kentucky when he feels like it, and says he never recited more than three verses at a time in Sunday-school, and did not go to sea as a cabin-boy.—*Boston Globe.*

Mrs. Mary Hayes Gilbert, says the Boston *Globe*, of Gloucester, Mass., celebrated her one-hundredth birthday September 8th. She retains all her faculties, with a remarkable memory of events. She is only a little hard of hearing. She is a devout Christian, of the Unitarian order. It is not stated whether she used tobacco, took a nip of old Kentucky, snuff, or other stimulants or sedatives, but it is recorded that she repeated the "Cradle Hymn" learned at the tender age of five years. It is presumable that the long life of John O'Mally is attributable to smoking and spirits, while Mrs. Gilbert's is to be set down to total abstinence from these stimulants. Consistency, thou art a jewel!

Rev. Geo. O. Barnes, the mountain evangelist of Kentucky, says that he has made his trip around the world, with his wife, son, and two daughters, entirely on faith. He had no plan when he set out but to preach—no invitations from abroad, no promises of support, no acquaintances, even, in the countries he visited. Yet he made the journey and wanted for nothing!—*Cleveland Plaindealer.* A regular deadbeat of the first water, possessed of the effrontery to brag over it, and call it "faith!" An ecclesiastical tramp, with his family included, who had they been Infidels would probably hav turned up in the lock-up! But because he was good at begging and tramped like his Lord and master he is a citizen of good repute, a Christian gentleman, and a practical believer in the faith doctrin. Hurrah for Christian tramps!

A threatening storm cloud alarmed the worshipers at a colored camp-meeting at Green Camp, O., one Sunday, and in their hurry to get away thirty-two buggies were totally wrecked. And yet the preacher was then exhorting his hearers: "Beloved bredren, hav faith in God, trust in God; his tender mercies are over all his works." But, you see, friends, none of them believed it. And yet these Christians curse us heretics because we say it is all a farce; but when emergencies arise how practically they prove the truth of our belief and the falsity of their own!

ELLA E. GIBSON.

Obituary.

DIED.—In New Milford township, Pa., Sept. 29, 1886, Mrs. Olive Grinnell, aged about 59 years.

This brave woman who has just gone to her rest was mourned by the little band of Liberals here with true sorrow. As mother, wife, and steadfast friend, her place will not easily be filled. Coming from the humble walks of life, she knew how to pity the outcast and suffering. No waif, made homeless by circumstances, was turned away from her fireside, and no appeals for help from the destitute were unregarded. A seeker after truth, to find it was to accept it. She questioned not of the future life. This world was all that concerned her, and to do her work well in this life was her only desire.

Few women are so worthy of imitation as this fearless one just departed. With few advantages in early life, she worked her way, alone, out of the thraldom of the church, into the broad, clear light of the religion of humanity, allowing neither popularity, honors, nor friendship to interfere with her convictions of right and truth. And when called to solve the problem of a future existence, she approached the silent shore with firmness and resignation, murmuring not at the inevitable, for death, at the worst, was to her but a sweet, unbroken rest. And, so sustained, she died

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

With beautiful consistency, which makes her memory doubly dear to us, she requested that no orthodox services should be rendered at her funeral. So, in accordance with her request, appropriate ceremonies were conducted by Joshua Burrows, of Gibson, Pa. Oh, if the timid and weak in our ranks would only dare to follow the example of this courageous sister, and positivly forbid at their funerals the orthodox mummery which, in life, they laughed at and heartily despised!

Large numbers came from the surrounding country to look for the last time on the face of one who had so often served them in times of sorrow. "She was to me a mother," came from many a trembling lip. But all was over at last, and we laid her tenderly to rest in her lonely, narrow bed.

A sadness deep is ours, and tears will start,
That one we loved has fallen by the way.
We ill could spare her, for so few stand forth,
As she, for truth, and courage grand display.

Scorned by the bigot, that in reason's light
She stood arrayed, from superstition free;
Hoping beyond for neither bliss nor pain;
This life well spent, her immortality.

As she drew near the mystic, silent sea,
"I am so weary, let me go," she said.
"Hang up my shield and buckler; I hav done
My work. I greet the unknown without dread."

And so we laid her quietly to rest
Where wild flowers bloom, 'mid song of bird and bee,
When autumn's radiance down the hillside streamed,
And all who stood there said, "'Tis well with thee!"

MRS. D. L. BURROWS.

Gibson, Pa., Oct. 10, 1886.

The American Institute Fair.

The fifty-fifth exhibition of the American Institute was opened Sept. 29th by an address from William Rutter, Esq., of the board of trustees. Ample as the grounds of the Institute are, occupying the entire block from Sixty-third to Sixty-fourth street, and from Second to Third avenues, they are inadequate to accommodate one-half the applications for space. Every accommodation is afforded by the trustees for refreshments inside the building, so that parties spending the day in the building will not be under the necessity of going out. Open evenings until 10 P.M.; music afternoon and evening. Persons coming to New York and going away without visiting the Institute will miss one of the most useful and instructiv places of resort in the city. We trust the time is not far distant when prejudice shall yield to popular opinion and the fair be opened Sundays for the benefit of the mechanics, the real authors of the industrial works, benefiting the Institute to detriment of the rum-shops.

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The Apostle of Liberty. An address delivered in Paine Hall, before the N. E. Freethinkers' Convention, January 29, 1884. Price 10 cents.

News of the Week.

BURNHAM WARDWELL, the prison reformer, died Oct. 3d, aged 68.

LUCY PARSONS, wife of Albert Parsons, the condemned Anarchist, lectured in New York last Sunday. She had an audience estimated at 1,000.

CHARLESTON, S. C., had another sharp shock of earthquake on the 15th. Doors and windows rattled and some plastering fell, but no serious damage was done.

THE strike among the employees of Armour, the Chicago pork packer, ended last Monday in a failure, the men going back to work at the ten hour day.

M. DE LESSEPS, the noted French civil engineer, will be present at the unveiling of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York harbor, Oct. 28th.

HENRY GEORGE lectured last Sunday on "Moses." He held that the Mosaic law was the most beneficent of statutes, and that Moses was an able political economist.

WM. K. VANDERBILT has just launched at Wilmington, Del., a half-million dollar steam pleasure yacht. Her dimensions are: Length, 285 ft.; beam, 32 ft.; depth, 21 ft.; displacement, 1,300 tons.

THROUGH the rascality of John B. Mannix, the defaulting assignee of the defaulting Archbishop Purcell, ex-Gov. George Hoadly, of Ohio, a Freethinker, will lose $54,000 as one of Mannix's bondsmen.

THE Rev. B. F. Bowen, preacher, temperance exhorter, and former right-hand man of Francis Murphy, was sent to the workhouse at Cleveland, O., last week, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

AT the Episcopal church convention at Chicago last week the proposition to change the name of that church to the American Catholic church was seriously discussed. After a hard fight it was defeated.

THE proprietors of the New York *Sun* hav just paid a bill of $500 against the Grant family for undertaker's services in embalming the body of General Grant. The general's family repudiated the debt before it was paid, but now offer to reimburse the *Sun*.

THE Brooklyn Presbytery, having found the Rev. Mr. Staunton guilty of ministerial conduct toward a woman not his wife, has now forgiven him. He will not be expelled from the ministry, nor even temporarily suspended, and endeavors will be made to induce Mrs. Staunton to take him back.

THE Knights of Labor are in convention at Richmond, Va. Last Sunday many of them took advantage of the occasion to listen to the Rev. John Jasper, D.D., the distinguished colored divine, who holds, with the scripture, that "the sun do move." General Master Workman Powderly attended St. Joseph's Catholic church.

THE town of Sabine Pass, Tex., was nearly washed away by a tremendous storm on the 13th. The town is near the mouth of the Sabine river, and was overwhelmed with great waves that drowned people by the scores. It is thought that the death roll will reach two hundred. Great suffering prevails, and relief is asked for.

JANITOR TITUS, of the Methodist Institute at Hackettstown, N. J., has been found guilty of murdering and outraging Tillie Smith, the kitchen-maid. There is doubt about the justice of the verdict, and it is probable that Titus will hav a new trial. He is said to be a very religious man, and spends his time in jail poring over the Bible.

THE political situation in New York is interesting. The Labor party hav nominated Henry George for mayor; Tammany Hall and the County Democracy hav united on Abram Hewitt as a candidate for that office, and the Republicans hav put Theodore Roosevelt in the field. All the candidates hav free trade tendencies. The Irving Hall Democracy will support Henry George. The campaign is a lively one.

THE charge against Monsignor Capel, the eminent Catholic priest and lecturer, is that he is living with another man's wife on a ranche in California. He claims that his relations with the woman are merely those of tutor to her son, whose education he has taken in charge. The woman is a wealthy Catholic who has quarreled with her husband, and the general belief is that Capel is after her money for either himself or the church.

Odds and Ends.

MOTHER: "And do you think the good Lord will look out for my son, who is on the vasty deep?" Parson: "Pardon me, Mrs. Harper, I never talk shop outside of the church."

THEY call it a romantic marriage in Minnesota when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father into a back room and sit on him to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.

"AURELIA, darling." "Yes, Arthur." "You know we are soon to be married." "Yes." "And we should learn to be economical in small things." "Yes." "Hadn't you better turn down the gas?"

A FREE fight occurred in the vestry of one of our churches the other night. A copy of Burton's edition of the "Arabian Nights" got into the Sunday-school library, and each of the four deacons wanted to take it home first.

NO St. Paul relics for him: "Hav you heard of that interesting case down East of a woman who was cured of paralysis by the miraculous power of a relic of St. Paul?" "Yes, I hav; but I'm from Minneapolis, and I wouldn't touch a relic of St. Paul with a ten-foot pole."

HE was riding in the suburbs with his best girl, and they passed a stable in the door of which stood a couple of calves. "See," said the young lady, "those two cute little cowlets." "Those are not cowlets, Araminta; they are bullets." And the procession moved rapidly away.

A PHILADELPHIA religious weekly informs its readers that Noah's wife was turned into a pillar of salt. If its readers are not aware of the fact that Methuselah was thrown into the lion's den, and Adam was swallowed by the whale, it should lose no time in imparting the information.

"WHAT pretty children you hav," said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Ah, my little dear," said he, as he took a girl of five up into his lap, "are you the oldest of the family?" "No, ma'am," responded the little miss, with the usual accuracy of childhood, "my pa's older'n me."

A WESTERN editor, in referring to an esteemed contemporary, says: "His slanderous soul is imbued with the electric fire of hell; his black heart emits sulphurous fumes, till his whole nature is absorbed in one homogeneous mass of hellishness." There's brilliant and varied talent for you, showing that the true journalist is born, not made. A man might attend the Yale College school of journalism two hundred and fifty years and not learn to write that way!

"YES, the Lord has sorter seemed to smile on me this year," said the deacon as he stuck the corn-cutter into the fence. "A big apple crop—heaps of 'taters—fine yield of wheat and oats—big hay crop, and corn A No. 1. Yes, I feel as if I had been blessed." Just then the deacon's boy came from the house and whispered something in the old man's ear. "Two dollars for a pair of shoes!" shouted the deacon as he raised his head. "You tell your mother she can't hav no two-dollar shoes. We'll be lucky if we git through the coming winter without having to sell the hosses to buy meat and flour."

"YOU'LL be glad to hear, John," said a farmer to his shepherd one day, "that the University of St. Andrew's has made our minister a doctor." "I am naeways surprised at that," said the shepherd. "Mair than twenty years syne he cured my wife o' colic. I think he should hae been made a doctor long syne."

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Truth's day has dawned, yet the darkness
Broods over Boonton like night,
And the power of using their reason
From the people has taken its flight.

I see the light of a badge-pin
Gleaming o'er Jersey's dark vales,
And Reynolds the tales of the Bible
For the people tries to unveil.

But a feeling of venomous fury,
Strangely akin to the form,
But resembling madness only
As the blizzard resembles the storm,

Comes as he reads them a story,
A simple and innocent lie,
Such as soothes the restless feelings
Of a child in the nursery.

Not from the grand master liar,
Munchausen, so absurdly sublime,
But foolish, unbelievable nonsense,
Was the story he read them that time.

They'd believed the tale since their childhood,
Of Adam, and what that nap cost,
And of all the genius for mischief
Contained in the rib that he lost.

Like a new tale the old one he told them,
And some fun of it tried to suggest;
But they called him a wicked blasphemer,
And howled for his speedy arrest.

Kindly he told them how foolish
'Twas believing those tales without doubt,
And as showers from clouds of summer,
The brickbats flew wildly about.

They bore him away through the long street,
Feeling not quite at his ease,
For the air was full of strange noises,
To Toothache, the Justice of Peace.

They repeated the tale as he told it,
Which unquestioning they must receive,
And it struck them just like conviction,
'Twas terribly hard to believe.

For stirring up thought in the people
Old Toothache a fine did collect,
And loaned to the justice of Jersey
What he had of a small intellect.

A Catholic ruction was raging,
The Methodists kneeling to pray;
Then they pulled down the tent like Arabs
And swore that he should not stay.

Lawsen, Col. R. C. BREWSTER.

Gems of Thought.

BLESSED be the memory of the man who honestly and faithfully performs what he agrees.—*D. M. Bennett.*

FOR many weeks, when the snow was on the ground, Mrs. Carlyle could not stir beyond the garden, or even beyond her door. She had no great thoughts, as Carlyle had, to occupy her with the administration of the universe. He had deranged the faith in which she had been brought up, but he had not inoculated her with his own: and a dull gloom, sinking at last almost to apathy, fell upon her spirits. She fought against it, like a brave woman as she was. Carlyle's own views of the prospects of men in this world were not brilliant.—*Froude's Life of Carlyle.*

WAS Emerson's perception of the absurdity of any supernatural claim for Christianity as much an affair of reasoning with him as an affair of humor? He saw the incongruity of this toy-house theory with the general make of things. I hav often wondered how any man with a particle of humor in him could look up at the stars and still believe the doctrins of the Christian supernaturalism. Isolate any object, said Emerson, a turnip or an umbrella, from the connection of things, and it becomes at once ridiculous. It is as true of a religion as of a turnip; as true of Jesus as of an umbrella. "The soul knows no persons." The deification of Jesus is the grand historic testimony to the manner of man's thoughts toward God.—*John W. Chadwick.*

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time after he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You hav been idle since I saw you last!" "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I hav retouched this part and polished that; I hav softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I hav given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."—*Colton's Lacon.*

THE Jewish prophet was an extraordinary being. He was something more and something less than a man. He spoke like an angel; he acted like a beast. As soon as he received his mission he ceased to work. He often retired to the mountains where he might be seen skipping from rock to rock like a goat; or he wandered in the desert with a leather girdle round his loins, eating roots and wild honey; sometimes browsing on grass and flowers. He always adapted his actions to the idea he wished to convey. He not only taught in parables, but performed them. For instance, Isaiah walked naked through the streets [there seems to hav been no Comstocks or Judge Benedicts in those primitiv times to instruct the people what was obscene] to show that the Lord would trip Jerusalem and make her bare. Ezekiel cut off his hair and beard and weighed it in the scales; a third part he burnt with fire; a third part he strewed about with a knife; and a third part he scattered to the wind. This was also intended to illustrate the calamities which would befall the Jews. Moreover, he wore a rotten girdle as a sign that their city would decay, and buttered his bread—in a manner we would rather not describe—as a sign that they would eat defiled bread among the gentiles. Jeremiah wore a wooden yoke [and there was nothing indecent in this] as a sign that they would be taken into captivity. As a sign that the Jews were guilty of wantonness in worshiping idols, Hosea cohabited three years with a—woman of the town; and, lastly, as a sign that they committed adultery in turning from the Lord their God, he went and lived with another man's wife.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

IT is not what the future givs to us, but what we giv to the future, that constitutes the glory of our work.—*Samuel P. Putnam.*

LITERATURE is the greatest of all sources of refined pleasure, and one of the grandest uses of a liberal education is to enable us to enjoy that pleasure. There is scope enough for the purposes of liberal education in the study of the rich treasures of our own language alone. All that is needed is direction and the cultivation of a refined taste by attention to sound criticism. But there is no reason why French and German should not be mastered sufficiently to read what is worth reading in those languages with pleasure and with profit.—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

THE idea once conceived and verified that great and noble ends are to be achieved, by which the condition of the whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thought, and by a proper adaptation of means, is of itself sufficient to set us earnestly on reflecting what ends are truly great and noble, either in themselvs or as conduciv to others of a still loftier character; because we are not now, as heretofore, hopeless of attaining them. It is not now equally harmless and insignificant whether we are right or wrong, since we are no longer supinely carried down the stream of events, but feel ourselvs capable of buffeting, at least, with its waves and perhaps of riding triumphantly over them; for why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes should (if permitted and assisted by the providence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest; and ultimately find some means of enabling the collectiv wisdom of mankind to bear down those obstacles which individual short-sightedness, selfishness, and passion oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted, and the fairest prospects marred.—*Sir John Herschel.*

IT is an insufferable pride for any man to pretend or conceit himself to differ so much from his brethren that he may be allowed to liv in sloth and ease, while the rest of mankind are subject to continual toil and trouble.—*Dr. Isaac Barrow.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE SNAKES IN THE RELIGIOUS BOOTS.

Notes and Clippings.

SOME resolutions passed upon the death of a downeast Knight of Labor incidentally refer to the deity as G. M. W. of the universe.

A NEW YORK clergyman, in a recent sermon, exhorted his congregation to "vote as you pray," and later on he advised them to "pray often."

THE Methodists charge that the scheme for Christian unity just now causing so much discussion is an attempt of the Episcopalians "to absorb the rest of Christendom."

THE South Carolina synod, in session at Cheraw, has requested Professor Woodrow, who is accused of teaching the doctrin of evolution, to resign his chair in the theological seminary.

THE latest and perhaps the most appropriate use of the chestnut bell was made by Dr. Bellamy, a prominent physician of Milledgeville, Ga., who carried his little gong to church and rung it when the minister struck into the Lord's prayer.

THE state synod of the Presbyterian church, in session at Pittsburgh, Pa., hav passed a resolution condemning the "Andover" doctrin of a second probation. It may therefore be considered as settled that heathen and unbelievers who are dead are damned.

RECENTLY a New York girl of 15, who had taken lessons in "First Aid to the Injured," was in Fallsburgh, N. Y., when a boy was thrown from a wagon and his leg broken. She at once put her knowledge into use, set the leg, and he is recovering fast. Supposing this girl had been to none but a Sunday-school and had gone down upon her knees and prayed?

IMMEDIATELY after delivering his sermon on Sunday, the 17th inst., the Rev. Dr. Rodman H. Robinson, rector of the M. E. church at Fort Plain, N. Y., had a stroke of paralysis and died Wednesday evening following. It is not supposed to be a case of swift retribution.

SEVERAL Catholic priests hav been speaking at Henry George meetings, and urging his election as mayor. At the same time they deny that they hav indorsed him. It is suspected that they wish to so hedge that they can claim him if elected, and repudiate him if defeated.

A YOUNG hippopotamus worth $2,000 was imported last week and placed on exhibition in Central Park. The duty on the animal was $400. Home manufactures must be protected, or the hippopotamus-makers of of this country will be reduced to the starvation wages of Europe!

FATHER KAVANAGH, a prominent Catholic priest at Kildare, Ireland, was recently killed by the fall of the statue of a saint. He was conducting services at the time. These statues in Catholic churches being practically graven images, this is an appropriate place to repeat the remark that Satan still some mischief finds for idol hands to do.

OUR friends of the American Board of Foreign Missions hav settled about the status of the heathen's ancestors. They hav gone to torment. The board is sorry, no doubt, but facts are facts, and it is mistaken kindness to try to change them. Let the heathen comfort themselvs. Their forefathers will hav plenty of good company.—*Life*.

SOMEBODY played a great joke on the Universalist general convention at Akron, O. Printed cards were sent to about three hundred of the delegates, inviting them to take a 5 o'clock dinner at the house of Dr. Cone, president of the Buchtel College. At the appointed hour the divines appeared in force, much to the dismay of the doctor and his wife. An investigation was started by the president to discover the perpetrator.

THE editor of the Winsted *Press* thus expresses himself on the Prohibition question: "'If a man has a right to drink what he pleases he has a right to drink as much as he pleases, that is, to get drunk.' So says the Prohibition organ, the *Voice*. Is it then a question if a man has a right to drink what he pleases? We think not. We will drink what we please. We will even drink that which we detest if it be necessary to maintain our right to drink what we please. Who are these little self-appointed gods who assume the right to dictate to us what we shall drink and what we shall not drink?"

THE *Weekly Argus*, published at Petaluma, Cal., contains this item of news: "Philip Cowen, one of our old and reliable business men, a cool-headed thinker and a good writer on political economy, has been nominated by the labor unions for Congress from the first district. In this instance the old saying that 'a prophet is not without honor save in his own country,' does not hold good, for Mr. Cowen is honored for his spotless character and upright career among us for a quarter of a century." Besides being a Labor Reformer, Mr. Cowen is a Freethinker, and has his mind invigorated from week to week by a perusal of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

"WHAT queer notions children do get into their heads," said a surburbanite. "This morning my little five-year-old girl attended Sunday-school for the first time, and she came home full of the idea that she must take some pennies with her next Sunday. 'No more pennies for candy, papa,' she exclaimed; 'they must all be saved for the Sunday-school.' 'And what do they do with the pennies at Sunday-school?' 'Oh, they send them up to God.' 'And what does God do with them?' 'Oh,' she said, after a moment's hesitation, 'he throws them down again to see the little children scramble for them. That's the way he has fun.'"—*Chicago Herald*.

ELISHA GEDNEY, a wealthy farmer and an enthusiastic Second Adventist, at Middlebury, Conn., according to a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, is setting the town agog by the erection of a wooden god for worship. The image has been carefully carved, is about four feet high, and built after the general plan of a mummy. The neighbors noticed him at work for some months on the strange looking figure, and supposed he must be building a scarecrow which was to last for ages. The old man is sane on every other subject, and says he first conceived the idea of this graven image while reading the account of Daniel in the lion's den. He insists that the image is Daniel. The world, he says, will end with the first indication of the image's decay, which will begin at the toes. Gedney believes strongly in faith cures and in the near approach of the world's end.

Communications.

The Church and its Influence.

The dupes of a revealed religion can never progress; they are always fettered by the ignorance of the past, and proud of the chains which bind them. They innocently oppose every improvement because their faith is founded in an old book which they believe emanated from God, and contains everything necessary to our salvation, and they believe that the scheme of salvation should most occupy the minds of men. The tendency of such belief is to prevent men from rising above the plane of civilization in which their book originated.

Think of a pious old butcher building and manning a vessel, and putting out to sea with the purpose of plundering and sinking every vessel which he might fall in with, and this pious old shark having prayer and religious services on his vessel every day!

For money church dignitaries hav granted licenses to waylay and rob anywhere within certain described limits.

And to this day Christianity has not materially improved. Many men who occupy a high position in the church are at the same time members of some of the most soulless corporations and monopolies. Some of the great land-stealers and robbing railroad kings are shining lights in the church to-day.

Even the James brothers, the great bank robbers and train wreckers, and Guiteau, and nearly every pious crank who gets "jerked to Jesus," are as full of prayer and Christianity as a stuffed turkey.

Christianity has opposed every step in science, and not even to her credit can it be said that she has been the promoter of good morals. Draper says, "There was hardly a philosopher who was not punished; some were put to death." With all the light of the nineteenth century, the church has not outgrown this bigotry. In some states and countries a man is not allowed to testify in court if he entertain peculiar notions about God, or so-called sacred writings; and generally, if a man speak against even the monstrosities of the Bible, he is considered a bad man.

All through the early days of Christianity this spirit of religious bigotry and persecution was carried to such an extent that some of the most valuable writings and some of the finest libraries were destroyed. In some cases the death penalty was inflicted for not destroying certain heretical writings wherever found.

The Inquisition was originated for the express purpose of suppressing the freedom of thought. In 1481, the first year of the Inquisition, two thousand victims were burnt in Andalusia. Seventeen thousand were fined or imprisoned for life. Torquemada, the inquisitor, pursued his victims with the ferocity of a tiger. In eighteen years ten thousand were burnt at the stake, and over ninety-seven thousand were otherwise punished. Torture was inflicted in vaults where no friend could hear their cries.

The families of the accused were disgraced and plunged into helpless ruin. Untold treasure flowed into the church from the rich for dispensations to keep them from the Inquisition. No thought, written or oral, against the church was allowed to go unpunished. Six thousand volumes of Oriental literature were destroyed by fire through the instigation of the church. If some of those volumes had been allowed to come down to us they would hav put an entirely different phase on the early history of the church.

On March 30, 1492, an edict was issued for expelling every unbaptized Jew from Spain by the last of the following July. They were to suffer death if they remained. They were to take no gold or silver away with them. All property which they could not carry away must be left behind. The clergy did all that lay in their power to render these poor outraged mortals objects of hatred to the Spanish people.

When the time came the roads were choked with these poor sufferers, and the air was filled with the wailings of despair. Corpses of wrinkled old women and nursing mothers and babes, who had died of hunger and thirst, were found by the wayside.

In February, 1502, a dispensation was issued to drive out all unbaptized Moors by the end of the following April. They, like the Jews, were allowed to take away with them neither gold or silver, which amounted to a confiscation of their property. It was claimed by these Spanish Christians to be an act of mercy to banish them, as they held the right to take the life of every Moor for his unblushing Infidelity.

Such hav been the means which the church has adopted to settle the differences between Christians and their opposers. Humanity must ever weep when it contemplates this picture. Every pretense to freedom is a sham as long as the mind is enslaved. Every Christian who attempts to shield his religion by dwarfing the human intellect may deserve well at the hands of the church, but the fewer of them we hav in a republic the better.

Just in proportion as a man is a good Christian he will prove a bad republican. To be a good Christian is to believe the Bible—not, as Talmage says, "in spots," but to believe that every chapter is the inspired word of God. This leads the devotee to oppose everything contrary to scripture. He will be no wiser than his father, and his children no wiser than he. One generation will succeed another without improvement. It was such belief which sunk all Europe in darkness, as though a millstone had been tied around her neck, for more than a thousand years.

The true spirit of republicanism cannot be bound to creeds or forms; it is born of progress and of freedom; it knows nothing about an embargo on the mind.

But the narrow-minded Christian will insist that the "divine word of God" is above all earthly knowledge, and that all men should rule and be ruled in the fear of God. His theory would put all the offices into the hands of ecclesiastics or their dupes. The Bible would be put into the common schools, become the only book of any importance; Christ would be recognized as the supreme ruler, and in a few generations the people would be "determined to know nothing but Christ him crucified," and the scenes of the dark ages would be reënacted.

The idea of the divinity of Christ has been dinned in the ear of the Christian until he believes that there are none but Jews and a few Infidels who doubt it. Christ was known simply as a reformer. Nobody considered him a miraculous character in his day. The idea of his being an emanation from divine power was all seasoned and served years after his death, and has been disputed and bitterly opposed up to the present day.

In the controversy between Nestorius and Cyril, Nestorius, after descanting on the attributes of the eternal God, exclaims, "And can it be possible that this God can hav a mother?"

When the sepulcher of Christ was burnt, and the churches were rifled and burnt, and priceless relics were scattered to the four winds; when the cross of Christ was carried away with derisiv shouts of laughter; when Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary, the most sacred places known to Christianity, were insulted, profaned, and desecrated by a hostil soldiery—"If Christ is God, why don't he send a flaming sword—why don't he open the earth and swallow his enemies?" exclaimed the Persian soldiers. Not a single miracle followed this awful desecration. Christians stood amazed, but amazement subsided, and disbelief in the divinity of Christ followed to many.

There was a man who retired a few miles from Mecca, and gave himself up to meditation and prayer. As a result of his meditation, he announced to the world that "nobody could believe in the sonship of Jesus as begotten by the almighty, in the character of Mary, as at once a virgin, a mother, and the queen of heaven, without incurring the peril of blasphemy."

Unto the day of his death he wore a seal ring upon which was engraved, "Mohammed, the Messenger of God." His central doctrin was, "There is but one God." The doctrin proclaimed by this great man is the religious guide of nearly one-third of the human race. Those of the Moslem faith hav always called Christians idolaters, and regarded them with loathing.

"I will cleave the skull of any blaspheming idolater who says that the most holy God, the almighty and eternal, has begotten a son," was the motto of the early Moslem soldier. "Praise be to God, the Lord of this and the other world, who has neither female consort or son." Such is the sentiment of nearly one-third of the world's people to-day. And it may be said that from the birth of Christ down to the present time there has not a century passed but some of the ablest men of their time hav stood up and denied the divinity of Christ.

Though there has been a great effort on the part of Christians to hide these facts, the facts remain. Those who hav studied Christian tactics closely know full well that it has been the practice of Christians to try to hide what they could not depreciate, and to try to depreciate what they could not hide. If the Christian could be made acquainted with all the facts of his religion, the trick and the trade of his priest would not be worth the learning.

Christianity hath done the world much harm. It has stopped its progress by teaching holy absurdities. It has taught that the great family of worlds to which we belong was made in six days out of nothing; that the earth was flat, and that there was a universal flood, and all the human beings and animals that survived were saved in a big boat; that the first man and woman were created pure and perfect, and that they ate an apple which did not agree with them, and a mysterious taint from that apple affected every member of the human family for all coming time, and much more of the same kind of holy froth. For thousands of years men hav been taught that anything which contradicts these silly Bible statements is a lie and of the devil.

The church, like a giant with a club, has ever stood ready to fell to the earth all who hav shown the courage to attempt to lead the people out of this wilderness of superstition and falsehood. And she has shown a willingness to put down truth and science with death-dealing blows when they came in contact with her interests. The struggle has been a long and bitter one, and the church has maintained her position as long as falsehood and persecution were available.

Draper says: "When Christianity had obtained imperial power, the dictates of her councils became compulsory, being enforced by the civil power."

With all her high pretensions to piety and charity, clothe the church with civil power and all argument will cease. "Believe or be damned" would be thundered from every pulpit, and every priest and minister would become an executioner of the law; and every unbeliever would find a hell of torture here and then be consigned to the plutonian regions hereafter. The fact that force and undue means hav been employed to propagate the Christian religion should be taken as evidence that it is not the true religion. True religion will be accepted on account of its reasonableness. There will be no indulgences sold, and few, if any, required. The sale of indulgences, and force and fraud, hav been characteristic features of the Christian religion for centuries.

It was the sale of indulgences which helped to forward the Reformation. Luther builded better than he knew. He stood for the right of private judgment and against the power of the church and the pope. He assumed the right to put his own interpretation upon the scriptures, and then invoked the curses of heaven and the torments of hell upon all who dared to differ from him.

He did not see that the right of private judgment belonged to others if it belonged to him. He did not see that every other man had the same right to differ from him that he had to differ from the pope and the church. It seems anomalous to call men reformers who put their religious creed above reason and science, and inflicted the death penalty for differences of opinion. The Christian religion, because inconsistent, has employed very inconsistent means for its promulgation.

The "Puritan Fathers" left home, and country, and friends for the purpose of worshiping God according to the dictates of conscience. But they gave those not a little trouble who differed from them, and all the while they were guilty of differing from somebody else.

Christians are naturally proscriptiv—their religion makes them so. There is no absurdity too great for them to swallow provided it is written down in an old book, which to them is nothing less than an idol. This idol has the strange power of tying back the Christian to the ignorance of primitiv ages, when it was believed that the gods held converse with men.

Though the death and burial of an author is recorded in a book, in what purports to be his own hand, it does not increase the difficulty of the Christian. In his ("spiritual") eye it is all as clear as mud ("spiritual" mud of course).

Giv the Christian the power, and he would hang a man as quick for doubting the possibility of a man writing an account of his own death and burial as he would for saying anything else detrimental to the interests of the church. Christianity is something which is to be taken without reason, taken often and swallowed whole.

The first five books of the Old Testament are attributed to Moses. But inasmuch as they contain an account of his death and burial (Deut. xxxiv, 5, 6) it is evident that he did not write them, and, of course, they are without authority. But if the name of the author were positivly known, according to Draper, it would not help the matter very much, for he says: "No one dare attribute them (the five books of Moses) to the inspiration of almighty God, their inconsistencies, incongruities, contradictions, and impossibilities are so great."

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the idea of a snake, gifted with the power of speech, gliding through the garden fence and persuading Mrs. Adam to eat an apple so peculiar in its nature as to giv her a sort of moral colic, and all the generations which followed her, and which nothing but the blood of a carpenter could assuage.

Oh, how it gravels the kidneys of a Christian to be compelled to giv up the fall of man! Because he knows that when that most ridiculous of all holy humbugs is abandoned, the atonement goes up like a puff of smoke.

It is humiliating to witness how the church has been compelled by the onward march of civilization to abandon one false position after another with all her high claims to heavenly guidance. And yet she has never had the honesty to admit her error.

A flat earth, the right to burn heretics, the Mosaic account of creation, and many other absurdities, hav been abandoned by the church, and yet all hav been believed to be in accord with the "old book."

It seems to be a fact that all men are not permitted to see a great truth at the same time. One man often sees a truth many years in advance of all the rest. And it has been the practice of the church to

kill the man if it could not hide the new truth. For more than a thousand years all Europe was dominated with this Christian spirit.

The proud empires of Mexico and Peru melted like snow before this dominant spirit of the church, and all that remained of these once populous and fertil countries were blood, bleaching bones, ashes, and slavery. But they were found heathen, they were left Christian, and, perhaps, the Christian God was pleased with the change.

Such scenes can never be reënacted. Not because the will of the church is not good enough, but because the newspaper and the magazine hav become more potent than the pulpit. The school-teacher has outgrown the preacher, the school-house has overshadowed the church; in short, a free press has dulled the edge of the ecclesiastical sword. Perhaps it would not be entirely fair to say that the press is free from church influence. But it no longer asks the church what books it may print, or what papers it may publish, and, like a faithful watch-dog, it shows its teeth when the church attempts to use undue power.

Liberal papers, in spite of the church, and the ravings of "Mad Anthony," are published, in which church matters are freely discussed. Liberal lecturers of splendid talent are bearing aloft the torch of reason, and proclaiming to the world that men are of more consequence than the gods, that science is of more consequence than Christianity, and are fast bringing the world to see that instead of rendering ourselvs miserable here in order to be happy hereafter, we ought to enjoy every comfort which this life, rationally, can be made to yield.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) JOHN PECK.

Socialism in India.

III.

India never encouraged import or export trade. It was considered sinful to raise more than necessary crops. The Hindoos never harassed foreign markets with their goods and coveted their neighbors' wealth, hence they never became immensely rich. In Europe and America commercial activity is manifested all along the sea-coast, where large towns and cities hav been built, as the fruit and result of aggrandizement of those countries which deserted their ports and confined themselvs to internal commerce; hence we hav no cities established on the sea-coast. All the products and industries were consumed in the country. Our mechanics dealt with consumers direct, so that the actual price of their goods went into their pockets. In India a shoemaker sells his articles direct to those who want to wear them, and therefore gets the full price of them. Cooperativ system is beneficial to the capitalist and detrimental to laborers. In my country laborers are independent. No wages will induce them to work more than eight hours. Skilled labor cannot be had for any price except through coaxing. Laborers are paid very small wages, but it goes to support a family of four members, whereas an American laborer, who boasts of his high wages, has hardly enough for himself. Besides, the American labor market is so full that politicians and legislators are on the alert as to what means should be devised to frustrate and foil the honest earnings of other nations. Many emigrants lately came here from Hungary, Norway, Sweden, and Italy, and returned home disappointed. But in India we adopted a different policy. Instead of seeking emigration from Africa, China, and other colonies, and then murdering them wholesale, the Hindoos restricted emigration to foreign lands. They allowed no one to cross the ocean, and in default excommunicated and debarred him from society. They knew that it was wise to prevent their own people from intruding upon other lands. They preached the doctrin of contentment. I hav sufficiently explained how laborers hav stood before capitalists, and how the injustice done by one was counterbalanced by imposition of religious duties upon another in India. It remains to be explained, however, how the kings stood toward two lower and one higher classes. They lived on homage voluntarily paid by the subjects. Their relation was that of a father toward his children. There was no tax on land; it was on products only. No crop, no tax. If the kings became turbulent and tyrannical, they were immediately accused by the Brahmans, who are their spiritual guides. On their ban being pronounced, the king had no alternativ but to abdicate his throne, otherwise no one will pay him any homage or respect. Religiously speaking, the destiny of tyrants and oppressors was hell, other classes having the option or chance of improvement; but the kings must go to one or the other place, according to their ill or well doing. They therefore seldom misbehaved, and if they did, they were at once forced into retirement on handing over the kingdom to worthy successors.

Nowhere except in India hav the kings willingly transferred their concerns to others, and sought solitudes as the best places of repose. Under such beneficent rulers, why would there be bad kings and discontented subjects? On the contrary, the happiness of mankind was the paramount duty of rulers. The kings always sent emissaries with a view to ascertain the causes of discontent among the people, and immediately redressed them if noticed. Such was the power and influence of spiritual nobility that their word was a gospel truth to all classes. They were the regulators of society, justices of the peace, and preservers of order. They were the professors of arts and sciences. And yet they were not the participators of material prosperity or worldly pleasures. They renounced themselvs, and thus became the admiration of all. If they loved the world, they at once fell down from the hight of their high position, and became one of the three lower classes. In India he is the highest who has not even a particle of metal; his food consists of fruits and roots, his garments are made of the barks of trees, his ornaments are dried fruits and shells, his cups and saucers are of wood, his soap is mud, his powder is ashes that keep him from cold and heat, his shoes are wooden sandals—in short, his treasure is spiritual knowledge. Compare side by side your first class and our first class, one rolling in luxury and another in penury, one in palaces and another in huts. The Brahmans of India hav never owned extensiv landed property or enormous wealth. The chiefs and merchants are moneyed men, but the priests hav always been the poorest; hence we giv them the highest place in our estimation. India does not need Anarchy, nor are our laborers against the capitalists. Pause and think. India is thickly populated, and yet there has been no instance on record during thousands of years of any social disturbance marring the tranquility of my country. Our highest men are born of the poorest parents.

I will conclude by telling you something about our social life, so that you may understand the difference between ours and yours, and decide for yourselvs which is the best. We do not marry for pleasure. We marry for children. Man and woman without a son are pitiable and unfortunate members of society. They therefore marry with that avowed object.

All stages of progress from womanhood to motherhood are heralded to four quarters, so to say, and each development publicly celebrated, so that every month, nay, even every day, is counted both by the members of the family and by their neighbors, so as to know exactly the period of completion. Every thing is sacred, and noble, and auspicious. Our children are therefore born in innocence and virtue, and not in sin, as is said to hav been the case in other countries. Such men only are eligible for marriage who hav parents, brothers, and sisters to liv with. The object in seeking such grooms is that in case of bereavement or widowhood the married woman may hav somebody to support her, and her children, if any. We therefore hav no orphanages, and homes for widows. The marriage life is recommended to all citizens as the best of all states, because a married person is more useful to society than a single one. It is one of the duties of our religious married life that the host should inquire after any guests or strangers in the village needing hospitality and shelter, and if any, bring him home and entertain him kindly. Love begets love; kindness begets kindness. If I be kind to one, he will be kind to another. This custom of entertaining strangers in all houses has done away with county-houses maintained at tremendous cost, *but no feelings*, in other countries and kept under obligation human souls who otherwise would hav become felons and peace-breakers. The Hindoo religion enjoins for all classes compulsory retirement from activ life at a certain age, so that they may relinquish their claims on property for the good of succeeding generations. The Hindoos do not make wills. Property, both movable and immovable, is equally divided among all sons, the father having the right to giv with his own hands as much wealth as he pleases, but nothing by will. Widows are entitled to maintenance in the absence of any nearest relativs, such as sons, from distant relativs, husbands, brothers, fathers, and uncles. Even the spiritual nobility, who rule the affairs of the country, are forced into further retirements, that they may not grow vainglorious over their just and good management of state, for no man is said to be perfect before he ceases to float on the influence of his ego or personality. One person earns and supports ten to twenty relativs; the eldest brother having the care of all the youngest. He supports them, and their wives, and children. It is a disgrace in India for one man in business to see his brothers and sisters aunts and uncles, begging their bread. We hav therefore an undivided family system, which binds sometimes fifty members into one household. It is a delightful thing to look at when so many are gathered and sheltered under one roof.

So much has been said and written purposely to misrepresent my country and my institutions that I should like to put in a word or two "on castes in India." There is a common belief in this country that the high caste in India always trampled under foot the low caste; even the shadows of such unfortunates are said to hav been avoided by the Brahmans. Nothing is more erroneous and misleading than this misstatement. Our customs and rules are misunderstood. The history of India, at least, contradicts such statements. Among the four classes enumerated above, there is not one I know of whose shadow is contaminating to the higher ones. India, however, is not entirely rid of those miscreants whom other nations treat as felons, and confine for life within four walls. Why do you do so? "Oh, that is a bad element, unsafe to be allowed to sojourn in our neighborhood," is the reply given by every well-meaning person. The Hindoos, instead of imprisoning such elements, accord them different, but humane, treatment. They classify the criminals and immoral people as outcasts, and assign to them such duties as they richly merit. We do not deprive them of their independence by confinement, but we employ them for outdoor work, such as dragging the carcasses of dead animals, removing night-soil, and keeping a watch at night. This humane treatment makes them better citizens than the criminals in other countries turn out to be. The criminals in India, though ou casts for reasons best known to themselvs, are a superior or a better behaved community than most of the speculators and bankers I hav met with in other countries. What difference is there between our outcasts and your criminals? You keep them out of sight by compulsory imprisonment, as if they were ferocious animals, while we keep ourselvs out of their shadows, for which they are not sorry. Our criminals never become turbulent and revengeful. They do not kill the prosecutor or the judge, but always beg to be excused for their shadows being inadvertently cast upon the Brahmans, whom they regard as their benefactors and liberators. The Hindoos never tried criminals on the evidence of witnesses. Our criminals are honest enough to confess their guilt, as the house set on fire blazes in all directions. We punish them socially by proscribing their association with us, hence they liv outside the towns and cities as persons infected by contagious diseases.

We do not locate our bad boys and girls in houses of correction and refuge. Parents drive them out of their houses for misdemeanor, and only readmit them on some neighbor standing guarantee for their future good behavior. When the children are driven away, which is very rare, neighbors take them into the houses and mold them into repentance so that they may stand guarantee before their parents. But if we had sent them to jails, they would hav been spoiled for life. I may, without contradiction, boldly assert that all the lawless people in other countries were either the inmates of orphan asylums, or houses of refuge and correction.

In the name of God, if you hav any, I ask you. *O deep thinkers and philosophers*, ladies and gentlemen, to pause and think how that country of mine, teeming with life, has lived century after century without strikes or disturbance, penury or starvation. Liv as we do. Do away with your prisons and penitentiaries, asylums and pauper houses. No man intentionally commits crimes, and, therefore, deserves no imprisonment. We all are faulty and criminals One is detected, and the rest escape being caught, but that should not giv us any prestige over the unfortunate one. Let our motto be, *Charity for all and humanity to ourselvs*. I do not blame any nation. We are what we hav sown. Let us therefore be better and accept truth from any quarter. India is the land which leads to salvation. India never planted corruption, and never had evil fruits: India always imported good things, or spread good influence over other nations, retaining her vices for her children. O India! long may liv thy name. All nations will ultimately take refuge in thee.

Dear friends, I hav detained you long, but don't go away without realizing the great, grand truth that we are slaves to prejudices. I am not an exception. Let me therefore feel proud of my country as I gladly let you be of your own. We all are pedlers exchanging goods of commodity. Your goods are precious and costly, and mine are trifling and worthless. Let me, therefore, carry your valuable things to my people, and leave mine instead.

GOPAL VINAYAK JOSHEE.

A Suggestion Carried Out.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your last issue I observed, among the "Notes and Clippings," the following paragraph:

> When General Corse, the recently appointed postmaster at Boston, was beleaguered in the city of Altoona, General Sherman signaled to him, "Hold the fort, I am coming." From this dispatch comes the "Hold the Fort" hymn. But somehow or other General Corse's reply seems to hav been omitted from the sacred verse. What he signaled back was this: "I am minus an ear and part of a jaw, but we can lick all hell yet." The omission is probably a clerical error, and the hymn should be at once revised.

The question is worth considering, and in the interest of historical accuracy I would offer this as a starter:

> Hold the fort, for I am coming
> (Jerk the chestnut bell);
> Wave the answer back to heaven,
> "We can lick all hell."

This version, I maintain, modernizes the hymn, and givs it a force and completeness which it lacked before, and, as far as I can judge, preserves its sacred character intact.

G. E. M.

The American Secular Union.

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E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,477.63
Hempstead Secular Society for Charter	5.00
" " " per F. C. Demott	2.00
Total	$3,484.63

Call for the Tenth Annual Congress.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November 11th, 12th, and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Pursuant to a vote of the last Congress, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the constitution of the Union will be acted upon: 1. To reduce the fee for life-membership from $25 to $10. 2. Or, on payment of $10 by applicant for membership, to authorize the secretary to issue ten-year membership certificates, with all the privileges of life-membership during that time. 3. Whenever a man or woman has taken out annual membership certificates for three or five consecutiv years, such person thereafter on payment of annual-membership fee to possess the privilege of life-membership.

The Congress will also be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought, and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government, as shall make the United States thoroughly Secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs in the Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executiv committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present.

Per order of board of directors:

R. G. INGERSOLL, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.
COURTLANDT PALMER, Treasurer.
CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com.
E. M. MACDONALD, Ch. Fin. Com.

News and Notes.

OUR GALAXY OF SPEAKERS.

The purpose of the New York Congress in November is not simply to transact business which is of great importance, but also to create a vast public interest, and to put forth a declaration of our ideas and principles, upon the platform, which will not only giv an impulse to Liberals, but spread abroad a knowledge of the Freethought movement among the masses of the people. To this end representativ and able speakers hav been selected to address the Congress on various living topics. We could not make use of all the wealth of material that is in our ranks. The time and funds do not permit. The choice must be limited. I think, however, the Liberal public will recognize in the list presented, able and eloquent advocates of our cause. In this regard the Congress will be an occasion of rare interest and delight.

L. K. Washburn, of New England, is just becoming universally known. His discourses are widely read, and they show the radical mind and cultivated spirit. There is grace combined with strength, a profound understanding of the age, and clear voicing of its hope. His subject at the Congress will be "The Popular Faith Criticised."

Charles Watts who comes from England to make America his home, whose energetic disposition seeks the "broad and universal theater" which the New World presents, will be with us. His platform oratory is well known. He will lecture upon "Theological Misconceptions."

J. H. Burnham, of Michigan, scholarly and thoughtful, in whom the Methodist fire still burns, and reason's torch alone illumins, will giv his exceedingly interesting discourse, "The Philosophy of the Religious Emotions." This is pronounced one of his best efforts.

E. A. Stevens, of Chicago, one of our earnest workers, as well as clearest thinkers, who stands for the right whether popular or unpopular, will speak on "Science and Atheism." This address is a fine exposition of modern thought.

John E. Remsburg, our "Lightning Express" lecturer, who seems to be in several places at the same time, and keeps orthodoxy in a constant panic, will speak upon "The Fathers of the Republic." If any one understands the mind of these master spirits, Mr. Remsburg does. Now that Liberty is about to enlighten the world from its lofty pedestal in New York harbor where crowd such revolutionary associations, it is well that they who put forth the grandest political document in the world's history, the Declaration of Independence, which is the "Genesis" of the New Bible of Humanity, should be understood in their essential character. They were Freethinkers as well as heroes and reformers. No man is more capable for this historic work than Mr. Remsburg.

T. B. Wakeman, who is always solid as well as entertaining, will deliver the gospel of Liberty, Science, and Humanity.

Mrs. F. C. Reynolds is a new star in our galaxy, but she is welcomed by all as a bright and shining light. As secretary of the New York Freethinkers' Association she is putting new life into the Liberalism of the Empire state. She will speak her mind on "Woman: Past, Present, and Future."

C. B. Reynolds, who is fresh from the fires of martyrdom and the glories of New Jersey justice, "regenerated," no doubt, by this experience, will giv us a most vigorous campaign speech. Come and welcome this brave soldier who now bears the brunt of the battle.

Helen H. Gardener, who has won a national reputation by her book "Men, Women, and Gods," will continue her brilliant criticisms of Christianity in her new lecture, "The Pulpit, Pew, and Cradle." The title is enough to show that we shall hav something entertaining and instructiv.

And brightest amid this glowing picture is our president, Robert G. Ingersoll. To hear him is to understand more of American life and thought and progress than by any book or other discourse. Ingersoll is one of those men who make history, for his speech is action—a part of the "logic of events."

Others we hope will be with us, and those who cannot come send good wishes for the Congress.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes: "I am proposing to sail for Europe on the 27th. If anything should occur to prevent me, I shall be very happy to fulfil my engagement to stand on your platform, where I hav been in spirit for so many years."

Mrs. Mattie Krekel, of Kansas City, writes: "It will not be possible for me to be in attendance at Congress of Liberals this year. I hope that it will be a glorious success, and am sure that it will be fruitful of good." It will be a disappointment, indeed, to the many friends of Mrs. Krekel that she cannot attend the Congress, but her good wishes shall help make it the triumph that we all desire.

Courtlandt Palmer, whose enthusiasm and generosity hav always been a support to our cause remains in Europe for the invigoration of his health and strength, but we look forward to his return and restoration to that noble work which has endeared his name to American Liberals. In the midst of our brilliant gathering we shall remember those in distant lands, whose heart and hope are with us.

I hope to see at least a thousand Liberals from all parts of the country, from Maine to California, present to welcome the New York legion. This metropolis has been called the "eye of America." We certainly shall take a long look ahead amid the flash of its imperial glories. The torch of Liberty, four hundred feet in air, will fling its radiant light upon our path. Is it not an auspicious moment for mental exaltation?

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.

I lectured on Sunday before the new and growing association of Freethinkers at Hempstead, N. Y. Under the able management of its president, Mr. C. F. De Mott, this society is becoming a fine intellectual and social influence in this beautiful Long Island village. It has a library, reading-room, and gymnasium, so that mind and body both find cultivation. Mr. De Mott also, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, teaches classes in stenography, and these classes are constantly increasing, and through them a great interest is aroused in the work of the association. This struggling and brave society is an excellent model for others to follow. It grows steadily on—slowly and surely building for science and humanity. I was delighted to meet this band of courageous Radicals.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Liberalism Developing in Tennessee.

The Chattanooga *Sunday Times* thinks it would startle the clergy of that city to become fully acquainted with the rapid development of Liberalism in that place. The *Times* reports the existence of a club of Infidels numbering about eighty "activ, vigorous, and energetic members." This membership consists largely of ladies and prominent business and professional men.

The Liberal Club.

New York was full of political oratory on Friday evening last. Henry George had Chickering Hall, and Abram Hewitt had Cooper-Union hall, and the reports next morning showed that the enthusiasm at both meetings was unparalleled. Sky-rockets made the night luminous, and there were music and all the other accessories to a political campaign by which statesmen are wont to fire the popular heart.

These things did not prevent a goodly audience from attending the 419th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. There were a few vacant seats scattered about the room, which the Chair accounted for by saying that many regular attendants were at Chickering Hall, where Mr. George was making the greatest effort of his life. After the names of two new candidates for membership in the club had been read, the speaker of the evening, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, was introduced as one who had studied many different kinds of religion and been born anew into most of them. His subject was "Mormonism."

Mr. Putnam was received with hearty applause. His trip West has not cost him the loss of any flesh, and as an orator he appears to hav been growing in grace. He addressed the chair with that respect due to its dignity, made his manners gracefully to the audience, and delivered what he had to say about the Mormons in a clear, distinct, and interesting manner. The Mormons, he said, had treated him well; some of their bishops had even introduced him to audiences whom he was to address on the subject of Freethought. Mormonism is founded on the Bible, and is more a biblical religion than either Catholicism or Protestantism. The Mormons' God is the God of Abram and Isaac and Jacob; their Christ is the same old myth the rest of Christendom worships. The Book of Mormon is not intended to supersede the Bible, but is a sort of supplement to it.

Polygamy had its source in the fundamental desire of the Mormons to increase their numbers and possess the earth. Furthermore, as every Mormon expects to be a god and reign over all his posterity in the next world, he is ambitious to hav that posterity as numerous as possible that his kingdom may be large. Polygamy, the speaker held to be a moral question, and therefore not to be dealt with by legal, but by moral methods. If polygamy were abandoned, the government would no longer hav a reason for not admitting Utah as a state; and once admitted as a state, the Mormons of Utah could make their own marriage laws, and could hav all the polygamy they wanted. In solving the Mormon problem, therefore, Mr. Putnam did not believe in suppressing polygamy by law, but he did believe in disfranchising every member of the Mormon church. They place the church above the government of the United States; they get their authority from "God" and are therefore subjects of an alien power. For this reason they are not American citizens and should not be permitted to vote on state affairs.

The lecture had a somewhat startling effect upon the audience, and the Chair announced that it was fully as remarkable as had been expected. The floor was open for speeches of ten minutes each.

Dr. Eccles spoke first. He objected to disfranchising the Mormons, because the same ruling would disfranchise the members of trades unions and other organizations.

Dr. Lambert spoke fifteen minutes on the subject of Prohibition.

Mr. Duffy, who is not a member of the club, occupied ten minutes. Everybody wished he had abbreviated his remarks, which were without sense or even decency.

Dr. Kinget held that the logic of Freethought would not permit us to disfranchise anybody on account of any organization to which he might belong.

Captain Clark held that the Chicago Anarchists should be hanged.

Mrs. Hallock, whose husband, Dr. Hallock, was one of the first members of the club, offered a few appropriate remarks. She had been twelve years in Europe, but came home more convinced than ever that America was the best country in the world to liv in. She spoke of the danger with which Roman Catholicism threatened this and every other civilized government. Catholics, much more than Mormons, were traitors to American institutions, and could much more justly be disfranchised.

In closing the debate Mr. Putnam urged that the central point of his argument had not been touched, namely, that the Mormons were subjects of an alien power. Others might make the application; he had merely stated the principle.

During the latter part of the exercises many who had been to the Henry George meeting came back to the club and filled nearly all the seats. The indicted blasphemer, Mr. Reynolds, was there, and acted the part of a patient listener. The weight of his arrest does not appear to hav fallen heavily upon him. He persists in wearing his high hat tilted slightly to one side, and preserves the same debonnair bearing that

has carried him through his various adversities up to the present time.

At the next meeting Mr. James Redpath will endeavor to make it appear that all good citizens should vote for Henry George. But before the report is read by an anxious constituency the mayoralty struggle will be settled, to the great relief of an overstrained public mind.

Colonel Ingersoll on George's Theories.

From an Interview in the World.

"Several objections hav been urged, not to what Mr. George has done, but to what Mr. George has thought, and he is the only candidate up to this time against whom a charge of this character could be made. Among other things, he seems to hav entertained an idea to the effect that a few men should not own the entire earth; that a child coming into the world has a right to standing-room, and that before he walks, his mother has a right to standing-room while she holds him. He insists that if it were possible to bottle the air, and sell it as we do mineral waters, it would be hardly fair for the capitalists of the world to embark in such a speculation—especially where millions were allowed to die simply because they were not able to buy breath at 'pool' prices. Mr. George seems to think that the time will come when capital will be intelligent enough and civilized enough to be just, and when labor will be intelligent enough and civilized enough to take care of itself. He has a dream that poverty and crime and all the evils that go hand-in-hand with partial famin, with lack of labor, and all the diseases born of living in huts and cellars, born of poor food and poor clothing and of bad habits, will disappear, and that the world will be really fit to liv in. He goes so far as to insist that men ought to hav more than $23 or $24 a month for digging coal, and that they ought not to be compelled to spend that money in the store or saloon of the proprietor of the mine. He has also stated on several occasions that a man ought not to drive a street-car for sixteen or eighteen hours a day—that even a street-car driver ought to hav the privilege now and then of seeing his wife or at least one of the children awake. And he has gone so far as to say that a letter-carrier ought not to work longer in each day for the United States than he would for a civilized individual.

"To people who imagin that this world is already perfection; that the condition of no one should be bettered, except their own, these ideas seem dangerous. A man who has already amassed a million, and who has no fear for the future, and who says, 'I shall employ the cheapest labor and make men work as long as they can possibly endure the toil,' will regard Mr. George as an impractical man. It is very probable that all of us will be dead before all of the theories of Mr. George are put in practice. Some of them, however, may at some time benefit mankind; and so far as I am concerned, I am willing to help hasten the day, although it may not come while I liv. I do not know that I agree with many of the theories of Mr. George. I know that I do not agree with some of them. But there is one thing in which I do agree with him, and that is, in his effort to benefit the human race, in his effort to do away with some of the evils that now afflict mankind. I sympathize with him in his endeavor to shorten the hours of labor, to increase the well-being of laboring men, to giv them better houses, better food, and in every way to lighten the burdens that now bear upon their bowed backs. It may be that very little can be done by law, except to see that they are not absolutely abused; to see that the mines in which they work are supplied with air and with means of escape in time of danger; to prevent the deforming of children by forcing upon them the labor of men; to shorten the hours of toil, and to giv all laborers certain liens, above all other claims, for their work. It is easy to see that in this direction something may be done by law.

"I am an individualist instead of a Socialist. I am a believer in individuality and in each individual taking care of himself, and I want the government to do just as little as it can consistently with the safety of the nation, and I want as little law as possible—only as much as will protect life, reputation, and property, by punishing criminals and by enforcing honest contracts. But if a government givs privileges to a few, the few must not oppress the many. The government has no right to bestow any privilege upon any man or upon any corporation, except for the public good. That which is a special privilege to the few should be a special benefit to the many. And whenever the privileged few abuse the privilege so that it becomes a curse to the many, the privilege, whatever it is, should be withdrawn. I do not pretend to know enough to suggest a remedy for all the evils of society. I doubt if one human mind could take into consideration the almost infinit number of factors entering into such a problem. And this fact, that no one knows, is the excuse for trying. While I may not believe that a certain theory will work, still, if I feel sure it will do no harm, I am willing to see it tried."

"Do you think that Mr. George would make a good mayor?" asked the reporter.

"I presume he would," said Colonel Ingersoll. "He is a thoughtful, prudent man. His reputation for honesty has never, so far as I know, been called in question. It certainly does not take a genius to be mayor of New York. If so, there hav been some years when there was hardly a mayor. I take it that a clear-headed, honest man, whose only object is to do his duty, and with courage enough to stand by his conscience, would make a good mayor of New York or of any other city."

"Are you in sympathy with the workingmen and their objects?"

"I am in sympathy with laboring men of all kinds, whether they labor with hand or brain. The Knights of Labor, I believe, do not allow a lawyer to become a member. I am somewhat wider in my sympathies. No men in the world struggle more heroically—no men in the world hav suffered more, or carried a heavier cross, or worn a sharper crown of thorns, than those who hav produced what we call the literature of our race. So my sympathies extend all the way from hod-carriers to sculptors, from well-diggers to astronomers. If the objects of the laboring men are to improve their condition without injuring others; to hav homes and firesides, and wives and children—plenty to eat, good clothes to wear; to develop their minds, to educate their children—in short, to become prosperous and civilized, I sympathize with them, and hope they will succeed. I hav not the slightest sympathy with those who wish to accomplish all these objects through brute force. A Nihilist may be forgiven in Russia—may even be praised in Russia; a Socialist may be forgiven in Germany; and certainly a Home Ruler can be pardoned in Ireland, but in the United States there is no place for Anarchist, Socialist, or dynamiter. In this country the political power has been fairly divided. Poverty has just as many votes as wealth. No man can be so poor as not to hav a ballot; no man is rich enough to hav two, and no man can buy another vote, unless somebody is mean enough and contemptible enough to sell; and if he does sell his vote, he never should complain about the laws or their administration. So the foolish and the wise are on an equality, and the political power of this country is divided so that each man is a sovereign.

"Now, the laboring people are largely in the majority in this country. If there are any laws oppressing them, they should hav them repealed. I want the laboring people—and by the word 'laboring,' now, I include only the men that they include by that word—to unite; I want them to show that they hav the intelligence to act together, and sense enough to vote for a friend. I want them to convince both the other great parties that they cannot be purchased. This will be an immense step in the right direction.

"I hav sometimes thought that I would like to see the laboring men in power, so that they would realize how little, after all, can be done by law. All that any man should ask, as far as the government is concerned, is a fair chance to compete with his neighbors. Personally, I am for the abolition of all special privileges that are not for the general good. My principal hope of the future is the civilization of my race—the development not only of the brain but of the heart. I believe the time will come when we will stop raising failures, when we shall know something of the laws governing human beings. I believe the time will come when we will not produce deformed persons, natural criminals. In other words, I think the world is going to grow better and better. This may not happen to this nation nor to what we call our race, but it may happen to some other race, and all that we do in the right direction hastens that day and that race."

"Do you think that the old parties are about to die?"

"It is very hard to say. The country is not old enough for tables of mortality to hav been calculated upon parties. I suppose a party, like anything else, has a period of youth, of manhood and decay. The Democratic party is not dead. Some men grow physically strong as they grow mentally weak. The Democratic party lived out of office, and in disgrace, for twenty-five years, and lived to elect a president. If the Democratic party could liv on disgrace for twenty-five years, it now looks as though the Republican party, on the memory of its glory and of its wonderful and unparalleled achievements, might manage to creep along for a few years more."

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. JAMIESON is having a series of successful meetings in Bozeman, Montana. He is engaged to speak in Helena, Wickes, and Dillon, Montana, from two to five lectures in each place. Address, Denver, Col.

CHARLES WATTS lectures for Friendship Liberal League, Philadelphia, in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, Sunday, Nov. 7th, at 2:30 PM.; subject, "If a Man Die Shall He Liv Again?—The Secularist Answer." At 7:30 P.M., subject, "Saints and Sinners—Which?" The Liberal public throughout the city and vicinity are cordially invited to cooperate to make these lectures a success. Seats are free.

Our London Letter.

When the Socialists were imprisoned for the technical offense of causing an obstruction in the public thoroughfares, but really for the act of openly promulgating their theories, there was great joyfulness on the part of their opponents, especially the religious portion of the community; but when, to make a show of consistency, a few rabid street preachers were served in the same manner, a considerable outcry was raised, and the denunciations of the peripatetic parsons' particular deity was invoked on the devoted heads of those daring individuals who presumed to interfere with his ministers. It really appears to be a great mistake for the authorities to interfere in such matters, but the persons in authority are not, as a rule, very conspicuous for common sense. It is certainly a nuisance to hav loud-mouthed orators holding forth under one's window; but as these individuals generally choose a spot where no one is annoyed in such a matter, they may just as well cater in this manner for the amusement of the masses. Street preaching is at times very amusing, and when any curious person is desirous of hearing how far lying may be carried on in the name of the Lord, he has a splendid opportunity of satisfying his curiosity. I was in a country town, a short time back, on a Sunday, and, walking out in the evening, was attracted by a crowd, who were listening to one of God's lay messengers. The one who was then speaking was of the usual prosy sort, and, as the audience was thinning out in consequence, a more lively brother was put on the stand. He was, according to his own statement, a regular Infidel-crusher, and was one of those numerous individuals before whom Atheists stand in awe. He stated that a short time ago he was at Northampton, when Charles Bradlaugh was sitting next to him on the platform, and when the former was commencing to speak against God, silenced him so effectually that he left the platform without proceeding further in his remarks. Exception was taken to this statement, and, as the liar was getting into an awkward corner, a devout sister helped him out of the difficulty by striking up a hymn, and the brother vanished; but as there was no appearance of a chariot of fire, I presume his disappearance was in a more matter-of-fact manner than in the case of Elijah.

Evidently matters in heaven are sadly out of gear, as all the late judgments appear to hav fallen upon the religious world as impartially as on the unbelievers. The effects of the Charleston earthquakes were perfectly indiscriminate; and a few days back an unfortunate priest appears to hav been specially singled out for speedy judgment. According to published accounts, the Rev. Kavanagh seems to hav been a decent sort of a man for his class, and it passes ordinary understanding why his head should hav been selected to receive a heavy stone cherub just when he was going through the performance of sacrificing on the altar. If he had been a sacrilegious heretic who was after stealing the church plate, the thing would hav been quite clear, but for a properly-authorized priest to be slain in that manner militates against all received notions of the fitness of things, and clearly shows there is something wrong somewhere. I suppose we must be content to leave it without explanation, believing that "what we don't know here we shall know hereafter," a highly satisfactory way of getting over such little difficulties.

There is some talk of forming a new Agnostic Society, of which, I presume, the *Secular Review* will be to a certain extent the literary mouthpiece. Doubtless there is plenty of room for such a society, and it is to be hoped it will be a success in every way; and it will tend in this direction better if it confines itself to anti-theology, excluding politics, as it is very certain all Freethinkers are not in accord on this point. Whether the name of a real live marquis as president will be of any real assistance remains to be seen. Perhaps it will be a draw, as the average "respectable" Englishman "dearly loves a lord."

London, Eng., Oct 8, 1886. J. D.

VOLTAIRE'S old home at Ferney now belongs to a sculptor, who has preserved the philosopher's bedroom in its old state. The room contains a bedstead, table, and armchairs. On the walls are two pictures of Catherine of Russia and of Voltaire himself.

THE *Labor Free Press*, of Baltimore, in commenting upon the arrest of C. B. Reynold's at Boonton, says: "There are thousands of people in every Christian community who are so intolerant as to invoke the law where a party even claims the right of free speech. If a man sets up the claim that the devil really loves holy water, and would demonstrate that such is the case, let him go ahead and prove it if he can. And yet there are those who would call upon the public authorities to order so bold and bad a man to move on who should claim a privilege of proving in public that his satanic majesty could not consistently be held up as even a figurativ antithesis to the church. The man who will hav nothing but *ex parte* testimony is a bigot and a fool. We care not how much cramming he may hav been subjected to at one university or the other. A doctrin that cannot stand an argumentativ test, or whose adherents would suppress the utterance of the views of an opponent, would appear to be wanting in solidity in foundational structure."

Communications.

Freethought in England.

II.—ITS ADVOCATES.

Since Mr. Charles Watts left England to make America the field of his activ labor, constructiv Secularism has found few advocates here, and—except, perhaps, the little I hav myself been able to do in some of my lectures—the destructiv policy has been invariably adopted by English Freethought lecturers.

With Mr. Watts's admirable qualities as an advocate of Freethought your readers are probably well acquainted. I may say, however, that in England he has many admirers, not alone of his impassioned and persuasiv eloquence as an orator, but for his many splendid qualities as a man.

To-day in England the editor of the *Freethinker*, Mr. Geo. William Foote, a—compara'ivly speaking—young man, wanting several years to forty, "holds the field," as Mr. Gladstone would say, as an essentially anti-theological lecturer.

Since he came out of Holloway jail, where he served twelve months for the horrible, priest-made offense called blasphemy, two years ago, he has been exceedingly activ with tongue and pen in spreading the glorious principles of Freethought.

Mr. Foote is a model speaker, though some regard him as slightly pedantic. His sentences are skilfully constructed, and being a man of fine literary tastes, and a wit to boot, his most profound lectures are rendered exceedingly interesting by his trenchant criticisms and caustic wit. As a debater he has few equals. Mr. Bradlaugh is finer in passages that appeal to the emotions; Mr. Watts has more fire; but Mr. Foote is the logician. One of the best read men in England, he makes the very best use of his knowledge; he is rigorously logical; is never mentally disturbed by excitement; and his speeches will bear the closest analysis when read.

His last debate with Wm. McCann, at the Hall of Science, showed him at his best. The *Freethinker* he conducts on the destructiv lines. Every week there appear cartoons that are wormwood and gall to the bigots.

But, as he frequently says himself, he does not ridicule persons, but principles. If the principles are true, ridicule will not hurt them, but if they are not so, so much the worse for them. Christianity he regards as a religion that has cursed the world by its supernatural teachings, by its absurdities and immoralities, and most of all by its crimes.

By every means in his power he has resolved to destroy its influence, and his lectures and writings are already playing such rare havoc with the creeds that the Christians sadly regret that they ever put him in jail to test of what metal he was really made.

Mr. Touzeau Parris is another very able Freethought advocate; but the method he adopts is not at all likely to bring him into conflict with the law authorities of the crown. Mr. Parris, who is very learned, was once a Unitarian minister, but, finding himself unable to believe in Theism in any of its manifold phases, came boldly out as an advocate of Materialism.

The Freethinkers of Birmingham and Camberwell swear by him. He is their bright particular star. One of Mr. Parris's favorit lectures i entitled, "Sin against God an Impossibility." The title shocks and wounds the Christians keenly, but when they hear the lecture they are amazed at the calm way in which the facts bearing on the subject are marshaled, and how accurate are the inferences drawn therefrom. Biblical criticism, however, is Mr. Parris's *forte*. There are few lecturers so well acquainted with the classics; and so, like Joseph Symes, now in Australia, when Mr. Parris lectures on the Bible he is often in a position to giv his opponents instruction as to the meaning of the various doubtful passages in the Old or New Testament by reference to either the Hebrew or the Greek text.

Mr. Parris, however, is more than a Biblical critic. He is an apostle of Herbert Spencer, and his lectures on the doctrin of evolution are invaluable as aids to young students desiring to hav a full grasp of the new teaching.

Mr. John Robertson, though a Freethinker of many years' standing, and an eminent litterateur, is new as a lecturer; but his expositions hav the great merit of clearness, and he is sure to win his way to success.

W. Stewart Ross ("Saladin") the editor of the *Secular Review*, is a man of remarkable powers; he is an excellent speaker, albeit he talks in a language not understood by the people, being largely made up of words that are not to be found in Johnson or Webster; and being a poet, besides a very vigorous writer, he is sometimes led into extravagance of language and eccentricity of ideas that deter many of the common-sense order of Freethinkers from regarding him as an authority. It cannot be denied, however, that in his literary labors he is supported by some of the most learned and talented gentlemen that ever lent the sanction of their names and support to our struggling cause.

Among the young lecturers of great promis are Mr. Arthur Hunt, of Nottingham; Mr. George Standring, Mr. W. H. Uttley, and, last but by no means least, two young ladies, Mrs. Mary Gowden and Miss Thornton Smith. There are, of course, other gentlemen who may be called auxiliary lecturers, such as Mr. Robert Forder, who, as the very activ secretary of the National Secular Society, does a lot of work gratuitously; and Mr. Frederick Haslam, a veteran, who has done some good service in his day, and who seems to be determined to carry on the fight against fearful odds until life will hold out no longer.

These are, if I mistake not, the whole of the chief talkers in the Freethought movement in England; the men who openly carry on the warfare with a barbarous theology; who clear the path that future Freethinkers may traverse the road to prosperity and happiness unimpeded by a false and pernicious creed.

Some of these warriors hav borne the brunt of the battle for many years; some hav pierced the insidious monster of religion more than once so that it has appeared to fall and writhe in agony; but anon, by the aid of wealth and power, it has risen again in all its hideousness and strength, and for awhile, by subtle persecution or by imprisonment, put some of our warriors *hors de combat;* but in a free and open encounter, which must take place with the progress of education and the growth of knowledge, who can hav any doubt as to the ultimate issue? Many of your readers may, perhaps, be amazed that in the old country there are not more Freethought lecturers than there are. The reason is this:

Young Freethinkers hav very little encouragement or help from the more wealthy members of the party, and, after years of weary struggle, in an unpopular movement, many of them are at length compelled by sheer poverty to retire from the work.

Now the field for their labor is growing wider and wider day by day, and when the English lecturer finds, as some of them hav found, that their efforts for human emancipation are more appreciated in other countries than their own, they naturally choose to work in those vinyards in which their labor is profitable alike to themselvs and those for whom they hav the pleasure to work. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

The Kansas Arrests.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I must confess to a feeling of amazement upon reading your brief comments following the announcement of the arrest of Lillian Harman and myself. But before proceeding to an examination of your remarks I will correct a few errors of fact.

1. Laura V. Walker procured a divorce from me, not I from her. I should hav regarded it as a violation of my principles to hav appealed to the courts for a separation. 2. Mr. M. Harman did not perform a "ceremony" of any kind. As the father of Lillian Harman, a minor, he gave his consent to our union, and he read a statement of principles. That was all. 3. Our preliminary examination was had on the 27th of September. Announcing it as for the 27th of October may hav been my fault—a slip of the pen—it is immaterial now.

You rightly observe that our "private affairs are no business of the public," but in the same sentence, with a strange inconsistency, you demand that "full information" thereof shall be given. And why? Because, forsooth, we appeal to the public for aid. But why do we make this appeal? Surely I do not need to tell you nor your readers that it is because there are those who believe, or pretend to believe, that they hav a right to make our "private affairs" the "business of the public;" and, proceeding upon that assumption, hav thrown us into prison and are doing their level worst to destroy our business and kill *Lucifer*. We were attending to our own business, injuring no one, when these prosecutors and persecutors made our business a matter of public knowledge and forced us to appeal to the better element of the public for assistance in vindicating our right to mind our own business, which you admit is no concern of the public. It was the business alone of Mr. Bennett and his customer (presumably an honest purchaser) when he mailed the copy of "Cupid's Yokes" that sent him to the Albany Penitentiary and made it possible for you to be the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. But most Christians, and a large minority of the Liberals, asserted that it was the business of the public, and, having the machinery of the law in their hands, they imprisoned him for thirteen months. We radical Liberals fought the issue to the last, and sent to Washington almost two hundred thousand names of men and women who demanded the release of the persecuted editor. In the little orthodox village of Norway, Iowa, I procured eighty signatures to the petition. Now, you, the successor of the martyr, D. M. Bennett, turn upon me when I, another Infidel editor, am arrested for making my own contract with a willing associate, and tell me that "there are other moral questions involved in this matter."

Do you not remember that that was precisely what Mr. Bennett's enemies averred when they published his letters? Did they not try to obscure the real issue by an attempt to make it appear that Mr. Bennett's moral character was bad? You know the story well. And so do all the old readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. And what did you, what did we all who stood by D. M. Bennett and THE TRUTH SEEKER then, reply to those charges? Did not you, did not Mr. Wakeman, did not Elizur Wright, did not every other true friend of liberty, declare that moral character was not the question at issue; that the sole question was Mr. Bennett's right to mail the proscribed pamphlet? Was not THE TRUTH SEEKER flooded with editorial and contributed articles whose purpose was to show that the humblest citizen should be protected in the exercise of his natural rights, and that it was far more dangerous to the rights of *all* to trample upon the liberties of the unpopular man than upon those of the rich and strong, and this because to oppress the weak always creates a *precedent* for further encroachment upon the rights and liberties of all.

Then, the issue is, hav Lillian Harman and I the right to make our own contracts? Every genuin Liberal will unhesitatingly answer, Yes. We are persecuted for exercising this right, and to our defense we called the Liberals of America. But had we, the old supporters of your paper, answered your and Mr. Bennett's appeals as you this day answer ours, there would be no TRUTH SEEKER for you to edit, or through which we could make this appeal.

You refer to the Kansas City *Times* and the "public press of the vicinity." You ought to know by this time how little dependence is to be placed in the utterances of the "public press." Hav you so soon forgotten the attitude of the *Inter-Ocean* and of the then *Scribner's Monthly* toward Mr. Bennett? Hav you forgotten the most wickedly unjust treatment he received at the hands of the editors of the country generally? Do you not know that the agent of the Associated Press who sends the dispatches from a given point has it in his power to put his opinions and prejudices into the mouth of every editor who receives those dispatches?

In this instance, R. E. Van Meter, editor of the *New Era*, the church and Prohibition organ of Valley Falls, is the Associated Press agent. He and his backers are determined to crush out the Infidel paper which has been a thorn in the side of orthodoxy there for six years. They hav threatened to prosecute the publishers for the alleged "obscenity" of the *Light Bearer;* and the *New Era*, since Van Meter succeeded to its management, has let pass no opportunity to misrepresent the paper and the principles of Freethought.

But you hav been unjust beyond the letter of that which is written in this and other Christian-run local papers. There is no warrant in their statement for your assumption that there are "other moral questions involved." To be sure they say that I hav a divorced wife, which is a fact, but how long since that became, *per se*, a crime?

Now, friend Macdonald, all I ask is that you once more justify your reputation for fairness, as you hav recently so effectually done in the case of the Chicago Socialists. It is all embraced, the issue, in this: Had Lillian and I the natural right to make the contract we did? Was it a wrong to arrest us for doing what you inferentially admit we had a right to do; and if our rights were invaded by that prosecution, hav we a claim upon the sympathy and assistance of the Liberals of the country? And that, too, without dragging out every skeleton, if such there are, in the Walker and Harman households? Yours for consistency and fair play, E. C. WALKER.

Cell 2, *the Jail, Oskaloosa, Kan.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I begin to feel almost lonely, so many of my personal friends are either in jail, prison, under indictments, or sentenced to hang. Just think of it—what is this country coming to?

In Chicago the seven men, my co-laborers for the wage-slaves' liberation from the yoke that capitalism has fastened about their necks, from the heavy burdens moneyed monopolies hav compelled them to carry, from unjust legislation procured by corrupt means through political chicanery, now condemned to death for no act of theirs, except the expression of opinions, because some unknown person threw a bomb by which several policemen were killed. That the condemned knew anything about the throwing of that bomb was not even pretended to be proven, but the jury, selected for that purpose by parties knowing their prejudices, condemned them in response to the demands of capitalism, which controls legislation, the judiciary, and the press.

In our own city, some of the most self-sacrificing reformers are now in prison for inciting to riot when there was no riot.

We did hav a massacre here, a cowardly assault upon unarmed citizens who were doing no illegal act, simply marching in the street carrying an eight-hour banner; and Governor Rusk—called to this city by a railroad king, brought here in his private car, instead of in response to any call from city or county authorities—is responsible for the shedding of that blood. And now, upon the pretense that he saved

the city from some dire disaster, he is being boomed for a third term, and the money powers of both parties are uniting under the pretense of sustaining "law and order," when the facts are that the only breach of law was by order of the governor to the militia to "shoot to kill"—without ordering them to disperse, or reading the riot act to them—the body of men fired upon. The mob had destroyed no property, injured no person. The Republican party is now trying to bulldoze every voter to sustain it by claiming all who do not are Anarchists—by which term they mean destructionists—and the capitalistic press all over the country sustains this infamously false issue.

And now comes from Kansas another cry of outraged liberty in the arrest and imprisonment of E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman, who married themselvs according to their own views of what was right, in a manner that would come under the law of civil contracts.

Who was harmed by their attending to their own business in their own way? All just legislation protects individual liberty, and interferes only in case of any encroachment thereon.

When civil law becomes a power to interfere with the sovereignty of the individual, doing as a state what if individually done would constitute a trespass, it at once becomes tyranny and dangerous, and should be resisted by every lover of liberty. Mr. Walker I hav known for years as a brave, true, logical reformer. He has his strong personal friends, and his bitter enemies, as hav all heroic souls; but the present question is not, What is Mr. Walker's character; but it is, Hav two persons a right to contract to liv together as conjugal partners, or must some meddlesome agent of the church or state be authority—and receive a fee for being such—more binding than personal agreement, and thus belittling individual responsibility?

The agreement on the part of Mr. Walker was such as would giv a woman personal existence and sexual liberty, which the laws do not, and it is man-made religions and man-made laws that condemn and punish persons for upholding the idea of equality between the sexes in rights, privileges, and responsibilities in marriage as the surest way of holding the race in bondage to the church power. Giv woman sex liberty, and a race of freemen would be born that no ecclesiastical yokes could bind, and no august laws fetter.

They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truths they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

Milwaukee, Oct. 9, 1886.

Vote for Henry George.

Never before hav the wage-workers had the opportunity to so fully show the power of united organization and intelligent action as they will hav in this city in the next election for mayor. Let them not lose sight for one moment of the fact that the vast army of workingmen all over the country are watching them in the race, and if they win and elect Henry George for mayor, that success will be but the beginning of a general victory in all parts of the United States.

It is the duty of every intelligent workingman to strengthen every weak and doubting brother, to show him the fallacy of voting in either of the old parties, to point out to him, and prove it by facts, the greed, selfishness, and dishonesty of the average office-holder. This is easily done. On the other hand, show him that Henry George never sought the nomination, but that it was given to him in grateful acknowledgment of the great good he has done for the cause of Labor both by pen and tongue, and that in accepting the nomination, he is really sacrificing his own desires for the common benefit of the men for whose cause he has so ably and manfully battled in the past. What a real reform has already been achieved when it becomes possible for a man to be nominated for mayor who is owned by no "boss," and who has pulled no wires to secure it. This of itself ought to be a harbinger of victory. The principle of putting up $5,000 for election purposes, that may bring an opportunity to steal $50,000, has not been used in the nomination of Mr. George, and all the citizens of New York, irrespectiv of creed or condition, who wish to see a genuin reform in the administration of municipal affairs, should vote for Henry George. He is surely the first *bona fide*, simon-pure reformer ever nominated for that office.

An aroma of moral cleanliness seems to pervade the presentation of his name, and every citizen who wants a "clean government" should certainly support him.

Are not the newspapers of this city a sort of mixture of "Uriah Heeps" and "Aminadab Sleeks" in their treatment of municipal reform? Here is a man with an unspotted record, a large heart, whose generous sympathy is bounded by no country, creed, or sect, but who seeks the advancement of the toiling masses the world over by perfectly legitimate means, without war or confiscation; and how do the newspapers, who are so alert and sharp after municipal thieves, treat the nomination? For the most part with little or no notice of it whatever. The *World* doubts his ability to administer the office, and cites that as a valid objection to him, and assures its readers that his "philosophy" is immaterial, as his oath of office would be a bar against its practice. The question of ability to administer the office of mayor has not heretofore entered largely into the availability of previous candidates; the question generally has been, Who owns him? Which boss or which organization, and whither go the "spoils" in the event of success? That such an objection is pueril and unimportant goes without saying, and we merely quote it to show the kind of support that leading Democratic and labor loving newspaper is giving to the man and the cause of the workingmen, which it professes to champion. As a matter of fact, the newspapers of New York dare not advocate a labor mayor. It would be an innovation that would be distasteful, perhaps, to a large proportion of their subscribers and advertisers, and, per consequence, would affect their business. And just here is the touchstone that actuates the policy of newspapers, and which must be overcome by the circulation of pamphlets among voters. In regard to the executiv or administrativ ability of Mr. Henry George to perform the functions of mayor, it is enough to know that he is the author of "Social Problems" and the "Land Question," and that a man who could formulate such an original and sensible way out of existing evils is certainly possessed of brains enough to read the laws of the city, pass upon new legislations, and execute them faithfully in the interest of the whole people. Vote for Henry George for mayor! WM. ALLEN SMITH.

Do Not Vote for Henry George.

Let no Liberal expect much from Henry George, for he is "still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of" superstition. Somewhere in his "Progress and Poverty," he givs an example of the birth and growth of a new community. One man goes first and takes up a farm, then others come in and settle around him. Men of various trades and vocations come in one by one. At last, after the settlers hav begun to earn money, here comes the inevitable parson. Mr. George failed to giv the important lesson that one cause of poverty is that superstition induces people to giv part of their earnings to the clerical parasite to keep "God" from hurting them the first time the latter gets out of humor. Don't expect that Henry George, who lets the imaginary blood-sucker of superstition alone in an imaginary community, will do anything to rid New York of an army of ecclesiastical leeches.

In his conclusion he says: "The yearning for a further life is natural and deep. It grows with intellectual growth," etc. Then he propounds this conundrum: "What, then, is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death?" And answers: "To me it only seems intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life." He agrees, then, with "Lo, the poor Indian," who "thinks, admitted to that equal sky, his faithful dog shall bear him company," for the dog has life and intellect. How Mr. George would please a certain turf-man, whose favorit book is Butler's "Analogy," because in proving that men are immortal he proves that horses are too!

Mr. George says that "the facts seem only explainable upon a theory which cannot be expressed but in myth and symbol," etc. What hope can the modern, everyday people of New York hav for aid in their troubles from a self-confessed groper among cobwebs? Science and Rationalism are the only hope, the only beacons. Do not expect anything from him who has not yet outgrown superstition. Do not vote for Henry George. W.

Judge Gary and the Prisoners.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Would it not please many of your readers to hav you publish the inclosed remarks of Judge Gary to the Anarchists when you hav another long article of sympathy in your paper for the convicts? I hope you will find room in your paper to giv the judge an equal chance. I know you will, for you are in search of truth, as the name of your paper implies.

Chicago, Oct. 12, 1886. J. S. BUTTERFIELD.

JUDGE GARY'S REMARKS ON SENTENCING THE ANARCHISTS.

I am quite well aware that what you hav said, although addressed to me, has been said to the world; yet nothing has been said which weakens the force of the proof or the conclusions therefrom upon which the verdict is based. You are all men of intelligence, and know that if the verdict stands it must be executed. The reasons why it shall stand I hav already sufficiently stated in deciding the motion for a new trial.

I am sorry beyond any power of expression for your unhappy condition, and for the terrible events that hav brought it about. I shall address to you neither reproaches nor exhortation. What I shall say shall be said in the faint hope that a few words from a place where the people of the state of Illinois hav delegated the authority to declare the penalty of a violation of their laws, and spoken upon an occasion so solemn and awful as this, may come to the knowledge of, and be heeded by, the ignorant, deluded, and misguided men who hav listened to your counsels and followed your advice. I say in the faint hope, for if men are persuaded that because of business differences, whether about labor or anything else, they may destroy property and assault and beat other men, and kill the police if they, in the discharge of their duty, interfere to preserve the peace, there is little ground to hope that they will listen to any warning.

It is not the least among the hardships of the peaceable, frugal, and laborious poor to endure the tyranny of mobs who, with lawless force, dictate to them, under penalty of peril to limb and life, where, when, and upon what terms they may earn a livelihood for themselvs and their families. Any government that is worthy of the name will strenuously endeavor to secure to all within its jurisdiction freedom to follow the lawful avocations and safety for their property and persons while obeying the law, and the law is common sense. It holds each man responsible for the natural and probable consequences of his own acts. It holds that whoever advises murder is himself guilty of the murder that is committed pursuant to his advice, and if men band together for a forcible resistance to the execution of the law, and advise murder as a means of making such resistance effectual, whether such advice be to one man to murder another, or to a numerous class to murder men of another class, all who are so banded together are guilty of any murder that is committed in pursuance of such advice.

The people of this country love their institutions, they love their homes, they love their property. They will never consent that by violence and murder those institutions shall be broken down, their homes despoiled, and their property destroyed. And the people are strong enough to protect and sustain their institutions. and to punish all offenders against their laws; and those who threaten danger to civil society, if the law is enforced, are leading to destruction whoever may attempt to execute such threats.

The existing order of society can be changed only by the will of the majority. Each man has the full right to entertain and advocate by speech and print such opinions as suit himself, and the great body of the people will usually care little what he says. But if he proposes murder as a means of enforcing, he puts his own life at stake. And no clamor about free speech, or the evils to be cured, or the wrongs to be redressed, will shield him from the consequences of his crime. His liberty is not a license to destroy. The toleration that he enjoys he must extend to others, and not arrogantly assume that the great majority are wrong, and may rightfully be coerced by terror, or removed by dynamite.

It only remains that for the crime you hav committed, and of which you hav been convicted after a trial unexampled in the patience with which an outraged people hav extended to you every protection and privilege of the law which you derided and defied, that the sentence of that law be given now.

In form and detail that sentence will appear upon the records of the court. In substance and effect it is that the defendant Neebe be imprisoned in the state penitentiary at Joliet at hard labor for the term of fifteen years.

And that each of the other defendants, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d day of December next, in the manner provided by the statute of this state, be hung by the neck until he is dead. Remove the prisoners.

From the slip containing these remarks Mr. Butterfield tore off the words used by the judge in refusing the condemned a new trial. We supply the omission, merely calling attention to the fact that they show conclusivly, by the judge himself, that what we hav said is true, namely, that these men are condemned for being Anarchists, not because they are guilty of murder. Judge Gary said:

The case is unprecedented. There is no example of any such crime having been committed; there is no precedent of any case like this having become the subject of judicial investigation.

The jury were not instructed [by Gary himself] to find them guilty if they believed that they participated in the throwing of the bomb, or encouraged or advised the throwing of that bomb, or had knowledge that it was to be thrown, or anything of that sort. *The conviction has not gone upon the ground that they did hav actual participation in the act which caused the death of* Deegan, but upon the ground, under the instructions [given by Gary himself], that they had generally, by speech and print, advised a large class to commit murder, and had left the occasion, time, and place to the individual will, whim, and caprice of the individuals so advised, and that in consequence of that advice and in pursuance of it, and influenced by it, *somebody not known did throw the bomb* that caused Deegan's death.

Catholic Rascality and Infidel Honesty.

From the Cincinnati Post.

It is so unusual that a bondsman for a large sum comes forward and honestly pays up the full amount of his obligation that the action of George Hoadly, as bondsman of Assignee Mannix, in handing over to the present trustees of Archbishop Purcell the full amount of his equitable liability as bondsman, and in addition to that his share in $40,000 worth of property made over by Mannix to his four bondsmen to secure them, is worthy of public attention and public praise. Not that Judge Hoadly has done one whit more than his plain duty, or has more than simply satisfied, cent for cent, a voluntary contingent obligation he assumed when he put his name with those of John Holland, Chas. Stewart, and Michael Walsh on Mannix's bond for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but because at large sacrifice, and when legal evasion was possible, Judge Hoadly has preferred the act of honest duty. He is not a rich man, and in paying $62,500 cash he lays down nearly, or quite, half of the savings of an unusually laborious life.

Judge Hoadly, when governor, was often reproached with being an Infidel, if not an Atheist. In this act of financial righteousness he at any rate demonstrates that he sets a practical value upon that Biblical declaration, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." A sense of duty fully done is cheap at any financial cost.

FREETHOUGHT lectures are delightfully frequent in America now. Ingersoll has been reposing lately, but other speakers hav been very activ. Mr. J. E. Remsburg, for instance, has just delivered thirty lectures in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and is gone on a fresh tour in Iowa. Mr. S. P. Putnam is as lively as ever. We fancy he must be a good-looking man, for he seems a favorit with the ladies.—*London Freethinker.*

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Blasphemy.

REYNOLDS INDICTED FOR THE CRIME OF LIBELING A GHOST.

When the wisdom assembled as a grand jury of Morris county, N. J., "arose" on Tuesday, October 19, 1886, it left in the hands of the young district attorney, Willard W. Cutler, an indictment against Charles B. Reynolds for blasphemy. This instrument of torture, however, was not based upon Mr. Reynolds's lecture at Boonton, but upon a treatis which he has since written, printed as a pamphlet and distributed at Boonton, and which also appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 9th and 16th. The indictment reads as follows:

"MORRIS CO. OYER AND TERMINER AND GENERAL JAIL DELIVERY, Oct. TERM, A.D. 1886.

"*Morris Co., to Wit:*

"The grand inquest for the state of New Jersey in and for the body of the county of Morris upon their oath present that Charles B. Reynolds, late of the township of Boonton, in the county of Morris aforesaid, on the eighth day of October, 1886, at the township of Boonton aforesaid, in the county of Morris aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of this court, unlawfully and wickedly did wilfully blaspheme the holy name of God by contumeliously reproaching his being and providence, and by contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ and the holy word of God, that is, the canonical scriptures contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments, and by profane scoffing at and exposing them to contempt and ridicule in that he, the said Charles B. Reynolds, did then and there publish, circulate, and distribute a certain scandalous, impious, and blasphemous printed document entitled, 'Blasphemy and the Bible,' by Charles B. Reynolds, in which there were and are contained amongst other things certain scandalous, impious, and blasphemous matter, and things to the tenor and effect following:

"'This Bible describes God as so loving that he drowned the whole world in his mad fury, because it was so much worse than he (knowing all things?) ever supposed it could be. An all-wise, unchangeable God, who got out of patience with a world which was just what his own stupid blundering had made it, and knew no better way out of the muddle than to destroy it by drowning!'

"And in another part of the aforesaid printed document there are and was contained, among other things, certain other scandalous, impious, and blasphemous matter and things of the purport and effect following, to wit:

"'The Bible God says his people made him jealous, provoked him to anger, and now he will raise the mischief with them, for he declares his anger burns like hell. He will destroy them all "were it not that I feared the wrath of the enemy."

"'The almighty God afraid of his enemies! Can the human mind conceive of more horrid blasphemy? Can even a New Jersey Christian believe such stuff was ever inspired by a God?

"'WHAT THE BIBLE REALLY TEACHES.

"'The Old Testament records for our instruction in morals the most foul and bestial instances of fornication, incest, and polygamy, perpetrated by God's own pet saints, and the New Testament indorses these lecherous old wretches as examples for all good Christians to follow.'"

And in another part of the aforesaid document there were and are contained, among other things, certain other scandalous, impious, and blasphemous matter and things of the purport and effect following, that is to say:

"'Now, reader, take time and calmly think it over. A Jewish girl becomes the mother of God almighty—the mother of your God. The child of this young Jewess was God. Christ is God. God cried and screamed, squealed and kicked; God flung about his little arms; God made aimless dashes into space with his little fists; God stared foolishly at his own little toes; God smiled when he was comfortable and howled when pricked by a nasty pin; God was nursed at Mary's breast; God was wrapped in little diapers; God lay in a cradle and was rocked to sleep; God was quite sick when cutting his little teeth; God caught the measles, mumps, whooping cough, and scarlet fever; God learned to walk and often tumbled down, bumped his forehead, and made his little nose bleed; God was spanked when he was naughty, etc., etc.'

"Contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace of this state, the government and dignity of the same.

"And the grand inquest aforesaid, upon their oath aforesaid, do further present the said Charles B. Reynolds, late of the town of Boonton aforesaid, in the county of Morris aforesaid, on the 8th day of October, 1886, at township of Boonton aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of this court, with force and arms disregarding the laws of the state, and profanely deriding and intending to bring the holy scriptures and the Christian religion into disbelief and contempt among the people of the state, unlawfully and wickedly did compose, print, and publish, and did cause and procure to be composed, printed, and published, a certain scandalous, impious, and blasphemous libel of and concerning God, and of and concerning the holy scriptures, and of and concerning the Christian religion, which libel is published and contained in a certain printed document, entitled 'Blasphemy and the Bible,' by Charles B. Reynolds, in which said libel so printed, published, and composed, and so caused and procured to be composed and printed and published as aforesaid by the said Charles B. Reynolds, the said Charles B. Reynolds did unlawfully blaspheme the holy name of God by denying and contumeliously reproaching his being and providence, and by contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ and the Christian religion and the holy name of God.

"In one part of which scandalous and blasphemous libel, among other things, there were and are contained certain scandalous, impious, and blasphemous matter, and things of and concerning God, and of and concerning his providence, according to the purport and effect following, to wit:

"'This Bible describes God as so loving that he drowned the whole world in his mad fury, because it was so much worse than he (knowing all things?) ever supposed it could be. An all-wise, unchangeable God, who got out of patience with a world which was just what his own stupid blundering had made it, and knew no better way out of the muddle than to destroy it by drowning!'

"And in another part of said libel there were and are contained certain scandalous, impious, and blasphemous matter, and things of and concerning God, of and concerning his being, and of and concerning the holy scriptures, and of and concerning the Christian religion, and to the purport and effect following, to wit:

"'The Bible God says his people made him jealous, provoked him to anger, and now he will raise the mischief with them; for he declares his anger burns like hell. He will destroy them all "were it not that I feared the wrath of the enemy."

"'The almighty God afraid of his enemies! Can the human mind conceive of more horrid blasphemy? Can even a New Jersey Christian believe such stuff was ever inspired by a God?

"'WHAT THE BIBLE REALLY TEACHES.

"'The Old Testament records for our instruction in morals the most foul and bestial instances of fornication, incest, and polygamy, perpetrated by God's own pet saints, and the New Testament indorses these lecherous old wretches as examples for all good Christians to follow.

"And in another part of said libel there were and are contained scandalous, impious, and blasphemous matters and things of and concerning God, of and concerning his being and of and concerning the holy scriptures, and of and concerning the Christian religion, and to the purport and effect following, to wit:

"'Now, reader, take time and calmly think it over. A Jewish girl becomes the mother of God almighty—the mother of your God. The child of this Jewess was God. Christ is God. God cried and screamed, squealed and kicked; God flung about his little arms; God made aimless dashes into space with his little fists; God stared foolishly at his own little toes; God smiled when he was comfortable and howled when pricked by a nasty pin; God was nursed at Mary's breast; God was wrapped in little diapers; God lay in a cradle and was rocked to sleep; God was quite sick when cutting his little teeth; God caught the measles, mumps, whooping cough, and scarlet fever; God learned to walk, and often tumbled down, bumped his forehead, and made his little nose bleed; God was spanked when he was naughty, etc., etc.

"To the great scandal and contumelious reproach of God, his being and providence, and of Jesus Christ and the Christian religion and the holy word of God, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the state, the government and dignity of the same. WILLARD W. CUTLER, Prosecutor, etc.

This change of base on the part of the Christians of New Jersey is a complete surprise to Mr. Reynolds. When the fanatics of Boonton arrested him on July 28th, he was indignant, and the most natural thing for him to do, it seemed, was to enlighten the people of that place as to what blasphemy laws are, and as to who are the real blasphemers. The first was done by circulating a pamphlet upon blasphemy, in which was pointed out the unconstitutionality, the barbarism, and the foolishness of such laws; the second by another pamphlet showing that Christians and their Bible were the real blasphemers, inasmuch as they ascribe to God sentiments, passions, and attributes which degrade him to the level of a Nero—an inhuman and bloodthirsty monster. This pamphlet, called "Blasphemy and the Bible," shows that the Bible is God's worst enemy, and that, in circulating the book, Christians are destroying his good character. And this it is that makes the Christians of Morris county angry. Owing to the stupidity of the complainant and the justice who drew up the first complaint against Mr. Reynolds, the grand jury could find no ground for an indictment. The witnesses they summoned could not recollect enough of Mr. Reynolds's lecture to work upon. To be revenged, therefore, they pounced upon this pamphlet, and, selecting the passages quoted in the indictment, and without specifying the object of the pamphlet, they find a "true bill" against Mr. Reynolds. The malicious wreckers of his tent are allowed to go free—the district attorney refusing to call even one of the long list of witnesses Mr. Reynolds left with him for that purpose—while he is prosecuted upon a totally different charge, the obliging district attorney summoning some fifty witnesses against him. This, we suppose, is a Christian conception of justice.

The first notice Mr. Reynolds had that he was indicted he read in the daily papers of this city on Wednesday, the 20th. He at once telegraphed to the district attorney to know if this was so, if he was wanted to renew his bail, and the amount of bail required. To this the district attorney returned no answer. A personal call upon Mr. Cutler succeeded better, and Friday, the 22d, Mr. Reynolds gave bail to appear on Monday, the 25th, to plead to the indictment. Saturday Mr. Ingersoll telegraphed to the district attorney, but to this message no answer was returned. Mr. Ingersoll has but just undergone a surgical operation to remove an obstruction from his throat, and under direction of his physicians must not speak above a whisper. The mere statement of these facts ought to hav been sufficient to secure an adjournment, but when Mr. Reynolds appeared in the court on Monday morning, and gave bail to appear for trial, Mr. Cutler moved that Wednesday, the 27th, be the day fixed. Mr. Reynolds told Judge Childs that it was impossible for his counsel to appear at that time. "That makes no difference," said the judge; "get other counsel!" And he persisted in setting the day for trial as Wednesday, the 27th, at half-past twelve.

Morristown is as orthodox a place as Boonton, and the ire of its inhabitants runs high against the Infidel. When Mr. Reynolds was distributing his pamphlets upon its streets he was threatened with arrest and ordered to stop by the marshal of the place. Whatever jurymen are drawn from Morristown are likely to be intensely prejudiced against the defendant. One of the grand jury men who indicted Mr. Reynolds said to a Liberal of Boonton that Mr. Reynolds should if possible secure a change of venue and remove the trial to another county. "He stands no chance in Morristown," said the grand jury man. This seems to be the opinion of all the Christians of both Boonton and Morristown—that Mr. Reynolds is as good as convicted. In their imaginations they hav already heard the ruling of the judge that will force the jury to convict; hav seen the jury rise and say, "He is guilty;" hav seen the officer remove the prisoner to the jail just back of the court house; hav heard the jailer's harsh commands and the slam of the iron doors as the victim vanished from the sight of his friends—in their imaginations they hav heard this, and then gone home and thanked God for his great mercy.

Morristown is essentially a Christian town, and a sleepy one except when its people are mad. It is some thirty miles from New York, but a New Yorker going there imagins it to be a good deal farther away than that. It is a pretty place, up among the hills, and for this reason a good many New York business men liv there, coming in to business every day. Morristown makes a good bedchamber. The atmosphere is conduciv to sleep. A visitor feels as though he were in a church or graveyard with a funeral under way. Outside of their religion the inhabitants worship nothing so heartily as a lot of Revolutionary relics shelved and labeled in an old house where George Washington once made his headquarters. A contemplation of ancient times just suits the Morristown folks, and if they could whip a few witches through the street or hang them to the liberty pole on the common their happiness would no doubt be greatly enhanced. It is a first-rate place for an Infidel who values his liberty to keep away from.

The physical condition of Colonel Ingersoll precluding the possibility of his undertaking to conduct the case, in which he would hav to talk perhaps for hours, other counsel were sought. Tuesday was spent by Mr. Reynolds in visiting the best lawyers of

New Jersey, but not one was found who could attend to the matter. Charles Winfield, district attorney of Jersey City, Judge Garrison, of the same place, and other distinguished legal lights, were offered retainers, but to no avail. Tired, discouraged, wet from the constantly falling rain, and about half sick, Mr. Reynolds made up his mind that he would be pushed into jail before he was forty-eight hours older, and telegraphed to New York that the opinion of all the lawyers was that only Mr. Ingersoll himself could save him.

Wednesday morning was rainy, and it was at great risk to himself that Colonel Ingersoll took an early train for Morristown, accompanied by Dwight Townsend, one of the prominent men of this city. An assault and battery case occupied the attention of the court till nearly eleven, when Colonel Ingersoll rose and said he wanted to make a motion before the court in the case of the State against C. B. Reynolds. The motion was that in view of the fact that only just then had he seen the indictment against Mr. Reynolds, and as last week he had had a surgical operation performed upon his throat, so that until last Sunday he was able to speak only in a whisper, as his physician positivly forbade him to try any case lest he should permanently lose his voice, as Mr. Reynolds was only notified on Monday of the time set for trial, and as he himself was not notified till Tuesday, when he at once used all possible endeavor to obtain other counsel, in which he failed, he desired that the case might stand over to the next term of court.

The court asked what action the prosecutor proposed to take in the matter. Mr. Cutler, after some hesitancy, opposed. The court, with marked fairness, said that though the court had always held that the employment of distinguished counsel whose time was generally occupied was no ground for adjournment, this case seemed different. Counsel had evidently made every endeavor to procure other distinguished counsel, and under the circumstances he would rule that the defendant could not be deprived of his constitutional right to counsel of his own selection, and he would, therefore, order the case adjourned to the next term, the third Tuesday in January.

Bail having been renewed by Edwin Worman, Mr. Reynolds was at liberty to shake the mud of New Jersey from his feet once more, and he returned to New York.

And so the battle is still to be fought. It is very evident that the desire of the people of Boonton and Morristown is that Mr. Reynolds shall be placed behind prison bars as speedily as possible, and, had the court not taken the sensible and humane ground it did, he would undoubtedly at the present time be a convicted prisoner, doing hard labor in a penitentiary. Mr. Reynolds's reliance must be upon the ability of his counsel and the fairness of the court, and not upon any merciful public sentiment of the people of Morris county. The rabble cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

The Kansas Arrests.

In another column will be found a letter from Mr. E. C. Walker bearing slightly upon the subject of his recent marriage to Lillian Harman, and bearing down a good deal upon the much-belectured editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Walker misconstrues the language used a week or two since by THE TRUTH SEEKER, and brings in issues in no wise parallel to his case. Upon these he has wasted a good deal of unnecessary indignation.

The position of Mr. Walker and Miss Harman, as we learn by *Lucifer*, is that they are married, as solidly as anyone, and that they had a natural and legal right to marry as they chose. In taking this position they place themselvs upon firm ground. In the United States a general common law prevails which bases marriage upon contract, upon the present mutual consent of the parties, and no special forms are necessary to its validity. If a man and woman, by words of present import, promis and agree with each other to be husband and wife, the contract and the resulting status of marriage are perfected. It is not necessary for a magistrate or any officer of the state to be present—even witnesses are not necessary—neither is it necessary that the woman assume the man's name. Whenever certain preliminary steps, such as license, notice, and the like, are prescribed by statute—so runs the ponderous legal statement—a failure to comply with these provisions does not impair the marriage which has been contracted; it simply subjects the delinquent parties to a penalty. But the words of the contracting parties must be of present force and operation. These conditions were all fulfilled in the contract between Mr. Walker and Miss Harman, and though he has denied that any ceremony was performed, the record disproves his assertion. The following is the official account of the "autonomistic marriage" taken from *Lucifer:*

"E. C. Walker, as one of the contracting parties, made the following statement:

"'This is a time for clear, frank statement. While regarding all public marital ceremonies as essentially and ineradicably indelicate, a pandering to the morbid, vicious, and meddlesome element in human nature, I consider this form the least objectionable.

"'I abdicate in advance all the so-called "marital rights" with which this public acknowledgment of our relationship may invest me. Lillian is and will continue to be as free to repulse any and all advances of mine as she has been heretofore. In joining with me in this love and labor union, she has not alienated a single natural right. She remains sovereign of herself, as I of myself, and we severally and together repudiate all powers legally conferred upon husbands and wives.

"'In legal marriage, woman surrenders herself to the law and to her husband, and becomes a vassal. Here it is different—Lillian is now made free.

"'In brief, and in addition: I cheerfully and distinctly recognize this woman's right to the control of her own person; her right and duty to retain her own name; her right to the possession of all property inherited, earned, or otherwise justly gained by her; her equality with me in this copartnership; my responsibility to her as regards the care of offspring, if any, and her paramount right to the custody thereof should any unfortunate fate dissolve this union. And now, friends, a few words especially to you. This wholly private compact is here announced, not because I recognize that you, or society at large, or the state, hav any right to inquire into or determin our relations to each other, but simply as a guarantee to Lillian of my good faith toward her. And to this I pledge my honor.'

"Lillian Harman then responded as follows:

"'I do not care to say much; actions speak more clearly than words, often. I enter into this union with Mr. Walker of my own free will and choice, and I agree with the views of my father and of Mr. Walker, as just expressed. I make no promises that it may become impossible or immoral for me to fulfil, but retain the right to act, always, as my conscience and best judgment shall dictate. I retain, also, my full maiden name, as I am sure it is my duty to do.

"'With this understanding, I giv to him my hand in token of my trust in him and of the fidelity to truth and honor of my intentions toward him.'

"Then Mr. Harman said:

"'As the father and natural guardian of Lillian Harman I hereby giv my consent to this union. I do not "giv away the bride," as I wish her to be always the owner of her person, and to be free always to act according to her truest and purest impulses, and as her highest judgment may dictate.'

"Then followed the usual congratulations."

In the introduction to this, it is called the "civil compact entered into between Lillian Harman and Edwin C. Walker, on Sunday, the 19th of September, 1886, of the common calendar."

That this marriage is good at common law there is no doubt. Marriage being clearly intended, any stipulations inconsistent with the law are simply void. An agreement to liv together for life will suffice (Roche *vs.* Washington, 19 Indiana Rep. 53, 57), though so extended an agreement is not necessary, as the law may allow divorce (Stewart's Marriage and Divorce, sec. 85). The only question is whether the statutes of Kansas made the marriage void. Those laws are as follows: Chap. 61, sec. 1, Compiled Laws of Kansas: The marriage contract is to be considered in law as a civil contract, to which the consent of the parties is essential, and the marriage ceremony may be regarded as a civil ceremony or a religious sacrament; but the marriage relation shall only be entered into, maintained, or abrogated as provided by law. Sec. 12 of same chapter provides that:

"Any persons living together as man and wife within this state without being married shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined in a sum not less than five hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty days, nor more than three months."

Sec. 5 provides a form of license to be issued by the probate judges, and sec. 10 provides that every judge, justice of the peace, or licensed preacher of the gospel may perform the marriage ceremony, and for the return of a certificate thereof to the probate judge granting the license. Sec. 4 provides that "if any person empowered by law to join others in marriage shall marry any person before a license, issued by the probate judge of the proper county, under his official hand and seal, be produced, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor," etc. Nowhere does the statute expressly prescribe that a marriage shall be void for non-compliance with any of these sections.

Upon the question, in the absence of decisions of Kansas courts, we hav as authority the decision in the case of Meister *vs.* Moore, 96 United States Rep., 79. In that case the court held as follows:

"No doubt a statute may take away a common law right, but there is always a presumption that the law has no such intention, unless it be plainly expressed. A statute may declare that no marriages shall be valid unless they are solemnized in a prescribed manner, but such an enactment is a very different thing from a law requiring all marriages to be entered into in the presence of a magistrate or a clergyman, or that it be preceded by a license or publication of banns, or be attested by witnesses. Such formal provisions may be considered as merely directory, instead of being treated as destructiv of a common-law right to form the marriage relation by word of present assent. . . . Whatever directions they may giv respecting its formation or solemnization, courts hav usually held a marriage good at common law to be good notwithstanding the statutes, unless they contain express words of nullity."

Since Mr. Walker wrote the article which appears in this issue he has been before a Kansas court, and the decision of the judge sustains this view of the case. The judge held that should either Mr. Walker or Miss Harman marry again they could be prosecuted for bigamy, but yet held that they can be punished for having lived together without first obtaining a license and then being married by some one legally authorized to perform the ceremony. This is no doubt law, but the infliction of the penalty for violating the law as to licenses does not affect the validity of the marriage. The parties to the marriage now claim that they hav not violated a Kansas law. In the trial before Judge Crosier, Mr. Harman said, in answer to a question put by the state's attorney:

"I am the father and only living parent of Lillian Harman, one of the defendants. She will be seventeen years old in December next. Edwin C. Walker, the other defendant, is associated with me in editing the paper called *Lucifer*. I was present at the autonomistic marriage of these two persons on the 19th of September, and gave my consent thereto. There was no magistrate, clergyman, or other officer of church or state present. Not having any use for church or state officials none such had been summoned or invited. The parties married themselvs in their own way, retaining or recognizing all that we deem good in marriage, as commonly understood, and eliminating that which we deem immoral, or that which may in the future result in immorality. There was no license from probate court exhibited on this occasion. We regard the license and civil officer as non-essential to marriage—that these formalities are directory to the officers and not prohibitory as against us. *We claim that we hav violated no law of Kansas.*"

As this seemed to be a change of base, the district-attorney asked Mr. Walker how long since he made that claim. The attorney for Mr. Walker objected to this question, and the court sustained the objection. In *Lucifer*, however, Mr. Harman explains the position of the parties in this wise:

"We hav said that we ignore the technicalities of the statute law in this matter, claiming, as we do, that 'marriage is a civil contract, in which the consent of the parties is essential,' as stated by the statute itself; and as nothing else is stated to be essential we legitimately infer that nothing else is essential to marriage in Kansas. To vindicate and maintain principles we may *in future* find it necessary to disobey and even to defy statute law, as Abolitionists disobeyed and defied statute law, but we do not think this alternativ *has yet* been presented to us."

Under instructions of the judge the jury found the defendants guilty. Sentence was reserved, and meantime the proper steps are being taken to carry the case to the Supreme Court of Kansas.

As the marriage is acknowledged by all parties, including the court, to be a perfectly valid marriage, the question resolves itself to this: Should Mr. Walker and Miss Harman be punished for not getting a license and being married in the regular way? This is answered by common law and common sense in the negativ. Marriage, in this country, is, as we hav pointed out, distinctly and solely a civil contract. The decision of all the courts are to this effect, including the United States Supreme Court. The New York courts hav repeatedly decided in this way. Even in Rhode Island, one of the most conservativ of states, in a case argued by General Butler, the court held marriage to be merely a civil contract, to which not even witnesses were necessary. In the case of Leo Miller and Mattie Strickland the Supreme Court of Michigan affirmed the lower court's decision (under which the parties were imprisoned) upon a technical error, not upon the merits of the case. Miller was his own counsel, and had the proverbial client. Had he properly put the records of the case before the Supreme Court, the lawyers of Michigan assert that the decision would hav been reversed.

The action of the Kansas judge is morally tyrannical and indefensible. In an appeal to the public Mr. Walker and Miss Harman state very clearly the position they hold. They say:

"We claim that the agreement of a man and woman to liv together as husband and wife, and their so living together as husband and wife, constitutes a valid marriage, all licenses, ceremonies, etc., etc., being non-essentials. From the directory statutes we appeal to natural rights, to the common law, to decisions of higher courts, all of which run parallel with our line of defense."

In this claim the defendants are in the right, the law clearly allows it, and if the court does not so award it, upon the officers of the court, not upon the defendants, will rest the responsibility of sustaining what they call immorality. If the judges of Kansas desire to preserve the "peace and dignity of the state" they will promptly decree that E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman are married as solidly as if they had signed a marriage certificate, declare their arrests illegal, and do what they can to repair the gross injustice perpetrated upon them. Such actions as those of the complainants and persecutors in this case do more to bring law into contempt than all that Mr. Walker and Miss Harman could say in a lifetime. If Mr. Walker had taken the pains, in his first brief note to us, to giv all the facts in their case, his indignant letter, and all the subsequent discussion, would hav been unnecessary. When all these facts are known there cannot be two opinions among law-abiding and liberty-loving people.

Letters from Friends.

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASH. TER., Oct. 8, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10.50—$10 for five new subscribers, papers to be sent as per inclosed list, and 25 cents to pay for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL you sent me last winter.

I find this a very Liberal community, and all necessary to organize a union here is an organizer. The five subscribers I send you are in favor of the illustrations; so keep on with the good work. J. S. MARTIN.

DALLAS, TEX., Oct. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday, in the Dallas Opera House, Mr. W. S. Bell, of Chicago, delivered to an attentiv audience his lecture upon "Individuality." It was given under the auspices of the Secularists of this place. Mr. Bell's exposition of his position on the subject had the true logical ring about it, as was attested by the frequent applause of his hearers.

From here Mr. Bell went to Waco, *via* Fort Worth, where he will remain a few days maturing plans for a thorough campaign in this state. GEO. CRETIEN,

Secretary Dallas Secular Society, No. 810 Main street.

AXTELL, KAN., Sept. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I desire a few words regarding the orthodox churches. They hav, in the opinion of many Liberals, struck upon a capital plan to check the Freethought wave that is now passing over the world. And their plan, undoubtedly, is to publish Freethought-Anarchistic journals; and if the Liberals do not thoroughly understand their scheme of Freethought-freelove-Anarchistic journals, the orthodox will surely succeed. A Liberal, after reading the *Word*, of Princeton, Mass., or *Lucifer*, of Valley Falls, Kan., would naturally exclaim, "If that is what Freeethought is coming to, I do not want any!" THOS. E. CONE.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Oct. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading Mr. Reynolds's article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 16th. I must say that good and noble man is doing more for the human race than all the priests hav ever done in past or present. I hope the time is not far distant when the people will acknowledge him as their leader, and Secularism as their savior; as these, and these alone, can only work true righteousness among the people. If the people of New Jersey would invite him to come among them, and discard their hireling priests, they would work a lasting benefit to themselvs and the world at large. Yours for good to the whole human race.

CHARLES SACH.

CLAYTONIA, COL., Oct. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find 75 cents, for which send me THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months. In that time I hope I shall hav money enough to spare for one year's subscription.

My attention was called to your position on the industrial question by G. W. Brown, M.D., who bewailed your liberal position in that respect, at the same time praising the editor of the *Ironclad Age* for his illiberal sentiments regarding Anarchy and Socialism. Now, I utterly fail to see any liberality in the article in the *Ironclad Age* quoted by Brown, M.D., except in Billingsgate and misrepresentation. In that respect it is a little more than liberal—it is extravagant! But I must thank the M.D. for letting me know of one Liberal editor who thinks more of truth and justice than of his pocket-book! THORJUS RINDEN, Miner.

DOYLESTOWN, PA., Oct. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3.00 for renewal of my subscription and 30 cents for three copies of Colonel Ingersoll's speech in the telegraph suit. I hav read with interest your editorials on the subject of Anarchy, and think you are making a sorry mess of the business. I take it that what your dissenting patrons would like you to explain, and quit dodging so industriously, is whether you are in favor of free speech when it advocates murder, arson, or theft.

Yours, etc., FRANK R. HART.

[A man has a perfect right, under the Constitution, to advocate murder, arson, and theft; but if murder, arson, or theft follow from, and as a result of, his advocacy, then he is held as an accessory and accomplice, and is punished accordingly; and such punishment is, in our opinion, exceedingly just. A man who induces another to commit a crime is *particeps criminis*. Such is what our Constitution means in guaranteeing free speech, with responsibility for its abuse. If this is a "sorry mess," the founders of the Republic are to blame, not the undersigned.—ED. T. S.]

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., Oct. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, which you will please giv me credit for on account of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav now read it for over a year, and could no more think of doing without it than without food. I admire the illustrations very much. When THE TRUTH SEEKER comes to the printing office where I am foreman, the wrapper is generally removed from it without my help, and not only the editor takes a glance at the pictures, and also at the liberal bill of fare which reaches me weekly, but numerous visitors of the orthodox kind, including a Methodist preacher, who says that he used to get it years ago. It evidently did not do him much good—not as much as, I am glad to say, its perusal has done me. For twenty years I was a member of the Presbyterian church, but for the last year I hav withdrawn from it, and, with my wife and family (thirteen of us, all told), go to the Unitarian-Universalist church. If the mass of mankind would only read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and do a little thinking for themselvs, what a depletion would take place in the ranks of the Christian church! J. C. HENRY.

KIRKSVILLE, MO., Oct. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I thought I would pen a few lines at this time concerning the state of affairs here among the Liberals. Many years ago we organized a Liberal society, embracing Spiritualists and other Liberals; and in 1883 we reorganized under the state law; yet over a year ago we suspended our meetings; and when they will resume I cannot tell. The only cause I can giv for suspension is poverty among its members, a few having to bear the whole expense for hall-rent and speakers. We hav had nearly all the most noted public speakers of the country here belonging to the Liberal ranks, male and female, Spiritualistic and Materialistic, besides others with not so wide a reputation, yet good. Last Sunday evening a good audience listened to W. S. Bell in the Opera Hall on "Liberty and Morality," a discourse embracing two important points affecting the welfare of humanity. Mr. Bell handled the subject well, and brought to light many truths unthought of before by many. Mr. Bell should be kept continually employed, and he should be properly remunerated, for he is doing good work. WM. HART.

COLFAX, WASH. TER., Oct. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.50, for which send me Miss Wixon's romance, "All in a Lifetime."

We do so much enjoy reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, as well as all other good Freethought literature. Living as we do so far from lectures, conventions, etc., the reading of them sometimes almost makes us envious. I hope the time is not far distant when your stirring lecturers will find their way as far west as we liv. Our young son, aged twenty, thinks if Helen Gardener would deliver only one lecture in Colfax she would certainly settle or badly cripple all the churches here. It does look as though Freethought argument, such as we are receiving now in such abundance, would convince every thoughtful mind. And it is having its effect, and that right in the churches. They begin to feel that the club of fear they hav so long wielded with such an unsparing hand is fast slipping from them.

Mr. Putnam's tour in the West was highly entertaining. And the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER are amusing as well as instructiv; whole volumes contained in some of them.

KATE P. WOLFARD.

O'BRIEN, FLA., Sept. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $1 for "The Brain and the Bible," by Edgar C. Beall.

A great amount of capital is being made out of the earthquake shock here. Not satisfied with that, the preacher has offered up a prayer that another may come and destroy one-half of the sinners so he can convert the other half; and all who are left of the other half unconverted he could look down and smile upon in hell. This minister, the Rev. Castlebary, can shout like a demon when he gets warmed up. He has plenty of cheek, too, and if the report be true, as is generally believed in this place, he has been unduly intimate with the deacon's daughter, and would not marry her as her mother wished him to.

A preacher in Atlanta, Ga., from the North, wrote to the Michigan *Christian Advocate* that the South could not part with the negro. He was advancing and would yet possess the land "the Lord thy God giveth thee"—quoting scripture. That is a good way to sow seeds for a war between the black and white, teaching that the Lord delivered the negro from slavery; that the whole South is theirs by inheritance, and that the white man is keeping from him what rightfully belongs to the negro. That is a good way, too, to perpetuate a hatred between the races. No wonder a negro will not pay a white man a debt if he can avoid it. They will take the South as the Israelites did the land of Canaan. Such teaching as that is what has made a hell on earth for hundreds of years. E. H. CAMERON.

MARION, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Here is a draft on the First National Bank of Palmyra for $5—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for another year, and $2 for our friend, Mr. C. B. Reynolds, to help buy freedom in this blessed free country. I wrote him a letter soon after the affair at Boonton, promising to help him, and I hope that every Liberal will do all in his power toward the cause of individual freedom. Mr. Reynolds pitched his tent in this village last summer under very discouraging circumstauces. Only a few dared assert their views on account of family jars sure to follow. No one was here to offer him the hospitality of a home, and while the village was full of sacred loafers, delegates to a Sunday-school convention, sponging their living from private families, Mr. Reynolds had to stop at a hotel. He worked hard here and made several friends—one, at least, that is willing to help him. Among the sixteen to twenty Sunday-school sacred loafers not one dared to face him in debate. What a valiant host the Lord Jesus will hav to lead to conquer the world! Mrs. Reynolds, too, made some very fine points in her evening discourse; bore rather hard on Uncle Abe and Mr. Lot.

Now, Mr. Editor, keep right on, and don't mind what some old moss-backs say. Speak your mind freely, and if we don't all agree on important events that are taking place, we can't afford to giv up a good paper on that account. I am a New England mechanic. I fully agree with your editorial about the Chicago men, as do four-fifths of the laboring classes. If it is right to hang these men, is it not just as fair to hang a manufacturer for putting up machinery that kills men? I hav seen men crushed to death, caught in heavy gearing, or wound up in belts and fast revolving pulleys. No one to blame. The religious press hav roared for these men's lives, and the capitalist press hav followed. I belong to no labor organization or secret society, but I do belong to the party that has reason and justice for its motto.

You may count on me for a life subscriber. I am satisfied that the illustrations should be continued. I enjoy a good laugh, and I always smile "out loud" when I look at them. I found THE TRUTH SEEKER in poor company last week—in between the New York *Christian Advocate* and the *Northern Advocate*. I wish Watson Heston could get up a picture entitled "Talmage's Workshop"—building boats after Noah's patent. When I read his sermons I think of what the New York *Sun* said of him, a few years ago—that there were boys in New England twelve years old who knew more of grammar than the Rev. Talmage. Certainly, there are plenty of that age who hav more good, hard, sound sense than this sacred idiotical actor. JOSEPH E. COY.

SHAWANO, WIS., Oct. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We had Remsburg for three of his sledge-hammer lectures last month, which were the first Liberal lectures ever given here. They gave great satisfaction to large audiences, one including the Methodist preacher, who set an example of liberality that most church-members dare not follow. Two or three little things happened that go to show how afraid Christians are to hav people hear Liberal lectures, and get some glimpses of truth, which they never get in the church. Notice was given in the local papers and by handbills that the lectures would be free, but it was reported that this was a dodge to get people into Music Hall, when an admission would be demanded for lights and hall rent. This kept several away from the first lecture.

Old Sol Stevens, who is noted for honesty and a good deal of good common-sense, but, unfortunately, cannot read, asked a good Christian lady friend (he won't tell her name) what the handbills were, and what the lectures were to be about, and she told him, "Oh! it's nothing but some old Spiritualist, and you don't want to go near him."

"Ah! indeed," he replied, "if that is so, I shall go any how, for I hav heard you say so much against Spiritualism that I want to hear what can be said for it," and he went. The next day old Sol was heard to remark, using his favorit cuss words: "Why, condemn it! they tried to keep me away, but I wouldn't hav missed them three lectures for $5, although I didn't hear a word about Spiritualism, one way nor t'other."

Because Mayor Breed presided at one of the meetings, and introduced the lecturer, it is to be used by the pious saints as a cudgel against him in running for a county office. Such is the liberality of the creed-bound. One of the local papers that had given notice of the lectures virtually apologized in an attempted criticism, and the other one failed to get up courage enough to refer to them at all, as the editor could not say a word, in truth, against anything that was said. Remsburg is an electric light in the Liberal cause.

W. S. WOOD.

LINCOLN, ILL., Sept. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to say a word to our friends. I was just thinking of "then and now." It was way back in the forties that, as a boy, I used, in Ohio, to sit on a puncheon slab seat and listen to various peripatetic Bible whangers. With gyrating hands they held poor ignorant sinners over hell—glowing with livid fire and smelling of brimstone. They poured in the fuel with agility, fairly by wholesale, until the weak-minded trembled and wondered how such oratory and knowledge could be handled by one man. It appears to me now that the wholesale trade in brimstone has declined; the big venders hav, in a measure, gone out. There is as much sulphur in the old mine as ever—it is full of damnation—but the vender is becoming a dapper little cuss; a society lady's man; a dear lover of ease and nice place. He dresses pretty and uses perfumery; he gets off a lot of stuff, "airy nothings," for which dupes pay a big price. This is a blight on the age! Children raised on such stuff are weaklings, and when manhood and womanhood come they are slaves to fear. Oh, how contemptible to a thinking, reasoning man! It is my hope that the character of a peoples' religion does change with the advanced ideas of thinkers and reasoners on science and nature. It appears that man is destined to be cursed with some kind of a delusion; he will stand in awe of mystery, and if reason and intelligence advance we may hope that "man's worship of the unknown" will be cursed with less bigotry and greater freedom. I think Infidels and Freethought people may take courage. One of our greatest fights is, and will be, to preserve the public schools from the bane of the "Bible in the schools." Our hope is strengthened by the fact that the burning jealousy existing between Christian sects will not permit the reading of the "holy scriptures" to children by any teacher not recognized as standard in the orthodoxy of the parents. A Presbyterian would never consent to the Bible being read to his children by a Methodist teacher. An idea might be suggested, even by emphasis, that would not be "the doctrin" of Presbyterianism. This is a wholesome feature for Freethinkers; while the denominations quarrel the Bible is kept out. (Let us pray!) SLO HYCUM.

PALATKA, FLA., Oct. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: When I read Truesdell's tirade in the issue of October 9th, I was amazed that you had printed it, not because he "sat upon you"—for a thousand of his weight could not crush you—but I wondered at your giving it room, solely because of its puerility and utter want of either a material fact or a scintillation of logical acumen. You hav answered it well. In fact, the only way it can be answered as a whole. And you also do well to leave the matter with "the common sense of your readers," and for one I would say that if they do not sit upon Mr. Truesdell in sufficient numbers to make him squeal, you had better wind up the affairs of the Truth Seeker Co. at once, for then it will be abundantly evidenced that its propaganda has been for naught. Unless at least nine-tenths of your subscribers of a year's standing, or more, accept your definition of Freethought (as quoted by Truesdell), and which he asserts as

his belief, that "not one Liberal in a hundred can be found who understands it [Freethought] as you do," THE TRUTH SEEKER is neither educational nor influential, and you are wasting you valuable time and talents on a forlorn hope, and I should recommend you to go into politics, or raising potatoes at the old homestead.

This very sentence of yours that Truesdell criticises so severely will some day (after, maybe, you are gone hence) be nailed to the masthead of the old ship (sheet) of which you are now the skipper, as the best formulation of Freethought possible.

It would be a matter of interest, and the knowledge would be valuable, if an expression of every one of you readers could be had on the subject. Cannot some cheap mode be devised whereby it could be obtained? If every Freethinker could hav the opportunity of voting yea or nay upon the proposition that "Freethought stands for [or *ought* to stand for] absolute freedom of thought, of speech, of publication upon any and every subject on earth," and, at least, three-fourths of the returns were not "yea," I should lose all hope of righteousness ever prevailing on the planet we occupy.

LOUIS MORRIS.

ANDOVER, KAN., Sept. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please excuse delay in my renewal. I hav been waiting patiently on one new subscriber, and inclosed you will find two new ones. I hav taken your paper since March last, and must say that it shall be a welcome visitor in my house. The pictures were a surprise to me somewhat, but after recovering my equilibrium, I came to the same conclusion as my friends here, who say they are only "imaginary." Well, the pictures of Jesus Christ nailed on the cross, healing the sick, and raising the dead, or of the finding of Moses in the bulrushes, the children of Israel in the Red Sea, and a great many more such pictures as are represented by religionists, are only imaginary. The first signs we had of those mythical pictures appeared in the second century. In an argument with a Methodist superintendent as to the divinity of John the Baptist, I contended that he was begotten on the same identical plan that Christ was—that is, the Angel Gabriel being connected with the whole affair. He contended that I was sadly mistaken, and believed that John was begotten by a natural father, and that Christ was begotten by the Archangel; and he knew, as he had made it his constant study, besides sixteen years' service as superintendent. Having an argument with another gentleman, he contended that the time was when people were badly priest-ridden, and were willing to yield to any of their desires, and to dispute one was sin and blasphemy; and some were so credulous that they believed the priests could strike them dead by the power of heaven. I asked him if he did not think we were pretty badly ridden yet by so-called men of God, and he admitted that we were.

I hav been reading about two and a half years both ancient and modern history. The Bible was my first work, and I must say I had not gone a great way till I made up my mind that if there was some infinit being who did pay due regard to all mankind, he certainly never was guilty of such gross misrepresentations. The first account we hav of the human race and date with authority was in Greece, when they recorded their first Olympian games, and that was 776 years before Christ; and these were in honor of their god Apollo. Now, we find in Exodus xxv, the description, continuing to the end of that book, of a being or box manufactured by the Jews, and upon that rests all the acts and tyrannies contained in the old Bible, and I am not sure but the New Testament is based upon that same being. It sounded very much like it when I read it. Besides, I will challenge the Christian gentleman to prove the contrary. Now, comparing the Bible with history, I find that they concur with each other in regard to the numerous gods which every nation had and worshiped.

A. H. WOLF.

LEXINGTON, KY., Sept. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send a Mosaic (not Moses), though I dread the waste basket. I hav no admiration for a general who had no authority over his soldiers without a "thus saith the Lord" tacked to his commands. Napoleon, Cæsar, and Grant needed no such expressions—gained the love of armies without resorting to such expedients. The necessity of using such arts betrays only the weakness of a military commander. Victory follows only bravery, numbers, and disciplin. The invincible courage of the gladiators who formed the body guard of Cæsar made him successful. Machiavel taught that religion should be recognized by all governments, which was paying the human race a poor compliment. Would Cromwell's influence so soon hav died out had it been founded simply upon the principles of justice and liberty?

Late writers intimate that religion has formed the strongest of all bonds of union. If so, then the credit belongs alone to the philosophical ideas incorporated with it, the golden sentiments of Stoics and Platonists, which constitute the chief beauty of the Christian system. The fanaticism clinging thereto is never relied upon, except by money-making rulers and priests, and when it dies away it leaves the masses where it found them, devoid of solace and improvement. Shall we ever know how much the gentle Shakspere has taught us in his bible, which has occupied hours which might otherwise hav been filled with ignorant pastime and crime—the heavenly Burns which makes so beautiful the path of honor and truth?

Let us not despair of the world, so easily can we expose the arts of priests and Prohibitionists, who are, no doubt, intent upon government founded upon church power. Rest not, friends of liberty, till this serpent is crushed. His breath pollutes the land. While I am now writing a pale-faced man is hovering near the porch. He wants THE TRUTH SEEKER. But a stronger arm reached first and obtained it. I cannot supply the demand for this kind of reading. If I had a few tracts I could obtain access to corner stores and leave them—the laborers carry it along so gingerly when they obtain one. Who shall decry woman, and her works, when they behold the noble stand taken by Mrs. Parsons in favor of mental liberty?

The noble patriots who hav risked their lives for the cause of freedom should be defended, their plans modified without obscuring or blotting out the glorious, burning central thoughts, which yet are to be factors in an improved civilization. If there is a true antidote to monopolism, think twice before you cast it into oblivion. I pity the Catholics as much as I blame them. A priest from the South told me lately that he was in despair, had nothing to liv for, and still he would rather cut his own throat than to leave the true church. Oh, think of it! the Protestants and Catholics hav possession of our children! There are lecturers in plenty for adults, but who is collecting the children to teach them pleasant truths, presenting facts and illustrations? We are blessed with good writers. Our noble and honored John Peck, and our "Si" (Si Slokum), our grand and useful Juliet, our transcendent Watson Heston. But I will weary you no longer.

ALHAZA.

RICHLAND, D. T., Sept. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: An earnest reader of your paper would be pleased for a short space to express a few random thoughts. It is just as natural to hav camp-meetings out here, where the whistling blizzard howls, as in the far East, and in the course of one in an adjoining town a revivalist said to a Christian lady, "Go down among the crowd and beg of them to forsake sin and seek Jesus." The lady replied, "I do not believe in that way of saving sinners." In a moment the divine was down on his knees praying for the Lord to remove her from the way, by death, if not otherwise, and ended up in this wise, "O Lord, remove the dry bones from the path." Shade of immortal Moses! giv us another shower of manna. When will Christian tyranny cease? When will these theological gibcats quit heaping such stupendous insults upon an intelligent people? How long shall brazen hypocrisy and white-robed ignorance be at a premium, while common sense and reason are below par? O ye pharisees, lend me your ears. How much longer will you let these outrageous insults be heaped upon you? Is it not time for action? Is it not time to put forth our best efforts to sink into oblivion the most cruel and barbarous religion that ever cursed mankind? Freethinkers, arise from your dormant state; shake off the dust, for there never was a time in the world's history when your efforts were needed as now.

People harp about the Chicago Anarchists. Tell me what they hav done that was half the crime that was perpetrated upon this good woman? This clergyman prayed for God to do what his own cowardly being would do if he dared. It shows the true inwardness of Christianity and what it would do if it could only gain the power that it once controled—the power that incarnadined the Roman empire with blood, and turned back the hands on the dial of progress and civilization a thousand years; the power that founded the Inquisition; that let the hissing flames devour those who dared voice one noble sentiment; that stoned to death with relentless fury those who entered one protest against their narrow and contracted creeds; the power that is to-day trying to thrust itself into the Constitution of our nation; the power that says, "Wives be in subjection to your husband," or, religiously interpreted, "Do as the preachers bid you," or your path will be decorated with Christian thorns and contempt; the power that says, speaking of women, "But they are commanded to be under obedience" (1 Cor. xiv), which, interpreted by the clergy, means that woman shall be subservient to their wishes.

The same minister, in the course of another hypochondriac spell, said, "No honest man can stay outside of the church." Never, since the big frog-crop in Egypt, when God turned the waters into blood, and caused the dust to evolute into full-grown graybacks, hav intelligent people been so grossly insulted. I assert here that there can be no honest person in the church, if the strict observance of the so-called divine book is adhered to, not in a business sense, but religious sense. They all claim to believe the "inspired volume," when, if asked if they approved of certain things therein (not quoting verse), they would invariably say no. I hav listened to numbers of preachers discourse and don't believe I ever heard a clergyman preach unless he either outlandishly lied or grossly misrepresented. I ask, Are men honest who lie? Are men honest who say, "We don't care how we get converts so we get them." Another minister said, speaking of the conversion of children, "The first call I had to preach was when I was seven years old."

I believe this is the biggest record of soft-sawder I ever heard of. "Lord, giv us horse sense."

And now, before I close, I must say, May laurels crown the heads of Helen H. Gardener, Elmina, and the score of noble-minded women foremost in the Freethought ranks to-day; and I do welcome with delight the sound and witty sayings of John Peck, while Si Slokum makes "Rome howl" and Putnam givs us new courage by his items of travel and general welcome wherever he goes; and, last of all, there is a big white crown in store for Watson Heston, our cartoonist.

And may the grand old TRUTH SEEKER long survive to bring the "glad tidings of great joy," and inspire us on and giv us new hope of the day when reason shall rule, and superstition be dethroned; when the millennium of science will supersede the dark ages of creeds. Then will bigotry and fanaticism be of the past; then will the religion of humanity hav taken the place of relentless creeds and Christian tyranny, and it will be popular to voice the true and noble principles of Freethought; then we can build up a religion based upon justice to all and ill-will to none. Let us strive to hasten the dawn of this new era, is the earnest wish of your friend and co-worker,

LOUIS N. CRILL, Jr.

PETERBOROUGH, N. H., Oct. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 16th the remarks of Robert G. Ingersoll on the candidacy of Henry George for mayor of New York. I hav contended for the past ten years that the American people hav not intelligence enough to maintain a republican government; that is, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." From Mr. Ingersoll's remarks I see he is of the same opinion; and why should he not be? Every election from the beginning of the war down to the present time is proof of it. He says, "The government cannot take care of the people." He evidently considers "the government and the people," two distinct factors; and says that "the people *must* support the government."

Now, there is no man living who knows better than Mr. Ingersoll that an "intelligent people" *would not* "support the government" that was not able to "take care of the people." I hav been fully alive to the fact for twenty-five years that the government has not been taking care of the dear people. The government has been doing its level best to take care of, and provide for, and build up the giant monopolies.

The dear people hav been left out in the cold, the government having passed into the hands of the great monopolies. The said monopolies, to show that there is nothing small about them, are now taking care of the dear people, and it is a lovely job they are doing too. They are taking care of the people as the vulture takes care of the lamb.

There is but one solitary thing that the government *can* do and that is to own and control and run the mail service, and in this one instance the "people" are the government. The mail service is "by the people, of the people, and for the people." It can carry letters all over the continent for two cents each. And it once could carry merchandise for eight cents per pound; an investivation showed that merchandise at eight cents a pound paid a much better revenue than books and newspapers. But every one knows that the express companies paid Congress for raising the rate from eight to sixteen cents a pound, and at the last session of Congress they tried to get it up to thirty-two cents a pound; that is one of the nice things of the government that "the people must support." Anthracite coal costs $14 per ton in Nebraska; the miner who digs it gets 50 cents for his share; the mine owners and the railroad companies get $13.50 for their share. Now, if the government owned the mines and the railroads, as it ought to, it could pay the miner 75 cents per ton for digging, and lay down the coal in Nebraska and every other State in the Union for $1.50 per ton. The actual cost of carrying a ton of coal from the mines to Nebraska is 60 cents. But, of course, the government could not own the mines and railroads for the reason that the dear people are not intelligent enough. It almost kills the government to own the mail service.

Another thing the government could not do was to own and control the public domain. It was such a burden on its hands that it gave away to corporate rings enough of it to make nine states as large as the state of Ohio. And so glad was it to be rid of it that it was exempted from taxation. But let an honest toiler buy a piece of that land, and go to improving it, and see how soon the government will pounce on him for taxes! Talk about church property being exempt from taxation! Suppose all the church property in the land had been stolen from the government, what then? Why, of course it would hav been all right, if "our party" had done it, and legalized the theft. That is another feature of the government that the people must support.

There was yet another thing the government could not do. The government could not float two thousand millions of greenbacks. The government could not stand it to see that amount of money circulating among the people, for their benefit. It could not float that amount, and hav it not costing the people a hundred millions yearly interest. But it could and did float more than two thousand millions of bonds, exempted from taxation, and costing the dear people up to the present time more than the original amount in gold interest. That is one of the things the government can do. That was in the interest of the rich robber class. Again talk about church property being exempt from taxation!

Behold "how little can be accomplished by legislation" (for the people). I was laboring under the delusion that all this plundering was accomplished by "legislation." I was under the impression that the greenbacks were taken out of circulation and burnt up, and converted into bonds, by "legislation." I often think of what I heard Mr. Ingersoll say about the greenbacks in a stump speech—in 1868, I think it was—in Galesburg, Ill. He extolled the greenback higher than any Greenbacker I hav ever heard since that time. Some of his remarks made such an impression on my mind at that time that I hav remembered them very distinctly.

Among other things, he said: "Instead of a man going to the Rocky mountains to dig gold and silver, let that man build a wagon; and let the government issue the greenbacks to pay for that wagon." "As for the redemption of the greenback, it is redeemed every time one man takes it from another; and that is all the redemption it needs." He held up to ridicule the idea of specie redemption of paper money. He said: "You farmers remember when you used to haul your wheat from here to Chicago, and sell it for fifty cents a bushel; you went with ox teams, camping out on the road, cooking your bacon in an old skillet tipped up on one corner to keep the grease from running out of a hole in the bottom. That was your good old specie basis times!" The applause was deafening. That was the way the leaders of the Republican party talked about the greenback at that time. It was the stock in trade and the pride of the party. That was just about the way John Sherman talked on the Senate floor at that time. He said that "any man who would refuse to take the greenback for his bond was not only a repudiator, but a traitor to his country!" But not long after that the bankers and bond-holders taught him how to lay up $100,000 a year out of a salary of $8.000 a year, and the scales fell from his eyes, and things hav not looked just the same since, especially the greenbacks, for he has worked with all his might and main to get the last one destroyed.

And these, and a long chapter of the same sort, are the glorious workings of the "government" that "the people must support."

GEO. GEER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Small Boy's Happy Thought.

We were working in the garden,
My little boy and I,
Both digging weeds,
And planting seeds
To blossom by and by.

"Here is some pop-corn, dear," I said,
"I'll giv you for your own;
To plant and hoe,
And watch it grow,
And hav it when it's grown."

He took the kernel eagerly,
His little hoe he dropped,
Then, out he burst—
"Let's pop it first,
So it will come up popped!"

—*Bessie Chandler, in St. Nicholas for October.*

My Friends Asleep.

My friends one thing in common hav,
As great as is their number;
Timid, ferocious, and brave,
All hav their hours for slumber.

Minerva's emblem old is one,*
Who asks no odds of sunshine;
Night knows his hollow, shifting tone,
And day his restful confine.

North Europe's coast on spring's light nights
Has its half saints, half clowns,
Storks, ghost-like, clear-cut 'gainst the hights,
Stand scattered o'er its towns.

These, true, are "right side up with care,"
Some friends don't sleep quite so;
Some four-foot night-birds,† too, there are,
Sleep heels up, heads hung low.

Some spread them flat upon the earth;
Some roll up in a ball;
Some sleep in rocking liquid girth,
And fear no harm from fall.

Some stand on one leg while they sleep,
And some stand up on four;
Some in between two blankets creep,
And then proceed to snore.

DAGMAR MARIAGER.

*Owls †Bats.

Children and Fire.

The magazine *Boyhood* has something to say about emergencies, and fitting children to meet them. We quote: "Children should be impressed with the fact that fire cannot burn without air; that it blazes more brightly in the wind, while it will grow dull if the air is kept away; they can be shown how a burning cloth or paper can be extinguished by being crushed in an old piece of carpet or rag (since it is by illustration rather than by simple telling that such facts can best be impressed on their minds), and stories can be told them of persons who hav saved their clothing from burning by such means. Especially should they be charged not to run in case of their clothing catching fire, nor even to stand up, since ascending flames may burn face and eyes; but rather to lie down and cry for help, in the mean time extinguishing the flames in the way above described, if possible."

Words of Wisdom.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.

Everyone can master a grief but he that hath it.

Who seeks a friend without a fault remains without one.

Fire and sword are but slow engins of destruction in comparison to the babbler.

Let a man be never so ungrateful, or inhuman, he shall never destroy the satisfaction of having done a good office.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy; and it is only by thought that labor can be made happy.

Every heart has its secret sorrow which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

People may make injuries worse by unreasonable conduct, by giving way to anger and satisfying that for the moment, instead of thinking what will be the effect in the future.

It is selfish to dwell on our griefs, as though some strange thing had happened to us, as though they were too important to be relieved or it were a virtue to sink under them. That bereavement seems rather sanctified which saddens the heart not over much, and softens without withering it.

Correspondence.

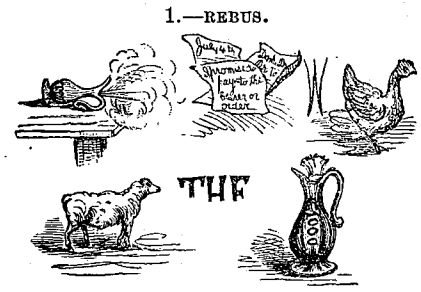
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 12, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav heard of THE TRUTH SEEKER before, and thought I would like to drop you a few lines. I am ten years old. I go to the Edwards' school, and I am in the "Fourth Reader," and fifth room. Miss Whipple is my teacher's name. I started to take music lessons this vacation from Mrs. Cellar, and I like it very much. I sometimes help mamma with the work at home, but I would rather be excused, for I do enjoy visiting my schoolmates. I always hav a very pleasant time. I will now draw to a close, for this is my first letter I hav written.

I remain yours truly, EMMA C. HOEHN.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



Good advice.

2.—DOUBLE CHARADE.

I.

Between a rich, elegant outer dress,
And a hot, spicy root, interpose
Two letters that Arthur's pet name will express;
With the fifth of the scale diatonic then close.

Or, II.,

First, one who puts a dress on;
Next, one who paints it light;
And *last*, to help your guess on,
The sun so clear and bright.

ENLARGEMENT.

The *last* has given me some trouble—
It ends with letters that are double;
And then, the vowel that precedes it—
I know not how our *whole* just reads it.
But puzzlers hav a way—you know it—
A greater license than a poet—
Of dropping doubles, lapping singles—
(As carpenters would do with shingles).
They read by *sound*, if that suits better;
Or otherwise they read by *letter*.
As for the vowel—would you think it?
They either *lengthen* it or *shrink* it.
With all this latitude in version,
Bible translators make a worse one.
Since inspiration does not guide me,
And strict precision has not tied me,
Just let me say that *last* would answer
To designate God's wisest man, sir;
Rather contemptuous, but this creature
To me is vile in every feature.
If *then* no man than he was greater
I'm glad that I liv somewhat later,
When greatness does not find its measure
In having many wives, much treasure.
Were he the *last* man on this planet,
And I the only woman on it,
I'd giv my *last* to Satan, rather
Than hav my child call such man, father.
I'd walk through fire, my *last's* a-blister,
Rather than be his wife, child, sister.
Enough, enough! our *whole* advances!
His bearing all my *last* entrances!
"Faith" drops her wings upon a bustard—
Her "kingdom," "like the seed of mustard,"
Is seen to be but mustard plaster,
To *draw* our *cash* for Lord and master;
He speaks and with a direful clatter
The ghostly hosts begin to scatter!
His every word, as Music's laughter
Seems echoed from the starry rafter!
The God that threw and maimed poor Jacob
Now gets a serious fall and shake up;
The God, discomfited, leaves halting,
And priests, saints, all, go somersaulting;
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By indefatigable effort he inspired a spirit of emulation that resulted in a very liberal subscription, and he wrote me for dates to go there, lecture, and organize. And the result exceeded the expectations of the most sanguin. The room of the G. A. R. in the opera house building was engaged, and on Sunday, October 17th, at 3 P.M., the room was four-fifths filled, the larger proportion being Christians. I spoke on "Secularism, and the Nine Demands of Liberalism," and hav every reason to believe that much of prejudice was removed. All appeared deeply interested, as was evinced by the large number who came to the rostrum to receive sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I sold a number of books, and some twenty copies of "Blasphemy and the Bible."

In the evening at 8 P.M. the hall was crowded. I spoke on "The Bible: Whence It Came and What It Really Teaches," and was most attentivly listened to. After the lecture, I asked that those who favored the formation of a Secular Society would remain. I then laid before them the necessity of organization and the aims and objects of the American Secular Union, and explained how science schools could be successfully carried on without a professional teacher, and then proceeded to organization, with the following very gratifying results:

OFFICERS ELECTED.

President, W. J. Wilder.
Vice-president, Mrs. J. Grower.
Secretary, Geo. G. Grower.
Treasurer, W. H. Morris.
Vigilance Committee, Henry Kalterssen, Nicholas Port, Henry Sands.
Educational Committee, R. Locke, Miss Annie Rennenberg, George G. Grower.
Social Committee, Mrs. W. J. Wilder, Miss Annie Rennenberg, Mr. H. Kalterssen.
There are eighteen adult members.

I was most hospitally entertained by Mr. G. G. Grower and his parents. They hav a most delightful, happy home, and awarded me a right royal welcome. I was very glad to know the parents of our studious and energetic Professor Grower. It does much to reconcile one to the arduous work, and inspires to redoubled effort to know such good folks are deeply interested in our success.

Mr. G. G. Grower has shown what an earnest effort can accomplish under most unfavorable auspices. If we desire success we must make effort. Who will follow the good example? Let none mourn they are lonely, no Secular society in their neighborhood, no place for them or their children to attend on Sunday, until they hav made earnest effort, circulated Liberal leaflets, canvassed their neighborhood for subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers. Let all who possibly can attend the Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Chickering Hall, New York, Nov. 11th, 12th, and 13th. In the language of our good Secretary Putnam, "We want to find the best way. We want to understand each other. We want to help all round. We want to push things, to arouse, agitate, discuss, reform. We want every Liberal that can to attend this New York Congress." And let all the genuin Liberals say Amen!

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Obituary.

DIED.—At Plympton, Mass., October 18th, Z. M. Washburn, aged 67 years.

John W. Dodd, of Jersey City, N. J., died October 9th, aged 67. Born of Presbyterian parents, in early manhood he became a truth seeker. Kind and gentle of disposition, he had no sympathy with sectarian intolerance, or the hate it engenders. Fearless in his nature, the terrors of hell failed to force him to reverence or obedience to the church. He questioned, investigated, exercised his reason, and the rantings of the ministers and elders about hell-fire and the dreadful vengeance of God, that loving heavenly father who, in his own holy word, declares himself filled with hate, rage, jealousy, and vengeance, only excited his pity for the credulity of those who believed, and indignation at those who proclaimed, such absurdities.

Mr. Dodd raised a family of truth seekers, who honored him, not "that their days might be long in the land," but because his life challenged their admiration. He was a great admirer of the lamented D. M. Bennett; a constant subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and took great pleasure in reading it to his wife and children. Temperate in all his habits, honest and truthful by nature, he loved justice and found delight in promoting the happiness of all around him. He died as calm and peaceful as a tired child falling to sleep surrounded by his loved ones.

His brave, honored life-companion, nor his children, had need of any speaking words of comfort. They were bereaved—but their consolation was the remembrance of his life of love.

At the grave we bade him farewell with these words:

"Thus we consign our brother to his last resting-place and bid him a fond farewell. Dear friends, do not let us lament the inevitable. We are all in the arms of nature; the universe has made ample provision for all wants and conditions of humanity, alike in life and in death.

"Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;
Yet by the storm of circumstances shaken,
But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists, immutably remains.

"Let all that was noble and worthy in the life of our brother liv, fondly cherished in our heart of hearts. Let his virtues be held in sacred remembrance, as an impetus, an inspiration, to us, who are left behind, so soon to follow after. And so we bid our brother, Good-bye! good-night!" C. B. R.

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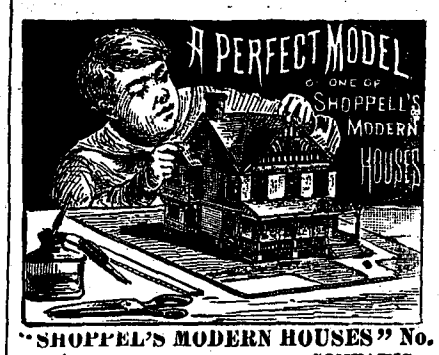
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The Apostle of Liberty. An address delivered in Paine Hall, before the N. E. Freethinkers' Convention, January 29, 1884. Price 10 cents.

News of

THE last license to s
Ga., expired on the 19th
cating drinks can now
The inhabitants now hav
in from outside the city
that the receipts of the
were thereby increased $

A. T. STEWART'S widow
died on the 25th, aged 83.

OVER 235,000 voters
registered in this city.
This is 5,000 less than in
the presidential year of
1884.

MR. BLAINE, of Maine,
has been delivering polit-
ical addresses in Penn-
sylvania, where he cre-
ated great enthusiasm.

IT was reported last
week that the czar of
Russia had shot and
killed one of his adju-
tants. The shooting was
unprovoked.

SEVERAL New York
ladies endeavored to reg-
ister this year as voters,
but the inspectors uni-
formly declined to take
their names.

M. BARTHOLDI and M.
de Lesseps arrived last
Sunday to attend the
dedication exercises of
Bartholdi's statue of Lib-
erty on the 28th.

FOREST fires rage in
Pennsylvania. Smoking
out a coon in New Hamp-
shire burnt over a thou-
sand acres of fine wood-
land in Keene, West-
moreland, and Chester-
field.

THE Episcopal Convention at Chicago is now talking about revising the prayer-book.

THE convention of Knights of Labor at Richmond has adjourned. Powderly was reelected general master workman at a salary of $5,000 per year.

THE National Convention of Liquor Manufacturers, just held at Chicago, passed a resolution declaring themselvs "most earnestly in favor of temperance!"

THE Rev. Theodore Keatinge has been arrested as a common swindler. Under the guise of a converted Catholic he victimized numerous church dignitaries.

ON June 19th, at Steven's Point, Wis., W. W. Haseltine, a lawyer, shot and killed Amos E. Morse, a banker. Morse had seduced the wife of the other. Last week a jury acquitted Haseltine of the charge of murder.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND attended the agricultural fair in Virginia. He received a hearty welcome from the citizens. Mrs. Cleveland stayed in Washington. The president is growing inordinately fat, and has adopted massage treatment to reduce his weight.

HENRY GEORGE, candidate for mayor of New York, invited his Democratic opponent, Abram Hewitt, to debate the questions at issue between them from the public platform. Mr. Hewitt declined, but replied through the press. Mr. George rejoined in the same manner, and each has now written three letters. The disputants are conceded to be evenly matched, though Mr. George has a slight advantage in being supported by a party that has no record.

LUCY PARSONS, the Anarchist's wife, had a hall hired at Orange, N. J., where she was advertised to speak last Sunday. When she arrived in town she found the hall locked, and a man standing guard before it armed with a musket and bayonet. The owner had decided not to let her use the room. Having paid the rent in advance, Mrs. Parsons pushed the guard aside, kicked in the door, entered the hall, and, putting her head out of a window, invited the crowd to enter and hear the speaking. The marshal attempted to clear the hall, but Mrs. Parsons confronted him with a contract for the hall showing that it belonged to her for that day, and he backed out. The lecturer thereupon proceeded with her remarks. There was no disturbance nor occasion for one.

Odds and Ends.

A CLERGYMAN was telling a marvelous story, when his little girl said, "Now, pa, is that true, or is it only preaching?"

A FEMALE of an uncertain age was asked by a census taker, "How old are you, madam?" "Thirty years," she replied. "That's what you told me last census, ten years ago." "Well, I'm not one of the kind of women who tell one story one time and another story another."

IN a country printing-office. Editor (to compositor): "How do you spell pneumonia?" Compositor (after several attempts): "Giv it up. Why don't you look in the dictionary?" Editor: "Because I am sitting on it, and don't want to disturb myself. Never mind; I'll say the old gentleman died of some disease that is easier to spell."

IN a household in which the "Mikado" is a favorit composition, a little girl came downstairs the other day and asked her aunt what dreadful things she supposed her still younger sister put in her prayers? The aunt expressed her inability to conjecture, and the shocked little maiden replied, "She says, 'O Lord! bless the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la.'"

MR. WAYBACK: "Yes, beats all what queer things happen nowadays. We've got the durndest mystery you ever see in our town now." Omaha man: "Ah! some crime, I suppose?" "Well, yes, something like that. You see, a tramp has confessed that he stole $10 from the contribution-box of our church." "Yes, but where's the mystery? You know who took it." "Why, we can't imagin how it got there, you see."

A SCRIPTURAL Panorama.—The regular lecturer to the panorama being ill, his assistant behind the scenes, a Hibernian, officiated in the capacity one night. Lecturer: "This movin' scane, gintlemen and ladies, represints 'Daniel in the Lions' Den.' This is Daniel betwixt the lions." Auditor: "Be them wild lions or circus lions!" Lecturer: "I pity the ignorance of the like of yez, sor. This was B.C., before circuses."—*Texas Siftings.*

TOURIST: "An' now me letter of credit is cashed, can you direct me to some spot in this blawsted country that will equal Pipe-weed-under-Taycopse-Herfordshire-heath, North Staffordshire, England, for a flip at a salmon?" Banker: "I seldom fish myself, but I understand that Mud Creek-over-against-Bill-Simmonse's-Mill-pond-Knox-county, over-the-left-and-under-suspicion-Maine, United States of America, four-hands-round, is a fair sporting ground."

THE modern rage for abbreviations, especially in the names of societies (says the *Freeman*) was strikingly exemplified the other day at a certain woman's prayer-meeting. One of the sisters, who is very much interested in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, prayed fervently, with a charming certainty that she would be understood, "O Lord, bless the W. C. T. U., the W. F. M. S., the W. H. M. S., and the W. E. and I. U.!"

THE ORIGINAL DRAFT.

Oh, Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose cuticular
The fluff exterior was white and kinked in each particular.
On each occasion when the lass was seen perambulating
This little quadruped likewise was there a gallivating.
One day it did accompany her to the knowledge dispensary.
Which to every rule and precedent was recklessly contrary.
Immediately whereupon the pedagog superior
Exasperated, did eject the lamb from the interior.
Then Mary, on beholding such performance arbitrary,
Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands called lachrymary.
And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilarious,
And speculated on the case with wild conjectures various.
"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the scholars asked the teacher.
He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the creature.
"O pecus amorem Mary habet omnia temporum."
"Thanks, teacher dear," the scholars cried, and awe crept darkly o'er 'em.

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—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

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BY W. H. BURR.

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of Thought.

speak, they are as dumb as the
speechless as the grave. With
her language is always clear,
s are always true; she never
what is false, she never mis-
r is to know the truth, and to
ise.—*D. M. Bennett.*

s of man, intellectually, Jeffrey considers as the worldling does, to be happy. I hav heard him say, "If folly were the happiest, I would be a fool!" Yet his daily life belies this doctrin, and says, "Though goodness were the most wretched, I would be good."—*Carlyle's Letters.*

"I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs." Milton embodied, more perfectly than any of his contemporaries, this spirit of the age. It is the ardent aspiration after the pure and noble life, the aspiration which stamps every line he wrote, verse or prose, with a dignity as of an heroic age. This givs consistency to all his utterances. . . . Milton defended religious liberty against the prelates, civil liberty against the crown, the liberty of the press against the Presbyterians, and domestic liberty against the tyranny of canon law. Milton's pamphlets might hav been stamped with the motto which Selden inscribed (in Greek) in all his works, "Liberty before everything."—*Pattison's Milton.*

AN author of strong common-sense observed that "a miracle is no miracle at second hand;" he might hav added that a miracle is no miracle in any case, for until we are acquainted with all natural causes, we hav no reason to imagin others.—*Shelley's Notes to Queen Mab.*

"I SHOULD not believe such a story, were it told me by Cato," was a proverbial saying in Rome, even during the life-time of that philosophical patriot. The incredibility of a fact, it was allowed, might invalidate so great an authority.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

O THOU that after toil and storm
Mayest seem to hav reached a purer air,
Where faith has center everywhere,
Nor carest to fix itself to form,
Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early heaven, her happy views;
Nor then with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.
—*Tennyson's In Memoriam.*

NOTE.—These lines were recalled to my memory by an extract from Huxley's "Emancipation," and I hav transcribed them that my readers may meditate and make up their minds upon the validity of their import. For myself, I do not hesitate to avow that they seem to me to be uttered in the spirit of pure cant, a failing that the poet laureate of England is not, I am sorry to say, altogether free from. "What is sauce for the goose,' we hav it on good authority, "is sauce for the gander;" and if you hav, "after trial and storm," eradicated errors and falsities from your own mind, and hav found that it does you good, it is natural and proper that you carry relief from the yoke of superstition to your mother, your sister, or your wife. No consistent Freethinker would—it goes without saying—seek to force an opinion upon any one, but he, too, should let his light shine before men, and especially before those of his own household. The subject is too large to be entered on in a note, but I cannot let Tennyson's lines—beautiful and tender as they are—pass through my hands without protesting against their truth, and saying plainly that I look on them as mean and cowardly. I don't ask any Infidel brother—God forbid—to annoy his mother, or his sister, or his wife on account of their sticking to creeds that hav lost credit with him; but I do exhort him to hold up his head and bear testimony, as mildly as may be, but at the same time as firmly as need be, against all hypocrisy and lies.—*Hylax.*

WHILE I LIV BE TRUE.

Make me no vows of constancy, my friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,
And love no other till thy days shall end—
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart if it should choose to go—
Love should not be a slave.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,
If, after dark, my soul should linger here;
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,
Bestow it ere I go.

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners giv
To woman's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I liv.

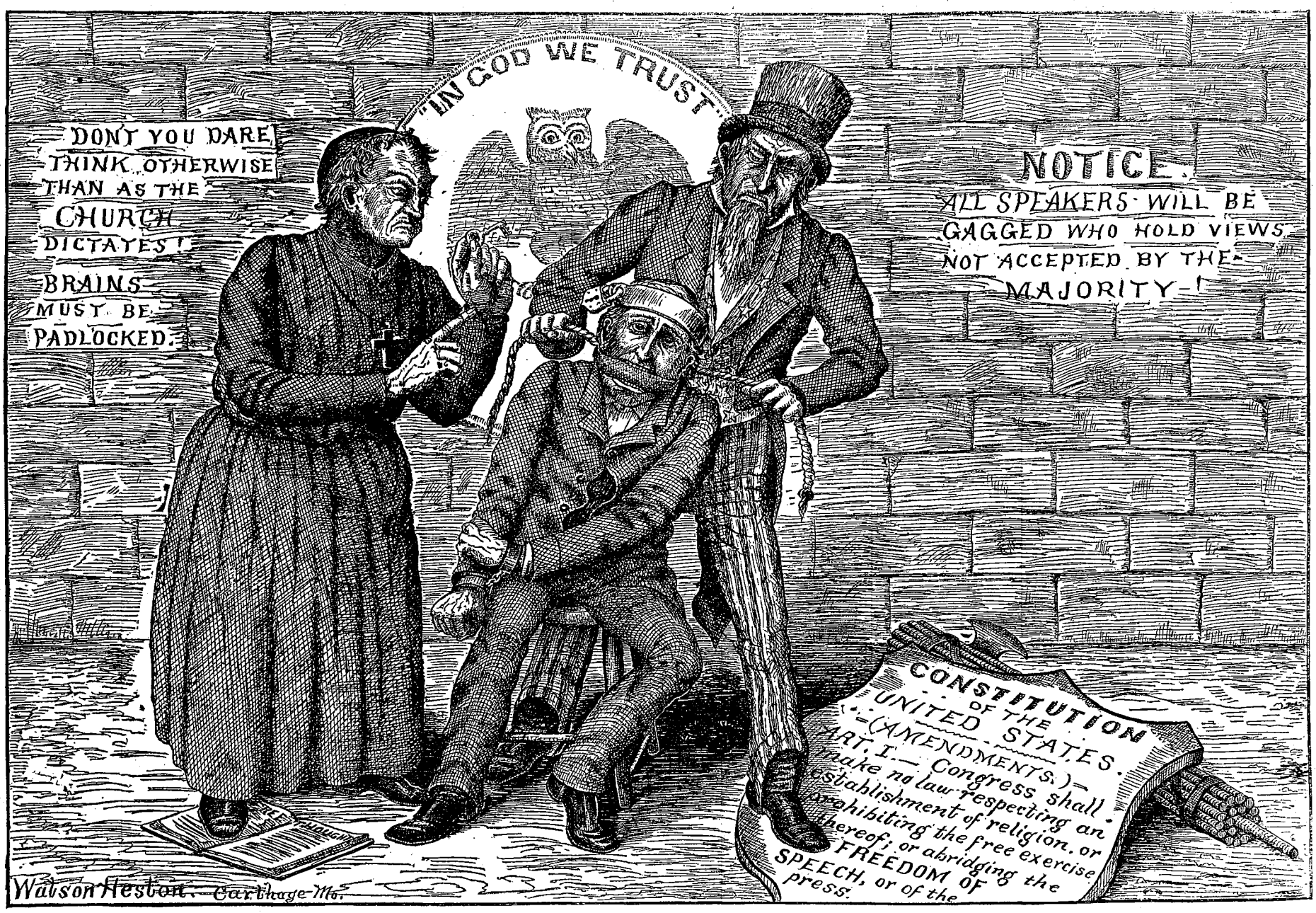
Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's self forgets;
But while I liv be true! —*Anon.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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THE BIGOTRY OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Notes and Clippings.

MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, the president's sister, is reported to hav resigned the editorship of the Chicago *Literary Life*. Her health was poor, and her editorial work was not much better.

THE will of the late Samuel J. Tilden, who left large sums for charitable purposes, is to be contested by his relativs. Mr. Tilden made the mistake of not becoming his own executor while alive.

THE trouble with these "faith cures," says the Norristown *Herald*, is that in a few weeks after the "complete recovery" is reported, the patient's funeral takes place. This is calculated to make the faith cure unpopular in some quarters.

A BRIGHT boy in Springfield, Mass., asked his school-teacher how far a procession of the presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. When she gave it up he answered, "From Washington to Cleveland."

AMONG the mottoes displayed in the Henry George parade last Saturday night was this: "Reorganization of Society independent of Boss, Priest, or Loafer." We would recommend that sentiment to the attention of Mr. Powderly, G. M. W., K. of L.

LITERARY men hav been somewhat prominent in New York politics, among them Henry George, Allen Thorndyke Rice, Amos Cummings, and others. The politicians are inclined to make fun of the book-men, though it is believed that the latter shine as brilliantly in politics as the politicians would in literature.

LAST Sunday the Rev. J. Vandyke, Jr., preached a sermon on "Property and Theft from the Christian Viewpoint." Whatever the Christian theory of property and theft may be, the Christian practice is to own the property and commit the theft by dodging taxes.

A MAN in Seattle, W. T., keeps this card standing in a local paper: "Whereas, I hav left my wife and her board; whereas, I hav become attached to another and more attractiv woman, I hereby giv warning to the public that I will in future pay my own bills without any assistance from her whatever."

IN a recent address in London Dr. Farrar said that for every Christian that had been made in India there were one hundred drunkards. In Burmah, Japan, and Madagascar the population was being decimated by British rum. At Nazareth, at this moment, when a drunken man was seen the Mohammedans, pointing the finger of scorn at him, say: "There goes a Christian."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Miss Fanny Vaudrey, a lady of independent means, was summoned to the Manchester police court the other day for violent and indecent conduct in the church of St. John the Evangelist, Cheetham. It was stated that on Sunday morning the defendant made a great noise with her umbrella, and from time to time during the service she rapped the front of the pew very loudly with her book. She also coughed in a peculiar manner. When the curate was beginning to read the first lesson, she, looking toward the clergyman, deliberately put her thumb to her nose. The judge dismissed the case, but told the defendant she would surely be fined if she did so again.

A BOSTON clergyman, deeply interested in getting money for a charitable institution, has offered a newspaper man $500 if he will be married on the stage at a coming entertainment in aid of the institution. The newspaper man said that he'd do it. What the young woman said has not been made public, and why the minister doesn't giv the $500 to the charitable institution outright is also an unanswered question.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE New York Woman Suffrage Association chartered a boat, and went in a body to visit our new Goddess of Liberty on Bedloe's Island. The fact that Liberty was embodied as a woman they regarded as a compliment to the sex, and so expressed themselvs. Marguerite Moore and several other ladies made excellent speeches. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake considered "delightfully inconsistent a statue of Liberty embodied as a woman in a land where no woman has political liberty."

THERE is being exhibited at Leipzic, says the *Electrician*, an apparatus for putting criminals to death by electricity. So long as it is found necessary to retain capital punishment on our statute books it may well be that the electric method is the most merciful and least repulsiv process that could be devised for carrying the sentence into effect. But if such means are ever adopted in this country the details will certainly not be carried out in the theatrical manner which commends itself to the Leipzic amateur. In this apparatus, behind the chair in which the condemned man is to take his seat—and by means of which, as we need not yet explain in detail, his body is placed in circuit with a powerful coil—there stands a conventional figure of Justice with bandaged eyes, holding the balance in her left hand and the sword in her right. The criminal having taken his seat, the proper functionary is supposed to read over the record of his crimes and the sentence of the law. This ceremony completed, he folds up the document and places it in the scale pan, the arm of the balance descends, closes the circuit, and all is over.

IT sounds like an echo of the voices of the past to hear talk of trying men up at Andover because they are suspected of not believing that all the heathen who hav died without accepting the Christian religion are now roasting in eternal hell. Does it not suggest the times of witch-killing, of the stake and the scourge for unbelievers? Most people who read of the latest New England controversy will smile half incredulously, and wonder if there is anybody left in this century to entertain, in seriousness, such a horrible and blasphemous hypothesis. It is a shocking idea that there are still minds so plunged in mediæval darkness. Unfortunately, the revelations from Andover leave no doubt that such there are. Once in every five years, we learn from Andover reports, the members of the faculty of that astounding institution hav to make affirmation that they still absolutely and wholly believe in certain doctrins prescribed in a past century. Think of it! Think of a man solemnly swearing that in five years of life his mind had not broadened, his thoughts had not grown deeper, his ideas had not become wiser, truer, more wholesome and more charitable and hopeful—that in five years he had learned nothing! And think of making such a man a teacher of youth!—*Puck.*

Communications.

The Church and its Influence.

Magellan's voyage around the world wrapped the winding-sheet around the doctrin of a flat earth, and laid it away with other dried mummies. With the flat earth went the infallibility of the church. Geology choked the life out of the Mosaic account of creation and left it of no more account than a dried snake-skin. Martin Luther asserted his right to interpret the scripture for himself; in other words, the right to mental freedom. This has been construed into a license for people to use their brains. When people began to think they ceased to be slaves of the church. Science to-day pays no more attention to the church than it does to a rattle-box.

As the worth of human life has been more appreciated, and the individual became of greater consequence, the church has become more insignificant. As the people have asserted their rights the church has lost prestige and power. As the people hav discarded religious literature and wandered away into the by and forbidden paths of science and secular reading, they hav lost confidence in the Bible and divine interposition. The more general intelligence has been diffused, the less reverence the people hav shown for the clergy. The more the philosophy of human events has been studied, the more the people hav lost confidence in prophecy. The more the real wants of man are studied, the less the demands of the church are heeded. As the church loses control over the minds of men there is a corresponding independence and freedom of thought. The condition of man has been bettered as he has arisen above religious superstition.

Professor Draper says, "As the leaden pressure of the church ceased, the intellect of man expanded." During long centuries the motto of the church has been, "Obedience to the church—loyalty to the king."

It was only when the power of the church began to wane that the grand truth was promulgated that man was born with an inherent right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The tendency of individualism is to wipe out the power of the church, and the tendency of the church is to wipe out individualism. Before the freedom of thought, and speech, and press can be fully asserted, the power of the church must be beaten back.

The great crime of Martin Luther was that he refused to think as the church dictated. "On this ground I stand," said he, "the church has no more power to bind my mind than my limbs;" and he declared a grand truth. But he failed in not seeing and declaring it to be a universal truth.

Freethought ought ever to be encouraged. It is for the world's best good that it should be. One free man is worth more to the world than a hundred slaves. Instead of proscription and persecution, let the church enter the arena of fair and honest argument. Every claim will be allowed her which is based on reason. Nothing should be allowed which has no other foundation than myth, miracle, and superstition. If Luther had the right to think for himself, that right is common to us all.

The church is aware that every demonstration of science has a tendency to weaken its power. Only a short time ago a religious paper cautioned its readers against "science which does not harmonize with the scriptures." Ultimately the church will find out that the supernatural must giv place to the natural.

Almost invariably the church denies the conclusions of science in regard to the discovery of every new fact. After the fact has been established, the pious experts tinker at it to make it harmonize with the scriptures. Failing in this, they find a new meaning for the scripture which will fit the fact, and after a decade or two will claim the honor of the discovery. The church fought for a flat earth until demonstrated facts made the idea too ridiculous to be tolerated. Now she is constantly boasting how the Copernican theory shows forth the wisdom and power of God. It fought the printing-press, which now is the chief instrument in sending Bibles and tracts and other Christian buncombe to the heathen. It fought the temperance and antislavery reforms, but now it claims all the glory which has been achieved.

It began to dawn upon a few minds that intelligence without Christianity was better than ignorance and poverty with it. Against this doctrin the church leveled its heaviest artillery. The church understood full well that so long as the people could be kept in ignorance they could be induced to starve themselvs in order to keep church dignitaries fat. It was only when the people began to doubt that plagues and pestilences were visitations from God that better conditions were sought for. Nearly every effort to ward off disease was opposed by the church three hundred years ago. Every calamity was regarded by the church as a visitation from God on account of the sins of the people. Every blessing was calculated to make the people vain and draw their minds from heavenly things. In short, whatever looked like improvement and advancement sent up a howl from the church.

Notwithstanding the fact that the church has waged war with science a hundred times, and as many times has been driven to the wall, she now has the brazen effrontery to stand up before the world and declare that she has always been the "true" friend of science. That is, science construed so as to support the Mosaic account of creation, all the miracles and holy absurdities of the church.

The church has always shown a disposition to sacrifice man's best interests on the earth for the interests in an imaginary heaven. Science has had less to do with the heavenly abode, but has vastly improved the condition of man here.

When the church was in full power the average length of human life was twenty-one and twenty-one one-hundredths years. Now it is forty and sixty-eight one-hundredths years. As many liv to the age of seventy now as lived to the age of forty then. This should always remind us that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," and that "knowledge is power."

A storm is gathering. A terrible battle is yet to be joined between science and freedom on the one hand, and the superstitions of the churches on the other. Let no one be surprised to see Protestantism and Catholicism united and marshaling their forces against the advancing hosts of science, whom they know, if not silenced, will ultimately undermine the already worm-eaten altars of superstition.

The wail of the church in both England and America shows that the old superstition is dying out. Science builds on the rocks of the ages, and her deductions will ultimately tear the pretentious robes from the church, and show her to be a demon of darkness instead of an angel of light. This result the church sees if science and the spirit of investigation are left with an open field. As a last resort there will be a union of all denominations professing Christ as the savior of the world, and then, by main force, there will be an effort to choke the life-breath out of science.

Wilford Hall is even now preparing the way by standing science on its head, so to speak, and the churches are quite generally adopting his new theories. He flatly admits that there is an antagonism between theological ideas and the sciences as now taught, and that they never can be harmonized. Hence he has taken the sciences into his mental dissecting-room, and proposes to cut to pieces, rearrange, and breathe a new breath of life into their nostrils, and turn them out either fish, flesh, spirit, or smoke, as may best meet the demands of the church. And the church says, "Yaw, Amen!"

Either science must yield to the dogmatic claims of the church, or the church must relinquish its claim to the inspiration of an "old book." It will be all the worse for the world if the church is victorious.

Select the wisest men from all the nations of the earth, and it would be impossible for them to write out a moral or political code fitly applicable to the wants of the people two thousand years hence. To bind the race to such a code would be to declare that man should never be allowed to progress beyond his present limits. But the Christian puts an old book, the product of an ignorant age, above the accumulated knowledge of the ages, and his whole influence is exerted to make men satisfied with the ignorance of three thousand years ago.

The Christian, after the teachings of the church for eighteen hundred years, asks you to disregard all the teachings of science, and believe that the world, and all the systems of worlds, were made in six days out of nothing; that snakes and jackasses could once talk; that solid walls of masonry could be blown down with rams' horns, and a hundred other ridiculous statements not in keeping with science, and which hav served no other purpose than to dwarf and enslave the minds of men.

When a young man is started out in life with a full belief that such statements are the "finger-marks of God," he is started out a lunatic, and his whole life will probably be spent in fighting the scientific friends of humanity.

When the obscenity, absurdity, and brutality of the Old Testament are shown up to the Christian, he turns to the New Testament, forgetting that a troop of dead men climbing up out of their graves, and galloping round among the saints and apostles, is just as ridiculous as anything described in any book new or old, "Baron Munchausen" not excepted.

Everything recorded in the New Testament would be easy if we could only get back to New Testament times, and then trace the history of events through three or four centuries. Anyone can perform miracles, if a little shrewd, if he can only find people sufficiently ignorant.

Spooks, ghosts, witches, and miracles are at a discount among intelligent men to-day. In parts of Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania there are still witches, and ghosts, and goblins stalking around. The people are very pious in parts of those states.

There hav been a few men in each century who did not believe in the divinity of Christ, nor in any of the Christian delusions; but when the death penalty was attached for not destroying their writings "wherever found," it will readily be understood why the Christian boasts that his religion has stood the "test of ages," and why the writings of many of those men hav not come down to us. When any system, social, political, or religious, compromises the dignity and freedom of the human mind, shuns the light, or strives to avoid investigation, that system is to be suspected. Every system founded in justice, truth, and reason invites the severest criticism.

I hav entered into the discussion of this subject, not so much because I had confidence in my ability to do the subject justice, as because I considered it one of the most stupendous frauds ever imposed upon an unsuspecting people.

Though my strength may not be that of Hercules, and although others hav wielded weapons far more effectiv than mine, still the temptation is constantly before me to do what I can to put an end to the Christian delusion. JOHN PECK.

Freethought in England.

III.—ORGANS OF FREETHOUGHT—THEIR POLICY.

A few lines about the writers before referring to the policy of the paper. In my last article I omitted the names of two veteran advocates of intellectual freedom—I mean George Jacob Holyoake and Mr. Thomas Slater—but except for very occasional lectures these gentlemen hav both retired from activ service in the Freethought vinyard. The oldest organ of the Freethought party in England is, as your readers are probably aware, the *National Reformer*, edited by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs Besant. It may be described as a journal for the discussion of politics, scientific theories, and religion. Besides the editors it has only a few contributors. A learned gentleman of Jewish birth, a ripe scholar and profound thinker, and professor of what Carlyle called the "dull science" of "political economy," writes each week under the initial of "D," which is understood to represent the first letter of his *nom de plume*, "Dialecticus," a series of philosophical articles. "D" is a thorough Freethinker. For the medical profession he has almost as much contempt as for the clergy, regarding the latter almost in the same light as James Mill, who looked upon them all as "distributors of theological dust." Doctors, according to "D," thrive on the medical superstitions of the people in much the same way as theologians do on their religious superstitions.

Moral questions "D" treats from the standpoint of a Rationalist who measures the value of all actions by their utility only, allowing no sentimental prejudices, which, to most of us, are the natural growth of our unhealthy circumstances and irrational habits, to warp his judgment. In short, "D.'s" articles are an intellectual treat, and are read by thousands who regard him as a thinker of singular vigor, whose writings hav the great merit of making profound subjects clear even to the most ordinary minds.

Mr. Bradlaugh writes a number of "Jottings" on his Parliamentary labors; sometimes, by way of pleasant exercise, says a few severe things on the Christian's creed in "dialogue," or answers a stupid sermon in a letter to the Rev. Mr. So and So, in which epistle he manages to ask his antagonist, as a general rule, more questions than could be adequately answered in several columns, supposing for a moment—which is a very difficult supposition indeed to one who knows how little the clergy really know—that the questions could be satisfactorily answered at all. Then Mrs. Besant contributes a column of interesting items under the head of "Daybreak," but lately she has had a great deal more to say on "Socialism" than on Freethought. Ever and anon, however, Mrs. Besant feels impelled to return to her proper work, *i.e.*, that of slaying the insidious creeds of Christendom, in which branch of intellectual labor all who hav read her writings know she is quite in her element. Mr. Robertson, as I hav before said, wields a powerful and versatil pen, and when he is not describing the "Sins of the Scottish Kirk," or ridiculing Mrs. Craik's absurd notion of the moral purity of old poets and the writers of the Bible as exhibited in their book, he is singing the praises of some Socialistic scheme of his own manufacture, or taking to task some literary scribe who thinks more highly of Shelley or less highly of Keats as poets than he does himself. Add to these names that of Dr. Lewins, who writes at times to prove that nothing exists in the universe but mind or thought, though why he should take the trouble to pick up an imaginary pen and write an imaginary article for people who hav no existence outside his own perturbed brain has always been a profound mystery to me. But if there's no matter, never mind. Articles from these clever writers appear each week, but I sometimes think that a little freshness would be given to the paper by inserting contributions from other writers, and more especially the younger members of the Freethought party—a course which I am pleased to see is adopted with advantage in your own journal—THE TRUTH SEEKER.

The policy of the *National Reformer* is the same as when I first took it in 1874, namely: Radical in politics; neo-Malthusian in regard to the increase of population; Atheistic in reference to the gods of religion, and Materialistic in regard to the editors' and contributors' views of the universe.

Though, from a literary standpoint, the *National*

Reformer is considered by many to be of higher merit than in previous years, when most of its present contributors did not write regularly for it, I am free to confess that I liked it better for the general smartness of its articles when it numbered among its contributors such writers as B. V. (James Thomson), G. W. Foote, Francis Neale, J. P. Adams, and Charles Watts, in addition to its present editors.

Years ago, too, when Mr. Bradlaugh wrote epistles almost weekly to the clergy, they were characterized by a vigorous style, thrilling in their forcefulness; now, however, in laboring after literary accuracy, his contributions lack that *verve* which gave his early contributions such fascination that he who commenced to read was bound to go on to the end.

In point of age, the *Secular Review* comes next as an organ of Freethought in England.

Of this journal it need only be said that the eccentric genius before mentioned, Saladin (W. Stewart Ross), is the editor; that his unique writings under the heading of "At Random" occupy a large portion of the paper; that everything he writes is powerfu, though he is disposed to criticise Mr. Bradlaugh's conduct in a manner that is most unfair and ungenerous, and thus put in the hands of the enemies of Freethought a weapon which they do not fail to use against us in the most unscrupulous fashion, and sometimes with the most disastrous effect.

Among the contributors to the *Secular Review* is that most learned of Biblical commentators, "Julian" —another eccentric genius, Wm. Maccall—and a number of clever writers on philosophical questions.

The policy of the *Secular Review* is that of Agnosticism, though its special feature a short time ago was Dr. Lewins's fad of "Hylo-Idealism."

Toward all religions its attitude is partly iconoclastic and partly eclectic, the iconoclastic element predominating.

But the Freethought journal that has the largest circulation, and the most influence among the rising generation, is the *Freethinker*, edited by G. W. Foote. In addition to being a powerful platform advocate, Mr. Foote is one of the tersest and most brilliant writers on Freethought in England. His "Heroes and Martyrs of Freethought" and "Bible Romances," as well as his miscellaneous pamphlets, are not likely to be improved upon by any subsequent writer, at all events, for many years to come.

He is ably assisted by Mr. Joseph Mazzini Wheeler, a gentleman who virtually livs in the reading-room of the British Museum, and who is regarded by those who know him well as one of the best-read men in England.

Mr. Wheeler is a prolific writer. No matter what the subject, he is able to write cleverly upon it; but his own particular theme is "Buddhism."

Mr. W. P. Ball is another of Mr. Foote's *confrères* on the staff of the *Freethinker*. This writer has done splendid service to Freethought in the admirable articles he contributed a year or two ago to the *National Reformer* on "Bible Lessons in Board Schools," in which, in a light, satirical vein, he demonstrated the absurdities and barbarities contained in "holy writ." These articles I hope to some day see reprinted.

Mr. Ball is an Individualist. Though one of the most social men I ever met, he hates the impracticable theories propounded by Socialists, many of whom know very little about the people—their mode of living, their habits, or their aspirations. Recently he took up the cudgels against Mrs. Besant's "Socialism," and, in my opinion, dealt out some very effectiv blows against it. Mrs. Besant, however, was annoyed at the style adopted by the writer, and did not like the illustrations he chose to make, which appear at first sight to be too personal. Mr. Ball would, I am sure, be the last man in the world to abuse an opponent, especially a lady, in lieu of argument; but as he knows from practical experience the absolutely unworkable character of all schemes of Socialism yet formulated, he does not hesitate to point out their worthlessness by the best arguments and illustrations he is capable of using.

I sometimes say a few words to my Freethought brothers and sisters in the columns of the *Freethinker* myself; but I leave your readers to judge of the merit, or lack of it, in anything I write, by reference to the writings themselvs.

The editor of the *Freethinker* believes in ridicule; each week on the first page of his journal appears a cartoon representing some ridiculous phase of Bible teaching. I am glad to see THE TRUTH SEEKER adopts this method of pointing out error; I know that a picture is often more effectual in attaining our end than a sober argument would be. People hav to be shocked into thinking. And they are being shocked at a greater rate to-day than at any previous time in the history of the Freethought movement.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Clerical.

Religious preaching has been, in our days, enlisted in the same category with the works of the hammer and the hand. Theological workshops are opened for the beating of brains to fit them to handle the materials from the pew to the pulpit. The elasticity of the steel thus hammered does not last for more than twenty-four hours, nor does it extend beyond the confines of the houses set apart for religious performances. The atmosphere of the places for rehearsals of the tragedy of the fall of man and the farce of salvation is full of all sentiments and passions, more so when it is breathed out from the clerical stages and forced into the nostrils of the guileless children of faith. Human intellect has found that laboring in the sacred cause on the first day pays well for a long rest of the following six days, and this mania has taken possession of the brightest intellect of the present age so that the inherent spiritual light has been totally eclipsed by the natural and human attempts of making most of everything that meets the material wants of the body physical. Spiritual hunger and spiritual thirst are nowhere quenched; nay, even the natural is hardly overcome. Great Talmages and great Beechers rush to the three tables more punctually than the sinner who sits unobserved on one of the back benches in the temple of God.

S. GOVINDA ROW SATTAY, a Hindoo.

The Catholic Factory at Feehanville.

Some months ago I mentioned that magnificent eleemonysary institute, St. Mary's Training School, at Feehanville. After some difficulty, before me lies a borrowed annual report of Brother Leo, superintendent. It is a truly remarkable document, more particularly for what it omits than what it presents. The pamphlet is sixteen pages, containing matter for about half that amount of space, being replete with blank pages, proving more of a blessing to the printer than of practical value to its readers. If "brevity is the soul of wit," Brother Leo must be either a merry old soul or a sound philosopher. Catholic institutions are governed in accordance with the attributes of their God—they are past finding out—and if a careful suppression of facts will accomplish it, they don't propose we shall be much wiser.

We are told the corner-stone of Feehanville was laid in 1882, when nearly $100,000 was raised for the project by his grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Feehan from among wealthy Protestants for this purely non-sectarian training-school. A non-sectarian school under Catholic control would be a *rara avis* indeed. Well might Milton bewail such hypocrisy as is Feehan's strong point.

> I, under fair pretense of friendly ends,
> And well-placed words of glossy courtesy,
> Baited with reason not implausible,
> Wind me into the easy-hearted man
> And hug him into snares.

"Feehanville differs," we are told, "from penal and reformatory institutions, inasmuch as it does not receive boys convicted of criminal offenses, or boys known to hav vicious or immoral habits," its avowed purpose being to train and educate destitute, homeless boys. Then why in the name of common sense are those boys, who hav not been convicted of crime, and who are not even immoral, committed to this institution by the justices of peace of this county and deprived of their liberty till they attain their majority? Brother Leo regrets that the scope of the school is so limited that it cannot accommodate more, and, as usual, makes a sanctimonious plea for money so that an addition for one thousand more boys may be built. He doubtless equally regrets that there is not an inquisitorial attachment for the benefit of the heretics outside.

That these boys are shut out from contact with the world of fact and sense till twenty-one is an infamous outrage. As a pretext for this addition, the report claims there are many hundred boys in Chicago "roaming the streets, helplessly drifting into misery and degradation." Yet, how comes it that the adults who hav received largely of this highly moral Catholic training, which Feehanville endeavors to impart, form the vast majority of the most degraded people in every community? Catholicism and degradation are considered synonyms! If half of the filth and dirt which I am assured exists in the school obtains, this school is putting its pupils on the highway to degradation. Brother Leo states that one-fourth the prisoners in the House of Correction for 1885 were minors, and pleads for a suitable home and proper training for those wayward youths. If there is one fact patent to the comprehension of all, it is that, judging from results, of all the methods for moral or mental training of young, that of Catholicism is absolutely unsuitable. Remember that Feehanville is not for "boys convicted of crime," as we don't wish to destroy the force of Brother Leo's pleading for the necessity of innocent boys being incarcerated to keep them from contamination of chronic criminals, but rather rejoice with the "more fortunate youth who graduate from a training school where he has enjoyed every advantage capable of fitting him for a noble manhood." Further, "the cost *per capita* to Cook county for supporting boys in the school is quite insignificant." Is it? Let us see. The special act allows that one hundred boys may be committed by the county of Cook, yet I find that we pay nearly eight thousand dollars per year. The latter fact is not part of the report, but is timely when we read "the extension of the limitations, by our worthy legislatures, would be a boon to the many destitute boys at present debarred by it from being educated at Feehanville." There seems a decided difference of opinion between the boys and Brother Leo about this "boon," for, I am informed, in the short period of its existence more boys hav escaped from it than are at present in this model home, possessing "every advantage capable of fitting the youth for a noble manhood." As the cost *per capita* is so much more economical, and as it contains, according to the above, all that Harvard or Yale could giv, we expect it to soon be overflowing with real representativs of the first, but reduced families. Possibly those advantages proved perfectly overpowering to the unappreciativ genius, for Feehanville has in reality become a "holy terror" to this class, who much prefer the House of Correction to that of the archbishop. But this only evidences the base ingratitude of the wayward, wilful boys who run away. Failing to catch them, they report them "discharged." Number of boys Jan. 1, 1885, 220; received during the year, 211; discharged, 171; in school Jan. 1, 1886, 260.

The products of the shoe and tailor shops, farm and cattle yards, aggregate $8,417.46; cash receipts from all sources, $24,166.21; total, $32,583.67. With astonishing exactitude the expenditures tally with the cash receipts, among which is an item of $2,397.28 from the United States government. This is supposed to be for the care and education of Indian wards of the government, though I've heard it stated that all but two were gone long ago. The report admits "the large amount of corn, hay, etc., raised necessitated the enlargement of the barns and stables for storage purposes." Its resources, including its four hundred and forty acre farm, buildings, stock, stables, etc., are placed at $102,487.12; liabilities $4,202.87, so that its net assets in four years is $98,284.25. But the real milk of the cocoanut is here: "In it pupils learn those lessons which impart to them a knowledge of their creator, and of their duties to their fellow-men [especially as to the killing of heretics]. These lessons, acquired in youth, are rarely forgotten in after life." Such cant!

'Tis too much proved that, with Devotion's visage and pious action, we do sugar o'er the devil himself.

The report concludes, suggestivly, with the form of a will. If a fire should ever happen at Feehanville, we should hav another such horror as that Indiana orphan asylum. It is a regular fire-trap. Too much time is spent in looking to the welfare of their souls to pay proper attention to their bodies.

Chicago, Ill. E. A. STEVENS.

Agnosticism in a Tennessee Court.

From the Knoxville Journal.

In the circuit court, Monday, Judge Logan presiding, an incident occurred of more than usual interest. A case, involving a small amount of money (an appeal from a justice), in which Mr. Harvey, a well-known operator in marble in this county, was the defendant, was on trial. When Mr. Harvey was called to the witness-stand, Mr. Green, counsel for the plaintiff, asked to put him on his *voir dire*, when the following substantially occurred:

Q. Mr. Harvey, do you believe in the existence of a God? A. (witness evidently surprised and thinking a moment) I do not believe in God, but I do believe in God, the power that controls the universe.

Q. Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments? A. I believe that every human being suffers in this life for every violation of natural and moral laws. Not accepting the Bible as a divine revelation, I know nothing about the future. I do not know whence I came or whither I am going. Therefore I cannot say that I hav any belief as to my future state.

Q. Do you believe in a conscience? A. Most certainly I do. I believe that every sane man has an innate sense of right and wrong to guide his conduct.

BY THE COURT: Mr. Harvey, do you believe in the binding obligation of an oath in a court of justice requiring a witness to tell the truth? A. I do.

The court, after some deliberation, held that the witness was not competent to testify, and he was directed to stand aside.

Exceptions were taken by counsel for defendant, and an appeal taken to the Supreme Court.

After-Dinner Speeches.

A *World* reporter recently asked Colonel Ingersoll for his experience in after-dinner speaking, and obtained this information: "In the first place, I never made what is called an after-dinner speech. In the second place, I never heard one that I was not sorry that I was present, and would willingly hav given back the dinner for the privilege of leaving the seat. I do not remember to hav read an after-dinner speech that would not destroy the appetite if read before. A speech to be of value must be something that the speaker wants to say—something that he has a reason for saying—something about which he has so great interest, or so great enthusiasm, that he *must* say it. A speech called forth by the ordinary after-dinner toast—a speech mingled with food and drink, and delivered simply because somebody else wants it, is of no particular value. Of course, this has no reference to stories, which one likes to hear, either before or after dinner."

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec., 33 Clinton Place, New York. COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com. E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

Call for the Tenth Annual Congress.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November 11th, 12th, and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, a lecture by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Pursuant to a vote of the last Congress, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the constitution of the Union will be acted upon: 1. To reduce the fee for life-membership from $25 to $10. 2. Or, on payment of $10 by applicant for membership, to authorize the secretary to issue ten-year membership certificates, with all the privileges of life-membership during that time. 3. Whenever a man or woman has taken out annual membership certificates for three or five consecutiv years, such person thereafter on payment of annual-membership fee to possess the privilege of life-membership.

The Congress will also be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought, and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government, as shall make the United States thoroughly Secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs in the Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executiv committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present.

Per order of board of directors:

R. G. INGERSOLL, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.
COURTLANDT PALMER, Treasurer.
CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com.
E. M. MACDONALD, Ch. Fin. Com.

An Appeal to Liberals.

It is absolutely necessary to the success of the coming Congress that its sessions should be free. We want full houses and ample reports. We want to make as grand and permanent impression on the public mind as possible. Our president, Robert G. Ingersoll, cannot aid us on this occasion with the full power of his eloquence, but he will be present at the Congress, and to see him and know him is a privilege—the one man of this age who across the centuries can touch hands with Paine and Voltaire, the greatest of the world's reformers. It is fortunate that we of to-day and America hav one who can present our cause with such universal popularity. Like Memnon's statue, unshaken, lofty, he greets the dawning of the day with the most wondrous music that ever fell from human lips, and all our hearts are inspired. The bigots think that clarion voice is still, but it is not. Even his whispered word is potent, and our enemies feel its power, and the Bastile of New Jersey cannot clutch its appointed victim. Ingersoll will be with us, but none the less necessary is it for us of the rank and file to do our work, put our shoulder to the wheel, every one of us who can speak a word or pay a dollar. This Congress is of national importance. What is done here will be felt for years to come. It will giv us a mighty impulse or it will be simply disaster, and everyone who wishes organized Freethought to triumph must lend a hand. We must hav the sinews of war. We must raise money for the expenses of this Congress by private subscription. We want to make no appeals to the Congress in session nor take up any collections.

The expenses will be as follows: Hall rent, $375; speakers, $175; advertising and incidental, $100; total, $650. This amount ought to be raised by the Liberals of the country before the meeting. Whether one comes or not to the Congress he feels an interest in its success, for no matter where he livs, how distantly, he will receive its benefit, its wealth of thought, and new influence for that which is dearest to his own mind. So I ask every Liberal to giv what he can—a dollar, or five dollars, or more, as his circumstances will allow. The amount can be easily raised if every Liberal will do his part. I also ask every Liberal society, if it cannot send delegates, to send some money. That is the next best thing. That will help. Every society will be helped by the Congress, and so we ask its fraternal aid. The following generous contributions already made ought to stir every Liberal to be equally as magnanimous according to his ability. I hope for an immediate response, and that by next week I can report the full amount raised:

CONGRESS FUND.

R. G. Ingersoll	$100.00
Courtlandt Palmer	50.00
E. B. Foote, Sr	25.00
Charles Eckhard	10.00
Peter Eckler	5.00

PROGRAM OF THE CONGRESS.

Thursday.

At 9:30 A.M.—Opening of the Congress by Robert G. Ingersoll. Report of Secretary. Report of Treasurer. Report of Chairman Executiv Committee.

11 A.M.—Lecture by Charles Watts, First Vice-President, "Misconceptions of Theology."

At 2:30 P.M.—Business session from 2:30 to 3 o'clock.

At 3 P.M.—Lecture by J. H. Burnham, "Philosophy of Religious Emotions."

At 8 P.M.—Lecture by John E. Remsburg, "Fathers of the Republic."

Friday.

Business session from 9:30 to 11 o'clock A.M.

At 11 A.M.—Lecture by C. B. Reynolds, "Persecution in the Nineteenth Century."

At 3 P.M.—Lecture by T. B. Wakeman, "Liberty, Science, and Humanity."

At 8 P.M.—Lecture by S. P. Putnam, "A New Heaven and Earth."

Saturday.

At 9.30 A.M.—Business; election of officers, consideration of resolutions, etc.

At 3 P.M.—Lecture by Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, "Woman: Past, Present, and Future."

Lecture by Dr. T. L. Brown, "What We Think and What We Can Do."

At 8 P.M.—Lecture by L. K. Washburn, "The Popular Faith Criticised."

Lecture by E. A. Stevens, "Liberty and Liberalism."

Sunday Evening.

At 8 o'clock.—Address by R. G. Ingersoll. Lecture by Helen H. Gardener, "Pulpit, Pew, and Cradle."

The Secretary is in communication with other eminent speakers, whose names and subjects will be announced hereafter.

DELEGATES.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1886.

TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIV COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION: The Hempstead Freethought Association has elected delegates to the New York Congress, as follows: C. F. DeMott, H. H. Geer, Robert B. Jackson, Joseph Carman, and Myron Tracy.

Fraternally yours, C. F. DEMOTT.

S. P. PUTNAM, Secretary.

A Plain Talk.

There seems to be so much misunderstanding in regard to the expenditure of the funds of the American Secular Union, and so many unjust accusations and insinuations made, that in advance of the Congress, especially to all those who hav contributed to the fund, it seems best to make a general statement. The figures are not exactly correct, as I hav not the treasurer's report before me, but in substance the expenditures of the past year out of the fund of $3,486 reported in the last TRUTH SEEKER, less $125, pledges not paid, making the total received since last Congress $3,359, are as follows:

Payment of Mr. Watts's salary for May, June, July, and August, 1885	$325
Payment of Mr. Putnam's salary for August and September, 1885	250
Payment of Mr. Putnam's salary from Oct. 8, 1885, to July 8, 1886	1,000
Payment for the expenses of Cleveland Congress	302
Printing pamphlets on Church Taxation, etc	100
Printing circulars, certificates, stationery, etc	125
Expenses of work at Albany	50
Expenses of work, etc., for the opening of museum on Sunday	75
Treasurer's clerk for services	100
Expenses for traveling, hotel and railroad, stamps, stationery, and incidentals, together with hall rent and advertising for lectures	1,032
Total	$3,359

In explanation of the above I will say: Mr. Watts desired to visit England during May, June, July, and August of 1885, and wished his salary to be paid in advance. There being no money in the treasury, the sum, $500, was paid Mr. Watts by parties as follows: Courtlandt Palmer, $200; D. A. Blodgett, $200, and C. Edelheim, $100; with the understanding that the amount should be paid back by the American Secular Union, which has been done to the extent of $325—namely, $200 to Mr. Palmer, $75 to Mr. Edelheim, and $50 to Mr. Blodgett—leaving $150 still due Mr. Blodgett and $25 due Mr. Edelheim.

The Cleveland Congress, outside of Mr. Ingersoll's lecture, cost about $750. Of this, $348 was raised by the citizens of Cleveland and admissions at the door, leaving $302 to be paid out of the Campaign Fund.

In view of these facts and figures I want to ask the Liberals of this country a few questions.

I wish to know if there is a single Liberal who thinks that $1,500 is too large a salary for the secretary. If so, I would like to hav him speak out and giv his reasons. This amount was voted by the Congress at Cassadaga and by the board of directors. The secretary has devoted himself exclusivly to the work of the Union. He has taken no vacation. He has traveled about twelve thousand miles the past year. He has delivered nearly two hundred lectures, which would make $7.50 per lecture, if he receives his whole salary. Having received only two-thirds of his salary, this makes about $5 per lecture. He has written four hundred columns for the newspapers, and hundreds of letters. Twenty new societies hav been formed, twenty life-members added, and five hundred annual members. Work has been carried on at Albany for church taxation, and in New York city for the opening of museums on Sunday, etc. I desire the Liberals of America to say whether $1,500 is too much salary for the amount of labor thus performed.

It seems to be the impression of some that the secretary is "grabbing" all the money in the treasury, and that no one else has a chance to receive any benefit from the funds. The above figures show the falsity of this impression. It will be seen that as a matter of fact the secretary has received only $1,000 for this year's work, and for the past four months he has worked without a cent of salary. He has been accused of taking a pleasure trip to the Yellowstone Park, with $3,000 to back him up. Be it understood that the secretary out of his private funds paid his own expenses to the Park, and it did not cost the Union anything. The secretary has not taken a pleasure trip of any sort at the expense of the Union. He has charged only lecture expenses to the Campaign Fund, and he who asserts or insinuates anything to the contrary is simply a slanderer.

It is said that the work done during the past year is not satisfactory. What more could hav been done, I ask, and what better success achieved against formidable odds? Was not the work at Albany for church taxation a good work? Was not the work for the opening of museums on Sunday, the securing of ten thousand names to a petition, etc., a good work? Was not the lecture trip in the Great West—in Montana, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio—and the formation of societies, a good work? I am frank to say that I am proud of the work done during the past year. I am not ashamed of it one bit. If one is dissatisfied, let him say why he is dissatisfied. Let him show what better things can be accomplished.

It has been asserted by some that the American Secular Union is run by a "ring." Was a more preposterous accusation ever made? What has this "ring" done? Simply work of public and universal benefit. It has labored for Liberalism throughout the country. In what way has any single individual been benefited by the Union at the expense of others? In every respect the wishes of the Congress hav been carried out. Will anyone point out anything to the contrary? The secretary certainly can't belong to that "ring"—for, if he did, it isn't to be supposed that he would work four months without a salary. It is the disposition of a "ring" to lay its hands on everything for its own use. Point to a single act of this kind. Point to a single expenditure that has not been for the public good. Of course the secretary must do many things on his own responsibility. He must exercise his personal judgment. This is the only way to do business. But the secretary is responsible ultimately to the Congress—and that responsibility he is willing to meet. He will stand on his record. But don't make accusations until that record is known.

Now, friends and Liberals of America, is it just, is it wise, is it generous, is it noble, to make such accusations, to find fault simply because one is trying to do something, to criticise and seek to destroy a work of promis? Liberals should be ashamed of this, they should turn from it with disgust and abhorrence. It has gone far enough, this backbiting, this gossip and scandal, this stabbing in the dark. It is doing irreparable injury. Surely among Liberals there should be generosity, fraternity, frankness, speech face to face, honorable combat and noble difference, if such there must be.

The coming Congress is of vast importance. It will decide whether organized Liberalism is a failure or not. I believe in the ideas of Liberalism. If I am all alone, still they are lofty and beautiful; still they warm, and cheer, and make the hardest pathway a delight. Can these ideas be organized, or are they too lofty, too beautiful, in the heavens of our own thought, for outward and fraternal association? I cannot believe this. Liberalism should not be simply intellectual, but social. It should be humanitarian. It should unite for action. But the grandest action can only be by coöperation. That coöperation, however, should be on a lofty plane. It should be a union of the highest and the best.

Let it be understood that the American Secular Union is not a charitable institution. When the Union becomes an object of charity let it be buried ten thousand fathoms deep. We want no favor, no

pity, no begging. This is simply a matter of business, of supply and demand, of what the Liberals of America really desire, and because they desire are willing to pay for, as they will pay for a good dinner, or a book, or newspaper, or for anything that pleases. The work of the Union is before the Liberals of the country. The question is, Do they like it? Is it a pleasure to them? Does it benefit them individually to see this effort prosper, and are they willing to pay for it—a dollar, or two dollars, or ten dollars, or a hundred dollars—as they can afford. I want no charity and no patronage. I simply despise these, and if the American Secular Union is a burden to Liberals, if they support with the feeling that they are doing something charitable, if they support it merely out of good will and kindness, and not from a genuin feeling that it is necessary to meet the demands of the individual and the universal race—if this is all the sentiment that keeps the Union alive, then it ought to perish. Death is infinitly more glorious than life on such beggarly terms. If the Liberals of America continue the Union, they must do it as a matter of business, not of charity. They must be willing to pay for it as they pay for any good thing, anything that is a satisfaction and a delight. Put the Union on the basis of its actual value—of what each one considers it worth to him, to his family, to his community, to the nation, and to the world.

I hav spoken frankly because I feel deeply. I want the Union to succeed, but I want it to succeed honorably. I want to work in this cause, but I want also to preserve my independence and my pride, and I want the Union to do the same thing. I want it to hav a vigorous vitality. I want it to be supported, not by the few, but by the many. I want it to be no man's almoner, but the expressiv force of the thousands of Liberals of this land. Shall the spirit of fraternity prevail? Shall jealousy cease and nobility triumph? I hope for this. Glorious, however, as Liberalism is in its lofty ideals, which can never perish, what I hav said will show that when it comes to practical labor there is bitterness as well as joy. For the last two years the greatest suffering, the most cruel and savage attacks, the most unjust accusations, the most malign slanders, hav come, not from "Christians," but from "Liberals." Is organization essentially orthodox and does it destroy manhood and generosity, and must each one therefore press on in his own way? Or can we not in the purity of our thought still unite for a common work in honorable emulation? SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The Liberal Club.

The services at the 420th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club were conducted by Mr. James Redpath, and were of a devotional character, Henry George being the object of worship. The man with a badge-pin tarried late at home to avoid the political swirls which rage wherever two or three are gathered together in these times without being called to order. He freely admits to taking no interest in the election of the next mayor. He remembers distinctly having been at different times convinced, by the eloquence of their advocates, that his duty to the nation required him to vote for three separate and distinct candidates for that office. As only one of these can be elected, it looks to him as though New York were destined to land somewhere between the devil and the deep sea.

It costs but five cents to attend a meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. The visitor placed that amount in pennies on the treasurer's table, and took a seat. Mr. Redpath, wearing a skull-cap and looking very much like a priest, was talking with considerable rapidity on the subject of the ownership of land. Land, he said, should be held in the interests of the whole people. Of all other commodities there could be manufactured almost unlimited quantities. Not so with land; the amount of it could not be increased under any circumstances. Taxes should be upon land, thus preventing any one from dodging taxes. Land cannot be concealed. If a man owns more than one hundred acres, make the tax so excessiv that he will want to sell. The nation should own the mines, which could be worked by the government, the proceeds going to pay government expenses. The road beds of the railroads should be the property of the state; the rolling stock to be owned by individuals. Insurance on life and property are properly state affairs, poll and property taxes being exacted to provide for the payment of the policies. Wills must be abolished. It is the province of the dead to go back to earth, not to control the living. Patents and copyrights should be nontransferable, so that inventors and writers, instead of capitalists, may gather the fruits of their own genius. Exorbitant rents, collection of debts by law, child labor and the labor of women outside the household, must go. No more of the contract system in prisons. Put convicts on public works. Make license for selling liquor a thousand dollars. Hand all factories over to the state. Make a law against building a house so that the sun cannot shine into every room. Go to the polls Tuesday, with the rest of the one hundred and twenty thousand, and vote for Henry George. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Having spoken on this subject for an hour, Mr. Redpath put his skull-cap in his pocket, donned a derby hat, and went away to address other meetings.

The Chair now called attention to the card for the following month. The farce of dedicating a statue of Liberty would be discussed at the next meeting. The questions presented by the present lecturer must be treated thoughtfully, scientifically, and sociologically. There should be no political rhetoric or intemperance of expression. The floor was now open.

The Chair's restrictions came near killing the debate, but in response to a demand from the audience Dr. Eccles was induced to open the discussion. Remarking that this calling upon Eccles first every time was assuming the character of a chestnut, the doctor proceeded to point out the errors into which Mr. Redpath had inadvertently fallen. Women should be allowed to do any kind of work they chose. He believed the ladies present would indorse that view. A soft clapping of hands here showed that the doctor, either by his logic or his good looks, had scored a point with the lady members. The time of this speaker was extended to twenty minutes.

It took Dr. Weeks some time to correct Dr. Eccles's misunderstanding of Mr. Redpath. Politics, said Dr. Weeks, is demagogism. Competition now is between workingmen. Monopoly has done its work, and must sink into innocuous disuse.

Captain Clark opposed the eight-hour law. He believed he had a right to work eight, twelve, or sixteen hours a day. The arrogant claims of capital sink into utter insignificance compared with the monumental nerve of labor organizations.

Lawyer Chamberlain followed in a defense of Henry George, and urged his election in an eloquent speech.

At the usual hour the club adjourned.

The program for the following month is the best yet. November 2d the president of the club, members, and guests will talk about "The Pharisees and the Uninvited at the Inauguration of the Statue of Liberty. Shall it Remain a Sublime Sarcasm?" On the 12th the meeting will adjourn to Chickering Hall to attend the Congress of the American Secular Union. On the 19th "The Practical Socialism now Being Organized by Americans at Sinaloa, Mexico," by John W. Lovell, publisher of "Lovell's Library;" and on the 26th Andrew H. Smith speaks upon "Alcohol and the Human System in the Light of Science." Thus do the cohorts of the truth assault delusion's castle, storm the redoubt, drive falsehoods out, and with old errors rastle. It costs but five cents to see the fight.

The Chicago Secular Union.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 24th, the Chicago Secular Union elected its officers for the ensuing six months. Mr. E. A. Stevens was unanimously elected president; vice-presidents, Mr. Charles Frankel, Mr. A. M. Freeman, and Professor Orchardson; secretary, Mrs. A. M. Freeman; financial secretary, Miss Stella Campbell; treasurer, Mr. A. M. Freeman. The delegates appointed to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the National Secular Union, to be held in New York city on the 11th of November, are Mr. E. A. Stevens, Gen. M. M. Trumbull, Mr. Charles Frankel, Dr. McCleod, and Mrs. A. M. Freeman.

The Union is flourishing. We hav good audiences, and with so earnest a worker and efficient an officer as Mr. Stevens has proved himself to be, we can look forward to a successful winter. We hav had some very fine lectures since reopening this fall, and hav quite an array of talent promised for the winter course. Among those who hav already occupied our rostrum, is remembered with appreciation Mr. Putnam, who remained a few days with us on his way East from his Western trip. Mr. Stevens gave a grand lecture before the Union Sunday evening. But Mr. Stevens, as Mr. Putnam, is too well known as an advanced thinker to need any words of eulogy. Gen. M. M. Trumbull, by request, spoke two weeks ago on Thomas Jefferson. It is to be hoped that Mr. Trumbull will publish his lecture, for it was a most eloquent, original, and brilliant exposition of the life and teachings of a great man. It would be a splendid thing as an educator to publish in THE TRUTH SEEKER. It would be a revelation to orthodoxy and a bomb in the camp of political conservatism.

Mr. Watts was in Chicago this month, and gave two excellent lectures. In the afternoon he spoke on "Atheism and the French Revolution," and in the evening on "Saints or Sinners—Which?"

The latter is sharp, incisiv, bristling with wit and humor, and is pretty rough on the saints. The sinners smile approvingly at its telling sarcasm, and, as Mr. Watts says in his discourse, in regard to matrimony, that he happened to get a sinner, so the audience are delighted that the lecturer is a sinner too. In "Atheism and the French Revolution," Mr. Watts has laid all Freethinkers under lasting obligation. Perhaps nothing has been so often used as an argument against Freethought as the excesses of the French Revolution. Mr. Watts completely demolishes the claim that Atheism was in any way responsible for the atrocities perpetrated at that time, and refers them back to where all thinkers might hav been assured they belonged—the tyranny, superstition, and power of the Catholic church. Every Freethinker should hear this lecture, and see to it that his orthodox neighbor hears it also. It deals not more with France in 1793 than with America to-day. Mr. Watts's address is 82 Berkeley street, Toronto, Canada. Let the Liberals in every community club together and send for Mr. Watts, and it will be found in an evening or two that he can refute all the arguments the parson has been laboring the 365 Sundays of the year to construct. It is only in this way, by discussions, lectures, Freethought papers, etc., that we can accomplish the work of the Union. Let every Freethinker, then, see to it that he himself takes a Freethought paper, and, if possible, that his neighbor takes one too. But, as much good as the papers must do, the lecturer also is a necessity. The people need to come in contact with the leaders, to meet them face to face, to feel their earnestness and enthusiasm. The old camp-meeting of the Methodists is a good illustration, and for this reason it is to be hoped that as many as possibly can will attend the Tenth Annual Congress in New York.

Oct. 27, 1886. MRS. A. M. FREEMAN,
Secretary Chicago Secular Union.

The New York State Association.

The New York Liberals, realizing that the time has come to make an extra effort for the purpose of advancing the cause in the state, are endeavoring to raise a fund for the work. The aim of the association is to establish Secular Societies and Science Schools in every neighborhood, not for the purpose of saying harsh things against the church, but to remove prejudice, and build up societies for mutual improvement. The church offers so many advantages for social intercourse that, rather than be ostracized, many Liberals attend and help support the church.

Let us remedy this by organization, by regular weekly meetings, socials, and entertainments, where all the talent of the society can be made to count. The children would in this be a factor in constructiv Liberalism.

We should hav Lesson Leaves prepared that there might be a unanimity in the work throughout the state. By working systematically to substitute science for theology, and by earnest, honest, useful lives, we may demonstrate that this life is worth living.

We do not ask nor expect an appropriation from the state, but we do expect Liberals throughout the length and breath of the state to respond to the appeal made, and to work for this object.

We want men, women, and children interested. Liberals, polish up your talents, unite to do this work!

As secretary of the State Association I want to enroll the name of every true Liberal on the membership list. Come up to the help of the weak against the mighty. We will blow no horns, but if we do this we shall see the walls of superstition fall down.

MEMBERS AND DONATIONS.

The Executiv Committee of the New York State Freethinkers' Association will hold a special meeting at New York city, Nov. 14th, to devise and perfect plans for more efficient and thorough propaganda work. In the meantime, if any members of the New York Freethinkers' Association are desirous of special effort being made in their neighborhood, write at once to the secretary, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, North Parma, New York, who will respond to invitations to lecture. There is no lack of able and ready help for all who desire it. Let all who wish to hav a Secular society and science school on Sunday in their neighborhood write her at once. Donations and membership fees of the New York Freethinkers' Association to October 17th are as follows:

Lucy N. Colman	$ 25	L. K. Washburn	$1.00
Polly Gault	25	John Adams	1.00
William Wilcox	1.00	S. B. Brewer	1.00
Edward Evans	1.00	C. M. Dennison	1.00
Henry Evans	1.00	Aaron Hamil	1.00
Samuel Davenbaugh	1.00	E. B. Foote, Sr	2.00
Dr. T. L. Brown	1.00	John Droyer	1.00
Chandler M. Powers	1.00	Wm. Thorp	1.30
Melvia A. Clayton	25	G. G. Grower	1.00
Geb. F. Haskin	25	Frank Burnier	25
Chas. P. Somerby	1.25	C. B. Reynolds	1.25
Brenhart Sugenheimer	1.25	F. C. Reynolds	25
Mrs. U. A. Austin	1.00		

F. C. REYNOLDS, Sec. N. Y. F. A.

A Presidential Error.

IN his Thanksgiving proclamation Grover Cleveland says:

"And while we contemplate the infinit power of God in earthquake, flood, and storm, let the grateful hearts of those who hav been shielded from harm through his mercy be turned in sympathy and kindness toward those who hav suffered through his visitations."

Did Mr. Cleveland reflect when he wrote this that his recommendation is flying in God's face? If God punished the Charleston people by an earthquake, it was because he wanted them punished, and any alleviation of their misery is shielding them from God's will. What is the use of God's going to the trouble and expense of an earthquake to punish his people if worldly sinners, without the fear of the Lord in their hearts, at once make their punishment void by setting them on their feet again? Go to, Grover! Let the Charleston folks suffer, or do not put the blame upon God.

Communications.

Serious Musings of a Humorist.

Is this a republican government we are living under, I wonder? If it is, then must the government of hades be republican, I think. Why? Well, the parsons, presumably posted, tell us of the sort of spirits that rule in the unlocated, but doubtless very populous, region above named, and, knowing too well ourselvs the sort of spirits that rule in this "land of the free"—so called, ironically, from the fact that it is a land of slaves, by veriest despots ruled—why shouldn't one conclude that the two governments are alike, the two sets of rulers being of the one stripe?

The people of a republic are popularly supposed to be themselvs the rulers of their land by those of outlying and "effete monarchies," and some of themselvs no doubt lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are the rulers of their country, and are happy. Well, they are mightily fooled; but to disabuse them would be to rob them of their complacency. The blatherskiting stump orator, office-holder, or office-seeker comes to the front at a political meeting and thunders out: "You are the people. We are your servants. The people are the rulers. We but do their bidding. The people are the sovereigns. We bow to and obey the people." Lies and taffy, taffy and lies. But we go away from the meeting head and spirits up, proud to think we are "sovereigns." The blatherskiting demagog goes away laughing down in his boots, and praying, "Lord, may the fools increase and multiply!"

Whom hav the "sovereigns" of this "land of the free" deputed to look after their national, state, and municipal affairs—to whom delegated the power to govern them, the "sovereigns?" For the answer, take a look around in the high places and low places of the political arena and see corruptionists of every grade and hue—no place is too high for their flight and no place too low for their descent.

Heaven and earth, what an array of officials! The great, very great majority of whom are seeking to feather their nests, and accomplishing their aims at the expense of the "dear people." Diogenes, with a Fresnal light, would hav to hunt long ere he discovered an honest man among them. Does place in a republican rule make rascals of honest men? Or were they rascals in embryo ere coming to place, and the "sovereigns" deceived or indifferent?

Well, it looks like indifference—reckless indifference at that—and as the "sovereigns" would resent being called blockheads or fools, to reckless indifference must be charged the fact of their having installed a legion of rascals in place and power. Of such are the "servants" whom the American "sovereigns" elect to do their offices for them, in the doing of which they "do" the "sovereigns" with a vengeance, "do" 'em brown," as it were! Yet the latter look indifferently on, and smile, as they boast of their grand republic, the freest and most glorious government on the face of the earth, which it is—for office-holders! And these office-holders—"dealers," dickerers, "jobbers," and robbers, by a large majority—are Christians and god-fearing men, professedly—if they had more fear of the devil it would be better for the country—and in the guise of such riot in all sorts of corruption, stopping at nothing in their greed for gold—Christians who are taking the chances of eleventh-hour repentance!

To come right down to hard-pan, this republican government of ours, as administered and allowed to be by the "sovereigns," is a dismal failure, and, as man is constituted, I doubt if this form of government would ever prove a success. It might work well with a higher order of beings, but with man it has ever proved, is proving to-day, and will ever prove, a fiasco; unless, in the coming ages, he shall evolute to a pitch of understanding that will enable him to govern, and giv him the requisit grace to submit to be governed, in a truly republican manner. But this, if ever, will be in the far, far distant future, when this old globe will be so enlarged by accretion from exploded comets and things, as it journeys through the star-studded regions of space, or so reduced by attrition in its rush through the *debris* of disintegrated, celestial worlds, that the present-day man, meeting her by moonlight alone, or any other light, wouldn't recognize old Mother Earth—wouldn't know her from a leather football or celestial spheroid of the first magnitude.

Look at this republic, so vaunted and extolled by spread-eagle orators and flamboyant editors—at its rulers and the way it is ruled—and say it is a success if you can. Why, it is worse than a dismal failure, it is a wicked failure, viewed in the light of the nineteenth century, when such progress should hav been made by man in the direction of good government for man as would hav made us all wonder whether or not the millennium would usher in any improvement—this, were man a highly progressiv animal, which he is not, however, but a slow-coach with this regard.

In days of yore the Roman lion (the populace) was wont at times to go about the streets of Rome roaring mightily with anger fierce. It was then the triumvirs, the tribunes, the consuls, the emperors, and what not, were wont to shake in their boots, for the day of reckoning had come for certain of them, and accounts were to be squared. In the days of the present, the American lion—bah! the American lion is a sheep, and sleeps the sleep of a sheep, rarely bleating, much less roaring, and the rascals in the places of honor and trust for them provided, riot in venality and corruption, fearing no day of reckoning with the sleeping sheep!

I am sorry to say that I think this republic is dying, dying of the gangrene of political and official corruption. It is blood poisoned and booked for extinction. It might rally were the populace a lion and not a sheep. Sooner or later it will die, and those who lay it away forever may speculate as to what the American Republic might hav been had it not started in until about the year 1,000,000, with a higher order of man in vogue. SI SLOKUM.

The Sibylline Oracles.

GREELEY, Sept. 25, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Are there any prophecies at all resembling those in the Bible among the heathen writings? If so, please let me know where they can be found and oblige IGNORAMUS.

A correspondent of THE TRUTH SEEKER wishes to know if there are any prophecies among the heathen writings at all resembling those in the Bible. We answer Yes. The Sibylline oracles, which existed long before the Christian era, were destroyed during the burning of Rome, A.D. 66, but like some of the Old Testament books, which were lost or destroyed during the Babylonish captivity and afterward re-written from memory or tradition, so a new collection of the pagan books was made after the fire in Rome. These books are quoted by the early Christian fathers as the word of God, and so great was their estimation and use in the church of the second and third centuries that Christians were nicknamed Sibyllists.

The most celebrated of the Sibylline books, the Erythrean, contains an acrostic in Greek, now extant, the initial letters of which are:

Iesous Chreistos, Theou Uios, Soter, Stauros.
(Jesus Chreist, God's Son, Savior, Stake.)

Cicero, who was born 106 B.C., assails the Sibyl's prophecy as too vague in regard to the great person whose coming is foretold. He further says:

> But that they (the verses) proceed not from fury and prophetic rage, but rather from art and contrivance, doth no less appear otherwise than from the Acrostic in them.

Eusebius, the first church historian, affirms that Cicero quoted these very verses which contain the acrostic.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who lived more than thirty years before Christ, and Varro, who was born 116 B.C., both speak of disputes in their day about the genuinness of the acrostics—as if there were more than the one in their time.

The early Christians asserted the genuinness of the Sibylline prophecies; modern Christians would fain repudiate them. Their antiquity is as certain as that of any New Testament writings, which some of them no doubt antedate. It is a humiliating alternativ to which Dr. Lardner and other Christian apologists hav been driven of admitting that the Sibylline acrostic was either a pagan prophecy of Christ or a Christian forgery. Justin Martyr (A.D. 150), the earliest Christian writer of undisputed authenticity, says:

> The most ancient and time honored Sibyl, whose books are preserved in all the world . . . clearly and manifestly prophesies concerning the predicted advent of our savior Jesus Christ, and concerning all those things that were to be done by him.

The authenticity of Justin's "Address to the Greeks," in which this passage occurs, has been questioned, but not its antiquity. The Christian translator says it "was not written later than the third century."

Now, those clear and manifest prophecies of the advent of Jesus Chreist are found only in the eighth book of the Sibyl, which contains the acrostic, and in the first book. But the first book, says the author of "Oracula Sibyllina" (Prof. C. Alexandre, Paris, 1856), "is, without doubt, later than Justin, and is in part made up from the eighth book." And the learned Christian author not only believes that the eighth book was written between A.D. 98 and 138, but does not doubt that Justin referred to the same. Dr. Lardner was unwilling to concede that any of the books were written earlier than A.D. 117, and Professor Alexandre's reason for assigning an earlier date is that he finds in the eighth book a passage resembling one in John's gospel, which he believes was written before A.D. 98. The resemblance, however, is only in idea, not in words, and who knows that the Sibyl did not precede John?

Furthermore, Professor Alexandre thinks the acrostic was written between A.D. 96 and 117, the rest of the book somewhat later, but all before A.D. 138.

Now, Justin, in his undoubtedly genuin "Apology," quotes the Sibyl as saying that "there should be a dissolution by God of all things corruptible"—the very theme of the Acrostic, and what follows in the eighth book. This book contains 501 lines, and about half of it relates to Christ. We are not aware that any English translation of it exists, or even of the Acrostic. Professor Alexandre givs a Latin translation, and all his notes and essays are in Latin.

Irenæus (A.D. 190) writing against the Gnostics, speaks of the name of "Christ the Son" (*Uios Chreistos*) being composed of twelve letters. These two Greek words contain twelve letters, *ch* being one letter. Hippolytus, his disciple, also descants at length on *Chreistos* of the heretics.

Tertullian (A.D. 210) calls Jesus Christ *Ichthus* (a fish); he says that "we little fishes, after the example of our *Ichthus*, are born in water." And the Christian translator of Tertullian says in a note:

> The word *Ichthus* in Greek means a fish, and it was used as a name of our Lord Jesus because the initials of the words *Iesous Christos Theou Uios Soter* make up that word.

The Greek Acrostic is remarkable for spelling *Chreistos* with an *e*. The word, therefore, could not hav been derived from *chrio*, "to anoint," but may hav been derived from "chreo (also *chreio*), Ionic for *chrao*, to deliver an oracle" (Don. Lex.).

Another remarkable thing about the Acrostic is that the initial letters of the words *Iesous Chreistos Theou Uios Soter* spell IChThUS, "a fish." One of the three great prevailing sects in India is the Vaishnavas, or worshipers of Vishnu, whose astronomical symbol is the fish, whose first incarnation was in the body of a fish, and whose ninth and last was in the person of *Christna*, also called by his disciples *Jezeus* (Anacalypsis, and Bible in India).

And speaking of fish, Professor Alexandre's work exhibits another ancient Acrostic with a fish in it, also a savior and Galileans. The fish is most conspicuous, being invoked as a divinity, and forming part of the first letters of the lines of the Acrostic which are ICHTHUS EIS AIE, "fish forever." It is an epitaph on stone, and the author dates it about the middle of the fourth century, but we suspect it to be earlier. The only word in the inscription answering to *Christos* is bereft of all but the first letter and follows "fish." It may therefore be a pagan epitaph, *Ichthu Ch*[*reste*], "sweet fish."

Constantine, in his oration to the clergy, appeals to the prophecy of the Erythrean Sibyl as declaring "the history of Jesus" and "a certain testimony of Christ's divinity." Rendering the Greek initial letters into Latin, *Jesus Christus, Dei Filius, Servator Crux*, he adds:

> It is evident that the virgin [Sibyl] uttered these verses under the influence of *divine inspiration;* and I cannot but esteem her blessed whom the savior thus selected to unfold his gracious purposes toward us. Many, however, who admit that the Erythrean Sibyl was really a prophetess, yet refuse to credit this prediction, and imagin that some one professing our faith and not unacquainted with the poetic art, was the composer of these verses. They hold, in short, that they are a forgery. The truth, however, in this case is evident, since the diligence of our countrymen has made a careful computation of the times, so that there is no room to suspect that this poem was composed after the advent and condemnation of Christ, or that the general report is false that the verses were a prediction of the Sibyl in an early age. For it is allowed that Cicero was acquainted with this poem, which he translated into the Latin language and incorporated with his own works.

This question is treated at length in the "Revelations of Antichrist," from which most of the above is copied. Christian scholars who assign the composition of the Sibylline Oracles to even as early a period as A.D. 96–138, or later, are, in our judgment, mistaken. We believe that the Acrostic and most, if not all of the Eighth Book that follows, existed in the time of Cicero and Varro, which was our conviction ten years ago, and it was greatly strengthened when two years later, we discovered that Jesus and his apostles all lived and died before the Christian era.

The Sibylline Oracles appear to be the only religious pagan book that has come down to us; but the learned author, De Pauw, in his "Philosophical Dissertations on the Greeks" (English translation, 1793), makes a plausible argument to show that the Greeks had a holy Bible. He says:

> Few, even of the learned, are informed at this day that the Athenians possessed a prophetic and mysterious book, called in their language the "Testament," on which they pretended the safety of the republic depended. It was preserved with so much care that no passage has ever transpired, and consequently the notions transmitted to us are very confined, but the conjectures they lead to are infinit. The work of darkness appears, however, to hav been of the same nature with the books of the Sibyls at Rome.

And the author more than suspects that the Sibylline books of Rome were only an imitation of the Athenian Testament, adapted to the paganisms of the Latins.

In expressing our conviction that these pagan oracles antedate the Christian era, we do not admit that they contain any real prophecies. Those relating to Jesus Christ were doubtless written after he was put to death, about 75 years B.C. ANTICHRIST.

"THE true Christian," said the Rev. H. Ward Beecher, the other day, "should be luminous." Perhaps Queen Mary thought the same, comments T. F. Gould, when she set her fellow Christians alight at Smithfield and Oxford.

Roman Catholicism vs. French Republicanism.

Theodore Stanton in the Independent.

The expulsion of the French princes, the performances of General Boulanger, minister of war, the election of the councilors-general for the departments, and several minor episodes in the political life of France during the past summer hav led many good people to see in each one of these acts a blow struck at the existence of the Third Republic. But all these temporary dangers sink to nothingness when compared with that ever-abiding one, the hostility of Roman Catholicism.

The Paris *Temps*, the leading Republican daily, published, a few months ago, a series of valuable letters touching on this very subject. Their aim was to account for the defeat in certain departments of so many Republican candidates at the general elections of last autumn for members of the Chamber of Deputies. As I hav not seen them mentioned in America, and as they afford a new and astounding revelation of the power exerted by the clergy in the field of politics, they cannot but prove of interest at this time when so many observers think they see setting in the decline of the French republic. For my own part, however, I do not believe that such a crisis exists, but if it does come, it will be mainly due to the influences and labors described in the rest of this article.

Speaking of the department of Landes, one of the correspondents of the *Temps* said:

> The peasants are, for the most part, ignorant, and more superstitious than religious. Many of them still believe in sorcerers who are capable of working charms and of smiting animals with disease and death. They are also convinced that the village priest can exorcise the evil spell, and he is often called in to bless the flocks stricken, it may be, with rot. The farmers liv so near together, and the parishes are so small, that the priests can exert an immediate and constant influence. . . . There are only ten newspapers in the whole department, and all of them together do not ordinarily print more than five thousand copies. This fact shows the intellectual condition of the Landes farmers.

This was the very kind of material for the wily priests to manipulate, and it is scarcely necessary to say that they made the most of it. One of the candidates writing from Coudure, in this department, says: "The clergy had been saying for a long time that all our afflictions, the phylloxera, etc., are sent us by God to punish us for deserting him. The supreme effort was made on the morning of election-day (Sunday), when our priest, in a tone of intense indignation, shouted from the pulpit, referring to the Republicans, 'Let them leave us at least our sanctuary, our altar, our cross, that we may kiss it for the last time with our expiring breath!' This tirade, spoken in a tragic manner, was a tremendous blow to the republican cause in this town, for it must not be forgotten that Coudure has a swarm of priests in embryo, and that the women, worked upon for a long time by our priest, must, on leaving the church, hav implored their husbands to vote against us. It is, therefore, the priest above all who defeated me at Coudure."

These village priests simply took their cue from their bishops. Ten days before the elections, one of these ecclesiastical functionaries wrote as follows to the faithful in his see: "It is sad to remark how all the elements seem to conspire to prevent the earth from giving you a proper return for the hard labor that you hav bestowed upon it. For too long a time already the fond hopes that are born with every spring end only in disappointment. Your fields are ravaged by storms, or frost, or floods; unknown diseases attack your vinyards, and still more terrible maladies [referring to the cholera in Spain, whose frontier is within sight of the department of Landes] that decimate and kill in an instant, are raging about us. . . . When God is denied, is it astonishing that he affirms his existence? When the cross that he brought the world is banished from the schoolroom, from the court house, and even from the cemetery; when an effort is made to efface his very name by not allowing it to be pronounced in the presence of school-children; when his religion is treated as an enemy and his priests insulted, is it surprising that he takes vengeance?"

The good bishop then goes on to tell the faithful how they should vote, and it is not necessary to state that he does not recommend the republican ticket; and when it is borne in mind that this pastoral letter was read by the priest of every church in the see, that its contents served as a text to many a pulpit attack on "the powers that be," and that all these imprecations were listened to by a most superstitious peasantry, who believe that bishops and priests are possessed of the divine inflatus—when we remember these circumstances we cannot be surprised that the republic suffered a disastrous defeat in the department of Landes.

The department of Basses-Pyrenees lies between the department of Landes and the Spanish frontier, and is made up of the old province of Béarn, the nativ land of Henry IV., and the Pays Basque. The atmosphere of this corner of France seems to be still pervaded by the spirit of the olden time. Even Pau, the capital of the department, the resort of tourists from all parts of Europe and America, is, as regards intellectual progress, almost a century behind Paris. The people in the streets all speak a *patois*, and if you walk three or four miles out into the country, you meet peasants who do not even understand French. Nor can the inhabitants of one-half of the department converse with those of the other half; the language of the Pays Basque and the *patois* of Béarn are as different as French and English. What a soil for Catholicism to flourish in!

"In the Pays Basque," writes the *Temps* correspondent, "it is the religious question, above all, that served as the electoral platform of the opponents of the republic. The physiognomy of this region is absolutely original. Everybody speaks Basque, a language whose origin is as obscure as that of the inhabitants themselvs. . . . The whole country is profoundly religious. Republicans and monarchists alike are declared Deists, and both are proud to proclaim the fact. On account of the dispersed situation of the farms it is extremely difficult to introduce the republican idea into the Pays Basque. The voter cannot be reached except by the priest, who sees him each Sunday at church, and visits him at his home during the week. The churches, isolated like the houses, are kept in good repair, and are the unique weekly meeting-place of the Basques. . . . The population cannot be said to hav political opinions. Religious, that is to say, Catholic by habit and tradition, the people hav a blind faith in their priests. . . . It is the suppression of the teaching of the catechism in the schools that enabled the priests most to exercise an influence over the faithful on election day. They declared plainly that they would not undertake this task. But the poor and ignorant parents, busy all day in the fields, could not act the part of the village schoolmaster, so that, although considering an understanding of the catechism to be indispensable to their children, they found themselvs unable to teach it to them. Hence arose a strong feeling of unfriendliness for the republican government. On the approach of the elections, the priests did not fail to take advantage of the situation in order to obtain votes against the enemies of religion.

"The Pays Basque is a nursery of ecclesiastics. A family considers it a great honor to hav one of its members take orders. Just before the elections all the ecclesiastical nativs of the country went home and begged their friends to vote the monarchical ticket. A certain member of the chapter of the cathedral of Bordeaux visited every house in his nativ township, which usually givs a Republican majority of one hundred. This year the Monarchists carried it by two hundred majority. . . . A few days before the vote all the priests were summoned to a retreat at the bishop's, and when they returned, they began openly to electioneer, inviting, from the pulpit, their parishioners to come to the parsonage in order to receive advice as to how one should vote."

Much the same story comes from the department of Hautes-Pyrenees, which lies also on the Spanish frontier and next to the department of Basses-Pyrenees. Just as in the Pays Basque, the mountain villages of this department furnish an immense number of priests to the state church. "The result is," says the *Temps* correspondent, "that the clergy exercise a powerful influence, and their intervention in an electoral campaign is sufficient to decide the result." The suppression of the catechism in the primary schools, and the well-known tendency of the Republicans toward requiring theological students to undergo service in the army—these two questions brought out the priests of the department in battle array; and the Republican candidates were consequently defeated.

Going into the heart of southern France, into the backward department of l'Aveyron, the correspondent observes: "The more I advance in this inquiry through the South, the more I am convinced that the religious question was preponderant in the late elections. My impression may be summed up in these words: The republic undertook a struggle with the clergy and has been beaten. As long as fortune smiled on the government and the home situation was good, so long the Republican party was victorious; but the moment that circumstances turned against us, the church easily got the upper hand again. We hav stirred up so formidable an enemy that two bad harvests were sufficient to render us incapable of coping with him. . . . The suppression of the catechism in the schools is the pivot on which the elections turned. The peasant of the Aveyron, while he may enjoy the customary jokes at the expense of the clergy, is at bottom religious. He believes in the church, fears the priest, and follows his advice. And ever since the erasure of the catechism from the list of studies of the primary schools, the priests of the Aveyron hav been preaching against 'the godless schools.' . . . Sermons, private conversations, visits to voters—they did not leave a stone unturned that would aid them in accomplishing their purpose." Here is a specimen extract from one of these sermons. The parish priest of Badassac exclaimed: "France is in utter disorder. Our holy religion is attacked on every side. The devil has left the bottomless pit. We must stand firm, my dear brethren." In certain villages the priest had his congregation recite, every evening, litanies that he had added these words to, and which the faithful repeated nineteen times: "Deliver us, O Lord, from godless schools; deliver us, O Lord, from unbelieving school-masters!"

The department of the Lozere borders on the one we hav just been considering, and here we find the religious question still more pronounced. At the elections of 1881 the Republicans had 23,600 votes and the Reactionaries only 1,530. Last October the result was as follows. Republicans, 15,000, Reactionaries, 16,600. The Republicans, therefore, lost 8,600 voters, who went over to the opposit party along with 8,000 others who had stayed at home in 1881. "It is the opinion of everybody that I hav consulted," says the writer in the *Temps*, "that this change is due to the exertions of the clergy. . . . The elimination of religious instruction from the primary schools, the fear that theological students may be forced into the army, and the perspectiv of the separation, in the near future, of church and state, determined the priesthood to enter the political arena and to defend their interests. . . . The *Semaine Religieuse*, the organ of the bishop of Mende, published, under the title of the 'Obligatoriness of Voting,' a sort of electoral catechism, which was issued in a special edition for the use of priests and the faithful. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was scattered far and wide in the mountainous districts by the Reactionary candidates."

Here are a few specimen questions and answers taken from this curious document:

"Should one feel obliged to vote?"

"Yes; and the obligation is all the more strict because the consequences of a wrong vote are very detrimental to religion and society."

"Is it a grave fault to vote wrong?"

"Dare you believe that it would not be a grave fault to vote wrong!"

"Is an elector bound to confess having voted wrong?"

"Certainly, because it is a grave fault; you should feel bound to confess it, repent of it, never do so again, and do all in your power to repair the lamentable consequences of it."

"It is said that priests hav no right to talk of elections in their pulpit. Is it true, and is it in conformity with Catholic doctrin?"

"The priests hav the right, and it is their duty to recommend that one vote according to one's conscience enlightened by religion, and for those candidates who promis to defend true principles, and not to support bad laws."

"What is voting right?"

"Ordinarily in elections, and especially in general elections, there are two parties in the field—conservativs and revolutionists, the party of order and the party of disorder, God's party and Satan's party. Now, there can be no hesitation as to which of these parties one should giv one's vote."

This campaign document appeared toward the middle of September, about a month before election-day. The priests took the hint and began forthwith a most vigorous attack on the existing order of things. In the Lozere, as in the Aveyron, the country pulpits hurled their anathemas at the legal government of the nation and at the institutions of 1789. Every church resounded with some such declaration as this: "Those who vote for the candidates of Satan will commit a moral sin, will be excommunicated and will go to hell." There were variations of this general theme, as, for instance, this questioning a child on the catechism: "'In whose image are you made?' asked the priest. 'In God's,' answered the child. 'No,' responded the priest; 'the Republican schoolteachers tell you that you are made in the image of a monkey; or if you don't understand that, in the image of a "*mounine*" [the *patois* for monkey], like those you see at the circus.'"

Another priest blesses the ballots of the reactionary candidates, and still another shouts from his pulpit on the very morning of election that he hopes that those who vote Satan's ticket may be struck by lightning. In some cases children are informed that if their fathers vote wrong—that is, for Republicans—they (the children) will not be allowed to join the church, and in other cases the wives of well-known Republicans are refused absolution. No wonder that a senator of this department wrote to a friend the day after election as follows: "I am utterly discouraged. I advised those who hav been attached to me for long years to vote the Republican ticket. But they refused to do so, saying, 'We do not want to lose our souls.'"

Once more it was shown that Roman Catholicism is all-powerful when arrayed against French republicanism, and never did Gambetta's cry sound truer: "Clericalism, that's the enemy!"

Toulouse, France.

THE main contest must be between the church of Rome on the one hand and Rationalism on the other. Protestantism is midway between the two, and must ultimately take sides with one or the other of the combatants.—*D. M. Bennett.*

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How Christianity Was Engrafted upon the Common Law of England.

The idea of a great many Christians in this country is that Christianity is a part of the common law of the land. This notion has descended from the time of the Puritans, and a great many judges hav set the seal of official approval upon it. Several judges, also, hav repudiated this notion. But the notion is still prevalent, and often quoted. Daniel Webster claimed it when he unsuccessfully attempted to break the will of Stephen Girard—an attempt, by the way, that has since more effectually succeeded through Christian duplicity and dishonesty than was possible through any arts of the law. The Massachusetts legislators had no doubt that Christianity was a part of the common law when they passed the act against Atheism and blasphemy which the New Jersey legislators copied, and under which Charles B. Reynolds is now indicted and awaiting trial.

But all these folks will be surprised to learn that this notion is based on a gross fraud perpetrated centuries ago, and exposed in this country by no less a person than Thomas Jefferson. In his speech defending Abner Kneeland, at the January term of court, in Boston, in 1834, just fifty-three years before Mr. Reynolds will be tried, Andrew Dunlap, Mr. Kneeland's counsel, drew the attention of the court to the following letter from Thomas Jefferson to Major Cartwright, of England:

"I was glad to find in your book a formal contradiction at length, of the judiciary usurpation of legislativ powers; for such the judges hav usurped in their repeated decisions that Christianity is a part of the common law. The proof of the contrary which you hav adduced is incontrovertible, to wit, that the common law existed while the Anglo-Saxons were yet pagans, at a time when they had never yet heard the name of Christ pronounced, or knew that such a character had ever existed. But it may amuse you to show when and by what means they stole this law in upon us. In a case of *quare impedit* in the Year book, 34 H. 6, folio 38 (anno 1458), a question was made how far the ecclesiastical law was to be respected in a common law court. And Prisot, a chief justice, givs his opinion in these words: 'A tiel leis qu'ils de seint église ont en *ancien scripture*, convient à nous à donner crédence; car ceo common ley sur quels touts manners leis sont fondés. Et, auxy, Sir, nous sumus obligés de conustre lour ley de saint église; et semblablement ils sont obligés de conustre nostre ley. Et, Sir, si plit apperer or à nous que l'évesque ad fait come un ordinary fera en tiel cas, adong nous devons ceo adjuger bon, ou autrement nemy,' etc. See S. C. Fitzh. abr, Qu, imp. 89. Bro. Abr. Qu, imp. 12. Finch, in his first book, c. 3, is the first afterwards who quotes this case, and mistakes it thus: 'To such laws of the church as hav warrant in *holy scripture*, our law giveth credence.' And cites Prisot, mistranslating '*ancien scripture*' into '*holy scripture.*' Whereas Prisot palpably says, 'to such laws as those of holy church hav in *ancient writing*, it is proper for us to giv credence;' to wit, to their *ancient written* laws. This was in 1613, a century and a half after the dictum of Prisot. Wingate, in 1658, erects this false translation into a maxim of the common law, copying the words of Finch, but citing Prisot. Wing. Max. 3, and Sheppard, title, 'Religion,' in 1675, copies the same mistranslation, quoting the Y. B. Finch and Wingate. Hale expresses it in these words, 'Christianity is parcel of the laws of England.' 1 Ventr. 293, 3 Keb. 607. But he quotes no authority. By these echoings and reëchoings from one to another, it had become so established in 1728 that, in the case of the King *vs.* Woolston, 2 Stra. 834, the court would not suffer it to be debated whether to write against Christianity was punishable in the temporal court at common law. Wood, therefore, 409, ventures still to vary the phrase, and say that all blasphemy and profaneness are offenses by the common law, and cites 2 Stra. Then Blackstone, in 1763, IV. 59, repeats the words of Hale, that 'Christianity is a part of the laws of England,' citing Ventris and Strange. And, finally, Lord Mansfield, with a little qualification, in Evans's case, in 1767, says that 'the essential principles of revealed religion are part of the common law.' Thus engulphing Bible, Testament, and all into the common law, without citing any authority! And thus we find this chain of authorities hanging link by link, one upon another, all ultimately on one and the same hook, and that a mistranslation of the words, '*ancien scripture*,' used by Prisot. Finch quotes Prisot; Wingate does the same. Sheppard quotes Prisot, Finch, and Wingate. Hale cites nobody. The court, in Woolston's case, cite Hale. Wood cites Woolston's case. Blackstone quotes Woolston's case and Hale. And Lord Mansfield, like Hale, ventures it on his own authority. Here I might defy the best read lawyer to produce another scrip of authority for this judiciary forgery, and I might go on further to show how some of the Anglo-Saxon priests interpolated into the text of Alfred's laws the 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d chapters of Exodus, and the 15th of the Acts of the Apostles, from the 23d to the 29th verses. But this would lead my pen and your patience too far. What a conspiracy this between church and state! Sing Tantarara, rogues all, rogues all. Sing Tantarara, rogues all!"

It is undisputed that the common law of this country is derived from England. But the common law of England is older than Christianity. If the religion of England had always been part of the common law, then we should find incorporated in it all sorts and kinds of religion. In the earliest times of British history Druidism was prevalent. The Romans brought with them the gods of Rome. The Saxons brought the Saxon gods. When Christianity straggled into England, it was in the form of Catholicism. Afterward Protestantism was adopted. Then Catholicism again was supreme. Then Protestantism was the state religion. Presbyterianism was once dominant; then Puritanism; then came the Church of England. Either all or none of these were common law. Every lawyer knows that not Druidism, nor the mythology of Rome, nor the idolatry of the Saxons is regarded as common law, and the only authority for the claim that Christianity is a part of the common law Jefferson shows to be the decisions of several judges, all based on the mistranslation of a single word, quoted from one case to another. When the Massachusetts people adopted Matthew Hale's opinion on this subject, they adopted also his belief in witchcraft, and he was their great authority in sustaining the prosecutions for witchcraft which disgraced Massachusetts's early history. New Jersey, too, once had laws against witches, but they hav long since been repealed, and their reënactment forbidden. The last relic of these barbaric times when church and state were united is the blasphemy statute, which imprisons a man for twelve months who contumeliously reproaches the Christian religion.

Then and Now.

In the old times of the Inquisition, when Christianity ruled everything and everybody, the punishment of a heretic was attended to by the priests and their mercenaries with but little ceremony and no vacillation. Scores and hundreds of so-called Infidels were killed without the outside world's knowledge, but with its full privity and consent. Occasionally, however, the church would hold a festival for its children, the chief attraction of which was the burning of a score or so of heretics. To this the common people resorted gladly, laughing and rejoicing that the enemies of the church were to be punished. A Spanish *auto-dâ-fê* of the fifteenth century became the church festival of the nineteenth century.

We could not help thinking of this while at Morristown last week, when the case of Mr. Reynolds was in court. The state had subpœnaed about thirty witnesses to testify that Mr. Reynolds had exposed the Christian religion to contempt and ridicule by circulating in Boonton his pamphlet on "Blasphemy and the Bible." These witnesses filled one side of a car on the run between Boonton and Morristown, and overflowed to the other side, where sat the Boonton friends of Mr. Reynolds—Mr. Worman, Mr. Maxfield, and the sturdy Mrs. Booth and her large family of grown-up sons and daughters. Everyone in the car was going to attend the trial, and everyone thought that before night Mr. Reynolds would be in jail. A lawyer said, "If they call his case at 12:30, by 3 o'clock he will be sentenced." The Christians were sure they had their enemy on the hip, and that for some time to come he would cease disturbing the serenity of Boonton. Mr. Reynolds's friends were greatly depressed in spirit; they went to Morristown feeling about the same as the friends of the condemned heretics might feel upon witnessing the forming of the priestly procession for the *auto-dâ-fê*. The Christians went as to a festival—arrayed in their best, laughing, and happy—with anticipations of a pleasing spectacle. Their Bible was to be vindicated by the imprisonment of the man who ridiculed it, and why shouldn't they be happy? The animal and religious of their natures were in the ascendant, just as these traits were in the ascendant in the Catholics of Spain two or three centuries ago. They had no thought of the wife waiting for a word from her husband, of the children waiting to see their father. Their jollity was a shameful exhibition of the tiger still lurking in Christianity.

Blasphemy laws are the expression of this feeling of hate and revenge which Christians entertain toward unbelievers. It is the cruelty in human nature, intensified by the devoutness with which they worship. The dearer they hold their religion, the fiercer do they persecute those who oppose it. The only way to prevent such deeds of cruelty is to substitute in the people a love for men instead of a love for "God." If the Boonton Christians thought more of humanity than of their creeds, they would not hav been so jolly over the prospect of sending Mr Reynolds to prison.

Heresy! Heresy!

When Henry George began his campaign for the mayoralty of this city, among his stanchest supporters were a few Catholic priests, chief of whom was Edward McGlynn, of St. Stephen's church in East 28th street. Mr. McGlynn was a popular orator at Mr. George's meetings, and publicly announced his conversion to Mr. George's land theories. A few days before the election the priests, for some reason or other, quieted down, and it was publicly announced that the higher Catholic authorities had sat on them. Monsignor Ducey, one of the city's prelates, said that McGlynn's speeches had given such offense to the Catholic authorities that "he had been inhibited from making further political speeches." Monsignor Preston, vicar-general of the diocese, wrote as follows regarding Henry George's candidacy:

"I can state with confidence that the great majority of the Catholic clergy in this city are opposed to the candidacy of Mr. George. They think his principles unsound and unsafe, and contrary to the teachings of the church. I hav not met one among the priests of this archdiocese who would not deeply regret the election of Mr. George to any position of influence. His principles, logically carried out, would prove the ruin of the workingman he professes to befriend. Whatever may be said, I think there is no question as to the position of the Catholic clergy. And although we never interfere directly in elections, we would not wish now to be misunderstood at a time when the best interests of society may be in danger."

A *World* reporter called upon Mr. McGlynn to obtain from him the knowledge of how he regarded this manifesto of his priestly superior. Mr. McGlynn developed surprising symptoms of heresy, writing his sentiments down as follows:

"I think that if ecclesiastical authorities wished to giv to the public the impression or the information which your note tells me was conveyed in an interview in your paper yesterday, they would hav taken some other way of doing it. I therefore think proper to take no notice of that interview.

"As to your second question, whether the supposed action of ecclesiastical superiors implies that Mr. George's doctrins are disapproved of by the church, I hav to say that the only action of ecclesiastical superiors that is in evidence is a published letter of Monsignor Preston, which, for aught that appears, may hav been published without his consent. It is an answer to a letter of a personal friend. In any case these utterances of Monsignor Preston should hav just so much weight, and no more, as the readers may feel called upon to giv them—such opinion as they may hav of his capacity to observe facts, to state them accurately, and to pass judgment upon them wisely.

"I, for one, totally dissent from his statements of fact and from his expressed opinions. And I do not forget that ecclesiastics whose censure was of much greater weight than his, even if expressed in his official capacity, namely, the so-called 'Qualifiers' of the Roman Inquisition, condemned as heresy what their successors acknowledged to be no heresy, but a scientific truth, when they condemned the teaching of Galileo as heretical because expressly contrary to the holy scriptures.

"The letters of Galileo and the work of Copernicus, a Catholic priest, teaching the true solar system, were placed

upon the index of forbidden books and kept there for a century, till they were removed from it by that enlightened pope, Benedict XIV."

Mr. McGlynn writes quite bravely in this interview, but, all the same, he has not made any more campaign speeches. Probably he will obey orders in that respect. What the church will do to him for recalling one of its most serious ancient errors remains to be seen. And, too, saying that his ecclesiastical superior's opinions are entitled to only the weight that anyone feels called upon to giv them —that is, of no more weight than those of any other well-read person with medieval leanings — this is heresy, flat and heinous!

The Reverend Dr. Edward McGlynn, of St. Stephen's, will do well to be careful. The serpent yet has fangs!

The Kansas Victims of Law.

On Tuesday, October 19th, Mr. E. C. Walker and his wife were denied a new trial, and sentenced by Judge Crosier to two and one-half months' and one and one-half months' imprisonment, respectivly. The sheriff and his deputy vigorously protested against having a woman sent to the jail, as there were no accommodations for her, and the judge allowed the sheriff to keep Mrs. Walker at his house until a cell could be cleaned and furnished. By this time, undoubtedly, she is in jail at Oskaloosa. The case will go to the Supreme Court of Kansas at once.

The position of the judge in this case is an anomalous one, and his action is very queer. He decided that Mr. Walker and Miss Harman are legally married, yet he shuts them up in jail, as though they were criminals. His action amounts to a declaration that people are not free to legally marry as they please, but must go through certain forms. If this is law, it certainly is not justice.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker are being vigorously defended, and if the Supreme Court follows the precedents of law they will be released. Eighteen states, Mr. Walker says, hav decided that marriages of the nature of his are valid. There is no reason why Kansas should fall out of line. The secular idea of marriage is that it is a partnership; the Christian idea is that it is a sacrament. If it is a simple partnership, the witnessing by law officers is no more essential to its legality than such witnessing is to any contract made by any two competent persons. The rightful purpose of the law is fulfilled in securing to the parties theirs and their children's rights in the matter of property and parental care. There is nothing at all sacred about marriage, and if Mr. and Mrs. Walker can help to get it out of the sacrilegious hands of power-seeking churchmen, and more fully establish its secular character, they will hav conferred a benefit upon the country.

One of the incidents of this affair is the desertion of Mr. Walker by his old friend, Tucker. Hitherto Mr. Walker and Mr. Tucker hav been mutual admirers of each other, nestling side by side on the elevated roost of philosophical Anarchism. Mr. Tucker now parts from Mr. Walker, sadly but firmly. Why? Because, in claiming that his marriage is legal, Mr. Walker submits to the state, and in so doing makes a dependant of himself and Mrs. Walker, and Mr. Tucker will never contribute "money for the vindication of the right of men and women to enslave themselvs." And Mr. Tucker adds, "All who contribute to the *Lucifer* defense fund will be doing just that and nothing less." It is painful to see these two eminent Anarchists disagreeing, but such is Anarchy! From the standpoint of their philosophy Mr. Tucker is right. If Mr. Walker and Miss Harman had been acting up to the principles of Anarchism, they would hav formed their union without saying anything to anybody, and without any ceremony whatever. In making their contract in the presence of third parties they were not only illogical, but abandoned the right to be considered Anarchists. Having abandoned that, they might, without further sacrifice of principle, hav gone before a justice of the peace. However, as their marriage is legal without the signature of a justice, they had the right to choose the simplest way. Moreover, Mr. Tucker was as illogical as they when he allowed their union to stand as Anarchistic, and proposed to defend it. But now that Mr. Tucker has forsaken Mr. Walker, the opponents of Anarchy will probably love the latter more for the enemy he has made. Mr. Tucker, we think, might hav waited till Mr. Walker was free before abandoning him. If adherence to Anarchy demands the severing of the friendship, a censorious world will say it would hav been less unkind to do it when the forsaken one did not need funds. Now the world will recall the fact that the Chicago Anarchists were left in the same way, and draw erroneous conclusions.

Theory and Practice.

It is a favorit theory with the Christians that prayer is of great utility. As a means of making known to God his own glory and perfections; as a means of informing him how he should conduct the world; as a means of impressing him with an adequate idea of the greatness of his ministers and the general unworthiness of all who do not fall down and support them; and as the most direct method to bring alleged divinity to the level of his creatures, prayer has been found particularly efficacious. It is held, too, by a great many good Christians, that prayer is always answered, either directly or indirectly, or not at all. They believe implicitly in prayer, and consider it a good thing—in fact, the best thing in the world.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson is perhaps as honest in his belief in prayer as any Christian in this city. Christ said that if one possessed faith he could pray mountains aside. Mr. Simpson believes Christ spoke the truth, though he has never moved mountains. But so confident is he that prayer is answered that he has started an institution at 329 East Fiftieth street, this city, known as the Berachah Orphanage. He has gathered therein ten orphans, and so reliant upon prayer is the Rev. Mr. Simpson that he has these orphans depend upon prayer for their daily subsistence, and also upon prayer instead of upon doctors in sickness. Mr. Simpson himself is a faith cure practitioner.

Now comes Superintendent Jenkins, of Mr. Gerry's Society for the Protection of Children, and hales Mr. Simpson before the courts, as Mr. Cowley of the Shepherd's Fold was haled. Why Mr. Jenkins interfered in the matter he told a reporter: "This society does not believe in faith institutions, particularly for children. I don't charge Mr. Simpson with anything criminal. My course was dictated by a belief that reliance upon faith may lead to neglect of the children, especially in sickness."

Alas for the faith! Mr. Jenkins is a Christian, but he evidently does not believe in prayer. When addressing Sunday-schools he tells the children to pray, but when anyone attempts to liv by prayer he would use the strong arm of the law to force down his throat the prosaic potato and commonplace bread and butter. Christian theory and practice seem greatly at variance.

Editorial Notes.

OUR readers will be glad to know that Colonel Ingersoll was none the worse for his trip through the rain to Morristown to save Mr. Reynolds from a county jail, and that his throat is doing well and is likely in a short time to be as good as ever. Considering the risk he ran of a cold that might hav permanently disabled his vocal organs, Mr. Ingersoll's efforts for Mr. Reynolds partook of the nature of a self-sacrifice—a sort of voluntary immolation on the legal altar of Christian bigotry. Such magnificent generosity is characteristic of the man, and, with the thousand or so of other good traits, makes him loved by all who know him, and by a few millions who hav not that privilege.

THE Kansas City *Organizer*, a labor journal, is responsible authority for the following: "A few days ago an eminent divine of this city rode out to the end of the cable line, where a great many are laborers at work, for the purpose of raising funds for a church building. Instead of going to the men himself, telling them his mission and thankfully receiving what each could afford to giv, he induced the contractor, the employer of the men, to go with him. Together they filched from the poverty-stricken laborers one dollar each by terrorizing them with the fear that unless they each gave that amount they would lose their job. One poor man with a family offered twenty-five cents, but the priest, accompanied by him upon whom the poor man was depending for a living, said that they took nothing less than a dollar. Most of the men gave their consent, and Saturday night the money was taken from their wages by the religious boss. One poor man who had been out of work for several months, and who is in destitute circumstances, refused to make a donation and received a scowl from the boss and was discharged the next day."

THE clerks and salesmen of this city held a mass-meeting last week to influence public opinion in favor of early closing, Saturday half holidays, and a total abolition of Sunday traffic. The affair was practically a campaign meeting for Henry George. The principal orators were two clergymen—a Catholic and a Protestant. Sandwiched between them was James Redpath, manager of the *North American Review*, and a Freethinker. He made the best speech of the evening, although consideration for the feelings of the churchmen, and an over-anxious desire not to hurt, by any expression of Infidelity, Mr. George's chances of election, rendered Mr. Redpath extremely inaccurate in one historical statement. Bowing low to Dr. McGlynn he avowed, "If it had not been for the church we should not hav had any Sunday." This is an utterly false assertion, for the Hindoos, Chinese, Persians, Assyrians, and Egyptians all hav their septenary day of rest, and had it, too, before the apostolic tramps were heard of, and before Constantine joined the church. They had it contemporary with the Jewish Sabbath; they had it when God's chosen people were slaves in Egypt; and in China, so far as the historians know, a seventh day of rest was observed before the creation is said to hav occurred. Mr. Redpath knows this well enough, but probably the presence of such distinguished clergymen upon the platform, and the desire for Mr. George's election, frightened the knowledge away. Rabbi E. B. M. Browne, who had accepted an invitation to speak at this meeting, sent a letter of regret that he could not fill the engagement. He closed with these words: "Liberty without religion is a logical contradiction. Religion without a Sabbath is logical nonentity. Agnosticism, Atheism, and Anarchy are only three different names of the same monster, in its various stages of development, threatening the very life of the republic. The Sabbath alone can save our Union. Let the workingman's powerful arm wield the Sabbath weapon to crush Anarchy's skull. This is a religious country!" John Swinton, who presided, had too much common sense to read Rabbi Browne's letter.

WE noted last week the employment by the *Independent* of a force of women compositors who were compelled to labor nearly all one night without extra remuneration. By a letter in the London *Press News* we judge this unfair treatment of printers to be a common failing of the religious press. The writer asks: "Can you explain the query, Why do religious bodies, as a rule, pay such poor prices for their printing? I hav on my books five representativs of religion, and although they all strongly object to nasty work, cheapness is an indispensable essential to doing business with them. I know this is a mania with which we are all more or less afflicted, and the low figure generally secures the order; but, for downright starvation prices, my experience has brought me in contact with no tradesman who can be compared to religious folk. 'How much do you charge for a hundred bills about this size?' (demy-folio) I was lately asked by a clergyman who wanted some done 'at once.' 'About 5s. or 6s.; it depends on the matter to be set up.' 'So much as that! I never paid more than 3s. 6d. when I was in Bermondsey!' And a similar wail do I hav to hear with larger orders from the same class of customers. I do not know if other printers hav a like unpleasant experience, but certainly it is my lot to deal with religious people who hav desperately narrow views of the laborer being worthy of his hire." An American journal takes this letter up and adds another count to the indictment: "It is a fact that admits of no denial that a majority of religious periodicals are printed in unfair shops, and that as a rule printing for churches or church sociables, concerts, lectures, etc., is of an unprofitable character. Why compositors employed on Sunday-school magazines or denominational journals should receive less wages than those employed on secular publications is a conundrum we should like to hav satisfactorily explained. The Bible teaches that the laborer is worthy of his hire. We are not referring to country publications, or the struggling parish minister, but to religious publications, official and representativ in their character, organs of the more wealthy denominations published in our larger cities. We like to see practice and preaching correspond."

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL writes us that he has all the work he can attend to in Texas until December, when he goes to Kansas.

J. E. REMSBURG, the Liberal speaker, addressed the people at Preston's Opera House, Thursday, October 14th. Mr. Remsburg is a pleasing speaker, and held the attention of the large audience for over an hour. Sometimes, during the address, the house was stilled to absolute quiet. He gave a brief review of the life of Thomas Paine, and his connection with and part in the formation of our government. . . . . Altogether, it was an earnest and eloquent appeal for justice to the memory of one of the greatest statesmen and patriots of the the Revolutionary period.—*Grinnell, Ia., Independent.*

THE *Republican Press* of Millsville, Wis., dated October 21st, writes thus of Mr. Charles Watts's recent lectures in that city: "The Liberal lectures given at the theater on Saturday and Sunday by Mr. Charles Watts were largely attended, and gave great satisfaction to the hearers. Mr. Watts, besides being a very eloquent speaker, is a logical one, and his lectures are bristling all over with good points which appeal to the reason of his hearers instead of their prejudices. He does not resort to abuse in his lectures, but he says some sharp things which no man can successfully dispute, so far as heard from."

W. F. JAMIESON'S engagements are as follows: Wickes, Mont., Nov. 3d, 4th, and 5th; Dillon, Nov. 7th, 8th, and 9th; Denver, Col., Nov. 14th; Greeley, Nov. 17th, 18th, and 19th. Colorado Liberals desiring lectures will address him at Denver, care of Charles Roth, 271 Fifteenth street. Of his effort in Bozeman, Mont., the *Daily Courier* of that place says: "The lecturer has a very pleasant and fluent address, and the deep interest with which he waded into his subject appeared to take hold of his audience." The *Chronicle*, of the same place, said: "Mr. Jamieson delivered the first of a series of lectures Tuesday evening. He is a splendid speaker, and has a national reputation as a Liberal lecturer."

Letters from Friends.

GRINNELL, IA., Oct. 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: J. E. Remsburg was at this place, and delivered his lecture, "The Apostle of Liberty." He had a large audience, and the most of the people seemed attentiv. One Christian walked out before the lecture was over, and pulled his hat down over his eyes, as he went, as though ashamed of being there at all. MINNIE B. LEINS.

AXTELL, KAN., Oct. 3, 1866.

MR. EDITOR: The orthodox clergy are endeavoring to convince the people that Liberals are Anarchists, but if our Liberal journals take the right course they will fail. Liberalism in this vicinity is fifty per cent stronger than five years ago, and if Liberal literature could be scattered broadcast among the people all over the land, the clergy would soon be earning their labor by honest labor. J. E. C.

SALESVILLE, M. T., Oct. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Since some of your correspondents are engaged in cracking the nut whether wheat will pass to chess, I want to pass one in and hav it cracked among the rest.

A few years since there was a patch of volunteer winter wheat on my ranch. After it had jointed, some cattle got into the field and grazed on the patch. As a natural consequence, some stools were left untouched, others entirely eaten off, while others were partly eaten. Those untouched grew up wheat; those eaten off sprouted again from the stool, and came up chess; those half eaten came partly wheat and partly chess from the same stool.

THOMAS BURK.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Oct. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In "Letters from Friends," J. H. Paine givs a deserved tribute to Mr. Hacker and his *Pleasure Boat*, as well as to his work of to-day; and yet just now Hacker and his aged wife are suffering for food, clothes, and all the needs of a comfortable life, and even thinking of laying down the lives that are seeming to be only a tax and a burden to themselvs and to the community. They gave all when youth, health, and strength were theirs, and now, when old, crippled, sick, and in poverty, the world passes by on the other side. Friends who feel for the needy will please address him, with inclosures as they are able and willing, Jeremiah Hacker, Berlin, Camden Co., N. J. ELMINA.

MINIER, ILL., Oct. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It appears to me but just that all liberal-minded men should help turn the great wheel of free thought and speech (so long as it does not interfere with the rights of others). Inclosed find post-office money-order for $13.50. For defense of Mr. C. B. Reynolds against the good Christians of New Jersey: Frank Williams, $1; John F. Quigg, $1; James F. Quigg, $1; B. T. Briggs, $1; Philip Imig, $1; Wm. J. Nicolay, 50 cents; J. M. Laudett, 50 cents; Jont Hammond, 50; J. Schaaf, $2; also $5 for two subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER—Shed. Tanner and Lewis Pleines. I hope to be able to send in the names of more new subscribers soon. I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER about six months; hav but one fault to find, that is, it is giving us a little too much on Anarchy, I think, detrimental to the cause of liberty. Yours respectfully, J. SCHAAF.

ALLISTON, ONT., Oct. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for another year.

Although not indorsing some of the illustrations, I would not like to miss some of the able articles within your pages. Such pictures as kissing the pope's foot I think extremely foolish, and bound to hav a bad effect on our noble cause. Not but that the Catholics are servil enough, but I hold if they cannot be reasoned out of their belief they will not be ridiculed out of it. And there is nothing will stop a Catholic quicker from reading THE TRUTH SEEKER than a look at that picture. They may increase the circulation amongst a certain class, but I think we will find a safer class of converts in the churches than the heedless, thoughtless crowd who are tickled with the caricatures. However, you run the paper and not me; all the same you are welcome to my opinion.

Yours fraternally, JOSEPH ELLIS.

LINDSAY, ONT., Oct. 12, 286.

MR. EDITOR: A converted Catholic, who is now a truth seeker Secularist, a gentleman who is not too bigoted to keep himself posted in Catholic literature, has requested me to forward to you the inclosed copy of Priest Lambert's reply to Mr. Reynolds's kind invitation to attend the recent Freethinker's convention, and to there giv his reasons, if he had any, for the faith he advocates, in accordance with 1 Peter iii, xv. With characteristic Christian bravery, the priest falls back to the rear and "lashes the Freethinker," as well as his friends, with a slanderous two-column newspaper excuse for not meeting his opponents, even though assured of fair treatment and an attentiv hearing, which, in the light of recent events in religious New Jersey, is considerably better than the deeds there done by the servants of the so-styled Prince of Peace. Mr. Lambert was evidently fearing the application of the old-time orthodox torture argument to help convince him of the errors of his faith, fiction, and preverted idealism.

The ignorance displayed by the priest of Waterloo of the objects and aims of Secularists is most astonishing, and if the majority of Christian ministers are no better informed, it is no wonder that their deluded hearers are full of prejudice and bigotry toward those of their fellow-countrymen who dare to be Freethinkers, those whom the truths of nature, aided by science and experience, hav made free—free from the shackles of priestcraft and man-made creeds founded on the horrible Bible fables that are yet too often instilled into the children, even before a knowledge of right and wrong can get a chance to dawn on their infantile minds.

The slurs and false insinuations which this priest seems to delight to heap upon his opponents, especially his questionable statements in regard to the religious reaction that culminated in the excesses of the French revolution, could be ably met by our noble historian, James Parton, Esq., whose masterly works apparently form no portion of the library of the cowardly priest of Waterloo. FAIR PLAY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $1, and continue my paper until the close of the year.

As there is a diversity of opinion in regard to your illustrations, I will offer mine. I think they are immense. They are silent sermons. At the first view some of them seem ridiculous, but upon a close study it dawns upon you in all its beauty like a stereoscopic view. I look as anxiously for my paper as I would for an expected letter. Of course, I cannot indorse everything that is published in it; still, I hav charity enough to tolerate the most diverse views; and by publishing different opinions you show your liberality. In regard to the Anarchists' trial and conviction in Chicago I heartily agree with you. I do not sympathize with the cause, but still I claim that those men should hav a fair, impartial trial. Then, if justice says they are guilty, let them suffer; but their guilt has not been proven yet.

J. W. CHISM.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Oct. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: After Mr. Watts finished his recent successful course of lectures at Grand Rapids, we invited him here. He gave an eloquent address at the Opera House before a good-sized audience; subject, "The Superstitious Teachings of the Bible." Fred Hotop, proprietor of the American House, the finest and largest hotel in the city, entertained Mr. Watts while here in grand style. He attended the lecture with his whole family. He is a German, a city official, and a prominent, public-spirited man. He said to me: "Hav Mr. Watts come right here every time. I want to encourage such men."

Fuller and Son, liverymen, sent out an elegant conveyance to show Mr. Watts over the city. Messrs. Gault, Kauffer, Sheriff Galligan, Bragg, Stearns, Haurer, judge, and many others took an activ part in making the lecture and Mr. Watts's visit here a success.

Mr. Watts is here again on his return from the West. He lectures to-night before the Knights of Labor upon "Gladstone and the Home Rule."

To-morrow we go to Hastings, where, through the assistance of Charles H. Bauer, a prominent lawyer and citizen of that place, I hav arranged for five lectures. No doubt Mr. Bauer will send you a report of the lectures from there.

LUCIUS C. WEST.

OSHKOSH, WIS., Oct. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Some months ago, I attended the funeral services of the Rev. Mr. Jones, of the Methodist church, who died wealthy. Rev. Mr. Wilcox, of the first Methodist church, preached the sermon, and I had to smile a smole when he said that all successful preachers were called by God to preach the gospel. I suppose he meant all who got rich. The local papers hav never told us how much he was worth, but simply said he had left his family well fixed. But it is well known here that he died wealthy. Now, as it is not easy for a rich man to get to heaven by the old route, I think he must hav gone cross lots, if he ever gets there. I believe all the Liberal lecturers are afraid of this place, as they never come here, and I don't know as I can blame them much, for this is the fountain head of superstition in the whole West. I hav been trying for the last three months to convert a Catholic lady, a neighbor of mine, and hav got her almost done. She has become very much interested in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and is reading all my Liberal books. I also hav a number of others on the anxious seat. I am working very quietly but very effectually. My TRUTH SEEKER comes regularly, and is the most welcome visitor at my house. There is a church scandal on the tapis here, but I will wait further developments before I say anything about it. GEO. M. HARE.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 10, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to know if it is possible to get the Anarchist reply to the judge. If so, would you please publish in your next number of THE TRUTH SEEKER? [The complete speeches of the Anarchists before Judge Gary are published in pamphlet form. They would fill two issues of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Publishing them is therefore out of the question. The pamphlet can undoubtedly be obtained of the Labor Press Association, 76 and 78 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill., for about 25 cents.—ED. T. S.] I hav read their trial, and fail so see any evidence that would justify the sentence. Those men's lives hav been sworn away and convicted by a spy. That is not reliable evidence in a court of justice, but I suppose it is good enough for a political court. You know that all our judges in this free country of ours are politicians. You know that they are all honest. You also know they are above suspicion of doing any wrong to their fellowman. You know their decisions are always in favor of the salt of this earth, the poor man, and against the rich. In fact, they are god-fearing men, not worldly; they are true Christians; they are so religious after they condemn a poor plebeian to be choked to death they wind up in a sanctimonious whine, "And may God hav mercy on your soul." They will tell the innocent man, "It is not I that punish you, it is the voice of the public that demands your blood." And whom do they mean by the public?—a lot of idle politicians who are barnacles on the society taxed to support them; and after they become superannuated they must be retired on a pension at the expense of the laboring man. If the poor dare raise their voice to protest, they are clubbed and thrown in prison, and tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. And this is the voice of public opinion! The voice of the devil, better say, and ignorance and stupidity.

Talking of the devil, I hav been told for a fact by a Christian named Mr. Eagen, a grocery man in Brunswick, that the devil appeared in Jersey. I inquired where, and he answered, "Outside of the city. There were men making sport of the Lord's supper, and Old Nick, with his fork, shovel, horns, and cloven foot, appeared in front of them on the ceiling." I told him that would hav been a good time to make a prisoner of Old Nick. I suppose they were drunk, and had the bug on them. I bade this man of intelligence good-bye, and remarked that the devil always appeared to Christians. He inquired if I did not believe in a devil. I answered, "Yes, two-legged Christian devils." He called to his child, Mary Ann, to come in the house.

W. W. MORRIS.

SOUTH OTSELIC, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is with a bitter sense of humiliation that I hav to enroll myself again among the list of delinquents, but when I tell you that a disastrous fire by lightning on the 18th of July swept me out of $500 in less than two hours, and with no insurance to back me up, you will understand why I hav been too short of funds to spare even the small sum due the dear TRUTH SEEKER. Every hour of my life I regret that I hav not the means yet at my command to help carry on this warfare for liberty of tongue and pen.

The case of C. B. Reynolds, in Boonton, N. J.; the insulting treatment of the intelligent Hindoo at Asbury Park; the case of those unjustly condemned labor reformers, or so-called Anarchists, of Chicago, ought to inspire renewed zeal in every man and woman to stand firmly for the little liberty we already hav; for these aggressiv maneuvers on the part of the officers of religion in combination with our government officials, so well defended as they are by the public press, all point to an early crisis between liberty and mental and moral slavery. I wish those two foreign gentlemen, Joshee and Sattay, could be induced to come out into the country and deliver a course of lectures on the condition and customs of the people of their country. It might take some of the enthusiasm out of people who are so engaged in the foreign mission hobby.

THE TRUTH SEEKER was never better than to-day. The cartoons speak volumes. Our children notice them, and want me each week to explain to them what they mean. In this way they hav already become interested in THE TRUTH SEEKER. MRS. MARY PECK.

ITHACA, Oct. 28, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I continue my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER from November 7, 1886, onward, by sending you $1, claiming a respectful right to its columns as a Freethinker. I plead nature, and nature's embodiment in man's structure as it stands this moment, and fully embrace all the good and evil of the Bible, of Christian theology, of liberal sectarianism, of freeloveism, of Spiritualism, and of every other ism under the sun as all belonging to nature in man. It is knowledge we want to harmonize and utilize the great variety of nature's members. This embodiment of nature called man must not be maimed in any of its members, but as evolution has advanced knowledge, charity takes the place of bigotry, and each member, whether honorable or dishonorable, performs its rightful office in the body, and is an important help in all its movements. It must not be forgotten that nature, in all her variety, is positiv and negativ, and that it is knowledge with charity that only can equalize these opposits. We may fight and denounce what we call evil in others till doomsday, and we only beget the same uncharitable spirit in our opponent, and the opposits of nature will remain the same. But a quiet spirit and soft words may modify and smooth the rough edges on either side. Good and evil are a necessity, and can be obviated only by accepting it as such, and the twain are a unit at once. No mutual love can be attained between the sexes in the absence of nature's opposits. There must be in a true love match, a positiv and negativ organism, to stand the test of life's uneven path. I say again that my plea is nature and her embodiment in man's structure, and outside of that structure there is no possible knowledge, and that structure (a male and female unit) covers all the possible isms in existence, whether supposed to be good or evil. And why? Because good and evil are married together, an inseparable unit, by the great priest Experience. No use to denounce these creeping things, isms; they belong to the body and always will by the slight modifications of unity. I am happy to understand that our Virgin Mary (Freethought) is being overshadowed by the Holy Ghost (cartoons). ZENAS KENT.

MILWAUKEE, OR., Oct. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am not a subscriber to your paper, but I expect to be soon. Mr. Cressey, one of your subscribers, loaned me several copies to read. Mr. Editor, are not those pictures just "horrid?" Mr. Gill seems to think they hurt the feelings of his Christian friends. What a pity! Poor innocents. It's too bad to hurt their feelings. I wonder if those New Jersey Christians are aware that they are hurting the feelings of Mr. Reynolds and his friends. I, for one, would like to see those pictures on every page. I would take great pleasure in showing them to my Christian friends, especially to the preachers and pious deacons, for we do hav a few of these "critters" out here—more's the pity. I don't think much of an Infidel that is ashamed to show his colors, or afraid he might hurt the tender feelings of some of these meek and humble followers of the crucified lamb. Do they consider Mr. Reynolds their enemy? Their Jesus said, "Love your enemies." Are they following his advice in thus persecuting Mr. Reynolds? About those pictures—I don't see why any genuin Infidel can object to them. Even

the high-priced editions of the Christian's Bible contain hundreds of pictures, and they are there to the more easily dupe the credulous. Their Jesus is pictured as very handsome, with long, flowing, curling locks, and faultless profile. But does this agree with his description as given in the Bible? In one place it says: "If a man hath long hair doth he not know it is a sin [disgrace] unto him;" and again, "His face was more marred than that of any man; more than the sons of man." Tell Mr. Heston to giv us "John preaching in the wilderness;" with a chunk of honeycomb in one hand, a locust in the other, and his audienee a lot of birds, chipmunks, squirrels, etc. Well, as this is my first letter for THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will close, and if this finds a place in its columns I may write again.

An Infidel now and forever, ALEX. C. WALLACE.

WELLAND, ONT., Oct. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 9th an article headed, "Picked up by Mr. Renwick." I hav no wish to enter upon a discussion of the subject of Anarchism. My friend Renwick has undertaken to pick me up before I got down. I had neither flopped over nor complained of too much backbone. My letter to the editor was not intended for publication. But he thought proper to print it, and I was glad he did, as his answer to it placed him before the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER in a light not to be misunderstood—not as an advocate of Anarchism, but an advocate of justice to Anarchists and all others, which was satisfactory to me, and I wrote him to that effect.

I am not an Anarchist, neither would I like to hav a person hung whose fortune or misfortune it was to be one. I think Mr. Renwick's satirical reply was uncalled for, as the editor to whom my letter was addressed had answered it in full. JOHN RAY.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see by a press dispatch from Dover, N. J., that C. B. Reynolds has been indicted by the grand jury for the imaginary crime of blasphemy, a crime that exists only in the diseased mind of a religious fanatic. In the face of advancing science, in defiance of the grand principles so clearly set forth in the Constitution of the United States, the bloodstained banner of the cross, the black flag of Christianity, triumphantly waves over the prostrate form of free speech in the priest-ridden and bigoted state of New Jersey. History repeats itself in this case, and the old-time Inquisition has been revived. These Christians of New Jersey, these meek and lowly followers of the lamb, these people who love their enemies, who when smitten on one cheek turn the other, hav, by their wretched work, shown only too clearly that the hellish spirit of the Inquisition still slumbers in their withered and heartless breasts. Please excuse my warmth of expression, for in a case like this I find it extremely difficult to preserve perfect serenity. Inclosed you will find $1 to assist Mr. Reynolds in defending himself against the enforcers of "Christian" morality.

E. B. FOLSOM.

ASHLEY, O., Oct. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The books I ordered came to hand promptly, and are being distributed to good advantage, I hope. I don't choose to worry your patience, but I can't refrain from making a few remarks which, if good enough, you may publish. About six years ago I believed in the Christian's heaven and hell, but, thanks to THE TRUTH SEEKER, which was handed to me at that time to read by a friend, I had my eyes opened to the greatest fraud that was ever palmed off on an enlightened people. Why people reverence the old Jew book, with its profanity, obscenity, persecutions, and superstitious ideas, is more than I can imagin. The cause, probably, is from early education, but if we stop to think and reason with ourselvs, then we can see enough every day of our lives to teach us the Bible is a big fraud. I would not giv a good almanac for it, and I would not giv one school-house where the sciences are taught for all the churches in the land, and I verily believe that half the preachers to-day don't believe what they preach. We hav a young Methodist Episcopal preacher that comes here every two weeks to preach. He has studied the sciences, and is about to graduate at the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, O., and can't believe what he preaches, for he knows better. Last winter we had a young squirt to preach here who made the remark during a revival that Bob Ingersoll rehashed Tom Paine and Voltaire. The little fool—either of those great men could forget more in one day than he could learn in a lifetime! This same upstart was conducting a revival a few miles south of here last winter also. A poor family near there, members of his church, sold chickens to the amount of two dollars and fifty cents. The wife gave this hypocrit two dollars of it, and the fifty cents for the heathen in foreign lands; and this robber is looked up to as a great and shining light in the Methodist church. He is more fit to occupy a cell in the penitentiary. The Lord loves a cheerful giver. I receive THE TRUTH SEEKER every Saturday, and you can bet I am fixed for Sunday reading. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER and Watson Heston. The pictures are great lessons, and Brother Heston knows just where to make his mark. CHARLES F. OLMSTED.

MYRTLE CREEK, OR., Oct. 20, 286.

MR. EDITOR: After having investigated the theory of Substantialism, as set forth in "The Problem of Human Life," by A. Wilford Hall, of New York, and also by the same author and others in the *Microcosm* and *Scientific Arena*, entitled scientifico-religious journals, I find that their religion does not blend with science. To be consistent they must treat each separately.

They cannot confound Bible theology with Substantialism. So far as they hav treated with Substantialism, they hav ignored the Bible. Until recently theologians hav fought science to the bitter end. Since the sixth century they hav put to death over fifty millions of people for the crime of heresy—for Freethought, mental liberty, and human rights. Yet, strange to say, they claim all the honor and ascribe to the church all of the glory and advancement that has been achieved by science.

Since this party has taken up the theory of Substantialism (which is a modified form of Pantheism) they hav attempted to overthrow Darwinism and the survival of the fittest, but so far hav only corroborated it, and while they hav been holding up to the people an invisible, Substantial God, they hav simply held up the molecular theory advanced by Democritus 400 B.C, together with the nebular hypothesis, force, motion, etc. To sum the whole hypothesis up, their God is reduced to the universe, with the laws that govern it, electricity in all of its phases being the ruling power. Now, they must go beyond all science, so far as is known, to find the God they claim and which they seem to ignorantly worship or else leave science and take the Bible alone as the limit to science and revelation, because they cannot hold to both at the same time. While we accept all that is true in science and theology, and nothing more, they claim that all of the Bible is divine inspiration. On the negativ, we claim that whatever conflicts with science cannot be of divine inspiration.

They treat elaborately upon the future state of mentality, acknowledging at the same time that all animate beings are endued with more or less intellectuality, such as thought, memory, etc., but their individuality, mentality, etc., will be reverted to their primitiv sources, but not so with mankind; that the intellectuality of man must continue as a special entity and individuality, and all who do not accept their creed must suffer the eternal condemnation and vengeance of an offended and avenging God.

But we claim that they do not know anything about that. We believe that if we make the best of this life, we shall be the better prepared to enter the next when it comes. We infer that a man must begin where he left off here—that if he has been sinning all his life on credit it will take him a long time to pay the debt with interest in the next world.

L. C. HILL.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Oct. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The inclosed article from the *Daily Times* will probably interest some of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It will show our friends all over this continent that we here in this city are by no means backward in promulgating Liberal thoughts and ideas. We hav some very good speakers here, and our meetings create a general interest among the thinking people. With such men as our president, John James, Judge Beasly, Dr. Lober, Dr. Palmer, Messrs. Goodwin and Bathman, and others, we cannot fail to arouse many from their lethargy, and raise them up to the standard of a great and noble manhood. The *Times* says:

It would, perhaps, startle our clergy to become fully acquainted with the rapid development of Liberalism (the new name for Infidelity) in this city. There is one club now in existence which numbers eighty activ, vigorous, and energetic members. The membership consists largely of ladies, and is said to embrace some of our leading business and professional men.

An activ member of the club, in speaking of the growth of Infidelity, said to a *Times* reporter: "The eighty members of our club is but a very small fraction of our sect in this city. I hav made a careful investigation and I believe I do not exaggerate when I say there are, to-day, fully two thousand persons in this city who believe as we do."

"Do you encourage Communism?"

"I am astonished at such a question. We believe in the rights of man, and believe that individual rights should be protected. No one was happier than I when the bloody Chicago Anarchists were condemned to death, and anyone who preaches such doctrins should be as summarily dealt with. No, sir! We believe in law, in justice, in humanity, and in human rights. We believe that everyone's religion should be respected, and no one has more veneration for the institutions of the orthodox than we, yet we claim the privilege of believing according to the dictates of our own conscience."

By an examination of your railroad map you will notice that Chattanooga is one of the great centers of the South. Our surroundings are indeed magnificent. On the south we hav the great Lookout Mountain with its warlike memories, on the east Mission Ridge and the national cemetery. Chattanooga is also the manufacturing and shipping point of the iron industries of Tennessee. And, oh, horror of horrors! it is the headquarters of the Salvation Army of the South, from whence it is going to fight the devil throughout all this region. It is a pity that men fall so low that they thus spend their time and education, which they could really use to a better advantage than in praying to an omnipotent God, by teaching school and giving their time to the education of our children, which would be more beneficial than all the shouting to the lamb. MAX LOTH, Sec. Liberal Club.

GRATTAN, MICH., Oct. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is not my object in writing this to argue this question of Anarchy, or endeavor to prove the rights or wrongs of Anarchists. My principal object is to ask you and your correspondents if there has not been about enough said on this subject for you to giv our Liberal friends to understand that it is time to call a halt, and devote the valuable space that it has recently occupied to subjects that will hav a greater tendency to unite all Liberals in promoting and advocating principles that will hav a greater tendency to draw to our support those who are looking on, hesitating, and wondering if we advocate that which will be productiv of more and greater good.

In the last number of your paper (Oct. 16th) about five columns were devoted to this subject, and so far as I am able to judge, comparativly little was said to prove the rights or wrongs pertaining to this question, or to enlighten the readers of your paper in regard to the objects and aims of Anarchists. All seem anxious to hav it understood that they are not in sympathy with the principles advocated by Anarchists, but are merely defending the right of free speech. We should all endeavor to sustain this right as sacred and inviolate, but I am at a loss to know why so much interest and apparent sympathy is displayed for an organization that seems to hav for its sole object the destruction of all government. Webster defines Anarchy to be: "Want of government; the state of society where there is no law or supreme power, or where the laws are not efficient, and individuals do what they please with impunity." Without expressing any opinion in regard to the justice or injustice of the condemnation of the Anarchists at Chicago (I leave that with the proper authorities), I will say that they are among the most notorious of that class, principally foreigners, and mostly aliens, who are the head center from which emanates the greatest amount of the labor troubles that hav afflicted our nation during the past year. They are the instigators, leaders, and abettors of a policy that has for its object the overthrow of all governments and laws in an illegal and violent manner. While the editor and a majority of the contributors on this subject profess opposition to the principles of the Anarchists, they hav little to say that tends to show their readers the horrible injustice and revolutionary tendency that permeates all the sayings and doings of the organization that they, in one sentence, profess to abhor; and in the same article the casual reader can hardly help noticing expressions of sympathy which, whether really intended as such or not, look like little "straws that show which way the wind blows."

I believe that in calling for a truce in the discussion of this question I am doing that which is called for, in view of the best interests of the cause of Secular Freethought, and the influence and success of THE TRUTH SEEKER as a conservator of justice, law, and order. CONVERSE CLOSE.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Oct. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Under the head of Cleveland, O., Sept. 5, 1886, I read a communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER from Brother Charles L. Watson. He appears to criticise some one calling himself "Justice," who had written an article headed "Powderly and Communism." He says for ignorance and misrepresentation it beats anything he had ever seen. I hav read both "Justice's" and Watson's, and will hav to say that it reminds me of Satan rebuking sin. "Justice" tries to hitch the Knights of Labor on to Communism, intimidation, forcible possession, and murder, which, without doubt, proves the ignorance of "Justice," and I am satisfied that he misrepresented the members of the Knights of Labor, and does them great injustice. Thus far and no farther I go with Brother Watson, but we can't subscribe to his defense of Powderly and his abuse of Martin Irons. To be plain, my brother has not been a close observer, or he is willingly making false statements and unbrotherly charges against Irons. He calls him a traitor, who had to flee from the Knights of Labor, and says he was hired by capitalists to ruin the order. Now, this is the first time, and Watson is the first, and, I believe, the only, man that ever made such unbrotherly charges against Irons. Whilst Irons was engaged in that terrible and unequal conflict with Jay Gould every true Knight of Labor in America was in sympathy with Irons and his men, and if he had had the pretended support of Powderly, which he, Powderly, pretended to giv him, Irons and his men would hav gained the recognition and victory over the Southwestern division of Jay Gould's railroad. We who watched that struggle all know well that Powderly sanctioned and encouraged Irons. We Knights in this section do not believe in strikes, but when Irons got into it, and, as we believed, rightfully, our sympathy was with him, and we believed Powderly's to be. He called for an assessment from our district for Irons, which we paid like men, and what else could we believe but that Powderly recognized Irons and his strike? And I will undertake to say that, if Irons had succeeded, he would hav been to-day one of the great men in Richmond, and greatly in the way of Powderly's aspirations. Who could see this sooner than Powderly?

Now, Brother Watson says Powderly is not a boasting man. This proves he knows nothing of what he says. If he had read the papers, he would hav seen whether Powderly ever boasted. When he was in arbitration with Gould about the strike, he published to the world that he, Powderly, made Jay Gould acknowledge that he, Powderly, was master-workman of the world. He then had all the recognition he wanted, and pretended sickness and went home, as he generally does when he gets recognized. His next bull was in giving the matter for settlement to poor Irons and his men, taking particular pains to say to them, so Jay Gould could hear, "You shall not intimidate or hinder traffic." What sweet words for the syndicates! Virtually he tied the hands of his men and surrendered them to their enemy.

Powderly issues many private circulars, and invariably they are published in the leading papers before they reach the assemblies he pretends they are for. Did you ever observe this, Brother Watson? We find Powderly at Washington wallowing in luxury with Jay Gould and other monopolists, sending his so-called private circulars to the Knights of Labor saying that he would hav Congressional aid for the laborers. Think, will you, of the idea of going for sympathy to Congress, a body that always legislates for the rich and against the poor! I think that Powderly is to-day the greatest boaster in America. You say he is no boaster. He is self-conceited, and sooner or later will sell out the Knights of Labor, if he has not already done it.

He ruined Irons, I believe, for a purpose. And how a brother of the Knights of Labor can call Irons a traitor is more than I can understand. Irons to-day is financially a ruined man, his family scattered, his little home gone—and all for the good of the order, as he honestly believed. This attack from a brother upon a brother in distress is a shame.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Little Brown Hands.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-field,
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-blooms white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit is the thickest
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,
Fairy barks that hav drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land,
The sword, and chisel, and palet
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—*New Haven News.*

A Prize for the Little Ones.

Not long ago we attended a session of the Children's Progressiv Lyceum. The topic presented to the children for discussion was this: "The Spirit World and What We Know About It." We thought it a pretty knotty subject for grown-up people to grapple, let alone children.

We propose for the consideration of the children who read this corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER the following subject:

"THE WORLD WE LIV IN."

To the little girl of twelve years, or under that age, who will tell us in the most interesting way that which she knows concerning *this* world in which she livs, will be presented three small articles—toys—which were brought from Europe recently, and given to the editor of the Corner to be used at her discretion. Boys may write upon the above-named theme also, but the articles will be presented to the girl who writes the best essay, because adapted to girls and not boys.
—ED. C. C.

Hygiene.

[We take pleasure in presenting below the sensible essay on Hygiene which takes the prize of five dollars offered by a friend several weeks since. The next best article on the subject will appear another time, and, although it does not take a money prize, it is highly commended, and shows, as well as the one below, that we hav some very bright intellects among the children of our Corner.—ED. C.C.]

There'll be something for children to do,
There'll be something for children to do;
In the bright world above
Where there's joy, peace, and love,
There'll be something for children to do.

Yes, but we little Freethinkers who liv in cities which are paved with nothing better than stones, and who do not look forward so expectantly to the one that is paved with gold, hav something to do in this world.

The kind of people who are wanted to make this home so that people can liv in and enjoy it, without dreaming of that "other world," of which we know nothing, are bright, cheerful, unselfish, happy ones.

Now, if people were well and free from "aches and pains," nothing would be easier or more natural than for them to be happy and cheery. A sick person, in thinking so much of himself, becomes selfish, very often, and selfishness is one of those little weeds which must be pulled up before true happiness can reign.

So you see, little brother and sister Freethinkers, hygiene must be one of your studies—take it instead of Bible reading; it is a great deal more interesting.

Our bodies are covered with little "pores," and they are to let the poison out of the body, as the window lets the poisonous air out of the house.

These pores are kept open by frequent washings and brisk rubbings. So first, we hav water inside and outside. Now, let us see about air:

All the blood in our bodies passes through our lungs, where it is purified by the pure air which we breathe. Every other time we breathe we send out bad, impure air, and every other time we should inhale pure air.

If we sleep in a closed room, we use all the good air, and then inhale the bad, which is another cause of poor health.

People who sleep in sunny, airy rooms are much more healthy than those who sleep in dark ones.

We are affected by light and air about as much as plants. So much for sun and air.

Besides the water, sun, and air, we must hav plenty of exercise to develop the muscles, and so make us strong. Our bodies are boxes in which are packed all our organs, and the boxes are just the right size, and not a bit too large.

Much sickness, as well as discomfort, is caused by wearing tight clothing. If we had a box just filled with diamonds, we would not try to get them into a smaller box, and so scratch and deface them. And yet many try to make a smaller box for their heart, lungs, etc., that are worth more to them than anything else.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Much more can be accomplished early in the morning than at night, and you will feel much better for rising early.

I know a man about eighty-three years of age, who has always kept early hours, and now, though so old, he can see to read perfectly without glasses. He must feel wealthy to hav such good eyesight. He was wise to keep early hours, and he is remarkably healthy.

Stand erect! If you think awhile, you will see many reasons why stoop-shouldered people usually hav a weak feeling in the pit of their stomachs, which would be remedied by their standing erect.

And then, it givs a person self-respect to stand straight. Every tramp I ever saw carried his chin on his chest.

Your feet should be kept warm and dry, and remember that they cannot be kept warm when they are in tight shoes, which keep the blood from circulating freely.

"Colds" are very disagreeable company, which we can avoid if we try. If we are careful not to sit in a draught, and to keep our feet warm and dry, and careful about changing our clothes as the weather changes, and never to leave the fire to enter a cold room without an extra garment, we may get the upper-hand of the family of colds.

Treat your stomach kindly; do not giv it too much work to do in the way of digesting greasy, rich food, but do not be afraid of overworking the stomach's assistants, the teeth; and the salary for the stomach's assistants is small—only a good brushing two or three times a day.

Think of having several hundred doctors in a single city to cure the diseases brought on by ignorance!

"The last is the best of all the game," says the nursery rhyme, and this little poem is certainly one of the best and most useful ever written:

ADVICE.

Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws,
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy, and the whisky.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well—
Or, at least, you "oughter."

LAURA PRICE STEWART (age 14).
Cleveland, O.

"Kiss Me, too, Papa."

"Hand me that collar-button," demanded George Wellsby, turning with an annoyed air toward his little girl. "Learn to let things alone, will you? There now, tune up and howl."

"George, don't speak to the child that way," said Mrs. Wellsby, depositing a shirt on a chair.

"Well, why can't she behave herself? Every time she sees that I am getting ready to go to any place she makes a point of hindering me. Let that cravat alone."

"Put down papa's cravat, darling. She's too young to know any better."

"No, she isn't. Other people's children know how to behave. I'll bet I'll miss the train. I am sometimes tempted to wish she had never been born."

"O George!" exclaimed his wife, "I wouldn't say that."

"Confound it, she worries me so. I havn't more than time to catch the train," hurriedly kissing his wife.

"Kiss me, too, papa."

"I ought not to, you are so bad," stooping and kissing her. "Good-bye. Will be back in three or four days."

Mr. Wellsby is a commercial traveler, a kind and tender-hearted man, but subject at times to nervousness. Seated with several vivacious acquaintances, speeding over the country, a little voice would steal in between the roars of merry laughter and say:

"Kiss me, too, papa."

In the sample-room of the village hotel, between the inquiries of purchasers, he could hear the voice, and at night when he lay down he could see the little hands reaching toward him, and could hear, "Kiss me, too, papa."

"Wellsby, what's the matter, old fellow?" asked a companion.

They were in a conveyance, riding toward an interior town.

"I don't feel very well to-day."

"Do any business back here?"

"Yes, did very well."

"I didn't do anything, but I won't let it weigh me down. Got a letter from the house this morning. The old boy is kicking about expenses. Got a bottle of cocktail here."

"I don't care for any."

"Then there must be something the matter with you."

On a night train going home. He could see the little hands. "Clack, clack, clack—kiss me, too; kiss me, too."

"What's the news?" he asked of a friend, when he had stepped upon the platform and called a hackman.

"Nothing, I believe; everything is quiet."

"No scarlet fever or diphtheria raging, is there?"

"No; not that I hav heard."

The familiar scenes brought rest to his mind. He looked back upon his trip with a shudder, like one who awakes and contemplates a nightmare through which he has just passed.

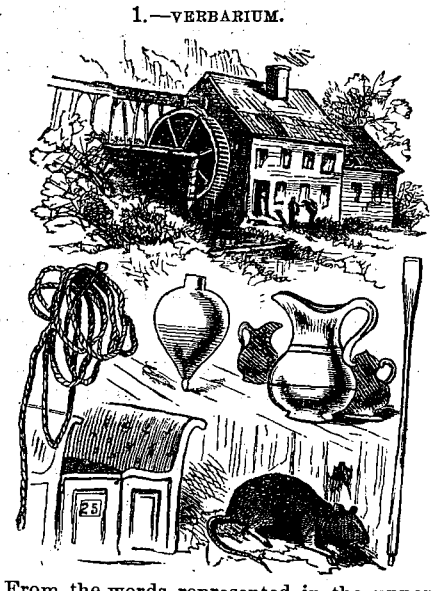
"Good-night," he said, paying the hackman. "A light burning. Julia is expecting me," he mused, ascending the steps.

A ghastly face met him at the door. A voice in agony whispered:

"O George! our little girl is dead."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—VERBARIUM.



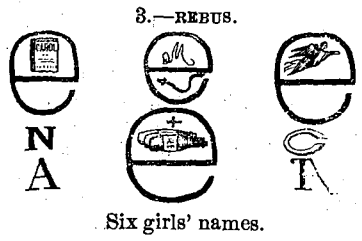
From the words represented in the upper picture spell the names of all the objects below.

2.—CONUNDRUM.

What letter if added to the end of a word
Makes the name of a ravenous bird?

J. H. PAINE.

3.—REBUS.



Six girls' names.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. To injure,
2. Bustle,
3. To work,
4. Resinous substance,
5. Violent anger,
6. A bird,
7. To report,
8. To relieve from pain,
9. To allude.

The initials and final letters are two cities in Massachusetts. C. ROOKER.

5.—ANAGRAM.

In *Celtic aids* I "logic" trace—
Just suited to the Irish race.

J. K. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, OCT. 23, 1886.

1.–Flaming-O.

SOLVER.—E. D. Tucker.

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I didn't ask to come here, and I do not want to stay,
I don't find much place for me; as a rule I'm in the way.
What I feel as if I could do, I get no chance to try;
I see no fun to liv for, and I hav no right to die.

I'm made to pant and struggle for what I'm not to win;
I hate myself for meanness, and I'm just cut out to sin.
I'm set racing down a road for a goal it does not lead to;
I'm held liable for lots of things I never hav agreed to.

The life I never wanted I'm expected to giv thanks for;
I'm required to draw prizes that I'm given only blanks for;
I'm here without my sanction, yet in duty bound to stay;
I yearn to build a marble house, and I've got to work with clay.

Well! I didn't ask to come here, and I don't care a cent to stay;
And—though I face the music—I've just a word to say;
Life's hard enough to swallow; I don't want the bitter pill,
But it's quite too much to take it and be licked for being ill!

—*Emma V. Sheridan.*

The School Question—Its Dangers and Remedies.

An appendix to the Ninth Demand of the Secular Union is wanted. Since long ago the Catholic clergymen of the United States hav made a clandestin, and lately an open, war against our public schools. They pretend that children in the West receive no religious education, and that in the East they are taught Protestantism by prayers, by books containing objectionable religious teachings, and by the reading of the Protestant Bible in the public schools, contrary to the meaning of the Constitution. This pretension is, unfortunately, correct, and it givs them, apparently, a good pretext for their warfare. I say pretext, because it is nothing else. The real end sought by them is the division of the public school-moneys, and possibly the abolition of these institutions.

Since the arrival of that holy man (?) Monsignor Capel, Pope Leo's emissary, costly Catholic schools, academies, Jesuits' and priests' colleges, convents, and other Catholic buildings hav sprouted like mushrooms all over the country, by orders from Rome.

Public papers report every day some of the audacious outbursts of the Catholic priests against our public schools, but these noisy shots from the pulpit are not as dangerous as the secret stabs thrust in the dark by the Catholic priest while in the confessional. There the penitent, be it male or female, but particularly the latter, is enjoined to send their children to the Catholic school, and to support the same with money. The public school is depicted as one of the gates of hell, where perdition and damnation for the children are sure to follow. If the terrorized Catholic hesitate to make a formal promis to obey the priest's order, he is refused the absolution of his sins, and, besides, threatened with excommunication, or at least to hav the doors of the church shut against his face.

Now, to realize the generally successful effect of such threatenings, we must remember that a Catholic layman believes absolutely that his priest has the power to open to him the gates of heaven or hell at his will.

This superstitious and absurd belief is the source of the immense power which the Catholic priest exerts on his parishioners. Few, very few, would dare resist the priest's injunctions and run the risk to be spotted as a black sheep in the flock, and as a rebel against the church of Rome. This power is so absolute that if to-day a law was enacted in all the states (as it is in some foreign countries), compelling parents to send their children to the public schools, under heavy penalties, and if then the pope would forbid it, under threats of excommunication, there is probably not one Catholic out of ten thousand who would disobey the pope; they would rather prove criminals and traitors to this country by obeying a foreign power.

This Catholic machinery in the United States is certainly "the wheel within a wheel," and unfortunately that wheel is fixed at one end of a long shaft whose crank and motiv power is at Rome.

Evidently, after a few years, we must expect that this foreign organization will produce dreadful and bitter fruits. Then, as a consequence, we will hav another kind of Mormon resistance and probably bloodshed. The Catholics undoubtedly will be enjoined by Rome to refuse the payment of taxes for the support of public schools which they don't use, and cannot conscientiously use as imposing a hated creed on their children; then, of course, the Catholics will obey their foreign master and rebel against country tax laws. Here is the danger. Now for the remedy: To avoid this possible calamity by depriving the Catholic clergy of any semblance of good reason or apparent plausible pretext for their war on the public schools or their incitement to refuse taxes, I submit that the Secular Union, at its next Congress, will amend or remodel its ninth demand or even enact a tenth one if preferable, about as follows: "We demand that prayers and religious exercises, of any kind whatever, be positivly forbidden in all the public schools; That the Bible as a text-book be absolutely prohibited; *That all educational books be corrected and revised so as not to leave standing one single sentence implying religious teachings, which shall be left exclusivly to the parents, ministers, or priests, but entirely out of the public schools.*"

H. J. S.,
Secularist and ex-Catholic.

The Natural Sciences in Our Common Schools.

Imitated from Huxley by J. M. Cottinger.

I hinted several times, *e. g.*, in "The Youth's Liberal Guide," that the introduction of the natural sciences in our common schools would advance them considerably. I rank among them physiology, geology, natural philosophy, zoölogy, botany, chemistry, and geology. For this time I make free to report the opinion of the celebrated naturalist, Thomas H. Huxley, given in his "Lay Sermons," which also are known in America, He thinks that fifteen hundred years ago, the child of a wealthy Roman citizen learned the same things as the children of our age—to read and write his nativ language (perhaps the Greek, too), the elements of mathematics, history, geography (as it was used at that time), and religion. Besides, he thinks that he would not err to say that if such a Christian-Roman boy could be transposed into one of our public schools, in order to participate in the course of instruction, he would not find a single new idea, especially no other intuition of the universe as that which predominated in his century. And still there is certainly a great difference between the civilization of the fourth and that of the nineteenth century. And what circumstances occasioned this difference? Huxley answers, without hesitating, "The development of the natural sciences during the last and present century."

Modern civilization rests upon the natural sciences; all ideas of the present age are rooted in them; they entered into the works of our best poets, and even the great book-learned writers who feign to despise them owe them their best productions. The greatest revolution of mind which mankind ever saw is inaugurated insensibly by their influence. They teach mankind that the highest court of human mind is observation and experience, not blind authority; they teach us to esteem the value of demonstration; they create profound faith in the existence of immutable moral and physical laws, which to obey is the highest goal of a rational being.

But the old, stereotypical system of education takes not any notice of all this. The riddles and difficulties of the natural sciences meet the poorest boy at every step, nevertheless, we educate him in such a manner that he will enter into the world as ignorant of their laws and facts as he was when he was born. Posterity will cry shame upon us if we don't correct this deplorable condition of public schools.

True, Professor Huxley speaks of the common schools of his country, of England; but are not the same defects found in ours as in the English ones? I agree that ours excel them in one regard, viz., Religion is no branch of the common schools of America so far, and therefore the superstition and mutual hatred of the different sects is not inoculated in the brain of youth in our schools; but are the natural sciences also a part of their program? It may be that some of their branches are taught here and there, *e.g.*, physiology of human body; but into which common school are they all introduced? Only in Switzerland I found Huxley's ideal of common schools partly realized. Already, fifty years ago, parts of science taught in every primary school were: Zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, and natural philosophy. It is my honest persuasion that it is absolutely necessary for the lasting welfare of our republic to make the elements of the natural sciences part of our elementary education, and I should consider their introduction into our common schools as a new epoch in the history of our country.

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News of the Week.

WALT WHITMAN, the poet, is reported to be failing in health. He is 67 years old.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed Thursday, Nov. 25th, as Thanksgiving day.

ACTIVITY in business circles is reported from Charleston, S. C., the scene of the earthquake disaster.

THE pork-packing houses of Chicago returned to the ten-hour schedule on Monday. Wages were slightly increased.

THE international double-scull sweepstakes race on the Thames, London, was won by Teemer and Hamm, Americans.

HERBERT SPENCER is in a low state of health. For some weeks he has been unable to go about except in a wheel chair.

MR. BLAINE, of Maine, addressed an audience of 8,000 in Newark, N. J., on Saturday night. His subject, it may be added, was the tariff.

THE Spiritualists' Home near Westfield, N. J., where annual summer meetings of the Spiritualists are held, was destroyed by fire last Sunday.

MANY of the ministers of New York city preached political sermons last Sunday. The majority of them deprecated the movements of the working classes.

THE store at No. 21 Clinton Place was burnt out Sunday night. The fire came a trifle too late to hit the TRUTH SEEKER office, which vacated those premises in 1883.

AT Shelbyville, Ill., a woman, supposed to hav been hired by liquor men, attempted on the 30th ult. to murder the wife of Rev. J. L. Douttritt, conductor of a Prohibition journal.

ATTORNEY SALOMON, counsel for the Chicago Anarchists, appeared before Judge Gary last week Friday, and asked to be heard on the motion for a new trial. The court peremptorily refused to listen to any argument.

THE Rev. Mr. Staunton, of Brooklyn, who was recently found guilty of ministerial conduct toward an unmarried woman, has grasped the situation and resigned his pastorate. Mrs. Staunton is suing for a divorce.

THE New York mayoralty contest last Tuesday resulted in the election of Hewitt (Dem.), with 90,000 votes. George had 68,000 votes, and Roosevelt (Rep.) 60,000. The result cost the winners a large sum of money.

A TRAIN on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul road was ditched at East Rio, Wis., on Thursday, the 28th ult. One car was set on fire by the stove and thirteen persons were burnt or suffocated. The accident was caused by an open switch.

T. V. POWDERLY, general master workman of the Knights of Labor, had a conference with Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore, on the 29th ult., in regard to the attitude of the church toward Mr. Powderly's organization. The two leaders exchanged assurances of distinguished consideration, and Mr. Powderly departed with the information that the Knights would not be interfered with.

THE statue of Liberty was unveiled and dedicated in New York on Thursday, the 28th ult., with considerable display. Bartholdi, the designer of the statue, was present. There was a great parade in the streets that day, but it did not equal in size the procession of Henry George's supporters who marched through Union Square on Saturday night. Very appropriately, the statue of Liberty stands with its back toward the shores of New Jersey.

FATHER SHERMAN, the Brooklyn Catholic priest who recently married Tillie McCoy, is a sad rascal. Miss Julia Mulvaney has had him arrested for betraying her before he knew Tillie, and while he was in court answering to that charge, Mrs. Dora Davis confronted him with a board bill for himself and a woman who was neither Miss McCoy nor Miss Mulvaney. The story was started that Father Sherman had renounced Catholicism and become a Protestant, but this slander he indignantly denies.

THE magnificent stone building of the Case School of Applied Science, which was completed about a year ago in Cleveland, O., at a cost of $200,000, was burnt Oct. 26th. The building contained all the latest appliances for the demonstration of science. The chemical apparatus and the geological collection were among the finest in the country. The chemical appliances were valued at $20,000. The total loss was $250,000, and the insurance was $15,000. The school was built with money left by the late Leonard Case, the Cleveland millionaire.

Odds and Ends.

IF marriage is a lottery love-letters ought not to be allowed in the mails.

TEACHER: "Hans, name three beasts of prey." Hans: "Two lions and a tiger."

"BESSIE, temper is an awful thing. You ought to get rid of it." "Why, mamma, only yesterday you told me to keep it."

IT was pretty nearly half past 11 o'clock when he began to sing, "How Can I Leave Thee?" to his best girl. Pretty soon her papa came down-stairs and he found out how easy it was.

OLD Mrs. Bently: "I see, John, that this new faith cure has been the means of savin' a great many people." Old Mr. Bently: "So I've heerd." Old Mrs. Bently: "Well, the fust time you pass a drug-store, John, I wish you'd stop and get a bottle of it."

HUSBAND reading morning paper, in response to his wife's question whether there is any news: "Well, here are two columns given up to the American board." Wife: "What's it all about?" Husband (languidly): "I don't know, but if I should read it all through, I'm sure I'd be an American bored."

WASN'T Herod an old man before he learned to dance?" a little girl asked of her mother. "Why, my child, what on earth put that in your head?" "Nothing much, only I was reading in my Sunday-school lesson that the daughter of Herodius danced before Herod." The little girl had to dance off to bed.

"CAN'T you tell me, sir, where I might find a situation?" asked a young man of a Chicago citizen. "I am a stranger here." "What at?" was the reply. "Oh, anything at all. I am industrious, I am honest, I go to church regularly; I don't drink, I don't chew, I don't lie." "Ah, I see. Just apply around the corner at the dime museum."

AFTER the Ninth District convention had adjourned, a crowd of colored delegates, enthusiastic admirers of Chauncey I. Filley, were discussing the day's work at the bar. "Dat Mistah Filley am a pow'ful smart man," said one. "Dat's what I'se sayin', too." "Dere hain't no pusson in dis town smarter'n him." The other delegate hesitated a moment. "Spec' not; but he hain't as smart as God." "Dat's so, too; but jis' you wait till he gits as ole as God." The portrait of old Ossowattamie Brown on the wall smiled and shook its head.

ONE of the clergy of a large Scotch town, having been ruralizing, was returning home from a day's piscatorial enjoyment, his rod across his shoulder, when he met a youth with whom he was slightly acquainted, who happened to be carrying a bridle in his hand. The divine, thinking to be witty, even at the risk of being personal, pointed significantly to the bridle, and, with a shake of his head and a smile, remarked in passing, "A bridle for the ass;" to which the young man, nothing daunted, and pointing to the fishing-rod over the clerical shoulder, instantaneously rejoined, "And a rod for the fool's back."

A SCOTCH minister on a visiting tour through his parish had occasion to pass close to a farm the tenant of which had gone over to the Free church. To show no spite, the minister decided to enter, which he did, and found both the farmer and his wife at tea. Farmer: "There's a guid day, minister; ye're jist in time to tak' a cup wi' us. Fill oot a cup, Janet." Janet complies, during which the minister remarked, "Your teapot runs very slowly, Mrs. Brown." Janet: "It dis that, minister. It's gey like yersel' when ye're preachin'—sort o' slow in the delivery."

HE PUT THEM IN THE BOX.

"Looking for Jake, I suppose," said Sergeant Bendall as Mr. Dunder entered the station yesterday with a very long face.

"Vhell, I like to see Shake. I doan' know vhat I shall do mit dot boy."

"What is it this time?"

Mr. Dunder laid five alleged half-dollar pieces on the desk in a row and replied,

"Maybe you see dose?"

"I do."

"Maybe it vhas goot money?"

"Every one of 'em is bogus."

"Dot ish so. Some fellers pass 'em on me for beer sometimes vhen I vhas in a hurry. I puts 'em all in a box behindt der bar."

"Well?"

"Vhell, last Sunday Shake takes a notion to go mit Sunday-school. Dot vhas all right. It vhas der vhay to make goot boys. Dis morning der superintendent comes down to me mid dis bogus money and says,

"'Mr. Dunder, you haf some boy named Shake?'

"'Yes.'

"'He vhas mit our Sunday-school yesterday. He vhas a werry nice boy.'

"'So he vhas.'

"'We take up a lidle collection to buy some new books und your son Shake puts all dis money in der box. What shall you do aboudt it?'

"Vhell, sergeant, you see how it vhas. Dot vhas some more tricks by Shake, und I haf to shell out two dollar and a half goot money to make up."

"And where is Jake?"

"He shlips oudt vhen dot man comes in, und I doan' find him any more. Maybe you see him pretty soon? If so, yust tell him dot vhas sooch a good shoke dot I laugh all oafer, und dot he can come home. I vhill be laughing Ha! ha! ha! vhen he comes in, I shall keep laughing till he goes down cellar mit me to see if dot gas meter vhas leaking, und den——"

"I see."

"If you hear somebody yell out dat he vhas kilt und won't nefer do so any more you go right along und mind your business. It vhas Shake und me, und I vhas taking dot bogus money out of his hide!"

Gems of Thought.

IMMODERATE selfishness is man's great fault.—*D. M. Bennett.*

To my mind, nothing justifies me for having adopted the trade of literature except the remembrance that I had no other but these two—that of a school-master and that of a priest: in the one case with the fair prospect of speedy maceration and starvation; in the other of perjury, which is infinitly worse.—*Carlyle's Letters.*

MILTON had been intended for the church and had been sent to college with that view. By the time he left Cambridge at twenty-four, it had become clear both to himself and his family that he could never submit his understanding to the trammels of church formularies. His later mind, about 1641, is expressed by himself in his own forcible style: "The church, to whose service, by the intention of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child, and in mine own resolutions, till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the church, that he who would take orders must subscribe slave and take an oath withal . . . I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before this sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing."—*Mark Pattison's Milton.*

IF after birth the baby dies before it thinks, though after it has breathed, where in this case is the trace of the soul? If it should be conceded that my soul only began with my body, why is it to be maintained that it will not cease with my body? If, as is pretended, my "soul" is not identifiable with my body, how is it that all intellectual manifestations are affected by my bodily conditions, growth, health, decay? If the soul is immortal and immaterial, how is it that temporary pressure on the brain may paralyze and prevent all mental manifestation, and that fracture by a poker or by a bullet may annihilate the possibility of any further mental activity?—*Bradlaugh's Has Man a Soul?*

IT will not do for geologists and astronomers who wish to retain some rags of orthodoxy, however soiled and torn, to argue, as most do, "that the Bible was not intended as a revelation of physical science, but only of moral and religious truth." This does not meet the difficulty; for the Bible does not merely use the common language and to assume the common errors, on these points—it givs a distinct account of the creation, in the same style, in the same narrativ, in the same book, in which it narrates the fall of man, the deluge, the revelation to Abraham, the history of Jacob and Joseph. The writer evidently had no conception that when he related the creation of the earth, the sea, and the sun, he was inventing or perpetuating a monstrous error; and that when he related the fall he was revealing a mighty and mysterious truth; and when he narrated the promis of Abraham, he was recording a wondrous prophecy. The Bible professes to giv information on all these points alike: and we hav precisely the same scriptural grounds for believing that God first made the earth, and then the sun for the especial benefit of the earth; that the globe was submerged by rain which lasted forty days, and that everything was destroyed except the animals which Noah packed into the ark, as we hav for believing that Adam and Eve were driven out of paradise for a transgression; that God promised Abrabam to redeem the world through his progeny, and that Jacob and Moses were the subjects of the divine communications recorded as being made to them. All the statements are made in the same affirmativ style and on the same authority. The Bible equally professes to teach us fact on all these matters. There is no escape by any quibble from the grasp of this conclusion.—*W. R. Greg.*

CHARLES V., when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St. Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts and particularly with that of a watchmaker. He one day exclaimed, "What an egregious fool must I hav been to hav squandered so much blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make men think alike, when I can not even make a few watches keep time together!" —*Colton's Lacon.* [NOTE.—It does the retired emperor credit that he saw the *folly* of his career of persecution before he went to supper,

Not where he was to eat,
But where he was to be eaten.

But, curiously enough, his eyes seem to hav been *holden* from seeing its *wickedness.* If in early life he had seen the iniquity of the career that lay before him, he might hav left off persecuting for religious opinion. Therefore he began it—if the reader will pardon my using the words of another celebrated monarch. By hereditary transmission he sent on the cruel spirit of persecution to his son—Philip II., of most accursed memory—and gave all the monarchs of Europe "an ill example." They were not slow to follow it, and, indeed, we begin to fear that, in our own republic, we are nourishing a nest of vipers—especially, but not exclusivly, of the Catholic variety—in whom the spirit of persecution, though "scotched," is not by any means killed. There is a loose idea abroad that the age of persecution, like the age of "chivalry," is passed, but if the churches are not closely watched, we may find ourselvs at no distant day involved in a new St. Bartholomew massacre. In the duplicity of the priests and the ignorance of the people, I see "rocks ahead," and unless we can raise up and keep up a better class of statesmen than any we now hav, I cannot but fear that evil days are in store for us. If Liberals of all creeds would but unite and assume their proper position, all might yet be well. Will they? That's the question?—*Hylax* (*C. W. C.*)].

THE outcome of faith in dogma is not only bigotry, but also hypocrisy. Many and many a Christian will say, "I do not believe in hell or in a devil, or in total depravity;" yet, by accepting the creed, they profess to believe all these things. Is not this hypocrisy—to think one thing and to profess another?

Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell!

—*W. S. Ball.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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Notes and Clippings.

A TIRED little girl of four, hurrying through her bed-time prayers, was chided by her mother, who said, "I am afraid God will not be very well pleased with such a prayer." "Well," answered the child petulantly, as she lifted her head from her mother's lap and pushed back the curls from her sleepy blue eyes, "it's all he'll get out of me to-night."

THE monotony of existence in Ireland is relieved every week or two by a riot wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of religion. Last week Friday there was one at Belfast.

FAMILIAR with history: Wife—"I do wish you would join the church, Sam." Wicked skeptic—"Good heavens! we quarrel enough as it is. If I were to become a Christian we should be fighting all the time."—*Life.*

THE new marriage laws of Pennsylvania, framed to prevent hasty marriages, hav been in operation a year. They hav had one certain result; they hav increased the revenues of the Jersey parsons who liv near the Pennsylvania line. One parson stayed home during his summer vacation and made some $300 in fees. Another has cards, giving his residence, and minute directions how to get there, distributed on all the ferryboats plying between Philadelphia and Camden.

THE production of gold aud silver in the world during the calendar year 1885 was: gold, $101,580,000; silver, calculated at its coining value, nearly $125,000,000. Notwithstanding the large depreciation in the value of silver, the production of silver in the world, has steadily increased. The United States still preserves first rank among the nations of the world as the largest producer of the precious metals, its production of gold aud silver during the year having reached the sum of $83,400,000, or about two-fifths of the production of the whole world. The coinage of gold by the nations of the world during the calendar year amounted to about $95,000,000, aud of silver to $97,000,000.

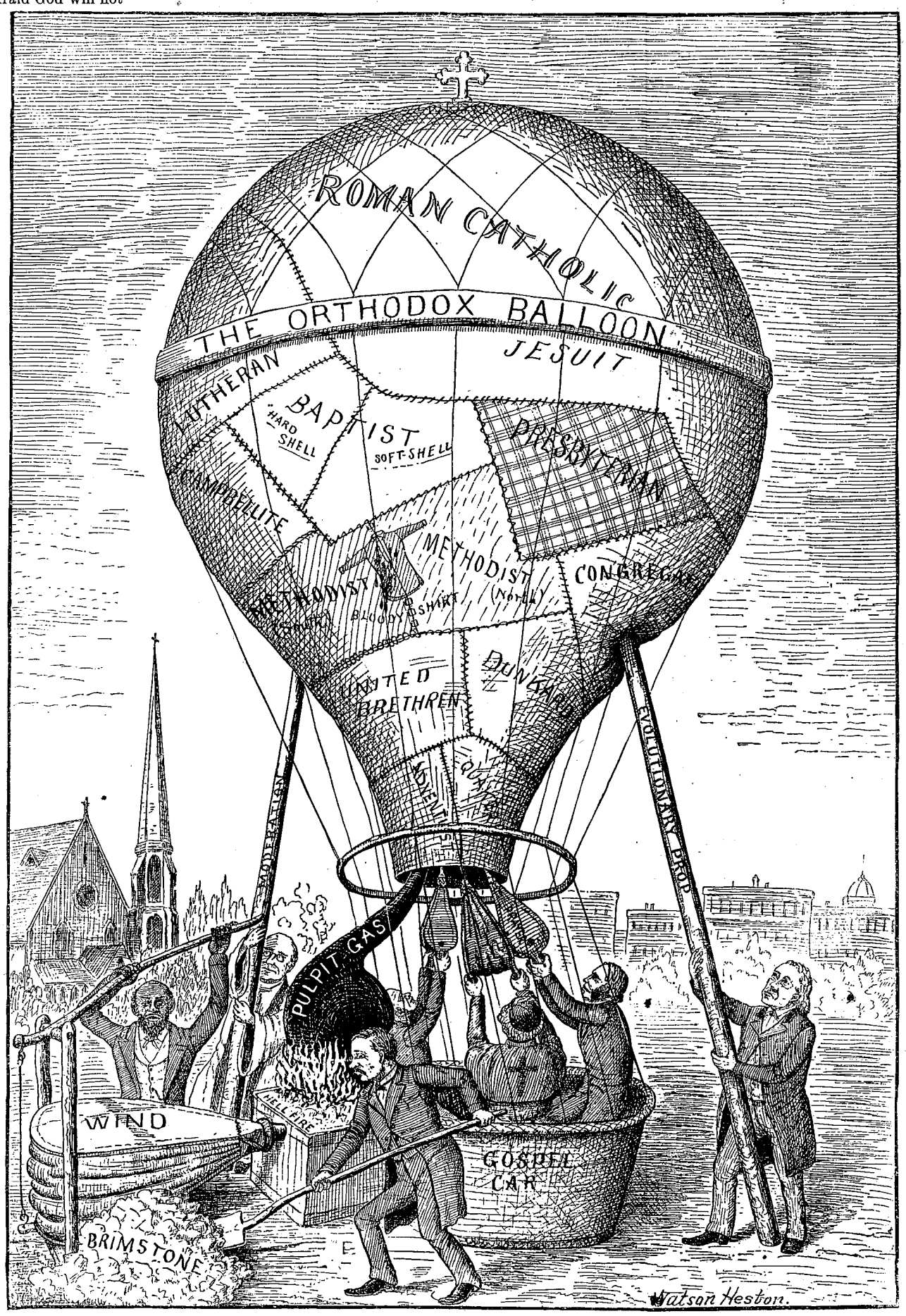
AT a conference recently held in England to consider the best means of extending the usefulness of the Sunday-School Union Library statistics were read showing that male teachers, while, on the whole, preferring solid reading, nevertheless read large quantities of fiction; female teachers, however, read two-thirds fiction, and only a book and a half a year each of Biblical character. This frightful revelation induced the *New Jerusalem Gazette* to send a special commissioner to inquire into the condition of the lady teachers' souls. He found, says F. T. Gould in the *Secular Review*, that the starvation diet of one and a half book per year of a Biblical character had reduced their souls to mere anatomies. Some were so emaciated that the commissioner could hav easily placed half a dozen in his coat-pocket. He concludes his report by recommending that the Sunday-School Union and other religious societies should issue no more works of fiction. A capital idea! for, in that case, the Bible will be withdrawn from circulation.

"AH," said the conceited young parson, "I hav this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses." "Was that the reason you called them beloved brethren?" inquired a strong-minded lady.

THE Nashville *Christian Advocate* remarks, "With one-half of the American people overworking and one-half of the other half overplaying, disease overtakes the one class and Satan the other." Fortunately, we still hav the woods as a refuge.

THE French Chamber of Deputies hav agreed upon an Education bill which enacts that education in public schools of every class is to be exclusivly entrusted to lay persons. No religious orders need send their members to apply for positions as teachers.

PREACHING a funeral sermon over the remains of a millionaire will always bring tears to the eyes of the minister.——Another new evangelist has arisen in the South. The South will do well to raise more cotton and fewer evangelists.——Pope Leo has given ten thousand francs to the earthquake sufferers in Greece, and a popular subscription is being taken up among the shaken people for the purpose of raising twenty thousand francs to purchase a new vase for the Vatican.——Bishop McNierney was accorded a reception of great pomp and solemnity on his return to Albany from his visit to Rome. He was escorted to the cathedral by his parishioners, who furnished an open carriage drawn by four white horses, and the only drawback to the success of the show was the fact that, through some oversight, they forgot to lay him in state.—*Puck.*



TRYING TO MAKE THE OLD THING FLOAT.

YANKEE girl: "Mad! I should say I did come home mad! I shall never go out as a missionary to the Turks again." Omaha lady: "Would not they listen to your arguments?" "Oh, they listened respectfully enough, but when I talked to one of them about the sin of having so many wives, what do you think the brute said?" "I am sure I don't know." "He said if Turkish women were like me, one would be plenty."—*Cleveland Herald.*

"YES, Bobby," said the minister, who was dining with the family, "everything in this world has its use, although we may not know what it is. Now, there is the fly, for instance. You wouldn't think that flies were good for anything, yet——" "Oh, yes, I would," interrupted Bobby; "I know what flies are good for." "What, Bobby?" "Papa says that they are the only thing what keeps him awake when you are preaching."

PEOPLE visiting Montreal should beware of the hackmen. They are too pious to be honest. The Montreal Hackmen's Union hav issued the following circular: "It having been represented to us that it was wrong to work on Sunday, for good and sufficient reasons—first, because God commanded man to keep the Sabbath holy, and second, because our horses require rest from labor on the seventh day as much as we do ourselvs—therefore, we, the hackmen of Montreal believing that we should act in accordance with God's law, do hereby agree to abstain from labor on Sundays in future, and request all hackmen not to bring out their carriages for hire on Sunday, and God help us to keep steadfast in this resolution." Such piety in these days is suspicious.

Communications.

Mrs. Stanton and the Woman's Bible.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am asked by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who sailed for London yesterday, to send a note to you—since her last days here were so full of business that she was prevented from so doing—to say that she is extremely sorry that it will be impossible for her to attend the Congress of the American Secular Union this year.

She fully expected and desired to be here and to deliver a lecture; but family circumstances became such that an earlier departure was necessary. She expects to be in London with her daughter, Mrs. Stanton-Blatch (who is just such another stanch Liberal and brilliant woman as her distinguished mother), until next May. She then expects to return to America, and says that that lecture shall be heard yet. So, perhaps, next year we may hav that pleasure.

While she is abroad she will be engaged upon the Woman's Bible, in which she is now so deeply interested. The resources of the British Museum will be at her command, and many books of reference not accessible to us here will thus yield their store of knowledge to the new enterprise.

The wonderful enthusiasm of this beautiful and gifted woman at her age—she is past seventy—is a delight and inspiration to those of us who hav been working with her; but I hope, most sincerely, that we will be able to go on successfully and rapidly with the work, as laid out for the American branch of the committee, even though she is not with us.

It is a very large undertaking, indeed, as you will see by the inclosed paper from Mrs. Stanton (which she directed me to send to you), but I believe that it is one that can and will be done well, since it is under the management of this brave, earnest, and able woman.

If you hav room in your paper for the inclosed article by Mrs. Stanton (which appeared first in a Boston journal), I hav no doubt that it would greatly interest many of your readers who might not otherwise see it.

Mrs. Stanton left a message for the Congress with me, which will be delivered in due time.

Very sincerely, HELEN H. GARDENER.

THE WOMAN'S BIBLE.

So many letters are daily received asking questions about the Woman's Bible—as to the extent of revision, and the standpoint from which it will be conducted—that it seems best, though every detail is not as yet matured, to state the plan as concisely as possible, upon which those who hav been in consultation during the summer propose to do the work.

I. The object is to revise only those texts and chapters directly referring to women, and those also in which women are made prominent by exclusion. As all such passages combined form but one-tenth of the scriptures, the undertaking will not be so laborious as, at the first thought, one would imagin. These texts, with the commentaries, can easily be compressed into a duodecimo volume of about four hundred pages.

II. The commentaries will be of a threefold character, the writers in the different branches selected according to their special aptitudes for the work:

1. Two or three Greek and Hebrew students would be required to devote themselvs to the translation and the meaning of particular words and texts in the original.

2. Others would devote themselvs to biblical history, old manuscripts, to the new version, and to the latest theories as to the occult meaning of certain texts and parables.

3. For the commentaries on the plain English version a committee of some twenty members would be necessary. These would be women of earnestness and liberal ideas, who would be quick to see the real purport of the Bible as regards their sex. Among them the various books of the Old and New Testaments would be distributed, making about three books to each member of the committee.

III. There will be two or more editors to bring the work of the various committees into one consistent whole.

IV. The completed work will be submitted to an advisory committee assembled at some central point, as London, New York, or Chicago, to sit in final judgment on the Woman's Bible.

And now, as to the manner of doing the practical work:

Those who hav been engaged this summer hav adopted the following plan, which may be suggestiv to new members of the committee. Each person purchased two Bibles, ran through them from Genesis to Revelations, marking all the texts that concerned women. The passages were cut out and pasted in a blank book, and the commentaries then written underneath. It is proposed to print the texts in fine type, and the comments, being the new part, in coarser type.

The large numbers of letters received, highly appreciativ of the undertaking, are very encouraging to those who hav inaugurated the movement, and indicate a growing self-respect and self-assertion in the women of this generation. But we hav the usual array of objectors to meet and answer. One correspondent conjures us to suspend the work, as it is "ridiculous" for "women to attempt the revision of the scriptures." I wonder if any man wrote to the late revising committee of divines to stop their work on the ground that it was ridiculous for men to revise the Bible. Why is it more ridiculous for women to protest against their present status in the Old and New Testaments, in the ordinances and disciplin of of the church, than in the statutes and constitutions of the state? Why is it more ridiculous to arraign ecclesiastics for their false teaching and acts of injustice to women than members of Congress and the House of Commons? Why is it more audacious to review Moses than Blackstone, the Jewish code of laws than the English system of jurisprudence? Women hav compelled their legislators in every state in the Union to so modify their statutes for women that the old common law is now almost a dead letter. Why not compel bishops and revising committees to modify their creeds and dogmas? Forty years ago it seemed as ridiculous to timid, time-serving, and retrograde folk for women to demand an expurgated edition of the laws as it now does to demand an expurgated edition of the liturgies and scriptures. Come, come, my conservativ friend, wipe the dew off your spectacles, and see that the world is moving. Whatever your views may be as to the importance of the proposed work, your political and social degradation are but an outgrowth of your status in the Bible. When you express your aversion, based on a blind feeling of reverence in which reason has no control, to the revision of the scriptures, you do but echo Cowper, who, when asked to read Paine's "Rights of Man," exclaimed, "No man shall convince me that I am improperly governed while I *feel* the contrary."

Others say it is not *politic* to rouse religious opposition. This much-lauded policy is but another word for *cowardice*. How can woman's position be changed from that of a subordinate to an equal without opposition, without the broadest discussion of all the questions involved in her present degradation? For so far-reaching and momentous a reform as her complete independence an entire revolution in all existing institutions is inevitable. When the individual development of woman occupies as large a place in social ethics as that of man, all fragmentary reforms will be subordinated to her education. Now the question of her freedom is ranked with many other questions of transient interest. The Prohibition devotee says, "Pray do not touch woman suffrage. We are just on the eve of securing a temperance amendment, and to bring her rights into consideration would set our reform back a century." Even some Free Religionists say, "Pray do not advocate woman suffrage. We would preserve the secular nature of our government; but women are dominated by the clergy, and would vote us back under the blue laws of the Puritans." Some of the advocates of suffrage, equally blind and narrow, say, "Do not touch Free Religion, Temperance, or any social questions on our platform; it would injure our cause beyond all remedy." So on through the whole range of reforms, the leaders in each believing their pet idea more important than all others put together, and that is to be carried by a kind of clap-trap that conceals from the eyes of statesmen all views of the case but the one they consider most politic to keep uppermost.

The first time I was invited to speak in England, I was quietly instructed beforehand to say nothing of the rights or wrongs of married women, nothing on the questions of marriage or divorce, nothing on the deceased wife's sister bill, nothing on the Bible, nothing on temperance or social purity. I could but compare my immaculate adviser to the Jungfrau, cold and serene in lofty contemplation of the rights of spinsters, her heads above the clouds, "touching nothing."

Let us remember that all reforms are interdependent, and that whatever is done to establish one principle on a solid basis strengthens all. Reformers who are always compromising hav not yet grasped the idea that truth is the only safe ground to stand upon. The object of an individual life is not to carry one fragmentary measure in human progress, but to utter the highest truth clearly seen in all directions, and thus to round out and perfect a well-balanced character. Was not the sum of influence exerted by John Stuart Mill on political, religious, and social questions far greater than that of any statesman or reformer who has sedulously limited his sympathies and activities to carrying one specific measure? We hav many women abundantly endowed with capabilities to understand and revise what men hav thus far written. But they are still suffering from inherited ideas of their inferiority; they do not perceive it, yet such is the true explanation of their solicitude lest they should seem to be too self-asserting. Let those women who fear ridicule, and suggest policy, try to imagin themselvs entirely free as men are free. Let them try to rise completely above the effects of former serfdom. If they can do this, they will then, and not till then, be capable of seeing the sycophancy of the opposition, be capable of judging the projects of unshackled minds.

Again there are some who write us that our work is a useless expenditure of force over a book that has lost its hold on the human mind. Most intelligent women, they say, regard it simply as the history of a rude people in a barbarous age, and hav no more reverence for the scriptures than any other work. So long as tens of thousands of Bibles are printed every year, and circulated over the whole habitable globe, and the masses in all English-speaking nations revere it as the word of God, it is vain to belittle its influence. The sentimental feelings we all hav for these things we were educated to believe sacred, do not readily yield to pure reason. I distinctly remember the shudder that passed over me on seeing a mother take our family Bible to make a high seat for her child at table. It seemed such a desecration. I was tempted to protest against its use for such a purpose, and this, too, long after my reason had repudiated its authority.

To women still believing in the plenary inspiration of the scriptures, we hav nothing to say. Our only claim to their attention is that we approach the subject in an earnest search after truth, and shall present to our readers incontrovertible facts.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Freethought in England.

IV.—FREETHOUGHT IN THE MAGAZINES.

There are only two avowedly Freethought magazines in England, viz., *Progress* and *Our Corner*. I put *Progress* first, because it is devoted exclusivly to the consideration of social, political, literary, and religious subjects from the point of view of the most advanced Freethought. A large portion of the space of *Our Corner* is devoted to the exposition of "Modern Socialism." Mr. Foote is the editor of the former magazine, and Mrs. Besant of the latter. Important as is the work accomplished by this literature in promoting general enlightenment and in removing the errors of superstition, it is, of course, small when compared with the vast amount of good achieved by the wide reading of such admirable monthlies as the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly Review*, *Knowledge*, and other such magazines, which may now be found in the reading-rooms of most of the large workingmen's clubs and institutes throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The important discussions between Mr. W. H. Mallock and Frederic Harrison, and more recently the notable encounter between Professor Huxley, who stands at the head of English scientists, and Mr. Gladstone, the greatest of English statesmen, who is justly regarded as one of the most powerful rhetoricians and debaters of modern times—the discussion between these eminent men on the alleged agreement of Science with Genesis—to say nothing of such valuable contributions to it as those of Dr. Réville and Mrs. Lynn Linton—caused quite a sensation in this country, and had the effect of disturbing the religious faith of hundreds who had hitherto found no difficulty in reconciling the absurdities of the Mosaic narrativ with the stupendous verities of science.

The theologians could hav chosen no stronger representativ than Mr. Gladstone, who in the way of "hair splitting" is without an equal; and Freethinkers could hav had no worthier champion of their cause than Professor Huxley, for in addition to having a thorough knowledge of the physical sciences he is a philosopher of the highest order.

By an advertisment on the last page of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I find that your readers may judge for themselvs of the merits of the discussion in question by investing in a cheap work published at your office, and therefore I need only say that, in judging of the value of Mr. Gladstone's contributions, it must be remembered that his education, training, and indeed the whole of his surroundings, hav tended irresistibly toward the creation in his mind of a religious bias, against which, however, the sincerity of his nature and his desire to be perfectly just hav frequently compelled him to war, although he cannot quite rid himself of it. Nothing could hav been finer than to hear from his lips the magnificent oration he delivered in favor of intellectual liberty, when the question of the right of an Atheist, in the person of Mr. Bradlaugh, to take his seat was under consideration in the House of Commons.

For breadth of knowledge, ripe scholarship, subtlety of reasoning, eloquence of words, and vigor of declamation, it was admitted by all who heard it to be matchless. John Bright's speech had all the admirable qualities that famous orator displays on great occasions; but I heard Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., himself an accomplished speaker, remark that, when all the trained eloquence of the House seemed exhausted, Mr. Gladstone came forward and revealed his wisdom, erudition, and eloquence in a way that surpassed them all.

But to return to the magazines. Once a discussion is started in a monthly, it is not unusual for some of the provincial journals to take it up. It thenceforth becomes a subject for discussion among the masses. The clergy make sly references to it in their sermons. Freethought lecturers pronounce their opinion upon it. Ultimately the Young Men's Christian Association nibble around the subject, and so the ball is set merrily spinning.

Whatever happens, orthodox Christianity is the loser. In one magazine appears a series of articles on "The Origin of Man," and when the man of science has given his reasons for disbelieving in the

theory of "special creation," and for believing in the evolution of man from lower forms, the religious party put forward their Rev. Pseudo-man-of-Science, who demonstrates, to his own satisfaction, that man is fearfully and wonderfully made, that no being short of a deity—about whom nobody knows anything, and theologians least of all—could hav manufactured him.

In another magazine a discussion is started on the question of the "Freedom of Man's Volition," which raises the important consideration of man's alleged responsibility to deity for his conduct. Some time ago Professor Tyndall wrote a paper for the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he denied the Christian doctrin of the freedom of the will, and affirmed that man's will was always determined by the strongest motiv in the mind in the view of the individual immediately antecedent to volition; that, consequently, men's actions were necessitated by the education, training, habits, or circumstances of the individual, and that praise and blame acted as motivs to influence or deter an individual from the performance of certain actions.

"If," said Professor Tyndall, in effect, "a thief were brought before a judge for the crime of felony, and said, 'My lord, it is true I stole the money in question, but I could not help it; I was necessitated to do it; the strongest motiv compelled me;' then the judge would answer: 'You are quite right, prisoner; the motiv of *blame* did no act upon your mind sufficiently. You stole because, under the set of circumstances in which you were placed, you couldn't help it. Society, through its representativ, now punishes you because it cannot help it—it is a question of self-defense.'"

Of course, a statement of this sort was very repugnant to the Christians, and they defended themselvs as best they could, though it was an exceedingly weak defense.

They found great difficulty in reconciling the doctrin of free will with that of predestination, which is undoubtedly also a tenet of their faith.

Since then, Mr. Justice Fitzjames Stephen, one of our most eminent judges, wrote an article in which he sought to demonstrate that the irreligious man was the most useful citizen; the man who devotes himself to the work of the world—the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant, the judge, the author, and the laborer—these were the men who had promoted the advancement of civilization of the world.

Mr. Justice Stephen went as far as saying that it was the "nothingarian," not the religionist or the Freethinker, who was the most useful citizen.

Plenty of discussion followed. My own view of the matter was that you could not separate the merchant or the lawyer from his religion or irreligion, and that the best man in society to promote reform, as well as to do the work of the world, because of his earnestness and enthusiasm, is either the out-and-out religious man or the avowed Freethinker. The "Nothingarian" is the greatest impediment in the road of human advancement the reformer has to deal with.

Every man, however ignorant, has some theory of the universe—he believes in either the natural or the supernatural, and supernatural beliefs hav been found to obstruct human advancement. The duty of the reformer, therefore, consists in removing this last barrier from the path of progress.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Cruelty of Superstition.

The most conclusiv proof of the baleful tendency of dogmatic superstition has not, so far as my reading has extended, been demonstrated with sufficient clearness. I refer to the fact that a man cannot accept the conditions of salvation (as preached by most of the churches), without being necessarily converted into a persecuting fiend—that is, if he be at once sincere and logical. The mob howling around the martyr's pyre hav been universally, though not quite consistently, rated as imbruted devils. But let us be just to his tormentors, while compassionating the sufferer. The latter is as much the victim of his own obstinate belief—hardly less irrational than that of his executioners—as the latter are urged and guided by a (to them) self-evident duty. The offense may hav been a denial of the dogma of transubstantiation, while admitting that of the trinity! It is manifest that a very lively sympathy with either party is not possible to the liberal mind, especially in view of the probable action of the victim under a change of circumstances, who might then be found lighting the pile to consume the recusant who denied his trinity. And, in the cases supposed, each party would be right—*if his religion were true.*

Think of the torture of a human soul through endless time for the rejection of an article of faith, and then try to estimate the amount of endless misery which one heretic might occasion by weaning from the saving belief thousands of people! It thus requires but a very simple appeal to figures to justify the *personæ* of an *auto-dâ-fé* in their apparent cruelty. It is surely better that one heretic's body should die than that the souls of unnumbered thousands should suffer eternally—the thousands whom that heretic might hav inveigled into perdition. Thus the man who believes that there is "no salvation out of the church" is recreant to the highest duty that can actuate a human being if he does not destroy the man or the influence that would lead souls out of that church. This view will reveal the Romanists as the most consistent Christians of all ages; they hav practiced every art and severity to save souls.

The Protestant assertion of the right of private judgment would seem to forbid the saving methods of Rome, but see the sinister offset we confront in the latitude that necessarily results from the rule. It is not possible for the Protestant Christian to believe in the salvation of the pronounced unbeliever, and yet unbelief is not only the legitimate, but the inevitable outcome of the freedom he claims. While unable, under a rule of their own prescription, to bar the exercise of reason, the Protestants yet fetter it (beyond their own limitations) in every way possible. The oath of the skeptic is challenged in court, and an opprobrium is attached to his name intended as a temporal addition to his eternal fate. Indeed, it is the old, old story, freedom for ourselvs as far as we desire to go, and eternal damnation to all who go farther. Thus the two churches practically join issue, as against Freethought, the Catholic believing in "no salvation out of the church," and the Protestant consigning to hell all who hav used a larger amount of mental freedom than his own.

Thus, in this view, it is possible to lift the odium which misled humanity has carried for ages. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive that those very immolators of the martyrs might, under other circumstances and in an advanced age, hav illustrated the most exalted type of devoted heroism in defense of a righteous cause. Yet something is to blame for the inhumanities of superstition. Who is it—the priest? Hardly, if he is sincerely convinced of the truth of what he preaches. In that case, he merges in the common humanity I am seeking to defend. However, considering his education and opportunities of research, it is hard to realize that every priest is a sincere believer in the monstrous absurdities he teaches; though a proper respect for the aggregate morality may require us to believe that mummers do exist who do verily believe that a cabalistic incantation transmutes a piece of dough into veritable human (or deific) flesh, to be forthwith mixed with bad whisky in the priestly duodenum! But these men, taken in time, could hav been made to believe in absurdities even grosser than that, if such extremes of dementia were possible. I do not see, as before intimated, how we can construe the actions of these sincere believers into moral blame. If they did not preach the doctrin they believe, and follow it out to its logical consequences, they would be morally derelict or intellectually impotent. Therefore, whatever enormities they may commit are committed in a (to them) good cause—and how can the best of us do better, *in intent?*

Having thus cleared the skirts of poor humanity from the odium of those bloody cruelties which smear every page of the church's history, and having intimated that the most ferocious among the bigots begotten and inspired by a degrading and murderous superstition were but so many misdirected truth-lovers, where shall we locate the blame for the desolating blight which all history bewails and over which priests and other missionaries of error hav gloated through so many ages? To my apprehension, as a Necessitarian, the source of all the woes which superstition has inflicted on a groping and groaning world is *in the error itself.* If this be so—if the most devoted hearts hav been warped to the service of a beastly cause—if a blind and unreasoning bigotry has usurped in the human mind the place which should hav been the throne of truth—the duty of the Liberal is surely plain enough. Let us assail the main citadel of the enemy—his Pandora's box of blind and cruel mischiefs in the shape of dogmas, fictions, inventions, which are simply degrading anachronisms in the light of this nineteenth century, when historical criticism and physical research hav so conclusivly shown how bald are the frauds and assumptions on which all religions are built. The authorities are extant with which to confound the sophist, to tame the zealot, and to illume the dark mind. If the task of unchaining the body of the slave was deemed so glorious, what shall be said of the work which aims to unmanacle the human mind? Can the godlike faculty of reason find a nobler use than this, or the attribute of benevolence a higher or more fruitful moral aim? What can transcend in service to mankind the labor that seeks to dispel mental gloom, and replace rancour and hate by a feeling of fellowship and love? These desiderata can be accomplished only by the extirpation of the errors inculcated by the priest, which, as I hav shown, are utterly incompatible with the freedom and brotherhood of man.

There is required no other argument against superstition than the fact last named. There is certainly no other argument so fatally cogent as against the priest.

JAMES P. KENYON.

Tobacco and Savages.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* During Mr. Denton's stay on the island of New Guinea he became exceedingly interested in its nativ populations, at least in such of them as he came in contact with, in the study of their character and habits; and in writing me from its fatal shores, only about four weeks before his death, he referred to them, and to the effect of missionary labor among them, as follows: "So far there has been no trouble with the nativs, nor do I think there is likely to be any. They are glad to see us, and to get the cloth, beads, salt, knives, and hatchets, and, more than all else, the tobacco, distributed among them. Like all savages, they are passionately fond of tobacco, which they smoke out of a great bamboo pipe, eighteen inches long and three inches in diameter. The missionary schooner, Ellen Gowan, brought over to New Guinea, at one trip, three tons of tobacco, and at another trip, two and one-quarter tons. This is the 'bread of life' which the reverend gentlemen missionaries are distributing among this people." We refused to allow the boys, our sons, to take tobacco with them to trade with the nativs. "And," he continued, "so far hatchets, beads, and salt hav answered our purpose very well."

In his diary he wrote: "Little dream these naked taro-eating people of the change that is coming to them. I can look ahead a few years and see the younger ones clad in cotton or linen, white as snow, and the women in flashing silks. Beautiful cottages with lovely gardens will take the place of these canetied, thatched shelters of to-day, and, as certainly as these, will come grog-shops, and reeling drunkards, and all the abominations that are the fruit of our superior knowledge and our remaining barbarism."

The discussion of the missionary question reminded me of these references, and thinking they may not prove altogether uninteresting to you, I venture to send them.

As long as we can maintain the right to think and to speak our thoughts without reserve, so long we are safe. I rejoice in the stand you hav taken against any and every form of gag-law. If we would preserve our own rights, we must maintain the equal rights of all others. True Liberty is no respecter of persons. The hovel and the throne are equally near and dear to her. Nor is there any safety for free institutions if any person, or any class of persons, may be denied the right of defending their own cause in open discussion of its merits.

Grateful that THE TRUTH SEEKER is so ably conducted, I am very sincerely yours,

E. M. F. DENTON.

Wellesley, Mass., Oct. 20, 1886.

Canadian Notes.

Once more the "king of terrors" has been among us. Our old friend and associate, R. B. Butland, after a long and painful illness, has "joined the innumerable caravan," and left another gap in the ranks of Canadian Secularists that may not soon be filled. He was one of the oldest members of the Toronto society, one of our earliest home lecturers, and perhaps the best read member of the institution.

As conductor of our science class, and with an almost inexhaustible store of knowledge, gained from many years of patient application and study, he has done work for Secularism that cannot be over-estimated, and left an influence behind that will never die.

Many of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will, no doubt, remember him as an occasional correspondent, and, previous to his illness, as conductor of "Canadian Notes."

The funeral, which took place last Sunday, under the auspices of the Toronto Secular Society, was largely attended by members of the society and many orthodox friends. President Algie delivered the funeral address at the house. It was composed largely of appropriate selections from the works of Colonel Ingersoll, and delivered extempore in a manner which evidently made a deep impression on some of the orthodox listeners, one of them afterward remarking to the writer that "it was the most beautiful language he had ever heard on such an occasion, and a service that no one could reasonably object to."

It had been arranged that Mr. Jury should read a short service at the grave, but on his attempting to do so, the superintendent of the grounds, with true Christian love and firmness, ordered his attendants to fill up the grave as quickly as possible, and, placing his hand on Mr. Jury's shoulder, told him that his orders were that there was to be no service there of any kind.

Friend Jury, who is nothing if not clear grit to the backbone, proposed to read the service in spite of them if the friends wished it, but not wishing to make trouble on such an occasion, the friends thought it best to quietly submit; and so in a silence, broken here and there by murmurs of indignation, Christianity had its little opportunity to vent its spite in death upon one whom they could not injure while living.

On Sunday evening, October 24th, Mr. Algie made

his first appearance before a Toronto audience as a Freethought lecturer, taking for his subject "Our Schools and Churches," a subject which he is eminently qualified to deal with, and to which he did ample justice. He fully confirmed the opinion previously held by the Toronto friends of his ability for lecture work, and proved that with a little practice he will be able to "keep his end up" with the best of them. We hope to hav him with us again soon and often. KANUCK.

Toronto, Oct. 30, 1886.

The Liberal Club.

The man who wears a badge-pin for a living did not attend the 421st regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, but he is informed that the entertainment there offered was worth far more than the paltry five cents extorted at the door. There was present a large audience of people whose countenances beamed with the light of true goodness. Mr. King was there, as was also Captain Clark. Bold Duffield sat well in advance; the gas-light threw him in relief, and livened up his countenance like yellow mustard spread on beef. Mr. Duffield is an unpopular person with the members of the club. But we digress.

The question for consideration was the late unveiling of the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island; and after Mr. Wakeman had read the usual notices, he called young Dr. Foote to the chair, and proceeded to the discussion. The writer is indebted to the first secretary for all the details of the meeting.

Mr. Wakeman selected as his text the following thoughts from Matthew, a writer some time since deceased:

> The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses's seat; all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works; for they say, and do not. For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselvs will not move them with one of their fingers. But all their works they do for to be seen of men; and they make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogs, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, rabbi.

This, the speaker held, was a true description of the men who presided at the unveiling of the statue. The chief orator of the day was William M. Evarts; the next was Chauncey M. Depew, the paid attorney of the colossal thief of America. Then the occasion was desecrated by prayer by a minister of the gospel, who dedicated the statue to almighty God. The singing of the long meter Doxology was likewise inappropriate. The only decent speech was President Cleveland's. Those who should hav been invited first were absent. Among these were veterans of the war, the mayor of New York, the working people, the agriculturists, the clubs, the artists, and the women. The only representativs of the common people were the firemen and the policemen. Mr. Wakeman said he did not suppose the committee meant to do wrong. The saddest reflection was that they didn't know any better.

Mr. Augustus Levy, following, said that the unveiling of the statue was of small moment compared with Henry George's vote of sixty-eight thousand.

Dr. Kinget's central thought was that people could hav no conception of true liberty while they imagined themselvs the serfs of a tyrant beyond the skies

Madam Delescluze censured the women who attended the unveiling ceremonies without an invitation. The madam could not understand why Liberals should object to a service of prayer.

Colonel Hinton thought the men who had charge of the occasion under discussion very appropriately represented the sort of "liberty" we now enjoy.

Dr. Caleb S. Weeks, the well-known hymnologist, referred to the premature unveiling of the statue, which cut in two the sentence composing the speech of Senator Evarts. It was typical of these times. The people are inaugurating liberty while the Pharisees are charming themselvs with their own warble, in blissful unconsciousness of what is taking place around them.

Captain Clark made a speech, the nature of which the secretary had unfortunately forgotten.

Mr. Levison said that at the third or fourth meeting of the Liberal Club he advanced the hypothesis that this earth is more than six thousand years of age, the scriptures being in error upon that point. At the time his statement was not accepted, but later developments hav discovered the fact that he had a prescient eye.

Mr. Wakeman, in closing the discussion, said he hoped the French people who gave us this statue of Liberty had not heard that almost in sight of the bronze figure where it now stands a man is indicted and awaiting trial for exercising the liberty of speech on the subject of religion. He hoped rather that they would be assured that there still exist in America a few people who cherish the principles for which Lafayette fought, and which Paine, Jefferson, and Franklin established on American soil.

There is no meeting of the club this week, but on Friday night everybody who usually attends the club is expected to go to the Congress of the Secular Union at Chickering Hall and hear Mr. Putnam. On which occasion, without doubt, all those on truth intent may here a large amount obtain, presented in a pleasing vein, and never spend a cent.

Dr. York Coming Home.

As my sojourn in the land of the emu and kangaroo is drawing to a close, and I am about to turn my face toward the home of the stars and stripes, I thought it proper to drop a few lines to say that, with all my labor and struggles in a strange country, I hav not forgotten THE TRUTH SEEKER and its readers; and although not glad to leave Australia, I am glad of the near prospect of setting foot upon a soil more highly blest with the daylight of civil liberty. Our flag never was so dear, and never so beautiful, as today, floating in southern skies over the office of our American consul.

I don't seem to like queens and blue-blooded paupers who ride, like a nightmare, the industries of the country in the name and pretense of government; but these English people are so highly conservativ that they never forget any old thing or learn anything new.

Americanism in the line of Freethought takes well here, though people still hold on to their old and barbarous methods of cooking food, which are little better than leaving it in the raw state. The American cook-stove and other appliances of comfort and convenience make slow headway with these colonial people. Yet they are moving slowly in the direction of general reform.

My success here in these colonies has been good, and far beyond my most sanguin expectations. My audiences hav been all that I could desire both in numbers and in intelligence. Four Sundays more will close my work in Brisbane, where I hav spoken for eight months with scarcely any abatement of audiences or interest; and although I had for about eight months very large audiences in Sydney, and fine success, I am more in love with these Queensland people. They are courteous, kind, and generous, and I shall feel sorry the day I bid them goodbye after my thirty-fifth lecture in Brisbane.

By the way, Eugene, the books we ordered of you hav come in good order, I think, though I hav not opened the packages yet, or compared them with the invoice, as I am waiting a little for my friend James Mitchel's return, when they will be delivered. I am glad to hav a few of D. M. Bennett's "Round the World" books read here, and the familiar sight of them brought back to me his face and form so bright and activ as he was when at my home in San Jose. I little thought then that he so soon would go hence and I be left. It did not look that way then. He and I both thought that I would be the one to go, as I was in poor health at that time; in fact, so ill I could hardly stand on my feet to speak at his reception. But such is life. Grand old man, he can never die in the seed sown by his hand, and each year let us build his monument higher in the minds of true and loving men and women for all the good he has done in breaking the shackles of slavery from many minds in America.

Eugene, my boy, the old TRUTH SEEKER is a most welcome and regular visitor. I hardly think I could hav remained here all this time without its cheerful pages. And your pictures—well, go right on, and do so more; and if it was not so far down here, and only a monthly mail, you would receive many subscribers from me, and I am supremely happy when the Boston *Investigator* and THE TRUTH SEEKER heave in sight each month. Long may they liv to be, as they are, the leading Freethought papers of the world.

I was right well pleased to read of my friend S. P. Putnam's work in Butte, Helena, and Bozeman, where I labored last in America. Do you know, somehow, I like the man Putnam? I hav never seen him, and yet there is a tie which draws and binds, and I hope to meet him when I come East, as I hope to do when I return. And, somehow, I hav a hankering to speak in Paine Hall, and strike hands with THE TRUTH SEEKER and Boston *Investigator* men.

Secular Freethought is growing rapidly in these colonies. Joseph Symes holds the fort in Melbourne, while Collins and the irrepressible Walker float the white banner of mental freedom from the battlements of Sydney.

I am sorry to say that George Chainey has not met with the success his syndicate anticipated. Theosophy seems to be too thin for these common-sense people.

I am to giv my farewell words in Brisbane on October 24th, and in Sydney on the 31st, and expect to sail for home on November 4th, but may stop over in Auckland one month, reaching San Jose about Christmas, and after a little rest, before starting on my contemplated tour of the Eastern cities, I hope to pay a visit to the friends on Puget Sound and in British Columbia.

In conclusion, let me say that if any of our American speakers hav an itching to try their hand in these colonies, they may safely rely upon this fact—that whoever can draw, and hold, an American audience, and do good, strong, radical work, will succeed here. They want facts, logic, magnetism, fire; and then, to make it blaze right well, humor sets the pile on fire. If they desire to make a little money, let them avoid all syndicates or Freethought brokers. The man who can't bring himself is not worth much for himself or profitable to anyone else.

It is reported here that our chief of the Freethought lance, Colonel Ingersoll, is out of health. I hope it is not true, and most sincerely hope he will be spared to us for many years, to blaze and burn in the majesty of his might, as every lecture and every month and year of his life is a nail in the orthodox coffin. Let the dead bury the dead, but let us help to build the temple of mental liberty, that they who come after us may enjoy the sunlight of freedom's brighter day. With many good wishes, I am

Yours for all truth, J. L. YORK.

Brisbane, Queensland, Aus., Oct. 3, 1886.

Our London Letter.

The suggestion of certain bishops and leading churchmen to celebrate the queen's jubilee next year by building a church house at the public expense has not quite met with the reception anticipated. The idea seems to be to erect a parsons' club-house in London, where these individuals may meet to exchange views on religious subjects, and be able to partake of "light refreshment" in the intervals of their arduous labors. There are to be in the edifice sundry lecture-rooms; and pamphlets showing the beauty and usefulness of the Church of England are to be distributed from this center all over the country; and, as this church is the friend of the poor, as well as of the rich, all are expected to contribute something. The proposition has met with much opposition from the inferior clergy, who all deprecate it, considering that they will derive no advantage whatever, and will not even be allowed to enter the sacred portals. Letters hav been sent to the papers in shoals, the majority of them being in favor of applying the money that may be collected to the augmentation of curates' incomes, which are reported to be very small in the majority of cases. But when a salary of £200 per annum is said to be starvation wages, it would be just as well if such grumblers were reduced to a quarter that sum and hav to earn it. There are thousands, if not millions, of hardworking people who would consider themselvs rich on such an income, and these lazy loafers hav the impudence to complain. A parson is dear at any price, and it would be a far better way of celebrating next year by abolishing the clergy altogether.

Beecher should consider he has done well in this country, as the only clerical opponent he has met was Spurgeon, who has shown himself about the only consistent member of all the ministers who hav had anything to do with him. I don't know how they can support a man who looks upon the creation story as a fable, professing to believe in evolution, and laughs at the idea of hell, when it is their business to support such absurdities. Probably his occasional laudation of Jesus Christ amply compensates for his heresy in other respects, and then his popularity cannot be overlooked, and he answers the purpose of a good advertisment for any chapel or hall where he lectures. If there is a chance of making a good collection such trifles as repudiation of the fundamental points of Christianity are not held as stumbling-blocks. As long as the almighty god Mammon is not blasphemed, it does not much matter about the other members of the Pantheon. One can easily imagin how Beecher and his clerical friends chuckle to themselvs when they are counting up the result of the evening's takings.

Within the past few days there hav been recorded three or four cases of suicide resulting from religious mania, but as these are of such common occurrence many of them are not considered of sufficient importance to publish. Of course the autumn assizes hav furnished the usual quota of pious criminals, and it is satisfactory to find that these rogues are not treated quite so leniently as was at one time the case. Dublin is quite excited over the exposure of a released convict who has been officiating in various places as a properly ordained priest, Dublin being the last scene of his exploits. It appears that he was a very successful preacher, and it does seem strange that there should be so little difference between those who are inspired by the Holy Ghost and properly anointed, and those who are not, that it is impossible for anyone, even an archbishop, to detect an interloper into the fold. The only crimes he appears to hav committed are that he has been practicing parsonry without a proper certificate, and omitting to pay his debts; but this latter is not a very unclerical offense, and doubtless helped to deceive the elect as to his real position.

A curious case was tried the other day. It seems that a wedding was arranged, but the bride did not turn up at the proper time, so, sooner than disappoint the guests, the groom suggested that a friend of the parties should take her place, which was accordingly done; but as the principal did not notify that the bride had been changed, a prosecution was instituted, and the unfortunate benedict, after a severe lecture on his wickedness by the judge, was sentenced to a

term of imprisonment, the wife being also punished in a lesser degree. Now, I hav read the case several times, and cannot possibly make out what crime was committed, or who injured, by one girl being married in another's name, and can only conclude that it must hav been accounted a crime because the parson only collected a fee for one attendance, whereas he considered he ought to hav received double pay. J. D.

London, Oct. 27, 1886.

The American Secular Union.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, President.

Vice-Presidents:

CHARLES WATTS, JOHN E. REMSBURG, THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, MATTIE P. KREKEL, JAMES PARTON, HORACE SEAVER, WILLIAM ALGIE, ROBERT C. ADAMS, TITUS L. BROWN, HELEN H. GARDENER.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec., 33 Clinton Place, New York.
COURTLANDT PALMER, Treas., 850 Broadway, New York.
CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Chair. Ex. Com.
E. M. MACDONALD, Chair. Fin. Com.

The Campaign Fund.

Previously acknowledged	$3,484.63
Robt. Seibert	1.00
J. P. Harris, Trenton, Tex., charter	5.00
Newark Liberal League, per A. Pionnie	4.11
Total	$3,494.74

PLEDGE PAID.—William Algie, $30.

Call for the Tenth Annual Congress.

To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all Citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:

You are invited to attend the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held in New York city, at Chickering Hall, Fifth avenue and 18th street, on November 11th, 12th, and 13th, and also on Sunday evening, the 14th, an address by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, which concludes the Congress.

Pursuant to a vote of the last Congress, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the constitution of the Union will be acted upon: 1. To reduce the fee for life-membership from $25 to $10. 2. Or, on payment of $10 by applicant for membership, to authorize the secretary to issue ten-year membership certificates, with all the privileges of life-membership during that time. 3. Whenever a man or woman has taken out annual membership certificates for three or five consecutiv years, such person thereafter on payment of annual-membership fee to possess the privilege of life-membership.

The Congress will also be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought, and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government, as shall make the United States thoroughly Secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute-books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs in the Congress—the president and secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all vice-presidents, all chairmen of state executiv committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada, who can, will be present.

Per order of board of directors:

R. G. INGERSOLL, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.
COURTLANDT PALMER, Treasurer.
CHARLES B. REYNOLDS, Ch. Ex. Com.
E. M. MACDONALD, Ch. Fin. Com.

An Appeal to Liberals.

It is absolutely necessary to the success of the coming Congress that its sessions should be free. We want full houses and ample reports. We want to make as grand and permanent impression on the public mind as possible. This Congress is of national importance. What is done here will be felt for years to come. It will giv us a mighty impulse or it will be simply disaster, and everyone who wishes organized Freethought to triumph must lend a hand. We must hav the sinews of war. We must raise money for the expenses of this Congress by private subscription. We want to make no appeals to the Congress in session nor take up any collections.

The expenses will be as follows: Hall rent, $375; speakers, $175; advertising and incidental, $100; total, $650. This amount ought to be raised by the Liberals of the country before the meeting. Whether one comes or not to the Congress he feels an interest in its success, for no matter where he livs, how distantly, he will receive its benefit, its wealth of thought, and new influence for that which is dearest to his own mind. So I ask every Liberal to giv what he can—a dollar, or five dollars, or more, as his circumstances will allow. The amount can be easily raised if every Liberal will do his part. I also ask every Liberal society, if it cannot send delegates, to send some money. That is the next best thing. That will help. Every society will be helped by the Congress, and so we ask its fraternal aid. The following generous contributions already made ought to stir every Liberal to be equally as magnanimous according to his ability. I hope for an immediate response, and that by next week I can report the full amount raised:

CONGRESS FUND.

R. G. Ingersoll	$100.00
Courtlandt Palmer	50.00
A. Van Deusen	50.00
E. B. Foote, Sr	25.00
Photius Fisk	20.00
Charles Eckhard	10.00
Daniel E. Ryan	10.00
Daniel E. Ryan	10.00
Peter Eckler	5.00
Booth	5.00
Agnosticus	5 00
Wm. Hawenstein	5.00
Ralph Helm	2.00
F. C. M	5.00
John D. Power	5.00
A Friend	3.00
W. J. Allen	2.00
S. Brewer	2.00
Peter Grandjean	1.00
Robert Wade	1.00
Wm. Horsfall	1.00
Ed. Ross	1.00
C. H. Betts	1.00
C. F. DeMott	1.00
H. Cohn	1.00

PROGRAM OF THE CONGRESS.

Thursday.

At 9:30 A.M.—Opening of the Congress by Robert G. Ingersoll. Report of Secretary. Report of Treasurer. Report of Chairman Executiv Committee.

11 A.M.—Lecture by Charles Watts, First Vice-President, "Misconceptions of Theology."

At 2:30 P.M.—Business session from 2:30 to 3 o'clock.

At 3 P.M.—Lecture by J. H. Burnham, "Philosophy of Religious Emotions."

At 8 P.M,—Lecture by John E. Remsburg, "Fathers of the Republic."

Friday.

Business session from 9:30 to 11 o'clock A.M.

At 11 A.M.—Lecture by C. B. Reynolds, "Persecution in the Nineteenth Century."

At 3 P.M.—Lecture by T. B. Wakeman, "Liberty, Science, and Humanity."

At 8 P.M.—Lecture by S. P. Putnam, "A New Heaven and Earth."

Saturday.

At 9.30 A.M.—Business; election of officers, consideration of resolutions, etc.

At 3 P.M.—Lecture by Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, "Woman: Past, Present, and Future."

Lecture by Dr. T. L. Brown, "What We Think and What We Can Do."

At 8 P.M.—Lecture by L. K. Washburn, "The Popular Faith Criticised."

Lecture by E. A. Stevens, "Liberty and Liberalism."

Sunday Evening.

At 8 o'clock.—Lecture by Helen H. Gardener, "Pulpit, Pew, and Cradle." Address by R. G. Ingersoll, President.

DELEGATES.

SAGINAW, MICH., Nov. 5, 1886.

SECRETARY AMERICAN SECULAR UNION:

At a meeting of the Auxiliary Secular Union, held in Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 31, 1886, the following delegates were chosen to represent the society in the Tenth Annual Congress, to be held in New York city, in Chickering Hall, November 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1886: Ferdinand Goldsmith, Charles Moye, J. H. Burnham, J. T. Butterworth.

Yours fraternally, J. T. BUTTERWORTH, Sec. S. A. S. U.

Prof. Wm. Seymour, president of the Pennsylvania Secular Union, will attend the Congress to represent the state society, and anticipates meeting a goodly number of delegates from the local unions as representativ of the state at large.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1886.

The following members of our society were appointed delegates to the Congress of the American Secular Union: J. J. McCabe, C. H. Luck, Wm. Dickson, W. H. Williams, Joseph McDonough. Yours truly, J. J. MCCABE.

S. P. PUTNAM, Secretary.

For Mr. Reynolds's Defense.

A. G. Wineman	$1.00	E. B. Folsom	1.00
Elias Gault	3.00	Secularist	1.00
Geo. Wilson	.50	C. L. Silverman	1.00
Robert Barbour	1.00	H. Merrick	1.00
J. E. Coy	2.00	Jacob Gruenig	1.00
Charles Sach	.65	A. G. Church	1.00
J. Schaf	1.00	John W. Black	2.50
J. Hammond	1.00	Thomas Black	2.50
J. M. Landeth	1.00	Albert Newbold	1.00
William J. Nicolay	.50	Chris. Wetherill	.25
Philip Imig	1.00	T. F. Wright	1.00
B. T. Brigg	1.00	J. S. Boulton	1.00
James F. Quigg	1.00	S. R. Wetherill	1.00
Frank Williams	1.00	Edward Ross	1.00

Home News from Abroad!

From the Boston Index.

The American Secular Union, formerly known as the National Liberal League, will hold its Tenth Annual Congress at Chickering Hall, New York city, on November 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th. It is now pretty well understood by intelligent Liberals generally that this "Union," since its new departure two years ago, has been "run" wholly in the interests of a New York clique. This is common talk among Liberal editors and lecturers, who, however, are cautious about publicly stating the truth on the subject, preferring, under the circumstances, the policy of silence. The leaders of this "Union" shrewdly manage to keep Colonel Ingersoll's name at the head of their list of officers, and use it both to giv themselvs importance and to intimidate any who are disposed to criticise the methods or the work of the aforesaid clique.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE supper of the Free Religious Association, in the Meionaon, 88 Tremont st., Boston, will begin at 6:30 P.M., on Thursday, Nov. 18th. There will be good music and speeches after 8 P.M., from Prof. Thomas Davidson, Col. T. W. Higginson, and other advanced thinkers. Reserved seats, $1, at the offices of the *Index* and the *Woman's Journal*, also at Ditson's, 451 Washington street. Admittance to gallery, 50 cents. All interested are invited cordially. F. M. Holland, secretary F. R. A.

THE efforts of Messrs. Pionnie and Marshall, of the Newark, N. J., Secular Union, meet with just reward. They hav succeeded in awakening interest among the people, and securing very large attendance at the weekly meetings of the society. On Sunday afternoon, the 7th inst., the hall was crowded. Mr. Reynolds writes: "Although the air of New Jersey is not generally, by my friends, deemed promotiv of my general health, on account of the fidelity of Jersey Christians to their principles—to love their enemies—nevertheless I felt it a duty to do all in my power to aid the noble band of workers for Freethought in Newark, and so ventured into the land of the Philistines. We had a most pleasant visit at the home of good Brother Pionnie, and at 3 P.M., repairing to the hall, found it filled with a most intelligent audience, who listened with pleased attention to my lecture on 'The Bible, Whence it Came and What it Really Teaches.' I sold about thirty copies of 'Blasphemy and the Bible,' and could hav sold twice as many more if we had had them." Mr. L. K. Washburn is the attraction for next Sunday afternoon, and thus a large and delighted audience is assured.

J. E. REMSBURG's appointments, so far as arranged, are as follows:

New York, N.Y.,	Sat., Nov. 13.	Dayton, O	Sun., 19.
Boston, Mass	Sun., 14.	Cincinnati, "	Sun., 19.
Salem, "	Mon., 15.	Greensburg, Ind	Mon., 20.
Pawtucket, R. I	Tues., 16.	Evansville, "	Tues., 21.
Winsted, Conn	Wed., 17.	Mt. Vernon, "	Wed., Thur., Fri., 22, 23, 24.
Bristol, "	Thur., Fri., 18, 19.	Greencastle, Ind.,	Sat., Sun., 25, 26.
Northampton, Mass.,	Sat., 20.	Circleville, "	Mon., 27.
Florence, "	Sun., 21.	Tetersburg, "	Tues., Wed., 28, 29.
Pottsville, Pa.,	Mon., Tues., Wed., 22, 23, 24.	Logansport, "	Thur., 30.
Scranton, Pa	Thur., 25.	Daleville, "	Fri., 31.
Smithville Flats, N.Y.,	Fri., 26.	Waterloo, "	Sat., Sun., Jan. 1, 2.
Watertown, "	Sat., Sun., 27, 28.	Montpelier, O.,	Mon., Tues., Wed., 3, 4, 5.
Williamson, "	Mon., 29.	Adrian, Mich	Thur., 6.
Buffalo, "	Tues., 30.	Bowling Green, O	Fri., 7.
Youngsville, Pa.,	Wed., Dec. 1.	Sylvania, "	Sat., 8.
Connaut, O	Thur., 2.	Berkey, "	Sun., 9.
Farmdale, "	Fri., Sun., 3, 5.	Metamora, "	Sun., 9.
Kinsman, "	Sat., Sun., 4, 5.	Laingsburg, Mich	Mon., Tues, 10, 11.
Oil City, Pa	Mon., 6.	St. Johns, Mich	Wed., 12.
Hubbard, O	Tues., 7.	Fremont, "	Thur., 13.
New Castle, Pa	Wed., 8.	Sand Lake, "	Fri., 14.
Tappan, O	Thur., 9.	Nashville, "	Sat., Sun., 15, 16.
Salem, "	Fri., 10.	Hastings, "	Sun., 16.
Warren, "	Sat., Sun., 11, 12.	Scotts, "	Mon., Tues., 17, 18.
Elyria "	Mon., 13.		
Gallion, "	Tues., 14.		
Sidney, "	Wed., Thur., Fri., 15, 16, 17.		
Springfield, O	Sat., 18.		

Mr. Remsburg has been obliged to decline all calls for lectures west of Indiana during this tour. Calls for lectures hav been received from the following towns, which he will also be unable to answer: Houlton, Me.; Fairfield, Me.; Saco, Me.; Lowell, Vt.; Eden Mills, Vt.; Port Jervis, N. Y.; Osceola, Pa.; Center Belpre, O.; Kent, O.; McConnellsville, O.; Baltimore, Md.

Roman Catholic Education.

From the New York Star.

Three apparently bright young men totally failed in their civil service examinations for positions in the Custom House last week. The young men now lay their failure to the fact that they did not attend the public schools, but, being Catholics, they attended private Catholic schools, where they were not taught thoroughly. One candidate who failed, a Mr. McCullough, was very indignant. When I asked him if he blamed the civil service examiners, he said:

"No, sir; I do not. I blame my parents for taking me out of our splendid public schools, where everything is taught through the normal school system, and where all the teachers are normal school graduates, and sending me to a school where I was taught more religion than geography."

"Then you do not think the average Catholic church school is as good a place for a boy to get an education in as our regular American public school?" I inquired.

"Certainly I do not. I shall henceforth send my children to the New York public schools. I am a Catholic, but I am not willing to cripple my children as I hav been crippled. If I had gone to our public schools, I would now be in the Custom House at $1,600 per year. Instead I failed in my examination, and I go back to a menial place where I only make $600. No boy who graduates at the average Catholic school, where they hav old-fashioned books, old-fashioned systems, and solemn and shallow teachers, will be able to pass these civil service examinations. We Catholics are hurting ourselvs. We are laming our children. We are keeping ourselvs in the mud through ignorance when we could go to the public schools without money and without price, and fit ourselvs to cope with the rest of the world. If we want to take a place among educated Americans, we must quit all nonsense and go to American schools and colleges."

Mr. Bowman's Epigrams.

Some think it is worse to go for the doctor on Sunday than to kill a man on Monday.

Some people think that the human race slowly came up from the Presbyterians.

It is our opinion out West that Christ was nothing more than a good, square republican.

Communications.

The "Post-Mortem" Issue at Des Moines.

Doubtless the most important era in the history of orthodox theology occurred, but a few weeks since, at Des Moines, Ia. This was in connection with the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It seems that for a year past Rev. Mr. Hume, one of the most scholarly and successful of missionaries, has not been returned by the committee to his foreign field. With him and his many friends the question is, Why? In a meeting held about a year since, at Andover, the Congregational Mecca of heresy, Mr. Hume let it inadvertently slip out that post-mortem mercy is a growing hope with him and other missionaries and ministers. It seems that a happy, hopeful influx from the spiritual spheres is flowing into some of the orthodox. The prudential committee, doubtless overburdened with a stock of prudence, failed to recommend his return. Other good, learned, and progressiv men applied for appointments as missionaries. But because they *hoped* for future mercy to the "heathen" and the rest of "non-elect" humanity, their petitions hav been treated with a most significant silence.

The advocates of the new departure, among whom are the two brothers Smyth, one a professor in Andover, are men of undoubtedly high standing and rare ability. Ten years ago Prof. Edgar Smyth was rigidly orthodox. He believed in, and taught, eternal damnation for somebody else. Fortunately for him, this period of reflection has rendered him a more humane man. Since he would not like to be eternally damned himself, he practically applies the golden rule in not desiring the damnation of others. The way in which he goes about this is, not to force people to enter heaven through fear of hell, but to destroy hell, the work of the "devil." We mean no reflection on the "majority." He would demolish the "lower house," then surely there will be no place or prison for moral delinquents.

Besides, if these broader men who are heterodox on the hell issue are not good and safe enough to preach to "heathen" of the orient, why let them preach to occidental Christians? Are not we Americans just as good as "the heathen Chinee?"

The most unfavorable feature of post-mortem eternal damnation, and which stamps it with a nature akin to vindictiv savagery on the part of those advocating it, is that they want it for somebody besides themselvs. If its exponents would simply state that eternal damnation is a moral necessity to them, and their strongest incentiv to well-doing, we should be thoroughly satisfied of their honesty. But to impose it upon others as of equal necessity is both irrational and uncharitable. They frankly confess that if there is a hope of probation beyond what is termed "death," there is no use for missionaries to the heathen. The primal motiv for prosecuting foreign missions is here conceded to be, not a desire to render the "heathen" wiser and better, thus leaving them to take their chances; but, through the incentiv of fear, fostered by the horrible teaching of eternal damnation, to compel them to yield to ecclesiastical authority.

Another consideration, probably the more potent just now, is the lucre lever. The home churches raise annually about $560,000 which they know not how to squander, unless they send it to the "heathen" through the leakage of numerous missionary agents. If they do not cling with a deathlike grip to the time-honored superstition in question, this handsome sum will not be subscribed; or, if collected, will go mainly to the Presbyterians, among whom is a solidarity on the hell issue.

Since they think the Bible is not definit on this mooted question of post-mortem probation, unless it grants the much "larger hope" to the members of the new departure, common humanity solves this and similar problems. The added light of spirit communications makes assurance doubly sure. "The light lighteth every man that cometh into the world," either in this or some future world. Otherwise the Bible is not true. On this, we much prefer the rational statement of the Bible. Jesus "tasted death for every man," heathen and Christian alike. Suppose we work out this rich vein of Bible thought. Ask any man or woman of intelligence and humane feeling, Were it in your power, would you abolish eternal damnation and inaugurate probation after dissolution? The answer would be a most emphatic, Yes. Will an all-wise, good being do less?

> How can it be that Brahm
> Would make a world and keep it miserable?
> Since, if all powerful, he leaves it so,
> He is not good; and, if not powerful,
> He is not God.

Is not this heathen god superior to the Christian deity? And since, as Prof. Max Mueller holds, the god-idea at any specific period is the result of mental evolution, does not this conception of Brahm show that his devotee possesses a higher moral character than the Christian who desires to convert him downwards?

Would an affectionate parent rejoice to torture through all eternity his own child, when it is in his power to do otherwise? Will Brahm do less to his rational creatures than a man? This beautiful humanitarian view as a nobler inflowing from spirit realms, now rising to the surface of the turbid Congregational waters, creates no little commotion. It is useless to prophesy respecting its rosy future. The great, deep heart of humanity, having lovingly adopted it, will see its triumph through the crucible of test.

It looks very much as though the enviable mission of enlightening and liberalizing the orthodox wing of the church had indeed been committed directly to the Congregational body. We hoped that it would hav proved equal to its exalted calling. But alas! For them to hav extinguished the flames of hell would hav been equivalent to quenching Christian enthusiasm for saving the souls of heathen. It would hav killed out the money-loving and money-getting spirit in the church, perhaps! ZOATOPSIS.

Twin Relics.

During the last twenty-five years much has been said about the "twin relics of barbarism." Slavery and polygamy are the relics which hav received unqualified denunciation. The very contemplation of human (physical) slavery is now abhorrent to a very large majority of the inhabitants of North America, and polygamy is exceedingly repulsiv to the normal feelings of civilized people. Slavery and polygamy are, indeed, twin relics of barbarism, but they are not the only relics.

The American Board of Foreign Missions, after due deliberation, has decided that death ends probation; that "dangerous heresy" lurks in the bosom of the preacher who is inclined to admit that a heathen may possibly repent after death, and eventually breathe an atmosphere a little cooler than burning brimstone. And secondly, that no one can be saved who has not accepted Christ.

Aside from the colossal absurdity of such a decision, uttered in this day of the world, and by a convention of men professedly intelligent, it is the very quintessence of diabolism. No fiend of Pluto's regions could ever conceive a doctrin more revolting, more shockingly cruel, more infamously unjust.

Now, let us briefly notice the late notable judicial proceeding in Chicago. To discover the spirit that animated the prosecution in the trial of the Anarchists it is not necessary to reëxamin the whole mass of evidence and carefully weigh the words of each witness. It is only necessary to observe the remarks of Judge Gary himself, before pronouncing the sentence. I giv a brief extract: "Upon the question whether the defendants or any of them did anticipate or expect the throwing of the bomb, he said that it was a question not necessary to consider, because the instructions to the jury did not go upon that ground, but upon the ground that they had generally, by speech and print, advised a large class to commit murder, and had left the occasion, time, and place to the individual will, whim, and caprice of the individuals so advised, and that in consequence of that advice, and in pursuance of it, and influenced by it, *somebody not known* did throw the bomb. The crime was nothing less than murder," etc. What a monstrous assumption! Are we living in a republic? Without stopping to argue the question whether the defendants did or did not, as Judge Gary says, "advise a large class to commit murder," I want to ask how he *knows* that an *unknown* person was influenced in a certain way, or by certain means! It is improbable that any person of ordinary intelligence has lived in Chicago for the last two years without hearing some of the speeches, or reading some of the articles, of the Anarchists, but to assume as a positiv fact that a certain murder *must* hav been committed by a person influenced thereto by the utterances of a few specified persons, and, on that hypothesis, to proceed to take the lives of those specified persons, is, to use the judge's own words, nothing less than murder. For all Judge Gary *knows*, the bomb-thrower may hav been a person who never heard a word nor read a line uttered by any one of the defendants. The principle enunciated in the above-quoted paragraph is the most unspeakably inhuman, ferocious, damnable principle that ever blotted the record of American jurisprudence. I call upon every lover of liberty, every man and woman who respects the Constitution of the United States, to denounce, suppress, deny, and defy that doctrin. It is a direct menace to free institutions, and has no place among a civilized and progressiv people. But this is not all, nor the worst. The promulgation of such a doctrin, from such a source, sanctioned by the authorities, will do more to create, intensify, and spread Anarchistic sentiment than all the speeches and writings of all the Anarchists and Socialists that hav ever entered Chicago. I hav no sympathy with crime, but when I see rank injustice pervading our courts, high and low, and a gang of parasites living off the labor of others, the time seems to hav arrived when the emblems of liberty should be prostrated, and the scales of Themis be broken. Our so-called Christianity and law, of the Gary stamp, are twin relics of barbarism.

N. G. W.

Charles Watts's Work.

During the months of September and October I hav given forty lectures, and traveled nearly four thousand miles. Among the places I hav visited are the following: Toronto and Hamilton, in Canada; Philadelphia, Pa.; Mount Holly, N. J.; Waynesburg, Pa.; Grand Rapids, Muskegon, Lowell, Hastings, and Kalamazoo, Mich.; Chicago and Wyoming, Ill., and Neillsville, Wis. In all those towns the elements for Secular propagandism are numerous, but in many of them organization is sadly defectiv. There is too great a lack of coöperation among Freethinkers, except when a Liberal lecturer visits their respectiv localities. The coming Congress in New York should stimulate more united action. Lecturing should be regarded as the precursor of consolidating the results of platform work.

In Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, organized efforts hav done much, and considerable more could be done if all who profess Secular principles in these hives of mental activity would perform their fair share of duty in conducting the affairs of the local societies. Apart from the injustice of allowing such labor to fall upon one or two, there is the evil that in the event of sickness or private business calling them away from the society for a time the advocacy of the cause is made thereby to suffer. Those who hav been emancipated from the slavery of superstition should resolve to do something toward freeing their fellows who are still in captivity. Mental indolence and disregard for the freedom and welfare of others are violations of the great teachings of practical Secularism. The true man livs not simply for his own comfort, but for the happiness and well-being of society in general. This is the very essence of Secular philosophy.

The beneficial results of adopting this principle are manifest in Grand Rapids, Mich., where, through the Secular benevolence and activ service to the cause of Mr. D. A. Blodgett, Secularism has won a position in the public estimation which is as gratifying to every Liberal as it is serviceable to intellectual freedom. Mr. Blodgett has set a noble example in striving to organize Freethought ideas, not only in his own town, but also in surrounding districts, and, no doubt, Michigan will ere long be the center of a great Secular propagandism. At all my recent lectures throughout the state I had crowded audiences, which increased nightly. Lucius C. West, of Kalamazoo, who has so ably contributed for years past to Secular literature, is now arranging an extensiv tour in the Northwest for me to commence in January.

The gatherings at Chicago were not so large as one might expect, judging from the number of Freethinkers there are in the city. But for the persistent activity of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Stevens, very little would be heard of Secular work in Chicago. I found great excitement caused by the late verdict and condemnation to death of the Anarchists. I am no believer in Anarchy, for, in my opinion, it is wrong as a principle and foolish as a policy. Nevertheless, I protest against the sentence passed upon the men in Chicago. That sentence was not the result of a fair and impartial trial, but rather the outcome of the fever of prejudice and the passion of revenge. If those men hav committed an error, to hang them is not the best method to achieve their reformation. Such a mode of "punishment" is a brutal legacy of a barbarous past, which the symbol of the cross has failed to destroy. I am no friend to any kind of physical revolution, or resort to violence to obtain reforms. This kind of advocacy might hav been justifiable in days gone by, but now we hav better weapons with which to fight our social and political battles. With the aid of the press, the pen, the platform, and the ballot-box we can conduct a more useful and dignified conflict than can ever be carried on in the throes of violent physical force agitation.

Through the efforts of those well-tried Liberals, Messrs. Bailey and Cox, of Wyoming, Ill., some useful work has been done in this hot-bed of orthodoxy. I recently lectured there three nights to good and attentiv audiences. Threatenings of personal violence were hurled at me, and attempts were made to interfere with the order of the meetings, but, through the precautions of our friends, all efforts at disturbance were nipped in the bud.

I had a very pleasant time at Neillsville, Wis., where I spoke three times to audiences that increased in numbers each meeting. Mr. R. Dewhurst, of the Neillsville bank, is a genuin specimen of a fine old English gentleman, although, perhaps, his excellent qualities hav been developed during the thirty years he has resided in this country. In him and his charming family Secularism has warm friends and practical exponents. The local press gave very flattering notices of my lectures, and so successful were they that arrangements were at once made for me to giv another course in January next.

All friends in the West or Northwest requiring lectures early in the new year will please forward their applications as soon as possible to Lucius C. West, 105 East Main street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

CHARLES WATTS.

J. L. Andrew in the East.

Since New Jersey has become noted for arrests for blasphemy, the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will, perhaps, be interested in the general condition of Freethought in that state. The first appointment for me to lecture in that state was Boonton, the city that two generations ago was noted for its noble advocacy of abolition, and recently for the arrest of Mr. Reynolds. I gave three lectures there. The audiences gave very respectful attention, although it was whispered that another arrest would follow the lectures. I am not very easily terrified by religious threats, so it made no impression on me. Each of the lectures was attended by a fair sprinkling of Catholics, who manifested much interest. Perhaps the Christians were afraid to hav more than one blasphemy case at a time. As an offset to what I had said on the influence of Christianity on human conduct, the editor of the *Bulletin* inserted a story in his paper concerning a rich Infidel whose fears of being robbed were allayed by his host reading the Bible and praying before retiring. The effect on the Infidel was such that he soon after renounced his unbelief and became a Christian. This is a Sunday-school story, taken from a Sunday-school paper. The lesson was that Infidels are wrong in robbing society of those influences that restrain men from crime, and that religion makes men good. After what had happened, when Mr. Reynolds was insulted and arrested, and one of the oldest and most respected citizens was threatened with a "ducking" in the canal by the most religious people of the place, I do not see how the editor could boast of the restraining influence of religion.

From Boonton I went to Newark, where arrangements were made for two lectures. Newark has one of the most interesting societies it has ever been my pleasure to address. And I think I may say that I hav never addressed a more intelligent audience than the one in that city. A most amicable feeling seems to prevail among even those of the most extreme views. It is unnecessary to say that no Liberal society can be prosperous where there is a feeling of intolerance toward those who happen to differ with us.

Jobstown was the next place where arrangements were made for lectures. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds hav lectured there, and the few live Liberals in that village hav shown their zeal and intelligence by purchasing a library that is an honor to the place. The actual worth of the library is not less than one hundred dollars. While the element of sociability is indispensable in our work, we cannot too strongly advocate the use of the best literature. The cause of Liberalism is preëminently the cause of intelligence, of science, of humanity, and we cannot too highly esteem the perusal of advanced literature. One of the greatest impediments in our work comes from the supposition that Infidelity consists simply in theological refutation rather than in that building up of the individual and of society that is caused only by lofty thinking and deep feeling. The Liberalism that is satisfied with theological dispute is destined to be short-lived. The great demand of the age is for something that satisfies the unbiased intelligence of man, and nothing can more successfully meet this demand than literature and science.

From Jobstown I went to Vineland, where the Unitarian church was secured for the lecture on "Liberty and Law." Many years ago Vineland was one of the strongholds of Liberalism. But now it is a fossil. Two causes hav brought about this state of things—emigration and dissension. It is very difficult for a Liberal speaker to get a good audience in that city. About fifty persons assembled to hear the lecture. One of the editors noticed it by saying that "the speaker handled his subject with considerable ingenuity."

I next lectured before the Friendship Liberal League of Philadelphia, one of the most reliable Leagues in the country. The first lecture called forth considerable discussion, as it was in relation to the jurisdiction of civil government. One or two favored Anarchy, and the rest pleaded for some form or other of authority. For my own part, I hav never yet seen any principle by which Anarchy could be justified. Just as surely as the law of cohesion exists in all matter, so does the law of government exist in all mankind. And our highest aim consists, not in attempting to destroy governmental authority, but the abuses which hav surrounded it, and thus insure protection to all.

For the last three years I hav been carefully observing the condition of Liberalism throughout the country, the causes of its comparativ non-success, and what might probably be conduciv to its permanent prosperity. It seems to me that the most successful method of collecting all our forces and using them to the best advantage is to hold conventions in those states that are strong enough to support them. I suggested this to the Liberals in New Jersey, and the plan was commended by all those to whom I spoke concerning it. I suggested that a convention be held in a city where there is a Liberal society, and Liberals from all over the state attend and devise plans for the dissemination of Liberal ideas. I hope that the Freethinkers of New Jersey will agitate this and arrange for a successful convention next year. Pennsylvania has already adopted this plan, and with wise management will be successful. There are only three states in the West where I think it is possible at present to carry out such a plan. These states are Kansas, Illinois, and Iowa. There are thousands of well-to-do, activ Liberals in each of these states, and if they would agitate the question and coöperate for its success they could soon effect decided changes in their respectiv communities. It is too late to attempt any such thing for this year, but there is ample time to create an interest and accomplish the desired object for the next and succeeding years. When we remember that all religious bodies hold their conferences, etc., and that through such means their body is strong and effectiv, it surely should be an inducement to us as Liberals to adopt similar plans for the attainment of our purposes. The haphazard plan by which the great principles of freedom and of science are made known to the people by the Liberal party of America is a proof of either a lack of true coöperativ purpose or of true executiv ability. When we realize that Liberalism is synonymous with all civilization and advancment; that it includes whatever is grand or great in human life, then, perhaps, there will be a proper awakening to the duties of the hour and an appreciation of our opportunity.

J. L. ANDREW.

Ft. Scott, Kan.

W. S. Bell in Texas.

I hav been nearly a month in this state, and hav been as busy as my health would permit. They hav a disease down here called the dengue, which is a terrible nuisance, as one does not get credit for being ill when he feels worse, probably, than Job did when covered with boils.

My first lecture was given in Dallas before the Secular society of that place. The meeting was held in the Opera House, the best place in the city. Among the most prominent and activ Liberals of this city are Messrs. Geo. Cretien, John Jackson, H. B. Bristol, Dr. McKay, G. W. Fleming, Allen Johnson, W. J. Johnson, and Alfred B. Westrup.

From Dallas I went to Waco, the home of J. D. Shaw, whom I met, with many others of the same stripe there. Mr. Shaw has a good following here, if it be proper to say that Liberals follow anyone. Everybody that reads THE TRUTH SEEKER knows something about the Waco Liberal Hall. The Freethinkers of that place hav occasion to be proud of their hall. Mr. Shaw givs a lecture every Sunday evening to a large, attentiv, and intelligent audience. I had the pleasure of addressing his society one evening during my short stay in the city. At Temple I was prostrated with the dengue, but did not giv up my lecture there. Mr. Shaw came down to see the town and talk up the interests of the *Independent Pulpit*. It was a good thing for me and those who came out to hear me, for I had to cut short my talk and call upon him, as I found myself scarcely able to stand up. I was kindly entertained here by J. B. Nunnally and wife, who did all they could to alleviate my pains and aches. I made the acquaintance of Mr. Ford and wife and other good Liberals. Dr. L. J. Russell, of Heidenheimer, introduced me to the audience. It will be remembered that in 1875 he was decoyed from his house and whipped by masked men, because he was an Infidel. But the day for whipping Infidels is past in this state. Liberal views are spreading very rapidly all over the country.

From Temple I went to Belton, and had the pleasure of talking to a splendid audience. I made the acquaintance there of Dr. Talley, A. J. McDaniel, Henry Clay Smith, and many others. A good Liberal society can easily be established here if some will go ahead and get it started.

My next place was Norse, where I gave two lectures to full houses. T. Theo. Colwick is the most activ Liberal in this region. He met me at Clifton, eight miles from Norse, and brought me over the rough country in the night, getting lost once or twice before we reached the lone light in the lone store at Norse. I was introduced to Mr. E. A. Rolen and Mrs. E. H. Rolen, his mother, a lady of most pronounced Liberal character. My short stay was made very pleasant in this family. Mrs. Rolen has been an invalid for years. She says a good God would not keep her in pain so long, and if she could get redress she would sue him for damage.

Mr. Colwick took us in his carriage from Norse to Meridian, a distance of twelve miles, over as rough a country as I hav seen anywhere in Texas. I spoke in the school-house at Meridian to a hastily collected audience, and was entertained by Judge Greer and family. Next day, Sunday, October 24th, Mr. Colwick carried me eight miles further, to Morgan, where I was advertised to lecture in the evening, but a heavy storm coming up just at the time we were about to go to the hall, the lecture was postponed. The activ workers in the Liberal ranks here are Moses Miller, Mr. Paschal, Hiram Snodgrass, Mr. Erickson, and Dr. Bateman.

At Walnut Springs I had a very large audience. The orthodox turned out strong, and after I had finished my lecture they called upon a young man who is underwitted and who had quite recently been released from jail, where he had been on the charge of horse-stealing. I made no reply to the rowdyish tumult that his speech created. If orthodoxy is content to set up as its representativ an idiot and horse-thief, I suppose I shall hav to submit.

About the first of December I shall visit Wichita, Kansas, and probably remain several weeks, giving Sunday lectures under the auspices of the Secular Union.

W. S. BELL.

Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 27, 1886.

Mixed Pickles.

A Milwaukee pulpiteer opened his mouth a few Sundays ago and astounded the world and the rest of mankind with the utterance of words of rare wisdom that floated out from his lips. With a sudden and inspired burst, so to speak, he told his astonished hearers that "all things work together for the good of them that polarize toward the totality of things." And here the world has been working its axis and having revolutions and things for millions of years, and this is the first we hav heard how "things work together for the good" of certain persons, and had to learn it from a Milwaukee pulpiteer. Why couldn't this thing hav been known thousands of years ago? Why—but there—why mourn over the was not when we hav the is? Sufficient unto the evil of the was not is the is of the now, as I look at it; and if the reader doesn't understand this proposition he is more obfuscated than the writer, who, however, suspects there may be more in it than he could dream of in his philosophy.

"The earth is fairly breaking out with oil wells," was an editorial line in one of our papers the other day. A day or two later a correspondent bobs up serenely and wants said paper to "admonish the inhabitants of the earth to prepare for the end," saying that the "oil wells breaking forth all over the earth signify the final burning according to the prophecy," when all things will be done brown, of course. He signs himself "R. S."—Really Scared, probably—but I say to the people in general, don't get scared yourselvs, for there is no danger with the Standard Oil Co. doing business at the old stand. This great absorbing, monopolistic cormorant will gather all this oil in long before enough collects in any one spot to warrant touching off for the grand and universal conflagation, prophesied by some pot-bellied priest of old, who never dreamed of the great absorber, the S. O. Co.

Some woman (name forgotten), writes to the *World* to say that New York and Brooklyn are soon to catch a quake beside which the Charleston affair will rank as a very small potato, which the Lord has arranged to bring about in order to rally the sinful inhabitants of said cities around his flag of righteousness, which rally nothing short of an earthquake will precipitate, it would appear. This woman has got the "tip," I suppose, and the sinners of the cities named had better stand from under—in fact, had better go to camping-out at once. It will be a bang-up quake, no doubt, and if the sinners and goodies do not all go to camping-out, thousands upon thousands of lives will be lost in horrible slaughter, which, from Bible accounts, the Lord is equal to inflicting on the creatures he made (?). As quakes are no respecters of persons, it is not unlikely that many of the godly will be caught in the first shock of matter and wreck of cities with the ungodly, which would seem to be rough on their kind. However, as they are booked for "glory," they will be all right, albeit the manner of their taking off will be sudden and unpleasant. But how about the slaughter of the ungodly? They will go to the "pit," of course, while a very much larger number of their kind, who shall escape the crash, will be booked for immortal joys, having been warned by the quake to seek the heavenly "cover." How beautifully fair is this in an eminently just God! He kills half the population of a city that he may gather in, through fear, the other half of his fold, when he could gather them all, in if he saw fit, without enacting any horror. What an altogether lovely and merciful God, eh? I hope this woman and others of her ilk enjoy themselvs in worshiping such a merciful God! In the mean time, pending the coming of the quake, I notice no great movement heavenward on the part of our citizens, who are probably "taking the chances," hoping to escape the calamity when it does come, rushing then into the arms of the Lord. The God that recruits his armies by the aid of earthquakes is a brilliant strategist, I think, though a bloody one. But then the Christian God and Christian religion without blood would be of a milk-and-watery order, as it were; altogether too insipid for Christians. If the earth quakes hereabouts she will quake, and we can't help ourselvs, nor stave it off with any amount of prayer; and it is much more consoling—if there is any consolation about it—to believe that nature is getting in her work, rather than that an imaginary angry God is doing the horrible business.

SI SLOKUM.

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Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance.	

Religious Campaign Stories.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 16th we noted the indorsement by Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, of the Christian campaign story about a man in Lima, Ohio, being struck down by the Almighty because the man flourished a knife toward the sky and dared the Almighty to descend. It seems that the editor of the *Sun*, of this city, also read Mr. Talmage's sermon, and it seems also that he did not believe this story. At any rate, the editor sent a reporter to interview Mr. Talmage concerning the unusual phenomenon. Mr. Talmage was asked for a circumstantial account of the blasphemer who was miraculously burnt to death, and his response was as follows:

"I appreciate the desire for further details in the matter, and I purposely avoided locating the event, and the reasons that actuated me then impel me now to keep the affair from the public. Such an event is a terrible thing for the family and friends of the man who was punished, and it was out of consideration for them that I omitted to state where the scene was laid. That it is strictly true, however, I hav conclusiv evidence. I forget just how it was brought to my attention. I heard it reported by somebody or got my first information from a private letter, I cannot say which, but I am inclined to think it was the letter. But no matter. I asked a trusted friend of mine to investigate for me, and he did so. Some correspondence ensued, which he turned over to me, and from it I am assured that the affair did actually and exactly take place as I described it. I hav the correspondence still, but I think I had better keep it to myself."

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 18th we reprinted from the *Globe-Republic*, of Springfield, Ohio, the weird tale of some imaginative reporter, from which Mr. Talmage obtained the material for his assertion. It was said to hav occurred in Mercer county, near Lima, Allen county, Ohio, and the victim of the Almighty's wrath was said to be Sylvester Redyan. The whole story is a fabrication from beginning to end, and is known to be such to every intelligent person in the country. But here is Talmage, the most prominent Presbyterian minister in the country, not only telling it from the pulpit, but vouching for its truth on the authority of a "trusted friend" who investigated it, from which investigation Talmage knows it "did actually and exactly take place as" he "described it!"

Had not Talmage vouched for its truth, the story would hav been worth no further thought. And were it not that he is the biggest preacher in the Presbyterian church, his indorsement would not be worth considering. But as he positivly asserts that the story is true, we may perhaps be pardoned for wasting a little space upon the subject. Our readers who recollect the details of the affair will remember that the substance of the story is as follows: 1. Redyan lived in Mercer county. 2. His place was one and one-half miles east of Lima, which is in Allen county. 3. That the neighborhood is thinly settled. 4. That Redyan was sitting at the mouth of a cave when stricken. These are the important details that locate the affair, and are told with much circumstantiality in the account from which Talmage derived his information—for that he ever received a letter about the miracle we do not for an instant credit.

But these details are not a little awry. We are in receipt of two letters bearing upon this matter. One is from Watson Heston, and flatly contradicts the *Globe-Republic's* geographer. He was, he says, born in Allen county, Ohio, and Lima is his old home. "I know," he writes, "almost every foot of ground for thirty miles around. I hav hunted, fished, robbed birds' nests, coon-hunted, and gone sparking all over that country." From Mr. Heston's letter we further derive the following facts: 1. Mercer county does not touch Allen county, and Redyan could not liv in the former county and be within a mile and a half of Lima. 2. One and one-half miles east of Lima (where Redyan is said to hav lived) is located the fair ground and a Mr. Roberst's farm. 3. That, so far from the neighborhood being thinly settled, it is just the contrary. Lima, Ohio, is a city of some twenty thousand inhabitants, and it is slightly improbable that a wilderness should extend to its gates. 4. There is no cave anywhere in the county that Mr. Redyan could hav sat in. Mr. Heston thinks that when Christians get up a miracle of this sort they ought at least to hav the local coloring correct.

The other letter in our possession is from the postmaster of Lima, addressed to J. S. Lichty, of Wilsey, Kansas. Mr. Lichty saw the story going around, and, being of an inquisitiv nature, went to headquarters for his information. The postmaster of Lima wrote him as follows:

"*The story is false from beginning to end. No such man ever lived in this part of the country.*"

That seems to settle the matter, so far as to the alleged miracle, but what shall we say of Talmage for his brazen effrontery, and unscrupulous falsehood to the *Sun* reporter? Think of the moral rottenness of a minister who can say that "I am assured that the affair did actually and exactly take place" when the affair never took place at all! If he has any correspondence upon which he based his belief, he will do well to produce it, else an incredulous world will be inclined to think the letters are all in his own mind.

This absurd tale is also being used by the Christians of England. Saladin, *via* the London *Secular Review*, sends the following request:

"By this post we send letters to E. M. Macdonald, Colonel Ingersoll, Helen Gardener, and J. E. Remsburg respectivly, to take a crowbar and see if they can detach and send us, packed in ice, a small portion, say a thumb or a great toe, of the igneous Mr. Redyan. The winter is coming on, our office is a cold one, and the profits from the *Secular Review* are not sufficient to purchase coals; so into our grate we should like to stick Mr. Redyan's great toe, and, by its heat, boil our editorial kettle and cook our vesper tea. If we could only get an arm of Mr. Redyan, it would save us coals for the steam-engin which propels the printing machine on which we print off this journal for the glory of God and his Christ. In this appeal our principal rcliance is upon the kind heart of Miss Helen Gardener. If she could send us only one fiery leg of Mr. Redyan, she might depend upon her next book being favorably reviewed by us."

So far as we are concerned, the request must be referred to the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, Presbyterian preacher of Brooklyn, N. Y. As Mr. Talmage is the only person in the United States who knows that the affair did actually and exactly take place, he is the only one who can find one of the late Mr. Redyan's fiery femora over which the vesper tea of Saladin may be boiled. When the latter receives it, he may cable a receipt to Mr. Talmage at our expense.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

TO THE REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

Dear Sir: As the most prominent Presbyterian in the country, you hav stood sponsor for the most brazen falsehood of the times. The story of a man being cut down by God which you repeated in your pulpit is a lie, and we challenge you to prove it otherwise. If you can do this—if you can prove that God killed a man for flourishing a knife at the sky; if you can prove that smoke poured from the blasphemer's mouth and nostrils; if you can prove that he lay dying for days, while nobody could go near him; if you can prove that all this "did actually and exactly take place," THE TRUTH SEEKER will make you a present of one thousand dollars.

This offer is made you for the purpose of permanently correcting the habit Christians hav of lying about alleged blasphemers. If God struck this man dead for blasphemy, he did it as a warning to others, and it is your solemn duty, as a faithful servant of God, to make the knowledge of that warning known to the world beyond all controversy. And if you can prove it, think of the power over the ignorant it will giv the ministers of God! It will be worth more to Christianity than all the efforts of all the preachers for a thousand years. If you don't prove it, what will the people say of the effrontery of the minister who vouched for its truth? You must accept this challenge or you must acknowledge, once for all, that this story, as well as all similar alleged visitations of divine wrath upon blasphemers, is but the mendacious invention of stupid piety.

Very truly yours, THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Freethought and Freemasonry.

A case of great interest to Freethinking Masons has just been decided at Helena, Montana, and one of the most outspoken Infidels in the territory is still retained in the Montana Grand Lodge as a member in good and regular standing.

In 1885 O. B. Whitford, of Butte, wrote and published two small pamphlets entitled respectivly, "Bible Fabrications Refuted," and "Christianity a Reward for Crime." For writing and publishing these Mr. Whitford was "indicted" by the Lodge. The indictment was for issuing "profane, blasphemous, and Infidel pamphlets," which the complaining committee alleged constituted an offense against Masonry. The indictment was filed October 8, 1885.

In justification of himself Mr. Whitford published another pamphlet, in which he argued that Masonry did not require one to be a Christian, or to believe the Bible, nor does it forbid him to expose the errors and absurdities of the Christian religion. Mr. Whitford was arraigned at Helena last month, one hundred and three members of the Lodge being present. Mr. Whitford argued his own case, making the Christian members very uneasy, but they attempted no reply. The vote stood fifty-three in favor of considering the writing and publishing the pamphlets no offense to forty-two against that view. Eight members absented themselvs, not being willing to go on record in the case.

This is a triumph for Freethought within the Masonic ranks, and indicates that Freethinkers are in the majority in Montana.

Mr. Reynolds and the New York "Sun."

The New York *Sun* of November 1st contained the following editorial article:

"We are surprised to see that people of Morris county, in New Jersey, hav taken the pains to procure the indictment of a strolling lecturer, named Reynolds, for denouncing the Bible. There may be an old blaspbemy law of the state which makes such a proceeding possible, but what is the usc of giving the fellow notoriety at the expense of the inhabitants of the county?

"Of course, nothing could hav gratified Reynolds more than his arrest, with the prospect of a long trial, in which he could figure as a martyr to free speech, and so get an ndvertisment that would make of him a curiosity that other fools might pay money to see and hear. With that view, apparently, he has engaged Bob Ingersoll for his defense, and next January, when his trial is to come off, he will be able to play the part of an important public character.

"In reality he is a creature of no consequence whatever, and is not even singular in his hatred of the Bible and of the Christian religion. There are thousands of such blatherskites about, and the publication of his indictment is likely to set their tongues wagging faster than ever. We may see them hiring halls all over the Union, and more especially in the states with blasphemy laws, in the hope of courting prosecution, after the manner of Reynolds, by denouncing the Bible, as if it had done them actual physical injury. Some men of this sort are to be found even in the smallest community, where their vanity is tickled by the attention they receive, because they run counter to cherished objects of veneration, and in New York there are hordes of them. They flatter themselvs that it is a sign of intellectual superiority to oppose commonly received opinions, and to treat the beliefs of other people with contempt, and they are pretty sure to find fools enough to gratify their delusion, either by listening to them with open mouths or by taking the trouble to dispute with them, as if they were worthy of serious consideration.

"Orators like Reynolds can do the Bible no harm, so far as the cause of religion is concerned. Accordingly, when Bob Ingersoll and his disciple go out of their way to speak disrespectfully of the Bible and get angry against it, there is no occasion for good people to be disturbed. Let them alone; suffer them to talk as they please, for it is not such as they who are the enemies of whom the household of faith has reason to be afraid."

Evidently the writer of this is not acquainted with the temper of some of the Christians of Morris county, New Jersey. If he were he would know that

their blasphemy law is one of the most precious of their heirlooms from ancient times. All the notoriety they would giv Mr. Reynolds, if they had their way, would be a star chamber trial and the quietest possible journey to Trenton; and the gratification of Mr. Reynolds over his arrest consists so far in the fact that he is still out of prison. For his liberty he is very thankful, but for that he is indebted to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and not to a feeling of mercy implanted in the hearts of the Morristown Christians by anything the *Sun* has said or is likely to say.

Heretofore the *Sun* has been a stickler for "the rights of the poorest, humblest individual in the land as well as those of the richest and most powerful." Much space in its columns has been well used in reverting to the doctrins of Jefferson, and maintaining their sufficiency for a governmental basis. More than once has the *Sun* upheld the "sacred right" of free speech in politics, and this abuse of Mr. Reynolds seems to be a sudden as well as great departure from the policy heretofore supreme in its editorial rooms. The departure is as dishonest as it is great. There are, it is true, thousands of outspoken Infidels in the country, but they are not quite so loud-mouthed "blatherskites" as this writer for the *Sun;* and many halls are hired for lectures, but the purpose of the lecturers is, not to get arrested for blasphemy, but to enlighten the people upon the wickedness of just such religion as inspires the author of this diatribe against Mr. Reynolds. We are not going to advertise the "consequence" of Mr. Reynolds. He is a gentleman widely known in respectable circles, and if the editor of the *Sun* does not enjoy his acquaintance, the loss is not Mr. Reynolds's. What difference does it make, however, whether the injured and oppressed in this case be a small or a great man? The infernal principle of religious persecution is at the bottom of the matter, and if the victim had been so illustrious a man as Colonel Ingersoll himself, the outrage could not be deepened. The *Sun* has shouted loud for the "sacred rights" of free speech—we now know with how much sincerity—but when a practical test is made, it is found on the side of oppression, and governed by the pitiful policy of expediency! How different from the conduct of the man it slurs as "Bob" Ingersoll, who defends a man he has never seen but once or twice, because he believes in doing what little he can in defense of the liberty of speech, and because he thinks it the duty of all Freethinkers to do what they can to teach the world better than to decide metaphysical questions by brute force! The editor of the *Sun* is not a Christian—unlesss recently converted—but who now will ever attribute such sentiments to him?

What a miserable spectacle it is—a great organ of democracy and freedom advising against a blasphemy prosecution because the victim is "a creature of no consequence!" Would the prosecution be right if Mr. Reynolds were a creature of such great consequence as the editor of the *Sun?* By the logic of our Jeffersonian organ, it would not only be right but commendable. Does the editor of the *Sun* believe in blasphemy laws for creatures of great consequence, but none for creatures of no consequence? Why this discrimination in favor of the unknown and lowly? In this country there should be no classes, says the *Sun;* and it goes further and says there *are* no classes. Yet here we find it making by implication two distinct classes, and a distinction with the difference that one class is to be imprisoned for blasphemy and the other class to go free because of the personal insignificance of its members. When the *Sun* shines for all (at two cents per shine) it will pay to be a creature of no consequence.

The spirit of this editorial writer is the meanest that ever moved a pen. Compared with him, the fanatics of Boonton are honorable men, and John Calvin was a moral hero. The Boonton Christians went about their work in as manly a way as their pusillanimous natures permitted, and Calvin never snuffled over his victims. This fellow has not a word in condemnation of the injustice of religious persecutions, and if expediency allowed he would probably cheer on the prosecution, and enjoy the agony of the victim. As it is, the prosecution is inexpedient, and should be discontinued, because the victim is of no consequence whatever!

If the Morristown courts only would agree with this fellow, Mr. Reynolds might rejoice over his insignificance.

Irreligious London.

On Sunday, November 2d, a census of attendance of the churches of London was taken. It showed that 400,000 persons attended the services in the morning and 410,000 at night. How many of this number were the same in the evening as in the morning is not given. One-half at least may be safely estimated. This would giv London a church-going population of 610,000 out of a population of over four millions, or about one in seven,

If church-going represents soul-saving—as the ministers allege—what a small harvest the Lord will get and what a large harvest the other fellow will glean! Theologians should apply at once to an architect to draw plans for the enlargement of sheol. Perhaps St. John, the divine, might undertake to make the plans if paid the usual percentage on the cost of the job.

What a useless lot the clergy are! Fifteen hundred years of activ service, with the power of the state to help, and only one in seven of the people can be induced to listen to them.

The Society of Humanity.

There has been in existence in this city for several years a Positivistic and Liberal Society, known as the Society of Humanity. Several years ago the society held regular meetings, but of late years the organization has fallen into innocuous desuetude. About three years ago Mr. Harbel, a German gentleman of humanitarian views, presented the society with a sum of money which, with the interest, now amounts to over ten thousand dollars.

Last Spring, through the efforts of a few of the members, measures were taken to revive the society, and make it activly useful in humanitarian work. With this object the society purchased the building, No. 28 Lafayette Place, making a first payment of ten thousand dollars, the balance of the cost remaining on mortgage. The building is 28 feet wide, 60 feet deep, and four stories in hight.

At the last regular meeting of the society it was voted to convert the parlor floor of this large building into a Free Public Reading Room and Library, and also to hold regular Sunday evening lectures there. A committee was appointed to do the work, consisting of E. M. Macdonald, chairman; E. B. Foote, Jr., Charles Eckhard, James Morris, and Edward King. The committee has been activly at work; shelves are already in position, and the furniture will be moved in as soon as the alterations are completed. The cost of this is about $250. The chairman of the committee has made an appeal to the Freethinkers of the city, which, he is glad to say, is being generously responded to, and the prospect for raising the amount is good. The following donations are thankfully recorded:

Charles Eckhard.....	$20.00	W. M. McLaury, M.D.	5.00
J. C. M.....	20.00	M. Blehas.....	2.00
R. B. M.....	5.00	Wm. Broadbelt.....	2.00
N. F. Howe.....	10.00	J. D. Woolsey.....	5.00
H. Cohn.....	3.00	H. Corry Fowler.....	1.00

The committee has invited Thaddeus B. Wakeman to deliver a series of four lectures before the society, beginning Sunday evening, November 21st. Afterward the engagement will be renewed, or other speakers secured, and it is proposed to make the Sunday evening lectures a permanent feature of the society's work. The Library will be open to every well-behaved person who chooses to avail himself or herself of the privilege, and Liberals from out of town will be most cordially welcome. The intention is to make No. 28 Lafayette Place a headquarters and a home for Liberalism. The work of the society is constructiv, scientific, and social, and is designed to replace the social attraction of the church and the Sunday-school, without any of their nonsense. The society's principles are entirely humanitarian, and all its efforts will be for the welfare of its members and the outside world so far as it can reach it.

Briefly, that is the general program; the details the people who attend the first course of lectures will learn from the chosen speaker. Such work as the society proposes to undertake is a work that has long been needed to be laid hold of by some society in this city.

ONE of the writers in the "Letters from Friends" in this issue seems to think that the views of Mr. Joshee, the Hindoo writer of "Socialism in India," are also the views of the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It would be needless to say that the editor disagrees with almost every idea advocated in that article had it not been made apparent recently that there are a great many people who need a diagram of an idea to enable them to understand it. We printed "Socialism in India" to show the people here what a Hindoo thinks is superior to our civilization. The article represents Mr. Joshee only, and is not the expression of a Freethinker.

A MISSIONARY writing to a religious paper complains that in one district visited a number of young men who had been baptized one Sunday morning were found playing base-ball in the afternoon. They were probably exercising to prevent catching cold.

AT the recent Episcopal church congress in Chicago, Phillips Brooks was one of the strongest opposers of the proposed change of name of the church. His speech against the measure was so intemperate as to produce anger in the bosoms of those reverend gentlemen who favored the change. One of these gentlemen, upon reaching the open air, after hearing Mr. Brooks's address, is reported to hav exclaimed: "A strong man. Yes; and a good man, and an eloquent man; but, my! there are better *churchmen* than he in hell."

WE find the following among the "Catholic Notes" of a Catholic exchange:

"The Holy Name Society, whose object is the suppression of blasphemy, is making swift progress in Newark. Bishop Wigger warmly commends the society to the faithful."

It seems to us that the Protestants are just now making "swifter progress" toward imprisoning blasphemers in New Jersey than the "Holy Name" society. The Protestants hav one man under indictment and awaiting trial, but we hav not heard of the Catholics arresting anyone. However, there is an Infidel Union in Newark, which meets every Sunday afternoon on Halsey street, close to Broad street, that the "Holy Name" society can experiment upon. By great diligence the society may rival the unorganized Christian cohorts of Boonton.

SAM SMALL, the revivalist, is having trouble with a jeweler of Cincinnati. Mr. Small, it appears, while in that place purchased a diamond locket for his wife, a diamond cluster ring, two small watches, a lot of silverware, another gold watch and a chain, and another lot of silverware. On these purchases he owed a balance of some $330, for which the jeweler has sued him. Mr. Small's first excuse for not meeting the note he had given for $150, and the balance of the account, was that "Brother Jones," his revivalist partner, had not settled with the managers of the camp-meeting near Lancaster, Ohio, and therefore he, Small, was short of funds, but would be flush in a few days. The next excuse was a further "stand-off" of the bill. The third excuse was that in trying to collect the debt Mr. Steinau, the jeweler, was blackmailing him. The matter goes into court, with a very black look for Mr. Small.

FROM Chicago the industrious reporters send back the opinion of Colonel Ingersoll as to the result of the election in New York. Mr. Ingersoll said: "I was for Henry George, and before leaving New York I paired, in order to save my vote. I hoped that George would be elected. He wants to do something. He stands for something. He represents a cause. He is perfectly sincere, and, in my judgment, he would hav made an excellent mayor. If the Republicans had acted wisely they would hav voted for George. They would hav beaten the Democracy. That is the first duty of Republicans. The means are only of secondary importance. If the Republicans had voted for George, the next president would be a Republican. It would hav demoralized the Democrats; but now the Labor party has no better feeling toward the Republicans than Democrats. A new party has been born. The sons of toil hav appealed to the ballot. It is the most potent of all weapons. Strikes and boycotts are of the past. Labor stands with a ballot in its hands, and with that weapon it will succeed. My sympathies are with the workers, and what little I can do I shall gladly do for them. The old parties must get some new ideas or they will soon be regarded as antiquities, fit only for political museums. The office-seekers must make terms with the workingmen or go to work themselvs." While Mr. Ingersoll was in Chicago, Captain Black, one of the counsel for the condemned Anarchists, made strenuous endeavors to induce him to argue the appeal before the Supreme Court, with what success the papers do not report.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, Catholic, of Cincinnati, O., took charge of some $4,000,000 belonging to the dupes of his diocese. This sum he was supposed to hold in trust, instead of which he applied it to the building of churches and parochial schools. When his embezzlement became known he went into bankruptcy, and one Mannix was chosen as the assignee of such property as could be saved from the wreck. This amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. Mannix's bondsmen were John Holland, Charles Stewart, Michael Walsh, and George Hoadly, the Freethinking governor of Ohio. It now appears that Mannix is a defaulter to the extent of $250,000, and Judge Hoadly is the first among the bondsmen to tender his share of the loss from Mannix's rascality, amounting to $62,500. The trustees of the Purcell estate accept the sacrifice, and a Freethinker pays the penalty of trusting in Christian morality. The affair is made all the more execrable by the fact that the Catholic church owns millions upon millions of untaxed property, and could indemnify Judge Hoadly without feeling it. But will the church do that act of justice? There is no reason for believing that it will. The church of Rome never disgorges its ill-gotten gains. To save this six thousand dollars it will doubtless be satisfied to let the case stand on record as illustrating the difference between Christian morality and the ethics of Freethought. No illustration of this difference was needed, but if it shall open the eyes of a few dupes of Rome, Judge Hoadly's sacrifice may do some good. But if Hoadly had been the Catholic and Purcell the Freethinker, how it would hav made Rome howl!

Letters from Friends.

JOBSTOWN, N. J., Oct. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find check for $9.25 for the blasphemy persecution and $2 to the Truth Seeker Company, on account of a subscriber. The amount is subscribed by the following persons: John W. Black, $2.50; Thomas Black, $2.50; Albert Newbold, $1.00; Chris. Wetherill, 0.25; Theo. F. Wright, $1.00; John S. Boulton, $1.00; Samuel R. Wetherill, $1.00. SAM. R. WETHERILL.

NEILLSVILLE, WIS., Oct. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Watts was here a week ago, and delivered three lectures to good-sized audiences. Mr. Watts is one of the best speakers in the Liberal field, and makes a very good impression, presenting his views forcibly. His manner of speaking does much to impress his hearers with the fact that he is in earnest, and the close, logical reason appeals to the judgment of his audience. We should like the Liberals of the Northwest to interest themselvs, and secure the services of Charles Watts during the coming winter.

R. DEWHURST.

NORSE, TEX., Oct. 28, 286.

MR. EDITOR: We had the pleasure of two lectures here by the inimitable W. S. Bell, so we can now boast of having heard the ringing of the "Liberty Bell" at Norse. On Thursday night, October 21st, he gave his lecture here on "Liberty and Morality," and on Friday night on "Common Sense."

Although it was a busy time with farmers, being in the midst of wheat-sowing, yet we had a full house both evenings. Mr. Bell is a logical orator. His arguments are irresistibly convincing, and his humorous anecdotes are inimitable and to the point. He shows up the absurdities of the orthodox doctrins of superstitious religion in a masterly manner. His lectures must be heard to be appreciated.

T. THEO. COLWICK.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I would judge from the article by C. L. Carter, M.D., that he is, as he says, a Freethinker from far back—but far back where? He says that the Anarchists certainly should be hung. Now, if he believes that the Anarchists should be hung he believes in murder. I would judge that he was from far back in the church of that monster who murdered his own son, Jesus, and commanded his servants to murder innocent men, women, and children. Again, the doctor says: "The Constitution givs us all free scope to think." So it does; but, doctor, don't think too loud. The doctor also says, "If they don't like our laws, let them leave the country." I say no, let them remain here. Our government is bad, our laws are unjust; we hav a great many wrongs to right, and we need all the help we can get.

STELLA CAMPBELL, Atheist.

CORDOVA, ILL., Oct. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In the first installment of Mr. C. Watts's essay on "Evolution and Special Creation," published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of a late date, he says: "One thing is clear, which is that living things were made or came into existence, whatever the mode may hav been or the power by which it occurred, out of non-living matter." Is this true? If it is, then life must come into matter by special creation, for evolution can only unfold that which has a potential or latent existence in it. But allotropism in the elements proves the eternal atomic self-motion of all matter. Chemistry further proves that the forces at work in inorganic are the same we see at work in organic matter. This Mr. Watts admits, and yet believes in the existence of dead matter. Is it not self-evident that life in matter is absolutely necessary to develop it into organisms? And when so developed it is simply cosmic life individualized, as the organism is cosmic matter individualized. Yours truly, J. HOKE, M.D.

ANSONIA, CONN., Oct. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER that the letter to Henry George did not receive the consideration due to it. Let me say a few words in regard to this. The land question, as put down by him, would simply be a return to the feudal system of owning the land, the very thing to be avoided, because it is the system on which kings and churches always stood. It was instituted when the Christian religion came into power by the popes. If any of the readers of this don't believe it, let them read King William the Conqueror, of England, and the introduction of feudalism. I should think, if he studies the misery in England and Ireland caused by this very system of ownership of land, it would cure him of his craze. To break this has caused numerous revolutions in Europe and a Declaration of Independence in America. What would hinder the government giving the land to its favorits under his system? It would be good if the government owned railroads, telegraphs, and the like. But land needs a division; there are too many large landholders already. But the clergy support him; they seem to know how to make their business secure. It seems absurd to me how any sane person can ask for such a thing, and others to support it. What in the world would hinder the clergy and such large landholders as would be so easy to create under his system putting up a king and making clubs trumps? The labor question lies in another direction. By the way, Powderly and his $5,000—what will the $1.50 man in the shop say to it? I hav heard some Knights of Labor say it was a shame, and so believe I. I thought it had been a gathering of sages. Can you tell me how it is that any labor reformer, doctor, newspaper man, scientist, clergyman, rich man, can believe the Bible and be honest in his belief? It puzzles me. Did the Freethinkers and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER ever think of the two extremities the theologians manufacture and bang us between, for instance, heaven and hell? N. POST.

FORT WORTH, TEX., Oct. 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We had the pleasure of a visit here from Prof. W. S. Bell, who gave us a very interesting lecture last night. The Forth Worth *Evening Mail* says of the lecture:

Prof. W. S. Bell, of Chicago, gave a lecture last night at Daggett's Hall to a good-sized and appreciativ audience. The subject was "Liberty and Morality." The professor argued that as long as we were tied to party or sect we could not claim to be free men and women; that we must hav the moral courage to express and stand by our opinions, whether they agree with the popular ideas or not; that we ought to do right for the love of right, and not on account of the expectation of a heaven hereafter; that the promis of a glorious future life was nothing else than a bribe, and that this teaching showed its bad effect all through the present social structure. That the lecture was well received by the audience was shown by the frequent applause which interrupted Mr. Bell.

At the conclusion of the professor's discourse an association of Freethinkers was formed under the name of the Forth Worth Secular Union, and the following officers were elected: F. W. Bradley, president: L. P. Root, secretary; and Charles Peters, treasurer. The Fort Worth Secular Union will hold its next meeting at Daggett's Hall Sunday, October 31st, at 1 P.M.

As we are in the midst of an exciting political campaign we did not expect to see many turn out to hear Mr. Bell, and it was therefore an agreeable surprise to the lecturer and the friends who had invited him to Fort Worth to see such a large audience present. Dr. Broiles, the mayor of the city, introduced Mr. Bell, who kept the audience's earnest attention for over two hours.

I believe that we will soon hav a strong Liberal organization here now that the ball has been set a-rolling. Twelve persons signed their names as members last night, and as many more promised to join us at our next meeting.

CHAS. PETERS.

HASTINGS, MICH., Oct. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The Freethinkers of this place hav just had the pleasure of listening to three lectures by Mr. Charles Watts. The subjects were as follows: Saturday evening, "Secularism, Destructiv and Constructiv;" Sunday afternoon, "Agnosticism and Theism; the Secularist's Reply to the Question, Is There a God?" and Sunday evening, "The Glory of Unbelief." Although we had but a few day's to advertise the lectures, Union Hall, which has a seating capacity of six hundred, was well filled on each occasion. On Sunday evening the hall was literally packed, although the churches were in full blast. It is a modest boast to say that Mr. Watts had four times the number of listeners of all the preachers combined. How long will it be before politicians and time-servers are taught to feel that Freethought is popular? Perhaps not till Freethinkers are better organized, and learn their numbers and power.

At the close of the lecture on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Watts, as is his usual custom, gave an invitation for discussion. A young Baptist preacher in the audience, who was here undergoing the ordeal of a trial, preparatory for "a call of God" to pilot citizens of Hastings safely across the Stygian waters, and consequently feeling excessivly enthusiastic, with considerable flourish and display of bombast, indiscreetly stepped to the front, to be utterly demolished. He failed to take issue with the speaker on a single statement or argument, but proceeded to exhort the audience to "stand up for Jesus," telling them that great intellects had believed in God, including poets, philosophers, and statesmen, naming Shakspere, Longfellow, Daniel Webster, and all the presidents of the United States; that there was a desire in his breast to enjoy heaven, which he quoted the Bible to prove was to be the reward of the believer. After he had finished, Mr. Watts, in a kindly and gentle manner, and in a few words, pointed out where the young man had failed in his argument; reminded him that the number of believers could never prove the truth of any system of religion; that if this were true, the verdict would hav to be given against Christianity, as but a small proportion of the people of the world were Christians; that to desire a thing was no proof that we should ever enjoy it, otherwise all men would be rich, as there is a universal desire for riches; and that heaven, as he had pictured it, might be a very beautiful and pleasant place, but that he had given but one side of the picture; that if the Christian religion be true, there is a hell prepared for the devil and his angels, to which the great mass of humanity are hastening. This little episode occurred to the great delight of the audience, and the ministerial gentleman took consolation in the expression that there might be some one in the large audience who agreed with him. When I observed the difference in the young man's manner before and after the discussion, I recalled the story told of the consolation given by an eminent divine to a young preacher under similar circumstances, to wit, "If you had ascended as you descended, you might hav descended as you ascended."

Mr. Watts is truly a great speaker, and the minister who attempts to measure swords with him must not only be possessed of the Holy Ghost, but be armed with knowledge and logic. The lectures were a grand success, and Freethinkers were delighted with Mr. Watts's manner and ability. He should be constantly employed. CHAS. H. BAUER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 28, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I wish it were possible to keep that brother of yours "idling" the year round, if he would only write as interesting a letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER every week as the one in the Sept. 11th issue. I had anticipated it some time before it came, but was highly pleased when it made its appearance, for I find that he had not lived entirely in vain. Speaking of the friends he met, "Not only those who still walk the earth, but those who hav sunk back to that dreamless sleep from which they first awakened on this life," it would appear from that there cannot be much superstition hanging about him; and it seems that there cannot be in anyone who will "investigate," taking science as a basis, and this world as a field to work in; for science has failed, so far, to discover any ghosts, spirits, or souls or their hiding-place. Some people think they hav "investigated" when they hav groped around in darkness outside of this world, using faith and credulity as a basis until they hav worked themselvs up to a feverish state of mind by their imagination, claiming to see and know that which it is impossible for others to see and know that use their reason and are not blinded by prejudice and fear.

Not until humanity has been educated up to the idea that mankind hav sprung or evolved from the same source as other animals, and not "made for a higher purpose," will people stop believing in a world peopled with the spirits or souls of defunct humans, with their brothers, the animals, barred out, together with those that do not believe.

Materialists are often asked how matter came into existence. It is not necessary for the Materialist to go on and theorize about matter, as we are all aware that matter or material does exist; so that all the theory that may be put forth will not prove how matter first came into existence, or what it was or is destined to accomplish through evolution or otherwise; it is those that set up a theory that there is a separate existence outside or independent of matter that ought to be obliged to explain and prove their theory, and to do it so far as to satisfy themselves before they should expect to make converts of Materialists.

A great deal has been said pro and con about the Anarchists of Chicago. The cause of the workingmen of America has been set back several years by their pretended affiliation with the laboring cause. I sincerely hope that the friends of the Secular Union will not espouse their cause and thereby retard the forward movement of Secularization. I believe the Anarchists hav had as fair a trial as it is possible for any one to get in this or any other land that is governed by Christianized laws; therefore, it should be the duty of the Secular Union, instead of attempting to take up too many outside issues, to fight religion in all its forms, whether it be found in the administration of laws framed and passed by Christian legislators, and interpreted by Christian judges before Christian juries, or whether it flows from the pulpit, rostrum, or public schools; or whether it crops out in the toadying form of a president kissing the Bible while taking the oath of office; or in the fawning and cringing manner of a master workingman who says his first "duty is to the church;" or in the debasing form of belief in some of the isms of the day; all of these must go, and that can only be done by the Secularization of society, and when that is fully accomplished there will be no occasion for Anarchism, Socialism, or any of the kindred isms of the world.

L. L. NORTHUP.

FORESTPORT, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber for your paper only a short time, and perhaps I am too hasty in giving expression to my views. Let the deep interest I take in the subject of truth seeking plead for my precipitancy. I find a genuin pleasure in reading the articles of Watts, Peck, Reynolds, and many others, your own being generally among the very best—pointed, forcible, and luminous. But the pleasure is sometimes dashed with pain when I see attempts made to justify or palliate the doings of Anarchists. You plead for absolute freedom of thought and of speech, claiming that no one should be punished for unlimited indulgence in either or both. Is not that going a little too far? To my mind freedom of speech is not permissible further than freedom of action should be. If it is wrong to commit theft, arson, and murder, it must be equally wrong to advise others to do so. And, as I understand it, that is precisely what those Chicago Anarchists are to be punished for—inciting others to do what they were too cunning or too cowardly to do themselvs.

I see no wrong in that. I can respect a man having the courage of his convictions—being ready at all times to do what he thinks ought to be done—but I hav no sympathy for a sneak.

To say a man may be punished for throwing a dynamite bomb into a dense crowd in the streets of a city, while the persons who plotted, incited, and urged on the deadly work should be allowed to go free, is, in my opinion, not truth, but sophistry, similar in character to the "holy Christian doctrin" that rejoices in sending swindlers and ravishers to heaven, while condemning the victims to the everlasting pains of hell for trusting to their protestations of friendliness and love.

I had no intention to say a word upon this subject of Anarchism, nor take any part in the present discussion, until I saw in your last issue the first part of an essay under the heading of "Socialism in India." When I read that I felt that each of your readers was called upon to speak his mind, and let you know what he thought about it. My opinion is that Socialism as foreshadowed in this essay is quite as bad as Anarchism; that each is founded upon misrepresentation and calumny, and that honest, intelligent Freethinkers should hav nothing to do with either, further than to expose their fallacies and warn our friends to keep clear of them. Some men of our party seem to think that, because Socialists and Anarchists are at enmity with the churches, therefore they must become useful friends and allies of ours. It is a great mistake. They are doing us far more harm than good. We are held responsible for their misdeeds, and taunted with being advocates of their brutal theories. Every Anarchist outbreak and Socialistic manifesto that has startled the country during the past year has been a serious set-back to the cause we represent. Everything of that sort that givs a shock to the moral sense of society is a real godsend to the preachers. They snatch at it with avidity, exaggerate, distort, and paint it in colors to suit themselvs, for the purpose of showing their congregations that all who are outside the pale of the church are wofully bad already and constantly growing worse. It helps to draw public attention away from

their own swindling operations of selling sermons and sacraments to their infatuated dupes. We could not please them better than by furnishing such texts for their Sunday discourses.

The Irish hav a proverb telling them, "'Tis better to trust the devil you know than the devil you don't know," and there is force enough in it to keep thousands of them nominally attached to their church, trusting, or pretending to trust, their old acquaintance rather than go out to meet any of the new candidates for popular favor. Many of them, however, hav already attained that firmness of character that comes from self-reliance and self-respect, and, consequently, hav set up housekeeping on their own account, believing themselvs competent to manage their own affairs both as regards this world and the next; without aid or interference from priests or saints either dead or alive. Many others would soon follow their example, if they could be assured that there was any real standing-room between the mother of superstition and the muddy pool of Socialism.

We know that there is plenty of room, a fair field, and adequate rewards awaiting the exercise of intelligent industry. And here is where the truth seeker ought to go, keeping ahead of the crowd, and pointing out the direction we ought to follow. Truth can never be put to better use than showing men how to lead decent and comfortable lives.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
To ease a world of woe and pain,
And terminate the ghastly reign
Of hoary superstition.
When honest nature, unconfined,
Shall raise aloft the human mind,
To grasp such thoughts as were designed
To better our condition.

JEREMIAH O'BRIEN.

FORT MADISON, IA., Oct. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: During the few months my husband has belonged to the TRUTH SEEKER family, I hav read your most excellent paper with growing interest.

I am happy to say I never was a Christian, therefore I never hav had to climb out of the "Slough of Superstition" and "Bunyan Mud," so aptly illustrated in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 21st. We enjoy the illustrations very much. I think everyone of them is a sermon in itself. I truly hope they may accomplish as much good work as the many readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER can desire for them.

This is an orthodox town of the most pronounced type. I think there are not more than a dozen here who hav stamina enough to openly declare themselvs Freethinkers. There has never been, to my knowledge, a Liberal lecturer here. The few real Liberals of this town would hail with delight a Liberal lecturer who would stir up the slums of orthodoxy, and open the eyes of the people to the beauties of Liberalism, and show them that the "God-inspired book" they hav swallowed so long is a mass of corruption. Oh! that Mr. Reynolds might "cast a few pearls" before the "swine" of Fort Madison. There are many men here who like to style themselvs Liberals, when they are out of hearing of their Christian friends, but they are afraid to say so openly for fear it would damage their business. Such men are worse than the most ignorant Catholic. Giv me a man who will say what he honestly believes, business or no business.

I hav been an admirer of Colonel Ingersoll for several years, in fact, ever since I first began reading his lectures in 1879. I also read a few copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER about that time. I had the pleasure of hearing both Colonel Ingersoll and Mr. Remsburg in Grand Rapids, Mich., where I lived until about a year ago. I was glad to learn that Mr. Watts had been turning the ministers of that place over again.

Grand Rapids is a splendid city, and there are many noble Liberals there, but there are also many more who hav never beheld the dawn of reason, and many who, perhaps, never will.

MRS. L. L. GUSTIN.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having followed all the discussions in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the justice and injustice of the verdict against the Anarchists, I would like to state my views on the subject, if you should consider them worth the space, not meaning to imply by this article that you are an exponent of their doctrin, for I, as well as every regular reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, know that your pen has been employed as one of their most rigid opponents, which I am sorry to see Mr. Truesdell has overlooked. I also understand that your present defense of them is not of their doctrins, but their right of free speech in proclaiming those doctrins to the world, in which I agree with you. Now, the Anarchists hav been charged with inciting people to riots, destruction of property, and murder. I am also aware they were indicted on the charge of murder, and proven guilty of Anarchy. But providing they did not throw the bomb, were they not the mouthpieces of the men, and hav they not repeatedly made incendiary speeches and also printed them? Hav they not openly countenanced the taking of life to further their purposes? Now, my idea of free speech is this: that I hav a right to express my belief pro and con, providing that I use no threats that will hav a tendency to restrict another in the free expression of his views. When I do this, I do not consider it free speech. This very thing is the one thing that we hav always contended against. Then, why should we countenance it in others? Is not the person that incites to the commission of crime equally as guilty as the one that commits it? In my opinion he is. Now, had they taught their tenets unaccompanied by threats, I would hav defended them, but so far I hav seen no reason why I should. For of what use is law if it does not protect the lives and property of the people? and also of what use is the law to me if, when a person threatens my life, I must wait quietly until the deed is done? Better by far to hav Anarchy, and then I can defend myself on the moment. These Anarchists, according to their speeches, were simply following in the rut that had been made by the priests and ministers of the Christian religion, and that is the rut of terror, for the sake of plunder. Now, why should we palliate anything of the sort? And if in the citation of any of these charges I hav erred, I stand ready to be righted, for I would not knowingly do any person the injustice of presenting a false charge.

R. S. C.

EAST PORTLAND, OR., Oct. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find an order for $1.75—$1 for the defense of Mr. Reynolds. I feel very deeply for him, because, if I had been in New Jersey, I might hav been in the same fix. For the 75 cents send me "The Truth Seeker Collection."

Mr. Editor, the usual belief among the people is that the editor of a paper ought to know everything. I will take it for granted that that is so, and shall ask you a question in natural history. The eleventh chapter, twentieth verse, of Leviticus says, "All fowls that creep, going on all four, shall be an abomination unto you." If you will describe those fowls, or giv a picture of them, you will greatly oblige me, as, between six-winged angels and four-footed fowls, I am entirely lost, and a description from you will help me out greatly.

C. L. SILVERMAN.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, Oct. 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to inform you that we hav $2 now for our friend C. B. Reynolds, and having been with friend H. S. Brooks lately, we concluded to see if a little more could be raised, feeling that it was our duty to do something according to our ability to sustain those battling in the front line for our good in the cause of Universal Mental Liberty.

Your advocacy of free speech, the outlet of free thought, we approve, and also your stand to defend each and every one in this right.

We may be slow here in our work for the good of humanity, but are not in a sleepy mood, as we watch, and expect to continue faithful so long as we read the grand and good old TRUTH SEEKER—for which I must try and get at least one new subscriber soon; and if I don't succeed "I'll try, try again."

LUKE WM. GALLUP.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Oct. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose an $8 post-office order. Please apply $3 on my subscription. For the $5 please send me a few cheap pamphlets selected from the list which I inclose.

I cannot say that I like THE TRUTH SEEKER as well as I did. You hav got too much mixed up with the Anarchists, dynamiters, and bomb-throwers. A long time ago I wrote to Somerby to drop my name from the subscription list, but as the paper keeps coming I shall pay for it, of course. We are badly smirched. Church and priest hav a fine handle to work with. They can't see the nice points in your arguments between an Anarchist and a defender of liberty and equal rights. Neither do some of the Secular journalists. But we are all thrown in a pile together and called Socialists, Freethinkers, Anarchists, Atheists, bomb-throwers, and blasphemers—one class as bad as the other. Think you that the weak, timid, and credulous will not believe all this? Has not the noble cause of Freethought been retarded at least a quarter of a century? We are bespattered. How long will it take us to scrape the mud off? I proved this and predicted it when T. C. Leland took in that rank Socialist, Osborn Ward, as co-editor, and when you TRUTH SEEKER folks began to pet and sympathize with Socialists. I know your arguments are sound in defense of liberty, but many can't see the points you make and cry out "Anarchist" because you stand up for them. My views are well expressed in the clipping I inclose. I hav no sympathy with Anarchists or bomb-throwers, nor with those who invite others to throw them. Freethinkers hav work enough of their own. There is no occasion to ride all the hobbies.

I take the *Investigator*. I like Seaver's course the best. His type is the best for old eyes. His articles are short and pithy. He has a greater variety. There, now! Hav not I scolded about enough? Our finding fault will do no harm if you take it in good humor. I am going to stick by you a while longer. I can stand the pictures if the rest can. If I can't read the fine print, I can hand the papers to some who can. I can stand what Spiritualism you hav, but I would like it better if some of you scientists would explain the phenomena on scientific principles if you can. I hav tried myself to test some of the mediums to get at something reliable, but hav had no luck as yet. May THE TRUTH SEEKER keep off the breakers and be prepared to tackle any black piratical craft that heaves in sight.

SAMOS PARSONS.

WATERVILLE, MINN., Nov. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is all politics up this way just now, and religious matters are laid on the shelf, so to speak, until after election. The Republicans hav nominated for governor A. R. McGill, a man of ordinary abilities, but of good reputation. The Democratic candidate is Dr. A. A. Ames, an avowed champion of the "wide open" policy, and consequently very popular with the saloon element and that ubiquitous class known as "the boys. And last and least comes the Prohibitionists, who are running a full ticket with an Irish Catholic at the head for governor, and they do say that there are lots of sore heads, disappointed office-seekers, victims of unrequited love, and ministers of the gospel who are going to vote for him, and there will no doubt be quite a large vote for the man who would like to kiss the pope's big toe. There is a sect of Christians who hav a settlement about five miles from here, who for downright foolishness take the biscuit. They are called the Dunkers or Dunkards, probably from some old saint, long since gone to meet an avenging God. There are many peculiarities about these people, but I will only undertake to tell a few of them, and many of your readers will no doubt be familiar with the species. The men all part their hair in the middle, and when they meet one another they obey the scriptural injunction to "greet the brethren with a kiss," and it is an edifying spectacle to see two old duffers tackle each other and swap tobacco juice. If this applied between the men and the women there is no doubt that the church would soon be the largest in the United States, but it does not, and the boys refuse to come in. About twice a year they gather from near and far and hold a regular pow-wow, at which time there is always present all the gifted ones the tribe possess, and the gospel is dispensed with a liberal hand to all. At these meetings the ceremony of feet-washing is also gone through with, to the great delight of the boys, who always gather in for miles around when they know what is going to take place. There can be no doubt that the idea of washing their feet is a good one, and it might be followed by other churches with great results. After their feet hav been relieved of the accumulated fertilizer, they hold what they call a soup-meeting, to which all are invited, no matter whether they hav a ticket or not. Six or eight eat from one dish, a custom which some people are prejudiced enough to dislike. This takes the place of the communion, as held in other churches. They hav no ministers except those among them who hav the gift of gab, and use the gift without stint. They also hav no churches, meeting in dwelling-houses and in barns in summer, and there is always a crowd of the ungodly around to see the fun. In their peculiar religious views they are as bigoted as a Catholic, and as a rule more ignorant, and their sermons are the worst kind of slush. But they are generally honest farmers, and no doubt think they are doing God a great service by their duties.

L. ALEXANDER.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am, doubtless, a stranger to you, but I buy a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER every week, of Mr. Follet, and through it I keep posted as to the progress of Freethought.

I hav been a Christian for the past twenty years, not as a church-member, but outside of the churches. Yet I believed the Bible to be the inspired word of a divine being called God, for which being I now find no place nor occupation. In fact, his occupation is gone.

The members of my family adhere more or less to the belief that our civilization is due to the church element and teachings, and I frequently attend divine (?) service with them. But I am not permitted to criticise the sermon at all on pain of having the displeasure of every one of the family. However, the absurdities which the preachers are guilty of getting off are too much for me sometimes, and I am compelled to break out.

Last Sunday I went to hear a female Universalist. She gave us quite a good scientific, moral lecture, but near its close she related an incident of her pastoral calls. She said: "When I returned from abroad I called on a poor working-woman, a widow, who had two small children. She told me she had passed through a very severe trial of her faith. One of her children was taken sick, which made it very difficult for her to get any work. Then the other child was taken down, and lastly she took sick herself. Then she said: 'I knew that God was not just.' I said to her: 'But, how about the sewerage?' She replied: 'The doctor told us we must leave this house or we would all die.' 'Well,' I said, 'you lay upon God what should be laid upon the sewers.'"

The preacher then went on to tell us that God had so arranged it that we must be cleanly if we wanted to enjoy health. I just wanted to ask her why it was that God's inspired servant, Paul, had not said something about the sanitary conditions of our homes instead of saying, "If any be sick let them call in the elders, and let them lay hands on them, anointing them with oil in the name of the Lord, . . . and if he hav committed sins he shall be forgiven." This implies that sickness is the result of sin against God.

Well, if we must look out for our sanitary surroundings in order to hav health, another of God's alleged occupations is gone. I hav some hope that the course which the churches are now pursuing will result in making more Freethinkers in their ranks. I refer to the Chautauqua circles. They study scientific subjects. It is really amusing to see how the works they read contradict the Bible, and yet they don't seem to "get onto it." The fact is, the average Christian knows very little of the Bible. And if I call their attention to the conflict between science and their faith, they imagin that I am an enemy to morality and society. O ignorance! what a curse thou art, and yet Christians hug thee to their bosoms as a lovely thing.

I said that I had been a Christian outside of the churches. Yes, I held and do still hold that if that old book, the Bible, was dictated by an all-wise being, then it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and consequently I honored its precepts and laws where the churches disregarded them. But now that I hav got entirely free from bondage, I see that I followed its teachings only in so far as they were good moral teachings.

THE TRUTH SEEKER has done much to show me the horrid deformity of the character of God, as depicted in that old book. On the whole I hav been for some years quite a Freethinker on some points, and yet very fanatical on others. And I think that Liberals who hav once been believers will almost to a man agree with me that doubt as to the divinity of Christ is the opening wedge to downright Atheism. I am an Atheist, and I can't help it. I once feared that I might become one, and the fear was the most paralyzing thing imaginable, but now I rejoice in being one. I often wonder how I, with such a faculty for getting at rock-bottom facts, could be so long held in the bonds of superstition. It is sickening to hear people attributing our progress in civilization to the efforts of Christianity; but at the same time it is cheering to me to find so many young people beginning to think for themselvs. I pass around my Freethought literature on the train on which I ride every morning and evening, and receive many words of cheer. I suppose I would scarcely dare do so if I lived in New Jersey instead of Illinois. If I had a good "gift of gab," I should certainly be compelled to take to the platform in the interest of Freethought.

JOHN HUDSON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Rally of the Birds.

The lark * sings sweet her autumn song
When the smoky days are coming,
The bluejay's larum tells of wrong,
And turtle-doves are moaning.

Orioles sailed to southern seas
As early as September,
The northern light of our young glad trees
Had lit their wings with splendor.

The mockingbird went weeks ago,
Though rnling all the summer,
When other birds hid high and low
Bemoaning such a comer.

But plaintiv tones of the Indian hen,†
In cottonwoods or willows,
Was like a lone bell tolling when
A wreck is on the billows.

The saucy catbird's gray young clan,
The bluebird in her glory,
Are answering to the "rat-a-plan"
Learned from a soldier's story.

The brown thrush, heeding leaves that fell,
Has called her kin together,
Leaving a void in the windy dell,
And the brown October weather.

Catalpa-trees are black with frost,
The groundbird hiding under
(In Quaker dress when song is lost)
Awakes to the whirring thunder.

The shrike ‡ hangs high his stolen prey
In thorny groves and bushes,
And says good-bye in his noisy way
To the going jays and thrushes.

I heard the geese fly o'er last night,
When skies were dim and "eerie,"
While cranes had camped by the river's light
As travelers wan and weary.

The wild duck wheeling overhead
Has come from corn and ryelands,
And plovers pierce the evening red
That reaches southern skylands.

In all the storm of wordy war,
A fierce but friendly clamor,
The cherry-trees were breastworks for
The frightened yellow-hammer.

The wren shook out her faded frock,
And chattered in the gloaming,
And blackbirds brought an elfish flock,
And lonely doves were moaning.

I asked the crow in ebon coat,
If aught of armed offender
Had hastened him. Swift came his note:
"Naw, naw, naw!—Nawvember."
Frenchtown, Neb. MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

* The lark invariably sings a parting song before taking her leave for the south.

† The Indian hen, a small shy bird with a wailing song, is the only one of the feathered tribe that dares to sing a note when the mockingbird first makes his appearance in the spring.

‡ The shrike, or butcherbird, that stays with us during the winter, has the curious habit of impaling on thorns and twigs his prey of mice, small birds, grasshoppers, etc, after the manner of a butcher hanging his meat. Hence the name.

Lizzie.

I hav just been reading, in the Children's Corner, Miss Wixon's story of Jo, and thought I would also write a true Indian story for its dear little readers. It is not about a brave, but a little papoose—a little girl about three years of age.

She belongs to the Piute tribe. They are not considered as intelligent as the Cherokees, who are the most intelligent of all the tribes, or the Penobscots, who are also civilized, or the Sioux, or Blackfeet, who are very cruel—or even the Washos or Yumas, and many others; yet they are superior to the Diggers. This little girl's name is Lizzie. The Indians here hav lived among the white people so long that they use our names for their children; and, as the white people dislike calling them by their Indian names, which are so hard to remember and pronounce, when they hire an Indian or squaw to work they giv them a name, and often their own, which they feel proud of, and are called by ever after by both white people and Indians. One time, when I was ill, and lying on the sofa, Sally, Lizzie's grandma, was washing, and Lizzie came in the room where I was, for I had often petted her, and she thought much of me.

Seeing me lying down, she proceeded to cover me, first with a bit of print, the size of a man's two hands, which she put over my feet; next a small cape; then a chair tidy; afterward a little braided sack that we tie on the saddle to bring our mail in from town.

She was at a loss what to take next, as I still lacked a good deal of being covered, but finally found a doll's dress, belonging to my little girl Lomie. Lomie then came in, and, picking up a book, found the first letter of the alphabet, and told her its name.

Several days afterward, she was with us again, and picking up a newspaper, looked at it some time, then came to me with her finger on the letter Lomie found in the book, saying, "A, a."

She has a little baby brother, whom I hav named Willie. He is several months old, and will crow, and laugh, and kick, and put his fat fists in his mouth, like any white baby.

Another time, if Miss Wixon and the children wish, I will tell them more about the Indians of this country. SADIE A. MAGOON.

[We shall be pleased to hear about the Indians of California, or any subject, whenever our good sister has time to tell us. We thank her for contributions.—ED. C. C.]

The Clothes-Pin Garden.

One, two, three, four broken clothes-pins in the midst of the dead flowers and leaves in Benny Blake's garden.

"How came they there?" I asked.

But Benny looked very sober; and, digging the toe of his little boot into the carpet, he said in a low voice, "I put them there, Auntie."

"What for, dear?"

"Cause," said Benny. "But it is a very great secret with mamma and me," he added.

"A nice one, I hope dear?"

"Not—a—very—nice one," replied Benny. "I've had lots and lots nicer."

When he said this, his voice was sober, as well as his dear little face. Of course, I did not try to find out the secret. I heard nothing more about the clothes-pins until this summer, when we were at the seashore together.

One day, Benny made a sand-garden, with shells and stones for a wall. In it he put some wild flowers he had gathered that morning. When it was in full bloom he led mamma to it, saying, with a happy smile on his face, "These are ever so much nicer than old clothes-pins, aren't they—the flowers are?"

The tears came into mamma's eyes as she kissed the dear face. Her voice trembled as she answered, "So much nicer, darling."

The next day I was told the secret. Benny had one dreadful fault—sometimes he would tell a lie. So, every time he told an untruth, mamma had him put a broken clothes-pin next to the choicest blossom in his own garden.

All summer he had to see them, and when the winter snows came there were one, two, three, four little white mounds which he could see from the window. Monuments to four lies!

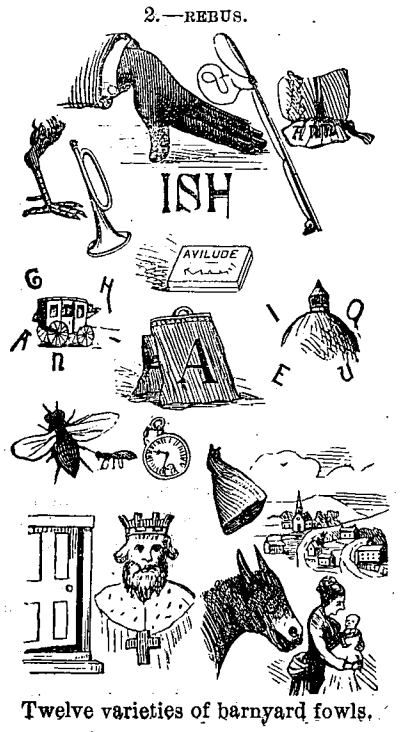
Now, you can understand why he was so happy with the flowers in his sand garden, and why the tears of joy came into mamma's eyes.—*M. Kingston in Our Little Ones.*

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—ENIGMA.

In hat, but not in house;
In rat, but not in mouse;
In man, but not in boy;
In Roger, but not in Roy;
In lamb, but not in sheep;
In corn, but not in beet;
In young, but not in old;
In rail, but not in gold;
In Frank, but not in Fred;
Not in loaf, but in bread.
My whole is the name of a lake in Africa.
N. Y. C. R. LYONS.

2.—REBUS.



Twelve varieties of barnyard fowls.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDRENS CORNER, OCT. 30, 1886.

1.—Discharge your debts while you hav the money in your pocket. 2.—Robert G. Ingersoll. 3.—Canon Kingsley. 4.—Time hangs heavy on our heads.

Correspondence.

COLON, MICH., Nov. 1, 286.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Madam:* Encouraged by seeing my first letter in print, I will try and write a second, but I am sorry for my first, for I am afraid that I scared Uncle John from the Children's Corner, but I hope not. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much, especially the Children's Corner, aud those beautiful pieces from Mr. Putnam's pen. I would like to hear from some of the little Freethought boys and girls. If they write direct to me, I will answer them, for I am a little Freethought boy, and as for my political views, I am solid on the greenback question. I spent my vacation at home this summer, and now I am back to Grandpa Powers's house attending school. We hav a nice school here. We had examination the other day, and I averaged 99 in my studies. I wish, Miss Wixon, you could visit me at my home. We liv in a pleasant place. I would try and make your stay as pleasant as I could. I send my love to you,

FRANCIS B. CORNWALL.

[Francis is evidently one of our bright little Freethinkers, who will some time be heard from on some of the great questions of the day. We would like to see Francis at his home, but hardly expect that pleasure, though we may meet him some time in the future.—ED. C. C.]

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., Oct. 20, 1886.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: What fine stories and essays our young contributors are writing for the Corner! The little girl's descriptiv letter from Colorado and the comparison between Freethought and Christianity are interesting for grown-up folks. The older writers will hav to look well to their laurels. I herewith inclose a poem for the Corner, with good wishes and congratulations.

Yours for truth and humanity,

MRS. M. B. FINCH.

BISHOP CREEK, Oct. 19, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you another letter. How are you getting along now? I would like to see you so much. I am going to school every day. My teacher is a man; but I like him, and he makes us learn fast, and talks with us, and tells us stories besides. Since I wrote you last, my rabbits hav had four little ones. My pair (one is black and one is white) hav made a hole under the granary, and mamma and Auntie Luna think perhaps some day there will be some baby rabbits there. We hav a white poodle dog named Curly Que (we call him Que), two cats, two turtle-doves, two robins, that liv all in peace together and do not hurt each other.

From your true friend,

RUBY LOTTIE ATWOOD.

[Ruby must be a happy little girl with so many little pets. We thank her for her letter, and shall always be pleased to hear from her.—ED. C. C.]

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National Military Home, Southern Branch, near Hampton, Va., Oct. 31, A.S. 286.

"Oh, Them Picters!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In an article published in the *North American Review* (May, 1883) on "Emerson and Carlyle," this significant sentence occurs—but we will reproduce the entire paragraph:

"Thomas Carlyle had a wonderful power of sketching in a few words physical and mental portraits of the men he met, somewhat resembling the skill of Thomas Nast in the grotesque caricatures he has contributed to *Harper's Weekly*. The two Thomases had this in common, that every peculiarity of face, feature, shape of the head, color of the hair, movement of the body, or any other merely physical characteristic, was made significant of mental or moral qualities in the person delineated. Nast contributed, more than anybody else, to the overthrow of the 'Tweed Ring' which ruled, robbed, and might hav ruined New York, and he did it by his marvelous appeals to the eye of the ordinary honest voter, who was perhaps incompetent to form a rational opinion of rascalities through words addressed through his reason and imagination. 'Oh, them picters!' groaned Tweed; 'that was what wrecked us!' Carlyle's portraits by the pen are similar to those of Nast by the pencil, inasmuch as they agree in connecting physiology with psychology, and making a man's inward nature correspond to the exaggerated traits of his bodily organization." "He cannot help letting his mind run riot in picturing individuals."

If Carlyle did wrong in thus allowing his mind to run riot, and Nast was wrong in the broad license of his pencil, then Charles Dickens was a great sinner, and Lord Byron a savage. We may be surprised to find that if the advice to these editors, by some of our well-meaning Freethought friends, was logically carried out Art herself would hav her wings clipped. Poetry would be unlicensed, and would limp like a man with rheumatism. Comedy would be cut up by the roots, and it would be intellectual treason to laugh at the incongruous. If Watson Heston ought to be suppressed for caricaturing Christianity, then a gag ought to be stuffed into the mouth of genius. If the objections of a few Liberals are well-founded, Delaware was right in opposing Colonel Ingersoll for ridiculing our "holy religion." Strange indeed is that, thinking that would squelch Heston and pay Ingersoll a dollar a time; one raising a laugh at the church by his tongue, the other by his pencil! The church has perpetuated her power and influence by demanding solemnity. How few Christian congregations there are, even in these enlightened times, which dare laugh outright in church! God does not like laughter. I remember one occasion when a clergyman rebuked his congregation for laughing; he grew angry in a moment; his face was purple with wrath (holy) as he chided them. "I would hav you know," said he, "that you are in the house of God" That was a clincher. He reminded me of the preacher the little girl told about when she got home, the first preaching she ever heard. She said, "He was awful mad, shook his fist at the people, and not one dared to go up and fight him."

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News of the Week.

NOVEMBER 7th was the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College.

THE Prohibition vote in New York last week was 574 out of a possible 240,000.

THERE is another great strike among the butchers of Chicago, 20,000 men having quit work.

THE Vermont House of Representativs has passed a bill granting suffrage to women by a vote of 135 to 82.

THE first snow of the season fell last Saturday night in many places between Minnesota and New York.

THE proposition to hold a convention to revise the constitution of New York was carried at the late election.

THE people of Brule Co., Dakota, hav elected a woman, Miss Alice J. Sanborn, superintendent of schools.

MRS. CLEVELAND was in New York last week. She is at present the object of daily increasing national interest.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND declines the degree of LL.D., which Harvard College contemplated conferring upon him.

THE people who voted for Henry George for mayor of New York will organize themselvs into a permanent party.

THE Rev. C. P. McCarthy said in his last Sunday's sermon that he expected Henry George would be a candidate for president in 1888.

THE torch on the statue of Liberty is not lighted regularly, no provision having been made for that object. The expense of the light is $60 per night.

PHILADELPHIA, it is reported, will soon hav a labor party. The preliminary steps toward its organization hav been taken, and an effort will be made to capture the mayoralty.

THE executiv committee of the Paris exhibition has granted $30,000 with which to construct the proposed tower 984 feet high. It will be the tallest structure in the world.

ONE Donovan, a New York pressman, dropped from the new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls last Sunday, a distance of 200 feet. He was injured by his foolhardy exploit to the extent of a broken rib.

LORD BRABOURNE, writing to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, accuses Mr. Gladstone of serious misstatements and perversions of Irish history, without the courage to defend or the candor to withdraw them.

M. PASTEUR has informed the Academy of Sciences that he has treated during the past year 2,490 persons who had been bitten by animals, and that out of this number only ten had died. Of the patients 1,726 were French.

MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND is very unhappy over her late experience as an editor. Her publisher is something of a rogue, and refuses to pay for articles which Miss Cleveland caused to be written for his magazine.

THERE is a movement in LaCrosse, Wis., to enforce the entire Sunday law. Even salaried singers in churches hav been notified that they will be arrested if they sing. The mayor is threatened with arrest unless he enforces the law.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY RIDGEWAY, of Brooklyn, was reëlected last week. This is a great disappointment to Anthony Comstock, as Ridgeway has uniformly declined to prosecute cases brought before him by that spy and informer.

A WINNIPEG plasterer named Shules, who contemplated leaving that place for the old country, recently sold his wife and five children to a man named Williams for $70. An agreement was drawn up between the two men, and the property was formally transferred.

MR. JOHN NEWMAN, a respected citizen of Jackson, Tenn., took a pistol one day last week and went out and shot the Rev. G. W. Hinkle in the shoulder, inflicting a painful wound. It is the "old, old story." The Rev. Mr. Hinkle had betrayed the wife of Mr. Newman.

MENTION has been made in these columns of the Rev. Father Sherman, of Brooklyn, whose recent marriage escapade brought out the fact that he had more mistresses than statute law allows, whatever canon law may provide for. Mr. Sherman evidently comes of a bad family. Last Sunday his brother was arrested for burglarly.

Gems of Thought.

IT should be the labor of our lives to inform ourselvs of the uses and abuses of everything that exists, and to learn to make a proper use of all we come in contact with.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IT is not possible to hav the true pictures and statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years, for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lose of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledge remain in books, exempted from the ruin of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds into the minds of others, provoking and causing infinit actions and opinions in succeeding ages; so that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other.—*Lord Bacon.*

COURAGE, courage! Deliberate valor is God's highest gift, and comes not without trial to any. Times will mend, or, if times never mend, then, in the devil's name, let them stay as they are, or grow worse, and we will mend. I know but one true wretchedness—the want of work (want of wages is comparativly trifling), which want, however, in such a world as this planet of ours, cannot be permanent unless we continue blind therein.—*Carlyle's Letters.*

IT might be supposed that as in the philosophy of Jesus poverty was equivalent to virtue, and misery a passport to eternal bliss, sickness would also be a beatific state. But Jesus, like the other Jews, believed that disease proceeded from sin. In Palestine it was always held that a priest or a prophet was the best physician, and prayer, with the laying on of hands, the most efficacious of all medicins. Among the sins of Asa it is mentioned that, having sore feet, he went to a doctor instead of to the Lord. Jesus informed them on whom he laid his hands that their sins were forgiven them, and warned those he healed to sin no more, lest a worse thing should come upon them. Such theological practioners hav always existed in the East, and exist there at the present day. A text from the Koran, written on a board, and washed off into a cup of water, is considered god's own physic, and as the patient believes in it, and the mind can sometimes influence the body, the disease is occasionally healed upon the spot. The exploits of the miracle doctor are exaggerated in his life time, and after his death it is declared that he (1) restored sight to men that were born blind, (2) cleansed the lepers, (3) made the lame to walk, (4) cured the incurable, and (5) raised the dead to life.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

JEFFREY frankly admitted that he disliked the wrangling to which Carlyle treated him. Never having had much of a creed himself, he thought he had daily less; and having no tendency to dogmatism, and no impatience of indecision, he thought zeal for [or against] creeds, and anxiety about positiv opinions, more and more ludicrous. In fact, he regarded discussions which aimed at more than exercising the faculties and exposing intolerances, very tiresome and foolish.—*Froude's Life of Carlyle.*

FOR forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
—*Pope.*

To a person uninstructed in natural history, his country or seaside stroll is a walk through a gallery filled with wonderful works of art, nine-tenths of which hav their faces turned to the wall. Teach him something of natural history, and you place in his hands a catalog of those which are worth turning round. Surely our innocent pleasures are not so abundant in this life that we can afford to despise this or any other source of them. We should fear being banished for our neglect to that limbo where the great Florentine tells us are those who, during this life, "wept when they might be joyful."—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

THE fact that Christ lived in Palestine does not tend to show that he was in any way related to the Holy Ghost; nor does the existence of the Christian religion substantiate the ascension of Jesus Christ. We all admit that Socrates lived in Athens, but we do not admit that he had a familiar spirit. I am satisfied that John Wesley was an Englishman, but I hardly believe that God postponed a rain because Mr. Wesley wanted to preach. All the natural things in the world are not sufficient to establish the supernatural.—*Ingersoll.*

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

The land, that, from the rule of kings,
In freeing us, itself made free,
Our old world sister to us brings
Her sculptured dream of liberty.

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee
Once more a debt of love we owe;
In peace beneath thy *fleur-de-lis*,
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately symbol! holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth
With watch-fires from thy torch uplit!

Reveal the primal mandate still
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,
Trace on mid-air th' eternal will
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,
A lightning flash the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name!
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Odds and Ends.

A WILL with a codicil is an old testament and a new testament, but it isn't a Bible.

THE Roman empire declined and fell. In this respect it differs from a man. If he declines, he won't fall.

"HAV you license in Pennsylvania?" asked a Buffalo young lady, deeply interested in temperance work, of a Pittsburgh visitor. "License!" replied the latter, "I should just think we had. Why, you can't even get married without one."

CHRONOLOGY.—Old gentleman (putting a few questions): "Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what Commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" Small scholar (like a shot): "Please, sir, th' worn't no Commandments then, sir!"

RETURNED missionary (who piles it on pretty thick): "I was once captured by cannibals, and thought my time had come at last. Just as they were about putting me in a huge caldron of boiling water, I tripped up the two guards, and started on a race for life. I ran steadily for three days and three nights before I distanced the last of my blood-thirsty pursuers." Little Johnny (disgusted): "Why didn't you stand your ground, and whip the whole settlement single-handed, as you did the other times?" Returned missionary (turning it off): "Oh, I was afraid of getting in a stew, my young friend."

"HER majesty," writes a London correspondent, "eats at state dinners without gloves." The reason for that is at once apparent. It enables her majesty to get a better grip on the wing of a chicken. In wrestling with the common hen of commerce at the dinner table, she must be handled without gloves, or the battle is lost. Gloves would also be very much in the way when her majesty desired to clutch an ear of corn by each end, the tip and the lobe, so to speak, while she gnawed at it amidships. You see, there are a hundred emergencies that might arise during the progress of a state dinner wherein gloves would be in the way.

THE father of the family stands in a threatening attitude, thoughtfully trimming the larger knots off a nice long birchen rod. Before him, trembling, his darling son, never dearer than now, in his twelfth year, and but recently in mischief. The son, breaking the silence, which had grown painfully embarrassing, speaks: "Father, the preacher 's in the parlor talking to sister Sophia about joining the church, the baby 's sound asleep, and mamma 's lying down with a headache. Can't we compromise this thing some way for the sake of harmony within the party?" And white-winged peace stole softly into that room, and folding her snowy pinions, sat down on a hassock as though she intended to stay there until she hatched out a Turkish lounge.

THE champion liar hails from Pike county, Ind., and the following yarn is probably the greatest effort of his life: "A young lady who was watching my binding harvester at work, fell upon the table and was carried up with the grain. As the girl was about the size of a bundle, the machine did not recognize the difference, and so she came through with a neat little string around her waist. One of the harvest hands caught her as the machine 'kicked' her out, and set her on the ground right side up, when it was found that she had been more frightened than hurt." Now, if this veracious agriculturist had only added that the machine threshed the young woman, and shook from her face the flour without which no self-respecting young woman's toilet is complete, and barreled said flour for market by the aid of the young woman's hoops, his story would possess a completeness and symmetry which would cause it to pass current everywhere as a great unapproachable work of art.

FAR in the deep where darkness dwells,
A land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormentiug racks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dipped in the blood of damned souls!

There Satan; the first sinner, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands,
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.

There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod.
Once they could scorn a savior's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the son,
Sinner, obey the savior's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall!
—*I. Watts, Humorist.*

"How shall we reach the masses?" asks a religious paper. Dear brother, you can best reach them with a spoon. Go for them with a knife and fork. Humanity's tender point is its paunch. The conscience of man may be seared as with a a hot iron, but his maw is ever open to impressions. His intellect may be stunted, but his appetite is a giant. Take him to the concert or the theater, and he comes away to seek the nearest feeding place, where he may gorge himself before he sleeps. The little struggling church that bankrupts itself still further by venturing on a lecture course, finally lifts itself clear out of debt by a series of suppers. A man who will not pay fifty cents for a book will dump one dollar and fifty cents' worth of dinner into his system. A picnic without ten parts of feed to one part of band is a flat failure. When we "receive" a distinguished guest we feed him; when we say "good-bye" to an eminent citizen we giv him something to eat. We hav a feast for the wedding guests, luncheon for the watchers, and a light collation for the mourners. There are a thousand restaurants to one library, yea, more. By and by, if the principles of evolution be true, this world will be peopled by a race of stomachs with legs and arms. The legs will be needed to carry the stomach to the trough, and the arms to fill it up.

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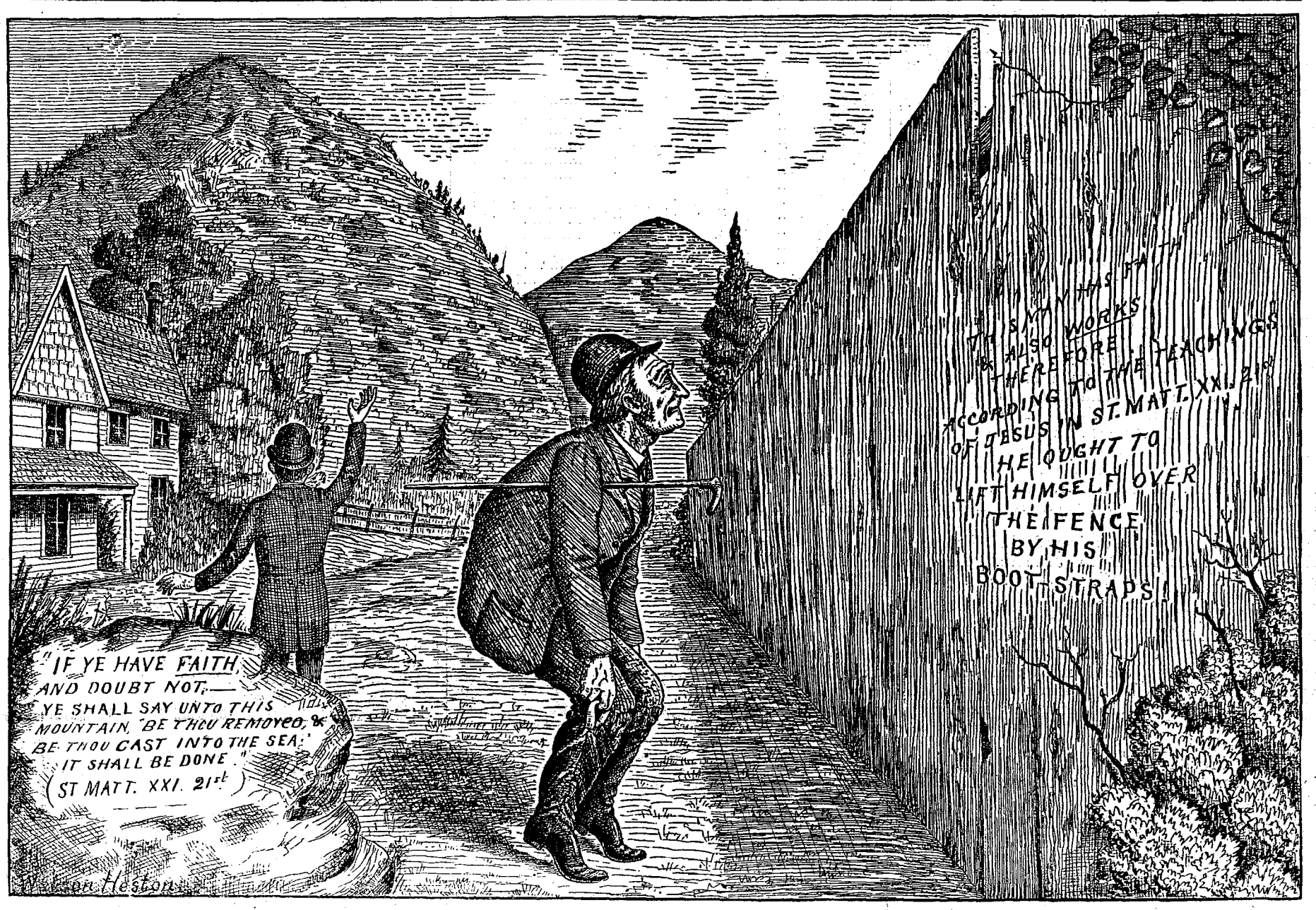
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A TRIAL OF FAITH.

Notes and Clippings.

WARD, the Socialist, who was arrested in Trafalgar Square, London, on the 9th inst., was fined ten shillings for disturbing the peace.

THE Supreme Court at San Francisco, Cal., has just rendered a decision that marriage under assumed names does not invalidate the contract nor leave the parties free to marry under their true names.

THE Vatican is preparing for publication an encyclical letter condemning the Italian government, whose policy, the letter will say, places the pope in the power of a revolution which menaces his liberty.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is justly annoyed at the fact that he has been quoted in a Boston paper as saying that Emerson came from the "dirtiest" instead of the "daintiest sectarian circle of the time."

A MAN out in Omaha, afflicted with corpulency, tried the faith cure and has reduced his weight seventy-five pounds. He had to attend service three times a day, and the church was two miles away.

THE pastor of a Boston church, it is said, recently gave out the hymn beginning, "I love to steal awhile away," and the Sunday-school superintendent took it as a personal reflection and resigned his charge.

MR. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, in some remarks before the Unitarian Club in Boston on a late occasion, said, "The problem of religion to-day is to translate the religion of the parlor into the language of the shop; to take it out of the hands of gentlemen and put it into the hands of men."

A CONVENTION of Presbyterians at Pittsburg, Pa., last week passed a resolution to the effect that organ music in churches is "without the authority of divine appointment under the New Testament dispensation."

A LYNN clergyman relates that on one occasion, after marrying a couple, an envelope was handed to him which he supposed, of course, contained the marriage fee. On opening it he found a slip of paper on which was written: "We desire your prayers."

THIEVES broke into the Methodist and Episcopal churches in Hempstead, L. I., a few nights ago. Finding nothing that they considered worth taking away, they drank the communion wine and departed. As the thieves are still at large, the efficacy of the dose has not been noted.

PROF. R. A. PROCTOR, the astronomer, writes to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* that the angel with the drawn sword in midair over Jerusalem, as mentioned in the Bible, was probably a comet. The professor is moved to make this suggestion by the *Globe-Democrat's* compositor making Peter speak of a "comet" where Mr. Proctor wrote "event" in a previous article.

A BUCKINGHAM (England) farmer has just presented his first-born for christening at his parish church with twenty-six Christian names from the scripture, and representing every letter of the alphabet. The names commenced with Abel and ended with Zachariah. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the clergyman persuaded the farmer to content himself with the first and last of the appellations proposed. The surname of the infant is Jenkins.

ARTHUR BUIES, editor of the Montreal, Can., *Lanterne*, is reported to have been excommunicated by the Catholic church. His offense was attacking the Roman Catholic hierarchy and its teachings. He urged the confiscation of church property and that marriage should be made a civil contract in Canada as in France and the United States.

THE Rev. E. A. Farmer, of Plainwell, Mich., is an enthusiastic Prohibitionist. In a recent sermon he said: "Any Christian who refuses to vote the Prohibition ticket ought to be yoked to the devil and made to toil for a thousand years on the hot pavements of hell." This was too strong for his flock, and the Rev. Farmer will be asked to resign.

THE Young Men's Christian Association is considered a good business investment in many Western towns. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad contributes $1,000 a year to the association at Topeka, besides contributing liberally to the association in Kansas City. In San Francisco, Wells, Fargo & Co. make their employes members of the association at an annual expense of $250.

M. PAUL BERT, French minister resident in Annam, who was reported to be critically ill with fever, died Nov. 11th. Prime Minister de Freycinet announced M. Bert's death in the Chamber of Deputies, and that body at once adjourned. M. Bert was long professor of physiology in the faculty of science at Bordeaux, and achieved a high reputation in the scientific world. He was elected to the National Assembly in 1871, and ten years later was appointed minister of public instruction. He wrote much on scientific topics. He was fifty-three years old.

THE Rev. Mr. Inglis is a Presbyterian minister of Toronto in good standing, who is editorially connected with the Toronto *Globe*. Not long ago a Presbyterian paper of Toronto printed an article in which it was stated that all writers for secular newspapers are liars; and Mr. Inglis, thinking that this was a reflection on him, brought the matter up in the Presbyterian Synod. But nothing came of it, and the reverend gentleman is still waiting for a vindication.

THOMAS CARLYLE told this story in one of his letters: Stupid boys are a dreadful curse; and foolish mothers often make it worse; there is no remedy but patience; let things take their train without struggling too fiercely against them; you will find it best. There is a test, not quite scriptural, but which suits you exactly in its purport. A minister in the Middlebie pulpit was attempting to preach upon these words: "He that is unholy, let him be unholy still." The poor man, as you know, perhaps, could do nothing but repeat and re-repeat the verse, "He that is un—," etc., having totally forgotten the beginning of his sermon. An upland proprietor listened to him with increasing impatience, reiterating the words, till at length another He that is unholy drove the worthy Laird out of all composure; he started up, squeezed on his hat, and stalked gruffly along the passage, muttering: "He that is a confounded Jackass, let him be a Jackass still!" There is much truth in that prayer, much good sense.

Communications.

Earthquakes and Volcanoes.

The recent earthquake in Charleston has caused considerable excitement in this country. People look upon it as a great disaster, and so it was; but when we come to compare it with some other disasters of the same kind that hav taken place within the past 255 years, this earthquake is hardly worth mentioning. People read the accounts of these disasters in other countries where they are frequent, and soon forget all about them. Then, again, the mass of the people are so ignorant of the extent of damage done and the great amount of human lives lost by these earthquakes and volcano eruptions, I thought an interesting article could be written on the subject. If you think my efforts to interest the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav not failed, you can giv them the benefit of my researches into the subject, and then, I think, they will agree with me that the causes of earthquakes are not from the elements above the earth or the slipping of the land underneath, as some would-be professors, or, in other words, cranks, hav stated, but that it is, as we learn from a study of geology, caused by the pent-up vapors and gases from the internal fires of the earth.

In 1631 the volcano Vesuvius burst out, and sent a stream of lava down its sides which destroyed Resina; again, in 1784, Vesuvius destroyed Torredal Greco, and 400 persons lost their lives. Again, in 1822, this volcano burst out with an awful explosion, which blew out the crater, 2,000 feet deep, and blew off more than 800 feet of the top of the mountain.

In 1669 Etna belched forth lava which overwhelmed fourteen towns and villages before reaching Catania, the walls of which were 60 feet high. It accumulated until it reached the top of the wall; it then poured over and destroyed a part of the city. It flowed on for 15 miles further to the sea, with a depth of 40 feet. Again, in 1819, this volcano burst out, and a stream of lava flowed from it for nine months.

In 1692 an earthquake destroyed three-fourths of the city of Port Royal, in Jamaica. The land swelled and heaved like the waves of a sea. Mountains 8,000 feet high were rent and shattered.

November 1, 1755, an earthquake occurred at Lisbon, and in six minutes the greater part of the city was destroyed, and 60,000 inhabitants perished. The sea was greatly agitated, and many boats and small vessels were destroyed. The shock was felt almost all over the whole earth. Mountains in Portugal were split in two, and portions of them thrown into the valley below.

Springs throughout Europe became hot. A village in Morocco, Africa, was engulfed, with about ten thousand persons.

In 1772 Papandayang, a lofty volcano in Java, while in eruption fell in and disappeared with its inhabitants, for a space of fifteen miles long and six wide.

In 1783 there were 349 earthquake shocks felt in Italy. On March 28th all the towns and villages around the city of Oppido for twenty-two miles in every direction were destroyed; the earth heaved and rolled so that people experienced the sensation of seasickness.

In 1783 the volcano Skaptar Jokul burst out, and two streams of lava flowed off in opposit directions. One of them was forty miles long and seven wide, the other fifty miles long and twelve wide. About 1,300 persons lost their lives; 20,000 horses, 7,000 cattle, and 130,000 sheep were destroyed.

In 1811 South Carolina was shaken up by an earthquake which extended up the Mississippi valley. The earth opened in many places, and lakes 20 miles long were formed and others were drained.

On April 5th, 1815, an eruption occurred in the mountain Tomboro in the island of Lumbawa. It continued until July. The explosion from this eruption was heard 970 miles away. Out of a population of 12,000 only 26 survived. Violent whirlwinds caused by this eruption carried men, horses, cattle, and everything else into the air. Large trees were torn up by the roots, and the sea was covered for many miles with floating timber. The ashes fell a distance of 300 miles away. Floating cinders two feet thick fell on the ocean for several miles, through which ships passed with difficulty. Day was converted into the darkest night by the fall of these ashes and cinders.

On Jan. 16, 1819, an earthquake occurred which submerged the village of Lindre, sinking 2,000 square miles of land, and water arising in the place of the land.

On May 30, 1840, the volcano Kilanea, in the Sandwich Islands, commenced to pour out its lava. It flowed for three weeks. The stream of lava was from 1 to 5 miles wide and 40 miles long to the sea, and a half-mile wide where it entered the sea. The depth of the stream was from 100 to 200 feet. Hills were melted down like snow, and forests fell like grass in a prairie fire. The coast was extended a quarter of a mile into the sea, and the ocean was heated for twenty miles along the coast. The light of this volcano could be seen 100 miles at sea, and fine print could be read 40 miles out at sea by night.

In 1877 the volcano Cotopax had an eruption that destroyed, by an upheaval of water, 1,000 persons. This volcano is 19,000 feet high; the force required to raise lava to the top of the volcano is ten tons per square inch, yet it has been known to project matter 6,000 feet above the top of this volcano, and it once threw a stone weighing 200 tons a distance of nine miles.

Here we hav accounts of some twenty towns, villages, and cities that hav been destroyed by earthquakes and volcano eruptions, where the loss of life is not known. The list of lives lost by earthquake and volcano, where the number is given, amounts thus far to 84,674. I will now continue the list of the principal earthquakes up to the present time without going into details:

In 1822	earthquake in	Aleppo destroyed	30,000
In 1850	"	at Naples "	6,000
In 1851	"	in Italy "	14,000
In 1857	"	" "	22,000
In 1859	"	at Quito, Peru "	5,000
In 1860	"	at Mandoja "	7.000
In 1863	"	at Phillipine Islands destroyed	10.000
In 1868	"	in Peru destroyed	25,000
In 1879	"	in Persia "	1.000
In 1881	"	in Scio "	8.000
In 1883	"	in Island of Ischa destroyed	2,000
In 1883	"	at Asia Minor destroyed	57
In 1883	volcano in	Java destroyed	100,000

The earthquake at Asia Minor rendered 14,678 persons homeless.

The recent earthquake in Charleston destroyed some 50 persons, and many hav died since from exposure.

Here we hav a list of 230,107 more lives lost in this way, making a total of 314,781. Now, if we could know the number of lives lost by the destruction of those towns, where the loss of life is not given, I hav no doubt the number would reach 400,000 lives lost in this way within the past 255 years.

The recent earthquake in Java split a mountain 7,000 feet high into seven parts. I hav seen it stated that the recent shock in Charleston damaged church buildings to the amount of more than $1,000,000.

Now I wish to ask my Christian friends if this does not look as if the Lord had not much respect for the institution which is dedicated to his praise. Also does it look as though he had any respect for his children either, to allow such needless destruction of human life? Why not ordain that all should liv to a good old age, and die a natural death after a life of usefulness? Do not say he cannot prevent these things as long as you claim he can create worlds at will.

If there be such a God as you claim, and he can prevent such disasters as are daily taking place, and will not, then I wish to know what fiend could be or do worse; if he cannot prevent such disasters, then I fail to see wherein he is a God of any power. In either case I cannot see wherein such a God as the Christians claim is worthy of the worship of man.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 1, 1886. C. D. WALLACE.

Sunday Laws and the Late Election.

During last winter the reverends and their dupes were fanatical in their attempts to enforce the unjust, inequitable, and infamous Christian Sunday laws in St. Joseph, Mo.

At the January term of the circuit court there were 283 indictments found against the people by a bigoted and prejudiced grand jury, that old religious relic of the British Star Chamber court.

The reverend intimidators raved like madmen. They imported Sam Jones, at an immense outlay of money, and threatened to crush out all human freedom—convert Sundays into dead days, except for libeling the dead friends of humanity, slandering the good, and blaspheming the great motiv power, the law governing the universe on Sundays as on all other days.

It seemed that human liberty, freedom, right, good, justice, equity—everything tending to elevate, educate, enlighten, improve, and make humanity better—had been destroyed, overthrown; and that evil, tyranny, ignorance, bigotry, and the combined enemies of mankind had triumphed, gained the ascendency, and were riding roughshod in corruption over the innocents in the once fair temple of liberty, headed by Christian priests. The sheriff of our county made himself especially obnoxious to the people by his subserviency to the Pharisees. He was put forward on the regular Democratic state, Congressional, and county ticket for Buchanan county, Mo., and every candidate on that ticket was elected by large majorities, except this candidate for sheriff, who was beaten by the people's and workingmen's candidate, Joseph Andriano, by a majority of over two hundred.

This shows what an outraged people can do, and what they will do in vindication of freedom and the right when driven to the wall by a lazy and useless reverend priesthood.

The case of the young woman who was attacked by a maddened heifer in the cattle-yard, on Friday morning last, has attracted considerable attention. The brute attempted to gore her, but the young woman seized her by the horns, and, while dragged and trampled and bruised and painfully injured, the girl cried lustily for help, but no human, saint, angel, son, virgin, or mother of God, nor God himself, heard her, or if hearing her, heeded not her cries for aid; but a kindly-disposed cow in the yard attacked the infuriated heifer, and kept it up until she compelled it to turn to defend itself against the cow, and by this stratagem the girl was enabled to escape, thus proving that a beast—a poor brute of a cow—was more kind and useful than all the special providences and gods in the universe—more of a savior for this girl, though of great courage and presence of mind in persisting in the effort to preserve her life against the superior force of the heifer, than all the crucified saviors of the religious world.

So with this sheriff. When the conflict came on with an aroused people, God and savior, saints and the church militant, all went down before this people. Prestige, prayers, prejudice, combined with religion and despotism, all melted down before a courageous people resolved to be free. P. V. WISE.

St. Jo., Mo., Nov. 7, E.M. 286.

Pious Cant in Politics.

In one of his speeches for Mr. George, in New York, Mr. Powderly gave utterance to this rash thought: "I agree with Henry George that all men should hav those things that God ordained they should hav." Such radicalism roots out all resistance. It remained for Mr. George to reply that he agreed with Mr. Powderly that "men should not hav that which God ordained that they should not hav," and harmony between the two would hav been complete, but Mr. George lost his opportunity.

It is just to Mr. Powderly to say that he does not often offend with utterly empty phrases like the one we quote, but the trick of the platform builders, and those who undertake to make people think that fine words butter their parsnips, needs exposure none the less. And the flippant introduction of "God" into all sorts of political oratory is even more reprehensible. Above all things deliver the labor cause from pulpit cant and the old rags of theological discourse.

If Mr. Powderly and the rest of the pious politicians will observe things as they are, they will see that "God" is always on the side of the strongest, and helps only those who help themselvs, having apparently "ordained" that men should hav those things which they can get, without regards to methods used in getting them. So the introduction of "God" into politics and other affairs, while it may weaken the thoughtless by making them less self-reliant, does not strengthen the thoughtful or encourage the despondent. It means nothing, or else, worse than nothing, that in the work in hand the strong shall triumph over the weak and then devour them, this being the divine method of settling all differences, without regard to such purely human considerations as right and justice.

Mr. George's seventy thousand votes are of more account than all the gods that George or Powderly can invoke, but this does not destroy the force of Powderly's remark or dim the luster of his wonderful discovery that men should hav those things which they should hav, leaving out of the question the possibly unimportant fact that in determining what are the things that men should hav and what are the things they should not hav, all differences of opinion arise and all contests, political or other, hav their cause.—*Winsted Press.*

Mr. Bowman's Epigrams.

If lies would choke a man, we would hav no preachers.

According to the Bible, which is the devil—Jehovah or Satan?

Old maids who can't get anyone else to love can fall back on Jesus.

It is hard to believe anything in this age when people buy their beauty at the store, wear false hair, eat with false teeth, and hav a false religion.

'Twas by wrong they conquered all, and by right that they shall fall. Their sweet by-and-by all depends upon a lie. GEORGE W. BOWMAN.

A Syllogism.

"Whoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire" (Christ, Luke v, 12).

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee" (Christ, Luke xii, 20).

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die" (Paul, 1 Cor. xv, 36).

Whover says to another, "Thou fool," is in danger of hell-fire.

Christ, or God—or both—and Paul did say, "Thou fool!" to others. Therefore—what? The reader can work out the syllogism to suit himself.—*Investigator.*

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The American Secular Union.

The Congress of the American Secular Union.

The delegates and audience were slow in getting into Chickering Hall Thursday, the 11th, and when Colonel Ingersoll ascended the platform at 10 o'clock, only about a dozen people were in the seats in front. Mr. Ingersoll promptly adjourned the meeting till 3:30 P.M. to giv the folks time to find the hall. After he left the audience came, and went, and came again at 3:30 P M.

The carefully prepared program of the secretary was useless. It had been intended to get through a good portion of the business on Thursday, but it was not done. At the time appointed for the afternoon session about three or four hundred were in the hall. Colonel Ingersoll, accompanied by Mrs. Ingersoll, and one of his daughters, was on time, and took the chair. A speech from him at this time was not on the program, and when he stood up, he said afterward, he did not intend to speak a minute. His appearance was greeted with hearty and sincere applause. At his first word the house was still. As he spoke the loving appreciation of the audience seemed to urge him on, and, regardless of his physical infirmity, he gave the audience one of his splendid addresses. "We hav met," he said, "for the purpose of comparing experiences and ascertaining whether we hav advanced during the past year, and whether our cause has a better chance of succeeding now than one year ago

"Everyone should choose to be governed by his own mistakes rather than by the ignorance of others. Man has braved public opinion, endured every possible form of torture, braved every kind of contempt and scorn through ages. And we ought not to expect people to advance too rapidly. They are weighted by hereditary vices that they call virtues. They hav a respect for the past that is a contempt for the present. We hav had to war with aggregated capital. As a rule, institutions hav influence according to their wealth, because, as a rule, men kneel according to their wants, and he who fills the palm of beggary controls the beggar, at least while looking at him. I say that no gift of money to an institution which carries with it an obligation to teach the superstitions of the donor should ever be accepted. It is a curse and not a benefit. Some one left money to Andover seminary poisoned with the condition that the mistakes of the donor should be perpetuated. Now arises in the history of that institution the question whether it shall lose the money, or whether, on the other hand, it shall teach what we know are lies, out of pure economy. Missionaries were sent to India to instruct the poor, ignorant Hindoos that if they would become Christian men and women they would afterwards be changed to winged creatures in heaven. If they refused to believe the scriptures, they would go to hell. The poor, miserable heathen wanted to know what had become of their fathers and mothers, and the missionaries were happy to inform them that they were down in hell. The result was that those missionaries didn't hav very good luck. The Hindoos preferred their own heaven to an English paradise, and all their friends in a hot place. Some missionaries dared to suggest that there might be an appeal to a higher court, and a new trial for the Hindoo fathers and mothers, and that maybe they would not stay in hell after all. These men are now on trial before the Andover board of executors There is an illustration of the poisonous burdens with which donations are weighed down. Here in this city is another, right over in Stuyvesant Park. Its gates are closed, and the women and children driven out at sunset. The key is turned by a Dutchman who died two hundred years ago. These things ought not to be. Let the dead take care of themselvs and not impose any burden on the living. When we go from here we abdicate in favor of the babes who follow us. Let us leave no grievous restrictions on their action.

"Every one sees that the old monarchies are dying out. The people, after centuries of oppression, are slowly but surely crowding the kings from their thrones and the crowns from their brows. Politically, the world has passed its midnight. It is growing wiser. People are beginning to recognize the fact that there is no direct providence; that God answers one prayers as he does the other—by not answering either. The infinit being is simply a phantom which men hav created out of ignorance and fear, and, in some cases, love. I don't want to hurt the feelings of the thousands who honor and love such a being. I'd like to know that for every tear shed by the suffering poor there is in store a sacred joy. I'm willing to hope for the best. But I want to see that hope at every grave. I do not want to hear a devil hissing like a snake in the mourner's ear, 'There is a world of torment for you.' We ought to get all the happiness we can out of this world, and leave the next—or the next two—to take care of themselvs. So far as I'm concerned I wouldn't swap off the society of one being I love for the society of the whole Trinity in the next world.

"Look how our Christian community prevents discussion of the inspiration of the scripture. In many of our states you cannot open your mouth to say you don't believe the Bible is inspired without opening the door of a prison. The army of thousands of gigantic intellects called ministers cannot answer an argument against their religion except by a sheriff! All the ministers I know are apologizing for their Bible. They are ashamed of it. Why don't they tax the churches? A man who works for a dollar a day builds a hut worth a few hundred dollars, and he pays roundly in taxes to support the flag that flies above it and for the government that protects it. I think God ought to pay his taxes, too. I would impose no burden on the devout men who spend their money in preaching what they believe to be a divine religion to the poor. But when they go into the dome business they ought to pay. The cathedral worth millions, with its gold and silks and colors in the walls, ought to pay taxes while the home of the laboring man does. All forms of oaths in courts should be abolished. The oath as now administered puts all men on a par before a jury. The rascal kisses the book and forms a temporary partnership with God. His word alone is good for nothing; but the jury credit the firm. The marriage laws of New York, and of many of our states, would disgrace a tribe of savages. No gentleman wants a woman to liv with him any longer than she cares to stay. Yet the church decrees that she can be loosed from the bonds for only one cause, and the law of New York shuts out every other ground for divorce. I believe in the sanctity of marriage. It is a contract that should always be made public, to end only when one of the parties is covered under the sod, but there should be release from its obligations when they are galling to either of the parties. To keep together a man and a woman who hate each other is to lower the standard of morality in the coming race."

At the conclusion of Colonel Ingersoll's address, adjournment was taken to 8 o'clock in the evening, when to a very fine audience, Vice-President T. B. Wakeman, delivered his lecture on "Liberty, Science, and Humanity."

The first business session of the Congress opened Friday morning. Vice-President Watts in the chair. A Committee on Credentials was chosen. This consisted of C. B. Reynolds, A. C. Macdonald, and E. A. Stevens. The Committee reported as follows:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS.

Your Committee on Credentials beg leave to report that the following named persons are entitled to seats and votes in this Congress:

Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll,	Charles Watts,
John E. Remsburg,	Thaddeus B. Wakeman,
Mattie P. Krekel,	James Parton,
Horace Seaver,	Parker Pillsbury,
William Algie,	Robert C. Adams,
Titus L. Brown,	Helen H. Gardener,
Samuel P Putnam,	Courtlandt Palmer,
Charles B. Reynolds,	Eugene M. Macdonald.

Society of Humanity: Mrs. Clara Neymann, Edward W. Searing, F. C. Leubuscher, C. L. F. Bridge, David Plumb.

Manhattan Liberal Club: T. B. Wakeman, A. C. Macdonald, Mrs. F. C. Hallock, M. A. Sutherland, Mary Levison.

Bennett Secular Union: Daniel E. Ryan, George E. Macdonald, H. J. Thomas, Charles L. Andrews, Mrs. E. A. Spencer.

Chicago Secular Union: E. A. Stevens, J. S. Y. Roig, Samuel L. Weber, William Vaughan.

Philadelphia Secular Club: Philip Peabody, Mme. Louié, Herman Berls.

Secular Union of Saginaw, Mich.: Ferdinand Goldsmith, Charles Move, J. H. Burnham, J. F. Butterworth.

Albany Secular Union: J. J. McCabe, C. H. Luck, Wm. Dickson. Wm. H. Williams, Joseph McDonough.

Newark Secular Union: C. A. Marshall, Cora J. Marshall, H. G. Avery, W. W. Morris, Alexander Jarvis.

Boonton Secular Union, N. J.: Florence Henyon, Kate Booth, Jessie Booth.

Hempstead Secular Union: C. F. De Mott, H. H. Geer, J. Carman, M. Tracy, R. B. Jackson.

Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, secretary N. Y. F. A.; W. T. Galloway, Montezuma, N. Y.; Wm. Thorpe, Balston, N. Y.; Sam Wetherill and John W. Black, Jobston, N. J.; Earnest O'Malley, Boston, Mass.; J. D. Mallonee, Cleveland O.; J. P. Mendum, Boston, Mass.; Lucy Coleman, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. G. Kline, Altoona, Pa.; G. G. Grower, Ansonia, Conn.; L. K. Washburn, Boston, Mass.; Dr. A. G. Austin, Williamson, N. Y.

The Secretary next read his report as follows:

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

The main work done by the American Secular Union during the past year is as follows:

1. The effort for the opening of the museums in Central Park on Sunday. This is the most important effort ever made in that direction, and created wide discussion and interest. A petition was circulated, to which over ten thousand names were attached of the officers of the city government, judges of the courts, business and professional men, including some clergymen, and thousands of the working people. The petition represented the almost universal sentiment of the city, and, with but few exceptions, was supported by the secular press. Resolutions were passed by various labor organizations in this city, the voice of a hundred thousand workingmen heartily advocating the Sunday opening. The petition was presented to the trustees of the museums, together with an address, which has been published in pamphlet form. The secretary was not allowed to speak in person before the trustees, and therefore he was obliged to send his argument in writing. Up to the present time no answer has been received to the petition and the address. If the museums were entirely under the control of the city, they would be opened without delay. But they are partly private institutions, originally started by individuals, represented by a board of trustees, and, by contract with the city, this board has the power to open or shut. At present the board is orthodox, and apparently neglectful of the public demand, and unless they consent there is no way to compel them to do so, except by withdrawing all municipal support whatsoever for the maintenance of the museums, except on condition that they be opened on Sundays. This is the next step to be taken. We hav respectfully petitioned the trustees, we hav appealed to their sense of justice, and without avail. They hav given no answer to the voice of the people. They are silent. The only possible course now to adopt is to say to the trustees of these institutions: "It is not right, so long as you disregard the wishes of the vast majority of the citizens, to giv your institution any support out of the funds of the city raised by taxation. You are practically allied with the church, and in this case, as in all others, there must be a total separation of church and state. That which is paid for by all the people should be for the benefit of all the people." Agitation on this principle will be continued until the museums are open on Sunday or they become no longer public institutions, supported by the public treasury. Private institutions can be conducted as their owners desire, but public institutions, supported by taxation, should not be under the control of a private corporation. The commonwealth which pays the money should exercise the control.

In regard, therefore, to the opening of the museums on Sunday the secretary reports progress, but progress that shall not cease until justice is established.

2. The next effort of the Secular Union for the accomplishment of its purpose has been in regard to church taxation. A bill was introduded into the legislature at Albany for impartial taxation, by the Brooklyn Constitutional Club. The bill was lying inanimate in the committee room with but little prospect of discussion. The secretary went to Albany, conferred with members of the legislature, conferred also with the members of the Brooklyn Constitutional Club, called a meeting of the representativs of this club, of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, and the Secular Union, and arrangements were made for a thorough debate of the bill in the committee, and for a decided effort to bring it before the legislature for action. This latter could not for the present be accomplished; the committee refused to report, but the discussion in the committee has been published in the pamphlet, "Impartial Taxation," and this is a most valuable campaign document. It contains important facts and arguments in regard to church taxation.

On this point also the secretary reports progress, but progress of great significance.

3. In accordance with the instructions of the Congress, which included work in the field, the secretary devoted himself constantly to lecturing for seven months in the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, and the territories of Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Montana. He traveled over ten thousand miles, delivered one hundred and forty-six lectures, and organized twelve new societies. Nearly one hundred of these lectures were given in places where no Freethought lectures had ever been given before. Of course, under such circumstances, it cannot be expected that there would be a great pecuniary return. The total amount raised during the trip was $1,262. The expenses for railroad fare, hotels, hall rent, advertising, etc., were $882, leaving $380, above these necessary expenses, not including the salary of the secretary for the time being. The work accomplished by the secretary must be looked upon not simply for its present influence, but for its promis, for the way that is now open for still greater and more remunerativ work in the future. It should be judged, not as a completed work, but as the beginning of what is to be pursued for a series of years. The present result is cheering, but when we think of what may be done on the basis of this year's work, the outlook is indeed radiant with hope. It needs but courage, patience, and energy, and the great West will be ablaze with Liberalism in the next quarter of a century.

The lecture work need not be stated in detail. In the letters written weekly to THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator* all information that might interest the general Liberal public is given, and the meaning and breadth of the work made known.

These letters, consisting of three or four columns, written every week from various points, form a part of the report of the secretary. This correspondence has been a valuable portion of the labors of the secretary. The letters hav been widely read; hav helped to make acquaintance and sympathy throughout the land; hav brought Liberals into more intimate association, so that unity has become more expressiv and a source of strength to all the scattered forces of Freethought. Thus the trip was made serviceable by both the platform and the pen.

The secretary has also entered into correspondence with several hundred Liberals throughout the country, and in this way also the spirit of fraternity has been maintained.

Sixteen new societies hav been formed, sixteen life members added, and five hundred and two annual members.

The work of the last year has thus been an advance. Something has been accomplished. The Union occupies a better position to-day than it did one year ago. It has lost nothing, and it has gained. There has been a year of growth, and the secretary presents his report with the assurance that the work begun need only be prosecuted from year to year with unabating energy to be preëminently successful.

The secretary would call attention to a few points:

(1) The work of the Union has been peculiar. It has encroached upon no other province. It has not prevented activity in other directions. It has not done that which would hav been done had there been no American Secular Union. It has simply filled a vacant place. The work of the past year of the Union would not hav been done without the Union. If one admits the value of the work accomplished, then he must admit the value and necessity of the Union through whose existence alone and method of action the work could hav been achieved. Had it not been for the national organization, the effort for the opening of the museums on Sunday would not hav been made; there would hav been no discussion of the bill for impartial taxation in the committee and the publication of the arguments; there would hav been no pioneer lecture trip, where nearly one hundred lectures hav been delivered in places where Freethought has never been publicly declared before; there would not hav been the large acquaintance among the Liberals of the land which now exists through the weekly correspondence in the Freethought journals. All the rest of the Liberal work might hav been done, the same as it is now, but the work of the Union during the past year would not hav been done, but would hav been absolutely undone. The Union has accomplished a peculiar and unprecedented task in the movement of Freethought in America.

The wisdom of sticking to the Nine Demands as the basis of work has been sufficiently vindicated. There is no better fighting ground. On that success is sure. Beyond that as an organization the Union cannot go. Whatever may be the opinion of its individuals on the thousand subjects that

occupy the attention of the human mind, it is affirmed that this basis of work is destructiv and not constructiv. In this lies the very strength and imperious necessity of the Union. Art is long and time is short, the poet says. Construction or art, which is building, requires centuries for its unfoldment. It transcends all organization. It requires a thousand agencies. It cannot be hurried. Human will, like the waves of the sea, makes only a part of the great deep of its infinit advance. It defies calculation and oversweeps the mightiest wisdom of the brain. The constructiv forces of human society are simply countless; they are varied. They spring from a million motivs. They cannot be caught and analyzed. They are for beauty as well as for truth. It requires time, evolut on. for the broad basis of constructiv fellowship to be established. And we must leave to these the establishment of its successful instrumentalities. At present it is impossible to formulate a creed or choose its method.

It is the destructiv work of to-day that is the vital force of the constructiv work of the future. For constructiv work to ignore the destructiv work is for the child to be ignorant of its mother. All the glory of the future is born of the ruin of to-day. The giant forces of Liberalism now are the forces that break down, are the forces that oppose injustice. superstition, and tyranny. They are the forces of war, and not of peace. Such are the Nine Demands. They seek the removal of wrong, of that which everybody knows to be wrong. There is no question in regard to the justness of our position. There is no division of sentiment, and can be none. When the battle is won our forces may scatter into different fields of effort, but on these points there is the most thorough and complete unanimity. There is no mental reservation. It is said our work is not permanent. We hope that it is not, that some day we shall win the victory aud disband our forces. But though our work, is not permanent, it is of vast magnitude. Accomplish our work and a mighty step is made in human advancement. Accomplish our work, and American liberty is forever secure.

Admit that our work is destructiv, it is still absolutely necessary, and so most noble in its meaning and power, and because destructiv, there is more vitality in it, as in the ranks of battle there is the most living unity of force. If not permanent, our work will last as long as we liv, and to accomplish these demands will be the greatest achievement that any of us can help to do in this transition age of the world.

It has been suggested that the Union should no longer be an activ institution, but that, after this two years' campaign. it now retire to inglorious ease. Its officers, it is said, should be scattered, instead of concentrated in one place, with opportunity for constant counsel. The secretary should be a home body, instead of a pioneer worker. He should stay at home and simply watch proceedings, and from time to time report progress. This might do if we had the elegant buildings of our orthodox adversaries—the sumptuous office-room, the gorgeous upholstery, the full coffers, and the lazy dignity of the missionaries of the cross. This is a nice arrangement for a millionaire corporation that can pay big salaries, and expect nothing in return, but it won't do for the American Secular Union. That is a fighting institution. To do battle is the very soul of its organization. To stay at home would be complete annihilation. The life of the Union is in its activity. The policy adopted at Cassadaga of employing a secretary who shall be exclusivly devoted to the Union—who shall traverse the whole field, and be present at all points, not as a looker on, but as a worker—has accomplished much that is valuable, and, with better organization, better knowledge and experience, far greater work can be done in the future.

It must be remembered that we are working against formidable odds, that any gain is a great gain amid so many adverse circumstances. Organized superstition is against us. The only way to meet it is by organized Liberalism. Mistakes may hav been made, but these can be rectified. Since we contend against injustice, the spirit of justice should prevail iu our own ranks. Though the work we engage in is destructiv, our methods should be thoroughly humanitarian. Coming together on this important occasion, reviewing the work of the past, considering what has been done, what may be done, no doubt we shall find a way to more effectual coöperation.

It has been suggested that the vice-presidents of the Association, carefully selected, should constitute a part of the the Board of Directors with the other officers of the Union. Such an arrangement might be for the greater usefulness and democratic power of the body.

It has also been suggested that the Congress, instead of meeting every year, should meet once in two years, as a matter of economy, considering the present reverses of Liberalism.

These and other points that may be suggested, it is hoped, will receive the amplest discussion and elucidation at this Congress.

E. A. Stevens moved that the secretary's report be received and referred to the Committee on Resolutions. J. D. Mallonee had a communication which he wished to read as an amendment to the report. The chair ruled it out of order. His communication was finally referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

In the absence of the treasurer Mr. Putnam read the treasurer's report.

The following committees were then appointed:

Auditing Committee.—C. A. Marshall, Charles Eckhard, C. P. Somerby, William Thorpe, Daniel E. Ryan. Mr. Somerby declined to serve.

Committee on Resolutions.—E. M. Macdonald, L. K. Washburn, Helen H. Gardener, Lucy N. Colman, E. B. Foote, Sen. Helen Gardener resigned.

Committee on Nominations.—E. A. Stevens, L. K. Washburn, A. C. Macdonald, C. B. Reynolds, S. R. Wetherill.

The chairman of the Executiv Committee then made the following report:

REPORT OF CHAIRMAN EXECUTIV COMMITTEE.

Before the aims and objects of the American Secular Union can be accomplished, the people must be educated to a knowledge of the justice of our claims, and more fully understand how the success of our association in securing the Nine Demands of Liberalism will promote their best interests by securing for all men, and all women with men, equal civil and religious rights, regardless of religious faith or the lack of it.

I accepted, when reëlected at your last Congress, the position of chairman of the Executiv Committee on the understanding that, if not fully one-half, at least a good proportion, of the funds raised should be devoted to the judicious circulation of Liberal literature, thus building up the cause in new fields, and aiding and encouraging the lonely ones in their efforts at propaganda work. I respectfully suggest that we need carefully prepared pamphlets, giving, in as concise form as possible, the historical facts, the evidences of the fallacies of the Old and New Testament; the true history of the actual effects of Christianity upon mankind from its first access to power in the days of Constantine to the present time; the proofs that Christianity utterly fails to meet the wants of the people, and incentivs to more useful, lovable, purer, and consequently happier lives. While the iconoclast work is absolutely essential, we must not rest content with tearing down the tottering hovels of superstition, but must build up goodly palaces with foundations of truth and reason in their stead. The judicious distribution of $5 worth of Liberal literature, the securing of one yearly subscriber to any of our best periodicals, will bring more intelligent persons to our views than any two lectures—save, of course, those of Colonel Ingersoll. When Colonel Ingersoll is announced to lecture, the people are prepared and all anxiety to hear him. This does not apply to any other Liberal lecturer. On the contrary, I think all hav at some time realized how worse than useless the outlay and labor of getting up a lecture in p aces where the people hav not first been aroused to interest in the subject by the distribution of Liberal literature. When, by reading, a demand to hear the living exponent of Secularism is created, there is very little trouble in obtaining funds, and good audiences are insured, and if a good, live, working local Liberal society, with science school on Sunday, is not organized, the fault is with the lecturer. How to provide this needed supply of suitable Liberal literature, and secure its judicious, thorough d s ribution, is a question of vital import. This claims, and I most respectfully solicit for it, the most earnest consideration of this Congress.

I deplore the fact that I cannot giv a very encouraging report of work accomplished during the past year. Justice compels me to inform you that the reason was not lack of willingness to work on my part, but absolute impossibility of obtaining funds, even sufficient to print by-law, hints and suggestions how to conduct local societies, duties of officers, and members of committees. In Michigan, Pennsylvania, and New York, wherever I hav organized local Liberal societies, I hav had to write out by-laws, hints, instructions, a tedious, laborious talk. I made most earnest appeals in the Board of Directors, and a resolution was passed that these necessary papers and suitable leaflets should be printed as soon as there was any available funds. I hav made many applications for this, but although the cost would be but trivial, the funds hav not been obtainable. The Truth Seeker Company generously offered toward the close of the year to print by-laws, instructions, etc., and donate them, but I did not feel that it would be justice to avail myself of their generosity. I would respectfully protest against being misunderstood. Every member of the Board of Directors was just as anxious for success as I was; each and every one of my colleagues had the interest of the cause at heart. Some, doubtless, had less high appreciation of leaflets and by-laws, and did not regard them as of such great importance as I do, but every officer of the American Secular Union has always been ready to do all in their power to help in any way whereby the cause could be advanced. Not the individuals, but the manner of doing the work, with all due deference to its authors and advocates, I claim, is lamentably at fault. And the results after two years of trial, at an expense of nearly nine thousand dollars, certainly pleads most earnestly for a change of methods, and will plead excuse for my suggesting a new departure for your consideration. In the Seventh Day Adventist ranks the ministers in leading positions are always expected and required to take the lead in self-sacrifice and bearing burdens. Those who most cheerfully do this are most beloved and respected, and after a few years are generously provided for.

It is impossible for the most able worker to be in two places at once, and I suggest there is palpable absurdity in having a secretary traveling immense distances to lecture, absent from headquarters three-fourths of the year. Necessarily while in one section lecturing, the other parts of the field suffer for lack of proper attention.

We need an office secretary, to hav constant care and watchfulness over the whole work. A secretary of untiring energy, persistent devotion to the cause, one wiling to work 365 days in the year, and, whenever necessary, half the nights also; who will study economy in expenditures of the funds of the society *and his own*, and be content, till the cause is built up, and can afford to pay fairer salary, to do all the work required for $500 per year.

The secretary should keep constantly posted as to the movements and whereabouts of all our Liberal lecturers. maintain correspondence with officers of every orgauized state and local society, and solicit correspondence with the lonely ones and all willing workers who desire to establish local Liberal societies in their neighborhood.

The secretary should hav charge of and furnish the leaflets, with hints and suggestions to those desirous of doing propaganda work.

When, after faithful distribution of Liberal literature, there is a desire expressed to hav a lecturer, the secretary should ascertain the amount friends can subscribe, and their first, second, and third choice of lecturers, communicate with the lecturer, then prepare a brief synopsis of the case, and take it to each of the executiv committee of the board of directors, and, on their sanction and advice, offer the lecturer then nearest to that place a specified sum, to deliver the needed course of lectures and organize society, giving lecturer option to accept a certain amount in full for services, and pay into the fund all sums contributed, or accept a sum with the privilege of retaining all sums that may be contributed.

By this plan all lecturers would be deeply interested and equity secured, and travel over back and forth over same territory avoided, and help afforded where most needed. How to obtain a steadily increasing revenue to carry on the work is a question presented for solution to your honorable body. Justice demands that all should help in the work to the extent of their ability, and not leave all the burdens to the generous wealthy, who would be more willing to giv liberally if only all evinced a little more of the first principles of Secularism—Justice! I suggest the secretary publishing in The Truth Seeker, *Investigator*, and *Ironclad Age* every month an itemized account of expenditures, with name of persons to whom and for what service money is paid.

The report was referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

Joseph Frankel took the floor to make a suggestion as to the establishment of a lecture bureau. Mr. Frankel did not think that the distribution of tracts was of so much importance as the maintenance of an activ lectureship. The Newark Union, with which Mr. Frankel was connected, was a very successful body owning its own hall. Lecturers were better than tracts in Newark because the press reported them. He believed in good lecturers, but not in cranks. Some of the speakers who came to Newark were a damage to the cause. He wanted a lecture bureau, so that cranks could be weeded out, and a circuit formed.

After Mr. Frankel's remarks the Congress adjourned till afternoon.

The afternoon session was addressed by Mr. Reynolds on "Nineteenth Century Persecutions." The evening session was addressed by Samuel P. Putnam and Charles Watts upon a "New Heaven and a New Earth," and "Theological Misconceptions," respectivly.

Saturday morning the Congress assembled to hear reports of Committees. The Committee on Resolutions and Communications reported as follows:

RESOLUTIONS.

Believing with the founders of the American Republic that civil government is a natural and secular institution, and not a divine and supernatural one; and believing, too, that the human mind in the process of government and education should be entirely free from the trammels of superstition; we, the American Secular Union, in Congress assembled at New York, do hereby resolve: That we reaffirm, as the true basis of a perpetual union, the following demands of Liberalism:

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.

2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

5. We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of 'Christian' morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Resolved, That all who favor the secularization of our government be earnestly and cordially invited to unite and become activ members of the American Secular Union, and that Liberals everywhere be requested to organize local Unions, lyceums, kindergartens, and all other instrumentalities for educating children in the principles of science and Secular government.

Resolved, That universal education should be the basis of universal suffrage in this republic, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution requiring every state to maintain a thoroughly secularized public school system, and to permit no child within its limits to grow up without a good elementary education.

Resolved, That in the exercise of suffrage the law should recognize no sex; and that we sympathize with the movement for the enfranchisment of woman.

Resolved, That we deprecate the growing differences between the producing classes and organized monopolies, and we are in sympathy with all movements that look to a reasonable solution of these questions, upon the basis of equal and unrestrained justice.

Resolved, That we denounce the arrest in New Jersey of Charles B. Reynolds for alleged blasphemy as a dangerous attempt to strangle free speech—a disgrace to our times and even to that religion which has no rival as a persecutor for opinion's sake. We hold it to be the duty of every Freethinker in the country to do what he can for freedom by sustaining Mr. Reynolds, and thus "teach the church better than to attempt to decide metaphysical questions by brute force." We specially call the attention of Freethinkers to the danger of allowing blasphemy laws to remain upon the statute books of the country and urge them to make unceasing efforts to repeal every blasphemy law in every state in the Union. We pledge to Mr. Reynolds our sympathy, our efforts for his liberation from bonds, and our moral and financial support till he is again a free man.

Resolved, That this Congress recognize the value of the services of its secretary, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, during the past year, not alone for the great good accomplished by his efforts for the Sunday opening of the museums—by his efforts before our legislature in behalf of impartial taxation—by the multitude of lectures he has delivered the past year—by the organization of societies—but as well for his untiring devotion to the interests of the American Secular Union and the spirit of self-sacrifice he has shown under most discouraging circumstances.

In the matter of the communications referred to your committee, we recommend that those of S. A. McGuffin of the Woman's Freethought Educational Union of America, W. F. Jamieson, Jeremiah Hacker, and Mrs. A. M. Freeman, be received, acknowledged by the secretary, and placed on file.

We recommend that the report of the chairman of the Executiv Committee be received and placed on file, and we recommend the directors of the Union to carry out such of its suggestions as are feasible and practical.

We recommend that upon the communication of the Cleveland League no further official action be taken.

The Committee on Nominations reported as follows:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS.

Your Committee on Nominations, after careful consideration, beg leave to report as follows:

President, Courtlandt Palmer.

Vice-Presidents, D. A. Blodgett, Charles Watts, John E. Remsburg, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Horace Seaver, John W. Black, Mrs. A. M. Freeman, Mattie P. Krekel, Jas. Parton, Wm. Algie, Titus L. Brown, Robt. C. Adams, A. T. Lilly, Dr. J. R. Monroe.

Secretary, Samuel P. Putnam.

Treasurer, Charles Eckhard.

Chairman Executiv Board, E. B. Foote, Jr.

The first choice for president was, of course, Colonel Ingersoll, but he said he did not believe in third terms. He wanted a rotation in office. His choice was J. P. Mendum, but Mr. Mendum declined to serve.

Saturday afternoon the Congress was addressed by Dr. T. L. Brown, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, and J. J McCabe. Saturday evening John E. Remsburg, L. K. Washburn, and E. A. Stevens royally entertained the audience.

Saturday night closed the sessions of the Congress. There were no meetings Sunday till evening, when Helen H. Gardener and Robert G. Ingersoll lectured. Miss Gardener's paper was "The Pulpit, Pew, and Cradle." It will be in print, we understand, before long. Mr. Ingersoll's address was entitled "A Lay Sermon." It is the best sermon ever delivered by anybody anywhere. When he appeared the audience shook the house with applause, and the stenographic report of his sermon was so liberally sprinkled with applauding parenthetical inclosures that we cut them out to save space. The full report is given on pages 744 and 745 of this paper.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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SATURDAY, - - - NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

The Lay Sermon by Mr. Ingersoll.

We hav printed an extra number of this week's TRUTH SEEKER to supply the demand for the sermon of the great humanitarian preacher, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. This sermon deals with live issues—topics which all the country is discussing—and will be read with profound interest by everybody.

Mr. Ingersoll has been grossly slandered by the preachers lately, who allege that his teachings lead to Communism, to Socialism, and to Anarchy Their comments upon his plain statements as to his views on these matters will now be waited for with curiosity—not because the opinions of the preachers are in themselvs of any particular moment, but to see how they can find room to still misrepresent after he has told the world just how he stands.

Single copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER 7 cents; in quantities of five and over, 5 cents each.

A Sunday Law Muddle.

A queer state of affairs with relation to the observance of Sunday exists in Massachusetts. Last spring, it appears, a barber at Worcester was arrested for keeping open shop on Sunday. Judge Blodgett found him guilty and fined him, from which he took an appeal to the supreme court. On Friday, the 12th, the full bench sent down a decision holding that under the statutes no person has a right to keep open shop or do work for pay on the Lord's day. The court says:

"The object of the statute was to prohibit the opening of shops on the Lord's day for the transaction of the ordinary business carried on during the week. The legislature intended by this statute to keep the ordinary places of traffic closed on this day, so that persons who wished to rest or go to places of worship might not be disturbed. We are not called upon to pass on the question whether it is a work of necessity to cut hair or shave beards on the Lord's day. This question does not arise in the present case. We construe the statute to mean that the law prohibits the keeping open a shop, warehouse, or workhouse for the purpose of doing business therein on the Lord's day, and that it is immaterial what that business may be. The defendants are overruled."

If the law upon which this decision is founded should be strictly enforced, every place of business in Massachusetts, including, of course, drug-stores, bakeries, and restaurants, would be closed on Sunday. Last winter an act permitting bean-shops to be open until 10 o'clock A.M. passed the state legislature, but this is thought to be no protection, as the old law was not repealed—as is usually the case when a new one conflicting with it is passed—by the penal proviso saying, "All acts contrary to this act are hereby repealed." Thus, with an ironclad decision on one side and a recently passed act on the other, the authorities are in a muddle which they see no way out of. There is, however, one method, and but one, by which these Massachusetts officials can be rescued from their present perplexity. The seventh Demand of Liberalism is as follows:

"We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed."

Let this be adopted and carried out, and there would be no further difficulties about the observance of Sunday. Now, if never before, the people of Massachusetts should realize the justice and expediency of abolishing all Sabbath legislation.

Sunday Evening Meetings.

The Society of Humanity of this city will hear next Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the parlors of their building, No. 28 Lafayette Place, a lecture by T. B. Wakeman. This is the first of the winter course of meetings of the Society, Mr. Wakeman delivering the first our lectures. Every Liberal in the city is invited to attend.

Henry George's New Party.

The citizens of New York who cast their ballots for Henry George in the late election assembled in mass-meeting at Cooper Union one evening recently, put forth their platform of principles, and appointed a central committee to promote organization. On this committee, with two others, is the Rev. Father McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic church. In the main the platform is admirable, inasmuch as its framers declare themselvs "desirous of purging our political system of its corruptions, and of carrying into full effect the great principles of individual liberty proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence," and aim "to do away with all class distinctions by securing equal access to natural opportunities, and such an equitable distribution of the products of labor that all men shall be workingmen, and each shall be free to enjoy that leisure which is needful for the full development of his whole nature." Whether the makers of this platform hav any definit idea as to what constitutes individual liberty, whether they hav clearly in their minds the correct methods of bringing about the reforms they hav in view, or whether a new party would need any less purging of corruption than the old ones, are questions which time alone can answer. The placing of a clergyman on the committee certainly affords no guaranty that individual liberty is to be immediately achieved.

One of the unsettled questions concerning this new party is as to its name. The "Progressiv Democracy" is the first choice. John Swinton suggests "Union" or "Progressiv" party. The *World* throws out "Labor" party as a hint. Probably "National" would be as good as any; or, better still, "Cosmopolitan." This, of course, must be settled by the party itself. It is not the name which a party adopts, but the name it achieves, that is of importance.

Another matter likely to create considerable dissension is the declaration asserting, "We believe in the fatherhood of God." As a matter of fact, a great many whose sentiments this platform is supposed to embody believe in nothing of the sort, and the declaration is therefore entirely out of place. Besides, it has nothing to do with the alleged objects of the party. The affirmation that "we believe in the accessibility of the North Pole" would hav been as pertinent, and, if anything, less offensiv. As a writer in the *Leader*, evidently a Freethinker, says:

"Such a clause could only divide us, for the rights of unbelief are as sacred as the rights of belief. Our party embraces not those who acknowledge the fatherhood of God, but more generally those who acknowledge the brotherhood of man. Let it be remembered, at this crisis in our history, that in England, the land of toleration, Infidels and Christians hav fought and are still fighting side by side in the Chartist, Coöperativ, and Socialist movements."

Even some clergymen are clear-sighted enough to see the strength of the objection. The Rev. W. D. P. Bliss writes to *John Swinton's Paper* as follows:

"I see that there has been some discussion as to the advisability of declaring belief in God in the preamble to the constitution of the Progressiv Democracy party in New York. As one who is both a clergyman and yet heart and soul in favor of the present political labor movement, let me say that I hope, if there be any serious objection to the declaration of such belief, that the declaration will not be made. I believe profoundly in the fatherhood of one living and true God, but if any do not so believe, the way to win them to belief is not by hurling declarations at their heads, but by winning their hearts by proof of brotherly kindness."

The Rev. Mr. Bliss goes on to say that the cause of unbelief in God is the lives and actions of believers. Of course, no philosophical unbeliever can accept this explaation, though the lives and actions of some believers are often such as not only to destroy faith in an overruling deity, but to shake our confidence in humanity as well. Disbelief in the Christian deity, however, has a deeper source than this. It is not the inconsistency of believers, but the inconsistency of belief itself, that causes doubt.

If Mr. George's new party desires a model platform, it will expunge all declarations of faith in anything except its political principles. Again, if we may venture another suggestion, we would propose as an amendment to the platform the Nine Demands of Liberalism, printed on another page.

Nearly a year must pass before, through the uncertainties of the next election, Mr. George's party can hope to put in operation the scheme for purging our political system, and carrying into full effect the great principles of individual liberty. A movement looking to the adoption of the Nine Demands might be begun at once, or, at least, as soon as the next legislature convenes. Sixty thousand signatures to a petition for the taxation of church property could but hav a salutary effect on the lawmakers at Albany.

THE public is now furnished with specifications and the definit charges against the Andover professors. The charges hav been amended, signed, and placed in the hands of the board of visitors and the offending heretics. They are leveled at Professor Smyth, but include the other professors. The gentlemen whose religious feelings hav been shocked point out that Mr. Smyth holds, first, that the Bible is not the "only perfect rule of faith and practice;" second, that Christ in his days of humiliation was finite, being limited in all his attributes, capacities, and attainments; in other words was not "God in man;" third, that no man has the power or capacity to repent without the knowledge of God in Christ; fourth, that mankind, save as they hav received knowledge of "historic Christ," are not sinners, or if they are, are not of such sinfulness as to be in danger of being lost; fifth, that no man can be lost without having knowledge of Christ; sixth, that the atonement of Christ consists essentially in his becoming identified with the human race through his incarnation; seventh, that the trinity is modal or monarchian, and not a trinity of persons; eighth, that the work of the Holy Spirit is chiefly confined to the sphere of historic Christianity; ninth, that the salvation of men is not wholly by grace; tenth, that faith ought to be scientific and rational, rather than scriptural; that there is probation after life for all men who do not decisivly reject Christ, and that this should be emphasized and made even central in systematic theology. He also holds that there is a new theology better than the old, which is bitterly opposed to the creed, and he has in repeated instances broken the solemn promises made when he subscribed to the creed. If investigation shall substantiate these charges against Professor Smyth, he must not only relinquish all hope of going to the orthodox heaven, but, what is of greater consequence to him, he will be called upon to resign his position and forfeit a large and comfortable salary.

IN the dust of the earth are all the faces of Montreal's pious folks. Some time ago a man named Portreas attended a service in a Catholic church. At a certain point in the ceremonies he was ordered by a constable to go upon his knees—both knees. Owing to stiffness of the joints he was unable to comply, and for his disability he was fined eight dollars. He brought an action for damages against the constable, but a jury has now brought in a verdict against him. The priests run Montreal, and the inhabitants are not likely to forget the fact.

PEOPLE who hav read the reports of the recent Congress of the American Secular Union furnished by the daily press will hardly believe that the spirit of George Washington rests down upon the reporters of this city. Washington could not tell a lie. It seems that some of the reporters can, and, fortunately, most people can tell a lie, too—when they see it in print.

THE torch on Bartholdi's statue of Liberty remains in darkness because no provisions hav been made for lighting it. Perhaps this is well, but if the people of Morris county will erect a statue of Reynolds Enlightening New Jersey, we would be willing to contribute something to keep its torch illumined.

Communications.

An Experience in Practical Politics.

Perhaps it would be entertaining and instructiv to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER living outside New York to know how the will of the sovereign people finds expression here on election day, and how the business at the polls is conducted. Perhaps, also, it will be instructiv, if not altogether entertaining, to those living inside the metropolis. To make everything clear to all as we go along, I might say that New York city is divided into twenty-four assembly districts, each district containing from 4,000 to 16,000 voters. Assembly districts are subdivided into from twenty to forty election districts. Previous to election day all those who intend to vote must register their names and addresses in their election district with a board of registration which sits four days to receive them. The board consists of four members, one of whom is chosen chairman, and each of whom has a blank book in which the names and addresses of the voters are taken down.

The board of registration usually meets in a cigar-store. On election day a plank is run across the front of the store a few feet back from the entrance, and the boxes to receive the ballots are placed in a row on this plank. Behind these, at a table, are supposed to sit the inspectors with their books open before them. When a sovereign elector appears for the purpose of exercising the franchise, the inspectors turn to his name in their books, and as soon as his ballot is cast they write in a line with the name the word "Yes" to show that he has voted. With the inspectors sit also two poll-clerks, who, in blank books lined and ruled for that purpose, write the name and address of the voter, and check off the name of the office to which his vote is designed to elect a candidate. At the closing of the polls the books of the inspectors and the poll-clerks should of course agree as to the whole number of votes cast for each office balloted for. When the votes are counted, they should correspond with the totals indicated by these books. After the ballots are counted, they are put back into the boxes. The boxes are locked and sealed and deposited with the head of the police department. The books of the inspectors and poll-clerks are delivered to various city and county officials, and their tallies go to police headquarters and to the mayor.

Such is the machinery, and in the hands of honest and competent persons it would seem as if mistakes and fraud were almost out of the range of possibility.

It was my luck this year to be appointed poll-clerk in an up-town election district. The sum of $7.50 for a day's work had an attraction for me. I filled out the preliminary blank application by writing down my name, address, and occupation, and saying Yes to the questions whether I had ever supported the County Democracy and whether I expected to repeat that offense at the coming election. A month afterward I "qualified" by going into a pen with a hundred others at police headquarters, writing my name in a book, and holding up my right hand while John J. O'Brien "swore" us in in a lump. Two days before election a police officer placed in my hands a paper certifying that I had been, "in pursuance of chapter 410 of the laws of 1882, selected, approved, qualified, and duly appointed a poll-clerk," for a specified election district, and designating the street and number where the election was to be held.

Half past five o'clock on the morning of November 2d found me at my post laboring under a due sense of the responsibility which I had shouldered. The place was open, and the ballot-boxes were in position. Leaning sleepily upon these, was a short, fat, red-faced, half-befuddled young man. I may as well say here that he was chairman of the board of inspectors. I gained a place at a table behind the boxes by crawling under the plank. At this table sat a small man wearing a high hat and a gray mustache. He was drumming impatiently on the table, and looked very much disgusted. I hunted up my blank book, and prepared for business. The two other inspectors shortly appeared, one being a tough youth from the "Fourt' ward," and the other a well-meaning young man who appeared to be more or less depressed from lack of sleep. My fellow poll-clerk came just before six o'clock. He was a west-side corner statue. Every remark he made during my acquaintance with him he prefaced with "holy Jeeses," and his vocabulary was made up of unintelligible slang.

With the polls thus manned we were prepared to begin the work of receiving votes for the men who were to preside over the destinies of New York for the next two years. The gentleman with the gray mustache had a watch that told the correct time, and when it was six o'clock by his watch and my own we suggested that the polls be declared open. The chairman produced a brassy-looking timepiece about the size of a regulation canteen, and having regarded it unsteadily for some time announced that six o'clock was still five minutes in the future. His decision stood, and so did the expectant voters. At five minutes past six our chairman braced himself against the ballot-boxes, and remarking, "Well, here she goes," got off a rigmarole beginning, "Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!" and to giv his announcement the proper religious twist he closed with a "So help you God," that was absurdly out of place, and is nowhere included in the prescribed ceremony.

The first man who voted was a drunk. I remember his name, but it is not necessary to giv it here. He was with us all day, growing drunker as time passed on. He accompanied each voter to the polls. His presence everywhere reminded me of the ubiquitous monkey in Mr. Heston's pictures. This man peddled ballots in the room, "contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided," and though two policemen were present he was in no instance interfered with. He made himself a further nuisance by occasionally shouting, "He votes all," or "All but the canal"—the "canal" being a facetious name for the convention to revise the constitution, when it is proposed to make the canals free. This was especially annoying to the poll-clerks.

At a few minutes past six our chairman disappeared and was not seen again until toward noon. He properly should hav received the ballots and placed them in the boxes, and then checked them in his register. As things went, his book was neglected. The gentleman with the gray mustache took the chairman's place, with the Fourt' ward tough as his assistant. Then there was confusion, but by special activity the poll-clerks were enabled to keep a correct tally. The inspector who was suffering from lack of sleep finally retired to a back room and "corked off" on a sofa, as the west-side corner statue defined taking a sleep. This left a second inspector's book unattended to. The law requires that three at least shall be consulted and checked every time a ballot is cast.

I heard vague inquiries occasionally for "our supervisor," but saw nothing of that functionary until about ten o'clock. He then appeared and worked industriously for perhaps an hour, posting up his book from that of the poll-clerk next to him. He then, apparently, grew weary, for he went away. In the afternoon he came back and finished posting his book. At eleven o'clock I went out to vote and to lunch, and was gone half an hour. A few voters had balloted in my absence and I took the other clerk's book to copy from. Then he went away for two hours. I must giv him credit for tolerable accuracy, though I caught him in a half dozen errors that would hav made serious difficulties if uncorrected.

While my brother poll-clerk was absent some twenty-five votes were taken, which I duly chronicled, and which the corner statue copied on his return.

In the afternoon the policeman who, as required by law, was present at our polling-place, complained that the monotony of standing around was wearing upon him. He therefore retired to the back room, and, with the help of a small boy, "worked the growler" assiduously through a side door. A tenant of the house soon put a stop to beer being brought in through the side door, and thereafter the foaming beverage was carried through the polling-room. This took place under the eyes of two policemen, and most of the beer disappeared under the nose of one of them. The law on this subject says (sec. 1,924, chapter 410, Laws of 1882) that "whoever, during the sitting of any board of inspectors of election, shall bring, take, order, or send into any place of election any distilled or spirituous liquors whatever, or shall at any such time and place drink or partake of any such liquor, shall be deemed and held to be guilty of misdemeanor." The law was dodged by drinking the beer in the back room, but the bringing of it into the polling-place was a flagrant violation of the statute.

The policeman finally got full, and dropped off into a quiet doze. The tired inspector on the lounge had his sleep out, and went to work fixing his register. By dint of copying and inquiry, he got it done at last. Then the chairman happened to recollect that his book was behind. He therefore proceeded to check off a lot of names, and revised his work by comparison with the rest. Considerable erasing and one thing and another at length brought the registers to agree with the poll-list. Another source of great trouble arose from the slouchy way in which Mr. Martin B. Brown, city stationer and printer, had bound the registers. The lines on some pages "broke joints" with those on the pages opposit, so that when one man voted another man got the credit for it.

The law has made provision for the keeping of six lists of the voters. Only two can be said to hav been kept with any degree of accuracy in this case—namely, the lists of the poll-clerks. The four others were corrected by these, hours after the ballots which they recorded were cast. The supervisor's book was of no account, being merely a copy.

The hour for closing was four o'clock. The chairman's watch had gained ten minutes, and he insisted upon shutting out two voters who came after 3:55, but he received their ballots under protest. At this hour the chairman was apparently sober, in spite of the fact that he had drank more or less throughout the day! I am at a loss to understand it.

Counting the votes was the most creditable part of the day's performance. As a general thing the ballots agreed with our lists. An excess of one vote occurring on one of the counts, the chairman caused a ballot to be drawn from a pile jumbled together upon the table. He should hav returned a number of all the candidates' ballots to the box, and then drawn one. At another time the chairman, finding that I was a raw recruit, cautioned me that if my count differed in any wise from that of the other clerk, who had been there before, I should change my figures accordingly. No such exigency arose, and so the methods of forcing balances are still a mystery to me.

I hav no doubt that the results of the balloting in this election district, as we returned them to the proper officials, were tolerably correct, but there was plenty of room for errors to creep in.

What I find fault with is the character of the persons selected to take charge of the polls. Here was one inspector too drunk to properly attend to his duty, another was too sleepy. The policeman in charge was boozy; a drunken loafer was allowed to make himself a nuisance for ten hours undisturbed. The corner statue, the Fourt' ward tough, the supervisor, the sleepy inspector, and a political heeler who hung about the place, were demoralization personified. With the exception of the gentleman with a gray mustache, they were a bad lot. It is a degradation of the polls to place them in the charge of such men. If the board I served with is a fair sample of the eight or nine hundred other boards, I hav small respect for the report on the mayoralty election.

One object I had in view in writing this article was to make a suggestion. I do not expect our newly elected "saviors of society" will adopt it. The suggestion is this: That boards of registration and election should be composed of women as well as men. The duties are not beyond the capacities of any of a hundred thousand women in New York to whom the liberal pay would be a great help. I hav noticed that in the presence of self-respecting women, even toughs and loafers will act as much like gentlemen as they know how. I think too, that with a woman to receive the ballots fewer otherwise honorable men would scour their election district on election day to pick up "drunks" from the gutters, escort them to the polls, and hold them up while they vote.

My experience as a poll-clerk has made me heartily sick of the whole business. It has convinced me that not more than half the voters vote with any object in view, and that that object is likely to be lost through the carelessness, dishonesty, or incompetency of those who receive, record, and count the ballots.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

An Illinois Blasphemy Case Recalled.

I see that our Jersey people are still disposed to expose their ignorance and intolerant bigotry in carrying on their silly prosecution for blasphemy. This brings to my mind a blasphemy case we had here in this county some years ago. The Lenawee county Spiritualists were holding their annual grove meeting some twelve miles out from the city of Adrian, and there was a large crowd of all sorts of people present. The blasphemy case took place at the Sunday morning session, when the attendance was largest. The speaker was, and still is, a strong believer in a future life beyond the grave. He believed that, conditions being favorable, we may communicate with our friends of earth, and that the old Quaker agitator, Elias Hicks, was his control. This medium is known here as the Hollow Globe man. Well, he had the rostrum, and was speaking in his peculiar way, or, as he claimed, Elias Hicks was using his vocal organs to speak to the people with. In the course of his remarks he was telling the bear story, and he went on to repeat it about as we read it in 2 Kings ii, 23, 24. "Now," he said, "these little children did not mean to be ugly, and just said to this old man without hair on his head, 'Go up, thou bald-head; go up, thou bald-head;' and this old man turned back and looked on them and cursed them in the name of the Lord, and there came forth two she-bears out of the wood and tare forty and two of them. Now," he said (in his crude and vulgar way of speaking, which was peculiar to him—and he even claimed that this was the way that Elias Hicks had told him that he had to talk after he went to the other side) "that was a d——d fool of a God." These were the words that he was arrested for using, and which, it was claimed, constituted blasphemy. The leader in this prosecution was a very pious member of the Christian church. He came down to the city and laid in the complaint against the Hollow Globe man before his friend, an attorney at law, but the attorney advised him to go home and attend to his farm, saying that God was able to take care of himself. But this Christian man would not hear to this good advice, and had the case brought before the legal authorities, but as neither party was quite ready to go on with it, the case was adjourned over one week or so.

During this time word got out over the county that a blasphemy case was coming off in this city on a certain day. This, being a novel case, brought to

town quite a crowd of Spiritualists and Liberals, many of them men of wealth, who had come prepared to meet the issue, if judgment should go against the defendant.

The hour for meeting had been set at 10 o'clock. As I had been at the grove meeting, and had heard what the defendant said, I was here at the law office to be ready to giv my testimony; but as the hour was passed and the prosecutor not making his appearance, I thought I would go out and see what the matter was. I had walked but a few steps on the sidewalk before I met his attorney, who asked me if I was at that grove meeting, and heard what the defendant said. I told him I was there, and heard it all. "Well," he said, "what did he say?" I then told him what, as I hav said here. Said he, looking up to the sky, "I don't suppose he meant to blaspheme the God of the universe." "Why, no, of course not," I answered; "it was this Bible God, the Jewish Jehovah, he was speaking of." Turning on his heel, he went directly up into his office, where he had left his client, and I went back into the law office, expecting that the prosecutor with his attorney would soon be in. The office was crowded, but no prosecutor made his appearance.

When the clock struck 11, the squire dismissed the case. It was then publicly announced in that office that on next Sunday, at 10:30 oclock, there would be a lecture at Rome Center (that is near to where this woods meeting was), on "Blasphemy," showing that the Christians' Bible is a blasphemous book. This lecture was had, to a good audience, and everything went off peaceably. In a few days after this, I called in at the office of this prosecutor's attorney to see why it was that he did not go on with the prosecution. "Well," he said, "when I had gone over to the squire's office, and seen the number of witnesses there on the other side, and knew them personally to be honest, upright men, and men of wealth, I could see fire in their eye against this prosecution as a religious humbug, and I made up my mind at once that the quieter it was settled the better it would be for our people at large and for our county funds in particular. And so I went back to my office, where the complainant was still waiting for me, and I told him that in my opinion he had better just drop this case, and quietly go home. At this he rebelled most firmly, and said that he was determined to go on with this thing, and defend the honor and glory of God. 'Well, now,' said I, 'I will quietly and kindly tell you, as an attorney-at-law, as well as your friend, that you may depend on being unsuited in this case, and knowing these men from different parts of this county in person and wealth as I do, you will be arrested on the spot for perjury; and if you can't get bail for your appearance at court, you will be taken to the county jail.' At this," he said, "the old man began to tremble. 'Now,' I said, 'I will tell you what to do—go right down the stairs and get in your buggy and drive off home as fast as you can,' and in a few minutes he was out of the city." And thus ended this blasphemy case.

Now, if the intelligent people of Morris county will put themselvs at once in array against this foolish and wicked prosecution, as we did here, the attorneys, seeing this, would most likely understand that a dismissal of the case was the better part of valor, both for the honor of the county and the saving of its funds, SAMUEL D. MOORE.

Adrian, Mich., Nov. 4, 1886.

Superstition and Pro-Slavery Morristown.

Now that Brother Reynolds has been indicted by a court sitting in Morristown for insulting a ghost, it revives in my mind a most wonderful history of ghostly proceedings that occurred in this same historic town near the close of the last century. A school-teacher from Connecticut named Rogers, tramping through the country, struck a job at school-teaching near that town. He was pious, as all school-teachers were in those days, and upon learning that a large sum of money had been buried in that vicinity by some ancient pirate, over which dark and gray spirits kept careful watch, he imparted to a select few the knowledge that he had power to soothe the said spirits, to pull the wool over their eyes, or in some manner to so coax, conciliate, lay out, or subdue them that the whole pile of this immense treasure could be secured. A secret company was formed composed exclusivly of church-members, no worldly-minded or sinful man being allowed to become a member, and negotiations were opened with the spirits. To appease them it was necessary to raise a certain amount of money, but Rogers, while seemingly willing to drive a sharp bargain with the spirits, was unable to keep their demands within reasonable bounds. Money in those days was very scarce, and many of the members were obliged to sell their cattle, horses, and in some instances their farms in order to raise the wherewithal to become partners in this fortunate band of holy men. Sometimes all the prerequisits would appear to hav been complied with, and they were within only a few hours of laying hands upon the millions that were ultimately to become theirs, when it would be discovered that some member had unwittingly said something or thought something that ran counter to the peculiar notions of the spirits, and they would hav to raise more money and do more praying before they could seize upon the promised treasure. It became necessary to take in more members, and careful search was instituted in all the surrounding towns to find godly men with sufficient lucre to join their number. Rogers had a confederate who played the part of a ghost, and, besides, he was an adept in the arts of chemistry and ingenious tricks whereby he practiced upon the credulity of his foolish victims. He was completely successful in his swindling scheme, for after obtaining all the money that it was possible to raise from his deluded followers, he suddenly disappeared and was never heard of afterward at Morristown.

The story of Rogers's exploits was published many years ago under the title of "The Wonderful History of the Morristown Ghost." It was written by David Young, of Hanover, an eminent astronomer of fifty years ago. The publication was bought up and destroyed by the descendants of the victims of that extraordinary affair. Seventy-five years ago Morristown had not ceased to be jeered and laughed at by other portions of the country in consequence of this imposition upon her "best citizens," but it is not unlikely that the same game could hav been just as successfully played in other places at that time.

I once resided in Morristown, and know something of her history. Some forty-five years ago there came to that town a gentleman with a foreign name, which I cannot now repeat, who opened out as a barber. His shop was a model of beauty and neatness, and besides his tonsorial business he added a stock of notions adapted to his trade. He was of swarthy complexion, with intelligent features and manly beauty. He had a wife, and two or three bright children of fair complexion. He joined the Baptist church, and he and his family became regular attendants. In due time the antislavery agitation broke out, and then it was discovered, or suspected, that our dusky barber was a nigger. There was not the least appearance of the African taint in wife or children, and it was not to be suspected in the husband unless special attention was called to it. There arose a row in the church. The barber was invited to withdraw. He declined, insisting with considerable intelligence and true courage that he had been faithful in all his obligations as a member, and he denied the African taint. To an outsider it was a rumpus to be enjoyed. The doctrins of the "meek and lowly Jesus" were exemplified after a manner peculiarly modern. Many of the pious brothers and sisters were horridly shocked when they came to learn that they had knelt in prayer at the same altar with a nigger. But the battle is always with the strong. The innocent barber was expelled and thrust out from a communion with the saints. He had a hard road to travel. His trade fell off. He was denounced as a fraud of most atrocious character. The idea of a man with African blood in his veins coming into a peaceable and Christian community, such as Morristown was known to be, and setting himself up as a white man, joining the church, and otherwise conducting himself as white men do, was not only cheek and impudence of immense proportions, but it was an offense that should hav been, but unfortunately was not, punishable by fine and imprisonment. Possibly this offense might hav come under the laws against blasphemy if it had been thought of, but, as it was not, other means were resorted to in the punishment of the "insolent nigger." Respectabte people avoided his shop. His doors and windows were daubed with filth and mud. He had a beautiful sign and pedestal which stood at his door. One night it was painted all over with a dull leaden color, and was thus ruined. On one occasion I remember to hav seen piled about his front door all the loose rubbish that could be found in the town, which had been done the night previous by the vicious boys of the town. He strove against fate. At last he succumbed, sold out, and moved away.

Two or three years prior to the departure of this persecuted man there had been erected in the central part of the village, facing the public green, a grand hotel, which was the delight and pride of the town people. This elegant structure embraced several beautiful storerooms, and, to round out and complete the grand enterprise, a most alluring grog-shop, with costly mirrors, elaborate paintings, and tempting liquors, was opened out in one of its rooms.

It was soon discovered that men who were formerly strangers to strong drink were now indulging freely in the grand saloon of the building, and there began to arise a prejudice in the minds of the sober portion of the community against the whole institution, and the opinion was freely expressed that, instead of the building being of any benefit to the town, it was proving to be a great curse. One night the building was discovered to be in flames, and before morning it was totally consumed, accompanied by the loss of one life, a man named Bailey.

It was very evident that the fire was the result of no accident. The people settled down into the belief that some temperance fanatic, maddened with the thought that the saloon was ruining the young men of the town, had fired the building. The hotel was not rebuilt, but the block was divided and sold and business houses erected thereon. Some years later there came to the town a report that the poor, persecuted barber had died in another state, and before dying had confessed that to avenge his wrongs he had himself set fire to this building. J. K. MAGIE.

Chicago, Nov. 3, 1886.

The Animus of the Prohibition Party.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* As the writer of this brief essay was presented quite recently with the compliments of the Connecticut Prohibition State Committee, together with the names of its political candidates for office, and coöperation with its and their aims and objects invited, he feels called upon to utter his unqualified and determined dissent to many of those aims and objects as set forth in its platform.

And, first, I would note the fact that the adoption of the resolutions by the regularly elected delegates of the Prohibition State Convention at Hartford, July 28, 1886, by the unanimous rising vote of the three hundred voters, is made to appear to be all fair and honest in its expression of each individual's views as to its final results. But looking behind these preliminary acts, it will be readily seen that their views might hav been previously forecast, and such being held by them, and pledged to do the bidding of their leaders, decided their election as delegates.

Now, the first resolution declares: "The Prohibition party of Connecticut, in convention assembled, acknowledges almighty God as the rightful sovereign of all men, whose laws are supreme, from whom the just powers of government are derived, and by whom governments are ordained for a terror to evil-doers, and for the protection and comfort of those who would do well."

In this first resolution these delegates hav assumed to know all about the character and attributes of almighty God as if they had each and all been personally admitted to his counsels and perfectly understood his divine will. And now, having acquired such wonderful knowledge, they are assuming the prerogativ of placing all men under their God's government. It shall be acknowledged supreme law over the life and conduct of all other men. And if they ever get the acknowledgment of their God into the Constitution of the United States of America, that instrument, which has hitherto protected the rights and liberties of American citizens, both nativ and adopted, then it will become a source, and a fruitful source, of plague, of misery, of destruction of the people's natural rights and liberties, instituting at once and forever in this land of freedom a political despotism—a despotism ready to shout aloud the divine rights of kings to rule free, intelligent men. America's freedom-loving souls fought a long, arduous seven years' war to throw off a galling, kingly yoke, and by their own determined will succeeded in establishing a government by the people and for the people. A constitutional government is established to hold in check the bigotry of those who would fasten chains of slavery upon this people through pretense of a piety and an intemperate advocacy of temperance by law, which, as we hav seen, and their own statistics show, hav increased drunkenness rather than diminished it; and thus in great degree frustrated and destroyed the good results sought to be accomplished by moral suasion. For history shows that man will not permit his fellow-man to dictate to him what he shall or shall not eat or drink.

But vastly more absurd and preposterous is the idea that any one man or body of religious fanatics can be competent to formulate a religious standard or creed for all classes of men in this country and expect them to subscribe to its tenets or indorse them. Such would be at once demanded by the party of that iniquitous measure which has been publicly declared shall become the supreme law of these United States, and that this people shall become a Christian nation.

The enactment of such a law, or the unmaking of the Constitution, would fill all our jails to overflowing with all such as would dare to assert their own right to worship God according to the dictates of their own light of reason.

But any political party's God is not a safe political governor, for he might, and doubtless would, at one fell swoop enslave this entire nation. We do, therefore, earnestly protest against this proposed alliance of church and state as a foul usurpation of humanity's inalienable rights and liberties held under the present Constitution—the supreme law.

Let the people rule themselvs, and then will peace and happiness supplant tyranny. E. P. GOODSELL.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 6, 1886.

"INGERSOLL District choice cream cheese," which gained the first prize and medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition in 1884, is being advertised for sale in London by E. R. Parker, of 44 St. John street, Smithfield. Ingersoll District is named after "Godless Bob," and is almost entirely populated by Freethinkers.—*London Freethinker.*

A LAY SERMON.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In the greatest tragedy that has ever been written by man—in the fourth scene of the third act—is the best prayer that I have ever read; and when I say "the greatest tragedy," everybody familiar with Shakspere will know that I refer to "King Lear." After he has been on the heath, touched with insanity, coming suddenly to the place of shelter, he says:

I will pray first, and then I will sleep.

And this prayer is my text:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your unhoused heads, your unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend
From seasons such as this? Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

That is one of the noblest prayers that ever fell from human lips. If nobody has too much, everybody will have enough!

I propose to say a few words upon subjects that are near to us all, and in which every human being ought to be interested—and if he is not, it may be that his wife will be, it may be that his orphans will be; and I would like to see this world, at last, so that a man could die and not feel that he left his wife and children a prey to the greed, the avarice, or the necessities of mankind. There is something wrong in our government where they who do the most have the least. There is something wrong, when honesty wears a rag, and rascality a robe; when the loving, the tender, eat a crust, while the infamous sit at the banquets. I cannot do much, but I can at least sympathize with those who suffer. There is one thing that we should remember at the start, and if I can only teach you that, to-night—unless you know it already—I shall consider the few words I may have to say a wonderful success.

I want you to remember that everybody is as he *must* be. I want you to get out of your minds the old nonsense of "free moral agency;" then you will have charity for the whole human race. When you know that they are not responsible for their dispositions, any more than for their hight; not responsible for their acts, any more than they are for their dreams; when you finally understand the philosophy that everything exists as an efficient cause, and that the lightest fancy that ever fluttered its painted wings in the horizon of hope was as necessarily produced as the planet that in its orbit wheels about the sun—when you get to understand this, I believe you will have charity for all mankind.

Wealth is not a crime; poverty is not a virtue—although the virtuous have generally been poor. There is only one good, and that is human happiness; and he only is a wise man who makes himself happy.

I have heard all my life about self-denial. There never was anything more idiotic than that. No man who does right practices self-denial. To do right is the bud and blossom and fruit of wisdom. To do right should always be dictated by the highest possible selfishness. No man practices self-denial unless he does wrong. To inflict an injury upon yourself is an act of self-denial. To plant seeds that will forever bear the fruit of joy, is not an act of self-denial. So this idea of doing good to others only for their sake is absurd. You want to do it, not simply for their sake, but for your own; because a perfectly civilized man can never be perfectly happy while there is one unhappy being in this universe.

Let us take another step. The barbaric world was rewarded for acting sensibly. They were promised rewards in another world, if they would only have self-denial enough to be virtuous in this. If they would forego the pleasures of larceny and murder; if they would forego the thrill and bliss of meanness here, they would be rewarded hereafter for that self-denial. I have exactly the opposite idea. Do right, not to deny yourself, but because you love yourself and because you love others. Be generous, because it is better for you. Be just, because any other course is the suicide of the soul. Whoever does wrong plagues himself, and when he reaps that harvest, he will find that he was not practicing self-denial when he did right.

Now, then, as I say, if you want to be happy yourself, if you are truly civilized, you want others to be happy. Every man ought, to the extent of his ability, to increase the happiness of mankind, for the reason that that will increase his own. No one can be really prosperous unless those with whom he lives share the sunshine and the joy.

The first thing a man wants to know and be sure of is when he has got enough. Most people imagine that the rich are in heaven, but, as a rule, it is gilded hell. There is not a man in the city of New York with genius enough, with brains enough, to own five millions of dollars. Why? The money will own him. He becomes the key to a safe. That money will get him up at daylight; that money will separate him from his friends; that money will fill his heart with fear; that money will rob his days of sunshine and his nights of pleasant dreams. He cannot own it. He becomes the property of that money. And he goes right on making more. What for? He does not know. It becomes a kind of insanity. No one is happier in a palace than in a cabin. I love to see a log house. It is associated in my mind always with pure, unalloyed happiness. It is the only house in the world that looks as though it had no mortgage on it. It looks as if you could spend there long, tranquil autumn days; the air filled with serenity; no trouble, no thoughts about notes, about interest—nothing of the kind; just breathing free air, watching the hollyhocks, listening to the birds and to the music of the spring that comes like a poem from the earth.

It is an insanity to get more than you want. Imagine a man in this city, an intelligent man, say with two or three millions of coats, eight or ten millions of hats, vast warehouses full of shoes, billions of neckties, and imagine that man getting up at four o'clock in the morning, in the rain and snow and sleet, working like a dog all day to get another necktie! Is not that exactly what the man of twenty or thirty millions, or of five millions, does to-day? Wearing his life out that somebody may say, "How rich he is!" What can he do with the surplus? Nothing. Can he eat it? No. Make friends? No. Purchase flattery and lies? Yes. Make all his poor relations hate him? Yes. And then, what worry! Annoyed, his poor little brain inflamed, you see in the morning paper, "Died of apoplexy." This man finally began to worry for fear he would not have enough to live clear through.

So we ought to teach our children that great wealth is a curse. Great wealth is the mother also of crime. On the other hand are the poor. And let me ask, to-night, Is the world forever to remain as it was when Lear made his prayer? Is it ever to remain as it is now? I hope not. Are there always to be millions whose lips are white with famine? Is the withered palm to be always extended, imploring from the stony heart of respectable charity, alms? Must every man who sits down to a decent dinner always think of the starving? Must every one sitting by the fireside think of some poor mother, with a child strained to her breast, shivering in the storm? I hope not. Are the rich always to be divided from the poor,—not only in fact, but in feeling? And that division is growing more and more every day. The gulf between Lazarus and Dives widens year by year, only their positions are changed—Lazarus is in hell, Dives is in the bosom of Abraham.

And there is one thing that helps to widen this gulf. In nearly every city of the United States you will find the fashionable part, and the poor part. The poor know nothing of the fashionable part, except the outside splendor; and as they go by the palaces, that poison plant called envy springs and grows in their poor hearts. The rich know nothing of the poor, except the squalor and rags and wretchedness, and what they read in the police records, and they say, "Thank God, we are not like those people!" Their hearts are filled with scorn and contempt, and the hearts of the others with envy and hatred. There must be some way devised for the rich and poor to get acquainted. The poor do not know how many well-dressed people sympathize with them, and the rich do not know how many noble hearts beat beneath rags. If we can ever get the loving poor acquainted with the sympathizing rich, this question will be nearly solved.

In a hundred other ways they are divided. If anything should bring mankind together it ought to be a common belief. In Catholic countries that does have a softening influence upon the rich and upon the poor. They believe the same. So in Mohammedan countries, they can kneel in the same mosque, and pray to the same God. But how is it with us? The church is not free. There is no welcome in the velvet for the rags. Poverty does not feel at home there, and the consequence is, the rich and poor are kept apart, even by their religion. I am not saying anything against religion; I am not on that question; but I would think more of any religion, provided that even for one day in the week, or for one hour in the day, it allowed wealth to clasp the hand of poverty and to have, for one moment even, the thrill of genuine friendship.

In the olden times, in barbaric life it was a simple thing to get a living. A little hunting, a little fishing, pulling a little fruit, and digging for roots—all simple; and they were nearly all on an equality, and comparatively there were fewer failures. Living has at last become complex. All the avenues are filled with men struggling for the accomplishment of the same thing.

Emulation hath a thousand sons that
One by one pursue; and if you hedge from
The direct forthright, they, like an entered tide,
All sweep by and leave you hindmost. Or, like
A gallant horse, fallen in the front rank,
You become pavement for the abject rear.

The struggle is so hard. And just exactly as we have risen in the scale of being, the per cent of failures has increased. It is so that all men are not capable of getting a living. They have not cunning enough, intellect enough, muscle enough—they are not strong enough. They are too generous or they are too negligent; and then some people seem to have what is called "bad luck"—that is to say, when anything falls, they are under it; when anything bad happens, it happens to them.

And now there is another trouble. Just as life becomes complex and as everyone is trying to accomplish certain objects, all the ingenuity of the brain is at work to get there by a shorter way, and, in consequence, this has become an age of invention. Myriads of machines have been invented—every one of them to save labor. If these machines helped the laborer, what a blessing they would be! But the laborer does not own the machine; the machine owns him. That is the trouble. In the olden time, when I was a boy, even, you know how it was in the little towns. There was a shoemaker—two of them—a tailor or two, a blacksmith, a wheelwright. I remember just how the shops used to look. I used to go to the blacksmith shop at night, get up on the forge, and hear them talk about turning horse-shoes. Many a night have I seen the sparks fly and heard the stories that were told. There was a great deal of human nature in those days! Everybody was known. If times got hard, the poor little shoemakers made a living mending, half-soling, straightening up the heels. The same with the blacksmith; the same with the tailor. They could get credit—they did not have to pay till the next January, and if they could not pay then, they took another year, and they were happy enough. Now, one man is not a shoemaker. There is a great building—several hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery, three or four thousand people—not a single mechanic in the whole building. One sews on straps, another greases the machines, cuts out soles, waxes threads. And what is the result? When the machines stop, three thousand men are out of employment. Credit goes. Then come want and famine, and if they happen to have a little child die, it would take them years to save enough of their earnings to pay the expense of putting away that little sacred piece of flesh. And yet, by this machinery we can produce enough to flood the world. By the inventions in agricultural machinery the United States can feed all the mouths upon the earth. There is not a thing that man uses that can not instantly be over-produced to such an extent as to become almost worthless; and yet, with all this production, with all this power to create, there are millions and millions in abject want. Graneries bursting, and famine looking into the doors of the poor! Millions of everything, and yet millions wanting everything and having substantially nothing!

Now, there is something wrong there. We have got into that contest between machines and men, and if extravagance does not keep pace with ingenuity, it is going to be the most terrible question that man has ever settled. I tell you, to-night, that these things are worth thinking about. Nothing that touches the future of our race, nothing that touches the happiness of ourselves or our children, should be beneath our notice. We should think of these things—must think of them—and we should endeavor to see that justice is finally done between man and man.

My sympathies are with the poor. My sympathies are with the workingmen of the United States. Understand me distinctly. I am not an Anarchist. Anarchy is the reaction from tyranny. I am not a Socialist. I am not a Communist. I am an Individualist. I do not believe in tyranny of government, but I do believe in justice as between man and man.

What is the remedy? Or, what can we think of—for do not imagin that I think I know. It is an immense, an almost infinite, question, and all we can do is to guess. You have heard a great deal lately upon the land subject. Let me say a word or two upon that. In the first place I do not want to take, and I would not take, an inch of land from any human being that belonged to him. If we ever take it, we must pay for it—comdemn it and take it—do not rob anybody. Whenever any man advocates justice, and robbery as the means, I suspect him.

No man should be allowed to own any land that he does not use. Everybody knows that—I do not care whether he has thousands or millions. I have owned a great deal of land, but I know just as well as I know I am living that I should not be allowed to have it unless I use it. And why? Don't you know that if people could bottle the air, they would? Don't you know that there would be an American Air-bottling Association? And don't you know that they would allow thousands and millions to die for want of breath, if they could not pay for air? I am not blaming anybody. I am just telling how it is. Now, the land belongs to the children of Nature. Nature invites every babe that is born into this world. And what would you think of me, for instance, to-night, if I had invited you here—nobody had charged you anything, but you had been invited—and when you got here you had found one man pretending to occupy a hundred seats, another fifty, and another seventy-five, and thereupon you were compelled to stand up—what would you think of the invitation?

It seems to me that every child of nature is entitled to his share of the land, and that he should not be compelled to beg the privilege to work the soil, of a babe that happened to be born before him. And why do I say this? Because it is not to our interest to hav a few landlords and millions of tenants.

The tenement house is the enemy of modesty, the enemy of virtue, the enemy of patriotism. Home is where the virtues grow. I would like to see the law so that every home, to a small amount, should be free not only from sale for debts, but should be absolutely free from taxation, so that every man could have a home. Then we will have a nation of patriots.

Now suppose that every man were to have all the land he is able to buy. The Vanderbilts could buy to-day all the land that is in farms in the state of Ohio—every foot of it. Would it be for the best interest of that state to have a few landlords and four or five millions of serfs? So, I am in favor of a law finally to be carried out—not by robbery, but by compensation, under the right, as the lawyers call it, of eminent domain—so that no person would be allowed to own more land than he uses. I am not blaming these rich men for being rich. I pity the most of them. I had rather be poor, with a little sympathy in my heart, than to be rich as all the mines of earth and not have that little flower of pity in my breast. I do not see how a man can have hundreds of millions and pass every day people that have not enough to eat. I do not understand it. I presume I would be just the same way myself. There is something in money that dries up the sources of affection, and the probability is, it is this: the moment a man gets money, so many men are trying to get it away from him that in a little while he regards the whole human race as his enemy, and he generally thinks that they could be rich, too, if they would only attend to business as he has. Understand, I am not blaming these people. There is a good deal of human nature in us all. You remember the story of the man who made a speech at a Socialist meeting, and closed it by saying, "Thank God, I am no monopolist," but as he sank to his seat said, "But I wish to the Lord I was!" We must remember that these rich men are naturally produced. Do not blame them. Blame the system!

Certain privileges have been granted to the few by the government, ostensibly for the benefit of the many; and whenever that grant is not for the good of the many, it should be taken from the few—not by force, not by robbery, but by estimating fairly the value of that property, and paying to them its value; because everything should be done according to law and in order.

What remedy, then, is there? First, the great weapon in this country is the ballot. Each voter is a sovereign. There the poorest is the equal of the richest. His vote will count just as many as though the hand that cast it controlled millions. The poor are in the majority in this country. If there is any law that oppresses them, it is their fault. They have followed the fife and drum of some party. They have been misled by others. No man should go an inch with a party—no matter if that party is half the world and has in it the greatest intellects of the earth—unless that party is going his way. No honest man should ever turn round and join anything. If it overtakes him, good. If he has to hurry up a little to get to it, good. But do not go with anything that is not going your way; no matter whether they call it Republican, or Democrat, or Progressive Democracy—do not go with it unless it goes your way.

The ballot is the power. The law should settle these questions—between capital and labor—many of them; but I expect the greatest good to come from civilization, from the growth of a sense of justice; for I tell you, to-night, a civilized man will never want anything for less than it is worth—a civilized man, when he sells a thing, will never want more than it is worth—a really and truly civilized man would rather be cheated than to cheat. And yet, in the United States, good as we are, nearly everybody wants to get everything for a little less than it is worth, and the man that sells it to him wants to get a little more than it is worth, and this breeds rascality on both sides. That ought to be done away with. There is one step toward it that we will take: we will finally say that human flesh, human labor, shall not depend entirely on "supply and demand." That is infinitely cruel. Every man should give to another according to his ability to give—and enough that he may make his living and lay something by for the winter of old age.

Go to England. Civilized country they call it. It is not. It never was. I am afraid it never will be. Go to London, the greatest city of this world, where there is the most wealth—the greatest glittering piles of gold. And yet, one out of every six in that city dies in a hospital, a workhouse, or a prison. Is that the best that we are ever to know? Is that the last word that civilization has to say? Look at the women in this town sewing for a living, making cloaks that sell for $45, for less than forty-five cents! Right here—here, amid all the palaces, amid the thousands of millions of property—here! Is that all that civilization can do? Must a poor woman support herself or her child, or her children, by that kind of labor and do we call ourselves civilized? Did you ever read that wonderful poem about the sewing woman? Let me tell you the last verse:

Winds that have sainted her, tell ye the story
Of the young life by the needle that bled,
Making a bridge over death's soundless waters
Out of a swaying, soul-cutting thread—
Over it going, all the world knowing
That thousands have trod it, foot-bleeding, before:
God protect all of us, should she look back
From the opposite shore!

I cannot call this civilization. There must be something nearer a fairer division in this world.

You can never get it by strikes. Never. The first strike that is a great success will be the last strike. because the people who believe in law and order will put it down when they think it approaches success. It is no remedy. Boycotting is no remedy. Brute force is no remedy. This has got to be settled by reason, by candor, by intelligence, by kindness; and nothing is permanently settled in this world that has not for its corner stone justice, and is not protected by the profound conviction of the human mind.

This is no country for Anarchy, no country for Communism, no country for the Socialist. Why? Because the political power is equally divided. What other reason? Speech is free. What other? The press is untrammeled. And that is all that the right should ever ask—a free press, free speech, and the protection of person. That is enough. That is all I ask. In a country like Russia, where every mouth is a bastile and every tongue a convict, there may be some excuse. Where the noblest and the best are driven to Siberia, there may be a reason for the Nihilist. In a country where no man is allowed to petition for redress, there is a reason, but not here. This—say what you will against it—this is the best government ever founded by the human race! Say what you will of parties, say what you will of dishonesty, the holiest flag that ever kissed the air is ours!

Only a few years ago morally we were a low people—before we abolished slavery—but now, when there is no chain except that of custom, when every man has an opportunity, this is the grandest government of the earth. There is hardly a man in the United States to-day of any importance, whose voice anybody cares to hear, who was not nursed at the loving breast of poverty. Look at the children of the rich. My God, what a punishment for being rich! So, whatever happens, let every man say that this government, and this form of government, shall stand.

"But," say some, "these workingmen are dangerous." I deny it. We are all in their power. They run all the cars. Our lives are in their hands almost every day. They are working in all our homes. They do the labor of this world. We are all at their mercy, and yet they do not commit more crimes, according to number, than the rich. Remember that. I am not afraid of them. Neither am I afraid of the monopolist, because, under our institutions, when they become hurtful to the general good, the people will stand it just to a certain point, and then comes the end—not in anger, not in hate, but from a love of liberty and justice.

Now, we have in this country another class. We call them "criminals." Let me take another step. It is not enough to raise the feeble up. We must support them after. Recollect what I said in the first place—that every man is as he must be. Every crime is a necessary product. The seeds were all sown, the land thoroughly plowed, the crop well attended to, and carefully harvested. Every crime is born of necessity. If you want less crime, you must change the conditions. Poverty makes crime Want, rags, crusts, failure, misfortune—all these awake the wild beast in man, and finally he takes, and takes contrary to law, and becomes a criminal. And what do you do with him? You punish him. Why not punish a man for having the consumption? The time will come when you will see that that is just as logical. What do you do with the criminal? You send him to the penitentiary. Is he made better? Worse. The first thing you do is to try to trample out his manhood, by putting an indignity upon him. You mark him. You put him in stripes. At night you put him in darkness. His feeling for revenge grows. You make a wild beast of him, and he comes out of that place branded in body and soul, and then you won't let him reform if he wants to. You put on airs above him, because he has been in the penitentiary. The next time you try to put on airs over a convict, let me beg of you to do one thing. Maybe you are not as bad as I am, but do one thing: think of all the crimes you have wanted to commit; think of all the crimes you would have committed if you had had the opportunity; think of all the temptations to which you would have yielded had nobody been looking; and then put your hand on your heart and say whether you can justly look with scorn and contempt even upon a convict. None but the noblest should inflict punishment, even on the basest. Society has no right to punish any man in revenge—no right to punish any man except for two objects—one, the prevention of crime; the other, the reformation of the criminal. How can you reform him? Kindness is the sunshine in which virtue grows. Let it be understood by these men that there is no revenge; let it be understood, too, that they can reform. Only a little while ago I read of a case of a young man who had been in a penitentiary and came out. He kept it a secret, and went to work for a farmer. He got in love with the daughter, and wanted to marry her. He had nobility enough to tell the truth—he told the father that he had been in the penitentiary. The father said, "You cannot have my daughter, because it would stain her life." The young man said, "Yes, it would stain her life. therefore I will not marry her." He went out. In a few moments afterward they heard the report of a pistol, and he was dead. He left just a little note saying: "I am through. There is no need of my living longer, when I stain with my life the ones I love." And yet we call our society civilized. There is a mistake.

I want that question thought of. I want all my fellow-citizens to think of it. I want you to do what you can to do away with all unnecessary cruelty. There are, of course, some cases that have to be treated with what might be called almost cruelty; but if there is the smallest seed of good in any human heart, let kindness fall upon it until it grows, and in that way I know, and so do you, that the world will get better and better day by day.

Let us, above all things, get acquainted with each other. Let every man teach his son, teach his daughter, that labor is honorable. Let us teach our children: it is your business to see that you never become a burden on others. Your first duty is to take care of yourselves, and if there is a surplus, with that surplus help your fellow-man; that you owe it to yourself above all things not to be a burden upon others. Teach your son that it is his duty not only, but his highest joy, to become a home-builder, a home-owner. Teach your children that by the fireside is the real and true happiness of this world. Teach them that whoever is an idler, whoever livs upon the labor of others, whether he is a pirate or a king, is a dishonorable person. Teach them that no civilized man wants anything for nothing, or for less than it is worth; that he wants to go through this world paying his way as he goes, and if he gets a little ahead, an extra joy, it should be divided with another, if that other is doing something for himself. Help others help themselves.

And let us teach that great wealth is not great happiness; that money will not purchase love; it never did and never can purchase respect; it never did and never can purchase the highest happiness. I believe with Robert Burns:

If happiness have not her seat
And center in the breast.
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

We must teach this, and let our fellow-citizens know that we giv them every right that we claim for ourselves. We must discuss these questions and have charity, and we will have it whenever we have the philosophy that all men are as they must be, and that intelligence and kindness are the only levers capable of raising mankind.

Then there is another thing. Let each one be true to himself. No matter what his class, no matter what his circumstances, let him tell his thought. Don't let his class bribe him. Don't let him talk like a banker because he is a banker. Don't let him talk like the rest of the merchants because he is a merchant. Let him be true to the human race instead of to his little business—be true to the ideal in his heart and brain, instead of to his little present and apparent selfishness—let him have a larger and more intelligent selfishness, not a narrow and ignorant one.

So far as I am concerned, I have made up my mind that no organization, secular or religious, shall own me. I have made up my mind that no necessity of bread, or roof, or raiment shall ever put a padlock on my lips. I have made up my mind that no hope, no preferment, no honor, no wealth, shall ever make me for one moment swerve from what I really believe, no matter whether it is to my immediate interest, as one would think, or not. And while I live, I am going to do what little I can to help my fellow-men who have not been as fortunate as I have been. I shall talk on their side, I shall vote on their side, and do what little I can to convince men that happiness does not lie in the direction of great wealth, but in the direction of achievement for the good of themselves and for the good of their fellow-men. I shall do what little I can to hasten the day when this earth shall be covered with homes, and when by the fireside of the world shall sit happy fathers and mothers and children.

THE New York *World* is looking up the untaxed personal property of residents of this city. It finds millions of this sort of property, but has not yet discovered the more millions of real estate belonging to religious organizations which never pay a cent of taxes.

THE column which Pope Pius IX. ordered to be erected in commemoration of the Ecumenical Council of 1870 has just been completed. It will be placed in front of the Vatican Museum at Rome. It was the Ecumenical Council of 1870 which made the important discovery that Pius IX. was infallible.

Letters from Friends.

WOODSTOCK, VT., Nov. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see there is a call for money, which is wanted to defray the expenses of the Tenth Annual Congress. Not begging it—it is a demand, and no other than right, and a duty we owe to ourselvs and to the world, that we come out liberally, and show to the world that we mean to sustain our cause.

I cannot do now any more at this than to send you $5. I hav soon to pay to different ones who are working hard for the cause that we espouse. JOHN D. POWERS.

MERIDEN, TEX., Oct. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav had all the bad feelings that Mrs. Helen Wilman's expressed in her letter to her friend, and hav had them ever since 1861. I was a Union man, and opposed to secession. I had to flee my home to save my life. The secessionist would not, or could not, reason with a Southern raised man. The limb and rope were always ready for him if the infuriated mob caught him. For Mr. Truesdell's benefit, I will tell of one Union man who was caught (his crime was avoiding the army) in Bell county, Tex. As soon as he was caught, the cry was raised, "Hang him to a limb." The report that came back to his family was that he (Clark Naile) was hung, not by the neck, but the heels, just like a hog, and left in that situation to die.

I am opposed to hanging a man by the neck for anything. That is the least punishment we can inflict.

Fred Koezly writes like a man. He can reason and does not seem to be scared. Fear is a hard master. I will write myself an Anarchist—one that has grown into it from bad treatment. S. D. GREER.

CERESCO, MICH., Oct. 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am very glad to congratulate you on the successful publication of THE TRUTH SEEKER. You certainly deserve all the patronage of Freethinkers, which I hope you will get. I am decidedly, however, against Anarchism. Without the law there would be no living. The Anarchy in the Bible will some day destroy the Bible. See the thirty-first chapter Numbers. "Anarchy;" see the New Testament, "You believe in me, or go to hell and be damned." Anarchy again. But Talmage and all his ilk think Anarchy in the Bible is all right. What superstition can do! You giv us the pictures; they are grand. At the end of the year put them in a book and sell them; they will sell. And also John Peck's this year's contributions. They will sell too and help Freethought.

Inclosed find catalog for books and postal order for the same. I am sorry I can't get you some subscribers, but here are less than two hundred people, and they hav got four churches. Poor Ceresco—ridden to death.

THOMAS KNIGHT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The recent Episcopal Convention which has been held at Chicago, comprising over sixty bishops, and about four hundred prominent ministers and laymen, ought to be at least noted by Freethinkers.

A group of laymen, at one of the prominent hotels in that city, were discussing the virtues and defects of the various diocesan bishops. One gentleman said that "there was, at least, one bishop (Gillespie) who had no heart, and was a complete iceberg, although he made great pretensions to being a philanthropist." This gentleman said he drove away our late rector, who was beloved by the whole city, and especially workingmen and Freethinkers, by freezing him out. He said that he had known him to receive persons and say he was glad to see them, when, but a few days before, he had written a letter that was enough to hang them. What confidence can we hav in such hypocritical bishops? He never knew what forgivness is, and he recited a number of cases to demonstrate that his treatment of various persons was the most barbarous he ever knew. He would make a good Bishop Bonner, according to all that was told.

CHARLES CRUMMEY.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Is it not degrading and humiliating to the poor to see creatures made after their maker's image dressed up in livery with brass buckles on their hats to designate the poor man from the rich? I hav seen those aristocrats who hav more money than brains, drive up to a fashionable church and go in to hear the preacher preach faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity for all mankind, and leave their poor servants out before the door dressed up like monkeys, in winter beating their hands and stamping their feet to keep them from being frozen. When I look and see those steeples, hooped up with lightning-rods to keep their God's thunder from knocking down those churches, I hav often thought there was more danger for those nincompoops to get struck than those churches. Such people are a nuisance; they should leave this country for their country's good, and go to Europe and liv under and be governed by emperors or kings, for a republican form of government is not suited to their high fangdangle notions. They hav forgotten that their grandsires fought a monarchical and aristocratic government for liberty, equality, and justice

After the war of independence the rich and poor all mingled and associated together. The rich would go to church in calico and linsey woolseys, and if there were any that strayed away from the path of virtue, gentle words of encouragement were offered to him or her to retrieve their standing in society. In those days there was no highfalutin religion, no sensational preachers like Talmage. There were no cathedrals with millions; there were no such notices as this posted on church doors, "A single sitting at mass, ten cents." There was no ten, twenty, or thirty thousand dollars per year paid for preaching Christ's unadulterated religion. There was no sale of pews. There were no fashionable dames with penciled eyebrows, lips painted, face powdered, hair dyed, and a jockey hat and feathers on their heads, and the wrinkles puttied up with paste. This specimen is the modern improved Christian. Better go back to pagan religion. Instead of paying missionaries to convert the heathen, the heathen should convert the Christians.

W. W. MORRIS.

MINDEN, LA., Nov. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav seen mention in two different numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER of recent date of a Liberal life insurance company. Such an institution, I feel, would be of inestimable value. The majority of us, both men and women, are of the working class, and are unable to meet the requirements of the regular insurance companies financially, and hav not the time to join and attend the secret organizations, such as Knights of Pythias, even if our lack of positiv knowledge of a personal God would not exclude us. I am inclined to think that many Freethinkers who are not now identified with us would avail themselvs of such an institution, and work publicly for the cause, buy Liberal literature to read and distribute, and take an interest in their brother Liberals, if they could invest in a cheap and reliable means of providing for their families after death, who now are depriving themselvs of such Liberal food to lay up something for emergencies.

If you deem these remarks worthy of a space in your valuable paper, they may be the means of inducing some more able pen than mine to advocate a "Secular Union Mutual Life Insurance." Thanking Mr. E. W. Miner and the other writer, whose name I do not now remember, for their valuable suggestions and introducing the subject,

Very truly yours, WM. MANSFIELD.

BUTLER, PA., Oct., 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am now an old man. I hav felt for many years the persecution of Christian friends on account of my exercise of that freedom of thought dictated by nature, and guaranteed by our Constitution. I hav no word of unkindness for those who differ with me in opinion or belief about matters unknown to anyone. But I feel more happy, more noble, and more in the path of duty reading the truths in your paper, than I could possibly feel reading the brutal history and unnatural creeds of the Dark Ages.

To be close to God in death, we must walk with him in life. And I prefer to die alone in the path of truth, seeking after more, than to be dragged to the tomb, in a holy chariot stained with the blood of the reformers and philanthropists of every age, by a sanctified crew that seek to crush to hell every father and mother, brother and sister, who refuses to ride in their bloody wagon.

Yesterday we had a very nice parlor lecture on the "Logic of Modern Science," by J. L. Andrew, of Kansas. The lecture was delivered at Nixon's Home. The Methodist Episcopal clergyman was present, but would not reply. The conflict is between science and superstition, and the former must prevail, for reason teaches that truth is the only thing that can stand the test of time. I inclose five dollars. Please send THE TRUTH SEEKER for two years to A. CUTHBERT.

LEXINGTON, MO., Nov. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: If Mr. Walker and Miss Harman are married at common law, then the agreement of the former to the latter as to control of her person is of no use to her *in law;* she is as to that in precisely the same situation that any other married lady is. Usually people become better than the law before the law is changed, and so it must be in this matter. Such an arrangement can only be "honor bright" between the two. If, then, the lady can gain no right in law, why not be content with making that part of the agreement privately, or with friends as witnesses? And where is the harm of notifying the public of the marriage by record as we do in less important matters? In respect to third parties, the Walker-Harman contract seems to me obscure, a fatal error.

The deeper one will study life, the more does the conclusion force itself on one that one man and one woman are each for the other for life, and any other arrangement transgresses a law of nature. The facilities that true Rationalism will giv for extensiv acquaintance and thereby finding the true partner will eventually prevent many mistakes such as are now made—mismating.

I lately saw an article in your paper by Ella E. Gibson that constrained me to write a private letter of thanks to the author.

Purity in the home, justice and order in the state—I offer that as the watchword of Rationalism. If there are many who cannot subscribe to that, I predict fission and differentiation in the Liberal organism. GEORGE WILSON.

ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: On Sunday, by invitation of a friend, I went to attend a session of "The Reform Club," in Orange, N. J., which is a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, having one hundred and thirty saloons, and is a regularly built hotbed of orthodoxy. Yet there are scores of Infidels and Liberals in Orange (all estimable citizens) who dare not utter their own philosophical and scientific thoughts. At the session of "The Reform Club" I found that it was composed almost entirely of a few shouting Methodists, a leader of the Salvation Army, and a smaller number of Baptists. The hall was well filled with anxious hearers, hungry and thirsty for a few grains of truth. A good Methodist clergyman, who (I verily believe) is a true Infidel, led off in a ranting, tearing, and impractical harang on the subject of temperance and Prohibition. Said he: "Some great men fall from their integrity and greatness and go down into a drunkard's grave. Thomas Paine was a great man. He was a distinguished writer, an eminent statesman, and he did a great deal for our country. But he died a cursing Infidel, and a miserable drunkard. I know he did, for my father, before he died, told me so, and my father was told so by a man who knew Paine. So that I do know, without any doubt, that this great man died a miserable drunkard." All the singing, the prayers, and the incoherent and irrelevant talk were replete with "Jesus and Jerusalem." I fear if any Liberal should open his mouth here he would meet the fate of friend C. B. Reynolds on account of his reformatory efforts at Boonton. Yet the mills of God are grinding, grinding, grinding, and intelligent people are thinking and reflecting. I hav heard that same Presbyterian falsehood about Thomas Paine for more than fifty years past. I am a thorough temperance man. I never take even a social goblet of wine or cordial of any sort. But, twenty-four years ago, I took a three-cent glass of lager beer as a medicin, and it made me drunk—so drunk that I did not know whether it was winter or summer. After I am dead and gone, no doubt my pious Presbyterian friends will say that I died a cursing Infidel and a miserable drunkard. ESS E. TEE.

DIANA, TEX., Oct. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Two months hav passed, during which time I hav been reading your excellent paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER, at your expense. The term for which I had paid expired at a time when money is very scarce in this part of the country, especially so with your humble servant, who could not hav bought a gangway plank, had steamboats been selling at five cents apiece; and now I am happy to be able to ask you for credit for the inclosed, and to thank you for continuing the paper with the illustrations, which teach important lessons to those who hav minds to comprehend them. I hav circulated your paper to some extent, with the hope of getting a subscriber, but it is hardly possible to get one in this community, composed largely of church-going hypocrits and disinterested nothingarians. However, I will continue to hand the paper to those who I think will read it to be benefited.

There was a time when I, like the Christian, believed that Christianity was a God-given religion, but, by investigation, I found that I had no evidence for such belief. I hav come to know that, like all other religions, it is of human origin. A religion founded on fable and mythology can't be true, nor can I believe it.

I cannot renounce reason, which is a beter guide than fear, for any kind of superstitious religion. To me it is surprising that such men as Talmage and Sam Jones can't see the error of their way. I believe they are what they are for the money; but "every dog has his day," and theirs will soon pass away.

It would be for the good of the race if such men as Mr. Peck could liv two hundred years. Everybody ought to read his writings. Yours truly, J. M. WOODS.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I hav learned that one Rev. Charlie Coppage, Jr., a pious scoundrel, of Coffeeville, Upshur Co., and a Methodist circuit rider, has been justly hauled up by the members of his church for whipping and otherwise maltreating his wife, and by them silenced from preaching. While he was off on his circuit, conducting "distracted" meetings, and faring sumptuously every day at the tables of his dupes, his wife was at home suffering for that on which he was growing fat. But, if he was called by the Lord, as he claims, to preach the everlasting truth, why not let him preach? Whipping his wife has nothing to do with his preaching. Is that the way they are to decide who is called and who is not? This claim made by the preachers is false, and men of sense know it. Oh, how long will the dupes of superstition let these pious frauds impose on them?

J. M. W.

HARPER, KAN., Nov. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am always glad to discuss social questions with anyone who will do so in a kind spirit. Mr. Griffith's criticism of my views on the liquor question is good, and to the point. He wastes no room with wind and bombast, but states his objections clearly and briefly.

Here in Kansas we hav what is called Prohibition, but the name is not appropriate; it is really restriction. When I came to this state, two and a half years ago, no person could buy any kind of alcoholic liquors without a prescription from a physician. For writing these, physicians could charge prescription fees, and there were always plenty of needy physicians ready to make money in this way. The law did not work satisfactorily, and it was changed so that any person can go into a drug store and fill out a blank, stating the object for which the liquor is wanted, and the druggist will let him hav it. This is called Prohibition. But it is really restriction. Its sale is restricted to druggists, all of whom are getting rich by selling it.

Now, my plan would be to restrict its sale, but not to druggists or to doctors, but to salaried officers of the government. I would hav them placed under strict rules, for the violation of which they should be expelled from office. I would hav the liquor sold at the cost of manufacture and sale, and I would hav each government agent appointed over a certain territory, and made responsible for the drunkenness in his territory. He should be authorized to suppress the sale by anyone else in his territory.

Mr. Griffith says we might as well murder people by law. Indeed, we do this, and hav done it from time immemorial. We hang people who should be hung by law (and sometimes some who shouldn't). This is all I contend for. Let us sell liquor by law to those who should hav it for medicinal, *sacramental*, or other proper purposes. But let us be careful not to sell it except for proper purposes. This, I believe, we never can do so long as its sale is restricted to those who make money by selling it.

Mr. Griffith thinks we might as well steal by law. I think I might define stealing to be the taking of property by any person or persons to which said person or persons hav no

right of claim. If this is a correct definition of stealing, then I think we steal a great deal by law. Our custom house officials, according to this definition, are the hired thieves of the government. They collect some three hundred millions of dollars a year that the government never earned and never inherited, and to which they hav no higher or other claim than that of might.

Yes, Mr. Griffith, our government does "take control of the stealing and killing department, and employs agents to steal from the people, and to kill such citizens as might be troublesome to their neighbors." Governments should raise public revenues by taxes upon public property, as land, mines, etc.—natural things. All taxes upon private property, products of labor, must be considered as stolen. It is the public taking what they hav no claim to. J. G. MALCOLM.

SQUAW CREEK, IDA., Oct. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Yours of recent date duly received. Yes, I want the paper to keep coming. Pictures I do not object to in the least. Those who object to them put me in mind of the young lady complaining of the boys bathing in a neighboring pond. Her modesty was shocked. She was told that her eyesight must be very good to see so long a distance. "Oh," she says, "I keep a telescope." I hope when Brother Heston gets around to the man after God's own heart and has him in his ball-room attire he will do him full justice; also Aholah and Aholibah, beautiful for the perusal of children in a school-room in a public school! Inclosed are $7—$3 for myself and $3 for the subscription of Mrs. Mary E. Lippincott, Columbia Falls, Maine, and $1 for Reynolds's defense against border ruffianism. A. G. CHURCH.

KANSAS CITY, MO., NOV. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Will some one kindly inform us what Mr. E. C. Walker is fighting for? Not for the principles of free love or free love marriage surely, for he claims an ironclad, bullet-proof *legal* marriage. So far as free love principle is concerned, he surrendered at the first shot. I am surprised to see so many old free lovers getting excited over this affair. They seem to think that they hav treed a coon, but when they hav cut the tree down they will find to their disgust that there is no coon in it—not even a measly 'possum. It is a mere quibble as to the best form for a legal marriage, a dispute as to the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. If, as Walker claims, the form is not essential, what is the good of fighting about it? Better fight for something that is essential.

The fracas reminds me of the senseless wrangle among Christians about the form or mode of baptism. Walker's form of marriage, like the Presbyterian form of baptism, is undoubtedly the best, because there is less of it. But the game is scarcely worth the ammunition. He loaded up for a bear and fired off at a chipmunk. T. WETZEL.

MR. EDITOR: All formal and ceremonial religious worship that mankind has ever indulged in is merely the childish toys of an undeveloped race or people. It is natural in all ages and conditions of mankind to query as to the origin and destiny of the human race, and to imagin or conceive a God or creator to whom reverence is given, and hence worship as a religion is the outgrowth. But as mankind, by the freedom and exercise of the reasoning faculties, outgrows the necessity of those childish toys, and looks at the natural world from a more rational standpoint, he then ceases to be a worshiper of an imaginary creator or God, and commences his progress in the light of a student or scientist in the workings or principles of nature. Although church worship and the religion of Jesus, so called, is still popular with the masses, but greatly divided up into creeds and factions, yet each standard-bearer, or faction, claims that they hav the simon-pure article, and if you travel their route, that when you pass over, heaven will be fitted up and prepared for you, and you will hav nothing to do but to step in and hang up your hat.

Now for the sequel: if a man would bring children into the world and then pay no attention to them, giv them no education, but neglect them and let them grow up like wild beasts, he would be looked on by all civilized people as a very unworthy parent, and certainly we should expect as much from a heavenly as an earthly parent. And I for one will make the move (if some one will second the motion), "That, if there is a personal God or creator, we demand self-evident and undeniable evidence, and that he make a resonable excuse or apology for the long delay in not giving us the facts." DUTTON MADDEN.

A LETTER TO A CHRISTIAN.

CONCORD, KY., Oct. 28, 286.

DEAR FRIEND: This term friend might at first hav the appearance of a solecism, a blending, you might say, of the sublime and ridiculous, so sharp and bitter is the antagonism between Infidelity and Christianity; but happily humanity sometimes gets the better of opinions, and we become in this case, just what we should be, generous and deferential. Should I, however, chance to wound your feelings, please to remember it was done inadvertently, and I propose as the amende honorable to give you the same privilege.

I hav several motivs in writing to you, the chief one being to correct a few of the errors under which you are laboring, thereby removing much of that prejudice which is such a barrier to seeing things in their true light. Many of the charges formerly alleged against Infidelity for the purpose of intimidating the timid, hav to-day no more effect upon the intelligent than a nursery tale. The horrible stories of death-bed repentance almost daily find a refutation at the death-bed of Infidels. The ravings of remorse, the recantation, and lastly the prayers for forgivness, hav all become so stale and hackneyed that the minister, who with such a gusto of eloquence relates them, but reflects his own ignorance, and, save from the most benighted, get only sneers for his pains. Another favorit way of keeping the lines intact is by telling the congregation that Infidelity is composed of the proletariat, the refuse of society, or, to use a still more expressiv term, the "off-scourings." We hav a peculiar admiration for this plea, coming as it does from the meek and lowly followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. It is in keeping with the general character of Christians to practice what they don't profess, and profess what they don't practice. When Christ was upon earth, according to history, he was distinguished by just such a following as are so odious to his followers to-day. Perhaps you will tell us that his condition has vastly improved since his advent here; that he is no longer a wandering vagrant with a few fishermen for his companions; but, residing in a city of palaces, seated upon a "golden throne," and wielding the scepter of the universe, you will feel in duty bound to support the dignity of character or rather his exalted position. Jest may not become a subject so grave, but when so many palpable facts contradict assertions so false we feel that the means are not wholly unwarranted. When every Christian's child must be taught from Infidel text-books; when Christians are constantly availing themselvs of the advantages of Infidel steam, the printing-press, the steamboat, the railroad; when our best literature bears upon its every page the impress of Infidelity, while greatest scholars of every age hav borne the brand—were every language sifted to show the meanness, the sensclessness, and the falseness of such accusations, there would still be an ellipsis.

Carlyle said he was glad his mother was religious, that is to say, credulous, submissiv, pliant to theological instruction, and considerably defectiv in reasoning power. This, perhaps, is why religion in women has been so much extolled. Simplicity, confidence, a beautiful dependence, are all very charming, we know. We hav a few such women in our mind's eye now, old, faded, neglected, and miserable, repining, and regretful, the past holding all their treasures, and that gone irrevocably. A sad commentary upon the comforting power of religion is age, and all due to the teachings of the pulpit! Whenever we can convince women that there is an elixir in Freethought, we shall not want for accessions, and gentlemen who prefer going to heaven by proxy will hav to go begging instead. There is nothing so hurtful to the mind as the doctrins of Christianity. While development and improvement is the very nature of Freethought, the Christian, starting out with a few formulated opinions, forbidden to partake of the tree of knowledge, his mind becomes dwarfed, his moral nature vitiated, all tending to nurture his weaknesses, until at last he finds himself bereft of everything but piety and dotage. One serious objection to Christianity is, that it inspires fear. There is no courage in it except that courage which it requires to make a coward—courage to forfeit our honesty, our integrity, our self-respect, and our right to investigate. This religion has made ours a nation of Esaus. He (Esau) sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, but we, more improvident still, hav given ours away. The editor fears for his subscription list, the attorney for his list of clients; the political aspirant must conserve his popularity, and the business man his patronage, while all fear Mrs. Grundy, of all fears the least pardonable. Always weak and capricious, now superannuated and imbebil, she can impose no penalty but ostracism, which is but driving us from the vain, frivolous, and superficial to the intellectual, the vigorous, and the strong.

I hav given you a few facts upon which to ponder. I hav no hopes of suddenly making a convert of you. Our conversions come by slow and regular process. It takes time, study, and reflection to persuade that of all religions Freethought is the best, the happiest, and the most beautiful. When once convinced of this, there will really be no need of persuasion. It will be like coming out of the labyrinth of darkness into the glowing light of day. You will then see that the theology that you hav been courting is but mythology after all, and must in time share the fate of its predecessors. VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Oct. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The church of the present day is the source of little harm beyond that of narrowing men's minds and hearts down to one plane of thought and insisting that this must be the only plane; one plan, and this the only plan; one hope, and this the only hope. This stand taken by the church is utterly distasteful to the intellectually inclined—to the thinker and the philosopher. Variety is the source of all joy. Monotony is bred by the long continuance of any one thing. We must hav variety or we die, intellectually as well as physically. This the church cannot allow—she must enforce her laws to the letter; her precepts and doctrins must be protected at the cost of intelligence, of manhood, of self-respect. If she fail in any instance to thus protect herself, she falls. It is a well-known fact that the church has ever been the foe of science, of intellectual advancement, of everything which tends to lift the mind from superstition and place it upon the highway of intelligence and enlightenment. So far as that is concerned—according to the Bible as recorded in Genesis—our good foreparents were damned for nothing less than seeking knowledge. For why should they not wish to know good and evil? This knowledge should be very beneficial to anyone. And yet Jehovah was opposed to their having any enlightenment on the subject, and for this one offense they fell from grace, dragging with them all mankind into the depths of degradation and superstition, and God's so-called holy church, be it Roman Catholic or Protestant, has with its iron hand and darkened visage opposed all advancement, either in thought or precept, ever since. Intellects which are confined to the narrow precincts of her allotted range grow feeble and wither for want of proper sustenance. Some men, it seems, are not noble enough, not men enough, to be honest for the mere sake of honesty, not bold enough to do right for the sake of right principles and courageous enough to shun evil for the reward of a temperate and upright life. But they must hav some restraining power, some wonderful influence, brought to bear upon them, some strength of doctrin or creed, some law of which they stand in awe. And this is all that will control them for the better part of life. Some hope of reward; some hell to avoid, some evil power to combat in imagination; some fiend, breathing fire; some Satan clothed with subtlety and cunning. And without these they are supposed to be utterly lawless and uncontrolable. But let me say that when Christianity, with all her hell-fires; her devils, breathing fire and smoke; her miraculous conceptions and revelations; her Jehovah, the tyrant and bigot; her saviors so meek and lowly; and her plans, creeds, doctrins, and dogmas, fail, as is clearly the case, to restrain the masses from crime and to protect life and property, it is then time to try a new method. If in the face of all these horrors men can yet sin as though they knew not of punishment or reward, then let us turn to the pages of Freethought and receive a lesson which has been delayed full many a day too long. Let us cease to preach that Jesus saves us from sin or damns us for it. Let us cease to offer a reward for righteousness or declare a hell prepared for vice. Let us teach the truth that all men were created free and equal; that all must take their chance in the course of life; that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap; and the wages of sin are death. For, as the great apostle of religious liberty has said, there are no rewards or punishments in nature, but simply consequences. Thus, if a man sins, he must of a necessity reap what he sows as a natural consequence. And if he sows in this world, it seems to me to be very probable to suppose that he will reap in this world also. If these things were taught simply, in place of all that tends to enchain the reason rather than to promote the welfare of mankind, the world would be much better off than it is at present. But I hav a certain hope that men will not always pay tribute to the miraculous, and, in many cases, the ridiculous; that mankind shall not always bow at the feet of ignorance and superstition, and that in some future day all systems of religion will hav passed away to giv place to a higher power, the power of reason.

For in the church of the present day I see full many a change, and many a wrinkle that in younger days she possessed not. The signs of age are visible, and with them I behold also the signs of decay. The church loses ground as fast as she givs up the doctrin of narrowness and confinement to one principle. Whenever she accedes to the demands of her devotees for higher thoughts, newer views, and broader themes—more universal topics—she adds a spike to her own cross and a new letter to her epitaph. Compare, if you will, the church of to-day with the church of a hundred years ago. To day she is an infant, compared with the strong man of a century past. In a hundred years more she will hav ceased to control men's minds to any great extent. For the views of men are widening. The absolute power of the church of past centuries is weakened.

Men no longer consult the church when they make a move in government. They no longer confer with the church when they contemplate a change of state. Questions are weighed and decided by the light of reason to a much greater extent in this day than a few centuries back. She now controls but a part of the civilized world. Her domain is limited. Her glory is fading slowly but surely. Her sun poises far over in the west, and is rapidly declining. The zenith was reached back in the Middle Ages, when priests were regarded as demigods and tithes were the chief object of all worship; when men blindly gave away their intellects, their hopes, and their souls into the hands of crafty priests; when thought was clouded and ambition fettered by ignorance; when men were rather slaves to superstition than thinking, reasoning human souls.

But now she is old. Soon will sink the sun—soon will come the time, as in France, when she will sink below the horizon of honest thought to rise no more forever, leaving a blot upon the pages of history and a tarnish upon all the past. It is not the church of the present that we fight, but the doctrins of the church of the past, some of which hav lived unto the present and still pursue mankind with pertinent mien and purpose unmistakable. Of the church of the present, as of the church of the future, we hav nothing to fear. For the church has entered upon a higher plane of thought in some respects, and this great expanding is what will eventually kill her. The struggles of her many prisoners behind her bars of creed in their efforts to expand, to grow, to come forth upon higher places, to leave the filth of past creeds and dogmas, is what has weakened her down so much, and exactly that which has brought her to her present state of lethargy and impotency, and it is exactly that which will in the future cause her destruction.

See now the palsied hand of the church—how it trembles in its efforts to grasp and hold the power it so lately has lost—how wan and pale the hand appears as it is raised in remonstrance against the advance of fair science and liberty of thought—how feeble it seems in its attempts to hold back the expanding and strengthened natures of its late minions, who daily strive within the clutches of the tyrant which has held sway in the minds and hearts of the people for the last eighteen hundred years! See now how agitated she becomes when she beholds the advancing armies of new thoughts, strange truths, broadened intellects, under the banner of science and crowned and arrayed with the efforts and achievements of the grand minds of all ages, the vindicated truths taught and expounded in the past by martyrs, sages, and philosophers; the success of great projects which agitated the hearts and minds of noble souls in the past, with measured tread and uncompromising front. No wonder she grows pale and haggard with terror, no wonder that she raises her hand with vain remonstrance, for her doom is sealed. Her eyes behold the coming destruction upon the banners of the advancing host in words of fire inscribed: Death to all superstitions, obnoxious creeds, and degrading dogmas, and liberty of thought and speech to all mankind forever!

MARION F. HAM.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

To My Books.

[*Inscribed to E. Hortensia Harman.*]

What care I if fair or ugly,
Perfect looks or incomplete?
Sitting here with thee so snugly,
Life to me is very sweet.

What care I if fortune miss me,
Summer friends refuse to greet?
To thee I turn from such dependence
Sure to find a welcomé sweet.

Though coarse my fare and rude my shelter,
All outside a waste appears;
Who could say with thee for solace,
"This is but a vale of tears?"

Constant friends, in shade or sunshine,
Who will say that life is vain?
With thee to dwell as boon companions,
I would liv this life again.

So what care I if fair or ugly,
Scant or plenty so 'tis meet?
Sitting here with thee so snugly,
Life to me is very sweet!

Concord, Ky., Oct. 25, 1886. VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

The King Who Went to Grass;

OR, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A New Version of an Old Story.

A grave and reverend bishop was once dining with the distinguished Sydney Smith, when, as the conversation lagged somewhat, a son of Mr. Smith broke the silence by asking the bishop the following question, What was the condition of Nebuchadnezzar when he returned from grass?

The bishop laughed solemnly, but returned no answer.

The above question caused the writer to investigate the history of the above-named king of Babylon, the result of which she is about to giv to you as a story founded on facts.

When a child, the touching refrain of,

Nebuchadnezzar, king of the Jews,
Sold all his old clothes, and all of his shoes!

often led the writer to inquire the reason of this penurious spirit in a king, and it is only of late that she decided it to be on account of the streak of latent madness in that once proud and powerful monarch.

Nebuchadnezzar was, when he reigned king of Babylon, as great and mighty as his name. He was born about 645 B.C., and died in the year 571. He was a great general as well as a king, and distinguished himself on many occasions. The captivs he brought home from the war were made to labor in the construction of gigantic walls, temples, palaces, aqueducts, and many public buildings. The bricks used were all stamped with his name, and some of them, as well as the remains of a portion of the magnificent buildings erected by him, are still in existence.

Everything Nebuchadnezzar did seemed to be on a large scale of magnificence, quite unequaled in history. Amyitis, his wife, who was a nativ of Media, was lonely away from her mountain home, and to please her, the king built the famous hanging gardens; they were four hundred feet high, being lifted by successiv terraces till they overtopped the city walls, and over all the terraces were made pavements of sheet lead, upon which earth was laid, and all kinds of flowers, vines, shrubs, and trees were rooted there. Water was drawn up from the river to moisten the plants, and the whole appeared like a mountain clothed with the loveliest roses and all kinds of blooming flowers. But, with all the beauty and grandeur by which she was surrounded, Amyitis did not liv long, but pined away and died, leaving one son named Evil-Merodach, and a daughter, whose name was Nitocris.

These children were brought up in great style, especially Nitocris, who was very lovely and accomplished. Her father was thirteen years besieging the city of Tyre, and there he obtained the rare Tyrian purple of which Nitocris had made for her the most beautiful and elegant robes and mantles. This princess was as sweet as a day in June, like one of those mornings when the skies are bluest, when the birds sing their sweetest songs, and the roses wear their brightest blushes.

Nebuchadnezzar loved Nitocris dearly, and so did all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She was skilled in the uses of the needle, and her father's kingly robes, as well as her own garments, were all embroidered with gold and silver by her own delicate fingers. She also played the lute and the dulcimer, and sang so sweetly that the birds in the trees hushed their songs to listen, and when she danced the captiv slaves hung their harps on the willows, and watched her graceful movements with sad pleasure.

Nebuchadnezzar was one of the greatest builders and schemers that ever lived. His busy brain was ever activ. He wanted to make this life one of beauty and delight, it being the only life he knew anything about. He enjoyed the good things of this world, and taught his children to enjoy them too; but, after the loss of his beloved wife, his spirits sank, and he was plunged in the deepest grief and sorrow. He was no longer buoyant and hopeful, and very soon he began to plunge into wild excesses. Revelry became with him the order, not only of the day, but the night also.

Nitocris became alarmed at the condition of her father, and knew not what to do

Among her suitors was a young man called Nabonadius, who had been initiated into several mystic orders, and was accounted something of a magician. To him Nitocris went with her grief. That night her father had been holding powerful carousals, and had made the very walls shake under the uproar and confusion. Nitocris remonstrated with him upon his conduct, but he flung her from him—the child he loved so well—saying, "Avaunt! you little goose, you!" and then kicked up his heels and scrambled under the bed. Nitocris sought counsel of her brother, Evil-Merodach, but he only laughed, and said, "Oh, let the governor go it!"

Then she sought the advice of Nabonadius. "O my friend!" she cried, wringing her delicate hands, things hav come to such a pass that unless some change comes over my poor old father, it will be no longer fitting for me to remain here. This is no longer a palace of beauty to me, and what shall I, what can I do? Can you, kind sir, help me in this dilemma?"

Nabonadius pondered awhile, and then replied: "Your papa, most noble lady, has been drinking heavily. Temperance lectures or a temperance pledge will be of no avail. If you will giv me permission, I will fix his royal majesty so there will be no further trouble, and eventually his character will become greatly improved."

"As you please, most noble sir," replied Nitocris; "but deal gently with the erring one."

"Be at ease," said Nabonadius; "he shall be most kindly led into the safe and pleasant paths of virtue."

He went directly to the king's apartment, with his magic wand, which was highly charged with electricity. Waving the same over the king's head, he made many mysterious passes, all the time muttering in an unknown tongue. Interpreted, it meant, "Go out to grass, Nebuchadnezzar; and stay seven years, Nebuchadnezzar!"

At the conclusion of the incantation, the king kicked up his heels and said, "Boo!" He appeared to become transformed into a grass-eating animal, and went out of that man's presence on all fours, nor was he seen again for seven years.

Nabonadius immediately commenced making love to Nitocris, and was married to her very soon after the disappearance of her father; and after the death of her brother, Evil-Merodach, she took the reigns of government in her own hands, and with Nabonadius reigned over the people of that kingdom.

Nebuchadnezzar in the mean time had been conveyed to a distant country, where he was unknown. He was not under the influence of liquor, as was supposed, but was laboring under a species of mild insanity known as lycantropy, where the subject believes himself to be a beast. Nebuchadnezzar thus supposed himself to be an ox, but Nabonadius was so superstitious that he thought he, with his magic wand, had thus transformed him into a beast of the field. The poor demented king lived out of doors, ate grass like an ox, trotted about on all fours, and was wet with the dews of heaven. His hair grew long like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws.

When the seven years were up his reason returned, and he began to brace up and think about going home. The people assembled in great multitudes to welcome him back, and to see what condition he was in.

Nabonadius alone was rather low-spirited, on account of the part he had taken in exiling the king.

Nebuchadnezzar was in such haste to reach his home, he started upon a run. He had worn hoofs and horns to carry out the ox idea, but they soon dropped off, and an old tramp, named B. L. Z. Bub, coming along, picked them up and put them on. They fitted him completely, so well, indeed, he could never get them off again, and it is reported that he is wearing them at the present time.

Nitocris met her father with great joy, and presented to him six little grandchildren that had been born in his absence, the band playing. "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes!"

He embraced them all, and then they sat down to a gorgeous dinner of roast duck and boiled mutton, with apple dumpling for dessert. The king had a splendid appetite, and did not call for grass, although there were boiled dandelions on the table. After dinner, calling the little ones to him, the king said, "Come, my little darlings, and let grandpapa show you how to play oxen."

So down on all fours the children went with the king, and commenced, whackity whack, thumpity thump, all butting their heads together in true ox fashion, their mother and all the rest of the company shouting and screaming with laughter at the innocent sport. It was in this way that the exhilarating game of playing oxen first originated.

Nabonadius hid himself in the stable, fearing the reproof of his father-in-law. Nebuchadnezzar, however, called him in and readily forgave him his part in the little drama.

Nabonadius thereupon rushed out with the speed of a cyclone, upsetting several little Jews who were in the way, and, reaching the greensward, he executed a double sumersault. They had a great party to celebrate the return of the king, who danced the old-fashioned "fore and aft" dance, to the great glee of the grandchildren, who were permitted to sit up till ten o'clock to witness the festivities.

Nebuchadnezzar resumed his reign that night, and seizing a bit of chalk, he wrote over the principal entrance to the palace these memorable words, "All's well that ends well!" MIRIAM.

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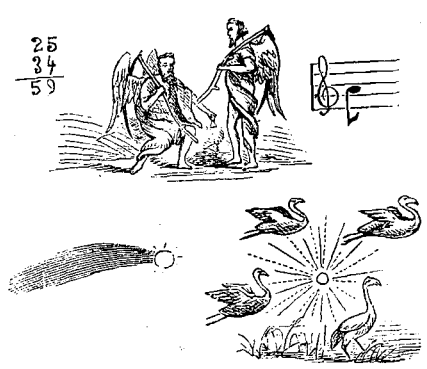
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If they contend that black is white, chime in and say it's white;
And when you know they're in the wrong, proclaim them in the right;
And when they all unite to damn and down an honest man,
R ll up your sleeves, spit on your hands, and help them all you can.

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Thoughts On Prayer.

There is much in the solemnity of prayer which will for a long period hence keep the custom in popular exercise. Yet, however holy, sincere, and virtuous is its original impulse, it will, in its extreme unwise and farcical indulgence, fast degenerate into a nuisance or vice.

It has been observed that the lower in cultivation the human intellect, the louder and more vociferous are all religious enthusiasts; whether they are to be found in the most abject fetichism of the African, the howling dervishes of the Turks, the ravings of a Talmage, or the street evangelism of the Salvation Army. The impression with all seems to be the same. Heaven is to be taken by storm. It is also evident, *per contra*, that the higher the conception of the minuteness and vastness of creation, the muter are our appeals, until they sink into solemn, noiseless contemplation.

This species of auricular praying will for a long period hence be recognized and practiced—so long, indeed, as the Great Infinit is addressed as an immense personal being, a being possessed with feelings, that can be tickled with flattery, gratified with praise, or made furious with vengeance. Indeed, there are few of our religious bodies who hav outgrown the idea of an immense personality, as of one needing hints, advice, and assistance, and under this impulse it not unfreqently runs into the ridiculous, and often with a familiarity and childishness that would be a gross insult if addressed to an earthly friend.

We are reminded of an incident at a crowded hotel in Philadelphia, during the Centennial celebration. A number of visitors. mostly strangers to each other, were assembled in the sitting-room, at the termination of a crowded day, enter aining each other by describing the wonders they had just witnessed, and were relating events in their different homes. Their different stories were interesting, inasmuch as many were philosophical and practical, and many humorous and well told, and the bursts of laughter that followed readily indicated the happy feelings of the company. A mute kind of interregnum of a few minutes ensued, caused by the entrance of a clerical-looking gentleman. The solemnity of his visage was a visible damper upon the company, who were being entertained by a gentleman relating a grotesque occurrence to himself. The missionary, after giving a solemn glance around upon the company, proposed indulgence in prayer. Well, the prayer was made, and its impression may be imagined, for, soon after its close, the room was found emptied of its once cheerful company. The prayer was evidently out of place, and uncalled for.

We hav another sample. At a recent prayer-meeting in Brooklyn, in this section, prayers were fervently thrown up for the protection of the Christian brotherhood against the "increasing diabolism of Spiritualism, that modern Infidelity." Each pause of the good pastor to wipe his face with his silk bandanna, and to inhale a fresh supply of oxygen, was improved by some enthusiast by the interjection, coaxingly, as it were, *sotto voce*, "Do, Lord, do! Do!"

Now, nothing but pity for pueril simplicity (but evident sincerity) could suppress disgust at such silly familiarity.

Here is another instance of intimacy with the Great Infinit.

In a remote section of this Union, a farmer had several sons, one of whom had just recovered from the bite of a rattlesnake. He had, through fear of death and hell's awful certainty, become a "shining light," and been converted to Methodism. A class-meeting was to be held at the old farmhouse. The minister, good man, soon worked himself into a pious fervor, and also into a state of godly thankfulness for the past. The burden of his prayer was as follows:

"O God, we thank thee for sending us rattlesnakes! We appreciate their benefit in biting our thoughtless brother Philo, and thus offering him the means of grace and salvation. O heavenly father, continue the good work! Send a rattlesnake to bite Joe, to cure him of his ungodly, blood-curdling blasphemy. And, O God, send one of the biggest and loudest kind of rattlesnakes to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes, we fear, will save him from hell's everlasting flames. Amen!" D. Bruce.

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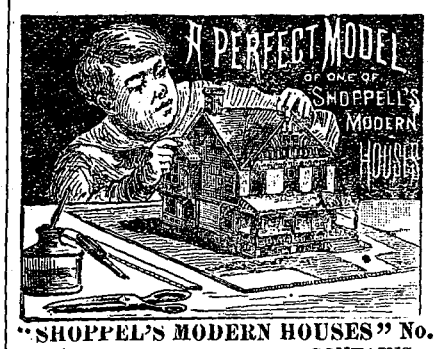
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News of t

FRED ARCHER, the fam is dead.

FROM a foot to eightee in some parts of New somewhat interfering w There was no snow in thi

M. BARTHOLDI, the sculptor, returned to France on the 12th.

THE strike of the pork packers of Chicago is ordered off by Mr. Powderly.

THE Methodists failed to raise their million for missions this year, but they came within $7,000 of it.

The New York tax collector has received within the six weeks ending Nov. 14th the sum of $19,878,737.86.

THE supporters of Henry George will probably organize as a political party under the name of the Progressiv Democracy.

THERE was a slight labor riot in Stamford, Conn., last Saturday, created by some Italian laborers who had not been paid for four weeks.

THE Pro-Cathedral of St. Peter's, at Allegheny City, Pa., was destroyed by fire on the 13th; loss, $130.000. There was $40.000 insurance on the building.

THE Chicago Avenue church, better known as "Moody's church," in Chicago, was damaged $15.000 by fire on the 12th.

SUIT has been brought against Mayor Grace of New York to recover $150.000 which it is alleged he obtained through Ferdinand Ward of the firm of Grant & Ward. Grace was receiver of the firm.

A DELEGATION of New York school teachers waited upon Mayor Grace last Saturday, and urged him to appoint a woman school commissioner. The mayor promised to seriously consider the matter.

A WITNESS named Neal at Sioux City, Iowa, says that a saloon keeper attempted to hire him to kill the Methodist minister, Haddock, who was assassinated in July last during the prohibition excitement.

ABOUT 10.000 people visited the county jail at San Francisco on Friday night, the 12th, with the intention of lynching one Alexander Goldenson, who had brutally murdered a 14 year-old girl. A strong guard of police held the crowd at bay until the excitement subsided.

H. M. COLE, of Detroit, was a soldier in the late war. He contracted a chronic disease, and has been receiving a pension until recently, when he voluntarily relinquished this pension. He is a faith-cure believer, and explains his action on the ground that the Lord will provide for him. His sanity is questioned.

A NUMBER of English-Americans held a meeting in this city last Saturday night to make arrangements for celebrating the semi-centennial anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the British throne. Besides holding the celebration, it was proposed to erect on the highest point of land about New York Harbor a colossal statue of the queen one hundred feet higher than Bartholdi's Liberty. Erastus Wiman, the millionaire railroad man, is at the head of the movement.

THE Supreme Court of New Brunswick having prohibited the Methodist conference from further investigating the charges of betrayal and adultery preferred against Rev. D. D. Currie, the conference has unanimously voted to appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada, in order that the church courts may exercise godly disciplin over their members. Religious and legal circles are greatly exercised over this case, as it is the first time in Canadian church annals that the civil power has interfered with the church for disciplining its members for immorality.

Odds and Ends.

AFTER all it is the bad child that gets the palm.

AN Arkansas man made a bullet of a piece of plug tobacco and shot it through the body of a wildcat. The animal died. Here we hav another forcible illustration of the fatal effects of tobacco on the system.

SCENE—Polk Street Kindergarten. Teacher: "Now, children, silence and attention. Who made the world?" Eddie Jones (with uplifted hand): "The Creator." Front row of pupils, with chestnut bells: "Ting-a-ling-a ling."

"OH, yes," said the dealer; "I buy punched coins, but at a discount, of course. Do you come from some church?" "No, sir. Do you do much business with churches?" "Yes, that is my most valuable connection, particularly the Presbyterians."

A MINISTER was sent South from New Jersey a few years ago to labor among the colored people. They received him with many demonstrations of joy, and at the first meeting which he held one colored preacher prayed for him with great earnestness thus: "O Lord! Bless dis yer dear brudder what's come down from the Norf to preach de gospil to us. 'Noint him with the kerosene ile of salvashin, and set him on fire."

THE young man with bangs isn't always as idiotic as he looks. The son of a worthy Chicagoan had just returned from college. The father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything dudish, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with bangs and various other insignia of dudedom. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out, "Young man, you look like a fool!" Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in. "Why, hello, George, hav you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!" "So he has just been telling me," replied the youth.

"ALL GONA HELLA 'GEDDER."

It is a stately Italian who stalks majestically down Washington street with a two-decked board on his head, supported also upon his shoulders, which is covered with plaster of paris images of distinguished persons and of holy saints. To him comes a newsboy with papers under his arm and face expressiv of mischief, who deftly extends his foot before the Italian's toe. The latter trips, staggers, and falls full length, his precious board full of statuets crashing in a thousand pieces upon the sidewalk. Meanwhile the newsboy has disappeared up an alley.

It is a cruel loss to the image vender. His entire stock in trade is gone in an instant. He obeys the impulsiv instinct of his race, and, sitting down on the curbstone, givs way to a torrent of abuse and lamentations.

There arrives upon the scene a tender-hearted gentleman, buttoned up in a snug overcoat and wearing a glistening beaver. He takes in the situation.

"Did you lose them all?" asks the tender-hearted gentleman.

"Every one gona smash," sobs the Italian. "Me broka all up!"

"What did you hav on your board?"

"What I hav? Oh, I hav one Grova Cleveland, two Gen'al Grant, tree Garibaldi, tree Pio Nono' four St. Joseph, five St. Peter, six Virgin Mary—all gona hella 'gedder!"—*Boston Record.*

BILL SNORT, editor of the *Crosby County Clarion*, was in Austin, Tex., not long since, and was asked how about the state of morality in Crosby county since the local option law, forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors, had gone into effect. "Why, there ain't a prisoner in the county jail. It is as empty as the head of the fellow who is trying to run an opposition paper to mine in Crosby county." "Is the vacant condition of the jail owing to the local option law?" "That's just it. The sheriff had to go over into an adjoining county to get drunk, and while he was gone all the prisoners—about twenty-seven in all—made their escape. Oh, I tell you local option is doing wonders for Crosby county."

A LITTLE girl and her mamma occupied seats in the parlor car of a Northwestern train. On board was a reverend gentleman—a very fat, sleek man—attired in a black coat, buttoned stiffly in front, and a white choker. Of course he had to strike up a conversation with the mamma—an interesting sort of a woman, by the way—by means of the little girl. Of missy he inquired if she attended Sunday-school and what lessons she remembered, and so on. In this way he learned that she had some curiosity concerning the ascension of the old patriarch in a chariot of clouds. "And now, my little girl," he inquired, "why couldn't I be taken bodily to heaven in a cloud as Elijah was?" "B—because," the little one rejoined, with her big eyes looking over the round and well-fed form of her questioner, "because you are not built that way."

LOVE IN A CHOIR.

There was a young maid in a choir
Who sweetly would sing of hell phoir;
  Of its terrors so dhoir
  To the wicked-souled lhoir,
And sinners who plunge in the mhior.

This sweet little maid of the choir,
The gallants did greatly admhoir;
  To her hand did asphoir,
  Wore the finest atthoir,
And swore to steer clear of hell phoir.

Alas! this sweet lass of the choir
Smiled sweetly on one in the mhoir
  Of unrighteousness dhoir,
  And she wedded a lhoir,
Regardless of hell and its phoir.

This shows that sweet love in a choir
Cares nothing at all for hell phoir,
  And the consequence dhoir
  Of a fall in the mhoir,
But mates with the love of a lhoir!

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of Thought.

e besides, being a reign of d the most cruel persecution, powerful impediment in the s of the human race.—*D. M.*

ficient to establish a miracle, be of such a kind that its more miraculous than the fact which it endeavors to establish. . . . When anyone tells me that he saw a dead man restored to life I immediately consider with myself whether it be more probable that this person should either deceive or be deceived, or that the fact which he relates should really hav happened. I weigh the one miracle against the other, and according to the superiority which I discover, I pronounce my decision, and always reject the greater miracle. If the falsehood of his testimony would be more miraculous than the event which he relates, then and not till then, can he pretend to command my belief or opinion.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

IT is not enough for us, Americans, to felicitate ourselvs upon this resistless stream of progress, if our America is a sluggish eddy in that stream, cumbered with wrecks of mighty hopes and miserable froth of words, or if we ourselvs, instead of being hardy sailors on its tide, guiding some useful freight to distant havens, are only moral corpses which it bears along still breeding poison as we go. It is not enough for us that humanity shall go from better on to best. We want our own America to prosper. We do not want any future Gibbon to write the history of her decline and all. And it is not enough for us that America shall prosper. We want, or should want, to be *plus* and not *minus* quantities in the sum of national well-being.—*Chadwick's Rise of Man.*

THE plurality of worlds—the indefinit immensity of the universe—is a most awful subject of contemplation. He who rightly feels its mystery and grandeur is in no danger of seduction from the falsehoods of religious systems, or of deifying the principle of the universe. It is impossible to believe that the spirit that pervades this infinit machine begat a son upon the body of a Jewish woman, or is angered at the consequences of that necessity which is a synonym of itself. All that miserable tale of the devil, and Eve, and an intercessor, with the childish mummeries of the God of the Jews, is irreconcilable with the knowledge of the stars. The works of his fingers hav borne witness against him.—*Shelley's Notes to Queen Mab.*

FULL well I know the dead are dead,
  Yet sometimes at a look or tone,
With short relenting, will the past
  One moment giv us back our own.
Oh, happy pain! Too quickly done—
As swiftly ended as begun.
—*Susannah Archibald.*

THE doctrin of necessity teaches us that in no case could any event hav happened otherwise than it did happen, and that, if God is the author of good, he is also the author of evil; that, if he is entitled to our gratitude for the one, he is entitled to our hatred (or our pity?) for the other; that, admitting the existence of this hypothetic being, *he* is also subjected to the dominion of an immutable necessity. It is plain that the same arguments which prove that God is the author of good, light and life, prove him also to be the author of poison, darkness, and death. The wide-wasting earthquake, the storm, the battle, and the tyranny, are attributable to this hypothetic being in the same degree as the fairest forms of nature, sunshine, liberty, and peace.—*Shelley's Notes to Queen Mab.*

I ONCE asked an ingenious English painter how he could bring himself to leave Rome after living so many years there. "It was, indeed, very painful," he replied, "to tear myself away from so much exquisit beauty; but as my children grew up, it became absolutely necessary, for I found it utterly impossible to giv them a notion of truth at Rome." The terrible curse which is represented in the words of the ancient satirist, "*Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio* (What can I do at Rome? I cannot tell a lie," seems still to cleave to the fateful city."—*Hare's Guesses at Truth.*

DEEPER, deeper, let us toil
  In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
  Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.
—*James Montgomery.*

As young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do seldom grow to a further stature, so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms and observations, it is in growth; but when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be further polished and illustrated and accommodated for use and practice, but it increaseth no more in bulk and substance.—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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THE MOCKERY OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

Notes and Clippings.

THE French government has ordered the pope to recall his deputies to China or forfeit his amicable relations with France. The pope promises to obey.

ON the 21st, at Fairview, Ky., there was dedicated a Baptist church on the site of the building where Jefferson Davis was born June 3, 1808. Mr. Davis was present, and, entering the pulpit, pronounced the benediction.

PASTOR STAUNTON, of Brooklyn, was recently found guilty of ministerial conduct, but there are so many of his congregation who are willing to forgiv him that he has concluded not to deprive them of the moral and religious benefits of his ministrations.

FOR the first time in the career of the Rev. Sam Jones, we notice, in the Omaha *Herald*, that he "preached to more empty chairs than men and women in the exposition building last evening." Is the majority converted, or are Sam's sermon's growing dull?—*Sun*.

IT is reported that Mrs. Comstock, a medium of Norwich, Conn., is about to sue the estate of Byron Boardman, who died a year ago, for $1,000 for professional services. Mr. Boardman, she alleges, engaged her for a stated sum to attend to his spiritual cravings by the year. The $1,000 asked for represents her labors for him for three years. The administrators of the estate aver that the claim is a made-up one, and that Byron declared on his death-bed that he owed no one a dollar. Mr. Boardman's estate is valued at $50,000 or $75,000.

A PLAY called "The Acharnians," written by Aristophanes 2,300 years ago, is being performed in this city. It draws good audiences, but not much is said in favor of the play itself. The dialog of "The Acharnians" is spoken in the original Greek, the actors being some Philadelphia students. It is believed that not more than one person in 50,000 can understand it.

THE Kansas City *Journal* thinks that the president's pastor stands in need of correction. Immediately after Mr. Cleveland's speech at Harvard he had the effrontery to make the health of the presidential household a subject for special supplication at a service which both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland attended. This is what the chief executiv would call one of the "crazy cracks of the cloth."

A LOT of Catholic priests of this archdiocese assembled in the cathedral one day last week and appointed the Rev. Dr. Burtsell "defender of the marriage tie." There is a young Catholic priest in Brooklyn named Sherman whose claims to this position should hav been considered by this gathering. He has recently been forced to marry one girl, and two or three others hav sued him for betrayal and abandonment. Experience should count for something in these matters.

THIS news comes from Grange City, Ky.: "Nov. 16.—The Rev. Frank Kissick, one of the best known preachers in this region, engaged in a quarrel with John Cundiff, a workman in a saw mill, and attempted to thrash him. Cundiff defended himself until he could reach a broadax lying near. He wielded the terrible weapon with both hands, and struck the preacher an awful blow, nearly cutting his body in two. Wat McKee also engaged in the fight, taking sides with Cundiff and paying special attention to William Kissick, who was defending his brother. Kissick turned on McKee, chased him through the woods, firing after him as he fled and wounding him several times. The preacher will die, and his assailant will be lucky if he escapes Judge Lynch."

A DAILY paper presents this list of the wars of Europe since the sixteenth century:

Wars undertaken for the acquisition of territory	44
For the levy of tributes	22
For reprisals	24
To decide questions of honor or prerogatives	8
From claims relativ to the possession of territory	6
From claims to crowns	44
From pretexts of assistance to an ally	30
From rivalry in influence	23
From commercial quarrels	5
Civil wars	55
Religious wars	28
Total	286

THE Washington *Critic* tells this: A nice little boy, reared in the intellectual and heterodox atmosphere of Boston, happened to be a witness in a case in Cincinnati, and the question arose as to his being able to understand the nature of an oath, so the judge investigated him. "Well, Wendall," he said, kindly, "do you know where bad little boys will go when they die?" "No, sir," replied the boy, with confidence. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the judge, in shocked surprise; "don't you know they will go to hell?" "No, sir; do you?" "Of course I do." "How do you know it?" "The Bible says so." "Is it true?" "Certainly it is." "Can you prove it?" "No, not positivly; but we take it on faith," explained the judge. "Do you accept that kind of testimony in this court?" inquired the boy, coolly. But the judge didn't answer. He held up his hands and begged the lawyers to take the witness.

THE venerable Walt Whitman, author of "Leaves of Grass," is living at Camden, N. J., in a state of poverty bordering on absolute want. A correspondent of the *Herald* writes that he found the aged poet paralyzed, poorly clad, and rapidly decaying in body, yet cheerful and happy. Speaking of his chief work, Mr. Whitman said: "'Leaves of Grass' was published in 1855. It fell flat on the public and financially failed. Two years later a second and New York edition followed suit. The third edition of 1860 did fairly in Boston, returning a small sum. The fourth and fifth editions were dead failures, for which the war was responsible. In 1876 my centennial edition of the work and 'Two Rivulets' were issued, which I offered and sold direct from my sick room for $10 for the two volumes. These were handsomely bound and contained my photo and autograph. My luck from that time has changed for the better. I remember gratefully that Robert Buchanan championed me, aided by William M. Rossetti and Moncure D. Conway. Among the subscription lists sent over from England with $10 each for the works were the names of Tennyson, Swinburne, G. H. Lewes, Philip Bourke Marston, and others. In 1881 Osgood & Co., in Boston, brought out a new volume of 'Leaves of Grass.' In that city—the home of Freethought and liberty, Universalism, transcendentalism, etc.—the work was suppressed [by Anthony Comstock] as soon as it had successfully started."

Communications.

The Decay of Christian Morality.

I.

There is more noise made over the conversion of one Liberal to the doctrins of Christianity than over the conversion of nine hundred and ninety-nine Christians to the principles of rational religion. That is about the relativ proportion of backward and forward conversions, as I should call them. Liberals are not in the habit of crowing over their successes. I hav never heard of any Liberal lecturer carrying around with him a slate and pencil to keep an account of how many men and women he impressed favorably, or how many converts he made during his lecture tour, and sending in the number to be published throughout the country in order to advertise his wares. A Liberal speaker is always rejoiced to find that people are ready to giv up their superstitions for facts, and throw away Christian dogmas for natural truths, but he is so accustomed to the experience that he does not deem it of world-wide importance to gather up the cast-off absurdities and toys and preserve them as trophies of victory.

One can almost say with certainty that out of one hundred converts to Christianity, who are made during a period of religious excitement, not more than half a dozen will be found under the delusion at the end of six months; while it is so rare that an intelligent, Freethinking man or woman ever goes back to the Christian faith that I can state that I hav no personal knowledge of a single instance. The steadfastness of the Freethinker to his convictions might pass into the saying, "Once a Liberal, always a Liberal." Backsliding seems to be one of the evidences of Christianity. The privilege of going back on one's professions is a Christian prerogativ. This is a common practice in the church, one of the exercises of new-born piety. The more times a man falls from grace the better Christian he becomes. There is no limit set to backsliding. We might imagin a certain familiar passage in the gospel of Matthew written to cover this species of pius dereliction, which would read, with a slight change in the text, after this manner: "How oft shall my brother backslide, and be received again into the church? until seven times? I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven." And experience has demonstrated that the ample latitude allowed the Christian believer is none too great.

The person who accepts the Christian theology is no more in sympathy with the best religion of the times than is the man who wanders about the streets begging his bread and sleeping wherever he can in harmony with the highest comforts of our civilization. There is more religion in a train of cars carrying progress and enterprise across the continent than in a conference of ministers trying to keep alive a theology that teaches that God was a Jew who lived and died in Palestine, and devising ways to make the people believe the ridiculous superstition. Truth is born where men are allowed to think and speak their thoughts. Error cannot be maintained where man is permitted to ask questions. The only way to preserve Christianity is to put it in a tin can and hav it hermetically sealed.

We are getting a new examination of the universe for a basis of our philosophy. The telescope has afforded man visions far beyond the seventh heaven of the apocalypse. The genesis of things is found to lie millions of years back of the Genesis of Moses. The chaos out of which this world was made has been found to be a previous state of existence. Science is laying the new foundation for our faith, and knowledge is building the new temple of the soul. Liberals everywhere are stating their opinions, and the world recognizes that there is to be a religious controversy on this continent that will shake to the foundation everything that is not true. Not one stone of falsehood will be left standing upon another. Every dogma of error must find a grave, and truth alone be reverenced by man.

The world has taken a step forward of Christianity, and in its march of advancement has left behind the Christian God, the Christian savior, the Christian Bible, and the Christian faith. But the world will not stop here. It must go farther. The question that the religious world is endeavoring to answer to-day is this: Is the decay of Christian theology to be followed by the decay of Christian morality? I think it is; and I also think that this morality is about as near dead now as it can be. It is true that the author of this morality is painted in divine colors for human adoration Sunday after Sunday, and his other-world ethics inculcated by the pulpit, but beyond this attempt to giv the peculiar moral teachings of Jesus the show of life there is absolutely no sign of them in the world of man.

The morality of the Christian system is not designed for humanity in its present condition, nor does it possess the elements necessary to make man into the image of any higher virtue. It is, in fact, an unnatural, unreal morality that Jesus taught, and the notion that men and women do not practice it because it is too far above them depends upon an estimation of this morality which we are not willing to allow. I do not wish to be misunderstood on this point. I want to say that the general moral duties of man, as they hav been taught for ages by teachers of every race, and every religion, are not Christian, and that Christian ethics are found in the code of moral duties taught by Jesus, which are different from the recognized standard of morality adopted by mankind generally. Christian morals are Christian only wherein they differ from all other morals. It is because they are peculiar to Christianity that they are Christian. Because I do not believe in Christianity I do not wish it said that I do not believe in morality, for I do. I believe that man can be good and true, and that he can do right, and I believe that he ought to do right.

I do not say that everyone can reach the same moral altitude I do not say that every individua can be good and true. Some persons do not seem to be morally adjusted. I think, however, that we may predicate the power of man to be moral. The notion that man cannot be good has been the apology of half the criminals of the world. It is the creed of all crime. If we affirm the idea of human depravity we may as well erase the Commandments, for if man cannot be good it is the hight of folly to command him to be so. The healthy faith of man is faith *in* man. The theology that has been preached for the past few centuries is not calculated to make men moral. Those ministers who hav shouted themselves hoarse for the salvation of the soul, and who hav made no account of man's behavior in their scheme to save the race, are the ones who hav rubbed religion in the dirt, and undermined the moral foundations of the world. Wherever has been preached a stiff-backed theology, there will be found a weak kneed morality. It is an admitted fact that the Christian morals are inseparable from the Christian dogmas—that they are as closely connected as the Siamese twins.

Every ethical principle that supports our social structure is independent of ecclesiastical relations. and it is not essential that we recognize any theology in order to comprehend the necessity of moral obedience. There is no sympathy between right, truth, and justice, and the apostles' creed. We may go as far as to say that the attempt to establish a union between Christianity and morality would result in an absolute divorce of these two forces. I wish to make it plain beyond a question that the Christian faith in itself is entirely distinct from all moral effect on the part of man. To believe that Jesus was the Christ does not carry any obligation to do right—does not make it incumbent upon the believer to do a single moral action. It is sufficient to establish our predication that not a single church in Christendom makes moral obedience the condition of membership.

There is a code of Christian morals which has been taught but never practiced. The special duties which Jesus enjoined upon his followers hav never been reduced to conduct. It is not too much to say that the moral precepts of Jesus, if carried into action, would cause social revolutions beyond precedent, and produce a state of existence compared with which Anarchy would be government, and confusion would be order. But before we undertake to examin the Christian morals, let us shed a few tears of rejoicing upon the grave of Christian theology. We do not care to hav a coroner's jury decide what caused the death of this theology. We bless the cause, whatever it was. We only wish to feel assured that it is really, truly dead, and the fact that "not a single treatis written by a New England Puritan is a living and authoritativ book" seems to prove it beyond a question. The persons who still preach this theology and profess to believe it are merely sitting up with the corpse.

While it is asserted that a wrong interpretation of this theology sent it out of the world, it is pretty evident that a right understanding of it inspires no wish to hav it back. Much of the superstition in morals sprung from fear of God, which Christianity inculcated as the purest and highest incentiv to right doing.

The truth, broadly and frankly stated, is this: God is no longer the inspiration of morality. Fear of God does not check the actions of man to-day, nor is the attempt to make human and divine interests identical sufficient to insure obedience to moral laws.

The ancient basis of morals is gone, and another and better one must be found to inspire, a freer life, a fuller life, a better life, and higher. We who hav rejected the Christian theology are looked upon as orphans. But if I understand the position of Freethinkers, the question of a supreme being is neither affirmed nor denied by those who wish to hav no further business with the God of orthodoxy. We read that "the fool hath said in his there is no God," but we prefer to say we know nothing about the matter.

Theologies may come and theologies may go, but humanity goes on forever, and so we do not deem it as important to worship the fleeting shadows of the universe that are cast upon the minds of men as it is to hold fast to those realities that make human existence a blessing and "a joy forever."

We are called Infidels, and denounced as having no religion because we will not march in the ranks of hypocrisy, and dance to the music of orthodoxy. We believe no statement that our reason cannot approve; we accept no doctrin that is contrary to common sense; we hav confidence in human nature; we believe in truth, justice, and love; we accept life as a blessing, and try to make it so; we believe in taking care of ourselvs, in helping others, and in being just and kind to all; and we say to the Christian church, If this be Infidelity, make the most of it.

It is suggested by some that if man's exact relation to the deity were understood, the whole question of morals would be settled at once. But would it not be truer to say that, if man's exact relation to his fellow man were understood and respected, the highest individual welfare, no less than the general good, would dictate the morality the world needs? And is not this the grand task for the human race, to rightly interpret the effect of human action upon the individual and the community, and to deduce from human experience the rules for human conduct? I do not know that I owe God any duty. I do know that I owe a duty to my neighbor. I plead total indifference to the demands of divine ethics, but I trust I am not completely callous to the wants of my fellow beings.

I owe it to myself to be moral. I owe it to my race, to every man and woman that I meet in life, to be as honest, as true, as upright, as my nature will permit. I can comprehend and appreciate obligations to humanity, but moral indebtedness to the deity I know nothing about.

The Christian morals are founded upon the assumption that the work of man here is to do something that he may escape punishment hereafter, and hence the morality of the Christian church has had little reference to the concerns of the present life.

Christian morality is based upon the Christian faith that the human race is under the curse of God, and that, to evade the penalty pronounced upon him, man must perform certain duties, these duties being taught as paramount to all we owe to self, to family, to society, and to the world. But an almost universal disbelief of the Christian faith prevails to-day, and, consequently, a new morality, with man for its supreme object, is fast supplanting the cutworn and valueless performance of Christian duties.

The moral teaching of the New Testament may be the highest and purest of *its kind* of teaching, but it is not the kind that is needed to-day. It is a false morality, yea, a dead morality for the most part, that the Christian church demands of men. The general conviction is that no salvation is needed by man, and that all the virtues advertised as requisit for such safety as the church is prepared to secure are spurious virtues. Those actions that advance man along the way of general prosperity, that make it easier to liv and get a living on the earth, that hav their value determined by their respect for human beings, are what the world needs.

The generally-acknowledged author of Christian morals offers no salient points for criticism, as he cannot be regarded as a historical person whose career has been carefully followed and marked by the biographer. He is a mythological man, with a little less of the fabulous and a little more of the real than attaches to the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece and Rome. The name of Jesus adorns an anatomy of words. It pictures a person, not of flesh and blood, but of faith and fancy. Jesus is a man of the imagination, but, mythical as he is, certain men and women believe in him in their own way, and are not intolerant of those who are disposed to ask for the proofs of his life and works. This man has left no more marks of his living upon the earth than hav the birds the marks of their flight through the air. The New Testament is no more history than is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." We cannot make any positiv assertions in regard to the life and character of a man when we do not know who was his father, where or when he was born, with whom he lived, nor when he died. The only historical fact connected with Jesus that is not disputed is that Mary was his mother. This is a very important point in his history, but it is not sufficient to constitute a biography.

Notwithstanding the fact that the entire narrativ of Jesus is without a single chronological date, and the vastly more significant fact that not a single incident connected with the person of Jesus is sustained by contemporaneous history, we must perforce speak of him as a person whose whole career was watched and noted from his miraculous advent to his miraculous ascension, and look upon his disciples as so many Boswells, ready to mirror to the world his every speech and act.

We must do this—why? Because the world will not candidly and critically study the gospel story. For the present, then, we will speak of Jesus as a man, and accept him as the author of the moral code in the New Testament. But a word or two about the man. The Christian world sets him apart as the model of the race, as the masterpiece of nature as the utmost that earth can produce.

Every man must here fetch his word of praise, and every word be a mountain, to meet the demand of the Christian church for reverence of Jesus.

I do not believe in the infallibility of any man, but I believe in the improvability of all men. Is man no longer heir to the virtues of life, that he must erect monuments of praise forever over the name of Jesus?

I shall take the liberty to express my dissent from the common expressions of admiration for this man. I cannot praise everything he did, nor think every word he uttered a star of wisdom.

He said some good things, but much that he said is good for nothing. His theology will do for Sunday-schools, but it will not stand half a dozen questions by common sense. His hell was barbarous, his heaven childish, and his ideas of humanity show but a superficial knowledge of human nature.

His life cannot be imitated with advantage to the race, and his notions of human existence are wholly inadequate to the complex, varied civilization of this age.

Let us see what he did: He paid no filial respect to his reputed parents; he refused to acknowledge his mother and his brothers; he lived a roving, wandering life; he paid no heed to the laws of his country; he placed no value upon industry, and even went so far as to tell men and women that God would feed and clothe them; he helped himself to the property and possessions of other people without paying for them, and destroyed what belonged to others without offering an equivalent; he had no property, no home, not a place to lay his head; he hated the rulers, yet sought to establish a kingdom for himself; he failed to reach the throne he sought, and died upon the malefactor's cross. Is this the man for the nineteenth century to honor? Is this the man for men to follow in this age? Is this the man whose life all should strive to imitate?

L. K. WASHBURN.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A Letter from Lucy Colman.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* When I saw you at the Convention at White Sulphur Springs, I think I told you that I would soon send you a letter which should contain some reminiscences of a life, fifty years of which hav been given to work in the field of reform. I hav not yet found time even to begin such a letter, because from that time to the present I hav been upon the wing, and even now I am not at home; but I want to say to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, among whom I number my dearest friends, that I hav renewed my age so far that I hav come to feel that my work for the world is not quite done. I propose in the present year to put upon paper very many of the events of my life which connect me with all the social reforms of the age in which I liv, "Antislavery" and "Woman's Rights" leading the list; and if the good editor of our paper will permit, I will, from time to time, send you, through the paper, some specimens of what I hope to put into book form, which shall be for the encouragement of young Freethinkers, for I can assure them that work for humanity always pays largely in the end. We are so constituted that we grow through suffering. We "climb the ladder round by round;" the effort we make to rise to the first givs us strength for the next lift, or, to change the metaphor, having found that persecution for the truth's sake can be endured, we find at last that there is real enjoyment in suffering which lifts humanity to a higher plane.

I hope to be well settled at home before the close of the year. I am now with that most charming family at Boonton whom you know through Mr. Reynolds, and of whom I shall hav much to say in the future. I hav only time at present to say, two more families of this kind would redeem New Jersey and make her a decent state. I am not at all sure that this one is not equal to it.

I am so much indebted to my friend, Daniel Edward Ryan, and his good wife, for making it possible, and even easy, for me to be present at the Annual Congress just closed, that, like Dickens's character in "Bleak House," I want to write his name large, that all may read it—a man always on the right side. No wonder Henry George and the new party achieved such a success, with such men as Mr. Ryan as working members.

Through Mr. Ryan I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Lucy Parsons, the wife of one of the condemned Anarchists. She is a splendid woman, a mulatto; only think of it—one of a race who, a few years ago, were held in such absolute bondage by government that some of us jeoparded our lives by saying, "Down with the government!" How many of us were imprisoned—ah! how many lost their lives—in that sacred cause is not to-day known. Shall such a woman be made a widow, and her children orphans, because Mr. Parsons dared to speak his honest thought? Can it be possible that such men are to be hung by the neck until they are dead? Who among us will not agree with Colonel Ingersoll that we are yet uncivilized? The march of the souls of seven murdered men, murdered by law, shall sound an alarm that shall awake to thought and to action an army to demand that murder by law shall be abolished.

Boonton, N. J., Nov. 17th. LUCY N. COLMAN.

Post-mortem Probations and Infantil Damnations.

Having given an impartial hearing to our Christian controversialists about infant damnation, will they graciously allow us to recall Mrs. Glasse's advice in her receipt-book for cooking a hare of, "First catch your hare."

For what proof or probability is there of the existence of the dead children more or less damnable?

I am no stubborn Materialist, denying a world of life to me invisible. I am candidly ignorant whether soul is a function of the nervous system, or the body but the outward form of soul, or whether there may not be two or more bodies, the visible and the potential, fitting one within the other.

Admitting man or some men to be or to hav souls more or less immortal, upon what is the existence of such soul predicated? On intelligence and sentiment, spiritual passions and faculties, I suppose. The preëxistence of souls to bodies, taught by Wordsworth in his celebrated poem, has been quite a prevalent doctrin among the immortalists, and obviates the difficulty of developing souls out of human bodies, while not allowing them to other animals which evince, however, in their conduct much intelligence and sentiment. Wordsworth must indeed by his "White Doe of Rylstone" be credited with the belief in grades of soul other than human. But previous to a certain, not well defined, epoch in development, inasmuch as no evidences of intelligence or sentiment exist, we are not warranted in supposing that the hypothecated soul has entered its organic tenement. Where there is nothing, there the king loses his rights, and the devil his privileges.

What necessity or feasibility, not to say possibility, is there for the spiritual development of non-viable fœtuses which in our species correspond to the myriads of kittens, puppies, fish eggs, dropping fruits, etc.? Nature's tribute to waste? This seems to be an effect of the modern evolutionary craze. It is no Bible faith doctrin, and whatever evidence may be adduced in its favor must be, I suppose, of the cheap mediumistic sort that would not be admitted in any court of justice.

Development of faculty and character beyond or in a different direction from ordinary growth up to a certain age is an exceptional, not a general fact, whether for races or for individuals. An illusion is created by certain inventions which only the past rendered possible. Elizabeth Barrett struck true in writing:

> When we drive out with our clouds of steam majestical white horses,
> Are we greater than the first ones who led black ones by the mane?

If the faculty of invention takes hold upon creation and associates its author with nature's primal forces, it is a sinister fact that the dignities of personality hav fallen, not risen, in the use of those inventions which distinguish the operativ of to-day from the artisan of yesterday. The former is less a man, less than the great machine to which he is an appendage, and to which the inventor's genius has enslaved him. Analyzing the basis of the idea of immortality, we find among faiths the Hebrew, which predicated it not of individuals, but of organic types in family or race, and the Christian, which predicated it on the affirmed resurrection of Jesus, about which there is no evidence capable of establishing any fact, so that it is simply a bit of clerical stage property, on a par with paste diamonds and tinseled robes. Admitted as a miracle, it would be good for Jesus, but not for anybody else without further proof.

But survival of death is not merely an article of faith; it is demonstrable, not precisely of individuals, but of the ideas which they represent, either in organism or social uses. The organic idea persistent is manifested in successiv generations of a common type. Social ideas, or the uses of character, are what we generally refer to in saying that a man, a Walter Scott, a Goethe, a Napoleon, or a Washington, has achieved immortality.

But the infants who hav furnished no career in this life hav neither of these claims to another. Their organic type has rejected them as inadequate to its purposes, and they hav not become the coefficients of any social purpose. Even the parental pride or affection that claims their survival is unconscious whether or not that claim is honored. It is not apparent that there is really any other than a clerical interest to be served by the cultivation of such ideas.

In remarking the survival of ideas, I neither affirm nor deny that of individual personalities associated with them. There is simply a suggestion, the verification of which awaits post-mortem experience, or, at least, successful experiments in ghost-craft, of which I am ignorant.

It is the consciousness of a personality that we are reluctant to part with which chiefly constitutes the aspiration to immortality, though few of us cherish the memories of our personal experience. This conscious personality is nowhere more conspicuous than in the behavior of individual roosters and hens, which, however, hav not been especially regarded as candidates for immortality. How about their eggs? Will they survive our gastric satisfaction for the development of spiritual chickens?

We may distinguish the cases in which undeveloped beings perish by inadequacy or non-viability, and those of violence, or infanticide, irrespectiv of gastronomy. But then only the viable children that get killed can be qualified by the vigor of their organic essence, either as candidates for Christian training or for the "alternativ" destinies which Dr. Withrow protests against.

If the organic type invariably represent itself in strongly self-conscious personalities, as all roosters and many other bipeds, either feathered or feather less, attest, then we need not be concerned about this integrant factor of immortality, and may indulge infinit prospectivs of chicken fixings, doubtless implying wheat bread, whose spiritual character will make it light and easily-digested, even without Horsford's phosphates, or "royal baking powder, absolutely pure." EDGEWORTH.

Helen Gardener on Social Heresies.

I.

MR. B. F. CLARK, *Dear Sir:* Yes, my time is, indeed, very much occupied, but nevertheless I hav read your letter with pleasure, and shall respond, as you see, promptly. I can hardly claim to be a "leading light," as you say, in Freethought, and I suspect that you overestimate the desire felt to know my opinion upon the subject named, but I am never afraid to "'fess right up" to such opinions as I do possess, and I am not ashamed to say that I do not know a great many things.

Therefore, when I shall hav expressed myself to you upon the various "isms" which you hav asked me to discuss in a public letter, lecture, pamphlet, or book, the high opinion which you are pleased to say that you hav formed of me, and of my abilities, may materially change.

For it is only too true that few people yet liv (even though they be Freethinkers or Liberals) who can retain a marked difference of opinion, and, at the same time, mutual respect and esteem.

Therefore, the degree of interest which you and your friends, as you assure me, hav been pleased to take in my opinions may undergo diminution when I say that I do not consider myself sufficiently well-informed upon the various "isms" named to undertake to enlighten other people. I hav never yet undertaken to write a lecture or an article upon any subject to which I had not given long, serious, and consecutiv thought.

Now, of course, I hav done the usual general reading of newspapers, magazines, and a few books. I hav listened to or participated in occasional conversations, and heard a limited number of so-called debates upon these "isms." But I hav at no time given such consecutiv thought, nor such close study to any of them as to now feel myself capable of properly discussing them in public.

So much that is weak, shallow, and (as it seems to me) wholly wide of the mark already afflicts the public upon these topics, each one of which must hav some germ of truth somewhere, however distorted or ill-presented or overworked it may be, that I do not wish to add to the vast swarm of incompetents who vainly try to handle political economy from an outlook limited to a few pitiful facts gleaned from an experience or study covering a few years, a single country, or a given petty premise.

Therefore, I can only say to you that I am yet only a student, and not a teacher, of any of the phases of radical reform or governmental change of which you ask me.

Of course, I hav certain opinions, "views," or perhaps more fairly stated, I should say prejudices, in favor of or against these theories; but I am quite willing to admit that I do not know enough about their real meaning to assume to instruct others. I am quite willing, and am pleased when I can do so, to listen to capable people talk upon either side.

I do not believe that I can hav heard or read, as yet, the best that can be said for any one of them. I say this because I cannot conceive of what I hav heard or read being sufficiently conclusiv or convincing to accomplish some of the results already attained.

Now, as to "free love." We must all admit that love, to be love at all, must be "free" to choose its object.

But, of the vast amount of rubbish and immorality that has been attached to that one central idea, I hav only this to say:

I do not believe in any form of polygamy which has yet been tried, whether it be simultaneous, successiv, termal, incidental, or "for life;" and I can conceive of none that would or could enlist my admiration.

Personally, I believe in but one marital love in one life; but I am well aware that some very good people differ from me wholly upon this point.

As to the promiscuity usually called "free love," it seems an utter abomination to me. Certainly,

if there are, as you think, a sufficiently large number of people who care to read this letter, to justify the editor in so doing, I shall hav no objections to its publication in one of the Freethought papers. I am sorry that I am not sufficiently well informed upon these questions to be of service to others. But I am not, and I never attempt to swim until I hav pretty thoroughly tested the depth of the water. Meantime I hav no doubt that you can get very decided opinions from a thousand Freethinkers, if you ask for them.

Very sincerely, HELEN H. GARDENER.

II.

MR. B. F. CLARK, *Dear Sir:* I hav read, with interest, the inclosed letter. I hav no corrections to make, and no suggestions, of course.

I see no objection to your publishing the letter just as it is, if you so desire.

I really cannot conduct a debate upon the subjects, however, and I did write "frankly and honestly" when I said that I do not believe that I fully understand the real germs of the various "isms" named.

And, if you will pardon me for so saying, I also believe that by far the larger number of those who talk about them know even less than I of their meaning.

This, as you must know, is true in regard to "Freethought" also. A vast number of its "advocates" confuse it hopelessly with "license," and act accordingly.

And as for its opponents, you must be fully aware that they wholly misunderstand, not only its meaning, but its object and aims as well.

This fact alone warns me never to feel sure that I fully comprehend any new move which is (or seems to be) wholly subversiv of the old order of things simply because my "instinctiv and natural" inclination or prejudice may lead that way. That is the old church argument, and it is the one which fully satisfies and holds most of her adherents back from any thought or study of the real meaning of the movement in which the words "Infidel," "Freethinker," "Atheist," etc., etc., hav stood to them for all that is wicked, vile, and dangerous.

Many very good people are Socialists, and I do not, therefore, believe that they can understand this matter as you do. Who is right? Either or both? How shall we know until we inform ourselvs fully, not as to the froth that is talked about it, but as to its real meaning and intent? As I said before, this is my present position; yet, I do not expect to be "lost," and I rather doubt ever becoming a "Socialist." Still, I am willing to think and anxious to learn. Hastily, H. H. G.

An Orthodox Fraud.

We hav been deceived, most egregiously imposed upon, and taken captiv by what the civilized world calls Christianity, ever since its history or its literature has been written, or what is called its cardinal tenets hav been believed by professed Christians. This statement I shall substantiate by the testimony and admissions of the highest authority known to English-speaking Christendom. That authority is the revelations and confessions of the Old and New Testaments companies of England and America lately engaged in revising the Bible; and as may be found in the "Companion to the Revised New Testament," and the "Companion to the Revised Old Testament." Both of these were prepared and published with the consent, approbation, and assistance of the respectiv companies; the former by a member of the English company, Alexander Roberts, D.D., and the latter by the Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D.D., of the American Company, in New York city; both by Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street, New York, American publishers.

The careful readers of these "Companions" will find an ample amount of this testimony in the admissions and confessions throughout these volumes, with the ordinary religious cant, pious platitudes, and solemn verbiage to decoy the reader and blind him to the facts and startling Infidel revelations they hav so often covertly made.

They tell us they were engaged some fifteen years in attempting to revise the Bible, and admit the arduous difficulties and obstructions they had to encounter, and the utter impossibility they found of arriving at what the original writers wrote or meant to convey. They only confess to improving the text, and making some approximation toward the original, or rather toward what they found in older Greek manuscripts and in some copies of the text in other languages, of the one hundred and fifty thousand different readings which they acknowledged were admitted to be now in existence. The revision was undertaken under a pledge or promis not to disturb the context nor doctrinal teachings, but simply to improve the grammar and taste to meet the demands of modern culture.

Among the admissions of errors they found in our English Bible are these, that the names of God, Christ, Lord, Savior, Belial, etc., never should hav been in the Bible. They were not names and did not represent personalities, but were simply *words* in the Greek text of which they purport to be a translation. But the Christian world, through the superstition and idolatry of our heathen-European ancestors, had been imposed upon and long deceived by this fraud in our translation; and having become attached to it, nothing but that superstitious reverence kept it there, and they dare not attempt to make such a serious change, for it would defeat their labors, of course, and consign their own good names to infamy. To hav done so would hav been a godless, wicked heresy.

Let us fancy what our religion would be without these names, or the personalities which they purport to represent. We know that without them we would not hav the material and we could not build up Christianity. Why, there is nothing to build it with! There are no persons or spirits or supernatural entities to manage or run it on earth or in heaven without these personalities at the helm. So that the whole system falls to the ground as a stupendous fraud. This is known and not disguised by standard orthodoxy itself in the secrets now disclosed by the reverend savants and sages who hav been worshiping at its shrine for fifteen years, professing to be trying to save what they hav, unwittingly, virtually destroyed.

They say the Hebrew Jehovah or Javah, or some other word, should hav been retained in the place of our Teutonic God or Gott. It meant with the intelligent ancient Jewish prophets and writers "the incommunicable," the inconceivable, the eternal, the unchangeable, in the same sense that modern scientists and philosophers use the unknowable, infinit energy, final cause, indestructible forces, etc. These terms are used when we come to the end of our knowledge and investigations, simply to express our ignorance of all beyond. Now, how can we make a confession of our ignorance into a personality and then proceed to endow that personality with all the human and other attributes imagination and fancy can invent as a basis for our religion?

Yet this is what the revisers tacitly admit we must do in order to retain our faith and enjoy the blessings, the hopes of salvation which our Christianity thus founded, constructed, and maintained promises to all those who humbly and meekly accept it.

Then they tell us that "Christ," and "Belial," "Lord," and "Savior," are not names, but are forgeries of copyists and our translators to represent their own and the prevailing superstitions, translated from simple Greek words which represented abstract principles, virtues, vices, or forces; for instance, *Christ* represents wisdom and virtue, and was used in connection with the name Jesus, or Joshua, in the Hebrew, because it was the qualifying adjectiv to designate his character. It was afterward conferred on him as a title. Thus we see in the course of time a mere *adjectiv* became a God, a son of God, a Lord, a Savior. Pagan superstition and mythology did this. They hav been equal to anything in the line of fraud, and the people hav been equal to accepting anything they could offer. To-day the survivors of those revising committees, and every intelligent clergyman or layman in the land, knows, or can know and ought to know, the fabulous foundation, the shadowy, mythical basis, and the visionary, fraudulent origin of our whole system of religion called Christianity. The clergy cannot deny this. But what of it? they say; if it is all fabulous, it has been the means of saving souls, of producing much happiness, of redeeming sinners, and blessing the world! Science and the growth of thought hav done all this.

The education and intelligence of the people made it a necessity to attempt a revision of the Bible, to save its character, so the the revisers tell us. Their object was not so much to giv us the truth as they might honestly find it as it was to save the oracle, the charter of our religion and the bulwark of their profession, and to prevent their own reputations going into decay and disrepute before the growing intelligence.

These motivs for the undertaking were obvious; but there was too much natural honesty, or not enough adroitness, in their methods and confessions to conceal the facts and truths which they did not mean to openly avow to the public.

They could not deny them, and in order to show us how thorough their remedies had been, and to inspire public confidence in the result of their labors, they covertly revealed what cannot fail to be the death of that which they hav attempted to save.

There has nothing ever come from the church of the same authority so damaging to Christianity, and to the support of Infidelity, so-called, as this testimony from the revising companies contained in the "Companions."

Of course, it is meant to be concealed or disguised to the uncritical reader, in the pious verbiage, fulsome plaudits, and reverent homage with which the volumes abound. There is no weapon the Freethinker can use more effectivlly against the authority, the authenticity, or what is called the divine origin of the Christian religion, than that which its own friends and advocates furnish us in these "Companions." The revisers are their own witnesses against themselvs, their own faith, and the utter unreliability of that book on which the whole superstructure depends. Why shall we go to Infidel authors, who are so generally repudiated, for our facts, reasonings, and testimony, when we hav at hand the recognized, undisputed, and high testimony of the church itself, or its best and ablest representativs, in these one hundred or more savants who constituted these revising companies and furnished to us in these "Companions?"

We know the plea for all this fraud is that "the end justifies the means," that "we may do evil that good may come," that it is better to save sinners than to be honest.

Church and religious history abounds in these precepts and this policy.

Yet nowhere else, nor for any other purpose, is this advocated or permitted but in our religion. We may practice fraud toward God and our own souls, but not in our secular affairs toward one another, without violating law, outraging morals, and losing character. We call our religion divine, and because it is such, it is exempt from the canons of human criticism or secular obligations. Oh, great is the mystery of godliness! great are the means of salvation! and who will be saved? T. E. LONGSHORE.

Philadelphia, Nov., 1886.

The Liberal Club.

There is no use discussing the question, because there is but one side to it: the Manhattan Liberal Club furnishes the best entertainment, from an all-round point of view—if the reader will kindly conceive that such a point of view is possible—afforded by any institution in the great metropolitan city of New York. The man with a badge-pin has lived in Gotham long enough to hav obtained a pretty comprehensiv notion of its list of things calculated to attract the public eye. He has seen the statue of Liberty enlightening the world, and the statue of William E. Dodge dodging the customs. He has been to the Catholic cathedral and to the Eden Musée. He has attended the churches of all denominations except the Presbyterian—the line had to be drawn somewhere. He was at Cooper Union when the County Democracy nominated Abram Hewitt for a savior of society. He went to Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission before Jerry died, and to Peter Dwyer's revival before Peter ran away with the organist. He has drifted into almost every place of gathering on Manhattan Island, but he never knew what it was to feel like heaving to and dropping anchor until he attended a regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club.

The 421st meeting of this body was held on the evening of Friday, the 19th, President Wakeman being in the chair on the platform, and a large and finely-dressed audience occupying all the other chairs in the hall. The lecturer of the occasion was Mr. John W. Lovell, publisher of Lovell's Library. The audience greeted the speaker warmly. Mr. Lovell waived the formality of addressing the Chair, and plunged into the reading of his lecture with a speed of three hundred words per minute. The Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay was the subject. It appears that Mr. A. K. Owen has secured from the government of Mexico a grant of a large tract of land in the state of Sinaloa, Mexico, where it is designed to start a coöperativ colony, centering at Topolobampo bay, just across the gulf from the southern extremity of Lower California. As yet the colony exists only on paper and in the minds of its projectors. A book by Mr. Owen, entitled "Integral Coöperation," contains charts and diagrams of this ideal city, and the *Credit Foncier*, a little paper published at Hammonton, N. J., is the organ of the enterprise. Mr. Lovell's lecture was chiefly from Mr. Owen's book. It comprised a biography of Mr. Owen, a history of the scheme up to the present time, and a statement of the advantages of the country and the system of coöperation to be adopted. All the elements of disorder afflicting our present defectiv system—including lawyers, ministers, churches, boarding houses, and other evils—are to be abolished by the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay.

At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Lovell was interrogated by the audience touching various things connected with the enterprise. It appears that the country is without water, wood, or coal. Water must be bored for or brought thirty miles, involving the laying of an aqueduct; coal is one hundred miles away, and no railroad to it; wood is hundreds of miles distant inland, or it can be shipped to Topolobampo from San Francisco. On the other hand, the soil is extremely fertil; one crop a year—that is, during the wet season—is assured, and with irrigation four crops may be raised.

Colonel Hinton was the first to take the platform. The Credit Foncier, he said, was a beautiful dream. He knew Colonel Owen well as a man who had tried to make capital in the ordinary worldly way, and had failed before the Topolobampo benevolent scheme was thought of. Colonel Hinton had been to Topolobampo and to Guaymas. The climate was excessivly hot, and the land so dry as not to be available

for agriculture without irrigation. The cost of bringing the water would exhaust the capital of the company. The place had no resources—no back country. The shipping of timber from San Francisco was out of the question, and buildings must be made of adobe; that is to say, mud. People going there must expect to face all the troubles of pioneer life, with the added disadvantage of a foreign country and climate. He doubted if the colony could exist six months without coming in collision with the tyrannical Mexican government. Colonel Hinton believed the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay to be purely impracticable.

Dr. Gunn said that the greatest objection to this Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay was that it contemplated a gigantic steal from the people of Mexico. As far as he could see, the company was a corporation seeking its own interests.

Dr. Weeks told the story of the man who won the wager that sovereigns could not be sold for a shilling apiece on London bridge. The world was suspicious of those who offer too much for a little, and that was the reason the people rejected the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay. Dr. Weeks was inclined to think that the land theories of Henry George were more practicable, because there was a better prospect of their being realized.

Judge Rice took the platform by invitation. He was a believer in the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay, though he did not ask anybody to go there, and did not propose to go himself. There was the disadvantage that the colonists would be in subjection to the government of Mexico, but it was the best place on earth for coöperation, and it needed only capital to make Sinaloa the greatest country in the world. The people there are anxious to hav their country developed. The government is in theory a republic, and in fact a despotism, but it is as safe a place as the United States. The great obstacle in the way of coöperation was the fact that human nature needed reforming, because now it is impossible for people to be on an equality and be happy. This speaker answered all the objections raised by the critics.

Mrs. Leonard suggested that the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay should exist somewhere except on paper, and that before people are asked to go to Mexico something should be provided for them to sit down on and rest when they get there. Once there, the colonist must remain, because no way is afforded of getting home again. There is no railroad, and the walking is bad. Mrs. Leonard had had some experience in pioneer life, and was not charmed with it. It had many discomforts and a dearth of luxuries. The people who embarked in these enterprises were usually those who were not a success at home.

Mr. Lovell, in closing the discussion, said that the bringing of wood from San Francisco to Mexico was not impossible. The people of England got their timber from Canada. Besides, there was a growth of mesquite-trees on the land granted by the government of Mexico to the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobambo bay. A large colored map was displayed, showing the advantageous location of the proposed colony. Topolobampo was not as hot as Guaymas, nor as unhealthy, and had a better harbor. Dr. Gunn's charge that the corporation intended to steal the land from the people of Mexico was not literally true, though the enterprise would not allow itself to be too seriously retarded on account of some possible Indian who might be disturbed. These things and others were rehearsed, and then the colored map was furled, at which the audience dispersed and went out in the wide, wide world; and as the badge-pin man came forth he heard the echoes say, "The Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay."

At the next meeting the venerable subject of "Alcohol in the Human System" will be discussed by several doctors.

THE signs of material progress in Syria are recounted by the *Spectator* in conventional phrases with fantastic effect. The streets of the New Jerusalem are well lighted with oil lamps, and there are great clocks displayed in the public buildings. The number of dwellings has trebled during twenty-five years. Church bells are rung on Sundays, and schools are open five days in the week. Women are interested in Paris fashions and copy them. Suburbs are building up rapidly, and enterprising citizens, doubtless, are projecting street railways and Queen Anne cottages. The New Jerusalem is a comparativly clean and sweet-smelling town. No public nuisances such as tanneries and slaughter houses are tolerated. The sanitary engineer has arisen to tell dreadful tales about sewer-gas and bad plumbing. And so it goes throughout Syria. Bethlehem rebuilt has paved roads and a street-cleaning brigade. Nazareth is given over to oil speculators, five hundred thousand olive-trees being planted every year in the surrounding district. At the foot of Mount Carmel, and in Joppa, there is intense activity in real estate. Ancient Shechem, where Joseph was sold, has become the joint inheritance of shoemakers and soap-fat men.

To the Liberals of America.

The secretary of the American Secular Union will begin his annual lecture trip from January 1, 1887, to be continued throughout the year. The method of work thus far pursued has been unanimously indorsed by the Congress. There hav been some honest differences of opinion in regard to the best way of advancing the interests of Freethought. It has been decided that the main means to reach the minds of all the people is by pioneer lecturing and organizing, while in conjunction with these there should be distribution of Freethought literature, the sale of books, and the increased circulation of Freethought journals. On this basis the work of the Union will be pushed more vigorously than ever. The aid and generosity of Robert G. Ingersoll hav carried us through two years of successful labor, and the gratitude of all Liberals is due to his magnanimous coöperation. Much has been learned. Experience is the wisest teacher. It is through unceasing endeavor that the best results are attained. The promis of the future is great. Only, however, by hard work, patience, and each one doing what he can for the general cause can national coöperation be maintained. There must be a commonwealth of Liberalism throughout America, and this is to be achieved by the efforts of the Union. This is the representativ organization. It is through this that the Nine Demands will become a political influence, and complete justice and liberty be acquired.

The secretary will devote himself mainly for the coming year to the Western field—to Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington territory. He desires to enter into communication with all Liberals who wish for lectures in their vicinity in order to arrange for constant work at the least expense. The board of directors will outline plans more fully in next week's paper. The situation must be studied in order that the most effectiv measures may be adopted, and the utmost possible benefit achieved with the greatest economy of resources. If all those who are interested in the American republic, in the total separation of church and state, will simply join heart and hand in this movement for public agitation and progress, that which has been done will be made of priceless value. The masses of Liberals must carry forward the enterprise hereafter. This year will test the strength of our cause—whether it springs from deep conviction, or is simply a floating sentiment, a side issue in the mighty march of human affairs. Do the Liberals of this country stand for the highest, the most progressiv, the most noble, truths and deeds of the time, and are they ready for a common effort in this direction to be a vital force in humanity; or are they simply epicureans of thought and feeling, daintily serving themselvs, with no worldwide interest? Liberalism, in what it tears down and in what it builds up, is indeed the sublimest effort of humanity, and without doubt there are thousands in our land who will respond to its glorious call.

Having achieved much, let still more be achieved in the fraternity of our sublime ideas.

The secretary of the Union is ready for work. It is for the Liberals of the country to afford the opportunity whereby through united labor the power and glory of freedom may be established in our political institutions.

Address all communications hereafter to

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Guesses at Truth.

WHEN Moses, the alleged author of the first portion of the Bible, appears in history, China, and Egypt, and Babylon, and Phœnicia, and Syria had already enjoyed a highly advanced civilization of more than one thousand years' standing, with a sacred literature, and with good moral precepts to guide the people.

THE Bible is not an inspired volume, nor a revealed book, nay, it is not even an original book; its opening narrativs are the narrativs of other and older Bibles, its miracles are the miracles wrought among other and older people, its ceremonies and institutions are those of older faiths, its truths had been promulgated and practiced one thousand years before Abraham or Moses were ushered upon the scenes of history.

To the many the form "sacred volume" means: The volume given by the hands of God; and "revelation" means: That every word of it, from its opening to its closing page, is revealed—that parts of it were written by man under the immediate dictation by the mouth of God in audible words; other parts were revealed by outward visible signs, by the Urim and Thummim, by dreams and visions; other parts, again, were written under the unerring guidance of the divine spirit; other parts, the decalog, for instance, were written by the finger of God; that the prophets did not speak any words of their own; that they were only the instruments of God, who inspired them and spoke through them; that not merely the thoughts and words of scripture, but even the vowel points, were of divine origin; that in it all that man is ever to know is made known, and all that is not made known is never to be known; that all it teaches was never known before, nor was any of its truths ever revealed to any people, save the people of Israel; that there is nothing false in it, no corruptions of text, no anachronisms, no conflicts—the world was created in six times twenty-four hours, and a luxuriant vegetation sprang up before a sun was yet created; man was formed out of a lump of clay and woman out of a man's rib; the serpent did speak, and so did Balaam's ass; the different languages did originate, all at once, at the tower of Babel; Joshua did arrest the sun in his course; the waters did separate and stood like two walls till about one million of people had passed through the gap on dry land; fire and lions and whale refused to consume Daniel and his three friends and Jonah, and Elijah ascended alive and unscathed to heaven in a fiery chariot. Such belief is childish.

Providence in Methodism.

From the Denison Gazetteer.

Bishop Galloway, in an eloquent sermon Saturday night, on the providence of God in Methodism, said God commenced three generations back to produce a John Wesley; but he neglected to inform his hearers whether he attributed John Wesley's denunciation of the American patriots of the Revolution as traitors, deserving of condign punishment at the hands of the tyrannical sovereign of Great Britain, to an "overruling providence" or the instigation of the devil.

John Wesley was a pronounced Tory, and wrote and preached against the great leaders in the cause of American independence.

"The supposition that the people are the origin of power is every way indefensible," he said, speaking of the origin of power.

"If your ancestors were subjects, they acknowledged a sovereign; if they had a right to English privileges, they were accountable to English laws, and had ceded to king and Parliament the power of disposing, without their consent, of both their lives, liberties, and properties" (Wesley's Address to the American Colonies).

"Brethren, open your eyes! Be no longer the dupes of designing men. Be warned in time. . . . Let us put away our sins, the real ground of all our calamities, which never will or can be thoroughly removed, till we fear God and *honor the king*" (Ibid).

One great complaint on the part of the colonists, and which is set forth in such strong language in the immortal Declaration, was unjust taxation; but Wesley said: "The supreme power in England has a legal right of levying any tax upon them [the colonists] for any end beneficial to the whole empire."

If Wesley could hav had his way, the necks of the people of the colonies would hav remained under the heel of England's crafty king. John Wesley was no friend to the cause of American independence. He was so extremely loyal to home government that he adhered to the church of England. The Methodist Episcopal church of to-day is not the church of John Wesley.

A Screw Loose Somewhere.

DEACON HOLYBOY'S REMARKS AT THE PRAYER-MEETING.

"The thought suggested to me this evening by our pastor's remarks—and it is one which very often forms the subject of my meditations—is that we are too often, far too often, inconsiderate of the feelings of others. We are told that we should consider the frailties and foibles of the aged, and this duty is impressed upon all of us; but are we not often thoughtless and unsympathetic in our intercourse with the young, with those dependent upon us, and whose future lives we are unconsciously molding by our words and our example? Above all, brethren, speak gently to the young. Strive to lead them by the silken cords of love, rather than by the galling chains of—er—er—slavery." (Murmurs of "Isn't that beautiful!") "Speak kindly to those who are dependent upon you; if you hav occasion to reprove them, do it quietly and affectionately, and in words that will soothe rather than irritate, and which may sink deep into their hearts and bring forth abundant fruit. By a word carelessly spoken we may influence for good or evil the whole life of another being. Think, then, how heavy is our responsibility, how careful we should be in our intercourse with all about us, especially with the young and impressionable. And by our actions as well as our words should we strive to influence those who look to us for guidance. We should liv upright and stainless lives; we should choose for our associates only the pure and noble. Let us do all this, and in the end it shall be said of us," etc.

DEACON HOLYBOY'S REMARKS AT HIS OFFICE THE NEXT MORNING.

"Morning, Johnson! Where's that boy? Not here yet? Why, it's nine o'clock! I'll pitch the young whelp out of the window when he gets here. Ah, here he is! Now then, boy, what hav you got to say for yourself? Grandmother sick? What in thunder is your grandmother to me? Now look here, you cub, don't you imagin that I take any stock in that yarn. Johnson, dock him twenty-five cents; if he tries it again I'll discharge him. No, we don't want any matches, and if you show your face in here again I'll kick you out. Ah, Mr. Slocum, how are you? When did you come down from Windy Hollow? Well, you came at the right time, for prices are 'way down, and we'll expect to sell you a nice little bill of goods. But let's go out and hav a little something together for old acquaintance sake. And, by the by, I've got a couple of tickets for the theater to-night, and you must go with me. Burlesque show—lots of pretty women, and all that sort of thing. Ha! ha! ha! After the performance I'll show you round a little. But come on! Johnson, if anyone calls while I'm out tell them I'll be back in half an hour. And Johnson, if the Rev. Mr. Litewate calls, say you don't know when I'll be in, but that I'll see him at the conference-meeting to-night if I am not detained too late at the office."—*Tid-Bits.*

Communications.

Can Theism be Maintained by Science and Reason?

The doctrin of a God is just in this position, that heretofore it has been accepted upon authority—upon the same authority as that upon which the most preposterous fables hav been given out as solid truth. That authority is discredited, and among the intelligent classes is becoming more so from day to day. It has now to maintain itself in the open field of philosophy.—*W. D. LeSeur, B. A., in September Popular Science Monthly.*

This being the true state of affairs in the theological world to-day, the paramount question to be settled, and embracing a liquidation of all minor and associate topics, is the one proposed by the learned writer quoted and now respectfully submitted to the Rev. C. S. Blackwell and other ambitious polemicists, namely: Can theology maintain itself philosophically and without a Bible? In other words, Is Theism true and based upon fact? For what is the use, now that the Bible authority is discarded, to base an argument upon an assumption which as yet has never been sustained by science and philosophy?

WHAT IS THEISM?

While it will be cheerfully conceded that many good men and women devoutly believe in God, yet it is a well-known fact that all ignorant persons, races, and tribes are likewise abject Theists. In fact, in like proportion that their intellect is crude and approaches a negativ or inactiv condition of mind, is their belief in a God devout and intense. And this universality of Theism, which has often been used as an argument in its support, may easily be accounted for by the universal ignorance existing among all races and tribes in the past. Like causes ever producing like effects, it seems but natural that the causes which led one ignorant nation to solve the problems of existence by assuming a personal God, very like a man, who miraculously created it all a few years previous from nothing, should lead all other ignorant nations to seek a similar explanation beyond the clouds also, and thus, with one brilliant swoop of diplomacy, explain all and establish the, to the present day, very profitable and comfortable order of priesthood.

The origin and basis, then, of Theism is ignorance and assumption. Science, knowledge, fact, truth, reason, and logic all repudiate and lead away from it. The colossal intellect of a Humboldt denying a God goes further to prove that there is no such a being than the unanimous testimony and instinct of millions of savages, and as many more of the average civilized, who loudly affirm that a God does exist. On the principle that a nought is nothing, and a million noughts do not comprise a unit, so all the intellectual noughts in the world combined do not aggregate to the lofty degree of wisdom and knowledge of a Humboldt or a Spencer.

As long as the Christian world resignedly bowed to the authority of the Bible, and this was universally acknowledged to be sacred and infallible, a belief in God was natural and possible; but when Beecher, following in the footsteps of modern scientists, repudiated the first dogma of that ancient record, and when Professor Swing, Dr. Thomas, Minot J. Savage, and a host of others of the most brilliant minds in the church, then boldly assumed the role of iconoclasts, and peremptorily consigned to realms of fiction many others of the most vital dogmas of a heretofore acknowledged divine revelation, the work of destruction was complete. God was dethroned, authority annihilated, and a godless, but infinit and eternal universe, containing within itself all the potencies of life and order, duly established. For the authority of tradition, of Moses, Luke, and John, our leading divines, and a vast majority of our most intellectual men and women, composing their brilliant congregations, hav accepted a gospel according to Beecher, Swing, Thomas, and, I may add, Tom, Dick, and Harry, supposed to be a "new theology," and based upon science and reason.

Original and authoritativ Bible theology, therefore, having been repudiated by our best thinkers in the pulpit, as well as by a vast majority of the best minds among the laity, and to-day being upheld only by the more ignorant of the Moody school, the followers of "the two Sams," and those intelligent believers unwilling to reason and to investigate the matter for themselvs, the question "Can Theism be maintained by science and reason?" becomes one of utmost importance, and requires the immediate attention of all lovers of truth, in view of a speedy settlement.

THE GLORY OF THE UNIVERSE PROCLAIMS "THERE IS NO GOD!"

When Galileo invented the first telescope, he unconsciously constructed the instrument of death that annihilated the ancient and mythical God. While the world was still in blissful ignorance concerning the grandeur, magnitude, and true aspect of the universe, when the popular and only idea of nature was that derived from the first pages of Genesis, then, indeed, it seemed reasonable to accept the hypothesis of a creator and ruler of the world. But when science, with its increased power of vision, and its newly-discovered facts, proclaimed an entirely new aspect of nature; when, instead of a limited and stationary world, and a few lights made solely for its special benefit, an infinit aggregation of worlds and suns and systems, all moving in spontaneous harmony and order by the laws of their own being, were revealed to their amazed vision, then, indeed, the idea of, and faith in, a limited personal God, similar to man, had to vanish. The glory, august magnificence, and infinitude of nature, absolutely banish a God, and make impossible anything beyond, beside, outside, or greater than it. The universe is so vast, so grand, so absolute, so self-evidently complete, eternal, and self-existing, that anything outside, previous, or greater than it is an intellectual mockery.

REASON AND LOGIC PROVE THERE IS NO GOD.

Among the postulates of science which are established with axiomatic certainty are the eternity of time, the infinitude of space, and the eternity and infinitude of matter filling all space. There never was or could hav been a particular period of time in the past, no matter how far back we permit our imagination to carry us, that was not preceded by an eternity of time. There can be no particular point or place in space, no matter how vast the distance conceived, not bounded by infinit space beyond. There can be no limit to matter in unlimited space, because, no matter how vast the immense aggregation of matter, or how numerous the existing worlds, suns, and systems, any particular number, if limited, these and the space occupied by them would not be as one to countless millions in comparison to the space not occupied by anything. In such a case the aspect of the universe would be infinit vacuum, with comparativly but one insignificant point in space occupied by matter—a natural impossibility. But science, reasoning from analogy, and adjusting its telescopes to sweep through the realms of space radiating in every direction, concludes that here, and there, and everywhere, as far as the most magnificent achievements of telescopic art can penetrate, are spread before us countless systems of planets, all working in grand harmony, and that therefore we are forced to the assumption that if the lenses could be transferred to the farthest discernible star, and again penetrate those vast distances, new worlds in countless repetition would again greet our dazzled view. Therefore, knowing all space to be filled with moving bodies as far as we can discover, the conclusion is forced upon us that, ever and ever beyond, the general aspect of the universe is the same.

Again, the philosopher, knowing the natural harmony and order surrounding him to exist to-day, logically concludes that harmony and order are eternal also. Worlds, suns, and systems evolve from preexisting chaos and nebulæ, progress to conditions of life and beauty, exist for the very short period of only a few millions of years, then again disintegrate and go back to their original elements, immediately to commence the evoluting process over again, thus perpetuating nature forever. Eternal change of the finite, eternal *statu quo* for the infinit. If at any time, generally supposed to hav preceded a so-called beginning, all had been naught, or chaos, all would be precisely in the same condition now. Because what matter (or God) could or did not create during the eternity preceding this assumed beginning, it, or he, would or could never create. Existing to-day, this, then, proves absolutely and beyond a doubt that the universe (not the world) has always existed, and assuming shape and evolving into worlds and planets to-day proves that infinit matter has always assumed similar shape forever in the dim vista of beginningless time, and that consequently there is no beginning, and no need of a creator.

Beginning, end, progress, are attributes only of the finite—never of the infinit. Having at any particular period of time, even ten thousand of million of ages ago, had already an eternity of time preceding it and to accomplish any eventual and possible result, it becomes self-evident that what the universe has evolved, or rather manifested, at the present time it also had manifested countless cycles of ages ago; because what it could not manifest during the eternity preceding any specific time, it, of course, would never produce.

CAN WE BY ANALOGY PROVE A GOD?

All science is Atheistic, and all reason rejects a God. Whatever is an object of knowledge, whatever has outline and form, whatever is tangible and real, whatever can be seen, discovered with our telescopes or microscopes, or recognized by our senses, the infinitly large or small, the far or near—whatever can be resolved into original element, or contains component parts—whatever we can comprehend, understand, weigh, analyze, feel, hear, etc.—all this is not God, but some part or attribute of a natural product. The sum total of all existence is natural and belongs to the material universe; all beyond this, which is naught—this is God. All, everything, is not God; nothing is God. The champion of the "new theology," who has discarded snake and fish stories, still clings to the old or postulates a new God in his own image, because he fails to account for the existence of nature and man. To explain existing mysteries he, like his ape brothers thousands of years ago, flies to realms invisible, and there creates an infinitly greater mystery, and blandly assumes that now the lesser mystery is solved, ignoring entirely, and not pretending to unravel, the greater mystery of his own creating. Not being a part and portion of visible nature, he is satisfied with his profound *coup d'état*, and prides himself as being so much wiser and more rational than his less evoluted (but more honest) brother. If, however, perchance, this, his identical God, should materialize, and walk the earth, and become a part of actual existence, he would instantly repudiate him also as not possessing qualities of self-existence or of a creature evolved from lower forms, and immediately again fly off into realms of nothing, and there from nothing postulate another God.

God, by virtue of his being, must be intangible, invisible, and absolutely beyond knowledge, or he ceases to be a God. All subject to explanation and proof is not now and never can be a God.

IS THE IDEA OF GOD THINKABLE?

It being scientifically demonstrated that the universe is infinit and eternal, it becomes self-evident that it never was created, and that nothing superior to it can exist beside or outside of it. Two infinits being impossible, consequently a creator is not needed. The sciences of physics and chemistry also establish the fact that whatever effect is produced is the result of causes inherent in matter and natural agencies, and that consequently a God is not needed in the economy of nature. Then, again, a God implies limit, outline, form, and such a limited God could not possibly be a factor to create and rule an unlimited universe. Then, intelligence is strictly an attribute, and known to exist only as a function of animal organism. This necessitates brain, nervous system, and all the other organs of the average beast. But animal organism, in the most extreme case, could not possibly extend over twenty, or, to imagin an extreme giant, over a thousand feet. But what agency can even such a giant be in relation to this world, with the physical impossibility staring him in the face that he could not possibly get beyond our atmosphere and liv? But if not physical, in the image of man, and like one once said to hav "walked in the garden," as originally defined in Genesis, what, then, is God? Hav not Rubens, Angelo, and Kaulbach all presented him with a mantle to cover his nakedness?

It won't do! When the church reasons and the people think, theology must fall.

WHAT IS ATHEISM?

Atheism is Naturalism, Materialism, Realism, Positivism. It adores and venerates the actual, the real, the true, the good, the beautiful, and the lovely. For a basis it has the universe, the sum total of all existence; and, instead of a four-limbed creator or a being of air, it has the life and potencies pervading each atom. To this all-pervading force, filling infinit space and each particle of matter, it traces all phenomena, and thus, instead of vastly increasing existing mysteries, by adding a mythical creator, it reduces and solves them as far as possible. It bows only at the shrine of science, philosophy, music, art, nature, and at the feet of noble men and women. Prompted only by earnest love of truth, it struggles faithfully to dethrone a monstrous tyrant in the sky, and to elevate man to the highest rank attainable by living creatures. This throne will be supported, not by bayonets, guns, or dynamite, but by science, reason, liberty, justice, charity, and fraternity. Its mission is to annihilate all evil and to retain and support all that is needed to better the condition of mankind during life. It will teach a morality more emphatic, more absolute, and more practically reformatory than that taught by the church.

Atheism is born of honesty, and ever associated with superior intellectual endowment, mental research, and moral heroism. No motiv is thinkable why a man should pronounce himself an Atheist if not the necessary result of honest thought and struggle—unlike the church, which indirectly offers immense premiums for memberships and hypocrisy. It requires no intellectual effort to be or remain a Christian. We are born so, and inherit and retain our religion as we inherit our nationality, sex, or language. If we never think a thought, we remain Christians; but to renounce the beliefs of our fathers requires labor, study, courage, and an unflinching determination to attain truth and nothing but truth, regardless of sacrifices.

Theism is crushing, humiliating; resisting all culture or intellectual advancement, it progresses only when forced to by the onward march of a scientific Atheism. Civilization advances in spite, never on account, of it. It incarcerates the intellect and demands abject submission to the dictates of the priesthood. You must submit blindly, believe blindly, and pay out your money blindly; in short, giv up your body and mind resignedly—not to God but to the priest. I am ready, and now cheerfully offer my last dollar to Christ or to God, and will cheerfully kneel

down and worship them, if they will only reveal themselvs. But as yet they hav not asked me. One good man and two good ladies asked me to-day to contribute to their respectiv churches—this is as close a view as I ever get of Christ. But not one dollar ever reaches Christ or God; it all goes into the spacious pockets of the priest and the church.

On the other hand, Atheism is ennobling, elevating, exhilarating. It lifts a man up in his own estimation and endues him with new life and vigor. From a poor, wretched serf whom the Lord could extinguish at any moment as a man can a fly, he is exalted to the throne of a king. He knows and ac knowledges no one superior or above him, but is only subject to the immutable and ever just laws of nature, which ever kindly warn him to do right, be virtuous, and a life of happiness will be his certain reward. The terrible hallucination which is fostered by all churches, that some superhuman agencies in air control his fate, and which crushes down and the haunts all true Christians every moment of their life, has vanished, and his journey through life and to death will be serene and content. OTTO WETTSTEIN.

Freethought in England.

V.—FREETHOUGHT IN THE CHURCH.

Your readers are doubtless aware that the authorized version of the Old and New Testament in recent years has undergone revision, and those who hav not read the revised version cannot be certain whether they believe it or not. Now, thousands of Christians are in this predicament. They know what Christianity was years ago when they got their beliefs from the old version with the assistance of their spiritual pastors and masters; but what it is to-day, amid the confusing declarations of the parsons and the more liberal minded free-lance kind of members of the church, they are altogether unable to determin. Moreover, they are too lazy or apathetic to read the new version and judge for themselvs. A week or two ago a majority of members of the Congregational Union decided not to invite the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to address their meetings at Norwich because the American theologian was not orthodox enough in his views. What this divine's views are your readers probably know better than I can tell them. Over here, however, he is credited with disbelieving in the so-called science of the Bible; in the rib story, the fall, and in the flood; in the tower of Babel, and in many of the Bible miracles; but I am sure he does not go half so far as many clergymen of the Church of England it has been my pleasure to meet.

The late Bishop Colenso went as far as repudiating the Pentateuch altogether. With a fine, clear vision, he saw through the follies and absurdities of the Jewish writings; as a scholar he detected the errors at once, and as an honest man he proclaimed them to the world.

A short time ago it was my pleasure to meet in discussion at Northampton the Rev. Prof. John Symes, of Nottingham. I found this gentleman a greater heretic than the late bishop of Natal. Among his declarations, in defending himself against my attacks, he said that no council of the church had ever authoritativly affirmed the doctrin of the inspiration of the Bible. Moses, or whoever wrote the Pentateuch, in his view, was inspired, but Shakspere was more so, and so were Milton and Darwin. Indeed, he regarded Darwin as a greater authority on the "Descent of Man" than Moses; for the latter merely wrote up to the exact measure of his knowledge—which was very limited, as he lived in an ignorant and barbaric age, and his work necessarily revealed the ignorance and barbarism of the times.

Nor would the reverend professor defend the morality of the Old Testament. This he regarded as the best morality possible in such an age as that in which it prevailed.

Further, he was prepared to say that he did not believe in the miracles of either Old or New Testament—save two—the miraculous birth and the resurrection of Christ—and these only when I pressed him to define in what sense he could describe himself as a Christian, and further in what way he differentiated himself from a Secularist who admired Christ as a man and who was prompted from that admiration to call himself a follower of the Nazarene.

In all conscience, the church is broadening, and Christianity is becoming the vaguest of religions, when it can admit such a clergyman as Professor Symes within its fold.

In another discussion, Canon Shuttleworth (a minor canon of St. Paul's cathedral) admitted not only that animals "may possess immortal souls, but vegetables too." Might we not well exclaim, O wise theologian! verily thy creed is as plastic as a nose of wax? Fancy an immortal cabbage! or an everlasting carrot! Ah! but perhaps after all the divine only meant that matter was indestructible, and that therefore there is an immortality for every particle of matter in the universe. But Shakspere made Hamlet proclaim that long before Canon Shuttleworth was born, and Greek philosophers affirmed it before Christ was heard of. The prince of Denmark well expressed it:

> Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay;
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
> Oh, that the earth which kept the world in awe
> Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

But if Canon Shuttleworth really believes in the indestructibility of matter, logically, he ought to giv up his belief in the creation of the universe by God, for is it not rational to conclude that that which is indestructible could never hav begun to be—*ergo*, matter is eternal? And when it is remembered that the same quality belongs to force as to matter, we hav the possible potentiality from which all phenomena might result, as Tyndall once observed, "without the meddling of the Gods."

Another bold, heretical parson, in many respects the bravest of them all, is the Rev. Stewart W. Headlam. He calls himself a "Christian Socialist." He is a "Land Nationalizer" and "Malthusian;" he has identified himself with many of the movements led by Bradlaugh, believes in the drama, and often descants on the grace and skill with which the ladies of the ballet comport themselvs on the boards at the Alhambra, much to the disgust and dismay of many of his Christian brethren. Several years ago he got into disgrace with his brothers of the cloth at Bethnal Green because he said from the pulpit that a certain music hall vocalist was more popular among the masses than the bishop of London.

It was a fact, but it lost him his berth as curate; he subsequently lost a similar position because of his pronounced Radicalism. But, while the clergy and the bigots generally do not like Mr. Headlam, the people admire his courage, and giv him generous support.

On the whole, I find quite as much liberality of thought among the clergy of the Church of England as among dissenting bodies, except, of course, the Unitarians. Many of the latter, however, are exceedingly liberal, especially in the provinces. At Huddersfield I once heard a Unitarian minister deliver a sermon on "The Peace of God," which went as far as Mr. Savage in your own country.

There are plenty of Agnostics here, however, who would be glad to listen often to such men as these, men who are true Freethinkers, but who still cling to a few fascinating words, even though they fail to convey any definit meaning. Some of the most advanced Unitarians go as far as Agnosticism, but they imagin there is some utility in the forms and ceremonies of religion, and to these they pay a servil homage as senseless as that shown by the rudest barbarian toward his fetiches.

From Unitarianism to pure Theism, and from this to Positivism, and from Positivism to absolute aggressiv Freethought, are only short steps, and they are steps which clear and courageous thinkers are sure to take sooner or later. Remove the anthropomorphic conception of deity from the human mind, and what remains? Nothing but nature, the eternal, the limitless, the one existence. Bishop Butler's argument against the God of Deism is unanswerable; the God of nature he demonstrates to be quite as wicked, cruel, and unjust as the God of so-called revelation. For Nature is neither good nor bad. She regardeth no man. She mows down the good and bad alike indifferently. All men she kills once, and sometimes by the most painful of processes—by earthquakes, famins, disease, war, starvation, and by a hundred other insidious modes which no being of infinit wisdom and goodness could possibly hav devised. The Theist may talk of the "Infinit Spirit," the Pantheist of the "Eternal Essence," the Agnostic of the "Great Unknowable," and Matthew Arnold of the "Indefinable Something" that is "making after righteousness," but they are all using meaningless terms, which express nothing but the limit of man's knowledge of nature.

No doubt, it is a praiseworthy thing for philosophers to coin such phrases; it shows, at least, that they are anxious to make fine distinctions.

But, do what he will, man cannot get beyond nature, and it were infinitly wiser for him to study nature's modes—to learn to conquer her destructiv forces, and to devote his best energies to such work the utility of which can be tested in this world, whether there is another or not—than to bother himself unceasingly with a problematical being, about whose existence he now knows that nothing whatever can be known. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

The Talmud.

The composition of the Babylonian Talmud covers a period of a thousand years, from the time of the captivity until about 500 A.D. The Jerusalem Talmud was completed more than a hundred years earlier. The first complete edition of the two was printed at Venice in 1520–1523—the Babylonian in twelve folio volumes, the Jerusalem in one.

For more than a thousand years, to wit, from A.D. 553 until 1599, the church denounced the damnable work, and in the fifty years prior to 1599 it was burnt in mass no less than six times by order of the popes. Pius IV. (1555–1559) permitted a new edition to be published only on an express stipulation that the name Talmud, on the title page, should be expunged.

The third edition, 1578, exhibits some curious examples of Catholic censorship. Fearing that certain names, for example, Rome, capitol, and Jupiter, meant Christian, Vatican, and pope, those words were changed so as to refer to other countries; consequently the Hebrew writer was made to indicate the capitol of Persia, and Jupiter of Aram or of Babel. And lest, under the guise of gentile, only Christian should be understood, that word was changed to Egyptian, Aramaen, Amelekite, Arab, Negro, etc.

One of the renowned champions for the preservation of the Talmud was Johann Reuchlin, professor of Hebrew and Greek at Tuebingen. For the noble stand he took against the burning of Hebrew literature he endured much persecution. Forty-seven councils of the theological faculty at Paris were held solely to condemn him. But he was upheld by several German princes, and the result was that two years before his death the Talmud was saved from burning. This was in 1520. In the same year the first volume of the complete Talmud was published, and in the same year the bull of the pope was burnt by Martin Luther.

The Talmud consists of two parts—the Mishna and the Gemara. The Mishna is a collection of ordinances, rules, and interpretations given by various rabbis from the date of the founding of the second temple, about 400 B.C. to A.D. 200. These were collected in the year 219 by Rabbi Jehuda the Holy, at Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee. "Many of the rabbis whose sayings are recorded in the Mishna," says the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, "lived in the time of our Lord or shortly after, and yet not the smallest reference is made to the teaching of Jesus, nor even any allusion to him personally. Although the Mishna was drawn up beside the sea of Galilee, at Tiberias, near where Jesus lived and wrought miracles and taught, neither he nor his followers are mentioned once in the Mishna. . . . Jehuda the Holy says not a word about Christ or Christianity."

The learned author above quoted makes an elaborate, but, in our judgment, a futil attempt to account for the silence of the Mishna and of the contemporary writers, Josephus and Justus, of Tiberius, concerning Christ and Christianity. We say futil because there was no Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate, but a Jesus was stoned and hanged about a hundred years before, as the Rev. S. Baring-Gould himself abundantly proves by translating numerous passages from the Gemara. Indeed, he distinctly concedes that "the date of the Talmudic Jesus is something like a century earlier than that of Jesus of the gospels," and says that "learned Jewish writers hav emphatically denied that the Jeshu of the Talmud is the Jesus of the gospels."

The Talmudic Jesus was stoned and hanged on the day before the Passover, not on the holy Passover day as the blundering synoptic gospels describe the crucifixion. ANTICHRIST.

Mr. Bowman's Epigrams.

Politics, like religion, has become a hereditary disease. Truly has it been said that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the sons.

Of two evils, a person should choose neither and vote the labor ticket.

A man had better lose his vote by voting the labor ticket than his character by voting against it.

Democrats always tell how much the Republicans hav stolen, but never say how much they would like to steal themselvs.

Politicians, instead of doing something for their country, want their country to do something for them.

They tell us that a poor man must hav a poor opinion.

They tell us that the laboring men hav no right to complain, but we will complain so long as a dishonest rich man is thought more of than an honest poor man and vice in silk is thought more of than virtue in rags.

A man with no money has no rights.

Party rule is the reigning curse of the age.

The big party says to the little people, "You must vote for my man, or not vote at all. We hope, at least, that we will hav a chance to vote for Henry George for the next president of the United States. And if merit can ever be rewarded, he will be elected.

In Washington territory we feel proud that women hav a right to vote, and the first thing the men know in the East, the women will all come to this territory.

Oakville, W. T. GEORGE W. BOWMAN.

DR. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS has refused to debate at Melbourne with Joseph Symes. The leading men in the city dissuaded him from making a fool of himself, or rather being made a fool of by "that cunning Infidel." We presume this Grattan Guinness is the gentleman who organized that famous ticket-meeting at Exeter Hall against "Bradlaugh." It wasn't very successful after all, and Grattan Guinness seems to carry his ill luck about with him.—*London Freethinker.*

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Episcopalianism Going Backward.

The Episcopal "House of Bishops" has issued a pastoral letter to the churches significant for its conservativ and retrogressiv tendencies. Like all church authorities the bishops first deplore the fact that the world is not yet in heaven, but living as though the earthly life is all it expects to know; after which they lay down rules for the guidance and governance of such people as are foolish enough to obey them. It is these rules which render the document significant.

Episcopalianism is generally regarded as a free-and-easy kind of sectarianism, not requiring much of its believers. The Thirty-Nine Articles form such a terrific creed that no one in these days expects to believe them. Like some ancient laws, they are so anachronistic that they cannot be enforced. But here come the bishops with a pastoral letter, almost Roman Catholic in the severity of its religious demands. Wealth, and ease, and comfort are denounced; what the church calls worldliness, but which is only another name for contempt of theology and theologians, is especially deplored, and modern civilization is pointed to as dangerous. Infidelity, of course, comes in for its share of condemnation, and its cause is traced to "the enlargement of knowledge, scientific discoveries, activity of the press, fearless speculation, and facility of propounding and urging the wildest theories." This is the Infidelity that "seeks to subvert men's faith in the word of God, declaims against the institutions of Christianity, and ventures to question the very existence of the Lord God Omnipotent." Another kind of Infidelity is "the insidious, lurking foe, creeping into our schools, colleges, and homes, infecting to a large extent the literature of the day, and spreading its latent poison in many unsuspected ways." Again, the church is troubled by the pernicious activity of the women. The bishops say:

"That household religion and morality hav changed, and are still changing, for the worse, is recognized by all Christian people as one of the dark omens of the time. The causes are not far to seek. Two theories starting from opposit premises, but both alike the product of the antichristian and secular tendency of the day, hav been eating like moth and rust into the domestic conscience, and thus sapping the very foundations of home life. The one theory declares the individual to be the supreme unit of society, and so demands for every individual complete and equal freedom. It affirms all discriminating legislation based upon differences of sex to be degrading and tyrannical. It teaches that, as the only ground of marriage is the consent of the contracting parties, so the continuance of marriage is rightfully dependent on the circumstance of mutual agreement. It declares that any other view of marriage converts it into the worst bondage known to our law. Admitting no power, or privilege or disability in one sex not common to the other, and claiming for woman an absolute control over her patrimony and acquisitions, as well as over her person, it does not hesitate to affirm as one of its ultimate dogmas that there is 'no more reason why the woman should take her husband's name in marriage than why he should take hers.'"

That women should presume to think that the law ought not to discriminate against them simply because they are women, and that a woman is as much an individual as her husband, is regarded by the bishops as exceedingly sinful, and contrary to the "Christian law of the household." The first call of the church, say they, is to build up the family anew upon the foundations originally built of God, and this household must determin legislation of the state which affects the well-being of the family. That is to say, the family of to-day must conform to that of centuries ago, woman must take the place accorded her by Paul, and the state must legislate to keep both the family and the woman in their proper places. The idea of the church is that the family, not the individual, is the unit of society, and this unit is represented by the man. Women and children belong to their husbands and fathers. This revives the patriarchial system, and pleases God who instituted it.

Another complaint of the church is that education is being taken from the hands of the church—that public opinion has lapsed into the perilous heresy of modern Secularism, that public schools can best do their proper work when giving no religious teaching whatever. This opinion of the public the bishops unsparingly condemn.

There are other incidental sources of grief to the bishops, but the foregoing are the great trials of the church. To overcome the enemy the bishops urge "those over whom the Lord has made us shepherds to giv personal efforts to stay this flood of Infidelity which is sweeping over our land." For the sake of accomplishing this work, the church calls upon all Christian sects to unite, and offers as a basis of union the Nicene Creed, the two divine sacraments, the open Bible, and that apostolic order which is the witness and keeper of these to the end of time. This apostolic order being Episcopalianism, it may be parenthetically noted that the offer of union is upon the condition that all Christians become Episcopalians. This is not an original utterance. Every sect is willing to hav union when every other sect joins its church.

From the foregoing it may be seen that another body of sectarians are turning their faces toward Rome. In England this movement has been noticed for several years. Various English rectors hav been tried for extreme ritualistic practices, and some of them hav gone so far as to institute the confessional. American rectors hav been less rash. This pastoral letter, however, expresses opinions and sentiments identical with Roman Catholicism, and goes to show that the ultimate division of the civilized world into Roman Catholics and Infidels has drawn one step nearer.

Andover and Girard.

Five Andover Theological Seminary professors are to be tried by the Andover Seminary Board of Visitors for breach of trust, inasmuch as they hav publicly taught that the heathen who never heard of Christ may hav a time of probation after death, in which to learn the glories of Christism, and get into the fold.

The charge that this unsubstantiated notion is a breach of trust is founded upon the following extracts from the constitution and creed of the seminary:

"Every professor shall be a man of sound and orthodox principles in Divinity, according to that form of sound words or system of evangelical doctrins drawn from the scriptures, and denominated the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism" (Constitution, Art. xi).

The creed declares:

"That Adam, the federal head and representativ of the human race, was placed in a state of probation, and that, in consequence of his disobedience, all his descendants were constituted sinners; that by nature every man is personally depraved, destitute of holiness, unlike and opposed to God, and that previously to the renewing agency of the divine Spirit all his moral actions are averse to the character and glory of God; that, being morally incapable of recovering the image of his creator, which was lost in Adam, every man is justly exposed to eternal damnation, so that except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God; that God, of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity, elected some to everlasting life, and that he entered into a covenant of grace to deliver them out of this state of sin and misery by a redeemer; . . . that perseverance in holiness is the only method of making our calling and election sure; that they who are effectually called do in this life partake of justification, adoption, and sanctification, and the several benefits which do either accompany or flow from them; that the souls of believers are, at their death, made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory, but that the wicked will awake to shame and everlasting contempt, and with devils be plunged into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever."

Congregationalism is religion fossilized, and the fossil is jealous of a new thought. No matter that the new thought is as absurd and unprovable as the old dogmas are cruel, the fossil wants none of it. Growth of itself is heresy; expansion is theologically criminal. A fossil never grows; only live things like flowers grow. And why, ask the Congregational relics of Andover, should anyone else get a new idea? A Collection of Fossils, therefore, will "try" the new growth.

Who, nowadays, believes this creed? Who accepts "Adam" as the head and representativ of the race? What misanthropist so sour as to affirm that by nature every human being is personally depraved, and justly exposed to eternal damnation? Who so thickheaded as to believe that foreordination, election, justification, adoption, and sanctification are the "open sesame" to heaven? Who is there so lost to all feelings of mercy and humanity as to affirm that a good God dooms anyone to an eternity of burning in fire and brimstone? Such stuff was fit for the long ago, when men and beasts were but a slight remove one from the other, but it certainly "lags superfluous" in these days of comparativ enlightenment.

But if the professors of Andover hav violated the charter of the institution in teaching a more enlightened religion than their predecessors were civilized enough to believe in, what shall be said of the trustees of Girard College in Philadelphia, where, in direct opposition to the terms of the bequest of the Infidel founder, the rankest superstition is daily inculcated? And here we must giv great credit to Mr. W. J. Potter, of the Boston *Index*, for having presented this question in a remarkably clear light. The *Congregationalist*, a religious paper which strongly urges the prosecution of the Andover professors, print the following paragraph concerning the exercises at Girard College:

"There is a growing feeling among many thoughtful people, who do not acknowledge themselvs as believers in evangelical truth, that its principles, after all, are the wisest that can be used in training youth. An illustration of this came up recently at Girard College, where no clergyman is knowingly allowed to enter the grounds, and the officers are required to provide instruction 'only in the purest morality.' But not long since a visitor was present at a chapel service in the college, and was happily surprised to find the exercises truly Christian. They were conducted by the vice-president, a warm-hearted Presbyterian, who gave an address from the text, 'Acquaint thyself with God.' His audience was com posed of 1,050 boys, between six and seventeen years of age, very quiet and orderly, and all of them fatherless. The matron, on being asked by what examples the life of the teachers is nourished, replied, 'I strive to lead the boys directly to Christ.' Thus it seems that, in carrying out the requisition to provide 'the purest morality,' nothing meets the case so well as the life and teachings of the Lord Jesus."

The first sentence of the *Congregationalist's* paragraph, says Mr. Potter, seems to imply that the management of the college had at some time been entrusted to persons holding Liberal views of religion similar to those held by Mr. Girard, and that they hav come to see that their views will not work well in training the young. But this must certainly be a misapprehension. Such a choice of management would hav been but just; but, as a matter of fact, we think that the direction of the college has always been in the hands of "evangelical believers." It has surely been so for many years—for all the years since it became an institution of conspicuous public interest. And during all these years, its directors appear to hav been trying to see how much of the system of "evangelical truth," as interpreted by orthodox Christian sects, they can convey into the college under cover of the decision of the court. They hav now got pretty nearly the whole of it in. And what the *Congregationalist* looks upon in such a congratulatory spirit, we are compelled to regard as a most immoral perversion of a solemn trust, and an audaciously illegal violation of the court's decree.

For instance, the writer further points out, though the college doors are still locked against all clergymen according to the letter of Girard's will, men who hav been regularly educated for clergymen, and to all intents and purposes are such except that they hav not yet passed through the process of ordination, are admitted to the college and hold religious services there after the manner customary in orthodox churches. They hav built a chapel on the college grounds designed particularly for the religious instruction which Girard's will expressly proscribed. It has been stated that they hav contemplated the appointment of a regular chaplain for the place, if they hav not already carried the idea into effect—a

man, probably, prepared theologically for the ministry, but from whom the formal ceremony of ordination is withheld in order to enable him to enter the college door. Further, these religious services which the college authorities hav introduced are doctrinally sectarian. They are based on the orthodox interpretation of Christianity. Apparently no attempt is made to confine them within the limits of the court's decision. The "visitor" whom the *Congregationalist* quotes was "happily surprised" to find the services so satisfying to his own religious faith. He seems to hav had an instinctiv feeling that he ought not to hav expected this, considering the terms of Girard's bequest; but the directors, it is to be feared, hav effectually silenced long ago all such qualms of conscience. The service in doctrin, form, and spirit is what one might witness in any orthodox church outside, except that it is of a more juvenil character.

The "Manual," or service book, which is used in the college chapel is saturated throughout, in its hymns, prayers, doxologies, and arrangement of responsiv readings, with the peculiar orthodox theology. The lost and helpless condition of the human race, the coming of God into a human form to atone for human sin, the washing away of human guilt in the sacrificial blood on Calvary, and man's salvation thereby—these are the prominent doctrins of the Manual. It contains prayers addressed to Jesus, and the Trinity is directly taught or implied in almost every part of it. "God, the Father, . . . ; God, the Son, . . . ; God, the Holy Spirit, defend and aid us," says one of the prayers.

"Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, three in one,"

says one of the hymns. Here are other specimens selected at random:

"In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified."

"I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains."

It was, doubtless, just such mentally and morally confusing dogmas as these which Stephen Girard was thinking of when he wrote in his will that he desired "to keep the tender minds of the orphans free" from them and from the "sectarian controversy" such doctrins engender. But now his noble bequest is, in this respect, perverted from its purpose and used for indoctrinating the minds of the orphans in these very tenets. Nor can it be justly claimed that such doctrins as this Manual is based upon may be taught in the college under the court's decision. They are not non-sectarian; they are not ethical; they are not even "truths in which all Christian denominations concur."

Such is the indictment which the writer whom we hav quoted brings against the trustees of Girard College. The charge against the Andover professors is that to what they believe to be true they hav added what they think "in the mercy of God" may be possible, and their course does credit to their humanitarianism. The Girard managers, in their teachings, hav added to what they know to be true a mass of superstitious dogmas which persons of average good sense know to be false. In prosecuting the first and allowing the last to go free of censure the religious authorities are condemning progress at Andover and encouraging rascality at Philadelphia. In doing this, however, they are but continuing the methods by which Christianity is kept alive in the world.

Colonel Ingersoll and God.

In his opening speech at the recent Congress of the American Secular Union, Mr. Ingersoll, in incidentally alluding to the hope some entertain of a future life, said in substance:

"I hope it will turn out that there is another life. I would like to know that for every tear shed by the suffering poor there is in store a sacred joy. For every martyr I would like to know there is a life that would pay him a thousandfold; but I would not take it myself at the expense of hell for others."

Quoting this, a Methodist editor says:

"The sacred joys that reward martyrdom could hav no bearing on his future state or that of such as he. The alternativ will never be offered him of heaven at the expense of hell for others, but the admission of a man of his spirit and ways of thinking and feeling and talking into heaven would materially modify its desirability as a place of abode to all who love God. The inconsistencies of speech and life that mark these men are a sufficient answer to their blasphemies. Their recklessness and extreme absurdity antagonize the influence of their errors, and it is quite likely to be true, as it has been, that open blasphemy and unfeeling ridicule illustrate the passage: 'Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of wrath thou shalt restrain.'"

If Methodism requires its editors to be as mean as that, we are thankful we are not a Methodist! If the presence of Robert G. Ingersoll is obnoxious to those who love "God," we are thankful that we do not love that theological monstrosity! If we had to go to heaven, we should hope that it was peopled with Ingersolls. We cannot conceive of a happier lot. If we hav to go to sheol, our unceasing prayer will be that no Methodist editor will be given even standing-room by the fire. Imagination cannot picture a more intolerable existence than life in hell with Methodists.

It is very evident that this editor is not acquainted with the person he denounces, for even Methodists who know Mr. Ingersoll regard him highly. The offense is, therefore, all the more contemptible. A man who slanders a stranger is naturally a mean fellow. We will wager Dr. Buckley (for anyone can see he is the culprit) anything he likes that from all his Methodist acquaintance he cannot pick out a man who has done as great good to as great a number of persons as has Mr. Ingersoll. All sorts and kinds and classes of people—worthy and unworthy—hav profited by Mr. Ingersoll's generosity and services. Mr. Ingersoll has earned hundreds of thousands if not millions of dollars, yet he is not a very rich man. Others hav had the benefit of it. His whole life has been one of princely generosity, unselfish action, and immense good to others.

If the possession of this character renders undesirable his presence in heaven, so much the worse for heaven. Mr. Ingersoll can stand it if those can who "love God."

Editorial Notes.

We notice a tendency upon the part of some of the labor papers to make Henry George the issue for the next presidential campaign. It would be much better for the workingmen's prospect of success if they make the issue the principles of their cause and not the man who stood for them in a single mayoralty contest.

A correspondent of the *Hebrew Standard* writes to the editor to ask if he believes in the ultimate restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land," and the editor answers, "We do, most assuredly." We would advise the editor of the *Hebrew Standard* to relinquish this forlorn hope, and take up a quarter-section of land out West. The soil is more fertil.

The papers report that the late R. B. Butland, formerly a correspondent of The Truth Seeker, and a prominent Secularist of Toronto, Ont., left an estate valued at one hundred thousand dollars, seven thousand of which was willed to the Toronto General Hospital. It is still in order for religious people to ask what Infidels hav ever done for charity.

The Rev. M. T. Lamb, a Baptist missionary stationed for several years in Salt Lake City, is now in the East describing the religious status of the Mormons to the churches. He says that the young people among the Mormons are irreligious, and at least two-thirds of them are Infidels. If this be so, there is hope for Utah if the Christians will only keep their hands off.

According to the laws of New Jersey, the courts of that state cannot try cases of libel committed on non-residents. It would seem, then, that the first duty of District-Attorney Cutler is to prove that God, Christ, and the Holy Ghost, whom Mr. Reynolds is charged with libeling, are residents of New Jersey. When he has done this, he will be prepared to proceed with the trial.

Jeremiah Hacker has written and printed a lecture, in which he shows the general reputation of the God of the Bible to be bad. To this he has appended two alleged poems, and offers the whole for sale for 10 cents. The lecture will be liked by a great many, and its sale will help the aged couple in their little home at Berlin, New Jersey. Send orders direct to Mr. Hacker.

No act of Mayor Grace since he took the office has pleased the public so well as the appointing of two women on the school board. As a straw, it shows that the Woman Suffragists hav not labored in vain. Miss Dodge and Mrs. Agnew will probably run in more religious exercises than ever. But that is the fault of their education, and is no reason why women should not hav a voice in government.

Recently Joseph Symes, the regular speaker for the Freethought Society of Melbourne, Australia, was called away from the city over Sunday, and he extended an invitation to any one of the Melbourne clergy to occupy his platform for the day. The only condition imposed was that the speaker should reply to criticisms and questions from the audience precisely as Mr. Symes does. Not a preacher could be found to use the platform, all evidently dreading the sharp interrogatories of a Freethought audience. Mr. Symes professes to be willing to fill any Christian pulpit, and answer all comers, stipulating no conditions but a fair hearing and no personal assault. And yet no pulpit is offered him!

A New York daily thinks it will be a little difficult for the female suffragists to understand why the act which the Vermont House of Representativs has passed permitting women to vote requires a property qualification to the amount of $250. It will be a little difficult, in fact, for anybody to understand it. Possibly it is on the theory that it takes $250 to make a woman equal to a man. But since the abolition of slavery there is no reliable basis for such a computation.

Last winter when a Senate committee was investigating the Broadway steal, Alderman Fullgraff was a witness. At that time he reverently raised the Bible, kissed it, and swore there was no dishonesty connected with the voting of the franchise for the railroad. Last week he found his conscience and confessed. But he did not kiss the Bible, choosing to affirm. He seems to go on the principle, the Bible for lying, affirmation for truth. There is a large and valuable moral somewhere in this, and we cannot think that it points toward religious oaths in courts.

John Burroughs, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says: "Convince me that the historical part of the Bible is not true, that it is a mere tissue of myths and superstitions, that none of those things fell out as there recorded, and yet the vital, essential truth of the Bible is untouched. Its morals, its ethics, its poetry, are forever true." What stuff for a man to talk! Would he say it of any other book? If not, why of the Bible? The morals of the Bible are infamous, its ethics barbaric, its poetry not comparable to Shakspere. It is disgusting to see men wallow in the mire before the literature of superstition.

The first Sunday evening meeting of the Society of Humanity was held November 21st, and proved a great attraction. The parlors of the Society were crowded to suffocation, although the *World's* report that several ladies fainted is untrue. The parlors are very handsomely furnished, and when the Society obtains books enough to fill the ample shelves, the rooms will be a most attractiv place of resort. It is the intention of the Society to keep the library open constantly. The discourse listened to was an exposition of Comtism from Mr. Wakeman's standpoint. It was very interesting. It is proposed to hold a reception at the parlors as soon as arrangements can be made. The Committee on Library and Lectures desire us to acknowledge the following sums donated toward expenses of furnishing: D. Foster, $1; S. Lewin, $2; Herman Behr, $15; Eliza Burnz, $5; Agnosticus, $5; James L. Parshall, $5; Clinton Roosevelt, $2.50; J. Offensandt, $3; C. L. Bridge, $3; A. Kost, $3; Fred. Koezly, $3; Louis Cohn, $2.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. Jamieson traveled over fifteen hundred miles to meet his Denver, Colorado, lecture engagement, over the Rocky mountains, stopping long enough in Ogden, Utah, to giv one lecture. Wherever he meets Liberals, he says, it is like greeting the members of one's own family. He had but one day to giv to a visit in Salt Lake City, the heart of Mormondom. He promises an account of what he saw and heard during that notable day. He gained access to the great Mormon tabernacle, the imposing marble temple, etc. He is delighted with Colorado. At his first lecture in Denver he was unanimously called upon to review Rev. Myron Reed, to whom he had listened in the morning, and of whose discourse against "Radicalism" he had taken shorthand notes. He finds an earnest band of Liberals in Denver. He is engaged to lecture in Greeley November 17th, 18th, and 19th; in Longmont November 22d and 23d, and will lecture at other points the remaining week-evenings of his Denver Sunday engagement. Address, Denver, Col., 271 15th st.

F. M. Holland, secretary of the Free Religious Association, writes: The heavy storm on Thursday, November 18th, made the attendance at the Meionaon, Boston, unusually small. After supper, Mr. W. J. Potter, president of the Association, took the chair and introduced Professor Davidson, who spoke on "Every Man for Himself, Justice and Reason for All, and No Hindmost for the Devil to Take." Free religion, he said, does not date from Jesus, but from Socrates. We must not be like the Scotchman who believed in God because "It's the cleish o' the kintra." There is a thousand times more religion in social reform than in going to church. The chairman then announced that the *Index* must be discontinued with the number for December 30th. Subscribers might hav their money back again, or receive for a proper period either *Unity*, one of whose editors, Rev. Wm. C. Gannett, spoke later in the evening, or a new paper designed to advocate the same principles as the *Index*, and with the same contributors in Chicago; and to be edited by Mr. and Mrs. Underwood. This lady then gave a survey of the broad and noble work which was going on in the Association, whose platform was strong enough to bear free discussion. The secretary read the resolutions passed that afternoon by the executiv expressing the gratitude and honor universally felt toward the editors of the *Index*, and thanking all who hav aided it with pen or purse, and also a list of contributors to the new paper, among whom are W. J. Potter, Felix Adler, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Dr. Felix L. Oswald, M. D. Conway, Rev. M. J. Savage, Professor Davidson, Capt. R. C. Adams, and W. M. Salter. The whole audience was with him as in their name he wished permanent success to the new enterprise, and all happiness and prosperity to Mr. and Mrs. Underwood in their Western home.

Letters from Friends.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am disgusted with the New York *Sun*. Its editorial on Mr. Reynolds is shameful. Is it possible that Chas. A. Dana wrote or approved of it? I hav taken the paper for many years; I now want to quit it, if I can select another New York daily whose political principles are Jeffersonian, and whose editor believes in religious liberty.

JEFFERSONIAN.

TULARE CO., CAL., Nov. 3, 286.

MR. EDITOR: As an offset against the lamentable results of Christian teaching that we meet on every side, I giv you some of the fruits of Freethought hereabouts.

A family of eight persons, hopelessly split, and reduced nearly to poverty and want, by priestcraft, was recently reunited on a firmer basis by the presentation of Helen H. Gardener's book, "Men, Women, and Gods," to the Christian side of the house. The result at first was doubtful, but when the light began to dawn, conviction came as irrepressible as the sunlight, and now "Men, Women, and Gods" lies on the table, open to all comers, and the family are again united, prosperous, blessing (whatever that means) the authoress.

For fear the recording angel failed to giv Miss Gardener proper credit in the great book of life, it might be only just to credit it here and now. T. J. C.

LYNDON, ILL., Nov. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1.50 to continue my subscription. I am only a recent subscriber, but will cast my vote for the cartoons. So continue them for the enlightenment of the blinded intellect.

Hip! hip! hurrah! for Geo. Geer in your issue of October 30th. Not only for him, but for every other truth seeker who dares to stand up and proclaim the truth to the world, regardless of whom it may strike—proclaiming the truth on its own merits.

In the number for October 30th Ingersoll says, "I do not pretend to know enough to suggest a remedy for *all* the evils of society" (italics mine). I would ask, Can he giv or suggest a remedy for *some* of the evils of society? For instance, the evils of our monetary system? If he can, I think he can suggest something which will eliminate or remedy seven-tenths of the evils of our society. And possibly by applying Henry George's theories the balance might be eliminated or remedied.

In your issue of October 16th Ingersoll, in speaking of the laboring men in connection with legislation, says, "To let them see how little can be accomplished by legislation."

Issue of October 3d: "It may be that very little can be done by law, except to see that they are not absolutely abused." "I hav sometimes thought that I would like to see the laboring men in power, so that they may realize how little, after all, can be done by law." I am for the abolition of all special privileges that are not for the general good." (If some laboring man in Chicago had uttered the above-quoted language, he would in all probability be under sentence of death, awaiting execution, as an Anarchist.) Again, "Now, the laboring people are largely in the majority in this country. If there are any laws oppressing them, they should hav them repealed."

"Should hav them repealed." How? By legislation? No. Then how? Ingersoll should bear in mind that the whole world, orthodox and heterodox, are taking note of his acts and sayings, and if he is honest about wishing to establish among the masses the truth of no theology, or rather the falseness of all theology, he must also be honest in showing up the evils of class legislation. DR. O. H. BARTHEL.

CONCORD, KY., Nov. 10, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Putnam's "Plain Talk" has induced me to add a little more. It was with surprise and regret that I read his statements, and had they not come from a source that admits of no question, I would not hav believed them. One by one my idols are breaking. I used to think Infidels approximated almost to perfection. I thought they were as near immaculate as humanity ought to be. I fear I was too confiding, too sanguin.

Mr. Putnam has presented a clean record. Then, good friends, what is the "winter of your discontent?" Speak, and allay all lurking suspicion. If not all, state a few of your griefs, at least.

> Of the three hundred, grant but three,
> To make a new Thermopylæ.

Our secretary is no stranger. Through the press the Liberals hav known him for years. His past is a splendid vindication against slanderous charges. As an advocate of the cause he has espoused he stands almost unequaled. Earnest, talented, eloquent, ready, brave, and defiant, were he to-day in the pulpit which he so nobly forsook, he would be the theme of the loftiest praise and the most exalted eulogy. Financial aid would flow into his purse so copiously that financial need would be unknown to him. With his keen sense of honesty he does not consider this an abnegation, but such cases are very isolated.

As a rule, it is true, Liberals are financially wanting, but that is no reason that the crime of ingratitude should be added to the misfortune of poverty. Nor is this a time for needless complaining. The days that try men's souls are not yet over, and the sunshine patriot must wait. Ever and anon is this "land of Freedom" shutting its prison doors upon some of Freedom's champions, and life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is little more than a shibboleth.

The question is, shall Freethinkers persist in their efforts for freedom, or ignominiously stack their arms? Their enemies are eagerly watching and waiting. If they continue this intestin war, these anxious enemies will not wait in vain.

We know Mr. Putnam can defend himself, but his cause being the cause of every Liberal is the reason I put my thoughts upon paper, and send them to you.

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see by this week's TRUTH SEEKER our brother, Chas. H. Bauer, has a very interesting letter giving an account of Mr. Watts's lectures in Hastings, Mich. I thought it may be interesting to let your readers know what success greeted him here. I am very much gratified indeed to state that Mr. Watts's lectures here last Sunday proved a grand success in every way, both for the lecturer and the League. We had splendid audiences on both occasions, the subject of Mr. Watts's discourses was, for afternoon, "If a Man Die Shall He Liv Again?—The Secularist's Answer;" evening, "Saints and Sinners—Which?" It was a pleasure to see the great demand for these lectures at the close of the meetings. Liberals everywhere should hear these scholarly lectures, and if they want to enjoy a good, hearty laugh they should not miss to hear the lecture called "Saints and Sinners." We had quite a lively debate following the lectures, wherein Mr. Watts proved himself very skilful indeed. I 's a great pity we cannot get the Christians to put up a representativ to discuss the merits of Christianity and Freethought with Mr. Watts. One would think that as the Christians claim to hav truth on their side they would only be too glad to measure swords with their opponents. But they seem to be afraid, as they do not take up the challenge. Now, when I was a Christian, I was very eager to enlighten my brother in darkness; the result has been that I am landed in Materialism. And I don't regret it either, for it is a thousand times better to be a Freethinker through knowledge than a Christian through fear. It is a pleasure to state that the Liberal public generously supported Mr. Watts in Philadelphia. They appreciate his ability to enlighten the masses, as he is a superior lecturer of the first order. I may say in conclusion that the League has secured the services of Mr. Watts for two lectures for our next Paine anniversary. The subjects of his lectures on that occasion will be, first, "Thomas Paine as a Political Reformer;" second, "Thomas Paine as a Religious Reformer." The League desires me to return thanks to the Liberal public for their generous support to these lectures, which is a pleasure for me to do.

Yours truly for mental liberty, GEO. LONGFORD,
Sec. Friendship Liberal League.

MONTROSE, IA., Nov. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav in my possession a book of covenants and over one hundred revelations by Jesus Christ to Joseph Smith, and leading men in the Mormon church, through Smith.

Revelation given in August, 1831, is so lengthy I hav written only a part of it, but it is a true copy of said revelation, so far as I hav copied. Now, if the following is worth publishing, all right; if not, all the same to me. I would say, however, that Christ has made some improvement since the year 33. Yours truly, A. CRANDALL.

THE REVELATION.

1. Behold and hearken unto the voice of him who has all power, who is from everlasting to everlasting, even Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Behold verily thus saith the Lord unto you, O ye elders of my church, who are assembled upon this spot, whose sins are now forgiven you, for I the Lord forgiveth sins, and am merciful unto those who confess their sins with humble hearts: but verily I say unto you, it is not needful for this whole company of mine elders to be moving swiftly upon the waters, whilst the inhabitants on either side are perishing of unbelief; nevertheless, I suffer it, that ye might bear record: Behold there are many dangers upon the waters, and more especially hereafter, for I the Lord hav decreed, in mine anger, many destructions upon the wa ers; yea, and especially upon these waters; nevertheless, all flesh is in mine hands, and he that is faithful among you shall not perish by the waters.

2. Wherefore, it is expedient that my servant, Sidney Gilbert, and my servant, W. Phelps, be in haste upon their errand and mission, etc., etc.

3. Behold I the Lord in the beginning blessed the waters, but in the last days, by the mouth of my servant John, I cursed the waters, wherefore the days will come that no flesh shall be safe upon the waters; and it shall be said in days to come that none is able to go up to the land of Zion upon the waters but he that is upright in heart. And as I the Lord in the beginning cursed the land, even so in the last days hav I blessed it, in its time, for the use of my saints, that they may partake the fatness thereof. And now I giv unto you a commandment that what I say unto one I say unto all, that you shall forewarn your brethren concerning these waters, that they may not journey upon them, lest their faith fail, and they are caught in her snares. I the Lord hav decreed, and the destroyer rideth upon the face thereof, and I revoke not the decree, etc.

4. And now, concerning my servants, Sidney Rigdon, and Joseph Smith, Jr., and Oliver Cowdery, let them come not again upon the waters, save it be upon the canal, while journeying unto their homes, or, in other words, they shall not come upon the waters to journey save upon the canal, etc.

5. And again, verily I say unto you, my servants, Sidney Rigdon, Joseph Smith, and Oliver Cowdery, shall not open their mouths in the congregation of the wicked until they arrive at Cincinnati, and in that place they shall lift up their voices unto God against that people.

OTTUMWA, IA., Nov. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: When the dark clouds of superstition hang threateningly around me, when the jeers and taunts of Christian "friends" become almost unendurable, there still shines in my mental chamber a ray of light from the bright star of Liberalism, placed in the grand firmament of truth by the thinking men and women of this glorious republic; by such noble writers and speakers as THE TRUTH SEEKER staff is composed of.

For many years it has furnished its readers with the grandest, truest, and noblest thoughts, and has ever endeavored to do justice to all, regardless of the opinions they might entertain. But what a dark shadow seemed to pass over its truthful pages as I read the secretary's report of the 6th inst., and became acquainted with the fact that there are some among the Liberal ranks who are dissatisfied with the work Mr. Putnam has accomplished.

It hardly seems possible that any intelligent and honest Freethinker could entertain such unjust thoughts toward one who has spent so much of his time and money in endeavoring to bring humanity from a state of ignorance and falsehood to a standard of truth and justice, and to inspire his fellow-men with nobler motivs and loftier aspirations. As I look back over the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER and see written thereon the "News and Notes" of Mr. Putnam, I cannot but recall the vivid descriptions of those beautiful and sublime sights which nature has in store for the Western tourist; and I doubt not that they inspired our poetical secretary with more heroic patriotism, and removed far, far from him the seeds of selfishness and distrust.

Why all this talk about narrow-minded Christians when we hav within our own ranks those who hav not yet laid aside the mantle of jealousy and who cannot rejoice at the generous and noble traits of character in another?

It is just such people as these who are continually plunging Liberalism into still deeper and darker waters, and so long as there are those among us whose peace of mind is disturbed when another is gaining popularity, or when others advance to a point which cannot be attained by all, just so long will Liberalism remain within the dark and gloomy walls of superstition, and the task which we are striving to accomplish will be surrounded with greater difficulties.

The bloodshot eye of the church is continually watching its prey, for they hav begun to realize that their almighty God, surrounded by his beasts and saints, is suspended in the clouds by only a single thread, and that the touch of a few more Ingersolls will hurl him from his lofty hight and dash him to pieces on the rocky walls of science and Liberalism.

And why should it not be so? For thousands of years the worshipers of this despicable God hav committed every crime, every vice which the human mind could devise, and were it not for Infidelity to-day they would not hesitate to use the same instruments of torture, the same unjust creeds and laws as they did when the beautiful Hypatia met her fate, or when the immortal Bruno felt the flames crackling around his limbs, but who still clung to the idea that liberty is the only happiness for mankind. A thousand times would I exchange my golden harp for a fiery pitchfork than to breath the atmosphere of such a murderer and degraded wretch as the Christians God is represented to be; as he is described in his own book—that blasphemous old Bible! But future generations will behold among the mythological characters of past ages the names of the men and women whom the Bible worshipers wish to meet in heaven, the music of whose voices they wish to hear, and upon whose bosoms they wish to rest. My sisters in the human family, for one moment picture yourselvs reclining on the filthy bosom of old Abraham! No, no! sooner let me embrace the devil himself than touch even the hand of that lascivious old saint.

I wonder if the woman suffragists, who are clamoring so loudly for a God in the Constitution, hav ever pictured themselves walking hand in hand in with these old Bible heroes, and if they ever stop to think into what a condition this country would be plunged if we were compelled to reverence a father, son, and Holy Ghost!

It is indeed a sad sight to see our Freethought women join hands with those dastardly preachers in this suffrage movement. Can they not see that they are digging the grave of Liberalism? And that when they hav once placed the ballot in the hands of the women of this country, not a decade of years will elapse before the Christian priest and preacher will rule supreme?

True, some of the finest intellects in the land are found in the female sex, but they are few in number compared with the vast army of Christian women who, under the influence of priest and preacher, would destroy every vestige of Freethought, and bring the world into another dark age of Christian sway.

While speaking of the magnificent intellects found among the gentler sex of to-day, I cannot help but mention one who is accomplishing such splendid results in the city of Ottumwa—one who has done more to overthrow the power of the church in this city than any other influence, and that one is Mrs. A. H. Colby, of Boston, Mass.

True, noble woman! Although advanced in years she still retains a powerful voice which sends its fearless truth over a large, intelligent audience, which is growing more and more grand in intellectual beauty and unfoldment, and under the leadership of this brilliant intellect will do much to overthrow the power of the clergy and instill into the mind of our young men and women a love for truth and right, instead of teaching them the incredible stories found in the foundation of the Christian church.

All we need in the Liberal ranks is harmony. Let not the shrill notes of jealousy and ingratitude destroy the harmony which exists in our heroic band; let not the church hav the pleasure of seeing us quarrel among ourselvs, but rather let us wear the robe of peace; let us join hands with justice and mercy. As you enter the ranks of Freethought leave all envy and hatred with the orthodox church; there is where it ever has been prominent and ever will be prominent, for in

all ages the temples of superstition hav been the resting-places of ignorance, crime, and vice, and as we do not wish to take from their followers that which justly belongs to them. Thus, my friends, will you make Liberalism what it should be—the guiding star to a life of purity, justice, and mercy.

KATIE KEHM.

JAMESPORT, MO., Oct. 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Many thanks for continuing my paper. Eight years I hav taken your paper, and hav always made arrangements for my subscription before it was due until this time, and shall continue as long as you pour dead shot into superstition.

I hav solicited a great many, but without success, on account of lack of nerve and courage, and fears for popularity and bigotry. This would be a good field, I think, if we could get some lecturers to break the way, and help us to organize, as I think we hav good material; and if we get Mr. J. E Remsburg we will open their eyes, as he has promised to lecture for us at Jamesport soon.

Please find inclosed $6—$5 for my subscription, and $1 for "Golden Throne." I consider it a good missionary work.

MILTON EADS.

STONEHAM, MASS., Nov. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $2 for my own subscription. I want to assure you (though you don't need it) that your position for justice is understood by most of your readers. I think that those who object to your position are neither Liberal nor thoughtful. We boast of our land of justice, and it is the duty of all public journals to help its enthronement. You will not be frightened, so I need not say aught to keep up your courage. I guess you can whistle through this graveyard of old ideas, and thus keep off the ghosts of dogmas and mental fetters. I am glad you keep yourself and paper free. I tell my acquaintances that I get as much Spiritualism in THE TRUTH SEEKER as in other papers, and I can get both sides of a story, and that is what, I am sorry to say, I can't get in a Spiritualist paper. You giv us columns of Spiritualism, while our Spiritualist papers would not giv us two columns per week of the other side of the question, so I thank you. You are doing a grand work, and one which will help the future. I don't want to flatter, for you get enough of that, but to let you know that many of us appreciate the work you are doing and its methods.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

PERRINSVILLE, MICH., Nov. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Though a great admirer of your highly estimable paper, I can do no more as an honest man than renew for it again with the $3 inclosed.

Now, with your permission, Mr. Editor, I would like to giv your readers my humble idea of how all things came from nothing, instead of a personal God.

What I understand by the word "eternity" is an endless extension in every direction. Now, what is, or can be, of more extension than what is meant by the word "nothing?" So far "eternity" is nothing. But as "nothing" never could be conceived nor thought of, unless there was "something" at the same time, where could this "something" hav existed but within the very "nothing," and must hav been so infinitly ethereal that to us it would hav seemed there was no difference between the two opposits "Nothing" must hav eternally existed before "something" could hav defined itself to also exist; and, as either of the two is the affirmation of the other, it is self evident that both must hav existed eternally at the same time. Now, as there never could hav been a beyond "eternity," or "nothing," in any direction, there could hav been no possibility of a God to create "eternity," or anything in it.

WM. C. HERN.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Nov. 7, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav noticed some experiences related by some of your correspondents lately on the chess question. If you think it worth while to publish, I will relate mine. In the fall of 1864 I sowed some nice, clean white winter wheat. It was not exactly new land, but land that never bore any wheat before. I put it in with a drill, and it had a beautiful growth in the fall. About the end of November snow came on and covered it nicely, except a small knoll of rising ground in the middle of the lot, from which the snow was partly blown off. In January following a thaw came and melted the snow entirely off from that high ground, leaving the rest of the field still covered. A severe frost set in afterward, and we had but little more snow that season. The wheat on that rising ground was all killed. About the 1st of May I examined it thoroughly and found the crown root at the top of the ground entirely dead. By digging deeper down, I found a tiny green sprout coming from the tip of the lower roots. This was invariably the case where the wheat was killed. I let it grow to note the result, which was that this piece of higher ground was pure chess, all in regular drill-marks as the rest of the field; while the rest of the field that was covered with snow was pure wheat, without a speck of chess to be seen. Now, it would be useless for anyone to tell me that I sowed that chess or that it was in the ground before. I hav studied this chess matter ever since, and am convinced that the chess is a miserable abortion that springs from the lower roots of some varieties after the wheat is killed. The white wheat appears to me to be more liable to produce chess when killed than other kinds. I hav used the Odessa as a winter wheat for a number of years, and hav never seen a sprout of chess in it, whether killed or not.

GEO. TULLOCK.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL., Nov. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having worked in the printing office many years, and at many times tried my hand at the editorial quill, givs me good reasons for extending to you my congratulations upon the typographical appearance of your (our) paper, as well as the position you take in all of your editorial writings and clippings. For one, I cannot comprehend why there are so many among your correspondents that take exception to your management, and I hav in many instances been tempted to write the "kickers" to ascertain if they do not, to the very last man, wear a No. 6 hat. If you would not publish their items, and in place of doing so would send them a brick to rub their head, and announce the same in the paper, I think you would put an end to all such silly nonsense.

I am watching Mr. Reynolds's case with much interest, and showed your article in the last issue headed, "Blasphemy," to an elderly gentleman of this place, and he read along until it came to the point where God bumped his toe, was rocked in the cradle, changed his underwear, etc. Then he said: "Why, it's the truth, and should be posted up in every public place in the world!" And furthermore he wound up by saying that the Christian religion was the most abominable, silly, absurd, unreasonable, of all religions, and that the josh house was and is far superior.

I am greatly interested in every niche and corner of your paper. I lived in Jersey two years, and if they incarcerate Mr. Reynolds, they can just mark it down in black and white that "they know not what they do." And may it be like bread cast upon the waters, etc.—*i. e.*, that we may play a little game of tit for tat. I do not approve of that kind of business, neither do I approve of kindred wickedness in the world, but I herewith advise no man to strike me on the right cheek in anticipation of receiving that stale old doctrin that Christ set forth—not without good cause.

Inclosed find $3 for the assistance of THE TRUTH SEEKER in any way you think best.

ALPH. N. BURGESS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The fundamental principle of our civilization throws us all upon our individual resources, and compels us all to practice individualism for our self-preservation, whether we desire to or not. Individualism logically requires and compels the individual to be a law unto himself, to fold himself, as it were, within himself, and care for none but himself, which is Anarchism pure and simple. Happily human instinct rebels against such barbarous inhumanity, and trends to collectivism, which is the antipode of Anarchism. Collectivism logically requires that the conservation of the rights, interests, and well-being of the individual shall be the special object and concern of collectiv thought and action, which should make it inexpedient for any individual to take thought for himself what he shall eat or drink, or wherewithal he shall be clothed, for all those requirements should be amply provided for by collectiv wisdom, will, and action. The Bible philosophy regards the whole human race as a unit, which is ultra-collectivism. Then Anarchism is but the fundamental principle of our civilization carried to its logical finality. Collectivism requires the annihilation of the fundamental principle of our civilization to make it practicable. If men should be hanged for advocating Anarchism, what should be done with the greater sinners who advocate collectivism? My being an uncompromising champion of Bible philosophy should make the solution of this question a matter of vital importance to myself, personally, and there are possibly a few others in the same boat who would think that going to jail for rejecting and reviling the Bible is preferable to being hanged by the fiat of a Christian community for advocating the fundamental principle of the Bible carried to its logical finality. Therefore, I hope you will not call a halt on the discussion of this subject in THE TRUTH SEEKER until it is probed to the bottom.

J. A. TUTTLE.

MYRTLE CREEK, OR., Nov. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: What has the church done for humanity. It has drenched the earth with human gore. It has sacrificed millions of innocent creatures for its crimes. It has invented implements of torture for those whom it denounced as heretics. It has robbed mankind of more than half their usefulness and happiness. It has raised the worst of men to the position of saints, and excommunicated its best men and put some of them to death. It has built inquisitions and monasteries, and filled the earth with drones, hypocrits, and usurpers. It has fought against learning and science. It has tried dead men for heresy, and confiscated the homes of their widows and orphans. It has burnt men and women at the stake for Freethought. It has dragged and beaten some to death, and even scraped the flesh from their bones.

To-day it givs poor Wales thirteen thousand priests. In Ireland it is belligerent. It has always robbed poor Ireland. It has collected the orphan's penny, and the widow's mite, and the poor man's shilling for missionary purposes. It has sent missionaries to foreign lands with the Bible and the sword. Conquest has almost invariably followed missionary work. It has always been intimately connected with the wealthy and powerful, either exercising dominion over them or soliciting favors. It is the great power of darkness, ignorance, and superstition. It is divided into many departments, and every department is assuming, dictatorial, and intolerant. It has granted indulgences for crime, and it is its tenet to-day. It is a wholesale doctrin. Its inconsistencies are too numerous to mention. It is driving its best men and women from its ranks. It has thrown many who were not guilty of crime to wild and ferocious beasts. It has fed hungry dogs and ravens with the flesh of human beings. It borrowed mythology from the pagans, and called it the word of God. It forged a great deal of its present Bible, but whatsoever it contains that is true and good it does not practice, but all the false and evil multiplied it strictly observes. It sells the Bible on Sunday which says, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. It teaches the importance of keeping the Sabbath holy, and at the same time receives contributions from the orphan and the widow.

Of late it claims to be strictly temperate, and has threatened to destroy the liquor traffic with an utter destruction, yet it continues to drink wine in the name of its savior who denounced wine-bibbers, but is their advocate with God the father, who is not any older than himself; in fact, is God born of the Virgin Mary, who is the mother of God, and from God the father and God the son proceeded the Holy Ghost, which begat the father and the son, and these three are one, but "whatsoever sin a man commits against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven him in this world, nor in the world to come." What cheer to those Christians who plead that they cannot sin against the Holy Ghost, and that all other sins shall be forgiven them!

L. C. HILL.

NEWPORT, ME., Nov. 11, 1886.

EDITOR AND READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Alone with my conscience, which is my God, I feel it a duty which I owe to myself and my brothers in prison in Chicago, to earnestly protest against their execution. I shall not discuss the question whether they are "guilty" or not, but even if they are, in the estimation of the government, I protest against their execution, for governments hav no right to take life. If the government executes those men, it is murder, and murder is a crime no matter who commits it. Those men are in prison simply and only for exercising their "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" in their own way, and no man or body of men has a right to condemn them for what they hav not done. Our forefathers protested against the oppression of the English government, and went through a seven years's war to maintain their rights, and now the world applauds them and calls them "heroes." Whether these men and thousands of others hav greater or less cause for complaint than the Revolutionists of '76 had, I will not stop to discuss; but that they hav just cause for complaint millions all over the world know is true. The South little knew what they were about when they hung John Brown. They did not know that thousands of their sons would lay down their lives to pay the penalty; and so it will be if those seven men are hung in Chicago; a harvest of blood will be the price of the crime of hanging those men. If the authorities who are to do the awful deed think to escape the penalty, that sure compensation will not follow their murderous work, they or their children will liv to see they are mistaken. It would seem that the rulers in Chicago and Illinois ought to know that hanging men for mere words, no matter how strong those words might hav been, never did prevent others from doing the same thing. The wealth producers of the world will not stop protesting against oppression, even if some of their numbers are wickedly murdered. And if the government kills those men, no matter what they may hav said, I, for one, enter my earnest protest against the outrage as unjust, without excuse, and an enormous crime!

Mr. Editor, I kindly ask you to print my protest, for I send it as a solemn duty I owe to my condemned brothers now in prison awaiting execution the 3d of December next.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

KENT, O., Nov. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me space in your valuable paper to say that I am a truth seeker, a Freethinker, and a Liberal in my views, seeking for knowledge, trying to sustain good morals, etc. But I hav no sympathy with those who advocate Freethought, free press, and free speech, and carry their freedom so far as to advocate intemperance, freelove, Anarchy, Socialism, Communism, and—shall I add?—cannibalism, for such will be the result of these "isms" if allowed to be adopted into the laws of any country. I do not believe in protecting any man or men who will advocate the killing of any officer of the law who has been chosen to protect our property, our lives, and that of our wives and little ones. Down with a traitor wherever he is found. If our laws are wrong, improve them by the ballot, and not by disobeying them, by committing a still greater wrong.

Neither do I believe in disobeying the law of marriage. If we do not esteem the one of our choice as worthy of our affection and protection, we should not seek, by private contract, to giv liberty to our sexual desires.

Man is only superior to the lower order of the animal kingdom so long as he, by his superior knowledge, elevates himself above them in his customs. I am not in favor of Freethought to demoralize human nature, and debase myself to a lower grade of animals.

I do not believe in the practice of ridiculing or speaking in a derisiv manner of the religion or faith of others. We can not catch flies with vinegar. A believer in the scriptures has as good a right to believe that God appeared in Christ in form of man as we hav to think him bigoted and superstitious. All men hav feelings that we are bound to respect. I think Mr. Reynolds used language in his circular insulting, degrading, and detrimental to our cause. Even our great educator of Freethought, "Bob" Ingersoll, the author of my religion, uses expressions in some of his speeches that wound the feelings of those who are really with him in faith. But we must take into consideration that Mr. Ingersoll lectures to please the people as well as to educate them, and what he does under different circumstances we should not always do. I am not a believer in a doctrin where an industrious, hard-working man, one who deprives himself of many privileges to save a dollar for himself and family, should divide his earnings with the beer-guzzling, lazy man that tries to liv off the labor or brain of others.

I am often asked what I propose to giv to mankind for their guidance in place of the Bible. Shall I tell them Anarchy, Socialism, Communism, etc., or shall I say we intend to do away with superstition and priestcraft, educate the mass, build edifices or use the churches to teach the best of morals—love and fidelity, truthfulness, science, economy, hygiene, self-reliance—and everything that will tend to elevate us, and cause each one to be as near perfection as possible? We need no Bible to teach us right and wrong in a simple way, but we do need teachers of high standing—high in moral ideas—with big views, not of selfishness, but for individuality, to lead us up to the true and ennobling point where it is possible, with culture, for man to reach. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

A. D. SWAN.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Home of a Tramp.

My home is a castle; in garments of vines
Are shrouded its cold marble walls,
And the sun through the clusters of leaves dimly shines
To cheer the inside of its halls,
Where soft strains of music commingling fuse
Into showers of harmonious sound,
And drip on the ear like the rain or the dews
That fall to baptize the dry ground.

And near it for ages a streamlet has rolled
Its glassy and rhythmical tide,
And I love to gaze into its depths to behold
Its waves down their sandy course glide,
While the mist and the spray dim the luster of day
And cool the red bars of the sun,
And the waves slip and slide on each other and ride
And eddy, gush, bubble, and run.

The blossom-clad yard stretches out through a dale
That is hedged by azaleas and laurel,
And the fresh, fragrant air that I ever inhale
Is blown from this dale green and floral.
All is happiness there, and no sorrow is known;
There I liv, and my castle is—where?
Well, inquisitiv friend, since you ask, I must own
That *my castle is built in the atr!*

Osceola Mills, Pa. WM. SCOTT.

Hygiene.

Hygiene is a study which young and old should be well versed in. The word hygiene means the art of preserving health, and preventing disease. One of the first elements in preventing disease is to hav good ventilation. The windows in our bedrooms should always be kept open. If there is but one window in the bedroom, the top and bottom should be kept open—one for the inlet of pure air, and the other for the outlet of impure air. The air in large cities is purer in the night than in the day. Many diseases are caused from impure air. For example, consumption. But in some cases it is caused from checked perspiration. Another thing to prevent disease is to bathe frequently. Health greatly depends upon keeping the skin clean. The object of bathing is to open the pores and let the impurities of the body out. Many people say they hav taken cold after they bathe, but, in many instances, it is because they do not bathe often enough. In warm climates, and during hot weather, bathing is especially necessary.

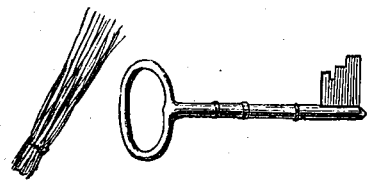
After bathing it is a good plan to exercise. The time and manner of bathing is according to the health of the person. A person in sound health can take a bath any time, except after a meal. Now, I hav given two modes of preventing disease, and I will now giv some ways of preserving the health. Our health greatly depends upon the kind of food we eat. The reason why we need food is because there is so much waste and repair that goes on in the system. In two times of life the waste and repair are not exactly balanced. In early life the repair is greater than the waste. In middle age the repair and waste are equal. In old age the waste is greater than the repair. The most important of all food is bread. Bread is made out of wheat and is very nourishing. The white kinds of flour contains more gluten than the darker, and are therefore less nourishing. Bread that is raised is more wholesome than unleavened bread, because unleavened bread requires more mastication than the raised. Wheat bread contains nearly every principle needed for sustaining life, except fat. This is commonly added in articles of diet, especially in butter. In preserving the health we should sleep and exercise enough, so as to giv the system rest and work.

BLENDA PALM (aged 14).

Lawrence, Kan.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



A ruin of thousands.

2.—SQUARE.

1. A head-dress.
2. Interior.
3. An aromatic plant.
4. An inflammable substance from a tree.
5. A place for contests.

N. Boothbay, Me. WARREN B. ORCHARD.

3.—REBUS.



What we hope none of our readers will be.

4.—CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

A kind of tree.
Support of life.
A boy's name.
An American parrot.
A city in Brazil.
A town in New York state.
Jovial.
A raised floor.
Centrals (a river in Russia).

Lyons, N. Y. C. R.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDRENS CORNER, NOV. 13, 1886.

1.–Tanganyika. 2.–Black Spanish, Poland, Houdan, Leghorn, Game, Cochin China, Malay, Dominique, Bantam, Hamburg, Dorking, Brahma.

Correspondence.

HOLDEN, Mo., Nov. 14, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a little girl nine years of age. I am studying geography, and like it very much. I think the answer to your enigma number one, of November 13th, is, Tanganyika. CORA CARTER.

GALION, O., Nov. 6, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I think it a very nice paper. I saw letters from children, and I thought I would write and ask you for a place in the Children's Corner. I am a little girl eleven years old. I liv in Galion; it is a city of eight thousand inhabitants. There are nine Protestant churches and two Catholic churches. There are two union schools and one Catholic school. I liv part of my time with my auntie in Springfield, O. I like the Galion school best. I am in D, grammar grade. My teacher's name is Miss Cora Coyle.

When I was in Springfield I took one term in elocution. I sent my auntie a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and she thought it was good. I will spend my Christmas in Springfield. I am going to take some TRUTH SEEKERS with me. This is my first letter, and I will not make it very long. Hoping you will think this worth printing,

I am your little friend, ETHEL VAN ETTA.

[Ethel is a little Liberal missionary, and is just the kind of bright, wide-awake child that we like to see. We are happy to add her name to our list of friends.—ED. C. C.]

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A wise man and a singer dwelt;
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And taught with pain the truth he felt.
The singer scattered everywhere
His careless music to the air.

The wise man and the singer both
Lie now within the churchyard green;
Summer and spring hav plighted troth,
An hundred years they hav not seen.
No traces of their vanished feet
Are in the old, high-gabled street.

And of the wise man's labored words
Not one is now remembered well,
But still, as clearly as spring birds,
The singer's simple love-songs swell,
And in the old town seem a part
Of every home and every heart.

—*Portland Transcript.*

The Weary Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the d ar old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer livs forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer livs forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure,
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands so skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream, as of old, by the river;
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer livs forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Book Notes.

"Fourth National Convention of the Bureaus of Statistics of Labor in the United States," with papers read before the convention, is a pamphlet put forth by Miller, Girton & Walters, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Agnostic Annual for 1887, edited by Charles A. Watts, opens with an article entitled "The Modesty of Agnosticism," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, which is followed by other articles of merit. Price 25 cents.

Mr. Charles Watts's pamphlet, "Saints or Sinners: Which?" bearing the imprint of the Truth Seeker Company, is one of the author's best, not to say funniest. It is sharper than a serpent's tooth. Price 10 cents.

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Dr. Caleb S. Weeks, a well-known member of the Manhattan Liberal Club, has written, and Fowler & Wells hav published, a 24-page pamphlet on "The Causes of the Decay of Teeth." As Dr. Weeks is a practical dentist, and a philosopher as well, his pamphlet can be depended upon to impart valuable truths. Price 10 cents.

We hav received from Dr. M. L. Holbrook a 152-page book, with red silk binding and red-edges, bearing the title "Never Forgetting; or, How to Strengthen the Memory," printed on the side and back. The author of this book believes that the memory can be strengthened so as to be many times stronger than it would be without culture. Price $1.

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The "Report of Proceedings of the Thirty-fourth Annual Session of the International Typographical Union" held in Pittsburgh, Pa., June, 1886, is a bulky volume of 312 quarto pages from the press of the *Craftsman*, Washington, D. C. It contains portraits of G. W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel, and a *fac-simile* of the $10,000 draft which these gentlemen gave to the Typographical Union.

The National Secular Society's Almanac for 1887, edited by Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, is out. It contains a number of good articles and a large amount of tabulated information about English finances. In England the price is sixpence; in America, 25 cents—the difference in price arising from the tariff imposed to protect the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC, to appear next month.

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Poker and Religion.

The following story is told about the actors Robson and Crane by the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Robson, by the way, is an *Investigator*-reading Freethinker; "Not far from Robson and Crane's summer house at Cohasset there stands in a shady nook a little house of worship, which both the actors are wont to attend every Sabbath regularly—unless the wind is good for a cruise in Mr. Crane's yacht. One bright Sunday morning last summer, while the birds were chirping in the trees to escape sunstroke, and the sheep and cattle browsed on the tender pasturage or waded in the brooks to cool off, the comedians, accompanied by their wives, hitched up the carryall and drove down to church. The members of the congregation are great admirers of Robson and Crane—who hav lived among them so many years—and are always disposed to extend them such delicate and flattering attentions as a seat in the amen corner, permitting them to act as ushers, to pass the contribution-box, and the like. It so happened that on this particular occasion the worthy deacons who officiated in passing the plates were absent, so the good old pastor from his pulpit kindly asked, 'Won't Brothers Robson and Crane be kind enough to take up the regular missionary offering while Sister Jones p ays a short selection?' The comedians cheerfully stepped from their seats in the cool corner, and passed up the aisles with the round, old-fashioned boxes so common in Eastern houses of worship. Not more than thirty people were in attendance at church that morning, and the contribution was not what it might hav been—in fact, in Mr. Robson's box there were but two nickels and three two-cent pieces, while Mr. Crane's boasted of the trifling sum of two nickels and three one-cent pieces. On being asked to state the amount of the collection, with a far-away look upon his dreamy face, Mr. Crane rose, mechanica ly shook each contribution-box, and replied, in a sort of half-asleep, midnight voice, 'Brother Robson has a pair of fives and three deuces, and the pot's mine, for I've got two fives and three aces.' It took Mr. Crane all one week to explain individually to the horrified congregation how he came to fall so far from grace."

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News of t

CINCINNATI had a $62 day.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR, United States, died on t

THE Statue of Liberty the direction of M. Ed dent of the American Electric Manufacturing Company. The expense is about $50 per week.

REPORT comes from Philadelphia that the late Uriah H. Stevens, one of the founders and general master workman of the Knights of Labor, got his suggestions in regard to inaugurating the order from the spirit-world. Mr. Stevens was a Spiritualist.

A PETITION asking for a new trial for the Chicago Anarchists is in circulation in New York. The petition was put forth by the Central Labor Union of this city at the suggestion of Mrs. A. C. Macdonald, who laid the matter before that body on the 14th inst.

THE Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn, is having a fight with the trustees of his church. He declares that four deacons hav got to get out or he will resign. The deacons intimate that Mr. Fulton's resignation would be acceptable. The trouble is about Miss Donnington.

ON one of the lo railways of Russia church cars are to be provided on Sundays in which priests of the Greek church will conduct regular services for the benefit of the railroad men and others who are deprived of their regular worship.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN made $8,000 by knocking out Mr. Paddy Ryan at San Francisco recently.

THE Hungarian artist Munkacsy's painting of "Christ before Pilate" is now on exhibition in this city.

MR. G. W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, declines to be a candidate for mayor at the election next February.

THE "boodle" aldermen of New York are confessing, and the belief is that a number of them are destined to land in jail.

IT takes eight tons of fowl to go around among the inmates of New York's municipal prisons, hospitals, and charitable institutions on Thanksgiving day.

MRS. MARY NASH AGNEW and Miss Grace H. Dodge hav been appointed to the New York board of school commissioners and hav taken the oath of office.

MARY SHERIDAN, a woman 74 years old, alleges that the Rev. Father Patrick F. Hickey, of the church of the Epiphany, has appropriated to his own use the sum of $4,902.16 belonging to her.

MRS. CAROLINE SCHULTZ, the founder and superintendent of a faith-cure orphanage in this city, is under arrest for keeping children without a license. The granting of a license to Mrs. Schultz will be opposed, because she trusts in prayer to cure the sick orphans under her charge instead of calling in a phy sician.

MR. CLEVELAND has issued an order that the grounds around the White House shall be closed for a season to the general public, so that the president and family may take their daily exercise without being annoyed by inquisitiv people. The mandate is said to be a mark of delicacy toward Mrs. Cleveland which family men will not fail to appreciate.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the Massachusetts statesman, died Nov. 21st, aged 79. He was the son of John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States, and grandson of John Adams, the second president. He is the man who characterized Rutherford B. Hayes as "a person who must forever bear upon his brow the stamp of fraud first triumphant in American history."

Odds and Ends.

A YOUNG lady in this city, who is carrying on a clandestin correspondence with a young man, puts his letters in the family Bible so that her parents will never see them.

"WHO is your favorit author?" asked the literary writer. Maggie quickly replied: "The author of my being, of course, dear papa." It is unnecessary to say that papa immediately came down with the cash for the new dress which Maggie had set her heart on.

ADAM'S life must hav been a happy one. He could go anywhere without having to take a street-car, and could walk block after block with no small boys, boxes of matches, and bone collar-buttons to stop his progress. Many of the gigantic strides made by the world since Adam's time are lamentable failures.

A PASTOR called on a bereaved widow of his congregation the other day, and began consoling her with spiritual texts. Her husband had long been an invalid, and the minister's selections bore on the rest into which he had entered. "Yes," she sighed, "and there is one beautiful verse in the Psalms that applies to me that I think of so much: 'Othello's occupation's gone.'"

WHEN the Tenth Regiment, United States Infantry, was ordered to New Mexico from the "Lake Region," the little son of a captain did not approve of the orders of the general of the army, and, indeed, seriously objected to the change. He had heard much of the dreariness of the wild West, and the Sunday morning before the departure of his father's company said to his parents, "Come, now, let us go to church, and say good-bye to God."

THE PADDY'S OWN PARLIAMENT.

The suggestion of a home parliament for Ireland is certainly very pat.—*Mme. De Remusat.*

Full soon upon the Irish isle,
They'll hav the home-made polity,
When all the O's and Mac's in style
Will rule the nativ quality.
A daddy, paddy parliament,
A restiv, festiv parliament,
A big shillaleh, blown-up daily,
Whooping-gaily parliament.

A high board fence around the coast
They'll build to keep the English out,
With but a gate—or two, at most—
For Yankee gold and papal rout.
A braggadocio parliament,
A mob, begob, old parliament,
A landlord-hustling, rosary-rustling,
Orangeman-bustling parliament.

And whin the premier, mortial grand,
Essays to speak—Hurroo! Hurroo!
The paddy members, passion-fanned,
Will raise the divil's own to do.
A 'baccy, whacky parliament,
A whisky, risky parliament,
"Oim-wid-yiz-Dinnis," "Put-out-Maginnis"
"The-divil's-in-us" parliament."

—*Wallace Peck in Life.*

EVER THUS.

The church-fair soon will blossom
In every country town,
And Maud behind the counter
Will sit in silken gown.

And sell you red pin-cushions,
And shaving-cases, too,
And empty claret-bottles
Trimmed up with ribbons blue.

She'll charm you with her tender
Smile and fairy laugh,
And sell you for ten dollars
Some pretty little frivolity of a
trinket that she made with her
own sweet hands at home at an
actual outlay of precisely
One dollar and a half.

THE DEACON'S RESTAURANT.

In Boston is a religious restaurant kept by a deacon. The place is famous for its coffee and cakes, and differs only from the ordinary eating-house in the literature that is spread upon its walls.

Wherever the patron sits he is confronted with a text of scripture in a sort of "God bless our home" frame. It is at once apparent that these texts hav been selected with a view to the fitness of things. They are appropriate to the place and suggest the idea that the proprietor did not wholly lose sight of his business while placing selections from the good book before the eyes of his patrons. Here are a few samples:

"For thus saith the Lord God, the holy one of Israel, in returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietude and confidence shall be your strength."

Immediately underneath this is:

Ham and Beans, 10c.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd."

Hot Sausages, 10c.

"If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat of the fat of the land."

Hot Apple Sauce, 5c.

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God."

Coffee and Cakes, 10c.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Oatmeal Mush With Milk, 10c.

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Hash, 10c.

"I will put my law in their inward parts."

Stewed Beef, 5c.

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with them, for they shall eat of the fruit of their doings."

Cakes and Syrup, 10c.

"Behold the lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Cold Roast Mutton, 10c.

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of Thought.

his writings, laid down the which the church has been base, and degrade mankind, able the idea of total depravbuild their scheme of salva-

Mr. Longfellow were unbean religion. The essence of an religion is belief in the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Without the Godhead of the Christ there is no real Christianity. It is true there is a sort of doctrin which many people fancy to be Christian, and, according to this doctrin, Jesus Christ was not God, but a creature, a man, or a created being somewhat superior to man. But this is not the doctrin of the Christian religion. It is a far-off Christianity. It is a station on the broad road to total unbelief—to Infidelity. This sort of doctrin we understand to hav been the doctrin of Emerson and Longfellow. They were Unitarians, they were not believers in the Christian religion.—*New York Sun.*

[NOTE.—I don't consider the *Sun* a great theological authority; but it is mainly in the right as to Emerson and Longfellow. Whether Unitarians are to be called Christians or not is no great matter; "the rose by any other name," etc.; and as long as they take a leading part in all good works, they cannot fail to be respected, let orthodox Christians turn up their noses as they please —*Hylax.*]

THERE is, in Dr. Tillotson's writings, an argument against the *real presence* which is as concise and elegant and strong as any argument can possibly be supposed against a doctrin so little worthy of a serious refutation. It is acknowledged on all hands, says that learned prelate, that the authority, either of the scripture or of tradition, is founded merely on the testimony of the apostles, who were eye-witnesses to these miracles of our Savior by which he proved his divine mission. Our evidence, then, for the truth of the Christian religion is less than the evidence for the truth of our senses; because, even in the first authors of our religion, it was no greater, and it is evident it must diminish in passing from them to their disciples, nor can anyone rest such confidence in their testimony as in the immediate object of his senses. But a weaker evidence can never destroy a stronger, and therefore, were the doctrin of the real presence ever so clearly revealed in scripture, it were directly contrary to the rules of just reasoning to giv our assent to it. It contradicts sense, though both scripture and tradition, on which it is supposed to be built, carry not such evidence with them as sense, when they are considered merely as external evidences, and are not brought home to everyone's breast by the immediate operation of the Holy Spirit.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

THE same word in Hebrew (and Plato thought in Greek also) signifies to "prophesy" and "to be mad," and, even among themselvs, the prophets were often regarded as madmen, an idea to which their frequent habit of going about naked and the performance occasionally of still more disgusting ceremonies, greatly contributed. That many of them were splendid poets and noble-minded men there can be no doubt; but we see in conduct like this little earnest of sobriety or divine inspiration, and far too much that reminds us of the fanatics of Eastern countries and of ancient times. —*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

WITH Milton, as with the whole Calvinistic and Puritan Europe, woman was a creature of an inferior and subordinate class. *Man* was the final cause of God's creation, and *woman* was there to minister to this nobler being. In his dogmatic treatis, "Concerning Christian Doctrin" (on the first appearance of which Dr. Channing wrote one of his first literary essays, and Macaulay began the brilliant series of articles that gave so great a charm to the *Edinburgh Review*) Milton formulated this sentiment in the thesis, borrowed from the schoolmen, the soul was communicated in *semini patris* (in the seed of the father). While Milton adopts the oriental hypothesis of woman for the sake of man, he modifies it by laying more stress upon mutual affection, the charities of home, and the intercommunion of intellectual and moral life, than upon that ministration of woman to the appetite and comforts of man which makes up the whole of her functions in the Puritan apprehension.—*Mark Pattison's Milton.*

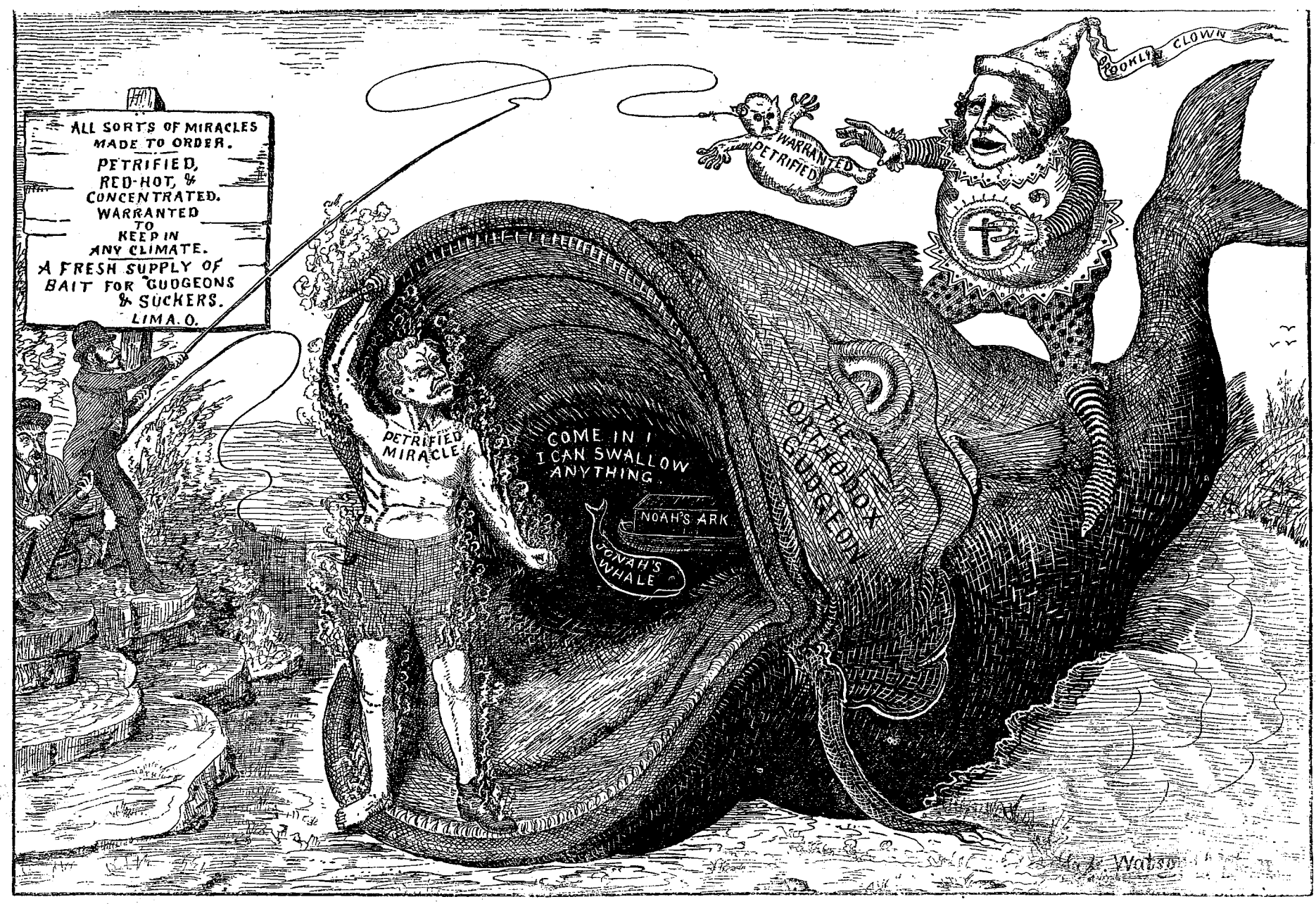
ANOTHER error is an impatience of doubt and haste to assertion without due and mature assertion of judgment. For the two ways of contemplation are not unlike the two ways of action, commonly spoken of by the ancients—the one plain and smooth in the beginning and in the end impassable; the other rough and troublesome in the entrance, but after a while fair and even; so it is in contemplation—if a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but, if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.—*Lord Bacon.*

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TALMAGE'S PETRIFIED BLASPHEMER.

The way the Buckeye reporters caught the orthodox gudgeon and the Brooklyn clown.

Notes and Clippings.

MAYOR GRACE told a committee of trades unionists last week that he would, if he could, put a stop to Sunday trading. He said nothing about stopping ministers from carrying on their business on the holy Sabbath.

THE chief of a tribe of Digger Indians worships a stone churn as his god. On first thought you'll say that a dozen missionaries ought to be hurried out there, but wait a minute. This chief neither drinks, swears, steals, nor exibits envy toward his fellow-men. He is said to be moral, honest, and industrious, and was lately swindled out of $30 in a horse trade.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SUPERSEDEAS granted in the case of the Chicago Anarchists by Judge Scott givs the condemned men a respit until March, when the application for a new trial will be heard. The Municipal Council of Paris and the Conseil Général of the Seine (France) hav united in asking mercy for these men. Petitions for a new trial may be obtained at the Workingmen's Library, 143 Eighth street, New York.

SAM JONES paused in a discourse on patience at Omaha, Neb., the other night, and said if there was one man present who never had spoken a cross word to his wife, he would ask him to rise. By and by a round-faced, good-natured man stood up. "Thank God," said Sam, "there's one man who never spoke a cross word to his wife!" Everybody took a good look at the paragon, when he broke the silence with the remark: "I havn't any wife. I'm a bachelor."

AN English country clergyman recently told his people that they were largely responsible for the partial failure of their crop, for, on a recent Sunday, when the crops were all ready to be gathered in, they were either in bed or in church, when they should hav been in the harvest field, attending to their duty as farmers. It is plain that this clergyman does not think that going to church on Sunday is at all times a duty.

IN the first seven or eight years of a child's life it will probably be settled whether he is to be swayed by superstition or intelligence; whether he is to liv terrorized by fear or buoyed up by hope and courage. Whoever sends a child into life, permanently anticipating evil, suspicious of everyone in authority, with a disposition to lord it over inferiors by way of making things even, does the child, his associates, and society a wrong so great that no counter-charity can cover it.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

A LAMA of Thibet thus explains the indifference of his people to the claims of Christianity: "They say that Europeans hav a good religion which they do not generally practice, and yet wish to force on others whose religion is as good and is practiced. The Europeans are believed to be full of greed, for, living in a rich country, they always acquire other countries, and, while they talk of their benevolent purposes, they destroy animal life every day for their own food, thus becoming clouded in calm intellect and in the perception of true morality. They also think their religion, language, and customs the best. If we were to think so of ours it would be considered by us a deviation from the path. Among the nine rules for conduct, we are directed never to suppose much less to say, that our religion is the best, considering that sincere men of other religions are deeply attached to them, and on that account do good to others. All we can do is also to do good, and not to criticise the good of others."

A PROVIDENCE clergyman, while addressing a congregation on the propriety of doing the right things at the right time, said that he was in one of the Northern regiments, and that one day, while on the battle-field, his attention was attracted to a wounded man over whom a young man was bending. He turned to see what the latter was doing, and saw that the man on the ground had been shot through the shoulders, and that one arm was fearfully mutilated. The young man who was kneeling over him was endeavoring to supply religious consolation under difficulties as to extemporaneous effort, and was reading a standard catechism to him. The dying man, as the clergyman reached him, was having the momentous question propounded to him: "Who gave you this name?" —*Providence Journal.*

SPEAKING of the dangers of emulation, the Rev. J. M. Buckley tells a story to the effect that a young New Jersey preacher, who talked behind a high, old-fashioned pulpit, came to Brooklyn and heard Talmage. He went home convinced that he had learned the secret of this divine's success. During the week he had the antiquated pulpit removed, and a small stand put in its place. On Sunday the deacons noticed the sacrilegious change, and rubbed their eyes incredulously when the preacher began to walk up and down the platform, gesticulating wildly and shouting his climaxes. As one man the deacons rose against him, and he had to put back the old pulpit.

COLONEL INGERSOLL was West last week, and a reporter of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* quizzed him about his throat troubles. Mr. Ingersoll said: "It is nothing, and will go away. As for stopping smoking and changing my usual habits, that is doctors' nonsense. Grant might as well hav smoked up to the last day of his life, and got the enjoyment of it. An utter and entire change of habits at my time of life or at Grant's is nonsense. It is doctors' nonsense. Some doctors know just as little about physical man as ministers know about the spiritual man, and are just as full of blunders and mistakes, and just as much bound up to old hidebound notions that come down from the dark ages. For hundreds of years physicians bled people because that was the established thing, and physicians before them had done it. Then some Infidel dared to brave obloquy and abuse, and perhaps was burnt at the stake because he believed nature knew more about the matter than man, and furnished blood to make him and to build him up, and that the proper thing was to strengthen the hands of nature by strengthening the blood, instead of destroying the agent by which she wrought her wonders. How many lives do you think hav been sacrificed by the doctors devoted to blood-letting? How many people hav been killed by being refused water when burning to death with fever? There are doctors still practicing in the back districts who think a drink of ice-water will kill a fever patient, when that is all nature requires to keep the patient alive."

Communications.

The Fathers of Our Republic.

Associated with the formation of our republic are four nanes that deserve and will obtain a more enduring fame than others: Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin.

It was Paine who first proposed American independence, and prepared the public mind for its acceptance. To Jefferson was assigned the task, and to him has been accorded the honor, of formulating the political document whose adoption by the Continental Congress proclaimed our nation's birth. This was followed by a war of revolution, and the central figure, the leader, in this momentous struggle, was Washington. Yet, skilful and sagacious as this commander was, brave and patriotic as his soldiers were, the recognition and assistance of a foreign power was necessary to insure success. This was secured; England's great rival, France, came to the rescue, and the contest was decided in our favor. To the untiring labors of Franklin was this achievement due. Thus these men stand forth—Paine, the Author-Hero; Jefferson, the Statesman-Hero; Washington, the Soldier-Hero; and Franklin, the Diplomatic-Hero, of the Revolution.

Every event in the lives of these illustrious men, every element in their characters, has become a subject of surpassing interest. There is one theme connected with their history upon which I propose to dwell here, and that is the question of their religious beliefs. Few questions are so little understood.

The world has been cursed with two great evils, kingcraft and priestcraft. Kingcraft, in this country, has been destroyed; priestcraft remains—a parasitic army preying upon our body politic. Founded upon fraud, the clerical profession, with many honorable exceptions, depends upon fraud for its support. One of its methods I shall expose in this discourse. While pretending to ignore reason, and intellectuality, and worldly greatness, its members yet realize the importance of having the intellectual Titans and the popular heroes of the world upon their side. "Great men can gain nothing from religion, but religion can gain much from great men," said the theological buzzard that daily perched himself beside the dying Grant. At the same time they realize the humiliating fact that it is for the most part the dwarfs and not the giants of the world that train with them. One of their number, more honest than his fellows, says: "The great, and the wise, and the mighty are not with us. These men, the master minds and imperial leaders among men, are outside our most Christian church." As Saladin observes: "The church would giv ten millions of her blockheads for the adherence and support of one man strong enough to hew his name imperishably upon the mountain of adamant into which are cut the names of the immortals." And thus, recognizing the magic influence that a great name carries with it, the clergy hav inscribed in the Christian roster the names of hundreds who were total disbelievers in their dogmas. As the venders of quack nostrums attach the forged certificates of distinguished individuals to their worthless drugs, to make them sell, so these theological venders present the manufactured indorsements of the great to make their nostrums popular. Jefferson, Washington, and Franklin hav all been denominated Christians, not because they were such, for they were not, but because of the influence that attaches to their names.

Paine's opposition to priestcraft was too pronounced and too well known to claim him as an adherent of their faith, and so they hav sought to destroy his influence by destroying his good name. Not only this, knowing the prejudice that has prevailed against Atheism, they hav misrepresented his theological opinions and declared him an Atheist.

But Paine was not an Atheist, nor were his compeers Christians. They were all Deists, believed in the existence of a God, and in the immortality of the soul, but rejected the fundamental dogmas of Christianity, the inspiration of the scriptures, and the divinity of Christ. The truth of this I shall proceed to establish by indubitable proofs.

PAINE.

"Strong religious minds are not likely to be affected by the Atheism of Paine," recently wrote a Western journalist. Another writer, discussing the authorship of the Declaration of Independence, maintained that Paine could not hav written it, because it acknowledged the existence of a creator. Ask almost any orthodox Christian if Paine believed in a supreme being, and he will tell you that he did not.

Now, could these persons overcome their prejudice so far as to read a single page of Paine's theological writings, they would be ashamed of their ignorance and amazed at the dishonesty of their religious teachers, who are responsible for this ignorance. A more devout believer in God and immortality never lived than Thomas Paine. In no other works that I hav read are the terms *God* and *Creator* used more frequently or in a more reverential manner than in his. In his "Age of Reason," the work that brought down upon his devoted head the wrath of the entire Christian priesthood, the recognition of a supreme being is made no less than three hundred times.

I shall now, by reading from this book, refute the charge of Atheism, and demonstrate the Deistic faith of Thomas Paine. On the first page appears his creed:

I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy.

In summing up his arguments in the first part of this work he says:

The moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God manifested in the creation toward all his creatures. That seeing, as we daily do, the goodness of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to practice the same toward each other; and, consequently, that everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty.

A concluding paragraph of the second part reads as follows:

Were man impressed as fully and as strongly as he ought to be with the belief of a God, his moral life would be regulated by the force of that belief; he would stand in awe of God and of himself, and would not do the thing that could not be concealed from either. . . . This is Deism.

When Paine commenced his "Age of Reason" he was fifty-six. The first great product of his brain, "Common Sense," was written when he was thirty-eight. In this work a Theistic belief is expressed on almost every page. He died at the age of seventy-two. His will begins with these words, "Reposing confidence in my creator, God." It ends as follows: "I hav lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good; and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator, God."

Respecting a future existence, he says:

I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to positiv conviction, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body (Age of Reason, p. 71).

I consider myself in the hands of my creator, and that he will dispose of me after this life consistently with his justice and goodness (Private Thoughts on a Future State).

Paine was one of the founders and most activ members of the society of Theophilanthropists (lovers of God and Man), which flourished in Paris during and after the French Revolution. Upon their altars was placed this inscription:

We believe in the existence of a God, and in the immortality of the soul.

The fundamental dogmas of the genus religion, God and immortality, Paine accepted; the fundamental doctrins of the species Christianity, the inspiration of the scriptures, and the divinity of Christ, he rejected.

His disbelief in Christianity and kindred creeds is thus expressed:

I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church (Age of Reason, p. 6).

Who art thou, vain dust and ashes, by whatever name thou art called—whether a king, a bishop, a church, or a state—that obtrudest thine insignificance between the soul of man and his maker? (Rights of Man).

The intellectual part of religion is a private affair between every man and his maker, and in which no third party has any right to interfere. The practical part consists in our doing good to each other. But since religion has been made into a trade, the practical part has been made to consist of ceremonies performed by men called priests. . . . By devices of this kind true religion has been banished, and such means hav been found out to extract money, even from the pockets of the poor, instead of contributing to their relief (Letter to Camille Jordan).

No man ought to make a living by religion. It is dishonest so to do (Ibid).

"All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit (Age of Reason, p. 6).

Each of these churches show certain books, which they call revelation, or the word of God. The Jews say that their word of God was given by God to Moses, face to face; the Christians say that their word of God came by divine inspiration; and the Turks say that their word of God, the Koran, was brought by an angel from heaven. Each of these churches accuse the others of unbelief; and, for my own part, I disbelieve them all (Ibid, 7).

But some perhaps will say, Are we to hav no word of God, no revelation? I answer, Yes: there is a word of God; there is a revelation.

The word of God is the creation we behold. . . . It is only in the creation that all our ideas and conceptions of a word of God can unite. The creation speaketh an universal language, independently of human speech, or human language, multiplied and various as they be. It is an ever-existing original, which every man can read. It cannot be forged; it cannot be counterfeited; it cannot be lost; it cannot be altered; it cannot be suppressed. It does not depend upon the will of man whether it shall be published or not; it publishes itself from one end of the earth to the other. It preaches to all nations and to all worlds; and this word of God reveals to man all that is necessary for man to know of God.

Do we want to contemplate his power? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate his munificence? We see it in the abundance with which he fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate his mercy? We see it in his not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is? Search not the book called the scripture, which any human hand might make, but the scripture called the creation (Ib., pp. 24, 25).

Of Jesus Christ he writes:

He was a virtuous and an amiable *man*. The morality that he preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind (Ib., p. 9).

He was the son of God in like manner that every other person is—for the creator is the father of all (Ib., p. 19).

Thus it will be seen that, while Paine was a disbeliever in the dogmas of Christianity, he was not an Atheist. The most sublime arguments in support of Deism, and against Atheism, ever penned are to be found in his writings. Yet theologians, not by mistake, but intentionally and for a purpose, hav pronounced him an Atheist. And now, knowing how Paine's theological opinions hav been misrepresented, you will be the better prepared to accept the evidence that I shall adduce, showing that what has been taught respecting the religious views of Jefferson, Washington, and Franklin is likewise false.

JEFFERSON.

Could Jefferson's works be suppressed, the clergy might, with less fear of exposure, claim that their author was a Christian. But while his writings are accessible to the public, it adds nothing to their reputation for candor to make the claims respecting his belief which many of them do, for these writings clearly prove that he was a disbeliever.

His "Memoirs and Correspondence," edited by his grandson, was published in 1829. On its appearance the New York *Observer*, one of the leading Christian journals of this country, gave it the following notice:

Mr. Jefferson, it is well known, was never suspected of being very friendly to orthodox religion, but these volumes prove not only that he was a disbeliever in a divine revelation, but a scoffer of the very lowest class.

What is remarkable, the *Observer* has never claimed that Jefferson recanted. According to this paper, he was more confirmed in his unbelief than Paine.

In a letter to his nephew and ward, Peter Carr, Jefferson has the following advice to offer, which, though radically sound, would be considered rather questionable advice for a Christian to giv:

Fix Reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because, if there be one, he must more approve the homage of reason than of blindfolded fear. . . . Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If it end in a belief that there is no God, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you feel in its exercise and in the love of others which it will procure for you.

The God of the Old Testament—the God which you worship, Christians—Jefferson pronounces "a being of terrific character—cruel, vindictiv, capricious, and unjust" (Jefferson's Works, vol. iv, p. 325).

In speaking of the Jewish priests, he denominates them "a bloodthirsty race, as cruel and remorseless as the being whom they represented as the family God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, and the local God of Israel" (Ibid).

In his letter of advice to Peter Carr, he thus refers to Jesus Christ:

Keep in your eye the opposit pretensions: First, of those who say he was begotten by God, born of a virgin, suspended and reversed the laws of nature at will, and ascended bodily into heaven; and second, of those who say he was a man of illegitimate birth, of a benevolent heart, enthusiastic mind, who set out without pretensions to divinity, ended in believing them, and was punished capitally for sedition by being gibbeted, according to the Roman law, which punished the first commission of that offense by whipping, and the second by exile or death *in furea*.

His own opinion respecting the above is expressed in a letter to John Adams, written a short time previous to his death:

The day will come when the mystical generation of Jesus, by the supreme being as his father, in the womb of a virgin, will be classed with the generation of a Minerva in the brain of Jupiter.

In the gospel history of Jesus, Jefferson discovers what he terms "a groundwork of vulgar ignorance, of things impossible, of superstitions, fanaticisms, and fabrications" (Jefferson's Works, vol. iv, p. 325).

He continues: "If we could believe that he [Jesus] really countenanced the follies, the falsehoods, and the charlatanisms which his biographers [Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John] father on him, and admit the misconstructions, interpolations, and theorizations of the fathers of the early, and the fanatics of latter ages, the conclusion would be irresistible by every sound mind that he was an impostor" (Ibid).

Jefferson, however, did not regard Jesus as an impostor. He says:

Among the sayings and discourses imputed to him by his biographers, I find many passages of fine imagination, correct morality, and of the most lovely benevolence; and others, again, of so much ignorance, of so much absurdity, so much untruth and imposture, as to pronounce it impossible that such contradictions should hav proceeded from the same being. I separate, therefore, the gold from the dross, restore to him the former, and leave the latter to the stupidity of some and the roguery of others of his disciples (Works, vol. iv, p. 320).

Of the early Christian evangelists, he writes:

Of this band of dupes and impostors, Paul was the great Corypheus, and first corrupter of the doctrins of Jesus.

For the man Jesus, Jefferson, like Rousseau,

Paine, Ingersoll, and other Infidels, had nothing but admiration; for the Christ Jesus of theology, nothing but contempt.

For nearly sixteen hundred years the doctrin of the Trinity has been a leading tenet of the Christian faith. To doubt this dogma has been the rankest heresy; for denying it thousands hav lost their lives. What Jefferson thought of this doctrin may be gathered from a letter to Colonel Pickering, in which he speaks of "the incomprehensible jargon of the Trinitarian arithmetic, that three are one and one is three."

In a letter to John Adams, dated August 22, 1813, referring to the same subject, he says:

It is too late in the day for men of sincerity to pretend they believe in the Platonic mysticism that three are one and one is three, and yet, that the one is not three, and the three are not one. But this constitutes the craft, the power, and profits of the priests. Sweep away their gossamer fabrics of fictitious religion and they would catch no more flies.

To James Smith he writes:

The hocus-pocus phantasm of a God, like another Cerberus, with one body and three heads, had its birth and growth in the blood of thousands and thousands of martyrs.

His hatred of Calvinism was intense. He denounces the "blasphemous absurdity of the five points of Calvin;" and says that "it would be more pardonable to believe in no God at all than to blaspheme him by the atrocious attributes of Calvin." "It is hard to say," observes Bancroft, "which surpassed the other in boiling hatred of Calvinism, Jefferson or John Adams."

Prayer-meetings and revivals receive the following complimentary notice from his pen:

In our Richmond there is much fanaticism, but chiefly among the women. They hav their night meetings and praying parties, where, attended by their priests, and sometimes by a henpecked husband, they pour forth the effusions of their love to Jesus in terms as amatory and carnal as their modesty would permit to a mere earthly lover (Letter to Dr. Cooper).

In the following significant passage we hav Jefferson's opinion of the Christian religion as a whole:

I hav recently been examining all the known superstitions of the world, and do not find in our particular superstition [Christianity] one redeeming feature. They are all alike, founded upon fables and mythologies (Letter to Dr. Woods).

Could a more emphatic declaration of disbelief in Christianity be framed than this? Nearly every intelligent person who has investigated the subject has doubtless arrived at substantially the same conclusion as Jefferson; yet how few, in the face of popular opinion, hav had the courage to avow it!

In his "Notes on Virginia" the following caustic allusion to Christianity occurs:

Millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity, hav been burnt, tortured, fined, and imprisoned; yet we hav not advanced one inch toward uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half the world fools and the other half hypocrits.

In the following brave and truthful words we hav his estimate of priestcraft:

In every country and in every age the priest has been hostil to liberty; he is always in alliance with the despot, abetting his abuses in return for protection to his own.

In 1822 he writes:

We hav most unwisely committed to the hierophants of our particular superstition the direction of public opinion—that lord of the universe. We hav given them stated and privileged days to collect and catechise us, opportunities of delivering their oracles to the people in mass, and of molding their minds as wax in the hollow of their hands.

His uncomplimentary allusions to the Christian clergy, to the Christian Sabbath, and to Christianity itself as "our particular superstition" are certainly as unorthodox as anything to be found in Paine.

Jefferson's hatred of priestcraft was lifelong; for while the above was written but a few years prior to his death, the following, from a letter to Mr. Whyte, was written nearly half a century before:

If anybody thinks that kings, nobles, and *priests* are good conservators of the public happiness, send him here [Paris]. It is the best school in the universe to cure him of that folly. He will see here with his own eyes that these descriptions of men are an abandoned confederacy against the happiness of the mass of the people.

While he detested the entire clergy of whatever denomination, regarding them as a worthless class living like parasites upon the labors of others, his denunciation of the Presbyterian priesthood was particularly severe, as evinced by the following:

The Presbyterian clergy are the loudest, the most intolerant of all sects; the most tyrannical and ambitious, ready at the word of the law-giver, if such a word could now be obtained, to put their torch to the pile, and to rekindle in this virgin hemisphere the flame in which their oracle, Calvin, consumed the poor Servetus, because he could not subscribe to the proposition of Calvin that magistrates hav a right to exterminate all heretics to the Calvinistic creed! They pant to reëstablish by law that holy inquisition which they can now only infuse into public opinion.

Just before his death Jefferson, in a letter to John Adams, made the following declaration respecting his belief:

"*I am a Materialist.*"

In support of his Materialistic creed, he argues as follows:

On the basis of sensation we may erect the fabric of all the certainties we can hav or need. I can conceive thought to be an action of matter or magnetism of loadstone. When he who denies to the creator the power of endowing matter with the mode of motion called thinking shall show how he could endow the sun with the mode of action called attraction, which reins the planets in their orbits, or how an absence of matter can hav a will, and by that will put matter into motion, then the Materialist may be lawfully required to explain the process by which matter exercises the faculty of thinking. When once we quit the basis of sensation is to talk of nothings. To say that the human soul, angels, God, are immaterial, is to say they are nothings, or that there is no God, no angels, no soul. I cannot reason otherwise. But I believe that I am supported in my creed of Materialism by the Lockes, the Tracys, and the Stewarts.

These antichristian views of Jefferson were for the most part written after he had retired to private life; but that the public had always been apprised of his unbelief there can be no doubt. When he ran for president, the more bigoted orthodox journals opposed his election on these grounds. At his inauguration, some of these journals appeared in mourning, while flags were displayed at half-mast, in token of grief because an Infidel had been elevated to the presidency. It is true that Washington and Adams, both disbelievers in evangelical Christianity, had filled the office before him; but they were reticent upon the subject, openly expressing no opinions that would offend the prevailing religious sentiment.

His administration was probably the most purely secular that this country has ever had. During his eight years' incumbency of the office not a single religious proclamation was issued. Referring to his action in this matter, he says, "I know it will giv great offense to the clergy, but the advocate of religious freedom is to expect neither peace nor forgivness from them."

Jefferson's library contained the leading Freethought works of his day. They gave evidence of having been carefully studied, and the marginal annotations from his pen showed that the most radical sentiments were indorsed by him.

He wrote letters to Volney, and placed the bust of Voltaire in his library. He manifested the strongest attachment for Paine, which continued till the latter's death. When Paine signified his intention of returning from France to America, Jefferson furnished a national ship to convey him home. After his return he became the honored guest of the president, both at Washington and Monticello. To Paine and the great English Deist, Bolingbroke, Jefferson paid the following tribute:

You ask my opinion of Lord Bolingbroke and Thomas Paine. They were alike in making bitter enemies of the priests and pharisees of their day. Both were honest men; both advocates for human liberty. These two persons differed remarkably in their style of writing, each leaving a model of what is most perfect in both extremes of the simple and the sublime (Letter to Francis Eppes).

Surely, Christians, your cause must be growing desperate when, to sustain it, you must needs claim for its support so bitter an enemy as Thomas Jefferson—a man who affirmed that he was a Materialist; a man who recognized in your religion only "our particular superstition," a superstition without "one redeeming feature;" a man who divided the Christian world into two classes—hypocrits and fools; a man who asserted that your Bible is a book abounding with "vulgar ignorance;" a man who termed your Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, a "hocus-pocus phantasm; a man who denounced your God as "cruel, vindictiv, and unjust;" a man who intimated that your savior was "a man of illegitimate birth;" a man who declared his disciples, including your oracle, Paul, to be a "band of dupes and impostors," and who characterized your modern priesthood as part of an "abandoned confederacy" against public happiness.

JOHN E. REMSBURG.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Freethought in England.

VI.—THE FINAL ISSUE.

When Freethought shall hav permeated Protestant Christianity through and through, so that our heresy shall hav become the orthodoxy of the church, we shall then be face to face with our natural and most insidious foe, Roman Catholicism. The Protestant church allows its adherents to exercise their reason, but at present prohibits them by pains and penalties from coming to conclusions contrary to her teachings.

With the growth of intelligence, Protestants will take courage and defy the threats of the priests. The day of reckoning will then be at hand.

Many of the Protestant clergy will, no doubt, seek refuge in the Catholic church, which has always prohibited reason, and which consistently condemns the exercise of it among the laity.

Then will come the tug of war. In England, unhappily, Catholicism at the present time is strong.

It counts among its disciples the aristocratic, who are in league with the priests, and the poor and abject, who subsist upon the charity of the wealthy.

It counts among its leaders men of fine mental qualities, who prefer to starve their intellectual faculties rather than believe unpleasant truths. Such a one is Cardinal Newman. Intellectually he is a giant, but he wastes his splendid talents on an effete religion. Cardinal Manning is a man of a very different order. He has a certain kind of cleverness, but not being able to take a front rank in the English church, he seceded, and by dint of perseverance he has succeeded in gaining a prominent position in the church of Rome.

But no church can stand against the growing Infidelity of the masses.

When the people speak out, the priest will lose his power. Already there are signs of "fear and trembling."

And what will it be when men of science care more for truth than respectability?

Theological dogmas will go to the wind.

There is one fact, however, that should never be forgotten. The strength of the church lies in the number of women who giv it the sanction of their encouragement and support.

Priests know this full well, and while they can cajole the women, they feel sure they are secure.

It is a source of great consolation to me to know that many ladies hav in recent years undertaken to plead the cause of Freethought, and with their assistance a great work is being accomplished. Oh, for a man or woman with the courage to preach the gospel of Freethought to the Irish people! Oh, for the power to free them from the tyranny of the priest! All will come in good time, however, to those who wait, and believers in the doctrin of evolution may be certain of the ultimate triumph of Freethought.

For the churches will be condemned not alone for the falseness of their creeds, but for the shamefulness of their history.

True, they may with one accord proclaim themselvs in favor of liberty when the hour of destruction arrives; but shall we not be able to refer to the days of their strength for testimony against them? Shall we not be able to point to the Dark Ages of Christianity, when the Catholic church had full power; to the brutal murder of Bruno at Rome, where today stands a statue of the immortal Freethinker, to act as a perpetual reminder to the priests of their horrible deeds?

Shall we not be able to tell the story of Galileo's sufferings; and recount the agony of those brave spirits who were defiant in the sight of the dungeon, the rack, and the stake?

And will they listen undisturbed to the horrors of the Inquisition, and the insidious crimes perpetrated against humanity in Spain and France—aye, and even in England when their church was a real power?

Fortunately, the Catholic church cannot repudiate her history, and if she dared, it would only the more assuredly seal her doom.

When men's minds are perfectly free they will judge of the history of this church, and condemnation must follow, as certainly as night follows day. Freethinkers ask not for vengeance; they plead for justice. They know that suffering in the past was the necessary condition of progress, but in the future they will strive to win greater progress with less pain to struggling humanity. Thus Freethought will become the true savior of mankind. And whereas all religions hav provoked envy, hatred, malice, and warfare among the peoples of the earth, Freethought will weld mankind together into one great force that shall unceasingly work for the highest attainable good of the largest number of the human family.

The poorest, the humblest, as well as the richest and most powerful—all alike can work for this noble object, and he who, with the enthusiasm begotten of a great truth, devotes his life to service in such a cause, will find his reward in the increased happiness and prosperity of his fellows.

Our duty is not service to the infinit being who theologians declare rules over the universe, but to our fellow-man, and if there were a God of goodness existing somewhere in the infinit expanse, methinks that he would be more likely to approve than condemn our actions.

Let me conclude by illustrating this by the admirable poem of Leigh Hunt:

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw amid the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the vision in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made of all sweet accord,
Replied, "The names of them that love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light;
He showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

London, Eng. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

GOVERNOR CURRIER of New Hampshire deserves honorable mention. His Thanksgiving proclamation contained no allusion to any deity, and some of the Puritans refused to observe the day on that account

Thanksgiving Charities.

This morning many of the worthy poor of the city received the wherewith to make Thanksgiving what it should be—a day of thanks for bounties received, at the distribution of the "Thanksgiving dinner charity," at 7½ Beacon street.

The people began to come before 10 o'clock, and from that time there was a steady stream until the supply was exhausted. The line reached out on the sidewalk and up Beacon street to Somerset street. It was interesting to see the class of people who came. They were, as a rule, neatly clothed, and had none of the ragged assumption of poverty which would mark the fraudulent poor.

In all about 1,200 families, representing over 5,000 people, were provided for by this society, as well as twelve public institutions. There were four tons of turkeys and six tons of groceries given out. The funds which enabled the society to make the distribution were over $5,000, contributed by the Sunday-schools throughout New England and by charitable individuals.

The above, clipped from the Boston *Globe*, Thanksgiving morning, is a satire on our boasted civilization. In this land of plenty—in Boston, too, with its wealth and culture—1,200 heads of families, 5,000 persons, are so far tortured by want and misery that they will accept one day's feasting at the hand of charity! I don't wish to belittle the worthy efforts of those engaged in this work of charity, but what of these families in the long, cold, and severe winter that is now upon us? One day's supply will not suffice for months to come. What of want and misery is foretold by these few lines—what of the envy, hate, and crime fostered by the conditions which surround these 1,200 families!

It may be alleged that it is through laziness and dissipated habits that all this comes, but much is enforced idleness. A lady in this city informs me that she advertised for a servant, and before 11 A.M. seventy-four persons had applied. In the month of July I advertised for an engineer in the morning paper, and on my arrival at the office at 7:30 A.M., less than two hours after the issue of the paper in the early morning, eight applicants awaited me, and before 10 A.M. I had received fifty-three applications, and it continued all day; but I lost count, and each mail was freighted with applications. These incidents would indicate enforced idleness, and they might be multiplied indefinitly. Only three days ago an intelligent and evidently well-educated man applied to me for employ as a machinist, a common occurrence, repeated many times each day. When he received a negativ reply, he dropped into a chair, saying: "For God's sake giv me something to do. I hav a wife and three children, one child sick, and nothing to eat in the house since yesterday. I hav traveled for three weeks earnestly seeking work, and I am willing to do anything for any price to save my starving family!" All up and down our fair land goes the cry of want, and this with granaries overflowing with the products of the soil. The cunning devices of the ingenuity of man hav changed the whole system of social economy, and this problem of the more equal distribution of the products of soil and handicraft requires more than the distribution of a few tons of turkeys and groceries on Thanksgiving.

Our broad country possesses almost every variety of climate, and produces almost everything required by the necessities or comfort of the human family, abundantly sufficient for 400,000,000, and yet, with less than 60,000,000, haggard want looks into the doors of nearly one-half of this limited number. Verily the land question is of vast importance, and the sixty-thousand votes of New York for Henry George carry with them a significance not to be misunderstood. Shall the sordid selfishness and greed blind the more fortunate to the dangerous elements engendered in our body politic by the ever-widening gulf that yawns between the rich and poor? Sagacity and wisdom will be sorely needed to avert the calamity that will surely come unless some more efficacious remedy is applied than Thanksgiving turkeys and free soup. HENRY S. BACON.

Boston, Nov. 26, 1886.

Thomas Jefferson's Grave.

Colonel Wilson, of the army, who has charge of the monument recently erected by order of Congress over the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, says that the vandals are already at work chipping chunks off the stone, and that if it is to be preserved a military guard will hav to be sent down there. Several years ago Congress appropriated $5,000 for the purpose of restoring the cemetery in which Jefferson is buried, and erecting a new monument over his grave. This was in the time of Hayes, and the appropriation was not to be available until the owners of the estate gave a quit-claim to the United States of a tract of ground two rods square surrounding the burial place, and a pathway by which access thereto might be afforded the public. Jefferson was buried at Monticello in a little cemetery on his own plantation, and his wife, other members of his family, and some of his old servants lie beside him. When the estate was being laid out at the time he was president, Jefferson wrote to his overseer instructing him to set apart a little plot of ground as a burial place. "Choose some unfrequented vale in the park," he said, "where there is no sound to break the stillness but the babbling of a brook that winds among the woods, where no mark of human shape is, unless it be the skeleton of some poor wretch who sought out the spot to despair and die in. Let it be among the venerable oaks. Intersperse some gloomy evergreens. Appropriate one-half of it for my family and the rest for my servants and strangers who may die in the neighborhood. Let the exit look upon the Blue Mountains."

The first stone that was erected over Jefferson's grave was an exact copy of a diagram he left, and the epitaph was as he wrote it. It was chipped to pieces by relic hunters. A second one, and a fac-simile, was substituted in 1851 of the same material, which he thought no one would be tempted to destroy because of its value, but during the war the soldiers camped in that neighborhood carried it off by piecemeal, until nothing was left but a sandstone stump. The wall around the little cemetery was destroyed, and the whole plantation was in a state of dilapidation. Then Congress ordered it to be restored, and, although the bill passed in 1878, it was not until 1885 that the secretary of state was able to get a title to the cemetery. The secretary, with more of an eye to the artistic than a wish to comply with his famous predecessor's instructions, repudiated Mr. Jefferson's model and material, and instead of a shaft six feet high of the sandstone found on the place, has given him a shaft eighteen feet high of granit. The work was only recently finished, and Colonel Wilson, who went down to inspect it, has made a report to the secretary of state in which he recommends that some means be taken to protect it from the vandals, who hav already been at work and hav ruined the monument by chipping off large chunks from the corners. The colonel says the iron fence is a sufficient protection against grown people, for the gate is kept locked, but small boys squeeze through between the iron pickets, and with hammers and hatchets hack the corners off and sell them as relics to visitors. He says the agent at the railway station told him that only the day before he arrived two well-dressed ladies appeared with large pieces of the stone, which they said they had hired a boy to chop off for them. The way to circumvent the vandals is to hire men to stay on the place and watch all who come.—*Sun*.

The Mission Fraud.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

An officer attached to the man-of-war Monocacy, which is now in China, writes the following letter to a friend in this city:

"CANTON, Aug. 1, 1886.

"There is in Canton a hospital, managed at present by one Dr. Kerr, for the purpose of doing a sort of missionary surgery among the Chinese, but supported by foreigners, and one of the cardinal regulations being that all foreigners applying for treatment shall be received. The hospital has been in existence for about fifty years, and one knowing China can easily imagin how many persons of our nationality hav received any benefit from it. Some little time since we had a man dangerously ill with rheumatic fever, so ill, in fact, that Dr. Craig had serious fears for the result, and as he was too weak to be sent to Hong Kong or Yokohama, the doctor suggested that he go to the hospital here. This was acceded to, of course, and the doctor was to make arrangements for paying all the expenses of treatment, attendance, food, etc. Dr. Craig went down to the hospital, supposing it would only be a matter of very simple arrangement, and that we could send the man at once. Our chief idea was, of course, to send our man where he could be quiet and cooler than on our berth deck with a temperature of ninety degrees Fahr. At the very outset Dr. Craig was met with objections; the hospital was already crowded; there were no hospital attendants, the friends of the patients attending to them usually; there was no bedding for patients, and, finally, there was no means of providing food for foreign patients. After considerable talk, Craig stating our intention of sending an ample supply of bedding from the ship and our apothecary and sick nurse, he was shown a miserable little dog-hole in rear among Chinese hovels, hot and foul-smelling, and was told that was the best that could be done in the way of accommodations.

"On the question of food, however, they seemed—I mean the surgeons in charge—to be able to do nothing. When Craig suggested that the small amount of food necessary for a man with a high fever might be cooked by the same means that their mess was supplied, one small missionary doctor positivly objected to any such arrangement, saying that the lady doctor who had charge of the housekeeping affairs was already 'overworked.' Overworked; for one who knows something of the way these 'holy Joes' work in China can understand what that means. Dr. Craig came back and reported, and was told to write and tell the hospital people that we would not trouble them in any way, and that we would not send a yellow dog into such quarters as they proposed to put an American man-of-war's man. I suppose you remember the story of the 'few bricks that were left and how they were used?' Well, in this case, the few bricks were used to build a large, airy-looking house on the river in front of the hospital, which is not seen, being among the Chinese houses. Now, take these two pictures—the great big cool house on the river front, built to get the breeze, with only three or four people living in it, and having, oh! such a hard time doing good to the heathen—the dear, blessed heathen—and the Monocacy, with nearly 150 people on board her in midsummer at this place, where we are stationed principally for the purpose of preventing the Chinese from cutting the throats of these same people, who hav so much to do that they cannot even hav food prepared for one of the crew of this ship, who is dangerously ill. It is enough to make one's blood boil, and to make him swear at all the canting, whining hypocrits engaged in so-called missionary work among the Chinese. Why cannot some one come out and tell the truth about the whole fraud in such a way as to reach our people and induce them to storm the beggars out? It would be a righteous crusade for some paper to engage in, as worthy as the breaking up of other rings. The man is still very ill, and the doctor fears cannot recover, but we hav done all we can for him on board ship. The pilot-house has been cleared out, and turned into a sick bay for him. We keep the ship as quiet as possible, even omitting some of the drills."

An *Eagle* reporter showed the above letter to several naval officers to-day. They said they know the hospital very well, and were pleased to know that its methods were about to be exposed to the American people. Its rules stated that it was for the reception of foreigners, yet its doors were often shut against the sick and dying mariners.

The American Secular Union.—Reports.

At four meetings of the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union Nov. 16th, 23d, 28th, and 29th, at which were present Charles Eckhard, Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., E. M. Macdonald, and S. P. Putnam, the following business was transacted:

Charles Eckhard was chosen chairman of the meeting.

The report of the Auditing Committee appointed for the examination of the treasurer's and secretary's report of the finances was presented and adopted by the Board.

REPORT OF THE AUDITING COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov, 12, 1886.

Your Auditing Committee report the receipts and expenditures to date as follows, as per statements of the treasurer, Courtlandt Palmer, and secretary and acting treasurer, Samuel P. Putnam.

Courtlandt Palmer's statement from Oct. 27, 1885, to May 18, 1886.		
Receipts	$1,918.51	
Expenditures		$1,918.51
Samuel P. Putnam's statement from May. 18, 1886, to Nov. 12, 1886.		
Receipts	$1,449.94	
Expenditures		$1,449.94
Total receipts	$3,368.45	
Total expenditures		$3,368.45
Balance necessary to raise to pay secretary's salary	$618.14	
Balance due secretary, Samuel P. Putnam, to Nov. 8, 1886, as per his Bill, Nov. 12, 1886		$618.14
	$3,986.59	$3,986.59

Vouchers and accounts examined, and account found correct as per the foregoing statement.

DANIEL E. RYAN, Ch. Com.

DISBURSEMENTS SINCE TREASURER'S REPORT TO LAST CONGRESS.

Paid back salary Charles Watts	$325.00
Paid salary S. P. Putnam (to Nov. 8, 1885)	450.00
Paid for expenses of Cleveland Congress	304.52
Paid P. Eckler for printing envelopes, letter headings, certificates, and charters	46.50
Paid for publishing 2 000 copies of "Museums in Park," and making plates	60.00
Paid for publishing 2,000 copies of "Impartial Taxation," and making plates	75.00
Paid Thomas McCabe for services	50.00
Paid T. B. Wakeman for expenses to Albany to address Legislativ Committee	18.90
Paid for printing bills and circulars and mdse	83.56
Paid for printing subscription papers	6.50
Paid for printing petitions	3.50
American Secular Union seal and stamp	10.00
Printing and mdse	16.64
Hotel expenses	146.05
Railroad expenses	431.33
Hall rent expenses	264.50
Advertising expenses	94.99
Stamps and stationery	72.69
Incidentals	26.91
Amount paid on salary from Nov. 8, 1885, to Nov. 8, 1886	881.86
Total	$3,368.45

Amount due S. P. Putnam for salary to Nov. 8, 1886, $618.14.

The above account of expenses has been examined and approved by the Auditing Committee and Board of Directors.

EXPENSES OF THE CLEVELAND CONGRESS.

Hall rent	$184.00
Paid to speakers for services and expenses	279.55
Advertisments	105.14
Paid H. Hoover for services	10.00
Paid A. Tilney for services	15.00
Incidentals	12.98
Total	$606.67

Amount contributed by Liberals of Cleveland and admission fees..... $302.15
Amount paid for the expenses of Cleveland Congress out of the treasury of American Secular Union as per report of Treasurer C. Palmer..... $304.52

The above account of the receipts and expenses of the Cleveland Congress has been submitted to the Auditing Committee, and by them examined and approved, and also by the Board of Directors.

The following report of the receipts and expenditures of the Tenth Annual Congress was presented by the secretary and adopted by the Board:

RECEIPTS.

Courtlandt Palmer	$ 50.00	G. H. Buek	5.00
A. Van Deusen	50.00	T. S. Sub	1.00
Photius Fisk	20.00	Julius Fehr	5.00
Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr.	25.00	Mrs. S. B. Miller	1.00
Chas. Eckhard	10.00	Mr. Barney	5.00
Daniel Ed. Ryan	10.00	A. B. Hendricks	5.00
Peter Eckler	5.00	J. C. M.	5.00
Booth	5.00	R. R. M.	2.00
Agnosticus	5.00	C. H. Steckler	5.00
Wm. Hawenstein	5.00	L. Harris	1.00
Ralph Helm	2.00	Jas. Parshall	5.00
F. C. M.	5.00	S. D. Moore	1.00
John D. Power	5.00	Chas. Lownd	1.00
A Friend	3.00	B. M. Hall	2.00
W. J. Allen	2.00	Clinton Rosevelt	2.50
S. Brewer	2.00	Chas. Schachler	2.00
Peter Grandjean	1.00	Helen Celler	3.00
Robert Wade	1.00	J. Sedgebeer	5.00
Wm. Horsfell	1.00	B. H. Tashjian	1.00
Ed. Ross	1.00	G. H. Hedger	1.00
C. H. Betts	1.00	J. Downs	2.00
Jonathan Hill	1.00	E. M. Davis	10.00
H. Cohn	1.00	Mrs. A. M. Horne	2.00
Wm. Whittick	10.00	Z. Kent	1.00
Thomas Johnson	1.00	Amy Post	1.00
M. W. Nock	2.00	J. C. Roe	1.00
Dr. Weeks	.50	Dr. A. Van Cort	1.00
A. R. Cook	1.00	J. Offensandt	2.00
Thos. Dexter	1.00	Mrs. Eliza Burns	5.00
H. Anderson	5.00	A. Kost	1.00
Geo. Davidson	4.00	S. Levine	3.00
Otto Wettstein	5.00	Wm. M. Hoerle	1.00
Jas. W. Dare	1.00	Lecture by Helen H. Gardener and R. G. Ingersoll	391.50
R. P. Patt	2.00		
A. De Fries	1.00		
Total			$724.50

EXPENDITURES.

Hall rent	$375.00
Speakers	175.00
Advertising	107.00
Programs	15.00
Incidentals	13.00
Total	$685.00
Amount paid into treasury of American Secular Union—surplus of fund for campaign work	39.50
Total	$724.50

The following amounts were received at Congress for Campaign Fund—not yet credited in THE TRUTH SEEKER—but accounted for in report to the Congress:

Wm. C. Smith	$25.00	Jobstown Sec. Union	$ 5.00
W. P. Blythe	1.00	Otto Wettstein	5.00
H. Berls	6.00		

The following hav been received since the Congress and placed in the treasury:

Wm. Wardsworth	$ 1.00	George W. Stapleton	2.00
Fred Koezly	2.00	Chas. Stoeffel	3.00
John Engstrom	15.00	Mr. Singer	1.00
A. Pionnie	50	Mr. Kenny	1.00
B. G. Smith	10.00	W. W. White	2.00
Frank D. Hunt (per Gus Hogan)	5.00	E. N. Dunckel	2.00
		E. F. Dunckel	2.00
Helen H. Gardener	$ 5.00	Geo. Brotherton	1.00
J. E. Phipps	1.00	C. Dillon	1.00
S. Hunt	2.00	Fred Page	1.00
F. M. Borden	1.00	David Kelly	1.00
Mrs. Mary Jones	2.00	Steren Carter	50
A. F. Neunert	1.00	M. McCarty	50
Robert Riddell	2.00	John D. Powers	7.00
Geo. Maddock	1.00	Chas. Sach	1.00
T. Littlehales	2.00	Dr. E. F. Beals	1.00
J. McClemont	1.00		
Mrs. McClemont	1.00	Total	80.50
S. F. Salberger	1.00		

The following pledges hav been made:

J. J. McCabe	$10.00	Samos Parson	$25.00
Walter C. Wright	10.00	Thomas Ruggles	3.00

Samuel P. Putnam, the secretary, stated to the Board of Directors that in order to make the work of the Union in the future untrammeled by debt, he would forego his claim to the $618.14 due for services as secretary to Nov., 1886, as allowed by report of Auditing Committee.

Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., presented the following, which was adopted:

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union, held in the city of New York, Nov. 28, 1886, a careful hearing was given to the report of the secretary, Mr. Putnam, concerning his work during the past year, and to the treasurer's statement of the financial condition of the Union. Inasmuch as the society did not enter upon its work a year ago free from debt, owing to certain obligations incurred during previous administrations, it has not been possible from the receipts of the past year to clear up all outstanding accounts, and pay the secretary the whole amount of salary which had been voted to him; but since the secretary, in his unbounded enthusiasm for the interests and purposes of the society, feels disposed to forgiv this delinquency, and as the other deficit is comparativly small, there is every reason to feel encouraged with the status and progress of the movement, and to arrange for a continuance of the practical propaganda during the next year on about the same basis as that of the last. It is the opinion of the present Board of Directors that the policy of "pay as you go" should be strictly adhered to, but feeling confident that the sentiment of the members of the American Secular Union is, by a large majority, in favor of maintaining this activ propagandism, and that their generosity may be depended upon to furnish the sinews of war for another vigorous campaign, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That on behalf of the American Secular Union, we express a hearty vote of thanks to our retiring president, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, for aid and counsel, for his liberality both directly and indirectly in the payment of expenses, for the advantage of his influence and a name which is at all times a tower of strength.

Resolved, That we acknowledge with thanks the aid which Liberals all over the United States hav given, either in direct subscriptions, or by contributions of time, work, or hospitalities.

Resolved, That we recognize in Mr. S. P. Putnam an efficient secretary, and a man of unusual fitness for missionary work in the way of planting the seeds of Secularism in distant fields, hitherto unplowed with Liberal thought; that in so doing he is preparing the way for other Freethought lecturers to find profitable fields of employment; thas his services are fully worth the sum of $1,500 per year as voted at the Cassadaga Congress; and, therefore, let it be further

Resolved, That we again appeal to the generous impulses, the public spirit, and the humanitarian zeal of the Liberal public to raise a fund for the coming year which shall make it possible to carry forward promptly and energetically this and other important work, and in so doing to adhere to the principle that the "laborer is worthy of his hire."

DR. E. B. FOOTE, JR.,
CHAS. ECKHARD,
E. M. MACDONALD.

It was voted to pay out of the funds now in the treasury the sum of $50 to D. A. Blodgett, and that the remaining $100 due him, and $25 due C. Edelheim, should be paid at the earliest possible opportunity.

This will leave the Union free from debt, and all contributions will then be for its future work.

The directors wish to call attention to the following points:

1. Under the arrangements made at Cassadaga to hav two paid officers in the field, the Union, for the first year, was unable to meet its obligations, and at the last Congress was in debt for salary to the extent of $825.

2. With the policy of having but one salaried officer in the field, the Union has more than paid its way for the past year, and but for the deficit of the previous year, the balance would be in favor of the treasury instead of against it.

3. The relinquishment by the secretary of the sum due him for salary now leaves the Union nearly free from debt, and with the experience of the past two years for a guide, and the generous devotion of friends, the coming year will, no doubt, be far more successful, both in the work achieved and in its pecuniary results.

The resignation of E. M. Macdonald, which was offered at the first meeting of the board, November 16th, was accepted, and E. A. Stevens was elected to fill the vacancy. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Chairman.

Bigotry.

The admitted truism that "one who cannot reason is a fool; one who dare not is a coward; one who will not is a bigot," is fully exemplified in our everyday walks in life. Of all these three conditions of the human mind, perhaps the most dangerous and repulsiv is that of bigotry, as it seems with its silent doggedness to imply the conditions of the two first.

The Materialist wonders that men strongly religious, men strongly educated in the hope of immortality in some form of Christian faith, refuse to launch in controversy with them on the frigid sea of annihilation at death.

There is no term more misapplied than bigotry. The assumed Liberalist is apt to be very free in applying it to all religious zealots, little thinking that he or she, perhaps, is equally as great an offender.

If Materialists would only condescend to examin Spiritualism from a *scientific* standpoint, we are certain they would find the subject less repulsiv and wonderfully interesting. All religions, Catholic and Protestant, early gave Spiritualism the cold shoulder, and for why?—inasmuch as its teachings favored no particular religious creed, but, on the contrary, they considered it only another subtil effort of the "evil one" to entrap souls, hence to be avoided, and the bellowing for salvation should increase.

It is difficult to determin what are the absolute natural instincts or proclivities of the human mind; so much depends upon the early bias of education. Thus a child reared amid the surroundings of Materialism should excite no more surprise that it grows up a skeptic or Atheist than that another reared among the emotional believers in Methodism should develop as a full-grown hell-fearing Methodist. To the philanthropist that faith is best which tends to the greatest happiness to humanity. Hence it becomes all Rationalists to be ever guarded against bigotry. D. BRUCE.

Brooklyn, E. D.

AT the annual meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Association held recently in Manchester, England, it was reported that three hundred and forty-one members of the House of Commons are in favor of woman suffrage. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, has some doubt whether the whole of the three hundred and forty-one are quite earnest in the desire to see all women hav votes in parliamentary elections,

Mixed Pickles.

The Lord has pulled in another recruit of the regulation pattern. Groblewski (Phœbus! what a name!), the alleged Brooklyn wife-poisoner, has gone back on the devil and come out for the Lord. All he wants now is to come out of prison. The parsons and pietists will see to it that he comes out, with the help of the Lord, of course.

The *Cayuga* (N. Y.) *Chief*, giving "taffy on a stick" to the *World*, says, among other things, that "the time will come when money kings and corporation lords will be brought to book." Yes, *Chief*, that time will come, but please take notice that the *World* is not "going for" "corporation lords and money kings" to any great extent, the editor thereof being a "corporation lord" unto himself, and a "money king" of no mean proportions, and hoping to grow bigger. He is not going to hunt himself to cover.

And so the Anarchists are to hav a respit, preliminary to a new trial. This is well. The bloodiest murderers are granted new trials, if convicted, even to the number of six or seven, sometimes, and why should not these men, tried for a penal crime and convicted for a political one—tried and convicted when governmental bosses had lost their heads, and the press was foaming at the mouth, tried and convicted in an hour when blood was in the hearts of all officials, including judges, and on the moon—why should they not hav a new trial? This country has enough to answer for without committing judicial murder. A new trial in a moment of calmness will acquit them, as it should.

The *World* was dreadfully afraid that the "foundations of society would be subverted" by the George movement. And this "society" the *World* so trembles for, what is it? A putrescence—a thing rotten from center to circumference, from church-altar to drawing-room! What are its "foundations?" First, wealth, inherited—even from a pirate—crookedly made in business, or stolen outright by those in positions of trust; but wealth, by all means. Second, aristocracy, old line or new—descent from Dutch grocers ("blue blood"), or present day shoddyites (very ordinary blood). Third, snobbery of all degrees, with or without brains, but principally without. Fourth, grabocracy—the devil take the hindmost. Fifth, office-holding, with consequent official corruption. Sixth, fashion, with its follies flaunting in the faces of famishing millions. Seventh, wrong and oppression in every shape against the masses. Eighth, politics of the old rut order. Ninth, hypocrisy in every form. Tenth, falsity in general—*falsum in uno, falsum in omni!* Of such are the "foundations" of present day "society" in the land of the "free," and the quicker they are "subverted" the better. Pull out one of these "sample bricks," and the fabric of "society" would totter to its fall.

Talmage, on Thanksgiving day—a great humbug, this day, by the way—had his curriculum interiorly decorated with all sorts of garden and field truck—what a master of claptrap he is!—such as pumpkins, potatoes, corn-stalks, squashes, apples, big beets—himself the biggest beat—cauliflowers, carrots, rhubarb or pie plant, cabbage heads—very appropriate—etc., etc., until it looked like a section of a country fair. In what room was left on the platform, or stage, where he performs his grotesquery, Talmage pranced about like a prize chimpanzee, begging pardon of the latter-named specimen of "creation" as being in every way, to the eye, an animal superior to the Brooklyn blatherskite, and never drew heartier laughter from a highly amused crowd than he did on the day mentioned. He wagged his jaw for an hour, vaporing as usual, when the crowd was dismissed, sorry, no doubt, that the grotesque farce was over. Many people wonder how he can draw the crowds he does. Nothing to be wondered at. A first-class clown—I admit he is first-class—will always draw crowds, when deserving artists appear to empty benches. Said a lady, who attended his clown and cabbage-head entertainment, to the writer: "It was better than a circus or any negro minstrel show. I don't know what to make of that man Talmage. He is either 'cracked' or a natural-born clown!" As the latter she hit the Brooklyn "freak" just where he livs—he is a "natural-born clown!" And he clowns it at the rate of $15,000 a year, more or less, but not much, if any, less. Great are the opportunities of a clown, if he doesn't let them slip; and the Brooklyn clown, the clown *par eminence* of the country, doesn't let them slip. SI SLOKUM.

THE women of Wisconsin are hereafter to vote upon school affairs. This amendment was carried at the recent election by a majority of 4,543. Thus, quietly but surely, does the world move along, and woman will be more womanly when man recognizes her equal individuality and woman dares assume the high prerogativs which this recognition involves.—*Unity*.

Communications.

The Decay of Christian Morality.

II.

The man that took the life of Jesus for a model would hate father and mother, brother and sister; he would hav neither wife nor child, he would liv from place to place, he would be a law-breaker and an idler, he would liv the life of a wanderer and die the death of a criminal. Hav I put a false color in this picture I hav painted? Hav I misrepresented the life of Jesus? Read the four gospels and see. I find this character sketched in the New Testament, and it is there called Jesus, and it is this character which we are adjured to imitate if we would be perfect. To the man or woman who declares that the life of Jesus is the way to salvation, I hav only to say, Why then do you not imitate it?

Now, I wish to ask, what kind of morals would such a man as we hav sketched naturally teach? You will answer, The morals he lived. At least, we find such morals taught in the New Testament. My point here is, If the life of Jesus was an honest, faithful exponent of his moral teachings, then such a morality as he practiced is not wanted to-day; and that such a morality is not wanted is shown by the fact that no one practices it. I know that it is considered respectable and pious to profess great admiration for the doctrins taught by Jesus, and the world has paid them the outward compliment of profession, saying that the moral code of the New Testament was the despair of man; but it has never seriously set to work to reduce this code to practice, which proves that such profession is only a part of the universal accomplishment of fashionable hypocrisy.

Do not understand me as saying that there is no moral precept contained in the gospels that is worthy of being practiced. I make no such declaration, and wish no such construction put upon my words. What I desire to enforce is this, that the morality of Jesus sprung from a philosophy that has passed away, and, therefore, that is for the greater part obsolete and worthless. That Jesus shared the general belief of his age that the world was soon to be destroyed is shown by his estimate of earthly things; and that a morality founded upon such a belief should survive and outlast the faith that inspired it reveals a condition of things that is not flattering to our intellectual perception or to our moral sense.

The morals of the New Testament are founded upon a theory of the universe that is found now only in creeds—those epitaphs of religion.

The most superficial observation is sufficient to enable us to perceive that theology cannot longer be the basis of morality, and that the authority of the New Testament cannot be accepted on this question. There is nothing more firmly impressed upon the mind of man than the fact of the stability of the universe, notwithstanding the recent earthquakes in South Carolina; and the value of earthly things has a higher moral estimation consequent upon the assurance of material existence. Morality must hav a physical basis—that is, the moral code that man can practice to his safety and his honor must not contradict human nature. The defeat of the New Testament morals is assured by their antagonism to the nature of man. The morality of Jesus was designed to fit man for what he called the kingdom of heaven, but the only morality that is worth the name is that which fits man for human life on earth. Jesus constantly urged men to the performance of moral duties that they might be rewarded by their father in heaven. Such a motiv for good behavior is offensiv to the rational mind, and moral commandments that are enforced with a heaven and a hell do not spring from a knowledge of the world that deserves our respect.

The most comprehensiv criticism that one can make upon the morals of the New Testament is that they are not practical.

Is the character of Christians fashioned by the power and influence of the words that Jesus left in the world? This question should be pressed to an answer, and honesty would answer it in a way that would shake every church building in the land and tear the mask from the face of every Christian worshiper on the globe.

Jesus taught that men and women were to love him more than father or mother, son or daughter. Imagin human beings loving a man that they know nothing about, care nothing about, and who has no more claim to their affections than has the ghost in "Hamlet." Such morality as this is not fit for a Hottentot. If any command is implanted in our nature, and is a part of the bone and fiber of our very being, it is to love, beyond all else, those who hav borne us and cared for us through infancy and childhood, and those whose existence depends upon us, and to whom we stand pledged by the holiest ties of our beings, to watch over and protect, to care for and love to the last days of our life. It is love of parent and child that is alike the supreme obligation and the supreme benefaction to humanity.

No being has walked this earth who has the moral right to demand a greater love than is due to father and mother, son and daughter, and if Jesus claimed such affection his claim is an impertinence which we are bound to treat with indignation and scorn. For the Christian church to make the words of Jesus a command to the world is to deserve the severest condemnation. Jesus taught that men were not to make for themselvs a home, not to cultivate those virtues that blossom into the family, and not to save the fruits of their toil to make old age, with its tottering form and feeble sight, less liable to the hardships of the world, but he summed up all the duties of life in these words, "Sell what thou hast and giv to the poor, and come and follow me." To obey such teaching as this would overturn every monument of prosperity upon the earth, blight every feeling of happiness that gladdens the heart of man, and convert the busy work-loving world into one vast army of tramps, following a king without a kingdom, a leader without a purpose, a commander with nothing to giv those who followed his command.

Jesus taught that we were not to resist evil; that is, that if a thief stole our watch and chain we were bound to run after him and giv him our purse also; that if a man took away our coat we should wrong him if we did not send him the balance of the suit; that if a man struck us on one cheek we were to invite him to strike the other also; that if, as it were, the armies of some foreign power were to invade our land and burn and destroy our cities and towns, pillage our homes and murder our families, we were in duty bound to look upon them as benefactors and thank them for their work of destruction, and ask them to come and do it again. Such moral teaching as this would make a nation of cowards and slaves. It is our duty to punish thieves and robbers, not reward them; to resist wrong and injustice, not to submit to them like cravens; to protect our country from foes, even though we are obliged to shed their blood and our own. Is there a Christian on the globe who pays the least heed to a single one of these moral commands of Jesus? You all know there is not. I need not tell the Christian church that the morality taught by Jesus is decaying, when every church is its coffin and every minister its grave-digger. If you wish too see how much respect for the moral teaching of Jesus one of his professed followers has, steal his coat, and if he givs you his cloak also, please publish his name in the daily papers for the benefit of others who wish to get a cloak.

We find among the express commands of Jesus this advice: "Lay not up for yourselvs treasures upon earth." The most liberal translation of this counsel cannot make it anything but poor advice. Every material blessing of mankind has come from the savings of human labor, and the wisdom of laying up treasures upon earth is more evident than that of laying up "treasures in heaven," whatever this saying may mean.

When every Christian tries as hard to be poor as he tries now to get rich, we shall think that he has some regard for the moral teachings of Jesus. It must be apparent to all that what may be claimed as Christian morality is not only decaying, but that it ought to decay. There is no sense in it. Imagin a man telling people in the nineteenth century to "take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on," and endeavoring to prove that because the fowls of the air do not hav to broil a beefsteak for their breakfast or make biscuits for tea, human beings will be fed whether they provide anything for their tables or not. Jesus tells us that our heavenly father will feed us because we are better than the fowls of the air; and that he will clothe us because he clothes the grass of the field. Our earthly fathers seem to hav done more for us in the way of feeding and clothing us before we were able to take care of ourselvs than any heavenly father.

Others may put their trust in God for something to eat and drink and wear if they wish to, but I prefer to giv the subject a little more thought myself.

Jesus concludes these admonitions by saying, "Take no thought for the morrow." This is bad counsel, and it shows the good sense of mankind that it has never been followed.

The whole world livs in what one of our poets calls "The bright to-morrow of the mind." We will refer to only one more of the peculiar moral injunctions of Jesus. In the fifth chapter of Matthew, in the forty-fourth verse, we read: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." If we were to do as herein commanded, we should hav an inverted morality which would place the crown of virtue upon the forehead of vice. Let us see if the preacher of this doctrin practiced it. Did Jesus *bless* the scribes and Pharisees when they refused to acknowledge his claim to be the son of God?

This is the blessing he pronounced upon them: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrits, for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" That is not a very sweet blessing. And these men did not curse Jesus—they only did not agree with his opinions.

Jesus also, in his wrath against his enemies, calls them, in the seventeenth and nineteenth verses of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, "Ye fools and blind," forgetting, doubtless, that he had previously declared, when preaching on the mount, "Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

The moral teachings of Jesus were inspired by a false estimate of all earthly things. There is no doubt but that he believed that the world was coming to an end in his generation. How to get into the kingdom of heaven was of more consequence than how to reform mankind, or improve the world, since the end of earthly things was near at hand. This appears to hav been the thought of Jesus, and explains much of his language.

But to-day we do not believe that the earth has run his course, and that the end of all material things is near at hand. We are living without fear of failure on the part of the universe, and are giving our attention more to human wants than to divine commands. Not fear of offending God, but fear of wronging man, is the highest basis of morals.

We hav reached a time when apologies are not respected, when repentance is looked upon as the mask of villainy, when the stature of life is most shorn of manliness by prancing in the garb of humility, when a brave facing of life's trials and demands counts for more than cowardly surrender in the name of God. In fact, we hav come to say to the world of humanity, Be moral, and let your morality be your religion. But we want no cheap moral duties held up for man to perform. It is serious business to liv this life of ours and liv it well, and it is hard work to do it. Morality sets us as high a task as we are able to perform, and a higher task than has yet been performed by most of mankind. The effort of this age is to expose the sham of what is called holiness, and make sacred the surroundings of human beings. We must throw off the past, and stand upon that sunlit hight where we can feel that "somehow life is bigger after all than any painted angel, could we see the *man* that is within us." This is the moral duty of the world, to respect the man that is within us.

We ought to rear on the earth a range of moral Alps that would stand and command the admiration of the world as long as eye could see and heart could feel. We need a rational hope and a burning purpose in this century, something noble to liv for, and the courage of nobility to work and win it. The improvement of the world is the only object of life worthy of man. Do and say nothing that will not improve mankind. Were this simple admonition heeded, we should hav the key to the kingdom of the only heaven that man needs in our own pocket.

It is time for the reign of common-sense to begin on earth; time for men to elevate religion above theology, and time for us to say, Millions for the world; not a cent for the church. The battle between freedom and Christianity has begun, and I believe that when it ends Christianity will be buried beneath the ruins of its own dogmas, there to remain forever.

It possesses no spirit that can rise again from its ashes, and mount on wings of flame to a higher life. When superstition dies it dies to the root. The Christian minister cannot arrest the march of liberty by crying Infidelity, and threatening with everlasting cremation all those who refuse to heed his words. But let there be no base understanding of freedom. The New John the Baptist must not be a cowboy, saying, "The kingdom of highwaymen is at hand." As a person, when in perfect bodily health, knows not from any intimation from the respectiv parts that he has a stomach, a brain, or a heart, so a person, when living in perfect freedom, is unconscious of law, of creed, of custom. The healthy man physically is the free man physically; the healthy man mentally is the free man mentally; the healthy man morally is the free man morally. Liberty of the individual is the health of the individual, and a free man means a man who is true and obedient to all natural laws.

There is a misunderstanding of freedom upon the one side, and a misrepresentation of it on the other, that makes it hazardous for one to employ the word. To connect this word with religion, in the eyes of many, is to confound the Madonna with Mary Magdalene. It is to start the ghost of Judas Iscariot. The conservatism of society has ever regarded liberty as the black flag of the moral marauder, the emblem of a piratical intention upon the casket of the world that contains honor, justice, virtue, and social order. So persistently and malignantly has freedom been represented as a wrecker's light, kindled only to lure to destruction, that to represent it as worthy to be trusted is to arouse the spirit that pursued Voltaire to his grave with a lie, erected a shaft of calumny over the tomb of Paine, and that attacks the living, who refuse to acknowledge that the voice of the church is the voice of God, with the coward's weapon of slander. But, nevertheless, we believe, with Burns, that

> Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit
> Its virtues a' can tell, man;
> It raises man aboon the brute,

It makes him ken himsel', man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit
He's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
Of a' he can afford, man.

And so we exclaim, in the words of one of our own true poets:

Always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us we will trust in thee.

You hav all heard of the man who refused to open his eyes for a year, and who declared that during that time nothing could be seen on account of the darkness. But the endeavor to perpetuate old errors by keeping the eyes closed to the facts of science, the truths of philosophy, and the progress of the human race has not been crowned with success.

The further attempt to convert the world to what James Parton calls a "kitchen religion" is merely waste of power.

The preaching of Christianity is making "much ado about nothing." What we want is manhood.

It is said by the church that the man who livs for his family, and brings all that he can win of what is fair and bright and glad to those he loves may be a good man, but he is not a Christian, and therefore has no religion. Giv me, then, the man who is not a Christian and who has no religion, for if the man who loves his wife and children, who givs them the strength of his arm, the thought of his brain, the warmth of his heart, has not religion, the world is better off without it, for these are the highest and holiest things that man can do. L. K. WASHBURN.

The Impending Revolution.

So you think there is going to be a revolution, eh?

Yes, I think so.

When?

Oh, I don't know the day, the month, or the year, but it will come off in the not-far-distant future, I think.

Will it be a bloody one?

That depends. But I don't think there will be much blood-letting, however. There may be sporadic cases—perhaps a comparativly large amount of bloodshed in the aggregate—but I don't think there will be an epidemic of blood-letting.

My reasons for thinking so?

Oh, well, let me illustrate. For instance, you, a man of peace, weighing 140 lbs., meet John L. Sullivan, a "good man," weighing some 200 lbs., on a plank crossing over a mud-puddle. John, knowing his powers, and that you, against him, are as a frog against an ox, claims the right of way, standing not upon discussion. What are you going to do? Are you going to dispute his passage, or are you going to turn back, or jump into the mud-puddle? A sensible man, you will take to the mud or the back track, of course. To be sure, you might dispute his passage, *vi et armis*, and possibly get him into the mud along with yourself; but where would you be, and in what condition, when John L. emerged from the mud? The thought of this would giv you pause, I think. You would turn back or go into the mud, as I said before.

Understand that, from the preponderance of weight, the superiority of numbers, on the uprising side of the house, I see how it can be a revolution of force, and yet a bloodless one—or comparativly so. It will be the rise and march of a giant of prodigious proportions and physical power, not a ponderous brute merely, but a giant of intelligence, against a mortal of ordinary physique, but financially powerful, keenly intelligent, and a master of finesse. If the latter undertakes to oppose the giant physically—and no other sort of opposition is to be thought of for that crisis—bloodshed must necessarily follow, for the giant with cut and thrust will meet cut and thrust; but, as he will very quickly overpower his puny antagonist in the fray, the amount of blood spilled will not be large, I take it. In short, the revolutionists will form an irresistible force, and irresistible forces move to their objectiv points with far less friction than resistible ones.

It will be the onslaught of Labor against Capital, you suppose?

Well, not quite so bald-headed as you put it. It will be the might and right of Labor against the might and wrong of Capital—that's the way I put it, and as it appears to me.

Will I state the conditions, as they appear to me?

Yes. There are, at least, ten million workers in this country—mind you, I don't accept parsons, who claim to be "workers;" Wall street bandits, bank presidents, *et al.*, as workers, albeit they "work" their livings and fortunes out of the community, but workingmen in the sense as understood—three millions of whom are organized in one way or another, but organized.

One million, at least, are regularly, solidly, and splendidly organized—"minute men," I might say. This is a pretty good army, but it can be trebled within ten days, doubled then within thirty. But let it go at the treble, the irresistible force I spoke of. Now, suppose this mighty host should lay down its tools some fine day—matters being understood beforehand—and say to their oppressors:

"Gentlemen"—no, grabocrats, monopolists, and robbers in general—"we will work for you no longer under the existing order of things. There has got to be a change, and we propose to hav a voice in the say concerning that change!"

Now, what are the capitalistic class, Jay Gould, Wall street, and financial bandits in general going to do about it, eh? Oppose the workers, you say. Certainly they will with their tongues, but how else? With our army of a few men and many officers?

The militia, eh? Yes, I know there is a militia—*now*—but when the many labor organizations hav called out their men, where is your militia *then?* Echo will answer, Where? *malgre* the officers and a few high privates who may answer roll call.

But volunteers will flock to fill up the ranks, you say. They will, eh? Where will they flock from? From the work-shops? If there are enough left in the work-shops to fill up the ranks of the militia, will they flock to fight their brother-workmen? Honestly, do you think they will?

There are the middling and higher classes, you suggest. Yes, I know. But do not you believe they will flock to the number of three million or more to do battle with guns in their hands? No, you do not believe it. The armies of the world hav never been composed of such material to any great extent, and this army you would improvise is only in your mind. Some few, comparativly speaking, of the shop-keepers might consent or decide to go on the warpath under shoulder straps, and carrying swords in their hands, but guns, never; and guns win, not swords. As for the higher classes, the aristocrats, they are not worth mentioning as men likely to enlist as fighting soldiers. Under eagles and stars a few might take up their swords and ride as staff officers; but afoot as fighting soldiers, never. They are not fond of "rifle diet," never were, and never will be. When armies are made up of such recruits, grim-visaged war will hav smoothed his wrinkled front for ever, and men will but play at soldiering, with "pomp and pride," to be sure, but minus "circumstance." Come, now, where is the army coming from that is to oppose the army coming from the workshops?

You don't know? Of course you don't. Who does? Well, now, can't you see that the coming revolution must needs be more or less a peaceable one? That it will partake largely of the nature of a "walk over," for obvious reasons? The impact of a force meeting with no adequate opposition? But it will be revolution all the same, accomplishing its aims with little bloodshed, comparativly; or much, if you can oppose its force with a force worthy the name of opposition. All around the horizon, here, there, and everywhere, there are fires, little fires and bigger fires. They will grow and spread, and one day unite in a grand conflagration; then will the revolution be on.

You know, and I know, and so do all, save those who hav made it extremely probable, that a revolution is in order, that it is high time it were on. Let it come, bloodless or bloody, as it may be; though, to tell the honest truth, I think a bloody one would prove of more lasting benefit to the country, in that the twin monsters, grinding monopoly and official corruption, would not so readily forget it.

SI SLOKUM.

St. Paul.

Canon Farrar, England's highest prelate, says, "It took all St. Paul's splendid genius and eloquence to save Christianity" from being dragged into Judaism by the other apostles. That St. Paul established Christianity—that is, the doctrin of Christianity, for I do not believe that there is a Christian on earth to-day, nor ever was one—there can be no doubt.

That St. Paul was at swords' points and in continual war with the rest of the apostles there is all the evidence in the world.

I propose to show in this paper, in opposition to the teachings of the entire clergy, that the other apostles were all united against Paul and his doctrin; that they made his life bitter in the extreme. At Paul's conversion, when he came to Jerusalem, even after his old friend Barnabas had introduced him to the apostles, they would hav nothing to do with him (see Acts ix, 26, 27), and from that day to Paul's death he was hunted down and denounced by the other apostles.

Fourteen years after Paul's conversion to Liberalism—for he had been a colossal bigot before, and he says himself that he was a heretic—he went up to Jerusalem to stop James, the Lord's brother, from sending emissaries out among the gentile converts of Paul, and undoing his work. Paul succeeded in getting James and the other apostles to meet in conference, and there he got them to execute a decree that the gentile converts should not be subject to the law of Moses—that is, to the Old Testament.

After Paul delivered this decree to all the churches he had established, he met Peter at Antioch (see letter to Galatians) The said Peter had been playing the modern hypocritical role, for Paul found him eating, drinking, going in and out and associating with the gentiles as an equal, and conforming to gentile customs and gentile liberty. "But when certain ones came from James" Peter withdrew from the gentiles and Paul took Peter in public and held him up to the scorn and contempt of all honorable men and in unmistakable language denounced him as a hypocrit.

The apostles tried to undo Paul's work at Corinth, and St. John, in Revelation, says, "He claimed to be an apostle, but was not an apostle."

The fact is, Paul was recognized as the Infidel of the age, and, unlike modern preachers, he preached without a salary, and boasted of the fact.

He says "he labored more than all of them," and catalogs his trials, troubles, shipwrecks, his meeting false brethren, and how he fed the poor apostles and poorer church at Jerusalem with gentile money; how he was beaten with the Roman rods, forty stripes save one; how he suffered imprisonment, and in his hour of trial before Nero his fellow-workers forsook him.

The church in Jerusalem died, but Paul's work lived and now livs to refresh human hearts panting after eternal liberty and truth.

Paul regarded not the Sabbath, nor any other day, but the theme of all his discourses was liberty—that the law ought to die, and Paul helped mightily to kill it. In fact, Paul's whole life was given to destroying the Old Testament scriptures, and he succeeded.

The climax came in his work about twenty years after his conversion. When his work among the gentiles was established, and liberty proclaimed, he went up to preach his gospel among the Jews, and the other apostles were dumfounded. James said: "Something must be done, for they must needs hear of thy coming, and will come together to hear thee. For they hav heard that everywhere you hav spoken against the law of Moses."

The multitude did come together and mobbed Paul, and it took about four hundred soldiers to save his life, and while Paul was speaking from the steps of the tower of Autonia, and saying that the gentiles were also beloved of God, they threw dust in the air and attempted to kill Paul, so that the chief captain of the guard hurried him into the tower and sent him away to Cesarea that night. But Paul had accomplished his work. He had forever broken up Judaism and the apostolic church at Jerusalem, and had with one blow blotted out the law of Moses, and henceforth it was "liberty in Christ" with the gentile world.

Before Paul saw this great central light of liberty "that one's liberty leaves off only where another's begins," he says he persecuted and murdered men and women for opinion's sake. He killed and imprisoned men and women because they did not believe as he did. In that age, and down to the formation of our government, burning and killing men and women for not believing the Bible was considered doing God service; that is, for not believing the Bible as the priests and preachers taught it.

What a figure in human history was St. Paul! Paul the bigot, Paul the persecutor, Paul the murderer, Paul the converted, Paul the builder of the law of love and liberty, Paul the persecuted, Paul the sweet spiritual lover of our race, Paul the builder and founder of the colossal church of liberty, the first-born of the earth; Paul the beheaded, the martyr of the gentile world, and whose doctrin has slumbered and slept in Catholic catacombs, in the Vatican, and in the dead languages, until his latest disciple, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, has proclaimed that all men, rich and poor, should love one another, and should not be happy if another is miserable!

GEORGE H. BETHARD.

Higher than the Liberty Statue.

In this morning's *Daily News* the statue of Liberty just inaugurated at New York is described as towering "to the skies above all known statues of the present and the past," and as "the Great Eastern of statues." The writer may be excused for not knowing that a much higher statue exists, and has long existed, in Afghanistan. . . . These statues are on the principal road between Cabul and Balkh, at a locality known as Bamian. At that place the road passes through valleys, with high scarped cliffs of conglomerate. Probably about the early centuries of the Christian era the Buddhists excavated numerous caves, as monasteries for themselvs, in the rock of these valleys. These ancient excavations still exist, and can be counted by thousands. In addition to these, a number of statues of Buddha were cut out of the solid rork. Two at least are still standing, and the largest was measured by Captain Talbot with the theodolite; so that we now know the hight to at least a few inches. The measurement gave it as 173 feet high; that is rather more by a few inches than the Nelson Column in Trafalgar square, and nearly 70 feet higher than the New York figure. This figure of Buddha is the real "Great Eastern" of statues. The celebrated Memnon statues of Egypt would only come up to the knee of this mighty *ikon*. At Bamian there is another figure of Buddha, 120 feet high. These are erect standing figures; there is also a sitting figure about 30 feet high. There are the remains of two other figures, but they are in a ruinous condition—one of them is estimated to hav been about 50 or 60 feet. These statues were originally, we know, either gilt or covered with metal, The Chinese Pilgrim, Hiouen Thsang, passed the spot in the first half of the seventh century, A.D., and from him we hav a description of the two largest figures as they existed at that date.—*London Daily News.*

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Mr. Ingersoll's Lay Sermon.

We hav the permission of Mr. Ingersoll to publish this sermon in pamphlet form for general circulation. For this purpose he has kindly revised it, and we shall offer it to the public just as he said it at first and indorsed it on second thought.

The pamphlet will be twenty-four pages, large type, with cover. The price will be, single copies, 5 cents; per dozen, 50 cents; twenty-five copies for $1. Special rates on larger orders.

About a million copies of this little book ought to be circulated among the laborers and the clergy during the next month.

Reduced in Price.

We call especial attention to Miss Susan H. Wixon's "Story Hour" for children, the price of which has been reduced to one dollar.

No better book for a present to the young folks has been printed. It is entertaining, instructiv, and free from superstition. Its hundred illustrations are alone worth more than a dollar.

Those who hav not already done so should make their children a present of a copy.

A Misdirected but Useful Petition.

It is very gratifying to the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER to see the general public coming around to his view of the Anarchist cases in Chicago. The religious press still clamors for blood, and a few of the monopolistic papers are yet rabid in expression. But the common-sense people, the workers and thinkers, are finding out that the trial of the condemned men was unfair; that the verdict was against the evidence; and that the execution of the accused would be unjust. The Central Labor Union of this city is the official representativ of some hundred thousand laborers, and the Union is vigorously pushing a petition for a new trial for the eight prisoners. Not as Anarchists, or Communists, or Socialists do the hundred thousand ask this, but as American citizens, as patriots who do not want our flag disgraced, as individuals who believe in justice between man and man. And while a petition to a court is an unusual proceeding, and cannot rightly affect the decision of the judges—which must be rendered upon the law and evidence—it still shows what public sentiment is, and may affect the governor of Illinois in case the higher court refuses a new trial or affirms the verdict rendered by the court of trial. The petition reads:

To the People of the United States:

We, the members of the Central Labor Union of the city of New York, do hereby appeal in behalf of the eight men who are under sentence at Chicago, seven of whom are under sentence of death and one under sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment, and the names of whom are as follows: A. R. Parsons, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Louis Lingg, Frederick Engle, Adolph Fischer, and Oscar W. Neebe.

Not as Anarchists or Socialists do we formulate this, our petition, but in the name of all honest men, in the name of every lover of justice, do we seek to erase from the face of history the blot which has been cast thereon by the conviction of these men for the public expression of their opinion and belief. We appeal to you because the circumstances of their conviction warrant the assertions following:

1. That a fair and impartial trial was impossible under the circumstances.

2. That at the trial of these men no evidence was produced to show that either of them was guilty of throwing a bomb, or that either of them was directly or indirectly connected with the throwing of a bomb.

3. That the conviction of these men was not in accordance with a just and equitable administration of the law, but in accordance with the demands of an unreasoning and prejudiced popular sentiment created by the press.

Therefore, we, the members of the Central Labor Union of the city of New York, do hereby appeal to every honest man, to every lover of justice, to affix his signature to this, our petition, that the eight unjustly convicted men hereinbefore mentioned be granted by the authorities a new, fair, and impartial trial. In support of the foregoing petition, we, the undersigned, hav affixed our signatures.

That is the voice of the humanitarians of New York—for humanity finds its best and highest expression among the workers—and the voice should be listened to by the authorities of Illinois. The country is one, and state lines are only convenient limits for ease of government. Everyone wants Illinois to be true to herself and to American principles. The idea that lynch law—practical Anarchy—prevailed in Chicago at the time of this trial is spreading all over the country, and no one believes that now, when Chicago is sober, a jury would hang men on the knavish testimony of ex-convicts and bloodthirsty detectivs.

Let the men hav a new and fair trial, and if found guilty of taking life or destroying property, let suitable punishment be given them. But do not, for the honor of the human race, in a land guaranteeing free speech, hang men for making a few observations.

Patent Medicin Religion.

Some one has sent us a copy for October of a monthly publication called *The Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, being, it appears, the monthly bulletin of the archconfraternity of the same lady's cardiac region. The object of its publication seems to be to advertise the wares for sale at the apostolic school of St. Joseph, Watertown, N. Y.; and purchasers hav quite an extended choice of pious goods. The first article in the list is entirely spiritual. He who sends the insignificant sum of twenty-five cents shares in the benefit of fifty-two masses for himself and his deceased relativs or friends. Everyone who sends a dollar for the works of the missionaries of the Sacred Heart will share in the daily mass in perpetuity. Still more tangible goods which the pious obtain in exchange for cash are advertised in the following list. The goods, it will be noticed, are going dirt cheap:

Silver medals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, each	$ .12
Per dozen	1.20
The Little Crown of Our Lady	.15
A Novena to Our Lady, with a Short Notice on the Archconfraternity of Our Lady, and other Prayers to Our Lady, one copy by mail	.05
Special rates on large quantities	
The Litany of Our Lady, per dozen (cheaper by the hundred)	.25
The Third Order of Our Lady	.10

Besides this list of goods to be sent by mail, the missionaries of the Sacred Heart hav other novelties for the holidays. By a small cash advance, customers can hav for their benefit a lamp burning in Watertown filled with pure olive oil—no cottonseed imitation. The tariff for a lamp is:

For nine days	$ .75
For thirty days	2.00
For one year	25.00

Wax tapers and candles come cheaper—from ten to forty cents. It is a great scheme, this making the outsider pay for the lights for the institution! The lady of the holy organ has disposed of a great many of her favors, as is proved by the following accurately located testimonials to the virtue of the goods retailed. The first is from Ontario:

"N——, ONT.

"For some time I hav intended to beg you to hav thanks returned to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for a request which I obtained through a novena you made to her for me. I suppose it is not too late yet. N. B."

A novena, by the above list, costs only five cents. Cheap enough surely, and "N. B." evidently thinks it as sure as it is cheap. And a novena is as good for dyspepsia as it is efficacious in inducing God to answer prayer:

"A——, N. Y.

"Some time ago I happened to see one of the *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, and at the time, which is only a few weeks ago, I was quite ill, suffering from a most violent pain in my side, and dyspepsia of long standing. I made a novena to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and promised, in case I would get better, to subscribe to the *Annals* for a little community here. I should add that I grew better almost immediately, and am at present feeling better than I hav felt for some years. SR. M. V."

The above testimonial is right to the point, and should result in large sales of novenas for dyspepia—directions for using with each bottle. The following, which we presume is from Chicago, has the merit of not pinning the writer down to inconvenient accuracy:

"CH——, ILL.

"Thanks are returned for a person who since being recommended goes to mass when she can. M. D."

Going to mass when she can is probably as religious as we can expect a Chicago woman to be. But if she takes a novena three times a day—well shaken—who knows what results may come? The next is still more general in statement:

"B. CL——, KY.

"I return thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for several favors received. S. A. S."

In this one the burning lamp is alluded to in the judicious manner calculated to increase orders:

"S. H——, N. Y.

"Please burn a lamp in thanksgiving to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph for favors received. I promised it some time ago. C. R."

The last which we can quote is a glittering generality for the promiscuous benefit of the association:

"S——, ALA.

"During the last year Our Lady of the Sacred Heart did much for us. Gratitude obliges me to acknowledge it. My great confidence in the Blessed Virgin causes me to hav recourse again to the prayers of the association.

"B. V. R. S. C."

The Association of Our Lady With A Sacred Heart is a great institution. It givs us pleasure to make known the effectivness of her remedies, and we shall not send any bill to Watertown for this advertisment. If the missionaries feel like sending us a novena or two, or burning some sacred oil in our especial behalf, we will further publicly acknowledge all the good it does us.

Incompetent Physicians.

Not since they opposed the Abolitionists and quoted for the edification of the blacks, "Cursed be Cain; a servant of servants let him be," hav the preachers taken so much interest in worldly affairs as since the workingmen began to combine. But it is a poor preacher who cannot now in a sermon or two, or at most a series of four, settle all the economical troubles of the age. The wisdom of the pulpit is phenomenal. With a Bible, a concordance, the works of Calvin, Wesley, Butler, and a few minor religious authorities, the social tangle straightens out before our religious teachers like a railroad track across the prairie.

It is surprising, then, that nothing comes of this inspired enlightenment—that still the agitation goes on, just as though the church had not a remedy already mixed—that the discontented pursue their varied philosophies precisely as if they knew that man must work out his own salvation. The indifference of the workers toward the church must be discouraging to the clergy.

But, when the reason is sought, the attitude of the workers is easily explained. Christianity is a religion of the cradle. More than that, like other religions, it is impracticable. It is not founded on the bedrock principle of human rights, but on the "duties" man is supposed to owe to the ruler of another world. Christ's kingdom, he said, is not of this world. The clergy, therefore, are necessarily hampered in their social theories. So long as they measure their remedies by the standard of religion, so long will the remedies be ineffectiv. Otherworldliness will not do for this world. We are not in heaven at present, and the clergy should bear the fact in mind. The training of a theological seminary is not of the kind that fits a man for practical questions. The clergyman livs in an atmosphere different from other people's. His daily conversation is all of another world; the people he meets are mostly those who think more of their sectarianism than of the ills of workers. Afternoon calls upon the ladies, evenings in prayer-meetings, a few hours in the study preparing other-world sermons from dusty books—these are the preparations the preacher brings to the consideration of the vital questions of the day.

Small wonder is it that the real workers curl the lip when reading "labor sermons."

The world will be helped when the clergy know that they do not know. Then they may go to the school of practical life, with man teachers. Just now folks are not thinking so much of going to heaven as they are of making their condition here a little more tolerable. They are not traveling the church's way, and the church must not only turn aside, but hurry considerably to catch up with the crowd. This it is that makes the labor sermons, now plentiful and long, so thoroughly ridiculous.

The American Secular Union.

The report of the treasurer of the American Secular Union, printed elsewhere, is very discouraging and very encouraging. The first year's work of the Union seems to hav cost an unreasonable amount more than it was worth, and to hav left the organization nearly a thousand dollars in debt.

That was very discouraging.

Taking this year's work by itself from the close of the Congress at Cleveland to the close of the Congress at New York, the Union work was not only exceedingly valuable but was paid for in whole. Carrying the arrears of 1885 to 1886, however, leaves the Union owing a balance of close upon $800, most of which is arrears upon the secretary's salary. The unselfishness of Mr. Putnam in relinquishing his claim relieves the Union of a great burden. Very few workers in the cause of Liberalism, we think, possess enthusiasm and a sufficient spirit of self-sacrifice to yield so large a sum—which he could probably recover from the directors—and continue to work upon so uncertain a basis.

That Liberalism inspires such zealous sacrifice is very encouraging.

There are very few men in this country big enough to undertake singlehanded the practical work demanded of Liberalism. This work, we all know, is the enforcement of Liberalism's demands. No one man could hav stirred New York as the American Secular Union stirred this metropolis last winter upon the question of opening the museums on Sunday. No one man could hav forced New York's legislature to consider a bill for taxing churches. This is the proper work for an organization, and only through organization can it be accomplished. And it was to do just this work that the American Secular Union was revived by the present administration. The first year the Union failed to accomplish much. The second year it accomplished a great deal. What it will do the third year remains to be seen.

There are some drawbacks, however, to organization. Let us follow the example of Colonel Ingersoll when he delivered his "Lay Sermon," and take a text. The following is from the *Ironclad Age* of Nov. 27, 1886, J. R. Monroe, M.D., editor:

"The American Secular Union elected Courtlandt Palmer president, and the usual string of ornamental vice-presidents and vice-presidentesses. The old officials were generally retained. The purse and the executiv control are still in the hands of the Truth Seeker Company, and the whole matter is narrowed to a business enterprise. This is well, seeing that the great body of Liberals in this country cannot be organized for the general and unselfish advancement of the cause. It is but right for the few who are willing to keep up the semblance of organization, while promoting the general cause according to the best inspiration they hav, to wield it to their own pecuniary advantage. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and we can't expect the few in the van to be unselfish whilst the great army in the rear is indifferent. They who are poking up the chunks ought not to be envied their seats nearest the fire. And besides, extrordinary means are necessary to keep a great Liberal journal alive.

"Subsidy, merit, martyrdom, honest earnings, the generous efforts and contributions of zealous friends, and the private field work done at the public expense, in their combined results are inadequate to make a large Liberal journal a profitable investment. Without the Infidel journals there is an end to the propagation of Liberal views. No cause in our day can make head without the advocacy of the press. Lectures do something, but they are expensiv, and confined to narrow limits. In fact, but for the Liberal press, that multiplies most of them a hundredfold, the very best would die in the few ears they first enter.

"It is hence of the first importance that the Liberal papers of ability and capacity be sustained, whatever else fails. If organization can effect only this in the case of a single journal, it is not in vain; whilst the rest of us skirmishing around on the outskirts of the organized endeavor will pick up what crumbs we can, and support ourselvs as best we may, envying none, and wishing well to all."

If this outbreak were the first or only thing of the kind, we should pay no attention to it. But editors of other Freethought papers hav entertained ideas similar to those expressed by Dr. Monroe, and lecturers hav privately rehearsed the same misinformation. We will not repeat the names; Dr. Monroe may stand for the lot. The Truth Seeker Company is accused of supporting the American Secular Union for the money there is in it. The treasurer's statement shows the falsity of this accusation. Lecturers who hav themselvs been generously helped by the Liberal public and THE TRUTH SEEKER go about the country privately telling those for whom they lecture that all the donations to the Union go to S. P. Putnam. The fact that the Union owes its secretary over one-third of his guaranteed salary is hardly reconcilable with these statements. The purse was never controled by anyone but the directors—certainly not by those suspected by Dr. Monroe. At the solicitation of the old officers one member of the Truth Seeker Company accepted an office in the Union. That officer had no more to do with the funds than has the editor of the *Ironclad Age*. His functions were limited to raising money, not expending it. That officer was reëlected by the recent Congress, but at the first meeting of the directors he notified the board that his resignation was in their hands, to take effect so soon as his successor could be chosen. This resignation was offered because of these floating insinuations, until now only privately made, but known, nevertheless, to the individual concerned.

Some people can never credit that others act upon disinterested motivs. They know that *they* never do, and imagin that everyone is like themselvs. And if this spirit must prevail, all those connected with THE TRUTH SEEKER will decline to hav anything more to do with any organization whatever. It is not a pleasant thing to help build up a society for the sake of seeing something accomplished, and then be told that all our efforts were made for pay—especially when the paying part is all the other way.

The ill-concealed slurs upon THE TRUTH SEEKER, the penning of which undoubtedly gave Dr. Monroe great pleasure, are not of sufficient importance to notice. In his "Lay Sermon," Colonel Ingersoll said that men are as they must be—no more responsible for their dispositions than for their hight; not responsible for their acts any more than for their dreams. So we believe, and, believing, hav great charity for all. This is not the first case of mental irresponsibility that has afflicted our esteemed contemporary. When Mr. Bennett was persecuted a few years ago, Dr. Monroe bravely asserted that the persecution was a gross violation of Mr. Bennett's liberties; afterward he intimated that the persecution served the New York editor about right. When asked the reason for his changed view, he explained it by saying that when he so intimated he was suffering from an unusually severe attack of dyspepsia. The indications now are that the good doctor has sustained a relapse.

Organization is probably the only way by which Freethinkers can protect themselvs and obtain their rights. Without help from others, Mr. Reynolds would now be in prison. Organization should be extended, and used for all honorable purposes which individuals cannot achieve. But we frankly avow our belief that until quite a number of Freethinkers lose considerable envy and jealousy, the less we hav of organization the better. When the church shuts a few heretics up for blasphemy, saddles the nation with debts, and puts God in the Constitution, then, perhaps, the organization that resists the tyranny will be allowed to go on its way without quite so much fault-finding from those who profit by the work it does, but who never pay a cent to support it.

An Open Letter to Dr. Talmage.

MOST REVEREND DOCTOR: As the gullible gudgeons of the orthodox variety hav swallowed the red-hot petrified man of Lima, O., and left not even so much as a little toe for your reverence to feast your holy eyes on, I write this to inform you of another wonder which can be found in that locality. About nine or ten miles southeast of Lima, on the Bellefontaine road, may be seen what is said to be the devil's backbone, as thousands of the citizens of Lima and Allen county can testify. A large part of this backbone remains even unto this day, and a good portion of it has turned to stone, and the ungodly churchmen round about hav grown so familiar with this satanic vertebræ that they hav used a good portion of it to decorate their god-houses. Whether this said backbone is the actual vertebral column of the only genuin and original devil, who is a co-partner with Jehovah in the soul-saving business, we know not—it may be one of his boys, or a distant member of that ancient and numerous family. I hav often seen this wonder, and can vouch for the truth of it. It is perfectly cool, and without the least odor of brimstone or other characteristic perfumes from sheol. I would advise you to go and see it, doctor, and carry away a fragment in your pocket, as a tangible proof of defunct devils and the doctrins of the church militant. That country is rich in petrifactions, inasmuch as it is quite common to see petrifactions in the pulpit preaching petrified doctrins to congregations with petrified brains. I hav no doubt but there are whole graveyards of petrified corpses, with ghosts done in stone. It worries me to think about what trouble this may cause on the morning of the resurrection. The Lord will be obliged to turn those stone bodies into flesh and blood and bones again, for it will be a novel sight, and decidedly inconvenient, to hav a lot of petrified angels incumbering the streets and back alleys of the New Jerusalem, and, as their souls will hav to be born again, there may be trouble on account of misfits.

I am sorry, doctor, that you are so much given to abusing Infidels. Don't, my dear doctor, don't do so any more, for you are only worrying yourself, and not hurting us in the least. You should bear in mind that, according to your doctrin of predestination, we are ordained to be damned, and such being the case, we are necessary and integral parts in the great scheme of salvation by which the elect are enabled to prance around among the angels. Whither we go thou shalt not come—they would not hav you—but you will go to the other place, and rest in Abraham's bosom, and eternally play your heavenly jewsharp along with Charles J. Guiteau and numerous other assassins who hav been "jerked to Jesus."

Brother Talmage—excuse me for the implied relationship; it was a slip of the pen, and I am just as much ashamed of it as you are; please don't mention it, for my family are quite as sensitiv as the living relativs of the petrified man—Adieu.

WATSON HESTON.

JUDGE SCOTT, of Illinois, has decided that there is evidence that the Chicago Anarchists were unfairly tried, sufficient to justify a stay of proceedings. Those who hav hitherto amused themselvs by excoriating the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER for holding substantially the same view, can now transfer their attention to the above eminent jurist.

REPORTING the Thanksgiving services at Talmage's church, the *Herald* man said: "It would hav been difficult for the most confirmed skeptic if he had been present in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to refuse belief in the still living power of Christianity." The reporter should bear in mind that the people visit the Brooklyn Tabernacle not because they love Christianity, but to be amused by the antics of the preacher. He might as well talk about the living power of the circus because the people crowd to see it.

INNUMERABLE journals are copying Mr. Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon" from the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. This is well and good, and spcaks highly for the editors' judgment. The sermon ought to be read by everybody. But we notice that many of the papers—among them the *Ironclad Age*—say not a word as to the source which enables them to supply their readers with such good matter. This grieves us. We hav no objection to our contemporaries reaping the benefits of our enterprise, but we do think they ought to casually mention that THE TRUTH SEEKER made it possible for them to break the eighth commandment.

IT is difficult to say which excites the most comment, the enormous amount of work performed year after year by J. E. Remsburg, or his promptness and reliability in meeting his engagements. His appointments are often many hundred miles apart, and yet he lectures every night. He has studied the railroad geography of this country, knows every road and train, and never hesitates to go a hundred miles out of his way to avoid delays and gain time. One of his flying trips was made on Monday, November 22d. He was billed for Florence, Mass., Sunday night, and Pottsville, Pa., Monday night. As there are no trains from Florence Sunday night it was necessary for him to remain there eight hours longer than he need to hav done on any other day of the week. He left Florence at 7 A.M., Monday. Instead of waiting for the Springfield train at Northampton, he took the New Haven and Northampton road, getting into New Haven ahead of the fast train for New York. Taking this train he reached the Grand Central depot a little after eleven, having left a hundred and sixty mile-posts between him and Florence. Taking a Fourth avenue car at Forty-second street, he came down to Eighth street, made a visit to THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and then, taking a Broadway car, proceeded down town to Liberty street, crossed the ferry, and, at Jersey City, took a train for Philadelphia. The train was due in Philadelphia at 3:58 P.M. The Reading train left two minutes later. On nearing Philadelphia he found that his train would arrive five minutes late and miss connection. So, instead of running into the city, he dropped off at Wayne Junction, a few miles out, and taking a "dummy" train, crossed over to the main line of the Reading in time to catch the Pottsville train. At 7 P.M. he arrived in Pottsville, making a journey of nearly four hundred miles, including seven changes and a two hours' stop in New York, in twelve hours.

Letters from Friends.

CORTLAND, O., Nov. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your grand and noble paper has crossed my threshhold once again, and I will say that friend Spellman has done well, and is willing to do more. All we want now is to organize. There are more Freethinkers about me than I ever dreamed of, for all that they are grinding the Bible in the schools. I think it only a matter of time when our presence will be felt as well as heard. J. D. WHEELER.

NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., Nov. 19, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Please find $7.50 inclosed for pamphlets. I see that numerous local papers throughout the country hav given notice of C. B. Reynolds's arrest for blasphemy. This will answer as a very good and cheap advertisment of the pamphlet upon which he was arrested, and no doubt the same papers will giv notice of how the trial will terminate in January. I suggest, brother and sister Liberals, that you procure a goodly number of the phamphlets and hav them ready for sale by the time the papers giv it a second notice. The enemy has made an assault, and, in the language of ex-President Jackson, steady, Liberals, "and see that every shot counts." JOHN W. ABBOTT.

TRENTON, TEX., Nov. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The members of the Trenton Secular Union, through THE TRUTH SEEKER, wish to express their delight. We listened to W. S. Bell's great assault against the bulwarks of superstition on November 11th and 12th, at the Bailey and Trenton Hall, when tolerably good audiences learned their A B C's in the school of Freethought.

"Prayer is immoral." How shockingly true! It asks the creator to acknowledge his own mistake and suspend the law. If I burn my hand it is right to suffer, and wrong to ask that the law may be annulled; it is my best friend, and brought me into existence. The same reasoning is forever good.

All Texas friends will do well to hear what this Bell has tolled us. J. W. BELL.

ASHKUM, ILL., Nov. 15, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I receive your paper regularly, and think I never read a better paper for truth and justice. I hav watched with much interest the disputes between our fellow-Liberals, and am pleased with the stand you hav taken concerning the Chicago Anarchists. There are a few outspoken Liberals here, but they don't read any Liberal paper, and say they don't feel able to subscribe just now. Ashkum people are nearly all Catholics, and it is a hard matter to get them to read Liberal journals. One fellow here said that he was once a Freethinker, but a preacher beat him so bad in an argument that he dropped his Infidel tools, and hasn't had any use for them since. I told him I didn't think he was ever a Liberal.

Inclosed find $1, to be used as directed. MAT WHALEN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Archbishop Corrigan, in his reply to Mr. George, tells us that God did not curse air and light, but did curse the earth. Can any intelligent man of the nineteenth century actually believe that an omniscient and omnipotent God ever cursed any of his own productions? The idea, to my mind, is not only silly, but actually impious and even blasphemous.

Do not all men with ordinary intelligence perceive that the fact that men hav to work and cannot liv in idleness is not an evil, but a blessing? It is obviously the source of all progress and civilization. If the earth produced her fruits spontaneously, without any thought or exertion on the part of men, we would all be mere animals. In Africa and Central America, and on some islands, are men who can and do liv with very little labor. What kind of men are they? Are they statesmen, philosophers, historians, orators, poets, actors, painters, or ministers of the almighty?

W. H. BENSON.

BARRE, MASS., Nov. 22, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to "return thanks" to Mr. George Wilson [see TRUTH SEEKER, Nov. 20] and others who wrote me "private letters of thanks" for my article that you published October 16th. You see, there are two sides to this question as there are to all others, and it is very commendatory in you, and gratifying to us, that you are disposed to publish all sides. Many thanks to you; long may THE TRUTH SEEKER (and truth getter) wave.

We hav had a hot political contest in the Bay state this fall, and some of the winnings gratify me exceedingly. The Hub, too, is all in commotion. A hot or cold wave has come over it—and you tell which!—in the shape of Mrs. Van Cott and the "boy preacher Harrison," who is now holding forth in Lynn at the modest price of $100 per week. And in January the good Lord is going to send us Sam Jones and Sam Small. What has old Boston done that it needs such disciplin from the hand of the Lord? Conversions are numerous, and honesty scarce!

The Prohibitionists of Maryland hav had a lively row. The first Sunday after their nominations were made for Congress, a meeting was held at which Colonel Odom made a speech in which he eulogized the men named for Congress, and urged Prohibitionists to fight whisky with the ballot; whereupon the Methodist preachers held a meeting denouncing Colonel Odom, and "adopted resolutions declaring that while the Methodist preachers of Baltimore desired to be the friends of temperance, they opposed making use of the Lord's day for the doing of partisan work, and protested against its being converted into a time for political harangs." This action stirred the whole Prohibition party in Maryland, and the state executiv committee straightway held a meeting and denied that the committee authorized the holding of party meetings on the Sabbath. Colonel Odom was much enraged and said: "Some Methodist preachers are so party bound [he should hav said creed bound] that they've got to be converted over again. Malice is the secret of their action. Some Methodist preachers are right and a good many are wrong. One of these preachers says 'the old party will put down liquor selling.' Now, did you ever hear such infernal nonsense? The Methodist preachers on the outside will preach and sing, and on the inside vote for the old political parties, but mostly for the Republican party. They stand by that party all the time. That's the reason they don't like the third party."

Now, brothers and sisters, was not Colonel Odom pretty nearly right? "Where rogues fall out honest people get their dues," is an old saying, but is it not a true one?

But my letter is getting too long for any use, I fear, but the waste basket; so I will close, wishing you a rich, an abundant thanksgiving in the year of our Lord, Nov. 25, 1886.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

BAKER CITY, OR., Nov. 9, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3.50—$2 for the aid of C. B. Reynolds ($1 from myself, the other from George L. Hoys, a renowned old Infidel). The balance is for books you will find named on inclosed slip. I am only a hard-fisted son of toil. I think the work of organization and reform should commence on the Pacific coast. The people are more liberal in their opinions here than in any other part within the broad confines of our Republic. All we need is a good Liberal lecturer. We can organize an auxiliary League here with a hundred charter members. This is a great country, and is bound to become one of the richest mining sections of the United States.

Wishing you a long life of usefulness and prosperity,

Yours for liberty, WESLEY T. MILLER.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Nov. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5, which apply as follows: $3 to renew my subscription to the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, humanity's friend; $1 to assist the Congress of the Secular Union (sorry I can't make it $100); also $1 to aid Brother Reynolds in carrying on the work of destroying superstition and error. I felt very indignant at the ill-treatment he received from those fanatical orthodox mud-slingers. I am in sympathy with the outraged and oppressed of every race and clime. I, therefore, feel it my duty to assist our brave leaders. I hope for the time when the word liberty will be a reality in this boasted land of freedom. Well may Americans blush and hide their heads in shame when called to face the outrages and calumnies visited upon many of our greatest minds—leaders and reformers who hav labored incessantly for the advancement of the human race and the liberties we now enjoy. The great battle against sectarian craft and political intrigue must yet be fought, and the only weapon to conquer these monsters is knowledge. All good and brave men will scorn cowardly fraud and dastardly conduct, be it sectarian, political, or social. Men of true mettle will stand firm, and continue to be the standard-bearers of liberty, justice, and humanity. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

SILVER CITY, IA., Nov. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER just as well as ever, even if you hav got too much mixed up with the Anarchists, Dynamiters, and bomb-throwers. I can stand all the pictures, all your Spiritualism, and all your Freethought. I like the *Investigator*, too. I believe that the noble cause of Freethought has been helped much by such brave defenders of liberty and equal rights as our noble founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER and his worthy successors. If we are bespattered, the mudscraping will not prevent us from seeking truth or defending liberty, free speech, and equal rights, nor from sympathizing with the oppressed or the oppressor, as the case may be. I believe that a good many so-called Liberals are generally found on the side of the oppressor, and are always ready to point out the line they hav drawn between themselvs and others, and would hav everybody else to take their advice and kind fault-finding in good humor.

I am taking THE TRUTH SEEKER, not to help you along, but to help myself along, and I think every copy is worth the price tenfold. I intend to stay with you until all the Freethinkers, Socialists, Anarchists, Atheists, Spiritualists, and bomb-throwers are thrown in a pile together and sentenced to reading your paper for life. There is no occasion to ride all hobbies.

J. G. KUHN.

ROANOKE, VA., Nov. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As Mr. Talmage's story about the man Redyan, of Lima, Ohio, being struck down by Almighty God for blasphemy has turned out to be a myth, I will enlighten the readers of your paper on another one of his subiects, mentioned at the same time, viz.: one Dr. Kyle, of Sullivan Co., N. Y. I was born and raised in that county, and lived there at the time mentioned. I knew Dr. Kyle, and remember the circumstance. In 1859 or '60, diphtheria broke out in a malignant form all over the county. Some lost all of their children, and many grown people in sight of my father's place died. One Philip F. Fulton lost seven out of his family. It was no unusual sight to see two buried from one home at one time. Dr. Kyle was a Thompsonian, and, like all the rest that had not had a trial, claimed he could cure the disease; but as he was not called, he said, it was reported, that if it got into his family he would soon kick it out. Like many others, his family of children were nearly all, if not all, taken with the dreaded scourge and died. It baffled the skill of the best-read physicians for over a year. The disease finally became milder, or else the doctors got to understanding it, as it was never so fatal after that fall. I think it was said at a Free Methodist revival that Dr. Kyle defied the Almighty by saying he would kick the diphtheria out of his house, and God had visited his wrath upon him by taking away his children; but of the numerous others that suffered as bad nothing of the kind was ever said. No one but some religious lunatics supposed it was any visitation of God. It was noticed that those that lived along water courses suffered the most.

Yours for truth, E. STODDARD.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Nov. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: That fossil, the *Herald and Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, this fall contained a brief article advising its orthodox patrons to "giv skeptics a wide berth." Better follow that advice, all who are afraid to know the truth. How much better is it to only "indulge a hope" of being one of the elect, of being saved by grace as a "brand from the burning," knowing according to scripture that a majority of your own species will be less fortunate, even if your hope should be realized of being saved, than to feel that the only information on that subject comes through an old book, which you know is a fraud from beginning to end? Infidels certainly hav as well grounded a hope as hav Christians, whose only faith is based on untruthful history, fraudulent misrepresentations, and cheeky prediction. I was brought up in the very hotbed of orthodox religion, and I want no more of it. I could, when a child, readily understand why that poor man was doomed to sit forever in the moon, face downward, for picking up chips on Sunday to kindle a fire. I was taught when smitten on one cheek to turn t'other for similar treatment. Learned early to pray for and expect divine help in everything, as

> "The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
> From them let us learn to trust for our bread.
> His saints, what is fitting, will ne'er be denied,
> So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide."

I was long in getting rid of the old delusion, and came out of the fracas somewhat the worse. It is hard to part with a faith almost bred in the bone, and harder when there were so many of the associations of childhood linked with it. But reason and an honest desire to know the truth hav conquered, and I hav attained to that happy condition in which I can say I hav only the natural animal dread of death, but really no fear, and average a happier life than when professing faith in Christianity. I know also I am as good a man as then. St. Joseph, where I reside, may be said to be a stronghold of Christianity, in all of its gradations and degradations, at least on the surface. Roman Catholic bigotry, avarice, and superstition here run rampant. I see, daily, gangs of priests and brothers leading unsuspecting boys from their schools to the cathedral and confessional. The priests look, oh! so meek, so lamb-like, in their black Father Hubbards. Also "sisters," with their white, angel-winged hoods flapping in the breeze, looking, oh! so innocent, as they walk along at the head of processions of deluded girls from school to confessional and mass.

The Catholics here, as elsewhere, own the finest building sites in the city, and grounds in extent far beyond their necessities, fabulously valuable. These are virtually owned by the priests and brothers whose livings they afford. To the already large and fine buildings they are constantly making costly additions, to aid which they solicit and receive much assistance from Protestants. As all their colleges contain a chapel, of course they will not be taxed. These Catholics are just alike the world over, united, of course, because they draw inspiration from the same infallible fountain-head, that old "man of sin," the pope. They will concede nothing, only just as they are taught by the priest. They pray for, and look forward to, the time when the lion and lamb can lie down together, of course, fully believing the Catholic lion will be on the outside. One thing is singular but significant, one no longer hears the Protestant churches railing out against the Roman Catholic as a few years ago—but little opposition to its aggressivness. Hav they already begun to anticipate a union of all Christians? No doubt, already many of them are ready to acknowledge that the pope is a jolly good fellow after all. Well, it is with all of them a clear admission of weakness, and their only ultimate hope of breasting the storm of reason and reform, which Infidelity has aroused, and which, like a great ground swell, threatens to upheave all ancient superstitions, and bring about the universal brotherhood of man. Their motto is, "Of two evils (union or Infidelity), choose the least—union." It looks so.

An old lady, mother of a prominent miuister in this city, remarked on seeing a Protestant lady taking her children to the cathedral (their father, deceased, was a Unitarian): "Well, I would sooner see them made Catholics than Unitarians. They (the Catholics) take Christ." Great God! (if there is a personal God), how long will we hav to bear with this hydra-headed monster? When will Americans wake up to the wily movements of Catholics, who yet hope not only to overthrow free schools, but to rule the country?

"FAITHLESS."

SOUTH OTSELIC, Nov. 19, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I beg the privilege of saying a few words to you and the general public through the columns of your paper. I want to throw my influeuce, little as it may be, in favor of justice toward those condemned so-called Anarchists of Chicago. Since the evidence upon which they were convicted, and now lie in their cells awaiting execution, is wholly circumstantial, and of the very lamest kind, and denied as they were the benefit which the law declares all criminals are at all times entitled to, viz., that of a doubt, it is more and more apparent to every justice-loving man and woman that their trial was, like D. M. Bennett's, a mere farce, and their conviction and sentence entirely premeditated. Is it still possible that after all the costly, inhuman, and mortifying experiences that we, as citizens of a so-called free republic, hav had in the past, and so lately as that of the murder (legalized though it were) of John Brown, the hang-

ing of witches on Boston Common, the imprisonment of D. M. Bennett, Abner Kneeland, and other grand reformers, I repeat, is it still possible for the free-minded American citizens, both men and women, to be awed into silence, while revenge, backed up by money and pious zeal, can, by the voice of one judge, hurl into "everlasting life" and redoubled power seven more victims of religious monopoly and hate? Is it still possible for this oft-repeated farce and worse than mockery, "trial by jury," to be again repeated in the very midst of our boasted civilization, and men, who evidently hav been guilty of no crime, unless it be that of having been born, like Charles Mackay, one hundred years too soon, pleading for their lives like Socrates, Bruno, and scores of others, while we, the people, eat, drink, and are merry? I am not an Anarchist, but that is not the question. I am not a Socialist, but that is of no consequence in this case. These seven or eight men with brains and souls had a right, according to the Constitution of these free states, to propagate their peculiar ideas. And how absurd to suppose that men of their purpose and intellect would fire a bomb into the midst of a gathering of their own friends, endangering not only their own lives but those upon whom they relied to help advance their cause. Who is to atone for the loss to the wives and children of these men, for the lives that are dearer to them, perhaps, than their own? Who can estimate the hourly agony of those men and their families?

It may be asked of me, What can be done about it? I propose for THE TRUTH SEEKER to send out petitions to all of its subscribers, and let the friends of justice add their names to the list who are willing to beg for a new trial for these men, or, if that be denied, beg for a commutation of their sentence. I am very hard pressed far money, as a stroke of lightning took me out of $500 last July, but I will giv $1. to help start this thing and pay toward the petition, and I will circulate one if I can get it. Who will be the next? Come, friends, remember this is not your life nor mine, but those who are just as dear as ours. We must act quickly or it will be too late, and then we can do as we did in the case of John Brown, sing, "Glory hallelujah," over a lost cause the rest of our lives. MARY PECK.

ST. CATHERINES, ONT., Nov. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 6th that Mr. Thomas Burk, of Salesville, M. T., wants his statement whether wheat will pass to chess explained. He says that some years ago there was winter wheat on his ranch, and after it had jointed cattle grazed it; but some stools were left untouched, others were entirely eaten off, while others were partly eaten. Those untouched, he says, grew up wheat; those eaten off started again from the stool and came up chess, and those half-eaten came partly wheat and partly chess. Now, there is not a particle of proof in Mr. T. Burk's statement that that wheat did pass to chess; and it is evident those plants that had been eaten off and came up chess were not wheat but chess plants, and of course would grow chess again.

Again, he says those half-eaten came partly wheat and partly chess. This I do not dispute, but when he says from the same stool, he certainly makes a random assertion, for I am positiv that he nor any other man ever saw wheat and chess that grew from the same root; and if he had taken the roots of those wheat and chess plants out of the ground and examined them, he would hav seen that that wheat and chess did not grow from the same root.

It is possible for wheat and chess to grow so near each other as apparently to hav but one root, like Mr. Burk's, and that, no doubt, has deceived him and many others.

I infer from Mr. Burk's statement that he, as well as many others, believes that if wheat is cropped, broken down, choked, frozen, stunted, or in any other way injured during its growth, it will then turn to chess. But of this I hav had so much proof to the contrary that I am positiv no such change has ever taken place. Some years ago we had a frost here the 6th and 10th of June that killed all the wheat heads that were out of their sheaths, but it grew up again from the root, and, behold, it was wheat again, but it did not ripen. Now, this wheat must hav suffered badly, being twice frozen, yet it did not turn its second crop to chess, nor the wheat heads that were then yet sheathed.

Now, all those who believe that wheat will turn to chess should, before making any more random assertions, prove it. Try it, farmers; expose ground in a pot to an intense heat (for chess seeds are very tenacious of life), and after it is cold, sow wheat in it. Then, during its growth, do your best to make it yield chess; and I am positiv the first trial will convince you that wheat cannot be forced to yield any other grain but wheat. A. MOOT.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Nov. 20, A.S. 286.

MR. EDITOR: The pictures are the glory of our noble old TRUTH SEEKER. Like a flash they impress upon the mind truths never to be forgotten. I only wish it were possible to afford more space in order that Heston might send a shot now and then in the ranks of a certain class of Spiritualists; it might keep them somewhat closer to reason and common sense. I saw not long since in a Spiritual paper how the noble red man was seen (clairvoyantly, of course) sitting wonderfully contented, with dog and gun, right in the midst of his happy hunting-grounds. O shades of all the philosophers that ever lived! protect us from our friends the Spiritualists! What in sheol did he want with his dog there, and much less his gun, when he couldn't kill even the vilest thing that ever crawled?

Mr. Editor, I scarcely know how to express my thanks to you for continuing my paper so long without payment; but keep sending it if you possibly can, and Dexter J. Smith's too. I'll vouch for both, and I assure you he and I will find a way to make it. Congress soon meets, and I hav great hopes for the passage of the Mexican pension bill; it will set me all afloat.

I inclose you something that looks more like poetry than it reads:

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

An Indian left this world of strife.
Of course he did not die—
He simply passed to spirit life,
Upward toward the sky.

He livs in that bright summer-land
With his faithful dog and gun,
Yet with the happy hunting band
He sees but sorry fun.

The game when shot, it never dies—
Alas! it cannot die!
For "there's no death." "O Lord!" he cries,
And heaves a famished sigh.

He sits him down with hunger pressed,
And wild in grim despair.
He must eat something soon, he guessed,
Or get some other where.

"At last," quoth he, "I've found a way,
A plan that needs must thrive;
I'll trap this deathless-gifted prey,
And eat it up alive."

NELSON HUNT.

MURRAY, IDAHO, Nov. 11, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As you hav not heard from me for a long time, I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I am not dead yet, and that I keep the banner of Freethought afloat. I find a great many Liberals here, but they are unsettled, and it would be almost impossible to form a Liberal society at present. I think by next summer it could be accomplished, with the aid of a good speaker to giv us two or three lectures. I was in hopes that our worthy secretary would go further West from Utah, and come back by the North Pacific Railway, and stop off at Spokane Falls and come through this way, but he went south of us. This is going to be one of the richest mining camps in America in a few years, and will be a fine field for a Liberal lecturer if he gets ahead of the priests, though the priests hav been here already. I am one of the school trustees here, and I hav denied them the use of our schoolhouse to do their false teaching in. I expect to get a row on my hands, but, as I am right, I am going to fight them.

I hope the Union will keep Mr. Putnam in the field, as he is doing a good work. I hope also that Mr. Reynolds will paint New Jersey red. If I had fifty of our mountain miners there we could wipe out the whole town, and that is what they ought to get. I am fifty-five years old, but not too old to shoulder a gun against that kind of cattle.

Keep up the pictures; they talk louder than words. I think I can get you more subscribers before spring. I will do all I can for the good old TRUTH SEEKER. A. ERVIN.

IRWIN, IA., Nov. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: With regard to E. C. Walker's so-called autonomistic marriage, I think it is "a great deal of cry and very little wool," as the negro said while stealing a pig that he had thought to be a lamb. If he succeeds on his final plea it settles the question beyond all controversy that he is legally married with all the rights and liabilities that belong in law to husband and wife. He pleads simply that the law marries them (the common law, or *leges non scripta*) in spite of all their protestations and agreements to the contrary, if they agree to liv together. So that, according to his own pleading, the only thing in issue is the necessity of getting a license. and this license, in this view of the case, is more properly named, "Marriage registration," and in dollars and cents, I believe, it amounts in Kansas to just $2. Yes, that is about the size of it! A two-dollar martyr! Bully for autonomy! Hurrah for Anarchy!

Those Chicago fellows and Herr Most are just pigmies now compared with this Kansas giant. Theoretically E. C. Walker is radically right; practically he is opposed to his own theory. Although Walker's indictment, following the legal phrase and form, charges him with "unlawful cohabitation," yet the specifications show that it is not the "cohabitation" but the neglect to procure a license—under the common law simply a system of registration—that constitutes his offense. Having suffered the penalty it is then no offense, but rather his legal duty, to "cohabit;" and if his plea is sustained, as I think it will be, he is liable if he does not discharge the duties of a husband toward his co-defendant, Lillian Harman. I am in harmony with those who demand the right of self-hood in the freedom of contract, but I shall always insist upon some public acknowledgment or registration of such contracts.

Talking of Anarchy reminds me to say I protest most indignantly and vehemently against Gary's ruling in the case. I hav heard in an indirect, and not very reliable way, that "a tall, dark, complexioned man," giving the name of Cummins or Cummings (Jim, I think) and, supposed to hav some connection with the James and Younger boys, in the course of talk claimed that he was the bomb-thrower at Chicago, and that he was just getting his hand in good practice to pay off the Pinkertons for the bomb they threw. Cummings, or whatever his name may be, is reported to hav said that he did not know anything about the Anarchists, or they anything about him—that he was a "whole team" himself, and "enough for the Chicago police and the damned Pinkertons without any help from any one." I am going to borrow a book about the James and Youngers and see for myself if it givs any ground to believe that there is or ever was such a person as this Cummins or Cummings.

However, it cannot be made to serve any purpose favorable to the Anarchists that I can see. I guess it would be utterly impossible to get it into the shape of evidence. Is that doctrin (or slush) of Gary's to stand as law? If so, Anarchy finds its justification right there. It denies the right of revolution; the right to argue it, to contemplate it as a remote possibility or as a *dernier resort* in this country under any circumstances. I wonder what our Revolutionary sires would say to that. For my own part, I believe that wrong is so entrenched behind organic legislation that a bloody revolution must sooner or later take place, and if this be treason, or if I must hang as a *particeps criminis* for the next case of bomb-throwing, why, so be it! When I throw my bomb it will hav company—there will be organized revolution, not for no law, but for better law. J. K. B. BAKER.

DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 22, 1886.

TO THE LIBERAL PEOPLE (who listened to and read a Lay Sermon by Colonel Ingersoll): What do you think of it? Do you see any point to it? Can it be possible that Mr. Ingersoll does not see and know that the something wrong in our government is but the exact reflection of the something wrong in every other government throughout the civilized world? And yet Mr. Ingersoll and every other Liberal and reform advocate has always acquiesced and upheld the cause of all the wrongs and evils that they claim to desire to reform. Mr. Ingersoll says there is something wrong when honesty wears a rag, and rascality a robe; when the loving, the tender, eat a crust, while the infamous sit at the banquets. So there is something wrong. The people are deprived of real money, which is the vitality, the life of industry, and are obliged to do all business transactions upon credit; and thousands of bankers are licensed to rob them by issuing bankers' debts as counterfeit money, and oblige the lifeless people to buy this counterfeit money at high and oft-repeated premiums to pay the interest on the wealth that labor has created and has been robbed of. Allow me to say to Mr. Ingersoll that one dollar of debt is as truly slavery as one dollar wrongfully appropriated from the rightful owner is theft; and there has never been any other cause of slavery on earth but that which was caused by depriving people of money to transact business on a cash principle. In this country there has never been any money, and there has always been slavery. It has always been true that the borrower is the slave of the lender. No man ever borrowed money unless he was obliged to, and when any man borrows money it is proof positiv that he livs in a land of slavery. Will any one deny this? To hav a full legal tender money issued by the people through the government, sufficient to pay every transaction in business at once, and keep every one free from debt, is the only possible way to liberty. And until Mr. Ingersoll and all Liberals see this and work for it, they are only acting the part of the man looking for work and doing all he can not to get it. The Nine Demands of Liberalism are only demands for the removal of nine effects of the want of money in the country to keep the people free; and no liberty can possibly ever come from such demands any more than to dam up a river can do good to the country below the dam. We hav been fighting effects for thousands of years, but never hav been free, simply because society must hav money—free money—just as much as animal life must hav air. We must destroy the one cause of poverty, slavery, war, vice, and crime that has ever sat behind the throne. The power of the money-lender has always been the great power behind all civil power all over the earth; and though the slaves in one or more countries hav in hundreds of cases fought and won their liberty, yet the emissaries of the power behind the throne hav always been able to slip the shackles upon the minds and limbs of the ignorant victors and lead them into deeper captivity again every time. Never hav the people demanded and obtained liberty to be free from debt, and never has industry been supplied with its vitalizing influence. Society has never been supplied with the very fiber to hold it together; civilization has never been supplied with its germ even to this day. Civilization and society hav ever been deprived of those qualifications which are as essential to their existence as oxygen is to animal life.

Now, all of Mr. Ingersoll's most glowing and most touchingly truthful lay sermon is answered in its search for the cause of all evils, and the remedies that he proposes cannot help us unless some one leads the people to see what givs liberty and what deprives the people of liberty. Where there is no debt, there can be no rich nor poor; no slavery nor war. It cannot be shown on any spot on earth that pinching want ever existed where there was no deprivation of money for each to use free from money-lenders' control. There is no injustice to any single person in free money. It is the only true corner-stone of liberty, and yet it has never, never been placed in the foundation of a civilized government.

Where, oh, where, in the name of common sense, is the use of demanding the taxation of churches and religious property when there is no money in the country for anyone to pay taxes with? It is like charging paupers with their poverty while they are unable to find work to do, and you doing nothing to make work for them. Let us be sensible enough to seek and labor for liberty for churches and all people to be free from debt, and there will be no more untaxed church or any other property in a country that is free. Mr. Ingersoll says that, in sending a man to prison, we tend to make a beast of him. Can slavery bring forth anything but beasts? When the money-lenders controled the government of England to destroy their free government money, the it ony did purpose to make slaves of the people to debt, and when, in 1865, the same power controled the government of the United States to destroy our free money, which they had already degraded, they did it for the same purpose of putting the people into slavery to debt, and Mr. Ingersoll and every other honest man acknowledges that they hav had ample success, and no one has yet raised his voice in opposition. We are on the same path to war that we traveled thirty years ago. We hav an army in our prisons, and as many more in the same state of mutiny outside, ready for war. Will the Liberals—will Colonel Ingersoll raise his voice for liberty and peace, a peace that must and will spread over the whole earth, making all people free from debt slavery and the slavery of debt? J. H. WOOD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Paradoxical Woman.

Alas! she is how strange a lass!
A dear, but not a deer.
She is an heir, but not an air—
Drinks beer, but drinks no bier.

She oft sheds tears, but sheds no tiers—
Needs bread and kneads it not.
She has a bow; however, though,
A beau she never caught.

She writes "rite" "right," which must be wrong.
She doesn't sow, but sews.
She doesn't often close her eyes,
But always eyes her clothes.

Her hair is light, and heavy too;
Her clothes, though dark, are light:
And though at night she sits up late,
She never sees a knight.

She's twice fifteen—she's thirty too.
Her name, though here, is Nott,
And though 'tis Nott repeated here,
Her name is—you know what.

Osceola Mills, Pa. WM. SCOTT.

A Tribute to My Friend "Prince."

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: I want to tell you of a caller I had one evening last winter—there were two of them; one a gentleman, and one a beautiful Irish setter named Prince. It is of Prince I wish to tell you. Myself and little ones gave him a warm welcome, and as he came into the house we left the door open, and his master said to him, "Prince, shut the door." He walked gravely back, and, rising upon his hind feet, placed his fore paws against the door, gently pushing it to, shutting it so softly that I thought to hav seen him would hav been a much needed lesson to some little ones I hav known, to whom it seemed almost impossible to close a door without slamming it, even although they hav two well-trained hands, quick eyes, and a reasoning mind to guide them. He did many clever things for us, and it was all done with seeming cheerfulness and great dignity, proving to us that he knew nearly all we said to him. After he had done all he could to please us, he climbed into a chair and sat there, looking as kind and noble as it was possible for a dog to look. Since that evening I hav not seen him, but I will let his master tell you of his cruel fate in his own sorrowful words. I hope it will make you more kind to all living things. No doubt you all hav your pets, and I want you to resolve never to be harsh to them in any way. There are few things or objects in this world we need to fear, and none we should use with cruelty; even if we hav to take life, we can do it in the most painless and speedy way. The following tells the fate of Prince: "This is a sad day to me. I had a noble, true-hearted, loving friend, and some assassin has taken his life with poison. I hav had the charge and care of him since he was born, hav had lots of trouble and many trials with him, but hav always been more than paid by his faithful love and perfect trust in me. When I chided him his sorrow was always visible, and when I chastised him he would kiss my hand as soon as I would permit him to do so. He was always anxious to do my bidding, and would always obey my slightest wish as soon as he could understand it. He has shared my tent and bed in many a hunting trip; has waded swamps and marshes, swam rivers and lakes in fair weather and foul, in warm and ice-cold water, to bring in the game that fell to us—only too glad to do all this rough work to win one word of kindness from me. He was always happy when with me, and waiting and watching for me when I was away. He never gave me an unkind look, but his truthful, faithful, loving actions hav often reproved me for hasty words or actions in such a way as I shall remember through life. O my faithful, loving Prince! How could any human being find it in his heart to murder you! If it is unmanly to shed tears over such a death of such a friend, then I will plead a want of manhood. I could almost say in heaven itself I'd ask no more than just old Prince's welcome.

"My brown-eyed faithful friend,
No more will we wander together;
No more will the tender verdure bend
'Neath your step in all kinds of weather;
No more through boggy marshes,
No more through sunny dell,
Shall you and I tramp as in days now past,
In the sport we loved so well.
Rest, old comrade, your kind eyes veiled,
Your soft footsteps stilled, stirless, dumb;
Above your head may nestle the quail,
And the plumed pheasant strut and drum."

AUNT MAY.

Shocking!

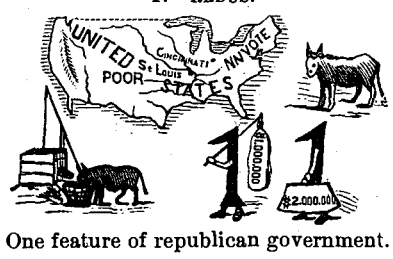
Two young girls were late to their respectiv Sunday-schools, Baptist and Methodist. They dared not go in when the services were nearly over, so they wandered along until they came to a Universalist church. "Let us go in here," said one of the girls, whose name was Maria.

"Oh, horrors!" exclaimed Jane, her companion. "My father would nearly kill me if I should go in there—I'd rather by far go to the Catholic church."

"And why not go in here?" questioned Maria. "Why, they don't believe in a hell! and that's awful, you know, not to believe in a hell. My folks can't go such a religion as the Universalists', nohow."

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



One feature of republican government.

2.—HALF SQUARE.

1. A foreign capital city.
2. Intention.
3. Difficult to bend.
4. Mingled or associated with.
5. A mouthpiece.
6. Condition of.
7. A letter.

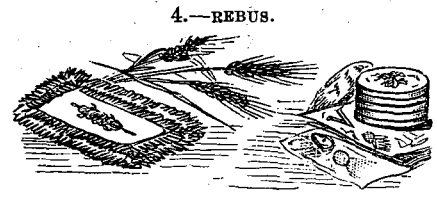
N. Boothbay, Me. WARREN B. ORCHARD.

3.—REBUS.



Easy rebus for little folks.

4.—REBUS.



One of the United States.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, NOV. 20, 1886.

1.-Always keep all your appointments. 2.-Petchora. 3.-Sometimes a shooting comet flaming goes around the sun.

Correspondence.

OTTUMWA, IA., Nov., 1886.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: To-night, as I sit alone, thinking of the great, vast army of men and women who inhabit the globe—of those who are endeavoring to bring humanity to a standard of truth, honor, and justice, and who are struggling day and night to accomplish the task of overthrowing the tottering temple of ignorance and superstition—there comes to my mind one who, by her faithful efforts, has gained the affection and good will of a large number of the youth of this glorious country; and that one is the conductor of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S Children's Corner.

Everywhere in the Liberal ranks we find noble men and women brushing from the intellectual storehouses the dust and cobwebs of priestcraft and ignorance, but few are the number who begin at the very foundation, and free the minds of the children from the destructiv ideas which are implanted in them by the vast majority of the mothers and teachers of to-day.

Your correspondent is eighteen years old, and is deeply interested in the work which you are conducting. For the past nine months I hav occupied a position as teacher in the public schools of this county, but in my efforts to discard the blasphemous old Bible, and teach science and truth in its stead, I brought upon myself the everlasting hatred of some of our God-loving directors, and hence am deprived of the opportunity of continuing in the profession which I love so well. What can giv one more pleasure than to assist in developing the minds of the rising generation, and fit them for those places which shall be made vacant when the great and learned of to-day are no more?

Even in my dreams I behold the bright, happy face of my former scholars, and oh, how I long to once again assist them in their studies, or teach the little brown hands to make the first written letters of the alphabet! Strange indeed are the chords of love which bind together the teacher and pupil, and when that chord is once formed, all attempts to break it will prove useless.

The letters in the Children's Corner from my dear little Freethought friends bring a great deal of pleasure to me, and I hope that they may grow on and on in intellectual beauty and unfoldment—that they may assist in exposing the frauds, vices, and crimes of that religious sect which, for the past eighteen hundred years has endeavored to imprison the great and noble women of all ages, and which, if it were not for the bright star of Freethought, would plunge into everlasting darkness the grandeur and beauty of nature and her laws, and would compel humanity to bow before a wicked and cruel monster whom the world never has looked and never will look upon. O truth! O justice! canst thou longer behold tyrannical priests and preachers stealing from the widow and orphan the last penny which should be given to those oppressed with misery and want?

O Liberalism! with thy broad and sweeping wing soaring amid the clouds of intellectual beauty, scatter the drops of love and mercy upon rich and poor alike—upon the young as well as the old—and forever swell the stream of truth, that when its sparkling waters overflow its rocky banks, they will bring desolation and ruin to the orthodox temples of ignorance, immorality, and injustice, and thus rescue the present generation, and those yet unborn, from another dark age of Christian sway.

If, instead of spending so much of our time and money in attempting to bring the more mature minds to a knowledge of truth, we rescue the children from the cruel hands of the church, we would achieve far better results. Realizing this fact, I shall ever endeavor to do my share in this great work, and so long as my hand has power to write, so long as my voice is capable of expressing the truths of science and Liberalism, just so long will there be an earnest and faithful worker in the Liberal ranks.

I hope you find your position as conductor of the Children's Corner a pleasant and profitable one.

May you continue long in the noble work you hav undertaken, may you hav a large number of willing friends to assist you in a time of need, and may the letters from the little boys and girls of Freethought grow more and more numerous as time passes on, that you may know you are awakening an interest in those for whose benefit you are laboring. Sincerely your friend,

KATIE KEHM.

[It givs us pleasure to receive so thoughtful and interesting a letter as the above, but we are sorry to learn that Katie has been debarred from pursuing a work for which she seems eminently qualified. Bigotry and intolerance are still foes to be met and vanquished, and we perfectly agree with our friend that our best results must be in training the young, a matter hitherto greatly neglected. We thank Katie for her good opinion and good wishes. Our labors with the children are pleasant and agreeable, and, if not largely remunerativ, financially, are nevertheless full of promis of fair fruitage by and by, in good lives and noble examples. We shall be glad to hear from our friend as often as she may care to write, and trust she may soon find employment in her chosen field of labor.—ED. C. C.]

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Nov. 20, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write to you, for my father has been coaxing me to for quite a little time. If I see this letter in print, perhaps I may write you another letter. I go to school almost every day when we hav school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Mulholland, and she is very pleasant compared with the teacher I had last year. My studies at school are geography, grammar, arithmetic, reading, and spelling. We hav speaking every two weeks at our school, and sometimes reading of compositions. In two weeks from next week Friday, I hav to read a composition. We hav to compose it all ourselvs. I think my subject will be birds and their uses. We were examined the other day in reading, arithmetic, and language. Our class has not been examined in spelling or geography. In reading I passed 97; in language, 98; in arithmetic, 99. I passed the highest of anyone in the class, so far as I hav been examined this term. Well, for my first letter I think it plenty long. I will now close. From a true and loving friend,

NELLIE BEDEL.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I was very glad and proud at seeing my first letter in print, and so I thought I would write again. We are about to move into a new house. Pa is going to keep a variety store. If you should ever come to Buffalo you must come and see us. Wishing success to the Children's Corner, I remain, Your little friend, IDA A. BALLOU.

[If we should ever go to Buffalo to stop any length of time, we shall certainly call on Ida, as well as other good friends residing there.—ED. C. C.]

ATHENS, TEX., Nov. 14, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been thinking of writing to you for some time, and neglected it. Professor Bell lectured here November 4th. He stayed with us while he was here. I wish he had stayed a week. I like him very much. Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER since the first copy. I always read the Children's Corner. I am going to school; there are three teachers and one hundred and thirty-six scholars. I study geography, history, spelling, arithmetic, and grammar. I hav heard two Liberal lecturers. I hav two sisters, one older and one younger than myself. I will bring my letter to a close for this time. Your sincere friend, MARTHA VAUGHAN.

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Whereas, the poor are poorer while the rich are waxing rich;
Whereas, the honest workingman is tumbled in the ditch;
To this list of all our grievances these holy words we hitch,
"We believe in the fatherhood of God."

Whereas, the proud monopolist gets all that he can get;
Whereas, he has machinery for getting, which as yet
Labor's honest competition doesn't alter—therefore let
All our voices drown the wailing of our children—we are met
To believe in the fatherhood of God.

"There are corn-ships in the offing, and we look with starving gaze;"
There is bread enough to feed God's hungry children—but it lays
In the granaries of the heartless, and the sun's increasing rays
Swell its volumes every season, swell the joyful note of praise
In the mansion of the wealthy, where the haughty master says,
"I believe in the fatherhood of God."

Yet, whereas, land, air, and water are sufficiently provided
To insure us all a living, were they equally divided;
And, whereas, the said division is too openly one-sided;
And the sacred trust of sonhood is too partially confided;
And, whereas, our wants with "luxury's contagion" hav collided;
Be it therefore, in convention, everlastingly decided,
"We believe in the fatherhood of God."

And, whereas, the sacred ballot is corrupted and controled
By a brute's intimidation and the yellow stain of gold;
And, whereas, an office-holder may be either bought or sold,
And the rich man's legislation drives the poor man in the cold;
And, whereas, his days are shortened by the toils that make him old,
And the gentle shepherd's golden-fleeced Merinos bar the fold
'Gainst the sheep whose wool is ragged—therefore be it often told,
"We believe in the fatherhood of God."

Whereas, motherhood is broken by the duties that enslave;
Whereas, daughterhood is ruined by the passions of a knave;
Whereas, manhood is confronted by more foes than it can brave;
Whereas, childhood in its weakness goes untimely to the grave;
Whereas, knighthood meets oppression and is strangled in its wave,
And the priesthood has determined whom it will and will not save;
"We believe in the fatherhood of God."

And, whereas, the strong are cruel and the weak must yield the way
Or be trampled under foot and kiss the heel that stamps the clay;
And, whereas, the wise are crafty, and, evading, disobey
Every law that stands between them and the poor on which they prey;
And, whereas, we all are orphans, seeking refuge where we may,
"We believe in the fatherhood of God."

We are cheated of our heritage—our father is a king;
We were all ordained as princes and we never rule a thing;
All the force of heaven's mandate is defeated by the ring;
Justice runs into a "corner"—therefore do we gladly sing,
"We believe in the fatherhood of God."

And, whereas, without reflection, it is sensible to hold
To a story that is true because it is so often told;
And, whereas, he was so careless in distributing our gold,
"We believe in the fatherhood of God."

What a golden ring of eloquence those tender words disclose,
And how peacefully we follow when the ring is in our nose!
"We believe in the fatherhood of God."

FRANK FELT.

AN Essex clergyman, says the Hartford *Times*, recently attempted to enter his house late at night, having arrived home from New York unexpectedly by boat, without the knowledge of his family. A barrel under the pantry offered him an easy mode of entering, and he sprang upon it. His feet had hardly touched the head before it caved in, and he found himself plunged in a bath of soft soap. To extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament, he was obliged to call for assistance, but before it was rendered he had a narrow escape from being shot for a burglar by a neighbor.

Book Notice.

A few days since I received "Spiritualism Sustained," by John R. Kelso, A.M.

It is executed in very neat style at THE TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton Place, New York.

The contents are as follows:

I. Spiritualism Sustained by the Bible.
II. Spiritualism Sustained by the Christian Church.
III. Spiritualism a Necessity in God's General Government.
IV. Spiritual Mediumship.
V. Objections to Spiritualism Answered.

In the first three lectures its author seeks to convert Christians to Spiritualism, under the plea that, if he can prove it taught in the Bible, by the church and God's economy, they are obligated to believe that it is essential now, and that modern Spiritualism is the same, and they hav no right to reject it, since they subscribe to it in the Bible. He alleges as a reason for so doing: "Many persons, on this subject, will receive nothing as evidence unless it comes from the Bible. For the benefit of this class of persons, therefore, I propose in my present lecture [the first] to prove by the Bible the truth of every phase of Spiritualism." He then goes on to state that he has written a book against the Bible and the God of the Bible, "in whose existence" he "has not one particle of faith," but he takes the Christians on their own ground, and, for argument's sake, premises that their fundamental beliefs are all true. Thus the entire first three lectures are based on a falsehood—1st, assuming the Bible true; 2d, the church as authority; 3d, God's general government requiring such a provision as Spiritualism. The author disbelieves the Bible, disbelieves church authority, and disbelieves in the existence of a God, and, while avowing all this, and much more, in his book approaches the Christian believer with this specious sophistry, as if he really believed it with him, and then appeals to his consistency, his truthfulness, his reverence, and his piety. Does he imagin such argument will carry one ounce of weight to any churchman? From the first advent of Spiritualism to the last quarter of a century, more than a whole decade, we, who were teachers of the facts of these phenomena, were constantly urging upon Christians the same considerations as has Colonel Kelso in his first three lectures. Then it had a tremendous effect, as we were all more or less partial believers in the Bible, the churches, the Christian religion, the existence of a God, and his superintendence over the laws of nature, but for one who denies his own argument, on the basis of its acknowledged falsity, to expect to frighten or convert his readers is folly in the extreme.

For instance, after repeatedly bringing forward his witnesses, in whom he has no confience, he triumphantly asserts, "I hav proved it [Spiritualism] by the unanimous testimony of all the fathers," etc., etc., when he has only proved that the fathers, whom he regards as liars, believed and taught it. I will impeach all his witnesses through himself; he does not believe them—admits he does not—but because the Christian professes to, he turns to the Christian, takes his Bible, his church, and his God wherewith to convict him, provided he rejects modern Spiritualism, on his version of his God and his Bible.

I guarantee that those three lectures will not convert to Spiritualism one Christian who understands that Colonel Kelso rejects his own reasoning. Of course, no antichristian non-Spiritualist will be attracted toward Spiritualism by religious theories, so only the Christian can be expected to be won through these lectures. His argument, based on false Bible premises, is much more likely to convert the Spiritualist and Infidel to Christianity than the Christian to Spiritualism. One would suppose, had he not told us to the contrary, that he was the greatest Bible-believer of them all, indorsing all the church dogmas (to overthrow them in the two succeeding lectures), so anxious is he to make the Christian see that his Bible teaches modern Spiritualism, which, even if it did, would no more prove its truth than does Genesis prove the earth flat and made in six days of twenty-four hours each. His method is very ingenious, but it is false even while he avows its object.

In Lecture IV., "Spiritual Mediumship," our author tells us that he "no longer acts as the mere attorney of Spiritualism," but fearlessly "attacks the testimony of the Bible, the church, or any other party," although he affirms, "In preceediug lectures I fully proved, by testimony which no believer in the Christian religion will dare reject, that spirits do exist and do communicate with men." Yes, in his last two lectures he attacks and disproves the validity of the very testimony that he used in the three former to prove Spiritualism, and then boasts nine times over (see pages 152-155) that by his own repudiated witnesses he has proved his case!

In treating this portion of his subject, Spiritual mediumship, he says: "I shall hav to take it for granted that you are all believers in what is usually termed 'the immortality of the soul,' and that consequently you are all believers also in that class of beings called spirits." Having thus taken for granted the two important postulates to be proved—immortality and spirit existence—he proceeds to "explain five methods of communication" involving "five phases of mediumship." As this explanation is designed expressly for those who believe in immortality and spirits, it is of no value to an unbeliever, and in vain I sought for one lucid, scientific reason, or the least evidence that spirits hav aught to do with the magnetisms, psychic force, or any of the phenomena adduced, a portion of which I know to be true, but reject the spiritual agency. The theories assumed are what we are waiting to see proved.

On page 187, under the head of "Inspiration, the last, and in some respects the highest, phase of spiritual mediumship," our author wanders into marriage, and says: "The magnetic or thought spheres of two persons, especially if they differ in sex, very frequently so unite that the thoughts and the emotions of one become the thoughts and the emotions of the other. . . . A man and a woman thus united are truly married without that miserable, meaningless mummery, the marriage ceremony of a priest." He continues at some length to expatiate on true and false marriage, stating what we all know, that "marriage existed long before priestly ceremonies were invented. . . . Marriage is no more dependent on the ceremony of a priest than is the union of oxygen and hydrogen in the formation of water."

That is true; no one need go before a priest; they can avoid the "ceremony of that meaningless mummery," if they chose, and still hav their marriage legal in the eyes of the law, by applying to a civil magistrate, where, in many of the states, no ceremony need to be performed, only the proper questions asked and responded to, with no "mummery," any more than in giving a deed, making a will, or any other civil contract. There seems to be great harping just at this particular time on a "priestly ceremony," when it is known, or should be, that the legality does not depend upon a priest or a ceremony, but upon state laws which, if not complied with, render the couple not legally married, the same as does non-compliance with any other law render the contract null and void. A priest, ceremony, or "miserable, meaningless mummery" is not essential, but entirely optional with the contracting parties and their friends. Why, then, adduce that as an obstacle to true marriage?

Excuse this digression, I did but follow the author of "Spiritualism Sustained."

Lecture V., "Objections to Spiritualism Answered," is "addressed principally to the members of the various denominations of the Christian churches," therefore has no weight with the heretic, scientist, or philosopher who rejects the Christian religion, or uses reason. Most of this argument is the same as we hav heard ever since the advent of modern Spiritualism, and is worthless for all convincing purposes.

But our author's arguments against the Bible, God, and religion, in his last two lectures, are excellent, and if Christians who read his book to gain a knowledge of Spiritualism are not so shocked at his fearless exposition of their Bible, God, church, and creed, as to throw away his truths on that subject, he may do them great good in opening their eyes to the monstrous lies they are now believing; but when Colonel Kelso claims the following, he makes a great mistake, for he has established no such thing, viz.: "In my previous lectures I not only fully established the genuinness of spiritual communications, but also clearly explained the principle on which they are made."

But the book is well worth its price for its sturdy blows against old theology, but signally fails, in my estimation, in sustaining Spiritualism, except as it appeals to a false religion for substantiation—a religion that the author in the same book ignores and condemns. Can he expect his argument on such a basis will hav any effect on the Christian, for it is to him it is addressed? And to the non-Bible believer must first be proved its authority and truthfulness before he can be reached through its portals.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

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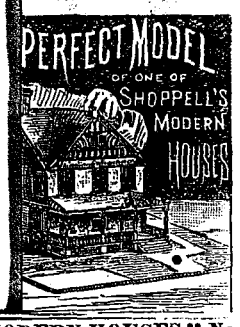
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News of t

THE Boston Knights nated George E. McNeil

THE Grant Monument oring to revive interest $124,000 is now in hand.

VICE-PRESIDENT HOXIE of Gould's Missouri Pacific Railroad, is dead and buried.

HENRY M. STANLEY, the African explorer, is in New York. He will lecture.

IT is reported that the Fenian Brotherhood has retired O'Donovan Rossa as a leader.

THE jury disagreed in the case of McQuade, the "boodle" Alderman. He will be retried.

A. K. CUTTING, the Texas editor who came so near getting this country into a quarrel with Mexico, has taken the lecture field.

A LABORING man, of Minersville, Pa., has invented a car-brake that he claims will stop a freight train going thirty-five miles an hour in fifteen feet. He is offered $75,000 for his invention.

THERE is quite a scandal in Washington over the exposure of a scheme to hav all Congressmen dogged by the police, in order to obtain evidence of immorality against them, to be used to coerce legislation.

DANA CONWAY, a son of Moncure D. Conway, died in Brooklyn, Nov. 22d, aged 21.

IT is estimated that the revenue tax on oleomargarine will amount to $400,000 for the present month.

THE will of the late Chester A. Arthur has been filed. It is said the estate is valued at $100,000, and there are no public bequests.

CHARLESTON was again shaken by an earthquake on the 28th. The shock was not severe, but caused considerable consternation.

MISS SADIE ALLEN went through the Niagara rapids in a barrel last Sunday in company with Geo. Hazlett. Miss Allen is now prepared to enter a museum.

LEWIS THE LIGHT, a man who claims to be Jesus Christ, went into a Brooklyn church one day last week, and revealed himself to the congregation as a savior. He was ejected.

THE German Reichstag (legislature) was opened Nov. 25th, the minister of the interior reading the emperor's speech from the throne. The emperor expressed an intention of enlarging the German army.

THE Rev. John Salmon, pastor of a Toronto church, who is an unswerving advocate of the faith cure, has been obliged to resign because a majority of his congregation are not in accord with him in this belief.

LADY CAMPBELL, wife of Colin Campbell, a noble lord of England, is suing for a divorce. The charges and counter-charges reveal a bad state of morals among the aristocracy. Campbell is the son of the duke of Argyll.

MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND has written a narrativ poem of 400 lines, which will soon be published. It is called "The Dilemma of the Nineteenth Century," and treats of the woman question from the satirical point of view.

THE chief of the bureau of statistics at Washington reports upon the imports and exports of the United States for the year ending Oct. 31, 1886, as follows: The excess of merchandise exported over that imported is $144,235,239; gold and silver, excess of exports, $2,223,734.

SOME young men of this city, by way of a joke, told Louis Weiland, an upholsterer, that he had been nominated as candidate for the assembly, and induced him to contribute to campaign expenses. When Weiland learned that he had been fooled, he went away, leaving a note informing his family that he had committed suicide.

Odds and Ends.

A CHRISTMAS story—"I don't expect anything this year."

TIME flies! Oh, let somebody else time them; we are too busy.

MOST any young man would embrace religion—if it is contained in the heart of a pretty girl.

IT is very unhealthy for a growing boy to smoke tobacco—particularly if his father catches him at it.

WHY is the average undertaker liberal? Because when he gets a job he always sends for the bier.

A PHYSICIAN says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." This is too severe. Why not spank it?

ADAM and Eve, according to the *Post*, were born on Oct. 28, 4004 B.C. Ground was broken for the earth in the spring of 4003.

THE rockers on a chair never stick out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling around in the dark barefooted.

"WAITER, is this an old or a new herring that you brought me?" "Can't you tell?" "No." "Well, then, what difference does it make?"

A MADRID newspaper was seized five times within a week for slurs on the infant king. This is a free country, and who's afraid? The king of Spain is a sucker.

IN a recent issue of a contemporary is an article entitled, "How to pack a trunk." The best way to pack a trunk is to sit down in an easy chair and watch your wife do it.

"DID your former physician giv you a diagnosis, madam?" Mrs. A.: "No, doctor, he only gave me iron, but I'm willing to take one if you think it would do me any good."

A CHICAGO minister preached last Sunday on "What can I do to be saved?" This is very plaintiv and pathetic, but we are not able to suggest anything. Probably a hopeless case.

A YOUNG man out West stole money from the post-office in which he was employed to pay his wife's dressmaking bills. He didn't rob Peter to pay Paul, but he robbed the mail to pay the female.

CUSTOMER: "But aren't the trousers too long?" Tailor: "Too long? Dey is made to fit a man exzekly your size. If your legs happen to be a drifle short you must quarrel mit nature—not de tailor."

A BROOKLYN man was awakened in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned over, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his nightcap, and muttered, as he went to sleep again: "That's too bad. How grieved I shall be in the morning!"

BARNUM offers twenty thousand dollars for the skin of a sea-serpent, and a Harlem man is trying to hatch a sixty-foot snake from a jug of election whisky. He doesn't hav much trouble in growing the snake, but it puzzles him to keep the whisky from getting away.

MISSIONARY (from India): "Yes, dear young lady, I hav come to teach the American heathen the beauties of Buddhism." Fashionable miss: "Oh, we are not heathen. You mistake." "Indeed! Are you taught that in all things there is design, and that all things are ordered wisely?" "Oh, yes." "You amaze me. Tell me what birds were made for." "Birds! Why, to grow wings for hats, of course."

WHEN a Delaware man saw the Wm. E. Dodge statue at Sixth avenue and Broadway, he remarked to a friend: "That man must be honest. When we put 'em in the pillory down where I come from, we hav to stick their heads through a hole and fasten their hands. How long's he up for?"

IT is said that some of the Western railroads even control the religion along their lines. A new resident of Ellendale, Dakota, handed in a letter to one of the churches, and was asked, "Did you come by the Blank and Blank Railroad?" "No." "Do you patronize the company's elevator at this station?" "No." "Hav you signed a petition for lower freight rates?" "I hav." "Then you had better take back your letter and apply to the Baptist church, two blocks down and around the corner. That church hauls most everything by mule teams, while we stand in with the railroad."—*Wall Street News.*

THE HEATHEN GHOST'S LAMENT. (WITH APOLOGIES TO THE ANDOVER PROFESSORS.)

From all eternity predestined
By a stern, inflexible will,
To refuse to hear a message
Which is hidden from me still;
Though I couldn't hearken to it,
Since I never heard it preached,
And my destiny forbade it
Even had it to me reached;
Now, alas! I find my station
In a lake of endless fire,
Doomed to merciless damnation.
Tortures terrible and dire!

What's my crime I can't discover,
Though I've thought and thought it over,
Unless this be my fatal sin,
That ere the world did first begin,
And long before my own creation,
I studied not my future fate
Nor sought its rigor to abate
By pleading for annihilation!
But now, O woe and endless horror!
Too late to interpose demurrer,
My doom is sheol's burning vault—
I've let the case go by default.

Those men who hold the key of heaven,
Those ancient Andover professors,
In mercy hav their flat given
Worthy of a slave's oppressors!
Because we've heard of no probation
After death for soul of man,
In sheol you must keep your station
And get along as best you can.
But hark, grave men, nor seek to tell us
All the things you've never heard of;
Lest you, like me, *be damned for doubting*
Things you never dreamed a word of.

—*E. Frank Lintaber in Puck.*

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THE STORY HOUR.

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Address THE TRUTH SEEKER,

of Thought.

as been less bloody than Ro
ause it is inherently better,
for evil has been materially
ett.

seems to me as if this life
iderable portico of man's ex-
ard, in new mysterious envi-
e continued without end. I
say, "seems to me," for the
proof of it were hard to
state by logic; it is the
fruit of faith; begins to
show itself with more and
more decisivness the in-
stant you hav dared to say,
Be it either way. But, on
the whole, our conception
of immortality depends on
that of time, which latter is
the deepest belonging to
philosophy and the one per-
haps wherein modern phi-
losophy has earned its best
triumph. Believe that prop-
erly there is no space and
no time, how many contra-
dictions become recon-
ciled!—*Carlyle's Note-book.*
[NOTE.—It certainly de-
mands an apology thus to
direct the attention of the
reader to a speculation so
utterly silly and ground-
less. When a philosopher
founds his speculation on
the supposition "that there
is no space and no time," it
is high time for sober, se-
rious truth seekers to giv
him a wide berth. The only
sensible part of the extract
is where Carlyle tells us, as
regards immortality, to
"let it be either way." If
we are immortal, we shall
liv forever, and if the whole
human machine—including
body, soul, and spirit—is
destined to be reduced to its
elements, our belief or un-
belief, our faith or our
skepticism, will not change
the fixed course of nature—
not by the turning of a
hair.—*Hylax.*]

ATHEISM leaves to man reason, philosophy, natural piety, laws, reputation, and everything that can serve to conduct him to virtue; but superstition destroys all these and erects itself into a tyranny over the understandings of men; hence, Atheism never disturbs the government, but renders man more clear-sighted, since he sees nothing beyond the boundaries of the present life.—*Lord Bacon.*

SINCE no man of common sense, when he pulls down his house for the purpose of rebuilding it, fails to provide himself with some shelter while the work is in progress, so, before demolishing the spacious, if not commodious, mansion of his old beliefs, Descartes thought it wise to equip himself with what he calls "*une morale par provision*" [a rule of guidance to serve in the mean time?], by which he resolved to govern his practical life until such time as he should be better instructed. The laws of this "provisional self-government" are embodied in four maxims, of which one binds our philosopher to submit himself to the laws and religion in which he was brought up; another, to act, on all those occasions which call for action, promptly and according to the best of his judgment, and to abide, without repining, by the result: a third rule is to seek happiness in limiting his desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them; while the last is to make the search after truth the business of his life.—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

INFINIT punishment is infinit cruelty, endless injustice, immortal meanness. To worship an eternal jailer hardens, debases, and pollutes the soul. While there is one sad and breaking heart in the universe, no perfectly good being can be perfectly happy. Against the heartlessness of this doctrin every grand and generous soul should enter its solemn protest. I want no part in any heaven where the saved, the ransomed, the redeemed, drown with merry shouts the cries and sobs of hell—in which happiness forgets misery—where the tears of the lost increase laughter and deepen the dimples of joy. The idea of hell was born of ignorance, brutality, fear, cowardice, and revenge. This idea tends to show that our remote ancestors were the lowest beasts. Only from dens, lairs, and caves—only from mouths filled with fangs—only from hearts of fear and hatred—only from the conscience of hunger and lust—only from the lowest and most debased, would come this most cruel, heartless, and absurd of all dogmas.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

CHRISTIANITY has dwarfed humanity by its mysticism. Every attempt of man to reconcile the things that are not seen with those which are has been thwarted by "the mystery of divine things." He was told that it was not designed for him to know "the hidden mysteries." It was blasphemous for him to attempt to look into the oracles of God. In short, it was sinful to seek explanations and insist upon evidence and the reasonableness of things. "Reasonableness had nothing to do with sacred mysteries."—*W. S. Bell.*

WHAT fear we then? What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the hight enraged,
Will either quite consume us and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far
Than miserable to hav eternal being!
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing.

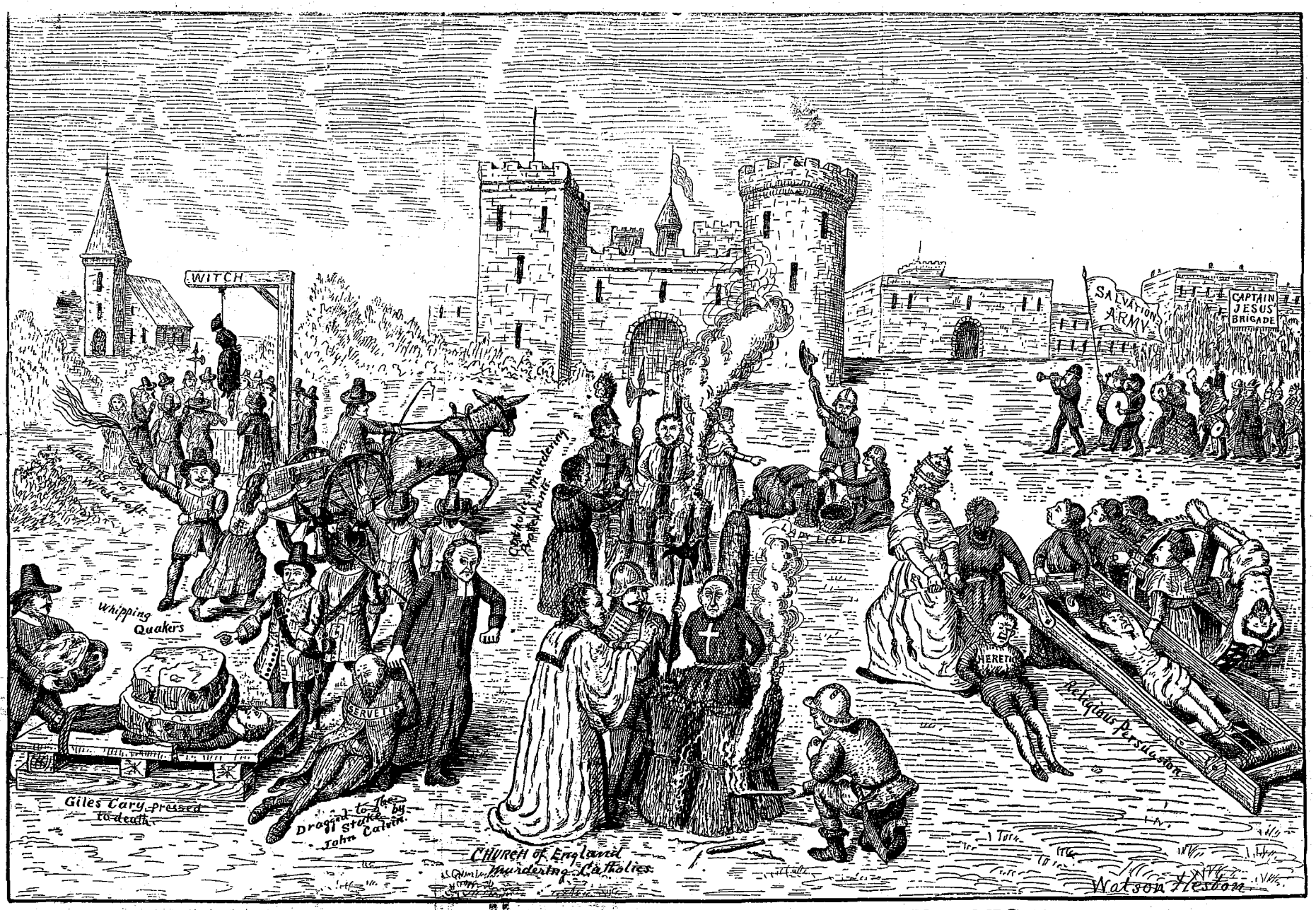
—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

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CHRISTIAN UNITY.—THE AGREEMENT OF THE SECTS.

Notes and Clippings.

A NAUGATUCK saloon-keeper has just bought a church. His application for a license was objected to on the ground that his saloon would be too near the church. He did away with that objection by purchasing the church.

THE superior of the "Oblat Fathers," of Quebec, has officially notified the Knights of Labor in his province that unless they renounce the order they will not be allowed to participate in the sacrament. The indications are that many Knights will go sacramentless.

THE clergy of St. Louis advised all their customers not to go and hear the American Opera Company because the ballet is one of the attractions. We will wager a trifle, however, that every minister in the city who can sneak in unseen was found in the bald-headed row on the first night.

"How do you like that new minister of yours?" asked Deacon Snaggs of Elder Berry. "I'm afraid he's too powerful. We can't stand it." "How's that?" "Well, you see, he preached a trial sermon on salvation, and every unrepentant sinner in the audience came up in front and joined the church. So we engaged him. The next Sunday he preached on the duty of marriage, and every old bachelor and widower in the congregation hooked on to an old maid and was married before Saturday night. He got a $5 fee out of every couple. But the worst came last Sunday. He preached upon the duty of giving all to the Lord, and I hope I may never if two old deacons didn't sprain their backs carrying around the contribution baskets, they were so loaded down with silver. When the congregation was dismissed, it was just like leaving a faro bank—there wasn't a cent in the crowd. The house had all the money. We can't stand such eloquence."

RHODES CLEMENTS, a farmer living near Leavenworth, Kan., attended a revival meeting last week and was converted. On his way home in company with a religious lunatic, he developed violent insanity, killed his companion with a club, and when found had torn the dead man's heart from his body and was devouring it like a wild beast. He was overpowered and placed in an asylum. Two other men in the neighborhood hav since gone crazy owing to the prevailing religious excitement.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, of Dublin, recently refused to take the oath upon a Protestant Testament, on the grounds that he did not believe in it, and his testimony was taken unsworn, but still, in the boasted *free* America, our attention has recently been called to a public school teacher who insisted on a Catholic child conforming to her ritual, the reading of the Protestant Bible, and the repeating of the Lord's Prayer, as the introduction to the day's work. Has not the Catholic child in the American public schools rights in this direction as well as the Catholic bishop in a Dublin Court?—*Unity.*

ACCORDING to Archdeacon Farrar "in India the English hav made one hundred drunkards for one Christian, and are girding the earth with drunkenness." But the archdeacon need not stop here. In China the English hav made two hundred opium smokers and eaters or one Christian, and are girding the earth with opium fumes. Every subject has its pessimistic side; and Christianity—nominal Christianity as involved in a Christianized civilization—is under heavy indictments, and despite what we hear about the morality of the nations in some quarters, matters are not mending. Quite the reverse.—*Christian at Work.*

THERE were temporarily relieved during the year 1885 in New York state over 60,000 persons at an expense of over $733,600. There were relieved and supported in town and county almshouses during the same time over 132,300 persons, at an expense of over $2,002,700; making a total of money paid out for the relief of this great army of nearly 200,000 people over $2,736,400. The number of insane being supported by public charity in this state, Oct. 1, 1885, was, 12,707. This is an increase since 1880 of 3,170. The current expenses for care of idiots was nearly $66,000; for the blind, nearly $110,000; in orphan asylums and homes for the friendless in this state, Oct. 1, 1885, there were nearly 30,000 persons, at an expense of $5,363,878.

IT is so very seldom that a minister of the gospel stands up for more liberty of speech than is sufficient to make a Protestant that the Rev. O. C. McCulloch, pastor of the largest congregation in Indianapolis, must hav a large credit mark for concluding a recent sermon by expressing the opinion that the trial of the Chicago Anarchists had been conducted unfairly, and that their conviction was unwarranted. In making the statement, he said that the matter had been preying on his mind for some time, and he had determined to express his views, although they would probably not be approved by any member of his congregation. He believed the Anarchists were entitled to a new trial. Mr. McCulloch was a collegiate classmate of the Rev. Samuel P. Putnam, ex-Congregational and ex-Unitarian preacher, at present the efficient and self-sacrificing secretary of the American Secular Union.

"WHAT we need in our church is less preaching of prohibition and more preaching of honesty," was the exclamation of a business man to a friend who took the vacant seat beside the speaker on a train from Connecticut into New York. This rather remarkable comment was the answer the friend received when he asked the business man what he had that jingled so in the heavy bag that was taken from the seat to make room. "This bag," continued the business man, "contains punched, clipped, and abased coins, and I am going to New York to sell the lot for what they will fetch. Oh, no. I didn't take them in my business, but in another way, in which I couldn't refuse them. You see I am treasurer of our church, and these dimes and nickels and other coin were put from time to time in the contribution box. When clipped and punched coin began to be refused they began to make their appearance in our boxes when the collections were taken up. I suppose we hav taken in a hundred dollars' worth of this coin at its face value. I am going to suggest to our minister that he stop preaching prohibition for a while and giv us a sermon on petty dishonesty. Our church isn't peculiar in this respect either. The treasurer of one of the other churches in town tells me that he is bothered in the same way."

Communications.

The Fathers of Our Republic.

WASHINGTON.

Washington, in early life, held allegiance to the Church of England; Washington, in his maturer age, was connected with no church. Washington, the young Virginia planter, might, perhaps, with some degree of truthfulness, hav been denominated a Christian; Washington, the soldier, statesman, and sage, was not a Christian, but a Deist.

The present generation has derived its knowledge of this celebrated man chiefly from two biographers, Weems and Sparks. Both writers were clergymen, and both class him as a Christian. Weems's "Life of Washington," the delight of many an American boy, a work made up of historical facts, highly colored, and interwoven with traditional stories and anecdotes, has long since been discarded as an authority. Sparks's "Life of Washington" is a more reliable work. But, before accepting Sparks as an authority in this case, it may be well to remember the standpoint from which his claim is made. Sparks was a Unitarian—one who utterly rejects the dogmas of Bible inspiration and Christ's divinity, as understood by orthodox Christians; who defines Christianity as "one with the absolute religion of nature and reason," and who recognizes as a Christian every good man, regardless of his theological belief. Will the evangelical Christian accept this conception of Christianity as correct? I think not. If he cannot, then he cannot consistently urge the acceptance of a statement based upon it, and the testimony of Sparks falls to the ground.

In the political documents, correspondence, and other writings of Washington, few references to the prevailing religion of his day are found. In no instance has he expressed a disbelief in the Christian religion; neither can there be found in all his writings a single sentence that can with propriety be construed into an acknowledgment of its claims. Says the *Catholic World:* "In all the voluminous writings of General Washington the holy name of Jesus Christ is never once written." Once or twice he refers to Christianity in complimentary terms, but in these compliments there is nothing inconsistent with the conduct of a conscientious Deist. Religions, like their adherents, possess both good and bad qualities, and Christianity is no exception. While there is much in it deserving the strongest condemnation, there is also much that commands the respect and even challenges the admiration of Infidels. Occupying the position that Washington did, enjoying, as he did, the confidence and support of Christians, it was not unnatural that he should indulge in a few friendly allusions to their religious faith.

In his "Farewell Address," the last and best political paper he gave the public, the Christian religion is not once named. In this work he manifests the fondest solicitude for the future of his country. His sentences are crowded with words of warning and fatherly advice. But he does not seem to be impressed with the idea that the safety of the government or the happiness of the people depends upon Christianity. He recommends a cultivation of the religious sentiment, but evinces no partiality for the popular faith.

He was one of the leading spirits in molding our present form of government, presiding over the convention that framed our Constitution. His influence was very great, and the greatest deference was paid to his opinions. Had he desired it, he could undoubtedly hav had the government established upon a Christian foundation; and had he been a very zealous adherent of that faith, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he would hav done so, or at least hav favored some recognition of its claims in the Constitution. But he did not utter a word in its behalf.

Above his official signature as president of the United States appears this important declaration:

> The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion (Treaty with Tripoli).

He further solemnly declares that "the United States is not a Christian nation any more than it is a Jewish or a Mohammedan nation," referring to it, of course, in a political, and not in a religious, sense.

Every child is familiar with the story of Washington praying at Valley Forge. The Peter Parleys who write historical romances and label them "school histories" hav repeated it as a historical fact. But it is false. It bears the stamp of fiction on its face, and is of itself sufficient to excite the suspicion that Washington was not a religious man. Unable to prove that he was in the habit of praying in public, unable to cite a single instance of his ever having uttered a prayer in his family, this pious tale was fabricated. Intelligent Christians are ashamed of it. The Rev. E. D. Neill, of the Episcopal church, whose father's uncle owned the building occupied by Washington at Valley Forge, thus writes:

> There is a story about Washington being found in the woods in winter-time in prayer by the owner of the house which he used as his headquarters at Valley Forge, which I would like to believe, if it were not so improbable, and if it had not been first put in print by the eccentric and not very accurate Episcopal minister, Rev. Morgan L. Weems. . . . With a capacious and comfortable house at his disposal, it is hardly possible that the shy, silent, cautious Washington should leave such retirement and enter the leafless woods, in the vicinity of the winter encampment of an army, and engage in audible prayer.

Referring to the same subject, Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston, in a recent sermon, says:

> The pictures that represent him on his knees in the winter forest at Valley Forge are even silly caricatures. Washington was, at least, not sentimental, and he had nothing about him of the pharisee that displays his religion at street corners or out in the woods in the sight of observers, or where his portrait could be taken by "our special artist."

Even admitting that he did offer prayer at Valley Forge, there is no evidence that he ever resorted to its use again. The language he used at Monmouth a few months later was not the language of prayer. And even were it true that he habitually prayed, this would not demonstrate his faith in Christianity, for Deists, many of them, pray.

A century ago, it was the custom of all classes, irrespectiv of their religious beliefs, to attend church. Washington, adhering to the custom, attended. But it was noticed that whenever the administration of the sacrament took place, instead of partaking of the Lord's Supper, as a good Christian would hav done, he invariably arose and retired. A certain minister, fearing that such conduct on the part of so distinguished a person would hav a dangerous influence, took occasion to offer a mild rebuke. Washington quietly observed that he would giv the reverend gentleman no further trouble, and thereafter, on communion days, he remained at home.

Bishop White, of Philadelphia, the most eminent divine of his age in America, and a contemporary and acquaintance of Washington, in his "Memoirs" says:

> I do not believe that any degree of recollection will bring to my mind any fact which would prove General Washington to hav been a believer in the Christian revelation further than as may be hoped from his constant attendance upon Christian worship, in connection with the general reserve of his character. . . . Although I was often in company with this great man, and had the honor of dining often at his table, I never heard anything from him that could manifest his opinion on the subject of religion.

This statement does not afford positiv proof of Washington's disbelief, but is certainly strong presumptiv evidence of its truth. It is hardly possible to suppose that he could hav been a believer and hav let his most intimate Christian associates remain in total ignorance of the fact. Bishop White indulges a faint hope that he may hav been; but this hope is simply based on his "constant attendance" at church, and when we consider how large a proportion of those who attend church are unbelievers, that many of our most radical Freethinkers are regular churchgoers, there are very small grounds, I think, upon which to indulge even a hope. But even this "constant attendance" on the part of Washington cannot be accepted without some qualification. For, while it is true that he often attended church, he was by no means a constant attendant. Not only did he uniformly absent himself on communion days, but the entries in his diary show that he remained away for several Sundays in succession, spending his time at home reading and writing, riding out into the country, or in visiting his friends.

The closing years of his life, save the last two, were passed in Philadelphia, he being then president of the United States. While there he attended the Episcopal church, of which the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie was rector. Dr. Abercrombie was intimately acquainted with him, and probably knew as much about his religious opinions as any person. Upon afterward being interrogated as to his illustrious auditor's religious views, his emphatic reply was,

"Sir, Washington was a Deist."

Washington rarely attended, as we hav seen, any church but the Episcopal; hence, if any denomination of Christians could claim him as an adherent, it was this one. Yet, here we hav two of its most distinguished representativs, the one not knowing what his belief was, the other disclaiming him and asserting that he was a Deist.

In 1831, the Rev. Dr. Willson, a noted Presbyterian divine, of Albany, N. Y., preached a sermon deploring the fact that the founders of our nation were, for the most part, Infidels—that, of the presidents, not one had professed a belief in Christianity. Of Washington he said:

> Washington was a man of valor and wisdom. He was esteemed by the whole world as a great and good man; but he was not a professing Christian.

The sermon appeared in the Albany daily *Advertiser*, and attracted the attention of Robert Dale Owen, then a young man. Mr. Owen called to see Dr. Willson in regard to the statement. When the object of his visit was announced, the doctor frankly remarked, "As I conceive that truth is truth, whether it be for us or against us, I will not conceal from you any information on this subject, even such as I hav not given to the public." He then proceeded to recount evidence he had gathered from personal friends of Washington, and other sources, which fully convinced Mr. Owen that the statement made in his sermon was true beyond a doubt. In conclusion Dr. Willson said:

> I hav perused every line that he [Washington] ever gave to the public, and I do not find one expression in which he pledges himself as a believer in Christianity. I think anyone who will candidly do as I hav done, will come to the conclusion that he was a Deist and nothing more.

Some years ago I received a letter from the Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Pennsylvania, relativ to this subject. Mr. Bradford was at one time a prominent clergyman in the Presbyterian church, and was appointed by President Lincoln consul to Japan. He says:

> I know Dr. Wilson personally, and hav entertained him at my house, on which occasion he said, in my hearing, what my relativ, the Rev. Dr. Ashbell Green, of Philadelphia, frequently told me in his study, viz., that during the time that Congress sat in that city, the clergy, suspecting from good evidence that Washington was not a believer in the Bible as a revelation from heaven, laid a plan to extort from him a confession, either pro or con, but that the plan failed. Dr. Green was chaplain to Congress during all the time of its sitting in Philadelphia; dined with the president on special invitation nearly every week; was well acquainted with him, and after he had been dead and gone many years, often said, in my hearing, though very sorrowfully, of course, that while Washington was very deferential to religion and its ceremonies, like nearly all the founders of the republic, he was not a Christian, but a Deist.

After Washington's death, Jefferson made the following entry in his journal:

> Dr. Rush told me that when the clergy addressed General Washington, on his departure from the government, it was observed in their consultation that he had never, on any occasion, said a word to the public which showed a belief in the Christian religion, and they thought they should so pen their address as to force him at length to disclose publicly whether he was a Christian or not. However, he observed, the old fox was too cunning for them. He answered every article of their address particularly, except that, which he passed over without notice (Jefferson's Works, vol. iv, p. 572).

Jefferson further says:

> I know that Gouverneur Morris, who claimed to be in his secrets, and believed himself to be so, has often told me that General Washington believed no more in that system [Christianity] than he did (Ibid).

Judge J. B. Stallo, now minister to Italy, in an argument before the Superior Court of Cincinnati, made use of these words:

> The men who assembled in Philadelphia to frame our Constitution were, many of them, imbued with the spirit of Freethought then prevalent. I am not without apprehension that this will be found to be true, to a certain extent, of George Washington—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—who presided in that convention; that when you turn to the reliable accounts of the rhetoricians, who hav seen fit to meddle with it, the suspicion will arise that he would hardly hav subscribed to any of the dogmatic creeds of the day.

The Rev. M. J. Savage says: "Those best qualified to testify tell us that he [Washington] was decidedly Liberal in his theology in his mature manhood; and we know he was not shocked by the teachings of Thomas Paine. That he trusted in God, believed in a providence that in some large way guided human destiny, is, doubtless, true; but that he was an evangelical Christian is almost certainly not true."

Theodore Parker, referring to Washington, writes: "Silence is a figure of speech, and in the latter years of his life I suppose his theological opinions were those of John Adams, Dr. Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson."

That during all the maturer years of his life Washington was a disbeliever in Christianity, the testimony that I hav adduced is, I think, irrefutable. Was he ever a Christian communicant? In early life he may hav been, but there is no evidence that he was. It is true that for a time he held the position of vestryman, but this, being merely a temporal office in the parish, did not necessitate his being a communicant, or even a believer in Christianity.

The "People's Library of Information" contains the following:

> The question has been raised as to whether any one of our presidents was a communicant in a Christian church? There is a tradition that Washington asked permission of a Presbyterian minister in New Jersey to unite in communion. But it is only a tradition. Washington was a vestryman in the Episcopal church. But that office required no more piety than it would to be mate of a ship. There is no account of his communing in Boston, or in New York, or Philadelphia, or elsewhere, during the Revolutionary struggle.

Early in the present century, the rector of the Episcopal church of Alexandria instituted an exhaustiv investigation for the purpose of discovering, if possible, some proof of Washington having been a communicant. Letters of inquiry were addressed to his relativs and friends. But his efforts were unsuccessful. He says: "I found no person who had ever communed with him."

The Rev. E. D. Neill, in the *Episcopal Recorder*, says:

> The president [Washington] was not a communicant, notwithstanding all the pretty stories to the contrary, and, after the close of the sermon on sacramental Sundays, had fallen into the habit of retiring from the church while his wife remained and communed.

Had Washington been a Christian it is reasonable to suppose that on his death-bed, at least, he would hav let fall from his lips some word revealing the fact, conscious as he was from the first that his sickness must prove fatal. We hav the certificate of Dr. Craik and Dr. Dick, the physicians who attended him during his last illness, and this shows that he made

no recognition of Christ or Christianity. This is corroborated by the testimony of Washington's private secretary, Mr. Tobias Lear.

Robert Dale Owen says: "It is well known that the patriot on his death-bed sought none of the consolations of religion, and it has been confidently stated to me that he actually refused spiritual aid when it was proposed to send for a clergyman."

With the simple words, "I am not afraid to go," the hero of a dozen battle-fields surrendered.

JOHN E. REMSBURG.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Evolution and Spontaneous Generation.

When I made a brief criticism upon two points in Mr. Watts's interesting articles on "Evolution and Special Creation," I felt sure that my positions were correct, though well aware that his knowledge of the subject was much greater than mine. I hav read Mr. Watts's comments several times over, and it still looks to me exactly as it did before.

He says, "The evolution of the living from the non living must be a part of the great scheme." The "non-living" must be dead, and that the dead can evolve itself into the living seems to me a contradiction. Certainly, the "non-living" cannot form or enter into a scheme to suscitate itself. The terms "living," "non-living," and "scheme" would seem to be as unscientific as "spontaneous generation."

Mr. Watts inquires, "For, otherwise, how did the living originate?"

We might first ask where life originated, and the probable answer would be that life began in the open world, where all the forces and powers of nature were activ, not in a hermetically sealed receptacle, where all the conditions of life are carefully excluded. Organic life originated by evolution. The gradations from the inorganic to the organic are probably infinitesimal. There is probably no more prospect of our ever seeing the lowest and minutest organisms than there is of seeing the ultimate molecules of the substances of which they are composed. Organisms must originate in living, not in non-living, matter, and just so far as precautions are taken to prevent there being any possibility of living germs or sources of life in the substances experimented with, just so far it is rendered impossible that living organisms should be produced. Accordingly, Professor Tyndall, Pasteur, and others who have repeated all these experiments thousands of times, under "test" conditions, hav obtained no results. The method is unscientific. It claims to get the greatest results under the most unfavorable conditions. In fact, at the exact point where—if the experimenter has made no mistake—it has been rendered impossible that there should be any result whatever.

The experiments of Dr. Bastian and others can hav no bearing upon the *original* production of life, because they hav all been made upon infusions of the flesh or excretions of animals, or of turnips, hay, or some vegetable already in existence. All Dr. Bastian's experiments on "The Beginnings of Life"—if we admit his theory—would suggest is that the first organisms made their appearance in an infusion of beef or of turnips, and the question would still remain where the beef and turnips came from. No experiment has yet been made which givs the faintest intimation that organisms will appear in purely inorganic substances. Pasteur and Tyndall hav shown that fermentation and decomposition result *from* minute organisms and that these organisms are developed from germs which are floating in the air. Tyndall says: "Leeuwenhoek estimates the population of a single drop of stagnant water at 500,000,000; probably the population of a drop of our turbid infusion would be this many times multiplied." If these are the dimensions of the complete organisms, what must be the size of the germs from which they are evolved? And yet the whole theory of spontaneous generation depends, for verification, upon the supposition that Dr. Bastian succeeded, in his numerous experiments, in excluding every one of these germs and that yet organisms (evolved germs) appeared. Professor Tyndall and Pasteur hav repeated these experiments thousands of times, continuing them for years, and not in one instance, where atmospheric germs were excluded, was there a sign of putrefaction or of bacterial life, of which putrefaction is a result.

It is agreed, on both sides of this controversy, that so far as *knowledge* extends the germ theory is true. Mr. Watts admits that Pouchet found organisms in his tubes because (as Pasteur showed) he failed to exclude these atmospheric germs. What Pouchet's experiments contained was not evidence of spontaneous generation, but evidence that he had made a mistake; and yet Mr. Watts would seem to hold that some other man's probable mistakes, which hav not yet been exposed, are to be taken as evidence of spontaneous generation.

Professor Tyndall has done the same service for Dr. Bastian that Pasteur has for Pouchet. Let anyone of a logical and scientific turn of mind read Dr. Bastian's "Beginnings of Life" and then read Tyndall's "Floating Matter of the Air," and I think he will find about as much left in support of *heterogenesis* as there was left to support Spiritualism in last winter's experiments at Liberal—after the fire. The philosophical way is to let evolution cover the entire ground; to concede, on the most extended evidence, that the processes of nature are continuous and uniform, and not, as soon as we get as far as we can see at present, conclude that the continuity is broken and there has been a sudden jump out of the darkness. Every inference of that kind has been proved a mistake, as far as experiments hav proved anything, and there are oceans of room for more mistakes, and no prospect of a discovery.

The other proposition, that man is the last and highest of the animal creation, is simply a matter of fact. That man is now the highest no one questions. That he is the termination of the evolutional series to which he belongs and hence must hav been the last of that series is also true. The reason he is the highest is that he is capable of indefinit improvement without specific change, and that he has been on this earth, and advancing, so long that all other species of mammals which, in early Pliocene times, were his contemporaries, hav disappeared, and their descendants evolved into new species.

I contented myself with Professor Huxley's statement because he never overstates, and, if he is almost—if not quite—alone, as Mr. Watts thinks, it will probably be found that nearly all recent writers hav stated the case stronger than he has.

For instance, take this extract from Professor Fiske's "Excursions of an Evolutionist," pp. 32–34:

> Among the mammalia the first species that has continued to liv down to the present time—namely, the African hippopotamus, in the upper Pliocene strata of Auvergne. . . . Now, from the fact that of these Pliocene mammals, every one has long since become extinct except the hippopotamus, Mr. Dawkins proceeds to argue that it is not likely that man inhabited Europe at that period. The alleged instances, three in number, of the recurrence of human remains in Pliocene strata, he pronounces unsatisfactory. And he does not even mention the brilliant investigations of the Geological Survey of Portugal, which hav brought to light flint implements, of undoubted human workmanship, in great abundance in the Pliocene strata of that country, buried under 1,200 feet of superincumbent rock. These discoveries set forth by M. Bibeiro, in 1871, are cited by Professor Whitney as furnishing conclusiv evidence of the presence of man in Portugal during the Pliocene period. Professor Whitney has collected a great amount of evidence which seems to prove that man existed in California at an equally remote date. Now, it is perfectly clear that the human race must hav existed for a long time before it could become so widely dispersed over the earth as to occupy countries as distant from each other as California and Portugal. For the first appearance of man on the earth we must go, therefore, far back in the Pliocene period, at any rate, and if we are to find the missing link, the primordial stock of primates from which man has been derived, we must undoubtedly look for it in the Miocene.

It seems important that we should hav, as far as possible, a correct statement of what the theory of evolution really implies. You ask the first intelligent man you meet what he understands by Darwinism, and he will probably tell you it is the theory that man descended from a monkey. But what it does imply, is only that man, with the other primates, at a remote period, had a common ancestry. Man is not the termination of the animal kingdom as it exists now, but only of a particular branch or evolutional series, which diverged from the common stock millions of ages ago. There were higher apes in the Miocene than now. Retrogression is almost as conspicuous a fact in paleontological history as progression.

D. PRIESTLEY.

Milwaukee, Or.

The Constitutional Right of Women to Vote.

The adoption of this Constitution of the United States as the fundamental law thereof placed all citizens on an equality before the law.

No privileged class is known to this instrument of justice. "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof shall be the supreme law of the land," but all laws enacted by Congress and the legislatures which do not accord with it shall be null and void.

Art. xiv, sec. 1, of this document says: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and the state wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law."

Do our state laws admit that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and the state wherein they reside? Yes.

If so, are women who are born in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, citizens of the United States and the state wherein they reside? Yes.

Has any state a Constitutional right to make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of female citizens of the United States? Does this Constitution in any way debar woman suffrage? No.

Art. xiv, sec. 1, reads thus: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

Does the Constitution of the United States giv any state the authority to make or enforce any law which shall deny or abridge the right of citizens of the United States to vote on account of sex? No.

Art. i, sec. 2, says: "The House of Representativs shall be chosen every second year by the people of the several states."

Does the word *people* here imply that the male portion shall do all the voting? No.

Art. iv, sec. 4, of this document says: "The United States shall guarantee to every state in this Union a republican form of government." Do we understand by this article that the representativs shall be elected by only half the people? No.

Does the Constitution of the United States deny any privileges or immunities to women that it concedes to men? Does it in any way guarantee the male citizens a legal right to legislate for the female citizens "in all cases whatsoever?" No.

Does the law of suffrage in the state constitutions acquiesce with the laws of suffrage in the United States Constitution? No.

If not, are the state laws of suffrage valid and binding? No.

Is not the word *male* in the state laws or suffrage erroneous and unconstitutional? Yes.

Does the Constitution of the United States need an amendment granting female suffrage any more than it needed an amendment granting male suffrage? It is the state constitutions that need an amendment, by canceling the word *male*, thereby making them acquiesce with the fundamental law that knows no privileged class. Is it exactly the fair thing to count us as persons when the representativs are apportioned among the several states? I think not. And is not this one-sided legislation only an assumed power? How can it be otherwise when there is not one article, section, clause, or word in all the Constitution of the United States that concedes to male citizens any privileges or immunities that it denies to female citizens?

This is the authority on which I demanded my right to vote at the general election in Clarinda, Iowa, November 2, 1886, and I was denied the privilege the United States Constitution givs me by a state law, and I will test the constitutionality of the case in the courts.

History teaches that old empires fell because their governors forgot to put justice into their governments. When a government falls for want of justice, it "falls, like Lucifer, never to hope again."

An ex-representativ told me that woman suffrage never could be established by litigation; that we had better spend our money in good literature on the subject. Surely, "a Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel." Said representativ may hold his breath until the coming of the "second Daniel."

The opponents of female suffrage want us to content ourself writing for justice and begging for a legislativ corner, and the more we write and beg, the more they are pleased and amused, for they very well know we neither hav to beg nor assume, but demand the privileges and immunities that the Constitution of the United States givs us.

"Put justice into this government," is the cry of the "ninety and nine" to-day, and it will be done, for the majority will eventually rule, and the present injustice will fall, as did his satanic majesty, "never to hope again," and

> The night so dreary and dark and long
> At last shall the morning bring,
> And over the land the victor's song
> Of the ninety and nine shall ring.

Yours, for constitutional justice,

Clarinda, Ia. MRS. LIDA JOHNSON.

P.S.—We will be very grateful to any members of the bar who think this subject worthy of note if they will express their views on these questions through the columns of this paper. L. J.

A New Twist of Revelation.

The origin of man as described in Genesis having been published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will offer a theory of human destiny on this planet as described in the book of Revelation. We hav the figure of a scarlet beast with seven heads and ten horns, and of a woman who is named, in big letters, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth. It is explained that the seven heads are as many kings; probably the seven empires that hav dominated the civilized world and passed away. The beast will be the eighth, is of the seven, and his empire is yet to be established. It is well known to hav been the leading ambition of Peter the Great to establish just such an empire with Russian domination, and he transmitted that ambition to his successors, who as yet are heirs-at-law for the patrimony, with a reasonable prospect of winning. That appears to be the head and front of what is called "the Eastern question."

It is further explained that the ten horns represent ten kings; probably the ten nationalities that consti-

tuted the Roman empire, who had not then received their crowns, but hav since received them. These shall be of one mind; and shall giv their strength unto the beast and reign with him one hour, and in that brief space they shall annihilate the mother of harlots and make her desolate. In the description given of this figure, we are informed that "the merchants of the earth waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies;" otherwise, "through her fornications." All merchandise being private wealth, exchange is a necessity; and merchants wax rich through the profits of exchange. Therefor, there is nothing on this planet but private wealth that answers to this description of the mother of harlots. We are further informed that "the merchants of the earth shall weep over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more." Nevertheless, the people must hav merchandise, and, unless the empire of the beast is state feudalism, and will supply the people with merchandise, for their labor, without money and without price, they must buy of the merchants. What else than state feudalism can possibly lift the masses of Europe and Asia out of the poverty, misery, and degradation into which private wealth has plunged them, and is rapidly plunging the working people of America? Like cause should produce like effect everywhere, conditions being equal. How long will the Christian governments of Christian peoples permit and foster such an outrageous blasphemy?

We are further informed that when the empire of the beast is established, another movement will begin that is illustrated by the figure of a warrior on a white horse whose sword is in his mouth; which indicates that he will conquer by the force of truth and logic, that slays without shedding blood and kills to make alive. "The beast and false prophet [the church] will be taken and cast alive into the lake burning with fire and brimstone." Which simply indicates that the empire of the beast will be annihilated and nobody seriously hurt. The remnant will be slain with the sword that proceedeth out of the mouth of him who sitteth upon the white horse. Then comes the figure of the resurrection, and the chaining of the dragon, that old serpent, etc. The allusion to the "old serpent" should remind us of the garden of Eden and the forbidden fruit. If man died a physical death on the day that he transgressed, the human race should hav become extinct. Therefore, the fact that man yet livs on this planet, and has evidently "come to stay," is *prima facie* evidence that physical death has not passed upon the human race, nor is it likely to. But the dissolution of human brotherhood has passed upon the human race, and dissolution is death. That being the only death that has passed upon the race, the restoration of human brotherhood is the only resurrection that is promised or is possible. Therefore, the figure of a resurrection in Revelations can imply nothing else than the restoration of human brotherhood; and a brotherhood should logically require paternal government. It is generally admitted to be the inherent right and duty of parents to govern their families. The nation being but a community of families, those who hav an inherent right to govern the families, respectivly, should hav an inherent right to govern the nation collectivly. Placing the entire wealth of the nation in control of such a government will but place it in control of those who hav an inherent right to control it, and who will be the most likely to make an equitable disposition of it. That is Communism, and can only be realized by Nihilism; nevertheless, it is Bibleism.

J. A. TUTTLE.

The Liberal Club.

The man who has been using this column lately to spread abroad the proceedings of the Manhattan Liberal Club was unable to attend the 424th regular meeting of that body. In order, therefore, that whatever of value might transpire on the occasion in question should not be lost to the outside world, he made arrangements with the assistant editor of a well-known scientific journal to be present and take notes. The record seems to indicate that the aforesaid assistant editor was there, accompanied by his better half. Neither has since been seen, but some stray notes in a lady's handwriting, found on the secretary's table, hav fallen into the hands of the writer of these lines.

From the notes it appears that Miss Anna Johnson, secretary of the New York Labor Lyceum, read a paper on "The Law, Socialism, and Anarchy;" that Miss Johnson looked too nice for anything; that minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted; that a good audience was present; and that the assistant editor aforesaid, instead of taking notes, went to call on a chum who lives near by, and did not return until near the close of the meeting. The law was so entangled with Socialism and Anarchy that it was difficult to discriminate one from the others.

Lawyer Searing thought it well that the lecture had been delivered, and closed his remarks by quoting from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." At or about the end of the quotation a cold snap set in which lasted up to the present writing, and which was emphasized by the first snow of the season.

Mr. Levering, a returned prodigal, who came back like morn new-risen on high noon, spoke briefly but eloquently.

Dr. Kinget had something to say of an interesting nature.

Mr. Sutherland addressed the meeting in his usual poetic and somewhat florescent style.

Mr. Wm. Boyd, an outsider, passed a series of observations upon the subject matter of Miss Johnson's paper.

Mrs. Leonard closed the debate, and the Chair announced that the card for December was the best one yet.

The lectures for the remainder of December will be as follows: 10th, "The Basic Law of Ownership," by Edward G. Clark, author of "Man's Birthright;" 17th, "The Coming Constitutional Convention. What ought and ought not to be done thereat," by Prof. Van Buren Denslow; 24th, "The Yule Tide Festival," program to be arranged by the club; 31st, "Commemoration of the Distinguished Dead of the Year," program to be arranged by the club.

A Talk With Friends.

The motiv power of Liberalism is entirely unlike that of Christianity. Christianity appeals to a God and Bible and the world to come; Liberalism appeals to simple humanity and justice. It can force nothing. Unless its organization is one of attraction, it will drop to pieces. There is no sovereign power to make all think alike or act in common. There is no Jehovah to guide, but reason only; and that which binds together is confidence in one another and in the cause.

Without confidence there can be no unity and no strength. It is as essential that we believe in one another as that we believe in the cause itself. If we work for our cause, we must work with those who to our minds represent the honor of that cause.

I hope that every friend will read the directors' report in regard to the transactions of the American Secular Union during the past year, so that they may fully realize the difficulties that hav been in the way, and see that, in spite of them all, progress has been made. They will discover, I think, a purpose for the common good, and an endeavor for the right. That report must remove every cause for suspicion that there has been other than earnest and honest effort. With confidence thus established, surely we can do better hereafter. We are no longer raw recruits, but a veteran corps. We hav become acquainted in adversity. If our numbers are less, those who remain know each other thoroughly, for we hav summered and wintered together, and no shock can break our ranks.

The secretary has not been made richer by this work, but pecuniarily poorer. He starts on the new year without a cent of money, or any guarantee. Moody trusts in God. The secretary of the Union does not. So far as God is concerned, he will undoubtedly starve to death. He believes, however, in Liberals and in Liberalism, and is richer than he was two years ago, in the friends he has met, in the signs of progress seen, in sympathy and labor with world-wide movements, and he regrets nothing.

Freethought in the state must triumph in order that all things else both good and beautiful may triumph. Truth is for progress, truth is for nobility, truth is for manhood, and with truth we stake our fortune. I believe in the Liberals of America, and the work they do will some day vindicate the grandeur of their convictions.

There has been some difference of opinion among friends as to the best method of work, but all differences will disappear when the nature of our work is thoroughly understood. The opposition of some to present methods is based upon the idea that the Liberals of the country are thoroughly organized, and therefore a home secretary is all that is needed to keep the machinery in motion by correspondence, distribution of pamphlets, etc. This will do for the churches, but it will not do for the Liberals, who are not as yet thoroughly organized, as the churches are. The Freethought of to-day is in a very uncrystallized condition. It flows in a thousand currents. Like the sea, it breaks in a million directions. Freethought is too mighty ever to be fully organized. It can never, like Christianity, become a church, an institution, a form. It will always be a spirit—chainless as the lightnings, and immeasurable as the sky and sea.

If it were not for political power, I should never think of a Freethought organizaaion. If there were perfect liberty in the world, there would be no need of organization. Each one then could liv his life, freely mingling and freely separating.

But what is political power? It is simply physical force, and this force to-day is allied with superstition, untruth, ignorance, and bigotry. Political power is tyranny to-day, and infringes upon personal liberty. Therefore we are compelled to organize in self-defense. The issue cannot be avoided. Self-respect commands us to do something. The Liberal who declares that under present circumstances there should be no organization for the maintenance of political rights, insults his own manhood. The Liberal who to-day says he has liberty enough is a most unworthy American. He is so used to servitude that he knows not that the fetters are on him. He is more contemptible than a Christian. He has more wisdom, but less integrity and conviction. The Liberal who to-day is not in favor of common effort for freedom is either the most selfish of men, or the most brutalized in his feeling, for he submits to slavery with the instincts and habits of a coward.

We must organize, for organized physical force is against us. All the philosophy we may hav, and music, and art, and poetry, and knowledge, and wealth, and leisure do not palliate this fact. To a certain extent, all men are political slaves. They may roll in wealth, and despise the church and minister, but the church and minister rule them, and if they hav not manhood to resist and help others to resist, then their manhood is rotten. The Freethinker who quietly submits to ecclesiastical domination through the power of the state is the most abject of serfs. He stultifies his conscience by the very enlightenment of his reason.

We must organize in behalf of liberty, and until liberty is achieved there must be no cessation of effort. The fact that Liberalism to-day is organized but to a small extent compels activ field work. The desired result can be attained only by the living voice. This is the supreme method of all reform as history attests. The platform is the mighty agency. No political party can win votes without this. After the speech comes with added influence the Freethought press. The speech, however, is that which agitates, arouses, and creates discussion, and fires the heart and brain as nothing else can. If the objects of the American Secular Union were simply philosophical, or literary, or scientific—merely to giv information or increase knowledge—then pamphlet distribution or letter correspondence might do, but the fundamental object of the Union is political. It is for political action, for change in the laws of the land. It is not an institution but a movement, and it is not for the giving of knowledge only, but for the creation of a specific impulse. It is to influence men to do something, as well as to think something. It is for practical energy as well as intellectual enlightenment. Therefore, to achieve its end, it must use the most activ and the most practical of all forces, the platform.

When this is understood there will be no question as to the best method of work. There is a positiv evil in society against which we must contend. There is an outrage and injustice to every man. There must be a reform in the government. There must be a change in the administrativ power of civilization. The American Secular Union fundamentally is a political party. It is not a philosophical or scientific association. Therefore, it must adopt those means by which a political party achieves its triumph. It must devote itself to field work; it must arouse and agitate. There must be coöperation. The strong must help the weak. There must be a national fraternity, for the Union deals with national issues; with what is fundamental and permanent in politics. Local organizations can effect but little in this direction without combination. There might be social and intellectual improvement of a high order by simply local societies; and, if social and intellectual improvement were all that is needed, then local societies might work independently. But when a political wrong is to be removed, both in state and national government, then there must be a combination of effort. The American Secular Union represents this combination of the friends of freedom throughout the land. If this Union ceases to be, it will be many years before there will be another organization to represent the same great purpose. If one, therefore, wishes to assert the dignity of his own rights, to be a free and equal citizen with all others in the exercise of his personal liberty, then he will stand by the American Secular Union. The Union cannot represent everything. There must be differentiation and specialty of work. But the work of the Union, narrow though it may seem to some, is of transcendent importance. If there is to be social harmony, humanitarian effort, a vast and splendid republic that shall bear the shield of justice to millions of people, and represent reason instead of bigotry, then indeed the work of the Union is of the noblest order. Freethought is the highest thought, the highest life in literature and art, and it is equally so in the state. Certainly every friend of progress, believing in universal as well as individual welfare, will do what he can for the attainment of the objects of the American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

W. F. JAMIESON is still at work in Colorado lecturing every Sunday evening in December to increasing congregations, and in towns near Denver, week evenings. He was lecturing in Greeley, a second course, Nov. 29th, 30th, and Dec. 1st; will giv a second course in Longmont. Address, Denver, Col.

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Chicago Secular Notes.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

Long before the usual time for the lecture, the rooms of the Chicago Secular Union were crowded last Sunday. Every seat was filled, a fringe of compact humanity sat around the rostrum, the aisles were lined, and clustered around the doors were late comers, whose looks of disgust plainly betokened deep despair and disappointment at being unable to find standing-room to hear the lecture of the evening. It was the greatest outpouring we ever had—a regular red-letter day for the Chicago Secular Union, and a deserved testimony of admiration and esteem for Mrs. A. M. Freeman, who was to repeat her brilliant review of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." Her lecture bristles with profound logic, bravely and beautifully expressed in choicest language, delivered with a lucid finish and fervor born of intense conviction, coupled with all necessary study and cultivation. For one hour, without manuscript and without a flaw, she held her auditors in that stillness that permits of no interruption, that allows no word to be lost that escapes the speaker's lips, and whose eyes follow feverishly her every gesture, who seemed, for the time being, "drunk with delight." It was a supreme effort of a woman possessing sterling genius, as the rapturous applause at its conclusion amply testified. I will neither attempt to quote or synopsize it. That lecture must be heard to be appreciated.

I know no one in the West better able to judge of its literary beauties than our learned friend, Gen. M. M. Trumbull, who prefaced his criticism by this commendation of the lecturer:

> I am always delighted and instructed when I hear Mrs. Freeman lecture, and also somewhat ashamed—ashamed to know that people will still flock in crowds to hear the superstitious drivel that usually emanates from the pulpits and help to sustain them in their gorgeousness, while lectures of the quality we hav heard to-night are confined to one small society in this great city. Mrs. Freeman's voice should be heard in the largest hall in the city—aye, and beyond the city, too—for I believe I am quite within bounds when I say there is not, in this whole country, half a dozen women of equal genius."

Possibly the above is not the general's exact language, but that is the substance of his remarks, and in that opinion I most heartily concur.

It is Mrs. Freeman's intention shortly to activly enter the lecture field, and if she attains the success her years of gratuitous lecturing for Liberalism deserve, she will meet with unbounded enthusiasm and substantial encouragement.

ROUSING RESOLUTIONS.

Seven months ago, the controling element of district assembly 24, Knights of Labor, were a lot of Democratic office-holding or wire-pulling politicians, and their organ, at that time under their complete control, was *The Knights of Labor*. It vomited this sort of venom against the then untried Anarchists:

> Let it be understood by all the world that the Knights of Labor hav no affiliation, association, sympathy, or respect for the band of cowardly murderers, cutthroats, and robbers known as Anarchists, who sneak through the country like midnight assassins, stirring up the passions of ignorant foreigners, unfurling the red flag of Anarchy, and causing riot and bloodshed. Parsons, Spies, Fielden, Most, and their followers, sympathizers, aiders, and abettors should be summarily dealt with. They are entitled to no more consideration than wild beasts. The leaders are cowards and their followers are fools.
>
> Knights of Labor, boycott them. If any of the gang of scoundrels should by any means get access to our organization, expel them at once. Brand them as outlawed monsters. Do not even permit yourselvs to hold conversation with one of them. Treat them as they deserve to be treated, as human monstrosities.
>
> We are sure we voice the sentiment of the entire organization when we say and hope that Parsons, Spies, Most, Fielden, and the whole gang of outlaws be blotted from the surface of the earth.

They also recommended, with an eye single to sustaining their brother, Parsons, in his hour of trial, that "they [the Anarchists] should be hung first and tried afterward." This element hav persistently claimed that those who expressed sympathy for them or denounced the foul conspiracy to hang them represented but an insignificant faction. Let me say that that element no longer dominates district 24, and that an entire new deal has taken place in the office of *The Knight of Labor*, much to the credit of the paper. A joint meeting of district 24 and district 57, comprising four hundred delegates to the two districts in Cook county, and representing nearly twenty thousand members, met in joint session last Tuesday evening and adopted the following declaration almost unanimously:

> We believe that the verdict in the recent trial condemning seven men to death and sentencing one to fifteen years' imprisonment was an outrage upon common justice and an assault on free speech and the right of the people to peaceably assemble for the discussion of their grievances.

It does not pay to be too previous; these gentlemen were too *sure* they *voiced the sentiment of the entire organization*, but they are not likely ever to be asked to speak for the entire organization again. They hav been ignominiously sat down upon in every way. This does not prove that these twenty thousand members are Anarchists, for I will venture to assert that there are not fifty Anarchists among these twenty thousand members, nor more than two or three hundred Socialists. It is nothing but intelligence yielding to the unfolding of facts—facts which were attempted to be suppressed by the trial, and even that, with the garbled reports given, convinced thousands that those men were not guilty and must not be hung. It is safe to say that they will hav a new trial. If so, they will never, in my opinion, be convicted again.

KNIGHTS AND THE SACRAMENT.

Canadian advices say that the Oblat Fathers, in the lower province, refuse to giv the holy sacrament to any Knight of Labor. I am very glad of it. Any man that wants a sacrament will never be, while in that state of mind, any good to a labor organization. He could get a great deal more good from an ordinary free lunch. This priest ridiculed with some justification the idea that the order was a mutual benefit society, saying that while one officer got five thousand dollars a year salary, it looked as though the officers alone were benefited. Two wrongs do not make one right, but I think I hav heard of one officer of a Catholic society benefiting to the extent of about five million dollars out of the members of his order.

Nevertheless, it is about time the members of the order of Knights of Labor, who hav any manhood, to make themselvs felt in opposition to the policy of its chief executiv in surrendering its secrets to the representativs of dogmatic creeds and mildewed superstitions for their approval or disapproval. If Cardinal Gibbons was a member he might, with propriety, be consulted; but then his opinion would be worth no more than that of any other member. Will Brother Powderly be consistent enough to recommend the presentation of the rules of the order to the representativs of the Protestant denominations? And, to be above suspicion of sectarianism, he might drop around to consult Colonel Ingersoll, the intellectual athlete, who would soon knock out of the program any suspicion of a personal deity.

But when the order confesses that it has not brains enough within itself to make its own laws, it is high time for it to change its officers—or die. An organization for the *advancement* of labor should put little trust in a church whose chief boast is that it "never changes." Cardinal Manning ought to be authority on the attitude of the Roman church. The New York *Tablet*, of Oct. 9, 1864, published a sermon of his when archbishop of Westminster, in which he delivered himself of this insolent utterance:

> I [speaking for the pontiff] acknowledge no civil power; I claim to be the subject of no prince, and I claim more than this—I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men, of the peasant who tills the field, and of the prince who sits upon the throne; of the household that livs in the shade of privacy, and the legislator who makes laws for kingdoms. I am the sole, last, supreme judge of what is right and wrong.

When Catholicism obtains control we shall need neither courts nor legislatures. The priest will be primate, judge, and executioner. E. A. STEVENS.

Our London Letter.

A report just published by the commissioners of prisons shows that whereas in 1878 there were 20,833 prisoners in our jails, there are now only about 16,500, the population having increased by three to four millions. It is stated that the prison chaplains consider this considerable diminution is largely due to the Education act. Surely such a fact as the above should be sufficient to convince any one of the superiority of secular education over ignorance and superstition. Christianity has had nearly nineteen centuries to practice its principles, and compulsory education not so many years; the former has continually multiplied crimes and criminals; the latter, though only in its infancy, has decreased these to an enormous extent. Yet, in the face of this, there are still large numbers of people who hav the assurance to affirm that Christianity is the only civiliizing and beneficial influence in existence. At the time of the passing of the School Board act, it was declared by the majority of the clergy and their dupes that such a law would increase crime to an alarming extent, more particularly forgery; but as it is now found that such is not the case, and that the consequences hav been exactly the reverse, the same people are boasting that they hav always been friends of general education, and did all they could to influence the legislation in its favor. So far hav these assertions been believed that several clergymen hav been elected to sit on the Board, with the natural result that, while pretending to help on the cause, they are in reality doing all in their power to hinder it. The Secular party will hav still to fight hard before they succeed in getting what they require, viz., a *free*, *compulsory*, and *secular* education, not only in name, but in reality.

The correspondence published in the papers respecting the transfer of a married woman from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic church without the knowledge or consent of her husband caused very little excitement, although efforts were made to fan the flame of controversy on the subject. A great deal was attempted to be made of the fact that the new acquisition to the "Scarlet Woman" was now and again closeted for some time with the priest who did the business, but as this thing is of such common occurrence, it did not apparently surprise anybody. To the Freethinker the distinction between the two sects is so small that it is scarcely worth noticing. The chief point in the whole affair is the indignation of the lord and master, in that his property should be tampered with, and that the living chattel should hav dared to presume to be saved in any other way than the owner wished or ordered.

Although fresh Christian journals are frequently being brought into existence, I should think it must be a tremendous struggle for some of them to exist, or they would scarcely hav to write to the promoters of new companies, good and bad—more particularly the latter—stating that on receipt of ten guineas and a copy of the prospectus, a leader would appear in praise of the undertaking, in addition to a conspicuous advertisment. This little dodge would not take in people with any commercial knowledge, but as these papers mostly circulate in the provinces, it is easy to see how many pious people with small capital would be induced to speculate and lose their little all in consequence of such a nefarious practice. On the other hand, it may be that the editor should be applauded for doing his best to carry out (on other people) the saying attributed to the carpenter's son: "Blessed be ye poor," and if thereby he is insuring them a future great reward, let blessings rather than cursings be showered on his head. J. D.

London, Dec. 2, 1886.

Washington's Religion.

As supplementary to Mr. Remsburg's consideration of George Washington's religious views, it may be timely to reprint the following correspondence from a memoir of Bishop White, by Dr. Willson, of Philadelphia, 1839, page 196:

Colonel Mercer to Bishop White.

. . . . I hav a desire, my dear sir, to know whether General Washington was a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal church, or whether he *occasionally* went to the communion only, or *if ever he did so at all*. . . . No authority can be so authentic and complete as yours on this point.

Bishop White to Colonel Mercer.

"PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15, 1835.

DEAR SIR: In regard to the subject of your inquiry, truth requires me to say that General Washington never received the communion in the churches of which I am the parochial minister. . . . I hav been written to by many on that point, and hav been obliged to answer them as I now do you. I am respectfully,

Your humble servant, WILLIAM WHITE.

Again, by the bishop, in the same book:

The father of our country, whenever in Philadelphia, attended Christ church. His behavior was always serious and attentiv. But on the point of kneeling during the service, I owe it to truth to say that I never saw him in that attitude. Although I was often in company with this great man, and had the honor of dining often at his table. I never heard anything from him that could manifest his opinions on the subject of religion. WILLIAM WHITE.

The Picture Incomplete.

From the Kansas Blade.

Last week's TRUTH SEEKER had a very impressiv "Thanksgiving Sermon." It was a cut of a cabin home, of a husband and wife and two children. There is a stove, but no fire; a teakettle, but no steam escaping from it; an empty teapot, a soup-bowl and spoon, but no soup; a rickety old table leans against the wall; the wife sits in an old-fashioned chair, and another chair rests against the wall for support; one child is barefooted, and the other child and the wife hav on the cheapest of stogies; the clock in the corner marks ten minutes of twelve, and the family in tears, saying: "No work, no fuel, no food! What hav we to be thankful for?"

The picture is true to the "home life" of many thousands of families on "Thanksgiving day."

To hav made it more impressiv, there should hav been a million-dollar church edifice and a swarm of people entering it dressed in silks, satins, and the finest of broadcloth, al sparkling with diamonds and jewels. A beggar by the roadside with extended palms and a lofty scorn depicted upon the countenances of "God's elect" would hav added truth and effect to the scene.

The man who has nothing to do but clip his coupons, or the trader whose yearly profits exceed his expenses; the office holder whose yearly salary exceeds the farmer's lifetime profits; the manufacturer, who builds a palace from a single year's income from the toil of ten thousand drudges, may, with indecent propriety, "thank God for benefits received;" but the farmer, who has toiled a year, lived frugally, denied himself all but barely the commonest amusements; the laborer, whose income, in spite of the practice of the most rigid economy, is required for each day's support; the hundreds of still worse unfortunate—sick, disabled, heartbroken—hav nothing to "thank God" for, and it is a mockery and insult to suggest that he "thank" him or anyone else.

H. W. BEECHER says that the Jews and Samaritans were both very religious. "That they were pious is evident from the fact that they hated each other without intermission. Most hatreds," continues the preacher, "hav some passions behind them; religious hatred has conscience behind it; and when a man's conscience sets him to hate his brother there is no morning to that night." Yet Mr. Beecher is presumably religious.

Communications.

Man and Beast.

THE COMMON LOT.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
  There lived a man; and who was he?
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
  That man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
  The land in which he died unknown,
His name has perished from the earth,
  This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear
  Alternate triumphed in his breast,
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
  Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
  The changing spirit's rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him,
  For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
  Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
  And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
  Hath lost in its unconscious womb.
Oh, she was fair! but naught could save
  Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
  Encountered all that troubles thee,
He was whatever thou hast been,
  He is what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
  Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
  To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
  That once their shades and glory threw,
Hav left in yonder silent sky
  No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
  Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
  Than this—there lived a man.—*Montgomery.*

Man is an intelligent animal. He is sometimes spoken of as a rational being. Theologically, he is called a living soul.

He comes into the world with no knowledge or remembrance of a former existence, and he leaves it against his will and consent. As a rocket sent up into the higher atmosphere, he meets resistance at every step, and when the vital force of his nature is consumed he falls to the earth a useless mass of decaying matter, and his name and path are soon forgotten.

Although the life of the individual is of but short duration, yet he has pleasure, comfort, joy, and, at times, ecstatic delight.

He also experiences pain, sorrow, desolation, and want. He is the most important thing in the world—to himself. He is often the least important to everyone else. He is at times a messenger of joy and happiness to his friends and countrymen. At other times he is a friend of strife, hate, and destruction to them. He acts and is acted upon by everything that surrounds him. Physically and intellectually, he is circumscribed in power and influence by education, shortness of life, and many other circumstances. In thought and aspiration his mind is unlimited by time, space, or condition in life.

In his mind's eye, although but a stable-boy, he sees himself elevated to the highest position in the gift of his countrymen. With that eye he looks out into space far beyond the scope of the most powerful instrument it is possible to construct, and no microscope will ever be invented that can reveal the ethereal forms his mind is conscious of having seen. And yet he is accounted, by those who hav used him as a football, as only a moving clod, or animated dust He has eyes and sees not, ears and hears not, and reason and yet cannot comprehend his own meanness, hypocrisy, cowardice, and mental servility. This is a picture of man as we look at him from a philosophical standpoint.

Now, let us look at the soulless brute, with whom it is claimed that man has no hereditary connection. In what does man differ from the beasts of the forest the insects, and birds of the air, the reptils of the earth, and the fishes of the waters? They can feel, hear, see, smell, and taste with more acuteness; they can distinguish power and capacity, color, form, and quality in everything that ministers to their wants or that can injure or destroy them. They hav reason, memory, and will power. In their process of reasoning, those that hav the greatest thinking power decide a question slowly, and those that hav the least thinking power decide a question quicker than a flash of lightning. They make war individually and collectivly, as two men, or the armies of two nations. They play, sing, caress each other, and enjoy companionship. Many of them labor from early dawn until evening's twilight. Many of them are loafers, who bask in the sun or sleep in the shade until hunger compels them to look for something to eat. Many are also provident in their habits; they harvest fruit and nuts and store them away for winter use. Without instruments they cut down trees, build bridges, houses, and cities. They spin, weave, and construct marine walls and islands. They hav social habits, love of kind and kindred, and sympathy for the injured and helpless. They can love and protect a friend, resent an insult, and hate an enemy. They can rejoice and express their joy and happiness, and be touched with sorrow in the presence of the dead. In what, then, is man greater than that which he calls an animal? It is not necessary to ask if he can change the order of the heavens in order to demonstrate that he is limited in physical and intellectual power. No, we do not need to compare man to the eternal, world-constructing, life-producing power manifest in the operations of nature to show how very feeble he is in some respects. Let us compare him to some of the animal forms he is familiar with. Can he dig up the earth with his nose, as a hog? Cut down trees with his teeth, as a beaver? Make honey, as a bee? Spin from his own body a thread, as a silkworm? Spin a thread and weave a net, as a spider? Build a hinged box from the product of his own stomach, as a clam? Propel himself against the current of a rapidly running stream, as a trout? Mount the air and contend successfully with the stormy gale, as a bird? The structural form and specific capacity of each of these was given to it by the environments of its ancestors. The lives of their immediate ancestors were preserved by being able to accommodate themselvs to their surroundings. In their efforts to sustain life, the hog became a plowman; the beaver a wood-feller and mason; the bee a botanist and manufacturer, and the spider a weaver and spinner. Insects, birds, and beasts became carpenters, masons, architects, artists, and musicians. In fact, nearly every art, even the art of government, is exhibited in the homes and haunts of the various forms of insect life. Therefore, it is clearly manifest that man, with all the cunning of his hands, the keenness of his senses, the genius of his mind, the power and capacity of his muscles, and the so-called divinity of his soul, can but partially imitate that which he usually considers nothing but a worthless insect or a dirty beast. In what is man greater than the animal? In special degrees of sentiment he is greater; in genius and power of intellect he is greater; in his hand and foot he is superior to all animals. But it was the necessities of his animal ancestors which gave to him that hand and foot. And these hands and feet, with all their marvelous capacity, hav developed the brain and body and placed man in the position which he now occupies as lord and master of the earth. The same character of circumstances which gave a hoof to the horse, gave to man a foot with a muscular lever which has enabled him to maintain an upright position and to travel to every part of the earth. If the animal ancestors of man, any time before the ape type had become fixed in form, had been compelled by force of circumstances to make the sand or rocky deserts of the earth their permanent abode, they would now hav feet like horses, cows, camels, or ostriches. And if our apish ancestor had continued to dwell forever in the forests of the world, an ape he still would be and nothing more.

Because he sought safety at the sea-shore from the jaws of fierce carnivorous beasts, where he was compelled to liv or subsist on marine animals principally, and, having no trees to climb, was compelled to stay on the ground continually—these were the necessary circumstances to bring about a full development of the foot, a shortening of the arms, and the maintenance of an upright position. And the ape-like man, or man-like ape, who first put a point on a stick with a sharp shell or stone or with his teeth, to use in killing fish or other marine or amphibious animals, took the first step, and performed the first act, in the great drama of the gradual development of that inventiv genius which has transformed the earth from a menagerie of wild beasts, and boundless, to a garden of pleasure, and a living monument of human glory.

But it is claimed that all this evidence of human glory is but the reflex of the divine spark which is contained in the human soul. This is but the mere statement of men who hav secured reverence, distinction, and credibility through the ignorance, credulity, and superstitious fear of the great mass of mankind. There is no tangible evidence of its truth. If the divine spark is contained in the human body, or any distinct part of it, that spark must hav been transmitted to us through our animal ancestors, not by any special act, human or divine. Therefore, if a human being has a soul, so has an elephant, an ape, a dog, a horse, a parrot, a wasp, a flea, a maggot. In fact, everything which contains either life or the potential elements of life has a soul if man has one.

What proof hav we of this? The proofs of it are that in our appetites, senses, propensities, sentiments, and aspirations we are purely animal. If young animals only know enough to make an effort to get something to satisfy their hunger, does an infant know as much?

If an animal can taste, feel, hear, see, and smell with his senses, can any human being do more? No; the powers of his senses are weak and almost impotent when compared to those of many in the animal kingdom.

In all the propensities and passions, how much greater is man than the brute? If the tiger and other carnivorous animals will destroy life to appease their hunger, man also will destroy even human life for the same purpose—yes, he will destroy human life for a mere insult, or to get possession of a small amount of money or property. He will kill his fellow-man for a mere difference of opinion. Every organized war that has taken place in the world is a demonstration of the fact that man is as bloodthirsty, as savage, and as inconsiderate of the sufferings of the wounded, the tears and sorrowful bereavement of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children, as the most ferocious brute in the animal kingdom. There is no form of low cunning, duplicity, fraudulency, or treachery that any animal was ever addicted to that man has not only equaled, but surpassed him in. And even in the higher sentiments, such as love, friendship, fidelity, care of the young and helpless, self-sacrifice, and honesty, man is not the superior of some animals. Man owes or is indebted to his animal ancestors for his mechanical genius. From the ape he has received the faculty of imitation. From the ape also he has received the hand which has enabled him to perform the actions and mechanical labors of other animals, and without which his faculty of imitation would not hav been of any more use to him than it is to the parrot.

Now, let us see what this power of imitation has done for him. If he cuts down trees for the purpose of building a house or a bridge, it is because he first saw a beaver do that kind of work. If he builds himself a hut, it is because he saw insects and birds employed at such labor. He merely constructed a larger domicil, on the same principle, in the same style, and of the same material. Has he made a net to catch fish or anything else with, it is because he first saw a spider weave a net and catch flies and other insects. If it had not been for the spider, it is doubtful if the human family would ever hav been able to discover the principle on which the material was fabricated from which our garments are made. If man had never seen a clam, it is highly probable that he would never know the use of a hinge. He even besmeared his face and body, to try to make himself look like a tiger, a leopard, a bird, and a butterfly. It might not be out of place to ask if there are not just a few highly civilized and very religious people living at the present day whose devouring aspiration seems to be to appear in public with a complexion as fair as a lily or as sweet and red as a rose. But to the point. It appears that man's most useful teachers and inspirers were the animals that surrounded him. If they sang and made delighful music, that suggested and he imitated. If they built houses, or in any other manner employed themselvs at any kind of useful labor, he merely tried to imitate their work. Wherever man is found in his primitiv home, if nature there is poor in vocal bird and constructing animal, there also is man poverty-stricken in voice and in mechanical taste. Wherever nature was rich, strong, and beautiful, there has man been found in full harmony with his surroundings.

But it is claimed that man has aspirations which could not be derived from any animal heirloom. This claim is not valid. Man is an epitome of all life that has existed on this earth. He is the most perfect conglomerate structure in the world. His desires, hopes, and aspirations spring from the complex constituency who hav deposited in his nature their wants and the fruit of all their efforts. Therefore, our efforts, hopes, and aspirations are but the manifestations of the demands of the animals of whom we are constructed. In other words, it is to satisfy the demands of all the species of animals who hav added their character and modes of action in the building up of the human structure that every effort, hope, and aspiration of the heart and brain has been directed, felt, and expressed. The insects and animals who lay up provisions for the winter season hav transmitted to us the desire to do the same thing. The animals who make no attempt to provide for winter hav also transmitted to us the inclination to spend as we go, and let the winter take care of itself.

Our desire to be upon the water and to plunge into the foaming breakers comes from the fish who still livs within us. The desire to gaze upon beautiful colors has been transmitted to us from insect and bird. Our desire to liv to a great age comes to us from bird, fish, and quadruped, noted examples of which are the parrot, elephant, and whale. If man is vain, or if he desires to receive applause and commendation from his fellow-man, or the approval of posterity, that desire has been transmitted to him from nearly everything in the animal kingdom. If he is friendly, benevolent, and self-sacrificing, it is because the bird and dog hav bequeathed those qualities to him. Is he a reasoner? So is a parrot, a fox, a dog, a monkey, and an elephant.

Can he imitate sounds with his voice? So can the mocking-bird and parrot.

Can he imitate the passions, pathological conditions

and the sportiv and social actions of man and beast? So can a chimpanzee?

The carrier pigeon who cleaves the air with its wing and glides through space with the velocitv of a descending meteor has transmitted to us the desire to follow his example. To fulfil this desire and aspiration, man has utilized the horse, the steamboat, the railroad car, the balloon, and even the telegraph. It is only in the telegraph that man has outstripped the speed of the bird. The aspiration to soar up above the din, smoke, and impure atmosphere of thronging cities and to be alone among the gilded clouds in the pure expanse of heaven has been transmitted to us by the singing, soaring bird. This aspiration is beautifully expressed in the following lines of Shelley's "Skylark:"

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

. . . . . .

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

. . . . . .

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

By a careful examination of every thing contained in these premises we must arrive at the conviction that no supernatural power or spiritual agent ever infused anything into the mind of any human being. If man has had a divine teacher, that divine teacher has never authorized anyone to speak for him. If there be an ever-living and all-pervading intelligence in the universe, that intelligence has manifested its genius, power, and capacity to mankind through his natural teachers—the sun, moon, and stars, and the vegetable and animal forms of earth.

These are facts which can be very easily demonstrated to the satisfaction of every honest and intelligent man and woman. As nothing comes from nothing, so every thought, feeling, sensation, emotion, and aspiration of the heart and brain springs from something. And what that something is we can fully appreciate when we consider that man is a structure that it has taken ages upon ages to build up, and that in the building up of this human structure every animal that preceded his advent contributed the most positiv element of its own character to the erection of what we might call an animal pantheon—that is, a living and moving temple in which all vegetable and animal life is embodied and represented. This brings us to the conclusion that all animal life (collectivly and essentially) is immortal so long as man exists. When all vegetation has become extinct, and every animal form has passed away, and when the human race ceases to propagate its kind, and man finally makes his exit—the condition of the earth being then unfavorable for the existence of any kind of life such as now prevails, unless some higher form of being is evolved from man—the aspect of the human race will then be as unsatisfactory as is that of the long line of animals whose bones and substance hav long since become a part of the soil. If we liv as the dead animals of the world now liv in the human structure, we can only liv in the ever-changing elements of universal matter from which every form that has ever existed has emanated. If this be the truth, if nature in all its universal aspects can be embraced and comprehended in the term God, we human beings, as well as all things else, are a part of that God, and no one can deprive us of our share in the divinity. If reason has an office, and if, by its aid, any logical truth can be grasped by comparing the things that surround us with those in the unfathomable depths of the stellar universe, this seems to be the destiny of man and beast. J. J. McCABE.

Infinities.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In an article on Theism, by Otto Wettstein, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 27, 1886, is this passage: "Among the postulates of science which are established with axiomatic certainty are the eternity of time, the infinitude of space, and the eternity and infinitude of matter filling all space."

Now, while I do, and many of your readers may, agree with Mr. Wettstein in many things, I cannot see how we are to understand this language. If matter is infinit, what becomes of space? Is it possible that that can be infinit too? Can two infinities occupy the same place at the same time, or at any time? If they cannot, are they infinit? Can two infinities exist?

What are we to understand by this word *space*, anyway? There may be "space" in Illinois, but here in Michigan it is ever full of something; if not matter, you can know for a certainty that a wolverine has got there. F. B. HALL.

Augusta, Mich., Nov. 29, 1886.

The Hell of the Christian Deity.

From the Secular Review.

But to return to hell. I fear not the coarse brimstone hell of Christian teleology. It is simply the savage fable of a barbarous time, and is rapidly dying away before the sunrise of a higher civilization. Albeit, O Lord, I do not know that it requires brimstone and burning flesh and darkness to make a hell. We are strangely and wonderfully made. Physiology cannot solve the mystery of the ego, anatomy cannot unravel the threads of being, and microscopy is blind and chemistry is dumb. There is something in us not of the earth—something that makes us susceptible to flashes from the jewels in the tiara of God and the wafted fragrance from the myrtle that grows on the hills of heaven. The lens and the syphon are crushed to dust before the magnificence of Ambition and the glory of Love.

Hast thou ever sat, O Lord, under the hawthorn breathing quiet and wafting fragrance, as day died away and as up rose the vesper star, and as peered from behind a horizon cloud one horn of the solemn moon? Of the daughters of men the sons of God saw that they were fair (see Genesis vi, 2); did the fairest of these daughters of men sit by thy side under that hawthorn white with May, while the day was melting into death and the night was being born? In an impassioned kiss did her gold-red hair mix with your locks of brown, and did her panting breath mingle with yours? Did you linger there when the day was no more, when Night reigned in her mystery and silence, and whitened the mist with the gleam of a million stars? And, with Orion and the Pleiades for witnesses, did that maiden and yourself mutually vow to love forever and forever; and did you hear the beating of your own heart and hers in the hush of that night of joy?

And then! She lav silent. The orange wreath was not on her flushed brow, but in her pale hands were the lilies of Death. Hast thou ever counted the bridal favors of Agony and sung the epithalamium of Despair? Hast thou ever stood in the dark in the field of tombs, letting the fingers fondly rest on the chiseled name of the darling dead? How terrible the plectrum-stroke that breaks every tense chord of the lyre of Being! How fearful the blow that dashes from the lips the cup of bliss and love, leaving only the goblet of Marah and misery! How terrible is the world that, for axis, revolves round a tombstone and a corpse, leaving its death-blasted denizen to write with his curdling blood the record of suffering! Hast thou known the misery of him for whom the world's only architecture is a lettered stone, and the world's only flora the violets he has planted on a grave? All subsequent love is a specter, and all subsequent joy a phantom. Love's raiment is the winding-sheet, and joy's spangles only the tinsel torn from the coffin lid of her you kissed in the hawthorn shade under the silent clouds and the solemn moon. Should any asperse thy power, call me as a witness that thou canst make hell, O God.

And even should the rose-bud of love's morning bloom in the flush of life's midday, and retain its sweets till the mellow twilight of life's afternoon, there must come for it the chilly night and the winter of death and desolation. The one heart must beat, while the other is clay. The one shall be taken, and the other left. The one remains at the old home in the village street; the other is in the village graveyard, under the ash and the cypress, among the matted wild flowers, where the grasshopper leaps and chirms, and the lizard basks in the sun. In the old churchyard of the village there is a mound where the green of the grass has not yet quite covered the red of the earth; and in the old village home there is an eerie silence and an ever-empty chair, and a desolate heart that will be no more what it once had been.

The day will dawn when one of shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb,
And morns will fade, noons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence
Alone, with memories that but sharpen pain,
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half-broken,
Shall read long-treasured letters through salt tears;
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token
That speaks of these love-crowned delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty—
O God! O God! hav pity on that one!

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Not only on our feeble flesh—heir to a thousand ills—but on the subtlest and holiest susceptibilities of the soul and spirit, falls the doom of the damned. I who write hav trodden the red wine press of thy wrath, on my head hav been emptied all the contents of the seven phials, and I can bear witness that thou canst make hell, O God.

In almost every home there is a baby-chair, screwed to its pedestal to make it higher than the other chairs, that baby may sit at table, and with the guard in front that baby may not fall. Many a father and mother would not exchange that poor chair for a regal throne. Thou hast framed them so, O God, that it would kill them to part with it, although it tortures them to possess it. It is haunted by a spirit, and in it and around it there is ever a vision of small pink feet and dimpled arms and innocent blue eyes and soft brown hair. And there is a terrible awakening from the holy dream. The babe can no longer be clasped in the father's arms, and its lips can press that mother's breast no more. There only remains a lock of hair and a pair of small red shoes, with a power to fill with tears the eyes that look upon them and a spell that can wring two hearts in unspeakable pain, and instil memories of a cold, sad day in the winter, when the gravel from the spade sounded hollow upon a little coffin covered with flowers. In the memory of two tiny feet, whose tread shall never again be heard on my floor, in the memory of the prattle of my child that shall greet my ears no more forever, by the tears that dim my eyes as I write these words, I testify that thou canst make hell, O God! SALADIN.

The Church and Its Supporters in Mexico City.

From Joaquin Miller's Mexican Letter in the Independent.

Hat in hand, let us enter the lofty doors of the cathedral, if only for a moment. Gold and silver, and silver and gold! Get a book and read of this cathedral. After that you can better understand the splendor and the squalor that come clashing together inside these doors, in awful contrast.

Look forward at the far, deep nave! Fifty feet high and forty feet wide! You see nothing but gold and gold and gold! The image of God and his angels. Old, bald-headed Saint Peter patiently holding his keys and ready to unlock heaven to the kneeling world.

And now look on the dirty floor before you. A thousand poor creatures crawling about, some blind, some lame, some dying of loathsome diseases, and all very, very miserable; all naked, and hungry, and helpless; yet a sea of glittering gold before them.

The music is sublime! Mass is being said for some dead Mexican robber of princely fortune, and so the singers, the priests, the little boys, and the big boys, too, are all doing their best.

A good many of the cripples that crawl about over the dirty floor hav lottery tickets to sell. Many an old woman with a babv on her back offers you a lottery ticket, by way of breaking the ice, and getting well enough acquainted to ask you for a cent. Every day, every hour, in church and out of church, you are importuned by the poor to buy lottery tickets. A priest called on me the day I came to this curious town, imploring me to buy some lotterv tickets of him, for the benefit of his church and for his poor. These lotteries are conducted by the government, as in Italy. The government gets a large per cent. Those who sell the tickets ge a liberal commission. What I mean to say is, you can buy your tickets directly from the government a great deal cheaper than you can in the stores and on the streets.

Yes, indeed, it is simply awful. Every one expects to draw a grand prize to-morrow, and so why go to work to-dav? O Mexico, Mexico! why will you persist in standing forever in your own glorious light?

Deeper and deeper the organ sounds, and louder and louder the prayers for the dead. The people—the poor, naked, and lazv, and dirty people—all on their knees, join in the prayer for the departed soul. They fall on their faces, they spread their naked, dirty arms wide out on the the naked, dirty floor, and lie there praying and mourning in the dust on their faces, their splendor of hair sweeping up the dust.

Here comes in a priest to prav. He is leading a little boy. Perhaps this good priest is a sort of schoolmaster also. He has a book or two in his right hand, also a very large sheet of lottery tickets. He brushes the floor a little with his long greasy grown. He puts down the books, and then and there he places the lottery tickets, so that no one may steal them while he prays, and so he kneels on books and tickets, his head sidewise, his eyes closed; his fat and greasy hands are full of greasy beads. The little boy kneels on his robe behind. And the little boy, with beautiful eyes and cheeks like a rose, keeps looking roguishly about at some pretty little Mexicans with the mother praying at another altar. Let us go hence. I think God is outside.

Advice to an Inquirer.

Be careful, above all things, of professing to see in the phenomena of the material world the evidences of divine pleasure or displeasure. Doubt those who would deduce from the fall of the Tower of Siloam the anger of the Lord against those who were crushed. Doubts equally those who pretend to see in cholera, cattle plague, and bad harvests evidences of divine anger. Doubt those spiritual guides who, in Scotland, hav lately propounded the monstrous theory that the depreciation of railway scrip is a consequence of railway traveling on Sundays.—*Professor Tyndall.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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Enforcing Sunday Laws.

Section 259 of the Penal Code of this state recites that "the first day of the week being by general consent set apart for rest and religious use, the law prohibits the doing on that day of certain acts hereinafter specified, which are serious interruptions of the repose and religious liberty of the community." Sections 263–269 specify what shall not be done on Sunday, as follows:

SEC. 263. All labor on Sunday is prohibited, excepting the works of necessity or charity. In works of necessity or charity is included whatever is needful during the day for the good order, health, or comfort of the community.

SEC. 264. It is a sufficient defense to a prosecution for work or labor on the first day of the week, that the defendant uniformly keeps another day of the week as holy time, and does not labor on that day, and that the labor complained of was done in such manner as not to interrupt or disturb other persons in observing the first day of the week as holy time.

SEC. 265. All sporting, hunting, fishing, playing, horse-racing, gaming, or other public sports, exercises, or shows, upon the first day of the week, and all noise disturbing the peace of the day, are prohibited.

SEC. 266. All trades, manufactures, agricultural or mechanical employments upon the first day of the week are prohibited, except that when the same are works of necessity they may be performed on that day in their usual and orderly manner, so as not to interfere with the repose and religious liberty of the community.

SEC. 267. All manner of public selling or offering for sale of any property upon Sunday is prohibited, except articles of food may be sold and supplied at any time before ten o'clock in the morning, and except also that meals may be sold to be eaten on the premises where sold or served elsewhere by caterers; and prepared tobacco in places other than where spirituous or malt liquors or wines are kept or offered for sale, and fruit, confectionery, newspapers, drugs, medicins, and surgical appliances may be sold in a quiet and orderly manner at any time of the day.

SEC. 269. Sabbath breaking is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not less than one dollar and not more than ten dollars, or by imprisonment in a county jail not exceeding five days, or both (New York Penal Code, 1885).

For two or three years there hav been in this city organizations of hat and dry goods salesmen, who hav made strong endeavors to hav these laws enforced. The preachers of the gospel, in whose behalf the laws were passed, hav also endeavored to enforce them, but without any very brilliant success. The efforts of the hat and dry-goods salesmen, many of whom hav been forced to labor on Sunday, hav until now been as little rewarded. At one of the campaign meetings of Henry George, the president of the Hat Salesmen's Union pathetically related how he had been to every city official having power, from the mayor and judges down to the police captains, asking them to close the stores on Sunday. Aid and comfort had been refused him in every instance, and it looked as though the workers' unions were as powerless as the preachers.

But at last a change of heart has affected our city officials. Henry George polled over 68,000 votes this fall—a third of the entire vote of the city. The unions were the source whence he derived his support, and now the unions can hav pretty much anything they want from the laborious loafers in the City Hall. They will be expected to pay for it at the next election. So when the representativs of the unions called the attention of Mayor Grace to the Sunday laws, he promptly wrote to the superintendent of police to notify his captains to order the patrolmen to see that no hatter or dry-goods merchant kept his store doors open at all, and that no grocer, butcher, baker, or other person dealing in the necessaries of life, kept his store open after ten o'clock in the morning. The order was partially enforced.

We hav had these spasmodic exhibitions of septenary virtue before this, and shall probably hav them again, until the Sunday laws are removed from the statute books. A few years ago Howard Crosby's society prodded the officials up to a performance of their alleged duty, and the city was made decidedly uncomfortable for a Sunday or two. Bootblacks, even, were forbidden to ply their trade, the newsdealers were interfered with, and the luckless grocer who weighed out a pound of sugar after ten o'clock in the morning was arrested. For one Sunday the law was strictly enforced; by the next, the zeal of the police had become lukewarm; by the next, public opinion sat down very hard upon the self-constituted censors of private actions. Since then all stores except saloons hav kept open or not, as the proprietors found it profitable.

It is scarcely probable that the efforts of the unions will produce more lasting effects than those of the clergy. Sunday laws are opposed to the sentiment of all large communities, and in entering upon their crusade against the Bowery hatters and Baxter street old-clothes merchants, the clerks will find themselves in opposition to almost a whole city. Whether they are sufficiently strong to coerce a million or so of more or less sensible people is a question for time to determin. The ministers, with all their wealth and influence, could not do it. Perhaps 68,000 voters can until the next election. Then the unions will find out their mistake. People do not like to be "run" by hat and dry-goods clerks any better than by the clergy.

A Humbug Critic.

April 18, 1885, we printed statistics from the prison reports of sixty-six prisons of one kind and another, showing the denominational bias of the prisoners. The number of prisoners was 44,034. Of these, 41,335 either gave the denomination in which they were reared, or simply said they were Protestants. The balance, 2,699, were described in the reports as regular or irregular attendants at Sunday-school. Among this large number of prisoners, 2 were so-called Infidels, 1 an avowed unbeliever. Of the 41,335 Protestants, 6,650 did not giv their sectarian preference.

These figures hav been before the public now nearly two years, and our Christian contemporary around the corner has at last heard of them, and, calling it a "humbug census," walks bravely up the hill to attack their accuracy. The table given was:

Catholics	16,431
Church of England	9,975
Methodist	3,931
Presbyterian	3,703
Baptist	240
Jews	106
Lutheran	92
Christian	24
Universalist	5
Evangelical	4
Swedish Church	2
Episcopal	126
Dunkard	1
Quaker	1
Congregationalist	11
German Lutheran	7
German Evangelical	1
German Jews	2
United Brethren	3
Advent	2
Dutch Reformed	8
Mormon	3
Carmelite	3
Joss (China)	1
Infidel (2 so-called, 1 avowed)	3
Protestants whose Denomination is unknown	6,650
Making a total of	41,335
Unaccounted for	2,699
	44,034

These figures, says our pious friend, are obviously absurd, for the following reasons:

"There are represented as being 11 Congregational to 3,703 Presbyterian criminals.

"They represent that there are 3,703 Presbyterian criminals, and only 3,931 Methodist; this is also entirely absurd, as the Methodists of all classes in the United States are nearly or quite four times as numerous as the Presbyterians. Assuming them to be on the average precisely the same as to morality, they ought to hav at least four times as many criminals. But it is well-known that thousands of children in Methodist Sunday-schools throughout the country are from families that hav no other connection with any church than that their children come to the said schools; and that the Methodist church has been and still is doing a work among the uneducated and the poor which no other Protestant church attempts. It is natural that the number of persons charged with crime who would assign connection with Methodist congregations would be greater in proportion to the whole number than the number of those who would assign a Presbyterian connection.

"The Baptists are represented as having two hundred and forty criminals, when they are nearly two-thirds as numerous as the other Protestant sects in the United States, *exclusiv of the Methodists*, put together.

"The Jews, who furnish very few criminals relativly to their whole number, and hav a comparativly small number, are put down as having 106 criminals.

"Furthermore, as there are 6,650 Protestants whose denomination is unknown in the table, or nearly one in seven of the whole number, it is clear that the remaining statistics must be incorrect."

While we hav every disposition in the world to oblige the pious, we cannot change the figures even to add a few more to the sects so kindly looked after by the Christian editor. We took our figures from the official prison reports. We hav those reports on hand, and if the editor will giv good and sufficient security for their return, we will loan them to him for his own personal satisfaction.

But we fail to see the force of the criticism. Our point was, and is, that Christianity does not restrain from crime, and that the Christians of the country are also its criminals. We do not care to which sect they belong, and hav no objection to their being all Methodists, or all Baptists, or all Congregationalists. That only eleven of the prisoners owned up to being Congregationalists is accounted for by the fact that Congregationalism is not much heard of outside of New England, and these prisoners were in Western and Canadian penitentiaries. Why the Methodists do not show up in greater proportion to the Presbyterians we do not know, unless it may be that the Methodists added to their crimes the sin of lying, and, like Peter, denied their sectarian master. As to the Baptists, it would hav given us great pleasure to report more of them in jail, but, not being a Methodist, and quoting official figures, we could not misrepresent. The large proportion of Jews is easily accounted for. When a Christian is stood up before a prison clerk and asked his religion, he need not tell the precise species of Christian he is of, but can find shelter under the generic term Christian. A Jew, on the contrary, must answer, "Jew." The Hebraic law-breaker is always accurately recorded. He can not dodge, as can the Congregationalist or Methodist or Baptist.

Finally, if our religious contemporary is not satisfied with the sectarian division of the official prison reports, the editor can take the 2,699 described as regular or irregular attendants at Sunday-school and the 6,650 Protestants whose denomination is unknown, add them together, and divide them among the Protestant sects to suit himself. We shall not quarrel with any assignment of the rogues that he may make. He can credit all of them to either the Congregationalists or the Methodists or the Baptists, as his extensiv acquaintance with the rascality of the sects may seem to justify. The point we made in using the prison reports will not be dulled.

And, having walked bravely up the hill to attack our figures, we advise our pious friend to imitate his valorous prototype, and walk bravely down again.

A Fallacious Faith Cure.

About two months ago the London, Ontario, *Advertiser* printed a remarkable story of a faith cure. The story was that on June 8, 1885, Mrs. J. McKenzie, of that place, was taken sick. A medical diagnosis pronounced the cause a cold upon the lungs. Since then she was confined to her bed. Two months ago she remarked to her husband that she believed she could be cured by faith. The idea, she said, was put into her head by almighty God. A crowd of Christian brethren were summoned, and prayer and supplication ensued, at the termination of which, the account goes, she arose from her bed a well woman. The London *Advertiser* printed the

story with big headlines and much circumstantiality of detail. We were at the time informed of the affair by a resident of London, who also informed us that the whole affair was a humbug. Last week we received a copy of the London *Advertiser* dated November 20th. In the local news was this significant item:

"Mrs. McKenzie, wife of Mr. James McKenzie, of Dundas street, died this morning after a lengthy illness. Deceased lady was thirty-four years old. During the recent visit of the exangelists, Avis and Brown, her case obtained some notoriety in consequence of a report that she had been cured of her ailment by faith."

Christianity will probably derive great satisfaction from this faith cure, but we do not see just how it is going to be done.

The Catholic Church and Our Postmasters.

THE TRUTH SEEKER now has a contemporary in this city of which we cannot say it is "esteemed." Our contemporary is a new journal, and its name is *The American Catholic News*. The prospectus sets forth that the paper is cheap in price, large in quantity, and able in quality. The list of contributors includes some good men, among them James Redpath of the *North American Review*, a thoroughgoing Infidel, whose contributions we shall read with curiosity. The prospectus has been sent to the postmasters of the country, with a special plea for them to become the agents of the paper.

The first issue of this paper is dated November 17th. The leading communication is by Henry A. Brann, a noted priest of this vicinity, and is headed "The Republic in Danger." This article, which represents the purpose of the new journal, discloses the significance of the journalistic venture by the church.

Beginning by calling Infidelity "red-handed," the Rev. Mr. Brann proceeds to state by implication the doctrins of the opposit party—the Roman Catholic church. His words are worth preserving:

"The American who murders faith in Christ will not scruple to kill his children after they are born.

"A new danger threatens. The doctrin of original sin is practically ignored. The law of labor is attacked. Instead of preaching the truth of Christian asceticism that we are all born in sin, that we must labor and suffer, and that the more we labor and suffer here, the greater will be our reward hereafter, new apostles arise to tell us that property is theft, that society is the devil, that Anarchy should be law; that laborers should rebel against their employers, and kill the goose that lays the golden egg. That a Utopia, conceived in the brain of men immoral and unprincipled, and hatched into life amid the fumes of absinthe and beer, should be substituted for the present state of society which has the sanction of centuries of orthodox Christianity to sustain it, is not only wicked, but absurd.

"Men dream of making this earth, which on account of sin is only a place of probation and suffering, a heaven of beer saloons and harems for the working classes.

"Now what is it that has been effecting this change in our people and in their ideas? Much is due to the importation of foreign notions by the scum of foreign nations. But a chief source and fountain of infection is found in our public schools as at present established.

"They are not only destitute of moral teaching, but moral training becomes impossible in them. There can be no solid moral training separate from doctrinal teaching. The law of belief is the law of morals. You may tell people to be good, but unless you can promis them rewards for well-doing, and punishments for evil-doing, not only here, but hereafter, unless you can giv sanction to your precept, human passions will break through your training. Even where men believe in God, in heaven, and in hell, and are not held in check by the strong influences of orthodox Christianity, they break the laws and indulge their evil appetites. If they do this in the green wood, what will they do in the dry? If the well-built dyke of Christianity is not strong enough to prevent the abuse of free will and keep back the flood of licentiousness, how will your makeshift of a baseless ethics restrain the evil inclinations of nature? Is the bayonet to be the only God to keep the rabble down; and the switch the only law to repress the rebellious child? But the public school has abolished even the switch for the child. The bayonot and the gun will be needed to keep him down when he grows older.

"A school full of Jews, Unitarians, Protestants of every hue, and Catholics; with teachers, some Jews, some Agnostics, some whose conduct is good, and some whose conduct is known to be disedifying; a school without God, without prayer, except sometimes one that is mocked or rejected by a large portion of the scholars; a school in which little girls of ten are taught anatomy, but not permitted to learn the Apostles' Creed; a school in which the teachers are chiefly appointed by political influence; in which they are frequently mercenaries teaching for hire without any regard to the moral training of the children; a school in which the theories of prominent Infidels are accepted by many of the teachers, who believe in Darwin, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer, and accept the *Popular Science Monthly* for their evangel instead of the Ten Commandments and the orthodox faith of their fathers—such is the public school, promiscuous, indifferent, godless even when it is not actually immoral in its whole environment.

"And this is the cradle in which the young American mind is being brought up."

That is the complaint; this is the remedy:

"'But we cannot settle the school question,' say some. Then your American statesmen must be very deficient in sagacity and expedient. Germany and Austria and other countries hav settled it on the denominational basis. There ought to be statesmanship enough in this country to equal theirs.

"At any rate, the Catholic doctrin and demand stand. The rights of God are prior to those of the state or even of the parent. The child's soul is God's, is Christ's. Christ demands that the child's soul shall be trained in his doctrins and morals, and saved from contaminating influences and danger. This can only be done by daily cultivation at home and in the school, of the child's spiritual nature. It must be daily instructed in the fear and love of God.

"Only a physical or a moral impossibility will justify a Catholic for not doing his duty in the matter. Nor will he be satisfied with any homeopathic dose of religion in the schools. The singing of hymns and a mere perusal of a bit of the Bible will not do. The Catholic wants his child to be taught the positiv dogmas of his church, and the positiv precepts of her moral code; for he believes in God, in Christ, the son of God, and in the church, the representativ of the redeemed on earth. He believes that his child will be a better citizen for being a better Christian; and that the chief danger of the republic is from the godless education of the young."

The Rev. Mr. Brann represents the Roman Catholic church. What he would do with our schools, that would the church do. His statement of her doctrins is correct. The rights of God—that is, of the church—are prior to the rights of the parent! The church would tear a child from its parents' care and bring it up a Roman Catholic.

This is the doctrin the new journal is started to propagate, and the postmasters of the country are asked to be its agents. If one of them does this, his pernicious activity should meet with proper reward.

Christian Unity.

A topic that has occupied a great deal of attention lately from the churches is what they call Christian unity—a coming together of all the sects upon a common basis, such as the Apostles' Creed and a few fundamental dogmas. The object of such union would be to resist the spread of Infidelity, hav Christianity taught in the schools, and God recognized as a power by our federal government.

Two church bodies hav considered this question in national council, the Congregational and the Episcopal. Of the deliberations of the former, the *Independent*, their organ, said:

"We earnestly believe that union between the churches is, next to their mission work, their first duty. We believe that Christians are not so far apart in their hearts as they keep themselvs in their organizations, and that evangelical churches Presbyterially governed, or Congregationally governed, and perhaps Episcopally governed, could come together very much easier than is generally supposed."

The Episcopalian House of Bishops sent this message to the Congregationalists' council:

"This house avows its solemn purpose, under the guidance of the holy spirit, to promote, with the concurrence of the House of Deputies, some practical plan for bringing before all our fellow-Christians in this land the duty to our common Lord and savior of terminating the unhappy divisions which dishonor his blessed name and hinder the triumph upon earth of his glorious kingdom."

Various religious papers hav urged this course upon the churches, and various ministers hav expressed their belief that some plan could be hit upon by which all the sects could gather under one roof. But until this week's TRUTH SEEKER is issued, no one will hav seen how this union scheme would work. Our artist has shown them. Mr. Heston is a keen historian and a long-headed prophet, and on our first page he shows how by cheerfully laboring together the sects can suppress Infidelity. They hav but to follow the efficacious methods of their ancestors, and the thing is done. The Congregationalists of New England can unite with the Calvinists of Geneva; the Catholics of Continental Europe with the Episcopalians of England, and all gleefully contributing their best to their beloved work, they can heap the witches of Boston, the Unitarians of Geneva, the heretics of Europe, and the Catholics in Great Britain, into one united pile, and hav an *auto-dâ-fé*, witch-hanging, and Quaker-pressing all in one. It would be a regular Thanksgiving family reunion, and would, no doubt, result in the greatest harmony and good feeling between the sects.

The only obstacle that we can see is that this is a partially civilized age, owing to the persistent efforts of the obstinate heretics for whose benefit the union is contemplated, and there are laws which interfere with some religious ceremonies. Perhaps, though, by meeting in New Jersey, this legal difficulty could be removed.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THERE are about a thousand of our subscribers in arrears, their indebtedness aggregating some two or three thousand dollars. To each one of these debtors, of course, the amount is small, but to us the amount is very large, and sadly hinders our work. We need this money—need it now—and we respectfully ask that it be remitted.

It costs a great deal of money to publish a large journal, and we hav no extensiv advertising patronage to help us out. We depend entirely upon the subscription list and book sales to obtain cash to pay bills, and when so large a sum as two and three thousand dollars is kept from us, the financial shoe grows painfully tight.

Every subscriber can see upon his tab just to what date his subscription is paid. Those whose time has expired are requested to remit at once.

Real Believers in the Bible.

Chicago has just been the place of conference of a small but very biblical lot of men. It was the premillennial conference of those who believe that the end of the world is not far distant.

The journals which report the proceedings say that the papers read at the conference were evidently the result of long and careful study of the Bible. Each idea advanced was supported by a scripture passage, which, it was claimed, authorizes it, and words and passages from the original Hebrew and Greek were often quoted, and their "true interpretation" given. The use of scriptural language all through the different papers was much more extensiv than one hears in the ordinary sermon of the day.

The people of Chicago called the meeting a congress of cranks. It is a curious fact that religious fanatics always talk Bible, and the closer they stick to that ancient volume in its literal meaning the greater lunatics are they considered. There is already a current saying, "the nearer the church, the farther from God," but it may well be superseded by another, "The nearer the Bible, the closer to the lunatic asylum," for nowadays the most biblical religion is regarded as the craziest.

Too Deep for Us.

A subscriber asks these questions, which he truthfully says are of prime importance to him and other wage-workers. He wants to know:

1. The editor's views on the tariff question.
2. What is the first thing necessary to do in order secure to the workers a just share of the wealth they create.
3. The editor's views on the coöperativ industrial system.

It would be easy enough for the editor to write down his opinions on the first and third queries, but it would not be so easy to prove he is right. An editor's opinion is worth no more than another man's except as he may be in a position to possess better information, and there are a great many people who know more about tariff and coöperation than we do.

As to the second question, we do not think that the man livs who can accurately answer it. A better and more just social system must be a growth. It is contrary to the past experience of the race to suppose that any empirical scheme can be devised that will fill the bill.

We turn all these questions over to the philosophers of the Manhattan Liberal Club. What they cannot settle, on five minutes' consideration, must be referred to omniscience when found.

A DISPATCH to the *World*, of this city, from Ishpeming, Mich., dated December 2d, runs as follows:

"All churches, schools, places of amusement, and public gatherings were closed by the Board of Health two weeks ago on account of diphtheria. The pastors of several churches, growing tired of waiting for an order for reopening, called a mass-meeting for to-night, at which it was resolved to open the churches again. Inasmuch as there were three deaths from diphtheria to-day, the action is thought by many citizens to be very hasty. It is likely to bring the churches into conflict with the municipal authorities, for the ministers say that they will open the churches, and the officers declare that they will not be permitted to do so."

The line of conduct of these preachers must be dictated by one of three reasons: They consider themselvs superior to the state, or they want to hear themselvs talk, or they regard the souls of their parishoners as of more consequence than their bodies. As all three of these reasons are wrong, the ministers are acting foolishly. But then, that is a common ailing of the men of God!

Letters from Friends.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I should like to attend the convention of truth seekers. What a glorious band! Not one hypocri among them. What a happy thought! I wish to express my unbounded admiration for your valuable paper, which I hav been reading about one year, and for the teachings I hav received from it and the cartoons. I send you one dollar for the Congress fund. CHAS. SACH.

LYNDON, ILL., Nov. 28. 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Having been so kind as to publish my former letter, I would offer this as a postscript.

Compare Geer's quotation from Ingersoll's Galesburg speech and the following, taken from "Wit, Wisdom, and Eloquence:" "I want an honest dollar. I want a coin dollar. I want a paper dollar, based on a coin dollar. I want the silver dollar worth as much as the gold dollar, it you hav to make it four feet in diameter."

But he don't tell the poor dupes that every time you open a new gold mine or a new silver mine you would hav to change the diameter of that "honest" dollar. And, Mr. Editor, for what few silver dollars I hav had to exchange I hav always been fortunate enough to receive just as much sugar coffee, tea, pork, beef, or corn as I could get for the gold dollar, although the silver dollar is worth twenty cents less than the gold dollar (intrinsic value—ah!). And out here in Illinois they will even receive the greenback for taxes, notwithstanding the fearful and unjust stab the accoucheurs gave this wonderful life-diffusing baby when it was born.

No honest man of intelligence ought to giv or receive the statement as truth that our paper money is based on coin.

C. H. BARTHEL.

EVANSTON, WY. T., Nov. 21, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $1.75, for which please send "Men, Women, and Gods," and the "Truth Seeker Collection."

This is my first year as a subscriber to your paper, and I am very much pleased with it. I was brought up in the Methodist Episcopal church, but failing to find truth and reason there, I hav investigated many other religions, and they all amount to the same thing—superstition. I see some of your correspondents write they hav been brought up Liberals. How I envy them! They hav no idea how hard it is to get out of the ruts of superstition into the light of liberty. The Liberals of the East ought to be well posted and able to do much work for the cause of freedom of thought. They hav opportunity of listening to such men as Ingersoll, Watts, Reynolds, Putnam, and others.

Speaking of Mr. Putnam puts me in mind of an article of his I read. on "Mormonism." Let me say he understands that ism better than any other writer I hav read.

A great many Liberals may think that it is queer church-members do not investigate and see what kind of a foundation their faith is built upon. They are afraid to do this. They are afraid of offending the God they worship. I know how I felt, and it took years for me to overcome this fear, but I am glad that I enjoy mental liberty now. I say "enjoy," for I do enjoy being free. When Sunday comes I can enjoy myself reading or taking a walk with my wife and children.

I am happy to say my wife also enjoys the light of mental liberty, therefore I do not hav to contend against my family, as, I see by letters in your paper, some of my brothers hav to do. I am anxious that my children should be taught universal mental liberty, but how I am to accomplish this is more than I can understand at present. Since having my eyes opened, I see that I am far behind, intellectually, what I should hav been if my education had been different in my youth.

I think the illustrations in THE TRUTH SEEKER are just what is needed. I can induce church-members to look at the ascension of Enoch or Carpenter Noah, when it would be impossible to get them to read an article.

W. R. MACDONALD.

CALISTOGA, CAL., Nov. 20, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Politics has had a lively turn in this state—no less than six nominees for governor, and badly-mixed tickets the rest of the way down the state list. The Democrats won the governor, and it is said that much money was won betting on his chances. A leading paper of San Francisco, having the facts in the office of Bartlett's election, kept booming Swift's count, while putting out coin through "pigeons" on Bartlett, and, it is said, won some $70,000. I think there is a law against betting at elections. Whether so or not, there is much of it done, and the principles supposed to be represented by the ballot are regarded with about as much esteem as those at a raffle.

L. Alexander, of Waterville, Minn., hits off the Dunkards very well. However, he is off a little in some things. The Dunkards do not derive their name from a saint, but, I think, from the words "thank you" in Dutch, which when pronounced sound much like *dunka* or *donkah*. The soup-eating is not exactly the communion, it is the part they call the "love feast," and they hav unleavened bread and a little wine to commemorate the death of Christ, or for sacramental purposes. They are of German origin, mostly, I think, and settled early in Pennsylvania and Maryland. From there they hav settled in many other states, but not as pioneers often, as they are a non-resisting sect. Many of them are very ignorant, and cite as an excuse that Christ chose his disciples and obtained most of his immediate following from among the poor and ignorant. They are usually of a benevolent turn, and practice their peculiar faith as a duty, and not as a business. Their preachers seldom expect or take pay for services of any kind—only when the minister is poor, and is called away from home, and is thus put to unusual expense.

They used to cut their clothes after a peculiar fashion, and wear coarse though substantial material. They are usually honest and industrious, and seldom make much noise or disturbance in the community. It is a rule among them—though the men do not all part their hair in the middle, as some are bald-headed and some are too slothful to part it at all, except perhaps on occasion. As a party once said, he washed once a month, whether he needed it or not—and of of later years still another portion of the men hav acquired considerable education, and fail to follow the customs of the older brethren. J. C. WEYBRIGHT.

MYRTLE CREEK, OR., Nov. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It is obvious that many people cannot giv up their Christ because they are not willing to giv up their sins; but continue sinning against nature and their race. The cause of learning, science, or humanity seems to be nothing to them. Their chief object is to gratify their sensual desires until death, and then to be wafted to an ideal heaven in the embrace of their savior. They join with the clergy in denouncing Infidelity, and in saying that a moral man is dangerous in any society. All respectable people should beware, for soon they will fall victims to their own folly. No Christ can save them from the inevitable fate that awaits them—a disgraceful life and a shameful death. Will the church ever advance enough to accept the idea of individual liberty and individual responsibility?

It is novel how some theologians accept science in part and yet protest it in part. They ask us to become fools that we may become wise, which simply means that we should sacrifice or ignore truth and knowledge in order to accept their mythical theology. Doctors of divinity hav always opposed the dissemination of scientific knowledge, which is good evidence that their divinity must be frail. Our divinity needs no assuming quack doctors to administer in any way. We are subservient to his inexorable laws, so the more we know of those laws the more we know of our divinity. We acknowledge the right of every man, woman, and child to speak of things divine, and to develop morally, socially, and intellectually. We believe that a man has as much sense before the priest lays his hands upon him as after—perhaps more.

It is peculiar to some people to denounce everything as untrue that does not harmonize with their views or belief. But though truth is not always beautiful or pleasant, it is nevertheless steadfast. Should all mankind accept an error, and reject the truth, the character of either is unchanged. Some manifest a desire to destroy and suppress all literature, except their own or that which is approved by their leaders. Yet, strange to say, they know little of their own reading, and much less of that they never read. Their plea is that anything of an immoral character, or anything that is obscene or licentious, should not be tolerated. Another plea they make is that a book or paper is bad in proportion to the falsehoods it contains. Now, to all this we agree, but through charity to them for their ignorance and delusion, we tolerate with them what they are not willing to tolerate with us. They may keep their fables and obscene tales until posterity and society outgrow them. We do not wish to perpetuate falsehood and superstition, although it is convenient to make comparisons, which make the truth sparkle like the polished diamond.

The voice of Bruno, of Italy, who was burnt in Rome on the 16th day of February, 1600, is sounding throughout the intellectual world. Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and a host of others add to the grand constellation as a memorial in history, besides living testimonials of their intellectual development and scientific progress.

We will simply say to fanatics when they find a lie or anything of a licentious character in our literature, prosecute to the extent of the law. But we will let theirs die a natural death—though we will criticise all the same and be charitable enough to console the mourners. L. C. HILL.

CONCORD, KY., Nov. 28, 1886.

TO MY CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT, *Dear Sir:* Your favor received, also Mr. Pentecost's sermon, "Gathered From the Ash," as he so airily puts it. The wounded snake of superstition "drags its slow length along," but the wound is mortal, and its last expiring gasp is only a question of time. Had I never inquired, I might hav been as devout a Christian as you appear to be, and might hav been repeating the same old story that you repeat. But when I asked where those hereafters were with which you and your kind seem to be so familiar, the only rational answer that I received was an echo. I would be sorry indeed to impugn your veracity, but I thought while reading your letter, you presented some of the best specimens of mendacity that I ever saw. There are but two ways of settling those sayings which you impute to Infidels, and they are very much alike. Either those persons that said these things were not Infidels, or, if they were Infidels, they never said them. This is conclusiv. The trouble with you good people is, you hav so much faith for seeing the impossible that you are unable to discern the actual. You are like the "winged brother of the cat"—you can see only in the dark.

Your friend, the Rev. Pentecost, failed to fulfil his promis. He declared unreservedly that he would prove the inspiration of the scriptures. He, like everyone else who has made that declaration, fell a victim to his own vanity. Bare aspersions of character never proved inspiration yet.

I will not detail his "evidence," because it is so old, and appears so incongruous in this era of comparativ enlightenment. Nor do I do see how this eminently good man can be so notoriously regardless of truth as to associate the vicious class to which he alludes with Infidels. That class are but the outgrowth of the atonement doctrin, and expect to avail themselvs of it in the eleventh hour. This reminds me of an anecdote of our friend, Colonel Evlar. An acquaintance approaching him with some show of eagerness, asserted rather enthusiastically that he was an Infidel. "And why, Billy," asked the colonel, "are you an Infidel?" The man, apparently unable to produce any reason, only replied, "Because I am." "Well," said the colonel, "if you can't giv your reasons, we don't want you." And that is just it—an Infidel is an Infidel upon principle, or he is not one at all.

His faith, to liv with high endeavor,
And deeds, when done, are done forever.

You mention the hypocrits of which the church is partly composed. 'Tis well. That institution is certainly a favorit harbor with them. Religion is just the article for masking deception. Should you exclude all except those who liv according to the "precepts," a single one of the dedicated edifices would hold them all, and not be densely packed, either.

You, like the rest, persis. in dwelling upon the "remorse of the dying hour." How long must that poor puny argument, if argument it may be called, be continued in the service? Has it not seen enough? Why should Infidels suffer remorse? It is not their history that is black with crime. It is not their pathway that is crimson with the blood of heretics. They hav no stakes and fagots and instruments of torture as souvenirs. These glories, this renown, were reserved for you. If Paine, Voltaire, and all those distinguished Infidels which you name are in hell, then hell is the most brilliant place on record; it is the most inviting. His satanic majesty displays very superior taste in his selections. If the august personage which you say you are serving possessed as much sagacity, or could see the value of policy as some do here, he would propose a compromise with this formidable enemy. Certain, your correspondent would prefer being in his good graces, seeing he is so potent for both good and ill.

I do not doubt for a moment that heaven is a very attractiv place for you. Gold crowns all sparkling with jewels, and robes of material, I suppose, to match gold houses, gold pavements (heavens, what a penchant these Christians hav for gold!), gold everything.

But I acknowledge nature as my mother, and I am going with her. She has proven herself capable of conserving her own interests, and I believe she will conserve mine. I am content, and

"If an exile on earth, be an outcast on high,
Liv on in thy faith, but in mine I will die."

I will be pleased to hear from you again.

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

FORT WORTH, TEX., Nov. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been looking for some time past for an article, or at least some notice, in THE TRUTH SEEKER on the projected Coöperativ Colony of Puget Sound, Wash. Ter., but if your paper has contained such notice it has escaped my scrutiny.

As a true reform journal, I think the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER are the proper place for the advocacy of any project that is intended to ameliorate the condition of the working people in general, and believing that this colony will be a means to enlighten the public as to how a better state of things than exists at present can be brought about, I should like to see this project thoroughly discussed in your journal.

Their first pamphlet says: "This colony is projected on a plan where the manufacturer, the artist, the engineer, the architect, the contractor, merchant, laborer, fisherman, farmer, dairyman, florist, and others may unite their industry and means in coöperativ corporation, by which, under a thorough system of mutual exchanges and products, they may hav all the profits of their own labor, and the economical advantages of their own coöperation."

I do not see why this cannot be accomplished, and particularly so in a new country like Washington Territory, where the colony has already secured an admirable site, with excellent harbor, safe and convenient for the largest vessels of the ocean.

The followers of Henry George will, in this community, see their principle regarding land put into practice, as will be seen by the following paragraph of the colony's pamphlet: "*The land* will be purchased by the corporation, and the use only to the same for actual occupation for homes will be sold to colonists, in city lots, varying from 25x150 feet to a whole square occupying 300x600 feet—there being 48 lots in each block, a block being the greatest amount of city property which any one colonist will be allowed to purchase. Although the right to the use for homes is all that will be sold, yet for home purposes the ownership is complete, as the colony does not limit the time of holding, but simply prohibits the same from being leased, rented, mortgaged, or sold to any other than the joint stock company, and then only for the price paid and for the value of the improvements, upon which condition the company will always hold itself ready to take back the same and pay the purchase price and for the improvements. Lots not to be selected until the colonist is ready to improve and occupy the same, and the right thereto becoming forfeited by non-use, the forfeiture giving the right of purchase by the corporation."

As there will be no room for churches and ministers in this new community, except if the latter follow some more useful avocation, the project should be of interest to Freethinkers, even if they do not intend to join the colony. The principles by which it will be guided contain the following in regard to religion: "That the sentiment of religion is good in the proportion that it inspires the feeling of duty to every creature that comes within the sphere of one's life—a duty in thought and a duty in action—and that religion is sacred to, and belongs strictly to, the individual, and not to the colony, to a municipality, to a society, or to an association." And again their pamphlet says: "The church has no claim

upon us. We will try and prevent our colonists from looking so high and so distant for their happiness as to look over and beyond the every-day affairs needing their attention. Our care is with this earth. We hav had enough of 'hell' practically, and too little of 'heaven.' We hav had church until we can't rest. Let us hav more of the best moral teachings of Christ put into practice."

I would like to mention some more of the many good features of the project, but fearing that these lines will already take too much space, I will close, with the hope that through this letter some readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will become interested enough in the colony to make further inquiries about it, which the secretary of the Central Puget Sound Colony Society, at Seattle, will be glad to answer. Address, Mrs. Laura E. Hall, P. O. Box 131, Seattle, Wash. Ter.

Yours truly, CHAS. PETERS.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Nov. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose a clipping from a newspaper that speaks volumes on the evils of emotional religion:

MRS. M. B. Woodworth, the evangelist, who is now conducting a series of revival meetings at Muncie, Ind., has received a petition signed by a large number of church-members, asking her to discontinue her preaching in that city. The petition states as a reason for making the request, that, "as the result of your recent meetings, we hav seen one of our most respected citizens made defendant in a $10,000 libel suit; we hav seen one of our fair daughters carried from our midst by one of your camp-followers, and another brought to the verge of a suicide's grave; we hav seen a mother whose children needed her constant and tender care, rendered insane. So long is the list of similar results, we feel it our duty to request you, as we do, that you cease your labors in our midst and go hence."

This evangelist is one of many all "working the same racket" to play on the emotions of the weak-minded, and make money. If they could be put under the water treatment at the nozzle of a six-inch hose for a short time it would be little enough punishment for the evil they do; but that would not suit the majority, who like to see superstition triumphant. It is only when you speak against tyranny and monopoly that the law punishes for speaking. Free speech in this country is only for the majority. If you even attend a meeting where the evils of our present mock civilization are likely to be spoken of you are liable to be hanged, especially if the police attack a lawful meeting, and somebody gets hurt.

Then if you are within hearing you may be hung for an accessory. You are equally guilty with the man that throws the bomb, and the police can attend any meeting if it is suspected of holding opinions opposit to the opinions of the majority. How the autocrat of Russia would laugh in his sleeve when he heard of the hanging of seven or eight men because they had opinions and dared to state them against the opinions of the majority of this free republic! What a mockery of freedom of speech, and what a commentary on our glorious Constitution, which says that Congress shall pass no laws to abridge the freedom of speech or of the press!

J. DOWNES.

GOD'S TOWN, OUT WEST, Nov. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am not a moral coward, but I am a religious hypocrit; and it is eminently fitting that I should be so. Accordiug to my circumstances, it is perfectly proper. I am a teacher, the principal of quite an important school, and were it known that I entertained a siugle heterodox thought, I would be asked to resign quicker than if I were the fallen archangel himself. Indeed, my first experience of my board of education was almost a "grand bounce," because I played a game of chess on Sunday!

The sole work in which I take pleasure is teaching. I hav rushed like mad from one profession to another, in order to find one which did not require a creed. But it was like gall and wormwood to me to be in any work but that of school teaching. As a teacher I am a success, and as a religious hypocrit I am a success. Of all things that I detest, a religious hypocrit is the most detestable, but the infernal inquisition of the Christian boycott makes the teacher's manhood a sniveling imbecility. Openly I smile benevolently on the sentiment that takes my manhood from me, but loathe in my heart the tyrannic souls of these ultra-Puritanic guardians of education.

Liberty and education are the grand saviors of mankind, the glorious redeemers of the world. But how many crimes are committed in their dear names! In my school I try hard to inculcate the deepest and grandest truths of morality, and teach that which will make noble men and noble women, but on Sunday I am compelled by public sentiment to listen to the cant of intellectual sterility, and smile serenely on the stories of Job and the red dragon. It is enough to send any man to Bedlam. The divine Ingersoll tells us to cast all our cares on him, as it does not hurt him to carry them. I would gladly do so, but with my pack St. Peter's gate would hav to be widened.

I send you a clipping from the New York *School Journal*, to show you under what a sentiment the Liberal-minded schoolmaster must labor. I cannot believe in the divinity of the scriptures. It is impossible. But to be a success in school, to retain my position, to be treated as an honorable member of the profession, I must appear to do so. I must appear to swallow it all. Perhaps there are places in this "land of the free" where I would not be thrown out of my profession for my honest belief, but I hav never found that heavenly Canaan.

The *School Journal* says, editorially, "It is a matter of legal enactment that the teacher must be a moral man. Morality includes religion; hence, the teacher must be a religious man." So say they all. It further says, in the same article: "A spiritual power he must be, or he is no teacher—no former of character. And, finally, the man with a spiritual side to his mind will know more of any branch of knowledge, and teach it better, than one who has neglected thus to perfect his nature. The noblest characters in the world, the men who are doing the most in the world, are men who employ the force that comes from enlarged spiritual natures."

This is libelous, this is blasphemy, or history is a farce and reason a jack-o'-lantern. I never knew before that Kellogg, of the *School Journal*, is a Salvation Army man, or a follower of the meek and lowly Talmage.

If I did not hav faith in the ultimate triumph of reason, of being released finally from the shackles of fanaticism; if I did not believe that I will see the time when, untrammeled, I can teach morality without a savior and manhood without the regeneration of a blood atonement, I would say, "Truly, wisdom increaseth sorrow, and an intellectual life is not worth living."

Yours in envy for your freedom, and in disgust for my chains, SCHOOLMASTER.

OSHKOSH, WIS., Nov. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: If my memory serves me right, there is a balance of thirty cents due me at your office, for which please send me your ANNUAL for 1887 as soon as it is out, and the balance in tracts.

Knowing you to be a very liberal man, I inclose you an envelope from the first Methodist Episcopal church of this city in which Messrs. Potter and Miller are holding revival meetings. Now, you can inclose your donation in this little envelope, and I will pledge you the honor of a square-toed Infidel that it will be delivered just as you may direct. This is not the only way they collect money to keep up these revivals, for a few evenings ago the preacher said, "I want to find ten persons in this audience who will giv $20 each," and he found them. Then he said he wanted to find ten more persons who would giv $10 each, and after finding them he called for ten more persons who would giv $5 each. Then he made another call for twenty persons who would giv $2 each, and then for twenty more who would giv $1 each. I am told that Messrs. Potter and Miller get $50 a week each for running this gospel shop, and I believe they intend to run it as long as it will pay. They claim to hav converted one hundred men in the last three weeks, but I happened to see how some of it was done. I saw Mr. Potter fairly drag a young girl out of a pew to get her to come up to the altar to be prayed for, and this they call converting them! Had it been a daughter or other relativ of mine, I would hav worn out my cane on him. I called in there one evening last week with a friend of mine, and when Mr. Potter came around looking for dupes, he put his hand on my shoulder and said to me, "You are a Christian, ain't you?" "No, sir, I am a square-toed Infidel," said I. "Well, I am glad to see you here," said he, and when he returned down the aisle he stopped again and shook hands with me, saying. "You must come often." I said, "I am no hypocrit, sir; I liv right up to my profession, and I know many Christians who do not."

My TRUTH SEEKER comes regularly, and I must say that those cartoons are immense. They are making more Liberals than all of our lecturers put together. Long liv Heston! It has been more than a year since we had a Liberal lecture here. What do you mean to do with this city, anyhow? Do you intend to let us all go to the devil, and not put forth a a saving hand? Think of it. Here is a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and only one Liberal lecture in a year. No wonder the God-shops prosper. If I were able I would hav a lecturer here once a week at least, but I am not. If these people could hear the other side of the question once a month, ten of these preachers would hav to ride on one horse. Please send us a speaker if you can, and they will always be welcome at my house, and I will take as good care of them as any hotel in this city.

GEO. M. HARE.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 1, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Last Saturday night Mr. John E. Remsburg, of Kansas, commenced a series of Liberal lectures at the Music Hall, this city. Owing to the fact that the lectures were not properly advertised the audience was not very large. Mr. Remsburg's lecture was "Thomas Paine, the Apostle of Liberty;" and in eloquent language he paid a glowing tribute to the "author-hero" of the Revolution. The lecturer mentioned the principal events connected with the life of Paine, and the high esteem in which he was held in America and France. Thomas Paine was a champion of liberty, a pioneer of human thought, a friend of morality and truth, of the poor and oppressed, and waged war with relentless vigor against ignorance and superstition. After the death of Paine the Christians, with fiendish malignity, attempted to destroy the reputation of this illustrious man. The splendid services he rendered his country were forgotten. All the falsehoods that hypocrisy could write and tell, all the slimy slander that Christian malice could invent, were exultingly hurled at the defenseless dead. These slanders Mr. Remsburg met with unanswerable logic, and proved that Thomas Paine died as serenely as any inquisitor of the middle ages! also that in his last hours he was kindly cared for by loving friends, and did not die in wretchedness and want.

Sunday afternoon, at 2:30, a fair-sized audience greeted the orator from the West. His subject was "Sabbath-Breaking," and was full of eloquence and wit. Sunday evening a still larger audience listened to the eloquent words that fell from the lips of this brave defender of Thomas Paine. The evening subject was "False Claims." In this lecture the audience saw a picture of Christianity in its palmiest days. They saw that for thousands of years the world has been at the mercy of dishonest and designing priests, who hav remorselessly trampled beneath their brutal feet all the sacred liberties of man; they heard the sobs and groans of murdered millions, and saw the lurid flames of the *auto-da-fe* as they leaped around the limbs of shrieking martyrs; they saw the bloody sword of war in the cruel clutch of the church; saw it cut through the fairest portion of the globe a wide swath of desolation and despair. Over these frightful fields of death, among the smoldering ruins of a thousand years, they saw the bleaching bones of martyred multitudes as left by the ravenous wolves of superstition. To-day the church, with a leering look of a fiend upon her brazen face, coolly informs the world that Christianity is the great promulgator of science, and attempts to clasp to her withered breast of faith the brave thinkers of the past.

Mr. Remsburg is a speaker of great earnestness and force, and with him the Liberals of Watertown were favorably impressed. While in this city he was kindly entertained by Hon W. S. Smith and his accomplished wife.

E. B. FOLSOM.

BURLINGTON, KAN., Nov. 22, 1886.

BROTHERS SOMERBY AND MACDONALD: It has been a long and eventful period in our national history of eight months since I hav offered a communication to be published in THE TRUTH SEEKER. The premonitory symptoms of an approaching collision of arms between labor and the proud and aristocratic moneyed lords and monopolistic power of our country are unmistakable. I would be less discouraged if it were not for the accursed evil practiced to a greater or less degree by all the different grades of voters and public officials whom we elect to guard our liberties selling themselvs and their public trust for a mess of pottage. It would be well for them to heed the injunction of the Apostle James, who, in his warning to the rich and arrogant oppressors of his day, uses the following language: "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye hav heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who hav reaped down your fields which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which hav reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth. Ye hav lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye hav nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter. Ye hav condemned and killed the just, and he doth not resist you."

I ask any candid, unprejudiced person, either skeptic or believer, if the present time is not similar, in whole or part, to the time when the writer penned the above quotatiou. And are we not adopting the old pro-slavery claims and practices that existed in the South during the antislavery agitation? How far hav we evoluted when a mob of police enter a newspaper office of Chicago and forbid the publishing of anything that would reflect sympathy for the condemned so-called Anarchists, on pain of having their press destroyed? These men were tried as Anarchists, and a verdict born from the brains of a jury governed by ignorance, fear, revenge, and avarice. Avarice, because old Shylock's hireling threw the bomb, and controled the court, and if those men are executed, according to the sentence, it will be the most horrible crime that ever was perpetrated against the freedom of speech and the press. And I ask again, are not our liberties in danger when the same mob of police visit a meeting of laborers and warn them that if they pass any resolutions sympathizing with the unjustly condemned men their meeting would be suppressed?

We doubtless, many of us, remember the fate of Parish Lovejoy and his press at Alton, Ill.; how he was murdered and his press destroyed by a pro-slavery mob. Numerous instances might be quoted proving that things are occurring at the present time all over the country under the reign of King Gold similar to those that occurred under the reign of King Cotton in the South. Then we are satisfied that the old saying is true that history repeats itself, both in Biblical times and our present age. I consider that our public press has committed an egregious error in not informing the public mind on the true doctrins of Socialism according to Webster: "A system of society which advocates a more precise, orderly, and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed." "Socialist, one who advocates the doctrins of Socialism."

A few remarks to our Liberal friends in regard to the above agitated questions. It is interesting to read the differences of opinions. One thinks the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is wrong in advocating justice to those seven innocent men. I think he was right, but he did not express himself as fully as I would were I in the same position. Another is afraid that priestcraft will strengthen its cause. Others who hav not evolved out of their orthodox shell from ignorance, fear, and revenge, demand the Anarchists' execution.

Those men may hav been radical in their views, and visionary in teaching their theories, but that is no excuse for debarring them from the privilege of coming to this country, and the right of the freedom of speech and the press. If our government cannot stand the strain of the promulgation of the doctrins of a few Anarchists and Socialists, it is time we knew it. With these considerations, I repeat, I cannot conceive of any reasonable excuse for the execution of those men as felons and murderers. But as our government is administered in the interest of the monopolists and Shylocks, and whatever they demand is granted; and as the doctrins of those men at Haymarket, on the 4th of May, were calculated to educate the laboring classes, and develop them in their manhood, it was objectionable to the aristocracy; and their object being the subjection of labor to their behests, they will use every means, fair or foul, to degrade it. The correct principles of a strong government are not in the suppression and limiting of freedom, but the education of the masses, and the unlimited exercise of our minds as long we do not trespass on the rights of others. CHRIS. BROWN

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Little Brown Hands.

(*Selected by E. W. Chamberlain.*)

"Little brown hands des like mine,"
Said a prattling child one day at play,
While lips of cherries bathed in wine
Kissed her face that summer day.
Little brown hands so soft and warm,
You come to me from foreign lands;
You weave a web and you wield a charm
That catch my heart, you little brown hands.

Little brown hands that gently press
My aching head and soothe the pain,
With your magic touch and soft caress,
Till I pray that my head may ache again.
Little brown hands that twist and twirl
The glass of life till its golden sands.
Flow fast or slow at your own sweet will;
O wondrous power of little brown hands.

Little brown hands, you come and go
With a cunning deftness all your own;
You are warm as wine or as cold as snow;
You weave a crown or you build a throne.
Little brown hands from across the sea,
From the sunny south, from the sunlit lands,
The sweetest task of my life shall be
To hold for aye those little brown hands.

H. B. M.

School-Houses.

Years ago, when this country was first settled, there were few school-houses, and they were of the poorest and roughest kind. Generally they were made of logs, the cracks being filled with mud or clay. Sometimes there were spaces left in the wall for windows; these spaces were often covered with greased paper instead of glass. The seats were arranged around the room in a semicircle, or on three sides, the other side being filled with the fire-place, teacher's desk, or rough table that served for a desk, and the door. For an example, let us look at the school-house where Garfield went when a child. It was about twenty feet square, with floor made of logs split, and the smooth surface laid uppermost; the roof was made of slabs, the seats were rough log benches without any backs, and the school-house would accommodate about twenty-five scholars in all. School-houses are now to be seen in every village and town. Some are better than others, because some towns hav more money than others to use for educational purposes.

There is no one so poor but he can obtain an education now, while a hundred years ago people had to hav considerable money or a great deal of perseverance to obtain one.

Now let us look at the school-houses of to-day. Many of them are elegant with everything to please the eye and rest the mind. Is it any wonder that scholars learn easily? Rather is it not a wonder that they do not try harder and learn more than they do? Most of the country school-houses to-day are plastered and clapboarded. They hav good floors, and in every way are warm and comfortable. All the large school-houses are heated by furnaces instead of by a huge log fireplace, as they used to be. The advantages of to-day can never be realized more forcibly than by comparing them with those enjoyed by the people of a century, or even fifty years, ago.

HAN. B. JEWETT (written at 12 years).
Bethel, Maine.

Too Smart.

We do not like boys who think themselvs "smart," and want other people to think so too. A "smart" boy of this kind was once employed in the office of the treasurer of a Western railway. He was usually left alone in the office between the hours of eight and nine in the morning. and it was his duty to answer the questions of all callers as politely as possible.

One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and asked him for the cashier.

"He's out," said the boy, without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"'Bout nine o'clock."

"It's nearly that now, isn't it?"

"There's the clock," said the boy smartly, pointing to the clock on the wall.

"Oh, yes; thank you," said the old gentleman. "Ten minutes before nine. May I wait here for him?"

"I s'pose so, though this isn't a public hotel."

The boy thought this was smart and he chuckled loudly over it. He did not offer the old gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held.

"I would like to write a note while I wait," said the caller; "will you please get me a piece of paper and an envelope?"

The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly said:

"Anything else?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are?"

The boy felt flattered by the word "smart," and replied with a gratified smile, "I answer to the name of Billy Thompson. But here comes the boss!"

The "boss" came in, and, seeing the stranger, cried out:

"Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do? We"——

But Billy Thompson heard no more. He was looking around for his hat. Mr. Smith was president of the road, and Billy heard from him later to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secure him, as he is still out of employment.—*Selected.*

The Game Suited Her.

A little miss of three years, who livs under the shadows of Hope church, was playing with the neighbors' children one morning, when they (the children) were called in for prayers. She accompanied them, and when seated in the sitting-room, she observed that she was the only one without a book. So she jumped down and helped herself from the bookcase in the room, returned to her chair and opened the book like the others, and endeavored to read, unrequested. After reading, she shut her book, and waited until they had all kneeled, when she assumed a like position, putting her hand to her face, but keeping a lookout between her fingers all the while to observe what was taking place. When the others rose from their knees, she ran over to one of the little girls, and, calling her by name, said: "I like this game first-rate. What is the name of it?"—*Springfield Homestead.*

Molting Angels.

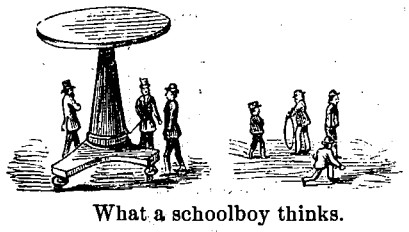
The bishop was addressing a Sunday-school, and related to the children the story of Jacob's dream of the ladder into heaven. Closing his remarks, he invited them to ask any questions they had in mind. After a few seconds' pause, a little girl in a piping voice inquired, "If the angels had wings, what did they want a ladder for to climb into heaven?" This was a puzzler for the bishop. He cleared his throat several times, grew red in the face, and hesitated; but at last a bright thought struck him. Turning toward the school, he said: "As one little child has asked this question, perhaps some other little child can answer it. Now can any one tell me why the angels wanted a ladder?" Back came the answer from a remote corner of the room, "Because they was molting, sir." The good bishop sat down.

The Five Alls.

"The Five Alls" was at one time a very common tavern sign in England. It consisted of five human fingers, each accompanied by a motto. The first was a king in full regalia, with the legend, "I govern all;" the second a bishop in pontificals, with the motto, "I pray for all;" the third, a lawyer in his gown, with the motto, "I plead for all;" the fourth, a soldier in regimentals, with the motto, "I fight for all;" and the fifth, a poor countryman, with scythe and rake, having for a motto, "I pay for all."

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



What a schoolboy thinks.

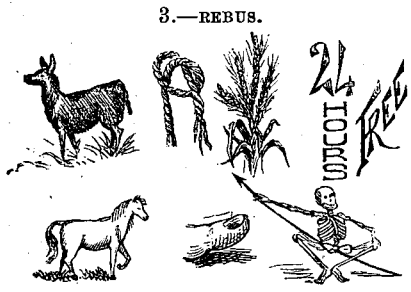
2.—CHARADE.

Reverse involved in Rebus.

In "the science of water," *O Lord*, we must find,
As the two inner syllables backward combined.
Two syllables fence this deific old phrase,
Which one tall letter *G* as a rebus displays.
Regardless of symmetry, back stretch the cord,
And then in reverse, we may read it, *go Lord;*
And going, it leaves us two pillars erect,
Which a cross-piece from center to center connect;
Like the pillars of Hermes, they greet our glad eyes—
Leaves us also, for all silly fables, *too wise.*
"The science of water," which, conscious of God,
Just blushed and turned wine at his presence and nod!
"The science of water," which tells us how he
And a favored disciple walked dry on the sea!
Or how it stood up like a wall for the Jews,
But overwhelmed Pharaoh's host that pursues!
"The science of water," that tells how for him
God's prophet once caused a sunk ax-head to swim!
Of water, of water that hears like a child,
And when Jesus says "peace," at once becomes mild!
Of water that bursts from a rock like a flood!
Of water that turns in its streams into blood!
Of water that heaven's wide windows let drop
To meet the great flood 'neath the earth breaking up,
'Till it covered the earth and destroyed all the race,
Excepting eight people of odorous grace!
O Lord, in such science reversed thou mightst hide!
Go, Lord, 'tis a Freethinker bids thee to slide!
From the presence of man, now a king reason-crowned,
Like a crawfish, retire where old myths most abound,
For *science* is struck by each miracle sore,
As we know what must but from things gone before,
And unvarying human experience cries
That such miracles told must be fables or lies.
In every science we may clearly perceive
If the God be not banished, to *go* he has leave;
And instead of a crown on his mythical brow,
'Tis "the cap and the bells" that his godship wears now.

J. K. P. BAKER.
Irwin, Iowa.

3.—REBUS.



An old saying.

4.—REBUS.



Good advice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, NOV. 27, 1886.

1.–Whiskey.
2.–
TIARA
INNER
ANISE
RESIN
ARENA
3.–A fast young man. 4.–Petchora.

Correspondence.

SAND LAKE, MICH., Nov. 22, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I see there is no letter in the Childrens' Corner in the last TRUTH SEEKER, so I thought I would write one. I am eight years old. I go to school every day. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I love to read the Children's Corner and look at the pictures. I go to Sunday-school. and my teacher tries to scare me about hell, but I only laugh at her. Yours truly,

JAMES J. BERRIDGE.

CALISTOGA, CAL., Nov. 18, 286.

MISS WIXON: Please tell your little friend Francis B. Cornwall that he did not scare me out of the Corner, because you welcomed me there, and I thought there was room for us all. Somehow I like to be among the children. We hav several of them around us, and it seems natural to be where they are. My absence from the Corner has been owing to our son Ralph's sickness. He is still quite unwell, and unable to sit up. We hav had to nurse and watch him so carefully for many weeks, night and day. We hope he may soon recover. I am much pleased to know that one young truth seeker, at least, has missed me, though I am almost a stranger there. I hope to get better acquainted in the future, and if I can add to the happiness of the many truth seeker children I shall feel of some use in the Corner.

I sometimes feel as if I could giv you some sweet, natural songs, or bright, amusing stories; but, somehow, I find myself waiting for others more gifted and freer from care. I do not hav a very high notion of my own ability, or I would be found more frequently in print. I like songs, however, though unable to sing much, and enjoy good stories when others tell them. They go a long way to lighten the cares and misfortunes of life for the old folks, and amuse and interest the young. They are gleams of sunshine, like flowers along our pathway. I am a lover of nature, from her wildest moods to her delicate finger prints on the sunny slopes and frosted window panes. I love the ceaseless roar on the rock-bound coast, and the gentle wash on the sandy shore; the voice of the night wind among the trees, and the joyous songs of many birds; the cultured tones of experience and the merry prattle of children—soft, sweet voices full of richest melody, and heartfelt laughter of anyone. So, fill up the Corner with happy songs, witty stories. words of wisdom, useful thoughts, and all sorts of good things, like ripe apples from the best trees in the orchard, and sweetest nuts from the woodland. UNOLE JOHN.

[We are pleased to hear from Uncle John again, but sorry to learn of the sickness of little Ralph. May he soon be well again.—ED. C.C.]

ELMORE, ILL., Nov. 22, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav seen so many little correspondents in the Children's Corner, I thought I would try and write too. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for a good many years. I am fourteen years of age, and am in school now. I study fifth reader, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I hav never studied grammar yet, but I am going to this winter.

It is a bad day. It is raining now.

Will you excuse bad writing? I will bring my letter to a close. I remain,

Yours truly, NELLIE THURMAN.

BURNETT, NEB., Nov. 23, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Seeing no letter in the Children's Corner this week, I thought I would take the pleasure to write one for the first time. Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for nine or ten years. He thinks it is the best paper ever printed in *this* world. I like the Corresponding part of the Children's Corner best of all. I am fourteen years old, and study nine studies. We liv on a farm in Antelope county, Nebraska, seven miles south of a small village called Burnett. The weather is very cold here now. Well, I will close for this time. Yours ever truly,

ESTELLE WHITNEY.

THOROLD, ONT., Nov. 29, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I think it is a very nice paper. Since I wrote the last letter, I hav not had time to write another. I hav seen so many litttle letters from children that I thought that I would now try another. I am a little boy twelve years old, and I am in the grammar school. I liv in Thorold, and it is a very pleasant place. There are in this town three Protestant churches, one Catholic church, and two public schools. I hav been to all of the schools in the town but the Catholic school. There are not many little Freethinkers in this town. Yonr little friend,

JOHN MOGILL.

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Odds and Ends.

IN a recent sermon Henry Ward Beecher said: "I hav no sympathy with eight-hour men who hav fourteen-hour wives."

"How far can you count, Johnny?" "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—let me see—8, 9, 10—" "Good! so far complete. Go on!" "Jack, queen, king." "Take your seat!"

"I'VE just found out why lightning never strikes twice in the same place," said Farmer Furrow to the deacon, as they stood under a tree in a thunderstorm. "Why is it?" said the deacon. "Because, sir, the same place is never there after the lightning once hits it."

IT was at the police court, and it was an assault case. A witness testified that the assault occurred on Sunday. "How do you know it was on a Sunday?" asked the lawyer on the other side. "Because that day I had to go to the back door of the saloon to get my whisky instead of the front door."

TONY MCOWEN remarked to Captain Norris that he sat down to his breakfast every morning at half-past eight. Norris said it seemed odd that he could sit down to his breakfast at half-past eight, for when he got through it was "ate." Whereupon McOwen drew a revolver and shot Norris dead. The jury said justifiable homicide.

SHE wasn't very young, but she had money. He didn't want the earth. "Dearest," he began, but she stopped him. "I anticipate what you are about to say, Mr. Sampson," she said, "and I would spare your feelings, for it can never, never be. I esteem you highly, and will be a sister to—" "I hav four sisters already," he replied bitterly, "four grown sisters, and life is a hideous burden. But, O Clara," he went on passionately, "if you cannot be my wife will you not giv me a mother's protecting love? I'm anorphan."

"CHARLEY," she murmured from the other end of the sofa, "did you read that singular accident in Marysville the other day?" "What accident?" "Well—ahem—you see, the rival of a young man shot into the window of a room where the young man was sitting with his—his steady company, you know, but the bullet str[illegible]k the corset-steel of the young lady—she was [illegible] in his lap, I believe—and so no one was [illegible]h! Charley, do you—do you think you [illegible]se?" Charley said h[illegible] as well not to [illegible]

[illegible] be in-dul-ging in fa-ce-ti-ous comments upon our per-so-nal ap-pear-ance. Now the so-pra-no is getting in her fine work. See that bald-headed man in the front pew smiling at her? He im-agins that he is at a comic opera per-form-ance. Now all four of the singers are at it, and the organ-ist is sitting on the safety-valve of the instru-ment, and has thrown out all the sand bags. How is that for music, children? Ah, now they hav fin-ish-ed! If we were to climb over the screen would we see them all lis-ten-ing at-tentiv-ly to the sermon? No, we would see the sopra-no flirting with the tenor, and the bass and alto reading, and the or-gan-ist asleep.

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Sept. 1, 1886, After the Earthquake.

Hello! Hel-lo, Central! Hello there!
Is Ingersoll home and alone?
Well, giv him my compliments (Charleston),
And ask him to step to the 'phone.

"Occupied writing a lecture?"
Well, tell him I won't keep him long;
That I'll prove beyond human conjecture
The tack that he sails on is wrong.

. . . . . .

Hello, Bob! I can't grasp your hand,
But, Old Sweepstakes, we'll shake just the same.
"Want assistance?" No, that's not my motiv
In ringing you up, for your name

Will head the first suff'rers' subscription
That's raised to our aid—I wan't none.
Your heart's just as big as your re·ord,
And it's solid on all things but one.

And that is a question of faith, Bob;
A question of heaven and hell;
A question of here and hereafter—
"A chestnut?" Well, don't ring the bell!

"The old, old story's 'a chestnut?'"
Well, it seems to me, Bob, I avow,
Like the latest of inspirations,
As the niggers are singing it now.

What's that? "All faith, all religion
Is born of a feeling of fear?"
But that fear's the beginning of wisdom,
And we've struck the conclusion down here

That the earth is as unsubstantial
As you claim our religion to be.
If you hav any doubts on the subject
You'd better come down here and see

This once happy, desolate city,
Her people insane with despair,
And callling on heaven for pity,
I picture you quoting Voltaire;

I hear you pronouncing the Bible
A tissue of lies, and a-sayin,'
"Now come, honor bright! Oh, what rubbish!"
Distributing works of Tom Paine.

Then I hear in the wail of the people
Certain proof that a God reigns on high;
That there's more to the church than its steeple,
And 'tis *you*, not the scriptures, that lie.

That there's only one rock we can cling to
That earthquakes and waves will not toss—
One only—the old Rock of Ages,
The pedestal, Bob, of the cross.

I'm a sport, and I've taken big chances;
I used to giv tips on the ring,
You can stake your whole treasure on scripture,
For, Bob, it's a livin', sure thing.

"No?" Well, rail at the errors of Moses,
Find fault with St. Paul and the Acts,
But, if you'd lectured in Charleston last evenin',
Your lynchin' and hell had been facts.

—*Geoffrey Hawley.*

NOW, GEOF., HONOR BRIGHT!—INGERSOLL TO HAWLEY.

Hello! Hel-lo, Central! Hello there!
Is Hawley at home, and alone?
Well, giv him my compliments (Ingersoll),
And ask him to step to the 'phone.

"Occupied mending a fracture?"
Well, tell him I won't keep him long;
That in spite of his rythmical lecture
I still think I'm right and he wrong.

Hello, Geof.! I don't wan't your hand,
But your brains, if you hav any left,
For you talk like a scared contraband,
Of senses, of reason, bereft.

What a jumble of "faith" and of "chestnuts,"
Of Bible, of Paine, and Voltaire;
What a blending of taffy with "lynchin',"
Of hell, with a poor nigger's prayer.

You assert that the "wail of the people"
Is "proof that a God reigns on high,"
That "there's more to the church than its steeple,"
And 'tis I, "not the scriptures, that lie."

Such logic is wordy confusion,
Your abuse—for that I don't care;
But I venture to hold this conclusion,
The wail was a proof—of a scare.

A faith that is born of an earthquake
Is a mighty uncertain affair,
The "rock' that *I* lean on is reason,
Wise action is better than prayer.

It is bosh, that the wail of a people
Is a proof that a God reigns on high,
But there's more to the church than its steeple,
That axiom none will deny.

Yes, a selfish, intolerant priesthood,
A faith, that is fathered by fear,
Superstition, the mildew of reason,
And hell, with its horrors, are there.

A priesthood incessantly begging,
Taking even the poor widow's mite;
Activ workers for wrong and the devil,
While shouting for God and the right.

Man lost by a slight misdemeanor,
Redeemed by a crime, is their creed,
While justice stands by in amazement,
And morality shudders indeed.

You may "wail" at each seismical antic,
Get almost insane with despair,
Petition your God until frantic,
He hears not, nor answers your prayer.

I remember a terrible cyclone
In whose path was a domicil, where,
All huddled in fear and excitement,
Were maidens—young, pious, and fair.

Some fell on their knees and in prayer,
Asked God to protect them from harm,
But one crept in under the bedstead,
And hid from the God and the storm.

And while the sweet maidens were kneeling
The storm tore the roof from its hold,
And, God and his mercy defying,
Carried death to that innocent fold.

The maiden who trusted the bedstead,
Nor prayed as she crouched 'neath its shield,
She lived through the tempest's wild fury,
While her God-trusting sisters were killed.

Now, Geoffrey, just listen to reason,
Come down from your faith to hard fact,
This earth, when it feels in the humor,
Will freely expand or contract.

And we, insignificant earthworms,
Wise little fools, though we be,
If we get in the way of the ruction,
Hav got to go with it—d'ye see?

We may "wail" at the earthquake's destruction,
No God can or will interfere,
So the best we can do, I opine, is
To hav a good time while we're here.

But, Geof., if your faith gives you comfort,
Hold on, I will never assail,
But don't say *I* lie if I cannot,
Like you, hear a God in a wail.

For Geof., this is true, honest Ingin,
Without e'en a tincture of chaff;
A wail is the voice of the devil,
My God I would find in a laugh.

The gods of the ignorant past
Were thicker that peas in a pod,
And all but this mythical last
Hav been vanquished by Science's rod.

Apotheosized ignorance! all—
All scattered like chaff in the wind;
One, only one left, to enthral,
To hinder the triumph of mind.

This anthropological God,
Unstable, capricious, and cruel,
I'd believe in and trust just as soon
As I would the rear end of a mule.

The power that controls is internal,
Universal and all-filling soul;
I must, not I will, is the edict
Of the mighty, magnificent whole.

You may call that a God, if it suits you,
I bow full of love, void of fear;
And, Geof., with my reason for compass,
On no other "tack" will I steer.

New York, Nov. 15, 1886. WM. WHITTICK.

P.S.—You're "a sport," and hav "taken big chances,"
In fact, hav been quite a wild lad,
Your "tips on the ring" may be daisies,
But your tips on religion are bad. W. W.

Robert the Devil

ON DANIEL AND THE LIONS, PARTICULARLY THE LIONS.

"Robert," said the editor of *Gabe's Horn* to me the other day, "what do you consider the best policy for mankind to follow?"—you see he had lost a cigar from his desk, and I think he was suspicious that I had got away with it, but didn't dare to say so, not having any proof, you see.

"For Christians," said I, "the best policy to follow is hypocrisy, and they all follow it from the word Go, and to the last man in the line. I think I shall evolute to a Christian some day, because hypocrisy is the winning hand every time."

He gave me a frigid stare that would hav stopped ice-cream from melting on a hot plate, but didn't say anything. You see, I've got the bulge on him, because the old man, my dad, owns most of *Gabe's Horn*, is a holy pillar of the church, and does what he's a mind to with the paper. But I know what he'd a liked to said, only he dasn't, which is, "You infernal freckle-faced devil, git outer here, quick!" And I know what he'd a liked to done, only he dasn't, which is, Booted me outer the sanctum and chucked the ink bottle after me. Oh, I've got the bulge on the duffer, you bet!

In a minute or two he began to stroke his long gray chinners, and then said, soft and sweet as molasses, "Robert, your eyes will be opened one of these days, and you will see the gate of the fold and come in and be numbered among Gideon's glorious band——"

"And hav a uniform?" said I, busting in on him.

"Yes," said he, "the uniform of the godly, which is brighter than gold and jewels, and you will be resplendent."

"But you couldn't hock that uniform for a cent," said I; "Simpson wouldn't ante up a shilling on the uniforms of the whole band." Then I had to explain what "hock" was, and who Simpson was; and he said he was afraid the scales wouldn't drop off my eyes until I reached the age of understanding; but as he said it mild—I know he wanted to boot me all the same, but dasn't—and hoped the scales would drop off soon, I thought it would be a good time to show him another piece I had written about one of the Holy Munchausen stories, and did. He read it, but said it wouldn't do to print in *Gabriel's Horn*, for obvious reasons, which kind of reasons I didn't understand, but didn't let him know I didn't, you bet. What I had writ about was

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

It is related in the Holy Munchausen for a true fact, that Daniel was thrown into the lions' den and come out of it as though nothing had happened, not getting a bite or a scratch.

A good many swallow this yarn whole, a good many choke at it, and a good many more don't take any stock into it at all. If everybody knew a lion's gait, which is to get all the raw meat he can, especially man meat, nobody would swallow the yarn, and everybody would be ashamed to tell it for a fact, except Mark Twain and Eli Perkins, who mostly deal in such ridiculous yarns.

If Daniel—why didn't they give his other name? There might have been forty Daniels living on the same block; and saying Daniel was chucked into the lion's den is saying nothing, as I look at it. But if there ever was a Daniel chucked into a lions' den, and come out alive and kicking, you can bet it's a dead sure thing the lions weren't A.1, simon-pure, copper-fastened, double-back-action lions of the African jungles—the genuin, hair-spring, self-cocking revolvers of the desert, you know!

I've seen a picture of Daniel in the den sitting on a rock wrapped in a table-cloth—Daniel was so got up, not the rock—and he looked quite serene, as though he was at a Quaker meeting, while the head lion of the congregation sat on his haunches, looking every inch a grave old judge as he gazed at Dan with a look that seemed to say, "What is your business before this high court, young man?" while the lesser lions—the officers and clerks of the court—looked at Dan indifferently, and as though they never indulged in man meat, or dreamed it was fit food for a lion's stomach, which ain't true to lion nature.

If them lions had been of the roaring, high-pressure, three-ply, dyed-in-the-wool sort that go about seeking whom they may devour, we never should hav had the picture of "Daniel in the Lions' Den," with Dan in the leading *role*, because he would hav been gobbled up before the artist, Onthespot, could hav taken his picture; and Dan never would hav known whether he made a square meal for the lions or not. It isn't likely that he or any other man would, for there were five or six lions there, and one man wouldn't go far among six lions, if they felt at all peckish. It would be about the same as setting one woodcock before six men that felt peckish.

No, them lions weren't the genuin, triple X, three-ply, yard wide, warranted-to-wash Muldoons of the desert, but some of Van Amburgh's or Barnum's played-out stock, toothless and tired, like some of the dizzy specimens of our Central Park Zoo, whose taste for man meat has died out.

If they were healthy and hearty lions, with good teeth and toe-nails, and hadn't been stuffed full of raw beef, then Dan What'shisname was never chucked into 'em, and I'll bet on it. Lions is lions, when healthy, and man meat is their delight. SI SLOKUM.

Book Notice.

KELSO'S NEW BOOK.

I hav been reading with much interest Brother Kelso's new book, "Spiritualism Sustained."

, be he Christian, Spiritualist, or Agnostic. Every Christian should read it in order to "see *himself* as others see him."

I regard Brother Kelso as a very astute writer. His book bristles with sharp points. Almost every paragraph cracks some theological nut, and shows that the kernel is wanting or moldy, and unfit for a clean stomach. The horns of some of the dilemmas gore the very life blood out of the Christian, and often leave him in the most ludicrous predicament.

For fear of making this article too long, a single quotation must suffice to giv a clew to the general tenor of the five lectures which comprise the book: "If, however, by the term Infidelity you mean the manly use of our reason and our common sense, intensified by priestly denunciation and absurd creeds, then I freely admit that all Spiritualists are, to a greater or less extent, tinctured with Infidelity. They undeniably do, as a class, rank very high as Freethinkers and correct reasoners. It is not so much the embracing of Spiritualism, however, that leads them to become Freethinkers and correct reasoners as it is the exercising of Freethought and correct reasoning that leads them to embrace Spiritualism. Persons who either cannot or dare not think for themselvs never become either Spiritualists or Infidels. Such persons on faith alone piously swallow whatever their priests may see fit to put into their mouths, and, as a natural consequence of such pious compliance, they nearly always die firm believers in the religion with which they may happen to hav been stuffed, no matter how absurd or degrading that religion may be. For obvious reasons such persons never make any progress. Indeed, founded as it is upon an unchangeable God, and upon an unchangeable book, Christianity itself, if unperverted, is of necessity totally incapable of change, of progress, or improvement. . . . It necessarily tends to lead us back into the darkness, the ignorance, the superstition of the gloomy past, and to shut out the light, the learning, and the mental freedom of the brighter present. Denouncing as the most damnable Infidelity all rejections of its doctrins or its models, all departures from them and all advances beyond them, it necessarily tends to keep alive among us the foul principles of slavery, of bigotry, of cruelty, of polygamy, of concubinage, etc., which constitute the most prominent characteristics of its principal God, and its most noted models. It claims in thus leading us back into the customs of the times in which these principles prevailed, it is leading us into the simplicity and the innocence with which God is best pleased. It teaches us that the farther we go back into the misty distance of the past, the nearer to God we find the people, and that the more we progress the more we differ from those people, the farther we depart from God and from the hope of salvation. All this, as you must plainly perceive, is bound to render the Christian religion the most formidable of all enemies to every form of progress and improvement. And does not the whole history of its course prove that this view is correct? For ten centuries it had full sway over the fairest portions of earth, and, because of the universal prevalence of ignorance, and crime, and wretchedness during their continuance, those ten centuries col

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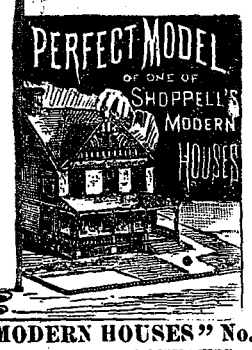
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News of t

AMONG the passengers which arrived last Satu family of forty men, wc They were Gustave Plet sons and their wives, ar grandchildren. They lef

NEW YORK city had six inches of snow last Sunday.

Two more fools hav jumped from the Brooklyn bridge and still liv.

THE Rev. Mr. Halsey, of this city, took for his text last Sunday "The Blunders of Christ."

PETER GREENLEAF, an eccentric Boston miser, has died leaving Harvard College nearly $500,000.

MRS. CLEVELAND was in New York last week doing some shopping. The president is a little twisted with rheumatism.

THE discovery of silver near Hot Springs, Ark., has reproduced in that vicinity the palmiest days of Western mining excitement.

THE Hon. George Zerubbabel Erwin, of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., will introduce the woman suffrage bill to the next legislature.

IN the case of the National Soldiers' Home against General Butler the jury found a verdict for $16,537.50 against General Butler.

THE Astor Library in this city contains some 220,000 volumes. At present the work of making a catalog of these books is in hand at a contemplated expense of $50,000.

THERE is talk of a Pacific ocean cable between Vancouver's Island and Australia. The object is to connect Great Britain with her Australian colonies by way of Canada.

THE grand jury sitting in Philadelphia has found a true bill of indictment against the Rev. Walter Messaros charging him with attempting criminal assault upon Mrs. Mary Coulston.

IN the Campbell *vs.* Campbell divorce suit now being tried in London, the servants and others last week gave testimony showing that neither the lord nor his lady had any morals to speak of.

A NEW trial has been denied to Janitor Titus, of the Hackettstown Methodist Institute, found guilty of outraging and murdering Tillie Smith. The case will be laid before the Court of Errors and Appeals.

JIM CUMMINGS, the Missouri bandit who robbed the Adams Express Company of a large sum, writes to a St. Louis paper that he will return $25.000 if they will let him go in peace. He has grown weary, he says, of being hunted.

THE steamer Westernland, of Antwerp, encountered in her last passage a storm that came near making a wreck of her. A huge wave struck and crushed in the structure on deck known as the turtle back, killing six men and crippling a dozen others.

ST. PAUL'S Methodist Episcopal church, in Providence, was completely gutted by fire last Sunday. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $8,000. Nicholas B. McDuff, a fireman, had his skull fractured by a fall from a ladder and will die. Three other firemen were injured.

A PAMPHLET has been published in Peru which has created great excitement. It refers to occurrences within the walls of the Merced monastery, before which the *Pall Mall Gazette* disclosures, the Lima papers say, fade into insignificance. The statements published by the Lima press having been impugned, the writers content themselvs by answering: "The signatures of authorities respond for us; the statements of surgeons corroborate the facts, and, above all, the names of several Deputies to the Chambers are appended to charges which hav not been answered."

Books for Presents.

This being the time of year when friends bear testimony to their friendship by making presents, we respectfully call the attention of Freethinkers to the following list of books which are eminently fit for Christmas and New Year's presents. At the head of the list stands

PROSE POEMS AND SELECTIONS. By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. The work is designed for and will be accepted by admiring friends as a rare personal souvenir. To help it serve this purpose, a fine steel portrait, with autograph fac-simile, has been prepared especially for it. Price, in silk cloth, beveled edges, gilt back and side, $2.50; in half calf, mottled edges, elegant library style, $4.50; in full Turkey morocco, gilt, exquisitly fine, $7.50; in full tree calf, highest possible style and finish, $9. "Prose Poems" is the book for one heretic to present to another.——But to do good as well as confer pleasure, Liberals can place upon the Christmas table of their Christian friends

INGERSOLL'S LECTURES COMPLETE. Bound in one volume, half calf, library style, and containing over 1,300 pages, which is sold at the exceedingly low price of $5.——For a present to a Christian lady (and Christian gentlemen can profit by it as well) no book can be more appropriate than

MEN, WOMEN, AND GODS. By HELEN H. GARDENER. Introduction by ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. This edition is revised and enlarged, and handsomely bound.

The following novels and romances are all Freethought works, inculcating truths, and are handsomely bound:

NATHANIEL VAUGHAN, PRIEST AND MAN. By FREDERIKA MACDONALD. Price $1.25.

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THE STORY HOUR. For the children. By MISS SUSAN H. WIXON. Price $1.00.

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THE DAWNING. A Labor Reform novel. Price $1.50.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY. For the Boys. By JAMES PARTON. With Portraits. Price $1.25.

Romances are more specially in keeping with the season (Christmas is a pagan romance), but the foregoing list includes books containing a great deal of fact.

—o—

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f Thought.

the claims of the church, been one of benificence, and urce of the advanced state ists in the world to-day! It n its own name than hav all the world combined, includ- which has been next to *r.—D. M. Bennett.*

A MIRACLE is a violation of the laws of nature, and as a firm and unalterable experiences has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined. Why is it more than probable that all men must die; that lead cannot of itself remain suspended in the air; that fire consumes wood and is extinguished by water; unless it be that these events are found agreeable to the laws of nature, and there is required a violation of these laws, or, in other words, a miracle, to prevent them? Nothing is esteemed a miracle if it ever happen in the common course of nature. It is no miracle that a man seemingly in good health should die on a sudden, because such a kind of death, though more unusual than any other, has yet been frequently observed to happen. But it is a miracle that a dead man should come to life, because that has never been observed in any age or country. There must, therefore, be a uniform experience against every miraculous event, otherwise the event would not merit that appellation. —*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

SINCE miracles are effects contrary to the established constitution of things, we are certain that they will never be performed on trivial occasions.—*T. H. Horne.*

[For the proof of this assertion let the intelligent student turn to the gospels and read the account of Christ's cursing the fig-tree because it had no fruit, but leaves only, "the time for fruit being not yet come," and to his sending Peter to catch a fish in whose mouth he should find a penny. More "trivial" occasions of exercising divine power it would be difficult to conceive. Miracles are nowadays seldom appealed to, except by the very *canaille* of popular preachers —the very gutter-snipes of theology—but, before Hume's time, miracles and prophecy were the pillars on which the temple of Christianity rested. Other religions as well as the Jewish and Christian appeal to miracles, and they are quite as well attested as those that we read in the Old and New Testaments.—*Hytax.*]

BY some we are told that the soul is immaterial, and that, by reason of its immateriality, it cannot die. How can human beings, professing to hav cultivated their understandings, be content to respect, and rest in, such wretched inanities as these, at best but the convulsiv flounderings of an intellect out of its depth, deluding itself into the belief that it has grasped an idea when it has only got hold of a word? That the immaterial must, of necessity, be immortal seems to us an unmeaning assertion in a matter of which we know absolutely nothing. Of the nature of the soul science has taught us indeed little—far too little to allow us to decide and dogmatize—but honesty must admit that the little it has taught us all points to an opposit conclusion. Alas! for the spirit's immortal trust, if it rested on such scholastic trivialties as these!—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

IN revelation, technically so-called, revelation confirmed by historical miracles, Carlyle was unable to believe—he felt himself forbidden to believe by the light which was in him. In other ages men had seen miracles when there were none, and had related them in perfect good faith in their eagerness to realize the divine presence in the world. They di l not know enough of nature to be on their guard against alleged suspensions of its unvarying order. To Carlyle the universe was itself a miracle, and all its phenomena were equa'ly in themselves incomprehensible. But the special miraculous occurrences of sacred history were not credible to him. "It is as certain as mathematics," he said to me late in his own life, "that no such thing ever has been or can be."—*Froude's Carlyle.*

AND why even of yourselvs judge ye not what is right?—*Jesus.*

IN the massacre of St. Bartholomew five thousand Parisians of all ranks were murdered. Within the whole kingdom the number of victims was variously estimated at from twenty-five thou sand to one hundred thousand. The heart of Protestant Europe, for an instant, stood still with horror. The queen of England put on mourning weeds, and spurned the apologies of the French envoy with contempt. At Rome, on the contrary, the news of the massacre created a joy beyond description. The pope, accompanied by his cardinals, went solemnly to the church of St. Mark to render thanks to God for the grace thus singularly vouchsafed to the Holy See and to all Christendom, and a *Te Deum* was performed in presence of the same august assemblage.—*Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

Golden Throne By Samuel P. Putnam. Price $1.
Waifs and Wanderings By Samuel P. Putnam, Price $1.

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 13. No. 51.} PUBLISHED WEEKLY.} New York, Saturday, December 18, 1886. {33 CLINTON PLACE.} $3.00 per year.



A PAROCHIAL SCHOOL LESSON.

Notes and Clippings.

A CATHOLIC paper says that the Freemasons of Italy hav resolved to use all their influence with the deputies on the left to hav the first article of the statutes repealed. The article alluded to is one declaring that the Roman Catholic and Apostolic church shall be the religion of the kingdom.

THE largest number of Chinese employed at any one place on the Eastern slope are employed in Casebolt's laundry in Belleville, on the outskirts of Newark. District No. 51 of the Knights of Labor hav entered into an agreement with Mr. Casebolt to supply him with white laborers, and the latter has agreed to take them on in place of the Chinamen.

THOSE abuses of the freedom of speech are the exercises of liberty. They ought to be repressed, but to whom dare we commit the care of doing it? An evil magistrate, intrusted with power to *punish for words*, would be armed with a weapon the most destructiv and terrible. Under pretense of pruning off the exuberant branches, he would be apt to destroy the tree.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

THE first person that Mr. Mohini Chatterji, the celebrated Buddhist philosopher, called upon when he reached this country, says the *Sun*, was Laura C. Holloway, who is deeply interested in Buddhism. She lives in Brooklyn, and it is at her house that Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland often stops when she comes in from the country. Mrs. Holloway is a well-to-do woman, an authoress of note, a bright and well-informed conversationalist, and a Freethinker.

THE Savannah *News* says that Sam Jones has a brother who is preaching in the northern part of Georgia. He tries to outdo his brother in the use of vigorous language, and is said to employ a dialect that will almost take the bark of a hickory tree. Decorating a hickory tree is not much of an elocutionary job, but separating a Georgian from his sin requires real fervent use of the maxillary.

WE are half a mind to begin to write a story that may never end, founded on facts that are ever obvious. Hippodromus, taking his morning walk in the streets of Lucignano, comes upon Theodectes, a laborer, and says to him: "Why are you always at work?" Theodectes answers: "I am always at work to get money to buy food to giv me strength to do more work that I may get more money to buy more food to get more strength to do more work to get more money to buy more food to get more strength to do more work to get more money to buy—" This is the beginning of the story without end, and the facts on which it is founded, they are without end also.—*Winsted Press.*

AN interesting fable has long been in circulation that the queen presented a Bible to an African chief, saying to him that it was "the source of England's greatness." A picture of the presentation of the Bible by the queen to the savage was actually published. Mrs. Besant has exploded the fable. An African chief sent a present to the queen, and the queen directed the president of the Church Missionary Society to write to him and thank him and send him two Bibles. There was no presentation, no saying. The whole fable has grown up out of a phrase used by the president in his letter: "England has become great and happy by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ." The president does not pretend that this is even a message from the queen. Thus do pious stories grow!

THE Rev. H. R. Haweis has made a sensation in London by a sermon preached a week since, in which he denounced the church at large for its bigotry, ridiculed the idea of apostolic succession, declared that he didn't believe a word of the Athanasian creed, and expressed himself as only lukewarm in his adhesion to the Thirty-nine Articles of faith. Mr. Haweis's audience sat aghast at the succession of heresies hurled at them by the preacher.

A MOST startling statement, and most monstrous if true, is that at Portree a child has been distrained on, or poinded, as the Scotch term the seizure for arrears of rent. Although this is on the property of, and for rent due to, Lord Macdonald, it is not suggested that he is to blame, but the Scotch sheriff's officer who poinded the child "for sale" must hav strange notions of landlord's rights, and it is hardly wonderful that there is "much indignation amongst the Highlanders."—*National Reformer.*

MR. ALBERT WORRELL, who livs in an old house in Campbell county, Va., a few days since found behind a loosened mantelpiece an old newspaper, the Boston *Gazette* of March 12, 1770, which had on it in pencil the name of Thomas Jefferson. At that time Mr. Jefferson owned lands in Campbell, and often visited the neighborhood. It is probable that he was a subscriber to the paper, and loaned this copy to one of his neighbors. It contains several protests by public meetings against the purchase by the people of tea and other importations of British goods, also a long account of the killing of certain citizens by British soldiers.—*Baltimore American.*

JUDGE DEMING, of the New Haven, Conn., City Court, gave a decision last week in the case of the state against Albert O. Norton, a clothing merchant, who offered to purchasers of his goods a lot of prizes to be given to those persons making the most correct guesses at the number of seeds in a big pumpkin. This, it was claimed, was contrary to law, and the case excited much interest because has not been a fair given in the state for years the manager of which has not done just what Mr. Norton did, or something like it. Judge Deming found Norton guilty, and sentenced him to pay $50 fine. An appeal was taken to the Superior Court.

THE French hav encountered the difficulty that troubles this country in the matter of religious instruction in the public schools, but they seem to be making more rapid progress in the direction of solving the problem. The law respecting primary education recently passed by the French Assembly had already been voted by that body at the last session, and was returned by the Senate for the modification of sundry articles. The chief point of the law is its enforcement of absolute secularity of instruction. Hence it is, of course, bitterly opposed by the Monarchists and Ultramontanes, who denounce it with floods of adjectivs like "odious," "abominable," "blasphemous," and the like. But the purely secular primary school is the only one which can, under national support, gather in representativs of all classes of French youth, and there is every probability that the measure will soon become a law.—*Christian at Work.*

Communications.

The Fathers of Our Republic.

FRANKLIN.

In his autobiography, Franklin says:

Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of the sermons preached at Baylis's lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them. For the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me to be much stronger than the refutation. In short, *I soon became a thorough Deist* (Autobiography, p. 166).

This occurred when he was quite young, and there is no evidence that his opinions underwent any material change afterward.

Franklin's biographer, Parton, says:

In conversation with familiar friends he called himself a Deist or Theist (Life of Franklin, vol. i, p. 319).

He escaped the theology of terror and became forever incapable of worshiping a jealous, revengeful, and vindictiv God (Ibid, p. 71).

At the age of eighty-four, just previous to his death, in reply to inquiries concerning his religious belief from the president of Yale College, he wrote as follows:

Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his providence. That he ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this.

This is pure Deism. Paine and Voltaire would hav readily subscribed to every one of the above six articles of faith. Compare the creed of Franklin with the creed of Paine.

It is not improbable that Franklin had much to do with shaping the Deistic belief of Paine. Parton says:

Paine was a resident of Philadelphia, a frequenter of Franklin's house, and was as well aware as we are of Dr. Franklin's religious opinions (Life of Franklin, vol. ii, p. 553).

For nearly half a century there has been a story afloat to the effect that Franklin attempted to dissuade Paine from publishing his "Age of Reason." This canard, under the caption of "Don't Unchain the Tiger," was published by the American Tract Society, an institution that enjoys the unenviable reputation of having disseminated more unadulterated falsehoods than any other publishing house in America. To properly appreciate this story it is only necessary to recall the fact that Franklin had been dead three years before a page of Paine's work was written. Upon this and his motion for prayers in the Constitutional Convention, is based the Christian piety of Franklin. Regarding the latter, it is only necessary to remark that it was in harmony with the second and third articles of his Deistic creed.

Dr. Franklin and Dr. Priestley were intimate friends. Of Franklin, Priestley writes:

It is much to be lamented that a man of Franklin's general good character and great influence should hav been an unbeliever in Christianity, and also hav done as much as he did to make others unbelievers" (Priestley's Autobiography, p. 60).

This great man was himself denounced as an Infidel. He was a Unitarian of the most advanced type, and was mobbed and driven from England on account of his heretical opinions and his sympathy with the French Revolution. Franklin's Infidelity must hav been of a very radical character to hav provoked the censures of Dr. Priestley.

While in France, Franklin consorted chiefly with Freethinkers, among whom were Mirabeau, D'Holbach, D'Alembert, Buffon, and Condorcet. Respecting his religious belief, Parton classes him with Goethe, Schiller, Voltaire, Hume, and Jefferson, and says they would all hav belonged to the same church.

Franklin and Voltaire, a few months before the death of the latter, met for the first time at a theater in Paris. On being introduced, they cordially shook hands. But this was not enough. Each then clasped the other in his arms, and for a moment held him in an affectionate embrace. It was not a mere formal meeting between two aged philosophers; a deeper significance attached to the interesting scene. It was the spontaneous outburst of kindred feelings and a common faith. It was the Deism of the New World, through its most illustrious representativ, saluting that of the Old.

In regard to the Bible, Franklin, like other Freethinkers, admired some portions of it and condemned other parts of it. He asserts that "there are several things in the Old Testament impossible to be given by divine inspiration." For the amusement of his friends, he often caricatured the Bible by taking it up, and, pretending to read from it, extemporized in a ludicrous manner as he went along.

The character of Jesus he extolled, but in regard to his divinity he declared himself a skeptic.

In a letter to the Rev. George Whitefield, written in 1753, we hav his opinion of Christianity:

The faith you mention has doubtless its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I desire to lessen it in any way; but I wish it were more productiv of good works than I hav generally seen it. I mean real good works, works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit, not holy-day keeping, sermon hearing and reading, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the deity.

Writing to his sister in 1758, he says:

'Tis pity that good works, among some sorts of people are so little valued, and good words admired in their stead. I mean seemingly pious discourses, instead of humane, benevolent actions. These they almost put out of countenance by calling morality, *rotten* morality; righteousness, *ragged* righteousness, and even *filthy rags*, and when you mention virtue, pucker up their noses; at the same time that they eagerly snuff up an empty, canting harang, as if it were a posy of the choicest flowers.

Franklin believed in a future state of existence, but his conception of immortality was that of the Deist and not of the Christian. In his letter to Whitefield, previously alluded to, he says:

By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinit in degree and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth; . . . for my part, I hav not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect, or the ambition to desire it.

In a letter to Mrs. Partridge, he observes:

With regard to future bliss, I cannot help imagining that multitudes of the zealously orthodox of different sects, who at the last day may flock together in hopes of seeing each other damned, will be disappointed, and obliged to rest content with their own salvation.

The following extract from a letter to Jared Ingersoll, written in 1762, shows how he regarded the Christian Sabbath:

When I traveled in Flanders, I thought of your excessivly strict observation of Sunday, and that a man could hardly travel on that day among you upon his lawful occasions without hazard of punishment, while where I was everyone traveled, if he pleased, or diverted himself in any other way; and in the afternoon both high and low went to the play or the opera, where there was plenty of singing, fiddling, and dancing. I looked around for God's judgments, but saw no signs of them. The cities were well built and full of inhabitants, the markets filled with plenty, the people well favored and well clothed, the fields well tilled, the cattle fat and strong, the fences, houses, and windows all in repair, and no "old tenor," anywhere in the country, which would make one almost suspect that the deity was not so angry at that offense as a New England justice.

In a letter to Dr. Price he has this to say of religious tests:

I think they were invented, not so much to secure religion itself as the emoluments of it. When a religion is good, I conceive it will support itself; and when it does not support itself, and God does not take care to support it, so that its professors are obliged to call for help of the civil power, 'tis a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one.

The above was written in 1780. It is as true today as it was a century ago, and I respectfully commend it to the prayerful consideration of those pious fanatics who, under the mask of temperance and other reforms, are endeavoring to hav religious tests incorporated into our national Constitution.

Clerical conceit and arrogance receive the following merited rebuke from his pen:

Nowadays we hav scarcely a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministration, and that whoever omits this offends God. To such I wish more humility.

On one occasion, when Whitefield visited this country, he wrote to Franklin, stating that the friend with whom he expected to lodge in Philadelphia had left the city. Franklin very naturally tendered him the hospitalities of his home. Referring to Whitefield's acceptance, he writes:

He replied that, if I made that offer for Christ's sake, I should not miss of a reward. And I returned, "Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for *Christ's* sake, but for your sake." One of our common acquaintance jocosely remarked that, knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they received any favor, to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders and place it in heaven, I had contrived to fix it on earth.

At the age of eighty, in a letter to Mr. Vaughn, of England, he paid the following tribute to the character of heretics:

Remember me affectionately to good Dr. Price, and to the honest heretic, Dr. Priestley. I do not call him honest by way of distinction, for I think all the heretics I hav known hav been virtuous men. They hav the virtue of fortitude, or they could not venture to own their heresy; and they cannot afford to be deficient in any of the other virtues, as that would giv advantage to their many enemies; and they hav not, like orthodox sinners, such a number of friends to excuse or justify them. Do not, however, mistake me. It is not to my good friend's heresy that I impute his honesty. On the contrary, 'tis his honesty that brought upon him the character of a heretic.

Such were the religious opinions of Franklin. The Christian may, with Dr. Priestly, lament that this learned man "should hav been an unbeliever in Christianity;" but, notwithstanding his lamentations, the fact remains. He may distort it, but he cannot disprove it. As Dr. Wilson said of Washington, so must it be said of Franklin—"He was a Deist, and nothing more."

JOHN E. REMSBURG.

MR. BUTLAND, who has left a munificent bequest to the Toronto Hospital, was a pronounced Secularist, and his virtues will be cited as a proof that excellence of character may exist without religious belief. But who can doubt this? . . . It [the skepticism that now prevails] is a serious skepticism, the grounds for which, even those who do not share it, if they are instructed and open-minded, can olny too well understand.—*Toronto Week.*

An Orthodox Fraud.

II.

While Catholicism originated this scheme of salvation which was largely the work of St. Augustine, Protestantism accepted it, and has for nearly five hundred years directed all its forces to sustain and propagate the fraud. It is singular that educated, intelligent men—men of science and philosophy—could allow themselvs to be duped, imposed upon, and made the champions and defenders of this mythical, fabulous scheme called Christianity. Now that the revisers of the New Testament tell us there were no personages or characters called Christ, or Lord, or Savior, or Belial, in the first or older copies of that volume, they hav openly admitted the forgery of these names by the church, and that on this forgery the whole system or scheme is built. The earlier disciples or followers of Jesus and his teachings, the Ebionites, his Jewish converts and their descendants of Palestine, discarded the miraculous character the Greek writers gave to Jesus in what was orighnally written of him by men who never saw or heard him. What they wrote of hearsay and tradition was compiled some one hundred and fifty years after it is claimed he was crucified.

These writings were the original gospels, and they purport to be a record of some of the things he said and did. But they had none of these deified names now in our English Testament, nor none of the miracles or thaumaturgic acts there ascribed to him. So the revisers tell us they hav discovered in their researches, and in the Companion they say: "The Greek word *répas*, which properly means miracle, occurs but three times in the gospels, and *never* with reference to the works which Christ performed." Yet they hav retained in their revision these miracles, as though Jesus had really performed them, when they say they never occurred, according to the Greek text. Then these miracles are forgeries, put there to make us believe that Jesus was a god or supernatural being, and as such capable of performing the miracle of redeeming us from sin, and saving our souls from sheol. With these supernatural personages invented, with the miracles they performed at hand, all the requisits were furnished to build up our faith, our system of religion, called Christianity.

The first book ever printed was the Bible, in the year 1452, and in the Latin, then called the Vulgate. The Bible had long been used in the western church in manuscript copies, and only in the Latin. The Greek language was very imperfectly known to the-ologians.

A Spanish cardinal attempted to furnish a copy of the New Testament in Greek, which was printed in 1520. Erasmus, though encumbered by other literary labors, prepared in the short space of ten months an edition of the Greek New Testament, which was printed in 1516. He issued five editions, making several hundred changes.

Robert Stephens followed Erasmus closely in an edition, adhering to his text, when opposed to the authority of all the manuscripts, and published his fourth edition in 1551. In this edition, for the first time, the New Testament is divided into verses, an invention of Stephens. Stephens made the first collection of various readings, amounting to 2,194.

Beza, the Reformer or Protestant, edited a copy of the Greek Testament, and published five editions, which were based throughout on the text of Stephens. His last edition was in 1598.

The revisers tell us all these Greek copies, so different among themselvs, and in their numerous editions, "began with Erasmus, whose resources were meager indeed, and that even the materials he had were not fully utilized." He said himself that his first edition "was rather tumbled into the world than edited."

Erasmus copied in his edition from some cursiv manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, all spurious copies. "He had thus no documentary materials for publishing a complete edition of the Greek Testament," say the revisers. They also say that in the Greek text, from which our authorized version now in common use was formed, there are many words conjecturally re-translated from the Vulgate, "for which no authority can be pleaded, but which are entirely due to the learning and imagination of Erasmus." Scholars hav been unable to ascertain how, and from what sources, and what manuscripts, Erasmus pretended to form his copy; but it must hav been, from the internal evidence of its spuriousness, some modern and not well known copy or copies.

The revisers tell us that Stephens and Beza left the text substantially, if not quite, verbatim, as they had received it from Erasmus. They knew of no old copies, and did not care to know or use any but the most corrupted later copies then in use.

The "Companion" says: "In these circumstances can it be wondered at that vast multitudes of changes will be found in the revised English version, owing to an amended text? When we trace, as has been briefly done, the parentage of our English Bible, and when we see on what a slender basis of authority it rests, we might well fear that the altera-

tions requiring to be made in the Bible with which we hav all our days been familiar, should be of the most revolutionary character."

After telling us that the names Christ, Belial, Lord, God, and Savior, as representing personalities, should never hav been translated and in the Bible as such, and that Jesus never performed those miracles attributed to him, and of innumerable mistranslations, interpolations, omissions, and gross perversions, in consequence of a misuse or indiscriminate use of the moods and tenses of verbs, and of the articles, pronouns, and prepositions, often making the text state positiv falsehoods, impossibilities, absurdities, and nonsense, all of which they own and hav pointed out in examples to the reader—they tell us that, after all their vast labor for ten years, and the many slight changes they hav made in the revision, "no doctrin in the faith is in the slightest degree affected." "The Bible remains for all practical purposes totally unaffected."

Owning that they have made no material changes, having left all these personifications and miracles which they hav pronounced false, with most of the other errors, in the text, they proceed to stultify themselvs and their readers as follows: "No suspicion need in future haunt them that the scriptural truths which they love are insecure." "Hereafter every loyal Christian heart should surely rejoice to hav access, in as pure a form as possible, to the message sent us by our father in heaven;" and add, "The fulfilment of this is presented in the revised version."

What other conclusion can we come to but that the revisers were so disappointed, so embarassed and confounded in the task they had undertaken, that the only way they could extricate themselvs from the formidable difficulty was to contradict themselvs continually, and to escape from the dilemma the best they could by special pleading, by pointing out and defining the errors, wholesale, and then leaving them in the text, declaring then how near perfect the revision had been made, when they knew and confessed the contrary was the fact, and that they purposely meant to leave it so? What cool, quiet, impudent presumption! What innocent, confiding trust in the credulity and stupidity of their readers!

If any one has some lingering doubts about this whole system of orthodoxy being a fraud, let him read these "Companions" critically, and he cannot fail to be convinced, so strong and positiv is the testimony they furnish, that the whole system of orthodox Christianity is an invention of superstition, and these scriptures hav been made to sustain it.

Philadelphia, Dec., 1886. T. E. LONGSHORE.

In the Enemy's Camp.

A CHARITABLE OPINION.

From the Independent of Nov. 25th.

It is very hard work, somehow, for confessed Infidelity to raise money for its purposes. It had in this city some years ago an organization called "The First Congregational Society of Humanity," but it broke down for lack of funds. But one of its people has died and given it ten thousand dollars, which he could not keep any longer himself, and so they hav started again under their acknowledged chief priest, Mr. T. B. Wakeman. He preached his first sermon to the reorganized society last Sunday, and talked to them about Constructiv Liberalism, the four corner-stones of which new theology were: "God—the universe; Christ—man; the Virgin Mother—woman and womanhood; the Holy Ghost—love, charity, every attribute that draws man to man and leads him to love his neighbor as himself." With these four corner-stones he proposed to raise a structure that would replace all the fables and traditions now accepted by the churches as the basis of the old religion. We fear the ten thousand dollars can't do all that.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT THE OCEAN GROVE SUMMER CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.

Resolved, That nations are moral persons, and as such are accountable to God, and are under the obligations of his law. That the divine law, as revealed to nations, demands their allegiance and submission to the Lord Jesus Christ, into whose hands the moral government of this world has been committed by the father, and who is expressly declared to be the "king of kings and Lord of lords," and "the prince of the kings of the earth." That nations are punished or rewarded, preserved or destroyed, according as they obey or disregard the moral laws which God has revealed for their guidance in his word.

Resolved, That under the law of Christ as king of kings the nation is solemnly bound to respect and defend the sacredness of the holy Sabbath; that the preservation of the Sabbath in this country is essential to the maintenance of our free institutions; and that we recommend all Christian citizens to use their influence in the formation of party platforms to secure a recognition of this great principle.

Resolved, That in any system of public education the nation is bound to teach its future citizens these moral and religious principles in which the very life of the nation consists; and that the exclusion of the Bible by law, from our public schools, already accomplished in many places, is a blow at the foundations of the republic.

Resolved, That a written constitution for a Christian nation ought to contain explicit evidence of the Christian character of the people which frames it; and that the Constitution of the United States ought to be so amended as to declare that this is a Christian nation, and to place all Christian laws, institutions, and usages in our government on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of the land.

PERNICIOUS ACTIVITY.

From the Christian Statesman.

The growth of the National Reform movement has brought us to a most interesting stage in its history. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has shown a gratifying readiness to accept the principles and coöperate in the work of the National Reform Association. Two additional district secretaries, from branches of the church not heretofore represented in its working force, stand ready to enter the field in September next. They undertake the work upon conditions which argue, on their part, the highest measure of zeal and courage and faith. All the other secretaries will be employed in new territory throughout the year. The National Reform Association is enrolling nearly a hundred volunteer lecturers, who will undertake to deliver each a certain number of volunteer addresses during the year. They, and the friends who arrange for them, will not wait for the coming of the secretaries, but will hold themselvs pledged to keep the cause alive in their own localities, and to carry it steadily into new territory.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION AGAIN.

From the Iowa Messenger (Catholic).

It is only a question of time, and that short, until the Protestant pulpits will cease protesting against Catholicity, and, with us, join hands in attacking the common enemy of Christianity that is fast decimating the Christian ranks and sowing seeds of Infidelity that future generations will liv to lament. Quite a number of eminent divines and college professors of the denominations hav already awakened to the imminent danger that is ruthlessly threatening the pillars of the Christian household and hav displayed their convictions to the public, in language both plain and strong, that our present free school system is throwing out a class of Atheists, believing in no God, no law, but in their own ambitions, which are sufficiently large to desire the fruits of others' labor without any labor on their part.

Catholicity for years has fought the growing evil of non-religious education, while Protestants generally, we suppose for the sake of opposition to Catholicity, defended the public schools as the bulwark of the state and their form of religion, by which course they were opening up for themselvs an abyss that now endangers their little household of the faith. Catholicity now, as always, appreciating the blessings of religion and foreseeing the effects of the non-religious education of the youth, stepped forward and raised her warning voice that godless schools would manufacture godless citizens, and though a superhuman effort was required, the sacrifice was made and parochial schools were built where obedience to God and secular authority is impressed on the young mind, and where the animal man is taught to be subject to the spiritual.

A long and bitter war has been waged against our church for this act on her part. We hav been declared enemies to the state, enemies to the government, enemies to the bulwark (?) of free institutions. Every rampant preacher, not having a religious topic for Sunday, discoursed on the dangers of Roman Catholicism, and our building schools at our own expense was made the subject of slander and abuse. Not till now hav they seen the errors of their way. We saw the effect in the cause; they only see the effects when produced in the prevalence of Communism and Anarchy that is already deeply rooted in American soil. The Lutherans and Episcopalians were the first to follow the Catholic view; others are now gradually coming in, so that by a unanimous verdict of the Christian denominations the free school system will be pronounced a failure in turning out good citizens or righteous members of society.

The latest body that has adopted our view is the Presbyterian synod, held at Baltimore. It unequivocally pronounced against godless schools and adopted resolutions either to build schools, or attend in some way to the religious training of their youth, who were fast falling away from membership, owing, they said, to the Atheistic influences of godless free schools. Only last week, the Rev. Thomas E. Green, rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal church, in Chicago, expressed himself forcibly on the "mistaken views, the loose morals, and the social disorders of the day" attributable to the public schools. On this account, he harangued his congregation on the necessity of building a parochial school to stem the social disorders that hav already shown their hydra heads iu that city. Mr. Green believes that education in the public schools, with religion strictly excluded, is the source of the "Infidelity and Atheism that flourish in the land, bringing their inevitable fruit of Communism and Anarchy," and that "unless the process of educational secularization shall be stayed, the aspect of the future is black and lowering."

THE POUGHKEEPSIE PLAN EXPLAINED.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL: I herewith send you "The Poughkeepsie Plan," as published in the *Christian Union*, June 17th. In conversing with Father Lalumiere, of St. Gall's Catholic church, a few days since, upon this plan, he expressed an earnest wish to see it. To my own conception it seems the solution, in an admirable manner, of one of the gravest problems of our time. Will you not be good enough to publish it in full, with the opinions accompanying it? I doubt not it will be widely read and aid many minds in arriving at just conclusions upon this important question.

EDWARD D. HOLTON.

The description of the Poughkeepsie plan referred to by Mr. Holton, as given by O. D. M. Baker, president of the Poughkeepsie board of education, is as follows:

"Down to 1873 two parochial schools were maintained in this city under the charge of the Catholic church authorities, in buildings owned by that church. In that year the schools were discontinued, and an arrangement entered into between the owners of the buildings and the board of education whereby the buildings were leased, during school hours, to the city at the nominal rent of $1 per year—the board agreeing to keep the buildings in repair and insured; also to establish and maintain public schools in the buildings, which should be in all respects the same as the schools conducted under the direction of the board in the buildings owned by the city. About September 1st of that year the board received possession of these buildings, under this agreement, and organized public schools of primary grades in them.

"Ten buildings were then being used by the city for school purposes, numbered from 1 to 10, inclusiv; these were numbered, one 11, and the other 12, and they hav since been known by these designations. The organization of these schools by the board was as though no schools had ever been conducted there. Of the twelve teachers then selected but one had been previously employed in the buildings.

"These schools were established, and hav since been conducted, by the board in like manner, and under the same rules as the other public schools of the city, and in all matters of school work, procedure, and disciplin, and in the recognition of absolute and unquestioned control by the civil authorities both of teachers and pupils there has been no distinction between these and the other public schools. From the fact that these schools are situated in the parts of the city where the Catholic population is mainly located, and that the city is not subdivided into districts, but parents are permitted to select any school, of a proper grade, they may desire their children to attend, provided a vacancy exists in the particular room, the pupils in these rooms are largely of Catholic parentage, though more or less pupils of Protestant descent always attend; but no complaint of denominational influence or practice has ever been made to the school authorities. The teachers hav always been examined, employed, and discharged, and all matters concerning these schools acted upon, by the board of its own motion, and without suggestions from or consultation with the owners of the buildings, or any one representing them.

"All the teachers employed in these schools are understood to be of Catholic affiliations, but they hav been selected by the board in the exercise of an untrammeled judgment, the commissioners having deemed it proper to do so. Two of the teachers in one school and three in the other are Sisters of Charity. They are women of high scholastic attainments, and their school work has been very satisfactory; they wear the dress of their society, but are known by their baptismal names, which they use in all communications to the board. The members of this society are ladies of Catholic faith specially educated as teachers and to aid in works of charity; they are not nuns, and differ much from them; the vows of the nun are perpetual, and thereby her life is devoted to the exclusiv service and advancement of the church, while the obligations of the sister are of a temporary character covering but a year, when the member may, at her option, renew them for another year, or honorably and freely retire from membership. Many changes of teachers hav been made by the board, and a majority of those at present employed in these schools hav been educated in the public schools of the city, and are graduates of our high school.

"By the terms of the agreement, the owners hav control of the buildings except during school hours, and I believe catechetical exercises are conducted there with such of the pupils as choose to remain, or who may come there for that purpose from other schools. With this the board, of course, has had nothing to do, except that it has provided that no pupil attending school there shall be restricted in any way in entering or leaving the buildings prior to or after school sessions.

"During the thirteen years of this arrangement the board has consisted of twelve commissioners, selected in annual groups of four, for the term of three years each, by the people of the city at large. No one connected with the Catholic church has been a member of the board or a candidate for a commissionership during this time. But two of the commissioners who were in office in 1872 are now members of the board, and neither of them has since been continuously in office. Prior to the change, the extent and character of instruction in the parochial schools here was not sufficiently advanced to enable those instructed there to enter our high school, and, so far as I hav any knowledge, none ever came to that school from that source; since that time these schools hav been regularly sending pupils to the high school, in about the same proportion as the other schools. This system has apparently been satisfactory to our citizens, and it certainly has been the source of great advantages to a large class of pupils, who hav thereby secured the benefits of a common school education, which otherwise they probably would not hav obtained. I think the arrangement has largely been successful by reason of the very judicious action of the Catholic people here in not attempting to exercise influence, control, or participate in the management of the public schools, and in allowing a Protestant board of education to freely treat and dispose of this serious question. This fact of non-interference has strengthened the board by relieving it from any feeling of insecurity on the part of the Protestant citizens, and enabled it to proceed in such a manner as in the judgment of its members for the time being was best under the circumstances, to so arrange that all children of the city should equally obtain the opportunity to receive the common school education contemplated by law."

The *Sentinel* has not room for the opinions on this plan published in the *Christian Union*, but briefly summarizes them. Father Nilan (Catholic), of Poughkeepsie, pronounces it satisfactory. President Bascom, of the Wisconsin state university, is inclined to regard it with favor. The Rev. Howard Crosby, of New York, emphatically opposes it. He says it is virtually the state teaching religion, the sisters who teach during school hours teaching religion to the same pupils afterward. He says that "there is no safety for our country but in a non-religious elementary education in the public schools." President Eliot has a favorable opinion of the plan; so also has Professor Hall, of the Johns Hopkins University. Father McSweeney (Catholic), of New York, and formerly of Poughkeepsie, would favor it if all school boards were like that of Poughkeepsie. If the system were to become general he would insist that Catholic teachers should be provided for children of Catholic parents. The Rev. Geo. S. Payson, of New York, thinks it important that there should be religious instruction in the public schools, but objects to the sectarian dress of the sisters, and suggests that the plan is calculated to encourage sectarian distinctions that should not be recognized by the state. The Rev. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, Mass., says the plan seems to him worthy of adoption. Finally, Father T. S. Preston (Catholic), of New York, says, "It is not what Catholics want, for they hav a right to denominational schools, and to their part of the school fund," but that it is "an approach to justice." As such he would tolerate it, with the understanding that the teachers be nominated by the Catholic pastor, and no school books used except such as are approved by the pastor.

THE PLAN IMPERFECT.

From the Catholic Citizen.

The "Poughkeepsie plan" is a device by which Catholics obtain religious instruction for their children through the courtesy of a Protestant school board, and under conditions favorable enough, but liable to be greatly altered by the school board.

As a local makeshift it may answer; but as a method of solving the school question for the country generally, it would prove inadvisable both for the public and the Catholics.

For a permanent settlement, the Catholics would ask something more than the Poughkeepsie plan accords; they would want the arrangement to exist as a guaranty rather than as a courtesy.

Wrangles between state and church would occur in places where the school board was less liberal than the Poughkeepsie board. It would be a repetition of the unhapy state of affairs existing in France and Italy.

If the state and the church wish to become partners in the matter of education, the English and Canadian system is best. If such a partnership cannot exist openly, equally, and legally, *sub rosa* makeshifts are worse than useless.

The Liberal Club.

It would be a concealment of the truth amounting almost to misrepresentation if the writer of this report should omit to say that he was in unusually good spirits when he started out to attend the 425th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. Many things had conspired to produce this gratifying state of mind. The weather was above criticism, and the store windows, decorated in preparation for the approaching holiday festivities, made walking through the streets a good deal like attending a fair. This may be called cause number one of the salubrious mental frame above alluded to. A clear conscience of course, helped to place the subscriber in a receptiv condition. Furthermore, he had just disposed of his regular winter poem, and had received from the publisher thereof a satisfactory check. It was, therefore, no severe draft upon his finances when the man man with the badge-pin deposited in the hand of Treasurer Morris the consuetudinary five-pence, which is still the regular price of admission to the meetings of the club. And here a word about badge-pins may perhaps be excused. The article which the deponent has hitherto worn was not his own. It was borrowed, abstracted, swiped from the desk of the editor of this paper. It was a plain, every-day, four-dollar pin. On Friday, the 10th, he had placed before him about fifty of Mr. Wettstein's Freethought emblems of all sizes, styles, and values, from two to ten dollars, with directions from the manufacturer to take his choice among them. Not to do injustice to his intelligence, he selected a ten-dollar one. It is of solid gold, eighteen karats or upward, weighs nearly as much as a silver half-dollar, exhibits four colors, and has a diamond in it as big as a capital O of this type. To use a little Latin, it is the *ne plus ultra* of badge-pins. When the wearer dropped into the only vacant seat among the comfortable and expectant audience at the club, the little diamond threw back the light from the chandeliers in a buisness-like manner, and attracted much attention. He expects to remain happy in the possession of the pin until he shall exchange it for a harp.

Mr. Edward G. Clark was the lecturer of the evening, his subject being the "Basic Law of Ownership." Mr. Clark is an intellectual looking man and a fine reader. He believed he had solved the industrial problem. Aristotle, who saw that property rested on natural wealth, which he called the bounty of nature, was the first political economist. This natural wealth Henry George called the land. It was not made by any man or any stock company, but, to use a theological phrase, was created by God. Therefore man could not own it. This has been denied, but everything is denied by somebody. Natural rights are easy to understand. For instance, men and women are given feet to walk upon, and it would be a subversion of their natural rights to force them to walk on their ears. Those who deny this fundamental proposition are walking with their feet in the air. Mr. Clark affirmed that his solution of the economical question was not a theory, but the discovery of a law. The right to liv implies the right to own. The statement that all men are created equal, rightly understood, is the Golden Rule carried into economics. Moses, the prototype of Henry George, worked merely by the rule of thumb, but his redistribution of wealth every fifty years was an accurate guess. Mr. David Reeves Smith had made the computation that this periodical squaring of accounts was at the rate of two per cent a year, and so an annual tax of two per cent upon all property would effect a complete democracy of wealth. To deny this would be to abolish arithmetic. Henry George's land tax was inconsistent. He would not tax a lump of gold, because labor had been applied to dig and wash it. He would merely tax the hole it came out of. Society makes all values, and there is as much unearned increment about a house as about the ground it stands on. The log is no less the bounty of nature than the tree, yet Henry George would tax the tree and not the log. We can do better than to dig up the mummy of Moses in the nineteenth century, which is practically what the scheme of land nationalization does. As for Socialism, Mr. Clark thought it would produce a government too cumbersome to be of service. Society would resemble one of those old knights of the Middle Ages who could not walk in his armor. Men die at the rate of two per cent a year. By levying an annual tax, therefore, upon all property, each person will hav paid the debt he owes to society by the time when, in the natural course of events, he comes to pay the debt of nature.

The writer would here venture to point out that the above is a pretty slim apology for a report of Mr. Clark's remarkably fine lecture. It is hoped, however, that it is tolerably fair, if not accurate, as far as it goes. This is said as a sort of shield against any missils which Mr. Clark may be pleased to fire at the reporter.

In inviting members of the club to discuss this masterly address in speeches of ten minutes each, the Chair said it trusted that the closeness of thought evinced by the speaker would be imitated by the others. What Mr. Clark had not said or alluded to should escape lengthy criticism. Remarks of a scattering nature would be likely to miss the central thought of the lecture.

Having thus put an extinguisher on those given to overelaborateness of expression, the Chair placidly awaited results. Mr. Henry Appleton, who sat just in front of the writer, endeavored by furtiv demonstrations with his hat to attract attention from the platform, but without success. He is not a member, and only members are accustomed to speak except upon invitation. While Mr. Appleton was still in a state of suspense, Professor Denslow was called for, and went forward.

Mr. Denslow said the Hindoos had a saying that a perfectly wise man would be absolutely silent. He wouldn't hav to ask questions or make propositions, because he would know the answer beforehand. So if the lecturer had been wiser he would hav known the answer to his propositions at the outset, and would not hav made them. The rate of taxation at present in New York is two per cent. The result, therefore, should be what Mr. Clark is anxious to bring about. Professor Denslow admired the skill with which the lecturer had tacked and sailed along peacefully for a distance with Moses, and Karl Marx, and Henry George, and himself (Professor Denslow), and kept his sails full all the time. The lecture would serve as an intellectual amusement—a good way above the minstrels, but it must still remain an amusement and nothing more. Professor Denslow said that he himself was no prophet or believer in prophets, except those spelt with an *fi* instead of *phe*. Henry George was a prophet who made a living by prophesying things which never could occur. George's claim that man could not own land because he did not make the land, while the state might own land, reduced itself to a logical absurdity. If man did not make the land, neither did the state make it, and hence could hav no claim to it. The state is only an aggregation of individuals and can hav no rights which those individuals do not possess. The state is bound to be just as good and just as bad as the people are on an average who compose the state. No man can be elected to office who is intellectually above the average citizen except in the ability to say more fluently exactly what the average citizen himself believes. If he differs in opinion from the rest, they won't take him for a poundmaster. Professor Denslow characterized Mr. Clark's theory as too vague and fine-spun to be adopted or even understood by the world at large.

Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, of Vineland, N. J., received from the Chair a very flattering invitation to address the audience. Mrs. Bristol preferred to be considered absolutely wise, and refrained from speaking further than to say that the lecture was to her perfectly plain and practical, and the best she had ever heard on the subject of which it treated.

The lecture was further discussed by Dr. Caleb S. Weeks, Colonel Hinton, and others, and at the usual hour the club adjourned. Next Friday evening, the 17th, Professor Denslow lectures on "The Coming Constitutional Convention."

P. S.—The writer would call attention to the closing paragraph in the editorial article, "Too Deep for Us," in last week's TRUTH SEEKER. He would also venture a correction. The editor does well in referring questions that are too deep for him to the philosophers of the club for solution, but he errs in intimating that those philosophers require but five minutes for that purpose. It is well known that ten minutes are invariably allowed for the solution of any question. Five cents remains the admission fee, whatever else may fall or rise; ladies and Presbyterians free; while Methodists receive a prize. All who attend these meetings feel a pleasure they cannot conceal.

Mr. Reynolds's Program.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The sickness of my wife rendered it necessary that I should accompany her home from New York, instead of devoting myself to the agitation of the repeal of Sunday laws, as I had purposed. Since our arrival home, she has needed all my care and attention. Having myself contracted a severe cold, I hav lacked my usual energy and been unable to reply to correspondents, or to carry on the work of the New York Freethinkers' Association.

But Mrs. Reynolds is gaining now, and I propose to buckle on the armor anew. Under any circumstances, friends may rely on my being fully prepared for trial for the terrible crime of "blasphemy," at Morristown, N. J., the third Tuesday in January.

Of course I look forward to the trial with some anxiety. The orthodox are resolved to convict, if within the scope of possibility. They realize the growing power of Infidelity, and are marshaling all their forces, determined to make vigorous effort to check its progress. If they can imprison the exponent of Freethought; if they can establish a precedent, that the utterance of any words derogatory to or in opposition to Christian faith is unlawful, it will be a great victory for orthodoxy, because they believe it would deter any from giving utterance to Infidel opinions.

As the law stands, I think it quite likely the court will convict. But I can very much better endure the penalty than to make the slightest of our principles or rights; for I am confident the enforcement of the blasphemy laws would insure their speedy repeal in every state in the Union in which they exist.

I would take this opportunity to return my grateful thanks to the friends who hav sent my wife and self letters of cheer and sympathy, and so generously contributed to my defense fund.

Between now and time of trial I shall be glad to fill lecture engagements. My new lecture, "Religious Persecutions of the Nineteenth Century," givs facts that cannot fail to arouse from apathy all who love justice and liberty. Address me, Box 104, North Parma, N. Y. C. B. REYNOLDS.

Political Saints.

The worst scramble for office which has ever occurred in Illinois has just terminated at the state capitol. Several ordained and audacious humbugs hav been fighting for weeks similar to Hudibras's club.

> For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat
> To get their wives and children meat.

In other words, to do the praying act in the Senate and House for the people of the state of Illinois, in fact, to prefigure

> Church rule in this latter age,
> . . . . . .
> Of hell and heaven to dispose,
> To play with souls at fast and loose.
> . . . . . .
> To set what characters they please,
> And mulcts on sin and godliness;
> To force all people, though against
> Their consciences, to turn saints,
> Must prove a pretty thriving trade
> When saints monopolists are made.
> When pious frauds and holy shifts,
> Get dispensations and gifts.

Two years ago a similar scene of slightly smaller dimensions occurred, and a compromise was finally agreed upon whereby a Democratic Baptist became chaplain of the house, and a Republican Congregationalist of the senate. The candidate of the Preachers' Union—a trade organization of the white-chokered gentry—has generally been accepted, but, owing to the many discordant elements and the bitterness of the fight, they could not agree. A Prohibition Campbellite sought recognition, and was peremptorily sat down on, and a Prohibition Presbyterian sought the high office,

> For Presbyterian pride contests as high
> As doth the popedom for supremacy.

But pride must take a "tumble," and the Knoxite was knocked out. Then several sable brothers entered the wrangle for $90 a month for a few minutes' wind. In fact, everybody had a candidate but the United Labor party. Even

> He of a mongrel, diverse kind
> Cleric before and lay behind,
> A lawless, linsey-woolsey brother,
> Half of one order, half another;
> A creature of amphibious nature,
> On land a beast, a fish in water;
> That always preys on grace or sin,
> A sheep without, a wolf within.

Yes! he was there, and the final wrangle was held last Monday (Dec. 6th), and the newspapers do say—although they will lie—that the proceedings were "far from amicable, and intensely exciting," ending in a little short of a knock-down. The pious participants declined to be interviewed, although one reverend admitted the "fracas" was very unfortunate. Revs. Francis Springer and A. A. Post were the successful spiritual swindlers of the people of the state of Illinois out of $3 per diem. When it can be proved that there ever were or ever will be dividends declared on this investment, we will be willing that prayers shall be substituted for the entire legislature. If God is willing to respond to the request of the preachers, there is no use for a House of Representativs or Senate. Let us abolish either one or the other. I think that the Sandwich Islander has got a labor-saving device in this direction, which some enterprising American ought to improve and patent. I refer to the praying-wheel. It is vastly more economical, and just as reliable. I vote for praying-wheels.

The daily *News* refers editorially to the affair as follows:

> It is very unfortunate that the clergymen of Springfield should indulge in an unseemly scramble for the two chaplaincies of the legislature. Whatever their motivs may be, their action givs the enemies of the church an opportunity to belicve that $3 a day for a very easily performed service is as great a temptation to a clergyman as to a politician. Better that the office of chaplain should be abolished than that the clergymen should fall to wrangling over it.

MINISTERS' MEETINGS.

Monday our ministers meet regularly to regale each other and the reporters, prior to the reading of the regular paper, with stories not intended for ears polite, chaste, or refined, say some knights of the pencil. When a reporter recognizes a story as "smutty," it must be a vile article indeed, as their vocation is largely with a class who imagin that to be "trooly great" requires their retailing their natural

depravity, so that the reporters' sensibilities are somewhat blunted in that direction. When the discussion occurs, they then dispute with as much satisfaction to the reader as Hudibras and Ralph on "ratiocination." Last Monday it took a serious turn. "Pre-millennialism" was the topic of the Methodists. Rev. R. W. Bland boiled over belligerently in a paper opposing this doctrin. The coming of Christ was only espoused by either strong fanatical minds or very weak ones. Though not so dangerous as Liberalism, pre-millennialism is to be deprecated as not in agreement with the scriptures, and tends to bring into contempt our present life. Brother Bland evidently finds "this world" good enough for him, and proposes that Jesus's visit shall be indefinitly postponed so long as good salaries are forthcoming for preaching the gospel of the childlike and Bland.

Brother Blackstone opposed Bland's view with vigor, so we are left to conjecture whether he is strongly fanatical or mentally weak. "The church," he affirmed, "was decaying because of its modern heresy; that post-millennialism was putting the church to sleep and making laughter in hell." What a jolly time they had in hades, for Brothers Bristol, Foster, Miller, and Zimmerman fought against Christ's coming "just now," or any specified time in the future. They seemed a little afraid that Jesus Christ might come in all his glory "to judge the quick and the dead," and spoil their pleasant tea-party with salary attachment, and incontinently demolished Brother Blackstone.

The Baptist preachers are having a conference at the Grand Pacific, and for the the outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars in property and sky-pilots, they are enabled to report sixteen additional communicants. Cold-water cure stock is at a very low ebb in Chicago.

The rectors of the Deformed Episcopal church held their first weekly meeting last Monday, and did some monumental misrepresentation about their prosperity, when it is a well-known fact they hav had to sell two churches lately.

All the denominations are to confer prior to the week of prayer, presumably to consult and tell "the way Christ went into hell."

THE CHURCH AND K. OF L.

Thirteen members of St. Peter's Lutheran church at Fond du Lac, Wis., were stricken from the rolls because they were members of the K. of. L., and, in spite of church regulations, chose to remain in that order. Good! We shall soon see which side the workingman must take. A Jesuit father in Montreal also preached against the Knights last Sunday. Let the good work go on.

A CREDITABLE ACTION.

The city council of Louisville, Ky., recently voted five hundred bushels of coal to each church society for charities, and the mayor very justly vetoed the measure. If charity is to be dispensed by the city of Louisville, let the city authorities dispense it, not hand it over to the perpetual paupers of the state, the churches. A protest was passed by a meeting of Protestant meetings against the use of public money for church charities. That shows the Catholics were getting the best of the move. But how about public money to pay for the tax on churches?

E. A. STEVENS.

A Reply to Dr. Monroe.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your reprint from the *Ironclad Age* of Nov. 27, 1886, in reference to the action of the congress of the American Secular Union is a curious specimen of interested fault-finding. A pig can root up, but it takes a man to build. I do not apply this rude figure personally to the editor of the *Ironclad Age*, but it is a fact that criticism is an easy thing to do.

Our friend in the cause jumps to the conclusion that London Bridge is broken down, before he knows all the people he is talking about, and who are trying to make the bridge safe.

As I am the holder of the purse, which jingles about $28, I protest against the *Ironclad Age's* implication that the Truth Seeker Company is building blocks of houses on Fifth Avenue, where some of the corner lots are worth $200,000, out of the funds of the American Secular Union.

Our friend of the cause seems to hav dreamed a dream to the effect that the Truth Seeker Company, like Jonah's whale, swallows up all the cash and all the profits; in fact, has taken the whole fire-place, and the *Ironclad Age* has no chance to warm its iron toes.

It is an open secret that the treasurer of the American Secular Union is getting $000,000 per year; that he expects by this time next year to be in negotiation (in partnership with the Truth Seeker Company) with the emperor of China to buy the Celestial empire, and if the *Ironclad Age* will keep still, we will let him in.

It is evident that the editor of the *Ironclad Age* has nothing to do. Let me ask him to solve these questions: How can the Virgin Mary be the mother of God, or was not God's mother the Virgin Mary? Which was born first? Also, what right has the Rev. Mr. Vinblow Iwillbegood, of Andover, to make a half-way hell for savages, when the thing is patented by the old house of Pecci & Co., of Rome.

But if the *Ironclad Age* insists that the smart fellows of the Truth Seeker Company are getting all the money in the West, through the American Secular Union, I shall stand firm and deny it, and shake the demnition total of $28 in his face, and, like Macbeth's daggers, will be ever before his eyes.

New York. CHARLES ECKHARD,
Treas. Am. Secular Union.

Lecture Appointments by Samuel P. Putnam.

The secretary of the American Secular Union will begin his annual lecture tour in January next. January 5th and 6th he will lecture at Martinsburg, W. Va.; Jan. 9th, at Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jan. 10th and 11th, at Alliance, O.; Jan. 12th, 13th, and 14th, at Kent, O.; Jan. 16th, at Columbus, O.; Jan. 18th, 19th, and 20th, at Cincinnati, O.; Jan. 29th and 30th at Chicago, Ill.; Feb. 1st and 2d at Nekoma, Ill.; Feb. 5th and 6th at Fort Madison, Iowa; Feb. 13th, at Ba[illegible]ia, Kan.; and Feb. 20th, at Fort Dodge, Kan.; and from thence the secretary will proceed to the Pacific states and territories. The route beyond Fort Dodge is not yet fully determined, as it depends to some extent upon the lecture engagements to be hereafter made. Will not all Liberals who are interested in the work of the Secular Union please take note of the lecture appointments now published and, as the dates are not yet completely filled, make arrangements for the use of all the extra nights, so that the line of travel can be made available without any added expense? Many places hav to be omitted because the railroad fares and hotel bills are greater than what friends can raise for expenses. If, however, points can be made along the route announced, so that the extra outlay is but little, lectures can be given and resources economically used. From Fort Dodge, Kan., the secretary has under consideration the plan of going to the Pacific slope by the Southern route, and he desires to enter at once into communication with all Liberals along that route, so that every available place can be visited and lectures given in New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California.

The object of this lecture trip is to make acquaintance with the Liberals of the country, in order that by understanding the general mind the best plans can be made for national effort. Experience has demonstrated that we cannot hav a congress of Liberals that shall be an entirely representativ assembly on account of the vastness of the country. The only way to find ample expression of the Liberal party is by a lecture tour and newspaper correspondence, by the personal activity and presence of the secretary himself in all the places where there is a company of Liberals. If this plan is carried out, Freethought organization becomes a power. If it is not, then fraternal association on the broad basis of national life is impracticable. So it is hoped that the friends of progress who believe in the union of our forces will make available the lecture trip of the secretary for the coming year, not simply for the enlightenment of the general public, but for the cultivation of the noble spirit of comradeship.

Address all communications until Jan. 1st to Samuel P. Putnam, 76 East 11th St., New York. After Jan. 1st, address care of E. A. Stevens, chairman of Finance Committee, 750 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,
Sec. American Sec. Union.

New York, Dec. 12, 1886.

A Plea for Roxanna Druse.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS (of New York state): I am terribly anxious that every one of you should do something to avert the hanging of Mrs. Druse now in jail in Herkimer county for the murder of her husband.

She is sentenced to be hung Dec. 29, 1886—only a short time to work in, but much may yet be done if you so will it. The poor woman was crazed by the brutal treatment of her "lord and master" through a long series of years, till at last poor human nature could no longer stand it, and she took vengeance in her own hands. But does this make it right that the law should brutally murder her? Man-made laws crush out the womanhood of the weak and feeble, and then hang them for not "turning the other cheek" also. Friends, send to E. W. Chamberlain, 120 Broadway, New York, at once, and get petitions, and then obtain all the signatures possible and forward them ere too late.

No one can do a better work than this. Our civilization is far behind the age when it allows a weak, demented, terror-stricken woman to be hung for what she was driven to do in sheer desperation.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

The Earthquake and the Deity.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

If the president's assumption that Charleston was shaken up, its buildings shattered, and many of its people killed and wounded by a direct intentional act of the deity, it would seem like questioning the propriety of the whole transaction to sympathize with the sufferers. The more natural conclusion of a devout mind would be that they deserved what they got. The theories of the scientists, which regard the earthquake at Charleston as due solely to some peculiar formation of the earth's strata at that point, warrant us in extending earnest sympathy and practical kindness to the people of that city, but such sentiments are illogical and sacrilegious if the president's view of the case is the correct one.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE lectures Sunday evenings in Denver, Col., by W. F. Jamieson, hav been crowned with great success. The Secular Union there is in dead earnest. Long before the hour of meeting the walks in front of Unity church were filled with people. By some oversight the building was not opened until 7:55, when it was filled to overflowing, and hundreds turned away unable to gain entrance. The speaker announced that he would continue the subject under the head of "Thomas Paine's Political and Military Career," on the following Sunday evening. This appeared in the Denver *Tribune-Republican* next morning: "There is now a movement by the Secularists to retain Mr. Jamieson's services as speaker and worker for six months, and to build a Secular hall costing from $20,000 to $25,000." The Tabor Opera House would hav been engaged, but the manager, after Putnam's lectures there, raised the rent to $100 an evening, but let the Christians hav it for less than $50. Jamieson is lecturing week evenings in adjoining towns, Greeley, Longmont, Canyon City, and may giv a course at Boulder. He will, however, soon devote all his time to Denver, with the exception of one or two evenings each week. Address, Denver, Col.

J. E. REMSBURG lectured in Buffalo, November 30th. This is the first Liberal meeting held in Buffalo for several years. The Buffalo *Courier* thus refers to it: "John E. Remsburg, the noted Freethought orator, spoke at the Germania Theater last evening on 'Sabbath-Breaking.' Mr. Remsburg is a dark-complexioned, good-featured man of about forty-five [thirty-eight] years, and is possessed of a good voice and easy delivery. His lecture may be summed up in these words: Sunday cannot be a holy day; let us make of it a holiday. Let us take it away from the priests and giv it to the people. He said there was no authority for the Christian Sabbath either in the Bible or outside of it. If there was any Sabbath it must be the seventh day of the week. He offered to giv any person $100 for a single text from the Bible authorizing the first day of the week, or Sunday. The Sunday Sabbath was simply an old pagan idea adopted by the church in the fourth century. He quoted from Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Grotius, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Cranmer, Bishop Warburton, Archbishop Whately, Archbishop Paley, and other eminent Christian authorities, to show that there was no authority for the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath."

"THE Semi-annual State Convention of Liberalists and Spiritualists met at Ionia, Mich., Nov. 20th and 21st. The weather was favorable, and representativs from Greenville, Belding, Lyons, Saranac, and other places were present, and a general good time was the result. The meeting was opened by Mr. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw. He gave us an excellent discourse on the much-needed subject 'Charity,' which was highly appreciated by all, and we trust that the good seed fell on fallow ground. He was followed by Mrs. Warner Bishop, of Cedar Grove, Wis., an earnest, wide-awake, practical worker in the Spiritual field. Music also lent its charm at each session. Dr. Ira Davenport, father of the Davenport boys, the noted physical mediums, was also with us. He and Dr. Moore, of Flint, hav been, and are yet, performing Christ's mission of healing the sick in our vicinity with great success. A Mrs. Davidson, a test-medium from Munroe, was here also. We had three sessions on Sunday which were well attended. Sunday evening, after an able discourse from Mr. Burnham, the meeting was closed by Mrs. Bishop with words of hope and many good wishes. She also spoke words of consolation to a lonely pair, whose all had gone before. As she saw their children by their side, she accurately described them, and gave to their bereaved parents words of cheer from their dear ones, which were cordially and thankfully received."—COR. SECRETARY.

Which was "Divine Retribution?"

STRUCK DEAD WHILE BLASPHEMING.

From the World.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 4, 1886.—Superstitious colored people here are much excited over the sudden death of Dr. John A. Brown, colored. The story goes that he was an avowed Atheist; that several evenings ago he accompanied two colored women who were returning from church to their home; that while there he interrupted a religious controversy by declaring there was no God, and while in the midst of a blasphemous tirade fell dead. The awe-struck bystanders thought this death was sent in punishment for his blasphemy, and, as no one would prepare the remains for burial, the city undertaker next day buried the body in Potter's Field, no relativs applying for the corpse.

DIED ON HER KNEES IN CHURCH.

From the Sun.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1886.—An old woman who had been kneeling in the vestibule of St. Francis Xavier's church in West Sixteenth street yesterday afternoon suddenly burst out into loud screams. The priests who were busy in the confessionals went out to the woman. She had fallen forward on her face and was dead. The body was removed to the Thirtieth street police station. A young man identified the woman as his mother, Maria McKenzie, of 246 West Twentieth street. She was sixty years old and afflicted with heart disease.

"THE Story Hour" is a jewel, and should be kept in every household, whether there are children there or not.—*B. F. Crasdell.*

Communications.

The Religious Experience of Benjamin Stackpole.

When I was in Maine last fall an uncle of mine who livs there said to me one day: "Boy, I hav a story that I'll giv you for THE TRUTH SEEKER, if you wish, only you must print it just as I tell it. If you fix it up you might spoil it." I promised to make a faithful transcript, and here is the story he told:

As long ago as when I was a boy there used to be an old skid lived down the river in Thomaston, Knox county, by the name of Ben Stackpole. He never connected himself with any of the regular religious societies, because they wouldn't hav him around, but if there was a meeting going on, old Ben was there. Dumdest coward, he was, too, you ever see. They used to tell this yarn on Ben, before he moved down to Thomaston, so you can guess about what kind of an old hypocrit he was.

Bears were pretty frequent up on the hill in them days, where Ben's pasture was when he lived up-river, and he generally took a gun with him when he went after the cows—an old double-barreled shot-gun he had that wouldn't hit nothin' 'twas pointed at. Just on the heith of land there was a little clearing—woods on all sides, of course—and Ben's cows ordinarily went there to feed about the time he wanted 'em most. One day there was a party of fellows went into the woods hunting over back of the hill, and after beating around all day, about sundown they rowsed out a thundering big bear—one of them old settlers that has a strip of white down the middle of the face. Well, of course, the bear run. Old Ben was just coming after his cows, and when he struck into the clearing on one side the bear jumped out of the woods on t'other, and come towards where Ben was hellertyhoot. Ben didn't see the bear and the bear didn't see Ben till they was within a few rods of one another, and then the first thing Ben did was to up with his gun and let drive at the critter. Then the bear turned tail and run one way and Ben turned tail and run t'other. Ben hadn't more'n got back to the edge of the woods before he stepped in a hole all of a sudden and down he flopped, and 'tother barrel of his gun went off ker-bang. At the same time the bear met one of the hunters coming out of the woods 'tother side the clearing, and the fellow put a ball into him and over *he* flopped. Then the fellow started towards Ben. The old fool heard him coming. He hadn't heard t'other fellow's gun on account of his own going off simultaneous next to his ear, and he made up his mind the bear was onto him. Scairt? Well, I guess he was scairt. He dasn't move, and so what does he do, by thunder, but set in and pray for Christ's sake. The fellow that had shot the bear stood and harked to him. In the course of his prayer old Ben giv in to having been a mean cuss all his life. He had cheated the widder and orphan, was the biggest liar between the two rivers, and had hauled green oats into town and sold 'em for old oats, and I don't know what all; but what he was sot on was that he didn't deserve to be chewed by a bear, and he wound up by saying, "Lord," says he, "if you can't see your way clear to help me in this fight, don't for Christ's sake help the bear!"

When Ben got to this place he slewed his eye around to see what had become of Bruin, and there stood the hunter laughing at him, and the bear laid all in a heap t'other side the clearing. Well, sir, now you better believe he felt cheap. He picked up his old gun, hunted up his cows, and went home. After that if you wanted to see Ben Stackpole tearing mad you didn't need to kick him. All you had to do was to say bear.

Well, this experience of coming so close to death, as he'd supposed, set old Ben to thinking that perhaps he ought to be laying in some religious supplies against similar accidents. 'Twan't long after he moved to Thomaston before there was what they call union meetings there; and of course he went, letting on to be piouser'n hell. Set there and roll his eyes up, the old cuss would, and beller glory to God as if he was the religiousest man in the state. Same time, as he said in his prayer when he thought the bear was going to get him, he was the biggest liar between the Penobscot and Kennebec. Couldn't believe nothing he told you, no more'n's if he hadn't said it at all.

Well, the union meetings was being conducted by three old sky-pilots that bossed the gospel camps there in Thomaston. They'd doubled teams and was hauling sinners out of the woods of perdition with a rolling hitch. One of them was the Reverunt Mr. Bugles—he was Cong'gational. Then there was Elder Spiggins, a Methodist, and Brother Birtwhistle, a Hardshell Baptist swamper.

These fellows all laid Ben out as a promising convert and a swelling, bud that would bloom into a saint in the nigh future. They prayed with him, he a groaning and saying Amen, till finally they thought 'twas about time for Brother Stackpole, by golly, to come forward and giv himself out as a convert. So one night they all three at him to once. Ben he hung off that time, but giv 'em to understand that the coming evening he would hand in his testimony. Next night come, and Ben was there, and sot in his seat looking solemner'n a dam'd owl. The ministers thought they had him, and didn't pay much attention to him the first part of the evening. Well, the meeting run along. Some got up and testified, and some got down and prayed, but Ben never stirred. The Reverunt Mr. Bugles lay to and preached, Elder Spiggins exhorted, and Brother Birtwhistle sung psalms till their pipes was ready to bust, all on 'em; but Ben sot still and looked solemner than ever. Finally Elder Spiggins goes over to him and says:

"Brother Stackpole, shan't we hear from you this evenin'?" Then Ben says:

"No," says he, "I guess not. I've had a set-back, Elder Spiggins, that I can't get over."

"Is that the cause of your lookin' so ser'us?" says Elder Spiggins, and Ben says:

"Yes, it is. I'm shaked in my mind."

"Ah, my friend," the elder answers him, "that's where the blessin's of the gospel truth take holt. Unbosom yerself, Brother Stackpole, and light will break in onto your troubled sole."

"Oh, it ain't about myself that I am ser'us," Ben tells him. "It's about you an' Brother Birtwhistle an' the Reverunt Mr. Bugles. It was revealed to me in a dream, the same as if I was a Daniel come to judgment. I've had a vision." Then he groaned again.

Of course they all wanted to know what it was that Ben had dremp, so he gets onto his feet and givs them this yarn:

"It was arter I went home from the meetin' here last night," he says, "that I had the dream I'm goin' ter tell ye about. I dremp that I was dead, and havin' crossed the river by the ferry I started off to'ards the heavenly gates. Old Peter, as I took him to be, stood at the door like a ticket taker to a circus. I didn't know how I was goin' to be received, so I hung back an' camped down under a tree where I could see the others as they come strollin' along. The new arrivals was frekent. Some was let in after they'd qualified, an' others was dropped inter a slide an' scooted off out of sight. These last was the unbelievers. I laid under the tree some time, an' nobody come that I was acquainted with, till finally a man hove in sight that I thought I reck'nized. When he got closter I see sure 'nough it was the Reverunt Mr. Bugles. He marched along with his head up, big as tophet, an' was goin' right in, sayin' nothin' ter nobody. Old Pete he hailed him an' says:

"'Look here, neighbor, whar ye boun' fer?'

"The Reverunt Mr. Bugles never turned his head more'n long 'nough ter remark that he was boun' fer the kingdom, an' kept right on. Then Pete stops him an' asts:

"'You're the Reverunt Mr. Bugles, ain't ye?'

"'Yes,' ansers the parson, 'I guess I be.'

"'Cong'gational?' inquires Peter.

"'That was my sex, I'm flattered ter say,' the parson ansers him.

"'The feller that helped k'nduct the revival in Thomaston, Knox county, ain't ye?' was Pety's next interrogat'ry.

"'The eyedenticle same, sir,' and Bugles was goin' ter pass on.

"'Stiddy, my cherub,' says Pete, 'we don't 'low no Cong'gational preachers in the kingdom. We let one of 'em in once an' 'twan't twenty-four hours 'fore he wanted the Almighty ter resyne an' let him boss the whole camp. There's a pen over there jest outside the fence where you can turn in. You'll find it ockerpied by several of yer disting'ished preedecessers.'

"So the Reverunt Mr. Bugles was marched off by a lad they called Mikle, an' didn't git ter heaven arter all.

"I kept shady under the tree," continues Ben. "Thinks I, if Parson Bugles can't enter the gates, the chances of my gittin' thar are pretty scatterin'.

"Well, 'twas a long time ag'in 'fore any one else that I know'd arriv, but arter a while away out yender I heerd some one singin':

"'In ther good ole way—in ther good ole way—
We're goin home in the good ole way—wow!'

"Right off then I know'd Elder Spiggins was comin'. Peter he slid his thumbs up over his shoulders under his galluses, an' says, 'Nuther minister o' the gospil.' When the elder got nigh whar I was he happened ter see a good-lookin' female angel standin' on the wall with her hair an' close blowin' 'bout in the zeffirs, an' he stops his singin' quicker'n litenin' an' sets in an' tries ter paralyze it. Says Peter, 'If that ain't a Methodist, I'm a Dutchman.' Well, he puts Elder Spiggins through the same course o' katekizin' he'd sprung on Bugles, an' then tells him:

"'I'm sorry for ye, elder, but ye can't go in. The last Methodist sky-pilot we admitted twitted the Saviur o' not bein' the son o' his mother's husbun', an' more'n that, he begun ter purr 'roun' the Virgin Mary in a compromisin' way. Ye see that pen over thar. Them's *your* quarters. Tra la. Git!' An' that's the last I see o' Elder Spiggins.

"Well," went on Ben, snuffling, "when I see how the parsons was bein' handled, I felt shakyer'n ever. I thought o' makin' a sneak, but the clearin' aroun' didn't look very promisin', so I waited. An' who d'ye think the next disting'ished arrival was? Nevertheless than Brother Birtwhistle, ye-whoopee. Says I to myself, 'He'll go through sure,' bein' he was a humble man, and let the wimmin' folks alone fur all I know. Soon's Brother Birtwhistle gits inside o' hailin' distance Peter sings out to him:

"'Hullo, ole webfoot, whar *you* goin'?'

"Brother Birtwhistle looks a little rattled, but he says, meeker'n' Moses:

"'My frien', did you 'lude ter me as webfoot?'

"'Well, why not?' arkes Peter. 'Look ter yer huffs.'

"Brother Birtwhistle looks down, an' I looks too, an' there he was, webfooted as a duck, by hokey.

"'Baptis's is allus that way when they git here,' Peter explains. 'You see that tank 'o water yender, Brother Birtwhistle. Go paddle.'"

Here old Ben held up long enough to blow his nose, and then made another rise:

"'Bout this time things was lookin' pretty streaked fer me, but 'twas nigh closin' up time, an' I had ter make a move. So I ups to St. Pety, an' givs him a bow, an' says.

"'Good-evenin'.' He passes the time o' day an' keeps mum.

"'Pleasant weather,' I venchers to obsurve, ''ceptin' it looks a little ketchin' over thar,' says I, pointin' torst some thunderin' black clouds.

"'Smoke from tophet,' Peter grunts. Then I called to mind the passage in the scriptur' book that says, 'The smoke o' ther torment assendeth up'ard f'rever'n ever,' an' I tell ye, bretherin, it giv me a big jump.

"'Hope that ain't ter be my portion,' I sudjests, sorter feelin my way along.

"'I dunno,' says Peter, 'who be ye?'

"Then I straitens up an' givs it out that I was Benjamin Stackpole, of Thomaston, Maine, United States of Ameriky.

"'H'm, Maine—Neal Dow—Prohibition—humbug!' he snorts. 'You must of drinked a good deal o' bad likker in your day, Mr. Stackpole.'

"I replies that I has ter my sorrer. Next question was:

"'What church d'ye belong ter.' He had me there by the umbilikle. I told him I never k'nected myself with any church, an' was goin' on ter say that I had led a decent life, an' had never said nothin' disrespectable to'ard religion, when he stops me an' says:

"'That's enough. Mr. Stackpole, the broad fields o' heaven is open to you!'

"Now, bretherin, I was as much sprised as you'd 'a ben to hear him say that, but I keeps on an even keel and says:

"'Yer reverents, may I ast a question?'

"'Certingly.'

"'Well,' says I, 'does all the ministers that comes here be put in them 'ere little pens?'

"'Yes,' ansers Peter.

"'An' don't they git crowded,' I asts.

"'No,' says he, 'after they've spent a few days together they're so dum'd sick o' one another's comp'ny that they requests permission ter go ter hell a little while fer a change; and when they git thar they find the s'ciety good 'nough so that they never wants ter come back.'

"Right here, bretherin," says Ben preparing to sit down, "I woke, an' that was an end on't."

That's the story old Ben Stackpole told at the union meeting in Thomaston. I don't suppose he ever had any such dream in his life. As I said, he was the biggest liar between the Penobscot and Kennebec.

GEO. E. MACDONALD.

W. S. Bell in Texas.

Texas is a great state—great in geographical extent as well as in her spirit of enterprise. It is quite impossible to form anything like a correct estimate of this grand country without seeing something of it. I hav had a pretty fair chance to see the state and to become acquainted with the spirit of the people; and I can assure our Liberal friends at the North that waving the bloody shirt in political campaigns is nothing more than a scarecrow. The people of the South are reconciled to the situation. In all my acquaintance with Southern people, I found only one man who was still fighting the war over again. Besides, they are not without just grounds of complaint in the enfranchisment of the negro. My Liberal friends here, people formerly from the North, assure me that the vilest men can go to the polls on election day, and buy or bribe the negro voter with a few drinks of whisky. Reason, morality, and patriotism hav no perceptible influence upon them. This, of course, vexes the white people who want good officers and good laws.

October 28th, I reached Fort Worth, and was kindly entertained by Mr. F. W. Bradley, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel.

There are not many outspoken Liberals here, although there are quite a number of the soft-shell kind. I had the pleasure of aiding in organizing a Secular Union. Mr. F. W. Bradley was elected pres-

ident, and I hope under his guidance a strong union will be established.

From Fort Worth I went to Terrell, and was a day behind time, but this proved to be all the better, as there was a grand entertainment of some kind the night before. The man who has done the work for this community is Mr. T. C. Glass. He is a genuin all-round Liberal. Just now Mr. Glass has aid and comfort from a minister who coöperated with me in getting out an audience to hear me. Besides, he introduced me to the people in generous and complimentary terms. This gentleman's name is Rev. N. Schultz, Unitarian evangelist, self-appointed and, to a large degree, self-sustained. Mr. Schultz is doing a good work here, and I am greatly in sympathy with him; but as I looked at him occasionally while I was opening the eyes of the blind, I could not resist the thought suggested in the old saying, "A strange cat in the wrong garret." But he will get out of the wrong garret and get into the right one. I know how it is myself. I hav been there. The lecture was on liberty and morality, and was well received.

From Terrell the pilgrim went to Corsicana. Arrangements had not been completed for my address, and I was delayed several days. Mr. E. H. Church secured the Opera House, and by advertising we secured a fair-sized audience. Col. Nat. Pinkston, formerly of Corsicana, but now of Hubbard City, came to hear me. The colonel is a veteran in the cause.

During the lecture an orthodox lady who by some means or other had got into the wrong garret, turned around in her seat and said to Mrs. Church that the best thing to be done with such a man would be to rottten-egg him out of town.

But Mrs. Church, being a noble Liberal, replied that that was all that orthodox people could do, when they could not answer the truths and arguments of Liberals. The orthodox lady looked tired, and subsided.

My next stopping-place was Kerens. I reached there in the afternoon, and found the whole town given up to the election. A few hand-bills were circulated among the crowds upon the street, and that night I had the pleasure of speaking to a large audience. Judge M. Melear is the pilot in the cause of mental freedom here. He is an outspoken Freethinker, and has great influence in the community.

From Kerens I went to Athens, only a few miles away. I had no engagement at that place, but I knew of one man there who was a host of himself, T. P. Vaughn. He has voiced the sentiments of liberty in season and out of season and often at great personal sacrifice. I had the pleasure of sharing his and his family's hospitality, his wife and her sister being true blue, and all the daughters, young girls in their teens and going to school, are chips off the old block. The youngest is named Tommie Paine Vaughn. "What an odd name for a girl!" say the children. "What a horrid name!" say their pious parents. But Tommie rejoices in her name, and wears it proudly as a jewel.

For many years Dr. Collins has being doing grand work here in distributing Freethought literature to all who would read, and also reasoning with them mightily out of the bible of nature. The doctor is a well-informed man, and has done valiant service. I hope I may hav the pleasure of seeing him again if I should go to Texas on another lecture trip, as I hope to do in two years. My next point was quite a long distance away towards the southern limits of the state, at Handley's Store, ten miles away from everywhere. Moscow was the nearest railroad approach. We were here kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Daughtry, and made the acquaintance of Dr. Daughtry, a pronounced Liberal. It was in this town that the orthodox tried to sit down on Brother Remsburg, and he objected so seriously that they had to pass.

Mr. John A. Handley came to Moscow as soon as he learned that I had reached the land of the Philistines, and took me home with him. The trip was very pleasant, as the weather was delightful. On Sunday morning there was a "dipping" by the Baptist brethren down in the creek. It is true it was not much of an affair, as there was only one sister put down under the water; and as she made no fuss over it, never opened her mouth to say how she took it, except to throw out a little of the creek water that she had unadvisedly taken in, it was a very tame business. And while the minister and friends were helping her to the horse-blanket tent but recently extemporized for the occasion, in which the sister might take off her diving clothes, we turned about and came home.

The Baptist minister had expressed a desire to hear me speak, and said that if I would giv my lecture shortly after he had got through with his morning service he would stay to hear me. Of course I was only to happy to comply.

He sat before me and bore up bravely under my ungodly talk. I had not only the shepherd, but I had also the flock before, and I made a special effort not to shock them, although I am sure I did, for what I considered exceedingly mild some of them looked upon as horrid and blasphemous. I very resolutely set myself to instruct the people rather than to offend or "bullyrag" them. I commenced by telling them my Christian experience, and how I was led to doubt and to go on doubting and inquiring after truth. I showed them where some of the old myths came from. I took them up to the old nests of tradition and we took out the eggs and handled them.

I think my lecture will do some good in that community.

On Monday night I spoke again, but I cannot begin to describe the weird scenes incident to the occasion. In the first place, one needs to see these tall old trees to appreciate their grandeur. The pine forests are simply magnificent. Each tree is a giant, rising over a hundred feet high, and standing so close one to another as to make a somber forest at noonday. There is no underbrush, but a smooth carpet of leaves or short velvety grass, over which the hunter may ride at full speed without danger to either horse or rider. But as the deer are scarce, this breakneck speed is not often seen in these parts. Now, if the forests are somber in daytime, what must they be at night? In the evening we walked through these silent and sublime forests to the little church a mile and a half away. What a deep feeling pervades one's whole being as he walks in such a communion with nature. Oh, the grand old trees! how they looked down upon us that night as we went by them and their nativ cathedral into the little conventional church. How small we seemed in the presence of these primeval giants! Perhaps it was the inspiration of these ancients that enabled me to ring out the old and to ring in the new more effectivly than usual, for I certainly never felt in better mood than I did that night. Long shall I remember the little church without doors or windows, lighted up with a few candles, and the grand old overtopping pines looking down upon us, with their crowns of over a century's existence.

W. S. Bell.

The Despotism of Methodism.

From an article in the Forum.

In casting about for a model after which to organize his "societies," and in formulating a creed and rules for their life and government, Mr. Wesley seems to hav borrowed some things from the Puritans, others from the Church of England, and others still from the Jesuits. In their severe simplicity of dress and manners, and deep seriousness of life, the early Methodists remind us of the Puritans in the time of Cromwell; and the Wesleyans—the Methodists of England—are not wholly unlike the other Dissenters in their form of government, having no bishops, as has the Methodist church in the United States, but electing, at each session of their conference, a president. The "Articles of Religion," prepared by Mr. Wesley for the church in America, are an abridged form of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. The vows of obedience to superiors in authority, required of candidates for ordination to the offices of deacons and elders, remind one of the vows of obedience imposed by Ignatius Loyola. The candidate for ordination in the Methodist church promises to "act in all things, not according to his own will, but as a son in the gospel," to "employ his time as we"—the church, or his superiors—"direct," and to "do that part of the work which we advise." He has to promis the bishop that he will "reverently obey the chief ministers unto whom is committed the charge and government over him," and will "follow with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and submit to their judgments." He must not only agree to giv up his own will and judgment, and implicitly to obey another, but he must be "glad" to do it! The Jesuits could hardly ask more.

One of the anomalies of Methodism is that, while Mr. Wesley gave his followers in England a free form of government, without bishop or presiding elders, the Methodist Episcopal church of this country has both these officers, and is from first to last despotic in form, if not in spirit, from the lowest to the highest places of power. The preacher in charge appoints the "leaders" of the "classes;" he also nominates the "stewards;" thus, he virtually creates the "Quarterly Conference." Then the bishops appoint the presiding elders of the annual conferences, who hav charge of the "districts," and constitute the bishop's "cabinet." In all this there is nothing electiv, or, in a republican sense, representativ.

The annual conferences elect delegates to the General Conference; and the presiding elders, from their positions as "superiors in office," so far control, or at least influence, the votes of those under their charge, as to secure the election of a sufficient number of their order to hav a majority in the General Conference. This is the highest and the only law-making power in the church; and it elects the bishops, the book agents, the editors of the different church papers, and the officers of the missionary and other societies. The result is that everything tends to create a self-appointing and self-perpetuating class of superiors, or church dignitaries, with the further necessary result of a long line of subordinates and dependants upon their will. In politics, we would call this a "ring;" in government, we would call it anything but republican. These church officials naturally come to love authority, and in a large sense to feel that they own the church; that the hard-working preachers are controled by and working for them; and that the people hav only to pay the bills.

Not in Romanism itself, nor in the government of an army, is there a more thorough organization or a more perfect equipment, with all the essentials for a strict surveillance over every individual and every department, and with power to enforce its rules, than is found in the Methodist church of America. Fortunately for the church and the cause of religion, the bishops hav generally been conscientious men, and hav sought to use their great power for good; and in a less degree the same may be said of other high officials; but the vast machinery for injustice and oppression exists, and more than once hav good men felt its crushing weight.

For some unaccountable cause, it seems to be the natural tendency of all organizations, both political and religious, as they increase in numbers and power and wealth, to depart from the original simplicity and purity of purpose, and singleness of aim, that at first called them into existence. The monastic orders of the Catholic church were at first singularly pure and devoted, but with the increase of wealth and power they became corrupt. Cromwell began by opposing a royal despot, and ended by becoming himself a military dictator, though he used his vast power for the good of the nation. And Methodism, that began as a revival—a spiritual impulse, a heart-power—is steadily and rapidly tending to a vast ecclesiasticism, with ambitions for wealth and world-wide power. Its original puritanic simplicity of dress is a thing of the past. The rule forbidding "the putting on of gold and costly apparel" still stands in the Disciplin; it is one of the "general rules," that cannot be changed, and the preachers are required to read these rules to the church once every "quarter," or four times a year, in every charge. But no one seems to regard the reading of the rules as anything more than a matter of form. Certainly, no one seems in the least disturbed by the rule concerning dress; and yet nearly every one who hears the rule read knows that he is violating it every day, and especially on Sundays; for the Methodists, more, perhaps, than any other people, seem to take a pride in showing their fine clothes on the Lord's day. Even the preachers who stand up and read the rule that forbids "the putting on of gold and costly apparel," carry gold watches and chains, and "put on" the most "costly" broadcloths, and wear "gold" buttons and studs in their shirts. The time was, and that within the present century, when a woman or a young girl, wearing a simple ruffle, or a flower upon her bosom or on her bonnet, was not permitted to enter a "love-feast" or "class meeting."

In its doctrinal position, the Methodist church is peculiar. Luther sought in his day to reform the doctrins of the church. Wesley sought to reform the hearts and lives of the people. And it is a singular fact that the great vital and spiritual truths of the early Methodists, such as the "Witness of the Spirit," and "Holiness," are not even mentioned in the "Articles of Religion." Mr. Wesley prepared for the Methodist church in America an abridged form of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, with such corrections as he thought proper. These are so a part of the organic law of the church that they can never be changed. Thus this one good man, more than a hundred years ago, settled at once and forever the creed of the Methodist church; and now it is required of every member coming into the church to say that he believes it. No matter what greater light may come to the world, or what larger faith, these twenty-five "Articles of Religion" must stand and be accepted just as they are. It is well known to scholars that one of these articles, the fifth, asserts an historical error in affirming that of the authority of all the canonical book of the Old and New Testament there "was never any doubt in the church;" but the error can never be corrected.

It is a striking fact also that these "Articles of Religion," like the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds, contain not one word about endless punishment. These ancient creeds do affirm the doctrin of everlasting life, but not of everlasting death. Until a few years ago the "Articles of Religion" were the only standard by which a Methodist minister could be tried for heresy. He could be tried only for teachings contrary to the "Articles of Religion;" and then, to meet the case more fully, the general conference added, "or standard authorities." But it did not specify what these "standard authorities" are; and hence preachers may be tried and expelled under a law that is indeterminate in itself, but determinable by a church jury or committee. I confess that I do not like this; but the difficulty of defining the "standards" is so great that the church hardly dare attempt it, for the "authorities" do not in all things agree one with the other.

Wesley would be called an "authority," and, as such, might be quoted in support of endless punishment; but who now believes in his doctrin of a material hell-fire? And yet, if Wesley be an "authority," why accept his teachings as to the endlessness of hell-torments, but reject the material "fire and brimstone?"

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A Children's Book by Mrs. E. D. Slenker.

We hav in press, to be issued in a few days, a new book for children by Mrs. E. D. Slenker. Nothing, we think, need be said of the ability and popularity of the author. She is known to almost every Freethinker in the country, and no writer is better liked. For a year or two she has been writing more especially for children, and this new book will be gladly welcomed by the little ones. It is entitled, "Little Lessons for Little Folks." Each chapter is a lesson about something which the children see every day, and about which their curiosity is excited. A copy of this book presented to every child that can read will save parents an endless amount of questioning, and at the same time impart more detailed and accurate information than the majority of parents can giv their youngsters off-hand.

The chapters are: Stars; Monkeys; Items about Fishes; Fresh Air; Matter and Life; Life and Her Children; Books; Clover; Water; Stones; Animals and Vegetables; Little Leaves; The Nerves; On the Sense of Smell; Heredity and Natural Selection; The Camel; The Frog; The Cow; Dolls; Grass.

The book is handsomely printed in large type, and bound in boards, with illuminated covers. The price is 40 cents, postpaid by mail.

One Honest Man.

The trustees of the debts of the late Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, hav declared a dividend of one and a half per cent. "It might well temper the satisfaction with which the creditors receive this money," says the *Independent*, "to remember that it comes from one honest man, ex-Governor Hoadley, who went as security for a trustee who speculated with the funds in his hands and lost them, so that this dividend does not come from the legitimate source."

Yes, and it may well temper the arrogance of the Christian church to remember that this one honest man—about the only one connected with the affair who can be thus described—is an Infidel, a disbeliever in the church, a rejecter of revelation, a scoffer at supernaturalism. He went on the bond of a supposed friend, and when the fellow turned out to be a faithful follower of the archbishop, Governor Hoadley paid his debt like a man—almost impoverishing himself and family to do it. The mighty Roman Catholic church is on the bond of the dead prelate, but she has not repaid the millions Purcell stole from his witless dupes.

All honor to Governor Hoadley! Everlasting disgrace to the Roman Catholic church.

Paying the Penalty of Independence.

The *World* has it upon authority that the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, of St. Stephen's church, is to be deposed from his priestly office because of his adoption of the land theories of Henry George, and for his activity in electioneering for that gentleman.

The *World* expresses the opinion that this is "too severe a punishment," because "few men did more than Dr. McGlynn to secure the nomination of Governor Cleveland for president, by the timely and effectiv assurance which he gave at the final moment that the voters whose interests he had at heart would support that nomination."

This is a remarkable reason to advance. Is the election of Mr. Cleveland to the presidency of such value to the Roman Catholic church that she must pay for it? If so, Democracy is a dangerous foe to America. The public is always told by church authorities that the church never interferes in politics. But here we hav it from a journal high in the counsels of the dominant party, that one priest pledged in advance the votes of his parish for a candidate. What becomes of the pretense of the church with this fact known? Why did not the church drive Dr. McGlynn from his pulpit for his activity for Cleveland if she must do it because of his labors for George? The principle is the same, though the church may hav more reasons to fear a reform movement than the election of the candidate of a party pledged to conservativ rule.

But at any rate we hope Dr. McGlynn is to be deposed now. His deposal will go a long way to prove him an honest man. During the campaign there were two opinions concerning him. One was that he was Jesuitically foisting himself upon the labor party with the design of controling it; the other opinion called him an honest man, and less a believer in the church than a lover of humanity. Charity inclined to the latter opinion; a knowledge of the history of the church made it appear doubtful.

At the present time the Roman Catholic authorities are evidently disturbed by the organization of labor, and especially by the adherence of so many Catholics to Henry George's theories. In his recent pastoral letter, Archbishop Corrigan devoted about one-fourth of his document to overthrowing Mr. George's land theory, denouncing it as contrary to God's law and will. "To strive to base an argument against ownership in land," says the archbishop, "by reasoning on the universal distribution of air and light is only a freak of the imagination. Human industry cannot scatter a cloud from before the face of the sun, nor lift a fog that may be freighted with damaging vapors; we take the air and the light as God givs them, and we owe him thanks for his bounty. It was only the earth which fell under the primeval curse when man had sinned." Thus was Mr. George disposed of in an instant by reference to dogmatic authority. Now, according to all canons of the church, this opinion of Mr. Corrigan should also be the opinion of Dr. McGlynn. Unfortunately for Dr. McGlynn, however, he is unable to view the matter in that light. He agrees rather with Henry George's interpretation of the scriptures, that "the land is a free gift of the creator to all his children," because the "Lord saith" that "the land shall not be sold forever, for the land is mine." Saying nothing of the absurdity and weakness of an argument founded upon so false a dictum as the Jewish Bible, it is very evident that Dr. McGlynn must be excommunicated. He has no right to interpret the scriptures, nor to adopt the interpretation of any authority but the Roman Catholic church. His position as a priest makes him a mental slave, and if he will be free he must leave the church. The church does not want individuals, but automatons—men moved by wires and strings—puppets, playthings, tools, emissaries—all working as directed, and never working but as directed. Unless a priest is such a dummy, his services are of but little utility to the holy organization. Dr. McGlynn will probably hav to go.

An Erring Apologist.

In the current number of one of the best of our monthlies is an essay by W. S. Lilly upon the present outlook for Christianity. Mr. Lilly's paper is temperate and good-natured, and he states the case against Christianity fairly and well. It is from his conclusions that the skeptic will differ, not because of their unreasonableness, but because of their misleading nature. As a defender of Christianity, Mr. Lilly transplants it to grounds upon which logically it cannot grow. With this transplanting we hav no quarrel, but the world should understand the true facts.

"Without controversy," says Mr. Lilly, "Christianity appears to many of the wisest to be at the present day in deadlier peril than it has been at any time during the eighteen hundred years of its existence. For the attack is not directed so much against any one doctrin, or class of doctrins, peculiar to it, as against the very fundamental position whereon it rests. That position is the existence of a First Cause, absolutely good, wise, and powerful, who has created the universe for a beneficent end, and who may be known and served by his rational creatures, if they will to know and serve him. Christianity is primarily theism, and theism is very widely called in question, and denied. At the same time—so close is the link which binds together the human personality and the divine—all that has hitherto been considered distinctivly characteristic of man likewise suffers an eclipse—his freedom of volition, his moral responsibility, his spirituality and immortality. If we would form any sound judgment upon the present outlook for Christianity, we must consider first the prospects of theism. If anti-theistic theories, whether in the form of Materialism, Agnosticism, or Atheism, are to prevail, of course there is an end of Christianity, as of all other religions."

To maintain Christianity intact, then, Mr. Lilly endeavors to prove the absolute truth of theism, and to his aid he summons the philosophers who hav expressed a belief in a force which might hav more or less influence in determining phenomena. He quotes Professor Huxley as recognizing "the necessity for cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions by worship, mostly of the silent sort, at the altar of the unknown and unknowable;" Professor Tyndall as making profession of faith in Kant's transcendental idealism; Herbert Spencer as believing in an unknown and unknowable power, without limit in space, without beginning or end in time; M. Littré, whom he calls the second founder of Positivism, as recognizing "immensity, physical and intellectual, as a positiv idea of the first order." The first three philosophers, Mr. Lilly declares to be the three men who most powerfully influence the most intelligent portion of the English-speaking race. Mr. Lilly argues from these expressions that a belief in a deity is inherent in the race; that its universality proves its truth; and that the power behind phenomena recognized by the men quoted is the same as the Christian God, only refined by his evolution from the deity of a barbaric people to the indefinit sense of an ultimate reality of speculativ philosophers. But as these speculativ abstractions are too cold for worship, Mr. Lilly gratuitously assumes that they will end in the acceptance of Christian theism, whose God he defines as follows:

"A Supreme Being, the Creator, Upholder, Governor, and Sovereign Lord of all; self-dependent, and the only Being who is such; Eternal, and the only Eternal; all-sufficient, all-blessed, and ever-blessed; the Supreme Good; omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, ineffably one, absolutely perfect; sovereign over his own actions, though always according to the eternal Rule of right and wrong, which is himself; yet in the works of creation, conservation, government, retribution, making himself, as it were, the minister and servant of all; taking an interest, and having a sympathy, in the matters of time and space, and imposing on rational beings, in whose hearts he has written the moral law, the duty of worship and service."

Such a God, he thinks, will fill the long-felt want, and is moreover a deity built in accordance with Spencer's dictum that "perpetual self-adaptation to environment is the very law of life."

Now, all this is very flattering to the English philosophers, and consoling to the Christians, but it has no more to do with "the present outlook for

Christianity" than it has with the present outlook for Mohammedanism. In the first place, theism is not Christianity. In the second, a God that grows, that changes, that is subject, as it were, to the law of varieties of species, is just no God at all, and certainly as far from being the God of the Christians as a protoplasmic speck is from being a man. Mr. Lilly confounds theism with a religion which, if reduced to simple theism, would lose by far its most important dogmas, and become impotent. The theists of the present day are ranked by church authorities with the Infidels, and those authorities will not thank the apologist for reducing their religion to the strait he has. If Christianity survives among intelligent people only through the support given to the least of its dogmas by philosophers who are hostil to the whole system, the present outlook is gloomy indeed. We heartily wish it were true.

Sunday Laws.

The small number of arrests made last Sunday for violating the Sunday laws indicates, says the *Times*, that the law was very generally observed. Except in the Bowery, the stores closed their doors at ten o'clock, and the proprietors presumably went to church. Nearly all of the arrests made were of Jewish merchants, but they had to be discharged because the law provides that when a person observes his own special holy day he cannot be forced to keep Sunday as well.

The labor unions interested in forcing the Sunday closing hav announced their intention of appealing to the legislature for a law empowering policemen to arrest Sabbath-breakers without a warrant and without actually seeing the violation of the law. Such a law would be unconstitutional, however, and it is not likely that the legislators will enact it.

Not only in this city is the effort being made to revive the puritanical Sunday, but strong efforts are being made all over the country to close all business houses. In Boston, Indianapolis, and elsewhere, the church folks hav induced the authorities to make arrests for Sabbath-breaking, and if the agitation is kept up, the prospects for obtaining the repeal of the laws will be good. No one wants to see the obsolete laws of decades ago enforced, and if the clergy persist, public indignation is likely to be sufficiently aroused to demand the repeal of all Sabbatarian legislation. Nine-tenths of all the people in the country are habitual Sabbath-breakers, and if all are to be arrested, the jails will be pretty well filled. The contract, we think, is too large a one for the clergy, and they will be forced to moderate their zeal. As a writer in the *Sun* says, it would be a case of the tail wagging the dog. In Boston the attempt to enforce the law is being made for the purpose of making it so odious that the legislature will repeal it, and the attempt, it is said, is likely to be successful. If so, some good will be accomplished, and the example will be useful in other cities.

For the Constitutional Convention.

In 1885 was organized in this city the "Central Committee for Protecting and Perpetuating the Separation of Church and State." The organizing secretary is Charles M. Plumb, and his chief supporter is Henry A. Cram, one of the managers of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island. The outward object of the society is to prevent any recognition by the state of any particular sect. The inside idea is to prevent the legislature from giving Roman Catholics any foothold in the House of Refuge, for which, under the name of the "Freedom of Worship Bill," they hav been besieging the legislature for half a score of years.

Since the voters of this state hav decided to hav a Constitutional Convention, the society has held one meeting, at which Mr. Plumb egotistically intimated that the society for Protecting and Perpetuating the Separation of Church and State had procured the calling of this convention, and recommends that upon the attention of the convention be impressed the following amendment to the constitution: "The legislature shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or enforcing the dogmas of any creed, or the rites or ceremonies of any sect."

The adoption of such an amendment would prohibit the legislature from interfering in any case, and leave the managers of every institution free to work their own will upon the helpless inmates of their religious dens. This would suit Mr. Henry A. Cram, whose idea of a non-sectarian institution is the House of Refuge, the manual of instruction of which is saturated in every page with the narrowest Christian sectarianism. The Society for Protecting and Perpetuating the Separation of Church and State proposes to continue this Christian sectarianism, and to make Protestantism a part of our organic law.

When the delegates to the Constitutional Convention are chosen and meet in session, we think there will be submitted an amendment which will meet the case more fully, and put our state in line with the United States Constitution. We need to not only prohibit the establishment of religion, but to actually prohibit the giving of money to any institution in which religion of any kind is taught.

Presbyterian Trial for Heresy.

The evangelical controversy over evolution, of which Dr. Woodrow, of the Columbia, S. C., Theological Seminary, has been the center, has at last been settled by the removal of Dr. Woodrow from his professorship of natural science in conjunction with Revelation. Dr. Woodrow accepts this action as the authoritativ voice of his church.

This action also records where Presbyterianism stands as to the science of evolution. Dr. Woodrow's offending consists in his teaching this science instead of accepting Genesis as the explanation of the origin and development of life. Four synods and a board of directors hav condemned him for it, and his removal will unquestionably please the great body of Presbyterians, who are as pig-headed as Roman Catholics in rejecting the latest words of science.

A few years ago a Presbyterian minister of Illinois enjoyed "the luxury of a little honest thought, and the real rapture of expressing it," and he was expelled for heresy. Of this action of the presbytery, Colonel Ingersoll said: "Go on, presbyteries and synods, go on! Thrust the heretics out of the church—that is to say, throw away your brains—put out your eyes. The Infidels will thank you. They are willing to adopt your exiles. Every deserter from your camp is a recruit for the army of progress. Cling to the ignorant dogmas of the past; read the 109th Psalm; gloat over the slaughter of mothers and babes; thank God for total depravity; shower your honors upon hypocrits, and silence every minister who is touched with that heresy called genius. Be true to your history. Turn out the astronomers, the geologists, the naturalists, the chemists, and all the honest scientists. With a whip of scorpions, drive them all out. We want them all. Keep the ignorant, the superstitious, the bigoted, and the writers of charges and specifications. Keep them, and keep them all. Repeat your pious platitudes in the drowsy ears of the faithful, and read your Bible to heretics, as kings read some forgotten riot-act to stop and stay the waves of revolution. You are too weak to excite anger. We forgiv your efforts as the sun forgivs a cloud—as the air forgivs the breath you waste."

The Board of Directors of the Columbia Theological Seminary and the Board of Visitors of the Andover Theological Seminary ought to be compelled to read Mr. Ingersoll's comments upon trials for heresy.

Editorial Notes.

THE United Labor Party of Philadelphia at its second convention adopted the declaration of principles without the phrase, "Fatherhood of God." This omission was due to the energetic protest of W. J. Gorsuch, the well-known Anarchist orator. It is encouraging that Mr. Gorsuch was strongly enough supported in the party to force the omission of these meaningless words.

MRS. LILLIAN WALKER is out of jail, her sentence having expired. Mr. Walker has yet nearly a month to stay in prison. Mrs. Walker was released on the 4th inst. Their case is before the supreme court, but Mr. Walker's sentence will probably expire before the court considers it. After Judge Crozier's decision that they are legally married, keeping these two persons in prison is not far from a legal outrage.

IN confuting Mr. Henry George, Archbishop Corrigan laid down this solid foundation upon which to argue:

"When any thought finds a welcome abode in the mind and becomes so clear to him who harbors it as to shape itself into a principle, it is a duty to scan closely its character and bearing, and to trace its possible course from the quiet haven of the mind to the open main of public fact. However fair or shapely or attractiv it may seem to the unwary, it should not be accepted by the prudent unless it is formed of elements that are altogether sound and pure. A flaw in a foundation represents a proportionate insecurity in the building raised upon it."

The archbishop ought to hav borne his own statement in mind when using the "primeval curse" against Mr. George's theories. And Mr. George evidently overlooked this paragraph when he quoted the Old Testament against the archbishop. Both of these eminent disputants built very flimsy argumentativ walls upon foundations full of flaws. They are intellectual Buddensieks.

THE *Ironclad Age* for December 11th has three and a half weary columns of disguised abuse of THE TRUTH SEEKER for saying that the Chicago Anarchists ought not to be hanged as a result of the "trial." The good doctor who edits the *Age* quotes a signed note of Si Slokum's in this paper, credits it to the editor, and exclaims, "This the country is to understand as the authoritativ declaration of organized Secularism!" In THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 28th, September 5th, and subsequently, the editor furnished, to those who wanted to know, a full statement of the grounds upon which he based his opposition to hanging these men. He cannot, however, undertake to furnish brains for some editors to understand what he wrote, nor honesty for them to do justice with.

THE managers of the New York House of Refuge, it is well known, hav opposed the Freedom of Worship bill whenever it has come before the New York legislature. Recently Judge Acker, connected with this institution, died, and his relativs asked permission to bury him from the cathedral in this city. Archbishop Corrigan refused, giving as his reason Mr. Acker's opposition to the Freedom of Worship bill. He further caused it to be made known that no Catholic connected with the House of Refuge could be buried from the cathedral so long as he is archbishop. This is a good way to punish enemies, but not a very dreadful one—far easier for the enemies than the old-time practice of killing them by torture. But as showing the implacable spirit of the church it is significant.

THE Concord Labor Club gave Henry George a dinner on the 6th inst. The dinner, the public is informed, was good—the oysters cold, the soup hot, the fish well done, the entrees just right, the game tender, the salads well mixed, the wine not too strong, and with a piquant bouquet, and the cigars made in Havana, not in First-avenue tenement houses. It was a dinner of laborers, so the advertisment said, but with the exception of a car-driver, used as a substitute, the speakers were professional men. There was of course a ghost at the banquet—there never was a political banquet without one since Judas put his hand in the dish with Christ. Along with the wine and cigars came toasts, and the very first toast was, "Labor and Religion: Next to Faith in One's God, is Faith in Labor." Always that ghost of a fleshless God—a God who never helped a human being, who sees millions die of want and suffering, who crushes his human flies in earthquakes, kills them with famin and pestilence, and then burns them in a hell forever—as these drinkers to this toast believe. *Next* to one's faith in God is faith in labor! And it was a reverend who responded, who taught these laborers this wicked doctrin! What folly! Until the laborer puts his faith in labor *ahead* of his faith in God, the right to a banquet they pay for is about all the right the Henry George folks will get, and the skeptical sons of Faust, who we are informed were there, ought to hav said so instead of applauding the Rev. Mr. Kramer. They might hav remembered Dr. McGlynn, summoned to Rome—perhaps to be disrobed—for the part he took in the election last fall. The church of Rome is the voice of that God among whose suffering poor these toast-drinkers are endeavoring "one gleam of brotherhood to send."

AT the Baptist ministers' weekly conference Monday, says the *Sun*, the Rev. D. Frank R. Morse of the tabernacle in Brooklyn, read an essay on "Christianity versus Materialism," and said in the discussion that followed that, as he had heard, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll does not himself believe a word he says against Christianity. The Rev. Dr. Morse related as what he had heard that several years ago Colonel Ingersoll got into financial difficulty, and, knowing that the income from his business would not tide him over his troubles, he hit upon the plan of lecturing against Christianity as the course most likely to pay. Colonel Ingersoll, in evening dress, with a carnation in his buttonhole, and a lustrous diamond on the vast expanse of his snowy shirt front, was a smiling guest at the dinner of the Thirteen Club at Morelli's restaurant Monday night. After reading the Rev. Dr. Morse's remarks Colonel Ingersoll very carefully laid his napkin across his left knee and remarked sententiously, "Paper." Then Colonel Ingersoll rapidly wrote as follows: "Evidently the Rev. Mr. Morse is not a gentleman. There is not one word of truth in his statement. I hav never uttered a word on the subject of superstition that I did not thoroughly believe to be true. It is easy to see how a man might pretend to be a Christian, but it is impossible to conceive of a man who really believes in Christianity denying it. This is impossible, especially in a country where the majority are known as Christians. The Rev. Mr. Morse ought to hav the manners of a well-bred man. He should answer my arguments, not attack my motivs. Would he preach Infidelity if he had brains enough to make it pay? Would he consider it fair for me to charge that he selected his profession because it is the only one in which stupidity can hope for success?"

Astonishing Information.

From a Sermon by Rev. C. M. Cobern, Detroit, Mich.

Anthony Comstock is a Christian man, a constant foe to impurity, and for many years has done nothing else except to use all legal means to protect the morals of our youth. He is a man of conviction and courage, and fears the face of no one while fighting the battle of purity. At the peril of his life he has obtained the conviction of hundreds of dealers in low and debasing literature. He arrested the president of the Liberal League in the presence of two hundred and fifty of his friends.

Letters from Friends.

MERRICK, L. I., Dec. 6, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read the pamphlet "Personal Existence After Death Improbable," by L. R. Smith. I find it interesting and instructiv. I think every Liberal would do well to send for one or more copies to hand to their Christian friends, if they hav any. You can send me one dozen. The author is very desirous to hav humanity to understand that this life is the only one that we need trouble ourselvs about. E. HYATT.

ROME CITY, IND., Nov. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We hav had the pleasure of listening to two lectures by J. L. Andrew, of Fort Scott, Kan.

Mr. Andrew is a logical orator, and calls things by their right names. His arguments are convincing, and delivered in a way that is not calculated to giv offense to opponents. He shows up the absurdities of the doctrins of superstitious religion in fine style, and Liberal societies wanting lectures will do well to employ Mr. Andrew. ITHAMAR EDDY.

DEXTERVILLE, WIS., Dec. 2, 286.

MR. EDITOR: You will please find inclosed $1, for which giv me credit. I wish I could send you more, but I hav been unable to dispose of very many of the last lot of pamphlets I got of you, but I will remit as often as possible, and will endeavor to get settled up with you soon.

I hope to get a few engagements to lecture in Wisconsin as soon as I am through teaching for the winter, and would like to announce through your paper that I am desirous of corresponding with activ Liberals of Wisconsin with a view to lecturing. GEO. H. DAWES.

GALION, O., Dec. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER finds its way here regularly every week, and, do you know, it is doing some good? [We trust so.—ED.] Your stand taken in regard to Parsons and the other condemned men is examplary. You hav the support of all truly freedom-loving people. We hav times now as in the past when men's souls are tried.

I wish to tell through your paper that we hav engaged the services of J. E. Remsburg, one of America's Freethinkers, for one lecture, which will take place Dec. 14, 1886. All arrangements necessary are already made. We are all expectancy. JOHN P. FLICK.

MYRTLE POINT, OR., Nov. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wrote to you last summer to stop my paper when my subscription expired, but I will take it all back. And as you hav been good enough to send me the paper I will pay for it, for I know that it costs money to run any kind of business. Not that I like the pictures any more. Find inclosed $5 for the next two years. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER as well as ever, and I believe that I could not get along without it.

We had three soul agents here to talk to us the last three weeks. I believe they made but one convert, and they imported him from Josephine county. So, wishing you all success, I remain, Yours respectfully, C. LEHMHERE.

SOLDIER'S HOME, WIS., NOV. 22, A.S. 286.

MR. EDITOR: The most astounding mystery to me is the devout adoration paid by our orthodox friends to certain Bible passages that hav no meaning whatever. For instance, Matt. xxi, 21: "If ye hav faith and doubt not, thou shalt say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and it shall be done." Now, these same honest-minded men and women are far from being idiots or fools in all other matters secular, yet they cling with frienzied persistence to the most absurd babbling of a barbarous age, and imagin in their hearts that it is the very essence of inspired wisdom. Why is this? I confess it is absolutely beyond my comprehension. It might as well hav been recorded in that book of wonders, "If you hav sufficient faith you can wipe out the sun with a rag;" and who among our Christian friends would dare to doubt it, and put their souls in jeopardy? "Suffer little children to come unto me," etc. No wonder that these feeble-minded dupes are striving to imitate children, ignoring their manhood and their womanhood, and crushing out reason and common-sense in order to escape this marvelous seething hell so vividly set forth by Jesus, Calvin, Edwards, and others. But they must not ignore the fact that, according to good orthodox authority, some of the children are in hell, and hence their chances for heaven are slim in spite of all their childishness.

NELSON HUNT.

AYER, MASS., Dec. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me the book entitled "Prose Poems and Selections," by R. G. Ingersoll, and twelve "Lay Sermons."

THE TRUTH SEEKER is a welcome weekly visitor, fraught with good things—tidings of great joy. Scriptures need not be two thousand years old to be appreciated and understood.

L. K. Washburn and John Peck plow deep into old theology—the thing called Christianity. It has become permeated through and through with dry-rot, and can't bear its own weight. It is past being again kiln-dried in hot revivals. The torch of truth is too much for its decayed condition. It is only a question of time when it will molder away beneath the sands of tradition.

The religion of this world, the religion of common sense, the religion that knows no sect, no creed, no shackles for the mind nor dungeon for the body, is the religion we need. Where is the greatest knowledge of the laws, where there is the least assumption of might over right, where there is the least fear, where individual responsibility reigns supreme, where is the most freedom—there is the best society. These are, at least, the elements of peace and fraternity. Let the torch of reason burn. Let every man carry it, and pass it from hand to hand that it may shed light in all dark corners of our beautiful earth—in all Christian lands. Let it light up the horizon of the rising intellect, and be to it a bow of promis that the human mind shall never again be deluged by any religious fraud, and a guarantee that its loathsome foot may never again tread upon this grand earth, destined to be a home of beauty and joy to the human race.

ELIJAH MYRICK.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Last winter I went to New Brunswick on business. Passing up Nelson street, I saw a very plain, Methodistical-looking church, with a large cross in front of the building. I knocked at the door of a two-story tenement, and was surprised to see a Sister of Charity answer my summons. I begged pardon, and said I did not know that sisters dwelt here. "Oh," she answered, "you want the father." I replied, "No, marm; nor the son nor daughter;" and turned, bade her good-bye, and knocked at the next door, where I was again surprised to see Mr. Martien—rather Frenchy way of spelling Martin—answer my second call. His reverence, with the three-cornered hat, inquried my business. I informed him. He answered, no; they were sweet enough. "Yes," said I, "you look sweet enough—and fat, too." He smiled at my reply, and he followed me out to the gate. A carpenter was repairing the gate and fence. One of the posts was very rotten. I turned, and said to this man of God that the post reminded me of a great many people in the world—full of rotteness and corruption. He smiled, and said, "We can cure them of their diseases." I replied, "You can cure nothing." He remained silent for a few moments, and then said, "May I inquire why I can't cure?" "Yes, sir. Your friend is dead—the devil. Intelligence knocked the life clean out of him, and kicked the bottom clean out of his hell; and you hav not got enough saints in your calendar to bring Old Nick to life again." He immediately turned and went in his house, without making any more inquiries. The carpenter thought his reverence had gone to digest the medicin I gave him. I answered that that was a very small dose. I would hav increased it if he had asked more questions. This gentleman's capital was a Bible and cross, rosary, prayer-book, and a few other pagan relics, that enabled him to set up himself and bring him in a large yearly income—to liv, laugh, and grow fat on ignorant, superstitious victims; and I suppose those sharpers think we Freethinkers ought to be burnt for daring to question their power of doing any good. I know, for a certainty, they impoverish the people and corrupt their morals. The mass is supposed to cleanse the soul of all sin; so the priest gets the money. The priest gets the best of the bargain. In fact, they are what I call the biggest skins on earth, and their god is the almighty dollar. They are simon-pure blasphemers. They claim to forgiv sins. What is bound on earth is bound in heaven. That is representing their God as a weather-cock, and they can persuade him to send a soul to heaven or to hell! Their blessing saves a soul; their excommunication damns it. I believe it is quite time to stop such sharpers from robbing and impoverishing the people.

W. W. MORRIS.

WAVERLY, WASH. TER., Nov. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Is it not time that the women of our nation should lift their voices in the great cry of reform? Wives and mothers hav a right to mingle with those who are striving to benefit their fellow-beings; and why should we be careless and seemingly thoughtless of what regards ourselvs as a sex? Woman should surely take an interest in her own liberty and the liberty of her children. In raising her family, the mother's mind should be free from superstition and bigotry; for it is by the mother, in early youth, that the mind of the child is formed; and even in manhood the ideas given in youth are weighed and considered before they are cast aside. How sad a young man or woman must feel to think that the mother they loved taught them a religion that was false and contrary to nature and science. Let every woman read and study the scriptures without fear or prejudice; take them as you would the writings of any other book. Always be ready to say that what would be cruel in man would be worse than cruel in God, and be ready to denounce it, no matter where you find it.

The first place where woman is mentioned in the Bible is Gen. ii, 22. After the Lord had caused all the beasts of the earth to pass before Adam, there was no helpmeet found for him. If there had been in that grand procession an orang-outang, or baboon, or bald-faced monkey that would hav pleased his fancy, our charming selvs could hav been dispensed with. So you see it was merely by chance that we were created at all, and we are only a secondary part at any rate. But read Gen. iii, 16, and see the first sentence that was passed on a woman; passed on her by the very one that allowed her to do what she did; for if God is omniscient and omnipresent, he surely was standing right there, looking on when crime was committed, and therefore must be accessory to the same. Would it not hav been a blessing to us if he had made the serpent mute, or put a guard around the tree? Where were all his angels and his sons at that time? Could he not spare one to personally superintend the garden, at least until Eve became accustomed to things? No; it was better to give a curse on that day—one that could not be disputed, for it lasts until this day. Now, I ask you in honesty if you can believe such a nonsensical lie as is written in that sixteenth verse? What had the beasts done? Did they eat forbidden fruit? It is the same with them as with womankind.

According to the Bible narrativ, women had a good character until they allowed the sons of God to make love to them, and became their wives. It was then that trouble began in earnest; they were good wives and mothers for over one thousand five hundred years, but the sons of God made them otherwise. What a pity he did not keep his sons at home, or create them wives of their own ilk. They brought with them discord and hatred. If the Bible is true, God's grandsons were a very bad lot of unruly fellows. Only for them the great flood would not hav been necessary.

I think, if we look at it aright and pass an honest opinion, we will hav to say that God was the father of a very, very bad family. They must hav had a bad example at home.

The next point we examin is Gen. xii, 11, 12, 13. Sarai, Abram's wife, bemeans herself so that she may keep Abram's soul alive. He was afraid that the Egyptians would kill him, and that his soul would die. He did not seem to know as much about the soul as the priests and preachers of our day; he did not know that the soul lived forever and ever! What a pity he did not live in a time and place where he could hear Sam Jones! Sam would let him know that a soul like his would not die so easy. Then Sarai might hav been saved that great shame that is recorded against her. But how do we know that he was so afraid as he pretended? It may be that he had an eye after the sheep and the oxen, he asses and men servants, and maid servants, and camels that her shame would secure him (Gen. xii, 16).

Abram's orders to his wife Sarai concerning Hagar were: "Behold thy maid is in thy hand; do to her as it pleaseth thee" (Gen. xvi, 6).

I don't wonder that her lot was hard, for Sarai, I believe, had a right to be jealous, for I do not believe the story that she gave Hagar to Abram. It would hav been more like the old man to take her. It is not the nature of women to giv to their husbands other women. I think we would really need some of the genuin grace of God to do so. But poor Hagar could not stand her abuse any longer. There is none to pity her; even the old wretch himself has no sympathy in his nature for her. She flees to the wilderness for safety, and is found at the spring by the angel of the Lord (Gen. xvi, 7-9).

I often wonder if it was not old Abraham that presented himself fixed up in some disguise in order to tell her what he most desired she would do, which was to go back to her mistress again. It would hav sounded much better if he had said "master," for I do not think that Sarai wanted her, and an angel of the Lord should hav known as much.

Sisters of common nature, read and ponder. Listen to Gen. xix, 8, uttered by a chosen one of God. Remember these are only maidens, fair guardians of youth and modesty. But what a sentence, spoken by a father, to be listened to by a mother! If a father of two maidens of our land should make such an offer to a drunken mob, would you say he was a chosen one of God? Would you say he was a special favorit of the ruler of all nature! Would you say he was a special favorit of his? I would denounce him, I care not what he claimed. Just imagin how the hearts of those two maidens must hav fluttered when that father's word sounded in their ears. Their only protector, the father they loved, casting them to the wild beasts, as it were—for better to be thrown to a den of lions than to a brutal mob. But we must hope, if such a thing had transpired, that there would hav been some in the crowd who would hav offered protection.

From what she had seen and heard the night before (Gen. xix, 26) Mrs. Lot could not hav been feeling very well that morning of the flight from the burning city. Perhaps she thought the burning was only a joke, and I think so yet.

But nevertheless there are sensible women who believe the tale without giving it a thought. What great sin could there be in looking back at what the Lord was doing? Was it more sin *to look on* than *to do* in that case? Perhaps it was one look of heartfelt pity that she gave. But it makes no difference—she was turned to a pillar of salt. Lot did not seem to grieve much about the sad affair that happened to his wife. He went along on his journey without even passing a remark. Surely an event that has caused sermons to be preached and books to be written was worthy of his notice. I heard a preacher in Canada say that Lot's wife stood a firm pillar of salt until this day, and if by any cause a part became detached it immediately grew to its proper shape and form again. What a fine mine of wealth that would prove to be out here on this Washington territory prairie where salt is worth three cents per pound! I hav often wondered if D. M. Bennett failed to see the grand sight when he was in the Promised Land. I hav never heard it said that he saw anything like that there.

Wives and mothers, read Gen. xix, 31-38, and say that is a fit and proper example to set before your daughters. Is it fit to tell them that God honored the perpetrators of that crime? Can you say that the God of your religion sanctioned such a crime?—honored such daughters?—never gave one word of reproach to such a father? If you believe the brutal tale, it is there for you to read and teach to your daughters. I will not quote it.

It was now high time that Abram was moving, so he changes his abode and takes Sarai along (Gen. xx, 2). "And Abram said of Sarai his wife, She is my sister, and Abimelech king of Gerar sent and took her." The same old tale, "She is my sister," gets for Abram some more sheep, some more oxen, and some more men-servants and some more women-servants. Sarai was very profitable to Abraham, was she not?

Wives and mothers, if you would only take a reasonable view of these transactions, you would never dare to teach your children that they were divinely ordered. How much better it would be for you to tell them that they are myths and fables of a barbarous age of the long past!

I hav quoted only a few of the passages that allude to us as women. Some are too filthy to even refer to or to allow our children to look at. Why should we bind ourselvs down to a book whose chief characteristics are its vulgarity and obscenity, its thraldom and slavery of our sex? And still we do not try as we should to make ourselvs free. We should

throw all superstition away, and strive to make our children free. MAGGIE HOPE GRAHAM.

WOODSTOCK, VT., Nov. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: We cannot look ahead and see at all times what we will do. At the last of my writing to you, I said I am soon to pay to different ones that are working hard for our cause. But when THE TRUTH SEEKER came to hand, I noticed that there were to be printed extra numbers of that issue. This took my attention, for I knew of many of my friends who ought to know the sentiments of our friend Ingersoll. Therefore be so kind as to send along 50 cents' worth, and to fill out the program, and make my word good, I send C. B. Reynolds $3.00 for his benefit, $7.00 for the Campaign Fund, and $1.50 for pictures. This much for the cause for which I hav worked sixty-four years, beginning at the age of 17. Yours, JOHN D. POWERS.

[The number of THE TRUTH SEEKER containing Colonel Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon" is out of print, all our extra copies having been sold. Brother Powers's 50 cents will secure him one dozen copies of the sermon in a handsome pamphlet.—ED. T. S.]

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Nov. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Brother Wetzel is right about the Walker infringement case upon patent-right marriage. We do not want the law to decree and construe cohabitation as legal marriage—no such obtrusiv, invasiv tyranny. Legal marriage be hanged! Let every tub stand on its own bottom. Let those who want legal marriage get it legally—go where they hav it to sell, buy it, and pay for it like a man; and those that prefer the simon-pure and unadulterated article of natural marriage, brew it at home and "say nothing to nobody."

No, all roads do not, and should not, lead to legal marriage, and as to the old and much-traveled route, do not let us shorten it an inch, or make it cheap and easy, as Walker is trying to do. It's good enough as it is, considering where it leads to. The toll ought to be five hundred dollars instead of five, and the red tape without beginning or end. The road *in* should be lined with briars and ballasted with brimstone and blasted hopes. The road *out* is the one that needs working. Make it wide and smooth and straight and free of toll, with free lunch and a band of music at every mile-post.

WM. S. ALLEN.

AYR, ONT. Nov. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will please find the sum of $5, American currency.

This amount is to be applied as follows: Three dollars for renewed subscription to your paper, due on the 20th inst.; one dollar for assistance to the cartoons, and one dollar to go to the benefit of Mr. Reynolds, who has lately been prosecuted and persecuted for blasphemy (?), and with whom I deeply sympathize. I should hav remitted subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER earlier, but was endeavoring to get you a few subscribers, in which attempt I failed owing partly to prevalence of orthodoxy, but chiefly, no doubt, to the Scottish fondness for this world's gear.

I find the paper always interesting, and doubt much if you hav a more faithful reader than myself. Your exposure of the uniformed hypocrits who enjoy special privileges from government and society is a good work and in time is bound to open the eyes of many to the true character of these parasites. Their insolent interference with public questions in this country reminds me of their cruel and selfish attempt to debar the working classes of Scotland from healthy recreation. I am yours truly, PETER HOPE.

EMPORIA, KAN., Dec. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER arrives regularly and fills the bill in every particular as a live Freethought paper. The pictures are O.K., and show up "orthodox trash" splendidly. I hav just been reading Dr. Whitford's books (printed by you). They are grand, and every Freethinker should get them and read them, as they are chockfull of original ideas. I wish that Mr. Heston would execute a picture of the orthodox heaven and hell, with old Jew Jehovah on his pinnacle in one apartment surrounded by his Winslows, Purcells, etc., and the old prong-footed devil in another shoveling brimstone into Peter Cooper, James Lick, Stephen Girard, and others. It would do for framing. I believe Mr. Heston could do the subject justice. I take THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Boston Investigator*. I read all the good things contained in them each week and then place them in a large box called my "missionary box," and when twenty-five copies accumulate I take them and distribute them among workingmen and women, and thus encourage and build up opposition and Infidelity to the Christian superstition. I would rejoice to see every church in America eradicated by truth's powerful weapons, and on their ruins erected shining halls of science wherein all could stand upon a common platform and learn something each week that would benefit the present as well as future generations.

Yours for progress, truth, and liberty, M. WELCH.

FARMDALE, O., Dec. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. J. E. Remsburg has just finished a course of lectures—five in number—to the ungodly people of this vicinity. He had a good audience at each lecture, and they were well pleased, especially with the last one, "Bible Morals." The lectures were admittance free, and we hope to hav the pleasure of hearing Mr. Remsburg in the future. Our band is somewhat small, but all in earnest. Quite a number improved the opportunity and stepped forward and procured a sample copy of your paper, distributed by our able speaker. We regret very much that Mr. Thompson was not able to be out, as he was very badly hurt by falling off his barn a few days ago, but we are pleased to state that he is doing as well as could be expected, and Mr. Remsburg called on him at his home.

Professor O. E. Henry's full orchestra furnished us with a choice selection of music, and we had also some very fine vocal music by Mr. Shipman and son, assisted by Mr. Merl Clisby at the organ. Mention is also due Messrs. Root Bros. for the free use of their large and commodious hall, for which the Liberals are all thankful to them. Mr. Thomas Douglas, of Warren, was out and stayed through the lectures. He made a few short addresses, and was well cheered. May he liv several years yet to enjoy himself as he did here, is the best wish of his Liberal friends. In closing I would say, May it be our good luck to hav a few more such orators as Mr. Remsburg visit us. I. N. PAYNE.

JASPER, TENN., Dec. 6, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Some years ago I was teaching school eighteen miles from home, and boarding with a gentleman of the name of Davidson Cunningham. I slept with his son, Riley, who went to school to me. Riley being the farthest advanced in education, I associated with him at recess and noon for the sake of his company. One Thursday, just as I had dismissed school at twelve for dinner, there came over me a sensation that something was wrong at home, and I asked Riley Cunningham to teach school for me until Monday following, telling him as a reason that there was something the matter at home. Riley laughed and said, "O pshaw!"—just what I would hav said, perhaps, to him under like circumstances. I taught the school myself as though nothing had happened, but I could not shake off the feeling that all was not well at home. That night, about twelve o'clock, some one hallooed. Being awake, I answered him, at the same time waking Riley, who was sleeping with me. The person at the gate told me that one of my boys had died at twelve o'clock on Thursday, and he had come after me to go home. I said to Riley, "What did I tell you, Riley?" Will some of your readers please explain how it was that I had the warning of evil at the time, if our spirits do not leave the body and liv independent of it? One more experience of mine, and I am done for the present. I was riding along a mountain road in company with a gentleman. I had never traveled the road before in my life. All at once I came to a place that I knew perfectly well, and described the country for some distance, describing a farm and house beyond a corner of the road half a mile ahead. I remarked to the gentleman with me that I had a very queer feeling somehow, and told him I could not account for it, that I never had been in that country before, and I would like for him to explain the thing. He was well acquainted with the whole country, and when I told him of the house and farm on the road half a mile beyond, he said I had described it correctly. I could not see the farm or the house at the time, as it was beyond the turn of the road. I was not looking at it, never had seen it in my life. Will some scientific reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER explain the singular phenomena? I am not superstitious, and do not believe in witches, hobgoblins, or ghosts. I am only stating solid truths, that hav puzzled me no little, as I am somewhat inclined to be an Infidel; at least, I do not believe all the Bible of the Christians. Hav any of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER ever had any such experience? I hav read Abercrombie's "Mental Philosophy," and other scientific works, and can't get any sensible explanation of the circumstance.

I rarely tell the above to any one, knowing their unreasonableness, and I like for people to believe me when I tell a thing. But it honestly is true, every word of it.

Respectfully, AMOS J. GRIFFITH.

MILFORD, MASS., Dec. 3, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read Colonel Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," and the first thing that he wants me to remember is that "everybody is as he must be." The priest puts forth his foreordination doctrin for an imaginary world, and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER remember, but do not believe it. The foreordination stated above is as positiv as that of the priest, and applies to this world. I can remember, but do not believe in, such foreordination—no "must be."

Again: "When you know that they are not responsible for their acts any more than for their dreams." I believe that responsibility teaches as nothing else can. Colonel Ingersoll in one of his lectures spoke in praise of purgatory, as it gave a chance for a new hearing. This foreordination precludes the idea of a new hearing, as "must be" is a finality.

Again: "There is only one good, and that is human happiness; and he only is a wise man who makes himself happy." Who is not anxious to be happy? People everywhere are in motion like a swarm of bees in search of something that will contribute to their happiness, even by inflicting injuries upon others.

A million may be gained by negro gangs,
Who groan beneath church-going Christians' fangs;
Yet bring with it remorse. The juggling priests
Say negroes unbaptized are only beasts,
And pious rum-and-sugar-dealing knaves
Prove from their Bible niggers should be slaves.
But what's this scramble for? What object's gained?
Is real happiness thereby attained?

We hav more control over our happiness than is usually thought. The more people learn to depend on themselvs, the nearer they come to being happy. A Pennsylvania woman who went to Kansas a few years ago writes back that she has done as well as could be expected under the circumstances. She has had three husbands, two pairs of twins, and the ague. We do not know the circumstances in her case, nor what her expectations were, but she was evidently nearer the enjoyment of happiness than many a woman who has not been afflicted with three husbands to enable her to enjoy two pairs of twins and the ague. Any happiness, to be enduring, must come from a knowledge of the force within us, and a determination to make them inure for our good. Mind acts upon mind, and is potent for good or evil. Can a person's mind act upon itself? It must, in order to attain to a condition of happiness. You are impulsiv; often get angry—no one is happy in that frame of mind. You know the failing as well as those who see and dread its manifestation. Knowing a danger lessens it half; forewarned is forearmed. The good man is not the man that is born good, but the man who overcomes evil tendencies and becomes good. See to it that we counteract tendencies within us to do many things that bring in their train unhappiness. Do not repeat them. You burn your right hand—it is never intentionally repeated, not even as an experiment to see if the left one will burn. We must change the currents of our minds as the current of a river is changed to utilize it. The change will enlarge the mind, which is a prerequisit to happiness.

Again, he says: "Let us teach our children: it is your business to see that you never become a burden on others. Teach your son that it is his duty not only, but his highest joy, to become a home-builder, a home-owner." These two ideas tend to happiness; they ought to be taught to the daughter as well as the son. She is a home-builder, and to be a home-owner is her salvation. Liberals above all others should liv out those ideas and not be dependent.

Inclosed find $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1887. This act always produces happiness to all concerned, and I hav no doubt you will acknowledge me to be a wise man.

Beware of debt! Once in, you'll be
A slave forever more.
If credit tempt you, thunder, "No!"
And show it to the door.
Cold water and a crust of bread
May be the best you'll get;
Accept them like a man and swear,
"I'll never run in debt!"

CHARLES C. JOHNSON.

ADAIR CREEK, TENN., Dec. 1, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In a late number of your valuable paper you publish a long and interesting letter from A. Moot, upon the much-disputed question: Will wheat turn into chess? As a farmer, I used to hear this question discussed years ago, and hav for a long time believed that those who answered it in the affirmativ were mistaken, and I had accepted as correct the old explanation that when the wheat seed was killed, the chess seed, being in the soil, took its place. But of late years I hav made a special study of the laws of heredity, and I am now inclined to believe that wheat turns to chess through the process which is called reversion.

This letter is meant as a brief statement of what is meant by reversion, and it may explain the turning of wheat into chess.

According to the theory of evolution, every plant or animal now existing is the outcome or result of the development of some simpler forms. At one time, far back into the past, there was in existence upon the earth none of the numerous plants which now cover it. Some other kinds of plants, better adapted to the then condition of the atmosphere, alone had possession of the surface of the earth. We cannot tell how from these simple forms all the complex and various kinds now existing hav been developed, but we hav enough traces of the process left to teach us that it was done by the gradual development of some innate force or principle, which I call potentiality, which impelled the gradual unfolding of these simple forms into more complex ones, these several combinations specializing themselvs into different lines, each following its own line of development. This gradual evolution is only possible by the transmission through heredity of the knowledge acquired by each plant, and thus made available to its successors. Heredity is a form of memory—specific memory, M. Ribot calls it. It is a form of unconscious or latent memory, which supplies to the germ the necessary knowledge to enable it to control its own development, and this memory goes back to the very beginning of the development of the organism, the stages of growth of the human germ being found to correspond to, and form an epitome of, the development of all the lower forms which preceded it.

Reversion is a lapse of the latter part of this memory. For some cause, the germ remembers well enough the first part of its necessary knowledge, but, forgetting the last portion, the final development ceases, and the plant, animal, or man reverts to some ancient and undeveloped type. Such examples are very common. Idiots are cases of reversion, where the man fails to develop and reverts to some prehistoric type. The seed of grafted fruit always reverts to its original type, and produces only wild or natural fruit. When improved seeds degenerate, as it is called, it is simply a case of reversion. The knowledge of the law of reversion enables us to explain many phenomena which were inexplicable before.

Applying this knowledge to wheat and chess, nothing seems to me more probable than that chess is one of the lower forms of development through which wheat passed before it attained the present stage. Very likely chess was for a long time adapted to the existing conditions, and thus has become fixed and persistent and easily reverted to; and whenever the seed of wheat is unfavorably affected by certain conditions, it fails to remember all its experience, and reverts back to the chess condition. This seems so much more possible, that the same thing happens with the improved tomato. Its seed, if carefully gathered and protected in winter, will reproduce itself; but, if left to spend the winter subject to the inclemency of the weather, it will produce the cherry tomato—that is, revert to a semi-wild condition.

I do not giv it as a proven fact that wheat reverts back into chess, for the chain of proof needed to establish the fact has never been followed; yet I believe, if a person was sufficiently interested, it could be done. But the presumption that it is the true explanation seems to me very great. The explanation that the seed of the chess is in the ground, and supplants the wheat, is at best a very lame one; and I only accepted it because, with the old belief in spontaneous creation, no other explanation was possible; but it is somewhat strange, if it is the case, that in this country it is never new seeded wheat which turns to chess, but voluntary wheat—that is, wheat which seeds itself from the droppings of another crop.

I shall be pleased if Mr. Moot and others interested in the subject will take what I hav written into consideration and experiment, so as to throw some more light upon a very interesting question. ALBERT CHAVANNES.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Bedlam in the Kitchen.

"Molly, put the kettle on,
Jimmy, bring some wood,
Sally, you look out for Lou,
Sammy, you be good;
Molly, now you sweep the floor,
Sammy, stop that din,
Sally, don't you shut the door,
Jimmy's coming in."

"Mammy, gimme piece o' cake,"
Lou, the youngest, cries;
"Mother, Sam has got the rake,"
Sally yells, and ties
Tommy in his little chair;
Sammy "cutting stick,"
Molly clutching at his hair,
Sammy all too quick.

Jimmy, with the wood comes in,
Sammy trips him up,
Tommy givs a rueful grin,
Molly kicks the pup;
Puppy yells and scampers off,
Sally clutches Sam,
Tommy now begins to cough,
Mother brings the jam.

"Mother, Sally's hittin' me,"
Sammy loudly bawls;
"Mother, there's a bumble-bee,"
Molly shrilly squalls;
"Gyp, you stop that yelpin', quick,"
Mother sternly cries,
Sammy bellows. "There comes Dick,
Sally, mind your eyes!"

Dick comes in with ball and bat,
Sally quickly flits,
Sammy stumbles o'er the cat,
Pussy yowls and spits;
"Jimmy, you pick up that wood,"
Mother loud exclaims;
Dick cries, "Jimmy ain't no good,"
Jimmy calls him names.

"Jimmy, now you fill the stove,"
Mother cries severe;
Jim to Dick: "Oh, what a cove!"
Dick then cuffs his ear;
Sammy slyly "hooks" some jam,
Sally mother tells,
Sammy cries "Ain't you a lamb?"
Tommy loudly yells.

Dick sings out, "Oh, stop the noise!"
Sally cries, "Oh, hush!"
Molly says, "You awful boys!"
Sammy, "Hear her gush!"
Polly in her cage now shrieks,
"Molly, ain't you proud?"
"Mother, how the kettle leaks!"
Jimmy cries aloud.

Mother cries, "Oh, such a din!"
Dolly screams, "Oh, hark!"
Jimmy cries, "Oh, stop your chin!"
Gyp begins to bark;
Pussy, too, sets up a yowl,
Molly sings, "Oh, come, love, come!"
Sammy drops the sugar bowl,
Dick warbles, "Home, Sweet Home!"

MAMIE LUKE.

A Pleasant Letter.

As I sit here, too sick to work, too miserable to read, yet not ill enough to go to bed, the thought comes, Why not write a letter to the Children's Corner?

One would naturally suppose it required energy to write for the papers, but in my case this afternoon the lack of energy to try to do anything that might be called work suggested the idea of writing.

I hav been wondering, Where are all the folks who wanted a Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER? and also wondering if they were, like me, too ill and too idle to write.

Surely there are enough who could write interesting articles if they only would.

I feel a little sad. To-day my twenty-three-years-old baby left me for a home of her own. She was married last Thursday to a bright young German farmer, who came this morning with a great two-horse hay-rack loaded with household furniture, and, seating her on top of the heap, drove away, they laughing and waving their hands back at my old face at the window. They would not take me with them, but will come for me as soon as they are settled and the house well aired and warmed. How strangely things come about! She was born in my father's house in another part of this state, and now is married in his house here. The dear grandmother's hands, which were the first to receive the baby form, were folded over the silent breast less than two years since, and the soulless form laid in the village cemetery.

My eldest granddaughter was born in this house, and was here to see Aunty married. The aged grandfather livs, hale and hearty, and for several months there hav been four of us living here, each one representing a generation—the oldest seventy-six, the youngest, seven. When we get together—my father, his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—there are twenty-two of us; a happy, jolly, rollicking lot, not a pious one in the crowd.

We let my oldest granddaughter go to the Unitarian Sunday-school when she wants to. One Sunday I said, "Well, Gertrude, what did they ask you to-day?" She thought a moment, and answered, "Oh, nothing much, only who made me." "And what did you answer?" I asked. "Why, I said my mamma made me, but Miss Betty said, 'Oh, no, God made you.'" "And then," said I "what did you tell her?" Quickly came the answer: "Oh, nothing at all. She doesn't know any better, and I didn't want any fuss about it."

She thinks the cartoons in THE TRUTH SEEKER very interesting. She will come running with the paper and ask, "Oh, grandma, can't I see the pictures first?" then tearing off the wrap, will spread the paper on the lounge, and down on her knees, and study the pictures for half an hour, asking questions about them until she understands them as well as a little seven-year-old girl can. Then she is prepared to instruct her younger cousins. My father thinks the paper a terribly wicked affair, and chides me for allowing her to see so much of it.

Excuse this long, prosy letter. Next time I will try to do better. E. L. HULL.

Hobart, Ind., Nov. 20, 1886.

The Ventriloquist's Dog.

We are often told that an intelligent dog can almost talk. Here is a story of one who actually did talk, or at any rate seemed to do so:

A solemn man recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself, and called for a bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to hav sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog, meanwhile, had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well," said the solemn man, reflectivly, "gimme some oxtail soup."

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered, and fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint, at an adjoining table, was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man.

"It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can hav him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with the squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried:

"Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never speak again."

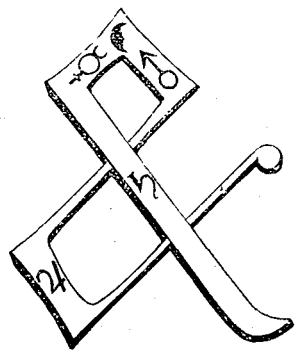
He never did.

The gentleman with a squint was proprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



A rare astronomical event which took place Feb. 28, 2446, B.C.

2.—DIAMOND.

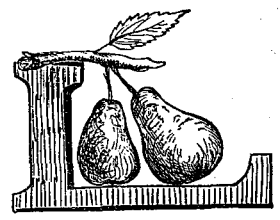
1. A letter from bracelet.
2. A preposition.
3. A vial.
4. Wild.
5. A member of an assembly.
6. Withdrawn.
7. Pieces of earthenware.
8. A fish.
9. A letter from bracelet.

N. Boothbay, Me. WARREN B. ORCHARD.

3.—HIEROGLYPHIC TRANSPOSITIONS.



A mechanic.



Belonging to an individual.



Firesides.

Express the hieroglyphic exactly; then transpose your definition into a word meaning the same as the definition given above.

4.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A river in Germania.
2. A river in Montana.
3. A town in Pennsylvania.
4. A city in Portugal.
5. A town in Peru.
6. An island in the St. Lawrence.
7. A river in Italy.
8. A mount in Maine.
9. A mount in New York.
10. Island in St. Mary's river.

Centrals (a city in Germania).

Lyons, N. Y. CONRAD ROOKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, DEC. 4, 1886.

1.–Poor citizens vote in the United States as well as rich ones.

2.–
CARACAS
ANIMUS
RIGID
AMID
CUD
AS
S

3.–Look before you leap. 4.–Matrimony.

Correspondence.

SALEM, ILL., Nov. 29, 1886.

TO MISS WIXON AND THE CORNER: Having tried to write once or twice before, I thought I would try again, as I see there are but few letters in the Corner.

I hav read Col. R. G. Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," and think it is good. I once commenced to memorize his Decoration Day oration, but my memory was not exceedingly good, and I failed.

The cartoon on the first page of the 27th issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER speaks volumes. Only think! what in this wide world has she to thank? As the savior of our country (as I would call him), Mr. Ingersoll, has said, "Man is just as he must be," and, in my opinion, this poor woman is just as the laws of her country hav made her.

My appeal to all the young Liberals of this Corner is to read these "Lay Sermons," for I hope there will be more to read them over and over again—there are millions in them. My poor aged grandfather will not read them because they are in THE TRUTH SEEKER, that paper "noblest and best of all." O ignorance, when wilt thou remove thy iron grasp from off the minds of the people? For these reasons, kind friends, read the gems of thought from wherever they may come, that you may not become such grandparents as mine are. I want you so become men and women that will giv a person credit if he should happen to ascend to the top round of the ladder of knowledge. You may put me down as an Individualist.

Please place this in the Corner, if possible, and oblige, RUFUS O. WILLIAMS.

CALISTOGA, CAL., Nov. 22, 286.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Allow me to say good morning to the friends of the Corner, this being my *début* among them. I like the Corner very much, and read all of the letters with great interest. Many of the younger writers, even, show a degree of intelligence that an older head might be proud of. While you of the East are sleigh-riding and skating on ice, we of sunny California are wearing our muslins and summer hats. Generally, our coldest weather is about the decline of autumn and the opening days of spring, when the winds blow from off the snows in the North Land and the high Sierras. After the autumn winds, winter, with its warm rains and gentle south winds, steps in and calls the tender grasses and little flowers from their warm beds of fallen leaves. To see wild flowers in January is not a rare thing with us. Our orchards are often white in February, and the hills are green from December to June; after then they gradually turn brown from want of moisture.

The frontispiece in the last TRUTH SEEKER is a good one; but they must not blow too hard, or they'll burst the old thing. The stitches are grinning already, and the material is poor. Yours, for truth,

JESSIE M. WEYBRIGHT.

CALISTOGA, CAL., Nov. 29, 286.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav seen so many letters in the Children's Corner, I thought I would try and write one also. Mr. Heston puts some funny pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER. They wanted some rare animals, but I think they hav got too much of it, especially the monkey, who has both hands over his nose.

Well, this being my first, I guess I will close. Yours, LOUIS V. WEYBRIGHT.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. PECK.—Your letter will be printed next week. We quite agree with you as to the merits of Miss K., and we wish there were more like her. Thanks for your interest and communication.

C. FANNIE ALLYN.—Glad to hear from you. We never forget old friends. We did enjoy our visit to B. Your name was spoken there with great admiration. "The General" is *cute*, and will come to the front in print soon. Accept our love and good wishes.

WARREN B. ORCHARD.—Please write puzzles on one side of page only, and leave space between them and the answers.

CORA C. BROWN.—You wish to know if we are soon to write another book for young folks. Of late we hav received several letters of the same import, to which we reply, Yes, just as soon as those we hav already written are sold off, or enough to warrant the outlay of another publication. It costs money to print books, and some Liberals forget to patronize their "own folks." Now that "The Story Hour" is reduced in price, the large edition should be rapidly exhausted.

ESPRIT FORT.—How about the stars? Is astrology *the* science, after all? and does it forbid the making of puzzles?

ROSE E. PHILLIPS.—You must excuse the editor for not writing to you. She is very busy, and has little time for personal correspondence.

MINNIE DAILEY.—Your letter next week. We are glad you are coming into a broad and liberal atmosphere. Keep on in the path of right and duty, and you need not fear.—ED. C. C.

REDUCED TO $1.00.

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BY MISS SUSAN H. WIXON.

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—o—

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BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

TOGETHER WITH

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CANARD.

A Fabricated Account of a Scene at the Death-bed of Thomas Paine.

BY W. H. BURR.

This pamphlet shows that the account of Paine's dying moments attributed to Bishop Fenwick (upon which the *Observer* relies to prove its principal charges) is a forgery, it being impossible that Fenwick could hav written the alleged account.

78pp. Price 15 cents.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER CO.

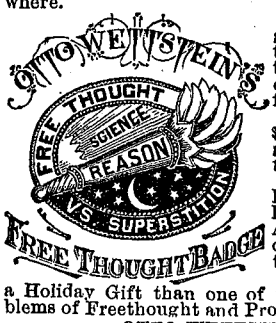
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And think that the world would be better
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Behold! it would come to pass,
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Christ wants you to grow in the freedom
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But if your redemption's a failure
And doesn't improve you below,
If you planted your seed by the waters
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still you're a miserable sinner,
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News of the Week.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has given $50 to the Indian mission school at Santa Fé, N. M.

GRATKAU, the Milwaukee Anarchist, has been arraigned for libeling the court, jury, and witnesses.

THE Rev. Theodore L. Weaver, ex-Methodist, ex-Baptist, revivalist, and temperance orator, is in jail at Elmira for forgery.

THE Chicago magazine, the editorial chair of which Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland recently abandoned, is now offered for sale.

MISS MARY JOHNSTON has been appointed clerk of the Congressional library committee She is the first woman appointed to a post under Congress.

HENRY GEORGE lectured in Boston Sunday night. He denied that he had agreed to help Carter Harrison to a reëlection as mayor of Chicago, as has been reported.

IT is reported from the capital that the outlook is not very favorable for a brilliant season. If this is true, something should be done immediately toward stimulating Washington society.

AN order has issued from Archbishop Elder forbidding Roman Catholic vocalists to sing in Protestant churches. There is something glorious about the liberty which Roman Catholics enjoy.

THE financiers say that if Congress does not provide for a heavy reduction of taxes between now and March, serious contraction of the currency is likely to result from the large increase of the treasury surplus.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, at the head of his cohorts in New York, has been holding all-night hallelujah meetings. The exercises were what might be expected among lunatics. Booth sailed for England on the 11th.

A GANG of tramps attacked a saloon in Shenandoah, Pa., last Saturday night, robbed the till, and nearly killed three men. Nine of them were arrested, and narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the miners of the place.

SOME robbers went through a train at Bellevue, Texas, on the 11th, taking all the valuables in the possession of the men, but as these had been placed in the hands of the women, only $105 was realized. The highwaymen met with no opposition, although there were armed soldiers on board the train.

THE indictment for adultery against Parson Downs, of Boston, has been dropped, as there was no way of getting the witnesses to appear. Downs preached about his case last Sunday. He endeavored to clear himself, and made charges of a very serious nature against former members of his congregation.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, the Catholic propagandist, advertises that he has discovered the author of the slanders charging him with immorality, and that he will shortly proceed to prosecute the offender according to law. The slander alluded to is to the effect that the monsignor has been sustaining ministerial relations toward another man's wife.

THE St. Louis clergymen who recently warned the public against attending the performances of the American Opera Company on account of the dangers to morality thereby incurred hav received an invitation from the managers of the company to come and see the ballet dance which they condemn. How many of the ministers accepted the invitation is not known.

THE workingmen are holding a fair at 20 Astor Place, this city, to raise money to buy the *Leader* a press. The *Leader* is a labor daily started during the recent campaign. Many attractiv things are offered at the fair, and all sorts of devices to relieve him of his spare change are sprung upon the unwary male visitor by ladies of the association. It is a pleasant place to spend an hour, and the money it costs goes to the support of a good cause.

SIX years ago the Rev. Father Murphy, a Catholic priest in charge of a parish near Elmira, N. Y., fell from grace and was removed. His lapse from virtue was attributed to overstudy. He is now in the Massachusetts state Reformatory, having been found guilty of fraud. Lately a forged check for $500 drawn by Father Murphy has turned up in Elmira. When the Massachusetts authorities are done with the Rev. Mr. Murphy, the bankers of Elmira will take him in hand.

Gems of Thought.

WHILE the pagan religions of the Eastern world were pursuing the even tenor of their way, killing none because they did not believe as they did, Christians were saturating the earth with the blood of its children, and doing all in their power to force back the incentivs to science, education, and a better civilization.—*D. M. Bennett.*

MILL spoke tenderly and reverently of the personal character of the founder of Christianity, and on this part of the subject he wrote as if he was confident that Carlyle agreed with him. But below the truth of any particular religion there lay harder problem of the existence and providence of God; and here it seemed that Carlyle had a positiv faith, while Mill had no more than a sense of probability. Carlyle admitted that, so far as external evidence went, the being of God was a supposition inadequately proved. The grounds of certainty which Carlyle found in himself Mill, much as he desired to show Carlyle's belief, confessed that he was unable to recognize. So again with the soul. There was no proof that it perished with the body, but again there was no proof that it did not.—*Froude's Life of Carlyle.*

MILTON was resolute in his religion at Rome, so much so that many were deterred from showing him the civilities they were prepared to offer. His rule, he says, was "not of my own accord to introduce in those places conversation about religion, but, if interrogated respecting the faith, then, whatsoever I should suffer, to dissemble nothing. What I was, if any one asked, I concealed from no one; if any one in the very city of the pope attacked the orthodox religion, I defended it most freely." Beyond the statement that the English Jesuits were indignant, we hear of no evil consequences of this imprudence. Perhaps the Jesuits saw that Milton was of the stuff that would welcome martyrdom, and were sick of the affair of Galileo, which had terribly damaged the pretensions of their church.—*Mark Pattison's Milton.*

THE bishops of Constantine's time were all of them ignorant and superstitious men, but they could not all of them think alike. And, as if to insure dissent, they proceeded to define that which had never existed, and which, if it had existed, could never be defined. They described the topography of heaven. They dissected the godhead and expounded the immaculate conception, giving lectures on celestial impregnations and miraculous obstetrics. They not only said that there was one and that one was three, they professed to explain how that curious arithmetical combination had been brought about. The indivisible had been divided; it was divisible and yet it was indivisible; black was white and white was black, and yet there were not two colors, but one color; and whoever did not believe this would be damned, and "without doubt perish everlastingly."—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

THE work indeed of a gentleman is not so gross, but it may be as smart and painful as any other. For all hard work is not manual; there are other instruments of action beside the plow, the spade, the hammer, the shuttle; nor doth every work produce sweat and tiring of body; the head may work hard in contrivance of good designs, the tongue may be very activ in dispensing advice, persuasion, comfort, and edification in virtue; a man may bestir himself in "going about to do good;" these are works employing the cleanly industry of a gentleman.—*Dr. Isaac Barrow.*

WE ought to adjust our minds to any fate. If we receive a further gift of life, we shall be thankful. If we do not, let us be thankful for what we hav received; and since our existence does not depend on ourselvs, let us consider those things that will tend to our present happiness and prosperity. If we hav no faith in a future life, let us use this life wisely and well, and leave it, when our time comes, uncomplainingly.—*L. K. Washburn.*

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, the friend of youth.
Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed;
If there's another world he livs in bliss,
If there is none, he made the best of this.
—*Burns's Epitaph on a Friend.*

THE assertion of the motion of the earth was a defiance not only of philosophy and the church, but, at the same time of that common ignorance which passes by the name of common sense, and physical science threw down her glove by the hand of Galileo. It is not pleasant to think of the immediate result of the combat; to see the champion of science, old, worn, and on his knees before the cardinal inquisitor, signing his name to what he knew to be a lie. And, no doubt, the cardiuals rubbed their hands as they thought how well they had silenced and discredited their adversary. But two hundred years hav passed, and however feeble or faulty her soldiers, physical science sits crowned and enthroned as one of the legitimate rulers of the world of thought. Charity children would now be ashamed not to know that the earth moves, while the school-men are forgotten; and the cardinals—well, the cardinals are at the Ecumenical Council (1870), still at their old business of trying to stop the movement of the world. —*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

IN so far as Christ taught any doctrin in opposition to slavery, in favor of intellectual liberty, upholding kindness, enforcing the practice of justice and mercy, I most cheerfully admit that his teaching should be followed. Such teachings do not need the assistance of miracles. They are not in the region of the supernatural. They find their evidence in the glad response of every honest heart that superstition has not touched and stained.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

SINCE the generality of persons act from impulse more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.—*Hare's Guesses at Truth.*

Odds and Ends.

WAS the word he-ll changed to she-ol with a view toward obtaining the correct gender?

WHY is it the lowest scandals seem to obtain among people who liv in the highest circles?

"ALL flesh is grass," they say, but how about a wooden-headed man with a marble brow, an iron will, and a stony heart? Go to, and if you can't go two, go one.

MRS. CANDIDATE: "Oh, I'm so glad the election is over, even if you are beaten." Mr. Candidate: "Why, my love?" Mrs. Candidate: "Because, now I can tell the butcher just what I think of him for sending us tough steak without fear of his voting against you."

"Is there a colored man around here who can beat a carpet?" asked a citizen of a whitewasher at the market yesterday. "I reckon dat pusson ober dar' kin do it, sah." "Is he a professional?' "Yes, sah. He's beat two groceries, three saloons, and his wife, an' I reckon he kin git away wid a ca'pet."

"HAV you finished your sermon, dear?" asked the wife of one of the Brooklyn divines. "Sermon be blanked!" was the reply; "how in blazes do you suppose I'm going to write sermons? This is another reply to the four hundred and forty-fourth chapter of charges in the twelfth case. Nice chance I hav to write sermons!"

CATHARINE OWEN has published a book called "Ten Dollars Enough." She may think so now, but by the time she gets all the jet trimming, and stuff for the overskirt, she will find that about ten dollars more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but the trimming and making cost like sixty.

"CONDUCTOR," said a solemn-visaged man, "do you appreciate how precarious your business is? Do you realize that in the midst of life we are in death, and that at any moment this train may take us all to eternity?" "This train won't take anybody to eternity," replied the conductor, "because there's no such station on this line."

HER ANSWER.

On my right at dinner sat Mollie,
On my left there was little May Belle
Who is always so sparkling and jolly,
And who likes me, I fancy, quite well.

The former spoke somehow of ages;
"Now, what would you take me to be?"
I asked. She replied, "Of life's pages
I suppose you hav turned twenty-three."

Miss B-lle, on my left, was abstracted,
And did not our words overhear,
Nor knew she the answer expected
As I whispered quite low in her ear,

"And what would you take me for, Mary?"
And then this small maiden perverse,
From out of abstraction, quite weary,
Responded,—"For better or worse."
—*Samuel Williams Cooper.*

"WHAT'S the speed of that horse?" was asked of an old colored man who was leading a sad-looking equine into a blacksmith-shop. "Which way?' "Why, I don't see that it should make any difference which way he's headed." "Dat's kase you doan' own him. His speed when he's gwine home jist keeps a stop-watch bobbin' all over, but when he's comin' away fum de ba'n you kin cotch his time by a terbacker-box."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

1. Day is fine,
2. Church all style,
3. Preacher handsome,
4. Women smile;
5. Man in pulpit
6. Pounding book,
7. Married lady
8. Givs him look;
9. Look's returned,
10. Each one feels
11. Queer sensation
12. Down to heels;
13. Few days later
14. Daily press
15. Chronicles scandal—
16. Great distress;
17. Pastor's downfall,
18. Lady's bad break,
19. Irate husband
20. Follows in wake;
21. Hotel reached,
22. Register scanned,
23. Man and wife,
24. Scheme is planned;
25. Clerk leads way,
26. Nest still warm,
27. Birds hav flown
28. The gath'ring storm;
29. Husband rushes
30. Out for train,
31. Arrives too late—
32. Foiled again;
33. Goes back home,
34. Heart is broke
35. By an ingrate's
36. Heartless stroke;
37. Reputation,
38. Love, and life
39. All are nothing—
40. Good-bye, wife!

T. M. HORNE.

"YOU ought to join the church," said Deacon Pusher to another board of trade man the other day. "I know it, deacon, and I hav been feeling as though I would like to do it for a good spell back." "Then why the mischief don't you do it!" said the deacon, as he made a memorandum to crowd Mickum to the wall at the first favorable opportunity. "There is one serious obstacle in the way." "And what the Old Harry might that be?" "Well, the fact is, I am not religious—I hav no religion at all." "Well, that is not at all necessary, my dear sir—not necessary at all. Humph! the idea!" "But, deacon, my convictions—" "Convictions be hanged! What do we care for convictions? All we want is pew rent."

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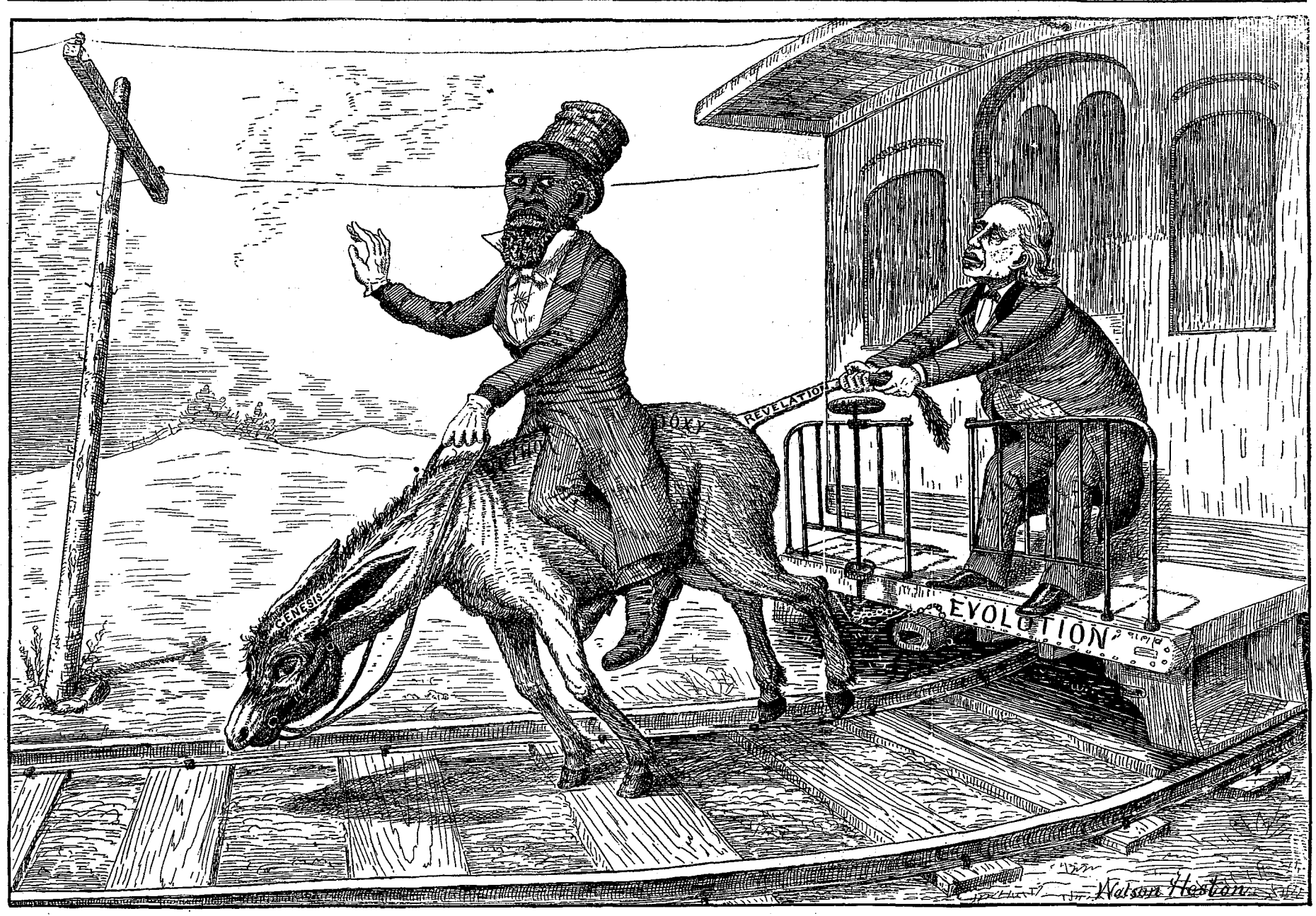
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A HINT TO BEECHER.

BROTHER BEECHER: "Lord, help!"
BROTHER JOHN JASPER: "'Tain't no use, Brudder Beecher. Git offen dat platform er leff go de critter."

Notes and Clippings.

THE best government is that which governs best.—*John Swinton.*

IT is a burlesque on justice to refer to twelve opinionless fools as a jury of one's peers.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

A BOSTON paper boasts that there was not a single arrest in that city Sunday. Evidently, says a Western paper, the Boston police are a pious lot and don't work Sunday.

A YOUNG Tunker in Wayne county, Pa., on one occasion announced that he would read for the morning's lesson "Pislam Siv." After reading awhile it flashed upon the congregation that he meant Psalm civ.

SAYS Sam Jones: "I would rather preach the funeral of one gambler who was generous than the funeral of one hundred Methodists who were stingy. An old skin flint! What could a fellow do at a funeral like that?"

IF you are poor, there is one consolation—your heirs will not go into court to prove that you were an imbecil during your childhood, an idiot at the time of your marriage, and a gibbering lunatic for years before you died.—*Ex.*

A CHICAGO Presbyterian clergyman astonished his congregation the other morning while reading from the Bible. He was reading the account of the creation, and turned over two leaves instead of one immediately after the words, "So God made woman." The words which he then read were, "And he made it out of gopher wood; fifteen cubits long he made it, and it was pitched within and without." The parson had skipped from the creation of Eve to the building of the ark. This is the story as the Chicago *Herald* tells it. It would be more probable if the sentences quoted could be found in the Bible, but they can't.

WE believe in electing women to public office, and are glad to see that voters generally are willing to accord that privilege to the weaker sex. But we notice that they generally get the office that has no salary attached.—*Boston Post.*

SCENE at Harvard College: Junior (translating New Testament): "And the an'—and the Lord said, Lord said unto—unto Moses." Here he hesitated and looked appealingly to a neighbor, who being also unprepared, whispered, "Skip it." Junior (going on): "And the Lord said unto Moses, skip it." Great consternation ensued.—*Texas Siftings.*

"MY dear friend," said a minister at the bedside of a sick man, "I want to call your attention to the blessed consolation which religion brings in hours of suffering and danger——" "I'm much obliged to you," interposed the grateful patient, "but you are too late." "Too late?" "Yes, sir; my physician says that the crisis is past, and all danger is over."

A BOSTON philanthropist and student of human nature bought a dozen cheap umbrellas, had a nickel-plate inserted in each handle on which was his address, and the request that the umbrella be returned, and on the first rainy day went out on the street and handed one to each umbrellaless woman that he met. All were returned within a week, but one, and in place of that came a note saying that it had been stolen, and that the writer would pay for it. The next rainy day he handed the umbrellas to twelve unprotected men. He never saw but one of them again, and that was brought in by a friend who said that he had stolen it at a church festival.

A PORTLAND Chinaman wrote the following note to a lady who wanted to engage a cook: "*Mrs Lady*, FRIEND SHE: You when at there told to me want to boy cooking. I had hav a boy is honest man he neat and clean and doing nicely that this one best one never you hav before like he does. I wish could take him to stay with you and Leong Gitt recommend to him come to she."

ARE the Hebrew youth degenerating? It would seem so from the *American Hebrew's* view of it: "The oppressor against whom the young Israelites of our day must take manful stand is the great tyrant, Indifference. He it is who desecrates our temples and holy days; he it is who forbids the observance of the Law. It is he who sets up the heathen idols of Mammon, Society, and Ostentation. It is he who places forbidden food on the altars of our homes. And what of the women of Israel of to-day? Alas! the pity and the shame of it! They do not shine resplendently beside those of the past."

THE Roman Catholic press has been triumphantly announcing the news of the baptism of Manlio Garabaldi. The vaunted conversion, says the London *Freethinker*, turns out to be a pure invention. The widow of Garibaldi writes to the editor of the Turin *Gazette*, contradicting the "scandal." She says, "No such baptism has taken place, nor ever will take place, because we are all determined to hold the traditions of the family intact, and to respect the will of my ever-to-be-deplored husband." Most of the ordinary Italian journals refused to insert the report, the strong anti-clerical opinion of the Garibaldis being too well known to allow of belief in the genuinness of the pious fabrication.

AT a recent meeting of clergymen in San Francisco declarations were made in favor of freeing churches from taxation. The San Francisco *Star* says: "The doctrin that church or ecclesiastical property should be exempt from taxation is wrong in itself and a mistake in policy besides. The great head of the Christian church, by a most striking declaration, placed himself on record as a taxable under the Roman empire. If the Christian church desires to enforce honesty in the public, it will not begin by avoiding to pay taxes. No matter how unaffectedly pious its motivs may be, its example will be a million times weightier. 'If the church escapes taxation, I will escape. If I am not strong enough to escape by means of a law, I will escape any way I can.' Right or wrong, such is the way in which the example will be used. Moreover, if church property does not pay, all secular property must pay for it, and thus we shall hav the largest denomination worshiping God at the expense of everybody else. No such scalping Christianity as that will command the respect of the public at large, nor should it. Pay up, gentlemen of the churches. You may not be able to find the amount of your church property tax in a fish, but you can in your pockets. Take thence the money, giv it to your financial officer, and say, 'That take, and giv unto them for thee and me.'"

Communications.

Ireland and the Papacy.

In one of my letters to "D. C.," published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, March 27th, I said: "You, my friend, the son of an Irishman, should not be ignorant of the history of your own people. Once they were free, happy, prosperous; and their manufactures, world-renowned, made your little island one of the richest on the globe. The arts and sciences flourished, and the many institutions of learning made Ireland the pride of Christendom. But Pope Adrian IV. changed all this, for, in 1155, he presented her to Henry II., and one of his successors indorsed the gift by re-deeding her to Queen Mary, wife of Philip. For hundreds of years your once happy country was the scene of outrages almost unparalleled in history, and to-day Protestant England lords it over Catholic Ireland, and points to your infallible pope as the prime cause." I deemed it unnecessary to go further into details, presuming these facts to be well known to the reading world. They were intended as a gentle hint to "D. C.," to refresh his memory on the early history of his nativ country, as he is not only an ardent Catholic, but an enthusiastic Irishman, and I did not see how he could consistently entertain loyalty to Rome and Ireland at the same time. But a few weeks after the publication of the letter I noticed that Brother Macdonald had to substantiate my assertions, so I determined to write the matter up more in detail, and deciding it would be better to submit the original document, I had, of necessity, to wait till it was obtainable.

The deeding of Ireland to the English brings in with it what is known as the "Donation of Constantine," as found in the "Decretals." These "Decretals" were a collection of the supposed decisions of the various church councils, from the second century up to their first exhibit at the synod of Chiersy, in 857, and covered every disputed point that the formulators could possibly conceive. They were used by the popes to extend their power over the other bishops, and centralize at Rome.

As language changes very materially in even one hundred years, it has been shown, from the peculiar terms used, that the "Decretals" were compiled not earlier than 800. The legends they contain are, in the main, false. One will suffice to show this point—that of Pope Marcellinus.

It states that during the persecution of Diocletian, this pope was induced to sacrifice to the Roman gods. On receipt of the news, three hundred bishops held a council at Sinuessa, but decided that as Marcellinus was the supreme head of the church, he could be judged by no man. The pope admitted his guilt, and pronounced his own deposition on Aug. 23, 303.

This legend was admitted into the Roman breviary as late as the sixteenth century, to inculcate the principle that, as the clergy could not depose the pope, the laity could neither judge nor interfere with the clergy. In his contest with Sylvester, Pope Symmachus utilized it, as did also Xystus III., when he was accused of unchastity.

Catholic historians now admit that no such council as that of Sinuessa was ever held. But the "Decretals" answered the purpose for which they were written, and for centuries the popes rode triumphantly over the people by proudly pointing to these forgeries as evidences of their spiritual and temporal authority. The exposure did not cause Rome to relinquish her claims, and, as I propose to show, in the deeding away of Ireland she acted as she even now claims the right to act—the disposition is good; the power only is wanting. She claims everything, here and hereafter.

In 1558, Pope Paul IV. issued his bull, *Cum ex Apostolatus Officio*, and in order that there might be no question as to its having come direct from God, attached it, according to the ancient custom, to the door of St. Peter's church. Many theologians held, and I believe still hold, that in order to make these documents authoritativ, they must go through this ceremony. The bull contains these three propositions:

1. The pope, who is Pontifex Maximus, is God's representativ on earth; has full authority and power over all nations and kingdoms; he judges all, and can, in this world, be judged by none.

2. All rulers, as well as bishops, as soon as they become tainted with heresy or schism, are irrevocably deposed without need of any legal formality; deprived forever of all right of government, and incur sentence of death. In case of repentance, they are to be imprisoned in a monastery and do penance on bread and water for the remainder of their lives.

3. None may giv aid to a heretical or schismatical prince, not even the mere services of common humanity. Any monarch who does so forfeits his dominions, which lapse to princes obedient to the holy see.

Pius V. in his examination of this bull expressly confirms and renews it. It was also affirmed in the 23d proposition of the syllabus of Pius IX., Dec. 8, 1864.

Having thus determined her universal sovereignty and, of necessity, her superiority to all laws, it follows, as a natural sequence, that the holy father is at liberty to enter into any obligation and break it at his own sweet pleasure. So, in 1215, Innocent III. issued from the council of Lateran the manifesto that "oaths contrary to the interests of the church and to the precepts of the holy fathers are not oaths, but perjuries."

Incidental to this was the absolving of Christian princes from their oaths with non-Christian powers; possibly the most glaring one being the breaking of the treaty with the Moors of Grenada on the pretext that "an oath to an Infidel is not binding on a Christian."

The *Univers* of July 22, 1871, speaking on this subject, says: "The concordats between Rome and civil states are not contracts, but temporary privileges, which the pope deigns to grant *according to circumstances;* mere concessions of which he always remains the master and sole judge, and which he can revoke at pleasure."

The *Civilta Cattolica*, created into a Jesuit corporation by Pius IX. and recognized as the papal official organ, on March 18, 1871, page 664, says: "The pope is sovereign judge over all civil laws. In him the two authorities, the temporal authority and the civil authority, are united, for he is the vicar of Jesus Christ, who was not only the eternal priest, but the king of kings and lord of lords. The pope, by virtue of his exalted dignity, is at the summit of the two powers."

Even Brother Capel, who, by the way, is now in California, attending to the spiritual—let us hope not temporal—wants of a rich and pretty widow, in the London *Times* of Jan. 18, 1875, wrote: "The church, as representativ of the spiritual power, and as the guardian of the divine law, can define the limits of her own powers, and consequently, *ipso facto*, those of the other powers [the civil]."

As Rome owns everything, can make and break contracts at pleasure, it follows that everyone must think just as she does; so, in his Encyclical Letter, Gregory XVI. calls liberty of conscience "an absurd maxim, an idle dream," and his prime minister, Cardinal Pacca, wrote: "If under certain circumstances prudence demands their toleration [liberty of conscience and freedom of the press], as one tolerates a lesser evil to avoid a greater, such doctrin never can be presented by a Roman Catholic as a good or desirable thing." This doctrin was strenuously upheld in all Catholic countries, and this letter of Gregory XVI. was only called forth on account of the action of various Catholic states in regard to what was known as the "Ecclesiastical Court."

In olden times this "Court" was in full sway. By an express provision of the canonical law, a layman was not a competent witness in a criminal suit against a clergyman. In other words, if a cleric debauched a woman and was discovered by the husband or brother, their testimony would be inadmissible; and the woman, having no standing in court, could not testify. But, even if a felon, a layman could testify in support of wills made in favor of pious objects. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico, Peru, and adjacent countries, this "Court" was instituted, and held to be perfectly legal. Foreigners began to crowd in, and the nativ estimation of the priestly character underwent a change. New Grenada passed a law for the protection of her daughters, and only asked that when a criminal charge was pending against a priest, he should suspend the exercise of his spiritual functions.

But Pius IX., on Sept. 27, 1852, in his allocution, *Acerbissimum*, placed the whole country under ban. On Dec. 15, 1856, he treated Mexico likewise, for daring to say she had rights which the papacy was bound to respect. Failing to carry his point, the expedition of Maximilian was started, and a widowed, heartbroken, and insane wife is all that now remains of it—a monument to papal greed.

It is a fair proposition that if A owns everything, and if B, even after working sixteen hours a day, should manage to accumulate a competency, the competency belongs to A. This, I believe, no lawyer will deny. So, in 1866, Pope Pius IX., who owned everything, issued his *Bolla di Composizione*, which pardons what we Infidels would call a thief or a gambler, provided he donate a certain portion (about three per cent) of his ill-gotten gains to pious purposes; and, as the document reads, "he may keep and possess the remainder in good faith, as his own property, justly earned and acquired," provided he be unacquainted with the party from whom he stole. I hav no doubt that your Catholic "boodle aldermen" had this *Bolla* in view when they made their steal. Three per cent would buy a very handsome stained glass window for some church. I would recommend for the next the legend of their savior discoursing on what belonged to God and Cæsar.

Owning the whole earth, Rome must of necessity hav engrafted on her system many things which appealed to the feelings of her various popes. She gathers, but never distributes. She relies on the past; the theory of evolution, of any change, has no place in her memory. Founded at a time when slavery was a universal custom, it has become one of her strongholds. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was promptly placed on the list of prohibited books, because it was opposed to that "divine institution." Montalembert admits the persistent hostility of Pius IX. during our late civil war, and it is an open secret that had it not been for the uncompromising loyalty of the late Archbishop Hughes, who was a confidential adviser and warm personal friend of both Lincoln and Seward, Rome would hav arrayed herself on the side of the South. Of the following incident I hav a personal knowledge.

A relativ of the late Cardinal McCloskey, then archbishop of Albany, was caught spying in Washington. Hughes persistently refused to utilize his friendship with Lincoln to obtain his release. Church influence was brought to bear upon him, but he answered, "The Union first, friendship afterward." The spy was eventually released, but loyalty to the Union, and hatred of slavery, deprived the greatest Catholic ecclesiastic of this age of the cardinalate. But slavery is fast passing away, and let us hope that the pope may depart with her.

If it were not for Rome, many of the relics of a barbarous age would hav passed completely from sight and been known to us only through the pages of history. The emasculation of male attendants is considered by the Turk to be the only security for his harem, and Rome has engrafted this on her system. There is a law which expressly prohibits women singing in the presence of the holy father. Whence, then, those female voices in the papal choir? The poor son of peasant parents, showing a natural gift for song, is emasculated, carried to the pope's choir, and his youthful voice utilized in singing songs in praise of a deity whose earthly representativ has so foully debauched him.

I hav gone into details possibly more fully than was necessary, certainly more fully than I had originally intended; but I desired to trace the actions and claims of Rome, up to date. None can reasonably dispute the authenticity of the documents quoted, and as the holy church insists that every claim she indulges in to-day was indulged in by the first pope, the inference is obvious.

As stated before, the "Donation of Constantine" is to be found in the "Decretals." It purported being a gift from Constantine to Pope Sylvester, of the city of Rome, the late Papal States, and other undefined portions of the earth, which, owing to the geographical ignorance of the forger, were mentioned in rather ambiguous language. It read as follows:

> We donate as a free gift to our most blessed father, Sylvester the pope, the city of Rome and the cities of all Italy, as well as the cities of the other Western countries. To make room for him, we abdicate our sovereignty over all these provinces and we withdraw from Rome, transferring the seat of our empire to Byzantium, since it is not just that a terrestrial empire should exist where God has placed the head of religion.

As it was necessary to giv a reason for such a munificent gift, of what he did not own, it was stated that Constantine had been struck by leprosy. The pagan priests assured him that the only cure was to take a bath in the fresh blood of infants. But the tender heart of this noble emperor—who had already committed seven murders, and among them his wife and son—could not resist the appeals of the mothers of the selected infants, and he heroically concluded to sacrifice himself by refusing his only means of cure. The good God, who had only been experimenting with him as he had been in yore with Job, rewarded his noble purpose by a vision in which he was told to apply to Pope Sylvester. This he did, was cured, baptized, and in return presented his benefactor with other peoples' property, not to mention certain continents hitherto undiscovered.

The three great authorities always quoted in regard to the fourth century—"Historia Tripartita," and the chronicles of Jerome and Isidore—are silent on the subject of this gift. In fact, Eusebius directly contradicts it, for he states emphatically that he himself (if my memory serves me) baptized Constantine on his dying bed. As Eusebius was, if not a pronounced Arian, at least deeply imbued with the principles of that sect, it is hardly possible that the emperor would hav selected him for his confessor, and then rewarded Rome, the avowed enemy of Arianism.

It is questionable when the "donation" was first utilized. It is said that Pope Gelasius (492) made mention of it, and it is also stated that Adrian I. quoted it to Charlemagne when that barbarian was claiming the whole earth. If either did mention it, it was merely as a legend; they exhibited no document. A variety of accounts were rife, each differing from the others on some vital point, and there seemed to be no common ground on which all could stand, till the appearance of the document in the latter part of the ninth century.

Beyond the document itself, which was claimed to be in the Lateran church, there is nothing commemorativ of the gift. Rome, so prolific of monuments, a city wherein a cathedral would be raised in honor of the toe-nail of some alleged martyr, contains nothing but a Zophoros in the Lateran Basilica to remind the world of a gift, which, if ever made, and legal, raised the holy father from penury to wealth. Even

the costumes on this Zophoros show it was not produced earlier than the twelfth century.

In regard to the legality of the donation, even admitting all the church claims, there can be no argument. A Roman emperor was elected to his office, and "could only enlarge, not diminish, the empire." But the church was ingenious in her arguments. "Constantine was the spiritual son of Sylvester, by baptism," and therefore the pope was his spiritual heir. As all good Christians admit, and the church teaches, that the spiritual is above the temporal, and as the spiritual contains within itself the temporal, being his spiritual heir, the pope, of necessity, was his temporal heir. In fact, there was in reality no necessity for the "donation." The spiritual act of baptism included the temporal act of the donation.

Christendom accepted this definition, and the people prayed and payed, while the clerics preyed and played. Nothwithstanding this general acceptance, the church always took care, and I believe takes care to-day, to hav a secular document properly executed and filed whenever she buys a piece of property.

Nine hundred years ago it was the current belief that the year 1000 would see the end of the world. The precursors to our present Salvation Army marched through the land proclaiming that as the end was nigh, they were prepared to "follow Jesus anywhere, everywhere," and the Moody and Sankey of that day sang "Hold the Fort," without the "General Corse" addendum. The people were so awakened to a realization of the inutility of further holding temporal possessions, which were so soon to be burnt up, that they donated them to the church. Hundreds of noble families in England, notwithstanding the fact that their land already belonged to Rome, deeded it to the church. Then the good God repented, the earth was saved, and the church enjoyed her temporalities till the time of Henry VIII., when, on being called upon to show her title, she exhibited, not the "donation," but the deeds forced from a credulous people, made weakly superstitious by her teachings.

As it will be necessary to select some history of Ireland as a guide, I hav chosen that by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, for the following reasons. He was an uncompromising Irishman and a faithful compiler of facts. Moreover, his work is published by D. & J. Sadlier, of New York, who, as publishers of the *Tablet*, the official organ of the late cardinal, are equally uncompromising as Catholics, and would not, under any circumstances, publish anything derogatory to the church.

I propose gleaning most of my facts from McGee.

The position of Ireland in the intellectual world was that of a leader; she would remind one of the position of Moorish Grenada prior to her destruction by Ferdinand the Catholic; the center of attraction for men of letters. In speaking of this, McGee says: "The intellectual leadership of Western Europe, the glorious ambition of the greatest nations, has been in turn obtained by Italy, France, Britain, and Germany. From the middle of the sixth to the middle of the eighth century, it will hardly be disputed that that leadership devolved on Ireland. . . . The number of her schools, and the wisdom, energy, and zeal of her masters, retained for her that proud distinction for two hundred years."

Every province had its university, with numerous smaller schools, which were conducted on a more liberal scale than our free schools. "They derived their maintenance, not from taxing the pupils, but in the first instance from public endowments. They were essentially free schools; not only free as to the lessons given, but the venerable Bede tells us they supplied free bed and board and books to those who resorted to them from abroad." It is claimed that the students at these universities numbered one, two, three, and in one instance as many as seven thousand. Europe was flooded with their graduates, and so highly were they esteemed that being able to point to one of them as his Alma Mater was almost a sure guarantee for obtaining a position in a foreign college. The chronicles of the times are filled with the names of Ireland's illustrious sons who carved their way to fortune in foreign lands.

McGee says further: "When we remember that all the books were MSS., that even paper had not yet been invented, that the best parchment was equal to so much beaten gold, and a perfect MS. was worth a king's ransom, we may better estimate the difficulties in the way of the scholar of the seventh century. This is so, for a dispute over a MS. led to a war known as "the Battle of the Book."

About 1153, Dermott Macmorrough, king of Leinster, a man notorious for his gross immorality, abducted the wife of Ororic, prince of Breffney. Various chieftains espoused the cause of Ororic, and Macmorrough was driven from the island. He took refuge in England and swore fealty to Henry II. Captivated by the glowing accounts given him of the country, Henry sent John of Salisbury to Rome to ask the concurrence of the pope to his proposed invasion of Ireland.

The papal chair was then occupied by Nicholas Breakspeare, an Englishman, under title of Adrian IV., who had made his way to Rome a few years before, and by his astuteness had succeeded in mounting it. Historians differ as to the methods used.

On the representations of the English ambassador, Adrian donated Ireland to Henry, writing him a letter to that effect, and, as it was customary in those days to send a token, forwarded the English king a gold ring set with an emerald.

I do not propose quoting the entire letter, only the salient points. It was addressed:

Adrianus Papa gratum et acceptum habet quod Henricus Rex Angliae Insulam Hyberniam ingrediatur ut populum illum legibus subdat, ita tamen ut annua Petro solvatur pensio.

He then cooly authorizes Henry to invade Ireland "in order to extirpate the vice and wickedness of the nativs," "to oblige them to pay yearly from every house one denarius [about one penny] to the see of Rome," givs him "entire authority over the island," commands "all the inhabitants to obey him as sovereign," and invests him with the "fullest powers, all for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men."

The monetary part of the transaction is as follows:

Et de singulis domibus annuam unius denarii beato Petri velle solvere pensionem.

And again:

Jure nimirum Ecclesiarum illibato et integro permanente, et salva beato Petro et sacrosanctae Romanae ecclesiae de *singulis domibus annua unias denarii pensione.*

Richard, earl of Strigul, surnamed Strongbow, undertook the task of conquering the island, and, assisted by Maurice Fitzgerald and Robert Fitzstephen, two Welsh nobleman, and a horde of Flemish, Welsh, and Cornish archers, and numerous men-at-arms, landed on the Irish coast. McARTHUR.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Colonel Ingersoll's Humanity.

Colonel Ingersoll's speeches are always full of salvation for humanity, but his late "Lay Sermon," to me, surpasses all his previous public utterances for its humane and sympathetic spirit, and his disposition to help the oppressed, robbed, and enslaved toiler and wealth-producer. I wish that sermon could be proclaimed from every pulpit and rostrum in the civilized (?) world. I wish every man who calls himself a Liberal, Freethinker, or humanitarian to ponder, and apply to himself, the noble, manly, humane spirit and purpose of that timely and much-needed speech. It answers the question, "What shall we do to be saved?" It directly or impliedly condemns the inhuman, orthodox laws and customs of government and society, which rob man of his natural right to land and the products of his labor. He shows his great goodness and philanthropy when he acknowledges that his having owned much land was wrong in principle and incompatible with the spirit and purpose of the Secular Union and all true progress. He virtually and truly tells us that land, like all other elements and matter not the result of human labor, is the free and unbought inheritance of everyone on earth, to use, but not buy or sell or monopolize. He struck the keynote of the significance of life and how to make the most of it for ourselvs and others by dealing justly with all, by helping to supply all human wants, and each one earning his own living and ceasing to liv on the labor of others.

What a truthful and comprehensiv proposition he stated: "If nobody has too much, everybody will hav enough!" That proposition condemns the present barbarous and predatory practices of society as much as any Nihilist, Socialist, or Communist does. He says: "This is no country for Anarchy, for we hav free speech." But that is a question. Hav we free speech? No; I think we are as far from having free speech as we are from having justice done to labor. The brilliant and inspiring Ingersoll would impress—and so would I—upon all minds that the chief and only object of human life is to be happy and help others to be happy, and that to do this we must cease this grasping selfishness—this "me and mine" spirit—this appropriating to our own use and possession what by nature and justice belongs to others. That "Lay Sermon" as a whole is the most important and practical one that was ever preached at a Liberal convention, for it tells Liberals what they must do, and how they must liv, and that no one can be fully happy while one human being is treated unjustly, and his or her wants unsupplied. Oh, what a scene does our Christian civilization present to the mind sensitiv to right and justice! No true, humane Liberal and Freethinker can for a moment uphold the legal robbing and iniquities everywhere practiced, and the spirit of greed, which, as the colonel says, would, if possible, bottle the air and make people pay for breathing. Let each Liberal who owns much more land than he should, or who is living on high rents or rates of interest, which makes some brother a slave to earn, seriously ponder the truths uttered by Colonel Ingersoll, and resolve that he will, as far as possible, be a true, practical reformer and humanitarian. The time has come when the test of a true man, a true reformer, a true Infidel to orthodoxy, is, How much humanity is there in him or her? how much does he do to help his fellow-man, to relieve his wants and make him happy? This should be, and in time will be, the test of all human opinions, theories, and institutions. Colonel Ingersoll closes his great, unsurpassed sermon by declaring that while he livs he is going to do all he can for his fellow-man. What a happy world we shall hav when every man and woman with the same spirit and feeling makes the same resolve! Long liv that eloquent tongue to plead the cause of humanity!

J. H. COOK.

Missions.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, is in town, lecturing. Last week the Methodist ministers invited him to answer them some questions. One of them was as to the personal safety on the Congo of strangers, and another was as to the dangers to missionaries. In reply, Mr. Stanley said that strangers were safe if they behaved themselvs, and missionaries were all right when they were honest. He related several incidents where missionaries had cheated the nativs in trading, and said that most of the hardships of missionaries were the result of their dishonesty.

There is no greater fraud in the church than this mission fraud, and probably Stanley could, if he would, disclose a great deal. Whether in Africa or India, the Christian missions are colossal swindles. In Saladin's "God and His Book," he has extracted from numerous books evidence sufficient, if generally known, to reduce the contributions to the Methodist million for missions among honest folks. The following quotations, says Saladin, I beg to bring most respectfully under the notice of all such as believe that the gospel of Christ shall yet cover the whole earth:

"I was told that all the Khitmutargs in Calcutta were Christians. I was surprised to hear this, and asked him to what church they belonged. 'Oh, sir,' he replied, 'they do not belong to any church; but they will eat pork and drink brandy'" (Minturn's New York to Delhi).

"The London committee concealed the report of the Madras committee, lest the subscriptions should be withdrawn from so hopeless an enterprise" (India and the Gospel, Clarkson, sec. 5).

"He attributed the exaggerated accounts of conversions to the necessity of creating a sensation at home [in England] at public meetings, in order to raise money" (Six Years in India, vol. i, chap. 2).

"The custom of paying Hindoo converts is so universal that the slightest success in Hindoostan would eat up the revenues of the East India Company" (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xii).

"An inquiry made some years ago at Bangalore by a deputation from England resulted in the discovery that the converts and their families were nearly all of them stipendiaries of the mission" (Way to Lose India).

"The whole of them are rescued from poverty, and procure a comfortable subsistence by their conversion" (Observ. on Pres. State).

"The influence of the English missions is an absolute nullity; they reckon no other proselytes than orphans, whom the missionaries purchase, and who, when they grow up, all return to the religion of their countrymen" (L'Inde Aug., vol. iii).

"I hav reason to believe that converts hav in some cases been again and again baptized by the same minister to swell the number of candidates, and induce the belief that the work of conversion was steadily advancing" (Land of the Veda, chap. xvii).

"The preachers hav sometimes [in Ceylon] baptized two or three hundred infants and elder children at a time (they are paid in proportion to the number); indeed, almost all the Buddhist priests in the maritim provinces are persons who hav been baptized in their infancy" (Campbell's Recoll., chap. vii).

"With respect to the baptism of converts in Jerusalem, it is, as far as I know, framed to an accommodation with the most modern Judaism. Six thousand piastres (£50) are offered to the convert as a premium; other advantages are said likewise to be considerable" (Tischendorf, Trans.).

"As they could not make converts at Jerusalem, Protestant Jews were brought hither at the expense of English missionary societies. The process was costly; it is estimated that each has cost the mission about £4,500" (Taylor's Lands of the Saracen, chap. v).

"The Protestants giv earnest money and demoralize families. When a father sternly rebukes his children it is not unusual for them to reply with the insolent threat, 'I'll go to the mission'" (Mislin, Les Lieux Saints, vol. iii, chap. xxviii).

"Converts from the Jews receive baptism in different cities before they reach Jerusalem, where they are finally re-baptized. . . . Baptism was the only good business we had, and who has spoiled it? The Jews themselvs, by underselling one another" (Jews in the East, vol. ii, chap. ii).

"No one will hav anything to do with a 'missionary boy,' if he can possibly get another. One broad truth remains, that, in attempting to convert a South Sea Islander into a Christian, the missionaries rarely fail to convert an innocent and industrious savage into an idle and worthless scoundrel" (Advances of Australia, by the Hon. H. Finch-Hatton, pp. 144–5).

Chicago Secular News.

Last Sunday evening Col. A. J. Grover gave a very able lecture before the Chicago Secular Union on "Romanism; or, Danger Ahead." The hall was crowded, and the discussion following the lecture animated, several Catholics speaking in the debate—among them P. J. Dusey, the Irish labor agitator, who was arrested with the Anarchists last May, and, for some unexplained reason, discharged. On the labor question Mr. Dusey was very radical, and had often held forth among the Lake Front orators, and for this reason it has been persistently asked, Why was this discrimination made in favor of Mr. Dusey? Was it because Mr. Dusey was a Roman Catholic, and an Irishman? In the criticisms following Colonel Grover's lecture, the gentleman, who has always been a Catholic, bravely solves the problem; and it is to be hoped that Freethinkers who hav permitted themselvs to be influenced by the press of Chicago will make a note of Mr. Dusey's words. When the true inwardness of the Anarchists' arrest and trial is divulged, it will be found, as has by many been maintained, to hav moved along that old line of Romish persecution which began away back in the centuries, and whose Jesuitical influence shadows the civilization of to-day.

The synopsis of the lecture is from the Chicago *Times*.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. E. A. Stevens. Col. A. J. Grover was introduced, and read a paper on "Romanism; or, Danger Ahead."

He commenced by asking, "What is Romanism?" and stated that only short, inadequate answers could be given to the question in a half-hour's paper. The officials of the Romau church claim that its whole outfit—creed and credentials—are directly from God. This stupendous falsehood and fraud could only find acceptance in credulity inconceivable if the credulity were not an indisputable fact. Human nature has an animal and a spiritual side. The Roman church has always found its material on the animal side, and as the animal in man greatly predominates, therefore Romanism has had a fruitful field and a rich harvest. Cockle burrs and Canada thistles grow on a farm without cultivation; if they were cultivated, what a crop they would produce! The Roman church is cultivating the cockle burrs and thistles which spring from the animal side of human nature, and no wonder the crop is abundant. Romanism is a despotism. It is, command and obey. It is credulity under the heel of infallibility, fear cowering before arrogance, simplicity in the toils of subtle fraud. It is the body of which the doctrin, "The end justifies the means," is the soul.

About two years ago the head of this body issued his bull against the progressiv tendencies of the age, free schools, free press, free thinking, Freemasonry, and a Republican government. Every good Romanist is bound to be opposed to Freemasonry, free schools, and secret societies. Yet popery itself is a secret society, and has always maintained itself by secret conclaves and conspiracies against the freedom of the human mind. It has done its work in all ages underground. It has never rendered any account to those who hav contributed to its revenues. The public is excluded from its councils, convents, and nunneries, from which seldom either report or victim escapes. The oaths administered to its ecclesiastics render all other obligations void at the option of the pope.

It has issued, and no doubt will again, secret orders to plunder and assassinate heretics—the French Huguenots for instance. The machinery of the Inquisition was secret. The Bible has been kept as far as possible a sealed book, and it has persecuted or killed every thinker it could not silence, when it could do so with impunity, and it now attacks free schools, lest the children should become educated.

It pretends to save eternally or damn forever, the former for cash and credulity and the latter because cash and credulity are withheld. To make this trade in heaven and hell a success Rome has been a deadly enemy to all intelligence except of its officials, all secret organizations but its own, and all sovereignties but that of the pontiff. Its vast resources, sucked into its coffers by syphons of superstition, enable it to spread itself along the path of civilization like a pestilence. It often goes ahead of civilization, and by its fatal grip and sting and poison paralyzes the half-savage mind, and renders nations poor, degraded, idiotic. Italy, Spain, Ireland, Mexico, and Lower Canada sufficiently illustrate its deadly work.

Ireland would hav been free long ago but for the taxation levied upon her starving people by the Romish church. Ireland will never be well fed, educated, or hav Home Rule as long as she submits to be taxed by Rome as she has been and now is. She is ridden to death by popery and landlordism. The pope rides in the saddle; the landlord rides behind. Both must be unhorsed before Ireland will be free. Home rule now would be Rome rule. Two tyrants are better than one for Ireland. Spain has had home rule, but she has been under the heel of Rome, and is the most degraded, poor, and ignorant of all the civilized nations as the result of more than twelve centuries of dominant popery. In Portugal, Italy, the South American states, Mexico, Lower Canada, and Quebec popery has sucked the vitality of the people like a vampire.

What has been done for these countries will be done for the United States if they yield to the demands of Rome as to free schools and Rome rule of cities and large towns. In 1790 only every twentieth man of the population was a Roman Catholic; now, according to the best data, about every sixth or seventh man is a Romanist. In New York city every third man is a Roman Catholic. The property of the Roman church has increased to an enormous aggregate, all of which is exempt from taxation. Thus indirectly every man who pays taxes is assessed to support the Roman church, as well as every Protestant church. Expensiv churches, cathedrals, convents, and nunneries are being built all over the land, and the attendance at these churches is generally five or six times as large as the attendance at Protestant churches. Saddest fact of all, Protestants directly and indirectly pay very largely to the revenues of Rome. More than $15,000 has been paid directly from the treasury of New York city within the last fifteen years to help support Catholic schools, convents, and other institutions run in the interest of Romanism. The lot on which the great cathedral in New York stands, worth a million, was sold for the city by Bill Tweed for one dollar.

Yet, does Beecher, does Robert Collyer, does any Protestant clergyman in New York or Brooklyn, thunder against these iniquities? If not, why not? One reason is, Protestantism is only a slight departure from Romanism. Another reason is, the politicians want the Roman vote, and require the silence of the Protestant pulpit. When Ingersoll lectures, the Protestant clergy and press open fire all along the line. Is Romanism less obnoxious than Freethinking? Popery is the same now as in Luther's time. Yet Protestantism is helping to build Catholic cathedrals, while celebrating Luther's birthday and erecting bronze statues to him. The present condition of political parties enables Rome to dictate the political situation and the success and defeat of candidates; its vast revenues enable it to buy legislation and judicial decisions when needed. Gibbons, the successor of McCloskey, was recently crowned king of Catholics at Baltimore with greater pomp and expense than any king or emperor in the Old World during the last fifty years. What an incongruous spectacle in a republic! The pope himself at length seems to be driven from Italy. Why should he not take up his residence in New York? No man now thinks of running for office until he has assured Rome that he is as good as a Romanist, or that his son is a Jesuit priest, or has married a Roman Catholic, or that his daughters hav joined the Roman Catholic church or gone to a convent. The friends of Blaine contracted for the Roman vote at the last election and expected it. The "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" alliteration of honest but indiscreet Mr. Burchard defeated Mr. Blaine. The Roman votes were not all delivered as per contract. It was a big job to transfer for the first time several millions of ignorant voters from the Democratic to the Republican side. The priests acted in good faith, however. But the delivery will be made next time unless the Democrats can raise Mr. Blaine's bid. Chicago has recently witnessed the successful transfer. And President Cleveland, as well as Blaine, is doing his level best, by appointments and otherwise, to please Romanists. He is affectionately kissing the pope's foot whenever it is struck out. He sent Secretary Lamar to Baltimore with his autograph letter of congratulation to Cardinal Gibbons, when he was crowned king. But Mr. Blaine soon went him several points better by giving his two daughters to Rome, as Lot threw his to the mob in Sodom. Having only two for the sacrifice, his son married another from the ranks of Rome. Blaine has now three daughters in the Roman Catholic church. There is luck in odd numbers. With one foot in the Protestant church and the other in the Roman, Mr. Blaine will get the almost solid Roman vote, and enough Protestant to elect him in 1888.

Then what will he do for Rome in return for the presidency? Rome controls the newspapers, has policed the cities, and in some instances elected the mayor and school board. Will Protestantism continue to cower and sneak? Will free schools succumb? Will Freemasonry surrender? Will office and vote mongers sell the liberty of this country to Rome for party success? The oath of allegiance of Romanists is not worth the paper on which it is written the moment the pope sees fit to require it to be disregarded. Every true Romanist owes a higher allegiance to the pope and the church than he owes or can owe to any government on earth. All good Catholics believe that the American Constitution is Atheistic and oppressiv to the church; that it is not, forthat reason, binding on his conscience. All men who believe in obedience to the pope, as against every other obligation, should be excluded from citizenship. Judges Zane and Powell, of Utath, hav recently held that Mormonism is necessarily antagonistic to the government. If so, a thousand times more is Romanism. Every Romanist should be required to take an iron-clad oath, forever renouncing the sovereignty of the pope before becoming a citizen, and Congress should at once provide the necessary legislation. The adherents of Jeff Davis and Joe Smith united are not half as dangerous to the republic as the Roman Catholics. Lafayette predicted that "if ever the liberty of the American republic is destroyed it will be the work of the Catholic priests." Religious liberty must be preserved. But religious liberty is not liberty to destroy liberty. It is not liberty to set aside oaths or grant indulgence to crime. These should be indictable offenses. He did not say that the Roman church never did any good. It has always sugar-coated its iniquitous system with a thin varnish of good works. It will remain true that a good Catholic cannot be a good citizen of the republic. No man can serve two masters. This country cannot long remain half free and half Roman Catholic. A numerical minority, wielded as a political unit, is equal to a majority. There is no country or spot on the globe where Romanism has power that liberty survives in. Liberty and papacy cannot coexist. It the whole history of Romanism proves this, what ground is there to hope this country will prove an exception?

After an announcement by the president that Professor Somers would giv an illustrated lecture on phrenology the next Sunday evening, the floor was given to the critics. P. J. Dusey said:

The gentleman has spoken about policeing the city with Catholics. If I was a Protestant, I would be in the county jail with the eight men condemned to death. I was a Catholic, and so I am free. They asked me if I was a Catholic. I said I was. Mr. Firthman (a detectiv) said, "Don't you think it a shame that you, a Catholic, should be in this conspiracy?" I said, "We are not in any conspiracy; it is you who are the conspirators." It is time that the American people rise in their might, and I will go as a witness and tell what I know. They tried to say I was a Swede. They, the police, asked my wife if I wasn't a Swede. For once I found Patrick was a lucky name. I was arrested three times, and let go because I was a Catholic. And I would ask any man here, what is the use of swearing if you don't believe in an oath? Catholicism is running Chicago, and in New York Dr. McGlynn has been summoned to Rome. I am a Freethinker, and although I go to church, I do not agree with everything that is said there.

A young Catholic gentleman followed Mr. Dusey. The lecturer, he said, denounces the Bible, and wishes he was a Freemason, and he can't be a Mason and denounce the Bible. Solomon, we are told, was the wisest man. Solomon was a religious man, and his sayings hav helped to form governments, to form men themselvs. The speaker concluded by asserting that Solomon had formed Irishmen, and for this reason they were the strongest men, and finally sat down demoralized, amid much laughter and applause.

General Trumbull said:

There are one or two points in the lecture with which I cannot agree. Colonel Grover says that he believes that the order of Masons is destined to save liberty in this country against the encroachments of Rome. Had he been a Mason, he would never hav made that prophecy. Another point I dissent from is this, that the Protestant churches vary but little from Romanism in their tendency to suppress liberty. As political organizations, the difference is too wide for contrast. The Protestant sect is loyal to this country, and the Catholic sect is not; and that is an immense difference. Out of the consciousness of a Roman Catholic, born, baptized, and educated in the Roman church, I would hav held it as an insult if any man had accused me of being true to my country, when the pope demanded my allegiance. That is the danger from Romanism. The danger from Romanism is the conspiracies of Romanism. This little society that meets here has done more to thwart Romanism than all the Masonic societies in Chicago. The Roman Catholic vote is the only vote in this country that is organized in the interests of a foreign power.

Mr. Gravelet said:

I was raised as a Catholic, but I am now an Agnostic. Half of my time in school was put in in praying. I became convinced through investigation that the Roman religion is the invention of man. It reflects the people who hav made it. It is my experience in the church that has made me stand with an organization of Freethinkers. The pope once said to a reporter that if the Roman church ever outnumbered other religions in this country, liberty would cease.

Mr. Gleason said:

My friend, General Trumbull, has an idea that Romanism is a political party. Did the sixty-eight thousand who voted for Henry George in New York believe in the old religion? The times of Knownothingism are going in this country. Is Phil Armour an ignorant Catholic? Is Jay Gould an ignorant Catholic? The men who rob the nation, who oppress the people, are in the churches. In the wards where they had the most superstitions, they voted the reform labor ticket. In the wards where there was no superstition, they voted the straight Democratic or Republican ticket.

Mr. Stevens said:

Mr. Gleason is a special pleader of no mean ability. Whenever you find a man who is talking for human liberty, he is not a good Catholic. I had to renounce my allegiance to Great Britain to become a citizen of this country. Isn't it just, isn't it. right, that the Catholic should renounce his allegiance to Rome before he can become a citizen? A man cannot keep his oath of allegiance to the church and become a good citizen of the United States. I hav no sympathy with Knownothingism—with the ostracism of a man because he is a foreigner—but this is not a question of Knownothingism, but of the rule of Rome, and if the object of any individual be to deprive the people of their liberty, then that man is a traitor. In voting for Henry George, in New York, the people voted against Rome. Cardinal Manning said: "I acknowledge no civil power. I am the supreme judge of what is right and wrong." The Catholic church says it is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. A society that boasts that it is unchangeable hasn't much idea of progression.

The lecturer then replied to his critics:

I indorse everything that Mr. Dusey has said. I believe it is true. I agree with Mr. Trumbull, that there is a vast difference between Romanism and Protestantism. The Protestants can be good citizens, but their superstitions are the same. I don't claim to know anything about Masonry, but I find that every pope has issued his bull against it. In the old antislavery days, we Abolitionists used to watch Jeff Davis and the pro-slavery leaders, and if we found them placing themselvs on one side of any question, we would take the other, assured from experience that they were against liberty. A large number of Catholics voted for Henry George. I would hav voted with them. It is the best symptom I hav seen in five years. The pope has summoned Father McGlynn to Rome for voting for Henry George. What has my friend Gleason to say to that?

Col. A. J. Grover is about publishing a book entitled, "Romanism; or, Danger ahead.

MRS. A. M. FREEMAN,
Dec. 14, 1886. Sec. Chicago Sec. Union.

The Liberal Club.

There were no minutes of the previous meeting read at the 426th regular assembling of the Manhattan Liberal Club. The Chair announced that sad state of affairs with regret. The secretary had joined the Workingwomen's Fair Association to buy the new daily newspaper a press, and had deserted her old post. There were no copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER on the table, and the business end of the hall looked unfurnished.

The attendance was good, and as beautiful as it was good. Professor Denslow was down as the lecturer, but when the time came to open the meeting he had not appeared. The Chair said the "Coming Constitutional Convention" would hav to be discussed whether the professor came or not. Somebody asked Mr. Samuel Leavitt to take the initiativ. Mr. Leavitt declined; he was still weary from having recently made sixty speeches for Henry George. Mr. Putnam recommended the small but talented Mr. King. Mr. King wouldn't do it. Dr. Levison yielded to the urgent solicitation of the Chair, and proceeded to say that our law courts needed reforming. As administerers of justice they were not a success. The entrance of Professor Denslow prevented Dr. Levison from further developing his ideas in this direction.

Professor Denslow's lecture was a brief history of various provisions of our constitution, with occasional references to Socialism and Henry George. He had no recommendations to offer the coming convention, and believed it would be the worst place in the world to present new ideas.

At the close of the lecture the speaker was highly commended by the Chair for his learned discourse.

Dr. Levison again took the floor. He intimated that he would like more than ten minutes for the discussion of so vast a subject, but the Chair was obdurate and took none of the doctor's hints. Dr. Levison believed that all laws should go before the people for ratification before they are put upon the statute books.

Mr. Wakeman asked everybody to sign a petition for the commutation of the sentence of Roxanna Druse. A failing of lawyers, he said, was that they were guided too far by precedent, and bent their researches to finding out what had been instead of what ought to be. Lawyers should be made the counsellors instead of the mere instruments of their clients. That this might be effected, Mr. Wakeman would hav them paid by salary instead of fee.

Samuel Leavitt agreed with Mr. Wakeman and disagreed with Henry George on the land question and on free trade. Mr. Leavitt defined himself as a missing link between David Ripley and his class, and the modern Socialists. He was, in fact, a Fourierite.

Captain Clark, the mariner, who has taken observations in all parts of the world, civilized and barbarous, made a startling address. He expressed great disdain for scientific men, and hoped he would not be mistaken for one. Mr. Levison suggested that there was little danger of that, and the captain went on. He said that when it was proposed by practical men to send a steamer across the Atlantic, Dr. Lardner, a scientific man, denied the possibility of such a thing, and promised to eat the first steamer that made the trip; but when the Savannah accomplished that undertaking Dr. Lardner had lost his appetite, and did not eat even a jolly boat. Captain Clark was especially antagonistic toward Socialism. Applying what he had learned by observation in all parts of the world, civilized and barbarous, he would avoid Socialists and Anarchists in other countries and fight them in this. George Washington, who was the father of his country, warned the American people to beware of foreign influence. We must pull in the gang-plank; the boat is loaded; we don't want any more. The captain was in hopes the Topolobampo colony would flourish and attract all the Socialists to Mexico.

Mr. Brophy, formerly of Boston, criticised the lecturer of the evening somewhat sharply.

Dr. Weeks thought Professor Denslow's lecture a valuable one. The devil needed able advocates, and found one in the professor. Dr. Weeks was glad of this, because he believed in hearing all sides—the devil's as well as the rest.

In replying, Professor Denslow said in reference to Mr. Brophy that he possibly might know as much about the question as himself (the speaker), but the chances were ninety-nine in a hundred that he didn't. The professor had spent his life in study; Mr. Brophy had wasted his time in growling. The speaker believed that a man will not, on the average, gather as much useful information by growling as by study. Touching the economic question, he said that demand causes all values. The "advanced" position of Anarchists and Socialists is not due to their brilliancy but their stupidity. If the Chicago Anarchists had learned the lessons which he had endeavored to teach them, they would not now be in jail with a rope around their necks. In conclusion, Dr. Denslow said that while he claimed as much humane feeling as any other man could possess, he was not one of those who seek to gain the credit of sympathizing with the poor by denouncing the rich. Nothing was cheaper than a reputation for philanthropy gained in that way.

A celebration of the Yuletide will mark the next meeting—singing, speaking, reciting, and other festivities.

American Secular Union.

For the information of those who desire to form local societies and unite with the national organization, the following is printed. The form of constitution is simply for suggestion, and changes can be made as the members of local societies may think best in order to do a more varied intellectual and social work.

HOW TO ORGANIZE A SECULAR UNION.

The American Secular Union is formed by the union of Local Auxiliary Societies. To organize a Local Auxiliary Society, any person (man or woman) may place the following Call at the head of a sheet of paper and solicit signatures:

CALL.

WE, the undersigned citizens of [here introduce name of town or city], agree to organize an Auxiliary Secular Union, to work in connection with the American Secular Union, and to pay the sums set opposit our names for that purpose.

Names.	*Residences.*	*Amounts.*

As soon as ten persons hav subscribed to this Call, and five dollars hav been paid in, make out an application for a Charter, inclosing the application, together with a money order or postal note for five dollars (or the amount may be inclosed in a registered letter) to the secretary of the American Secular Union.

Any Liberal society can by a vote qualify itself an Auxiliary Secular Union, and take out a charter.

On receipt of the five dollars and application signed by the president and secretary (or the temporary secretary) of the new Union (and as many others as may choose), the secretary will forward to the applicant a charter signed by the proper officers of the American Secular Union.

SUPPORT OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

In order to provide an adequate revenue to the treasury of the American Secular Union, to enable it to carry out the requirements of sections 4, 5, and 6 of Article III. of its Constitution, and to do other legitimate work of the Union, every auxiliary is requested to contribute a certain sum monthly, not less than five cents per month from each one of its members, for the use of the American Secular Union. The amount thus collected should be remitted quarterly on the first days of January, April, July, and October, by the secretary of the auxiliary to the secretary of the American Secular Union.

A FORM OF LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Whereas, It is our profound conviction that the safety of republican institutions is imperilled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed, by the least interference of the state in matters of religion; and,

Whereas, Certain grave inconsistencies with the general spirit of the United States Constitution still mark the practical administration of our political system, threatening the perpetuity of religious liberty, the existence of free public schools, and the peace and prosperity of the entire land;

THEREFORE, We, the undersigned, hereby associate ourselvs together under the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

ART. 1. The name of this Association shall be THE SECULAR UNION OF ——.

ART. 2. The object of the Secular Union shall be to secure practical compliance with the "Demands of Liberalism" throughout the country, and especially in ——.

ART. 3. The means employed in working for these objects shall be regular local meetings, free discussions, lectures, addresses, conventions, the platform and the press in general, and all such other means as are peaceable, orderly, and right.

ART. 4. Such measures shall be adopted for raising funds for the Union as shall be prescribed in the By-laws by a two-thirds vote of the members.

ART. 5. Any person may become a member of the Union by subscribing his or her name to these Articles of Agreement.

ART. 6. The Officers of the Union shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executiv Committee of three members; and their duties shall be those commonly pertaining to these offices. The President and Secretary shall be *ex officio* delegates to the National Convention of Secular Unions when called together.

ART. 7. These Articles of Agreement may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the proposed amendments shall hav been sent to every member at least two weeks previous to such meeting.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM'S LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.

Martinsburg, West Va., Jan. 5th and 6th; Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 9th; Kent, Ohio, Jan. 10th, 11th, 12th; Alliance, Ohio, Jan. 13th and 14th; Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 16th; Piqua, Ohio, Jan. 17th and 18th; Cincinnati, Jan. 19th and 20th; Chicago, Jan. 29th and 30th; Nekoma, Ill., Feb. 1st and 2d; Fort Madison, Iowa, Feb. 5th and 6th; Bavaria, Saline, and Brookville, Kan., Feb. 7th to 14th; Dodge City, Kan., Feb. 20th. Mr. Putnam will proceed to California by the Southern Pacific. Will friends along the route please communicate at once?

Address, care of E. A. Stevens, chairman of Finance committee, 750 West Lake st., Chicago, after Jan. 1st. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

76 *E. 11th st., New York.*

New England Freethinkers' Convention.

From the Boston Investigator.

The Ingersoll Secular Society, at a meeting held in October last, appointed the following committee to arrange for a Convention of the Freethinkers of New England, to be held in the Paine Memorial, Boston, on Saturday, Jan. 29, and Sunday, 30, 1887: L. K. Washburn, Ernest Mendum, S. G. Swett, with L. K. Washburn as chairman. John A. O'Malley was elected treasurer.

CALL FOR THE CONVENTION.

To the Freethinkers of New England: You are invited to meet in Convention in the Paine Memorial, Boston, on Jan. 29 and 30, 1887, among other things, to celebrate in appropriate exercises the anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine—the man who gave his life, talents, and services to the whole world; who loved liberty as a mother loves her child, and whose body, mind, and heart were consecrated to liberty; and who was inspired through a long and noble career with the desire to see mankind more elevated, more enlightened, and more humane; and also to giv expression and encouragement to those cherished principles of mental freedom which alone make human happiness possible and secure the opportunity for human advancement.

There never was a time in the history of our country when earnest, bold, and wise utterance of those ideas and principles that we love and cherish, and for whose further success we are working, was more demanded, and we ask you to come to this Convention to support, by your presence and influence, the cause of Freethought and mental liberty.

We need to take counsel together to see what action we should take toward defeating that arrogant and self-seeking power, ecclesiasticism, whose emissaries are using the privileges of religious freedom to build up in our free land an ecclesiastical tyranny, whose presence is a constant menace to our rights, to our liberties, and to our institutions.

We need, furthermore, to meet together to become better acquainted with one another, to seek a broader union and fellowship, and to foster those sympathies which are born of a common faith and a common purpose.

To make this Convention what we desire to hav it, an inspiration and impetus to every Liberal in the United States—we need assistance and coöperation. First, we need your attendance—in numbers there is strength. Next, we need money to meet the expenses of the Convention; and, lastly, we need the voice and thought of our best speakers and leaders. Let us hav these, and we shall hav success.

Address all communications to L. K. Washburn, Paine Memorial, Boston, Mass.

Contributions for the Convention may be sent to John A. O'Malley, Paine Memorial, Boston, Mass.

L. K. WASHBURN,
ERNEST MENDUM,
S. G. SWETT.

Lectures and Meetings.

MR. T. B. WAKEMAN closed his series of discourses before the Society of Humanity on Sunday of last week, and many appreciativ remarks testify to the value of his efforts at translating the old into the new. Last Sunday evening Mr. S. P. Putnam addressed the society at 28 Lafayette Place. His subject was "The New God." It was an address filled with new and striking thoughts. A hundred "Gems" for THE TRUTH SEEKER'S column could be culled from it. Mr. Putnam speaks again Sunday evening, the 26th, at the same place The lectures so far before this society hav been of a high character, and the prospect is bright.

W. F. JAMIESON is having good success in Denver, Col., where he is engaged for Sunday evenings for six months. He says that he will, however, giv way for any of his brother lecturers traveling through the West, so that they can hav an opportunity to address the Denver people. Notice several weeks in advance should be given, so that Mr. Jamieson can respond to the many calls for lectures which he is receiving. He has calls at Abilene, Industry, and Enterprise, Kansas; Osceola, Wilber, and other towns in Nebraska. These calls he cannot get time to fill until spring. He will giv four lectures in Canyon City, Col., December 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th; in Black Hawk, two lectures; three in Central City; Loveland sometime in January. He has concluded to make Colorado his future home. He considers it superior to Minnesota as a state, far ahead in climate, and more Liberal people than he met in any one state.

Hard but Truthful Words about Mr. Talmage.

From the Industrial Appeal, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a premeditated liar. We don't mean any disrespect to any honest and truthful minister who occupies a pulpit. But this boss liar of the pulpit is too ridiculous in his economy of the truth for any good, doxy or no doxy. He it was who told as truth, in his pulpit, about the burning man—the man who spontaneously combusted near Lima, Ohio, we think, while blaspheming God during the provoking drouth last summer. The New York *Sun* tried to get him to explain more fully and giv particulars, but he prevaricated, with various excuses, and refused to be more explicit, but again declared the truthfulness of the story. But now THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York, the most prominent and ablest Freethought paper in the country, to clinch the matter, offers the reverend liar $1,000 if he will substantiate, by competent testimony, the truth of the story. Of course THE TRUTH SEEKER will not hav to come down with the cash, but Mr. Talmage will tumble in the estimation of truth-loving people.

Law and Religion.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided that a blacksmith belonging to a Christian sect that keeps the seventh instead of the first day of the week as Sunday violates the law by working at his trade on the day observed by the general community as Sunday.

The Supreme Court of Connecticut has decided that a pavilion used by a "Spiritualistic camp-meeting association" for religious services on Sunday, and for "dancing and parlor skating" during the week is not exempt from taxation as a church.

The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided that the Constitutional guarantee that "every individual has a natural and unalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience and reason" does not secure to the Salvation Army the right to worship by beating the bass drum.—*New York Herald.*

Best of Their Kind.

The "Origin of the Christian Bible," by O. B. Whitford, M.D.; "Bible Temperance, Liquor-Drinking Commended, Defended, and Enjoined by the Bible," by Edwin C. Walker; "A Masonic Vindication of Right—a Protest Against Persecution," by O. B. Whitford, and "Personal Existence After Death Improbable," by L. R. Smith, are the latest productions of the Truth Seeker Publishing Company, New York, all of which may be read with interest for the bold and startling ideas they contain. They may each be procured for 10, 15, and 25 cents, and to those who take pleasure in intricate arguments upon abstract questions will here find what they want.—*Galveston Daily News.*

Communications.

A Short Homily on Law.

Blackstone defines law to be "a rule of action." No better definition could be given unless it be Judge Porter's: "A rule of human action."

We trace law, the common law, back to England. England, through Blackstone, compiled the common law from the old Roman government; Rome translated the common law from Egypt, and Egypt got the law from India, the father of all literature.

The origin of law came from the brutality of barbarous tribes. Its origin and foundation was and is upon the principle that "might makes right." Abraham Lincoln said that "right made might." The president meant that right ought to make might.

The stronger overcame the weaker and took possession of the earth.

Blackstone says that the origin of property, or the first deed drawn, was the quarrel between Abram and Lot; but with all due deference to the king of law commentators, I beg to say that the distribution of property began as early as man's avarice and power to seize the property of the weaker; in other words, therefore, the earliest title deeds to real estate bore the great seal of Theft.

Blackstone again comments that from personal combats over property man gathered in communities of tribes, and one tribe fought and dispossessed another, and hence the growth of states; the leaders of tribes became kings, and then nations went out to war, and stole on the wholesale.

The strongest possessing all the wealth of the earth, it became necessary for their protection from the poor and weak of the earth that courts and officers be instituted and prisons built, and even standing armies be kept to keep the poor in subjection, so that to-day Europe can put in the field ten million soldiers against one another—each nation against the other. And, strange to say, the poor, except the officers, compose these vast armies.

The majesty of the law to-day, by brute force, protects the few in the enjoyment of and the possession of all the wealth and lands of the earth, and it requires the vast machinery of courts, armies, and prisons to accomplish this end. The few of earth hav its vast wealth, and they dictate the price of every commodity, and to the laboring man his wages. He can take what the wealthy offer, or starve, die, or go to prison or the workhouse.

There are in America one hundred thousand deadbeats, vulgarly called preachers, who get from $500 up to $25,000 a year salary for preaching from Bible texts like the following: "Submit yourselvs to kings and rulers, for the powers that be are ordained of God." These preachers portray a heaven of bliss hereafter for the submissiv poor, but a present heaven of good things for the wealthy. They stand weekly in one hundred thousand pulpits, where no back talk is permitted, with the gag ready at hand, and if one dare question the doctrin promulgated, he is relegated to prison. If the money paid these deadbeats was given to the widows and orphans to clothe, feed, and educate, besides procuring homes for this class of mankind, there would be need for less prisons and workhouses. But this self-called and self-constituted herd of Pharisees claim that an almighty God called them, and set them apart to the work of ministering to the poor and the outcast, and they do it with a will, by taking two collections each Sabbath, and feeding the poor and the outcast upon the dry crust of faith and hope, while these Pharisees fare sumptuously every day.

The American Revolution was simply a rebellion against the common and ecclesiastical law of England (a fine bastard mixture, or *tertium quid*), headed by Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, and others, who took pains to leave God on the other side of the Atlantic and out of the Constitution, when it was adopted.

It is well known that the clergy were opposed to the independence of the colonies, but a quarter of a century had not elapsed after the great ship of state was launched when the preachers claimed that they killed the bear; that they established the new government, or rather God did through their prayers. It is certain God did not establish this great government on account of any fighting the clergy ever did.

Before the war of 1861 the churches were a unit in favor of the institution of slavery, and preached it as a divine institution. But after the war Parson Newman claimed that Christ, through his servant Abraham Lincoln, issued the great proclamation of freedom. So said all the clergy. Now, it is well known that Mr. Lincoln once wrote a book about this same Jesus, pronouncing him an illegitimate child, etc., and that Mr. Lincoln was an Infidel there is no doubt. But the abolition of slavery was the grandest move earth ever made in favor of the despised poor and the laboring man.

It modified the awful harshness of the law, and took away part of its sting. The immortal Lincoln said when he issued it that "in giving freedom to the slaves we insure freedom to the free."

The armies that fought the battles of the Union were composed of poor men, except the officers, while the bondholders, the bankers, and the rich dudes stayed at home. And we who served three years to preserve liberty upon the earth hav had the least of it. The wounded were pensioned off with from two to eight dollars per month, while the dudes took possession of all the offices in this great republic; and to-day the soldier is relegated to the rear, to the soldiers' homes, as bad as workhouses, and to the poorhouses of the land.

Hear ye the conclusion of the whole matter. America has sixty million of people; ten million hav all the wealth, all the law; are clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, while fifty million are clothed in rags and misery, toiling from day to day, either in or out of prisons. The poor possess all the poorhouses, the asylums, the workhouses, the lock-ups, the jails and the penitentiaries. The rich sit in their velvet-cushioned seats in the churches, listening to the sacred music of the paid choir and the broadcloth preacher, while the steeples outside are pointing to God. My opinion is that the day is not far distant when guillotins will stand as thick in Europe and America as they did during the French Revolution in France.

Oh! the majesty of the law that has made earth a heaven for the few and a hell for the many! As Colonel Ingersoll says, "Honest labor is clothed in rags, while idleness sits in the banqueting hall." And all this is the work of an omnipotent God, boundless in love and benevolence, and whose long-suffering is a surprise to the universe.

GEORGE H. BETHARD.

Thomas Paine on Poverty.

In the year 1772, Thomas Paine, at the request of some of his superiors in the excise office, wrote for publication the "Case of the Officers of Excise." The "performance," as he termed it (and this was a characteristic term of Junius), was so much praised that he remarked in a letter to Goldsmith, then a stranger to him, "Were I not rather singularly modest, I should insensibly become a little vain." Three thousand copies were subscribed for the officers in general, and one thousand were reserved for distribution.

The object of the publication was to obtain increased pay for the excisemen. An out-ride officer received only £50 a year, out of which he had to pay the expenses of horse-keeping.

What can be more eloquent, tender, and truthful than some passages in that essay on poverty? For example:

> If the gay find it difficult to resist the allurements of pleasure, the great the temptations of ambition, or the miser the acquisition of wealth, how much stronger are the provocations of want and poverty!
>
> The bread of deceit is a bread of bitterness; but, alas! how few in times of want and hardship are capable of thinking so; objects appear under new colors and in shapes not naturally their own; hunger sucks in the deception, and necessarily reconciles it to conscience.
>
> Poverty, in defiance of principle, begets a degree of meanness that will stoop to almost anything. A thousand refinements of argument may be brought to prove that the practice of honesty will be the same in the most trying and necessitous circumstances. He who was never an hungered man may argue finely on the subjection of his appetite, and he who never was distressed may harang as beautifully on the power of principle. But poverty, like grief, has an incurable deafness, which never hears; the oration loses its edge, and the "To be or not to be" becomes the only question.
>
> There is a striking difference between dishonesty arising from want of food, and want of principle. The first is worthy of compassion, the other of punishment. Nature never produced a man who would starve in a well-stored larder because the provisions were not his own; but he who robs it from luxury of appetite deserves a gibbet.

This was written and published in 1772. In March of that same year, Woodfall, the printer of *The Public Advertiser*, issued a complete edition of the "Letters of Junius," with a "Dedication to the English Nation," and a preface, both prepared by the unknown writer. Woodfall tendered to Junius one-half the profits of the book; to this Junius replied as follows:

> What you say about the profits is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person, I think, has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate, independence. Without it no man can be happy, *nor even honest.*

Let the reader compare these few lines, especially the last ten words, with the preceding quotations from Paine's essay written the same year, and see how strikingly they coincide in sentiment. And then let him compare this act of Junius with Paine's life-long refusal to make any profit from his literary work. Not one writer in, at least, a thousand would act thus; but here were two contemporary examples. Multiply one thousand by one thousand and you hav a million to one that Paine was Junius.

Furthermore, although all of Paine's biographers hav supposed that he was poor, it is now certain that he was not. That is to say, he always had what Junius advised Woodfall to secure, namely, "a solid, however moderate, independence." Hence he could always be happy and honest.

BURR.

The Mormon Economy.

If the name "Mormon" unwinds in your mind, as in mine until yesterday, a skein of fantastic superstition with the harem as its bobbin, then, like me, you hav a surprise in store. Nothing new about the superstition—that is not in question—but did you know that the Mormons were a pioneer corps, who hav initiated the national solution of the labor problems by methodical coöperation and proportional distribution, which, in embracing social charities, avoids Communism?

Did you know that the Mormons had done away with the complexity of legal precedents, and that they settled their disputes without litigation, in free courts of umpiry?

Did you know that in their plural marriages the faculty of divorce was optional with wives and not with husbands, and yet did not forfeit alimony; so that in a proprietary sense their marriage subjected the male to the female?

Did you know that many Mormon women were refined ladies, and intellectually facultativ?

Well, the work before me brings conviction of all this, not only from the author's caliber of thought-force, but by the citation of local documents, official and private. In Mr. Lum's view, the polygamy issue is but a *blind*, and the persecution of the Mormons results from a conflict between the old routine of exploitation, with its internecine competitions, and the new order of social coöperation. Coöperation was a cherished ideal with both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, and permeated their religious teachings. Then it became a practical necessity on their arrival at Utah, where subsistence depended on great works of irrigation, which made the desert blossom. It was promoted by the famin of 1856, when the wealthier saved the colony by the sacrifice of their private property. It was commercially inaugurated in 1868 by the Zion Coöperativ Mercantil Institution, with a capital of $1,000,000, which has since done business to the amount of over $15,000,000, has never had a note protested, has simplified commerce to a single profit between producer and consumer, has enlisted a large proportion of the citizens as stockholders, and kept prices down during times of scarcity, its avowed policy being to abolish speculativ profits.

The Z. C. M. I. has branches in the outlying Mormon colonies, and though it does not exclude competition it controls prices.

To this innovation, on a scale parallel with that of Rochdale and over fourteen hundred coöperativ stores in England, against which jealousy attempted to bias legislation during Disraeli's premiership, Utah adds the scandal of dispensing with lawyers, and giving judgments gratis by free courts in civil suits, a democratic mode of arbitration which proves satisfactory to honest folks but is very unpopular with foxes and sharks.

About land tenures Mr. Lum does not go into particulars, but says that speculation in the soil is not encouraged, and that only four per cent of farms exceed five hundred acres.

The Mormon church, irrespectiv of its doctrins, does not form a distinct theocratic corps, like the Catholic or the Church of England. It is not a property-holder to any extent beyond its halls of assembly, and becomes democratic by the great number of its dignitaries, for every thrifty citizen is likely to be a bishop.

In his chapter on plural marriage, Mr. Lum shows that Mormon laws and customs are in some important points more liberal towards wives than either Christian or Mohammedan. Only about two per cent are polygamists. The style among the wealthy is to giv each wife a separate establishment. Infidelity does not forfeit alimony nor constitute a title for divorce in favor of the husband, while on the side of the wife divorce is optional, in so far at least as personal free will is consistent with superstition, for marriage, with the Mormons, takes hold on immortality.

Without being a polygamist or flattering their superstitions, Mr. Lum is disposed to condone these features as organically interwoven with exemplary economic institutions and a great public spirit of mutual good will shown in the forgivness of debts, etc. While protesting, with Mr. Lum, against the present governmental persecution of polygamists, so iniquitous, especially toward the wives and children, whose abandonment it requires, we submit, concerning polygamy, that, being confined to the wealthy, as population increases while facilities of dispersion lessen, must not the monopoly of possession in a sort of property at once the most coveted and the most expensiv, seem to justify, as it necessitates, exploitation of the laboring class to maintain its luxury?

Possibly at present the economic institutions of Utah may be so inwoven with its judicial system, and both with its religious and social, that they must develop or disappear together, yet such organic connection would depend on the influences of personal character and education in this particular case, without having any general or essential relation.

That clerical dignities based upon secular attainments, or the graft of the bishop on the successful

business man, is a feature of society more robust and vivacious than ours, may be admitted without admitting the desirability of any clerical dignity or bishop with their related superstitions. The business man as theocrat may be less hypocritical and more truly respectable, but will he be less oppressiv by his privileges?

Whatever may be the motivs of envy and malice against the Mormons among the gentiles in their midst, it is probable that the passiv acquiescence of the people of the United States in their iniquitous persecution by the Cleveland administration is due to clerical influence; for this is far more jealous, more malignant, and more far-sighted than the mercantil, and their consecrated privilege over marriage was challenged by the institution of polygamy in a more practical sense than could be possible by any abstract doctrin. EDGEWORTH.

The Money Question.

Greenbackers and others are just now circulating petitions to Congress to hav a law passed with reference to the coinage of silver. It is indeed strange that people should be so foolish as to think that Congress can fix the relativ value of gold and silver. It seems to me that the Congress could just as easily fix the relativ value of wheat, oats, and potatoes. It would be just as sensible to petition Congress for rain.

I would like to submit the following petition to Congress instead of the one now in circulation:

To the Honorable Members of the Senate and Congress of the United States:

Whereas, the present banking system of the United States is very defectiv, and is the cause of great injustice and suffering to a large majority of the people;

Whereas, it does not supply a uniform amount of money per capita to the people, but has during the last twenty-five years placed as high as fifty-six dollars per capita in circulation, and as low as thirteen;

Whereas, no system of banking which cannot keep a fixed amount of money per capita in circulation can be a just system; and

Whereas, the expansion and contraction of the currency is a great national evil and the chief cause of financial crises,

We, therefore, the undersigned, do petition your honorable bodies to establish a national system of banking. By this we mean

That a banking department shall be established as we now hav a postal department.

That branch banks shall be established in all business centers.

That they shall be managed by salaried officers of the government, who shall be required to report monthly to Washington to the chief of the department.

That these bank agents shall loan the national money on certain specified securities, and shall accept deposits.

That the interest charged on loans shall be one per cent per annum more than that allowed on deposits, or such other sum as may be found necessary to pay the expenses of banking.

That borrowers shall be allowed to pay the principal at any time they choose, but they shall be compelled to pay the interest monthly, the rate of which shall be fixed monthly by the head of the department at Washington.

That all borrowers in all parts of the country shall be charged the same interest, namely, that charged during the time they hav the money.

That the sum per capita to be put in circulation, and maintained in circulation, shall be forty dollars.

That the new national money shall be made wholly of paper, and of various denominations from one cent to one hundred dollars.

That no money, except the new national money, shall be legal tender for debts.

That all money now in circulation shall be accepted at the banks at par.

That bank agents shall forward monthly to Washington all moneys taken in exchange for the national money, and that the coin so sent to Washington shall be cast into bullion, and sold as such to all desiring it, and the paper money so sent shall be destroyed.

That in order to get the national money into circulation as soon as possible, agents shall commence to loan at the rate of two per cent per annum.

That the rate of interest shall be changed monthly if necessary; that is, it shall be raised monthly when the amount per capita in circulation is more than forty dollars, and shall be lowered monthly when that sum is less than forty dollars,

That the bank agents shall never refuse to loan when the requisit security is offered.

That, in order to abolish the present unjust and oppressiv pawnbroking system, bank agents shall loan money at the regular interest on such security as pawnbrokers now loan on.

The principal objections to the above system are:

1. That it would complicate the functions of the government and increase the evils of patronage. But the post-office could be managed by private corporations, as well as railways and the express are now. There is nothing about carrying the mails which makes it peculiarly necessary that the government should manage it; but it is necessary that the government should manage the banking system, as on no other principle can a uniform amount of money be kept in circulation, and no money can be good if its volume per capita can be materially changed. If, therefore, the government cannot safely run both the post-office and the banks, why not sell the post-office out to Jay Gould, and run the banks in its stead?

2. Paper money is not good unless it has a metallic basis. This is a foolish statement, for in 1879 we had $256,736,947 more paper money in circulation than all our metallic moneys combined, yet no person told us that it was not good, and we know that in places it was loaned at from two to six per cent per month.

3. Money must hav intrinsic value. This is not true, for the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that money is not a standard or measure of value, but that it represents value. It is no more necessary that money should hav intrinsic value than that milk tickets, railway tickets, and opera tickets should hav intrinsic value. What we want to know is that it will pass for value, and that it shall hav a uniform value. This can be secured only by keeping the volume per capita in circulation always the same. Metallic money, like paper money, changes its value in proportion as we change the amount per capita in circulation, and it is only better than paper money because it is more difficult to change its volume. But paper money, with its volume per capita absolutely fixed, will hav a more uniform value than any metallic money we now hav.

4. How could we trade with foreign countries? Merchants could buy gold bullion, and trade with it as they do now. We would hav as much gold then as now. Or they could take produce over to Europe and exchange it for their money and then for their goods. This would be no obstruction to foreign trade. But our protectiv tariff is a real obstruction.

5. Money should be loaned without interest. If the advocates of this scheme can show us how they could then control the volume of the currency per capita, we will giv in that they may be right, but not till then; for we feel sure that it is infinitly more important that the volume per capita should be kept uniform than that the money should be loaned without interest. J. G. MALCOLM.

Hutchinson, Kan.

Mixed Pickles.

Who knows who wrote these lines?

What mortals think they know of God
A thousand times rehearse;
What mortals do not know of God
Fills all the universe.

The author, whoever he was, understood how to work the *multum in parvo* compress to the last thread of the screw. More truth in these four lines than in the "thousand tomes."

Unless the Jersey governor interferes, Janitor Titus will hang for the murder of Tillie Smith, and hang upon circumstantial evidence only. No one should be judicially killed on circumstantial testimony alone. But, then, positiv evidence may be false—men hav been killed by the law's decree on false testimony. What is to be done? Killing by law should be done away with. Life imprisonment should take the place of the death penalty. Judicial murder is a relic of barbarism and the Inquisition, and very likely Jersey will cling to it as long as any state in the union, keeping green, as she does, the memory of the Inquisition. Boonton never would vote to abolish hanging. She would like to hav revived burning at the stake.

The Rev. Waldo Messaros is a Philadelphia parson. Like the most of "the cloth," he went into religion for the easy time and money there are in it, together with the opportunities it affords the would-be "masher," of whom the Rev. Messaros is which, so to speak—this is idiomatic, but understood, doubtless. The Rev. Mess. (for short), failing to "mash" one of the lambs of his flock in the conventional way, proceeded *vi et armis* in the direction of conquest, and thereby made a mess of it, the "sister" proving too many for him. He is now under indictment, $2,000 bail, and the conviction, of course, that he barked up the wrong tree. Doubtless a sadder, will he be a wiser man in the future?

The bishop of Manchester, England, is a "brick"—a "brick" of a bishop, understand—and the reason why is, because he has the pluck of his convictions in a matter where "moral courage" is more honored in the breach than in the observance, with ecclesiastics in general—the matter of rum or no rum. The bishop has the moral courage to say that "total abstinence" does not agree with him—the bishop and the writer stand on the same plane—and that he broke down utterly on the t. a. regimen. Having the conviction, from experience, that a little stimulant is a good thing to hav in the house, and in one's stomach, at times, he dares to say so frankly, in the face of all Christendom, let the galled jade of total abstinence wince as she may. Bishop, here's to you. Drink hearty, my boy—you're a "brick!" But, I say, bishop, if you would only hav the moral courage to declare the old hag of superstition, the Christian religion, a thing that does not agree with mortality in the shape of man, you would be a "gilt-edged brick," my gay and reverend sir. Come, now, own up to the truth, and knock your brother-ecclesiastics silly. Ha! that would be moral courage indeed, bishop! But your fat living and "livings"—yes, I know. It would be tough, and you are but mortal, even though invested bishop. You won't do it.

When the millennium shall hav come, what sports and pleasures known to us now will obtain, I wonder? The Berghs of that period will hav no horse-races, pigeon-shoots, cocking-mains, or anything of the kind; the Comstocks no pools, cards, nude in art, Decamerons *à la* Boccaccio, or anything of the sort; the Moodys no theaters, circuses, dancing, moonlight picnics, or anything of a like nature; the Neal Dows no wines, liquors, ales, hard cider, lager beer, or anything with the slightest kind of a stick in it; the Trasks no cigars, cigarets, or tobacco in any form; the parsons no Sunday papers, or any sort of entertainment on that day, save that afforded by themselvs; the ladies no clubs or "lodges" to inveigle the men and keep them out late o' nights; the prudes no beach bathing, save in flannel suits of sober blue and eminently proper cut, with no commingling of the sexes in the surf. Beyond the mildly exhilarating church fair, with raffle accompaniment—not to be countenanced in other directions; "moral shows," including "moral kangaroos;" "love feasts, with "kisses spiritual;" "hunting the slipper," "blind man's buff," "bird nesting," psalm singing, and kindred amusements (?), I can't imagin what the goody-goodies of the millennium would countenance or tolerate. On the whole, I don't think that the millennium is being hankered for to any great extent. I doubt that a majority of the parsons, even, would vote for it. They hav a softer snap under the present règime. SI SLOKUM.

Conflict Between Church and State.

From the Morning Oregonian, Portland, Or.

B. Coffey, Indian agent at Umatilla, is having some difficulty, not with the government he serves, but with the church he also serves, and that nominated him for the position. Rev. L. L. Conrady is priest in charge there, and he has his own views as to how matters should go, and especially farming matters, while Coffey follows his instructions and has done all he could to influence the Indians to take land in severalty. The inspectors, who lately visited his agency, credit Agent Coffey with having done much to bring about their acceptance, lately given, to the severalty system. They also gave him the highest testimonial words are capable of, as to his discretion and good management, while they strongly censure Father Conrady's course and conduct. They hav affidavits that the reverend gentleman has said, "Damn the Indians! I wish the black-pox would come and carry them all away!"

Not being able to hav his own way, Rev. Conrady broke up the school taught by Sisters of Mercy, who left the place. The inspectors, being on the ground, placed Miss Mary Coffey, daughter of the agent and an accomplished young lady, in charge of the school, with an educated half-breed and two advanced Indian girls as assistants. This was, it seems, considered a heinous offense on her part, and Coffey fell under an ecclesiastical ban because he considered his first duty due the government whose sworn officer he is, while the priest insisted that the church came first of all. Fortunately, Coffey is very patriotic, and made his instructions his guide and law. While matters were in this state, no charges having been made against the Coffeys, they received a letter from Archbishop Gross, that, without a word of accusation or fault-finding, peremptorily excommunicated Agent Coffey and his daughter, and forbade them any more partaking of the communion of the Catholic church. Hearing of this state of affairs and fearful that efforts will be made to prevent the confirmation of Agent Coffey when the Senate meets, citizens of Pendleton hav generally signed a memorial asking our senators to do all they can for him, and giving him their hearty indorsement. This was brought to this city by Mr. Page-Tustin, of Pendleton, who presented the matter to the Oregon senators.

With the indorsement of three United States Indian inspectors and the good will of citizens of both political parties and all religious denominations, Mr. Coffeywill be apt to remain in charge.

The Ravings of Defeat.

From the Catholic Record, London, Ont.

The radical government of France, not content with having banished the religious orders, secularized institutions, suppressed the catechism, proscribed the priest and the crucifix from the school, has now resolved to drive forth from the schools the religious, male and female, who hav consecrated their lives to education. Under the heading "Law of Maledictiion," *Le Gaulois* says that thus was named in Belgium the law relating to education analogous to that quite recently under discussion in the French Chambers, and which is sure of ratification by the majority, for party lines hav been tightly drawn on the subject, and the majority is compact. Three hundred and sixty-three members approve the measure from beginning to end, and giv it their votes at every step of its progress. One hundred and eighty votes are solid against the bill. These two figures represent, on the one hand, all the republicans combined in assaults upon religion, and, on the other, the strength of the conservativ batallion defending the sacred soil of religious freedom inch by inch before the cruel invader. In Belgium the debates on the law of maledictiion, which secularized school and school-teachers, were more bitter and exciting than in France. In the former country the bill was passed by but one vote of a majority. And in order to escape the humiliation of proclaiming a result at once hateful to his soul as a Christian and a patriot, the president of the Belgian Senate, Prince de Ligne, handed in his resignation. Yet the Belgian was less odious than the French law. It did not forbid the teaching of catechism. The Belgian liberals did not dare go as far as their French radical brethren and proscribe God from the schools. The law under discussion in the French legislature is the last halting-place of the great republican movement against religious instruction. With an infernal skill the republic, while making war on God, assailed the very root of religion—the soul of youth. Destroying whatever of standing harvest it could, the republic now seeks to ruin the very germs of future harvests. The radicals commenced by Article Seven—the famous Article Seven of M. Ferry—which ordered the expulsion of the religious orders, then they laicized education, banished the catechism, the priest, and the crucifix from the school-room. Nothing now remains for them in their unhappy task but to drive by force from their posts the religious, male and female, devoted to the work of teaching youth. This is the work, the purpose, of the new law. It is now almost seven years since the work of infamy was begun—it is just now being brought to completion.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - - Editor.
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Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance.	

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THERE are about a thousand of our subscribers in arrears, their indebtedness aggregating some two or three thousand dollars. To each one of these debtors, of course, the amount is small, but to us the amount is very large, and sadly hinders our work. We need this money—need it now—and we respectfully ask that it be remitted.

It costs a great deal of money to publish a large journal, and we hav no extensiv advertising patronage to help us out. We depend entirely upon the subscription list and book sales to obtain cash to pay bills, and when so large a sum as two and three thousand dollars is kept from us, the financial shoe grows painfully tight.

Every subscriber can see upon his tab just to what date his subscription is paid. Those whose time has expired are requested to remit at once.

ENON VALLEY, PA., DEC. 15, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. MACDONALD: Enclosed I send you a money order for three dollars to pay for my next year's TRUTH SEEKER.

Allow me to say that I am surprised and ashamed at your "Special Notice" in the paper of the 11th inst., in which you tell the public, as well as all whom it immediately concerns, that there are a thousand of your subscribers who owe at your office nearly three thousand dollars. Only think of it! A thousand Radicals, who profess to hav rejected the false theology of the church, and the bad morals it engenders, but who read your paper for a whole year, and never pay for it! This fact, with similar ones gathered from the experience of the Boston *Index* and *Investigator*, hav cut the comb of my vanity effectually, for I hav boasted that our Radical brethren were governed in all the relations of life, and especially in their business relations, by the sentiment of honor and of justice, and did not need the church's devil at their heels to chase them into the path of duty. Once a week, and fifty-two times a year, when they open THE TRUTH SEEKER, hav these delinquent readers been silently rebuked for their neglect, their indifference, and their dishonesty, and still go unreformed! If all the rest of your subscribers would imitate their example, how long would THE TRUTH SEEKER flag wave?

But, Messrs. Editor and Publisher, you yourselvs are in a great measure to blame for this disgraceful and humiliating condition of things, by declining to adopt the policy of all the prosperous papers of the country, which requires of every subscriber that he pay in advance, and that, at the expiration of the time paid for, the paper will be stopped, unless renewed. Suppose the post-office department would adopt your unjust plan, and carry letters on promises to pay the postage some time when it is convenient, how long would we hav a postal system? If a railroad company would carry passengers on promises to pay in future for their tickets, how long would it be before it would go into the hands of a receiver? A publisher needs his money to run his paper during the coming year, and, in plain English, if a subscriber don't pay according to the contract he makes, he is guilty of a fraud.

I say above that your credit policy is *unjust*. It is unjust to yourselvs, for you hav no more right to defraud yourselvs than to defraud others. It is unjust to your paying subscribers, who are compelled to feel ashamed so frequently by the odious duns to delinquents. A man of sensibility, and who is just and honorable on principle, don't want to be associated with a set of delinquents who are so blind as not to see that they are committing a fraud in neglecting to pay their honest debts. Then, again, you are unjust to these very delinquents. You owe it to them, as brethren, to rebuke their abominable carelessness and dishonesty, lest they go on, under your tutorship, and become fraudulent in greater matters. It is only he that is faithful in little that is faithful also in much. The principle of honesty extends to dimes as well as to dollars; and it is cruel in you, gentlemen, to see an otherwise clever fellow contracting habits of dishonesty without rebuking him for it both by word and deed. You remember the fable of the young criminal who, before mounting the steps to the gallows, asked permission to kiss his weeping mother good-bye, and, instead of kissing her, bit off her ear, saying that if she had corrected his fault of pilfering when he was a child, it would not now be necessary for society to put him to death as a thief. I was going to say—yes, I will say it—that if publishers will continue this slip-shod policy of allowing themselvs to be defrauded out of their money, they deserve to lose it.

The only excuse you can offer for tolerating such dishonest conduct on the part of your non-paying subscribers is that, by adopting the pre-payment rule, and sticking to it inexorably, like the post-office department and the railroads, you may lose the patronage of the delinquents. "*Patrons*," do you call them? Why, the more you hav of such kind of patrons the nearer you are to bankruptcy and ruin! *Patrons!* Molly Kelly! My neighbors are nearly all in the milk business, and they tell me that it is the hardest job to collect the money of their customers after the milk is used. The credit system is a damnable one. It converts honest men into rogues by playing upon that feature in the character of human nature which makes a man hate to pay for a dead horse.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want you to publish this letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Don't put it in some obscure corner of the paper among the advertisments, and in small type, so that no one will see and read it. Give it a conspicuous place in your columns, for I think your paying subscribers, who alone are your *patrons*, and who are zealous for the reputation of their associates, hav a right to be exempted from the mortification of reading these frequent duns of delinquents. If these hundreds of people are poor and cannot pay for their paper, giv it to them for nothing, and set down the amount in your column of private charity. But if they are able to pay, and you are unable to spare the money, you must do as the railroad conductor does—require a ticket, or refuse a would-be passenger a seat in the cars. Business is business.

A. B. BRADFORD.

Mr. Bradford's indignation is very just, though he is a little indiscriminate in dealing it out. Certainly no honest person will take and read a paper for which he does not intend to pay. Although business rules would require us to exact payment in advance, we are willing to accommodate subscribers as far as we can afford to. There are three classes of delinquents: 1, those who neglect to pay through inability to do so; 2, those who neglect to pay through carelessness; and 3, those who, we are pained to conclude, neglect to pay through dishonesty. If we were able to separate and classify these, we should then know whom to trust and whom to mistrust. Payment strictly in advance would probably giv us fewer subscribers and more money, but as subscribers are what we are most desirous to obtain, we hav adopted the present system, and bear the loss of the money as philosophically as possible. Upon reading this, we expect that in order to escape suspicion of belonging to the third class enumerated above, every subscriber in arrears will make a vigorous effort to remit at once.

Here is another letter:

MR. EDITOR: Your announcement that between two and three thousand dollars was due for THE TRUTH SEEKER both surprised and grieved me.

Can it be possible that such a sum as that is due for such a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER? Less than ten cents a week for a rich feast served to its readers promptly every week!

To me it is very cheap. If I had no other way to pay for it I would work nights, or do without something, but I would find a way to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

We can assure Brother Mitchell that we share his grief. But there is a bright side to the cloud. Here is a streak of silver breaking through a rift:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see that my subscription is out Jan. 1, 1887. I send $10 to pay for that year. The paper is worth it. Expose the hypocrisy and Jesuitism of Catholicism. Hold up the Nine Demands conspicuously. I also send $10 for Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, toward his work.

Very truly, E. M. DAVIS.

Does God Own the Land?

Henry George declares that the fact that man did not create land debars him the right to own it. But if creation is to be the test of ownership, what is there in this world which man can claim the right to own? All wealth comes from the land. This is admitted. Whence, then, comes man's right to any property? It looks to us as though Henry George, in attributing the ownership of the land to the creator (God), is surrendering his birthright to a ghost. But isn't there something a trifle medieval in this claim that God owns the land? Is it not the foundation of the kingly prerogativ to rule by divine right? If God owns the land, and if the priests are his agents, are not the priests the divinely-appointed rulers of the land? How does Mr. George know that God created the land? How does he know there is a God? What evidence has he that the land was ever created at all? Did God create himself? If so, whence did he derive the power to do so? If not, does he own himself? If he does not own himself, who does own him? And who created and owns the creator that created and owns the creator that created and owns the land? and who created and owns the creator that created and owns the creator that created the creator that created—but where will this stop? Nowhere. Mr. George believes that no man should hold land that he does not use. Does God use the land? For what? To rip up with earthquakes and to devastate with cyclones. Can these be called "improvements?" Does Mr. George call his theory a solution? It raises more questions than we could ask in a week, and there is no answer to any of them. The question of creation must be left unsolved. It can hav no relation to the question whether men can rightfully own land or not. The land question must be settled with God left out.

Tightening the Chains.

It cannot be very gratifying to those interested in the abolition of priestly influence over the secular conduct of the people to review the progress of the Romish church during the year 1886. Up to a year or two ago instances of ecclesiastical meddling with public affairs had for some time been somewhat rare. It was thought that the temporal power of the Catholic church in America did not, after all, amount to enough to constitute it a subject of contemporaneous human interest. Later encroachments of this organization hav entirely exploded that idea.

The first move was made in Toronto, where, owing to the ignorance of the masses, the rule of the church amounts almost to a hierarchy. About the beginning of May, Archbishop Lynch of the Toronto province issued a mandement prohibiting any Catholic of his archbishopric from joining the association known as the Knights of Labor. A great deal of discussion ensued. It was claimed by some Catholics that the archbishop had exceeded his authority, that the order was not mandatory, and that it would be revoked by the pope. The fact remains, however, that the mandement has not been recalled, and the greater likelihood is that it will be duplicated in the United States.

As dangerous a feature of this aggression as could possibly exist is the attack of the church upon the established school system of the country; and that this aggression is of no small degree is shown by the number of parochial schools established during the past year. Statistics hav not been formulated to show the exact extent of this evil, but there is no doubt that these schools count up into the hundreds, if not thousands. Another year will probably find them in nine out of ten of all the Catholic parishes in the United States, and a demand that must be met one way or another, and that at once, will be made for a portioning out of public school money to support them. The moment this is granted, Roman Catholicism will become practically the officially-recognized state religion of the American Republic.

Ecclesiastical intermeddling in family matters has also advanced a step. The pope, in his latest encyclical letter, forbids Catholics, upon pain of incurring his displeasure, to marry with those not of their own sect.

Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, has just issued a circular letter denying to Roman Catholic vocalists the right to employ their talents in the synagogs of the Hebrews or in the Protestant churches.

Priest McGlynn, of New York, is to be suspended from the performance of his clerical functions, and must go to Rome, and apologize to the pope for exercising the freedom of speech upon political subjects.

A little while ago a man died in New York who was connected with a penal institution, the managers of which objected to having Catholic teaching thrust upon its inmates. The family of the dead man, Judge Alker, wished him to be buried from the cathedral on Fifth avenue. Their request for this was denied by Archbishop Corrigan, and it may now be understood that all who oppose the "Freedom of

Worship bill" will be deprived of the full benefit of the clergy.

Elsewhere we copy from a Western paper an account of a conflict between church and state in Oregon. Mr. B. Coffey, Indian agent at Umatilla, Or., in the discharge of his official duties, came in collision with the will of a priest. He obeyed the state rather than the church, and was promptly excommunicated.

These are but a few of the many instances of priestly dictation scattered through the record of the past year. This dictation, of course, affects only Catholics; but Catholicism is a growing power, and the time is coming when it will hav a hold upon others. The test of membership in the church may become the test of eligibility to public office, and public office, instead of being a public trust, will become a religious privilege. The laws of the church will be the laws of the land under the church. Those are blind who cannot see this. The danger from this source overshadows all others which threaten the foundations of religious liberty. The radical remedy is, of course, the promulgation of Freethought ideas and the eradication of all forms of superstition while the liberty of speech and press are still vouchsafed to us. At the same time a zealous watch must be kept upon all legislation looking to the granting of special privileges not only to any special sect, but to any form of religion.

We Ask to Be Excused.

A circular has reached us from the Anti-monopoly League stating that a struggle for the United States senatorship is now going on in this state, and that in this contest the sympathies of the Anti-monopolists are with the present senator, the Hon. Warner Miller. The name of Mr. Miller's opponent is not given, but the circular says regarding him that "it is publicly boasted by an activ agent of the candidate that $250,000 will be spent in behalf of that candidate, a man who has had no training for the place, and who represents no interests except those of the bankers and brokers of Wall street. This bold attempt to secure the senatorship from the state of New York by the use of money, and to turn the state into a rotten borough, must be squarely met, and we ask the coöperation of every good citizen to assist in preserving the integrity and good name of a state in which we hav a patriotic pride, by using such influence as is in his power to return Senator Miller to the place he now fills with so much credit."

It is beyond dispute that a man to whom the above description accurately applies is not fit for a senator. Whoever he may be, we hope he will be defeated. A man who will spend a quarter of a million of dollars to secure an office worth five thousand must hav some ulterior object in view. His desire to serve his country is too intense to be genuin. We throw him overboard at once.

The reason is next given by the circular why we should support Mr. Miller. It is because:

"To us who hav been interested in the measures for the regulation of inter-state commerce; the prevention of the importation of contract labor; the protection of American industries; and to the farming interests that are injured by the traffic in oleomargarine, his course has been particularly acceptable, and we respectfully urge that a man with such a record must not, for the credit of this state, be superseded by a mere representativ of money."

We are free to state that these recommendations do not arouse our enthusiasm. They are not sufficiently explicit. It is not apparent to us why there should be any measures regulating inter-state commerce. Inter-state commerce should be able to regulate itself by the general rules that govern all other commerce.

The importation of contract labor is a serious question. The fact that it is necessary to prevent it shows that there is something wrong somewhere else. It should be the work of statesmen to find out where that wrong resides which has forced America to the humiliating necessity of excluding any honest man from its shores, whether he comes under contract or not, so long as the contract is voluntary.

The further fact that American industries must be protected is equally deplorable. It is a confession of industrial weakness. The object of protection, as its advocates allege, is to exclude foreign manufactures. This givs American manufacturers a monopoly of American trade. Why should an Anti-monopoly League favor such a scheme as that? According to statistics, the manufacturing class number three-tenths of the population of the country; the non-manufacturing class number the other seven-tenths. Reckoning from a world-wide basis, this latter class pay for all home manufactures a per cent above the cost of producing them equal to the per cent of duties levied on foreign products. When anything is sold above the cost of production and distribution, the buyer is cheated. To take money from the pockets of seven men, and place it in the pockets of three other men, is not in the direction of discouraging monopoly, that is to say, the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few. Neither can this exchange of money add materially to the wealth of a nation as a whole. It is generally held that the resources of a country are developed through the soil rather than through manufactures. This is a great question.

Again, for some mysterious reason, Mr. Miller would protect the farmers from the incursions of the oleomargarine men, and thus secure to them a monopoly of the trade in the material, of whatever name, which we spread upon our bread; and the Anti-monopoly League asks all good citizens to giv him their aid. The consumer of oleomargarine is required to pay two cents per pound (we believe that is the rate) above the legitimate cost of the production and distribution of that commodity. This confers upon him the concomitant privilege of paying at the same increased rate for his butter. That is another great question.

Lastly, common report has it that Mr. Miller has a monopoly, through a patent, of the process of making paper from woodpulp. He is, in fact, none other than the Woodpulp Miller of contemporaneous politics. Through this monopoly, protected by patent and tariff, he is enabled to sell a cheap article at a high price. He stands toward legitimate paper men exactly in the attitude of the oleomargarine men toward the farmers. There is no question about this.

Before we can unreservedly support Mr. Miller, we want to ascertain his views on the question of taxing churches and enforcing the rest of the Nine Demands of Liberalism. We want to know whether he is in favor of a tariff on church furniture as well as on secular utensils; whether he is in favor of taxing the home of the priest as well as the home of the farmer and the artisan; whether he is in favor of church exemption or not. We hold that, while the government is supported by compulsory taxation, all property should bear its equal share of the burden. What are Mr. Miller's views on this subject? What does he think about the land question—the giving away of great tracts to railroad corporations? What is his attitude toward the silver problem—the contraction of the currency—the heaping up of great hoards in the treasury at Washington? Unless he takes radical grounds on these questions, we decline to advocate his reëlection. The United States Congress has done nothing, within the memory of the younger inhabitants, of sufficient importance to furnish an excuse for its existence. It needs new blood and new questions to stir it. We hav no assurance that Mr. Miller will furnish these, and therefore, as remarked, we ask to be excused from taking any part in his campaign.

Besides, THE TRUTH SEEKER is not a political paper, as the term is generally understood—and this is not intended for a political article.

The Lay Sermon.

We are now filling orders for Colonel Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon" as fast as sent in. The sermon makes a 25-page pamphlet, and is issued in a style above criticism—large type, heavy paper, good press-work, and ornamented cover. It is revised for publication by the author and is printed in this shape with his sanction. It is not only a wonderful sermon, but it sells wonderfully cheap—single copies, 5 cents; one dozen, 50 cents. Larger quantities at special discount.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Little Lessons for Little Folks," by Aunt Elmina (Mrs. E. D. Slenker). This will please the little ones. It is in large print, with an illustrated cover, like that seen in the advertisment on another page, and there are pleasing little pictures at various places throughout the book. Forty cents.

"Economic Equities: a Compend of the Natural Laws of Industrial Production and Exchange," by J. K. Ingalls, author of "Social Wealth." A work of much ability. Twenty-five cents.

"Personal Existence after Death Improbable," by L. R. Smith. This is our first knowledge of Mr. Smith as an author, but the impression is good. Fifteen cents.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1887 is not yet ready for delivery, and we can at present do no more than prepare the public mind for its appearance. It will hav one feature which no other book ever possessed, to wit: it will contain all the religious laws now on the statute books of all the states and territories, including oath, blasphemy, and Sunday laws, together with statistics on church exemption, etc. This feature alone will make it invaluable to Liberals; but there are others, which will be mentioned later. As usual, twenty-five cents will be the price.

THE clergymen of Chicago deserve credit for their ingenuity in devising a new method of "working" the free pass method at the theater. Having resolved that we view with alarm the increasing danger from the ballet, and that their utterance might lack no distinguished die, they specified the American Opera Company as particularly inimical to virtue, and then awaited the issue. The manager of the American Opera Company fell into the trap, and offered the ministers a free chance to see for themselvs what the ballet was like. Of course, there was a rush, and on the evening of December 16th, says the report, seventeen bald ministerial heads shone luminously in the front seats. It is said that the ninety or one hundred girls composing the ballet arose to the necessities of the occasion, and kicked their heels a little higher than usual, and that several of the clerical gentlemen fled the scene. Those who remained announced themselvs as well pleased, and were sorry when the *première danseuse* had gyrated upon the point of one great toe and aimed the other at the gallery for the last time. Those who went away hav since expressed regret that they didn't stay to see the show through. As a result of all this the ministers hav the *entrée* to the theater, and the opera company has a big advertisment. Thus is the cause of morality subserved.

THE editor of the *Progressiv Age* says that the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has been obliged to cease his utterances about the Chicago Anarchists "because of loss of subscribers." The *Progressiv Age* may hav sources of information regarding this matter superior to our own, but thus far no one, to our knowledge, has discontinued this paper from the cause alleged. If such a thing should occur, it would only serve to show that the subscriber made a mistake in supposing that he wanted a Freethought paper. But it was not to dispute with the editor of the *Progressiv Age* that we hav noticed his little aberration. He has said that the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has ceased his utterances on a certain subject because of loss of subscribers. The statement is not true. There is no foundation for it whatever. We wish Brother Jamison would say without evasion why he printed such a statement as that. It is an interesting question in psychology. If the cause of lying could be reached, something might be done of a radical nature toward reducing the total volume of untruth. Dr. Monroe, of the *Ironclad Age*, should also study this question. It is one with which both of these gentlemen are more familiar, apparently, than with matters of law affecting new trials for convicted Anarchists.

IT is said that the Rev. Father McGlynn's participation in the George campaign is not his only offense. He has declined to establish a parochial school in his parish, has discouraged the practice, which poor Catholics hav, of giving all their loose change to the church, and the amount of money which he has raised from his congregation is not satisfactory to the higher authorities. Furthermore, he has taught his flock that the place to be happy is here and now, and that the prospect of a rich reward hereafter is no reason why anyone should be satisfied with a miserable life here. Father McGlynn has a great opportunity before him. If he keeps a stiff backbone, and will run for pope, he can rely on THE TRUTH SEEKER'S support against any other candidate yet heard from.

COURTLANDT PALMER, elected president of the Secular Union at the last Congress, has accepted the position, and will make his usual yearly contribution of $200. Mr. Palmer is now traveling in Europe in search of health and strength, in which search, all will be pleased to learn, he reports fair success. Long liv President Palmer!

MR. A. T. MCMILLAN, of Wamego, Kan., is doing good work in a series of articles on religion published by the Kansas *Agriculturist*. It would be a good plan, wherever practicable, for Freethinkers to act as correspondents of their local papers. Most communities would take kindly to occasional mild doses of common sense.

THE *Avant-Courier* notes this gratifying state of affairs; "Archbishop Corrigan damns Socialism. Socialism damns archbishops. So honors are easy."

Honorable Mention.

The Truth Seeker Publishing Company, of New York, hav issued Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," which appeared in the *Gazetteer* a few weeks ago, in neat pamphlet form, and will furnish single copies by mail for five cents each, or 50 cents a dozen. This is the colonel's authorized edition, he having carefully revised the proofs.—*Sunday Gazetteer.*

Letters from Friends.

SAN JOSE, CAL., Nov. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$3 to be applied on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1887, and the balance to be used in any way it may do the most good to further our Liberal cause. LEWIS ROTHERMEL.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Let me record my vote in favor of the cartoons, and also let me say that the editor has my unqualified approval for the stand he has taken in the case of the condemned Anarchists of Chicago, for the meanest murderer gets a better show and a fairer trial than hav those men, for simply exercising their right of free expression; and when a government gets so good (or bad) that it will not bear criticism, without hanging the critics, then it is time it was overthrown. HENRY WALKER.

WEST VIEW, O., Dec. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Herewith find money-order for one dollar for Campaign Fund to help the good work along the coming year. It is my intention to subscribe one dollar each year for propaganda work, and should the good work lack funds, drop me a card and I will subscribe another dollar. I think if everyone that claims to be with us would subscribe one dollar yearly much more might be done.

The grand old TRUTH SEEKER reaches me every Saturday morning, and is more than welcome. I hope you will issue the cartoons in book form, with notes explaining them; it would be such a good book for children if the pictures were explained. Mr. Tanney and myself will take one each.

Wishing you success, I am, etc., A. E. SMITH.

KENT, OHIO, Dec. 4, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: A friend of mind handed me THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 20th. According to your statement, "a number of English-Americans held a meeting . . . and proposed to erect, on the highest point of land about New York harbor, a colossal statue of the queen [Victoria] one hundred feet higher than Bartholdi's Liberty." This means, I suppose, that monarchism is "one hundred feet" preferable to a republican form of government. If such a monument is erected, I would like to be one to 'elp kick the kussed thing clear across the Hatlantic. I hav nothing against Queen Victoria. She would make as good a housewife as any other haristocrat, for anything I know to the contrary. If Wiman and those other fellows want to immortalize themselvs by such an act, why don't they ship themselvs to the other side of the "pond," and not offer such a base insult as that to the American flag? Tell them for me that there is at least one Hinglishman on this side of the water who thinks it is time a check was put upon the fawning and cringing at the feet of monarchs. JOHN DAVEY.

SO. BARRE, Dec. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I am no Anarchist, but am in sympathy with those Chicago men. They did not hav a fair trial. Public opinion, and not evidence, convicted them. I believe the bomb-thrower, if ever found, will come from Pinkerton's planning, or be some worthless, wanton fellow employed by capital. The case is too much like that of D. M. Bennett.

Now, my friend Eugene, all that you hav said in THE TRUTH SEEKER in behalf of those eight men in Chicago was well said, and in justice much more should hav been said—the name of your paper demanded it. I am surprised that so many claiming to be Liberal are so ready to condemn on such evidence as Gilmore's and such ruling as Judge Gary's. If Chicago hangs them, it will not be legal, but malicious murder. But they will not hang; they are not proven guilty under the Constitution.

May we not awaken one sober thought, one ray of reason? To go back to 1860—there was Anarchism. Whom did we hang? One woman. Shame! Why were Jeff Davis, Lee, and many others protected? Where is Davis to-day, and what is he teaching? Is he not making bombs for some future day? Let us try, at least, to be consistent. Consistency is said to be a jewel, and certainly we are not overstocked with gems in these times. M. B. DELANO.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Nov. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I notice an article in your paper written by Lucy Colman, a part of which was good, and a part was not wholesome, good, or intelligent; nor does it tend to further Freethought and reform. She says through the kindness of Mr. Ryan she made the acquaintance of Lucy Parsons, a mulatto. Mrs. Parsons has been going around the country making ludicrous speeches, and calling the officers of the law thieves and murderers. Mrs. Colman thinks the condemned in Chicago, if hanged, will be martyrs, after all of their deeds of wilful murder, and their insult to the American flag, the flag that should be dear to every citizen of America, by waving a red rag or flag. She thinks Mrs. Parsons is a splendid woman for saying, Down with the government! There is no accounting for taste, however. Such things hav a tendency to retard Freethought and reform for years, and should not be tolerated by the honest American citizen, as no man should be permitted to hoist a flag of any description in this country and cry, "Down with the stars and stripes!"—the flag that protects them from the tyranny of foreign powers—which the condemned Anarchists are certainly guilty of doing.

Now I will just say that I am a Liberal, so far as it goes without violence, and no further, as the churches hav been guilty of enough of that already. And I take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hav taken it for six years, and expect to take it, but such articles are a detriment to its circulation. Every paper, after I hav read it, I giv to some one where there is a prospect of a subscriber, consequently I am getting up quite a lot of new subscribers here. I also sell the "Bible Abridged," Ingersoll's "Gems of Thought," and Paine's "Age of Reason," while I talk Infidelity to the God and Christ system. I hope for prosperity of the cause, but criminals, either from secret orders or the church, must be punished for their crimes, or there is no freedom for the average citizen of this country. A. B. FOX.

WILLIAMSON, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Through the efforts of Johnny Beach, the son of Ashley Beach, of Williamson, N. Y., Mr. Remsburg was induced to come and giv us a lecture—subject, "The Apostles of Liberty"—in Tassell's Hall, November 29th. The evening was dark and gloomy, rain falling fast; still, there was a fine audience, who took the lecture in in solid chunks. This lecture was conceded by all people of intelligence and education to be one of the finest ever delivered in this town. All, except three or four old shellbacks, were highly delighted, and went home with their spiritual strength renewed.

This boy Johnny, of seventeen, is good Beach timber, and warranted not to crack or check. He has been reared under the influence of the Baptist church. You will find no baptism or immersion on his plate. He never was a member of a church, but was reared under its influence. His parents were Baptists by birth and habits, but not in brains, and for many years hav followed the church. There are about forty of this Beach family, nearly all of whom are connected with some church. John is making havoc in their ranks, backed by his parents, and a few older men, who are bound to stand by him. I asked three of the ministers to read the notice of Mr. Remsburg's meeting, and not one of them would do so. Your readers all know why. A. G. AUSTIN, M.D.

CLEOPATRA, MO., Dec. 8, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $8.50, for which send THE TRUTH SEEKER one year as directed. The people in this section of country are not willing, as yet, to risk anything that leads them away, or weakens their faith in tradition, composed as they are of seven er eight bankrupt insurance companies or sects. At times they make strenuous efforts to harmonize, especially if there is an Atheist in their midst. Some two months since one Rev. Pate came along and billed himself for four lectures at the Union church, notifying the people that if they would come out to hear him he would prove by the testimony of the apostles and prophets that God did not foreknow all things, and was not in possession of all power. Time came; they gave him a hearing that so bewildered them that some were actually mad, and told the speaker that he was meaner than old John Day, whereupon the old man said, Amen, come again soon. Then about a month ago an ex-reverend came along and told us to listen, and he would prove immortality and an angelic identity without referring to any written book. After hearing him the most of them said he made a failure, so at present writing I hav to report the people confused and in a state of mental delirium. When their attention is called to Freethought and investigation, that will giv them truth, and that in turn will giv them independence. Then they look suspiciously and say, Freethought, that means freelove, don't it? So they hav been fooled so often that this seems to be about the darkest time of all the past. The best that this club can do at present is to nominate R. G. Ingersoll for president of these United States in 1888. So we go along hopeful, having confidence in the evoluting forces and the Truth Seeker Co.

J. W. DAY.

REFLECTIONS UPON COLONEL INGERSOLL'S "LAY SERMON."

CONCORD, KY., Dec. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Upon first presentation, Gwendolen, George Eliot's masterpiece, strikes the reader as being a character very extraordinary—a type of womanhood so unique, so individual, so unlike anyone you had ever known before. But the writer, as if weary of the purely idealistic, fails to sustain the splendid anomaly, and finally allows it to merge into the mere mediocre. A similar bathos occurs in Romola. We infer that amid her logical sequences and "fine-spun" philosophies, these personal creations were regarded as merely side issues, not worthy of a continuance of the care that she at first bestowed upon them.

While I will not yield the palm of admiration for Colonel Ingersoll to anyone, yet in reading his "Lay Sermon" I thought I discerned a comparison between the gifted authoress and the gifted orator. His text, wrought of the brain of one of the gods of humanity, would at his hands, if anywhere, find ample justice. That is, he could see the vastness of the meaning; extract as much richness from it, or, in other words, interpret it as grandly, as the best. But in the course of his address, he touches upon certain points, that, like his distinguished compeer, he seems to look upon as merely side issues, leading us to conclude that human nature even in its best forms is subject to discrepancies.

The log cabin, with its corresponding floral adornments, its happy occupants, whose dreams are never haunted by mortgage or interest (which are no ghosts, by the way), is a pleasant picture to contemplate, and while few, perhaps, would exchange the castle for the cottage (the task looks easy), many would envy the humble dweller his exemption from harassing cares. 'Tis indeed a pretty poem, and I hav no wish to mar it. But it is a fact to be regretted that popularity clogs; that renown is often a dead weight, sometimes compelling the possessor to show himself only conservativly radical, radicalism to-day being in the main essential to renown. While in the above portrayal the speaker's sympathies evince, as they so often do, his love for the race, can he not see with his clear embracing vision that *infelicia* is written all over the national horizon? Then where is the appropriateness of so much national panegyric? Had our government remained true to its foundation principles, detraction might indeed hav been sacrilege, but when we compare the advantages this had, and still has, over other governments, it is straining a point to say it is the best. We can trace the outlines of a landscape better by being a little distance away than by being immediately upon it, and by parity of reason we do not perceive the wrongs committed at home so clearly as when committed abroad. But there are wrongs committed, and grievous ones, too.

The ballot is referred to as a means of redress, but so adroitly and unscrupulously manipulated as it is at present, it only plays into the hands of power. The instrument intended to secure liberty is by degrees taking its life. What are syndicates, conventions, and nominations as a relief to the suffering portion of society? These, and not the electiv franchise, constitute the ruling force, and those needing the remedy are as helpless as if immured in the dark dungeons of Goa. This may be treason, but it is truth no less; and when truth becomes treason, the end is not yet. The present state of affairs reveals a great variety of consciences, and it is presumed that he who thinks one way is just as sincere as he who thinks diversely, but at the same time it is better to search for the cause than condemn the effect. Those who attach such odium to certain names, and consider them a menace and danger to the government, should remember those names hav undergone modification of meaning just as mind has undergone modification of thought, and it is due to safety to discard hastily adopted conclusions, and permit cool reflection to don the ermin *pro tempore*. The Banquo of injustice is irrepressible, and retribution with glaring eye and bloodhound scent will avenge every wrong. There is a huge difficulty to be unraveled by this nation in the near future, the failing of which will place it in the condition of the weather-beaten old king, "the foolish old man, who still would manage those authorities he hath given away." VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

GREELEY, COL., Dec. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Once more the dregs of orthodoxy hav been stirred by our friend and most profound logical reasoner, W. F. Jamieson. I think we are gaining a little foothold, as the audience was good each night, except the first, and it would hav been larger had it not been so very cold in the hall. The proprietor of the hall failed to hav an extra stove put up. People generally seem to think that an Infidel can stand anything, even to hear a lecturer speak in the dark, as the price of electric light went up so high that first night we failed to see it. The other nights we procured a better hall, and enjoyed the lectures: "What will You Giv Instead of Christianity?" "Thomas Paine," "The Rigid Rule of the Rich Makes Millions Mourn," "The Conflict Between Religion and Science," and "Has Jesus any Followers on the Earth at the Present Time?" The lectures were all very impressiv and instructiv. The Bible speaks of the inspired apostles. I think our Liberal apostle possessed far more inspiration in dealing with his subjects than the apostles of old. The crowning effort of his lectures was delivered the last night. The grandeur and beauty of his discourse at times held his audience spellbound, and at other times caused them to demonstrate their feelings with applause. He earnestly and zealously implored his orthodox opponents to meet him in open debate. In order to effect this result, he showed conclusivly that the Bible and common sense indorsed dispute. These principles as practiced by Jesus are absolutely rejected by his professed disciples. The strong army of Christians hav not the moral courage to cope with the Infidel adversary for fear of demolishing the shackles of religious superstition. The Israelites while under the Mosaic or theocratical rule marched with murderous and inhumanitarian principles, and stamped victory upon their banner. Yet the great army of Christians, who hav a trinity of power to direct them against the assaults of Infidelity, still hug the delusiv phantom of hope, and hurl the battle-ax of reason as far away as possible. Christians possess another element that we Infidels do not—faith. Why not be brave and courageous, as the champion and living exemplar has demonstrated? At least test the walls of Infidelity.

EULAH C. STILLWELL,
Sec. Greeley Sec. Society.

WORCESTER, MASS., Dec. 12, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps a few lines from the "Heart of the Commonwealth" may not giv offense to the friends who constitute so large an array of writers and subscribers to your valued paper. Until recently I hav not met a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER for months, but now an old and tried worker in the army of freedom, A. M. Driscoll, has it weekly for sale on his counter. Living so near the office of the Boston *Investigator*, we hav always rather leaned upon that for our staff and guide; but this is a growing county, and I find among your contributors many with whom I was associated in the short but eventful life of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. The Catholics, of whom we hav a goodly quantity here, hav established two or three parochial schools, in which the religious education of their young is to be carefully looked after, to the exclusion of all common sense, and, judging from what I hav seen of their pupils, one would vote the scheme a success. Emboldened by their success, not long since one of their clergy ventured to petition the city government for the repeal of the "water tax;" or, in other words, asked that the use of the city water be given gratuitously in some of the largest of their buildings. Think of it, you Liberals of America—millions of property in our fair land untaxed; 75,000 nondescripts, called by courtesy clergymen, to be supported by the toilers of this country because they are too lazy and shiftless to work, seeking by every means in their power to shut out the sunlight and shroud mankind in darkness and mental ignorance, and yet crying greedily for more power, more gold. Oh, that I might touch with words of fire the hearts of America's fathers and mothers and awaken them from their apathy! Oh, that I might open the eyes to the most damning of hideous slavery that ever cursed

a human soul! Why, oh, why, cannot you look to Spain; why cannot you look to Italy, and see the results of giving power into the hands of the church? And only through our own grand free public school education can the sad experiences of these two countries be avoided. Then let us join hands firmly, Atheists, Freethinkers, Liberals, of all lands, nations, and peoples, against more concessions to that greatest, most hideous of all humbugs, "Religion," and her 75,000 "bums" and "beats." Yours for mental liberty,

FRED. L. HILDRETH.

LAKE CITY, IA., Dec. 9, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav worked on a farm over a half-century, and, having been a pretty close observer of all crops, I think I ought to be a competent witness in the chess case. I am just as positiv that wheat or timothy will seed, or either bring chess, as I am that two and two make four, and I will now giv my reasons. When a boy of twelve years of age a man rode up to our place, and commenced talking to my father. While doing so his horse was eating off the wheat that grew close to the fence and as far out as he could reach, and just that far out every wheat-stool brought forth cheat, or chess. But in many years of farming I found hard winters always producing chess more or less. I once put a new, clean piece of ground in wheat, and on the high ground, where I had taken out trees by the roots a foot over, it left steep depressions, and the snow lay in those holes all winter, while on high ground it all blew off. The result was, the high ground was nearly all chess; the low ground, as beautiful wheat as ever grew.

But, better still, in 1858 I was shown a stool of wheat, in Belmont county, Ohio, part wheat and part chess, the roots being inseparable. In 1843 or 1844, in many places in Ohio, the extreme dry weather changed the timothy meadows to chess; but all was right again the next year.

But more about timothy. I knew a man well in Washington county, Ohio, who sowed eight acres of timothy. It came up nicely; but what was his surprise the next season on going out to look at his timothy to find the entire crop cheat! He was much alarmed, thinking his farm would be taken with chess unless cut while green. But the best and premium farmer of the country told him not to be alarmed, to cut his cheat when it would make the best hay, and he would pay all damage if any harm resulted from his advice. He did so, and that was the last of the chess, and no man had a nicer timothy meadow after that than he. Now I will tell Mr. A. Moot something he does not know. He cannot raise a single grain of chess from pure chess and perfectly clean ground if it was to save his life. My uncle gave out a standing offer for thirty years, first at $5.00 per bushel for every bushel of chess so raised, but got none, and then made the offer double, but never got a bushel. When a mule will produce his or her kind, chess will do the same thing, but not before. There must be a mixture somewhere. Perhaps the strongest agricultural writer in the United States is Father Clarkson, of the Iowa State Register. He is a man whom Henry Clay was proud to know in his day; and he says the man that does not know that wheat will pass to chess is too big a fool for him to discuss with. Now, I would be far from saying that of Mr. Most. But, in all candor, it looks a little weak when a man calls for proof in a case wherein he has not presented one particle of evidence himself to the contrary. Respectfully yours, J. L. TOMPKINS.

BROOKTON, ME., Dec. 8, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your excellent paper reaches me regularly each week, and seems to get more readable and interesting with each issue.

The illustrations I would not be without, as they show up in their true colors the hollow sham of Christian superstition and pretension. I thank you for the bold and determined stand you hav taken against the outrageous verdict in the case of the Chicago Anarchists—a verdict subversiv of every right guaranteed by the Constitution—and I am inclined to ascribe the granting of a new trial by the judge to your efforts and the efforts of those other papers which had the backbone to speak out.

But with all my praise and admiration for you and your paper, I noticed a poem copied from *Life* in a recent issue which was sadly out of place in a paper devoted to the reform and best interests of the human race. It was a burlesque and shameful caricature on the noble efforts of the Irish people to break the English yoke, at least in the management of their local affairs, and as selections giv character to a paper quite as much as original articles, I do not think that the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER can be held entirely blameless.

No one knows better than myself, or is more willing to admit, that the Irish are terribly priest-ridden; and while defending their political rights with a whole heart, I hav often drawn down their denunciations for expressing my opinions. But we should hav charity for the Irish, knowing the double load of oppression they hav had to carry, and after we hav shown a willingness to take—nay, hav taken—an activ part in helping them break the fetters of England, it will then be time to break the shackles of Rome.

I shall send, very shortly after our quarterly pay-day, for some of your pamphlets, some of which I will send with copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER to the benighted heathen in the province of New Brunswick, especially Fredericton, where Freethought missionaries are greatly needed. If you could send one of your lecturers over to open their eyes and crack the hard shell of bigotry, hypocrisy, and aristocracy with which they are enveloped, you would indeed be doing a good work.

Now, I hope you will pardon me for taking up so much of your valuable space and publish my letter entire and unchanged.

MARTIN BUTLER.

[Brother Butler's letter is above printed entire and unchanged as he requests. The verses which he criticises were put in the "Odds and Ends" for the fun there was in them. THE TRUTH SEEKER is in favor of giving Ireland a home parliament, even if the pope is made premier. The chief opposition to home rule springs from the religious prejudice of Protestants, and is of course wrong. At the same time, Ireland would be a rather tropical country for Protestants and heretics if home rule were once inaugurated.—ED. T. S.]

PRESCOTT, IA., Dec. 5, 286.

MR. EDITOR: You will no doubt remember my giving you a call at THE TRUTH SEEKER office on the 14th of last April on my way to England. And now that I hav returned, I would like to express my thoughts on a few things that I witnessed while there.

I find old England pretty much the same country in habits and customs as she was twenty years ago. She seems to advance very slowly. The lower classes, with some noble exceptions, seem to be still groveling in the dire depths of superstition and ignorance, accompanied by poverty and oppression, held down and robbed mentally and financially by the iron hand of the crafty priest and a rascally aristocracy. And, strange it seems, large numbers still bow their heads in tame submission, and become willing slaves to those twin monsters of superstition and oppression.

But while we are looking at the dark side of the government of England, we see a few bright spots in their political horizon that foretell a more glorious liberty than they hav heretofore enjoyed. The two brightest events in English history of to-day, it seems to me, are compulsory education and an almost universal suffrage. With those two mighty weapons of defense, the men of England in the near future will rise in their might at the ballot-box, and will annihilate the power and influence of those self-appointed law-makers, miscalled titled aristocracy, who hav oppressed the people of England these long weary years. And along with the downfall of this privileged class that pauper family of England, with its long train of treachery, crime, and oppression, will hav to meet its inevitable doom. On its ruins let there be built a glorious republic—a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

While in England I found there were many republicans—men who are tired of the extravagance and waste of money; men who hav read and studied their pitiful condition, and are to-day boldly demanding to know the reason why they hav to pay the enormous sum of £869,000, or nearly $4,350,000, to feed and keep in idleness a so-called royal family, a mere figurehead, that never was worth a cent to them except to act in collusion with a rascally titled aristocracy to rob and oppress them. Why is it that this same aristocracy of about 532 families, holding 13,888 offices, steal (legally) £108,614,632, or nearly $543,073,100, annually?—forty of those nice gentlemen holding offices to the number of fifty and upwards each; three of them holding over one hundred offices each; the highest number of offices held by one man being one hundred and twenty-seven. Eight of those titled gentlemen draw from the public treasury over $5,000,000 each annually. The highest amount paid to one man is £1,600,500, or nearly $8,002,500, annually. How does this showing look to the workingmen of England? How is this for old merrie England with her big boast of freedom and liberty? Yet the Tory gentlemen say it's the cheapest thing we've got. And let me say these are statistics written by Englishmen.

Another great question to be solved is put forward by the honest and thinking men of England. Where did this noble aristocracy obtain those vast possessions they now hold? Did they work for them? No (with few exceptions), history answers, Stolen from the people by dissolute and dishonest monarchs and bestowed on their favorit chums, and the offspring of their favorit courtesans. In looking at the present state of affairs, is it not time for honest men to call a halt to such proceedings, and say to those noble lords: Your ancestors stole the landed estates you hold from us; you hav made the laws ever since, and always largely in your own favor, and if you wish to continue to make our laws you must go subject to the votes of the people?

There is also another class of gentlemen that the people of England would do well to attend to. That is priestcraft, with its thirty bishops, a large majority of which sits in the House of Lords helping to make laws. It would seem at first sight that in those gentlemen the toiling masses would surely find a friend; but no, sir, they hav ever been the poor, cringing suppliants at the feet of wealth and royalty. Read their history and the above record is true; thirty or more of them drawing from the people the snug little sum of £148,040, or nearly $740,200, annually, beside an army of priests doing the work. Mr. F. Martin, on this subject, says in 1885 the total value of the ecclesiastical revenue must certainly be about £112,000,000, or nearly $560,000,000, beside an estimated sum of $5,000,000 voluntarily subscribed to the priests of Nonconformist congregations. A nice sum this—isn't it?—for superstition. Well may the thinking men of England stand aghast and demand in thunder tones what becomes of this enormous amount of money. Facts echo the answer, To keep in idleness, dissipation, and luxury a class of privileged drones called aristocracy, a pauper royal family, and an army of worthless, designing priests, pretending to get a living by promulgating and trying to perpetuate a superstitious theology that if they are the learned men they profess to be they know to be false. Truly, England needs many more men like Bradlaugh and Labouchere to fight the battles of political and religious liberty.

But while I hav been talking of superstitious England there remains some work for us to do here at home. We find rank superstition all around us. We hav had our Methodist and Baptist friends shouting themselvs hoarse for the last two weeks in a distracted meeting (that is what they call it—is it not?) to their Jew god to save somebody. And the result was, they took eight or nine victims to the river this winter morning, with the thermometer below zero, cut the ice, and plunged them under. Such scenes as those must be a powerful reminder to Liberals that they hav a great work to do yet before the human mind is free from the blighting effects of foolish superstition. But let us keep working on; the day will come when superstition, with all its baneful effects, will hav become a thing of the past, and victory will crown our noble efforts.

J. B. BLACKBURN.

KENT, OHIO, Dec. 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I do not wish to keep alive or agitate the question of justice or injustice regarding the seven Chicago Anarchists, and I am glad they are to hav a new trial, or, at least, hope this is the case; but I do wish your many readers who seem to be in sympathy with crime could know the actual facts regarding the works and doings of the Anarchists (or what other name you wish to apply to them) at Chicago. I happened to be in Chicago on business from February to July last, and my business took me past or near the Haymarket square nearly every day, and I think I know something of the facts in the case. I saw the class of people that made up the crowd at that time, and I wish to ask if the Anarchists did not actually parade the streets with a red flag at their head? Were not those seven men leaders and advocates of sentiments that were materially detrimental to a republican or any other form of government? Did they not advocate and advise the taking of the law into their own hands, and doing as they wished?

Did they not make inflammatory speeches openly, and advise the using of force to carry out their wishes? Were not bombs, or material for making the same, together with fire-arms, found with or in possession of nearly all of those seven men? If so, were they not as guilty as the wretch who actually threw the shell? If I advise and encourage you to kill a man, should you be punished and I go scot-free? I think just as much of the miserable devil who has the courage to murder as I do of a coward who sits back and advocates it. I feel sorry for those condemned men, who should hav known better than to teach such principles—sorry for their wives and children—but should I not hav as much feeling for the officers, who were protecting our lives and property, and were killed in cold blood? Hav they not wives and children, who are equally as sensitiv to feeling as those seven men, whom the law terms felons?

It is not necessary because we hav what we are pleased to call a "free country" that we allow the freedom of either speech or press to be carried so far as to endanger the lives of our people. We hav laws that are made by men selected from the people and by the people for the better protection of our freedom and form of government, and no man or class of men hav any national, natural, moral, or physical right to disobey any letter or part of those laws. If the majority of the people wish to change them, they can elect men for that purpose. The vote of the poor counts as much as that of the rich man. I belong to the former class myself, but I do not condemn the few who hav succeeded by strict attention to business, using economy, good judgment, etc., or who hav got money by what is termed "good luck." We all must "paddle our own canoe," and cannot use the water in which rests the canoe of another.

There is now being considered by the National Labor League the placing of a national boycott upon a well-known manufacturer in an adjoining town, which is expected to hav a bad effect on his business and to cause him to "come to time" and pay higher wages or close business. This manufacturer now employs several hundred men, who are keeping their families in a respectable way (or can), and hundreds of others stand ready to take the place of those workmen as fast as any one or all quit work. Now, suppose the shop should close, the manufacturers are perfectly able to retire from business. What would be the consequence? Why, those now at work would be thrown out of employment, and those now idle be no better off. But the League will say some other men with capital would take their places; but not unless they can be assured there is money in it and no strikes or boycotts to be ordered. When money is cheap, or at a low rate of interest, it is sure to seek investment, and if there is money in manufacturing, capital soon finds it out.

I believe strikes are a detriment to the laboring class, as a general rule, and while I like good wages as well as anyone, I do not ask or expect capital to keep me or my family in all the luxuries of the land unless I work for it. I hav no sympathy with men who strike for eight hours a day, spend eight hours more in a saloon, while their wives are putting in sixteen hours per day in poverty at home, taking care of a large family of children. This is my view on the question, from my own observation in Chicago and other places. The poor man generally is the one who has the most children, drinks the most beer, has more leisure hours, and is the first to be led away by bad advice. Let us support less superstition, better schools, make better laws, and liv up to those we hav better, and we will be better prepared to teach our children and liv ourselvs; hav more money, more, better, and happier homes; wear better clothes, drink less alcohol, and need less penitentiaries.

I cannot close without asking everyone to send to Converse Close, Grattan, Mich., for a little pamphlet on religion in general (hav forgotten the title of the book). I know not the price nor whether he keeps them for sale; a postal card will giv you the information. I hav never read a work by any author who used better language than Mr. Close—very conservativ, offending none, and respectful to all. Also Dr. Geo. W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill.; a little work entitled "The Sunday Question," fifteen cents. Both are good missionary tracts, and should be printed for sale for cheap distribution.

A. D. SWAN.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Our "General."

I've a very distinguished caller,
Or at least, so his title implies;
He's a general, and you would know it,
He looks so provokingly wise.
You should hear of his wondrous adventures—
He has had many narrow escapes—
But his presence of mind and his courage
Not a moment his heart forsakes.

He was shot once, but, just like a martyr,
He suffered with patience his pain,
And bore like a hero his trouble,
And never seemed once to complain.
I confess he's just a bit "cheeky"
When receiving or making a call,
But he's dignified, gentle, and loving,
And appreciates kindness from all.

Though valiant and strong, he is quiet,
Inclined to be lazy, I fear;
But trusts in your friendship so fully
He'll call on you year after year.
No lying, or swearing, or cheating,
He's guilty of nothing like that;
He'd scorn to get tight, like some gen'rals,
But then—he is only a cat.

But if he livs catly, not manly,
And does just the best that he can,
Why, isn't he doing his duty
As truly as many a man?
Don't you think, if he's faithful and useful
Abroad, or at home on the mat,
We can take his example with profit,
Although—he is only a cat?

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

The World We Liv In.

Many religious persons write volumes on the world beyond the grave, or the "heavenly home;" but the one that most concerns us at present is the world we liv in now, with its lovely flowers and flowing streams, its singing birds, its lofty hills, and smiling valleys. They all remind us that the resources of the world we liv in are vast in regard to ideal beauty as it is in stupendous grandeur. The world we liv in forms one of the planets which revolve around the sun as a center by unerring laws, known as centrifugal force and specific gravity. So exact are these laws that astronomers hav calculated the length of a year to the tenth of a second, though of course we little children know very little about astronomy, except what is told us, and what we read in geography. But it appears from what we know about it that there is no necessity for an almighty God to superintend this world, which is superintended by an unerring law of matter. Consequently I think it remains for us to study the world we liv in and not the future. This world with its beauty and grandeur of nature contains enough to occupy a lifetime. To cherish the laws which regulate the sociality of our personal being, and not a legendary faith of something beyond the grave, is sufficient for the world we liv in.

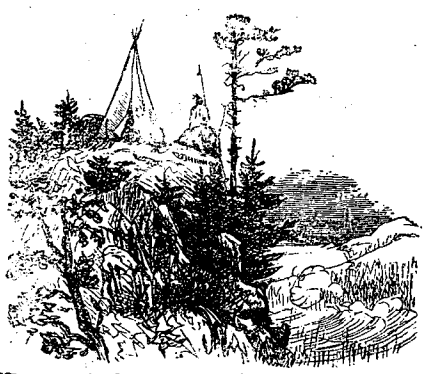
GERTIE MARTIN, aged 12.

Brownsville, Or.

[The above is cleverly written for a little girl, and wins the three small toys offered a few weeks ago, which has been sent to Gertie's address. Carrie Abbot has also written a very good essay on the above-named subject, which will be printed hereafter.—ED. C. C.]

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



What musical instrument is here represented?

2.—A CITY.

A city famous far and wide,
A city fair to see,
And in it very long ago.
What may this city be?

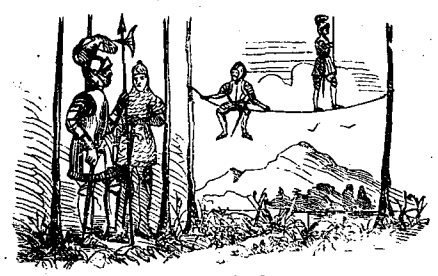
—— was its name,
For fame known far and wide,
Until invaded by Christian priests—
Then men and women died.

Here great libraries stood,
And schools of science and art;
Here Hypatia lost her life
By priests with inhuman hearts.

But now no dark deeds are done
As in days of yore.
This beautiful city has fallen
To rise no more.

Lyons, N. Y. CONRAD ROOKER.

3.—REBUS.



A geographical fact.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, DEC. 11, 1886.

1.–Few men understand boys. 2.–Hy-drology. 3.–Do not ride a free horse to death. 4.–Be upright.

Correspondence.

WHEATLAND, OR., Dec. 1, 1886.

MISS SUSAN WIXON, *Dear Friend:* As I saw my other letter in print I, thought I would write again. I am going to school. It commenced the first Monday in October, and will be out in two weeks. Mamma has gone to Kansas on a visit to her relativs; she has been gone seven weeks. I would like to see her back again. We expect her in two or three weeks. We hav a pet deer. My brother caught it on Cape Lookout, so we named it Lookout. It was very little when he got it, but is now one and one-half years old. She will stand up and get her nose over a limb, and then bring it down and eat the leaves off; it is cunning to see her. The children will not dare to come in the yard when she is loose. We hav a genuin bird dog; it is a pup yet, but she has lots of sense. Pa took her out hunting, and, as young as she is, she will scent the birds. Her name is Trixie. Well, I will close. Yours with love,

MAUD WILLIAMSON.

NORWICH, CONN., Dec. 7, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: In a late TRUTH SEEKER you published a letter from Miss Katie Kehm which suggested to me that a good lesson for young people might be derived from a short account of a few facts concerning the writer of that letter herself. I know Miss Katie very well. She was a member of the Children's Lyceum, organized and conducted by me during an engagement with the Ottumwa Liberal Society some two or three years ago. She is a girl of good intellect, strong will, and indomitable courage and perseverance. Her education was acquired against difficulties and discouragements that few children hav to encounter. Being an ardent Freethinker and always outspoken in support of her own views, she naturally aroused the prejudices of her teachers and the large majority of her schoolmates, who were horrified at her blunt speech and Infidel ideas. Although of a very sensitiv nature, and fully conscious of the general dislike consequent upon her independent views, yet the brave girl toiled on toward the goal of her desires, leaving behind in the race most of her competitors and graduating with honor and merit.

During her school years many were the sharp skirmishes she had with both teachers and school-fellows; but her ready speech and sound logic soon became recognized, and her opponents were only too willing to hoist the white flag in token of truce. On one occasion, when called upon to prepare an essay to be read before the school, Katie horrified her teacher by choosing as her subject "Thomas Paine" Vain were all the objections; the resolute girl declared she would giv that or none. The most she would consent to was the modification of a few sentences in which she bore rather heavily upon the Author-hero's defamers. She carried her point, read her essay, and for the first time in their lives the large majority of the pupils listened to the truth regarding the merits and deeds of that heroic man. All honor to the brave girl who dared to defend the right regardless of opposition.

Katie afterward repeated her essay before the Lyceum, and for a girl of sixteen it was a fine production, well worthy its noble subject.

Since graduating, Miss Kehm has delivered a Liberal lecture at the Opera House in Ottumwa to a large audience. I did not hear it, but am told it was an excellent one. I am sorry to learn from her letter that she is debarred from teaching because of her Liberal views. Perhaps it is just as well. She is capable of teaching in a wider field than the four walls of a primary school. Let Liberals giv her a call, pay her expenses and a moderate compensation, and I hav no doubt she will be glad to deliver her lecture anywhere in the vicinity of her home. Surely her courage and devotion deserve recognition. Who will be the first to offer it?

Let me add, Miss Katie has no knowledge of any intention of mine to write this, but I feel that it is due her to be known and honored in this public manner. W. F. PECK.

[We cheerfully giv place to the above letter, and would call particular attention to it. It indorses our previously formed opinion that Katie Kehm is one of our bright and wide-awake young ladies of whom the Liberal world may be proud. She has exhibited a rare independence and devotion to principle, preferring to lose place and position rather than yield her views of right and justice. Since she evinces marked talent as a teacher and reformer, we heartily second the suggestion of Brother Peck, and trust she may soon be called to a wider field and a larger platform than that of a country schoolhouse.—ED. C. C.]

WHEATLAND, OR., Sunday, Nov. 28, 1886.

MISS S. H. WIXON: This is the first letter I have written to the Corner. As there hav not been many letters in for the last two or three weeks, I thought you might like to hear from Oregon.

Wheatland is not a very large town. It can boast of about one hundred inhabitants. It is tolerably lively when the farmers are hauling their grain to the warehouse. There were about one hundred and twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat stored here this fall. The boats are running, and it will be shipped down the river to different places. We hav had such a dry summer that the river has been too low for the boats to come up, but the Snag boat has been up, and cleared the channel, and since the rain they hav come up.

We take a good many papers, including THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I like it about the best of all. The first thing I do when it comes is to look at the pictures (I think they are splendid), and then I read the Corner. It snowed here last Sunday, but the snow melted as soon as it touched the ground. It had rained the night before, and the ground was damp.

Wishing you success with the Corner, I remain, Yours, with respect,

A. MAY WILLIAMSON.

CHAMPLIN, MINN., Nov. 28, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Having become quite interested in the Children's Corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I thought I would like to giv you a little history of myself. I am a little Catholic girl, thirteen years old. I hav been going to the sisters' school one year and a half. I stopped going to school last spring on account of having a little trouble. One of my schoolmates, a girl about the same age as myself, had a piece of wrapping-paper which she kept bothering me with all the forenoon. Finally I pinned it to her skirts; soon she went to ask the sister a word in her spelling, the paper trailing after her. Investigation found me guilty. The priest was sent for, and when he came he told me I could either take a whipping or leave school. I took my hat and left. I hav never been back since, even to get my books. I was confirmed by the bishop not long ago. I had never read a Bible until about a month ago. I was surprised to find it contained such trash and nonsense. I am living with a lady who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. She and her family like it very much. This is my first letter. Hoping you will correct all mistakes,

I remain yours, MINNIE DAILEY.

[Minnie is evidently too bright a girl to hav her mind clouded by superstition. We hope to hear from her again.—ED. C. C.]

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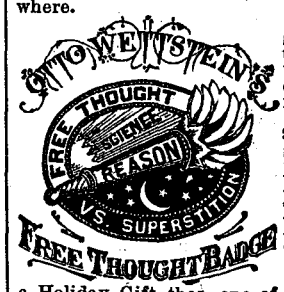
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Book Review.

LIBERTY, as delivered by the Goddess at her unveiling in the harbor of New York, December 28, 1886. Brooklyn, N. Y. Published by the author at 1,248 Bedford Ave. 1886.

One of the most remarkable poems of our time has just been published by its author, Rev. Miller Hageman, better known as the "Bird Poet," some of whose minor poems hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER. This poem was written for the dedication of the statue of Liberty. It was accepted by the committee of arrangements as the poem of the day, but, owing to the drenching rain which spoiled the day's festivities, it was found necessary to abbreviate the program, and this poem, with other exercises, was omitted. No evil is ever entirely unmixed with good, and the necessary suppressing of the poem, which was considered an evil at the time, has proved a blessing, in so far as it has led to its publication in book form. The peculiar merit of this poem appears in the author's terse, crisp way of saying things that the world is eager to listen to; and when these sayings become better known, they cannot fail to be used frequently as apt quotations. That great master of rhetoric, Colonel Ingersoll, could not hav conceived more radical ideas, nor clothed them in language more startling, yet chaste and poetic, than has Mr. Hageman. The most extraordinary part of the matter is that Mr. Hageman, while giving utterance to the noblest thoughts in the most sublime language, cannot relinquish the idea that he is an orthodox clergyman.

There is inspiration in the opening couplet. It prepares and appetizes the reader for the feast that is to follow:

The dawn is on the mountain-tops, the night is flying fast,
The light the world hath waited for so long has come at last.

Liberty, released from the dark caves of ignorance and superstition, where she had long lain imprisoned, emerges holding with tireless hand a torch lighted in the land of Lafayette, and illumins the banner of freedom.

Red flamed its stripes of morning light, bright streaked its silver bars,
And, breaking through the azure blue, shone out the morning stars.

. . . . . .

Till, scoffing at the night that came to mock thee in the dark,
Thy heart with one electric throb shot out yon quivering spark,
The currents of whose truth shall thrill till all the sons of earth
hall feel what liberty hath cost and what its light is worth.

The poet then asks:

Whence sprang the light that lit thy torch?

To which the goddess answers:

Shut up within the darkened soul, there yearned since time began
The light of that immortal truth—the liberty of man.
Through the long, tortuous labyrinth of ignorance and doubt,
The slow procession of the past is winding dimly out.
Borne not with outward signs of pomp the warder heard or saw,
That light came forth the latent power of universal law.

. . . . . .

In every country of the earth since years were in their youth,
The greatest friend of liberty hath been the light of truth.
In every nation of the past whose glory hath deceased,
The greatest foe to liberty, the craft of king and priest.

The goddess then points to the birth of freedom in this country:

Freedom for every man to come and every man to go;
Freedom for every man to reap whatever he can sow.
Freedom from party prejudice, from threat of craft or guild;
Freedom for every man to vote, for every man to build;
For every man to own himself, to act his manhood out;
Free to believe or disbelieve and doubly free to doubt.
Freedom from aping forms of cant, that snivels, drawls, and brags,
From fashions that adorn the dust, but leave the soul in rags.
Freedom from all alliances between the church and state,
That whelm the body politic with sacerdotal weight.
Freedom from old paternal power, drivel of dotard lands,
Freedom—for power is only safe n all the people's hands.
Freedom for scholar and for school, for pulpit, press, and speech,
For creeds that once hav ceased to learn hav also ceased to teach.
Freedom from ignorance, whose God is superstition's ghost,
From dogmas that hav made the cross a martyr's pillory-post.
Freedom for man to think before tradition's musty shelf,
Once for the text, twice for the gloss, and three times for himself.
Freedom in all its shining forms, for science, and for art;
Freedom for all the industries that multiply the mart.
Freedom from those restrictiv laws whose revenues hav ceased—
Freedom—for the best government is that which governs least.

The goddess points out the dangers that threaten freedom, and denounces her enemies:

Cursed be the law that grants away horizoned leagues of land,
That reads God's title to the globe, grasped by a dead man's hand;
That leaves a scion of the soil in poverty to go
Without a home above the ground, without a grave below.
Honor the proletariat, but spurn the guilty wretch
Who corners nature's gifts for what the pinch of want will fetch.
Cursed be the law, aye, doubly cursed, that dungeons men for debt;
That huddles vice behind its bars, and frees it viler yet;
That heaps a treasury for spoils, that seats without rebuke
On thrones of corporativ power a coronetted duke.

. . . . . .

Before the law was written down with parchment or with pen,
Before the law made citizens, the moral law made men.
Law stands for human rights, but when it fails those rights to giv,
Then let law die, my brothers, but let human beings liv.

The goddess pictures Great Heaven's Olympus repeopled with new gods, and describes the gods and their characteristics, thus:

What gods?—the Lord's anointed, clothed with a divine decree?
No!—for at every step they blocked the way to liberty.
What gods?—the scholars in their stalls, dishonestly devout?
No—for they scoured the candlestick, but put the candle out.
Whence come thy gods, O Liberty, from cloisters, senates, thrones?
Answer, ye racks, ye wheels, ye stakes, ye chains, ye dungeoned groans.
Who are these gods? popes, judges, kings, enshrined with storied bust?
Answer, ye waters and ye winds that waft the martyrs' dust.

Then a chorus of martyr voices join in the charge to Liberty:

Watch with eternal vigilance; let no man take thy crown.
Upon thy deep, colossal calm the centuries look down.
Watch—such a charge as thou dost keep, by all thy sons on high,
Brooks not one tremor of the hand, one closing of the eye.
By that immortal robe of thine thy form so warmly wears,
Welded together with our blood and woven from our prayers.
By every thread, by every fold, by every filament,
By every fiber of thy frame through which our life is sent,
By all who suffered for thy sake, by all who died for thee,
Hold up that hand for Liberty till all the world is free.
And when at length thy lonely task of prophecy is done,
Come up, thou daughter of the dawn, and stand within the sun.

The poet then drifts into transcendentalism, and in the presence of all the attending worlds the light of liberty is flashed upon the universe, and the effort concludes, leaving everything in a blaze of glory. When we inform the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that Mr. Hageman is a graduate of Princeton, and still looks with great fondness upon his *alma mater*, they will readily imagin the irate McCosh anxiously looking about for a birch switch with which to spank this naughty poet, who has given such a vicious and vigorous kick at the battered and bottomless kettle of orthodoxy.

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f Thought.

l, calculating, cruel bigot
itical, went to Geneva, and
.e republic established the
y ever known among men.
.e iron yoke of his detestable
.s of the people, and ponnced
him with sanguinary feroc-
bolical act· were the execu.
he poet, and the roasting to
death of Michael Servetus
in a slow fire of green oak.
The details of his acts of
cold-blooded cruelty excite
the horror even of a Chris-
tian.—*D. M. Bennett.*

RELIGION is the perception of the relation in which we stand to the principle of the universe. But, if the principle of the universe be not an organic being, the model and prototype of man, the relation between it and human beings is absolutely none. Without some insight into its will respecting our actions, religion is nugatory and vain. But will is only a mode of animal mind; moral qualities also are such as only a human being can possess, to attribute them to the principle of the universe is to annex to it properties incompatible with any possible definition of its nature. It is probable that the word "God" was originally only an expression denoting the unknown cause of the known events which man perceived in the universe. By the vulgar mistake of a metaphor for a real being, of a potency for a thing, it became a man, endowed with human qualities and governing the universe as an earthly monarch governs his kingdom. Their addresses to this imaginary being, indeed, are much in the same style as those of subjects to a king. They acknowledge his benevolence, deprecate his anger, and supplicate his favor.—*Shelley's Notes to Queen Mab.*

evalent in this vicinity.

riff reform bill was defeated
ast week.

ie of Havana amuse themselvs
id-fashioned Spanish bull-fight.

ENTY-ONE persons hav been sentenced to imprisonment for taking part in the Belfast, Ireland, religious riots.

A SUBSCRIPTION of $300 has been raised in London to be sent to Walt Whitman, the poet, as a New Year's present.

LIEUTENANT HENN and wife, of the English yacht Galatea, returned home by steamer last Saturday. As usual, the Galatea was left behind.

THE generous New York Jews hav just held a fair in aid of the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids in Central Park. The fair netted $165,000.

FORTY laborers employed at the large tannery of Fayerweather & Ladow of Clearfield, Pa., hav been discharged for joining the Knights of Labor.

THE Rev. Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, condemns that form of dress for ballet dancers which makes the wearer look like a parasol with two handles.

SOME member of the Knights of Labor has exposed and published the secrets, grips, and passwords of the order. The Knights are very justly indignant about it.

THE effects of Salmi Morse, who spent all his money getting up his Passion Play and then committed suicide because the Christians of this city would not allow the play to be produced, are to be sold at auction. They consist mainly of manuscripts.

DEACON JOSHUA DEAN, of the Red Mills Presbyterian church at Yorktown, N. Y., is on trial. He is charged with "irreligious and irreverent conduct during divine service and elsewhere." The specifications accuse the deacon of "driving a trotting horse on the Lord's day; groaning when the minister says something in his sermon that he (Dean) does not like; drawing comic pictures of the pastor on the fly-leaf of his hymn book during divine service, and showing it to his neighbors, and other immoral conduct." The trial is secret. The cause of this wicked conduct on the part of the deacon is said to be the pastor's recent attack on the sellers of apple-jack, of whom the deacon is one.

Odds and Ends.

WHY washerwomen are unreasonable—because they expect to hav soft water when it rains hard.

WE are told nothing was made in vain; but how about the fashionable girl? Isn't she a maiden vain?

A SOUTHERN newspaper givs an account of a man who tried to hang himself with a towel and came down with a crash.

WIFE: Are you in favor of the eight hour movement? Husband: I am in favor of the ate our dinner movement just now.

A GIRL whose young man took her to the play, and left her four times to go out and get a clove, called him her four-leave clover.

WHAT adds to the unpopularity of the cyclone is that while it blows away almost everything on a farm, it has never been known to take the mortgage.

MATILDA JANE (who has given Jimmy the taffy money to take care of): Here, you, Jim Sweeney! come back wid dat cent. Did yer want ter sneak off ter Canada wid yer boodle, sa-ay?

HENS make a great mistake in not salting their eggs before they lay them. Their eggs would keep longer and sell better, and the hens would not hav to work so hard for higher wages.

"YES," said Sigourney to a bachelor friend with a sigh, "I am married. Very much so. I loved not wisely, but too well, and the first I knew I had proposed. I was a stranger, and she took me in."

MAINE miller (to boy with a grist): I suppose, bub, you think you know most everything, eh? No, sir, not everything. I know millers' hogs are always fat, but I don't know whose corn they get fat on.

JONES: And you say your mother-in-law has recently changed for the better, become quite amiable? Smith: Yes. She reminds me of a ship that has just come into port. J.: Indeed! How so? S.: She has dropped her rancor.

IF you hav an enemy, do not buy his boy a drum. Your enemy would probably kick through the sheepskin within twenty-four hours. Buy his next-door neighbor's boy a drum. It will work just as well, and he can't get at it.

"WOULD you say the poultry is very tender, or the fowl is very tender?" asked the boarding-house mistress of one of her victims at dinner. "Neither," was the reply. "What, then, would you say?" "I'd say the chicken is mighty tough," came from the boarder with emphasis.

A HINT TO PARENTS.

Brown: You are looking very glum this morning.

Green: I hav cause. My boy has run away; gone West to fight the Indians, or gone to sea.

B.: That so? Why did he run away?

G.: Don't know, unless it's those darned dime novels. I've whipped that boy till he was black and blue, and sworn at him till I was tired, but it didn't do any good.

B.: I hav no trouble with my boys.

G.: How do you manage with 'em?

B.: Well, I make home happy for them, never whip them—that destroys self-respect—make companions of them. Talk to them kindly when they do wrong, and show them it is manly to be good. If they injure any person, I make them go and apologize, and if there are any damages I make them good, and point out to the boys the injury they hav done to me in bringing upon me that expense. I used to break a window-pane occasionally myself when I was a boy, and I havn't forgotten it.

G.: But don't you giv 'em a good thrashing when they do wrong?

B.: Certainly not. I havn't a rod or a strap in my house.

G.: Well, I'll be dumm'd.—*Boston Courier.*

A NATIV of New Hebrides once presented himself to a missionary, accompanied by two women, and asked to be united in marriage with them. "Two!" cried the scandalized clergyman. "Impossible; my religion forbids polygamy." A few days afterward the savage returned with only one, and asked that the sacred rites might be performed. "Bless us! Now I hav only one woman." "And what has become of the other?" "Me eat her!"

THE CHORUS.

PRIESTS {Roman Catholic, Old Catholic, Greek Catholic.} DEVILS

Three little devils, all in a row,
With three little crosses all for a show;
These little devils sing very well
The chorus, You will all go to hell.

MINISTERS {Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist.} IMPS

Three little imps, all in a row,
With three little Bibles all for a show;
These three little imps sing very well
The chorus, You will all go to hell.

PEOPLE {Workingwomen, Workingmen, Children.} FOOLS

Three little fools, all in a row,
With three little tears all for a show;
These three little fools sing very well
The chorus, We will all go to hell.

MEN {Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll.} MEN

Three little men, all in a row,
With three little smiles all for a show.
These three little men said, Very well,
Devils, imps, and fools should all go to hell.

SAINTS {Preacher, Newton, Collyer.} PREACHERS

Three little saints, all in a row,
With three little protests all for a show.
These three little saints sing very well
The chorus, Nonsense! there is no hell.

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THE sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipp'ered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
—*Shakspere.*

WHEN Christian theology encountered the problem of evil, it became necessary to relieve the almighty of all responsibility for it. That is a fine stroke in the story where Adam indirectly charges the Lord God with all the trouble: "The woman whom thou gavest me—she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." But the woman says, "The serpent beguiled me." Dear Eve, how hav the theologians thanked thee for that word! Identifying the serpent with the devil, they hav made him responsible for the existence of evil. But could she not hav said to the Lord God, "The serpent whom thou gavest me tempted, and I did eat?" If there is a devil, he is God's devil Either this or God is not infinit. If he is infinit, then there is nothing in the world which is not a fraction of his wholeness.—*Chadwick's Rise of Man.*

AMONG the sufferers at the *auto-da-fe* which Philip II. celebrated for his escape from shipwreck and his marriage with Isabella of France, was Carlos de Sessa, a young noble of distinguished character and abilities, who said to the king as he passed by the throne to the stake, "How can you thus look on and permit me to be burnt?" Philip then made the memorable reply, carefully recorded and panegyrized by his biographer, "I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal, were he as wicked as you."—*Motley's Dutch Republic.*

IN the first part of the present century, evolution began to unfold the flower of the mind under the form of science. Science has done what skepticism failed to accomplish—it has given *knowledge* as a substitute for *faith*. It has cultivated intense intellectual habits in modern society, and given mankind a sure test of truth and its method of verification by means of experiment, observation, and deduction. Science is inextricably hostil to supernaturalism. It knows nothing of a *supernature*; to it, all is nature, and nature is all. From prehistoric times the race has been under control of ignorance and fear, but science has given knowledge, and knowledge has given courage.—*Bell's Irrepressible Conflict.*

JESUS CHRIST was a man, with all the faults and imperfections of the prophetic character. The Bible is simply a collection of Jewish writings. The miracles in the Old Testament deserve no more attention than the miracles in Homer. The miracles in the gospels are like the miracles in Plutarch's Lives; they do not lessen the value of the biography, and the value of the biography does not lessen the absurdity of the miracles.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

BETTER not be at all than not be noble.—*Tennyson.*

MAN believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance.—*Anon.*